THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SUNDAY, APRIL 24. 1892-TWENTY PAGES.



"THE ARIZONA KICKER.

18

[Copyrighted 1892 by C. B. Lewis.] THE AMENDE HONORABLE .- In our last issue we stated that Tom Jordon, proprietor of the Bald Eagle saloon, had to leave Montana for gouging one Bill White's right eve out in a saloon row. Mr. Jordon called at the office next day and brought abundance of proof that we were mistaken. It was not with Bill White, but with Jim Davis, that he had a row, and it was not Davis' right eye, but his left, which was left sparkling in the sawdust after the fight was over.

It has always been the policy of The Kicker to state facts and facts only. Being satisfied that we did Mr. Jordon an injustice in our statement, we hereby make the amendo honorable, as the New York dailies call it. Mr Jordon not only subscribed to The Kicker, paying a year in advance, but his attractive advertisement will be found under the head of saloons on another page.

A BLUFF .- Monday morning, while his honor the mayor (who is ourself) was transacting official business in his room at the city hall, a Clinch Valley cowboy named Joe Scott sent in word that he was on the public square prepared to take and hold the town. In just thirteen seconds after receiving the message, his honor had buckled two revolvers about his waist and was at the foot of the stairs. His prompt response to the defi rattled Scott, who put spurs to his mule and clattered out of town without firing a shot. His honor got two shots at the flying coward, one of which passed through his hat, but he got away unhurt, and people who met him seven miles out say that he was still on the gallop.

The Clinch Valley chaps might as well quit their bluffing and knock under. They could scare the former mayor out of his boots with one war whoop, but things have changed. The present mayor (who is ourself) doesn't scare, and he is bound to run this town on the law and order principle if it necessitates adding ten more acres to the graveyard. IT DIDN'T TAKE --- When Prof. Went-

worth Foster came to us as the owner of the only hall in town and wanted to engage it to deliver his world renowned lecture on "The Past and Future of Egypt," we frankly told him that our people would be disappointed. When he approached us as editor of The Kicker we told him the same thing. When he came to us as mayor for his license we reiterated our former observations, but he was self willed and obstina e. He got out his paper and went ahead. The boys crowded in the hall at a quarter a head, anticipating an exhibition of mummies and a boxing match to wind up. Some even figured, just as we had informed him they would, that he would pass around a bottle of budge

6,000 or 7,000 years old—something dug out from under one of the pyramids. We do not know where the professor is located at this date. After the boys got through tossing him in a blanket he disappeared in the direction of Poko mountain, and perhaps he is still mov ing. We would say to all others of his ilk, however, that this is a plain town, full of plain people. We like to hear of almost anything con-nected with the United States, from the discovery by Columbus to the investigation by the pension department, but we don't go a cent on anything over 500 years old happening in a foreign coun-try. We haven't got any pyramids around here and don't want any, and we

five dollars furde body. Do yo' reckon it follow you around and pick up after you!" "Well, that's according to your own feelings. leave" "Jest so. She was dun dead." "Yos. "An all turned to stun." "Yes." "An so I reckoned it wouldn't hurt

auffin. I got de money and de man úrit off. An now Uncle Jason tells me dat I got cheated. He says a paralyzed body am wuth \$30. Kin yo' tell me if dat's

"You ought to have got at least \$25. "Hu! Den I was cheated?" "It looks that way."

"Jest beat right outer \$20! Hu! Wall, doy doan play dat trick on me agin. I'ze got de markot price now, an I knows what figger to ask."

"But the body is already gone." "Yes, dat body, but I dun buried two odder wives and three chillen on de same gravel ridge. an when I git 'em dug out dey is gwine to fetch market guotashuns or I'll tumble 'em right back in agin!

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

There were three or four things on Mr. Bowser's mind as he came home to dinner the other evening. Some one had stolen his umbrella, and some one must be blamed for it. He had snapped a button off his yest, and of course that was Mrs. Bowser's fault. His shirt bunched up around the neck, and some one must be held responsible. In jump ing off the car he broke a suspender, but would that suspender have given way in that manner if Mrs. Bowser had been at tending to her domestic duties?

Mr. Bowser began on dinner itself, intending to gradually lead up to the things. The beef was overdone, the potatoes not properly mashed and he found fault with the butter and cocoa and everything else. He expected to hear Mrs. Bowser make execuses and try to soothe to him, but she had nothing to say. Even when he declared that he would go out and discharge the cook if she didn't, she simply looked at him in a queer sort of a way instead of

answering: "Mr. Bowser, please be a little patient I know she is a poor stick of a girl, but I hope to change her for a better one soon. I am ashamed that you must sit down to such a dinner in your own house, and I promise it shall not happen again."

Mr. Bowser confessed to himself that it was surprising, but he hadn't the re-motest idea that the worm was about to turn. For three long years he had held Mrs. Bowser under his thumb, and he had come to look upon her as the most docile of wives. He left the table wondering if she hadn't a sick beadache or hadn't received a letter with bad news, but after a few minutes, as she made no excuses, he inquired:

"Mrs. Bowser, do you know whether this shirt belongs to me or to a man eleven feet high who wears a No. 17 col-

"No, sir!" she promptly replied, as she looked him full in the eyes. "You—you don't!"

"No, sir! I put your shirts in a drawer, just as they come from the laundry, and you change whenever you want to. What's the matter with the one you have on^{9/2} "Matter! Matter! Why the infernal thing has all climbed up around my

"Well, go and change it; you've got

half a dozen in the drawer. Mr. Bowser had grown pale, as he stood up to say:

"Mrs. Bowser, tomorrow morning

"Sit down, Mr. Bowser! Tomorrow morning you will be right here, the same as now, except that you will start out on a different policy. You are not looking well this evening, and I would suggest that you go to bed early. I've had a headache all the afternoon, and I'm going to retire and don't want to be disturbed. Good night, Mr. Bowser!

