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CLIPPINGS FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

One of the smartest lawyers in Nebraska is Mrs. Ira R. Likes, of Hayes City. She is only 29 years old, but her career at the bar has so far been remarkably successful.

The U. S. Marshals raided South Utah polygamists, at St. George, July 10th, and captured Bishop McArthur, for having three wives, Orrin T. Woodbury for unlawful co-habitation and George Lewis, who has been on a proselyting mission in Alabama for two years.

A daughter of Gen. Lyon, the Connecticut hero who served in the Mexican and civil wars, and who left all his property to the government to assist in carrying on the latter war, has been found serving as a cook in a graders' camp, near Denver, Col. where her husband, an invalid, was a workman.

The largest gun manufactured by Krupp for the Russian naval fortifications at Cronstadt is expected to fire away \$3,000 in the shape of sixteen and one-fourth inch shells. When it was tested it sent a steel shell, four feet long and weighing 2,600 pounds, thro' nineteen inches of armor and 1,312 yards beyond.

The Rev. Charles Weston, a Wisconsin minister, has married his wife, Stella Weston, nine times in nine years. Recently he requested her to go through the ceremony for the tenth time, whereupon Mrs. Weston filed suit in Providence, Rhode Island, and asked for a divorce instead. She is of the opinion that the honeymoon ought not to have too long a run.

The taking of the census has disclosed a colored woman in Tennessee who is 139 years old, and has 4,439 descendants. She, and thro' her, that numerous progeny did not escape the enumerator. She would just about have brought Astoria to the true figures. But what a memory the old lady must have had, to be able to recollect them all. And what a bonanza for the enumerator.—Pioneer.

At Ironton, Ohio, 10th inst., Lucinda Jackson, a beautiful girl of 19, committed suicide in a curious way.

The young woman procured a box of matches. Taking them to her room, she ate the poisonous ends and died in great agony at about 5 o'clock, despite the efforts of the physicians to revive her. The parents of the young girl are heart-broken over the sad affair. The father is threatening vengeance on a young man of Chicago, who is supposed to be the cause of the young woman's desperate deed.

Miss Eliza Pinson, forty years of age and well-known because of her luxurious growth of beard, died at her home about three miles from Atlanta, Georgia, July 3d. She was about five feet nine inches in height, and weighed 175 pounds. When a girl she was troubled a great deal with toothache and as a means of a relief used poultices pretty freely. These were bound around the jaw, and this treatment was kept up until it was discovered that the poultices were causing the growth of a full black beard, when the poultices were discontinued; but this did not stop the growth of a short, black beard that had appeared on her well-rounded cheeks. This was mortifying to the family, and shaving only increased the growth. Finally all hope of stopping the growth of beard was given up, and it was allowed to grow. For twenty years she has worn a black beard fifteen feet long. Naturally such a freak was sought by enterprising showmen, but she invariably refused a offer to appear in public for exhibition. She was never married.

A grain of barley lodged in the wind-pipe of a child of W. G. Bishop, of Eden precinct, Jackson county, in some manner, with almost fatal consequence. Medical assistance was summoned, and when chloroform was administered, a relaxation of the child's system ensued, the grain was coughed up and a surgical operation was averted.

Stanley says that during his recent African expedition he came across a new and interesting race of blacks, the Wanomas, who were absolutely European in type and very intelligent. They appeared to be descendants of the ancient Ethiopians, settled in some way unknown to him equatorial Africa. These people never intermingled with the aboriginal races, but kept their blood intact, considering the ordinary negroes beneath them.

The Carson Appeal relates that Herman Meckler disappeared from Marleville last fall and was not seen again until last week. He said he was Herman Meckler who had been caught in a snow storm in the mountains, and had lived off game all winter, and a couple of steers that were caught in the storm near him. He was as black as the ace of spades, and was not recognized by any body. He said that he had been obliged to drink the water of a mineral spring all winter and it had gradually made his skin black.

Peter G. Campbell, after two failures, July 10th make his air ship apparently, perform the feat of navigation. On a previous occasion large crowds were disappointed and he was called a faker, so this time he made no public announcement.

There were few witnesses, and the ascension was made all right according to the policy near the parade grounds, where the balloon was inflated, and the ascension was made for 3,000 feet.

