

ANXIOUS FOR HIS SCALP.

The Feeling of Indignation Against Land Commissioner Sparks.
Rapid City (Dak.) dispatch: The feeling of indignation caused by the disastrous rulings of Land Commissioner Sparks is very strong in this part of the country, and prevails among the entire people. Politics is entirely lost sight of, and democrats as well as republicans denounce the course of the commissioner in unmeasured terms, and unite in the hope that he may not long retain a position in which he has shown himself so capable of working injury and mischief to the frontier. His construction of the law, debarring land claimants from making commutation proof upon homesteads after having proved up on pre-emption, has given rise to a great deal of confusion, and loan agents who have heretofore been ready and willing to furnish money for such proofs now absolutely refuse to do so. Some even refuse to loan money on first claims on account of the ruling lately promulgated that the security given for such loans is not only of no account, but also that the claimant borrowing money upon land claimed forfeits his right. Another very bad effect of the ruling is that it has caused many people who have been able and willing to buy land now hesitate to do so unless in cases where patents have been issued. Heretofore the receipt for the government price has been considered sufficient evidence of ownership, and titles given by parties holding such receipts have not been questioned. While there have no doubt been frauds perpetrated in making final proofs in some cases, there is neither truth nor justice in the assertion of the commissioner that a majority of the proofs made in the local offices are fraudulent. The suspension of the issue of patents is also an injustice gross that it has awakened general indignation. Should the commissioner be sustained in his rulings great injury must result to this region. While in Eastern Dakota the sentiment of the people has been expressed through petitions to the senate; here there has been no united effort of the kind. Many men of the Black Hills have, however, written personal letters to senators and their acquaintances and to the secretary of the interior, calling attention to the injurious workings of the commissioner's rulings, and it is confidently hoped that such letters, in connection with other modes of expression of sentiment throughout the west, may have an influence in bringing about decided relief.

Las Vegas (N.M.) dispatch: There is a strong feeling of indignation against Land Commissioner Sparks and his exceedingly unjust rulings. The principal newspapers of this section are fiercely attacking the commissioner and his methods. There is no doubt but what the arbitrary actions of Sparks will cause the loss of thousands of dollars to settlers and property holders of this territory, and are proving most disastrous to immigrants and newcomers. Inability to procure patents and complete titles to their lands is working great hardships to poor settlers, as with little capital they are unable to obtain temporary loans on their real estate by reason of defective title.

THE IMPERIAL PURSE OPENED.

The Chinese Government Practically Re-members Its Old Friend, General Grant.
The following reply of Secretary Bayard to the letter of the Chinese minister, enclosing a check for \$500 as a contribution to the proposed monument in New York to the memory of Gen. Grant, has been made public:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, Dec. 22.—Dear Mr. Minister: It gives me great pleasure to acknowledge your excellency's note of the 21st inst., accompanied by a check for \$500 in aid of the completion of a monument proposed to be erected in New York to the memory of General and ex-President Grant. Let me for myself and for my countrymen, and not in a merely formal way, but with much feeling, express my own and their gratification in this evidence of the widespread human sympathy for the American people in aiding them to keep perpetual the memory of one who was their chief in military and civil governments. I beg you to convey to the illustrious viceroy my high appreciation of this gift of \$500 and accept my equal thanks for your own contribution of \$200. The total sum shall be transmitted to the custodian of the monument fund in New York with a copy of your letter and with renewed acknowledgments of your proof of sympathy and friendship to the people of the United States and one of their most heroic representatives. I am, my dear Mr. Minister, very sincerely yours, T. F. BAYARD.

LAND GRANT RAILROADS.

What Commissioner Sparks Has to Say of Them.

The case of W. J. Hamilton vs. Northern Pacific railroad company involves the claim of settlers to a tract of land within the limits of the grant which was resisted by the company on technical grounds respecting the original settlers' qualifications as pre-emptors. Commissioner Sparks holds that the settlement claim is proven by occupation and improvement, although not placed on record, except land from withdrawal, and that the railroad company cannot be held to attack settlers' qualifications or the compliance with the law under the public land laws of the United States. The principal of this decision is that the lands occupied by actual settlers as well as lands held under claims of receipt which are exempted from the railroad grant and withdrawal except at the proper time, would not pass to the railroad. Even if settlement claim should afterwards prove to be in any manner defective as against the United States, Commissioner Sparks further holds that the question would then be between original or subsequent settler, as the case might be, and the government, and can never be made a question between the settler and the railroad company. In other words, that a land grant railroad cannot pursue a settler and challenge the validity of his claims as against the United States.

