

# The Benton Weekly Record.

VOL VIII.

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NO. 19.

## POETRY

### A FANCY.

On some mayhap not distant day,  
When marble holds King cars at bay  
And fu-revered has grown,  
There will be heard the quiver,  
Like some new-found sparkling river,  
Of many a strange sweet to be,  
Of every tenor clear no east,  
On the slopes of Science tassel,  
All unhard, unglazed;  
Of all the glad, melodious sounds  
Above, below, the gauzy bounds,  
That now in stillness rest,  
The poet then will see  
His asher through this, that flee  
His next's next, that  
Shine forth in words so bright,  
To thrill with bliss delight,  
His anxious soul.  
The figures that have yet  
The canvas never met,  
But only burn and glow  
Within the painter's breast,  
By and his hands' best,  
Shall at their glorious show,  
And so this blissful thought  
May with perfume fragrant  
For all who vision see  
For the music heard by none,  
That poem-pictures not began  
The most divine will be

## Selected Story.

### CHICAGO NOVELETTES.

"Will you kiss me before I go away—  
to leave you perhaps forever, Myrtle?"  
The speaker was a rugged, athletic-looking young fellow, first in the full flush of manly strength and beauty. His muscles stood out like wild-geese. But in strong contrast to the splendid developments that first attracted the attention of all who saw Percy Montravers was the high forehead, with skin soft and white as a woman's, over which clustered a mass of curly golden hair, which betokened the Saxon blood that came to him through a long line of the fierce old Norsemen who sailed the Northern seas in dead and gone centuries, while the blue eyes that looked so lovingly at the fair young face pressed close to his heart beamed with an inexorable tenderness.  
Wiping away the tears that would come from the gentle hazel eyes in spite of all her efforts, Myrtle Maginins twined her soft arms around Percy's neck, and rained kisses on his lips in a mad, passionate ecstasy of love that seemed to know no ending. "Will I kiss you again, my own sweet?" she cried, so long as if her heart would break. "God knows that if my love, my kisses, could avail aught in being off the cruel destiny that seems fated to separate us, I would hold you in these arms forever, and let my kisses fall like the dew of heaven, till at last leaves never a spot untouched by his revivifying presence. Oh! my sweetheart, my only love, let us forget, if we can, the unhappy moment when you must go and make me desolate, the hour whose first moment shall begin for me a ceaseless, weary vigil, relieved only by your letters; the days between which will seem to me as the blank between the stars, my sweet, my own, my precious darling, let us think only of love. And with these words she clasped him almost fiercely to her pulsing bosom, as if to ward off the dark spires of doubt and despair, that rose before her in all their horrid reality. Just then a carriage drove up to the door. With one last lingering kiss, the lovers separated; the man went out into the starry night, and the girl threw herself upon the sofa in an agony of grief.  
Percy Montravers had started for Kokomo.  
Midnight on the Pan-handle road.  
With a never-ceasing rattle and roun, and now and then a wild shriek from the brazen-throated monster that with blazing eyes dashed like some maddened Cyclops with fearful speed over hill and through dale, past wild ravines whose rocky fastnesses re-echoed the dreadful clangor of the rushing mass, the train sped on and on. Finally the motion was slightly checked. The telegraph poles that had been hiding past the car windows like weird, gaunt phantoms of the night, became more distinct. Slower and slower went the train, until with a Titan-like pant and sob the engine came to a stand-still.  
Percy was in Kokomo.  
In the parlor of an elegant cut stone residence stood a lovely girl. Over her beautifully moulded shoulders fell a wealth of nut-brown hair, white on the snowy bosom that rose and fell with the regularity of the Chicago wheat market, sparkled a necklace of diamonds. The door bell-rang, and presently a servant came into the parlor, and handed the girl a card. She grasped it eagerly, and a blush overspread her beautiful face as she read the name. "Show the gentleman in, Thomas," she said.  
In another moment Percy Montravers stood before her. "Back, woman!" he cried. "You do not know what you are doing. I have lost my love for you. Back, I say!"  
A deathly pallor spread over the face that but an instant before was suffused with the rosy flush of love.  
"She could not back. Her polonaise was too tight."  
September in Peoria.  
Up the shady street that leads to the house where Myrtle, the pride of his heart, lived, Percy walked with elastic step. He would soon be with her; soon see her face, feel her right arm resting warmly into his shoulder after an absence of three months; soon feel her warm kisses on his lips, and her soft arms about his neck. A man-

