

BY FREE PRESS CO.

RECIPROCITY.

Rapid City has always been the fast friend of Pierre, and has stood by the "peerless" during all her eight years struggle for the crown jewels. Perhaps its a case of affinity. Pierre gathers within her gates some of the best, bravest and truest men in the whole state. Men who would not stoop to a mean or dishonorable action, even in a capital contest, and Rapid—well, the diameter of her manhood is way beyond the average, too.—Rapid City Republican.

Pierre knows every word of the above regarding her western neighbor is true as gospel, and believes the day is not far distant when they will be connected by something stronger than their friendly feeling—say bands of steel, that will soon bear the wealth of the Hills via Rapid City through Pierre to the east.

In the last six years of gloom that settled down over Pierre like a pall, and while our city was struggling with all her might and main to open up the Indian reservations to the west, that have so long obstructed the march of progress, and clear a way that would enable settlements and railroads to advance into and through the uncleared wilderness—oft called a "barren waste"—Rapid City has been the best and truest friend Pierre ever had. She has been unrelenting in assisting to accomplish the great good object that finally came to pass. And in addition she has stood nobly by Pierre through the capital fight of the past year and this, and seen her principal victorious in each instance.

Pierre knows that Rapid City is a friend that it will do "tie to." She has never proved unfaithful in any way to Pierre. It has been the almost solid vote of Rapid City that has helped Pierre win the capital each time, and it was the means so generously contributed by the enterprising citizens of Rapid City, combined with what Pierre and Chamberlain furnished, that kept the lobby at Washington during the past six years to labor for the opening of the reservation.

Rapid City has seen Pierre accomplish every purpose she has sought, with best wishes at all times, and Pierre would indeed be ungrateful if she in like manner did not wish Rapid City all the prosperity she can enjoy.

Reciprocity as defined and applied by that greatest of living statesmen, James G. Blaine, certainly exists between Pierre and Rapid City, as well as all the rest of the Black Hills country that Rapid City stands such a good show of becoming the gateway and commercial center of.

The Youth's Companion has reached the phenomenal circulation of nearly five hundred thousand copies per week, which is believed to be the largest circulation of any publication in the world. Great as the success of this journal has been it is not surprising, as it possesses so many excellent features to commend it to the reading public, both young and old. No child who begins regularly reading the Youth's Companion as soon as old enough to read and understand and keeps it up, can fail to become well informed in history, science, politics, government, and possess a large fund of general information. In addition to the knowledge gained there is a vast amount of interesting and entertaining matter, but nothing that is low or demoralizing. The Companion is published in Boston at \$1.75 per year.

Correspondence from Howard in the Sioux Falls Press states that a member of the Huron capital committee asserts that they are in no way responsible for the reports being sent out, and that the committee concedes their defeat and are willing to bury the hatchet. This subject is becoming stale, but nevertheless reports have gone from Huron quite recently signed by the Huron capital committee stating that they claimed the victory by 500 votes and that a contest was in order. Maybe the scales have since dropped from their eyes.

The county seat of Brown county, which has been a bone of contention between Columbia and Aberdeen since the first organization of the county, goes back to Aberdeen for good. It has belonged there for several years, but some technicalities of law prevented it from going.

Sol Star, the generally quoted popular mayor of Deadwood it seems was the only candidate for the legislature on the republican ticket in Lawrence county who failed to pull through. Pierre will miss him the coming winter.

Since the democrats have captured the New York legislature, coming senatorial honors seem to rest between Grover Cleveland and Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York Sun.

The senatorial situation in South Dakota is certainly an enigma just at present. It will probably take several deadlocks and dark horses to figure it out next January.

Wm. P. Butler or no one else is heard disputing Pierre's census figures now. The election settled that case, as well as all others of the same nature.

Work on the new state house at Huron has been adjourned sine die.

OUR ABERDEEN ROAD.

The Information Conveyed by Two Aberdeen Papers.

Aberdeen News, 12: Messrs Newport and Bixby, of the eastern syndicate interested in the construction of the Pierre and Black Hills, are expected to arrive in Aberdeen this morning. They are anxious to have the right-of-way deal from this city to Oakes closed up and come to look after this matter as well as others of importance at this time.

