FUTURE OF INGALLS.

He May Make a Barrel of Money Lecturing.

A DESCRIPTION OF HIS SUCCESSOR.

Senator Spooner's Ambitious - General Vilas and His Political History -- Don Cameron and Draw Poker.

(Copyright, 1891, by Frank G. Carpenter.) WASHINGTON, Feb. 6 .- | Special Correspondence of Tan Ban. |-The future of Senator Ingalis is one of the most interesting subjects of gossip in Washington. A friend of his told me last night that he would make \$100,000 a year, and when I asked how, he mentioned a number of contracts which had been offered the senator which showed me he was not far wrong. "Senator Ingalis," said he, "could make \$10,000 a year by his pen. He has a most versatile mind and he gets applications every day from editors of magazines asking for contributions. Some of these letters enclose checks with the amount left blank and with a request that he fix his own price and fill in the check in payment for the article if he will only write He has a standing offer of 5 cents a word for anything he will write for syndicate newspaper publication, and a number of lecture managers of the country are after him. It is said that George Kennan makes \$30,000 a year by talking on Siberia. Ingalls would draw everywhere on any subject, and he could make at least double this amount during a season's lecturing. He is a splenáid lawyer and is not a bad business man. The manuscript of his novel was burned up in the fire which consumed his dwelling and his library a year or so ago, and it may be that he will take this up and rewrite it. It was a splendid story and would undoubtedly have paid well. Senator Ingalls would draw better as a lecturer than any other man in the country. He has made few general campaign speeches and he has never carted himself around from state to state as a prize show politician during presidential campaigns. He would be a new attraction and his lectures would be such that he could work the same towns over and over again."

SENATOR INGALL'S SUCCESSOR promises to be quite as picturesque a character as far as his personal appearance is concerned as Ingalls himself. He is six feet tall, eighteen inches across the shoulders and he has a beard at out two feet long. His hair grows down on his forehead, so I am told, to within one inch from his eyebrows and he has a tean, lank frame which makes you think of a sketeton in clothes. His head is as queer in shape as that of Ingalls, and Ingalls' head is the most curiously shaped one I have ever seen. It is narrow at the front and wide at the back. The hair comes low on the forehead. It is cut short and is of a rich iron gray. Ingalls, however, is upon the whole a finer looking man and he has a distingue air which is not the case with Judge Peffer who tooks more like a hoosier or a broken-down preacher, and who was, I am told, getting \$25 a week as an editorial writer at the time of his election. He will bring a lot of new isms at the small impression he makes.

SENATOR SPOONER'S AMBITIONS. saw Senator John C. Spooner on the street this afternoon. He very much regrets the political necessities which prevent his return and he has a lingering hope that he will get back here at the next senatorial election. He has been saving some money within the past few years and is worth enough to keep him provided he lives plainly. He can make twenty thousand dollars a year at the law, and I was told the other day that he was offered this amount if he would take a position with a certain railway, which has its headquarters at Chicago. He refused on the ground; that he did not want to leave Wiscossin, and if certain business interests in which he is in-terested with other senators, do not turn out well, he will probably be found practicing law in Milwaukee. He will never be happy gets back into public life. He has had a taste of notoriety and of the toadvism which surrounds the great man here, and he will pine for it until he gets a full meal of it again. He is a man of ability, and he may

subject of stocks, and very admitty referred to the Bell telephone case and said that a man could make a pile of money if he knew A MAN OF REMARKABLE ABILITY. named how the settlement of the case would Senator Spooner has no mean competitor, however, in ex-Postmastar Vilas, who has been elected for the next six years to take affect the stock markets, and then asked the clerk if the case had been settled. He replied that it had, and that it was that moment his place. Vitas is as cold as a wedge in December, and he is as sharp as the tack locked up in his desk in the room in which they were sitting. He had no suspicion at this time what the men were after, and he was trightened when the man sitting nearest which sits with point upwards incognito on your bedroom floor after house-cleaning. He has had the education in party management, aim leaned over, and pulling open his coat showed him an envelope stuffed with thouand the manipulation of political wires, which go with the great postoffice department, and the defeat which he received with Cleveland and-dollar bills and said: "I want to know whether that decision is in favor of the Bell company or not, and I have at the last presidential election, has propa-bly reduced the swelling which his enemies ust \$30,000 here to pay for the information. charged was going on inside of his cranium. nly want you to say "yes" or "no," and the through the prominent position which he held here. When Vilas first came to Washmoney is yours. The clerk thought a moment and then said ington, he had what is called a hig head. He

thought that because he was a member of the cabinet, he had lodgings among the

clouds, but he soon learned that the only way to succeed was by diplomacy, and by the time he left, he was as

paign, Vilas had no idea but that he would be re-elected, and he confidently expected to be continued as secretary of the interior.

