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SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 13, 1886.

Has Simeon Donavin lapsed into "innocuous desuetude"?

Ex-Senator's Chaffee's death plumps a round million into "Buck" Grant's wife's lap. "Buck" is in luck, and will not need any of the proceeds of his father's book.

The Cleveland *Plain-Dealer* says "the republican party is a party of but one idea." In a sense, that is true. Its one great leading idea is that the democratic party has demonstrated its unworthiness to be trusted with this government.

Samuel Jones has great difficulty in persuading the Chicago people to be afraid that they will ever find a place that goes ahead of their city—except in warmth; and that they say is the only thing they lack and long for.

The senatorial committee in Cincinnati has about lost its interest. There is a monotonous daily hunt for republican frauds, but none have yet been turned up. The figuring now seems to be for delay, and for some way to let go advantageously.

The silver agitation in congress seems to be experiencing a lull. Meantime both England and Germany are stirring up the question whether it would not be better for them to return to bimetalism. Perhaps the silver problem will solve itself, if let alone.

When Great Britain has disestablished the church and demolished the house of lords—both of which she is going to do before the close of the century—her ridiculous old flummery of royalty and nobility will be bundled off to the ragbag mighty quick.

The representatives of the powers have gone to Constantinople again to hold a meeting on the rampancy of Greece and the preparation of Turkey for squelching her. Greece is aching all over to be whipped. Suppose the powers form a ring and let the slugging proceed.

The shooting of the foreman of the grand jury that found indictments against the murderers of Chinese indicates that society on the Pacific coast is approaching the vigilance-committee stage. A popular outburst of decent Christian hanging would clear the atmosphere out there.

The street-cars in Cincinnati will stop today unless the directors yield to 12 hours and $2 a day for the conductors and drivers. Well, when a man has worked 12 hours in 24 he has done his share, and when he receives less than $2 for it, he has not got his share. Let us be reasonable.

Have our Springfield authorities thought of the near approach of warm weather and of the probability of a cholera season? If there is to be a sanitary cleaning-up of this city, it should be commenced now. The filth which breeds pestilence can be stirred with safety only in cold weather. Stir it now. Move it now.

We understand that the Mr. Parsons who made speeches here a short time ago is not a Knight of Labor at all. At any rate, it was a malicious misrepresentation to say that his paper, *The Alarm*, is in any sense an organ or mouthpiece of that order. The utterances of his paper are absolutely repudiated by the Knights of Labor.

When the house committee on Payne was staying at Columbus, Payne's lawyers could watch it. But, now that it has gone perambulating over the state, the lawyers don't know just how to grab it by its seat of government. They fall back on their demur and take their affidavits. They don't see how they can work a court on the jump.

D. D.

Daniel came to judgment.

Mr. D. Dalton, of Cincinnati, state of Ohio, ss., greeting, went to Columbus with "them there returns."

He went a prisoner, in the custody of a sergeant-at-arms of the house, which he had defied.

He did not go in defiance. Quite the contrary.

The sergeant-at-arms took him, and delivered him to the sheriff of Franklin county at the jail.

When the sheriff had got him, he told the sheriff that he, the aforesaid Daniel, was willing to purge himself of his contempt. Thereupon the sheriff gave him back to the sergeant-at-arms, who produced his body at the bar of the house.

There Daniel made his little speech of recantation: that is he said he can wherein he had previously said he can't. He handed over, and stood purged.

The house said he could go, and he went. The house added, in its remarks to him, that he must pay the costs of his contemptible proceedings—about $1,000.

And so Dan'l Dalton, he passes away. He relapses into Cincinnati bummerdom, and his ponderous individuality becomes merged therein. He is no longer a bully boy in court. He is a taller dog that has had his day. Ta, ta, Daniel.

Aberdeen and Morley.

If relief does not come to Ireland, it will not be the fault of the new lord lieutenant, the Earl of Aberdeen, or of the new secretary, John Morley. Both are men of large brain and large heart, and both are honest and philanthropic in their purposes.

