number of vouchers that this ex-Treasurer does. The other day an applicant for a mail route agency was asked. "How far is it from the earth to the moon?" and thus replied, "I don't know, and as the route I wish to get is from Kankakee to Kokomo, I don't see as it makes a d—n sight of difference."

The news of General Logan's election brought gladness to the voters in the departments, but the attempt to suppress the feeling of felicity, quickened by the good tidings of great joy, was a faithful commentary on Mr. Pendleton's law. Once out of the building and well on the street, the Republican official let loose his pent-up rapture in anti-November glee.

JAP TURPEN.

Seymour Items.

Special to the Sentinel.

SEYMOUR, Ind., May 22.—The High School commencement last night at the Opera House was largely attended, and everything passed off in the most pleasant way. The eight persons who graduated acquitted themselves with credit. Miss Ella Rankin was awarded first prize for best essay, and Master "Chick" Johnson walked off with first premium for the best delivery. He is some seventeen years of age, but a giant in intellect and delivery for one of his age.

This county was visited with a refreshing rain last night, which will have a salutary effect on the growing crops and vegetation.

Sam Myers and Billey Spencer took in the town night before last, and got in a small job of the destruction of private property. They were brought to face Mayor Everhart yesterday, and he fined the former $20.55 and the latter $11.65. Not being able to pay or stay the same, they were yanked off to the county jail. It don't pay well to get on the outside of too much bug juice.

Fire Losses.

MILES CITY, Mont., May 22.—A fire broke out at 8:30 last night in the Merchants' Hotel and spread to the Cosmopolitan. It cleaned up the northwest corner of Main and Park streets, and eastward to Sharburne's fire wall. The total loss is $60,000; insur- about one half.

LANCASTER, Pa., May 22.—The large barn on the farm of Eli K. Mylin, in Piqua Township, was destroyed by fire last night with its contents, consisting of twelve head of cattle and two colts. Shortly before the fire was discovered the absence of Mrs. Martin, wife of the tenant farmer, was noticed. The lady being insane is believed to have gone to the barn and set the structure on fire, as her charred remains were found in the ruins this morning. The loss is very heavy; partially insured.

The New York Census Bill.

ALBANY, N. Y., May 22.—When Governor Hill's attention was called to the Census bill as amended and passed by the Senate this morning, he declared it was worse than the original one that he vetoed. It required the enumeration to be done in several cities of the State within two weeks in the month of July at a time when a considerable portion of the inhabitants are away at watering places and allows four weeks for taking an enumeration in the country districts. In answer to the question as to what he intended to do with the present Census bill, he said, "Wait and see."

The Assembly passed the Census bill as sent by the Senate. The Legislature then adjourned sine die.

The Governor General on the Northwest Troubles.

OTTAWA, Ont., May 22.—At a musical entertainment given in honor of the Governor General, in the new hall of the College, his Excellency was presented with an address in French and English. In the course of his reply to the English address, the Governor General referred to the Northwest troubles, and said that the struggle has cost many valuable lives, and brought sorrow and suffering to many happy homesteads, but public order and confidence would soon be restored—perhaps on a sounder basis than before.

Guilty in the First Degree.

PHILADELPHIA, May 22.—Annie E. Catler, colored, who shot and killed her recreant lover in the street some time ago, and who pleaded guilty to the charge of murder last Monday, adducing testimony to show the treachery of her victim toward her, and submitting the points to the Judge, so that he might fix the grade of the crime, was brought before Judge Mitchell to-day, and he judged her guilty of murder in the first degree.

Failures During the Week.

NEW YORK, May 22.—The business failures occurring throughout the country during the last seven days, as reported to R. G. Dun & Co., number for the United States, 214, and for Canada twenty-five; total, 239, as against 229 last week, and 248 the week previous to the last. More than two-thirds of the failures of the United States are occurring in the Southern, Western and Pacific States.

Sued for Fees.

PITTSBURG, May 22.—The jury in the suit of this county against ex-Clerk of Courts Rowand, to recover fees claimed to be illegally retained by him, rendered a special verdict this morning in favor of the county for $18,520.96, subject to the decision of the Court on questions of law reserved. Rowand was tried on a criminal charge of embezzlement, but was acquitted.

Frelinghuysen Killed by Aconite.

