passes an amendment restricting the electoral franchises. The Reichstag, however, it not likely to accept this proposition.

* * *

The first court ball took place Wednesday and was a great success. About two thousand people attended and the costumes were brilliant. United States Embassador Uhl and Mrs. Uhl were among those present. The Emperor intends to give a costume ball on Feb. 24 in honor of the centenary of William I, and it is said it will surpass any previous similar ball.

* * *

The Cologne Volks Zeitung claims that it has proof that Emperor William, after the recent revelations, wrote a personal letter to Prince Bismarck appealing to him on the ground of patriotism to cease his divulging of German state policies.

Speaking of the revelation of Polish agitation in Germany, Prince Bismarck is reported to have said in an interview this week: "That gang against which I had to fight hard at the foundation and building up of the empire has now made itself much at home with us."

Prince Bismarck warmly approved of the appointment of Count Muravieff as Russian minister for foreign affairs, saying: "He is just the man I always hoped to see Russian foreign minister. If he turns out as I expect he will do well."

* * *

The wholesale retirement from active duty of army officers in the prime of life is continued, and has now aroused even the opposition of the National Liberals. There is much indignation in Wurtemburg at the fact that several excellent south German generals, the oldest being fifty-two years of age, including Generals Von Grieff, Pfaff and Detien, although in perfect health, have been retired and replaced by Prussian generals of the same age.

* * *

The Emperor and Empress, accompanied by the hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen, are going to Hirschberg, Silesia, on Feb. 19, where they will enjoy tobogganing on the numerous steep sleigh tracks from the mountains. The snow there is ten feet deep.

* * *

Robert F. Kneebs, the American horseman, who was sentenced yesterday to nine months' imprisonment and to pay a fine of 1,000 marks, in addition to being deprived of all civil rights for two years, after having been convicted of racing the trotting mare Bethel on German tracks under the name of Nellie Kneebs, may have to stand trial again, this time on the charge of conspiracy to commit perjury.

* * *

The hearing of the charges against the editors of the Bismarckian Deutschetag Zeitung, who are alleged to have intrigued against the Foreign Office, has been fixed for Feb. 19, and promises to be sensational.

* * *

At a meeting of the striking dock laborers at Hamburg it was voted to resume work on Monday, after the leaders had declared that the battle was lost and that the funds were exhausted.

* * *

Count Limburg-Sterum has sent a challenge to Baron Marschal Von Bieberstein, the minister for foreign affairs, owing to the latter's strictures of the count's criticisms of the government's attitude in the Von Luetzow affair.

FORECAST FOR SUNDAY.

Generally Cloudy Weather, Probably Local Snows and Slightly Colder.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6.—For Indiana and Illinois—Generall cloudy weather; probably local snows; slightly colder; northerly winds.

For Ohio—Generally cloudy weather; probably local showers; northwest winds.

Local Observations Saturday.

	Bar.	Ther.	R.H.	Wind.	Weather.	Pre.
7 a. m.	29.64	37	96	N'east.	Threat'g.	0.06
7 p. m.	29.85	36	91	West.	Cloudy.	T.

Maximum temperature, 38; minimum temperature, 35.

Following is a comparative statement of the temperature and precipitation Feb. 6:

	Temp.	Pre.
Normal	30	.13
Mean	36	.06
Departure from normal	*6	—.07
Total departure since Feb. 1	*13	—.09
Total departure since Jan. 1	—49	*.64

*Plus. C. F. R. WAPPENHANS, Local Forecast Official.

Yesterday's Temperatures.

	7 a. m.	Max.	7 p. m.
Atlanta, Ga	40	..	..
Bismarck, N. D	12	..	..
Buffalo, N. Y	40	..	..
Calgary, N. W. T	*2	42	40
Cairo, Ill	38	..	..
Cheyenne, Wyo	34	40	28
Chicago, Ill	36	38	36
Concordia, Kan	26	36	34
Davenport, Ia	34	36	32
Des Moines, Ia	34	38	36
Dodge City, Kan	28	46	40
Galveston, Tex	48	..	..
Helena, Mont	4	..	..
Jacksonville, Fla	56	..	..
Kansas City, Mo	30	32	32
Little Rock, Ark	40	44	42
Minnedosa, Man	22	..	..
Marquette, Mich	28	..	..
Memphis, Tenn	42	46	44
Moorhead, Minn	26	..	..
Nashville, Tenn	46	46	42
New Orleans, La	40	..	..
New York, N. Y	42	..	..
North Platte, Neb	32	42	32
Oklahoma, O. T	30	54	48
Omaha, Neb	28	36	34
Pittsburg, Pa	40	44	40
Qu'Appelle, N. W. T	2	..	..
Rapid City, S D	26	28	24
Salt Lake City, Utah	34	42	38
St. Louis, Mo	34	38	36
St. Paul, Minn	28	..	..
Springfield, Ill	34	36	34
Springfield, Mo	30	38	36
Vicksburg, Miss	42	58	56
Washington, D C	42	..	...

*Indicates below zero.

NOT A DEFAULTER.

Boston Account of the Doings of the Great Falls Bank Cashier.

BOSTON, Feb. 6.—Considerable interest has been manifested in financial circles here over the failure of the Northwestern National Bank of Great Falls, Mont. A report that the Boston and Montana Mining Company was involved in the failure was denied by President A. S. Bigelow, of the company, to-day. He said the company has no large permanent deposit in any bank out there. When asked if some of the company were not also officials of the bank, Mr. Bigelow replied that such was not the case at present. "The whole trouble arose in this way," he continued. "The cashier mentioned in the story of the Associated Press, a young man, has been seeking to get control of the bank. The unwisdom of having so young a man at the head of affairs there had been suggested, however. The cashier, it was said, had been working on the supposed strength of certain capital which he had on the correspondent bank here in Boston. It appears that this statement was not verified by the Boston bank on inquiry. The deposit was, however, within $3,000 of the amount. When the directors of the Northwestern, who are residents of New England, heard this money had been withdrawn, they began an investigation, which resulted in the closing of the bank. The intimation from Great Falls that there has been a defalcation by Cashier Hatcher cannot be confirmed in Boston."

