THE QUARTERMASTER'S DEPOT

The Old and the New—A Chapter of Interesting History Concerning Omaha.

THE NEW DEPOT DESCRIBED

A Vast Store-House of Supplies of all Kinds for the Department of the Platte.

[Written for the Omaha Sunday Bee.]

The terminus of North Thirteenth street to-day is the yards of the Union Pacific. From a distance, this terminus is outlined by a pair of dark red buildings, over which, a brace of monster smokestacks, not inaptly suggesting those of a Mississippi steamboat, rise to a great height. These buildings are the car shops of the great railroad mentioned. They are of comparatively recent construction, however, and are the successors of an institution which had long been identified with the civil and military history of the state.

Six years ago the terminus of the street mentioned was a whitewashed, low, board fence. It could easily be seen from Farnam street, though it obstructed the view of everything behind it. To strangers, it suggested the local burying place, but to citizens it outlined what had been erroneously styled "the corral." This fence, however, which in the bright moonlight, shone with peculiarly solemn brightness, has disappeared, and with it the governmental buildings which it hid from view. The former has probably expired in smoke, and the latter, theoretically at least, have been incorporated in the buildings which later have arisen within the confines of the present quartermaster's depot on the Union Pacific track, south of the city.

As well as can now be ascertained, the "corral" was established in 1866 under General William Myers, who was then quartermaster of the department of the Platte. The first department commander was General Philip St. George Cooke.

THE OLD CORRAL.

The "corral" had an irregular outline, being bounded on the south by Webster, and the west by Fifteenth street, and on the east by the Union Pacific railroad.

The buildings were of frame with battened sides, and, with the exception of the stable and shops, were painted a dull red color. The latter were treated to semi-annual coats of plebeian whitewash.

These structures were not remarkable for their beauty. They were intended to subserve a practical purpose, and were to be paid for by government appropriations, which, in those days, were not an easy matter to influence. The contractor was the late Colonel Wm. Baumer, brother of John Baumer, of this city, and lieutenant colonel of the First Nebraska regiment in the late civil war. The structures were about twenty in number, and were utilized as offices, storage rooms, stables, mess rooms, and wagon sheds.

The officers, however, held their places of business in the city, at one time over the First National bank building, on the corner of Farnam and Thirteenth streets now torn down, later on one of the floors of Hellman's building, at the intersection of the same streets, and later still, at the corral itself, when all the army officers were ordered to move their headquarters to territory controlled by the government.

When the offices were in the city, the telephone had not been discovered. The electric key had not been utilized to established connection between both points, and, as a consequence, orders and answers from offices to corral and return were borne on the fleet limbs of a Bucephalus, under the direction of the courier, Larry Mangan. Those were busy days for this gentleman, and they were busy days for his horses, which he rode almost with the energy of a pony-express driver, and the dignity of a Ney.

The "corral" was scarcely a year old, when it was dyed with the blood of a murdered man. Barstow, superintendent of the quartermaster's depot, was shot and killed by the storekeeper, a man named Most. The affray commenced in a simple manner, and ended in Barstow being shot from behind. He survived two days, and his last hours were solaced by the kindly attentions of two men now in town, one of whom is Mr. Frank Bryant of the Commercial National bank. Most was tried and acquitted. Subsequently, he became a member of the police force, later, a detective for the Union Pacific, and finally disappeared.

In the fall of 1870, General Myers was succeeded by General Perry, who had come from Washington. Major Belcher became depot quartermaster. General Perry is now on the Pacific coast and Major Belcher is in the quartermaster's depot at Denver.

In 1874 General Perry was relieved by Colonel Ludington, also from Washington, and who is now stationed in Philadelphia, and Major Robinson now in Boston. The latter, however, did not wait for the retirement of Col. Ludington. He was earlier followed by Maj. Kirk, now a resident of Atlanta. This gentleman was the predecessor of Maj. J. V. Furey. The latter gentleman was relieved about three years ago, going first to Santa Fe and thence to Chicago, where he is now stationed. Shortly before his leaving here, Maj. Furey was appointed as acting chief quartermaster of the department, while he also performed the duties of quartermaster at the depot. This gentleman is still warmly and affectionately remembered by many citizens, whose regret over his transfer was based not less upon his ability as a military officer than as an affable, courteous and admired gentleman in civic life. It was during his administration that a question affecting the permanency of the corral at this point, arose. It was claimed that the institution had been, or would be transferred to Cheyenne and simultaneously to several other points. The rumor, such as it was, was strengthened by the fact that the Union Pacific company, which owned the ground upon which the "corral" stood, and which was leasing it to the government at the munificent sum of $1 a year, wished to resume control over it for the purpose of increasing the number of its shops. Nearly every town in the trans-Missouri country wanted the "corral," and was willing to guarantee any inducements in order to secure it. Omaha was aroused. Some of the people saw danger in the case, others affected to feel that the move would prove only a childish scare. These also claimed that the alleged individual or set of individuals, who, in some mysterious manner, were always conspiring to "cripple" Omaha, were really a myth. More practical citizens, however, met, resolved, went to Washington, secured an appropriation of about $30,000 to be expended for a new government depot "at Omaha." They returned jubilantly and then found that certain interested parties desired to have those $30,000 used to enlarge the grounds of the present fort, and, upon the enlargment, to have the "corral" established. The project failed. A subscription was undertaken and with the amount obtained, $5,000 the site of the present quartermaster's depot, a part of the Shull estate, was purchased. Some delay was experienced in granting the government the title it desired, but that was finally accomplished, and in 1880 the work of clearing the ground and erecting the buildings was commenced.

