Historical Society X

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The Little Breeches View of Blaine.

"You see that white-haired fellow at the end of the dock?" said a chatty newspaper man to a group of passengers on a river steamer's deck as the boat drew near a landing. "Well, they say he's pretty smart, and my friend Perry here, who is a good deal of an athlete, is going ashore to have some fun with him. If you want to see fur fly wait right here till Perry gets hold of him."

"Look here," said Perry, as he confronted the white-headed fellow, "aren't you the man who used to be steamboat agent at this landing?"

"I suppose I am," said the white-haired fellow, in a languid way.

"Well, they tell me you used to steal freight."

"Oh, they do! Well you tell 'em they lie."

"Look here, sir!" said Perry, assuming the appearance of anger, "that won't do. I want you to understand I am authorized to investigate this matter, and I won't have any nonsense about it, either."

"You won't, eh? Well, I'm glad of that."

"No, sir, I won't. I propose to probe this thing to the bott m, and you must answer my questions categorically."

"Now see here, young man," said the white-haired man persuasively, "you're trying to have some fun with me—but don't you think you'd better stop where you are and go away? 'Tisn't very funny to accuse a person of stealing, and I'm not used to it."

"Funny or not," said Perry, "I think it's true, and that we've got you fairly caught at it, too."

The white-haired man shifted his quid, his gray eyes twinkled, and—he took his hands out of his pockets. Something dropped into the water.

Fifty-five seconds later Perry, spouting river water from a damaged countenance, was devoting the muscle which had been advertised for an entirely different exhibition to an earnest effort to swim ashore.

Then the white-haired man, resuming an attitude of pensive ease, winked lazily at the group on deck and said, with what seemed to them to contain a faint flavor of sarcasm: "Do you suppose there's anybody else on board that want's to have some fun with me?"

And the chatty newspaper man sat down and wrote a thrilling account of it for his paper, remarking at the close that the white-haired man shocked and disgusted the passengers by the inexcusable levity with which he treated the very serious charges brought against him, and that he had aroused such a profound feeling of hostility in the neighborhood that no steamboat company would ever him any employment hereafter.

A Dog's Funeral.

Nearly a year ago a gentleman died in affluent circumstances at Kirkwood, and left a childless widow. The husband, who never enjoyed the proud distinction of being called a father, lavished his surplus affections on a fine shepherd dog by the name of Dash. This canine was provided for in his master's will by the setting aside of a certain house and lot, the monthly rent from which was to be appropriated to "Dash's sole benefit during his natural life." In this way the dog's days were comfortably provided for, and the gentleman's wife was named as Dash's guardian. Shortly after her husband's death the lady went to New York to assuage her grief, but she didn't take the dog along. In her absence Dash was taken very sick and a telegram informed her of the animal's affliction. True to the last will and testament of her late husband, she telegraphed to employ the most eminent physicians for Dash's treatment, which was done by a faithful servant. In a few days the wires informed her that Dash was dead. She admitted of no delay but immediately started for St. Louis to conduct the obsequies and again act as chief mourner. Arriving here, a costly coffin was provided and a hearse conveyed Dash's remains to Oak Ridge Cemetery. At that place they were interred with due solemnity at the feet of his dead master in the presence of the widow, now in mourning for him. A $300 monument, suitably inscribed, stands at the head of the husband's grave, while a less pretentious one, costin $150, rests at his feet to mark the place where Dash lies.—*St. Louis Globe.*

New Street Trick.

New Haven young men have a queer idea of fun. Monday evening a Mr. Rowland was passing along Court street when two young men standing at either edge of the sidewalk called out: "Look out, there, step high!" Mr. Rowland stepped high over the supposed obstruction and passed on. An hour later he returned that way and saw the same trick played on others. The lady passers were readily victimized and stepped the highest, with little exclamations of alarm or bursts of laughter. A policeman happened along and described the scene: "Two young fellows would begin to shuffle their hands as though they were holding a rope and up high went the legs of the people. I arrested the two young men." Judge Sheldon imposed a fine of $1 each.—*Hartford Courant.*

OUR FASHION PLATES.

New mantles have paniers.

Pompadour styles prevail.

Scarf mantles are very graceful.

Shirred basques are still popular.

Failie is more stylish than satin.

Black braid trims colored dresses.

Large bows are used on low shoes.

Skirts are narrow, but bustles are large.

Surplice necks are stylish and becoming.

Matinee sacques are made of satin surah.

India linen is used for white morning dresses.