His confidence in this matter was so great that he rented a magnificent house on Six-teenth street in Washington and took a four-

tion, but whether they rent it of Vilas of whether he comprised the matter and threw

Seaking of Viias as a prospective sena-torial orator, he made his first national repu-

tation of a speechmaker, when he delivered his famous oration on Grant to the army of the Tennessee, and he again came to the front as the president of the convention which nominated Cleveland. He was looked

upon as an austere man when he first came

the platform, and putting a strong T on the end of the French words he used, said: 'I want to shake your hand, Billie; I've heered

ver debut, and ye've come out with a big eclat.'" And concluded Mr. Vilas, "I den't

elieve I will ever get a greater compliment

up his lease, I am unable to say.

suave and polite as an office-seeker. He is a man of remarkable ability and he can make to catch the men, but they had jumped out of the window and got away. They had first tried the door, but he had told the messenger an eloquent speech upon occasion. He has a wonderful analytical mind, and he under-stands how to get the meat out of a subject to keep this door locked until he came back, and they had risked the breaking of their legs and how to serve it up in such a manner as will suit the palates and understandings of those he is talking to. He is about as good a by the window. The clerk was highly ed plimented by Lamar for his action, and he de lawyer as John Spooner, and he is fully as well educated a man. He has a library of about five thousand volumes, and he reads served it. SHADY LAW PRACTICE,
Speaking of shady law practice in Washington, and how broken down statesmen en-Virgil in the original for amusement. He understands the French and the German, gage in it, recalls a remark of the late Secre-tary Windom in regard to his action in keepand his favorite novelists are George Eliot and Charles Dickens. Senator Vilas is well-to-do now. He was making about \$20,000 a year when he was chosen to take a place in ing away from the capital when he was not in public life. Said he, just before he took his place in President Harrison's cabinet: "I Cleveland's cabinet, and he has the money-making sense inherited from his Yankee anused to see so many ex-senators hanging around the chamber interested in some job around the chamber interested in some job, that I resolved never to be found in their company. A man of honor can never afford to run suspicious risks." There was no man at the capital more careful of his reputation cestors and developed by the atmosphere of the pushing northwest. He made a big hit during the time he was here at Washington, n the Gogebic iron region along Lake Su-perior. He had bought some lands here years ago, before the mines were discovered, than Secretary Windom, and there are few who have had such an extended public them for his children. The mines made them for his children. The mines made them immensely valuable, and just how much he is worth, himself only knows. When Cleveland was making his last camcareer without being charged, justly or un-justly, with favoritism and fraud in some

direction or other. INCREASE IN SAVINGS BANK DEPOSITS. Ex-Senator Chency of New Hampshire, one of the richest manufacturers in that state and the president of one of its savings banks, tells me that these banks are increasing very rapidly, and that the increase in the amount of their depositing during 1890 was \$5,000.000 over that of the year before. "These savings of the people." said Senator Cheney, "have doubled during the past twelve years and there are now about \$50,000.000 deposited in the average banks of the teenth street in washington and took a four-years' lease on it, only to find at the time the lease was signed that Cleveland was de-feated and that he was out of a job. As to what he did with the house, I don't known It remained idle for a time, and it is now oc-cupied by one of the South American lega. 000,000 deposited in the savings banks of the state. Most of the banks are mutual affairs

and they pay interest on deposits of 4 per cent and upward."

I asked as to New Hampshire's abandoned farms, and Senator Chency replied: "The best of these deserted farms have been ought up during the past year. New Hampshire is becoming a great summer residence state, and we have an income of from \$5,000,000 to \$7,000,000 a year from our sum mer boarders. The summer season is quite as important to us in a money-making way as it is to the seaside resorts, and it will not be upon as an austere man when he first came to Washington, but he developed social traits later on, and became quite a story teller. I remember an anecdote concerning his first speech after he left school, as he told it one day after a cabinet meeting at the white house, and as Colonel Dan Lamont repeated it to me. Said Mr. Vilas: "It was on the occasion of a new railroad coming coming into the town, and for some reason or other I was chosen as the orator of the day. I got through, and was highly complimented by a backwoodsman of my acquaintance who ran to me as I came down from the platform, and putting a strong T on the country homes of city-people.
FRANK G. CARPENTER. long until the whole state is filled with the

Worthy Her Consideration. New York Herald.

