

CUT IN THE NECK

An Oak Street Wench Slashes Shorty Lynch

IN THE NECK WITH A RAZOR

An Artery Was Severed and the Injured Man Nearly Died From the Loss of Blood.

Patrolman O. C. Smith was informed by pedestrians last night at 11 o'clock that a man had passed along Monroe street with blood flowing profusely from his neck. He at once started in search of the man, and struck his bloody trail on the sidewalk near Scribner's drug store. He followed the track to Tom Lynch's saloon at No. 111 Monroe street, where he found "Shorty" Lynch sitting on the saloon steps holding on to his neck a handkerchief that was completely saturated with blood. Whenever the pressure from the handkerchief was removed the blood spurted out in a stream the size of a pipe stem. When accosted by the officer he said: "I was in a confined dive on Oak street and a wench slashed me with a razor." He was growing weak and could give only a disconnected statement of the affair. He did not give the location of the "dive" nor the name of the wench who handled "the razor." The officer called for the ambulance and Lynch was taken to St. Mark's hospital, where Dr. McNeven's sawed up the cut. It was found that a semi-circular cut had been made on the left side of his neck and an artery had been severed. Lynch had grown very weak from the loss of blood before he was discovered by the officer, and the first thing he said to him was: "I am dying; get me help right away." Owing to his serious condition last night the officers could not learn who had wielded the razor, and thought it best to await further developments before the dive should be raided. Lynch is familiarly known as "Shorty," and he resides with his mother at No. 218 Third avenue. He was resting comfortably at last reports from the hospital.

Charged Garsbeck With Larceny.

Detectives Gast and Jakoway arrested Jacob Garsbeck last night in Nick Mulder's saloon on a charge of stealing a gold watch from a lumber camp at Newaygo. John Timmerman and John Sooves were arrested the night previous for assisting Garsbeck. They claimed he stole the watch and the detectives arrested him on their information. He was taken to jail.

LAW AND LAWYERS.

Superior Court.

JUDGE BERGLIAMS.

Ira C. Hatch vs. Owashtanong Boat Club, assumpsit; hearing of motion for allowance of expenditures and motion for re-taxation of cost postponed for one week.

Court adjourned until Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock.

There will be a grand benefit for Harry Wood at Smith's cozy little opera house Thursday night.

Noticed.

A Sumner county (Ga.) farmer, having accumulated some property, decided that he wanted to get married. He went to America shortly after and made known his desire to a well known merchant. The latter agreed to help him all he could and named over several good looking women whom he thought would make good and faithful wives. Among others he mentioned two buxom and comely widows of the same name.

The matrimonially inclined farmer decided that he wished to wed one of the widows. His mercantile friend agreed to do the negotiating, and shortly afterward called upon a certain lady and informed her of the honor his bashful friend wished to confer upon her. The widow, knowing that the farmer was blessed with a pretty good share of this world's goods, expressed, without a moment's hesitation, her willingness to join her lot with his.

Preparations were at once made for the wedding. The day arrived and the prospective groom procured a marriage license and started for the home of the future partner of his joys and sorrows. Just here the funny part of the affair came in.

The farmer had never seen either of the two widows. Both bore the same name and he got them mixed up in his mind. The result was that he went to the wrong house. When he found himself alone with the lady he blurted out, "I've come to marry you."

After a moment's hesitation the widow confessed that she didn't care if she did "step off" with him. They accordingly proceeded to a preacher's house, where the twin were made one.

A few days afterward the newly married planter came to the city and went to look for his friend. He was telling one of his newly found happiness, when the merchant suddenly exclaimed with a groan:

"Merciful heavens, man! You married the wrong widow!"

"Oh, that don't make any difference," was the reply. "I'm very well pleased with the wife I've got."—Exchange.

A Ship's Livestock Charge.

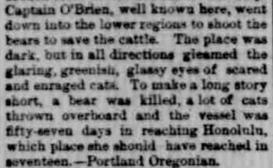
Several officers of Portland a dozen or so years ago joined in a trading voyage to the Sandwich islands on the Edward James. They loaded her with a general cargo, consisting of lumber, live stock, salt, salmon, hoop poles, dried apples, hard cider and some live bears. One of the parties had heard that cats were in great demand at the islands and determined to make a small venture in felines. He offered the boys twenty-five cents each for all the cats they might bring. Portland boys were the same then as now, only more so, if possible, and the city was raided and cats captured till there were over a hundred

KING OF THE EARTH

How Man Demonstrates His Ability to Control,

THE GREAT POWER OF BRAINS

If It Is Too Cold He Can Make Heat, and in Warm Weather He Can Supply All the Ice Needed.



ICE and coal are the two great commodities of modern civilization regarding which it may be said there is a mild continuation of a panic from year's end to year's end. No sooner has a lock-out, a strike or a disagreement been settled in the anthracite regions than there follow fast on the heels of the compromise rumors of a combination among the great carrying lines to advance prices.

