THE DAILY BEE.

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THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY, PROPRIETORS.
E. ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

THE council meets and the council adjourns, but the greatly needed building ordinance still hangs fire.

CONGRESS will grapple this week with the appropriation bills. This is only six weeks behind the record of the last republican house of representatives.

HASTINGS now proposes to go her neighbors one better in friendly rivalry by erecting a $50,000 hotel. There is nothing too good nowadays for Nebraska's inland cities and towns.

CONGRESSMAN MILLS of Texas grinds out his speeches at the rate of 215 words a minute. "The mills of the gods grind slowly." This is evidently where they differ from Mills of Texas.

FROM the continued delays in that "war of extermination" it begins to look as the democratic leaders of the packing-house brand had "salted down" their candidate to await a favorable turn in the market.

IT cost $160,000 to build the Broadway surface railroad, and $349,000 for "legal advice" in connection with the construction. Between the lawyers and the aldermen the whereabouts of Jake Sharp's $649,000 seems to be pretty well accounted for.

BASE-BALL players are always "catching on." A base-ballist last summer rescued a young lady from drowning at Atlantic City. The grateful young lady formed a strong attachment for him and the other day she died, bequeathing him $60,000. This is what we call a fly-catch—the best on record.

THE model monopoly from the stockholders point of view, is the barb-wire combination. But two unlicensed barb-wire manufactories now remain in the country. The patents under which licenses are issued are held by a wealthy corporation, which drives a perfectly safe and an exceedingly profitable trade with farmers elsewhere.

LIKE the king of France, the Nebraska railway commissioners have "marched up the hill and down again." They published far and wide their correspondence in the Schwenck discrimination case and ordered the offending corporation to answer the charge made against it of violating the Nebraska statutes. Having received an admission from the railroad that it committed the offense, joined with a promise not to do so again, the efficient commissioners send up a shout of triumph, drop the case and point the public to this surpassing result of their earnest labors on the part of the people. The Nebraska railroad commission is about as valuable to the public as the seventh wheel to a wagon. It was constituted so as to affect the corporations even in the hands of the honest and well meaning men. Under its present auspices it is worse than useless. It is a shield to the railroads against effective regulation and obstruction to the public in the way of remedial legislation.

IT is a heavy reflection on national gratitude that congress up to the present time has utterly neglected to reward Lieutenant Greeley and the surviving members of his Arctic expedition. Greeley himself, broken down in health and unfit for active duty, is in Washington living on his pay as a first lieutenant; one of his men lies in a hospital supported by private charity; Brainard, his brave sergeant who carried the American flag to the furthest north miles beyond the point reached by the English officer Beaumont, draws $16 a month as an enlisted man, and Sergeant Long is taking observations on top of the Equitable building in New York city at the same generous rate of compensation. The nation which sent these men on their perilous journey in the interests of science and then through cruel official blundering deserted them to slow starvation at Cape Sabine, owes it to itself to provide generously for the reward of their uncomplaining sufferings and unflinching regard for duty. Their exploit has honored the American name in Arctic exploration, and congress would honor itself in seeing that the remainder of their lives shall be passed in comfort.

THE rapid succession of deaths in the ranks of the old military commanders brings forcibly before us the certainty that should we ever be engaged in another great war the United States would be forced to develop the military commanders by the same process of selection that we went through between 1861 and 1865. Even now very few of the men who held conspicuous rank during the civil war remain in the service, and General Hancock's death removes the last of the great soldiers who were identified with the Army of the Potomac. All of the commanders of that most splendid army in modern history—McClellan, Burnside, Hooker, Meade and Grant—are gone. So are most of the great corps commanders—Reynolds, Sedgwick, Warren and the rest. General Howard is about the only corps commander remaining in the service, and he has no such identification with the Army of the Potomac as many division commanders had, like Newton, Ayres and others, who still remain. Franklin, Porter, Slocum, and one or two others of prominence are still alive, though not in the service. There are also some of the staff officers, like General Hunt, who are not to be forgotten, but of the men who were really conspicuous before the public in the long years when the eyes of the country were all turned upon the Army of the Potomac there is scarcely one remaining.

The Retreating Desert.