Veronese green is an artistic shade for spring dresses.

Alpaca or beetine dresses are imported from London.

Smooth English cloths are more stylish than cheviots.

Braids on jackets bids fair to become very common.

Dark colors are preferred to white for children's dresses.

Collars are to be fastened with a golden lock and key instead of a brooch.

Velvet collars and cuffs in some quaint contrasting color, add to the style of the most youthful dresses.

Black lace veils with borders are imported for spring. They have square corners, or else the lower ends are rounded.

Whole dresses are made of cream-colored antique lace (with shoulder capes to match) over dark blue satin surah, or over black.

Boots laced up the front are coming into fashion for the promenade. They are in kid or morocco, faced and finished with patent leather.

Velvet grenadines, showing great roses or peonies of black velvet on sheer armure grenadine, are made up over geranium red satin, with flounces of real Spanish lace.

Colored velvet ribbon with satin on the wrong side is used for bows on dresses of contrasting colors, such as maroon velvet on olive green, or sapphire blue velvet ribbon on pale salmon color.

Short dresses continue to prevail among the importations, not half a dozen dresses with trains having been brought from Paris this season; indeed trains are almost limited to brides' and bridesmaids' dresses'

Gloves are made longer than ever, and are either slipped on over the sleeves or inside it. They are mostly worn now of very soft, unglazed kid, not tight fitting all the way up, but rippling over the arm. A new model is the kid glove, with gauntlet-cuff of satin, embroidered silks either with crest and initials with some fancy device, such as a bird, flower or leaf.

Attempted Murder

The sidewalk in front of the Overland Hotel was the scene of a cowardly attempt at murder last night about 11 o'clock. John Fisher and John Lilly a day or two before had had a dispute over the costs in an attachment suit and last night Fisher, being somewhat intoxicated and in a quarrelsome mood, was looking for Lilly. He found him with a party of gentlemen seated on one of the benches in front of the Overland Hotel, and commenced a tirade of profane abuse, talking loud and attracting several, among them Jo Caldwell who told him there were ladies in the house and that he must either go away or keep quiet. Upon this Fisher, pulling a six-shooter with great deliberation, declared cooly, that he was going to kill Lilly, and aimed at his head. Just as he pulled the trigger, Mr. Caldwell seized his arm and the bullet went harmlessly above Lilly's head and into the roof of the wooden awning. Fisher made another attempt to shoot, but was seized by James McDevitt and Constable Scott, not however before he had managed to strike Lilly twice with his pistol, once over the head and once under the eye. Lilly then made a break for Fisher and wrestling the pistol from his grasp put it to Fisher's breast, half-resolved to kill him then, and if he were not more generous than most men, would have done so. Fisher was taken to jail.

The affair created considerable excitement on Front street. It is the general opinion that Fisher's attack on Lilly unarmed as he was and unsuspicious of any such break was an act of treacherous cowardice, although it is but just to say that Fisher was not himself, having been drinking more or less. His friends are astonished at his cowardly conduct. —*Bonton Record Tuesday May 2nd.*

Mob Law Among Sparrows.

A citizen related to us yesterday an interesting incident concerning the English sparrows, which of late years have become so numerous in this city. A few days ago he noticed in one of the trees in his yard a number of the birds busily engaged in building a nest, evidently on the cooperative plan. Soon another sparrow of the same kind, but evidently not one of their clique—probably an idler or drone—came along, and from an adjacent bough stood and watched the modus operandi of the nest-building. It may be that he ventured a suggestion or made some slurring remark for at once the whole number set upon him and whipped him so soundly that he deemed it prudent to leave. The gentleman thought no more of it until yesterday, when his attention was called to a bird suspended in mid air with a string around its neck from the same bou h. The former incident was recalled; and now the question arises. Is there mob law among birds, and was this one victim? He may have hanged himself accidentally, but this is not probable.

A Story About Mrs. Mackay.