General Manager Ward was found at his desk yesterday busily at work. He stated that Saturday's storm blocked to some extent the grading operations, but that work had been resumed and all undertaken would be closed up in ten days time. The ground is frozen but little and the snow has been going off so rapidly that it does not materially interfere with the work. He thought the matter could be steadily pushed and good progress made for some time yet. The operations at the Pierre end will be continued way into the winter.

Aberdeen Republican, 11: The managers of the Duluth, Pierre and Black Hills railway do not propose to stop grading, nor even when it freezes up. There are a few contracts between this city and Faulkton not yet completed. In case the contractors do not finish them at once, the company will put men at work to complete them before a freeze up.

The survey is not quite completed to Oakes but will be very soon, so that all the necessary office work by the engineers may be completed to begin grading very early in the spring.

On the Pierre end the surveys have been busy during this month running a corrected line and will likewise complete their profile and sectional work, ready for the graders. The grading for seven or eight miles out of Pierre will be very heavy and will be pushed all winter, as frost will not stop work in heavy cuts. It is doubtful if any other new work will be commenced elsewhere on the line before spring.

The ties for the entire line from Oakes to Pierre have been contracted for and will be delivered at Oakes during the winter. There is little doubt but July 4th next will see Northern Pacific cars in Aberdeen—the first in South Dakota.

An Honest Advertisement.

Editor FREE PRESS:—I would announce to the citizens of Pierre and the rest of mankind, that I am very grateful for past favors and still solicit a share of public patronage. In anticipation of the great jubilee in celebrating the victory of Pierre over Huron, I have just laid in a choice lot of wines, spirits and lager beer, and am now prepared to do a smashing business in my line. My liquors are all in original packages and I intend to sell strictly according to law, as I am a law abiding citizen. I have also paid the United States revenue tax which makes my business legal and respectable.

I am still at my old stand on the corner of Rum street and Whiskey alley where I shall continue to make drunkards and beggars out of sober and industrious people.

My liquors excite riot, robbery and bloodshed, diminish comfort, increase expense and shorten lives, and are sure to multiply fatal accidents and distressing diseases, and usually render these latter incurable. They will cost some of you life, many of you reason, most of you character, and all of you peace; will make fathers and mothers, friends, wives, widows, children or orphans, and all poor.

I train the young to ignorance, infidelity, lawlessness and every vice; corrupt ministers of religion and members of the church, hinder the gospel and send hundreds to temporal and eternal death.

I will do all this and more, even at the cost of my soul; for the trade pays, and the public encourage it, and some Christians countenance it. I have some little knowledge of the Bible for my mother was a Christian woman and I can remember of hearing her read such passages as "Thou shalt not kill," "Woe to him that giveth his neighbor drink," "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God," and I suppose a drunkard maker will not share any better fate; but I am too lazy to work and my iniquity pays very good wages. I shall, therefore, carry on my trade, and do my best to decrease the wealth, impair the health and endanger the safety of the people.

As my traffic flourishes in proportion to your ignorance and indulgence, I must do all I can to prevent your mental culture, moral purity, social happiness and eternal welfare. For proof of my ability I refer to the police office, the hospital, the lunatic asylum, jail, penitentiary and the gallows, whither so many of my customers have gone.

You will find my back door open on Sunday; and other times to those who are ashamed to be seen coming in at the front.

I know that I am putting my soul in jeopardy by continuing in this business; but I am not yet very old and my health is pretty good, I will risk it awhile longer, and when I have become wealthy I propose to reform and will probably come out as an independent candidate for office on some kind of a prohibition platform. Yours fraternally, LICK R. SELLER.

An Apology Asked.

