

THE CHEYENNE TRANSPORTER.

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MINOR MENTION.

THE population of California is 50,000 less than that of Philadelphia.

THE meaning of Ouray, the name of the late chief of the Utes, is the arrow.

RUSSIA has 650,000 hereditary nobles and 380,000 whose titles expire with them.

THE Chinese Six companies in San Francisco own property valued at \$22,290,000.

THE farm of Henry Clay, in Kentucky has just been leased at the rate of eight dollars an acre.

AN actress traveling in the English provinces, claims to be the daughter of Edwin Forrest.

A GERMAN chemist has discovered a practicable method of manufacturing artificial indigo.

THE Italian parliament has ordered a monument to the late King Victor Emanuel, at a cost of \$1,300,000.

WILL WADE went to Des Moines, Ia., to purchase a wedding suit, was taken with diphtheria, and was taken home a corpse.

THE soft, blue-stone rock, which underlies a wide part of the prairie region of Texas, is 600 feet thick in some places.

GEORGE TUCKER, an inmate of a New York penitentiary, has just inherited \$12,000. His sentence will expire in 1885.

THE Prince of Wales is an object of tender solicitude to many of his prospective subjects. His debts amount to \$3,000,000.

THE French government has allotted M. Parteur 50,000 francs to enable him to carry out his researches on the contagious diseases of animals.

A STALWART woman got employment in male attire as a farm hand at Hutchinson, Ill., but the farmer discharged her on learning her sex. She has brought a suit to recover wages for the whole contract.

MISS FLORA SHARON, daughter of Senator Sharon, is betrothed to Sir Thomas Hesketh, a wealthy Englishman, who, in the course of a tour around the world in his steam yacht, has been making a stop at San Francisco.

PHIL ARMOUR, the "pork king" of Chicago, is described as a man with a broad face beaming with innocence and good nature, a soft and gentle voice and a Sunday school manner. He might readily be mistaken for a Presbyterian preacher.

MISS PARKER, of Grantville, Massachusetts, a maiden with \$50,000, became enamored of John Field, head waiter at an Ottawa hotel, and offered him her hand and fortune, which he accepted. Their happiness seemed complete, but he died a few days ago, and it is said that unwonted ease fretted him to death.

French Hotels.

Paris Cor. N. Y. Evening Mail.

And, talking about hotels, reminds me that the swindling bougie system is as much in vogue as ever in France. It flourishes under every regime, imperial, monarchial, or republican, and withstands the blows and imprecations hurled against it by generations of American and British tourist. Empires and dynasties rise and fall, but bougie soars aloft, triumphant and serene!

For the ways of French hotel keepers are not our ways. You alight at an inn and you ask the price of a room.

"Four francs."
"That is the entire price?"
"Certainly. Four francs."
"Then the service is included?"
"Oh, no! The service is one franc extra."

"Then the price of the room is five francs?"

"Yes, with service."
"Nothing else extra?"
"Only the bougie (candle)."
"How much is that?"
"One franc."

So the room, the price of which was announced as four francs, is really six francs. The "service," is supposed to include the servant's fees, but the boots and chamber maid will ask for a douceur.

It is simply impossible to get a French hotel keeper to state a price that will include everything. Their minds cannot grasp so comprehensive an idea; but they will grasp about everything else.

Travelers used to vaunt the "European style" of hotel keeping on the ground that you only paid for what you had, and if away at hours for meals they are not charged to you; but lately this consolation is denied, for when you get to your room you may or may not see a little placard stating that the price of the room is double to those who do not take their meals in the house. The landlord is, however very careful not to tell you of this beforehand. He would be a very remarkable member of his calling if he were not a perfect reservoir of mean little tricks for plundering tourists.

The Treatment of Maud S.

Turf, Field and Farm.