Other Business Troubles.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Feb. 6.—The Duck River Phosphate Company, operating phosphate mines in Hickman county, made a general assignment to-day to secure creditors. The company has just completed a railroad costing $25,000 to its mines and was ready to compete with other companies. President Fogg believes the company will resume operations in a short time. No statement of assets and liabilities is made.

ATLANTA, Ga., Feb. 6.—R. G. Gibson, B. R. Swope and C. H. Finley, subscribers to the stock of the Southern Mutual Building and Loan Association, of this city, filed a petition in court to-day for the appointment of a permanent receiver, which was granted by the appointment of James A. Anderson. The liabilities are placed at $1,000,000.

Reward for Alleged Forger.

ATLANTA, Ga., Feb. 6.—Governor Atkinson to-day offered a reward of $200 for the capture and return to Savannah of Maj. Alfred A. Hartridge, charged with raising two certificates of stock of the Southwestern Railroad. Hartridge belongs to one of the best families in the State, and the astonishment of the people of Savannah was very great when the charge of forgery came to light. It is reported that Hartridge has gone to Europe, and it is not likely he will return.

Tried to Kill a Judge.

PAINTVILLE, Ky., Feb. 6.—News has reached here that at Salyerville Gratz B. Arnet, a desperado who has killed two men, entered the room in the hotel occupied by Circuit Judge David B. Redwine and, drawing a revolver, would have killed the judge but for the interference of bystanders. Arnet fled, pursued by a posse. Judge Redwine's rulings displeased Arnet when the latter was tried for two murders, one committed six years ago and the other last December.

THE BLOCKADE FLEET

STEAMER FERN THE FIRST TO ARRIVE IN CHARLESTON HARBOR.

Battle Ship Indiana Forced to Put in at Hampton Roads on Account of Her Turrets Moving.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Feb. 6.—The steamer Fern, the first of the blockade fleet, reached here to-day from Hampton Roads. Her passage was a rough one, having encountered a stiff gale last night. During the gale H. Lamoor, one of the firemen, was severely hurt by a sudden lurch of the ship. The flagship New York, battle ship Maine, cruiser Columbia and monitor Amphitrite left Hampton Roads with the Fern and are expected on Tuesday. The blockade fleet is expected to number about twenty vessels, and they will all probably be here within the next ten days, when the great mimic blockade of Charleston harbor is scheduled to begin. Arrangements are in progress for the entertainment of the officers of the navy. A number of committees have been appointed, and the navy officials, as well as the leading officers of the blockade fleet, will be given a hospitable reception. It is proposed to give a grand ball and several receptions during the blockade maneuvers. Secretary Herbert and Colonel Farrow will be guests of the Chamber of Commerce, which will give a dinner in their honor. Charleston will probably witness during the blockade one of the largest crowds ever assembled here. The hotels are making preparations to handle the large crowds, which will take advantage of reduced railroad rates to visit the city and view the maneuvers.

INDIANA IN TROUBLE.

Locking Device on the Battle Ship's Turret Fails to Operate.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6.—Another of Uncle Sam's big war ships has gone wrong. This time it is the battle ship Indiana. Captain H. C. Taylor, commanding the Indiana, telegraphed to the Navy Department yesterday that his ship had put into Hampton Roads. Captain Taylor reported that while off Cape Hatteras, on the way to Charleston, the Indiana met a strong gale, which caused the ship to roll tremendously. The locking devices intended to fasten the turret safely failed to operate, and Captain Taylor signaled to Admiral Bunce, aboard the flagship New York, that his vessel was in trouble. Admiral Bunce at once replied by signal, directing the Indiana to return to Hampton Roads for repairs.

It will be recalled that while on her way to New York from Hampton Roads in October last an unusually heavy gale was encountered, in which the turrets of the Indiana began to revolve without control. Yet, notwithstanding the shifting of the sixty tons weight, the vessel was such a good sea boat that she arrived safely in New York harbor. It was explained to-day that the Indiana could not proceed with the squadron, perhaps because the ships were ordered to steam ahead in such a manner that they were subject to the swell of the sea, and there was consequently more rolling than the turrets of the vessel could stand. The department telegraphed to Rear Admiral Brown, commandant of the Norfolk navy yard, directing him to make an inspection of the Indiana's turrets, and to do such work as to make them safe for the vessel to go to sea.

The Navy Department to-day received a report from Captain Taylor explaining the return of his ship to Hampton Roads. The department made the following statement: "The officers of the ship, as appears from the report, owing to former trouble with the locking devices of the turrets when the ship was subjected to heavy rolling, were exceedingly cautious as to the action of the improved devices put on at New York. So far as the report stated the new devices did not give way in any part nor develop any permanent deformity. But when the ship rolled rather heavily in the trough of the sea, there was a slight play in the device observed, the whole movement not exceeding a quarter of an inch, and was confined almost entirely to the forward 13-inch turret. This slight movement of the turrets was readily checked by setting up the bolts. There was a heavy swell running and Captain Taylor informed Admiral Bunce by signal that he feared continuous rolling might carry away the locking device. After some messages had passed between them the Indiana was directed to return to the roads. She had no trouble on the way back. So far as the report shows the locking mechanism is in good condition, but Constructor Stahl, of the Norfolk yard, has been ordered to inspect and report on the same."

Collision Off the Skerries.

GLASGOW, Feb. 6.—The Allen line steamer Assyrian, Captain Hughes, from this port on Feb. 4, for Philadelphia, has been in collision off the Skerries with the British sail ship Sheila, Captain Colesham, from Demerara on Dec. 24, for Liverpool. It is believed that both vessels suffered considerable damage. The Assyrian has since passed Formby towing a large ship.

All but Eleven Saved.

CORUNA, Feb. 6.—The two passengers of the British steamer City of Agra, outward bound from Glasgow, which was reported a total loss yesterday by the British steamer Onega, have been saved, with thirty-two out of a total of forty-three of the crew. The latter were mostly Lascars. The captain of the Agra, who was also saved, is on board the Onega.

INTERSTATE-COMMERCE LAW.