The New York *Times*, in an extended editorial under the above heading, notes with surprise "the gradual transformation of the so called arid lands in the neighborhood of the one hundredth meridian into agricultural lands by an increase in rainfall," and thinks that such a phenomenon "deserves more attention than it has received." It publishes the letter of a settler from Wichita, Kansas, which states that the rainfall is steadily increasing in western Kansas, and that at the present rate of increase fifteen years will render irrigation in Colorado unnecessary. The *Times* thinks that "probably some allowance should be made for the enthusiasm of a settler who is naturally unwilling to use any except the brightest colors in describing his home to his old neighbors in the east," but adds that the "statements simply corroborate those of others," and quotes the following report from a settler in Nebraska:

A settler in Nebraska, living near the ninety-eighth meridian, declares that land in the central part of that state which now yields heavy crops was regarded as a desert twelve years ago. It was then difficult to raise hay even on small patches of ground in the valleys; but now, in the same region, the farmers easily cut two tons from an acre. Hills that were then almost covered with barren sands, showing scarcely a blade of grass, now support thousands of cattle. As late as 1878, it is said, no water above ground could be found between Beaver and Cedar creeks, just west of the ninety-eighth meridian. Now, it is reported, that region and a stretch of country for 100 miles to the northwest are dotted with shallow ponds varying from an acre to five acres in extent, around which excellent grazing is found. A few years ago settlers on the ninety-eighth meridian in Nebraska supposed that they had reached the western limit of corn culture, but since those days corn has been shipped from a region 100 miles westward.

The "settler from Nebraska" is well informed. The great American desert has retreated to the extreme western limits of this flourishing state, and is making preparations to take its departure into Wyoming across the state line. During the past two seasons crops have been grown in the westernmost counties of central and northwestern Nebraska, and the rainfall has been ample for all the needs of the agriculturist. The advancing line of sufficient rainfall has pushed by all artificial barriers of geographical lines. It halted at the ninety-fifth meridian, stopped for a few years at the prophesied impassable one hundredth meridian, and then bearing with it a tide of adventurous settlement swept boldly across the hundredth and second. For twenty years Nebraskans listened to the croakings of the meteorologists. They have learned from experience that civilization brings rainfall as rainfall increases civilization. The "arid lands" of Nebraska are rapidly disappearing. Their place is taken by flourishing farming communities, by prospering towns and growing settlements. Practical investigation of climatic conditions has put to flight the antiquated theories of the past. So far as Nebraska is concerned there is no Great American Desert.

The Broken Pool.

The trans-continental pool has gone to pieces, and the various lines between the Missouri and the coast are engaging in a desperate struggle for business at each other's expense. Passenger rates have been cut to a basis of about 3 cents a mile, and freight rates are unsettled and cannot well be prevented from sharing in the decline. The pool went to pieces, as the natural result of the increased competition following the construction of the Northern Pacific and the "Sunset route." This latter system, including steamer from New York to New Orleans, and rail from thence by way of the Texas Pacific and Southern Pcific to California, has been the prime factor in the disruption of th agreement. For a year past it has carried 70 per cent of all freight from New York destined to California points and has been steadily increasing the proportion. The war which has been begun so savagely by the five transcontinental lines promises to be a long and bitter one in which the public will at first suffer by demoralized rates and afterwards benefit by an inevitable reduction in both the passenger and freight tariffs.

For fifteen years past the people of the coast have been mercilessly bled by the gang of cormorants who have fattened from the fruits of their labor. While the Union and Central Pacific formed the only transcontinental route, rates were fixed at figures which were little short of prohibitory. The Pacific Mail steamship route across the Isthmus was heavily subsidized to prevent competition, and the route by the way of Cape Horn and the clipper ships was paralyzed by forcing San Francisco merchants to pledge themselves not to use its facilities under pain of excessive rates on shipments by rail. The extension of the Southern Pacific south and eastward to its junction with the Texas Pacific, the construction of the Atlantic & Pacific westward from Albuquerque to the Needles, joining the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe and the Southern Pacific, and the competition of the Northern Pacific to Portland added three competing roads to the original line and forced a combination of interests which was subsequently reinforced by the Burlington and Denver & Rio Grande in connection with the Central Pacific. The fight now in progress must result in a permanent lowering of rates between coast and coast. The discontinuance of the subsidy to the Pacific Mail has made that line a factor in the contest while the rival ambitions of the other lines are too fierce to permit a compromise until a long contest finally settles down into an agreement which will recognize that wholesale robbery of patrons is not the best means for the stimulation of traffic to a point which will be profitable to all. As a matter of fact the exorbitant railroad rates have been almost suicidal to the best interests of the roads themselves. They stimulated the construction of competing lines and restricted the expansion of business which would have been accompanied by a corresponding expansion in transcontinental traffic. Owing to the excessive rates the population of California to-day is little more than it was ten years ago, and has grown entirely by natural increase. Immigration to the coast has been stopped half way by the increased inducements offered for settlement at intermediate points. A permanent reduction in both freight and passenger rates will be the regeneration of the Pacific coast, and if it comes as the result of the broken transcontinental pool no one, not even the railroads, will regret its disruption.