In the years that lie behind you You might scora the simplest laws, Arguments of any kind you Might dismiss with just "Because." But when higher education Makes you equal with the men And you seek such elevation How about your reasons then?

A Good Rule. begged a kiss-she bowed her head -I thought it gave assent, But "No, of course not, sir," she said, And I wondered what she meant. The absurd stories that gain currency and are even believed by many people in Washington, are decidedly interesting. Every l asked; a deep brush dyed her cheek.

act of a public man is attributed to some underhanded motive or personal pique or feeling. I heard it, solemniy asserted only last night, that the secret of Don Cameron's going against the force bill, was because he had had trouble with Senator Aldrich over a little game of draw poker, and that such games were the cause of much interaccine warfare in the senate. No one would imagine that so exemplary a character as Aldrich had anything to

Asto Senator Cameron's silver specula-tion and his agent, Hon. David Littler, I had

a queer conversation with this man in New York about the time he was in the thick of

but they are more apparent now. Mr. Lit-tler is a big beefy man with a red face, iron

I could not understand his actions ther

bunco steerer, and upon my telling him that had met him at Denver, when he was on

he Pacific railroad commission, he gave me

his hand and asked me what I was doing. I replied that I was corresponding for the

newspapers and that I was doing some work for the New York World. As I said this he

for the New York World. As I said this he drew back suddenly and said: "I don't like

"You don't?" I replied, "and why don't rou! What have you been doing that you are

afraid to talk to newspaper men!"

"Oh, nothing," said he, somewhat indig nantly, and then changing his tactics made an evident attempt to be friendly. I then

went on to ask him a number of questions.

not with any idea of getting anything for publication, for I did not believe he had

anything in him worth publish-ing, but merely as a pastime. I asked what he was doing, and upon his tell-

ing me that he was practicing law at Washington, I innocently asked whether he was making any money at the law, and as to

what kind of law he was practicing. He evidently thought I was probing to close to silver and he said: "Now I don't want to be interviewed, and what do your people care whether I am making any money or not?"

"Well, judge," I replied, thoroughly dis-gusted with the man's egotism, "I had no idea of using your remarks and I can em-

phatically tell you that in my judgment the readers of the newspapers don't care a cent about you or what you do. Good day."

Littler's law practice seems to be the fate of a score of other broken down politicians who hang about Washington. They get a taste of public life and imagine themselves to

be great men, until the tidal wave of public

opionion turns them down, and they wake to find themselves nonentities and their bare feet on the pavement. They have not sense

enough to go back home and try again, but they hang about the capitol looking for

crumbs from the political tables, and ready to do anything or go into anything, which promises to keep them alive. The lobby and

the law are in Washington to a great extent synonomous terms, and I know of men who are really great lawyers who find plenty to do

in the presenting of a case to a committee of congress, an ex-senator has a pull that the

ordinary lawyer could not have, and it is said that Roscoe Conkling at one time got a \$50,000 fee for arguing a case for the Appollomaris water company before the secretary of the treasury. He often came here to Washington to practice before the departments, and be could command his own towns.

SOME HONEST MEN IN WASHINGTON,

A great many people, however, have the idea that money will do anything in Wash-ington. There never was a greater mistake-

The majority of the congressmen, and the ma-jority of the government clerks—are—honest. I passed a man on the street today woo is now

working for the government at \$1,400 a year who I know, refused a bribe of \$30,000 to say just one word a few years ago.