A Dramatic Scene in Court.

A peculiar and dramatic scene was witnessed in the Probate Court in Cleveland. Two years ago Franz Paffinger started from Bavaria to seek a fortune in America. He left behind an affianced wife, Marie Epp, by whom he had two children, promising to send for her as soon as he could provide a home. In New York Franz met Jennie Thomehoben, whom he married. The pair came to Ohio and lived in Toledo. Two months ago, at his wife's solicitation, Franz sent for Marie Epp and the two children. They came on the first steamer. When Marie reached Toledo and learned of the marriage, she almost went wild. Franz and his wife were equally agitated. To adjust matters, Franz bought twenty acres of land near Toledo, and the whole family attempted to dwell together in peace. They drifted to Cleveland, and asked all the city officials, high and low, to help them out of their dilemma. They were referred from one office to another until they brought it up in the probate court. Franz offered the wrong woman to Marie, but she refused, saying marriage alone could heal the hurt. Later on she half agreed to accept it and the trio went to Cleveland to fix up their differences if they can. Both women are quite intelligent and good looking.

WENT UP IN SMOKE AND FLAME.

A Four Story Hide, Tallow and Wool Warehouse Destroyed by Fire.
Chicago dispatch: Oberne, Hoosick & Co.'s four story hide, tallow and wool warehouse and store, was burned out today with a loss of \$350,000. The fire broke out on the first floor on the La Salle street side and had a fatal hold on the building before the alarm was sounded. Second and third alarms were turned in. Fourteen engines and three chemicals, with the hook and ladder companies, were on the scene and the fire was attacked from La Salle street, Michigan street and the alleys. The effective work of the department was greatly hindered by telegraph wires, which had to be cut, and the flames on the east side, in which from the nature of its contents was known to be doomed. Large streams of water were poured into the building from the north side, and the flames were gradually forced back. Information was had that hundreds of barrels of tallow were stored in the basement at the east end of the building, and to that point the efforts of the firemen were directed. They worked hard and were not handicapped as at the fire two weeks ago by excessive cold. Therefore, it was not long before the tallow was out of danger. Had the flames reached this, there would have been a conflagration there the like of which has not been since the "big fire." The fourth floor fell first and the heavy beams crashed down to the second story, giving the flames for a time an apparent advantage over the combatants. After the fall of the floors the east wall fell out, scattering bricks over the streets. A number of firemen had narrow escapes from being crushed by the falling ruins. Fortunately no one was injured, warning having been given that a crash was imminent. The smoke from the burning wool was of a dense nature and drove the firemen from points of vantage again and again. The second floor encumbered as it was with the debris that had fallen from above fell to the ground and after a few minutes the fire was out, with a total loss and the stock nearly so. Many of the green hides in the basement are saved, as was the tallow. Mr. Oberne says there will be 10 per cent of the wool saved. There was a stock of tallow, wool, sheep, goat, and deer skins in the amount of \$250,000. Total insurance on stock and machinery \$257,000. Insurance on the building \$25,000.

A LETTER FROM THE VATICAN.

The Pope Approves the Establishment of Voluntary Schools in America.
A copy of a letter sent by the pope to the Roman Catholic hierarchy of England has just been received in Baltimore by Archbishop Gibbons, the primate of the church in America, and which will be published in full. It says: In these days, and in the present condition of the world, when the age of childhood is tempted on every side with various dangers, hardly anything can be imagined more fitting than the union with literary instruction of sound teaching in faith and morals. For this reason we have more than once said we strongly approved of the voluntary schools, which by the work and liberality of private individuals have been established in America and elsewhere. We desire their number increased as much as possible. We ourselves, seeing the condition of things in this city, continue with the greatest effort and at great cost to provide an abundance of such schools for the children of Rome; for it is by these schools that the Catholic faith—our greatest and best inheritance—is preserved whole and entire. In these schools the liberty of parents is respected, and what is most needed, especially in the prevailing license of opinion and of action, it is by these schools that good citizens are brought up for the state, for there is no better citizen than the man who has believed and practiced the Christian faith in his childhood. The future condition of the state depends upon the early training of the children. The wisdom of our forefathers and the very foundations of the state are ruined by the destructive error of those who have children brought up without religious education. You are therefore, venerable brethren, with what earnest forethought parents must beware of trusting their children to schools in which they cannot receive religious teaching.

