WILKINS' COLUMN.

By Samwell Wilkins.

DON'T KNOW ANY BETTER.

When a man gets too much dust in his eyes
And grimly refuses to advertise,
It's not that he's stingy, or ugly, or mean,—
Not that he's too bashful to have himself seen,
It's not that he has any reason himself
To drive away business and bury his pelf;
It's 'cause he don't know any better.

* * *

ONLY WIND.

A Windbag said to itself one day:
"Now I will be frisky, and light, and gay,
And I'll make men think I'm firm and sound,
Just 'cause I am noisy, and big, and round;
And I'll make them think I'm a thing of brains
With moral feelings, and lofty aims;
But *I* know I'm only wind."

So the Windbag went, and it blew its horn,
And the world thought there was a genius born,
And it looked so substantial, and big, and grand,
That loudest praised it could command,
And as it was flourishing, day by day,
Men thought it was sound and had come to stay,
Whereas, it was only wind.

It blew its own trumpet long and loud,
Till it gained the respect of the vulgar crowd,
And it placed its boom on the upper shelf,
And it bragged, and boasted, and spread itself,
And laid all good at its own front door,
As it pranced along with a rush and a roar;
But the roar was only wind.

And the Windbag smiled as it onward sped,
And it chuckled and laughed as it boomed ahead,
And it said, "What fools these mortals be
To bow and take off their hats to me;
But you bet I holler for number one,
And they think I'm a terrible Fee Faw Fum;
But there's nothing to me but wind."

There's a maxim that came from some fairy elf,
"Give a calf enough rope and he'll hang himself."
So the Windbag went, as the cyclones go,
With a terrible bluster, and howl, and blow,
Till there came some sudden though slight mishaps,
And the Windbag fell in a great collapse,
And they saw it was only wind.

P. S.

'Tis thus with a paper right here in town,
In a darksome cellar, a long way down;
And it makes a thunder as big and loud
As the vacuum caused by a parting cloud.
I guess if they'd raise it up to the light
They would find that the *vacuum's* there all right,
But the thunder is only wind.

* * *

TEE-HEE.

I'm a beautiful, charming young girl,
Tee-hee,
And my teeth are the whitest of pearl,
Tee-hee,
And my eyes are as bright
As the stars in the night,
And I'm spry in the waltz's swift whirl,
Tee-hee.

I've been out without ma once or twice,
Tee-hee,
I was awfully prim and precise,
Tee-hee;
Perhaps you don't know,
But I went with a beau,
And I think it was awfully nice,
Tee-hee.

I didn't know just what to do,
Tee-hee,
It all was so funny and new,
Tee-hee;
I felt giddy and gay,
And had nothing to say,
So I giggled the whole evening through,
Tee-hee.

And so every young man that I see,
Tee-hee,
I imagine he's looking at me,
Tee hee.
'Twas so funny, you know,
To go out with a beau,
And to think he was talking to me,
Tee-hee.

* * *

HOUSE CLEANING.

Pursuant to last week's threat, the *Times* is house cleaning. The sanctum sanctorum is being besmirched with soap. There was more soap on one of the front windows when "we" called than the *Times* has seen of "soap" for three weeks. The paper was off the walls, the chair was off its legs, the editor was off on a toot, the city editor was off his base, the devil was turned loose with a scrub-brush and a kettle of lye, and the whole ranch looked like a vat of paper pulp that had been struck by a tornado.

* * *

ICE CREAM SODA.

One of the saddest and most embarrassing positions I was ever a witness to was in Kalamazoo last summer. They used to dish up very excellent ice cream soda at the "Candy Kitchen," and they were enterprising enough to have a rather pretty girl to attend to the soda fountain. I had just formed the acquaintance of a newcomer at K.—a young gentleman from the effete east, and he was a rather airy youth. He was a most excellent fellow, and his eccentricities were not assumed, but he was peculiar. He was very fine looking, wore gold eye-glasses, dressed pretty well, and went in the best society. He was from the east, you know, and he never pronounced an r, you know, and he was cultured, and polite and refined, and everybody liked him. Well, one day I met this gent on the street, and he asked me to step in and have some soda. Now, even in my days of grammar school practice, I never could decline "soda;" so we went in. He drew one of the stools up close to the marble counter and sat down. He had on a pair of bran new lavender pants and a pleasant, down-east smile, and he remarked, "Chocolate and ice cream," and beamed benignly upon "Rosy" behind the counter. "Rosy" got one glass ready and shoved it toward me as the party being treated, and then drew another glass and shoved it across the slippery marble counter in such a manner that it landed upside down on my down-east friend's bran-new lavender pants. That same young man jumped about half way across the store and exclaimed, "Helen*dem*ashun!" and looked up just in time to be recognized and addressed by two of our lady friends, who had been in the ice cream parlor in the rear of the store, and whom we had not seen until that moment. There we stood, a picture for an artist—the two young ladies, with their faces expressing the most abject astonishment, staring at us, the girl behind the counter scared half to death, I with a glass of soda in my hand, weeping copiously, and my poor eastern friend as red as a lobster, with the ice cream all over his lavender pants, and himself completely covered with confusion, embarrassment and chocolate soda water.

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THE HORN FIEND.

Gently cometh the harmonius toot of the brass horn from over by Bowman's Art Gallery. Some fiend, in human form, stations himself in an open, upper window somewhere along, and proceeds to play cat calls, and yeowls, and Fiji hornpipes on some old brass fish-horn. The aforesaid fiend thereby injures the health of the city, frightens the children, excites men's angry passions, and doesn't create a sound any nearer to music than a gold circlet from a first-class jeweler resembles the Tammany ring that used to run New York politics.