And if these things were not enough to harry and embitter the souls of all people who own baseburners or who wrestle with furnaces, while their janitors enjoy the sudden lethargy of "mixed ale" slumber, the theoretical scientist breaks loose ever and anon, and proves "by statistics" (that vague phrase with which every crank and enthusiast of the day essays to conjure) that in a certain period of time, varying from five decades to five thousands of years, the bowels of the earth will have yielded up their last bucket of dusky diamonds and the race of man will freeze to death, the ultimate argument being that the line of frigidity is steadily advancing toward the tropics.

While the nervous householder isn't worrying over this speculative possibility of a remote future, he is tormented by the vagaries of the reports about the ice crop. As surely as he wants to be warm in winter he desires to keep cool in summer, and when his paper tells him during January that there is a shortage in the supply of frozen water, owing to the "openness of the season," he groans aloud. Yet he ought not to borrow trouble, for there will be coal for fuel and ice for comfort long ages after he and you and I are forgotten and undiscoverable components of that tiny speck in the universe that we call the world.

But suppose frost does in some far off epoch run down to the equator, or, on the other hand, suppose that heat unclasp the fierce grip with which cold now throttles and defends the pole; what then? Well, man by that time will be ready to cope with either emergency. Already he has demonstrated his ability to counteract the caprices of nature and has shown that the practical (not theoretical) scientist can store heat or store cold at will and bring either into use as needed.

Already, do I say? Why, he settled the principles of the problems ages ago, when the Arab distilled a subtle spirit and called it al kohol, and the Hindoo defied torridity by evaporating water in huge shallow vessels and therefrom gathering ice at dawn when the thermometer (had there been such an instrument in those times) would have shown a temperature of 90 to 100 degs. Today alcohol can be made even from wood; it will not freeze, it can be carried in a glass bottle, and a tiny cook-stove in which to burn it can be bought for twenty-five cents.

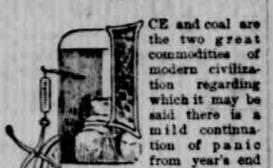
I remember once when with a cavalry column in Dakota chasing Indians at midwinter how these little contrivances actually saved our lives. The temperature must have been 20 degs. below zero. Soldiers and officers and horses alike were fighting to keep off that deadly slumber that is nature's last warning to the victim of cold. We reached a snow bank in a cove; a halt was called, and from a led mule a demijohn of alcohol and a score of these little stoves were unpacked.

With numb fingers we poured the spirit into the receptacles and applied matches to the wicks. Snow melted in the tin pans placed over the grateful flames; it boiled and we added the contents of several cans of beef extract. Each man drank his fill of the cheering draft, and after that the horses whined their thanks as they plunged their noses in buckets of warm water. Three hours later Dull Knife's band of English Cheyennes had been "rounded up," and we set our faces toward Fort Robinson and comfortable quarters.

As for ice, the Hindoo maker either of ancient or modern times, "isn't in it" with the Yankee of today. The question of its use has been debated through the ages. Aristotle said it was unhealthy, but opposed to the dictum of the wonderful Greek is the declaration of Solomon, who writes in "Proverbs," "As the cold of snow in time of harvest, so is a faithful messenger to them that send him, for he refreshes the soul of his masters."

The Caucasian of the present seems to idolize Solomon and to ignore Aristotle. At any rate the annual harvest of natural ice in the United States is now nearly 85,000,000 tons, and this often being insufficient for the demand, as before hinted, Yankee genius has made good the deficit. Professor Twining, of New Haven, owes his distinction to the fact that forty years ago he demonstrated the feasibility of making ice in large quantities by the use of chemicals. Sulfuric ether was the principal agent employed by him, and the method he adopted is still known as the "compression" system. Subsequent tests, however, showed that anhydrous ammonia, or ammonia gas, best answered the purpose of artificial refrigeration.

"There are," says a recent authority, "three principal parts in the complete ice or refrigerating machine—the engine and ammonia pumps, in which the dry gas is compressed to the point of liquefaction; a condenser, in which the compressed gas is cooled into a liquid form, and a series of evaporating coils, in which the liquid gas re-expands into a gas, thus cooling the air or water in which they are plunged. The ammonia is supplied to the machine from heavy iron drums, it being first allowed to enter the evaporating coils, whence it is drawn into the compression pumps, when it begins its ceaseless round of compression, liquefaction and expansion.



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tin printed on the subject in its issue of May 26: "Enough figures have been examined to justify the statement that the changes in prices for the past three years will prove nothing, or very little, as to the effect of the tariff. It will probably be admitted, even by the minority, that the tendency of prices has been downward all over the world, without regard to tariffs, and the majority will be able to find instances enough, if they wish to do so, to insist that, to prove that the higher duties are the cause of lower prices."

And yet this very paper was proclaiming, before the new law was yet a day old, in union with the other McKinley price liars, that it had already sent prices skyward all along the line. Is there any wonder they dread the official stamp of falsehood soon to be placed by the report of the senate investigating committee upon the very assertions which they persuaded the people to accept as true in 1890?