NEW YORK, May 22.—The family of the late Secretary Frelinghuysen make no secret of the fact that the first serious illness of Judge Frelinghuysen was due to the aconite that in some unaccountable manner was bottled with the mineral water he used, and Dr. Sinclair, of Washington, says that there was enough left in the bottle to kill four men.

A Fratricide Shot.

ST. LOUIS, May 22.—On Tuesday last Jeff Rogers, a worthless fellow, living near Sikeston, in Southeast Missouri, quarreled with a brother and shot and mortally wounded him. Rogers was traced to a point near Essex, yesterday, and in an attempt to arrest him by officers he resisted, and was shot and killed by Deputy Sheriff Shelby.

Negro Hanged.

LITTLE ROCK, May 22.—At Clarendon, Ark., to-day Goodwin Jackson (colored), who in November last beat Sandy Redmond (colored), to death with a fence-rail, was hanged in the presence of a very large crowd. He died protesting that he did not intend killing Sandy, but struck him for threatening to strike Mrs. Jackson.

Committed Without Bail.

NEW YORK, May 22.—Lewis Francis, the Frenchman who murdered his wife and was about to throw the body in the river, was arraigned in court to-day, and pleaded not guilty. He was committed for trial without bail. The body of his wife was interred in the Weekawken Cemetery.

Held for Robbery.

NEW YORK, May 22.—Henry F. Post, better known in criminal annals as "Hungry Joe," who was arrested last night for robbing Joseph Ramsden, of Manchester, England, of a sum of money, was in court to-day, and was held for examination.

Committee to Receive Bartholdi's Statue.

NEW YORK, May 22.—The Board of Aldermen to-day appointed a committee to receive Bartholdi's statute of Liberty on its arrival here. Mayor Grace and the citizens and organizations were requested to co-operate with this committee.

The Locust Plague.

MARSHALL, Ill., May 22.—The locust plague will probably visit this section. In plowing several gardens the little ravagers were turned out of the ground in countless thousands and in an almost matured state.

THE FAR WEST.

Santa Fe Letter—Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Minnehaha, Etc.

SANTA FE, New Mexico, May 16, 1885.

How d've, Gringos.

From the birthplace of Montezuma—if the usual lie goes at par—I address you on my first impressions of the great Southwest. Nor will I attempt, other than casually, to be serious as what I know is superficial.

Traveling through Kansas prompts the question, why buy and clear land in the Eastern States and barely make a living when you can buy land here for one-tenth the amount per acre and have it already cleared? You say, no timber, use coal for fuel, you can get it fairly cheap. Then you say, water is needed; $40 will give you a driven well.

The crops are as good or better, shipping facilities at hand and you can by industry save money on a year's work.

But nobody will heed such talk, for they are too cussed lazy to make the effort.

Kansas City is as busy a mart as any city three times its size in the country. It has pretty much its own way in everything. You can't (?) gamble in Missouri, so the street cars take the gamblers to Wyandotte, over the line, where they win mostly Kansas money. The rest is brought into Missouri to buy drinkables, because they don't allow wet goods to be sold in Kansas.

The consequence of this latter fact is that a Kansas man can hang on longer to the neck end of a bottle than any man on earth. He's a regular internal bother, and glories in the opportunity to show his staying qualities. I have seen but one drunken man in my traveling of late, and that was through prohibition Kansas. That one man got on board at Kansas City, so drunk that when he reached Coolidge, at the other end of the State, he was only about half recovered.

If you would see the houses put up on the open land in new towns in Kansas you'd swear every builder was drunk as a charitable excuse for his foolhardiness. You know this State is the land of the gentle zephyr that gathereth barns, houses, cattle and "sich" in its sweeping embrace and carries them into Indian Territory and other places south. Now when you know that a cyclone is liable to call at any hour, and without serving a notice, it hardly looks sensible for a man to build a story and a half house on the plain land and so light that you could roll it away on a wheelbarrow. Why a man is liable to sit down to dinner in a house of that kind and after finishing his meal start out to walk and find himself in Mexico or Texas, for there are no brakes on a cyclone to stop her when she goes shopping.

You will observe I give the festive cyclone as of feminine gender. My reason is that I don't think it possible for a her to disturb such an extensive territory.