Two years ago a superior attache of the United States Legation in Paris related to me an incident which, however, I promised not to make use of while he was in office. In my opinion the time has come when I may tell the story, and if "Etincelle" wishes to do a noble action she will republish it. One pleasant evening in the autumn of 1879 General Noyes called at Mrs. Mackay's, but the lady of the house soon discovered that the Minister was not in his usual very agreeable state of mind. Naturally she inquired the cause of his apparent sadness, whereupon he said to her:

"I am sorry to appear downcast at one of your charming receptions, but the fact is I am greatly troubled over the case of an American lady and her daughter who are very ill for lack of food to eat, and who are too proud to accept anything in the way of assistance. The mother (he named her, but I am not permitted to do so) is an artist who has not been able to dispose of her pictures, and my attention was called to her case by a letter received from America, stating that it was feared there that she was starving to death. I called at her apartments and the mother only consented to see me on account of my official position. The rooms they occupy are scantily furnished, and the clothes they wear are threadbare and dirty. The floor was covered with canvas which, truth compells me to say, are works of inferior quality. The two ladies positively refused to accept my offer of assistance. 'No, no,' said the mother, 'I am an artiste. There are my works. They will bring me money. I will wait. God will protect us, and we will never accept charity.' What could I do? Mrs. Noyes on several occasions fixed up some nourishing dishes, home style, and the doctor's wife took them to the poor woman, saying he had prescribed them. But now the mother refuses to accept any more such prescriptions. She has become suspicious, and has ordered the physician out of her house for haxing insulted her. I am troubled because I can do nothing for these two ladies. They are of excellent family, intelligent, but too proud to accept assistance in any form whatever."

Mrs. Mackay listened and said nothing. General Noyes remarked afterward that he wondered at the time if she had no heart. But he soon knew whether she had or not. The very next day there came to the General a private note, written on delicately-perfumed paper, bearing a silver crest, a hand holding a dagger pointed upward, and the motto, "Manu Forti" and couched in language rhetorically as fine as ever any woman wrote. I shall not attempt to repeat the precise words, but in that letter the writer told the Minister that he knew she had a very large house in which sexeral small rooms needed decorating, that she was anxious to secure some pictures, was determined they should be by Americans, and greatly preferred them to be the work of an artiste of her own sex. Not being acquainted with any such she had ventured to ask the assistance of the Minister who perhaps knew some such painters, and she would consider it a great kindness if the Minister would invest the amount of the enclosed check in the manner indicated. That check was for many thousand francs and was signed "Marie Louise Mackay."

It was the wife of the millionaire miner who wrote the note. Her womanly intelligence had discovered a way by which those proud and starving Americans could be assisted, and she acted immediatly. Of course General Noyes did as he was requested; and when he showed the mother and daughter Mrs. Mackay's letter, the former accepted it as a matter of fact, and began to turn over her paintings that the Minister might make his selection. In a few days Mrs. Mackay had in her hotel in the Rue Tilsitt, a lot of paintings which, to say the least, would never be admitted into the French salon.—*Paris Letter to the Boston Herald.*

The Pope as an Lei-Farmer.

How many people are there who know that the Pope is a farmer? Such is the fact, however, and there is reason to believe that His Holiness makes a very good thing of it. Leo XIII. "goes in," however, neither for the growing of cereals nor the raising of stock, but for the breeding of fish. The lagoons of Commachio are thus turned to profitable use. Eels are the staple food, and several tons of cooked eels are sent from the lagoons every Lent. The fish come up in immense shoals from the Adriatic, and are fed in the lagoons on other fish provided for them, until they are nicely fattened, when they are killed and cooked in a vast kitchen. The laborers on these water-farms dwell in barracks built on an island. This is yet another instance of the strange use to which land may be put.—*Land.*

President Arthur, General Grant and several members of the Cabinet will spend the heated part of the summer at Long Branch.

The funeral of the late Gen. Stephen A. Hurlbut was marked by imposing military and civic honors. It occurred at his old home in Belvidere, Ill., Sunday. Fully 10,000 people were present.

The Langtrey bonnet has reached this side of the water, and is described as being "quite pretty." The man who pays or one of them is not described, but the chances are he is quite broke.

Mr. Barnum, together with many other curiosities, now owns Charles Dickens' overcoat—the one which he wore in America the last time. It was presented to Mr. Barnum in Philadelphia the other day by Mr. G. W. Childs.

By order of Queen Victoria, Lord Lyons, the British ambassador in Paris, waited upon Madame Nilsson to express her majesty's feeling of condolence and sympathy with the prima donna's bereavement in the loss of her husband.

PERSONALS.

Shipherd is beginning to complain of malaria.

Robert Ford, the man who killed Jesse James, is beardless and boyish looking.

Mr. W. W. Astor's box at the Italian opera, for a season of 220 nights, costs $37,000.

General Logan's health has been much improved by his visit to the Hot Springs.

Prince Bismarck is adding to his Friedrichsruhe estate. He has grown rich on statecraft.

Ben Butler having been converted to spiritualism, the mediums ought to see what they can do with the Egyptian obelisk.