STATESMEN HALTED BY A SNAKE.

With the Help of Warriors They Manage to Do Up the Reptile.

The first inspection of land said to be desirable for a military camp was made yesterday afternoon by the joint legislative committee appointed to secure a permanent camp for the Rhode Island militia. The committee consists of one senator and two representatives. The committee was accompanied by Brigadier General Dennis and Kendall, Colonel Thornton, Colonel Phetteplace, Captain Barker, Captain George A. Forsyth, Captain Howe and Senator Andrews.

The first proposed site visited was the several hundred acres at Hill's grove. The expedition met with an adventure in pushing its way through several acres of brake and briar. The party was marching in Indian file along the old Pequot trail, when the head of the column was abruptly halted by a large black snake poised on the decayed limb of a tree, its head erected, its fangs ready to strike and its entire attitude betokening defiance to the Rhode Island militia, the legislature and the committees thereof.

"Forward forward!" called General Dennis, who was in the rear, but those in the van declined to budge an inch. The reptile gave a warning hiss and its gaping jaws closed with a suggestive snap. Its sinuous body advanced to a higher limb, and again its crest was erected to do battle. It gave a spring to another branch, and the head of the column wavered; a moment more and it would have broken, but just then Senator Titus Andrews, who had been gathering a bouquet of mushrooms, came up and sized up the situation.

"Back, back!" exclaimed those who had recovered speech, and who were fearful of losing a valuable senator. "For what?" "This snake, the snake," they cried. "Oh, yes, I see him. Why, the varmint. Any of you want him?" He spoke as though he would pass the reptile to any one short of a snake. Colonel Phetteplace was sorry he hadn't his sword, and Colonel Forsyth regretted that he was without a gun. "Tut, tut!" exclaimed the yeoman senator from Smithfield, and passing beneath the snake seized it by the tail just as Captain Forsyth aimed a blow at it with a sapling.

"I will show you a little trick," observed General Kendall, lifting the dead snake off. "See me snap his head off." He snapped the snake as one would snap a whip, but the trick did not work. The shock revived the snake and the trick was not renewed.—Providence Journal.

A Bottomless Pot.

An East Side dealer in New York was lately made the object of a swindle that was rather novel and original. A middle aged woman came into his store one day carrying on her arm a large basket, in which was a pot with a lid. She placed the basket on the floor, made numerous purchases, had her bill counted up, and then carefully put all her articles into the pot and replaced the lid with the greatest caution. She next asked permission of the store keeper to leave the articles in his care, as she wished to do a little more shopping in the neighborhood, promising to return in the course of an hour.

This request was willingly acceded to, and lifting the pot out of the basket she carried it carefully to a corner, where it would be out of the way, set it down, and again slipping the basket under her arm, left the store, after profusely thanking the man for his kindness. Hours went by, but the woman failed to call for her precious pot. At last, when closing time came, a salesman went over to the corner for the purpose of placing the earthen ware in a safer place, and quickly discovered that, like a certain locality to which sinners are supposed to be consigned after death, it was bottomless. The mere mention of a pot is now sufficient reason to cause the victimized dealer to go into convulsions.—House Furnishing Review.

Don't Forget

that Hartman is furnishing all the toothsome delicacies of the season.

White & White for fine cigars.

Members of the National Educational Association.

For the annual meeting of the above named association to be held at Saratoga, N. Y., July 12th to 15th, 1892, the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern railway-Lake Shore route—will sell excursion tickets to Saratoga and return, July 5th to 13th, at one fare for the round trip, with \$2.00 added for membership coupon. Tickets will be good to return until July 15th, with an extension of limit for return until September 15, 1892.

Stop-overs allowed at Niagara Falls and Chautauque Lake. For full particulars apply to ticket agents or write A. J. Smith, G. P. A., Cleveland, O.

White & White, open all night.

Don't Forget

that Hartman is furnishing all the toothsome delicacies of the season.

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F. E. Bridges, 408 S. Division.
B. Schroeder & Co., Hill Drug Store.
D. J. Doornink & Son, 16 North Division.
Maggie A. Formby, Monroe street.
Sweet and's Pavilion, Reed's Lake.
R. VanBochoven, 23 South Division.
D. C. Scribner, Ottawa and Monroe.
F. T. Williams, 52 S. Division.
White & White, Morton House.
F. B. Chapin, 37 Monroe.
F. V. Fish, 7 Canal.
G. T. H. an & Co., Canal and Bridge.
T. A. Baxter, 249 Jefferson ave.
J. N. Wells, 249 Bridge and Barclay.
Wolverine Drug Co., North Cott ave.
Peck & Gould, East and Wealthy ave.
Thum Bros. & Schmidt, 84 Canal street.
Swartz & Son, 738 South Division.
Geo. E. Hines, 125 South Division.
Fr. 4 E. Cross, 453 South Division.
R. VanBochoven, Straight and West Fulton.
Thum Bros., 146 West Bridge.
S. T. Newson & Co., Cherry and Packard.

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Review of Reviews

and Other Leading

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