The earl is a sort of second edition of the late Lord Shaftesbury, having become quite noted for his efforts in behalf of the poor and oppressed classes of England; and he will show a generous sympathy for the Irish, if for no other reason, because he is humane on general principles. The earl is a youngish man, tall, slim, fine-appearing, and if to be a statesman is to wear ill-fitting clothes, as do Gladstone, the new lord lieutenant is grossly deficient; for he is always neatly and becomingly attired, in garments that seem to be from the hand of an American tailor. The earl hesitates somewhat in speaking, after the English fashion, but he talks sense, in a very pleasing, effective way. His wife is a warm-hearted, truly noble woman, always actively engaged in charitable and Christian work.

Mr. Morley, as a journalist, has always been telling statesmen just what to do; and now it is to be hoped that he will do it himself.

LIBRARY NOTES.

The Judge for today (March 13) has a fine colored cartoon representing Cleveland as "Falstaff in a Fix." The descriptive text of the Judge's Shakespeare is as follows:

EXECUTIVE CLEMENCY: "Give you reasons for clemency on compulsion? If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I."

PRINCE HENRY: Exit Sir John—"What trick, what device, what starting hole canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?"

"Mrs. Peixada," the new novel by Sidney Luska, is announced for early publication by Cassell & Company. It is an advance upon the author's first novel, "As it was Written," and will please an even larger audience. The story begins with the very first page and there is no let up till the end is reached.

Emma Marshall, who counts her readers by the hundred thousand, has a new novel in the press of Cassell & Company. It is called "No. XIII: The Story of the Lost Vestal." Ancient Rome is the scene of the story and the ancient Romans are the dramatis personæ.

The March number of *The Pansy* is as bright and winning as its flower namesake. Pansy is only ten cents a number. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, Mass.

—The Naval History of the Civil War will be a full, complete, and authentic history of the marvellous growth, mighty achievements, and daring deeds of our navy during the memorable years of the civil war, by Admiral David D. Porter, U. S. N. This long looked for volume tells the naval side of the story of the civil war. It does for the navy what General Grant's "Personal Memoirs" does for the army. The work will be sold by subscription. The publishers are Hubbard Bros., Philadelphia.

—The Great Conspiracy. Its Origin and History, is John A. Logan's impartial and faithful review of the causes and occurrences which led to the great civil war, illustrated with portraits of the leading statesmen of the period covered by the book. The work will be published by A. R. Hart & Co., in one volume, octavo size, of about 700 pages, from new plates, on fine book paper, and substantially bound, and be sold only by subscription.

—We have received *The World Almanac*, accompanied with "Compliments of Joseph Pulitzer," on a card in his own handwriting. Joseph writes a distinguished hand, and his almanac is a complete compendium of public statistics and political information. Thanks, Jo, for the almanac as well as the autograph.

—*The Present*, the new Cincinnati magazine, looks well for March. It is a very creditable beginning of what ought to be an honor to that city of much art and little literature.

—*Outing* (Outing Publishing Co., New York, monthly, $3 a year) is as breezy as all outdoors. It is the gamiest horsiest, base-ballest, fishiest, bicycliest—well, all-abroadest magazine in the English language.

—But for good, steady, week-in-and-week-out literature of the best and highest sort, give us *Littell's Living Age* all the time. The reader who can not get his money's worth out of this wonderful weekly is a mighty poor reader, and always will be.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Ex-President Arthur's damaged digestion is improving.

The Payne Investigating Committee is holding sessions at Toledo.

Some one claims a patent for so mixing air with natural gas as to prevent explosion by the latter.

Bradstreet's Agency reports over fifty thousand men idle east of the Rock Mountains, on account of strikes.

The Ohio state insurance commissioner is making war on the graveyard companies. Arrests have been made.