M. E. Ingalls Defends It and Wants Its Powers Enlarged.

CHICAGO, Feb. 6.—The repeal of the interstate-commerce law is being advocated by many Board of Trade men on the ground that it favors big shippers. Some, however, say it is a good thing and should stand. When M. E. Ingalls, president of the Chesapeake & Ohio and Big Four Railroads, was asked what he thought about it he said: "I think the Interstate-commerce Commission should be continued, but its powers should be enlarged. The railroads have become too vast and important to be allowed to run without control. The commission should have authority to permit pools under some circumstances. Perhaps it ought to have power to fix a maximum schedule of transportation rates. It should have power to hear complaints, say about the running of trains, and promulgating regulations. I have no doubt some railroad managers have given favored shippers of grain advance information of cuts in rates. The managers seem to have lost in moral tone since the interstate-commerce act was passed. They lived up to their agreements much more faithfully before the law was enacted."

The Anti-Scalping Bill.

CHICAGO, Feb. 6.—The chairman of the Western Passenger Association has issued instructions to all the agents of the Western roads in the East that until further advised they are not to contract for any business for the convention of the Christian Endeavor Society at San Francisco next July. The Eastern agents are waiting for final action on the anti-scalping law now pending before Congress. If the bill becomes a law they will be at greater liberty to extend concessions to the members of the society than they are now able to do, when the scalpers are in a position to create all sorts of demoralization with the unused portions of tickets.

Chairman Caldwell, of the Western Passenger Association, who has been in Washington in the interests of the anti-scalping law, has returned to his office and is a long way from sharing the general opinion that the bill is doomed to failure. On the contrary, Chairman Caldwell is very sanguine of the passage of the bill, if not at the present session, in the next regular session of Congress. Mr. Caldwell bases his opinion on what he saw and heard at the Capitol and says that a change has come over the situation since the bill was first introduced and that the change has been all in favor of the roads.

Opposed to Two-Cent Fares.

DES MOINES, Ia., Feb. 6.—On Jan. 14 W. W. Field, president of the State Agricultural Society, addressed a letter to the Board of Railroad Commissioners of this State asking, in view of the discussion now going on in relation to a minimum rate of 2 cents per mile for passenger traffic, what rate would be fair for both sides. The commissioners have replied at considerable length, and, although they do not express themselves flatly on the matter, they are of the opinion that a 2-cent rate at the present time will be very unjust to the roads. They go deeply into the statistics of recent years, and say: "These statistics indicate that at the present time the average fare charged in Iowa is less than the actual cost of transportation, and that within the last three or four years passenger earnings have decreased without a corresponding decrease in the cost of doing business." The board states that its answer to Mr. Field is of an unofficial nature, but it is none the less of the opinion that in justice to the railroads of the State passenger fares could not at the present time be reduced.

Association of Railway Agents.

YOUNGSTOWN, O., Feb. 6.—The National Association of Railway Agents, comprising freight and ticket agents, solicitors and contractors, met in this city at a late hour this afternoon to perfect a permanent organization and elect officers. The objects of organization are the advancement of social relations, education of members upon topics pertaining to their work and to discouraging strikes and labor troubles. Employes of railway lines terminating in the United States, twenty-five miles or over in length, are eligible to membership. The attendance at a preliminary meeting held sometime ago in Newcastle was fairly good and the promoters are confident that the organization will become a powerful one.

Special Master Appointed.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 6.—Justice Sanborn, of the United States Circuit Court, to-day signed an order appointing William D. Cornish, of St. Paul, Minn., special master of the court to receive all intervening petitions that may be filed in the case of the United States against the Union Pacific. The master is also to examine and report on all accounts submitted by the receivers of the same railway company.

Freight Rate Demoralization.

CHICAGO, Feb. 6.—A meeting of the general officers of the Joint Traffic lines will be held in New York next week to consider the demoralization that at present reigns among the members of the association on east-bound freight rates. It is expected that the matter of curtailing the powers of the board of managers will also be considered.

ATHLETIC CONTESTS.

Good Work by Wefers and Other Sprinters at Boston.

BOSTON, Feb. 6.—The big indoor meeting of the Boston Athletic Association was held to-night in Mechanics' Hall, and proved to be one of the most successful ever given by the association. The intense enthusiasm shown by the five thousand people who witnessed the games shows the increased prestige gained by the Boston Athletic Association each year. The cream of the athletic talent of the country competed, and this made the crowd happy. Representatives from all the principal colleges participated, Yale sending a delegation of twenty-two men. The champion sprinter, B. J. Wefers, was the favorite with the crowd, and when he won the forty-yard invitation scratch race over Grosvenor, of Technology, and other good ones, equaling the world's record of 4 3-5 seconds, held by E. B. Bloss, the spectators yelled themselves hoarse. The first chance of the novices to show their speed was in the novice forty-yard scratch, and well did they improve it. R. M. Graff, the Yale freshman, who was looked on as the coming amateur runner, won the sixth heat in the fast time of 4¾ seconds, which was the best time made in the trials. The final heat of the race was one of the closest and hardest contested during the evening, H. C. Jones, of Phillips, Exeter, making a fight with Graff for first honors. These two men easily ran away from the field and finished a dead heat. This was run over.

New Cycle Track Association.

NEW YORK, Feb. 6.—An event of much importance to the cycling fraternity in the country took place at the Everett House to-night, when, after months of preliminaries, the National Cycle-track Association was formed. The organization will hold the same position to the various racing tracks as the League of American Wheelmen holds to the bicycle riders of the country. The following officers were elected: Edward C. Hodges, of Boston, president; B. F. Pelouse, of Louisville, vice president; Henry E. Ducker, secretary, and L. M. Rich treasurer. Its objects are the improvement of bicycle tracks, the advancement of cycle racing, methods of conducting race meets and all other interests which would mutually benefit this association, the racing men and the public.

National Cycle Exhibition.

NEW YORK, Feb. 6.—The third national exhibition given under the management of the National Board of Trade of Bicycle Manufacturers opened at the Grand Central Palace to-night. Despite bad weather the palace was crowded to the doors with men and women. Every manufacturer of note, together with those engaged in allied or kindred trades, is represented at the exhibition. The various exhibits are attractively shown, and each exhibitor tried to outrival his neighbor in dispensing some minor trophy. Conspicuous among the exhibits are the medals and other trophies won by such champions of the wheel as Zimmerman, Bald and several others. Club trophies also form a prominent part in the exhibit.