Scotland Citizen: If the Sioux Falls Press, Aberdeen News and Yankton Press and Dakotan have any conscience left they will publicly apologize for the manner in which they carried on the capital campaign in the interest of Huron. These papers opened their columns to all the falsehoods, deceits and unfairness that the Huron capital committee issued, and their reputations of being journals of any responsibility has been destroyed. In the towns that these papers are published in, the voters administered a stinging rebuke to the course they adopted in the capital campaign. Every ward in the city of Sioux Falls gave Pierre a large majority, and in the county Pierre's majority is over 400. The same is true of Yankton and Aberdeen, both cities and the counties in which they are situated giving large majorities for Pierre.

Must Have Something Else.

Miller Republican: Pierre now has the capital, and she must have the Midland Pacific, and the Aberdeen and Pierre. She must have something besides the capital, and from what we have seen of her people we are led to believe she will have something else. She generally gets whatever she goes after.

THEN AND NOW.

What a Sugar Factory Has Done for Norfolk, Nebraska.

Aberdeen News: A well known gentleman of Aberdeen read among the advertisements in the Sioux City Journal last evening that 280 acres of land within one-half mile of the sugar factory at Norfolk, Neb., could be bought for "only \$80 per acre." "Ten years ago," said the gentleman, "I was in Norfolk and land adjoining the city could be bought for from \$5 to \$10 per acre. Of course the place has had a substantial growth since that time, but I want to say that to such enterprises as the sugar factory spoken of and to others of lesser importance it owes its present solidity and firm real estate prices. If we could get a plant here and get the farmers interested in the culture of beets, as they would surely become, it would be a much better thing for Aberdeen than the capital is for Pierre or any other town. What has been done at Norfolk can be done here. Furthermore I predict it will be done inside of five years."

A Reward for Loyalty.

Spearfish Mail: There no longer exists a doubt that Pierre has been chosen for the permanent capital. The majority is not yet known to an exact figure, nor will it be known until the official canvass is completed, but it is large enough to preclude the possibility of a contest, the doleful wail and shouts of fraud which come from defeated Huron to the contrary notwithstanding. Huron is in sackcloth and ashes over the disastrous defeat her boomers sustained, and will not be comforted. She staked her all upon the cast of a die, and lost. It is not a matter of surprise that she still nurses the hope that something may yet turn in her favor, but as returns come in Pierre's majority grows larger. This question now settled for all time, confidence will be restored, business will receive a new impetus, railroads will seek entry to the capital from the east and will send out the arteries of commerce and trade across the fertile plains of the reservation and into the rich mineral deposits of the Hills. And here is where the Black Hills will receive their reward for loyalty to Pierre. The better portion of our people spurned the bribes offered by Huron, and the result of the next two years will prove their wisdom. The coming of new roads from the east into Pierre will force the Northwestern to build west, and where else will that road go but to the Hills? Two years will not pass before three, and possibly four trunk lines of railroad will connect the Missouri river with the Hills. Does anyone suppose that such results would have followed had Huron succeeded in gathering in the capital prize? Huron's battle cry "desert waste" of the reservation and the utterly worthless character of all the western part of the state. Would she then have felt any interest in opening up that "desert" to settlement, by pushing out her railroads towards the Pacific? Not much.

The Senatorial Situation.

Washington correspondence. Sioux City Journal: For some time there has been talk in Washington about the chances of the various candidates for the senatorship to succeed Senator Moody, whose term expires the first of next March. It has been commonly expressed opinion that in the event Judge Moody is shelved the senatorial cloak will fall upon Governor Mellette, who is without doubt one of the most popular men in the republican party in South Dakota. The name of Judge Gifford has also been mentioned as a possibility, but his following is not so strong, and he is not looked upon as a very formidable candidate. But for the past two or three days it has been quietly noised about that Congressman Pickler is anxious to represent his state in the upper branch of congress, and so sundry are his friends that they openly assert he has enough members-elect pledged to insure him the nomination. There can be no doubt that Maj. Pickler would have a very strong farmers' alliance, grand army and prohibition following, which is something that hardly any other man in the state could secure, but as to whether the major has as many votes as his friends say is something that cannot be vouched for at the present time, inasmuch as no one is present in Washington who is qualified to speak authoritatively and Mr. Pickler himself is not here.

Advice to Huron.

