

The Bismarck Tribune.

BY LOUNSBERRY & JEWELL.

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THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE. Eight pages, containing a summary of the news of the week, both foreign and local, published every Friday, sent postage paid, to any address for \$2.00; six months, \$1.25.

TO ADVERTISERS. The DAILY TRIBUNE circulates in every town within one hundred miles of Bismarck, reached by a daily mail, and is by far the best advertising medium in this part of the Northwest. The WEEKLY TRIBUNE has a large and rapidly increasing circulation throughout the country, and is a desirable sheet through which to reach the farmers and residents of the small towns remote from rail and lines.

THE CITY ELECTION.

The Tribune heartily endorses the ticket nominated by the citizens' committee for city officers. The principal thing to be sought in the selection of these officers should be integrity and common sense, both essential to confidence.

The present city administration has won confidence and is in the main endorsed for re-election. The changes that have been made appear to be in the interest of harmony, as it will be of great advantage to the city to have every interest join in promoting in every way possible the coming boom—in working together for the public good.

There does not seem to be a disposition to crowd "holier than thou" ideas down anyone's throat, but an honest and praiseworthy effort to have the city represented by active business men who will themselves be benefited by acts that will promote the public good, and preserve the good name of the city.

Bismarck will be just what its citizens make it. A great commercial and manufacturing point, having a population of many thousands, or a rural village—a mere sidetrack on the greatest highway on the American continent. In order to become a great city confidence must be built up, and can be by choosing men for office who will act on common sense principles.

J. W. Raymond, president of the Bismarck National bank, was chosen for re-election as mayor, and Geo. H. Fairchild, president of the First National bank, for one of the aldermen in the first ward. O. S. Goff was also selected for alderman in that ward. J. D. Wakeman and John Yegen were chosen for aldermen in the second ward, and L. N. Griffin and H. P. Bogue in the third ward.

Should this board be elected, the city council will be composed of men who will work for Bismarck, and the TRIBUNE heartily endorses every one of them. Mr. Griffin was defeated last fall because of the combination he was in, but represents, and will represent well, in the council interests that deserve recognition, and in such a board will go as far as any man to sustain the right.

Major Woods is an efficient officer, and was very properly nominated for re-election as city clerk, and Joseph Hare, on the same principle, was chosen for re-election as city justice.

Carl Peterson was chosen for city treasurer, the only office over which there seems to be much contest, except as others may be drawn into the battle. The selection of Mr. Peterson was a good one, and should be accepted the nomination, his friends will gather in his support as the whirlwind gathers.

Of course another ticket is likely to be put into the field, and it may become decidedly breezy before election day, but everyone ought to be willing to make concessions in the interests of the city.

The electors were being registered yesterday, and the indications point to a heavy poll.

Gov. Crosby, of Montana, is decidedly free with his veto, a fact which has drawn out much unfavorable criticism from the territorial press. Members of the legislature, also, have not hesitated to express their disapprobation of the governor's action. The Billings Herald says: "The legislature which passed the vetoed bills was an association of men of more than average intelligence, most of whom from long residence in Montana fully understood her needs, and no person can bring forward against them the slightest imputation of merely self-interested legislation. While Gov. Crosby is doubtless actuated by a desire to serve the best interests of those whom he governs, he is not possessed of supernatural wisdom, nor has he obtained the clear insight into Montana's needs, which comes only from long and close attention. Several of the bills which he refused his signature, were framed as no matters of special enactment, and as it would appear with direct reference to existing necessities. The right to veto in such cases should be carefully exercised, and in our opinion with more discretion than has marked Gov. Crosby's course."

FRANK HATTON'S paper, the National Republican, Washington, D. C., is becoming one of the most popular family and best newspapers in the land. The management of the Republican is enterprising, and the editorial department fearless and just, and enough spice is thrown in to make it interesting. The Republican is unquestioned authority on all political matters, and gives a greater amount of

and more reliable department news than any other newspaper in the land.