Gimm Defeats Teddy Hale.

CLEVELAND, O., Feb. 6.—The hundred-mile bicycle race at Central Armory to-night between Louis Gimm and "Teddy" Hale for $250 a side was won by Gimm by about fifteen feet. The race was witnessed by a crowd which filled the armory. The start was at 6:40 o'clock and the finish at 11:40:56, the time being five hours and fifty-six seconds. Hale refused to set the pace, except at the start, when he was compelled to do so, and during the last forty miles he took it easy. On that account the victory of Gimm is counted all the more creditable. At the conclusion of the race the crowd broke down the railing around the track, rushed in, took Gimm on their shoulders and carried him about the armory.

L. A. W. Meeting.

BOSTON, Feb. 6.—The balloting of the League of American Wheelmen closed at noon to-day, and Philadelphia received the greatest number of votes, and the national meet will be held in that city. Of the 267 delegates voting 223 cast their ballots for the Quaker City, while thirty-four voted for Columbus, O., and ten for Nashville, Tenn.

Miss Anderson First.

COLUMBUS, O., Feb. 6.—The ladies' six-day bicycle race closed to-night, Miss Anderson finishing first, Glaw second, Farnsworth third and Allen fourth. Anderson in the twelve hours covered 226 miles and 12 laps.

Message to President Faure.

NEW YORK, Feb. 6.—One of the most brilliant banquets of the season was given to-night at Delmonico's by the Empire State Society of the Sons of the American Revolution to commemorate the one-hundred-and-nineteenth anniversary of the signing of the treaty of the alliance with France on Feb. 6, 1778. In the absence of Chauncey Depew, president of the society, Walter S. Logan presided. Following is a copy of a cablegram sent to President Faure, of France:

"The Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, on the one-hundred-and-nineteenth anniversary of the treaty of alliance with France, gratefully remembering her priceless services to the founders of our Nation, greets her illustrious President and generous people and expresses its sincere wish for the perpetuation of the friendly relations of the two great republics."

Mr. Gladstone's Marriage.

The Outlook.

Without in the least degree invading the sacred domain of a great man's private life, it may be said that no marriage could possibly have been more happy than of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. The pair were young together, became mature together, and grew old together. I do not merely mean to say that they passed their lives in the same dwelling, but what I do mean to say is that they were always thoroughly together in purpose and in spirit, in heart and in soul. There never could have been a wife more absolutely devoted to her husband and to his cause than Mrs. Gladstone. There was something unspeakably touching, even to mere and casual observers like myself, in the tender care which she always lavished upon him, a care which advancing years seemed rather to increase than to diminish. One was reminded sometimes of the saying of Burke, that he never had an outside trouble in his life which did not vanish at the sight of his wife when he crossed the threshold of his home. Gladstone had several children. Two of his sons were at one time members of the House of Commons. William Henry, the eldest son, has long since passed out of life. Herbert Gladstone is, I hope and fully believe, destined to carry on the renown of the name.

Handicapped.

Philadelphia North American.

I don't think that new United States senator will make much of a mark."

"Why not"

"He hasn't a single deadly grudge on which to base a caustic speech."

TOWNS THAT DISAPPEAR

FRONTIER SETTLEMENTS OFTEN FORCED TO SEEK OTHER SITES.

Local Rivalries and Feuds—Some Experiences of Eastern People Who Have Invested in Western Lands.

New York Times.

To see a village pick itself up and remove to a more favorable location would be a novelty in the East, but it is not a rare occurrence on the Western frontier. There are many people in New York with investments in North Dakota who know, to their sorrow, that towns out there have an unpleasant habit of disappearing. If their surroundings do not suit them they simply move on.

Every frontier community feels at the outset that it is destined to become a county seat and a metropolis. If the time ever comes when it is rudely awakened from the roseate dreams of infancy by some hated rival securing a railroad station ahead of it, the best thing is to "move." Every live town in the West has rivalries on hand, and without them existence would sometimes be exceedingly dull.

The railroads have nearly everything to do with shaping the destiny of a town. They practically make villages and cities of their own. Instead of the towns drawing the railroads to them, the situation is reversed. A comparatively worthless tract of land suddenly becomes of decided value if it is chosen for a railroad station and town site. Fortunes have occasionally been made by enterprising individuals who guessed correctly as to the logical and inevitable location of the railway; but where one man has found wealth in this way, a thousand have suffered disappointment and loss.

HOSKINS HOPED IN VAIN.

No prettier town site was ever laid out in the Dakotas than that which was named in honor of George G. Hoskins, of Wyoming county, New York. The town of Hoskins had its rise and fall in McIntosh county. Its founders came across a beautiful oval lake, embracing something like 600 acres. The water was fresh and wholesome, the beach was lined with sand and pebbles, and the shore sloped upward at just the right pitch for an attractive town. Hoskins was established in 1885, and in the first six months acquired a bank, a newspaper, two hotels, three or four stores, and a variety of small shops. It flourished for a couple of years, mainly on expectations, for it was fifty miles from a railroad, and there were no crops to speak of in the neighborhood. It reached the dignity of two newspapers in 1886, and the community kept up a bold and even cheerful front. Hoskins was believed by everybody to be a coming town.

A railroad line had been surveyed from Aberdeen to Bismarck, but despite the beauty of the town site and the earnestness and hopefulness of the little band of boomers, when the unsentimental railroad finally came along it was four miles away and would not make a curve to Hoskins, despite every advantage that appeared in the waters of that beautiful lake. There was nothing to do but pick up and move. Another embryo metropolis thus disappeared in a day. Not even the name was retained. The railway people had started the town of Ashley and Hoskins was swallowed whole—all but the fresh water.