He was at that time the confidential clerk

He was at that time the confidential clerk of Mr. Jenks, the assistant secretary of the interior. The Beli telephone cases has been before the department, and has been decided but the decision had not yet been given to the public. They were locked up in this young man's desk, and the assistant secretary had gone home leaving him in charge. No one outside of the department knew that the cases were decided. He was sitting at

the cases were decided. He was sitting at

his desk when two well dressed looking men entered, and after waiting a moment came up to the desk and asked him if the assistant secretary was in. He replied that Mr. Jenks had left the city and asked the men to

onversation, and upon learning that he had

ived in Minnesota claimed to have come from that state. After a few words about the northwest, one of them broached the

"Wait a minute and I'll tell you!" "He then went into see Secretary Lamar, but could not find him. He passed on into Assistant Secre-

tary Muldrow's office, and told him there were a couple of men in there who had tried to bribe him. Muldrow rushed in with him

it was going to be decided y so!" said the other. The first man ex

be seated. They then engaged in

he could command his own terms.

THE BELEAGUERED BANCE. plary a character as Aldrich had anything to do with a game of cards, and there is no doubt that Senator Cameron, however unfair Pierre Baptiste gazed in horror upon the frightful spectacle presented to him. He saw the gleaming eyes of the big Sioux bulgin g he may play the game of politics with his constituents, would not do otherwise than play fair at eards with a yankee from Rhode from their sockets, and his painted visage hideously distorted. He saw the ill-fated warrior wildly throw up his long, naked arms and the dangerous tomahawa fall from his nerveless grasp, then after a few moments of vain struggling, the dark form of the suffering savage straightened out rigidly, his tufted head fell limp and dangting, while his long, black trasses streamed loosely in the gray hair and beard, and a general bullying air about him. He was sitting in the lobby of the Fifth Avenue hoter where I was stopwind, and his hands, in a last awful desperation, clutched the unmerciful shaft upon ping when I saw him, and went up to him and calling him by name bade him 'good morning.' He looked at me as though I was which he was impaled.

THE NEBRASKA FUGITIVES.

A Story of the Present Indian Upris-

ing.

BY S. G. V. GRISWOLD.

CHAPTER X.

It was a horriole fate to abandon a human creature to, but under the circumstances the government scout found little difficulty in reconciling himself to the event as it stood accomplished, as he had recognized the poor wretch with a most demoniac fiend, richly deserving such an awful doom. He was one of the most murderous of the horde which had annuhilated Custer and his brave command -in fact, Big Crow was always a warrior held in mortal dread by the earlier ranch-men—a very scourge of the northwest fron-tier. As far back as the Mianesota massacre he had ruthlessly butchered many defence-less women and children and committed mon-

stresities too revolting for the pen of the historian to perpetuate. Pierre did not dare to linger in horrid fasricard and dare to inger in normal rac-cination over the fearful sight, but turned and ran swiftly on toward the mansion, where Bob, jr., was anxiously awaiting his arrival, and as he swung open the heavy door the form of the exhausted scout glided

"Thank heaven, you are safe, Pierre,' ejaculated Mr. Barrett in a tremer of joy, grasping Baptiste's hand, and shaking it warmly, as if they had been separated for "Yas, I'm safe fur the time, gov'nor, but

we're all in an ugly box and no mistake. Look well to your Winchesters, both of you, and don't leave the windows," authoritively replied the scout, pumping a cartridge into his gun, and taking his place at the nearest win-

Standing there in perfect quietude, Pierre Baptiste realized by the violent pulsations which shook his frame, how desperate had been the exertions he had been called upon to put forth. All at once the still evening air was rent by

a chorous of as barbaric yells as a gang of frustrated savages could give vent to, and the scout at once concluded that the entire band that had evidently been lurking in the neighborhood had assembled at the spot where the appailing sight of Big Crow's impaled body mot their horrified gaze.
The prostrate cottonwood, with that
ghastly object stuck upon one of its spearlike snags, was in pretty plain view of those within the mansion, and as the dark shadows gathered around the fateful spot, our friends counted no less than a score of stalwart

As they were engaged in lowering the gory remains of Big Crow, their numbers might have been considerably diminished by a well directed volley. However, in addition to being influenced by a kind of superstitious dread, impelling the scout to refrain from disturbing their attentions to the corpse of their comrade, slain in so awful a manner, he was fully sensible that such a procedure

would be anything but expedient.

He knew too well the inestimable value of the short inactivity that would be vouchsafed them—he was too thoroughly practiced in the devilish natures of the Sloux to provoke them to an assault while he yet panted for breath. He consequently remained undem-onstrative, watching, though, with unrelaxed attentiveness their every move, and thus rapidly regaining his breath and strength. The blood-covered body of the dead was

rior was borne back into the depths of the grove, and as soon as this was done the entire gang again assembled near the fallen cot tonwood, yet back considerable further, ren dering it more difficult for our friends to get in an effective shot.

