

**Washington Letter.**

From Our Regular Correspondent.  
 WASHINGTON, June 8, 1887.  
 The annual session of the association of Mechanical Engineers has been held here this week. This organization numbers over seven hundred members. All of them are not present at this session, however, but representatives from all parts of the Union are. On Wednesday evening they were given a reception at the beautiful residence of ex-Commissioner Dent. This house is one of the handsomest in the city, in regard to view and situation it is undoubtedly one of the finest in the District. On Georgetown Heights in a park of noble old oak trees, the broad house with its wide halls and windows, has an air of solid permanance not often to be met with in American houses. The reception was largely attended by many prominent persons, residents and visitors, and the members of the association, with the ladies accompanying them, must take away with them the pleasantest impressions of Washington, as indeed any visitor here during the month of May must be sure to do.

The President and Mrs. Cleveland still remain in the Adirondack woods, where the President, if the catch of fish may not always come up to his wishes, can find in perfection that immunity from the public gaze so dear to his heart.

The count of the cash in the Treasury prior to the transfer of the office of Treasurer from Mr. Jordan to Mr. James W. Hyatt of Norwalk, Conn., has begun and will continue indefinitely. The National Bank Notes, the Legal Tenders, and silver Certificates, were counted in two days, but when it comes to silver dollars piled stack upon stack in the vaults it is another matter. If the men who succeeded in forcing the making of a law to purchase two million of silver bullion a month (2,500,000 standard silver dollars) could witness this count, they might probably realize the enormity of their offense. Each thousand dollars weigh sixty pounds, and is tied in a separate bag. The bags are passed one by one down a line of from eight to twenty men according to the distance to be traversed from one vault to another, each bag is weighed in the presence of a committee, and piled up again in vaults that have to be braced up by strong beams from the outside to prevent the silver from bursting the walls. Every available space in the Treasury is now occupied by these bags of metal, and some idea of the magnitude of the subject may be reached and brought nearer a practicable conception, when it is understood that this store is added to each month by fifteen thousand pounds of silver in five thousand bags. Where will it end? When will it stop? Washington will become a second Pompeii, and be buried, not in ashes, but in silver.

The fleeting character of Washington life was most sadly exemplified the other day, when it was desired to give Sir Edward Thornton, the former minister of Great Britain to the United States, a dinner. Sir Edward was requested to make out a list of his former friends here he would like to meet again. He did so, and of all that list, numbering men once active and prominent in political and social life, but one could be found in the town. The others, where? Dead or forgotten in the oblivion of some distant small town.

**Don't Experiment.**

You cannot afford to waste time in experimenting when your lungs are in danger. Consumption always seems, at first, only a cold. Do not permit any dealer to impose upon you with some cheap imitation of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, but be sure you get the genuine. Because he can make more profit he may tell you he has something just as good, or just the same. Don't be deceived, but insist upon getting Dr. King's New Discovery, which is guaranteed to give relief in all Throat Ailing and Chest Affections. Trial bottles free at F. G. Fricke & Co.'s drug store.

A remarkable accident happened recently to a young girl of New Lisbon, O. While disrobing for the night she had some difficulty in drawing off her stockings, her feet being damp. As she was pulling it the stocking unexpectedly came off, her hand was released with such sudden force that it struck her under the chin and caused her to bite her tongue nearly in two. This incident ought to be sufficient, one would think, to start the fashion among the ladies of going to bed with their stockings on. Thus, in summer, the danger of tongue biting would be done away with, and in winter life would become more endurable to poor and wretched husbands who heretofore have grown thin and hollow-eyed wrestling with the cold feet and long toe nail problems.—*Ex.*

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The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chillsblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price, 25 cents per box. For sale by F. G. FRICKE & CO.

Democratic organs in Iowa are admiringly quoting the following declaration from a recent interview with President Cleveland: "I drink beer and light wines, and I think I feel all the better for them, but I do not recommend their use to others, because I believe that every man should be a law unto himself in this matter." In an interview with a staff correspondent of the New York World the other day, Blaine said: "I do not smoke or use tobacco in any form; in fact, I never had a piece of tobacco in my mouth. I never took stimulants. Never was in the habit of taking a glass of liquor, even occasionally. I don't know the taste of rum, whisky, brandy or gin. That seems strange to you, doesn't it? I dare say you could tell me a good deal about liquors that I never expect to experience.—*Sioux City Journal.*

**Sightless Cadets.**

Sixty days in a military uniform, whose sightless eyes were blind to the sunlight which trickled through the leaves of the trees above their heads, and who could not recognize the faces of the friends and kinsmen who surrounded them, marched and drilled yesterday in the grounds of the Pennsylvania institution for the instruction of the blind, with the precision of veterans, according to a recent account in the Philadelphia Press.