## OH IO.

### The State Goes Democratic With a Boom that Will Carry the Doubtful State With Her.

### The Democrats Elect Fourteen Congressmen and the State Ticket by 35,000 Majority.

### Upon the New Issues the Country Is Overwhelmingly Democratic.

### Let Montana Republicans Read the Handwriting on the Wall and Abandon Dead Issues for the Triumphal Principles of Democracy.

From the Helena Independent.  
COLUMBUS, O., Oct. 11.—1 a. m.—The returns on Congressmen are meagre and unsatisfactory. From the majority of Congressional districts no definite results have been secured. The best information from both headquarters gives the Republicans the Third, Eighth, Eleventh, Fourteenth, Seventeenth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twentieth, Twenty-first, Twenty-second, Twenty-third, Twenty-fourth, Twenty-fifth, Twenty-sixth, Twenty-seventh, Twenty-eighth, Twenty-ninth, Thirtieth, Thirty-first, Thirty-second, Thirty-third, Thirty-fourth, Thirty-fifth, Thirty-sixth, Thirty-seventh, Thirty-eighth, Thirty-ninth, and Fortieth districts—seven in all. The First, Second, Fourth, Fifth, Tenth, Thirteenth, Sixteenth, and Twenty-first are conceded to the Democrats, leaving the Sixth, Seventh, Ninth, Twelfth, Fifteenth, and Twentieth in doubt. The Republicans claim that they will have eleven majority in the congressional delegation.

### UNRULY MORMONS.

### Gov. Murray and the Law Openly Defied—What Gen. Nathan Kimball Thinks of the Situation.

SALT LAKE, Utah, Sept. 27.—Gov. Murray in obedience to the law of Congress, providing for the appointments to fill vacancies occasioned by the failure to hold an election in August, has appointed a number of officials throughout Utah. In defiance of the law, and of the Edmunds bill, which disqualifies polygamists, the appointees of the Governor have been refused the records and the places to which they have been appointed. This organized nullification is in obedience to the orders of the Mormon leaders, those who think it is criminal. The hold overs were whipped in by the council and by threats, and the polygamists are holding on. Congress to the contrary notwithstanding. Writs of mandamus were applied for to-day to enforce the title of the officials appointed. The action of Gov. Murray in firmly enforcing the law in the face of the Mormon leaders is approved by all law-abiding people.

### WHAT GEN. KIMBALL SAYS.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 27.—Gen. Nathan Kimball, of Ogden, Utah, is in town, and says that, so far as his information goes, the work of the commissioners has been satisfactory to the Gentiles. The purging of the election lists in accordance with the Edmunds bill greatly reduces the Mormon vote. He inclines to the opinion that the Mormons will elect their candidate for territorial delegate. Registration under this act not only cuts down the Mormon but increases the Gentile vote. When the electoral machinery was entirely in the hands of the Mormons it was always possible for them to prevent a majority of the Gentile vote from being cast. In his precinct in Ogden, where Campbell got only 55 votes two years ago, over 700 Gentiles have been registered. In Ogden and Salt Lake City the Gentiles might have a small majority under the present registration, but in the rural districts there are scarcely any Gentiles, and there the Mormon vote rolls up. Gen. Kimball says that the voters appointed Mormon registrars only where they could appoint no others. While the present legislation is a heavy blow at polygamy, the general favors a government of the territory by commissioners appointed by the President until the