Sioux Falls Press: If the statement is true, that the capital committee at Huron concedes Pierre's majority of the votes cast, would it not be a wise move for that committee to publicly announce the fact? This action would settle the controversy now going on. Whatever may be the majority in the capital vote, there is no doubt a very large majority of the people of the state believe the prize belongs to Pierre, and all adverse claims by Huron, unless upon grounds susceptible of absolute proof, will result in greater injury to herself than to her rival. If the Huron committee is satisfied that she has to take her medicine, the quicker and more gracefully she swallows it the better for her future.

Huron's Alleged Contest.

Mitchell Republican: Huron still talks of contesting the capital election. We can't believe even her most rabid partisans during the recent campaign are in favor of such a childish proceeding. Huron ought to stop her squealing and settle down to business like the rest of us. The polls have closed and the verdict is rendered.

When the capital was located at Bismarck the litigation which followed took the wind right out of the boom which started with the location. Can it be possible that Huron's threat to contest the recent result has in view the same effect on Pierre's boom?

Ugly and Ferocious.

Minneapolis Tribune: A Huron dispatch claims the capital by 1,500; a telegram from Pierre received at the same time, claims the honor for the latter city by 10,000. This leaves a balance of 8,500 in favor of Pierre. Somewhere between Huron and Pierre there is an ugly and ferocious lie at large. The Huron dispatch also announces a light fall of snow; caused no doubt by the cold nerve of the two towns.

On The Crooked Muddy?

Bismarck Tribune: Peerless Pierre wins by a good, comfortable majority, and the capital cities of the twin states will remain on the crooked shores of the old Missouri.

A fine imported cigar three for 25 cents at Tucker & Root's Hotel Locke cigar store.

A GREAT AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

The Success of "The Century" and Its Plans for 1891.

The Century magazine is now so well known that to tell its past success seems almost an old story. The New York Tribune has said that it and its companion, St. Nicholas for young folks, issued by the same house, "are read by every one person in thirty of the country's population,"—and large editions of both are sent beyond the seas. It is an interesting fact that a few years ago it was found that seven thousand copies of the Century went to Scotland—quite a respectable edition in itself. The question in England is no longer "Who reads an American book?" but "Who does not see the American magazine?"

A few years ago the Century about doubled its circulation with the famous war papers, by General Grant and others, adding many more readers later with the Lincoln history and Kennan's thrilling articles on the Siberian exile system. One great feature of 1891 is to be "THE GOLD HUNTERS OF CALIFORNIA," describing that remarkable movement to the gold fields in '49, in a series of richly illustrated articles written by survivors, including the narratives of men who went to California by the different routes, accounts of the gold discoveries, life in the mines, the work of the vigilance committees by the chairman of the committees, etc., etc. General Fremont's last writing was done for this series. In November appears the opening article, "The First Emigrant Train to California,"—crossing the Rockies in 1841—by General Bidwell, a pioneer of pioneers. Thousands of American families who had some relative or friend among "the Argonauts of '49" will be interested in these papers.

MANY OTHER GOOD THINGS ARE COMING.—the narrative of an American's travels through that unknown land Tibet (for 700 miles over ground never before trod by a white man); the experiences of escaping war-prisoners; American newspapers described by well known journalists; accounts of the great Indian fighters, Custer and others; personal anecdotes of Lincoln, by his private secretaries; "The Faith Doctor," a novel, by Edward Eggleston, with a wonderfully rich programme of novelettes and stories by most of the leading writers, etc., etc.

It is also announced that the Century has purchased the right to print, before its appearance in France or any other country, extracts from advance sheets of the famous Talleysand Memoirs, which have been secretly preserved for half a century—to be first given to the world through the pages of an American magazine. All Europe is eagerly awaiting the publication of this personal history of Talleysand—greatest or intriguing and diplomats.

The November Century begins the volume, and new subscribers should commence with that issue.

The subscription price (\$4.00) may be remitted directly to the publishers, The Century Co., 33 East 17th St., New York, or single copies may be purchased of any newsdealer. The publishers offer to send a free sample copy—a recent back number—to any one desiring it.

CHILDREN'S LITERATURE.

What "St. Nicholas" has Done for Boys and Girls.