THE NEW GOVERNMENT DEPOT.

The place was taken possession of in 1881 and the change effected in it has been somewhat remarkable. An unsightly hillside has been transferred into a garden, and graded roads have succeeded the steep inclines of other days. It is no longer styled the "corral." Always a misnomer, at the request of Captain McCauley, the present officer in charge, it is always spoken of by those who desire to appropriately name the place as the quartermaster's depot. It is situated between Twentieth and Twenty-second streets and is bounded on the south by the Union Pacific road. It comprises about fifteen acres, surrounded by a stone wall, upon which is erected a dark brown fence studded on the ridge with a crest of desperate-looking nails. There are two entrances on Twenty-second street, the most northerly of which is located near the northwest corner of the enclosure. From this corner the ground slopes to the south and east, forming an incline which insures almost a perfect drainage. The entrance proper is through the southern gate. On the right hand, as one enters the inclosure, is the little vine-covered watch-house, in which, at turns, three men stand watch and ward over those who enter and go out, and at the same time look out for fire. To the left is a cindered road leading to the north, passing on the west and north sides four large frame warehouses 90x30 feet. In the first of these is stored grain; in the next, timber; in the third, iron supplies; and in the fourth, stationery and leather findings. Further along on the north side of the enclosure is the brick oil house, with a large barn for hay, also 90x30; and an ice house 100x20 feet. At this point the enclosure is bounded by Twentieth street, along which the line runs for a short distance, thence extending obliquely along the Union Pacific track to Twenty-second street. Keeping well in with the line, is a stable of 100x30 feet, capable of accommodating forty-five horses, then is found the coal shed with a capacity of 400 tons, following which, in succession come two wagon sheds, a wood shed, another stable and a one-story brick building in which are the blacksmith, wagon, carpenter, and harness shops. In the first of these last mentioned, the presiding vulcan is John Moodie, a well-known son of the land of the "brown heath and shaggy wood," while the attending cyclops is James Green, of the island of which his name is expressive.

Surrounded by all these structures, are quartermaster's depot and the subsistence store in one large building, and the office of the superintendent of the yards with adjoining carriage wash room.

The depot proper is a handsome building, consisting of a center part of two stories high and forty-five feet square, flanked on either side by a wing about eighty-five by thirty feet. In the southern of these wings are the commissary supplies, comprising everything to be found in a first-class fancy or staple grocery. In the northern wing is stored quite an amount of personal goods belonging to officers, while in the extreme northern part is the clothing storehouse. In the central building are located the offices of Depot Quartermaster, Capt. McCauley, his chief clerk, together with the other clerical employes of the depot. These are Messrs. C. H. Townsend, Thomas McGrane, E. Parmelee, Will Browne, George C. Ward, A. Wilson and E. W. Duval. Larry Mangan, the gentleman mentioned above, still acts as messenger. John Wallace, the superintendent of the yard, has been in the army employ for twenty-eight years. The supplies contained in all these buildings are used to supply Forts Bridger, Douglas, Laramie, McKinney, Niobrara, Omaha, Robinson, Russel, Sidney, Washakie, Montezuma Creek and Du Chesne, besides Camps Medicine and Pilot Buttes, and Cheyenne and Ogden depots.

On either side of this depot is a beautiful lawn, that on the east stretching to the north and terminating at a storehouse in which are stored probably seventy lockers with records that have accumulated during the last fifteen years.

The lawn on the west is of triangular form with a rounded terrace front facing the building. The grass is in excellent condition, and the surface is as bright as exceeding care and sunlight can make, while throughout its whole extent not an inequality may be distinguished. At intervals, it is studded with catalpa trees, with top-heavy branches and ugly leaves. These trees, Captain McCauley says, with their slim trunks and heavy boughs, break easily in the wind, and do not seem to have found favor with those in care of them. Little patches of geraniums contrast nicely with the bright green of the grass, and add considerable beauty to the scene.

On the border of each of these plats, skirting all the roads, run brick drains with sinks at intervals, into which the washings of the road flow, thus preventing the accumulation of mud at the bottom of the grade, and keeping the drain tiles from being clogged.

The sides of the depot are in many parts overrun with creeping vines, and in some places these latter clamber almost to the windows of the second story, where there is a peculiarly brilliant combination between their lively hue and the red and white stripes upon the awnings of the windows.