Hon. Leroy D. Brown, of Hamilton, O., democratic state commission of common schools, declines a second candidacy.

The Bohemian oats swindling cases at Tiffin, O., have been continued until April. The opperators are reported as very anxious.

Loveland camp meeting will begin July 31 and continue one month. Revs. Jones and Small have been engaged for revival work.

Less business failures were reported for the last week than for each of the two preceding weeks. They appear to be on the decline.

A company has been organized at New York for the transmission of telegraphic messages in printed form. It is an Ohio invention.

Chicago reports a good business in almost all staple lines at thirty per cent. more than last year at a like period in dry goods alone. But this report is exceptional.

Lieutenant Colonel James N. Caldwell, U. S. infantry (retired), died at Carthage, O. He participated in the Florida, Mexican and great civil wars. He was born in Franklin, Warren county, O.

Laurens A. Meeks, of Clermont county, has been sentenced to the Cincinnati workhouse for chicken stealing. He was justice of the peace of Stonelick township when the hen-roosts were robbed.

A Cincinnatian states positively to a correspondent that John McLean was in Columbus when the 2 in the 208 was changed to a 5, in the Thirteenth ward rascality in that city. McLean is said to have inspected the work and pronounced it good. He went to Columbus in the night on a special Midland train, in company with Lew Bernard, remained in the car in the depot, had a conference with representatives of the gang, and was immediately pulled out for Cincinnati. The visit was made on Sunday night, the return to Cincinnati being before daylight Monday morning.

Congress.

SENATE—March 12—Debate on the Edmunds resolution was continued by Mr. Kenna. Senator Cullom was recognized for Monday at 4:30 p. m., and the senate went into executive session at 5 p. m. Adjourned.

In the house the invitation of the senate to attend the funeral services for the late Senator Miller was accepted. A resolution calling for a statement from the secretary of the treasury of the war tax account was presented and referred. A resolution against cranks or chronic objectors to the consideration of bills was objected to as disrespectful to the house. A pension bill granting the widow of General Hancock $2,000 a year was reported and placed on the private calendar. The house at 2 p. m. took up the private calendar and passed a few bills. The speaker announced the committee to accompany the remains of Senator Miller to California, and at 4:30 p. m. a recess was taken until 7:30 p. m., the evening session being for the consideration of pension bills.

Ohio Legislature.

SENATE, March 12.—Bills passed: Requiring second-hand articles to be kept in junk shops twenty-four hours after purchase; dispensing with the publication of notice of proposed street improvements.

Bills introduced: Repealing the act prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors within two miles of fair grounds; requiring railroads to give notice at stations whether trains are on time or not; amending the insurance laws so as to require definite statements to the state superintendents and to policy-holders. A resolution was offered looking to the printing of school books at the deaf and dumb asylum or soldiers' orphans' home.

HOUSE.—The greater part of the day was spent in considering the general appropriation bill.

Daniel J. Dalton, clerk of Hamilton county, appeared before the bar of the house and produced the returns from precinct A, fourth ward, Cincinnati, after which he was discharged from the custody of the sergeant-at-arms.

John B. Gough is said to have had what is called a strong presentiment that he would not survive the present year. He frequently told his friends that he would never see 70, which he would have been in August, 1887.

IN GREAT DISTRESS.

PERSISTENCE AND INGENUITY OF THE PROFESSIONAL PAUPER.

Case of a Woman with an Invalid Husband and Three Suffering Children—The Facial Muscles Thoroughly Under Control—A Professional Whine.

"I'm in great distress, sir! and I really don't know where to appeal to. My husband is lying sick in the hospital leaving me with three children at home and no food to put into their mouths. The landlord says he'll turn us into the street at the end of the week."