### GENTILE ELEMENT CAN GET CONTROL.

Conviction of polygamists, he thinks, can be procured under the present law. Hereafter it has been impossible to get the requisite evidence, but now that cohabitation is made the punishable offense, evidence can be had. It is true that leading Mormons are dividing up their families to avoid the appearance of cohabitation, but the Gentiles are determined to do everything they can to sustain the Edmunds law, and are keeping close watch over the polygamists and their temporarily surrendered families. The present registration has developed the fact that vast numbers of Mormons have been voting without naturalization, and two-thirds of them had been voting for 10 or 15 years. The right of women to vote had been raised by Mormons and decided in their favor, and the Gentiles had raised a question as to the right to vote of a Mormon church officer, committed by his position to the defense of polygamy, though not himself practicing it. This, the general said, had not been passed upon, but the act specially provides that the commissioners shall not exclude any person otherwise eligible to vote from the polls on account of any opinion such persons may entertain on the subject of polygamy.

### Benefit of the Fire Department.

It is with satisfaction we have to announce that the entertainment to be given on Saturday evening by the popular artist Mr. John Maguire, will be for the benefit of the Fire Department, the money of which is intended to purchase a new engine. This is a matter that interests every property holder in the town, and every vote ought to be taken, especially as the entertainment itself is worthy of the most liberal patronage, but when added for so good a cause there ought to be a packed house.

## CRIME.

### Mysterious Disappearance of Gen. Ward, a Prominent Miner, from Leadville, Col.

### CHICAGO, Oct. 11.—The Inter-Ocean's New York special reports to give the inside history of the celebrated Moray letter to the Chinese (question publication of which carried California against Garfield in the last presidential election. The story is to the effect that John I. Davenport has been at work for 23 months in an endeavor to ferret out the authorship of the forgery. The final got the whole story of its conception and execution, together with the confession of the forger, and that his about to publish the facts in pamphlet form; that the man who forged the document is named H. H. Hadley, a renegade Republican in the employ of the Democratic national committee and that some leading spirits in that body were cognizant of and approved the forgery. The story told is to the effect that Hadley, the professional leader of a certain body of voters in New York, wrote Gen. Garfield asking an explanation and answer to the Credit Mobilier charge. The letter was answered by Private Secretary Brown, enclosing the manuscript of Gen. Garfield's speech on the subject of his constituents in 1875. He thus got Garfield's autograph. Hadley, an expert penman, spent several days studying and practicing the handwriting and the autograph of Garfield. Stationary stores were ransacked to find paper similar to that used at Mentor and then Hadley wrote the famous forgery. The envelope was prepared to correspond with that which had been received from Mentor, and this put through a process to make it look solid and worn. When finished, Randall, Hewitt and several other reputable Democrats were shown it, who had no doubt of its genuineness. The electrolyte facsimile was offered the Sun, which refused to publish it. It was then taken to the Truth and therein published. A special train was then chartered to convey copies of the paper to California. It is said that Davenport not only has Hadley's confession, but a number of his practice sheets, and the final copy from which the facsimile was made.

### BECHER PREACHES IN TOWN.

NEW YORK, Oct. 11.—The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in a sermon to-night at Plymouth Church, said:

"In the great convention which met at Saratoga, why was Cornell set aside? It has been the custom from time immemorial, when a Governor has administered the duties of his office in an honest, straightforward way for the people, to elect him if he would accept. In this case an national principle is involved, and young men will never get a better opportunity of administering reproof to the party than at present. Judge Folger is an upright man and for that reason the reproof would be administered to a corrupt nomination and not to the man himself. Let Judge Folger be sent home and never again, in this generation, at least, will this thing be repeated." Beecher, in emphatic terms, deprecated the administration taking part in the management of local governments. He criticized the idea of the President of the United States being as boson friends men like one of the police commissioners. Mr. Beecher was frequently interrupted by applause, which he checked once by telling his audience not to bolt over, as he was merely discussing "the morals and ethics of politics."