If all the land grants condemned by reports of congressional committees should be restored to the public domain at the present session, many millions of acres would be added to Uncle Sam's available real estate. Among the most flagrant cases of unearned grants is that of the California and Oregon railway. This tract was granted in 1866 upon the condition that the road should be completed by July 1, 1875, and the time was afterward extended to 1880. It was provided that if the road should not be completed in the period allowed the act should become null and void, "and all the lands not conveyed by patent to said company at the date of any such failure" should "revert to the United States." When the limit was reached about half of the road had been built at a cost of less than $5,000,000, and for this work the company had received patents for $10,000,000 worth of land. Not until a year or two ago did the Central Pacific complete the road upon which work had been suspended in 1872. Although the lands not patented, which had become very valuable, had clearly been forfeited to the United States, the Central Pacific applied for them, asking for the appointment of commissioners to inspect the road. At that time a bill declaring a forfeiture of the lands was pending. Under the advice of the general land commissioner, a notorious tool of the railroads, Mr. Arthur appointed the commissioners, though his action in so doing was made the subject of a resolution of inquiry. It is a matter of congratulation that under the present administration of the land office the decisions of the commissioner are not written by type-writers in the offices of the railroad managers.

PROPERTY owners in the new paying districts will be blind to their own interests if they look only to the present cost of the material with which they improve their property. In Elizabeth, N. J., which was swamped financially by the wood block craze, lots abutting on the streets payed with this material are less valuable to-day than those on unpaved streets. Traffic was soon diverted from the ruts, jogs and hummocks of the short-lived pavement. Residences lining the decaying filth of the wooden blocks are to-day tenantless, and prospective purchasers decline to invest in property which to be made profitable must again bear the burden of taxation for repaving. Washington property owners were forced in self-defense to demand the removal of wood blocks. San Francisco followed suit. In Chicago the rotten pavements in the heart of the city are being removed instead of being replaced, and the health department and board of public works, reinforced by the press, are protesting against the further use of the material. St. Paul has entered upon the first period of the craze, but we confidently predict that her enterprising citizens will revolt before the five years of prophesied life of the wooden blocks have expired.

OMAHA is at present absorbed in discussing the relative merits of wood, stone and asphalt pavements. The BEE says that wood will not last three years and that it is cheap and nasty. The *Herald* maintains that wooden blocks make the best pavement possible. In order to decide this interesting controversy, let a committee from Omaha, where pavements are unknown, come to Kansas City and inspect the paving here. We have stone pavements of two kinds, also wood. People who are ignorant should not be afraid to ask for information.—*Kansas City Journal.*

The *Journal* makes a maliciously incorrect statement when it says that pavements are unknown in Omaha. The fact is that Omaha has nearly eleven miles of stone and asphalt pavement, and is today one of the best paved cities in this country. The business centre is all paved. The paving that we are now talking about consists of extensions, and will include sixty-six blocks.

THE BEE repeats, and it cannot repeat it too often while this issue is being forced upon Omaha, that wooden blocks are the rejected pavement of the past and present. The argument that they are still being used has nothing to do with the case. So are cheap systems of sewerage, waterworks and bridging, although condemned by all competent authorities. Omaha has started well in her public improvements. She has laid broad foundations for future greatness. Up to the present time she has selected the best because her good judgment told her that it was by far the cheapest in the end. It will be worse than unfortunate at this day to change policies and inaugurate wild-cat improvements which will insure continued expense for repairs and individual loss for replacement.

WHY do not the contractors who are moving heaven and earth to plaster this city with a cheap and unhealthy paving material, publish some certificates of the value of wooden block pavements which will carry conviction to impartial readers? They have given an extract from a four-year-old report of a Chicago street commissioner to the effect that wood is not so noisy as stone and that a large area of Chicago has been laid with that material. Against which, stands the verdict of the chairman of Chicago's board of public works under date of 1886, that the pavement has absolutely no redeeming quality but it's temporary cheapness.

CENTRAL Wyoming is jubilating itself over the certainty of a trunk line railroad, connecting the ranges and the lands along the valley of the Platte with the eastern markets. The "sage brush" territory proposes to add 50,000 to its population this year and to show the world how productive in mineral and agricultural wealth its soil is when properly tickled by the hand of capital and enterprise.

THE heroes of the war of 1812 and their widows are going fast. Last week Pensioner Commissioner Black dropped 1,752 from the Boston pension roll. They had been dead for years, but some one stood ready every quarter to draw their regular ration from the treasury department.