The drilling of the cadets is a feature of this institution and it is an original feature, too, which there is none similar in the country. The patience, the study and time spent upon this branch of instruction presents a reward in the improved bearing of the little soldiers, and the health which the exercise gives them.

When the cadets marched from the gymnasium to the playground it was almost impossible to believe the miniature militiamen were blind. Their shoulders were squared, their heads erect and their step was firm and regular. The muzzles of their muskets made an unwavering line of light, and the red stripes on their blue trousers legs rose and fell with the regularity of a machine. It was the final full-dress drill of the cadets, and all of their friends and relations and the friends of the institution were gathered around the walls of the playground.

But the applause which saluted the cadets as they filed past was the only knowledge they had of the near presence of hundreds of spectators. The left hand of each boy rested, as he marched, on the left shoulder of the one preceding him. The first boy in each company could see. Commandant-Maj. Harry W. King directed the company to "ground arms," and at the word every gun touched the ground at the same moment. The cadets separated and stood at two yards distance. Then, at the spoken command, they went through a calisthenic drill, clapping their hands, raising their arms and swinging them like so many automations, worked by the same piece of mechanism.

It was only when the boys bent over to touch the ground with their finger tips that there was any irregularity; then the difference in height of the cadets made it impossible for the long-limbed boys to recover themselves as quick as did their younger companions. The guns were picked up and the command was given, "Two, three and four forward." The ranks broke and there was a scattered movement to the right, the right hands and arms of the cadets held their muskets firm and the left hands moved anxiously in search of a companion's shoulder. By some instinct finer than sight itself the moment the wandering fingers of a cadet touched the person of a comrade he seemed to know instantly that it was the man he sought.

In a few seconds the battalion was formed in close ranks of two. As the ranks marched and countermarched, broke and reformed, the other inmates of the institution sat and stood in groups around the walls, guessing from the words of command what their companions were doing. Among them was a large, heavily built man who sat with one hand over his sightless eyes and with the other clasped in both of those of a little girl. She called him father, and as the drill went on told him as graphically as a child could what her black pretty eyes saw before her, and how and what the cadets were doing.

At the conclusion of the drill acting principal Frank Battles called from the ranks those of the boys who had won the nine gold and bronze medals which different friends of the institution have awarded annually to the best soldiers of the battalion. It was a pretty and pathetic picture the young soldiers made as they stepped forward with their faces flushed with pleasure and saluted while the medals were pinned upon their breasts. And it was still more pathetic to see them when they had been led back to the ranks, nervously finger the new decorations to read, if possible, their beauty through their finger-tips.—*Ex.*

In the decline of life, infirmities beset us to which our youth and maturity were strangers, our kidneys and liver are subject to derangement, but nothing equals Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm as a regulator of these organs.  
 8-m3

**WHAT THE PAPERS SAY**

**Of People Whom the World Likes to Read Something About.**  
 Claus Spreckels, the San Francisco sugar king, intends to purchase a lot and build a villa in Paris.  
 Mayor Hewitt, of New York, wants the city to receive a royalty of one cent per passenger from the street railways that adopt the cable system.

Stephen W. Dorsey thinks the southwest the "coming" section of the country, alike for its natural resources and the healthfulness of its climate.

Irving Fisher, a Yale student, has invented an apparatus for recording the length and strength of the stroke pulled by each member of a rowing crew. It is already in use.

Nate Salsbury, who is Buffalo Bill's partner, proposes to introduce popcorn in London. He has ordered 100 bushels of the unpopped vegetable from a New York dealer.

Miss Emma Abbott says she is the only prima donna in the world who sings publicly seven nights a week, and she can sing three notes higher than any other excepting Sembrich.

J. B. Sargent, the well known manufacturer, has left his home in New Haven for a trip round the world. Before he left he spent a whole day in shaking hands with each one of his 2,000 employees.

When Jacob Schaeckel, the millionaire tanner of Buffalo, took his wife around to look at a \$500,000 residence which he recently bought, her only criticism was that she was afraid if she lived there she "would have to keep a girl."

Sir John Millais, in distributing the prizes at the Sheffield School of Art recently, highly praised the work of an American named Albery, whose illustrations of "Sally in our Alley" he regarded as the most beautiful he had seen for many years.

Senator Leland Stanford has presented to his brother, Josiah Stanford, the celebrated Warm Springs ranch in southern Alameda county, Cal. The property is valued at \$250,000, and was once one of the most noted health resorts in the state.

Mrs. Langtry's admirers have lately noticed a sad falling off in her looks as she rolls past them in her victoria. Her pallor and her languid air have something to do with the change, but some other reason had to be adduced for the very marked difference in her appearance. It now turns out that the Jersey Lily has had her hair cut in boy fashion. The experiment, in the opinion of connoisseurs, has not proven a success.