Oscar Wilde is said to have failed in making his expenses in Western towns. He lectured one evening to thirty people in Atchison.

Mrs. Garfield sent a young oak and two ash trees to be planted in Garfield Place, Cincinnati, the other day, in memory of her husband.

The portrait of Franklin J. Moses, Jr., ex-Governor of South Carolina, is now No. 1,601 in the New York rogues' gallery, and the Governor himself is in the Tombs.

The Queen has given special and particular orders that her youngest son is never to be styled Duke of Albany, but that he is always to be described as "Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany."

In introducing Charles Dudley Warner once at a public dinner, Mark Twain said: "As my fellow-citizen, I respect him; but as a neighbor, whose turnip patch joins mine, I watch him."

Herr von Eisendecher, at present minister to Tokio, will probably be transferred to Washington, as successor to Baron von Schloezer, who has just been gazetted Prussian Ambassador to the Vatican.

Gen. Hancock is a very early riser, and it is said, gets up a 4 o'clock to enjoy a sunrise walk, the only time in the whole twenty-four hours, as he expresses it, "when folks will let him alone and give him time to think."

Senator Vest, of Missouri, Judge Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court, and ex-Gov. B. Gratz Brown, were three wild and red-headed boys who lived near together and attended the same school in Frankfort, Ky.

Senator McPherson, who has just bought a big cattle ranch in Texas, will sail for Europe with his family on June 5. He will return at the opening of Congress next fall, but his family will stay in the Old World for a year or two.

A dispatch from Boston says that "Charles Francis Adams has turned over his business to his son." As the only business in which Mr. Adams is known to have been engaged recently is being steered against bunko, the son seems to have inherited a rather expensive job.

In his attire, President Arthur is described as quiet and irreproachable from his gaiters to his watchguard, and he would only need to be sitting in the reading-room of a New York Club to to pass at any time for a successful banker or lawyer of rather more than usual dignity of demeanor.

Uncle Rufus Hatch has been visiting Bermuda. A day or two ago he wrote an article for the New York *Commercial Advertiser* which the *Commercial Advertiser* pronounces very "strong," and maliciously insinuates that its strength is due to the influence of Bermuda onions, of which Uncle Rufus is known to be very fond.

Oscar Wilde will not return to England until next fall. Part of the summer he will spend with the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher at the latter's residence on the Hudson, and the rest with Julian Hawthorne. This will relieve him of the necessity of expending for board bills any of the twenty-five thousand dollars he has made by his American lecture tour.

Mme. Christine Nilsson has announced that she will resume professional life for three years only, after which she will retire. Her engagements in England are to extend over two months. Then she returns to Paris, to proceed, after a short stay to St. Petersburg, and thence to Sweden, her native country, to take farewell. Mme. Nilsson proposes to make Paris her future home.

Mlle. Lina Munta, the actress of whom Bernhardt was jealous because of the attentions which the present Mr. Bernhardt paid her, told Sarah in the course of one of their quarrels that "M. Damara would not be such a fool as to throw himself away upon a pair of castanets." The generat impression in this conntry is that the cable-man inserted castanets where darning-needles was written in the dispatch. Mlle. Munta would hardly have been so far out of the way in her calculations.

CURRENT NOTES.

Gen. S. A. Hurlbut's life is said to have been insured for $100,000.

Mrs. VanCott is conducting revival meetings at New Bedford, Mass.

The fashionable hours for evening calls in Washington are now from 9 to 12.

Cetewayo will go to England next month, accompanied by three chiefs and four servants.

The ex-Empress Eugenie was sued as the widow of "Mr. Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte."

President Arthur is said to be taking a lively interest in the tone of press on his administration.

The only child of Grace Greenwood, Miss Lippincott, is to make her debut in opera next winter in America.

The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* says the North Pole has never done us any harm, and asks, "why not let it alone?"

How Sangalli Crossed the Missouri.

