Big Richs and Large Salaries ... Cir. cus Vecations From a Humanitarian Point of View ... Hard Work.

[New York Sun.] Circus equestrianism demands a peculiar aptitude, and even with that, many years of patient study and laborious practice before excellence can be attained. People outside the business wonder sometimes at the seemingly large salaries we get. They do not know how hardly and at what risks they are earned, and what has been gone through to qualify for them. It takes seven or eight years steady work, in public during summers and in private through the winters for a young man or woman to become sufficiently proficient to earn more than a mere living salary. Season after season their compensation increases slowly, according to the progress they make in their art. And all the while they are in training, and after they have attained the long-contended-for prize of a good position, they are liable at any moment to be thrown out of work and perhaps crippled for life, by the stumble of a horse, the slipping of a foot, an unlucky wrench in the air, the momentary carelessness of a ban ner holder, that prosaic and common fiend. the rheumatism, or some other one of many hazards to which they are daily exposed. Should they not be well paid to counterbalance such contingencies?

I could tell you of a charming young wo. man, the daughter of an old circus man, who, three or four years ago, as the result of practice from almost her infancy, seemed to have a brilliant future in the ring before her. All who saw her ride said she was bound to be the American equestrian queen, for she had all the requisites of grace, daring, skill, and beauty. One day she met with an accident, an unlucky fall from a badly-trained horse. It might have been more serious in some respects, but certainly not so far as her prospects were concerned. When she got well she was found to have a slight but incurable limp, enough to quite unfit her for ever riding in the ring again. On the street, or on the stage, where she found employment at one-quarter of what she could have earned in the ring, you would not notice any defect in her walk, but she can never again safely "Do riders ever take apprentices? Well.

occasionally, but rarely in this country. The are shy of it. Teaching a boy or girl to ride is a very long job, generally a thankless and seldom a profitable one. A parent will teach his gwn children, of course, and the best riders come from old circus families in which riding may be said to have become a hereditary trait, and learning the business of the ring is commenced in childhood and is comers of some sort, or as tumblers, and so or working their way to riding if they feel that that is their vocation. There are some apprentices, but not many. One thing that mitigates against them is that the law respect- | general. ing the public employment of children vents their doing anything for their teachers until years after they should commence the training. A child may sell papers in the streets, suffer hunger and cold, be blighted in soul and ruined in body, and that is all right, from the S. F. T. P. O. C. T. C. point of view, but it is monstrously and outrageously wrong for it to do a little dance or a perfectly safe tumbling act on a carpet in the ring, or, as it gets older, to go around the ring standing on the broad pad of a perfectly ed, sure old horse, where it is just as sewhich the law protects them, that they are, if at all, put to the dangerous work of the on, or even allowed to attempt it. The risks they knowingly take in their daily work, and the consciousness that at any me jabs a boy with an wilfully jerks him off a horse to hurt him, you may set it down that that fellow is no good in the ring himself. Oh, no; I'm not specially alluding to that Forepaugh case, I'm just speaking in a general sort of way. "How are beginners taught to ride for the

ring? Well, at first with the mechanic, a long arm that sticks out from the centre pole, from the end of which dangles a rope fastened to a belt around the learner's waist at one end and the other end in the teacher's hand. The pupil stands on a broad pad on the horse's back, and the supporting arm goes around as the horse goes. So long as the pupil keeps his balance there is no strain on the rope steadies and sustains him. It gives confiden and that is its principal use, but it also pre vents falls. When the pupil can stand well without it its use is abandoned. For

a long time nothing is attempted but to teach the pupil to stand easily, safely on the horse, and to balance himself gracefully to the horse's stride. Then he learns to do the same riding backward, which is harder Then he jumps up a little, an inch or two only, and keeps at it until the fact is imbedded in his mind that he takes his forward impetus from the horse and only has to jump up and not forward, and for that the me chanic probably has to be again brought in play to save him from ugly tumbles by his umping out over the horse's shoulder or on is neck. Each thing must be learned well before a new thing is tackled, and nothing learned must ever be allowed to lapse for want of practice. Slow work, you see. I've no doubt it would be easier to learn Greek would for a Greek, any way.

"Where do these lessons go on during the winter? In several places about New York, such as Stone's, down in Jersey, and Stokes's, in Fordham, and Carroll's, in Westchester; but the most perfect in all is the one Barnum has in his wintering buildings up at Bridgeport. All these establishments are in constant ac five use through the winter, often engaged by performers for certain hours each day for sons ahead. You see, we have to supply our own performing horses, and not only keep our old ones up to their work, but edu cate new ones as the old wear out. A goo coid-blooded horse, one that never gets nervous or excited, doesn't break his gait, knows enough not to step on his rider should he fall, has the sense to feel if the rider makes a somersault a little out of true, and sway to catch him right as he comes down-that sort of a horse is valuable to us. and to get one that way we must work a long while with him. That we have got to practice ourselves you know already. I'm at work now, and shall be until the season opens, getting up in something new that I expect will make a sensation if I don't break my neck at it before I get a chance to she

A Professional Chinese Story-Teller.

