THE DAILY LEADER

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TO ADVERTISERS.

THE DAILY LEADER makes a special feature of furnishing information concerning the advantages and resources of the city of Madison and of the state at large entitling it to the patronage of advertisers of every class.

J. F. STAHL, Proprietor.

Republican State Convention.

The republicans of South Dakota will meet in delegate convention in the city of Yankton South Dakota, in convention hall, on Wednesday, the 22nd day of August, 1894, at 4:30 o'clock p. m.. for the purpose of placing in nomination candidates for the following named offices:

Two representatives in congress.
Governor.
Lieutenant governor.
Secretary of state.
State auditor.
State treasurer.
Attorney general.
Superintendent of public instruction.
Commissioner school and public lands,
Commissioner of labor and statistics.

One railroad commissioner for all of South Dakota lying west of the Missouri river.

One railroad commissioner for all of South Dakota lying east of the Missouri river and south of the second standard parallel.

One railroad commissioner for all of South Dakota lying east of the Missouri river and north of the second standard parallel.

And the transaction of such other business as may legally come before such convention.

The committee recommends that an alternate o each delegate be elected and that no proxies be allowed, and that the delegates or their alternates present at the convention be empowered to cast the full vote of their county.

The committee further recommends that the counties of Lyman, Sterling Roland, Jackson Ziebach, Pyatt, Pratt, Presho, Gregory and Harding each be allowed a representation of one delegate on presentation of proper credentials.

The basis of representation for each county will be one delegate for each fifty votes, or major fraction thereof, cast for Hon. Charles H. Sheldon for governor in 1892.

The counties will be entitled to delegates as follows:

County.	Vote.	Delegates.	County	Vote.	Delegates.
Aurora	441	9	Hutchinson	968	19
Beadle	895	18	Hyde	188	4
Bon Homme	861	17	Jerauld	336	7
Brookings	1,052	21	Kingsbury	935	19
Brown	1,392	28	Lake	719	14
Brule	504	10	Lawrence	1,995	40
Buffalo	76	2	Lincoln	1,070	21
Butte	143	3	McCook	570	11
Campbell	379	8	McPherson	532	11
Charles Mix	486	10	Marshall	485	10
Clark	692	14	Meade	405	9
Clay	832	17	Miner	469	8
Coddington	898	18	Minnehaha	2,065	41
Custer	505	10	Moody	684	14
Davison	575	12	Pennington	933	19
Day	756	15	Potter	303	6
Douglas	497	10	Roberts	545	11
Deuel	412	8	Sanborn	528	11
Edmunds	352	7	Spink	1,066	21
Fall River	584	12	Sully	274	5
Faulk	478	10	Stanley	76	2
Grant	621	12	Turner	1,046	21
Hamlin	525	11	Union	812	16
Hand	519	10	Walworth	132	
Hanson	331	7	Yankton		20
Hughes	461	9			
			Total	33,414	671

Dated at Chamberlain, South Dakota, this, the 15th day of May, A. D. 1894.

By order of the state central committee.

J. M. GREENE, Chairman.

J. d. SCRIVEN, Secretary

This is the first in twenty-one years that Rock county, Minn., has had a failure of crops and the Luverne Herald of that county thinks that farmers ought not to be discouraged.

Brother Loucks has kept "monkeying" with the Pioneer Press on the money question until finally it has chewed him all up and spit him out. Fiat money and unlimited pledges don't count for much against the Pioneer's logic.

The Public Opinion of Watertown feels very sanguine of its townsman, Frank Crane's, success for the nomination as state superintendent of public instruction. It even admits that he may be nominated by acclamation, so promising is the outlook it thinks.

The Aberdeen News does not credit the rumor that Lieutenant Governor Herreid is a candidate for Governor Sheldon's place, and it has had an interview with him quite recently. We do not see why he should desire the place. He has a longer title now than the governor.

In the race for commissioner of school and public lands by way of the Yankton convention, J. L. Lockhart, or "Jack" as he is more familiarly called, of Grant county, appears to be a long way in the lead and the convention could honor no more worthy servant than by making Jack its nominee. He will bring them strength in the campaign and faithful service in the office.