These aesthetic and grateful embellishments, as well as a number of practical improvements, are to be credited to Captain McCauley, a genial, scholarly gentleman, who, as successor of Major Furey, has been in charge of the depot for three years past.

As one turns to leave the depot, he catches an excellent view of the pretty part of the city to the south. The ascents and hills are studded with trees, half disclosing, half concealing beautiful little homes nestling beneath. Through the openings the walls of the new Brownell Hall may be seen, while, farther to the south, by following a range of bluffs, the eye may trace the faint outline of the Missouri, rolling seemingly on their crests. The depot itself, in its surroundings, partakes of a more rugged and retiring beauty in the solemnity of a wood the remoteness of which its erection was the first to destroy.

E. A. O'BRIEN.

Northeastern Nebraska.

NORFOLK, Neb., Aug. 20.—To the Editor: For several weeks frequent rains have helped all interests but hay making. The outlook for corn, flax, late potatoes and vegetables is very promising. Only on new breaking and very poor tilled land does the corn look inferior. From the Missouri river to Neligh the appearance of the crops is much the same—as good as could be asked for. The prairies are a deep green, and the fall feed is superabundant. Wild fruit is aso in abundance. Thus, after an unprecedented July, the heat and dryness has not really done much damage, and it has caused the harvesting and haying to be done in extra good order. Reports from the northwestern homestead region are also favorable, so the condition of the thousands in that region who have recently settled is likely to be comfortable, and the railroad building will give them employment at good wages. The soldiers' reunion at Norfolk has commenced under favorable auspices. The new insane asylum at Norfolk is up and makes a fine appearance in the distance. The rush for United States lands in the northwestern part of the state has rendered local sales slow in northwestern Nebraska, where good fine land ranges from $6 to $12 per acre. Immense amounts of hay have been put up in the broad valleys of the Logan and Elkhorn. A fine rain this morning in the northeastern counties.

J. A. BENT.

OLD people suffer much from disorders of the urinary organs, and are always gratified at the wonderful effects of Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm in banishing their troubles. $1.00 per bottle.

ALONG THE RIVER BANK.

The Wonderful Changes That Have Taken Place on the Levee.

A VALUABLE SECTION OF OMAHA

Now Extensively Used for Business Purposes—Something About the Squatters.

No part of Omaha bears the stamp of progress and change more clearly than the strip of ground between the bench, on which Ninth street is located, and the river. The first sight that greets the eye of the stranger in Omaha, if he comes from the north, south or east, is the columns of smoke that arise from the manufacturing enterprises located in this part of the city, but the old resident sees through the cloud of smoke, and back of these industries, the scene of some of the most exciting events in the early history of Omaha. When the enterprising citizens of Council Bluffs crossed the river in 1854 to lay out a town, in order to keep up with their then rival, Crescent City, which had a town on the Nebraska bank in Florence, they had to forge their way through a marshy swamp in order to reach dry land from the west bank of the river. This state of affairs existed for a number of years, until, along in the '60s, the river took a more easterly course north of the city, and left the bottoms above low water mark, dry and sandy. The city proper was at this time rapidly covering the available land near the river bank, and this newly formed real estate was soon in the possession of as tough a class of citizens as ever formed the rougher element of a frontier town. Dance houses and saloons of the lowest order lined the levee and made the place an unhealthy locality for the uniniated. Robberies were of nightly occurrence, and many a "floater" was picked up at towns down the river, who lost his life on

"THE SANDS"

as the levee was then called. The authorities, out of respect for their personal safety, considered "the sands" beyond their jurisdiction, and few of the countless crimes of various grades committed in that locality were ever made subjects of police investigation. A volume could be written of the tragic happenings on "the sands" in those eventful days. But Omaha was growing and as the "made" ground was raised above the water-mark and became firmer in character it became desirable for manufacturing sites and railroad yards, and the squatters and toughs who had held possession were forced to yield and give way to the demands of the business interests of the city. They have yielded reluctantly, however, and have only moved foot by foot as each new enterprise has made its demands upon them. Many of them yet remain and in some places occupy huts that touch the very water's edge.

The old timers who live on the bottoms have received additions to their number until their huts now occupy almost every foot of ground not used by business enterprises from the packing houses below the city to the lake on the north. They are buried in under the railroad tracks below the bridge in places almost inaccessible to the uninitiated. The people, their places of abode and methods of living form an interesting if not entertaining study. They represent all classes, from the laboring man with the big family, whose wages are too small to grovide better quarters, to the sneak thief who uses his home as a hiding place and the drinking bum who has no other choice than to live where he is allowed to. The places of abode are as varied as the character of the occupants. Some live in dugouts under the railroad tracks or the bluff, others seek shelter in tents, old box cars find ready tenants, and some of the more fortunate sandhillers boast of real houses and are looked upon with envy by their less fortunate neighbors. Few of these people own the ground upon which they live but occupy it because it is not claimed or used for other purposes. They have, as a general rule, large families of children who, without care or education, will form a class of citizens more worthless and vicious than their parents.