[Hong Kong Cor. London Telegraph.] At one end of the market was a cro gathered around a man who, seated on a stool, was evidently reciting or reading something. I found he was a professional story-teller, and that he was engaged just then in the narration of the troubles of a mandarin's daughter who, captured with her father by some rebels, went through a series of terrible adventures, but who finally, by her singular courage, released herself and her father, and brought the head of the arch rebel to the emperor. The reader, or rather the reciter, was a man of middle age, and of very respectable appearance. He held a fan in his hand, and his nails were very long, to indicate his gentility. I was told he was a

very clever man, who could, if he liked, talk in a dialect that the common people could not understand, but that he was now speak ing in Cantonese, and with great skill. It was evident that as the story progressed he laid hold upon the feelings of his audience, for as he dwelt upon the sufferings the damsel, and wept copiously himself at the offspring of his own imagination, the people nd mingled their tears with his and showed signs of the deepest emotion.

These people would probably have looked callously on had they seen a girl in the position he described, but so fervent was his eloquence and so great his skill that they could not help weeping at the pictured tragedy. As for the orator himself, he would lower his voice and whisper, then, springing up, would shout out more into quietude as the tale went on. A magnificant actor, forgetting himself wholly in the interest of his tale, he held his hearer enthralled for more than two hours, for I now and again returned, only to find him unexhausted and his audience unsatiated. While he spoke itinerant venders of tea, peanuts and sweetmeats permeated the cro doing a comfortable trade, and now and then one or other of the listeners would put down a few cash at the feet of the orator. On the whole, he appeared to be pretty well remunerated for his trouble, the people being only too glad to have such a treat as his imagination afforded them.

#### PEACH BRANDY VALOR.

An Ex-Confederate Tells the Story of His Promotion for Gallantry on the Battle Field.

Gath in New York Tribune. During a recent conversation, V. K. Stev. enson, Jr., one of our most enterprising real estate men, said: "When the war broke out I was a small boy and was sent to the Confederate West Point at Marietta, Ga., where we had about six hundred cadets. My father subscribed to \$100,000 of the Confederate loan at par. He lost all his negroes, and I am glad of it. Although I was on the opposite side I am perfectly satisfied with the result, and so is everybody else of good sense that I have talked to. Our ladies in the south were so gallant for the war that they really made me believe I could go out with a wheat straw and whip every invader across the lines. My grandfather after the Federals got into Chattanooga became so patriotic that he wrote my father a letter that I ought to be taken out stand upon the back of a horse or leap over a of the military school and sent to the battle field. My father merely inclosed the letter to me without any remark, and thereupon I went to the commandant of the academy and asked my discharge, as I was going to enlist in the ranks to be sent to the front. I enlisted in an Irish regiment entirely composed of railroad laborers, and we started for the battle field of Chickamauga in box-cars, every soldier being possessed of a canteen filled with New Orleans rum. You can imagine what a as \$50 for gold ones. He got a pretty pair ting is commenced in childhood and is comdiabolical scene was in that car, fighting all
paratively easy for them. Others get into it

diabolical scene was in that car, fighting all
the way along, but I was regarded as quite a
\$5 for a silver toothpick, although the clerk by degrees, knocking around a circus as help- | young hero. We had a terrible battle, and got out, however, who my father was, and I him, and he got a moderately plain set for Smith, who was only 23 years old and a on being shown one for \$300 said that as it

"Benton Smith," resumed Mr. Stevenson, "being called the boy general, concluded that he must have a staff entirely of boys. He was a prodigy of audacity and courage, but his high, nervous nature at last wore him out, and not long ago he was a lunatic in a padded cell in Tennessee. He always kept his aides right up to the front, and I saw that unless something happened I should be shot.
Just before the big battle at Atlanta, where McPherson was killed, Smith's brigade was reinforced by a Georgia regiment nearly trained, sure old horse, where it is just as secure from harm as it would be in bed. It is long after childhood, after the years in where I saw a pile of legs and arms amputated, and it made me sick at the stomach, being quite another lesson of the war, and finding one of our aides with several canteens of peach brandy, I asked him to let me have some to settle my stomach and ment they may be made dependent upon the | drank the whole of it. Smith then ordered me to lead the Georgia regiment into the fect upon them, and there is not one real per- battle. I was blind drank and charged my former worthy of the name who would treat horse right over the Federal ramparts; he a child with wanton cruelty. If you hear of had both eyes shot out and both knees broken, hear the Yankees cry all down the line: 'Don't shoot that boy!' My life was really saved by my youth. It was that charge, as I have understood," said Mr. Stevenson, "which led to McPherson's death. I was twice promoted for gallantry on the battle field, and upon my soul it was nothing but that peach brandy.

"Old Jakey's Shot."

[Inter Ocean.]
At Corinth Nelson's restlessness and medllesomeness had full play. All his men will remember the sudden order to about face he gave one day when he moved out to assist Pope and received notice that Pope could take care of himself. He was that day the very personification of the indignant feeling ruling his division.