Victor Hugo calls this "the woman's century," and he might have added that it was the children's century as well, for never before in the world's history has so much thought been paid to children—their schools, their books, their pictures, and their toys. Childhood, as we understand it, is a recent discovery. Up to the time of the issue of the St. Nicholas magazine seventeen years ago literature and children's magazines were almost contradictory terms, but the new periodical started out with the idea that nothing was too good for children; the result has been a juvenile magazine genuine with conscientious purpose, the greatest writers contributing to it, with the best artists and engravers helping to beautify it,—and everything tuned to the key-note of youth.

It has been the special aim of St. Nicholas to supply the special literature with stories of a living and healthful interest. It will not do to take fascinating bad literature out of boy's hands, and give them in its place Mrs. Barbauld and Peter Parley, or the work of writers who think that any "good" talk will do for children, but they must have strong, interesting reading, with the blood and sinew of real life in it—reading that will waken them to a closer observation of the best things about them.

The seventeen years of its life St. Nicholas has not only elevated the children, but it has also elevated the tone of contemporary children's literature as well. Many of its stories, like Mrs. Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy," have become classic. It is not too much to say that almost every notable young people's story now produced in America first seeks the light in the pages of that magazine.

The year 1891 will prove once more that "no household where there are children is complete without St. Nicholas." J. T. Trowbridge, Noah Brooks, Charles Dudley Warner, and many well-known writers are to contribute during this coming year. One cannot put the spirit of St. Nicholas into a prospectus, but the publishers are glad to send a full and complete sample copy to the address of any person mentioning this notice. The magazine costs \$3 a year. Address The Century Co., 33 East 17th street, New York.

A Pierre Man Abroad.

Omaha Bee: G. C. Wilson, of Pierre, S. D., was in the city yesterday. He had just arrived from Dakota and speaking of the election, said it was one of the most fought over held in the state. The main fight was upon the question of the location of the capital, Pierre and Huron being the contestants. According to his statement, both towns spent thousands of dollars in hiring workers, who were located in every precinct of the new state. Personal encounters were of frequent occurrence, but now that Pierre has won by several thousand majority, he states that the people will drop politics and commence booming their country. The suffrage amendment was snowed under by a large majority, notwithstanding the fact that the women fought valiantly at every polling place. Mr. Wilson states that the ladies, young and old, fair and ugly, commenced work in the morning and never deserted their posts until the last vote was polled. They drove rigs, impounded the male voters, scratched tickets and made promises to both parties if the amendment carried. His theory for the reduced republican majority in Dakota is that the republicans split and went with the alliance people, while the democrats stood solid for their candidates.

SOUTH DAKOTA POLITICS.

Reasons Why Our Legislature Should Not Elect a Democrat Senator.

There is a vast amount of ingratitude in politics, says the Sioux City Journal. Perhaps ingratitude is to be found in liberal supply everywhere, but in politics it is frequently conspicuous enough to render the business of politics extremely discouraging. It is bad enough when individuals are forgetful of those who have rendered them service, those who have rendered them service, trusted in their worthiness and in their fairness. But it is something a great sight worse when it comes to the ingratitude of a whole community. It may hardly be fair to say a whole community, but we judge communities in our politics by majorities, and we speak of the state being one way or another as the election may have turned.

The Journal heard a Sioux City business man, an active republican, say the other day that the republican party received "the unkindest cut of all" in the Dakotas. He went on to speak of how the republican party had been battling these years in behalf of those states; first, for the division of the great territory; and second, for the admission to the union of the two states.

If the republicans of South Dakota have not a majority on joint ballot in the legislature of South Dakota, what will the legislature do with reference to the United States senatorship? The coming legislature will elect a successor to Senator Moody. The names of life-long democrats are mentioned for the place. What will the legislature of South Dakota do touching the senatorship? Will it elect a democrat to take Mr. Moody's seat? That would be as remarkable a thing as a South Dakota legislature could do. Think of a South Dakota legislature recruiting the United States senate on the side of Carlisle and Hampton, and Bill Springer! Such action would involve proof of very short memories or of ingratitude in its darkest shades.