George Hoagland, the pioneer lumberman, was the first to encroach upon the domain of the sand pirates, and his lumber yard, located nearly twenty years ago, was the first enterprise of any importance that was located on the sands. The Willow Springs distillery came next, being established in 1869. Then followed Harris & Foster, lumber, who were afterwards succeeded by F. W. Gray. The Chicago lumber yards, the smelting works and numerous smaller industries followed in rapid succession. When these first improvements were made the bottom lands were considered of nominal value only. It was a common occurrence in the early days when making a real estate deal to throw in a dozen bottom lots at $5 or $10 each. After the location of the Union Pacific railroad in 1864, the lots at the foot of Farnam and Douglas streets began to appreciate, and were sold in that and the two or three following years as high as $100 each.

Land in the bottoms has developed great value within the past two or three years. Fred Drexel paid $20 a foot front when he located his stone yard on Jones street, near Sixth, a year and a half ago. The last sales of lots in that immediate vicinity were made at $75 per foot front. These lots run through to the next street, being twice as deep as they are in the business part of the city. All the bottom land between the Union Pacific bridge on the south and the foot of California street on the north, is monopolized by the Union Pacific and the Burlington railroad companies, except the few lots owned by individuals. No other railroad company has a track there and it is not likely that any will be permitted to get a foot hold there.

The smelting works, the largest in the world, occupy lands which belong to the Union Pacific railway. The deposit of slag and waste material from the smelting works has raised this ground high above the water mark and greatly enhanced its value. The Belt railway has obtained grounds on and north of California street, adjacent to the Union Pacific property. The waterworks company's improvements have very materially increased the value of bottom lands in the vicinity of their works. Within the past year a number of new enterprises have sought locations on the lands, among them being Benzen's ice house, Howell's lumber yard, Coot's shops, the Barber Asphalt Co.'s shops, and others of lesser note. These improvements have taken all of the available lands of the levee and made it one of the busiest portions of the city. The value of the improvements that have been made can be estimated only by hundreds of thousands of dollars.

The bottoms were formerly subject to overflow from the river, but of late years this has been prevented by filling and raisidg the general level. At the foot of Farnam and Douglas streets the ground has been raised from six to twelve feet, and is now entirely above high-water mark. In April, 1881, a steamboat tied up to a warehouse of the Union Pacific railway company, located at the corner of Chicago and Eighth streets, and there unloaded a cargo of freight. That was the highest water ever known at this point and the bottoms were completely inundated. In steamboat days, from 1858 to near the close of the war, the steamboat landing was near the present site of the water works. It was about a quarter of a mile further east, the river having encroached on the city that distance at that point. There was also a ferry landing near the same point called the "Lone Tree Landing," named from a single large elm tree that stood near the bank until it washed away. In the fall of 1856 it was thought that the landing could be established at or near the foot of Farnam street. The citizens contributed the necessary money and men were employed to grade a passage way down the bank a little east of the present site of the Union Pacific headquarters building. The money run out before the work was completed, and it was not until two or three years that teams could pass up and down the grade. Wm. F. Sweesy was the foreman on this work. It was the first job of street grading ever done in the city, and started a work that has troubled the aldermanic minds ever since.

SOCIAL PUSHING.

An Art That May Be Mastered by Any One with a Sufficiently Thick Skin.

London Period: There are some people who are born into a society of dull respectability; others whose talents earn for them an entree into a larger world of talent and notoriety, and others whose long ancestry secures them admission among a herd of nonenties of equally long descent. Others, again, whose birth and surroundings have placed them in a sphere of homely commonplace, but in whom wealth and ambition inspire longings for a higher circle of gentility. Prominent among these latter is the social pusher. The successful social pusher is a person to be admired; he has an object in view, and though a sea of difficulties rise between him and the goal of his ambition, by exertion, by ingenuity, by hook or crook, he attains that end.

Let us take the rich commercial man, or rather the rich commercial man's wife, for your female social pusher is a far more determined animal than your male. Her ambition usually consists in a professional acquaintance, a visiting list composed of the wives of men belonging to one or other of the different professions. Mr. and Mrs. Buggins, a wealthy leather-seller and his wife, are asked to a formal dinner party given by Mr. and Mrs. Bodgers, wholesale candle-maker and wife. Arrived at the mansion of the Bodgers, Mrs. Buggins discovers that her dear friend has captured the renowned dentist, Mr. Larnsitt-Gumm. The Larnsitt-Gumms are evidently the raisond'etre of the banquet. Mr. Bodgers leads Mrs. Larnsitt-Gumm into the dining-room; Mrs. Bodgers is led by Mr. Larnsitt-Gumm. Mrs. Buggins, who happily finds herself seated on the other side of Mr. Larnsitt-Gumm, remains in a fever of anxiety until she can gain the great dentist's attention. The great dentist is flattered, is begged to dine with the Bugginses, and before the dessert a day is decided upon for the dinner. In the drawing-room, before the return of the gentlemen, Mrs. Buggins has obtained an introduction to Mrs. Larnsitt-Gumm. She has informed her that Wednesday is her day, and she begs that Mrs. Larnsitt-Gumm will call and bring her daughter. She asks what is Mrs. Larnsitt-Gumm's day, and volunteers to call on its very next recurrence. "Probably," reasons Mrs. Buggins, "the Gumms being professional, most of their friends will be professional," and in this manner she hopes to extend her acquaintance among this most respectable and well-nigh dullest class of people. But the professional social pusher is of a more ambitious and of a far more daring and audacious character.

