

FROM THE MIDWAY.

HOW A NEVADA RANCHER ENJOYED HIMSELF.

Forced to Witness Immorality...

The Mouse and the Lady Lion Tamer... Things in General on the M. P.

The following letter has just reached this office after traveling by way of New Orleans, Texas, Honduras and other points. If the man who wrote it would attend writing school for awhile and learn how to direct his letters plainly, they would reach their destination quicker. Midway Pleasance Chicago, Oct. 31, Ed. APPEAL:—I did not find the true Midway Pleasance until yesterday. The place I had been during all the week proved to be merely one of the hucksters avenue that leads toward the Fair, and swarms with fakers of all nationalities and creeds from California, New Jersey, Indiana and elsewhere.

I invested in a folding chair for the first time last evening. They are very light and as I pushed it along ahead of me and rested my tired hands and arms on the cross bar in the rear it gave a restful feeling to my weary shoulders and elbows I had not experienced for several days. It did not however bring that sense of comfort to the feet that I had been led to expect.

I afterwards learned that I could have set down in it without paying any more.

In the Public Comfort Building, which is much frequented by ladies, I rescued a tall and beautiful blonde from a terrible dilemma. A mouse ran across the floor in a vicious and riotous manner causing great rustling of skirts chair climbing and fainting. Catching the reeling blonde in my arms I shouted to the ladies I was there, and helped my charge out of the building. When refreshed with a drink of hot clam juice from the Rhode Island exhibit the trembling creature told me that she must hurry away as she had to do a lion taming act on the Pleasance at 2.30.

Later in the day I saw her banging a Numidian lion over the head with the butt of a riding whip and also kick the posterior of a Bengal tiger all over the ring, amid the vociferous applause of the delighted populace.

One of the pleasant features of a stroll down the Pleasance is a feeling that one can purchase souvenirs of all the foreign booths without violating any of principles of that protection to home industry, so ably exemplified by the late James G. Blaine. I always spend my creditors' money at home in home products and when I purchased a genuine Damascus blade 360 years old I knew that the Aurora cutlery works got its whack at my dough and the black-thorn shalalah from the Barney Castle with a true Donagel nob on the end came from the same Connecticut forest I played hockey in as a child.

I think however that I got fooled on a Turkish rug which I brought back to my hotel. It proved to be filled with the genuine Algerian bed bug, hidden away so deftly between the meshes of the cloth as to escape the scrutiny of the Custom House officers. In spite of the attempt of a few of the foreign element to introduce their wares into this country I am happy to say that American enterprise and industry has proven fully equal to the situation.

The Illinois souvenir factories have been running to their fullest capacity all summer on Arabian spoons, Senagambian broches, East Indian door mats, Javanese coca-nut-husk under ware, Easter bonnets of hand-painted gourds from South Africa, Berlin beer mugs of Milwaukee pressed clay and a thousand other little curiosities which are being visited hobo.

I never saw many Uncle Tom's Cabins in any one town as here.

A man with less than two in is considered badly off. The Uncle Tom Cabin company has been very generous in this respect and placed the great historic relic within reach of everybody. The distribution of the Cabins has saved a great deal of car fare and is much appreciated.

There are not so many of the Cabins whose old Sitting Bull breath-

ed his last—but there are enough here for him to have died comfortable and not looked for shelter from the cold prairie winds in his last hours. He might have been short on houses while he lived but when he died he was well fixed.

I regret to say that I was inveigled into seeing some of those awful Oriental dances of which the moral press of the windy city has warned the public.

A man in front of the Turkish theatre warned the public away from the place in the following unmistakable language.

"I want to tell you right here that this dance is a blamed sight worse than the papers represent. If you don't say it is the toughest thing you ever saw in Chicago, I'll refund every cent of your money. (Here you kids get out of here this is no place for boys.)"

At this point I found myself drawn reluctantly along with the surging mass of humanity up two flights of stairs and into the interior of the Turkish theatre.

I next visited the Bedouin Arab theatre where they gave a modified imitation of the Turkish article, which is the only recognized abdominal dance on the ground.

While not as bad as the Turkish dance the Bedouin imitation is pretty tough. It is not proclaimed as such however, by the man in front, and consequently a good many ladies drift in who, when the dance begins, wish they were somewhere else.

On the occasion of which I speak, the crowd was so thick that the ladies could not get out and on the stage were some Chicago belles, some New York actresses mixed up with a number of staid Indiana matrons and some old ladies in spectacles and poke bonnets from the agricultural districts of Nebraska.

To see the expressions on their faces when the dances were being performed to a howling, shrieking crowd of men, was something of a study.

Suddenly throw a pail of cold water on a sleeping cat and you get a faint idea of it. While the building was rocking with the stamping of feet and shouts of approval, a young Chicago blood, who came in with two female companions, gave a whoop and bounded into the ring.