IF THE county commissioners would spend more time in examining the needs of their constituents, and less in discussing such schemes as tapping the Elkhorn and lowering the court house, the public would be correspondingly benefitted.

Convict Labor At A Discount.

The convict labor of the Illinois penitentiary has done much to disturb the honest labor element, not only of that state but several other states, including even Nebraska. The cut-stone from the Illinois penitentiary has for years been extensively used by contractors for building purposes throughout the west in the face of emphatic protests from honest labor, upon whose interests it has had a depressing effect. During the last two or three years, however, contractors have found considerable trouble in using convict cut-stone, owing to the vigilance of the labor organizations. It will be gratifying to honest labor to learn that the commissioners of the Illinois penitentiary are at last unable to find purchasers of convict labor. After advertising for a month for proposals they met on the 19th inst. to open the bids. They were considerably surprised to find that none had been received. There is no doubt that this is the result of the agitation of the convict labor question. Contractors have evidently became afraid to handle convict labor, and it is accordingly becoming a drug on the market. The change has been rather sudden, for only a year ago there were numerous bidders for the convict labor of the Illinois penitentiary. The commissioners are now in a quandary as to what to do with the men. The convict labor question will, it is believed, be submitted to the vote of the people at the next general election in Illinois, and in that event it is safe to predict that it will be abolished by an overwhelming majority. At any rate honest labor has so far scored a notable victory.

THE city of Denver, which after a hard fight banished the notorious Doc. Baggs and his gang from her limits, now proposes to actually license gamblers, although such a course is in direct violation of law and decency. It will be in order for Doc. Baggs to return to Denver and apply for a license.

PROMINENT PERSONS.

The estate of the late Gov. Coburn of Maine foots up $4,000,000.

Goldwin Smith will remove from Canada to England in the spring.

Louis Kossuth, who is now at Naples, retains all his faculties.

James Russell Lowell is the finest Spanish scholar in the United States.

Rev. John Jasper, the Richmond clergyman, still claims that "the sun do move."

Judge Tourgee likes to read the love-letters of school girls. He's just like all the rest of us.

C. W. Couldock is seventy-one years old, and he has been acting for nearly half a century.

O'Donovan Rossa's notoriety as a dynamiter having subsided, he has taken to poetry.

Mrs. Don Cameron and Mrs. Eugene Hale are considered the best dinner party givers in Washington.

The czar of Russia is growing fat. Dynamite does not appear to worry him as much as it used to.

Ellen Terry, the actress, is seriously ill and has gone to Bournemouth for a rest. She is suffering from nervous protration.

Allan G. Thurman is in robust health. He wears his skull cap and carries a large red bandanna handkerchief as gracefully as of old.

Bismarck's wife is described as a tell, aristocratic-looking woman with decided but pleasing features, and of elegant but simple taste in dress.

Jay Gould has expressed his pleasure over the management of his affairs by his son George. George drinks nothing stronger than milk punch.

Thomas W. Keene's manager, according to the New York Graphic, says that the actor's days are probably numbered and denies the report that he will act again this season.

Evangelist Moody recently refused $5,000 to sit for his photogragh. It is thought that some other person sat for the portraits of him which have been appearing in the newspapers for some years.

Refers to Gardner.

Nebraska City News.

The "must go" business seems to be a failure, as far as we have heard.

Makes Money Without Advertising.

Philadelphia North American.

There is one concern in this city that makes a great deal of money and doesn't advertise. It is the mint.

Gen. Thayer as Department Commander.

Papillion Times.

Probably no selection could have been made that would have given more universal satisfaction among soldiers.

An Archaeologist.

Chicago News.

It is feared that by the time Mr. Holman's special Indian committee gets around to submit its report the house will have to hire an archæologist to read it.

The Next Presidential Campaign.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The talk about presidential candidates for 1888 has already begun; that is to say, the democrats have commenced to let it be distinctly known that they don't want Cleveland again under any circumstances.

Give Us Justice.

Burlington Morning Justice.

Don't manufacture laws favoring the workingman. In the first place they would not be enforced. All we want is a fair chance. Give us the same law the rich man submits to. Remove the laws which make the poor poorer and the rich richer. Give us justice.

A Moral Gain in Boston.

Chicago Times.

A Boston paper says: "Another new theatre is projected in Boston. This one wipes out a skating rink. The last one took the place of a church." A moral gain is no doubt accomplished when a theatre wipes out a Boston skating rink, and with unfragrant memories of Parson Downs still fresh in the public mind, there are those who will claim that the same is true when a theatre supplants a Boston church.

One Little Rhyme.

One little grain in the sandy bars;
One little flower in a field of flowers;
One little star in a heaven of stars;
One little hour in a year of hours—
What if it makes or what if it mars?

