

THE CHEYENNE TRANSPORTER.

(INDIAN AND STOCK JOURNAL.)

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Subscription, \$1 per Year in Advance.

Cheyenne & Apache Agency, Darlington, Indian Ter.

NOTES OF THE DAY.

Several Cincinnati cigar manufacturers have removed their factories from the city, and others threaten to go. This action is on account of the continued lockout.

An entire shipment of English plate glass, consigned to a prominent importer, valued at \$20,000, is held in the New York custom-house for irregularities in invoicing.

A Congregational convention at St. Albans, Vt., adopted a report depreciating the running of Sunday trains. A committee was appointed to present the report to the legislature.

President Barrios, of Guatemala, proposes to give the Mexican national library the original manuscript of Bernal's "Conquest of Mexico," which is now in the library of Guatemala.

The historic island of St. Helena is reported to be in a very bad way, the abandonment of the Cape route since the opening of the Suez canal having taken away its trade in refitting and victualing ships.

A number of charitable Christian ladies of New Orleans have formed an unsectarian aid society, whose object is to afford immediate relief to urgent cases, pending investigation by the conference of charities.

The rains have done much damage in the interior of California to grain. Hay on the ground, especially in San Benito, has been seriously injured. Beans, corn, and buckwheat have been benefited. Strawberries and cherries have suffered to a large extent.

Mary E. Stockett, of Norwich, Conn., was a soldier's widow and drew a pension. She married a colored man, thus losing her pension, and lately found that he had a previous wife living. Now she sues to have her marriage declared void, so that the payment of pension may be resumed.

Many leading firms of Hartford, Conn., have signed a petition to the city council praying for the imposition of a license or tax upon those who go there for a short time and offer goods for sale in direct competition with legitimate city trade without having to pay any share of the city taxes.

A Philadelphia girl who has lived in Europe since she was a child (she is now 19) will create a sensation at Long Branch, where she will pass the summer, by the extraordinary beauty of her complexion. She owes it all to the old recipe of sleeping every night with a piece of raw beef on each cheek. This she has done for eight years.

When ladies at a horse show go to the extreme of kissing the horses that they most admire, there can be no question as to the sincerity of their admiration. This method of bestowing volumes of praise without words was not uncommon at the recent show at Madison Square garden, New York. The usual spot of imprinting the kiss was on the side of the glossy arched neck, though some of the creatures which gave evidences of gentleness were rewarded with kisses on their velvety noses.

The deep-sea fishes taken by the United States fish commission steamer during its late cruise in the Caribbean, are exciting much interest at the Smithsonian. Curiosity is intensified by those specimens of deep-sea fishes which are nearly or entirely blind—the eyes becoming atrophied or obsolete from disuse, like those of the fish inhabiting the Mammoth cave of Kentucky,—while others have large eyes, and the blind fish of the cave are allied to some superficial marine fishes that have well-developed eyes.

Isaac Langdon, a Salt Lake Mormon, who lately took a second wife without the knowledge of his first, brought the former home a few days ago. The first was so shocked that she became temporarily insane. Her husband told her she would soon get over it, and went away with No. 2. The wife, in her frenzy, soon after rushed into the

street and threw herself in front of a passing street-car, which was barely stopped in time to save her life. Her dress was torn off and she received severe bruises, but was not seriously hurt, though it was a close call.

Capt. Goodwin, of the ship Sterling, which arrived at New York recently from San Francisco, reports that when in the Pacific ocean a seaman named Charles Boland had a wonderful escape from death. The vessel was going eight miles an hour, and Boland was ordered aloft to furl the fore-royal. When on the yard he lost his footing and fell into the water alongside the ship. The latter was immediately hove to and a boat was lowered. Boland was found swimming about easily, and when taken on board was none the worse for the leap he had taken.

Ixtaccihuatl, which, next to Popocatepetl, is the highest volcano in Mexico, is universally called the "white woman" in the land of the Montezumas. Its shape, as viewed from Popocatepetl, some 150 miles away, is suggestive of a dead giantess robed for burial, the white shroud showing the contour of breast and limbs. The face is perfect in outline, and long hair seems to stream in silvery locks from the snowy forehead down over the sides of the bier. Her feet are turned down toward Popocatepetl, and between them lies a line of low hills, brown and treeless.