Kansas looks like a continuous garden untended and almost speaking its welcome to any who will till the land or use it in any way. The soil is black in its richness and teems with a grass growth that yearly adds to the wealth of soil. Possibly there are many reasons against the settlement of this land, but I have never heard of them, nor does any one to whom you may speak know of such reasons. New towns are springing up all along the railroad lines and many a man in the East will say, five years hence, "I could have had a thousand acre farm for so much five years ago, and I wish I had taken advantage of the opportunity." But then it will be too late. If poor people can settle, live and prosper to comfort in such a country why can not those who have enough to insure against suffering and privation? There's nothing in all this but a plain, blunt reason for action looking to an almost immediate futurity. There's work to do, and two-thirds of the work on an Ohio farm of 200 acres would accomplish the full benefit from 800 acres in Kansas. Purely farming lands are converted into ranches where cattle graze and live without other than the natural grass for food up into the latter part of November. Now just think of a land supporting cattle on the nibble and then think how well it will support farmers on the work.

Leaving Kansas we go through the southeastern corner of Colorado, and right here I have very little to say. There is quite a continuation of what I may call Kansas land, but soon the hills come into view and then the picturesque attracts attention. The Spanish Peaks are to be seen and away yonder is the old-timer, Pike's Peak. Leaving the snow caps to themselves you are attracted by the swift mountain streams and sluices that rush along and cut their way through the land. Down into New Mexico you enter the hilly country and the old Rockies are your companions. They did not strike me speechless with admiration, and anything that expects me to remain silent ought to have more sense than try admiration on me. A base ball bat would be more effective and its persuasiveness as an article for the production of the most noteworthy speechlessness I very much marvel at and respect.

When a brakeman on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Road pointed to a big pile of land and told me it was Starvation Mountain, I wanted to know if we were riding through "Can't Live Valley." It cost me a segar.

Changing cars at Las Vegas, a thriving, growing town, I was on my short way to this old Mexican town of Santa Fe. On the train with me was a hypothetical specimen of humanity who had Dick Bright's disease of the kidneys. He looked as though his liver was torpid and his kidneys needed kalsomining. He belonged some miles up the road, and was an eight-day liar from Liarsville. When we reached that part of the road between Canyon Sita and San Jose from which the old Pecos Church can be seen, I had to stop the old sinner or he'd have killed all the truth there is in me.

The old Pecos Church is a ruins of adobe bricks, and it is known from positive records to be over 300 years old. The walls of the church, such of them as remain, the rear and most of the sides being down, are eight feet thick. The old citizens didn't believe in having their services interrupted, at all events. In this building, so the legend (or lie) goes, Montezuma (General Manson's old friend) was born, and from here he went South, first instructing his people to keep the fire burning until his return. As Monty is probably too old now to move, he won't come back, but his people keep the fire burning just the same. As General Manson has "feasted in the halls of the Montezumas," old Monty must have married and raised a dude son who continued to keep the halls. History nor General Manson tell us whether Monty kept the halls for parties, political meetings and winter picnics, or whether they were the home of the Terre Haute feasts (salt and pepper) the General so fondly remembers and so often relates. From the way General Manson talks he feasted only in the halls of the Montezumas. Now the questions are, how many halls did the boys have? were they the only ones who set forth a feast? and lastly, wasn't it rather mean in the General to be feasting when the boys of his command were feeding on bric-a-brac and cactus bulbs?

But we'll remember that hereafter.

Certain it is that the Pueblo Indians now scattered about here, but as a tribe removed to their reservation in Northwestern New Mexico and Northeastern Arizona, claiming direct descent from the Aztecs, keep the Montezuma fire burning to the present time, and continue their belief in the supernatural character of Montezuma.

Reaching Santa Fe, I found a live crowd at the depot. Two busses and a few carriages sought patronage. Entering a bus I sat alone and was driven away.

Turning a corner a vision floated upon me, I shall not soon if ever forget. When a vision flashes on me I get hold of the flash by intuition and never let go.

Softly.

Before me and toward me walked the limpid form of Minnehaha, the noble daughter of the forest king and prairie hair-lifter.

Minnehaha means "Laughing Water." It must mean that kind, for if water has ever seen Minnie it must have laughed. Certain it is that it never was serious enough to get down to hard pan and tackle Minnie's cuticle and remove therefrom the ancient stains that perhaps Montezama put on her as a brand. I do not think that water had rippled in merry laughter over Minnie in many moons, and from her appearance she didn't reconcile the season of snows to the coming of the flowers. Verily the daughter of the red chief should take a bath. When I think of the sylphlike beauties the Indian maidens are painted, I think of my own Minnehaha, and wish I could hear the water laugh in her neighborhood. Her beauty consisted of a face and form that had held together since Adam had cramps from eating green apples. She was the color of a candidate's breath after election. Her step was about as agile as a limping pig. Her raiment was a bare head, calico dress (and more laughing water needed), a blanket shawl that had been hoss duty, and a pair of Government shoes bought for a man with his legs turned up for feet. Minnie was the first anti-he being I saw in Santa Fe.