A reporter of the Paris *Gaulois* gives some interesting details of the private life and American experience of Mlle. Rita Sangalli, the danseuse. She occupies a magnificent mansion on the Avenue du Trocadero over the door of which her "arms"—a tamborine and a pipe of Pan are carved. The second story serves her as a "studio," the floor sloping like the stage whereon she dances, down to the wall is all one mirror; here she practices three hours daily. Thanks to this assiduous training she is enabled without difficulty, in three light bounds, to traverse the whole stage of the back scene to footlights, a distance of about 130 feet, a performance which neither man nor horse ever equalled, and at which it is not surprising that "that good M. Holanzier was surprised." During Mlle. Sangalli's American tour in 1868 she formed a company of thirty-five dancers, besides musicians, and signed a contract, depositing $50,000 as security, to appear at the theatre of San Francisco on the evening of January 5, 1869, at 8 o'clock, in the well-known English ballet of "The Black Huntsmen." She left New York on the 28th of December, with her company. On the road the ballet was rehearsed, the violinists playing the music in the corners of the car, while the danseuses went through the figure on their forefingers, which were assumed to represent their legs, on the morning of the 5th of January the train arrived at the Missouri River, which it was customary to cross on the ice, the line being laid on sleepers on the froxen bosom of the stream, but a thaw had set in and the crossing was too dangerous to be attempted. The San Francisco train could be seen on the farther side. "Fifty thousand dollars to pay! All our fortune!" sobbed Mlle. Sangalli's mother; "we are lost!" "Not yet," cried her daughter; "the contract stipulates that the money shall be forfeited 'if Mlle. Rita Sangalli does not arrive by 8 o'clock. There is no mention of the company! I will arrive!" And packing her dancing slippers and tights in a tiny package she dashed out of the train and sped across the river, there nine miles in width. The other dancers, finding her deaf to their appeals to return, followed her, and all crossing in safety, reached the theatre of San Francisco in time to give the well-known ballet of "The Black Huntsmen" that evening.

TERRITORIAL NEWS.

[Helena Herald, 6th.]

One of the most valuable desert land locations made in Eastern Montana is that by Messrs. Sanders, Cullen, Beattie and Flowers, in Gallatin county, covering the better part of the beautiful plateau ground near Hamilton. The gentlemen concerned are about to build a canal sixteen miles in length to cover the property with an abundant water supply, taken from the West Gallatin river.

L. Gans, of New York, is making a tour of the sheep ranches in the Territory with the object of securing the handling of Montana wools, and offers the following inducement: As it is there is no such thing as Montana wool known in the markets. It is classed as Territory and has a very poor reputation as it is mixed with the products of all the rest of the Territories. Mr. Gans proposes to take samples from all the principal flocks in the Territory and offer so many thousand pounds of each on the market as Montana wools. He proposes to sell the products of each flock on its merits and establish for the Territory a reputation. Ohio wools sells upon its reputation, and Montana wool if properly handled, can be made to do the same. Now, as far as the scheme is concerned we have only to say that if Mr. Gans has discovered a plan by which he can secure to our wool growers two or three cents per pound more than they are getting at present he will have no trouble in getting the handling of the wool crop of the Territory. The field is free to competition and he that can insure the best prices will no doubt get the business.

In yesterday's issue of the *Daily Herald* it was stated that a miner, of Big Indian Gulch, had fled to the mountains while laboring under an attack of temporary insanity, and that search was being made for him. Last evening Carson's partner was busily engaged working in the mine when the frightened runaway suddenly appeared before him. Without permitting an expression of surprise to escape him, the partner remarked:

"Well, Sam, I guess this is all we can do to-day; let us go down to the cabin."

Carson walked along quietly to the house. He showed signs of the severe effects of his four days' exposure, and when he returned to his mine in the gulch he was minus the blankets and revolver he had hastily snatched when he fled. It is thought probable that his mind will recover its former state of healthfulness, but time alone will carry him through the danger to his system that must result from the privation endured while unsneltered in the mountains.

From later reports we learn that Carson, during his mad flight, entered the cabin of a Dutchman and asked for something to eat, The Teuton had not see the face of a human being for eight months and felt a degree nervous at the strange gleam in the eyes of his visitor. He went into another room and slipped a six shooter into his pocket. On his return Carson remarked: "I know why you went into that room; you went for a revolver. But I don't intend to hurt you."

Upon a stump in the track of the wild journey of the miner was found a note reading thus:

"Tell McCormick to leave $1,000 here for me. I'm all right and h—l couldn't take me."

Carson will be brought into town at once, and his condition given a careful examination.

COMING JOURNALISM.

How News Will be Written Up in the Sweet Bye and Bye.

The Daily Newspapers About to Make a Startling Revolution In Getting Up Matter.