Ispahecher, who went to Washington in January, claiming that he was elected chief of the Indian Territory Creeks over Chicote, has just been married at the capital. He fell in love with comely Alma Harrower, who visited his hotel on business not wholly unconnected with the washing industry, courted her persistently, refused to go home when his business ended, and has just been married. He is 56, and can not speak a word of English; the girl is 25, has a little Cherokee blood on her mother's side, but is perfectly white, and can not speak or understand a word of Indian.

Mary F. McDonald has sued her husband, John McDonald, of Babcock-McDonald whisky-ring notoriety, for divorce in the common pleas court at Cincinnati, on the ground of extreme cruelty. Mrs. McDonald states in her petition that she was married to McDonald at Berlin, Wis., Oct. 23, 1879, and that June 6 last, while they were stopping at No. 305 H street, Washington, D. C., he violently laid hands on her, pushed her to the sofa, attempted to strike her, threatened her with great injury, and used vile epithets toward her. She also claims that while they were stopping at State and Fourth in Columbus, O., prior to December, 1883, he locked her in their room, struck, choked, and otherwise abused her. She left him June 6, fearing further violence.

Col. William Erneston, a bronzed veteran of the British India service, who passed through Philadelphia a few days ago, carried a cane that is a memento of great events. It is made of nine longitudinal strips of wood; the head is a highly-polished bit of bone from the river drift deposits in Devonshire, England, and the ferule is a fragment of a gun used at the battle of Melegnano. One wooden strip is from the Mount of Olives, at Jerusalem, and of the other eight one is from Nelson's ship, the Victory, one from the American sloop-of-war Cumberland, one from the Alabama, cut before she left Laird's ship-yard; one from the Bellerophon, Napoleon's prison ship; one from the Ville de Paris, Admiral de Grasse's flagship in our Revolutionary war; one from the floor of the Black hole at Calcutta; one from the grove surrounding Taj Mahal, and the last from the wreck of the Royal George. Col. Erneston has written a sketch of the circumstances under which each piece of the cane was obtained, and the whole put together, and on his death it and the manuscript are to be deposited in the South Kensington museum. Each circumstance regarding the gathering of the pieces is properly attested.

A SPARROW'S nest was recently assayed at the Philadelphia mint. It was found in a box on the roof. The bird flew freely about in the smelting-room, gathering gold-dust in its feathers which it shook off in the nest.

The College of Cardinals.

There have never been so many vacancies in the college of cardinals since 1877 as there are at the present moment, says a Rome telegram to *The London Times*. The number of vacant hats is no fewer than fifteen, without counting that which is waiting for the unknown prelate who has been reserved *in petto* since December, 1880. It was expected that a consistory would be held in the course of next month to fill some of these vacancies, and satisfy a few, at any rate, of those aged dignitaries who think they have waited long enough for the ecclesiastical purple. Moreover, the diminished number of the cardinals resident in curia is a cause of some inconvenience to the Vatican; but difficulties exist with reference to the four French hats vacant, the influence of France in the Sacred college being now reduced from the customary seven to three. It is a question of money, however, rather than of men. The French government has asked for hats for Mgr. Place, archbishop of Rennes, and Mgr. Bernadon, archbishop of Sens, and there is some talk of Mgr. Langenieux, archbishop of Rheims. Leo XIII. views these nominations with all favor; but last year the article in the French budget was suppressed which granted an extraordinary allowance over and above the incomes derived from their sees to those bishops and archbishops who were made what is termed national cardinals—that is, cardinals occupying residential sees in the country. It follows as a matter of course that prelates elevated to that rank acquire increased dignity and influence, involving increased expenditure, and additional means are therefore requisite to enable them properly to support their high position. The pope can not afford to supply them, and he is very justly of opinion that if France desires to have cardinals she should pay for them, as the other Catholic powers do. On this point negotiations are going forward, and while they are pending the pope is unwilling to put an apparent slight on France by making a batch of cardinals without including the archbishops of Sens and Rennes in the number. It was for that self-same reason that he created only two cardinals at the consistory held on March 24.