Resolve to Advance Prices.

The Northwestern Plow & Cultivator association, comprising all the manufacturers west of the Alleghenies, held a special session in Chicago and adopted the following: In view of the recent advance in the price of raw material and the prospect of further advances in the near future:
Resolved, First—That no further concessions be made in prices other than those already made;
Second—That should there be further advances in raw material it will be necessary to follow the same by an immediate meeting and an advance in the price of plows and cultivators to correspond.
Third—That we limit the amount of goods to be made for the spring trade of 1886 to actual orders.

A Forecast of Congress.

Washington dispatch: Since the present session of congress began 728 bills and joint resolutions have been introduced in the senate, and seven, one of which originated in the house, have been passed by that body. One thousand two hundred and forty-seven executive messages, containing about 1,500 nominations, have been sent by the president to the senate, and have been referred to the proper committees, but no nominations have been confirmed. Two treaties, one relating to the boundary line between this country and Mexico, and the other providing for settlement of the claims of certain American citizens against Venezuela, have been sent to the senate for ratification.

—Monterey, Mexico, advises note the liberation from prison of acting Governor Sepulveda and the acquittal of the officer who gave the order to fire on the federal troops. About 120 of Sepulveda's privates who fired on the federals and wounded or killed 16, have been sentenced to 10 years imprisonment in the Fifth battalion of cavalry, stationed at Monterey. Gov. Garcia was tendered a grand reception at Saltillo, on his return from the city of Mexico; Sepulveda and many of his friends greeted him and escorted him to his old home at Villa Garcia. He was enthusiastically received in spite of his downfall. A general disbandment of the revolutionary forces has taken place. Some of their leaders have been given governmental sinecures.

—They have a daisy of a police force in Vincennes, Indiana. A few nights ago Mayor Wilhelm and a committee of the council raided the police. One of the officers was found at home in bed, another dead drunk, the third in a house of prostitution, and the fourth asleep in a saloon. This comprises the entire force of the city. An investigation will follow and will probably result in a revolution in the police.

A dispatch from the Creek Indian nation says that the four delegates recently appointed to represent that nation in Washington this winter and who started for the capital last week, are under unofficial instructions to urge the adoption by congress of a territorial government for Indian territory.

MARY ANN'S TREAT.

BY JOSEPHINE ROBBINS.
We had been married just fifteen years come Tuesday.
My wife had spent a life of toil and privation "for my sake," so she never failed to tell me about a dozen times a week, and it wasn't always in the most tender tone that Mary Ann held up my faults and deformities to my reluctant gaze.

On Mondays, especially, we were made to feel our utter heartlessness, and one and all of us used to myself down to the cat, or as I used to feel on those days, from the cat down to myself were forced to think that we were created for the sole purpose of making trouble and work for Mary Ann.

There were very few things which had happened during our wedded life, which she forgot to mention on those days. I mean, of course, the things which did not exactly reflect credit on myself.

She never went anywhere, never had anything, never did anything like other women did, and all because she had married a brute instead of a man. Another man more unchristian than myself would have hurled the unjust accusations into Mary Ann's teeth, or I might say guns, but I bore it all meekly, and with a patient forbearance. I meant some day to heap coals of fire on her head, and force her to wish she had never uttered those cruel words. I meant to astonish my wife with my generosity. I should give Mary Ann a treat on the fifteenth anniversary of our wedding day. No one knew of my intention, I had never breathed it to mortal ears, but I would do it. I would take Mary Ann to the Union Square Theatre to see "Miss Multon," and for one evening she should riot in fun and fashion to her heart's content.

Yes she should go to the play and then where would she get fuel for her wrath on the next wash day. She must needs find something besides my selfishness to belabor me with.

I would with one fell swoop destroy this most deadly weapon of my abused wife, and forever more bask in the smiles of a pampered child of luxury.

I thought it best to break the news to Mary Ann two days before the event, as she would need to make some preparations for so momentous an occasion.