A case almost equally striking was that of Port Emma, on the James river. This town occupied a picturesque spot on the west bank of the stream, in the southeast part of Dickey county. It had hopes of navigation and all that sort of thing. Port Emma attained some prominence through a lively newspaper and an incessant row. It was always in a clash with some of its neighbors over politics, taxation or railroad bonuses. The Chicago & Northwestern was building northward in the valley from Columbia to effect a junction with the Northern Pacific, which had agreed to extend its James river valley branch southward to the middle of Dickey county. With strange perversity they ignored Port Emma and perfected their union at a place called Oakes, which was named after the president of the Northern Pacific.

It can be said for the Port Emma town site, however, that it raises excellent crops. The farmer who owned most of the land in the immediate neighborhood reaped some advantage by the collapse of the village. It was impossible to move the business buildings across the river, and most of them were secured for farm use. The newspaper office where W. H. Ellis was accustomed to throw out his challenges to the world every week for a couple of years is at present doing excellent service as a sheep pen.

THE MARQUIS DE MORES.

The Marquis De Mores, who was well known in New York, founded the town of Medora in the heart of the Bad Lands. The place is on the Little Missouri, a couple of hundred miles west of Bismarck. De Mores opened his cattle ranch there about the time that the Northern Pacific Railroad was built. The company gave him a station and he proceeded to build a town.

It is a picturesque spot. The valley of the Little Missouri at that point is wide and picturesque. The direction of the stream is southerly. On the eastern side granite walls rise to a height of three or four hundred feet. These might be taken for castles and strongholds, and, indeed, were the scene of many bloody contests in the days when the white man was contesting the ground with the ferocious Sioux. All around are the ill-shaped buttes which characterize the Bad Lands. These hills are sterile and often covered with ashy deposits. The country is a vast lignite bed, and the buttes show the effects of long-smoldering fires in their interior. In some instances there are fires there to this day, which have been in existence for ten or twelve years, giving the region a volcanic appearance.

De Mores opened a cattle ranch of ten thousand acres along the Little Missouri river. He built an enormous slaughter and packing house. The town of Medora was one of the liveliest in the West in those times. To-day it is chiefly a name. Theodore Roosevelt's large cattle ranch adjoins the De Mores place. The country is excellent for live stock, and there is a gradual development there, but there is no longer any material stimulus for the village which the Marquis named in honor of his wife, who was Miss Medora Hoffman, of New York.

YORKTOWN-KEYSTONE RIVALRY.

Along in 1883, when the middle portion of the Red river valley was rapidly developing, a colony of intelligent and progressive farmers from the vicinity of Syracuse, N. Y., founded a town in the geographical center of Dickey county, North Dakota. There were sixty or seventy families in the colony. As a general thing, they were well-to-do, most of them having capital enough to make an excellent start in putting up buildings and breaking land. Nearly all took live stock and household effects from their old homes in the East.

They called their village Yorktown, and in sixty days after it was plotted there were two general stores, a hotel, several small shops, law offices, and agencies, and the like. A postoffice was secured, a town library was started, and the community felt a common and deep-seated enthusiasm over the outlook. The men had the York State skill in farming and raising stock. The women were unusually good looking, and soon became noted for their superior cooking and housekeeping methods. Next year Yorktown got its newspaper—and, although there were five excellent patent-inside newspapers in the county, this was the biggest of all. It was a fifty-six-column weekly, well edited and neatly printed. Most of the settlers were "proving up" on their pre-emptions that year, and the land notices gave the new journal a healthy patronages.

There was as yet no railroad, but the signs were good, and town lots were worth something. The advantageous location of Yorktown soon gave the public the impression that it was a candidate for county-seat honors. Then rivalry and hatred developed. Ellendale was the existing county seat, but it was situated so near the southern extremity of the county that many farmers would have been glad to see the courthouse put on wheels and carted further to the north. Ellendale would have crushed Yorktown had the occasion offered.

But a sharper rival existed in the village of Keystone, eight or nine miles southwest of Yorktown. Keystone was named by a fine colony of Pennsylvanians, who possessed considerable wealth and were equipped for business. It had a bank, a newspaper, a hotel, and any number of stores and shops. Everybody was in politics. There was a good deal of culture in society, and the whole Territory agreed that Keystone had a bright future. This town was also an aspirant for the countyseat, and didn't care who knew it. Its proud boast was that it was so situated that any railroad building from Aberdeen to Bismarck or from Fargo to the Black Hills would have to touch there.

SHATTERED IDEALS.

Along came the Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, with a line pointed straight for Manitoba, but the officials found that there was more in it for them to locate an entirely new town, and so they established Monango, two miles west of Keystone. The deed was done in spite of all remonstrance and all offers of bonuses, and there was nothing left for Keystone but to pick itself up and move to the railway. The hotel keeper took the initiative, the storekeepers followed, the bank was not long behind, the newspaper moved to the county seat, and in six months there was not a trace of the once flourishing Keystone, save a few caved-in walls and corner stakes. Even the hitching posts which had adorned the hotel and store premises were gone. It is a fortunate characteristic of all frontier villages that the buildings are mostly of light construction, and when it becomes desirable to move a town there are few brick walls or stone foundations to hinder. Keystone vanished from the face of the earth.

There was much hilarity in Yorktown over this turn of affairs. The "Soo" Railway had been surveyed from Minneapolis to the Missouri river, and the line ran directly through Yorktown. The hilarity soon ceased. In a double sense the railway ran directly through Yorktown. It ran through and did not stop. The right of way actually cut in two the back yard of Morey's Hotel property, and every passing locomotive gleefully whistled and shrieked but never one stopped. There was not even a side-track—not so much as a watering tank. Delegation after delegation went to Minneapolis to interview the "Soo" management, but the only satisfaction they could obtain was the statement that the engineers had reported that the grade at Yorktown was not suitable for a station.

To those who knew the situation this was merely an exasperating joke. While Yorktown prided itself on the fact that it enjoyed something of an elevation on the prairie, there was nothing within twenty miles that could be signified with the title of a hill. It had pitch enough to shed water, which many prairie towns have not, but there was no more mountain scenery about it than there is on Broadway, New York city, between the Battery and Central Park.

A party of clever Michigan men had established the village of Fullerton, four miles west of Yorktown, and they had prevailed on the railway people to make that a station and exclude Yorktown from such privilege. The old settlers of Keystone and Yorktown accordingly think that fate has evened things up, so far as those places are concerned.