In the meantime, I may mention that at the next consistory, whenever it may be held, red hats will be conferred upon Mgr. Ganglbauer, archbishop of Vienna; Mgr. Laurenzi, assessor of the holy office; Mgr. Masotti, secretary of the congregation of bishops and regulars; Mgr. Gori, secretary of the consistorial congregation, and on a Spanish bishop. The names also are mentioned of Mgr. Theodoli, major-domo of his holiness; Mgr. Strossmayer, bishop of Bosnia; Mgr. Aloisi Masella, ex-nuncio of Portugal; Mgr. Capececiatro, bishop of Capua, and Mgr. Battaglini, archbishop of Bologna, whose flock have petitioned his holiness for a red hat for him. There is, however, a good deal of opposition at the Vatican against the purple being given to Mgrs. Capececiatro and Battaglini, and as regards Mgr. Aloisi Masella, he left his post at the Portuguese court against Leo XIII.'s wish, and it was understood that the pope had determined not to confer upon him the red hat that King Luis had requested for him until the revocation period of six years, of which half had still to run, had expired. As regards the nominations generally, and excepting, of course, those I have first named, it is thought that the pope is watching and waiting to see how political events may turn before deciding whether to choose prelates of violent or moderate views.

American Custom Not Wanted.

Several American families of distinction and importance have recently been refused admission to the Grand hotel in London, on the ground that the hotel management did not desire Americans among its clients. A prominent American merchant reported this matter to the American exchange, and said that he was informed by the hotel head porter that the Grand hotel proprietors disliked American "ice-water" custom, and preferred to keep their rooms for English customers, who spent money liberally in the house. This same porter told the gentleman that the instructions were to send all

Americans to the First Avenue hotel, in Holborn, where fixed price per day is charged. They say that the Americans found it necessary to exclude the Jews from first-class hotels in America, and they find it to their interest to exclude Americans. They want customers who live in good old generous English and continental fashion. This is, of course, one of those refreshing bits of British impudence which the traveler is obliged to encounter from time to time. It is a well-known fact that an Englishman never appreciates anything good until he has been able to deprive somebody else of participating in it, and he will like the Grand hotel ever so much better when he discovers that Americans can not go there. But is it not about time for the creation of the "American Hotel company, limited," to operate in each large capital in Europe, and to rid us of foreign impertinence, foreign greed, and—foreign adulterated wines?—*Paris Cor. Boston Journal*.

Bismarck's Wife.

The correspondent of an English exchange says this: It is a pleasant change to turn from the turbulent public life of the chancellor and see him in his own home, surrounded by friends to whom he is united by ties of sympathy and love. There, before all, is the companion of his life—the woman who has stood by his side for more than thirty years, and who has ever proved a loving wife. The princess has been brought up religiously, but hers is a bright, lively nature, gifted with a goodly portion of natural wit, with fine taste and feelings. Very musical, and a splendid player of the piano, she is at the same time a careful, sensible housewife, and after the manner of noble ladies of former days, she is said to have some knowledge of medicine. With genuine womanliness she created for her husband a home full of comfort and genial warmth, and intelligently shared for years his griefs and hopes, sometimes, even, as is evident from some passages in Bismarck's letters to her (reprinted by Heseckel), to a certain measure in political questions, although, as a rule, she does not belong to the class of women who take part in politics. Her correspondence with him, when official duties or pleasure trips separated them geographically, was very lively and affectionate. He calls her "My heart," "My dearest heart," in his letters. He sends her jasmine from Peterhof, blooming heather from Bordeaux, and promises to send her edelweiss from Gastein, where, on the sixteenth anniversary of their wedding-day, he remembers that this day "has brought sunshine into his bachelor life." On a political mission, he writes to her from Ofenburg castle: "Good night from the far distance."

Women at Forty.

The period of dry rot in the lives of men is said to begin at the age of 50, though a recent essayist makes it date at 40, and if this is so, the period of decadence for women may be set at least ten years earlier, says *The Boston Herald*. There is a time generally acknowledged in society when men and women seem to have reached their ultimate, when the forces of youth are spent, when the environment of life is apparently fixed, when it is possible to go on for a while upon lines that have already been formed, when one seems to have accomplished his career and can rest with satisfaction upon what he has done. This is the point of danger to men, especially to professional men. It is the point when clergymen or lawyers or doctors feel that they have reached something fixed, and need not put forth further effort! It is also the point where women, if married, are apt to say to themselves that they can settle down into the fixed things of their homes, or, if unmarried, are apt to withdraw their interest from active life and retire into themselves. It is the season of danger with either sex, perhaps the season of most danger to women, because they have less to call forth their latent energies than men have, and are more susceptible to the agencies that promote or diminish their happiness and usefulness.

A fiddle with Tom Paine's name on it has been found stowed away in the attic of an old inn at Bordentown, N. J., where Paine did much of his writing.