People have often wondered why a popular and successful newspaper could not be established in Washington, as one week after another was added to the news-paper enterprises of that city. Mr. Hatton and associates believed that excellence would win success, even in Washington, and have proved their belief well founded. Every republican in the land, particularly the young fellows who want to gain a fund of information, ought to subscribe for the National Republican. Send for specimen copies.

As TIME passes the superiority of the Missouri slope as a grain growing district is becoming more widely known and more freely acknowledged. This superiority was first brought prominently into public notice last fall, when the magnificent cereals of this section were introduced to the inspection of the world at Minneapolis, where the productions of the James and Red river valleys were also on exhibition, thus affording an opportunity for actual comparison. In a perfectly free and fair competition Burleigh county was awarded the prize banner by a committee of impartial and eminently capable judges. Then the public began to realize that the country out here was not, after all, the cold, barren desert they had thought it.

In this connection the following letter from General Haupt to Agent Davidson, of this city, is pertinent, and is a fair sample of many testimonials to her agricultural excellence which the Missouri slope is now receiving:

St. Paul, Minn., March 16, 1883.—J. Davidson, Esq., Agent, Bismarck, D. T.—Dear Sir: I am advised by the superintendent of the Duluth Elevator company, at Duluth, that the receipts of wheat at that point for the month of February, 1883, have been 30,735 bushels. These receipts were largely from Bismarck; they have been first shipments to Duluth, and the superintendent reports that it is the finest wheat they have received during the entire year. This item of intelligence may be gratifying to your Bismarck friends. Yours truly,

HERMAN HAUPT, General Manager.

The Minneapolis Evening Journal says: A correspondent very accurately sizes up Gen. Walker, the census commissioner, by saying that he was a good theorist, but a most dismal failure as an executive officer. More than half of his forthcoming census report is a grotesque calculation of probabilities instead of a collection of facts. For instance, his method of taking the crops was purely arbitrary. An inflexible rule was followed. So many acres planted in corn or cotton had to produce so many bushels or bales or resins. Even the very chickens had set tasks assigned them in producing the egg crop. Every chicken of mature age was expected to do its full duty, and to work full time—no allowance for rest and recuperation, no holidays nor Sundays. Even the roosters were pressed into the service, as no deduction is made on account of part of the poultry being of the male gender. The census of 1880 promises to be chaos come again in statistics.

The Grand Forks News calls the attention of the people of that city to the enterprise and activity of the Bismarck chamber of commerce in getting out two mammoth editions of the TRIBUNE, and says that Bismarck is the only town it has heard of north of the 46th parallel, that is making any extra effort to attract immigrants to the country about it. The News very justly gives our chamber of commerce credit for "extraordinary service" in advancing the interests of this community. The News says from the 1st to the 10th of April, it will issue fifteen thousand copies of the News, on tinted paper, in compact form, and in order to secure typographical neatness, will admit no heavy-faced type to its advertising columns. The TRIBUNE predicts that the boom News will be a great success.

The following paragraph from the Washington Star, possesses some interest in Bismarck, where Mr. Singiser has many acquaintances: The first controller of the treasury has advised the treasurer to make no payment on account of the salary of Theodore F. Singiser, the newly elected delegate to the house of representatives from Idaho, until his accounts as secretary of the territory, which office he has just vacated, have been adjusted. There is nothing wrong in the accounts, which are now in process of settlement. Treasurer Gillfillan says he cannot refuse to advance Mr. Singiser his salary when it becomes due, as he does not believe he has authority to withhold the salary of any public officer unless it can be shown that he is indebted to the government.

St. Lawrence Tribune: Yankton papers are crying "fraud," and "big steal," over the commission bill to locate the capital. In their blind fury at losing the capital, they fail to appreciate the advantages of securing fine buildings and land without cost to the territory.