They resembled a pack of hounds brought

to a full stop by the irrecover-able escape of their quarry. They were apparently andecided as to what order to sa pointed the nor vengeance. One the woods to north, to the south, while one loud-mouthed imp, who appeared to be the chief of the to the south. party, continually gesticulated in an impa tient manner toward the ranchman's m They evidently doubted and found it hard to concur on some all-important point It was plain that they had not yet recovered from the confusion created by their recent

losses, but eventually they appeared to suc-cumb to the urgency of the chief's language, and began making their preparations for instant action of some kind. The only key our friend possessed as to the intentions of their relentless foe was in their gestures, and the indications that escaped them in the fury of their discomilture,
Pierre Baptiste alone knew that a crisis
was at hand. All the facts presented themcives clearly and as it might be, by intu

ition, to the mind of the rugged government scout, who also perceived the necessity of immediate decision upon the measure next to be taken, and of being in readiness to act in concert with his less experienced companion when the critical moment should arrive. He ventured a look at the old rancher, but turned his head instantly to the small windowngain as if apprehensive that the anxious appearance of his own countenance might comunicate additional alarm to those whom be their faculties in the trying ordeal that was

assuredly at hand.

"We must be ready men?" finally admonished the half-breed, "for they are about to make a rush on the house. I think they'll find us good for at least four of 'em, but don't either of you fire, until you hear the crack 'o my piece. Buffalo Bill and I war ketched in just sich a snap as this nine year ago, up in the North Dakota woods. A gang of outlyin' Brules ran us into gang of outlyin Branch us there fur an old trapper's shanty, and kept us there fur

a full week, with only the carcass of a coyote to keep us in breathin' order—look! look! we're in fur it now, steady men!" The scout, with his consummate knowledge of the character of the uncivilized people with whom he had to deal, seemed to antici pate every measure on which they decided, and, it might almost be said, verily, that in

many instances, he knew their plans before hey become known to themselves. The last startling admonition had scarcely fallen from his lips when a shrill cry of ven-geance rang out, simultaneously, as if from the throats of a legion of devils—a frightful augury of their flerce and pittless intentions and amidst this tumult of prolonged yells, the

whole party came bounding frantically across the open clearing toward the mansion. As the screaming crew came on, brandish ing their weapons in premature ex-ultation, our friends felt a burning desire to send their deadly missiles into the ranks of the clamorous horde, but they were restrained by the deliberate example of the half-breed

When half the open space had been trav ersed and the Sloux came bounding or shaggy head of the government scout slightly inclined, the muzzle of his Winchester was thrust through the window, where it re-mained on a level a single moment without tremor or variation, then its fatal contents poured forth in a sheet of flame and smoke, and into the presence of its Maker the unprepared soul of a screaming Sioux was sent. The unhappy warrior leaped high into the air with a wild shriek of agony, and fell prone upon his face, writhing in the throes of death.

The Indians recoiled a moment at this sudden visitation of death among them, and, seizing the opportunity, Mr. Barrett and Bob, jr., cut loose themselves into the midst of the hesitating gang. At this in-creased disaster—for our friends' shots had en no less effectual than the scout's, as the stifled screams of pain out on the clearing at tested-the remaining Sioux, with unequiv

ocal cries of consternation, broke pell mell for the nearest point of woods. When they had gained the shelter of this woody environment they slunk behind the trees and logs with as little delay as possible For a moment Baptiste hoped they had with-drawn for good, but soon their swarthy faces were seen as they peered savagely out from their concealment, and their threate ing gestures and the significant way is which they shook their weapons at the house de-clared the intensity of their baffled ferocity and the revengeful intents they yet harbored toward our friends.