I FORTHWITH PRODUCED

I chose Monday for the time, as I would then have full occasion for the "coals which I meant to heap," and so when she had worked herself up to the point where she never had anything, and never went anywhere, I stopped her with my thunderbolt.

"Hold, Mary Ann, hold," I cried. "You shall never taunt me with that last remark of yours again. You are going somewhere. I have bought tickets for the Theatre. Two tickets for the dress circle, think of that, the dress circle, and you are going to the play."

"For fifteen years you have been a hard-working wife to me, and now your reward is at hand." It was well that Mary Ann was propped up on the strength of her fancied wrongs, or this piece of news would have felled her; as it was, a smile, composed of a mixture of doubt and contempt, overspread her countenance, as she told me she should believe she was going, when she found herself there, and not before.

I had my proof of my honest intentions, and forthwith produced the two tickets, which at last convinced her that she was really going to a play. What a change came over her—the clouds broke away from our conjugal sky, and the rest of the washing was whisked out of the way in half the usual time, amid snatches of songs which I had not heard in many a day, and never on this day of the week—dreafull Monday!

I must say that when I first conceived the idea of giving Mary Ann a treat, I failed to measure just the exact amount of trouble it would cost me to carry it into effect.

The expense of the thing, as I had figured it, would be much—two dollars for tickets, and, as we were to be seated with fashionable people, of course my wife must have a pair of gloves. I took good care that they should not cost me much, for I traveled about five miles in search of some within my means, and succeeded in getting a pair so cheap as to fill me with satisfaction. Then Mary Ann must have a stew after the play, for when I do a thing, I do it up brown. All told I reckoned on disbursing at least

three dollars and a cent on this, our fifteenth anniversary.

The expense was settled, but the trouble which we must next think of, was the disposal of our eight children. It would never do to leave them alone till midnight; my wife said some one might run away with them, or they might set themselves on fire; the latter danger was far the most imminent. I thought, but concluded it was safer for me not to say so at that time. At last, when I had almost determined to try and dispose of my tickets, for a little off, and give the whole thing up, our neighbor across the hall offered to sit up with the children, provided we gave her some beer to keep her eyes open. We agreed to this, and our greatest trouble was over—at least, we thought so at the time—but looking back upon that night, I think it was mere nothing to what followed.

Mary Ann commenced to get ready early in the day, and when I got home from work, I found I must forego my usual warm meal, as my wife "didn't" propose to get her face into a blaze for the whole night" over that cook stove, so I made my supper on cold beans and bread.

Already I began to regret my rashness, and began to see what misery these men of fashion must endure in their own homes. Here was my wife, only just making her debut into fashionable life, and I must lunch on cold beans and bread, while she was beautifying herself before our mirror—seven by nine inches—

All at once my reverie was broken in upon by my wife, who rushed into the room, flourishing the pair of gloves which I had so carefully selected, at such inconvenience to myself. She flung them at my head, and called me a miser—think of that!

"Why, Mary Ann," cried I, "what is the matter?"

"You old fool, they are both for the same hand," and sure enough they were, that accounted for the low price which I had been so happy over. I vowed to be avenged on the dishonest shopkeeper the next day, but what was my wife to do with her bare hands for to-night? For some time I thought I should surely have to run out and try to sell my tickets, but our friend across the hall, who had warmed up on the first glass of beer, came to the rescue and offered to lend Mary Ann her muff and tipper.

had lost that so the distress of the piece began to work upon us at once. I am not a very tenderhearted man, as you may have discovered, and many a time I have heard Mary Ann say that I "wouldn't shed a tear if she dropped dead at my feet." I began to feel a lump growing steadily larger and larger in my throat, and when Miss Multon's heart is nearly broken to find there wasn't a spark of love left for her in her lost husband's heart, I found that I couldn't see things just clearly before me, and my hand unconsciously sought the inside pocket of my best coat; then finding nothing there, it traveled from pocket to pocket, gaining momentum as I felt the need of hurry and by the time I found I had left my handkerchief in my other coat, some briny drops fell down on my best shirt front.