In 1882 a large colony of New York people founded the town of Hudson, in the James river valley. For three or four years this was one of the thriftiest places in the region, and the most perfect faith existed that when any railroad was built from the East towards the Big Sioux reservation the crossing of the James river would be at Hudson. It proved to be another of the many miscalculations, however, for when the town of Oakes was established, on the east side of the James, it became apparent that Hudson was doomed. The latter was a little too far to the south for the route of the "Soo." Hudson was placed on wheels and moved to Oakes. Many very substantial two-story buildings, as well as smaller ones, were hauled across the James river bridge in safety, and are doing good service at Oakes to-day.

AT AN ANARCHIST CLUB.

A Typical Sunday Evening Meeting of London Revolutionists.

London Daily Mail.

Being Sunday evening it is raining. A fog, which is only waiting for the rain to leave off in order to step in and settle down to business, obscures the one lamp of Paradise row, E.; so that visitors in the large number of instances, groping for the door of No. 28, step into the puddle that spans the broken pavement. No. 28 is exactly like all the other houses in the street, except that it is closely shuttered and dark, and, like most things in Paradise row, looks as if it would be better for a good wash. The visitor knocks at its door, which opens inhospitably a few inches; a few words are exchanged; a foggy voice says, "Pass, comride," and you are inside. There is a brief interval of black passage, and then a lighted room, hazy with tobacco smoke. Its chief furniture is a bar, where you may get beer or spirits, or a hard-boiled egg and sandwiches, or a cigar of Hamburg. The room is pretty well filled—not crowded as it was in the days before Bourdin's fatal slip with the picric acid bomb at Greenwich, but still well filled. There used to be more foreign faces in the club—members whose features and antecedents were not unfamiliar to continental police bureaux, and who (after that regrettable mistake of Greenwich observatory, and the number of inconsiderate inquiries it set on foot) began to find the faces of the police of this country a little too familiar for their taste. So the club has dwindled, but this is the time of year at which its meetings are at their best. In the long days of summer there are the parks and other distractions, and the principles of anarchy languish. In the winter evenings "propaganda" and principles look up, the membership increases and the messages intended by the Anarchists for mankind are delivered to one another. The Paradise-row Anarchists are here, therefore, in sufficient numbers to give the shirt-sleeved secretary plenty to do behind the bar. A large proportion of them are Germans and Poles from the Yiddish colony of the East End; there are a few French faces and one or two Italian and a group of two or three Russians, habitues of the club, who talk little except among themselves, but play dominoes sedulously. An old man, who is reputed to have been a famous Chartist in the old days, and who looks as if he had not washed himself since those stirring times, is selling newspapers—the Workers' Friend, which is printed in Yiddish; L'Homme Libre, the Freiheit, the Freie Arbeiter Sturme, which comes from New York, and La Revolte, a French journal which has a curious story attached to its editorship. At the back of the room the scarlet and black banner of the club—which has been in the hands of the police—hurls defiance at the oppressor, with the motto, "There is a time when our silence will be more powerful than the voices you stifle to-day."

There is no stifling of voices within the barroom of the club. Everybody is talking at once, preparatory to going upstairs to the "meeting." To one of the groups by the bar the barkeeper is narrating a conversation which he had with a soulless policeman, with whom he appears, however, to have been on friendly terms. "'Why have you linked yourself with the tyrant and the oppressor?' I asks of him; and he answers: 'Yes, ho yes, that's all right. Anarchy's all right, but I'm a bloomin' sergeant of police,' says he. 'What about my bloomin' wife and kids?' he inquires. And I replies to him ironic, 'Why,' I says, 'what about—two of gin and a seegar?—right!'" and the barkeeper's audience, under cover of the attention which he has to give to fulfilling this order, drifts off to experiences of its own. In another part of the room a dark, meager little man, with close-cropped hair, is ridiculing the pretensions of some of his auditors to regard themselves as Anarchists at all. "You ingleesh," he says, scornfully, "with you it is not serious. Eet is all propaganda, propaganda, propaganda. In England it is no good. Zere is too moch talk. Zere is also," he concludes acutely, "too lectle oppression." At the bar again the barkeeper, momentarily released from his duties, is just endeavoring to engage the attention of a thirsty Anarchist in the account of his conversation with the policeman, when somebody coming down the stairs which lead to the barroom says: "Meeting will now begin sharp," and in a few minutes the barroom has decanted itself into the lecture hall.

On the boards of the long lecture room the traces of a watering pot are still visible. Its roofbeams—it looks as if it might have been a hayloft; and it was once used as a schoolroom—are hung with Chinese lanterns, and its gas brackets are pink with twisted paper. Benches are laid along it, and a little stage at one end is set with a scene which represents a rather cheerful dungeon. The orchestra is an aged piano. Other emblems which lend festivity to the appearance of the hall, and yet testify to the opinions of its audience, are some highly allegorical placards representing the iniquitous relations of capital and labor, a few forbidding portraits of Socialist leaders and an ornamental scarlet banner at the back of the hall, which asks in black letters, "Shall we starve?" The back benches of the hall are already filled with a pack of children who are allowed to come along with their mothers to the Sunday evening meetings, and who receive the entertainment with much the same feelings as those with which they would welcome a penny reading.

It is some time before the audience settles itself into its places. Benches scrape and creak; there is a bustle to open a skylight, for the low-pitched room soon gets hot and choky with the smoke of Hamburg cigars and much inferior tobacco, and the children have to be settled into something approaching quiet and order. Some of the Anarchists take their coats off, whether in order to give their thoughts free play or whether only because of the heat of the room it would be hard to say. In a lull of the noise the chairman of the club raps with a hammer on the lid of the piano and proposes the "Marseillaise." The foreign members sing something that approaches the words and tune of Rouget de Lisle's battle song; the English members sing a revised version:

"Your lords and masters pile their plunder,
They feast and pray and do not spare,
But from your weary toil and care,
They wring the wealth at which ye wonder."