### THE FIRE AT MAQUOKETA, IOWA.

CLINTON, Ia., Oct. 11.—At 1 o'clock this morning a fire broke out in A. S. Carter's brick block at Maquoketa, and destroyed that and three frame buildings. The losses, so far as can be ascertained, are: A. S. Carter, building, \$10,000; insurance \$7,000. It was occupied by Rengless Bros. & Co., with a large hardware and carriage stock, and their loss is \$70,000; insurance \$35,000; Northrop & Glassier, furniture, loss \$8,000; insurance \$4,000; the Masonic lodges, including Tancred commandery, Knights Templar, loss \$4,000; insured. Smaller losses bring the total up to \$85,000, with insurance of \$59,000. The Clinton fire department responded to the call for help. The insurance company chiefly interested are the Hartford, Franklin, Phoenix, North American and Iowa State.

### IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, Oct. 11.—Treadwell & Son's croaker bakery, 265 and 267 Walter street, was damaged by the \$85,000; insured.

### FULL PLAY HEARD.

BOSTON, Sept. 30.—Seth P. Doane, a produce dealer at No. 15 Dock square, has not been seen since he left his home on Wednesday morning to go to his business. He is not known to have had any considerable sum of money about him, and, as he was of strictly temperate habits, grave fears are entertained of foul play.

### AN UNLUCKY REMON.

STOIX FALLS, Dak., Sept. 30.—The report comes from Hartford, Dakota, that a farmer, living about fourteen miles northwest of Sioux Falls, had killed his wife some time yesterday. They had not lived very happily together for some time, and on that account people are willing to credit the report.

### DRUGGED AND RAVISHED.

TORONTO, Ont., Sept. 30.—Two weeks ago a respectable young girl named Deborah McCann, 15 years of age, came to this city from Bradford, Ont., on a visit to friends. Last night she met a well-dressed young man on the street. After considerable coaxing the stranger induced her to take a drive with him in a close carriage. After driving around for some time the man induced her to drink wine which was drugged. The girl became unconscious. While in this state the man outraged her. The driver also repeated the crime. They then threw her out of the cab window into the street, and drove rapidly away. The young man is believed to be known.

### REPUBLICAN GAIN IN VIRGINIA.

WHEELING, W. Va., Oct. 10.—The West Virginia District elected Gov. Republican, to Congress by from three to five hundred majority. The same counties in 1880 gave Hancock for President 1,484 majority. The Republican gain is probably 2,000. The gain was one of the principal issues, although both candidates were committed to protective.

## THIRTY-TWO KILLED.

### Character and Origin of the Best of the Box Mois.

Seated in the little alcove made sacred to the stage manager just back of the proscenium arch was the veteran minstrel—Law Benedict. Clad in primitive attire, the principal portion of which was a pair of pants and a striped shirt, Mr. Benedict was giving some directions as to the stage setting, but speedily concluding his labors piloted the way up to the dressing-room in the mysterious regions above. Here was a chaotic and motley scene. The majority of the troupe were either "making up" or divesting themselves of their attire, and the floor was strewn with a variety of garments that would have made the late Solomon in all his glory long for a back seat. Carefully choosing himself in a pair of variegated pants was Frank Moran—a man whose name had been linked with negro minstrelsy almost ever since it was incorporated in the theatrical dictionary, and striking his arms into a sunflower bedecked coat, he proceeded to put the finishing touches on his face before the mirror. Billy Arlington, the old-time warbler but really a fine, manly-looking fellow just in the prime of life, was in a devotional attitude before a wash bucket trying to entice some of the black off his face with a big sponge. Harry Armstrong, who is counted among the younger men, but who has still amused audiences for nearly a decade, wore a pair of pink pantaloons which gave him something of a spiritlike appearance, barely relieved by the cigar which he was smoking. The other members of the troupe were scattered around promiscuously and doing their work of dressing or undressing with the least possible delay.