Reaching the hotel I was taken in charge by Mr. Macklin, of the firm of McNulty & Macklin, of the Exchange Hotel, and I could not restrain the kindness shown me.

The streets are very narrow, the houses mainly made of adobes or sun-dried bricks, and but one-story high. The houses are built in rooms on the four sides of an open court, a door from each room opening to the inner square. Mine host took me down an alley and ushered me into a large, light room with fireplace and enough room to accommodate a skating rink. I can toss a stone or piece of brick from any door into the plaza or public square, which is the center of the town.

Before I close I must tell you of a friend I've made, a boy. He's a young greaser. I call him "Concho Special"—regular Henry Clay, two for a quarter. He's a fine young beggar, an ornament to his profession. In color he's a Colorado Maduro, Mexican filler and dirt wrapper. He smokes free (my tobacco), but I can not say the flavor is at all times delightful. I intend to instill into Concho's young mind the beneficent effects of soap and water, and teach him that a patriotic ablution on the Fourth of July is a duty he owes to his country.

WILL RYAN.

Why Didn't They Talk German?

[Pittsburg Despatch.]

On Saturday afternoon, as Frau Materna was on her way from the dressing room to the stage in the Fifth Avenue Market house, she passed the stand of a vender of hams, bologna sausages, etc., whose busines was not at all interrupted by the matinee. Chancing to look up, the Wagnerian prima donna saw some sausage and blood pudding hanging on the hooks in the butcher's stand. She stopped, and a slow, progressive Wagnerian smile stole over her noble countenance.

"Dem wuz nize puddins," she exclaimed.

"Dem's de pest puddins efer you ate," said the butcher in an excited tone. "Vil you hef a pite?"

Again that Wagnerian smile stole from its pasture, and the artist put forth her hand.

In a flutter of delight the butcher cut two or three inches of pudding from one of the coils and presented it on a brown-paper charger.

Materna ate it slowly and with great relish wiped off her hand on the paper, and, smiling for a third time, said to the butcher:

"I dank you. Dem wuz az nize puddins az efer I expeerenzed," and she went out to charm the multitude, unconscious of having performed a feat which would have appalled an American athlete.

[OFFICIAL.]

COPY OF STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION

OF THE

UNITED STATES FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

On the 31st Day of December, 1884.

Located at No. 115 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

The Amount of its Capital is	$250,000 00
The Amount of its Capital paid up is	250,000 00

THE ASSETS OF THE COMPANY ARE AS FOLLOWS:

Cash on hand and in the hands of Agents or other persons	$ 3,137 05
Bonds and stocks owned by the Company, bearing interest at the rate of 4 per cent, secured as follows, market value:	
United States 4½ Registered Bonds	268,400 00
United States 4% Coupon Bonds	13,530 00
Loans on Bonds and Mortgages of Real Estate, worth double the amount for which the same is mortgaged, and free from any prior incumbrance	248,600 00
Debts otherwise secured	9,033 83
Debts for premiums	18,907 66
Total Assets	$ 561,579 05

LIABILITIES.

Amount due to banks or other creditors	$ 22,753 76
Amount owing and not due to banks or other creditors	3,988 70
Losses adjusted and due	400 15
Losses unadjusted	3,377 00
Amount necessary to reinsure outstanding risks	60,030 56
Total Liabilities	$ 90,560 17
The greatest amount in any one risk	25,000 00

The greatest amount allowed by the rules of the Company to be insured in any one city, town or village—No rule.

The greatest amount allowed to be insured in any one block—No rule.

STATE OF INDIANA, OFFICE OF AUDITOR OF STATE.

I, the undersigned, Auditor of State of the State of Indiana, hereby certify that the above is a correct copy of the statement of the condition of the above mentioned Company, on the 31st day of December, 1884, as shown by the original statement, and that the said original statement is now on file in this office.

In testimony whereof, I hereunto subscribe my name and affix my official seal this 22d day of May, 1885.

[L. S.] JAMES H. RICE, Auditor of State.