Mrs. Fisher-Brown is a fine specimen of the most highly developed social pusher. Mr. Fisher-Brown is a general practitioner in that locality which has for years been known as Notting Hill, but which the snobs there resident have lately agreed to call North Kensington. By some odd chance Mr. Fisher-Brown is called in to attend the great Fitzgubbins. He pulls the great tragedian through a short attack of illness. The great man's wife, as a small compliment, sends the Fisher-Browns a card for one of her indiscriminate afternoon gatherings. Mrs. Fisher-Brown sees opened before her a long vista of dramatic and literary acquaintances; she accepts the invitation, invests in a complete outfit for the occasion, dons it with care, and arrives one of the earliest. And now the social pusher begins her operations. Miss Helen Verry, the idol of an English and American theatre-going public, is announced; a few meaningless civilities pass between her and her hostess; she moves across the room to find a seat, but the social pusher is well to the fore. She waits for no introduction; she rushes up to the actress, shakes her hand affectionately, says she has admired her ever since she (the social pusher) was in the nursery, and dear papa took her to the theatre for the first time. This is, at the very least, "rough" on the popular actress, who may be thirty-five, looks barely twenty-five, and is told this by a woman who looks a good forty-five. Miss Verry says that she is much flattered, the social pusher says not at all, she has always been anxious to make her acquaintance, "and when may I come to see you, dear Miss Verry, for I mean to come and see you, I am so delighted to meet you at last." Miss Helen Verry, longing to escape, mentions an afternoon upon which she will be "at home" to most of her friends. Need we remark, the social pusher takes this for an invitation and does not fail to put in an appearance upon that afternoon? This is a successful push, and the pusher scores an easy success. There are other celebrities from whom the social pusher cannot so easily wring an invitation. With these must be employed a different modus operandi. The social pusher, for instance, introduces himself to Jones, the fashionable tenor. Jones refuses to rise to any bait thrown out to capture an invitation. The social pusher asks in tones of the deepest interest when Jones gets any rest, for, says the social pusher, Jones sings every evening, goes out every afternoon, knows everybody, and is met everywhere. When does he contrive to get any rest? Jones admits that he always spends Sunday afternoon at home reading The Referee and dozing; that is his only relaxation. "O," thinks the social pusher, "that is the time to find you at home." The following Sunday, while Mr. and Mrs. Jones are luxuriating in a little leisure before dressing for a big dinner, the social pusher calls, is admitted, stays several hours, and bores the fashionable tenor to death, overhears Jones, with masculine tact, make a remark to his wife anent a certain reception to be given by them within a few days, and the social pusher's departure is dearly bought at the price of an invitation. The social pusher then enrolls himself among the tenor's intimate acquaintances, contrives to find out the days when he gives a party, always drops in the day before, always securing an invitation, and by his constant attendance at every entertainment given by the Joneses, begins to be looked upon as quite a standing dish by the celebrity's friends. Snubs are of no avail; the social pusher is pachydermatous.

The art of social pushing is thus easily explained. Any one with sufficient courage and a sufficiently thick skin may in due time secure an entree into whatsoever house he pleases, always provided that the portals are not guarded by an armed force; for arms alone are sufficiently potent to exclude the energetic and determined pusher.

IT is doubtful if women would suffer at all, more than men, if the liver and kidneys were always in natural working order. Female weakness can not exist if the blood be pure, and its purity depends upon the proper action of these organs; to regulate them use Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm. $1.00 per bottle.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN WYOMING.

An Election in Which Women Were the Candidates.

A Husband Who Eluded His Wife's Vigilance and Voted Against Her.

I belong to a woman's rights club, writes a correspondent of the Detroit Free Press, and last spring we decided that it would be a good idea to send one of our members to Wyoming territory to see the practical workings of woman suffrage. We hoped that a great deal would be done for our cause in our state by the new legislature which was to be elected and so wanted all the information we could obtain. I have a cousin living in Wyoming and at the request of the sisters I agreed to go. I must say I was surprised at the methods used to obtain votes. My cousin Theodore seemed to be a meek sort of a man, different from the other members of the Hopkins family. Day after day he staid at home, taking care of the children, while Elmina, his wife, was electioneering, for she was a candidate for an office. This just suited me, for it gave me a capital chance to get the desired facts as I accompanied her in her tour among the voters. One day she drove the shaggy little pony up to a settler's shanty, before going in she said: "I do hate to go among such people, but one must, you know, for every vote counts." So she smiled sweetly on the slovenly woman who met us at the door and said: "Mrs. Higgins, my duties are many and my leisure moments few, which must be my excuse for not coming sooner." Just then a hungry looking pig trotted in as if thoroughly at home. I knew Elmina was shocked to the very depths of her soul, but she was equal to the occasion, and said: "Oh, what a cunning pet piggie you have; so tame and docile, too."