Heresy trials of another kind than the ordinary religious cases are about to become the rage. Prof. Richard T. Ely of the University of Wisconsin, is under charges before the state board of regents for teaching socialistic ideas in his class work and it is not unlikely that Prof Herron of the Iowa university may have to answer similar charges for his anarchistic utterances in his Lincoln, Neb., address. Prof. Ely, of Wisconsin, however, took occasion in a recent address at the Mother Chautauqua in New York to make a personal reference to these charges in which he stoutly denied each and every one in each and every particular, defying the author—State Superintendent Wells, to prove one statement he had made. As to his views, he had nothing to retract. The assertion that he favored strikes and boycots is false and malignant. He repeatedly pointed out the disastrous nature of railway strikes in particular. As to trades unions, he held and still holds that their province must be a limited one. But was he a socialist? On the contrary, he thought agriculture offered insuperable obstables to its proposed organization of industry, and maintains that even could socialism be organized and put in operation it would stop progress and overthrow civilization. As to anarchy, the propaganda was a dire national calamity against which all right-minded people should work with all the resources at their command. Plague, pestilence and famine combined were mild evils compared with wide spread anarchy. Obedience to the laws and constituted authorities of the land is our only hope of progress.

The Argus Leader falls into a doleful whine over the passage of the democratic protective tariff measure at the command of the trusts and in its discomfiture emits a wail that but for its disgusting falsehoods might draw it the commiseration of decent people. But when an organ in its attempt to tear down a better political system than its own is let down into the slough of its own foulness and in its cry for pity tries by sneaking innuendo and falsehood to pull down its opponents to the same level, it is deserving only the contempt of mankind. It says, "the bill is better than the McKinley law. It reduces the average tax from 50 per cent to 38 per cent. A large number of the necessaries of life have been placed on the free list and on most of the others a very heavy reduction has been made. Even the bounty to the sugar trust has been reduced from the half cent a pound allowed by McKinley to one eighth. "It then goes on to tell how the democrats—the leaders of its own party—have sold out to the sugar trust, the iron trust and the coal trust, in the passing of this law. And then, as if it would condone the perfidy of its own party, it seeks to smear the republican party with the following libel: "The republicans have never denied their allegiance to trusts and capitalistic agression. But the democrats have promised adequate remedies and it was upon these promises that they won power." It is a prominent characteristic of small natures that they always try to make out others as bad as themselves and the Argus-Leader makes a shining example of itself in this respect. When the republican party put sugar on the free list of importations and encouraged home productions with a small bounty, it saved the consumers of this country $50,000,000 dollars and the Argus-Leader calls this selling out to the trust; while the democratic party puts on a tariff af 45 per cent and a differential of ⅛ cent a pound. Was the Argus-Leader giving facts or falsehoods in its statement? Because the average republican tariff was 50 per cent as the A.-L. claims, which it was not and the new average as it says is 38 per cent., which it is not, but more, and that "a large number of the necessaries of life have been placed on the free list.," does not prove by any means that the new trust bill is better than the McKinley bill. Far from it. There are more articles of prime necessity on the free list under the McKinley bill than under the new democratic trust bill as is shown by the fact that the total value of articles on which tariff is levied by the new law is about $65,000,000 more than under the McKinley law, hence the lower average rate. It is simply a change without reduction as a whole, and the income tax had to be introduced to accomplish it. The A.-L. ought to be manly enough to condemn the action of its party or get out of it, and not make such a pitiable whine and craven defense.

WITH HIS WHIP.

He Flicked the Gun From the Stage Robber's Hand.

"There is quite a difference between staging in the early days of the state and now," said William Miller, the owner of the stage line running from Cazadero to Ukiah.

"When I came here from Boston in 1854, I drifted about a bit and finally went into the service of Charles McLaughlin, the man who was afterward killed by Jerome Cox. He was the owner of the longest stage line in California at that time. It ran with relays from San Jose to Los Angeles.

