

# THE DODGE CITY TIMES

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## FORTY.

With many a careless, joyous bound,  
With many a wren, tree-toil round,  
Over smooth-sward turf or dangerous ground;  
By many a limpid stream and mild,  
By many a mountain torrent wild,  
I, from a simple, trusting child,  
Have wandered on to forty.

From feet that skipped to sober tread—  
From mind with foolish fancies fed,  
To sounder judgment, wiser head;  
The change to work in thoughtless play;  
The change from gayer thoughts to gay  
Which came to me along the way  
I strode while reaching forty.

Through visions which had real seemed,  
Through visions wider than I dreamed,  
Through shadows where the silver gleamed,  
Through sunny places half obscured,  
By series stapes which fitted fast—  
For brightness cannot always last,  
And youth must merge in forty.

Now let me count my treasures o'er:  
What have I won or lost? Far more  
Have I than I gained. Such boundless store  
Of faith and hope I boasted, when  
I wandered from a land of ten  
To where my vision broadened. Then  
My faith exceeded forty.

Some what have I learned, and much unlearned—  
Some good received, much more have I spurned;  
And much that might have been discerned  
I left unheeded—wandering by  
With careless or averted eye,  
Forgetting that the moments fly  
So fast from youth to forty.

I've reached the summit of the race,  
And would move on with slower pace;  
But forty has no breathing place;  
So shift and turn me as I will,  
The years will crowd and jostle still,  
And I may hasten to the hill  
To wear another forty.

I view the path I've wandered on,  
Where forty years have come and gone,  
And much of faith and hope is shown,  
And pray they may prove finest gold  
The remnant of the faith I hold,  
And wish of hope I still infold,  
And last another forty.

—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

## Missing Men.

An old detective who "dropped in" on the "gang" at the Central, the other morning, was in a communicative mood on the topic of missing people, and prefaced a singular story with the following words: "There was a man from a town in this State, not very far away from here, who acted the funniest you ever see, and if his folks hadn't been pretty 'fly' it would have made the best missing-man story for the papers I ever heard." The story, stripped of the vernacular of the old detective, runs in this wise: A merchant in one of the inland towns went to the bank and drew \$1,000. He went from there to his market-place, purchased three spring chickens, had them dressed, sent them to his house with a note to his wife asking her to have them prepared in a particular manner, suitable to his epicurean taste, adding that he would be at home at six o'clock p. m. promptly, with a friend who would spend the evening with the host and hostess. The wife was one of those rare women whose happiness was always most supreme when she was contributing to the comfort of her husband. They were the model man and wife of the Sucker handlet, and their lives together made a harmonious combination by which the good people of the place really seemed to regulate their own domestic pleasures. The dinner was ready at the hour, and the little wife sat on the doorstep of her cottage awaiting the coming of her lord and his companion. A remark of the detective at this point of the story is too much to the point to be changed: "She hung out there till it was pitch dark, and the chicken was as cold as the stone step she was sitting on, and then she began to get fidgety." In response to the inquiry of a messenger sent down town, it was learned that he had not invited his friend to dinner, and that the last seen of him he was hearing a train bound for Chicago. It was further learned that he was perfectly sober; in fact, he had never been known to be an excessive drinker. A week's absence brought no tidings of his whereabouts, and his wife, accompanied by several friends, came to Chicago to make inquiries. Not a trace could be found. New York officials were notified, and the steamship officers consulted. No tidings came back. Liverpool and London detective bureaus were furnished with the man's photograph and the details of his habits, but never a word of information was received from them. The wife gave him up for dead, the supposition being that he had come to Chicago, had been

robbed, killed and thrown into the lake, which seems to be forever at the command of the murderous thugs who infest this city. The day on which he left home was the 15th of November, 1881. (The skeptical reader must bear in mind that there are spring chickens in this latitude in the autumn.) About the 1st of May a Monarch line steamer lay in the bay in front of New York City, and two Illinois men waved their handkerchiefs to their native land. One of these men was a Chicagoan, the other was from the inland town. The Chicago man came home, and he told the story to the detectives that he had met his acquaintance in a coffee-house in the Strand; that the man was drunk and verging on delirium. "He sobered him up," and got him on board the steamer. As they were en route home the inland man told him about buying chickens for a dinner, and his intention of having a delightful evening home. That he went to the depot to pay a freight bill and a passenger train thundered in. That instantaneously the thought came to him to run up to Chicago for a night, intending to telegraph his wife to that effect. As soon as he reached this city it occurred to him to get drunk. Then he went to New York and continued his spree. While having a jolly good time he concluded to go to Europe, and bought a ticket, giving an assumed name, and embarked drunk. He was drunk all the way over. He went to Liverpool, London, Glasgow, came back to London, crossed the channel—drunk all the time—went to Paris, remained drunk, came back to Liverpool, then to London again, where the Chicago man found him. When they touched New York the inland town man said: "I am going to the telegraph office to send a message to my wife to have those chickens warmed over. It will be the first information she has had of my movements since I sent the chickens home."—Chicago Times.