### DEATH DEALING TORPEDOS.

ODESSA, Russia, Oct. 1.—An explosion in the torpedo magazine on the Russian ironclad Admiral Popoff, killed two officers and 90 seamen.

### THE BOMBING FORGED DOWN.

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### MURDERED AND BURIED.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Sept. 29.—The bottom country on the line of the Memphis and Little Rock railroad east of the St. Francis river, has added another victim to its long list of murders for the purpose of robbery. Thursday, while John Deamond, a track-walker, was crossing a trestle at the twenty-four mile post, he was shot twice. He fell beneath the trestle, and when found later in the day his pockets were reversed. He was known to have had probably \$50 that morning. The vicinity of the St. Francis is still a dangerous country. Bobbers have for years made this section their headquarters, and Deamond is the fourth man murdered within four miles in the locality of his assassination. Mahoney, a track-walker, was the first victim. After being killed his body was placed across the railroad track, but was discovered before a train arrived. Another man named Connell was murdered and disposed of in the same way. A negro was shot while walking on the track and robbed of a small sum. The robbers believed him dead, but he reached the nearest town and there died from his wounds.

### CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 11.—1:15 a. m.—The Democratic State Central Committee claim the State by 35,000 majority.

### COLUMBUS, O., Oct. 11.—Five hundred and forty-five precincts and wards show a net Democratic gain of 12,778. Reports have already been received from all parts of the State and indicate a general Democratic gain. In the cities of Cincinnati, Columbus, Cleveland and Toledo the Democratic gains are large.

### LATE.—Four hundred and sixty precincts show a net Democratic gain of 8,638.

### CINCINNATI, Oct. 10.—Returns from Hamilton county so far as received show a constant Democratic gain, which indicates at this writing the election of the entire Democratic ticket. From the full returns received it is apparent that the Democratic State ticket has many more votes than the Congressional and county ticket. But it is very difficult to see how the difference can be great enough to elect the Republican candidate for Congress in the first and second districts. The vote of Marietta City and township gives Warner, (Dem.) for Congress, 325; Hart, (Rep.), estimated majority in Huron county is 400.

### Three hundred and sixty-two precincts show the Democratic net gain of 6,250.

### The majority of Foran, (Dem.) for Congress in the 21st district is 2,700 as far as heard from.

### CHICAGO, Oct. 10.—A Cleveland message says that Everett, Republican candidate for Congress, telegraphs to the president that the State has gone Democratic by 15,000 majority.

### COLUMBUS, Oct. 10, 10 p. m.—If the present rate of gain continues the Democrats will have 9,000 majority in the State.

### CLEVELAND, Oct. 10.—The 21st district gives 3,400 majority for Foran, Democrat, up to 10:30 p. m.

### COLUMBUS, Oct. 10.—Returns from 280 precincts and wards show a net Democratic gain of 4,250.

### CHICAGO, Oct. 10.—A Cleveland dispatch says the Democrats will carry the 21st district for Congress.

### COLUMBUS, Oct. 11.—763 precincts show a net Democratic gain of 24,480, indicating a Democratic majority in the State of 35,000.

### NEW YORK, Oct. 11.—The newspapers here generally attribute the defeat of the Republicans in Ohio to the defection of the Germans.

### NEW YORK, Oct. 11.—Specials indicate that the Democrats have elected fourteen of the twenty-one congressmen.

### HURRICANE IN IRELAND.

LONDON, Oct. 1.—There was a severe hurricane in Ireland to-day. At Cork there was more damage done on land than by any previous storm there for 20 years past. The American ship Harvey Wilks, from Liverpool for New York, lying at Queens-town was driven ashore and several yachts there sunk in the harbor. At Newry a large number of houses were greatly damaged, and the town was flooded. At Linsrick 20 feet of the spire of a Catholic church was blown down during service, causing a panic, which was, however, quickly allayed. The county jail was damaged.

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## MINSTRELS' JOKES.