The children at the back under the red flag join in with words and in a shrill treble key of their own. But everybody comes in strongly at the chorus, "Aux armes, citoyens!" The front benches are filled with stern-browed Anarchists. When it is all over, the speech-making begins. As the speeches go on the visitor finds it hard to resist the belief that the audience listen to it, as from the conviction that their turn will come presently. Everybody speaks. There is a breathless French orator, who exhorts the bourgeoisie to perdition, and who ends with "Vive l'Anarchie!" There is a German tailor, who rolls out guttural condemnation of the Englische law—the children get bored during his speech, and have to be called to order by the chairman. "If you children don't keep quiet," he says sternly, "you shan't be allowed to stop any longer," a threat which inforces silence for a few monments. But they break out again presently, when an old Irish Fenian takes the floor. He is clearly a friend of the children; they like him, and are always on the lookout for a joke during his speech. "Look ye, now," says he, "look at the groinding dispotism of capital. How long is ut!—how long is ut—that ye are going to put up wid these thafes of the world—fellow-workmen and sisters? Whoy are ye ground down by the accursed tyranny av the bloody Saxon—av the bl—av the bloated capitalist; be jabers, I'd betther be careful now. (The audience on the back bench spy a joke in this, and the faces take on a broad smile.) "Look," he continues, with great sternness, "look at the shrunken faces, the stunted limbs I see about me. Look at thim (fiercely), I say." (The back bench, apparently suspecting that their conduct has provoked disapproval, suddenly become grave.) "Look at thim and tell me—why is it?"

After his speech, when he has mopped his face with a borrowed handkerchief and settled his laurels, he gradually edges his way down the room to the children. They are clearly very glad to see him on the bench, and he and they and the rest of the audience again settle themselves to listen to other, to longer, and to less amusing speeches. But there is one speech which has a ring of feeling in it, and this, too, though in a different way, has its reference to the children. It is a young north countryman who delivers it, and his audience, used as they are to speeches of all kinds, sinks into a more attentive silence as he speaks. "What's to become of the little lasses?" he says suddenly. "How are the going to grow up? How are they goin' to live? You'd better by half ask how they're goin' to die! * * * Dynamite—its no more to do with anarchy than monarchy—but we will agitate, an' educate, an' organize—it's our right! And why is't? It's that they little lasses shan't die in the streets—or on them—it's that my son shall know he's a right to be happier than his father!"

Life in the Desert.

R. T. Kelley, in the Century.

Desert life induces habits of abstemiousness. Rising with the sun, a dish of cumis, or mare's milk, and a small cup of black coffee are the only refreshments generally partaken of. The day is spent following one's pursuits, and with the exception of an occasional cup of coffee and some very light "snack," one has no meal of any kind until after sundown. One quickly becomes accustomed to long fasting and abstinence from any form of drink, and the simple dinner at night is more keenly enjoyed in consequence. Though plain, the food is excellently cooked, and usually consists of a huge tray of rice over which is poured a dish of semna, or liquid butter; round the tray are pigeons stuffed with nuts and spices; and the pyramid of rice is surmounted by a lamb or kid, frequently cooked whole. Boiled beans, and perhaps a few fresh herbs, appear occasionally, which, with the usual flat loaves and a large dish of riz-bil-laban, or boiled rice pudding, complete the meal. Salt is seldom seen—a distinct privation—except on the first day of your visit, and drinking water is often scarce. After dinner a huge fire of corncobs, or sticks and camel dung, is lighted in the tent, about which we gather—and enjoy the after-dinner cup of coffee and a smoke, and, should we be in the mood, talk.

The Arabs have one excellent point of etiquette: Talk for talk's sake is not expected. Ever ready for a yarn, they eagerly respond should you wish to converse, but the luxury of silence is not denied if one's mood be thoughtful.

The idea of a fire in one's tent may strike some of my readers as a superfluity; but the nights are often intensely cold, and after bathing in the sun all day, with the thermometer at 95 to 100 degrees in the shade, the sudden fall of temperature to little above freezing point is very trying; and in spite of fire, blankets, and a thick ulster, I have frequently been obliged to go outside and run about in order to restore circulation to my half-frozen extremities.

SHE SAID SHE WAS DEAD.

Mr. Patenotre Turned the Tables on Mrs. Rockhill.

Philadelphia Record.

Eleven years ago Mr. Rockhill was secretary of the United States Legation at Peking, and his wife was a leader in the amusements of the diplomatic circles. While arranging for a picnic or some other function she asked the assistance of Mr. Patenotre, who was then the French minister to China. That amiable gentleman rode twelve miles on horseback on a hot day to keep an appointment with Mrs. Rockhill, and when he arrived at her house she asked to be excused from seeing him. He explained to the servant that he had come in from the country a long distance to see Mrs. Rockhill at her request, and was very certain that she did not understand it was he when she sent the message. The servant went back to his mistress with the explanation. She retorted impatiently: "Tell him I cannot see him. It is too hot to talk business. Tell him anything to get rid of him. Tell him I am dead."

It so happened that the Chinese servant repeated her words literally and accurately to the minister of France, but that was unnecessary, for he had overheard them through the latticework, and since he left her door that day he has not recognized Mrs. Rockhill. When Mr. Rockhill was promoted to first assistant secretary of state he and his wife were admitted to the diplomatic circle here, and soon after met the French embassador and his wife at a dinner party. Being ignorant of the situation the hostess assigned Mr. Patenotre to escort Mrs. Rockhill to the dinner table, and when he received his card he asked to be excused, saying that he did not know the lady.

"But I will present you," said the hostess.

"I do not wish to be presented," was the embassador's reply. "This lady told me more than ten years ago that she was dead, and I do not care to be a resurrectionist."

Sees the Short Dress Coming.

Boston Transcript.

Reform dress clubs and rainy-day socities are flourishing in the land. Women are signing pledges to wear costumes with skirts like those of golfers and bicyclers whenever the rains rain or the snows snow. And after all this agitation some fine day Fashion, with her face looking quite the other way from reform, will ordain that it is bad form to wear a long skirt when walking in the rain or where it is very muddy, and something like the present fashionable skating suit will make all womankind rejoice. The fashion-mongers of Paris have a great work before them, and there are plenty of indications that they are conscious of their responsibilities. Trimmed skirts and long skirts are growing more numerous, it is true, but they are for ceremonial occasions. All out-door life, even between shops, when shopping, is insistent for at least a degree of freedom, particularly when it rains. Womankind is on the way to emancipation from the thraldom of the dress-braid.