Married. On Tuesday evening March 20, Matts Glineburg and Miss Christina Hendricks, both of the city of Bismarck, were united in marriage by Rev. J. R. DeCard. The thoughtful young carpenter erected a neat and pleasant cot age last year and then looked for the lady to grace his compartments. The general verdict is that the gentleman has succeeded admirably. Many congratulations were sent from the Sheridan house and the Tribune heartily joins. The marriage took place at the latter residence.

The county commissioners of Custer county have instructed Treasurer Carland to make an amicable settlement in the matter of railroad assessment.

A New York dispatch says there is great inquiry in the east about Montana, and that the North Pacific receives several hundred letters of inquiry each day.

THE DAILY STORY

OF THE JOYS AND SORROWS OF THE WORLD.

Sixteenth Day of the Star Route Trial—Dukes and the Pennsylvania Legislature—Other Interesting News Dispatches.

Star Route Drainers. WASHINGTON, March 19.—With to-day began the sixteenth week of the star route trial, and the criminal court room was filled with spectators. When the court adjourned Friday last the prosecution had just closed their preliminary argument upon the pertinency of the question as to whether or not the witness (Gen. Brady) had any knowledge of the Price drafts. This is regarded as an important point for both; for if the question is admitted it will probably lead to the admission of testimony by Price in support of the government's charge.

The court in answer to a question from Merrick said it would allow the government an opportunity to reply to the arguments of the defense.

Turning toward the court Gen. Brady said positively: "Your honor, I would prefer to answer that question, and all other similar questions. My lawyers and myself do not seem to have any objection to that." Merrick was of opinion that he might answer without reference to his lawyers. The court said, however, it would hear the lawyers instead of him.

Ingenious, of course, your honor, this is no question of privilege, but of relevancy, and my client is interested. Wilson said if the matter were gone into now he should feel incumbent upon him to try it now, and try it to the bottom. But it was proper to bring another case into this, when it could not be tried and a verdict had before the jury. He did not propose spending the remainder of his days in court trying other matters which might be brought up in this case. One case at a time was the proper method.

The court—it has not been brought into this case. Davidge then began his argument with a statement that he had no objection to the testimony of Merrick's offer was to show only that his draft had been placed on the witness' desk.

Merrick—No, your honor, placed upon his desk and given to him for a corrupt purpose.

MYSTERIOUS FOLLOWS. WASHINGTON, March 19.—Secretary Folger left the city very quietly Saturday evening, and the fact of his departure was not known to the treasury department till this morning. An assistant secretary saw Secretary Folger about 3 o'clock Saturday. He was then making preparations for a short voyage, but did not know he was going, or when he expected to return. While no definite information on the subject can be obtained, it is the general impression at the treasury department that Secretary Folger has requested the secretary of war to detail a military guard for the protection of the Yellowstone park property. Secretary Lincoln promises to comply with the request.

MURCH AND ARCHITECT HILL. WASHINGTON, March 19.—Ex-Congressman Murch said to-day that every citizen who is well founded, and he has the proof to back it.

Shot His Sister's Seducer. New York, March 19.—G. Orge W. Conkling, U. S. surveyor, on government surveys in Nevada, was shot dead by Wm. H. Haverstick, the seducer of his sister. The tragedy took place in "Paris East," 341 West Twenty-third street. Conkling arrived in the city a few days ago. Ten years ago, his sister married a man named Uler. They soon quarreled and separated. Falling in with Haverstick she came to New York and lived with him in "Paris East" learning of her whereabouts, Conkling came on to New York and obtained the acquaintance of his sister. She promised to go west with him, but refused to live with her husband. To-night Conkling went again to see her, and was met by Haverstick, who swore the woman should not leave the house until she had intercourse with him. Haverstick threw a copper stateite at Conkling who drew a revolver and fired. The ball struck Haverstick in the pit of the stomach inflicting a wound from which he died one hour later. Conkling left the house immediately after the shooting, and walking to E. 12th avenue and Twenty-third street, surrendered to an officer. Uler was a broker at 27 Broad street, Conkling said, and Haverstick was his partner. In this way he made the acquaintance of Mrs. Uler. When his sister saw Conkling she agreed to go with him to his western home, and last night was the time fixed upon to leave. When Conkling arrived at the house his sister was in an inner room, and heard on the noise of the quarrel. Conkling is 47 years old and Haverstick 30. He was a broker at 63 Broadway, and had lived with Mrs. Uler about two years. Conkling was locked up. He refused to talk to reporters. He told the officers that Haverstick had tried to seduce his sister, and that he had shot the man. Mrs. Uler is said to be very pretty.