Then taking up the baby, who was eating bread and molasses, and whose face and dress were both far from clean, she exclaimed: "And what a dear, cute baby you have; how old is it, and how many toothies has it got, and what is its name?"

Mrs. Higgings replied:

"Yes, mum, we think he's a right peart young 'un. His name is Abraham. He hez four teeth, and kin say pap and mam rale plain when he's mind to."

Then Elmina said:

"Next Tuesday, you know, is election day, and as I know you have no way of getting out, I will be glad to send my pony and buggy after you, and do bring the sweet baby, too, for he will be taken care of."

"Wal, wall" said Mrs. Higgings, "ef that don't beat all creation. I'm gittin' pop'lar, I must say, fur Miss Bennett was jist over yisterday and promised to sen' her kerridge out to tote me in, and I promised to be ready. Too bad, mum! I'm rale sorry, I am, indeed, an' her runin' agin' ye as she is makes it seem wusser."

Another woman on whom we called said:

"No, ma'm, I'm not a votin' woman, not by no means, but take off yer bunnits and set to and take a bite with us, fur dinner is jest ready, and my sister in Missouri sent me a lot o' dried apples which I've cooked up inter as good sass as you ever see."

We declined, however. We were treated kindly at most places, but one woman, when she found out who Elmina was, said:

"I don't want nothin' to do with no woman's rights palaverin' around me; I ain't voted yit and never expect ter vote. My man does all that kind o' bizness fur this ranch; and I don't 'low that he's agowin' to vote fur no woman, not ef I knows myself, he an't."

At last the eventful day arrived. Elmina was not so well known as her two opponents, one being a man, the other a woman, for three candidates were in the field for nearly all the offices. She hired a large hall, borrowed rocking-chairs and cradles from her constituents, and then the tireless pony went to and fro, bring in old women and invalids, some of whom had not left their home for years before. They were duly installed in the easy chairs. Some were knitting, some piecing quilts, and for those who smoked there was plenty of pipes and tobacco. Many of them rocked a cradle with one foot, so that the mother of its occupant could work outside trying to influence doubtful voters. A lunch with hot tea and coffee was served at noon to a merry crowd. A motley group it was assembled there, and what a babel of tongues! Yet in justice I must say all was peaceable, with no cry of fraud in the land. Elmina had been in doubts as to how Theodore felt on the subject of woman suffrage, and she had a fear in her heart that, in spite of his quiet acceptance of the household duties which she had put upon him, he was not in favor of women either voting or holding office. She said she was greatly opposed to it in the beginning, and although he said nothing against it now she half feared he still held the same views. So we plotted to keep him away from the polls on this day.

Providence seemed to aid us, for the baby was far from well, and so Elmina said: "It is too bad, Theodore, but you will really be obliged to stay with the poor little dear; you know she will have nothing to do with a stranger, especially when she is sick, or I would hire a woman to stay, and we will try to get home in time for you to go in before the polls close this evening."

The town was only half a mile distant. We meant, however, to be unavoidably delayed, or pretend we had been. My cousin said nothing, and I really was quite indignant to see a Hopkins show so little spirit.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon Elmina, who had been suffering all day from headache, came to me and said: "I am obliged to go home; my head is growing more painful." So I accompanied her. When we arrived there she said to her husband: "I am so sorry you cannot go to town, but I am suffering with nervous headache and cannot attend to the baby; please keep the children as quiet as possible and Cousin Frances will get supper for you."

After he had left the room she said to me: "There, I am almost glad it has turned out this way, for I tell you the contest has been close to-day." After she was snugly in bed I went to the kitchen, and presently my cousin said: "I am just obliged to attend to a few chores outside and can finish in half an hour; if you can manage to keep the baby quiet it will be a great help to me; it does not matter if supper is late." I looked at the clock; yes, it was safe; he would surely not try to go to town now; it was half-past 5 o'clock. Just after he went out I heard the clatter of horses' hoofs, but supposed it was a neighbor passing. A little asfer 6 Theodore came in, looking innocent enough, and asked me if there had been much of a crowd in town or much excitement over election. The next morning Elmina insisted on going in to get the result. The first thing we heard after arriving was a friend of her husband's, saying: "Theodore came mighty near losing his vote, I tell you; only had fifteen minutes to spare when he got here. I could not see any use of his going off home on a gallop after coming in so fast." Elmina looked at me in surprise, I at her in dismay. Those "chores" were to ride swiftly to town, cast his vote and come home again before we would miss him. Elmina was defeated by a few votes, and we both think to this day that Theodore helped to swell the adverse majority, although he never would tell who he voted for. Elmina's expenses for the campaign and election were large, and her husband had to borrow money and give a mortgage on his property to secure it, but he never uttered a single reproach, and I do not think he begrudged the money. His wife says she could not live through another canvass with its excitement and rivalry.