Wines for Dinner.

New York Times.

The serving of wines at dinner is a subject in which many people are interested. Oscar, of the Waldorf, gives it an important place in his new cook book. Here is his arrangement under the heading, "The Serving of Wines and Cordials:"

With oysters (sauterne), Amontillado Passardo.

With the soup (sherry), Chateau Rieussec, 1887.

With fish (Rhine wine), Schloss Vollradser, 1892.

With entrees (claret), Chateau Marbuzet, 1881.

With roasts, champagne.

Iced punches and sherbets.

With game (Burgundy), Romanee Conti, 1892.

With cold dishes, champagne.

With hot and cold sweet dishes, champagne.

With dessert or cheese (port wine), Duque, very old.

With coffee, liqueurs.

Elias Keester Found Guilty.

ASHLAND, O., Feb. 6.—After nine hours' deliberation the jury this morning brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree against Elias Keester, who killed Horace L. Stearnes by shooting him in the back on Nov. 29. The prisoner took the verdict quietly, only remarking to the sheriff that he did not care; they could take his life, and that he had all along preferred death to life imprisonment.

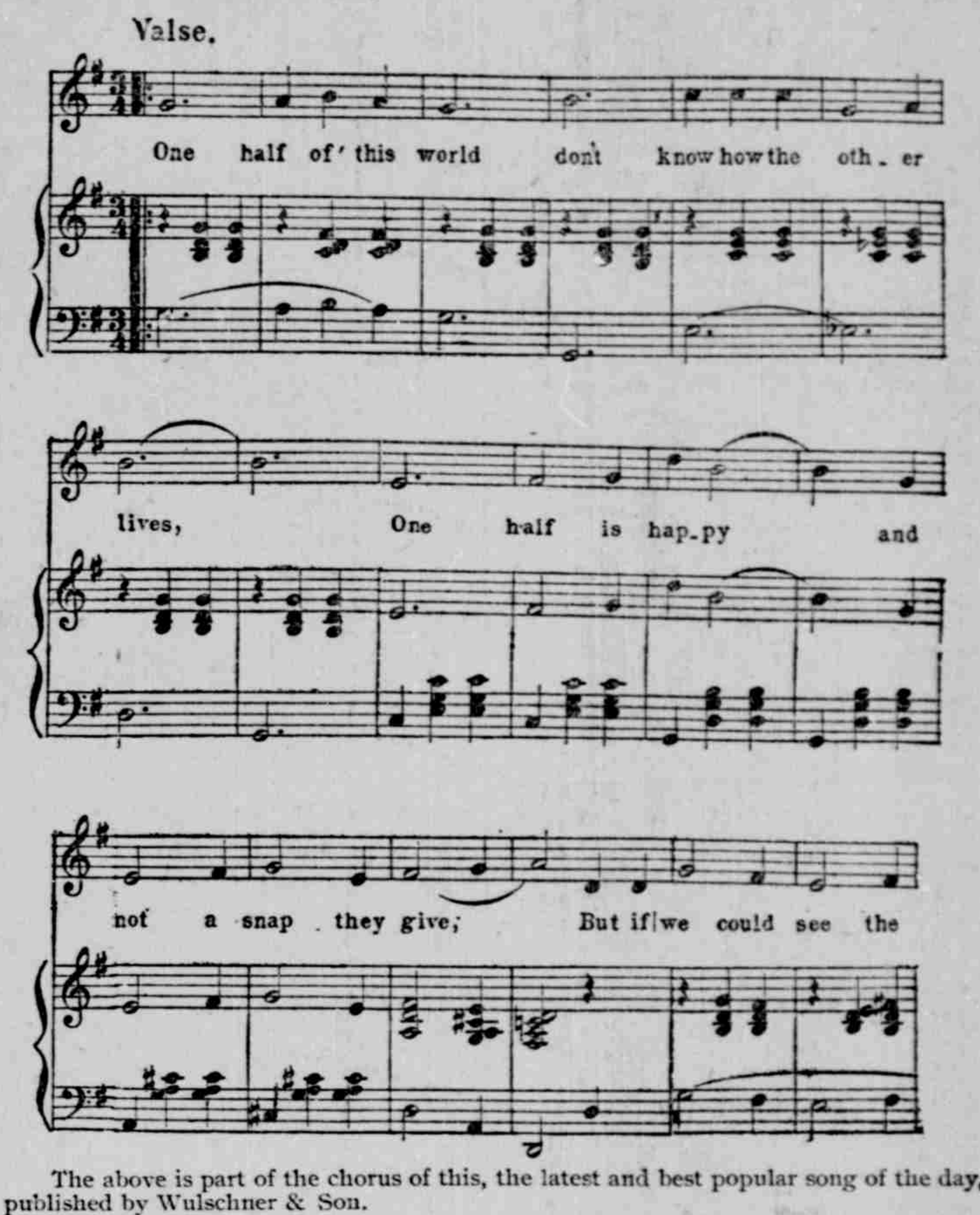
The Greatest Hit of the Season

Sung at the Elks Thursday night.

ONE HALF OF THIS WORLD.

Arr by S. M. COOLEY. Words and Music by BERT FEIBLEMAN

Valse.



The above is part of the chorus of this, the latest and best popular song of the day, published by Wulschner & Son.

JUST OUT. PRICE, 40 CENTS.

Call or send at once for a copy at half price. By mail, 1 cent extra.

Wulschner & Son

Fine Piano Tuning. 78 and 80 N. PENN. ST.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN the BEST STANDARD PIANOS made, as HALLET & DAVIS, JEWETT and others. Also good Pianos rented and rent allowed when you buy.

GEO. J. MAROTT

Superb Shoes for Little Gentle Folks.

. . . The New Style . . .

"Rob Roy"

Scotch Plaid Tops.

Just received a large shipment. Come early before the assortment is broken.

GEO. J. MAROTT, 26 and 28 EAST WASHINGTON STREET.