Reign of Ruffianism. HALIFAX, N. S., March 20.—A telegram from Langan, C. B., says: Eighty unionist miners came here yesterday and surrounded Langan, when the men were returning from work, and attacked them. They badly kicked the engineer and blacksmith, and others, including the manager. The rioters increased in numbers and visited the workmen's houses, breaking in doors and windows. This morning they broke open the doors of some houses, dragged the men out and beat them severely. The women and children were terror stricken. The rioters have possession of the place. Some of the workmen took refuge in the manager's house and some of them have been badly hurt. The manager telegraphed the deputy authorities to send soldiers immediately. They are now at the Langan mines, after a protracted strike, have been conducted by non-union men.

Self-Murder at Jamestown. JAMESTOWN, D. T., March 20.—This morning about 3 o'clock a German named Kheoller, from Jasper county, Ind., who arrived with his family, consisting of a wife and six little children, on the train the day before, stabbed himself twice in the abdomen and made an effort to cut his throat, while he lay with his wife at a boarding house. He was prevented from fatally cutting his throat by his wife. The wounds in the abdomen are pronounced fatal by the physicians, and he will probably die before morning. He is in good circumstances, and no cause is assigned for the deed. It is supposed to be a case of temporary insanity.

Rough-Shod Justice In Montana. HELENA, M. T., March 19.—Last Friday night the baro, eight head of horse, three cows, hay grain, etc., of H. C. McNally, twelve miles from Helena, were burned. A vigilance committee traced the crime, it is claimed to two men, Smith and Coomes. They were hung by the committee last night and their bodies brought to Helena this evening. Coomes was the old Aider Gulch winner, and at the time of his death kept the Elmore Mill house. Smith was a discharged railroad hand.

Another Dig at Dukes. HARRISBURG, Pa., March 19.—In the house tonight, Bier, of Westmoreland county, introduced the following resolution: "It is the sense of this house that some action

should be taken looking to the proper disposition of the question as to the right of Nicholas Lyman Dukes, of Fayette county, to his seat in the house of representatives of this state. The resolution was referred without discussion to the judiciary committee with instructions to report as soon as possible.

Dumped in the River. OTTAWA, March 19.—Five cars of a freight train on the Canadian Pacific railroad left the rails on a rough bridge, near Calumet station, and fell sixty-five feet to the river below, breaking through the ice and going to the bottom. The train hands escaped. Loss \$30,000.

Young Train Robbers. AUSTIN, March 19.—Mark Thompson, a young train robber, who assisted in the robbing of a train here a few weeks ago, was captured and jailed to day. All four of the young rascals are now in jail. The young-at-13 and the oldest only 16 years old.

A Sad Case of Freezing. ST. VINCENT, Minn., March 19.—Casper Mantle, a German farmer living three miles from here, was frozen to death fifteen rods from his home last night. He leaves a wife and ten children.

Killed on a Street Crossing. ST. PAUL, March 19.—Charles Frank, a grocer, was killed by a locomotive to day while driving across the Third street crossing.

Telegraphic Ticks. A. J. Tromeo, of Denver, was choked to death Sunday, while eating fish.

The Irishmen of New York are making preparations for the elaborate reception of Parnell. Mr. Bab's suicide in Richmond, Va., Sunday morning, by shooting himself through the heart.