The speaker was a woman of about middle age, of shabby genteel appearance, with wan, wrinkled face in which each feature seemed to vie with its neighbor in the expression of deep-seated, uncompromising melancholy. The man appealed to was standing talking to two others in front of a New York hotel, and his first inclination was to say "I've nothing for you" but, turning to do so, he was struck with the evident helplessness of the woman as portrayed in her appearance and the pleading tones of her voice. Instinctively his hand went into his pocket as did that of one of his companions, the result being a small donation of silver from each. The third man looked at the woman unmoved. He carefully knocked the ashes from his partly finished cigar and waited patiently until the others were ready to resume the interrupted conversation.

"Come, John," said one of them in tones of entreaty, "give the woman a quarter."

"No," replied John, "not a penny. I never give anything in the street."

"But this is a very deserving and pressing case." (Here the woman at his side broke into tears.)

"It may be, indeed it seems to be, but I'm not sure of it. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give her a great many quarters under a certain condition."

"What is it?" asked the friend, and the two men and the women came closer to hear the answer.

"The condition is this" (John was now speaking directly to the woman) "If you will go to the offices of the New York Charities Organization Society association at 9 o'clock, tell the same same story you've told here and their investigation shall substantiate it, I'll promise to give you $10 myself and see that you and the children are taken care of until your husband is again able to work."

"Thank you, sir," said the woman, as she dried her eyes, "they'll find it just as I have told you, sir."

THEY MET THE NEXT MORNING

The next morning promptly the three men met at the office of the New York Charities Organization society.

The woman did not come!

"There is no chance of that woman coming here," said one of the officers of the society, after listening to the description. "She's a professional pauper."

"Do you mean to tell me," demanded one of the visitors, "that that poor woman's tears were but the expression of a simulated and not a real sorrow, that the unmistakable signs of suffering which I saw written indelibly all over her face were only affected?"

"Yes, sir," replied the officer, "that's what I exactly mean to tell you. The professional pauper, constantly making what we call a long face, finally gets the facial muscles so thoroughly under control as to be able at a moment's notice to assume the expression of abject suffering and woe. The younger members of the profession can thoroughly relax the facial muscles when the object which called them into play has been achieved and the face may then be made to resume its normal condition of cheerfulness. But with the old stagers it is otherwise. A constant straining of these muscles in drawing down the face so develops them as to make them always prominent, and hence their natural expression, notwithstanding how well they are living, becomes one of melancholy. So it is with their voices. The professional pauper's voice is so constantly pitched in pleading, whimpering tones that very soon it gets down to a whine as its normal condition. So skillful do they eventually become in assuming the manner and tones and appearance of a really suffering and deserving person that they will often deceive those having experience in such matters. They have reduced alms getting to an art and mendicancy to a science, their tears come without sorrow and their nerves twitch without pain."

"And why," demanded the questioner, "if the professional pauper is such a skillful actor that he can present a perfect picture of woe, with every little detail carried out with faultless art—why, I say, if he can do all this does he not forsake mendicancy, which is but uncertain and desultory, at best, and take to the stage, where such superior mimicry would insure him an honest competence?"

"I'll answer this question," replied the officer, "if you will explain to me why the cracksman, who is at once a metal worker and a mechanician, and often a shrewd man of business to boot, does not confine himself to legitimate enterprises? I might guess that it was because his instincts are vicious, and that getting a living by honest means would take all the sauce and flavor out of life for him."—Brooklyn Eagle.

College Students as Hotel Waiters.

A Bowdoin college student, who says he has been there, gives his views on the romance and profit of spending the summer vacation as a hotel waiter. He says the summer months are given the student to rejuvenate his mental faculties and tone up his physical constitution, and seems to think the one is not accomplished by association with the help usually employed around hotels, or the other by sleeping in laundries or under bowling alleys.

As to the financial success of the scheme he is equally skeptical, his experience seeming to have been that the cooks got the greater part of his perquisites or wages, emphasizing their demands, when he was disposed to be less generous than they wished, by furnishing such poor food at the table presided over by him that the guests rose in rebellion. He was forbidden to talk to any of the guests, and ordered to keep in the back part of the house. It is to be presumed that next season he will seek some more congenial field, perhaps a Maine hayfield. Then again, to form the habit of the lackey by living on fees is mentally if not financially bewitching, unless one is bent on purely psychological study.—The Orient.