I turned out my hand to Mary Ann without turning my head, for fear she would see the tears I wanted to hide, and whispered to her to lend me her handkerchief. She whispered back, "I forgot to bring one." In my horror I darted a wicked glance at her, when, Heaven's! what a sight met my eyes. There sat Mary Ann with her face besmeared, as if she had been up a chimney. Great streaks of wet printer's ink ran the whole length of her face, from her forehead to her chin. She had used her programme in lieu of handkerchief, and this was the consequence.

I was mortified to death, but as there was no help for it I could only pray that the interest of the play would keep the people from seeing the plight she was in; but I turned my back towards Mary Ann and tried to look as if she did not belong to me.

The terrible play went on, and I was just wiping my eyes with the back of my hand, when I heard a lady ask her husband if the theatre was over a restaurant, and I detected a smell of cooking meat myself.

At first it was very faint, but at last grew so strong as to attract the attention of several people near us, who, I noticed, kept looking at my wife. Suddenly an awful idea struck me, and I turned towards Mary Ann. Then I got a full blast of frying meat, and looking on the other side of her, I discovered the heating apparatus upon the top of which Mary Ann had laid her steak.

I could stand it no longer; and hastily clutching my wife by the arm, and snatching up the bundle of half-cooked meat, I hurried her out of that theatre, where we had done nothing but snivel over the distress of that poor Miss Multon from the time we took our seats.

Down stairs we went, and rushed out upon the sidewalk, and as my feet struck the glaring ice, my heels began to dance a double elog, and after vainly kicking like mad to save myself, down I came upon the broad of my back, and in my descent kicking Mary Ann's feet from under her, she came down upon me with a crash which so benumbed me, that she thought I was dead, and begged a policeman to put me into a cab, which he did, and we were driven home.

As Mary Ann was helping me out of the cab, she suddenly let me drop, and screamed out:—

"Mersey on me! I have lost the tippet! Oh, my! oh, my!"

I felt in the cab and found much that I did not need nor want, but no tippet. So, nothing to do, but I must ride as fast as the cabman could take me back to the theatre. As I was rushing through the grate when I was jerked back by the collar and told to hand out fifty cents. I struggled, but it was no use—so I handed out the money.

When I arrived at our seats I found that the couple who sat next to us had gone, and with them of course the tippet. I found my back so lame that I was obliged to hire the cab-man to take me back home, and there I stood out on the sidewalk for an hour quarrelling till I had all the neighbors in the street up listening—yes, and swearing, too, at being disturbed at that hour of the night.

Do you know that cab fellow wanted to charge me five dollars for making those three trips! I worried him down a half dollar, and then I crawled up stairs to my wretched wife, a sadder but a wiser man.

We found our friend asleep over her beer, and I wished that word had a different meaning so we need never break the terrible news to her of the loss of her tippet. But I mustered up courage to tell her, and as she was pretty quarrelsome from the effects of her debauch, (she had drunk a whole quart of beer) I was forced to pay her fifteen dollars for her loss to keep the police from coming into the house and "taking us all in." As for myself I felt that I had been taken "in enough" for one night. As I counted over my month's wages I found that half of it had been spent for that one night's struggle after pleasure.

Two dollars for tickets; four fifty for cab; fifteen dollars for tippet. Never mind what I paid for those gloves. Do you think it paid?

N. B.—I don't count the two weeks' work I have lost with this broken back of mine.

Baby Talk.

A kiss goes further than a spank.

The rock of a cradle is the rock on which a man splits.

A mother is the noblest work of God.

One case of colic makes the whole family kin.

Crying babies should be seen, not heard.

A baby is no respecter of person.

The baby's small doth murder sleep.

The crow of a baby is written in the language of the angels.

A mother and her baby is a sweeter sermon than ever preacher preached.

Babies are great developers of the human heart.—Merchant Traveler.

Domestic Intelligence.

A New York gentleman advertised for a servant, and among those who applied for the position was a humpback.

"Your recommendations and references are all right, but I can not take you."

"What is the reason you object to me?" asked the applicant.

"I don't care to hurt your feelings."

"You object to me because I've got a hump on my back, I suppose?"

"That's it."

"Well, will you be kind enough to tell me how many humps a man must have on his back before he can find favor in your sight?"—Texas Siftings.

LAFAGAN'S LOGIC.

MARRIAGE.

Is the offspring of Heaven.
If you marry for love and make a hit, keep cool; don't blow about it.

Some marry for the fun of the thing and never see where it comes in. This is discouraging.