The republican party, in the matter of the Dakotas, did what it thought was right. It seemed just to the people that the great territory should be divided, and just to them, also, that statehood should be opened to them. This matter of right was the foundation for whatever action the republican party took. So thoroughly were the people of Dakota convinced of the integrity of their cause that they felt the democratic party could not deny them their petition; and they found themselves repeatedly rebuffed by the democratic party there were excited leaders among the Dakota people who advocated forceful measures to secure just recognition from the general government. But the democratic party resisted all appeals, standing on the ground that statehood for two Dakotas, or for one, would be a peril to the partisan advantage of the democratic party. The democratic party had to be whipped in a national campaign before it would give heed to this appeal of justice, and then its motive was simply to forego their petition; and the democratic record of the democratic party for use in future partisan campaigns. The party that does a proper thing because its opportunity to do the wrong thing has been exhausted has not done a thing for which it can reasonably claim credit among discriminating men.

The Dakotas were for years the victims of the selfishness of the democratic party. They had example of democratic spirit. The fault of the Dakotas was that they were located too far north, and that the sympathies and relationship of the people were more identified with the north, and particularly with the northern section of the union or with Tammany hall. The people over the Iowa border keenly felt the injustice of the democratic party, and for one thing they professed desire for relationship with the union that their power might be exercised to check this injustice as toward themselves and as toward people elsewhere.

Let it be granted, for the sake of argument, that the Dakotas do not owe the republican party anything—for the republican party simply did what was right and what its obligations to itself and the people of the whole country required. But the Dakotas owe it to themselves not to be a reward to the democratic party—not to become its ally on the heels of the record so flagrantly anti-republican and in such violation of popular rights.

The democratic party in South Dakota, and presumably in North Dakota, will be on the alert to profit by the disturbance caused by the independent movement. That party in its own right is not stronger in either state than it was before the break; but its web is spread and its candidates are already proffering entertainment and inviting confidence.

Nothing more singular in politics could happen than for South Dakota to choose a United States senator at this time to recruit the democratic caucus.

It is not probable that such an exhibition of ingratitude, indeed, of such disloyalty to South Dakota, will happen. Certainly there could be no excuse for carrying the independent movement to that extreme—not in either of the Dakotas.

The Old Name Would Not Do.

Gazday—Isn't Colon the name of that town on the Isthmus of Panama? Bunting—That used to be its name, but it has been changed to Colon since the Panama canal came to a full stop.—Murray's Weekly.

He Locks Up.

"It's pretty damp for a person with the rheumatism to be prowling around, Uncle Jack."

"Mebbe, boss, but it's the doctor's advice."

"Do you mean to tell me the doctor advised you to be out nights?"

"Not 'zactly dat away—but he said I must have chicken brof."—Life.

Lets His Neighbor's Dog Alone.

Some time ago a camp meeting was begun at Hollow Rock Springs, owned by an old fellow named Marlow. Just after the religious exercises were started one of the officers of the association went to old Marlow and said:

"Look here, old man, there is something the matter with that spring water."

"Think so?"

"Yes, I know it. Tastes bad and smells awful."

"Wall, I won't dispute your word. Man's got a right to his opinion in this here neighborhood."

"But can't something be done?"

"I don't know but that moat."

"What would you suggest?"

"Wall, I reckon the best thing to do as a starter would be to take the dog out."

"Take the dog out?" the officer gasped. "What do you mean?"

"Mean you had better pull out the dead dog, an' give the water a chance to prove its innocence."

"Is it possible that you knew there was a dog in there?"

"Of course I knowed it when I seed him in there."

"Why didn't you take him out?"

"Well, it's old Andy Patterson's dog, an' me an' Andy ain't on good terms, you know. Andy is mighty funny about his property. I found the dog, the same one, in my springhouse once, an' I pulled him out, an' pulled him putty hard, too, an' Andy got mad an' chucked me round a good den, an' since that I allus let his property alone."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Sunday with the Vanderbilts.