### Character and Origin of the Best of the Box Mois.

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### TALKING ABOUT OLD TIMES.

"Talking about old times," said Law Benedict, seating himself and holding down a trunk with his pedal extremities, "I think Surridge is a little off, as to how the minstrel business started."

"By-the-by," said the reporter, addressing the question generally to the group, "how do the gags and end business originate—who gets them up?"

"Well, now," replied Benedict, smiling, "that's a poser, sure enough; it's hard to tell where that funny business does come from, and how anything new gets into it."

"A good deal of it comes from the stories the men get to telling each other at the hotel," said Moran; they make 'em up there and then get them off on the stage. Of course lots of it gets to be stereotyped, and the only wonder to me is that we ever do get anything right new and fresh."

"Yes," chimed in Arlington, "jokes get to be public property very quick, and if the people only understood it as we do they wouldn't kick about old gags. Now for instance, we opened at San Francisco; all our gags were new and bright. Nobody could say that they had heard them before. Well, there was a fellow at the theatre who ran one of these little programmes in newspaper form. He thought the jokes were pretty good and just set down and took notes of them all. Next evening the little paper had all the jokes and gags in it, and from there they were copied everywhere. After that when anybody would hear of our jokes the chances are they would say, 'Oh, I saw that in some paper.' That's what makes it so hard to get new gags. I see some show advertise, 'All jokes new and fresh—nothing stale, etc.' This can't be, because after a joke's repeated once everybody who wants to be smart takes it up and it ceases to be new any more."

"We depend a good deal, too, on the papers for our jokes," said Armstrong, with an evident desire to give the paragrapher his need of justice. "I got some of the very best I ever had in my life out of the Detroit Free Press. The London Punch used to have some first-rate stuff in it for the end."

"Talking about newspapers and gags," said Benedict, "I'll tell you a little story I had a gag that is as old as the hills now, but I got it up myself and it was a good one. It was that one about the Mississippi. 'Why don't they stop the Mississippi from overflowing? Why, dam it, they can't! See?'"

"That was a pretty good gag when it was young. Well, about seven or eight years ago I was in a little town in Indiana where they had been having some trouble with the water, and I got off the same gag about the Wabash River. It took well, but when the show was over a fellow that ran a paper there came up to me and said: 'How, that was a pretty 'cute' gag about the Wabash?'" "Think so?" I said. "Yes," said he, "and it's mine." "Well, it's a pretty good one, anyhow," I said. "How long did you write it?" "Oh, about a year and a half ago, I guess," says he.

"Just then Billy Arlington came down stairs and I said, 'Billy, how long ago did you hear me tell that 'dam it, they can't' gag?'" "About ten or twelve years ago," says Billy. "It took this fellow down about four and a half pegs."

"That's something like my gag about the bum," said Armstrong, with a grim laugh. "I have a little gag like this: 'In Russia, when they want to get rid of a Czar they give him a bomb. Here in this country, when they want to get rid of a bum they give him an office.' I had a man named Carson write that and a lot more truck for me back in New York, all good, and I've seen that same joke traveling all over the country with the name of some newspaper attached to it. 'However,' added the minstrel philosophically, "they are welcome to it; it's a sort of a stand-off on what we've got from them."

"I'll tell you another old newspaper gag," said Moran, thoughtfully tilting

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"Yes," chimed in Arlington, "jokes get to be public property very quick, and if the people only understood it as we do they wouldn't kick about old gags. Now for instance, we opened at San Francisco; all our gags were new and bright. Nobody could say that they had heard them before. Well, there was a fellow at the theatre who ran one of these little programmes in newspaper form. He thought the jokes were pretty good and just set down and took notes of them all. Next evening the little paper had all the jokes and gags in it, and from there they were copied everywhere. After that when anybody would hear of our jokes the chances are they would say, 'Oh, I saw that in some paper.' That's what makes it so hard to get new gags. I see some show advertise, 'All jokes new and fresh—nothing stale, etc.' This can't be, because after a joke's repeated once everybody who wants to be smart takes it up and it ceases to be new any more."