Once, one or two, less tempered with self-command than their fellows, gave vent to

their rancorous passions in frenzied howls and buried their bullets ineffectually, of course, against the mansion's stout walls. But no soomer had these futile demonstra-tions been made than a single short, authora-tics where we

tive whoop was given from some invisible throat, when every seewling visage vanished as if by some nedromantic agency and the stience of the tomb fell over the scene. The scout, realizing how complete had been the repulse of their assaliants, intuiged in a hearty laugh that seemed to shake his huge frame. Then he turned and attempted to assure our friends, who were bowed down the most insufferable thoughts the beloved mother, sister, of the beloved mother, sister, sweetheart and friend, whose fate was so uncertain, by the confident declaration that the Sioux had received such a re-

tign that the Sioux had received such a reception as would cause them to eliberate a
long time before they centured to repeat the
experiment, and that during the coming
durkness they might effect their escape from
the mansion. Yet the wary scout never for
a moment deceives nimself. He was well
enough acquainted with the Sioux mode of
warfare to know that their future movements would be governed by the utmost stealth and cunning, and not for a single moment must be relax his vigilance. While, therefore, he sustained an outward semblance of calmness, he never felt for a moment but what their situation was yet critical indeed.

Every faculty was therefore kept alive and on the alert for renewed netion, and not with-standing there was semething like reviving confidence in the scout's manner, our friends earnestly prayed that a few short hours would find them on the trail of their loved

"It can be depended on," finally observed Bantiste, "that the skulking devils will at tempt nothin' further until after night fall, and at the very first opportunity we must vamose the ranch—we can't held out long against them in here—they'll burn us out and shoot us down when we attempt to leave." Then an hour of utter slience followed. The old ranchman was then upon the very verge of making some suggestion, when he was abruptly checked by an admonitory wave of the hand from the scout, who had assumed an attitude of intense attention.

Another moment of breathless silence dragged by, when Baptiste partly turned his head, and in a suppressed tone addressed our

"Say men, I'm a jay from Council Bluffs it there isn't a big dirty Sioux nestlin' at the top of that big cottonwood out there, plump in front of the door. He is probon his first warpath fur he hasn't used discretion of a school boy. See, his red knees are both in full view at the sides o' that big limb he's lyin' behind. I remember when John Petty and I used to practice down on the bottoms we wouldn't have asked a big-ger target than that. Now, Bob, you and the old man look sharp and we'll see what sort of an influence an ounce of lead'll have on him. It's a drink all round that I crack his knee joint and tumble him like a squirrel from his cosy nest. Now watch!"

Every eye was instantly fastened upon the big cottonwood, rearing its scraggy top far above its less ambitious companions, and easily distinguishable from the rest. Our friends knew from the confident tones of the scout that the tree contained a venturesome enemy, who had climbed there with the hopes of getting an unlooked for shot down upor the inmates of the mansion.

A moment of intense quiet followed, then an unearthly scream from the cottonwood's top, was the answer to the half-breed's shot, and the succeeding instant showed the brawny form of the savage dropping from limb to limb, as he endeavored to save himself by clutching at the ragged and brittle branches. He was seriously wounded but in his extreme desperation he succeeded in breaking his fall, and regained a position against the trunk of the tree. Evidently con-cluding that he stood but little show of keep-ing himself out of reach of such a marksman, with the utimest conting himself. with the utmost caution, he commenced further descent.

Pierre quickly pumped in another cartridge, and keeping a keen eye upon the progress of his wounded victim with the hopes of getting another and a better shot. But in this he was disappointed.

The adventurous warrior reached the ground in safety, where, taking his position behind the cottonwood's huge base, the desperate wretch gave a taunting yell of defiance, and a ball from his Win-chester buried itself in the sill of the window where the scout stood. This was responded to by a chorus of savage whoops from the rest of the Sioux, who had undoubtedly witnessed their brother warrior's inglorious

"Yes, yell, you sneakin hoss thief, but you're hurt a good deal werse than you want us to know, and if you ever see your dirty wigwam again you'll be toted there, for I'll bet a dollar to a doughout there's a bole in your right leg big enough to stick your humb in," retorted the hulf-breed in a ste torian voice. That he was considerably piqued at not getting the second shot was plainty obvious.
Only a moment however did he remain in-

active, then turning to Mr. Barrett, he said: "Now, gov'nor, what'd you suggest!" The three at once entered into a deliberate consultation, for the moment growing remiss in their watchfulness. They were deeply engrossed in exchanging opinions and views, debating upon the feasibility of this or that undertaking, when suddenly there came a deafening crash at the mansion door, which came with such tremendous force that the whole side of the dwelling seemed to quake, and the heavy door seemed about to fly from

the hinges! TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Cook's Extra Dry Imperial Champaign is better, healthier and purer than the imported article. It has a delightful boquet,

EDUCATIONAL.