A Baby Who Longed for Poverty.

Within two years, however, a strange change has been wrought in Washington square. Imposing apartment houses, some for families and others exclusively for bachelors, have been erected, you has been driven out of obnoxious sight, and the whole ground is once more quiet and fashionable. But the open plaza is common to all decorous comers, and around the pool in the center mix as opposed people as can be seen anywhere in town together. It was here that I heard a scion of pride and wealth cry for very humble poverty. He was a baby, however, and will change his mind by and by, as most of us have done as to the honors and glories pertaining to a stage driver or a circus clown.

This youngster was snug and cozy in a perambulator, with downy wraps, a pretty nursemaid, and a silver rattle, but he saw a squalid Italian chap, about his own age, crowded into one end of a small wagon, the rest of which was freighted with a hand organ, and his small mind was instantly filled by contentedness and envy. The music, the mechanical figures, the companionship of a small monkey—all were enchanting to him, and he would gladly have swapped his good fortune for this bad one. So he yelled and struggled for an exchange, and experienced his first rebuff in trying to escape the conventionalities of riches into the romance of privation.—"Uncle Bill's" New York Letter.

Effects of Freezing Florida Fish.

Fish in Lake George, Florida, show the effects of the late freeze. The scales in large blotches are stripped from the skin, and on these naked places what seems to be a fungus is growing. The same strange growth in some instances covers the eyes and head, and the fish is dull, listless, and shows no disposition to eat.—Chicago Herald.

A Good Excuse for Fox Hunting.

There is an excellent excuse for fox hunting in Maryland since it has been discovered that foxes regard terrapin eggs as a great delicacy, and cause by their efforts a scarcity of diamond back terrapin.—Exchange.

REGRET

Could we recall years that have fled, how quickly from the tongue
Would fall the kind words left unsaid, the sweet songs left unsung.
How many cares, that long ago dark shadows over us cast,
Would fade like flakes on the snow, could we recall the past.

How firmly steadfastly we'd keep those paths we should have trod
How true we'd prove to friends who sleep now beath the churchyard sod.
O years deep marked with Folly's stains and torn by Pleasure's blast,
How soon we'd free thee from thy chains, could we recall the past.

—F. F. Murray in Detroit Free Press.

THE SERVANTS OF ARISTOCRACY.

Sleek Sycophants Within Doors and an Insolent, Dangerous Rabble Without.

Footmen are principally for ornament. Dressed finer than their masters, fed often as well, for they drink up the beef tags at dinner and pilfer the pates and jellies, no doubt, as they take them down stairs, they lead a lazy life, sitting on cushioned carriages, or lounging in front of shops and palaces, with hundreds placed for them on the pavements while they wait. They are always conspicuous figures on the drive or at dinner, at the opera or ball.

It a stranger to the customs and the language should suddenly be thrust into the entrance room at a London ball, he might easily suppose that these bodily creatures, in their breeches of plush and hose of silk, with their silver buckles and powdered hair, their easy manners and constant bows, were the especial dignitaries of the occasion, while without, the throng of fifty or a hundred flunkeys bringing up carriages or waiting to be called, watching the company coming and going, handing out the ladies, and taking orders from the gentlemen, make a part of the scene as actually as the planter dressed aristocrats whom they serve.

They lose all their elegance on the pavement—crowding, chattering, pushing, insulting the gentlemen whom they do not know and criticising the ladies they do, incessantly shouting, Lady Somebody's carriage, Coming up, Setting down. Gone for the carriage, as often in mockery as in earnest, and altogether as insolent and dangerous a rabble as can be seen anywhere in the world. A parcel of swamp in a backup suddenly left uncontrolled could hardly be vulgarer or ruder. They seem to revenge themselves for the restraints they submit to all the rest of their lives. Here the aristocrats are at their mercy. They must have their carriages and they can't get them themselves, and the lackeys delight in annoying and disappointing and delaying them, with only half the show of serving.