## Will We Import Meat?

The amount of fresh beef and mutton now brought from Australia and New Zealand to Great Britain is very large and is constantly increasing. The best scientific skill and inventive talent are employed in devising means to produce low temperatures and to perfect other means to insure preservation. Large capital and excellent business ability are now employed in various enterprises for supplying Great Britain with meat produced on the islands that lie in the South Pacific. The recent experiments of bringing fresh meat from Sydney to Glasgow in sailing vessels have been entirely successful. Now the question is presented to the business men of this country, why not bring fresh meat from South America to supply the cities on the Atlantic coast? The distance from South American ports to New York is less than half that from Australian ports to Glasgow. The great plains of several South American countries are covered with cattle that are now slaughtered for the hides and tallow they afford. It is true that meat is cheaper in New York than in London, but it is very dear in the former city. It is also true that the cattle in Australia are superior to those in South America, but a few years' time will be sufficient to grade them up to the proper standard. It costs much more to raise cattle and sheep in Australia than in South America, as most of the grazing land belongs to individuals or is leased from the Government. The margin of profit is much larger for South American meat, as the cattle can be obtained cheaper; the voyage is shorter and the temperature of the ocean over which vessels sail is more favorable for preservation.—Chicago Times.

## A Narrow Escape.

A young Austin doctor, who has just graduated, was asked the following question by an old practitioner: "Suppose you were called in to see a wealthy patient, and there was nothing the matter with him—what would you do?" "I would suggest that he set up the wine to celebrate his narrow escape from having me treat him professionally." "Young man, you have a heap to learn," was the reply of the old doctor.—Texas Siftings.

—Joe Jefferson, the comedian, knows and can imitate the twitter of each songster of the grove.

## Cairo and Its People.

Cairo is the second city of importance in the Turkish Empire, Constantinople being the first. It is situated about 120 miles southeast of the now ruined city of Alexandria, a mile from the right bank of the Nile and ten miles above the delta of that river. It has a population of about 400,000 people, Mohammedans, Copts, Jews, Greeks, Armenians and Europeans. The city lies mostly on the plain of the Nile Valley, but the southeast part, including the citadel, is built upon the spur of the Mokkotam Mountain. Cairo occupies a site of about seven miles in circumference. Strangers who visit it are enchanted by its appearance from without, but their golden dreams are dispelled as soon as they set foot inside. The houses as a rule are wretched little huts one story high, and the streets are illy kept, unpaved, and in a filthy condition. Clouds of dust are met at every hand, and a heavy rainfall is considered a calamity, for the garbage in the streets undergoes rapid decomposition. The Ebekizah, the principal public place, is planted with shrubs and trees and crossed by walks. Cairo is famous for its mosques, some of them elegant specimens of Arabian architecture. The most celebrated of the four hundred of these structures is that of Sultan Hassan, near the citadel. The mosque El-Azhar is celebrated for the beauty of its architecture and for a college to which hundreds of students resort from all parts of the Mohammedan world. The mosque of Talin, founded A. D. 879, contains specimens of the pointed arch which was afterward introduced into Europe, and was one of the characteristics of the Gothic style of architecture. Northeast of the city, just outside the walls, are a number of beautiful mosques built over the tombs of the Circassian and Borgite monks. In the southeast is the citadel, on a hill 250 feet above the rest of the city, containing the palace of the Khedive, the mint, a manufactory of arms, various Government offices, barracks and other buildings, and a splendid mosque, begun by Mehemet Ali. Within the citadel a deep well is cut 280 feet deep, intended to supply the garrison in case of siege. The different races who inhabit Cairo live in distinct quarters, of which there are many, as the Jew quarter, the Frank quarter, the Coptic quarter, etc. The streets leading to each quarter are closed at night by gates. The Khedive maintains a theater for French comedy, and an opera house and a good ballet. In the Frank quarter is the library of the Egyptian association. There are also many Protestant and Catholic charitable institutions in Cairo, where all persons of all creeds are treated alike. The Americans, among others, have a religious mission in the city. Cairo has two suburbs, Boudak and Musr-el-Abek, both of which are on the banks of the Nile, and serve as ports to the city.