Maud S. is a highly bred mare, and wants to be humored. Her heart is won by kindness. She will not stand harsh treatment, will not prove obedient under rough usage. Both Bair and his wife made much of Maud S. They petted her and treated her to apples and lumps of sugar. The result is that she will eagerly respond to their call. When jogging on the track at Chester Park, the presence of Mrs. Bair near the rail at any time would cause Maud to turn in that direction. All last winter the mare ran in a roomy box. In April she was put in front of a break cart, and Mr. Bair drove her about the streets of Clifton and Cincinnati, and thus got her accustomed to the noise and bustle of the toiling world. He also harnessed her double, and taught her to drive on either side. She always behaved well to the pole. She does not like blinds to her bridle, but will trot with any kind of bit in her mouth. All she asks is that the driver shall not pull on the bit. She stands 15.2½ forward, and is plump sixteen hands behind. Her weight is 960 pounds. In her races this year she has been driven to a fifty-one pound sulky, but Bair is having made for her a sulky weighing forty-five pounds. She wears a fifteen and a half ounce shoe forward and a nine ounce shoe behind. She also carries four ounce toe weights. For two weeks after her arrival at the Queen City she will be turned at 5 every evening into a six-acre grass lot, and be allowed to run until 9 o'clock. This will keep her hair from fading under the sun's rays, and it will cool her out thoroughly. After two weeks' run at grass she will be led every day for two weeks behind a break cart, so padded that she cannot hurt herself. She will then be in condition to order at short notice for a fast mile, should Mr. Vanderbilt desire to see one on his return. Bair says he had hoped to give her a record of 2:09½ before the

close of the season. At Rochester she trotted solely on her courage. He thinks she can go to the half-mile pole in 1:03.

Jay Gould's New Protege.

Salt Lake Tribune.

Last night's train brought to our city Billy Madden, the famous pugilist, whose superior as a boxer in this country would be difficult to find. Billy left New York some time since for a pleasure trip to the coast. He has passed all over the West, obtained through the influence of Jay Gould, whose son is Billy's pupil, and, while expecting to go on to New York again very soon, is yet so in love with his profession and the American dollar that at the places he stops for any considerable time he forms a class, gives an exhibition or two, and thus gratifies his ambition to make the trip without expenses to himself. We do not propose to say a word about the athlete, for all who are interested in sports are familiar with his name. We will only say that he is the acknowledged light-weight boxing champion of America. He is admitted to be the most scientific handler of the gloves in America, as well as the most handsome. It is his intention to stop over here for a few days, during which time he will make the acquaintance of the Olympic boys, give their best boxers a point or two—probably on the nose—and teach the boys how to handle the buckskin with precision, grace and effect. He bears letters of introduction to prominent Western men from Jay Gould and others in New York, where he is considered a pet in sporting circles. We are confident Billy will do well in Zion.

Mrs. Hayes and the Wine Trade.

Washington Letter.

Some days ago I had a talk with a gentleman who frequently visits this city selling wines, liquors and champagnes. He represents a well known New York house, and has visited this city semi-annually for twenty years. Speaking of the trade and its decrease, he said: "We don't sell one case of wine in Washington now where we sold thirty some years ago. Mrs. Hayes' 'no wine at State dinners' may have sounded easy to other people, but it was almost a sound of death to the wine trade. Many is the time we have sold hundreds of boxes to dealers who we knew in turn furnished them to the Executive Mansion. That trade is entirely gone now. Mrs. Hayes having declared against wine, of course it became unfashionable in a manner, and its consumption in Washington fell off very much. Last winter there was not one case of wine sold where forty were sold even ten years ago. The drinking of wine among men may not have fallen off much, but it certainly has among ladies. Wine is not necessary now at fashionable parties. I mean of course with the office-holding and political classes, who mostly drink it about Washington, though it is not always kept off the table.

Demoralization of Hotel Life.

Saratoga Letter.