"We depend a good deal, too, on the papers for our jokes," said Armstrong, with an evident desire to give the paragrapher his need of justice. "I got some of the very best I ever had in my life out of the Detroit Free Press. The London Punch used to have some first-rate stuff in it for the end."

"Talking about newspapers and gags," said Benedict, "I'll tell you a little story I had a gag that is as old as the hills now, but I got it up myself and it was a good one. It was that one about the Mississippi. 'Why don't they stop the Mississippi from overflowing? Why, dam it, they can't! See?'"

"That was a pretty good gag when it was young. Well, about seven or eight years ago I was in a little town in Indiana where they had been having some trouble with the water, and I got off the same gag about the Wabash River. It took well, but when the show was over a fellow that ran a paper there came up to me and said: 'How, that was a pretty 'cute' gag about the Wabash?'" "Think so?" I said. "Yes," said he, "and it's mine." "Well, it's a pretty good one, anyhow," I said. "How long did you write it?" "Oh, about a year and a half ago, I guess," says he.

"Just then Billy Arlington came down stairs and I said, 'Billy, how long ago did you hear me tell that 'dam it, they can't' gag?'" "About ten or twelve years ago," says Billy. "It took this fellow down about four and a half pegs."

"That's something like my gag about the bum," said Armstrong, with a grim laugh. "I have a little gag like this: 'In Russia, when they want to get rid of a Czar they give him a bomb. Here in this country, when they want to get rid of a bum they give him an office.' I had a man named Carson write that and a lot more truck for me back in New York, all good, and I've seen that same joke traveling all over the country with the name of some newspaper attached to it. 'However,' added the minstrel philosophically, "they are welcome to it; it's a sort of a stand-off on what we've got from them."

"I'll tell you another old newspaper gag," said Moran, thoughtfully tilting

## MINSTRELS' JOKES.

### Character and Origin of the Best of the Box Mois.

Seated in the little alcove made sacred to the stage manager just back of the proscenium arch was the veteran minstrel—Law Benedict. Clad in primitive attire, the principal portion of which was a pair of pants and a striped shirt, Mr. Benedict was giving some directions as to the stage setting, but speedily concluding his labors piloted the way up to the dressing-room in the mysterious regions above. Here was a chaotic and motley scene. The majority of the troupe were either "making up" or divesting themselves of their attire, and the floor was strewn with a variety of garments that would have made the late Solomon in all his glory long for a back seat. Carefully choosing himself in a pair of variegated pants was Frank Moran—a man whose name had been linked with negro minstrelsy almost ever since it was incorporated in the theatrical dictionary, and striking his arms into a sunflower bedecked coat, he proceeded to put the finishing touches on his face before the mirror. Billy Arlington, the old-time warbler but really a fine, manly-looking fellow just in the prime of life, was in a devotional attitude before a wash bucket trying to entice some of the black off his face with a big sponge. Harry Armstrong, who is counted among the younger men, but who has still amused audiences for nearly a decade, wore a pair of pink pantaloons which gave him something of a spiritlike appearance, barely relieved by the cigar which he was smoking. The other members of the troupe were scattered around promiscuously and doing their work of dressing or undressing with the least possible delay.

### TALKING ABOUT OLD TIMES.

"Talking about old times," said Law Benedict, seating himself and holding down a trunk with his pedal extremities, "I think Surridge is a little off, as to how the minstrel business started."

"By-the-by," said the reporter, addressing the question generally to the group, "how do the gags and end business originate—who gets them up?"

"Well, now," replied Benedict, smiling, "that's a poser, sure enough; it's hard to tell where that funny business does come from, and how anything new gets into it."

"A good deal of it comes from the stories the men get to telling each other at the hotel," said Moran; they make 'em up there and then get them off on the stage. Of course lots of it gets to be stereotyped, and the only wonder to me is that we ever do get anything right new