N. B. Caswell, a retired merchant of Milwaukee, is dead. He leaves an estate of \$200,000.

At an Italian christening in New York City, Sunday, a quarrel sprang up and Frank Ballard was killed with a razor.

In Denver Saturday night Charles G. Ballard committed suicide. He was at one time teller of a bank at Syracuse, N. Y.

Agent Tuffs, of Muskogee, Indian territory, telegraphs to Washington that there is danger of an outbreak there, and asks for troops.

John W. Hoag was held up and robbed of a small amount of money Sunday night on the corner of Bay and Hopkins streets, St. Paul.

In Watertown, Me., Sunday, Mrs. Carlton was found in her own house with her skull crushed. Her husband is suspected of the murder.

A formidable band of horse and cattle thieves have been discovered in Texas, and the authorities anticipate much bloodshed in the effort to capture them.

A Dublin dispatch says: Rowell, who was awaiting trial in connection with the Phoenix park murders, died in an epileptic fit at Kilmainham jail, Sunday night.

Sunday evening, at Radcliff, a small mining town near Leadville, a man named Mawfield shot and instantly killed his wife. He then put a ball through his own head and will die. Cause, jealousy.

During a performance in Tarata's pavilion, New Orleans, Sunday afternoon, a cry of "fire" created a panic in the audience, and they made a rush for the doors. Half a dozen persons were terribly hurt, some fatally.

J. T. Brown, Jr., U. S. marshal for the eastern district of Arkansas, has been arrested for forgery. He is a man of high standing in the church, was understood to be in good financial circumstances and his arrest caused a great sensation.

Up the Line. The debt of Custer county is relieved to be about \$200,000. A very rich vein of platinum has been struck in the Wood river country, of Idaho. David P. Lake, a resident of Helena, was found dead in his bed last Friday morning. Death resulted from natural causes.

The Indians around Fort Belknap, M. T., are preparing to engage quite extensive agricultural pursuits during the coming summer. Explosions and rambling, supposed to be the result of volcanic action, are frequent in the mountains west of the Bitter root valley, Montana.

The man who obbed the Livingston telegraph office was G. W. Wilkie, a sort of tramp operator who had been hanging around the office for some days. He was arrested.

Elk Head, the Indian deceiver of the penitentiary, who assisted to murder Paul Lynch in Miles City four years ago, was presented a sketch in colors to the editor of the Northwest.

Toussely, the convict who escaped from the penitentiary at Deer Lodge two months ago, has been retaken at Butte. During the short period of his freedom he troze one foot so badly that it was amputated.

J. P. Nolan and Newton Steward, justices of the peace for Livingston precinct, find the administration of even-handed justice such an unthankful task that they announce their intention of resigning their commissions.

A Crow Indian chief was shot by a white man about two weeks ago between Big and Little Porcupine. The trouble grew out of a horse trade. The man was arrested by the tribe and taken to Fort Custer where he is held for trial.

Billings Herald: A prominent wholesale liquor dealer of Butte, was visiting Ohio during the recent floods when fortune gave him the chance of which he availed himself to save the life of a beautiful maiden who was afloat on the tide. He found she had lots of "rocks" and married her.

A quarrel occurred in the Deep Creek neighborhood, Meagher county, in which James Swett was killed by a man named Jordan. Swett was found lying on his face and across his gun, a cartridge in the barrel and hammer at full cock, as if in the act of firing when he himself was shot.