One can fancy what the class might be capable of in a revolution. A night scene in front of the London ball makes one think of the poissardes and pétroleuses of Paris. The contrast with the sleek sycophancy within doors is terrible in its suggestiveness.—Adam Badeau's Letter.

The Problem Is Still Unsolved.

During the recent struggle of the Union Pacific with the snow blockade a newly appointed official in the mechanical department of the road found occasion to make of himself a first class fool for ridicule. The story as told by one of his subordinates is this, in brief: Hitherto it had been the custom to send out heavy trains which had to break the snow, with four or five engines coupled together in the ordinary fashion. The unequal motion of the locomotives when checking a heavy drift served to lessen the power of the attack, because the force could not be brought into a single impetus, this circumstance being due to the fact that the engines were loosely coupled together.

The official in question, after studying the problem, decided that it would be a fine scheme to have the engines coupled together by means of long timbers placed on either side, and riveted strongly to each locomotive. In this way all the engines would move at once against the drift and scatter it to the four winds of heaven. The scheme was tried. Everything went swimmingly until a sharp curve was met. The engines being coupled together in a manner which left no play of action it was impossible to round the curve. Before the danger was noticed, however, it was too late, and every one of the five engines was ditched.—Omaha Herald.

Omnivorous Appetite of Horses.

A New York paper speaks of the omnivorous appetite of horses, quoting David Bonner as saying that Startle would eat a beef sandwich out of his groom's hand. Every one knows how fond most horses are of sugar, apples, cake, etc., and the fact is mentioned in the article to which reference has been made that when a horse's digestion fails him he will eat clay if he can get it, for the alkali in the clay corrects the overacidity of his stomach. As an illustration of the amount of food that a horse will consume when in training it is mentioned that when Judge Fulperton was in Maceo's hands he got from ten to twelve quarts of oats a day and from four to six quarts of corn meal. But horses have hardly as wide a range of taste as dogs.

A Buffalo representative of the canine race we have in mind who has never been known to refuse anything that human beings eat except chow-chow. He drew the line there, but would devour with the utmost satisfaction boiled chestnuts, pop-corn, and apples if pared and offered him. Of candy he was very fond, but his most marked liking was for griddle cakes with syrup.—Buffalo Courier.

Her Six Months in America.

"I have really learned more while stopping these six months in America than I did in six years in school at home," a young English girl, who is spending a few weeks with friends in Boston, "I have been in New York and Chicago, and everywhere ladies club everything, and you learn such a lot of things in such a short time. I don't suppose it's very deep learning, but, really, it's better than none at all. We don't think it's good form to always talk about books and writers at home you know. One can't do it, even if one knows, but here you go to a club for just that and get it. It may seem awfully odd to you, but I know ten times as much about Browning as I did when I left home. I hope we shall be able to make ladies' clubs a fashion in London. They aren't so nice, of course, but they aren't half as tiresome."—Boston Record.

Playing Cards for a Limb.

Col. Wright, who had a regiment at Bull Run and got a bullet into his leg there, went to St. Luke's hospital several weeks ago to have something done for the old wound, which had at last become disabling. He was advised that he must choose between amputation and a strong probability of losing the limb more slowly and painfully. There was just enough doubt in the case to make it a proper one for the patient to decide for himself, and he said that he would come to a conclusion within three days. He disliked to part with his leg, and yet he wished to get rid of the wound. At the last hour of the third day, he was against amputation; but just then a fellow veteran called on him and strenuously urged him to submit to the surgery.

"Tell you what I'll do," said the colonel. "I'll play you three games of euchre. If I win two, the leg is mine, and I'll keep it on; if I lose, then the leg is yours, and I'll let it be cut off without ado."