One day during the siege he rode to the

front and was watching the operations of a favorite battery. The rebel sharp-shooters had taken refuge in an old house far to the front, and the artillery men were directing their fire at this house. Nelson grew impatient finally, because the house was not blown to pieces, and rode his horse up to the guns. A sergeant said, "They'll pick you off, general, if you stand there." In reply came: Gotohellsir-damit, I mean thank you sir. Just then "zip" came a "long tom" cutting close to the general's ears. This aroused him at once. He jumped off his horse, caught one of the guns, ran it forward by main strength and aimed it himself, remarking that he would show that jackanapes how to fire at him; be would, etc. "A little too high, general," ventured the captain, but he was cut off with the ever ready "Gotohellsir." and the artilleryman was ordered to "pull the string." Crash, went the ball through the tree tops not a hundred yards to the front, and going more in the direction of the moon than toward the object aimed at. But at the same instant one of the other guns was fired, and being well aimed, the ball struck the chimney of the old house and brought it down. Nelson seeing only the chimney fall roared out: "I knew it. By gad, sir, it takes me to knock things down about their ears." And then as he mounted his horse to ride away, he said blandly, "Captain, I will come over in the morning and give your men lessons in artillery prac

I can hit them every time." The major general did not hear the laugh that succeeded, but "Old Jakey's shot" was

A Successful Washington Statue.

[Inter Ocean.] Judge Tourgee says the new statue of Washington in New York is a great success, and adds: "For the first time in my life I begin to believe that Washington actually lived. All other representations of the first president make him look as if he were saying, 'Let us pray!'"

### Needed no Chloreform,

[Texas Siftings.]
A farmer living a few miles from Austin, whose wife was troubled with an aching ooth, decided to come in town with her for the purpose of having it extracted. The pair took a seat in the ears, and soon after the train started the farmer walked forward into the smoking-car, telling his wife he would be back directly. While her husband was absent, the conductor came leisurely along, ticket punch in hand, and approaching the old lady, reached over for her ticket, where-upon the victim of the toethache opened her

"You needn't mind giving me chloroform, doctor, just pull it right out, anyhow. I can stand it, and when John comes back he'll settle with yer." WELL-DRESSED

For Once and His Fondest Day Dreams Realized.

A Young Workingman Fits Himself Out in Good Clotes at a Cost of About Six Hundred Dollars.

[New York Sun.]

A young man who was in the crowd at an up-town jeweler's yesterday attracted a great deal of attention. His coat was of country ent and well worn, his trousers were baggy, and his shoes were of a design new to Nev York. They were made of grain leather. Yet he wore a high hat in the most fashion able shape and glossy exterior, and two clerks were piling up jewels on the showcase before him.

"I'll tell you how it is." said he: "I'm from Pittsburg, and I've come into a little money after working hard all my life. I've always said I'd like to dress up first-class from head to toe, though I never really expected to be able to. But now I've got quite some money, and I'm agoing to go back in as good shape as any man in Pennsylvania. What'll be the price of the best umbrella?"

"Well," said the clerk, "we have got them at from \$5 to \$75-the gold-headed ones are

"Cracky!" said the young man, "I'll have to change my tune, I guess. I don't want to be a fool. A silver-headed umbrella will do, and \$20 will be the outside figure. You see, I didn't know how much things cost. First I went and got silk drawers, silk undershirts, and silk stockings. The stockings cost \$5 a pair, and the shirts and drawers \$10 apiece. I got two sets, and that cost \$50. Then I got two shirts for \$2 each, and a couple of dollars worth of collars and cuffs. The first time I got a set back was when I went for a hat. It was on Broadway. I ain't going off Broadway, because I want the best. Well, I wanted the highest priced hat, and they brought out one for \$25-the darndest looking thing ever you saw. It was white, and made of fur. I got this silk one for \$10, and I guess this is good enough. I went to a tailor's and got a nice black diagonal suit for \$80, and a beaver overcoat, lined with satin, for \$90. There may be higher priced clothes, but the goods suited me, and the tailor said there wasn't anything better for me in his shop if I was the biggest man in Pennsylvania. That's what I want. I'm close as a monkey on a floating log, but I'm going to fit out firstclass just for once, if I save all the more the rest of my life. I've got to wait here 'most a week for my clothes, and I'm payin' \$3 a day indoors, and about as much outdoors, but I don't care just this once."

He got a silver-headed umbrella for \$20. He asked what a pair of sleeve buttons would cost, and was visibly amazed at hearing that he might pay \$100 for intaglios and as high showed him toothpicks for double the money in the excitement had no time to think. It A set of shirt stude worth \$120 staggered was put on the staff of a man named Benton \$10. He said he wanted a match box, but was the only one worth having, and yet was a ridiculous thing to pay so much for, he wouldn't buy any. Finally he came to the watches.