Coming to Dakota. An Onondaga county, N. Y., paper says: "Monday morning of the present week witnessed the departure of Mrs. Frank Lascelle and Miss Alice Miles, of Aberdeen, D. T. Messrs. James D. and Will Carpenter left at the same time for their home in Casselton. John Wells has abandoned his studies at Yale law school to take up his home in the west. He left for Aberdeen Monday night. At 7 o'clock Tuesday morning Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Gilmore "made a break" as Theodore expresses it, for the same town. Their journey through this state during the day must have been delightful. Dr. C. S. Hickson expects to start for Aberdeen next Monday. Mr. John D. Pratt has cut his lot with his fellow in Dakota and will probably leave this evening. Since our last issue a postal card has been received from Dr. Fowler, Arthur Benson and Charles Law, dated Mansfield, Ohio. They were being detained there by snow. Nothing further has been received from them. Ed Noble stated in a letter to friends here, which was received last week, that the weather at Aberdeen was delightful. The sun shone, dust blew in the streets and children played out. It was a far better off than we poor mortals of Onondaga county.

OVERGROWTH.

The Cities of the Civilized World Growing at the Expense of the Country.

Chicago Tribune.

All over the world the cities are growing faster than the country that must feed and clothe them. Population is rising everywhere, even in almost stationary France, nearer to high-water mark. It is running westward in strong currents through every open way it can find, and as it runs the whirlpools are getting deeper and quicker that sweep the yeomanry into the maelstrom of city life. The country feeds the city with its grain and meat and with the fresh life its consuming energies demand. The city never returns any of these products of the soil. Its unceasing cry is, Give, give! This is an age of concentration—concentration of money, of power, and not by any means the least significant, of population.

The figures of this citying of the population of this country, as given in the compendium of the census just published, are startling. In 1700 one-thirtieth of our people lived in cities; in 1800 one-twenty-fifth; in 1810 one-twentieth. This was not changed in 1820. In 1830 one-sixteenth; in 1840 one-twelfth; in 1850 one-ninth; in 1860 one-eighth; in 1870 one-fifth; and in 1880 the city population is 22.5 per cent of the whole, or almost one-quarter.

In England the population increased between 1871 and 1881 by 3,113,170. Of that the cities gained 2,860,079. Almost all of the increase was in the living centres.

The figures for France are still more striking. In 1876 the population of the whole nation was 24,945,064, and of this 11,900,724 were in the towns. In the five years that have followed the whole country has gained but 389,679, and of this Paris has absorbed 337,000. Out of an annual advent of 77,364 new souls the metropolis captured 67,400. The rest of the country gets only the remaining 10,500.

All the tendencies of modern life have been toward the development of the agencies of exchange and production. Prices that used to be fixed in thousands of local independent markets that hardly ever heard from each other are now regulated either by some central authority, or by the central market of the world, or by the metropolitan exchange of boards of trade and stock exchanges. The spinners who once drove their wheels by the fireside of home with one foot on the landscape of England. Our artisans, once their own masters, have now to enter the service of steam, and are massed by the railroads at the strategic points of trade and commerce.

When sheep huddle together those in the centre of the crush are squeezed to death. That is just what is going on to-day in our cities. The pressure of the whole mass is constantly forcing crippled men and women into their graves, or what is worse, into the slums. The condition of the poor of our great cities is awful. London, New York, and, alas! even young Chicago, have all the same sad story to tell of human deterioration. In London \$3,000 is spent every year on the hospitals and service of the poor. One million patients are treated—one-quarter of its population. This expenditure is incurred mainly to patch up the wreckage of poor who have been injured by the machinery of civilization, dirt, and other ill-surroundings of their homes. A pestilence or two of this social eruption has been touched by the individual and municipal philanthropy of London; a little, but only a little. The condition of the poor in New York by their system of sanitary inspection, and in Chicago we have made the beginning of a beginning. The sources of the disease have not been touched.

As far as the mechanics of society are concerned, the concentration of men, like that of capital and tools, is an advantage up to a certain point. But the cityward drift of the modern world has gone so far that the service of steam, and the gravest evils not only of individual misery which has always existed, but of political, and social, and industrial relations. Our cities are the swarming places for hummers and their homes, and it is in the cities that the masses are found that threaten our civilization more with their quiet corruption than with violence. Cities control the transportation of the markets, they import the farmers' grain, cattle, and sugar, and send him back oleomargarine, glucose, and diseased beef caked. They import the country boy, and make him into a Jay Gould.