In the family circle we are brought into closer relationship with those who serve us, and as we see the labor involved in keeping house, it tends to keep alive our sympathies and better feelings. Hotel life for a constancy is necessarily pernicious, and eventually causes selfishness and a disregard of the feelings of others. I believe that the comforts and splendors of hotel life in New York are in a measure responsible for its degenerate morals. The husband who is not indebted to his wife for the comforts of a home does not love her as faithfully as he would do were such the case. The wife whose time is all her own, and who has nothing to do toward rendering home agreeable, is apt to fill up that time with gossip and frivolous pursuits. In this way both parties are gradually alienated from each other's society and find pleasure elsewhere. As they are not satisfied with themselves, so they find fault with one another, and domestic quarrels ensue, and the courts are filled with divorce cases, and married life becomes insupportable.

"STOP THE MUSIC."

The Speech that Joe Emmet Made on the Stage of the Holliday Street Theater.

A Baltimore correspondent of the New York Sun writes of that paper as follows, under date of the 19th ult:

The engagement of Joe Emmet at the Holliday Street Theater during the past week was probably the most successful ever played by him. At each performance hundreds were turned away while the exterior of the theater was crowded to excess an hour before the curtain went up. Manager Albaugh and two or three other friends of Emmet met him at the depot on his arrival here last Monday night, and never lost sight of him during the week except on Thursday, when Emmet managed to elude their vigilance and escape.

He immediately took the train on the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore railroad northward, but his friends had him captured at Bay View, just outside the city limits and brought back to the city. At the Saturday matinee Emmet, while evidently intoxicated, walked up to one of the proscenium boxes, in which was seated the proprietor of the hotel where he stopped, and, shaking his fist in that gentleman's face he exclaimed, "Get out of here!" On Saturday night his condition was greatly improved, but he omitted nearly all of his songs. Just before the close of the last scene he suddenly walked down to the foot lights and shouted "Stop the music!" A dead silence followed, and then in a weak and trembling voice and with tears streaming down his cheeks, Fritz spoke as follows:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I was very sick to-day. God only knows how sick I was. It was heart-sickness. [At this evident allusion to the action of his wife in having him put in prison, he laid his hand on his heart and looked mournfully around] I would not have appeared here to-night but for one man and he is John Albaugh. [Applause] I told him this afternoon that I was too sick to play, and he said: 'Joe, for God's sake play for my sake.' For no other man would I have played, not that I do not appreciate the applause of this audience, and the smiles of the pretty eyes present—and Baltimore is full of them—but I was too heart-sick." At this point Emmet sat down on the stage and exclaimed, "Johnnie Albaugh is a good fellow, and I was glad to be able to fulfill my engagement with him." [Applause.] Then in an undertone Emmet said, apparently addressing himself, "Brace up, brace up." Then he sprang to his feet saying, "Let the music go on," and finished the performance without further break.

When he made the allusions to Mr. Albaugh he was greeted with loud applause, but as he proceeded his remarks were coldly received, and when the curtain went down there was a dead silence and no effort was made to call him to the front.

Dr. Tanner Says a Good Thing.

New York World.

Dr. Gunn introduced him, while Dr. Tanner stood squinting alarmingly at the glaring chandelier and blazing foot-lights. Still with his eyes nearly closed and his mouth partly open, and his head uncomfortably on one side, and staring into the strong light, Dr. Tanner said: "We will have to wait a few minutes until the light is arranged. I am entirely blinded and can't see the audience." The titter which escaped the few people present was explained when Dr. Tanner saw to his surprise, by the subdued light a few moments later, why he had not been able to see his audience. There were from one to two men in each of the three balconies, while scattered about in the orchestra chairs were perhaps a hundred others.

Bound for Kansas.

Kansas City Journal, Oct. 2.

A party of fifty-seven went south on the Lawrence and Southern railroad yesterday morning to locate in Harper county, Kan. The party is composed of men, women and children from Illinois and Indiana. The party will have to make no change of cars from Chicago to their destination, their Horton reclining chair car being run straight through.