"Now," said he, "I want a good gold watch, and I want one that I won't be ashamed to haul out before any lady in the world. The truth is I don't live right in Pittsburg, but I come from close by there, and there's a good many swells where I belong, and I'm worth more than the whole of 'em, and I ain't agoin' to take a back seat when I get there. I suppose you can show me watches for

"Seven hundred dollars, sir," said the clerk; "our repeater and split-second watches are \$700. But if you want a good first-class watch, as good for all practical purposes as any that was ever made, take one of these for

That is what the young man did, though not until he had handled a \$700 watch for several minutes most tenderly and with longing in his eyes. He could afford it, he do its needful but dreadful work, we rejoice, said, but he thought it would be foolish.

"Curious thing!" he said, quite irrelevantly; "I don't feel as if I had so much money, after all. I came here to get the very best of everything, but I believe when I go back I won't have any of the highest-priced things except shoes, hat and underclothes. Now, I thought \$7 would buy the best shoes on Broadway; but when I came to get them they cost \$18.

They are beauties though. They have medium soles and patent leather up over the foot, about like a slipper, and from the leather up above the ankle they have what are called stockingers, that is, black silk uppers with flesh-colored kid under them."

"But they are evening shoes."
"Oh, are they? Well, I don't care what they are. I guess they'll take the cake where they're going, day or night. Well, what do you suppose I paid for handkerchiefs—silks of course? Why, I paid \$5 each, and \$5 for suspenders, and \$5 for a penknife."

"We have some jeweled suspender attachments at \$120-very beautiful, indeed," said

"Oh, never mind showing 'em," said the young man.

He bought a comparatively plain vest chain, a double one, for \$45, and then said that he did not think there was anything else that he wanted except gloves, and he had priced them and found that the very best kids only cost \$2, though he could pay \$18 if he wanted sealskin. He jotted down his purchases on a card, and when he came to He jotted down his calculate the total he said that at first he had thought it would reach \$300, then \$400, and that now it was evident that by the time he had spent a week in town at \$6 a day and paid his fare back to his home \$650 would be about the full amount he would have ex-

### An Awful Blow.

[Chicago Tribune.] It has suddenly been discovered that the swell English actors in New York-Mr. Osmond Tearle, Charles Coghlan, Gerald Eyre, Wilmot Eyre, and Mantell-are all Irish. It is an awful blow to the Anglomaniacs. These eminent actors have been worshiped for years in New York as perfect types of English swells, and the incontrovertible fact that they are Irish causes the keenest sort of disappointment. The descendants of Irish kings seem to be rated lower in the city of the largest Irish population than the descendants of Gurth the Swineherd! This is

### What to Teach Your Daughters.

[Boston Transcript.]
A bit of wholesome advice is credited to Washington Irving in Orville Dewey's autobiography, as follows: Mrs. S. told me that one evening he (Irving) strolled up to their piazza and fell into one of his easy and un-premeditated talks, when he said, among other things. "Don't be anxious about the education of your daughters; they will do very well; don't teach them so many things—teach them one thing." "What is that,
Mr. Irving?" "Teach them to be easily

> Another Short Hair Era [Croffut's New York Letter.]

It looks as if another short-hair frenzy was going to strike the ladies. A good many in their 'teens now consider it the thing to cut off their hair and wear it curled close to their scalps, and yesterday I saw a row of bonnets in a milliner's window, each decorated with a little ruff of frizzed hair sewed under the back side in the neck.

To prevent mould on jelly, melt paraffin,

The Evangelist Coughing and Sneezing in a Yellow-Brown Fog.

Glaszow a Jostle of Spectres in a City of Ghosts --- But Glasgow Saints Are

Lovely. [Stanford (Kv.) Journal.]

Glasgow, Scotland, is a favorite resort in summer, and tourists flock to enjoy the invigorating climate. Of course there mus be a compensating discomfort for all this and one hits it in perfection in November We were forewarned and so in a certain measure forearmed; but I have only to say that the grim reality far exceeds our most imaginative expectations. We are just now in the second day of a fog, of the genuine London sort, technically known as "pea soup" fog. from its general color and density About the hue of a London brick, it is of brownish yellow-and taking hold of the throat and eyes with a rasping, pyroligneous effect, this impacted mixture of the breath of 50,000 chimneys and 700,000 pairs of lungs is held in solution by the raw, condensed moisture of a Scotch November. One must be on the spot to appreciate it.

The solitary pleasant feature of this particular fog is that it renders the almost illin blesign of "Wylie & Lochhead, Funeral Undertakers," etc., etc., invisible—the last written words being the portion that spans the full capacity of our spacious front window. In glaring golden letters and fully keeping up the impression produced by the issue at short intervals of the doleful hearses and mourning carriages described in a previous letter. By the way, this wealthy firm, ramifying in various kindred departments, in several parts of the city, were burned out in Buchanan street, last Saturday week, where their immense furniture establishment contrib part to one of the most destructive fires that Glasgow has had for many years. After our service at Patrick, we all ran up by the tram to the scene of conflagration and from a favorable point witnessed the terrible sight.