The city holds the best and the worst, extreme types of the good and bad—the highest wealth, the deepest poverty—the most intense activity, the most utter indolence. Cities are the centres of social life. Too much blood is going into them. They are passing beyond healthy activity into a state of congestion. The overgrowth of our cities is an evidence of the disparity of social conditions. As cities grow inequalities grow, and the larger they become the wider will be the gap between the very rich and the very poor, and the deeper the preservative middle class will sink out of sight.

Everything indicates that our American cities will continue as in the past to grow more rapidly than the rest of the country. Our telegraphic lines, our railroads are making the cities of our rural territory mere outlying wards of the central cities. The continental United States thereby becomes as volatile as the smallest of the little Grecian republics, and our cities become a continental mob. Every great problem before us, from the "corners" of rich syndicates to the moral and physical dirt of the proletariat, centres in our cities. Their growth is a sure index of that of our future troubles.

Pre-Historic Man. In the skeletons found in caves and rocks belonging to races of men who have lived thousands of years before history began, are found evidences that the same diseases flourished then that now afflict humanity. Wounds were found, of course, as was to have been expected; but it is also clear that the primitive man who lived in the stone age, before metals were used, and when perhaps even fire was not yet employed in cooking food, had diseases such as rheumatism, cancer, distortions of limb, and undoubtedly malarial troubles. This is the fact that the lot of men in the past are the modern civilized man who enjoys the best health, for even in our day the savage races are more prone to disease than those who lead what seems an artificial life in the best circles of modern communities. Our savage ancestry must have led dismal lives. They were exposed to all the fury of the elements, to the attack of wild beasts, and worse than all, their untutored imaginations filled the universe with evil spirits, which demanded sacrifices, and filled their waking hours with fearful phantasms. Within a few hundred years, people of this country believed in witchcraft, then what must humanity have suffered in the ages long ago when the whole world was peopled with fetidness possessing the power to inflict physical pain.

Russian Crowns. The brand new diadem to be—perhaps—placed upon the brow of the emperor of all the Russias next May, will be the last—to date—of many crowns; just how many it would be difficult to determine. When Nicholas was czar there were stored up in the Kremlin sixteen crowns, and it is quite probable that the number has been added to since. Certainly Alexander III. has gained one new one already, for he now styles himself lord of Turkestan. Some of these crowns are very rude affairs—a hoop of rusty iron or a cap of fur—but such implies conquest or dominion over some tribe or nation.

THE LOST GARDEN.

[Ella Wheeler.]

There was a fair green garden sloping From the southeast side of a mountain ledge; And the golden birds of the dawn came groping Down through its paths from the day's dim edge.

The bluest skies and the reddest roses Arched and varied its valleys sod; And the glad birds sang as the soul supposes The angels sing on the hills of God.

I wandered there when my voice seemed burst— With life's rare rapture and keen delight; And yet in my heart was a constant thirsting For something over the mountain height. I wanted to stand in the blaze of glory; And the winds from the west all breathed a story Of realms and regions I longed to know.

I saw on the garden's south side growing The brightest blossoms that breathe of June; I saw in the east how the sun was glowing, And the golden birds of the dawn came groping Down through the drip of a silver fountain. And the pulse of a young heart throbbed with bliss; But still I looked out over the mountains Where unnamed wonders awaited me.

I came at last to the western gateway; That led to the path I longed to climb; But a shadow fell on my spirit straightaway, For close at my side stood graybeard Time. I passed with feet that were faint to linger Hard by that garden's golden gate; But 'till time spoke, pointing with one stern finger: "Pass on," he said, "for the day grows late."

And now on the chill gray cliffs I wander; The heights recede which I thought to find, And the light seems dim on the mountain yonder When I think of the garden I left behind. I know full well it would not sumptuously splendor, I know full well it would not sumptuously splendor, For the fair lost tints of the dawn so tender That crept over the edge of day.