"I remember once in a lonely coast range canyon, through which the road wound, we had a little experience that was thrilling for the moment. It was about 10 o'clock and a moonlight night. I was just putting the horses through. The stage was full of passengers, and there was a heavy treasure box.

"Just as I got around a bend in the road I saw a figure of a man on horseback standing by the side of the road. He yelled to stop, and I saw a gun barrel gleam in the moonlight. The horses were going at a speed that might be called breakneck, and I just made up my mind to take the chance of getting through. I saw the gun raised to the fellow's shoulder as we approached. I had my long whip in my hand, and with a desperation born of peril of the moment I made a vicious swipe at him.

"I don't know how it occurred, but the lash wound itself around the gun, and as we dashed by the whip was drawn taut, and I knew it had caught, so held fast. I was nearly pulled out of my seat, but the gun was dragged from the robber's hand and fell to the ground. At the same time it was discharged by the shock. It rattled along the road for quite a distance before the whiplash unwound itself. I don't know what the highwayman thought, but I'll bet he was surprised."—San Francisco Call.

FLOUNDER STRIKING.

A SPORT OF THE NEGROES OF THE SOUTHERN COAST.

It Puzzles a White Man, but the Darky Can Hit a Flounder With His Spear Where You Would See Only Mud—The Expert Fisherman Never Misses His Fish.

Did you ever "strike" a flounder? Probably not unless you have lived or passed some time on the coast of the southern states.

One lovely August evening, just before sunset, as I stood on the back porch of our summer home on the coast of South Carolina, I noticed that our boy Bob, a great big black cheerful looking fellow about 19 years old, as lazy a rascal and as big a thief as his whole race could produce, seemed to be very busy over a boat at the little wharf only a short distance from the house, and as I stood there watching him the mystery was explained.

Noticing that I was watching him with a good deal of interest, he came up to the steps, and removing the tattered rim of what was once a felt hat said:

"Boss man, I'ze goin 'strikin' flounder tonight. Like to go 'long? It's easy 'nuff," he said. "Jest put on ole close that don't matter 'bout wettin, and I'll call for you after supper."

After having finished supper and enjoyed a cigar and a stroll on the beach, watching the bathers in the surf and spying a distant sail on the horizon, I proceeded to dress for the occasion. Taking Bob's advice, I selected an old pair of baseball shoes, an ancient pair of cadet trousers that had stood the test of many a dress parade—a relic of my "rat" year—a cap of the same description and a flannel shirt and a heavy coat, for it was cool on the water after sunset, even in midsummer, not forgetting to take a good supply of tobacco and a pipe to keep off the gnats and sand flies and a plug of chewing tobacco for my companion. Negroes always claim to be out when a white man is around.

I joined Bob at the back door, and we made our way down to the landing. Here we found a large flat bottomed scow, on one side of which was fixed an old grate, in which a fire was burning fiercely, while at the other end was a huge pile of dry oak, with plenty of fat pine for kindling. Standing in the boat was a colored boy of about the same size and blackness of my attendant, whom Bob designated to me as "my mammy's sister Sally's boy Rufe."

Greeting the grinning Rufus, who replied by scraping the bottom of the boat with one foot, while he touched where his hat would have been had he worn any, for no such article encumbered his woolly crown, we all made ourselves comfortable, Bob standing at the bow, Rufus at the stern, with a pole, while I was invited to take the middle seat near the fire and requested to keep the boat clear of water, which as soon as we began our journey rushed through the many crevices with astonishing rapidity.

The night was very dark, but lighted by our fire we began to follow the shore, and our flat bottom enabled us to keep in very close. And now came to me what was the strangest part of the proceeding. Bob, standing, as I have said, in the bow, armed with a striking pole, which is simply a heavy rod about 8 feet long, with a two pronged fork at one end, kept his eyes fixed on the water, which was brightly lit up for several feet in front of the boat, while he held the pole raised in his right hand. All at once, and without a word, he suddenly thrust the pole into the water in front of him, and with a chuckle of triumph dashed the pole into the bottom of the boat, and struggling and splashing around was a dark flat object about a foot long, with two great gaping wounds made by the prongs of the fork. The flounder was exactly the color of the bottom of the water and very flat, and how on earth anybody, even a hungry negro, could distinguish it with the boat going at a pretty rapid rate was something I could not make out and have never been able to fathom.