But to return to our "pea-soup." We have kept our four gas burners in the sitting-room up to their full capacity all day yesterday and to-day thus far. Every time the door opens the enemy rushes in, and in vain do we essay to shut the successive re-enforce-ments of filthiness out. So we cough and gasp and sneeze and weep, and bear it as best we can, after every fresh incursion. Outside, the rattlings of lumbering vehicles go by; the noise of wheels upon the paving stones, coming out of invisible depths, with nothing of drivers, horses or carriages seen. Out of the yellowish-brown abyss also proceed shouts, whistles, calls of various kinds expostulatory, obligatory and explanatory, connected with the invisible mass of huma ity and horse-flesh enveloped in the smoky mist. The trams creep cautiously along the rails; carters lead their horses by the bit; all grope, grope as best they can to their several lestinations. On the sidewalk people plunge along, bumping against each other, emergin in an instant from vacuity and disappearing in another instant into fog space.

A very jostle of spectres in a city of ghosts is this great city of Glasgow now. If only we could afford it and there were not duties forbidding, we should make our way to the first railway station and ride until we had outstripped this heavy vapor's march and not return until it had succumbbed to favoring winds and showers. George threatens to marry an organ-grinder, and persuade him to return to Italy. So much for our present atmospheric surroundings, of which I can not give too murky a description, seeing it all comes from the hate-ful "prince of the power of air"—"the ruler

God and our tortured race. I am glad his reign is almost over now.

Even as I write the shadows are rolling away. Marie springs to the window curtain and throws them back with the glad cry "Here comes the daylight; praise the Lord! And although the undertaker's sign again ag pears, and a funeral cortege, tampted by the returning daylight, issues promptly forth to

of the darkness of this age"-the hater of

because "the light is sweet; and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun." Only a fifteen-minute "lift" of our soots The fog is back once more, gas relighted and curtains drawn again. A sigh replaces the exultant shout and the under-

On Friday night the Patrick meeting closed in fullest blessing, with twenty-one for soul and thirteen anointed for healing. bible reading the subject was "Faith Healing," and fifteen more took Jesus for their physician. Altogether nearly seven hundred have confessed the dear Lord for the soul in the six weeks' service. About fifty anointed

for healing. Praise the Lord. One word in conclusion. Glasgow saints are lovely; thirteen drawing-rooms have welcome us at the hospitable homes of different More and more we think the Scotch are the Kentuckians of the British isles. We have felt so happily at home ever since coming here. Such dear, receptive, generous people, rich and poor, we have seldom met. Of those who have attended the services with any regularity hardly one has failed to receive glorious blessing and most been thoroughly convinced of the truth of "our gospel" in the main feature of it. Of the loving reception in social circles and charming families, I can only speak in terms of tenderest and most affection. The Lord bless them

every one!
"Comparisons are odious." I will not treat as rivals such glorious places as Highgate and Glasgow. I can only say, no city can exceed Glasgow. It will always be one of the very brighest spots in loving memory. Ever in Jesus. GEO. O. BARNES.

One of the Unforgiven.

[Cor. Boston Advertiser.] "We had a perfect hegira of southern officers in the early days of 1861," said my friend, "but the people at Washington did not seem anxious to keep them, and their resignations were accepted as fast as they were sent in. No one had to leave without his discharge. I only know one man among all those who joined the rebels who laid himself open to the charge of desertion. And with him it was only a technical offense. 'Bee' Robinson was a captain in the dragoons. He was a Virginian, and full of secession His station was out in Utah s where, and he sent in his resignation. out in Utah some the same time he started east himself. In some way they heard of it at headquarters. and his application was rejected. He knew nothing of this, and went south. Not ap pearing, he was dismissed as a deserter; whe ostilities finished he was a Confederate brigadier. Since then he has been an insurance agent; but when he sent up his applica tion for an amnesty it was returned from the war department, because he had not been discharged from the army. He, Davis and Toombs are the three who have not been restored to their civil rights of all those who went into the war for slavery and secession.'

### Houses Without Nails.

[Exchanga.]
Japanese houses in the larger cities, such as
Tokio, Nagasaki, Hakraadi, etc., are of one general shape, being two stories high, and out together by a curious method of mortis ing, at which these people are adepts, not one nail being used throughout the construc-tion of the building. All interiors are of the bare grain of the wood, and are kept scrupulously clean by three and sometimes four washings daily.

Life: Pooty felles in dis worl' ain't gin'rally good fur much 'ceptin' jes' to look at; de rosebush doan' pan out well when yo' cun; to lay in yo' wintah fiah-wood.

People Who Break Up Public Speak ers ... "Queerers" Who Are

a Terror.

[Chicago News.] "Did you ever hear of a 'queerer?" asked a well-known lecturer in the course of a chat.

The visitor had not. "Well, if you should ever have the misfortune to become a lecturer and run foul of one you will never forget him. A 'queerer is a person who distracts your attention from your lecture and gives you much trouble You know, about as soon as a lecturer takes to his feet he singles out a few persons in the audience, and utterly ignores all the rest. I have often picked out one person at my left, one in front, and another at my right before I had spoken a dozen words; and to these persons, or to one of them at a time, I addresse every word of my lecture. The rest of the audience seemed to be that sea of upturned faces that some poet or other has written about. I never knew why it is that I always pick out two or three or four persons to represent the entire audience, and then neve see anybody else as an individual, nor do I intend to trouble myself now with searching for the reason. It is easier to say it is so and let the whys and wherefores go.'