But the bar is built of the little grains;
And the little flowers make the meadows gray;
And the little stars light the heavenly plains;
And the little hours of each little day
Give to us all that life contains.

In the Lead.

Nebraska City News.

The republicans who imagined that Gen. John M. Thayer would not prove a very formidable opponent in the contest for the nomination of governor on the republican ticket can now see that they were badly mistaken. His selection as department commander of the G. A. R. in this state puts him in the lead, and he is now in a position to make it decidedly interesting for the other aspirants. This selection was something that was not exactly in accordance with the rules of the "ring." The preferred candidate of the News—Hon. M. L. Hayward—will have to hump himself pretty lively or he will be badly left in the race.

STATE AND TERRITORY.

Nebraska Jottings.

A daily paper is to be started at Creighton.

Holdrege will build a $10,000 school house this year.

Norfolk proposes to hold a little reunion of its own.

Tekamah has four saloons and four temperance societies.

Wahoo is discussing the proposition to vote aid to the Elkhorn Valley road.

Exeter has raised the bonus of $2,000 required to secure a canning factory.

Joseph Moore of Fairfield dropped three fingers in a corn sheller last week.

Norfolk wants a canning factory, an agricultural implement manufactory, a good foundry and a wooden mill.

The first newspaper in Nebraska was called the Nebraska Palladium. It was published at Bellevue, November 15, 1854.

It is now suggested that Grand Island employ the census compilers of Hastings and do the city during the Grand Army reunion.

The work of track laying on the Lincoln extension of the Elkhorn Valley road has begun on the south bank of the Platte.

W. C. Starkey, a Pawnee City ex-editor, descended to the liquor business, and was run in last week for selling copper tan without a license.

William Barnet, a boy of fifteen died suddenly at Mead, Saunders county, last week. While playing with a companion the latter slapped him on the back, causing instant death.

E. Beller of Ponca butchered a cow last Tuesday, and in her stomach found a pound of nails and a 1½ inch screw, all being worn as bright as if polished on an emery wheel.

Fairfield is torn up with a scandal of metropolitan proportions, in which a minister figures rather luridly in dealing out prayerful consolation to a fickle and faithless wife of a town merchant.

Work will be resumed this spring on the great Kearney canal, which, when completed, will furnish the best water power in the state. The enthusiastic Kearneyite is confident that its banks will be lined with factories of all kinds in a few years.

The Kearney Press charges Register Higgins, of the Grand Island land office, with raising the price of publishing "final proof" notices from $3 to $5 each, and turning the entire advertising business of the office into the capacious purse of ex-Postmaster J. C. Morgan of Kearney. The bourbon mass of the fifties still clings to John G. Still the opposition press should not kick. Higgins was a publisher in the palmy days of republicanism, and never got a taste of public pap.

Iowa Items.

There is a scarcity of houses to rent in Paullina.

There are twenty-six prisoners in the county jail at Sioux City awaiting trial.

The Hawkeye Reduction company, of Pella, has filed articles of incorporation. Capital, $100,000.

A $20,000 opera house is likely to follow in the wake of the proposed $200,000 hotel in Sioux City.

New coal discoveries have been made near Collins, Story county, and Jefferson, Green county.

The grain men of Sutherland in the six months following August 15, 1885, shipped 457 cars and stock.

The estimated expenses of the schools of Burlington for 1886 is $45,000; estimated receipts, $47,000.

The flouring mill at Missouri Valley last year consumed 72,000 bushels of wheat and sold $48,000 worth of flour.

The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad company will complete the work of building a double track through Iowa on its main line this year.

Muscatine has entered suit against the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railroad for over $18,000 damages for failure to grade a street and establish machine shops.

Franklin Prentice, of Deloit, claims to be the oldest settler in Crawford county and one of the pioneers of the state. He located in Crawford county in the spring of 1849, and has resided there since that time.

Walter Fitzjerald, who was sent to the reform school two years ago for the killing of a young man in Grand Meadow township, Cherokee county, died two weeks ago. His death was hastened by the horrors of having killed the young man.

Polk Wells, the notorious murderer and bank robber who is serving a life sentence in the Fort Madison penitentiary, has written a book entitled "The Life and Trials of Polk Wells," which is now in the hands of the printer. It is to contain a portrait of himself and Sheriff D. A. Farrell, his captor.

Dakota.

Very rich ore has been developed at the Coats tin mine.

The piling for the railroad bridges between Buffalo Gap and Battle Creek have all been delivered on the ground.

Carson, in Sully county, is now a "deserted village," the last building having been removed from the town site last week.