To be sure, the water was quite shallow, ranging in depth from 1 to 2½ feet, and the light from the fire was very bright, but when you take into consideration the fact that the soil was almost black and very muddy and soft, and that the fish almost bury themselves therein, it will be seen that it requires no small amount of skill and quickness to detect the flounder with the boat being rapidly poled along.

And I never saw Bob miss. It would be natural to suppose that the "striker" would occasionally mistake some object for a flounder in waters that teemed with all kinds of fish, or that sometimes he would fail to secure the fish, even if he struck correctly, for it is a known fact that "the biggest fish I ever caught was the one that got away;" but, no, I never knew Bob or any of the other many negroes whom I afterward saw out "striking" to be guilty of failure. Sometimes the flounder would be pierced by only one prong instead of two, and sometimes the wound would be very near the side of the fish, but secure him they always did.

That night we were out about two hours and secured eight of as fine flounders as I ever saw, ranging in size from 10 to 15 inches, three of which furnished a very fine breakfast dish the next morning.—Philadelphia Times.

Quality Against Quantity.

As regards woman suffrage, New York, with all its fashionable furore, is still in that stage of the agitation—passed years ago in Boston—where the "antis" seek to make an impression by claiming "quality as against quantity" of names in their petitions. To put forward this rather vulgar boast was soon found to be very indiscreet campaigning in New England and a powerful help to the other side.—Boston Transcript.

ODDITIES OF SCOTCHMEN.

Some Delightful Peculiarities Pointed Out by an Excellent Authority.

Some delightful oddities of Scotch character are given in Wilmot Harrison's new book, says The Scottish American.

Professor Adam Ferguson, the author of "Roman History," at whose house Burns and Scott met for the first and only time, eschewed wine and animal food, "but huge masses of milk and vegetables disappeared before him. In addition, his temperature was regulated by Fahrenheit, and often, when sitting quite comfortably, he would start up and put his wife and daughters in commotion because his eye had fallen on the instrument and he was a degree too hot or too cold." Yet at the age of 72 he started for Italy with but a single companion to prepare for a new edition of his "Roman History," nor did he die till he had attained the age of 92.

Another "character" is Dr. Alexander Adam, rector of the high school and author of a work on Roman antiquities and a man of extraordinary industry. When at college, he lived on oatmeal and small beans, with an occasional penny loaf, in a lodging which cost him fourpence a week. In later life he devoted himself absolutely to the work of teaching. In addition to his classes in the high school he appears to have had for his private pupils some of the most eminent Scotchmen of his day.

Rev. Sir Henry Wellwood Moncreiff, a member of a Scottish family distinguished during several generations in connection both with church and state, appears to have given wonderful Sunday suppers. "This most admirable and somewhat old fashioned gentleman was one of those who always dined between sermons, probably without touching wine. He then walked back from his small house in the east end of Queen street to his church, with his bands, his little cocked hat, his tall cane and his cardinal air; preached, if it was his turn, a sensible, practical sermon, walked home in the same style, took tea about 5, spent some hours in his study, at 9 had family prayers, at which he was delighted to see the friends of his sons, after which the whole party sat down to roasted hares, goblets of wine and his powerful talk."

NOT A TRUE MURPHY.

He Had the Name and the Physique, but Lacked the Brogue.

A Boston scion of the great Celtic family of Murphy, while traveling in Ireland recently, came across a little village where the man who did not bear his patronymic was regarded as a curiosity. While wandering about this interesting hamlet he chanced to come upon a little tavern, and being athirst entered the taproom for beer. Be it here known that the traveler was considerably above the average in stature, and this was noticed by two old habitues sitting by the fire. One of these presently remarked to his companion, "Mike, that gintleman is taller than Jerry Murphy, Oi think." "Ah, now," replied the other through the 2 inch stem of a T. D., "he's not"—with a rising reflection on the end of the sentence. "Yis, he is," retorted the first, with conviction. "Can't Oi see Jerry's mark there on the dure?"