"But the 'queerer?" "Ah, yes. Well, when one of these perso whom I pick out to represent the rest of the audience happens to have any very noticeable peculiarity about his face or his clothing I call him a 'queerer,' because he 'queers,' as they say in slang-that is, he distracts my attention from my lecture. Once I hit on man whose necktie had hitched up over hi collar and was rubbing against the back of his neck every time he moved his head. If there is anything that makes me feel like flying it is to feel anything of this sort against the back of my neck, and so I got up a lively sympathy for that man, though he was of those nerveless creatures who wouldn't be fidgety even if the back of his collar should be unbuttoned. I could fairly feel that hot necktie rubbing against the back of my perspiring neck, and it kep nearly all of my attention. A dozen time I pushed my own necktie down before an behind, but the relief was only momentary the feeling that it was bobbing up and down and was about to chafe me came back as soon as I removed my hand. I struggled on and am not sure whether I talked to my subject or switched off to a dissertation of misplaced neckties. Finally, when it seems as if I should jump out or my coat if that necktie was not pushed down, I stopped short and said in a loud voice: "Will that gen tleman in the third row-right there pointed dead at him)-will he push down hi necktie?' This provoked a storm of laughter and I went on just as if I frequently threw a joke like that into my lectures. "I suppose those nerveless people would

not believe me if I told them the truth that that necktie broke me all up.

"But the worst 'queerer' I ever had," con tinued the lecturer, "was one who knew me and knew how to break me up. If I hadn't made a most determined effort to control my self he would have succeeded. I had had petty dispute with the man some time before and rather worsted him finallyin a lawsuit that grew out of it. He hated me as only few men in this world know how to hate Not long after that I was engaged to lecture in that city, and when I reached the railway station that man came up to me and took my hand. I thought it was strange, but he soon explained. Said he: 'If you try to lecture here to-night I shall "rattle" you. Now, mind what I say—I'll break you all to pieces.' With that he left me. I knew he was not a low-minded man who would throw any thing at me, or do any sort of personal vio lence, and I knew he was a man of considerable talent for public speaking himself, but I could not think what means he would employ to 'rattle' me, as he called it. In a minut after I had begun my lecture, however, I knew his scheme, and I was afraid of it, too Just as I arose to begin he also arose from seat right in front, and took off his overcoat That was to attract my attention to him. Then he sat down and looked me squarely in the eye, making a hideously scornful face Try as I might I could not keep my eye off him. He represented the entire middle division of the large audience, and our gaze met-a dozen times a minute I was going say. Every time I looked at him he gave hi ing an infernal fool of yourself,' and I really felt as if I were talking to an assembly ttor enemies; and to save me I could i warm up to my work. If ever a charme bird tried to throw off a spell I tried harde to get out from under the influence of tha bugbear-that evil spirit that sat on tha man's face. It took all the power I had to remember my subject, let alone becomin enthusiastic over it. Several times I though of stopping and asking to have that 'queerer removed from the hall, but then I thought it. would be a virtual acknowledgement of his power over me, and also that the audience would not understand why a quiet, reputable citizen should be removed, so I struggled on, doing my best, sweating, and almost swear ing, making a very poor mess-a very cold mess, too, I may say—of my lecture. The papers said next day that I did not do myself justice, and, as they had all heard me lecture under more favorable circumstances, they laid the blame on my selection of subject, one paper saying I was not en rapport with it."

Visitors to "Newspaper Row." [Cor. Troy Times.]

"Newspaper Row" used to be a feature in Washington. The row of buildings on Fourteenth street, opposite Willard's hotel, made it up. Now the correspondents are scattered, and but a fraction of the offices remain on the old ground. The Ebbitt house drove out a good number and the rest drifted to other quarters. Not long ago I noticed paragraph in some newspaper saying that the "row" does not hold the prominence it used to do when Charles Sumner and Henry Wilson used to sit in The New York Tribune office in the evening. Even Roscoe Conkling could be found occasionally talking affairs at the correspondents, and Blaine was a frequent visitor until the investigation of 1877, when he cooled toward the "row" and has never been there since. Yet, even in these days, I have seen Secretary Folger calling on the correspondents, with his young secretary, Frank Sperry; Attorney General Brewste often rides down in his carriage to run on pleasantly, for he is a companionable man when he cares to be; Judge Gresham is an especial favorite in the newspaper offices. Senator Hawley can be found there almost any evening when congress is in session. Ex-Speaker Keifer was a frequent caller last winter, but he will not be so amiable after the broadside which has been launched at

Rummelsburg, near Berlin, is the larges goose market in the world. They handle 20, 000,000 a year of the succulent bird.

Chicago Herald: There is talk of bringing fames Russell Lowell home and working him is a foreigner on a learner tour.