"Keep your seats ladies and gentlemen; no extra charge for reserves. Please let the Bedouin chief hold my coat."

He pitched his coat onto the chief's spear and began a burlesque imitation of the dance. The place was an earthquake now.

The dancing girls fell back, gave the young wag room and shrieking with laughter, formed a ring about him. The demonstrations of the crowd grew into one prolonged shriek of laughter.

The Chicago belles, the New York actresses, the Indiana matrons and the Nebraska dames went with the rest and were simply in convulsions of merriment. People of all grades of life and representing all shades of respectability, from the highest to the lowest, were here mingled on a common level, a touch of nature which is universal—the sense of humor. There are plenty of odd fakes on the Midway.

Where a model of the Eiffel tower is exhibited there is also some French dancing, advertised as very naughty. I strolled in expecting to see the latest dancing wrinkle from the gay Parisian capital, but there were only some Kearney street dance hall young ladies, with no new kick or fling that could be called a novelty or cause the ladies in the audience to feel like wishing to be somewhere else. At the close of this exceedingly mild show, a man rose in a box and remarked:

"Ladies and gentlemen. We have an oriental dance in this building, but we don't care to give it on the ground floor.

"Some people from the lumber districts of Michigan or the Sunday school wards of Philadelphia may call the dance immoral, but sensible people will merely regard it as a national dance of Turkey. We have been notified by the city authorities to stop the dance, but we have a concession from the Fair authorities backed by both Houses of Congress and we will give Chicago a rattle in the courts if they attempt to arrest us. Admission ten cents; go up stairs and turn to the left."

It was a mixed audience of ladies and gentlemen and every soul in the building went up.

Three young ladies with their es-

corts hesitated at the foot of the stairs.

"Shall we go up?" said a young man looking enquiringly at the rest of the group.

"We might as well see it all," said the young lady on his arm, and she led the way up stairs.

"Never saw anything yet that would phase Maime," said a girl evidently her sister.

"If I had your modesty I'd pawn it for a quarter and lose the ticket."

"Well let's don't fuss and row, come on."

With this sort of discussion the little party drifted up with the crowd and the dancing began.

In a few moments it dawned upon the crowd that they were sold. A clerical young man on the stage and sang a song in the garden of which was that no sin with which she was connected ever allowed any of these naughty dances because it wasn't right.

She then said that she would show them the naughtiest dance she had ever learned, and then the orchestra struck up the moss-covered sailor's horn pipe.

The audience rose as one person and began tumbling toward the exit. "Sold again" said a dozen men in a breath. "Phaw," said the three young ladies in a quiet but disgusted tone.

One of the dancing booths, Brazilian, I think, has a large sign out:

Dancing Brazilian Beauties
Talent and Morality.

The crowd surges past that booth and never goes in.

The word "morality," seems to have "queered" the show as if a yellow flag indicating small-pox had been hung out.

In the evening is the time to see the Midway in its best stage of whirl. The people who go there then are out for a lark and everybody is good natured and "in for anything."

Almost anywhere you see the ladies hobnobbing and drinking tea with the Bedouin Arabs, the Samoan warriors and the Zulu chiefs, and the visiting youth drinking beer with the dancing girls of Turkey, the veiled beauties of Circassia (late of the Palace Varieties on Kearney street) and the romantic inmates of the Sultan of Morocco's harem from St. Louis and Milwaukee.

In old Vienna there is a great crush, and permit me to remark that in old Vienna everybody is on the make.

The admission is free but when you get out you don't exactly know whether you have just spent some money or had your pocket picked.

It is full of pretty flaxen haired Vienna beauties whose business is to keep the cash register going and make you believe that everything there is selling at cost to save the high duty at home and ocean transportation.

"Those Venician chimes are beautiful," I remarked softly as I closed my eyes and listened to the gentle and melodious harmonies that filled the air, as the moonlight streamed down between the tall chimneys of these quaint old buildings. Then I was told that the music that took such a hold on me was the "ching," "ching" of the cash register and the rattle of small change. I made a two bit purchase and the sweet little girl rang up No. 5 on the cash register as she plunked a nickel in the drawer.

"I see you know how to handle this new American invention," I said in a low tone.

"Hush—s—s—sh," she said in a soft whisper as she pressed an extra knock-knack into the package winked a long wink and rolled her tongue on one side of her cheek.

After midnight is the real time to ramble along the Midway, it is given over to revelry and carouse. The visiting hoosiers are away, the street is nearly deserted, but inside the buildings a high old time is going on.

Liquor from all parts of the globe is here and the strangely carved and quaintly shapen flasks of all nationalities are elevated butt end to the sky or the thatched roof and the contents go gurgling down the throat of the Mussalman, the Jap, the Kanacka, and the western visitor.