The traveler's attention was then called to a doorpost whereon was marked the stature of four men, all over 6 feet 4 inches in height. The tallest was Jerry Murphy, and his mark was 6 feet 5½ inches. Accepting this challenge, the traveler stepped up to the doorpost and had his height marked, and, lo! it was a full half inch above that of Jerry.

When he had written his name over his mark, for he noticed that the others were so designated, and that they were all Murphys, some one present called out, "He's a Murphy too!" But one of the old fellows by the fire would not have it so and replied: "Indade he's not. He hasn't got the brogue!"—Boston Transcript.

Enameling Cast Iron.

It is noted as a somewhat singular fact that there are not more than two processes for enameling cast iron, notwithstanding the amount of ingenious effort put forth in this direction. One of these is the hot process, in which the iron, heated to a vivid red, is powdered with a flux powder, borosilicate of lead distributed with a sieve, then heated, and when the flux fuses it is powdered afresh with glass more soluble, forming the glaze of the enamel, but this operation is attended with danger and is not adapted to large articles or for decoration. The second process, which meets the objections named, consists in dressing or coating the article first with magnetic oxide, then dipping it in borosilicates of lead, colored by metallic oxides, to which is added a little pipe clay, in order to give rather more body. The article thus covered cold, by dipping or with brushes, is put into the furnace, the enamel adhering and vitrifying at the usual furnace temperature used by enamelers, and by putting a coating of colored enamel with a brush on a first coat simply plain it is possible to make any decorations desired, which may be burnt in at one operation for outdoor vases, etc.—New York Sun.

Meat Water.

Every good cook is careful to dispose at once of the water in which meat has been washed. Only a very few hours are necessary to change it into a foul smelling liquid if the temperature is suitable. This change is due to a little plant called Bacterium termo. A drop of this putrid material under the microscope reveals many thousands of them, acting under a peculiar vibratile motion.

What we truly and earnestly aspire to be that in some sense we are. The mere aspiration, by changing the frame of the mind for the moment, realizes itself.—Mrs. Jameson.

The manuscripts of Fenelon show no changes. It is said there are not 10 erasures in a hundred pages.

Carnot and Jean Carries.

The death of Jean Carries, the sculptor, recalls an anecdote in which he and the late President Carnot were the principal actors. The artist's busts and figures at the Champ de Mars excited the admiration of all, and they were deservedly classed in the first rank. M. Carnot, when on his visit to the salon, noticed an old man, who seemed much moved on seeing him, standing before the works of art of the sculptor. Some one said to the president, after pointing out the artist: "Here is need for reparation, M. le President. Carries is one of our most skillful men of art, and he is not yet decorated." Forthwith M. Carnot detached from the buttonhole of one of the officers of the military household in the place of a cross of the chevalier a cross of an officer of the Legion of Honor and placed it himself on the breast of Jean Carries. The next day, in The Officiel, the artist was named a chevalier of the order.—London Figaro.

Stanford's Retort.

Once Senator Stanford was traveling through California in his private car. The train had stopped at a small town, and the senator was leisurely strolling back and forth on the platform at the depot. A baggageman was unloading trunks, and in doing so carelessly pitched one onto the platform, and it burst open. The senator looked at it and remarked, "Well, that's a shame." The baggageman impudently asked, "Do you own this trunk?" The answer came quickly, "No, young man, but I own this road."—Horseman.

It is said that Lord Campbell was often overbearing and irritable. A lawyer who had long struggled against the chief justice's criticisms finally folded up his brief and remarked, "I will retire, my lord, and no longer trespass on your lordship's impatience."

Muffled the Bell.

People who passed St. Paul's cathedral one evening last week may have fancied that the clock did not strike 8. It, however, really did strike, and its soundlessness was, says The Daily News, due to a pious little conspiracy, of which certain music lovers who shall be nameless may perhaps not unreasonably be suspected.