The leg was accordingly laid on the table, while its owner played the best euchre he knew to save it, and the friend as carefully handled the cards to win the curious stake. Each got a game, and then the third became exciting. Point by point it proceeded, until the colonel had four and his opponent three. Then the colonel took up a trump, got euchred, and next deal allowed the surgeons to cut off the stake.—Chicago Journal.

An Old Map of the World.

A map of the world made by Jodocus Hondius, at Amsterdam, in 1653, was found at Frankfort by a gentleman connected with the Alaska Commercial company, of San Francisco, who has recently returned from Europe, and was brought by him to this country. It is about 6x7 feet, and, and on it are many portraits by hand of geographers and navigators. The new world is delineated with considerable imagination.—Chicago Herald.

The Mexican government supports 10,000 public schools, with facilities equal to many of our colleges.

Rustem Pasha, the Turkish ambassador to England, is one of the most expert riflemen in Europe.

LIFE ON THE PLAINS.

AN INTERVIEW WITH BRONCHO JOHN SULLIVAN, THE COWBOY.

The Genuine Article and the False—A Terror to Evil-Doers—Way of the Horse-Thief—Young Men and Old-Timers—Superstitious Mexicans.

There is as much difference between the genuine cowboy and the disreputable blusterer and bulldozer, that writers for the press have made the cowboy out to be, as there is between the honest, hard working mechanic of this or any other city and the swaggering rowdy, loafer, or bully that jostles him in the street. A wide-rimmed hat, fringed leggins, ability to sit a mustang well, a six-shooter, and a carcass full of bad rum do not make a cowboy. A cowboy is not a drunkard. He is not a horse thief nor a road agent. The men whose faithful endurance guides and guards thousands of herds of valuable cattle through dangerous passes and lonely trails, and who place their lives between their charges and the many enemies they encounter from ranch to dead line, are not selected from the outcast, criminal scum of the country.

It is not the cowboy's favorite pastime to ride through border towns and empty his revolver at unoffending and helpless citizens. On the contrary, the true cowboy is a terror to evildoers of all kinds. Horse thieves hate and fear him. Raiding Indians hold a manifesto from a body of cowboys in more regard than they do a proclamation of the president. Doc Middleton and his gang of horse thieves would be operating in the west yet if the cowboys hadn't stepped in. Middleton and his men ran more horses out of the west than any gang that ever worked the plains. The authorities either couldn't or wouldn't get their hands on him. The cowboys got tired of Middleton, and sent him word that they had concluded to take up his case. Two days later Doc Middleton gave himself up to the officers of the law. He preferred to spend a few years in the penitentiary to meeting the justice he knew the cowboys would be sure to give him sooner or later. His gang gang was scattered to the four winds, and not one of them turned cowboy.

"Men generally choose a life of crime because they can make more money, and make it easier than they can by honest labor. Imagine a road agent who, by a bold stroke, may secure a fortune in half an hour, trailing a herd of cattle across country for $25 a month! There is nothing easier or more profitable in the sparsely settled territories than horse thieving. A stock raiser may have 2,000 or 3,000 horses on his ranch. His neighbor may have as many more. A gang of horse thieves take three or four head from each ranch. The chances are that the horses will never be missed. If they are, the loss is comparatively so small that the owner of the horses does not think it worth while to risk the loss of other horses to pursue the thieves. One night's work may net a trio of horse thieves $300 or $400. Is it reasonable to suppose that such men would be willing to spend five or six months of the year working like slaves on a cattle range and living on corn meal and bacon for the privilege of earning a total sum of probably $150?