If the roofs could only be lifted off the Midway at about 2 p. m. and the whole thing stood on end where the public could see it, we are disposed to think that the present rates of admission could be raised without materially decreasing the attendance.

After walking about the Fair a few days one begins to feel intensely in-

significant, mean, no-account and poverty stricken.

When you see the lumped products of the concentrated brains of the globe, the looms, the machinery, paintings, sculpture and triumphs of genius of two continents, you feel that almost the only thing you really know is the alphabet of your own country.

When you strike the Russian, Belgian and French exhibits and price some vases and bronzes you begin to feel poor. A \$50,000 vase on a \$40,000 stand, and not such a very big stand at that, makes you think that you have just fallen out of the second story of a county poor house.

A \$10 vase is supposed to rhyme with "race," a \$10,000 one with "daze," while a \$50,000 one rhymes with "has," to have the true Chicago pronunciation, and is lisped with a slight buzzing sound at the end of the word.

The women are having a fine time. Most of the ladies who have been put on the various State Boards of Management have put in most of their time snubbing each other. When they have an executive meeting they shut themselves up in a room, report to each other how they have snubbed by ladies of other states, and plot how to get even.

When a lady connected with one board calls at the headquarters of another State she is met with a freezing stare (no bow) and the inquiry:

"Are you aware madam, that this room is set apart exclusively for the members of the Board of Lady Managers?"

And the reply will be, "Oh indeed; very nice rooms you have, pray tell me are you the janitress?"

My little pet chameleon purchased at the Florida exhibit died this morning. It had licked the green paint off its sides and being unused to paint for breakfast had been unable to digest it.

They are selling by the thousands for a dollar apiece and the mortality among them is very great.

This morning Major Frank McLaughlin and myself went out in a Venetian gondola and shot a fine string of ducks on the lagoon and also bagged a couple of swans. The fishing is also good here after the sun goes down.

S. D.

STOCKS.

Yesterday's sales in the San Francisco Stock Exchange:

ESTERDAY'S AFTERNOON BOARD.

- Ophir 2 85
Mexican 1 3/4
Gold & Curry 1 65
Bost & Belcher 3 60
Gen. Cal. Va. 5 25
Savage 1 35
Chollar 1 05
Potosi 1 40
Hale & Norcross 1 35
Crown Point 1 35
Yellow Jacket 1 45
Sierra Nevada 2 05

Fall and Winter Clothing.

John Henderson, representing Wanamaker and Brown of Philadelphia, Pa., will be at the Arlington House Nov. 14, 15, and 16, with a full line of samples of gents and boy's clothing and furnishing goods.

The public are respectfully requested to call and examine goods and prices and be convinced that they can save fifty (50) per cent of the prices usually paid. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed.

School Books.

All kinds of stationery and school supplies at John G. Foxes's School books of every description, slates and blank books, etc.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays the pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea, 25 cents a bottle.

Prof. L. Zimmer will furnish music for balls, parties, private and public entertainments, and give instructions on ten instruments; violin and mandolin a specialty. Apply at Ormsby House.

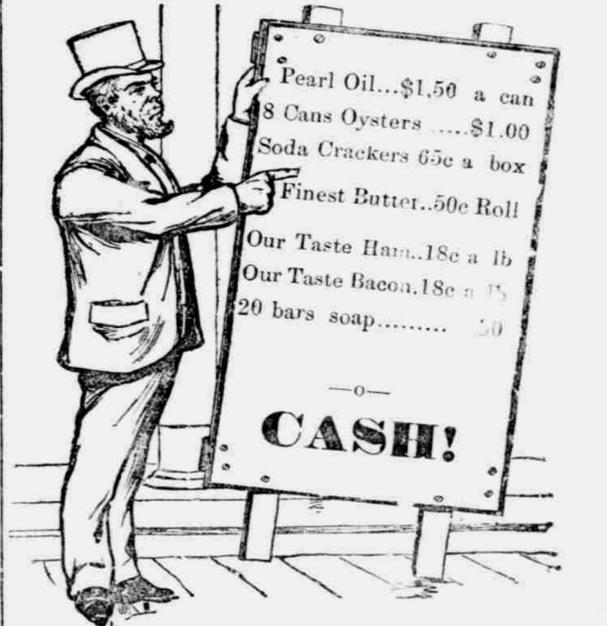
FOR SALE—An A No. 1 Hallett & Davis square grand piano. Can be bought for \$200; for cash or on the installment plan. Enquire at this office for particulars. n10

FOR SALE—A six-year-old bay mare, light buckboard, and a single harness, mare perfectly gentle price one hundred dollars; for particulars enquire at this office. n10

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