A syndicate is negotiating for the purchase of the millions of acres of Dakota land owned by the Northern Pacific railroad company.

The fair grounds of the Southeastern Dakota Industrial association, located at Yankton, and all the valuable improvements thereon, are advertised to be sold under the sheriff's hammer on the 20th of March.

John Brennan, who lives sixty miles north of Bismarck, was attacked on Saturday by an Indian, to whom his wife had given a meal. Brennan saved himself by seizing the Indian's tomahawk and killing him. The Indian was drunk.

The Citizens' league, which was organized at Yankton a short time ago to enforce law and order and suppress vice in the rising generation, has been noticeably inactive of late, and the organization bids fair to expire in a natural way.

A WHOLE TOWN ON WHEELS.

The Recent Exodus from Silver Cliff to Westcliffe.

Denver Tribune-Republican: A novel case was argued before Judge Hallett, in the United States courts, yesterday. It was that of Downing vs. The People of Silver Cliff, wherein the plaintiff asks the court to issue an injunction, to prevent the inhabitants of Silver Cliff from moving their town to some other locality. A similar proceeding was probably never heard before in a court.

The causes which lead to the suit date back to the early days of Silver Cliff, when that town and its mines had a world-wide reputation. That was in 1879 and 1880, and the population was then between 5,000 and 6,000 people, the third largest city in the state.

The silver city began to wear metropolitan aspects, and among the other city improvements was a costly system of water works which the people voted to have put in. The bonds for the water works system were placed for sale at Denver, and Mr. Downing, the plaintiff in the present suit, became the holder of the larger share of the bonds.

But Silver Cliff, like other mining towns, could not hold their own, and year by year the town has continued to grow smaller, until now there are considerably less than 1,000 people within the corporation limits. With the depopulation the town began to degenerate. Taxes grew exorbitantly high. It is said that at the present time the accumulated taxes amount to a larger sum than the total assessed valuation of the property. The taxes and debts on public improvements went unpaid, with the rest of the city's debts.

When the Rio Grande road built into Silver Cliff the company located its depot on Grape Creek, about a mile from Silver Cliff. Soon a new town began to build there, and it was known as Westcliffe.

With the increased prosperity of the new town came demoralization of the old, and in recent times there has been what might properly be called an exodus from Silver Cliff. People were not content with moving out themselves, but they took their houses as well as their household goods. Thus Silver Cliff was being gradually but surely wiped out of existence.

The new town was just outside the corporation limits of the old, and a residence in Westcliffe meant a release from the burdensome taxes of Silver Cliff, providing the person so removing did not leave any tangible property behind him.

Mr. Downing still continued to hold his bond in the Silver Cliff water-works. The interest on them remained unpaid, but he kept his peace, in the expectation of better times, until the Silver Cliff people began moving their houses away. He drew the line there. Satisfied that the wholesale moving was but a gigantic scheme to get rid of paying taxes, and that unless he took some steps in his interest pretty soon his water-works property would be almost valueless, he applied to the United States Court in Denver to issue an injunction to prevent the people from moving their houses away, and also asking that a receiver might be appointed, with powers to collect and properly disburse the taxes.

Liberia.

Anderson H. Jones, a colored man who went to Liberia six months ago from Missouri, writes home from Brewersville, a village fifteen miles from Monrovia, giving some account of the country. He says that there are no horses, no mules, and no oxen in the whole settlement. All the farm-work is done with the hoe, the rake, and the ax. He says: "I have been all over the settlement, and I found the largest number of people in a suffering condition for something to eat and for clothes to wear. There isn't any doctor in this settlement—the settlement is too poor to support one. Calico is 25 cents per yard. A common laborer, when he can get any work to do, is paid 25 cents per day. Pickled pork is 25 cents per pound; shoulder meat 25 cents per pound. All the flour and meat used here is imported from England and America. Corn-meal is 10 cents per quart. Common flour is $15 per barrel. The only way the settlers have to make money here is by raising and selling coffee. It will take a newcomer like myself from five to six years to get a coffee farm in trim for selling coffee. The public schools are poor. There is a class of people over here who do not want the true condition of things written back home."

Swindlers as Bible-Distributors.