Narrow Gauge. Celerado has 2,000 miles of narrow gauge roads in operation; Texas has 1,190; Mexico 1,100; Arizona has 700 under construction and Utah about 1,600 projected.

The Albion (Mich ) ladies' brass band is a flourishing institution. The base drummeress is a widow with nine children.

Jay Gould testified in court the other day that the way to win in Wall street "is to find out which way the wind blows, and then get

BARNES IN SCOTLAND. | LECTURERS' BUGBEARS. | THE DAY'S CRIMES

THE MURDERER OF MOSETRY AT MILES CITY HELD.

Chicago Kleptomaniae Heavily Fined-Two Murderers Hanged at Newark, N. J. -Other Criminal Notes.

> THE MURDES OF M'CARTHY. [Special Telegram to the Globe.]

MILES CITY, M. T., Jan. 3 .- Wm. F. Goggin, alias "Kerry Eagle," who was suspicioned of being the murderer of Daniel McCarthy, on Dec. 24, had a preliminary trial to-day and was held to await the action of the grand jury. The evidence was weighty and there can be no doubt of his being convicted. The clothing which he wore on the night of that brutal murder bear testimony, and his nervous action and wild expression during the progress of the trial attest to his knowledge of the crime.

> SHOT WHILE THYING TO ESCAPE. [Special Telegram to the Globe. ]

MILES CITY, Mont., Jan. 3 .- Yesterday afternoon, at about a quarter past five. the garrison at Fort Keogh, was shoked to learn that a soldier named Keo h, had met his death at the hands of a guard named Uhlmer. The circumstances attending the shooting were few, and can be surmized on the statement that, the deceased was known as "Big Keoth," and was onder arrest and in charge of Uhlmer, and, becoming refractory, was charge reprimanded by his guard. In retaliation he made an attack on the guard, and then sought to escape from him. Uhlmer. after halting him, fired, the charge taking effect in the body, and killing him almost instantly. It is a sed affair, but is probably justifiable under military law.

A KLEPTOMANIAC PUNISHED. [Special Telegram to the Globe.] Сыслео, Jan. 3.—The continued case of Mrs. Lottie Brown, charged with the theft of numerous packages of dress goods can be from Morganthan, Boniond & Co., W. E. danger and the control of the Pardridge & Co., C. A. Coutant & Co., Chas. Goesage & Co., Ovington & Co., and Marsball Field & Co., came up before Justan at once, and is a permanent cure for Bronchia ties Kerster this morning. By consent of ter Cough, Bronchitis and Pulmonary Catarric tice Kerster this morning. By consent of the complainants, with the exception of Mrrshall Field & Co, which case was contipned until Tuesday next for want of proper evidence, the charges were changed from larceny to those of disordering and a fine of \$125 imposed on all of the cases, of which there were seven. On payment of the money and signing bond to appear Tuesday in Marshal Field's case Mrs. Brown left the court room with her husband a poorer and doubtless wiser

EXECUTIONS.

NEWARK, N. J., Jan. 3 - Martin was harged at 11:26. Martin was condemned to death for the murder of his wife and children. He was aged fifty three years and was born in England. Martin was cut down at 11:50.

James B. Graves was hung at 11:04. He was carried to the scaffold. Graves was a recluse and sixty-five years of age In the house wherein he lived was a family named Soden, which included a boy named Eddie. Graves was annoyed by boys, among them Eddie Soden, and on the night of December 20, 1881, he crept up behind Eddie, while the latter was lighting a lamp, and shot him dead.

The death warrant for the execution of Graves was read in the hospital. He was then borne to the scaffold. He sobbed and moaned piteously. There was no religious ceremony.

Martin gave his counsel a short address to the public, expressing great sorrow for shedding innocent blood, attributing the crime to the influence of disease, medicine and liquor, which had an unusual effect. He had confessed he bore no malice, and hoped shortly to be in peace with God. The address closed with extracts from the Episcopal litany.

PROVED TO BE A FORGER.

Washington, Jan. 3.—The Star says, larence M. Barton, for several years connected with different papers in this city, is missing and it is alleged has left behind him a number of forged endorsements or which he obtained money. Among the names said to have been forged are Wm M. Dickson, foreman of the first star route jury, and Henry D. Boller, a mer-chant. General Brady's name is on the same paper, but it is not ascertained whether it is was forged or not. The growth. amount of the fraudulent paper is un-

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

## EPPS'S COCOA! BREAKFAST.

escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold in tins only (½ lb. and lb.) by Grocers, labeled

JAMES PPS & CO. Homeopathic Chemist,

# WORK.

Grading Fillmore Avenue.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS. CITY OF ST. PAUL, Minn., Jan. 3, 1884.

Sealed bids will be received by the Board of Public Works, in and for the corporation of the city of St. Punl, Minnesota, at their office in said city, until 12 m. on the 14th day of January, A. D. 1884, for the grading of Fillmore avenue (formerly McCarthy street) to the partial grade and full width, from State street to a proposed leven in said city, according to plane. posed levee in said city, according to plane and specifications on file in the office of said

Seard.