The ship sailed slowly southward veering to the southeast and turning to the northeast, sailing to Cheek Towaga, where a landing was effected, two hours later, on a farm. "This was the most successful ascension of the kind ever made," said Campbell. "After rising to the height of 3,000 I worked the forward propeller, sending the ship ahead. I then turned the ship about with the propeller, and when I got ready to descend I worked the under propellers, landing on the meadow without losing a bit of gas."

"After landing I emptied the balloon, and the machine was brought back to Buffalo."

The voyage is to be repeated on the 19th, when a test will be made under different conditions.

Idaho Panhandle: Mr. W. M. M. Wheatly, of this place, has shown us a set of rattles taken from a rattlesnake. They are six and one-half inches long, containing thirty-four rattles, which is said to be the largest known. The snake that carried and operated this musical attachment was five feet two inches long, and eleven in circumference at the largest part of the body. The British museum for several years offered a premium for the largest snake rattle, and up to this time the largest in that museum contains only 21 sections. Roseburg Plaindealer: Idaho is undoubtedly a great country, but Oregon can get away with it even in the matter of rattlesnakes. There is now on exhibition at the dental office of Dr. Queener, of this city, a set of 28 rattles and a button, measuring 7 1/2 inches in length, taken from snake killed near Canyonville a short time ago. The old gentleman who brought the rattle to Mr. Queener, did not measure his snakeship, but said that he was larger than his arm, which would be at least 12 inches in circumference, and that he was "about so long"—spreading his hands apart and indicating a length of about five feet more or less.

The following are extracts from the Bellevue Herald:

John M. Kinnear, superintendent of the Minnie Moore mine, was shot and killed by S. G. Felsenthal, who afterward shot himself, probably with fatal effect.

The affair happened in Judge Dillig's office, on Main street, in the presence of four other men. After he saw the thoroughness of his work, Felsenthal turned toward the front door, and holding the revolver close to his heart, said: "Gentleman, you see I am going to kill myself now." As he said this he snapped the revolver, but it failed to go off, and stepping to the sidewalk he tried it again, when the shot went off, striking him in the left breast, close to the heart. Felsenthal gave his statement in a straightforward way, and after it was written out he signed it without a tremor. His wife came in while he was giving it, and she was greatly overcome at the sight.

There are some parts of the statement of a very damaging character, and as Mr. Felsenthal has a chance of living, and the coroner's inquest has not been held, it is deemed best to withhold the statement from publication for the present. Felsenthal was taken home, where he is at present resting easy. His wound is very dangerous. The ball struck him just above the heart and passed through the body, coming out close to the shoulder blade.

Miss Cynthia Westover, a bright young woman formerly of Denver, Colo., was recently appointed private secretary to Street Commissioner Beattie, of New York. She is a shining example of those of the gentler sex who, having determined to forge ahead, succeed. In a conversation with Jennie June a short time since she said:

"I helped survey, stake out mines, examine veins of ore, etc. I was called the 'little miner'. Of course I learned to shoot and ride horseback, and whether in the mines, cabin or camp I always said my lessons regularly. Father is a college graduate and prepared me for college. I graduated from the State University, of Colorado. Normal department, in 1880. I, also, took a full course at the Commercial college, Denver. While traveling over the Rocky mountains I met many Mexicans, especially in Mexico and Texas; from them I acquired the Spanish language. I taught several years after graduating, spending the vacations leading geological parties over the most interesting ground. My love for music brought me to New York. I began here with a small class of teachers in geology as my only support. My professor of music, Signor Francelli, made me a member of his family. I taught his daughter English, and I was obliged to learn Italian, as the family could not speak English. I found it very easy—knowing Latin and Spanish. German I had studied at school, and I, on leaving the Italian family divided my time, living six months with a German family, and the rest of the year with a French family, and thus I added French and German to my Spanish and Italian. I was quite successful with my music, and had an opportunity to sing opera; but one glimpse behind the scene sufficed. I was leading soprano at St. Michael's church, under the Monsignore, one year, and from there I went into the Custom-house—got in simply on my examination, no influence. I learned type-writing and short-hand in the Commercial school. Three years I remained in the custom house, continuing my studies meanwhile—average study five hours daily—I had just begun to think I belonged to 'Uncle Sam,' when I was offered the secretaryship with the Street Commissioner, at a salary of \$1,500 a year. I have written much on the subject of geology and mineralogy, and cannot get over a strong desire to dig up any piece of ground that I don't understand. I am just now digging in New York streets."—S. F. Call.

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