By the bequest of Mathew Thoms over \$150,000 has been left to the University of Cincinnati, subject to an annuity of \$2,000 for ten vears. It is asserted that Mrs. Mabel Gentry, a

school teacher of Neosha county Kan., ride 105 miles every week in going to and coming from school. The Prussian government is exceedingly

liberal to its universities. These all posse rich endowments, vet each year the govern-ment grants them large sums for running ex-New York sets the bad example of paving

women teachers 33 per cent less than the male instructors, and at Washington there is a difference of 50 per cent in the salary for

Two hundred thousand dollars a year are spent by the London school board in enforcing the attendance of children. They are advised to try the French plan of getting children to school by good lunches.

Miss Lucy E. Swallow of Holiis, has entered the agricultural college of New Hamp-shire at Hanover. Miss Swallow was a school teacher at Hollis and is the first female applicant for entrance into the college under the new law.

Miss Charlotte Gregg, recently appointed instructor on the pinns in the Chicago conservatory of music, is said to be the youngest teacher ever assigned to so responsible a posi-tion. Some claim that she is the peer of Mme. Rive-King and Fraulein Ausder Ohe. A valuable computation has been made from the recently published junior appoint-ment lists of Yale college which shows that

from the three upper classes in the academic department 69 have been actively engaged on different athletic teams, 64 per cent of whom have received appointments. have received appointments.

Kageama Hidde, the young schoolmistress who has become the leader of the radical party in Japan, is hardly more than twenty-seven years old. She is of medium height and faultiess figure and her eyes are large and beautiful. The people worship her, as well for her kindness and eleverness as for her humility and simplicity of dress.

The Bentist mission heard of which Mr.

The Baptist mission board, of which Mr. Rockefeller, the Standard oil king of New York, is president, has agreed to \$7,500 as an endowment fund of the sippi Baptist college at Clinton, provided the Baptist church of the state shall raise an additional sum of \$52,500. More than enough has been subscribed, but not all collected no

in negotiable paper. The first school election held in Oklahoma territory was on the issue of mixed or separate schools for whites and blacks. ate schools for whites and blacks. Under the laws of the territory women can vote on school questions. White women did not vote, but the negro women voted for mixed schools and desperate efforts were made by the blacks to carry the day. Separate schools won by a large vote.

Among the many articles acceptable as Among the many articles acceptable as gifts none is more appropriate than cut glass. Dorflinger's American cut glass is by far the best. Their trade mark label is on every piece. Your dealer should be able to show it

A MODERN SOCIAL REFORMER

Walter Besant's Efforts in Behalf of the London Poor.

THE HUMANITY OF THE ENGLISH NOVELIST

Something About the Achievements of the Author of "Armorel of Lyonesse"-The "Peoples' Palace of Mile End Road."

With the mention of Walter Besant comes the rembrance of his admirable definition of

joking-a definition so in harmony with the

author's benevolence and kindness of heart,

that it is, in a way, a key to his whole charac He says, "the elementry form of joke is the discomfiture of an emeny-discomfiture at first meaning death. Advancing further, we arrive at the modern point of laughing chiefly at those little incidents of social life which mean uncasiness, awkardness, or slight mental trouble. But perhaps as civilization

gets on, manking will learn sufficient sym-

pathy not even to laugh at these." And that a great sympathy for human nature has been the background of Mr. Besant's life work, is demonstrated, not only by the pleasure he has given to thousands through his literary achievements, but even more so by the very substantial aid he has brought to a world of unfortunates within his reach.
From the commencement of his career up to the present time many of his most popular productions have aimed at social reform, or, more correctly, have shown the possibility of ameliorating the wretched condition of the lower classes, even that of the worn-out victim of the "sweating system," or of the desperate, depraved wretch driven to commit crime.

Mr. Besant's early experience as a writer

reatly resembled that of the average h lettres.

He was spared the extreme penury that falls to the lot of some long neglected authors, but for all that, there were a few years after his marriage to Miss Mary Barham, in the little church of Wembdon, Somerset, that auxious thoughts followed the strokes of the busy pen, and the strain to make both ends meet seemed as severe as could be borne. Among his carliest successes were two volumes entitled, respectively, "Early French Poetry" and "The French Humor-ists." which give evidence of a most unusual comprehension of French idiomand French esprit, and in which the early chansons of the troubadours and the later fantastic verses of bards and rhymsters are succinctly and brilliantly criticized.