The Vanderbilts are all religiously inclined, and early on Sunday morning the children are washed and dressed and sent to Sunday school. At church time they go to their father's pew and sit there with him and their mother during the service. In the afternoon they go to Sunday school again. They are never allowed to use horses or carriages, nor to go out, except for a short walk as a matter of exercise. The day is spent very quietly. They have an early tea, and in the twilight the children gather in the music room, while one of the ladies plays the piano or organ. Cornelius Vanderbilt, William K. Elliott, F. Shepard and the ladies of the families join for an hour or two in song.

The boys sometimes bring out their violins, the young girls play their harps, and there is an hour or two of the most delicious music that one could imagine. They sing hymn after hymn, and when the twilight fades the little ones are put to bed, to get up the next morning with the glow of health upon their cheeks, and begin their week of study and play that shall fit them to become strong men and women to administer wisely upon the vast fortunes that will soon be theirs.—Ladies' Home Journal.

He Had Heard Enough.

Two nights after the completion of the telephone line between Farnville and Hampden Sidney, Va., one of the largest tobacco warehouses in Farnville was burned. The fire was thought to be the work of an incendiary. Next morning a negro man with a bad reputation and very little sense went into the telephone office.

"Wuts dat ar thing you's talkin' inter, Mr. Blanton?"

"That's a telephone."

"Er tell you wut?"

"A thing to talk into. You just ask it anything you want to know and it tells it."

"Is dat so? I done heard 'bout dat conversation hangin' up on de wall, but I ain't knowed it could tell all dem things."

"Oh, yes, I am busy now, but if you will come back in an hour I'll get it to tell you wut burned the warehouse."

"I dinno ez I got time for dat."

"Well, you'd better take time, or I'll think you did it."

As soon as Sam left, Blanton called up the other end, described the negro and gave the operator the tip.

Sam came back in an hour, the Hampden Sidney operator was called up and Sam put the bell to his ear. This is what he heard:

"The person that burned the Planter's warehouse last night is a ginger cake colored negro, 5 ft. 10 in. high, little finger gone from left hand"—Sam's eyes began to bulge—"one front tooth gone, wears a mustache and goatee, has three children, has been in jail for stealing a sheep from Maj. Venable, and his name is Sam."

With a wild yell and eyes starting out of his head Sam bolted from the room, jumped on a passing freight train, and never came back to claim the reward offered for him.—Chicago Herald.

How He Resembled Fannell.

There have been a few, a very few, extremely High Church Episcopal clergymen in this country who appeared to think that a studied neglect of the bath was a mark of Catholic orthodoxy. One of these excellent men, who was well known in this city a few years ago, was generally arrayed in a coarse ocosack that had long ceased to be even approximately clean, and in linen that was simply dirty—that is the only word that can be used. His finger nails were in mourning, and altogether he was a good reprover of a medieval saint—the kind with whom the odor of sanctity was made visibly manifest by the odor of dirt. Strangely enough, he was at the same time a gentleman by birth, education and rearing. He was simply misled by a false ideal of Christianity. But that is not the point. One day two Episcopal clergymen got to talking about him.

"What does he remind you of any way?" asked one. "Of Fannell," was the reply.

"How did he look the first?" "Oh," answered the second, "because he shrank so from washing."—New York Tribune.

He Might Have Expected.

"Dot rast old Liebig, anyway," exclaimed Phipps the other morning.

"What has the baron been doing now?" asked Doddley.

"Doing? Why the old wretch said that horseflesh was more wholesome than beef or mutton, and I went him one. At all I could."

"Well? It was good, then, wasn't it?"

"Yes, but, blame the old scamp, I had the nightmare all night."—Chicago Times.

Pays Cash.

Merchant—I wish to insert an advertisement in The Morning Bugle.

Clerk—Yes, sir.

"Commence it in this way: Pay cash, and put those words in large letters."

"Yes, sir."

"And I wish you'd trust me for the amount for a month or so."

'Twas Horrible.

"I understand Dabsey paints!"

"That's bad enough, but he does worse even. He presents the paintings to his friends."—Philadelphia Times.

Plainer Still.

I know her face is very plain—

It goes against my will—