FOOLISH MEN,

Who Get Mashed on Chorus Girls.

Washington Correspondence Indianapolis News: I have already mentioned the fact, I believe, that we have the summer opera; also that it is the fashion just now. But I did not remark upon the pretty chorus girls and the sad inroads made by them upon the congressional heart and pocketbook. You all know how attractive a reasonably comely woman is upon the stage—especially you old rounders of the city. There is always a time in every man's life when he is "mashed" on an actress. She may be a leading lady or some little ballet dancer in the second row, number four from the right or left, as the case may be. If you are young and tender you single her out and have eyes only for her graceful movements. If she gives you a wicked glance over the footlights now and then you go to the theatre every night. If she catches you at it and gives a half smile of recognition, you blow in your spare change for flowers, and perhaps hang around the stage door for a glimpse of her going in or coming out. If you are an old bird and are familiar with the bald-headed row you are more practical and find out where she stops, introduce yourself and meet half a dozen of her companions over a cheap hotel lunch and learn that they are very interesting, very ignorant, often very homely and not worth another visit. The mash is harmless. This is the chorus girl and ballet dancer. When you strike higher you find the chase more exciting, costs more money and often more heartaches. The lady is accustomed to your kind and plays you for all you are worth, chiefly for her amusement, just as she has played scores of young bucks and bald-headed old duffers before you, and just as she will play scores after you. Your flowers, your lunches and champagne all go the same road. But, as every man must have it once, perhaps it is quite as well to have it yours. A friend of mine, living in the interior of Pennsylvania, was here last summer and got "stuck" on a summer opera girl. He came down several times during the season, and I thought it was for an office. When he confessed that he came here to sit in the front row to look upon and hear a sweet singer I was somewhat astonished, for he was a man of the world. It was a clear mash. He had not dared to call on her, but sent her flowers every night in the usual way. I happened to know the lady, and told him I would cure him. I would introduce him the next time he came down. When I had called and explained the situation to her I telegraphed him, and down he came by the next train. It was a bad case. Well, they met, got acquainted, and my friend went home that night cured. He found his charming singer stout, coarse-featured and ten years older then he had supposed her. He was utterly abashed in her presence, so great was his disappointment, though she was a very clever and ordinarily pleasant lady. I am reminded of his experience by other similar instances. Judge ——, of this city, has a son who is just budding into manhood. He was studying law, but all at once became so suddenly demoralized that the father anxiously sought the cause. He watched the young man pretty closely and found that he spent every night in a certain seat at the summer opera. The old man at once divined the trouble. He had been there in his day. Finding out who the girl was he taxed his son with his foolishness. He asked why he didn't call on her and have a good time—he would take him around and see her himself. And he did. They found her sipping beer in a cheap lodging house, clad in a dirty Mother Hubbard, and the paint still sticking to her eyelashes and daubing her brows. A dirty child, her offspring, was tugging at her wrapper, and she treated the young men very contemptuously. The scene very quickly settled the young man's passion. He returned to the law perfectly cured. There is a congressman I could name who needs the same sort of treatment. He goes to the opera every nigh, has spent big money in flowers, and is altogether in a bad way. I said it was quite as well to get this complaint young; when you are old it strikes in and comes a little hard. Well, this old gray-haired congressman is making himself the laughing stock of the city. The fun the girls get out of it is simply immense. They are all up to his game, and cast glances at his seat the first thing every night. He began by taking a box, but a box attracts too much attention, and is expensive, and he soon settled down to a particular chair. His flower bill must be enormous, and his champagne suppers, and—but I don't know whether he has pushed his case as far as champagne suppers, much less diamonds.

SODA ENGINES.

Curious Locomotives Being Built at the Baldwin Works.

Philadelphia Record: At the Baldwin Locomotive works there are in course of construction four locomotives which are designed to be run by soda, which takes the place of fire under the boiler. Soda has much the same power as coal without any of the offensive gases which that fuel emits. The engines are now nearly finished, and are to be shipped within two weeks to Minneapolis, Minn., and are to be run on the streets of that city, where steam engines are forbidden.

The engine has much the same appearance as a passenger car. It is about sixteen feet long, entirely boxed in, with no visible smoke stacks or pipes, as there is no exhaust or refuse. The boiler is of copper, eighty-four and one-half inches in diameter and fifteen feet long, having tubes running through it, as in steam boilers. Inside the boiler will be placed five tons of soda, which, upon being dampened by a jet of steam, produces an intense heat. When the soda is thoroughly saturated, which will occur in about six hours, the action ceases, and then it is necessary to restore it to its original state by forcing through the boiler a stream of super-heated steam from a stationary boiler, which drives the moisture entirely from the soda, when it is again ready for use. The exhaust steam from the cylinders is used to saturate the soda, and by this means all refuse is used.