Madison (Wis.) Journal: The ubiquitous swindler has evolved a new plan by which to swindle the honest farmer. A chap in clerical broadcloth and choker enters a farmhouse and asks for lodging or dinner, as the case may be. During his stay he announces himself to be a traveling Bible-distributor in the service of a religious institution, and he generally goes so far as to present to the family a handsome Bible from a well-filled valise. He is careful to say that his society requires its distributing members to pay their own way, and exhibits vouchers therefor. After partaking of the good folks' hospitality he prepares to leave, and asks for his bill. He is generally told no charge is made, but he calls attention to "the rules," and insists on paying 25 cents per meal. Then he mildly requires a receipt on his blank form, "a voucher, you know," and he gets the farmer to sign it. In ninety days there is a notice from a neighboring bank to the pious farmer to call and pay the note for $126.20 which it bought and which bears the farmer's signature.

A Slight Mistake.

Portland Oregonian: The announcement among the church notices in yesterday's Oregonian that Rev. Mr. Caswell would preach on the subject "How to Reach The Dalles," drew an audience not accustomed to church-going. Among those who might have been seen moving churchward before the hour of service were the private secretary of Manager Prescott, of the Oregon railway and Navigation Company, with instructions to take down the sermon in short-hand; Superintendent Rowe, with the boss of his shovel brigade; a squad of Columbia River pilots, and a delegation of hold-overs from eastern Oregon, headed by Pierce Mays, who having once before been inside a church (on the occasion of his marriage) was best fitted for leadership. We failed to learn if Mr. Caswell suggested any new method of snow-ploughing, but no doubt the attendants heard what was quite as good for them to know. The next time Mr. Caswell preaches on "How to Reach the Masses," we hope he will write announcement so plainly that the compositor and even the proof-reader cannot err therefrom.

A Decaying Connecticut Town.

New York Times: The town of Oxford, in New Haven county, about twenty miles due north of Bridgeport, is a good illustration of what is becoming of some of the country towns in Connecticut. The returns for 1885, just made out, show a decrease of thirteen voters, or about fifty people, and a loss on the grand list of $1,000. The only increase is one in kine and three in sheep. This is a town where a few years ago a large part of the trading of Danbury, Litchfield, Waterbury and all other towns within a radius of thirty miles, which are now from five to twenty times as large as Oxford, was carried on. Here the people of these towns sold their horses, cattle, corn and wine, which was exported thence in exchange for foreign commodities, not excepting brandy and rum, which figured largely and had power then as now. It is still recalled that in a parish meeting in which it was voted to build Christ church at Quakers' farms, near by, the presiding officer promised five gallons of the best St. Croix rum to the man who got the first main stick of timber on the grounds. It is needless to say that that night saw the first stick of timber coming for the church.

Little Lotta's Age.

Few of the people who see Lotta kicking her heels and playing all the tricks of a little girl on the stage would place her age at the correct figure. The little mite of a body doesn't look it, but she was born in Nassau street, New York, Nov. 27, 1847. Her father, John Ashworth Crabtree, was an Englishman, and kept a bookstore, which he abandoned to go to California during the gold craze of '49. Lotta has been on the stage since 1858, and she is credited with the largest pile of dollars of any woman in the profession, the greater part of which she owes to her mother's shrewdness. There is said to be a romance ripening between herself and her good-looking leading man, Mr. Frank Carlysle, although she has hitherto kept her hand, if not her fancy, free.

MR. J. W. Patillo, formerly with J. H. Walker & Co., Chicago, is in the city, with a view of embarking in the dry goods business.

TWO BOYS FROM PALESTINE.

They Make a Successful Tour of Mendicancy.

San Francisco Examiner: A most striking illustration was presented in the probate court yesterday of how a philanthropic public may be imposed upon by the schemes of unscrupulous persons, and what peculiar methods are adoped by the latter to obtain money by arousing sympathy. The Examiner published the fact that two boys ranging from 9 to 11 years of age, had made the perilous voyage from Jerusalem to the city in search of relatives who had died here since their departure from their native land. They were penniless, and efforts were made to provide for their comfort. In fact it was suggested that funds should be raised to have the little waifs sent back to the Holy Land, where, it was stated, their brothers and sisters resided. The beautiful story, however, has been exploded, and it is shown that the boys were simply tools in the hands of scheming foreigners, who used them for the purpose of begging, thereby obtaining the means to lead a life of idleness. James Jirash, as the youngest is named, is 9 years old and an exceedingly bright little fellow. Although he has been in the United States a little over a year, he speaks English fluently and with as pure an accent as though he were a native born. His pleasant smiles and quick, decisive answers to the questions asked him, put him on good terms in a very few minutes with Judge Coffee, who examined him closely as to his wanderings since his arrival in this country. It was learned that he is conversant with five different languages, which he speaks with the utmost ease. He was neatly and plainly attired in a business suit, and his only anxiety seemed to be for his companion, Joseph Dewood, with whom he has traveled from Jerusalem to Frisco. The latter is 11 years old, and appeared to mentally and physically inferior to the other boy. He would frequently burst into tears and was very reluctant about replying to questions put to him by the attorneys.