MILN'S VIEWS.

Geo. C. Miln on the Interstate Commerce Bill.--$6,000 per Annum to his Company.--Miln's Compliments to Ye Noble Legislators.

In response to the request of the FREE TRADER hustler, Mr. Miln signified his willingness to talk to us on any subject whatsoever except the pulpit.

"My business is the stage," said Mr. Miln. "I can talk about that, but I don't know anything about the pulpit. I'm through with it."

"You left the pulpit for the stage, did you not?"

"No, sir; I left the pulpit because I was through with it, and then, being out of any business, I entered this profession. I have been on the stage four years and a half. I don't know as there is anything else in particular.—Oh, yes! I can tell you what I think of the Interstate Commerce Bill. That bill is the greatest nuisance and the greatest injustice that my profession has to endure."

"Is it the bill itself, or is it the railroads' application of it?"

"Well, I suppose it's the latter; but it doesn't make much difference whether it be the muscles of the leg or their effect on the foot that causes a kick. If you feel the toe of the boot parting your coat tails, you know it's there, and the result is the same whether the foot had anything to do with the will of the act or not. That interstate commerce bill is a piece of the greatest stupidity. It aims at the protection of the weak classes from the railroad favors granted to wealth and to rich corporations, and that's all right; but when they take away from a wholesale patronage the reduced prices that wholesale trade is always entitled to, then they do an act of colossal stupidity and injustice. Those men who passed that bill had better go back home like Cincinnatus, and stay there."

"You regard it, then, as a mere fool job, and not as an intentional injustice?"

"Intentional!" said Mr. Miln warming up. "Intentional. No; they didn't know any better. But they did it just the same. If I go out in the street and fire off a gun and kill somebody, would the authorities ask whether I *intended* to or not? Why, my dear boy, just listen: There are about 75,000 people in this country who are engaged in the show business. These, with those dependant upon them, make about 250,000 people depending upon the stage for their bread and butter. This law has made a difference to me of $500 in a month. That is $6,000 a year. Now you put $6,000 extra expense onto a company and it is enough to turn a fair success into a flat failure, or a good thing into a bare living. There are 14 members in my troupe. There are many troupes on the road to whom this law makes a difference of more than $6,000, because they have larger numbers in their companies. Mine is perhaps a fair average. There are, I should say, some 300 or 400 companies on the road who are affected as greatly or more greatly than I am. The rest are smaller. Now you can see that a difference of one cent a mile and charge for extra baggage will cripple or break a large number of these troupes. Many have already gone under, and in less than a year fully HALF of this 250,000 people who depend on the stage for bread will be without visible support. Now, I say that bill is most atrocious, and the men who passed it are most damnably stupid, and criminally so."

"Do you say that for publication, Mr. Miln?"

"I say it for any use you want to put it to—it's TRUE. When a congressman doesn't know any more than to pass his vote on a bill without *knowing* what the result will be, he'd better go home and stay there. I tell you," said Mr. Miln with warmth, "I tell you that if those fellows down at Washington would spend less time in giving wine suppers and toadying to foreign titles, and would spend a little more time studying the great problems of the country, there would be fewer such fool laws as the interstate commerce bill."

A convention of the Dayton Township Sunday School will be held at Dayton, Sunday May 14.

There will be a cake sale this afternoon at the Congregational church.

A special town election will be held May 21st, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of A. B. Smith, justice of the peace.

OTTAWA MARKETS.

OTTAWA, ILL., May 6, 1887.

FLOUR AND FEED.	
Local Flours.	
Victor Mills—Silver Cloud, patent, ₱ cwt.	$2 40
Hungarian	2 15
Criterion	2 00
Foreign Flours	
Patent, ₱ cwt	3 00
Kansas Winter, ₱ cwt	2 40
Minnesota Spring Wheat, retail	2 20 @ 2 30
Feed.	
Bran, ₱ cwt	80
Shorts	80
Corn Meal, per cwt	90 @ 1 00
Corn and Oats, ground	90
GRAIN AND SEED.	
Wheat, ₱ bush	75 @ 76
Rye, ₱ 56 ℔s	50 @ 55
Corn, new, shelled, ₱ 70 ℔s	32 @ 35
Oats, 32 lbs	24 @ 28
Timothy Seed, ₱ bush	1 25
PRODUCE.	
Potatoes, ₱ bush	50 @ 80
Butter, ₱ ℔	18 @ 20
Eggs, ₱ doz	9 @ 10
Hay, ₱ ton	8 @ 9 00
LIVE STOCK.	
Cattle on foot, cows, ₱ 100 ℔s	2 50 @ 3 00
Cattle on foot, steers	3 00 @ 4 50
Fat calves, live weight, ₱ 100 ℔s	4 50 @ 4 75
Sheep, ₱ 100 lbs	3 00 @ 4 00
Live Hogs, ₱ 100 ℔s	4 75
TALLOW, HIDES AND SALT.	
Lard, ₱ ℔	10
Tallow, in oil bbls, per ℔	3 @ 3½
Tallow, loose, per ℔	3 @ 3½
Salt, per bbl	1 25
Hides, green, per ℔	6
Hides, cured, per ℔	6½ @ 7
Calf	7 @ 8
Deacon	25 @ 30
Flint Hides	12
Dry Salt	10

The grain prices cover whole range of market, from warehouse prices to prices paid for odd loads for feed.