Then followed a most prelific period. Story after story came from the retreat in Shepherd's Bush, some few written in collaboration with Mr. James Rice, but the majority, and without doubt the better works, from the pen of Mr. Besant alone.

Among the best known are "The World Went Very Well Then," "The Holy Rose," "Dorothy Forster," "Let Nothing You Dismay" and "Katharine Regina," which latter gives a vivid picture of the miseries of the London working girl, who, too often like the heroine Katharine, is a poor young gentle-woman, seeking continually for work and perforce obliged to inhabit a Harley Housem abode for the gloomy and "desperately tired," as the discouraged work-seeker must ever be—the faithful description of which "home" gives one much the same sensation as that derived from reading the third canto f Dante's "Inferno"—a cold sensation of fear a the present and apprehension of the future. But then follows a bright picture of what that "home" might be made, and so attract-ive and feasible is the illustration that several ladies in different part of London have been inspired to open, on a small scale, really attractive homes for workingwomen, where kindness is met with and few and simple rules are enforced and where even the coats and hats of masculine intruders are to be

een hanging upon books in the hallway.

And the committee, benevolent and courte ous, is not even given to "going around and tasting the soap," as the committee of Harley House was wont to do.

"So! Katherine Regina" was not written

1882 appeared that fascinating novel All Sorts and Conditions of Men," which dealt with the poverty and depravity of the then unknown East End of London. The book did more than a thousand ser-

nons upon the subject would have accomolished. It set people to thinking—and with some fortunate beings to think is to act, and it is not exaggeration to say that to a certain extent the Utopian scheme of the "Palace of Delight," so cleverly conceived in the well

mown novel is become a reality in the spleniid "People's Palace of Mile End Road." The mere fact that a million and a half of people attended the shows and fetes held in palace during the first year-1888 lemonstrates the success of the enterprise.

The main, or queen's hall, was opened by Queen Victoria in person in 1887, and is a splendid room of dimensions sufficient to acommodate 4,000 people.
Surrounding the hall are the exhibition halls, lecture rooms, gymnasium, play gar-den, winter garden, restaurant, and in fact all departments and diversions calculated to

meet public demand.
Although constantly giving the best o literary work to the public, and fulfilling social claims that press so heavily upon a popular author, Mr. Besant finds time for active interest in the palace, even to the extent of editing its even to the extent of editing its journal, and supplying it with most valuable

I used to visit the palace frequently after the opening and becoming acquainted with some of its dependants was soon made aware

of the fact that Mr. Besant occupies a place in the affections of the people that any mortal night envy. That ne always works con amore is evident. One criticism I heard passed by those ac-quainted with him in London, has since been made in America by a keen-sighted woman, to the effect that "Walter Besant's know-

ledge of a woman's many sided nature was little less than marvelous—so deep and so Perhaps to that fact is due not a little of the popularity of "Armorel of Lyonesse" and the "Bells of St. Paul," two extremely sym-

pathetic romances of recent date,
Mr. Besant's latest project is to establish in English academy of letters in London, and the idea has been provocative of discussion pro and con, in both England and The English as a nation are supposed to be

conservative to a degree, but in reading the opinions advanced by various members of the French academy as to a kindred institution cross the channel one cannot help feeling that a tory spirit "hath gone forth Then, too in the present case Parisian logic

s so feeble.

Many of the learned gentlemen of 1'Acad emie Francaise argue that a similar English society could not be main-tained because of the lack of fellow feeling and unanimity among British authors—they are each so jealous and tenacious of their honors that disinterestedness would be

almost an impossibility.

They are agreed apparently that as half the highest literary talent of England lies in the hands of the women writers, an academy could not be formed and they excluded. Yet to admit them would be, as one com-menter tragically exclaims, "to prepare a sepulchre for the carcass of that poor asso-

M. Taine is more favorable to the scheme. He thinks that the English language is completely modified every twenty years, and therefore an institution of letters would be of

infinitely greater service than even the corresponding society in France.

To modern writers, beginning with Carlisle, he attributes the "present degradation of the tongue," but his climax is truly astounding, for he asserts that Rhoda Browntonic works are the only real addi-Broughton's works are the only real addi-tions to literature since George Eliot's power was feit! Mikiam C. Ford.

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