I would go back, but the ways are winding, If ways there are to that land in sooth; For what man ever succeeds in finding A path to the garden of his lost youth? But think sometimes when the June stars gladden, That a rose-scented drift from far away; And I know, when I lean from the cliffs and listen, That the young laugh breaks on the air like spray.

CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

Another Side for the Consideration of the Society for Prevention.

New York Tribune.

Truth has always supported the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in its legitimate field.

The protection of children from wrong or harm is a task fit for angels.

Our difference with the society's methods has only arisen when it has gone out of its way to seek notoriety, and has strained the purport of its existence.

It is, undoubtedly, cruelty to a child to make it take part in a dangerous gymnastic performance; but more children are injured at public schools through playground athletics than in the circus ring. It is cruelty to a child to make it dance and sing night after night in the foul atmosphere of a low dive, but there is neither moral nor physical cruelty in permitting a girl of twelve or fourteen years to take a childish part in opera or other theatrical performance at a theatre such as Wallack's.

The cruelty is not the act itself; it is in the circumstances accompanying it. Had Mr. Bergh confined his work to the rescue of children from such a life as that which he ascribes the Little Baby Goodman the heart of every father and mother in the country would accord him his sympathy. But the society has acquired a reputation for officious meddlingness by sensational interference with a child surrounded by every care and comfort, procured by her own exertions in which she took great delight.

Mr. Gerry, for instance, spent considerable money and made a great display over the case of Little Corinne, whose health was neither endangered nor her morals jeopardized by the light and innocent performance in which she took part.

But what has been done on behalf of the hundreds of waifs whose minds are polluted, their senses of honor warped and their imaginations stunted by such plays as "The Brothers James, Jesse and Frank, the Missouri Outlaws; or, On the Road to Ruin?"

A little child is prevented from taking part, to her own benefit, in an unobjectionable exhibition, while harpies of both sexes grow rich and corpulent, wear huge diamonds and invest in real estate on the nickels and the dimes of poor little fellows, who forget for a time in the warmth of the sun and the excitement of the fiction, the cold that latches their rags to scorn and the misery of real life as they experience it!

Where one boy or girl grows up to evil before the footlights, hundreds—perhaps thousands, in the gallery are tempted to crime and lured to vice by the infamous pictures of rewarded rascality and successful scoundrelism presented to their eyes.

Knowing all this; seeing, as we do, little babies of five or six years of age sloping in doorways or crouching over the steam traps of newspaper offices; seeing, as we do, little delicate girls of eight and ten toiling as many hours a day as strong grown men, in close, ill-ventilated rooms, surrounded by uncontrolled men and precocious boys; seeing all these grand opportunities for unobjectionable care, we sometimes do lose patience with benevolent associations that gobble whole caravans of carnelians and spit and splutter over a tiny Corinne.

A Hatful of Molasses.

John H. Vonderhollen is a German grocer at the corner of Washington and West Eleventh streets, in New York city. A stranger came into the grocery, and Vonderhollen changed a ten-dollar note for him, in doing which he displayed a fat roll of money.

Soon afterwards two young men entered the store and said they had made a bet as to who had would hold the most molasses. "Ich gebe nichts, darum—dots nodings mit me," said Vonderhollen. "I care nodings about such piasas."

"But we want to pay for the molasses," said the younger man. "The grocer grumbled, 'I like not such fooliness,'" but took the hat and went to the rear of the store. As he returned with it to the man who held out his hands for it, he stepped between the two. The one who took the hat said: "Well, how much does it hold?" and before the astonished grocer could answer he was seized from behind, and at the same moment the hatful of molasses was clapped on his head and pulled down over his eyes.

Blinded and bewildered he could make no resistance while his money was taken from him, and when he got the hat off and ran out on the sidewalk, dripping with molasses, his despoilers were gone. He lost \$274 and the molasses.