Bach's "Passion," according to St. Matthew, was being performed in the cathedral before an enormous congregation, and, as everybody who attends such ceremonials is aware, a church clock has the awkward habit of striking at very inconvenient moments, often entirely spoiling the effect of quiet passages. So certain young men mounted the bell tower and took the liberty of tying a kneeling cushion to the bell hammer, which thus fell without noise.

Immediately after 8 o'clock the cushion was brought down again, and the clock struck 9 as usual.—Pall Mall Budget.

Czar Alexander's Diplomacy.

Russia needs peace in order to develop her internal affairs. She entered into relations with France not in order to make war on Germany, but to form a counterpoise to the triple alliance and prevent France from embarking on a policy of adventure which might have dragged Russia against her will into war. Now that Russia is sure of the pacific intentions of France, she is binding Germany to her by ties of interest. Thus she holds in her hands the policy of two great nations which for nearly a quarter of a century have maintained a hostile attitude. If it is Alexander III who personally directs the foreign policy of his empire, it must be admitted that he is endowed with admirable diplomatic resources, for the game has been played so quietly and so surely as to be worthy the eulogium of future historians.—Paris Herald.

Open For Experiments.

A recent issue of The Medical Bulletin printed the following remarkable offer: Physicians desiring to obtain a subject on which to observe the process of digestion or other workings of the vital organ, or on whom to try the effects of poisons and their antidotes, may probably do so by communicating with the editor of The Bulletin. Subject is unmarried and not prevented by any ties or responsibilities from acting in this matter as he chooses, and does not object to a probable fatal termination of the affair.

WANTS TO REMAIN IN JAIL.

A Prisoner in the Idaho Penitentiary Raises a New Legal Question.

Few people prefer prison life to the freedom enjoyed by persons who have never been compelled to don the striped garb, but such a one is Narcisse Nero, an Italian, who for the past 11 months has been incarcerated in the penitentiary for a burglary committed in Kootenai county. Nero has been an exemplary prisoner, and although his sentence was for one year his good behavior, under the rules of the institution, earned him one month's commutation. The 11 months expired the other day, and Warden Campbell informed him he was at liberty to depart.

Nero said he did not want to go. Life within the prison walls was for him preferable to being turned adrift in a cold world.

The warden told Nero he was sorry for him, but his time was up, and he would be required to leave the home to which he had become so attached in so short a time.

Then Nero adopted new tactics. He raised the point that he did not have to accept the month's rebate on his sentence for good behavior unless he pleased to. He did not desire to accept it, and therefore could not be put out until the expiration of the full 12 months.

This raised an entirely new question, and Deputy Warden Cuddy was dispatched to lay the case before Governor McConnell. The governor instructed Warden Campbell to allow Nero to remain until the return of the attorney general. The governor said if it should be shown such action was wrong he would pay for Nero's board out of his own pocket.—Boise Statesman.

A HERO'S MONUMENT.

One of the Terrible Incidents of the Civil War Recalled.

G. W. Humphrey of Shelby county, Mo., has just ordered a monument to be placed over the grave of Hiram Smith at Palmyra, Mo. Smith was a victim of the McNeil butchery, which occurred at Palmyra during the war, and which was one of the most brutal affairs known in history.

One of General McNeil's men was missing, as the story goes, and he believed that he had been foully dealt with. McNeil announced that if the missing man was not turned up by a certain time he would select a number of citizens from the community and put them to death.

People looked upon it as an idle threat, but the time came, and McNeil did as he said he would do. Humphrey's father was one of the men selected and would have been murdered with the rest had not his friend, Hiram Smith, volunteered to take his place in the doomed column and die in his stead. Humphrey was a married man, and Smith was single, and on this account permitted himself to be shot so that his friend might be spared to his family. The children of Mr. Humphrey have long intended to erect a monument over the grave of the young hero who died to spare their father, but the matter has been put off until now.—Quincy (Ills.) Cor. St. Louis Republic.