James Jirash left his parents in Syria about a year ago, in company with his uncle, Joseph Ehrmot. His father is said to be a well-to-do butcher in that place, and, at the solicitation of his uncle, the little fellow left the parental roof under the guidance of the latter, who expected to find a fortune awaiting him in the United States from the sale of alleged relics from Palestine. The stock in trade consisted of some bracelets, lockets and similar trinkets made of beads, pictures and a variety of bric-a-brac. But the main reliance for the uncle's success was the boy's attractive manners, winning ways and smooth tongue. They visited New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Denver and the principal cities in the east with varied results. Ehrmot sold his wares, but his hopes were not fully realized, since the expected fortune came not. They proceeded to Chicago and there met Joseph Dewood, the other boy, in company with a man named Ammeratt. It was soon found that the boys were natives of the same city, and a plan was then matured by their guardians by which the latter hoped to make more money without working than by selling their wares. The boys were provided with red caps, with long black tassels, and were told that in future they must impress the public with the idea that they were traveling in search of relatives and had no money. To this end Ehrmot devised a scheme, giving the younger boy a book in which a certificate was pasted, stating that the boys were strangers and recommending them to the charity and good will of the public in general for the purpose of returning them to Syria. Great care was taken to send the boys about three or four days ahead of their older companions to the different cities, and after they had aroused the sympathy of the public and raised sufficient money they were joined by the schemers who took the money from the little waifs and were sent onward on their missions. James was instructed by his uncle to tell the people that his father was killed in a railroad accident at Denver, while Joseph was warned to say that Ammeratt was his father, who was sick and unable to work. Under these circumstances the boys landed at Reno, where they were taken charge of by the Catholic sisters, who kindly provided for them, and sent them to Sacramento in care of the sisters there.

In the latter place $28 was raised for them in one day from the school children and they were forwarded to this city. Their traveling expenses were nominal, as kind-hearted conductors were found on all railroads who were willing to asist the little fellows, and who, besides giving them a free ride, frequently supplemented their generosity with coin.

He Undertsood English.

Customer (in Chinese laundry)—Can you understand English, John?

John—Yep.

Customer—If I leave some collars and cuffs to be done up when can I get them?

John—Alle yite.

Customer—I want to know when I shall come for them?

John—Yep.

Customer—I must have them not later than Friday afternoon.

John—You takee cheekee?

Customer—You pig-tailed linen destroyer, I thought you said you could unstand English?

John—Yep.

Customer—Then why in thunder don't you answer my question?

John—Me unstlan English; no speakee. You leave washee.

SCALL-HEAD

Milk Crust, Dandruff, Eczema and All Scalp Humors Cured by Cuticura.

LAST November, my little boy, aged three years, fell against the stove while he was running, and cut his head, and, right after that, he broke out all over his head, face and left ear. I had a good doctor, Dr. ——, to attend him, but he got worse, and the doctor could not cure him. His whole head, face and left ear were in a fearful state, and he suffered terribly. I caught the disease from him, and it spread all over my face and neck, and even got into my eyes. Nobody thought we would ever get better. I felt sure we were disfigured for life. I heard of the Cuticura Remedies, and procured a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent, a box of Cuticura, and a cake of Cuticura Soap, and used them constantly day and night. After using two bottles of Resolvent, four boxes of Cuticura and four cakes of Soap, we were perfectly cured without a scar. My boy's skin is now like satin. LILLIE EPTING.
371 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.
Sworn to before me this 27th day of March, 1885. GILBERT P. ROBINSON, J. P.

THE WORST SORE HEAD.

Have been in the drug and medicine business twenty-five years. Have been selling your Cuticura remedies since they came west. They lead all others in their line. We could not write nor could you print all we have heard said in favor the Cuticura Remedies. One year ago the Cuticura and Soap cured a little girl in our house of the worst sore head we ever saw, and the Resolvent and Cuticura are now curing a young gentleman of a sore leg, while the physicians are trying to have it amputated. It will save his leg and perhaps his life. Too much cannot be said in favor of Cuticura Remedies. S. B. SMITH & BRO.
Covington, Ky.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood diseases, from pimples to scrofula, sold everywhere. Price: Cuticura, 50c.; Resolvent, $1.00; Soap, 25c. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

SKIN Blemishes, pimples, blackheads, and baby humors, use CUTICURA SOAP.

FULL OF ACHES AND PAINS which no human skill seems able to alleviate, is the condition of thousands who as yet know nothing of that new and elegant antidote to pain and inflammation, the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 25c.