Cairo was founded about A. D. 970, by Jobar, a General of El-Moez, the chief Imam of the northwest coast of Africa. He named it El Kahireh (the victorious), in commemoration of his conquest of Egypt. In 1171 the crusaders laid siege to the city, but withdrew on the approach of the Syrian army. Saladin greatly improved the city. In 1798 the Turks defeated the Mameluke boys in a battle before Cairo, and took possession of the place, but lost it again in 1799. A few years later General Bonaparte entered Cairo with his victorious army. The city was, furthermore, the scene of most of the triumphs of Mehemet Ali. At the head of the Albanians he conquered it soon after the departure of the French. He then openly declared war on the Mameluke boys. A considerable body of the boys who were camped before Cairo in the summer of 1806 were enticed into making an attempt to seize the city. They forced an entrance by a gate purposely left undefended, and marched triumphantly through the streets until they were suddenly surrounded by the troops of Mehemet Ali, who slaughtered them all without mercy. For the next ten years Mehemet Ali kept on comparatively good terms with the boys. On March 1, 1811, however, he enticed all the Mamelukes in Cairo into the citadel on pretense of witnessing the ceremony of investing his son Tusum with the command of an army to be sent against the Wahabees in Arabia. The gates of the fortress were then closed upon them, and they were killed to the number of 470. By this event Mehemet Ali's authority in Egypt was placed on a firm basis.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

## PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—A Rutland (Vt.) widow, of sixty-four summers, has captured her seventh husband, a comely youth of seventy-four.

—The late Colonel James Taylor, of Cincinnati, left his children about \$90,000,000. He was supposed to be worth \$3,000,000.

—George Lesard, a Waterloo veteran of 194 years, walked to the Pension Office in Montreal the other day and drew his money.

—"Christian Reid," the Southern novelist, is Miss Frances C. Fisher, whose father, who fell at the head of his regiment at Bull Run, was the first rebel killed in the battles of the Rebellion.—N. Y. Post.

—When the German Empress travels during the summer her railway carriage is protected against the heat in a very ingenious manner. Its roof is covered with a layer of turf, which is watered frequently during the day.

—Wah-hun-an-kee, a Canadian chief, has gone to England on business for his tribe, and attracts great attention. He shows the noble Briton the tomahawk once wielded by Tecumseh, and the noble Briton believes in the identity of the hatchet!—Chicago Tribune.

—George William Curtis in 1855 became a silent partner in the business firm of Dix, Edwards & Co., the publishers of Putnam's Monthly. He invested \$10,000 in the concern, but had no part in its management. Two years later the firm failed, and Mr. Curtis through some informality in drawing up the articles of partnership was declared to be legally responsible for a portion of its debts. Many of his friends held that he was in no way bound beyond the \$10,000, and urged him to test the question in the courts. Mr. Curtis refused, although his decision involved the assumption by him of a debt of \$100,000. He surrendered all his property. In sixteen years, by most arduous labor, writing and lecturing, he paid the last dollar of the debt.—Chicago Times.

## HUMOROUS.

—Young lady—"What, doctor, do philosophers also fall in love?" Doctor—"Can you for a moment doubt that? Think you that women are loved by fools alone?"—German Gallantry.

—India is largely increasing her tea crop, and last year is said to have raised 40,000,000 pounds. As this may tend to reduce the consumption of various herbs now sold under the term of tea, it is a fact which cheers but not inebriates.—Lancet Courier.

—"How," writes Ethel, "are we to tell the perfect gentleman?" Just you come right into the office any time, Ethel, when we are not busy, and sit yourself right down in the chair by our desk, and tell it to us as freely as you would to your mother. You can depend on us, Ethel.—Rockland Courier.

—Jones is a timid man. He lives out of town, and out of town he has remained for a month. Every morning he starts for the train, gets nearly as far as the railroad, sees the red flag at the station, and returns homeward, wondering how much longer that case of small-pox is to keep him away from the depot.—Boston Transcript.

—"Is that a tornado?" inquired a gentleman of a friend last evening, as they sat in the library smoking their after-dinner cigar. "Well, not exactly," replied the host, as the roaring increased in fury; "that is only my wife speaking to the girl for not telling you to wipe your feet before you came into the parlor."—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

—Lewis Barker, well known as one of the best public speakers and wits in Maine, was a member of the Legislature. Of course, he was conspicuous, so too was his large black dog. One day when "Lew" was addressing the House, in the midst of a very exciting debate (he was well under way, pouring forth his smooth-flowing but impassioned sentences), the dog also rose in the middle of the House, and looking toward the Speaker, commenced a vigorous bow-wow, completely drowning the silvery tones of his master. "Lew" stopped and called out to his dog: "Down, sit! down! I have the floor. It is against the rules for more than one Barker to address the House at one time." The dog yielded the floor, and, of course, there was tremendous laughter.—Detroit Post.