**A Very Remarkable Bouquet.**

The King of Holland received, on his seventieth birthday, a very remarkable gift from the queen. Her majesty, upon congratulating the king, told him that she had a large bouquet of flowers for him, but it was so heavy that she had asked the ladies in waiting to bring it in. The door was opened, and several ladies entered, carrying in the bouquet, which they placed before the king. His majesty was greatly surprised when suddenly the top of the bouquet opened, and the head of his infant daughter peeped through the flowers. The king was delighted with this pretty surprise, which we should think has not been equalled since the days of the "four and twenty blackbirds."—*Homo Journal.*

**A Porter's Velocipede.**

A Washington negro of an inventive turn of mind has invented a porter's velocipede—a sort of quadricycle carryall. It is about half the size of a street car, with room for four "fares" and a trunk besides the locomotor, who sits somewhat near the center and pilots away at the pedals, which turn the hind wheels. So far he has ventured out with his great invention only after night, but he hopes to be ready to come out in the broad glare of day and pour his devoted perspiration over the streets of the national capital before the July sun shall celebrate the glorious Fourth.

**A Weld Without Fire.**

Relative to making a perfect weld of steel without fire or borax, a blacksmith writes: "A job came to my shop a few days ago in the shape of two pieces of three-quarter inch round steel, welded together and to end. A taper plug of steel was in one end of a shaft on which a corn burr was running. The plug of steel was bearing against a like piece of steel in the frame, the object of this being to tighten the burr. Owing to a loose box on the shaft, the shaft got to jumping, giving a side motion and creating friction enough to weld the two pieces of steel together as stated. The two pieces of steel were hardened."—*Boston Budget.*

**Enterprising Redskins.**

Three Omaha Indians, one of whom is a returned student, have clubbed together and bought a seeding machine. One of these men was able by its use to put in forty acres of wheat in one day. The three Indians have planted on their farms over 100 acres of wheat. They are now renting out the machine to the white farmers in their neighborhood at ten cents per acre planted. Work and thrift bring good fellowship everywhere.—*Carlisle (Pa.) Indian School Star.*

**Bodies from the Bad Lands.**

The Smithsonian institution has received from Col. J. H. Wood, of St. Paul, the bodies of five persons—a man, woman and three children—taken from a cave in the Bad Lands of Dakota by a miner. The bodies are simply dried up, and are not petrified, but are in a remarkable state of preservation. Scientific men who have seen them say they belong to a race which existed 2,000 years ago.—*Scientific American.*

**Lovers in Fiction.**

Lesz gave an amusing account of the manner in which George Sand used her lovers in fiction after she had done with them in fact. "First, she lines her butterlies," he said; "when she feeds them in her box with grass and flowers; this is the love period. After a time she sticks a pin into them; they struggle in their pain; but she has had enough of them and is now bent on vivisection. In the end they will be preserved as dried specimens."—*New York Tribune.*

**A Once Famous Cow.**

The famous cow Eliza, for which her owner, A. J. Cowan, of Venango county, Pa., once refused \$10,000, was sold by him to an Oil City butcher the other day for \$50, she having been ruined by overfeeding. Although this cow stood at the head of all milk producers in this country a few years ago, her pedigree was never known. She came to Cowan's farm as an stray. She was a famous prize winner.—*Boston Budget.*

**The Two Johns.**

In Biddeford, Me., are two brothers, each named John Wesley. The elder, when a boy, was stolen by Indians, and after a time given up for dead and a tombstone was set up to his memory. In the mean time another son was born to the family and named after the first John, who some years after was returned to his family. The two Johns are known in the family as "Our John" and "Indian John."

**CLIPPINGS OF INTEREST.**

A noted Washington mesmerist, writing to a friend in that city from the city of Mexico, says that on April 18 he had a \$500 house in the city of Mexico, but as the interpreter got frightened and did not adequately explain things, the superstitious and ignorant audience howled for their money back and threatened arrest, and the mesmerist left next morning for "the states."

A man in a car on a Maine railroad thought that he felt a bug crawling on his neck, and grabbed for it. Then there was a scream, and the man found himself being the hair of a woman who had been sitting behind him with her back to his.

A circus ticket seller earned his "salt" in Philadelphia the other evening by selling seats to 10,000 persons in fifty minutes, a feat which involved the handling of 200 tickets or \$100 a minute.

Speckled trout served cold with lettuce and Mayonnaise dressing is said by a Boston man to be worthy the attention of those who know a good thing when they taste it. This diet is particularly palatable along about midnight.

A Haverstray woman, who believed there was "good luck" in having a bird fly in a house, chased a canary bird in, and in doing so upset and broke a ten dollar looking glass.