"The steadfast, most reliable, and hardest working cowboys are those who are born in the cattle regions, or the old timers, who have lived there so long that they have forgotten the manners and customs of a better civilization. There are cowboys following the trails who are not yet in their teens, and there are many who are crowding on to 70. Some of these old boys are as erect in the saddle and throw their lassoes as unerringly as any of the younger ones, but others are bent and wrinkled, and should never go on a range. It would kill them to leave the camp, though, and many of these old timers will die in the saddle. I know boys not yet 15, who are as expert in running a steer on a round up, or in manipulating a bunch of stampeded cattle, as any Mexican that ever threw a lasso. The Mexican cowboy, you know, is generally regarded as the master of the horse and lasso, and it is the custom for people to say, 'He is as smart with the rope as a Mexican.'

Taking it all in all, I think the white cowboy is superior to the Mexican. The white man is cool, patient, and of better judgment. If a Mexican runs a steer for any length of time he gets wild, and soon uses up his horse. He is apt to injure the cattle in his hot mood. Besides that, the Mexican is superstitious, and when his religious fears come upon him the cattle in his charge are a secondary consideration. I have known a herd of 3,000 cattle in charge of Mexicans to be stampeded in a thunderstorm because the Mexicans were afraid of the thunder and lightning, and threw themselves from their horses, stripped themselves and lashed their naked bodies with cactus as a penance for some sin, while the herd rushed wildly away in all directions, and hundreds were lost. It is not an uncommon thing for Mexican cowboys to stop on the trail to punish themselves for their sins. Frequently their wild cries cause a disastrous stampede of the cattle in their charge. I have seen these Mexicans walk barefooted for rods over patches of prickly cactus, while a companion followed them and lashed their naked backs with the same thorny plant.—New York Sun Interview.

How to Bring Up Young Men.

Some three years ago, in an editorial, we advised our manufacturers to select one or more boys from good and tried families—boys that bid well to become stand, energetic, business men. Send them to some institute where they can get the training you desire to fit them for your work. Open an account with them; when you send them away, charge the expense to them as you pay it out; and when they graduate, and you put them in the mill, give them to understand that if they prove themselves worthy of the trust you will make them sharers of the profits.

You will get a blank once in a while, but as a rule you will get young men who will help to carry your burden, while you do the thinking. And your business secrets will be kept. Besides to have half a dozen young men coming up in this way will elevate the tone of your works. Instead of one owner going through the mill once or twice a day, there will be an owner in sight somewhere all the time. You can then use your skill and experience where it will produce the most money.—Wade's Fibre and Fabric.

Physicians and Druggists Sadly Wanted.

German papers call attention to a fact which might prove of interest also to American readers. Physicians and druggists, they say, are badly wanted in the East Indies, as their number there is exceedingly scarce, and the sick are many. A physician receives $5 for an ordinary visit and $7.50 and more for a consultation. Dentists charge $15 to $25 for filling a single tooth with common paste. Pharmacists who speak the English language receive from $75 to $300 as clerks, and if able to open up a business of their own can surely count upon making a small fortune in a few time, as in the absence of competition there is really no limit to charges. As the medical and pharmaceutical colleges of the United States turn out every year several hundred physicians and pharmacists not exactly wanted, it may not be amiss to reproduce this statement, which is well authenticated.—Chicago Tribune.

Miss Bayard and the Gypsy.

Miss Katharine Bayard, whose death plunged social Washington in gloom, had studied, among other things, the Romany language and made the acquaintance of many gypsies, with whom she was a great favorite. Meeting one of her gypsy friends on the street in Baltimore, Miss Bayard said to her, in Romany: "Well, Mary, what have you been doing since I last saw you?" and Mary responded, with perfect coolness: "Stealing, miss."—The Argonaut.

A Menagerie in a Pantomime.

Over 1,000 persons, animals and birds, including horses, elephants, camels, kangaroos and ostriches, appear nightly in the elaborate pantomime of "Aladdin and the Forty Thieves" at Sanger's Amphitheatre, London.—Chicago Herald.

"Vulgarity in Its Proper Sense."

James Anthony Froude, in his latest book, "Oceana," says of American life: "Nowhere in America have I met with vulgarity in its proper sense."

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HEAD ACHE they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

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