A bond with at least two (2) sureties, in a sum of at least twenty (20) per cent. of the gross amount bid must accompany each bid. said Board reserves the right to reject any

JOHN FARRINGTON, President. Official: R. L. GORMAN, Clerk Board of Fublic Works.





The Most Perfect Made.

A PURE FRUIT ACID BAKING POWDER. There is none stronger. None so pure and wholesome. Contains no Alum or Ammonia.

Has been used for years in a million homes. Its great strength makes it the cheapest-Its perfect purity the healthiest. In the family loaf most delicious. Prove it by the only true test.

THE TEST OF THE OVEN. MANUFACTURED BY

STEELE & PRICE Chicago, Ill., and St. Louis, Mo. Manufacturers of Lupnita Yeast Gems, Dr. Price's Special WE MAKE NO SECOND CRADE COODS.

WHOOPING COUGH PAPILLON BLOOD CURE. For all diseases of the Liver, Stomach, Bowe Kidneys, this medicine is an absolute cure. Esp for Sick Headache, Constipation and Female

ness. It does not nauscate or derange the sto PAPILLON CATARRE CURE. \_a unfalling means of curing Nasal Catarrh, by in lation. Ordinary Catarrh, Cold in the Head, Brone Catarrh and Hay Fever, yield almost instantly to sovereign remedy. It does not frittate the nostrils

PAPILLON SKIN CURE. Pimples, Redness, Biotches, Scurf and Roughness as if by magic; while old enduring Skin Disorde have plagued the sufferers for years, however rooted, this remedy will successfully attack the

Sold in this city. Price \$1.00 per bottle, six for \$5.00. PAPILLON MFG. CO., CHICAGO. For sale by Ed. H. Bigge, McMasters & Getty, & E. Zimmerma & A. F. Wilkes and Clark

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LIVINGSTON, M. T.

The Denver of the Northwest-is the terminal point of three divisions of the Northern Pacific Railroad. It is located as the geographical cen ter of that line. It has had a most marvelous

amount of the fraudulent paper is unknown. Bartor was night editor of the Republican when the affray took place between the Sofeldo Bros. and himself, which resulted in the death of the clder Soteldo.

ROBBING THE MAILS.

New York, Jan. 3.—Frank Barr, Jr., postal clerk from New York to Port Jervis, las been arrested for robbing the samulls in the immediate vicinity of the town furnils work for bosts of employee. The yellows advantage of the samulls in the immediate vicinity of the town furnils work for bosts of employee. The valleys sawmins is the immediate vicinity of the town furnish work for hosts of employes. The valleys of the Yellowstone, Shields and Smith rivers are vast and very rich in agricultural resources, and are well settled. Their trade is entirely tributary to Livingston, while magnificent cattle ranches abound in every direction; vast mines of true bi-tuminous coal, which can be coked for 1½ cents per ton; also rich iron mines are within two to four miles from town, at d are being worked. BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency of disease. Hundreds of subtile maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves Inth on the east, 1,00c miles, where lime rock is found. There are some 200 buildings in course of construction. The Park Addition on which the new \$17,000 school house is expected to be built is the most desirable residence property in town, while the Palace Addition contains the chancest business property offered for sale—the tendency of business and business improvements being largely in that direction. There are two banks, the First National and a private bank; two newspapers, one daily and one weekly. A smelting and reduction c mpany is also in process of formation, to be located here. There are many chances for business enterprises of various kinds. Like all new countries, the o portunities for profitable employment are very good and workmen as well as men of capital will find plenty of chances in and around the town. Livingston is chances in and around the town. Livingston is less than a year old, yet it is probably the second largest city in Montana: It is not surprising

largest city in Montana: It is not surprising when one considers that agriculture alone has made Fargo; the Northern Facific company's railroad shops, Brainerd; summer visitors, Saratoga; lumber, Eau Claire; silver and gold mines, Denver; cattle Kansas City; iron and coal, Pittsburg; that a combination of all of these factors as is found here should, within the next five years when the city points of the safe for the t found here should, within the next five years make this point a city of at least 20,000 people. The prediction may seem a wild one, but we have yet to see or know anyone who, a few years ago, was accused of being wild then in their predictions, who predicted one-half of what has actually occurred in the Northern Facine country. We sold lots in Fargo a few years ago for \$100 each that would sell to-day for \$1000; acres at Jamestown for \$15 per acre (cost 48 cents) that to-day sell for \$1,500, and are built on. We have acres to-day in Fargo which cost 48½ cents that are now in town lots selling at the rate of \$1,250 per acre. So lots at Livingston which we now effer now in town lote selling at the rate of \$1,250 per acre. So lots at Livingston which we now offer at from \$25 to \$250 will, inside of 3 years, sell at from \$500 to \$10,000 apiece. They have done so at all good points on the road in the past, and they will in the future—particularly at an exceptionally good point like this. We ad ance price in July.

C. LIVINGSTON & CO. 68 East Third street, St. Paul G. G. BEARDSLEY, Fargo, Dakot .

W. A. SMITH, General Agent Livingston, Montane .