There is a grrat innovation creeping into journalism which promises to revolutionize the business. The people have become tired of reading prosy accounts of fires, and dog fights, and murders and scandals, and want a change. There is a growing desire among the masses for poetry. Not costly poetry such as Tennyson and Oscar Wilde furnish; but good, plain, every-day, substantial poetry, such as a man can understand without being obliged to wear out a dictionary or an encyclopedia. Something which will be crammed full of fact, related with a rhythm and a flow of musical as the gurgle of $4 whisky out of an old-fashioned jug. The *Republican* has seen this popular drift and has employed seven daily poets, besides which it has purchased at a great expense a number of poetry machines invented by G. Washington Childs of the Philadelphia *Ledger*. The entire force was greased and started up for a test yesterday. One of the new poet reporters, the fellow who runs after the police and fire apparatus and stays up until daylight, was given some facts and ordered to sail in. In three minutes he produced the following:

"The notorious woman, Mrs. Agnes Duncan,
A character both old and frail,
Fell by the wayside yesterday, sodrunken
They had to take her to the City jail.
This morning she before the Judge will amble;
(Sing low the winds in budding apple tree);
And there (upon this fact the reader fair can gamble).
She'll pay $10 for her beastly spree."

The managing editor was delighted with this and started the poet off on a fire item. "Make it something like a symphony in red," he said; "something that will startle the population." The fire reporter scratched his head for a minute and dashed off the following:

"Out on the frosty midnight air
The fire alarum clangor brome,
And a stable in the rear of 96
Glenarm street went up in smoke.
The gallant firemen are to be
Commended for their great endurance,
The loss on the place is computed to be
$300, no insurance."

The editor said there was a slig t break in the time, the item starting off on 6-8 measure and ending up in 3-4, but it was very good, nevertheless.

The society reporter had in the meantime been getting himself into shape, and handed in a fugue in pale green. It read:

"To the dreamy strains of a waltz,
Sweet as a rose in June
They floated and swung in the perfumed air
To the throb of the waltz and tune.

The affair was recherche,
Miss Smith wore a dress of blue,
Trimmed with valenciennes, cod liver oil
Stuck on with a pound of glue.

Miss Allie Kersands wore her hair in bangs
And ten button kids and a smile,
And the table groaned with its sumptuous load
And the music throbbed the while.

Among the elite there present were Misses Muldoon, McCarthy and Moore, Messrs. Finerty, Fagin, Brown and Jones, and other galoots, galore."

The managing editor put the society reporter onto politics and telegraphed East for a new man. The sporting editor then got in his work and chose for his theme the late race at the fair grounds:

"Under the wire flashed Cherry and Black.
After it sped the blue and blue
And the mad crowd yelled in its wild delight
When the judges marked up the time—

"2:02."

The start was a good one, but alas
Sisterly collared the bay at the pole,
And she threw up her tail, as she passed her by
And put all her betters in the nine hole."

The sporting editor said that he did not know the real colors worn on the occasion and selected the ones purely haphazard. He was passed as competent to fill the place. The telegraph editor then give a sample of his skill. His position is by far the most important on the paper, under the new dispensation, as he will be obliged to reconstruct all the telegraph news that comes in, and form it into poetry. He picked up a sheet of telegraph which just arrived and reconstructed in this way:

[Special Correspondence.]

"Washington, District of Columbia, April thirty-first
The Peruvian investigation's getting warm.
Mr. Blaine has intimated for Belmont's blood, a thirst.
And called him names creating much alarm.
Your special correspondent saw the President to-day,
And refused an invitation to dine out.
The bill for the relief of Mary Ann O'Keefe
Has passed the house, and Guiteau has the gout.
The department will determine to extirpate the vermin.
Who are killing people in New Mexico.
And Captain Jack, the Ute, a soldier brave did shoot.
And was in turn, with a cannon big, laid low.

The managing editor increased the telegraph man's salary immediately, and then sat down himself to complete the test. He wrote:

It pains us quite exceedingly, dear reader, we assure you,
To be compelled to notice some things we've seen of late
In a paper called the *Bugle*, but in what we say we assure you
There will nothing be of malice or of hate
We merely wish to mention in a semi-casual way,
That the man who runs the *Bugle* is a dog,
A thief, a woman-beater, a penitentiary ex-convict,
An imbecile, a traitor and a hog.

The entire force arose as one man and crowned the managing editor with a wreath of laurel and shook him warmly by the hand.

Obituary machine No. 13 was fed with a handful of type, but a cog was loose and all that could be gotten out of it was:

"Our little Mazy
- - - - we cried,
- - - - - crazy
Cerebro men - - died."

The machine will be repaired to-morrow, and is guaranteed to do good work. The new departure will be a great success.—*Denver Republican.*