Some marry for the sake of a good companion and never discover their mistake. This is lucky.

It is better to have a comely "helpmeet" of some use than a brilliant one simply of "some pumpkins."

Man is a fickle "critter." Even Adam, who had his wife made to order, found more or less fault with her.

Don't marry a man for his reputation. It is liable to be only a second-hand affair, borrowed from his ancestors.

Many women have married men for their fine exterior. But that's all there is to an ancient egg worth mentioning.

Many marry to spite someone else only to learn that they got the butt-end of the transaction, and its worst end at that.

Marriage is a lottery full of chances. That's what gives it flavor. All like to chance it, because everybody thinks to win a prize.

Wedlock, in its original state, was as pure as sweet milk fresh from the cow, but man couldn't rest until he stripped it of much of its rich cream.

I say when you are ready to get married, get married. However it isn't so much trouble to get married as to know when you want to get married.

The hot-headed youth marries in a hurry because he fears marriageable females will be scarce next year, and lives to wonder how the supply holds out.

Marriage resulting from love at first sight is not generally wedded bliss on a par with sour milk. One or the other gets swindled, and often both.

The single-bedstead plan is not to the credit of either man or woman. It looks lonesome and selfish. Single-blessedness is suspicious and in turn suspected.

Many a man has married for beauty, only to learn that he paid ten dollars for what can be purchased for twenty-five cents at the druggists. This is hard.

The most affectionate people before marriage seldom hold out in the same proportion after the knot is tied. It is better philosophy to commence only as you would live afterward.

From the matrimonial market the saints of both sexes were culled out long ago. Don't expect to marry one. You must guess at some things and take chances for the future on this basis.

Woman is sometimes the real cause of unhappiness in the married relations of life, but in the majority of instances the boot is on the other foot and she is the only true comfort there is in it.

Don't marry a woman for her taper fingers and lily hands alone, for married life and its rugged experiences call for a wife that knows how to make the pot boil and can spank babies systematically.

But few people marry for pure love, and they in after years suspicion that what was at the time supposed promptings of the tender passions were, in all probability, but the first symptoms of cholera morbus.

The man who marries a woman simply because she is a handy arrangement to have about the house, does so from a purely business standpoint, and in the end, if not compelled to support him, she has done better than many women I know of.

Many a man who has married for money has never realized a dividend upon the investment; and many women who have done the same thing have left word for their posterity that, although a fair transaction upon the face of it, yet it is just as liable to be a put up job.

—Chicago Ledger.

Couldn't Stand the Test.

"Who is this young fellow who has been sparring you for the last six months?" suddenly inquired the old man Foraker the other evening as he looked up at his daughter.

"Willie Blank," she demurely answered.

"Worth anything?"

"Not much, but he has prospects."

"Humph! I don't like his looks. He has a bad temper."

"Why, papa, he's an angel! Nothing on earth can make him angry."

"Does he wear a plug hat?"

"Oh, yes. He's just bought a new one—a regular daisy."

"I never saw it in the hall."

"But he takes it in the parlor with him."

"I see, you may run along now."

That evening, after Mary and her beau had got comfortably seated, the old man went coughing into the parlor. The lover's plug hat sat on a chair. Foraker walked over to that chair and sat down with all his might, smashing the hat flat as a ten-cent piece, and observed:

"Fine evening, sir? What do the papers to-night have to say about the Servian-Bulgarian troubles?"

The young man grew red and then white. He attempted to speak, but the words would not come. He finally got up, cast one annihilating look on the old man, ignored the girl entirely, and walked straight out of the room and the house. As he descended the steps the girl ran to the door and called:

"Willah! Willah! Won't you speak to me?"

The old man followed her and called:

"Boy! you'll catch cold in your head without a hat!"

But the young man never halted nor turned his head, and when his hoof-beats could no longer be heard on the walk the father turned to the girl and said:

"I was right, Mary, in regard to his temper. A young man who won't let his intended father-in-law smash his plug hat is no man for you to marry. Beware of him as you would the deadly bioconstructionist!"—Detroit Free Press.

Some person mutilated an enrolled bill amending the liquor law which had been passed at the late session of the Oregon legislature by drawing a pen through the words "be enacted." But Gov. Moody decided that the mutilation was not material, and signed the bill.