These engines are the first of their kind that have been built in this country, and are being constructed under the supervision of George Kuchler, a German engineer. The engines will have about the same power as those on the New York elevated roads, and will readily draw four light cars. Soda engines are now used in Berlin and other European cities very successfully, and they also traverse the St. Gotaard tunnel, under the Alps, where steam engines cannot be used, because the length of the tunnel renders it impossible to devise a system of ventilation which will carry off the foul gases generated by a locomotive. So overpowering would those gases become that suffocation would ensue.

$70,000

Worth of lots have been sold by Bell & McCandlish, 1511 Dodge street, in West side and vicinity, in the past few months. Money will be made by parties purchasing the lots remaining.

DUELING AMONG STUDENTS.

A Barbarous Custom at the German Universities—Student Life at Leipsic.

SIXTEEN DUELS IN ONE DAY.

Appearance of the Combatants—Their Weapons and Defensive Armor—Reminiscences of the Aristocratic Field of Honor.

Leipsic letter in Charleston News and Courier: I should probably have written a day or two earlier if I had not deferred my letter till I could give you my impressions of a German duel. I mentioned in my last that I had an invitation to attend the next mensur of one of the fighting corps here. A friend met me at the depot and at 7 o'clock we took the train for Halle, a neighboring city in Prussia, where the police are not so strict as they are here, and where consequently the Leipsic students do most of their dueling.

We reached the student hall on the outskirts of the city, where fighting was to take place, just as they were about to begin. At 8 o'clock the room was filled with students from the two universities Halle and Leipsic, wearing the caps and colors of their respective corps, smoking, drinking beer and eating their breakfast. In a few moments the first pair of victims were brought on, their right arms being bandaged with silk wrapping, pads protecting the neck and chest about the heart, and strong steel goggles over the eyes. The company left their beer and breakfast and gathered cheerfully around the combatants. In the centre of the ring the floor was covered with a large piece of canvas, on which the positions of the fighters were marked in white chalk, and equally distinctly with numerous red stains, which showed that the canvas was not used for the first time.

The seconds took their stands on either side with drawn rapiers and certain insignia of their respective corps. The umpire took out his watch and note-book, in which to record how many "bloody ones" should be received on each side, and then the fun began. "Join weapons!" "Ready!" "Fire away!" The four schlager met in the air, the seconds drew back and the principals slashed away at each other as if for life and death. The weapons clashed in the air, and sparks flew, and then "Halt!" cried the seconds, knocking up the swords—one of the combatants had received a blow. The umpire stepped up to examine the cut; a thin, red streak was seen on the left cheek of one of the men, and the umpire called out: "One bloody one on the side of the Leipziger Landsmannschaft; the mensur proceeds!" "Join weapons!" "Ready!" "Los!" They were at it again, the blood by this time oozing out plentifully from the gash and staining the white snirt of the wounded man. "Halt," was called again, and another thin stream of blood was seen starting from the roots of his hair. Another "bloody one" was recorded. The fight went on for a few moments, and then a pause was declared, as the young fellow, who had now received three cuts, was bleeding so profusely that he had to be looked after and freshened up a bit. The two took their seats on chairs that were placed for them, the doctors and seconds busied themselves about them, while the others went back to their beer and their breakfast. In a few minutes the fight was called again, several more cuts were recorded, until one of them severed a small artery, which had to be immediately attended to, so the mensur was declared "ex." The number of cuts on each side was announced, and the bloody victims were led off into another room and turned over to the doctors. In about half an hour they came back with their heads bound up and looking a little pale from the loss of blood, but otherwise very unconcerned, and well satisfied, I think, to have gotten off with losing a piece of nose or ear, or having a lip cut through. One man was in the room who had actually had a piece of his nose cut off, and, of course, made for life a disagreeable object to look upon.

I do not know when I have had all my sensibilities so offended as by this barbarous custom which I witnessed that day—the utter uselessness of it all, the risk of personal disfigurement, the idle expenditure of blood, time, and energy, the rough levity disguised under a show of politeness and "chivalry," the beer-drinking and eating going on in the same room with the bleeding and bandaged faces, to me more terrible and disgusting, and it was only with a strong effort that I forced myself to go through with it as one of the things I must see.

One must admire the coolness with which the students go through this part of their education, the fighting—being wounded and being sent up afterwards. But one must at the same time pity them for having so poor a way of showing their manliness. The whole thing is a kind of sport to them. Sometimes a duel is the result of ill-will, sometimes of a challenge for some fancied affront, but usually it is a prearranged trial of skill, just as we have in base ball, foot ball or boxing.

Sixteen of these duels, such as the one I have described, only more or less bloody or serious in their consequences, were fought that day. Two of them lasted the full twenty-five minutes and one of the men could scarcely stand. One poor fellow had a piece of sol