It is reported that a quarry of the famous "giallo antico," or yellow marble, used so much by the ancient Romans, has been discovered near St. Genevieve, Mo.

The late John T. Raymond was an indefatigable collector of coins. His collection is valuable, and will soon be sold at auction in New York.

A bald-headed Italian and a red-headed negro visiting the courtesies in an Albany police court a few days ago.

The first sheet of the plate ever made in this country was successfully manufactured at Youngstown, O., last week.

Put into plain English, Kaplopin's name signifies, "The dropping of the clouds from heaven."

Over 180 natural gas and oil companies have been organized in the state of Ohio during the past sixteen months.

The Baltimore park commissioners have just prohibited kissing in the public park under penalty of \$10.

New York is talking about an angry son who wears mourning because his mother has remarried.

At a White House Reception.  
 Once at a White House public reception, when the crowd was immense, Sir Edward Thornton and Lord George Montague, the last son of the Duke of Manchester, tried to make their way into the blue room along with the general crowd. The policeman on duty waved them back.

"Do you know, sir," said Sir Edward, in his most important manner, "that I am Sir Edward Thornton?"

"And I," said Lord George, who was a meek, inoffensive little fellow, "I am Lord George Montague."  
 "So what?" responded the policeman; "don't tell me two such little grasshoppers as you are Sir Edward Thornton and Lord George Montague."—*Washington Letter.*

**The Beauty by Daylight.**  
 It was stated that Mrs. Langtry had had her hair cut in boy fashion, preliminary to adopting a course of treatment that would impart a uniform color to it. In daylight her admirers noticed that there were strands of a dark gold hue intermingled with tresses that were almost raven black, and the knowledge appeared to make some of them waver in their allegiance to the English woman. An acquaintance thinks that Mrs. Langtry has shown herself before gazettes altogether too indiscreetly of late, and swears that on one occasion the tiny breaks in what appeared to be enamel were quite noticeable.—*New York Sun.*

**Noted for His Agility.**  
 Mr. John Ripple, who died in Ogle, Pa., recently, at the age of 87 years, was a noted citizen of the place, who was best known as "Old Johnny Ripple." Large stories are told of his strength and agility. It is said that when he was in his prime he could kick tinware from a store ceiling eleven feet above the floor. Once, when rafting on the Monongahela river, the raft was wrecked, and he escaped by jumping over twenty feet to a rock, from which he was rescued. He would place four and five hogheads in a row, jump out of the first into the second, and so on to the last, then jump backward to the first, with apparent ease.—*New York Sun.*

**In Too Big a Hurry.**  
 A veteran Boston fireman, in his anxiety to make a record the other night, mounted his carriage upon hearing an alarm and drove to the fire, utterly ignorant of the fact that in his haste he had forgotten to put on either pantaloons or boots. As his carriage flew along the street a wag shouted: "Save me, mother, the Indians are after me," but still he drove on. Upon arriving at the fire, says *The Herald*, it was laughable to see the way he clung to his carriage, wrapped in his blanket, and it will be a long while before he hears the last of it from his fellow firemen.—*Chicago Times.*

**An Assessor's Calculation.**  
 There is a certain township assessor who valued a tract of ten acres for taxation at \$1,000. The valuation had not been changed for a score of years. At length one acre was sold to a stranger for \$1,000. The following year the assessor valued the single acre at \$1,000 and the nine acres which remained in the original holder's possession were valued at \$900. The assessor claimed that the one acre plot being then sold for \$1,000 he was required to value it at that sum, but that the nine acre plot having been diminished by one-tenth should be valued at one-tenth less.—*Trenton Emporium.*

**The Pitcher on the Post.**  
 More than thirty years ago a young girl was in the act of placing a pitcher on a post which stands near the South Carolina railway, five miles from Aiken, when she was struck dead by lightning. Ever since this tragic occurrence the pitcher has remained on the post, safe by superstition from the touch of negroes, who believe that the arm which touches it will be paralyzed. Storms and cyclones and earthquakes have not displaced it, although the post which holds it is fast crumbling with decay.—*Chicago Times.*

**A Cool Demand.**  
 A Yankee lawyer has written to the register of deeds of Chown county that a client of his has the record book of equity of that county for the period between 1788 and 1795; that it had been taken from the office during the late war, and that he will restore it for \$100. What ought to be done with such a fellow?—*Raleigh (N. C.) News.*

**Waiting for the Steamers.**  
 Sixty-five thousand persons, now residents of Europe, hold tickets for America, and are only waiting for the steamers to bring them over. Europe has many great statesmen, but they don't appear to know how to make life worth living for their fellow countrymen.—*Boston Globe.*

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