She rose up and sailed away and disappeared on the stairs. Mr. Bowser pinched his r'ght leg to see whether he had turned to stone or not. There was no feeling. He reached up and pulled his hair. It appeared loose at the roots and ready to "shed." He looked around the room to see whether it was his back parlor or the man's next door. Every object had a familiar look, but about

Mrs. Bowser-what was the matter with her? He crept off to bed on tiptoe, wondering if brain fever always started in this fashion, and presently the Bowser mansion was shrouded in darkness and the gravelike silence was interrupted only when Mr. Bowser repeated his "By George! but I cant believe it—I can't possibly believe it!"

THREE EAGLE FEATHERS.

We were strung out on the crest of the Little Rocky mountains, between the Missouri and Milk rivers in northern Montana. There were twenty-three of us, all prospectors, and though we knew Indiaus to be about, there had been no cause for alarm for a couple of days. It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and some of the men were wandering about, while others rested, when a volley was sud-denly fired at our backs-that is, from the east. Not a man was hit, though two had holes shot through their hats. In ten seconds we were all down and crawling among the bowlders to the west, and the smoke from tive or six rifles floated upward and drove away, and we had seen no further sign of the presence of the red men. Like serpents, one by one we crept quietly until it was safe to stand up, and then "Old Dave," as we called him, whispered to

the main body to proceed along the route to a spot he described and await We sank down behis coming. hind a great bowldar-the two of usind presently we were atone. It was a summer afternoon with no and preeze stirring. The mountain cricket generally chirps by day as well as by night, but the heat seemed to have worried him at this hour. Not a bird flew about-not a living thing was heard to move. But for the bright sunshine we would have thought ourselves buried six feet under ground.

"Keep your eyes open. The varmints will follow!" whispered the old man and we began watching and waiting. Five minutes-ten-tifteen! We were

facing the east. The old man peered out from the north side of the bowlder, I from the south. I did not realize how the suspense was affecting me until he pulled me back behind the rock and whispered:

"Consarn ye, yer teeth are playia'a me, and them reds kin hear ye tune, breathin' 200 feet away!"

I put down my gun, gripped the rock with both hands and thus forced myself into something like calmness. We had been there fully twenty minutes when I suddenly caught a glimpse of something moving among the rocks and bushes.

Afflicted Country. FIENDISH TREATMENT OF THE JEWS

Brutal Hirelings of the Czar Oppress the

Inspeakable Outrages of Common Occurrence-Civilians Spurned by the British Soldiery-A Profusion of Spacious Palaces and Dark Old Towers.

[Certificated 1812 Tax Edward L. Wakeman,] CRACOW, Galicia, March 60.- Special to THE BEE, |-If one could first approach Cracow from the north, filled with the sentimental romance of Polish heroic memories and have in mind "the Poland and Cracow of that time, when Chacow was the residence of Polish sovereigns, a view of the ancient city would be one of great impressiveness.

At any distance, from this direction, the structural seeming is one of unimpaired splendor. Its many church spires, quaint and huge-peaked roofs, spacious palaces and dark old towers are clustered in great profusion around the Wavel Rock, on which stands the castle of Z imek, the former royal palace of Poland. A't its base the dragon of the cave, which noisome hole may still ba seen, was killed by Kran, the Cadmus of Poland. At the city's southern side can be seen the gleaming waters of the blue Vistula, which atmost encircles the olden town. The

splendid Vistula vale stretches fair and far beyond. And the southern horizon is a sertated edge of misty blue where, over against sunny Hungary, rise the peaks of wild Tatra and the grand Carpathian range. But splendid as is this first seeming the ancient city of kings, cathedrals and universities is now simply a gorgeous shell of stone, swarming with a population the mos miserable and securingly hopeless human eyes ever beheld. The city once held from \$0,000 to 100,000 souls and was the commercial as well as royal capital of Poland. Its desertion and degradation reached an apparent lowest obb a quarter of a century since. Subsequently Austrian reforms, and the general improvement of the condition of the Galician Polish peasantry, and especially the stimulating effect of excellent development in agricultural and the mineral and petroleum fields of Galicia, reawakened some of its old time commercial activity.

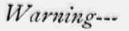
But this fell away again as Lemberg gradually became the commercial capital of Galicia. Then came another influx of population, but of so dolorous a sort that Cracow's present increased housing of humans is certainly the most painfully and pathetically abnorrent in all Europe. The paraettentity absorrent in an Europe. The city is not more than ten English miles from the Russian frontier, During all the un-speakably cruel persecutions of Russian Polish Jews which have indignantly thrilled the direction of the second the civilized world during the past few years, Cracow has received and succored a greater number of these heipiess refugees than any

other single European city. So near is the city to the Russian frontier that every week, often nearly every day, witnesses processions of these outcasts given speed across the border by the impetus of threatened knowt and lash, and the even more goading fear of actual murder. In 1864 I saw with bursting and mutinous heart the God-forsaken folk of my own race as they were driven from Atlanta, while their homes were burned behind them. But revolting as was that brutal scene of so-called "military necessity," it could not be compared with what is of such common occurrence here that it attracts no further comment or attention. Two great objects of interest will be found before you enter the city. To the north is one of the most gigantic embattled fortresses in Europe. Austria has always claimed that this was for use as a frontier fortroas in the event of Russian hostilities. As nearly 1,000 spies in citizen's clothing are said to be still looked again and again before I made diate vicinity

This is the colossal Kosciusko mound.

Cracow in a five mile circle.





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Loss.

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WALL PAPER

HOUSE

severed fingers from the street and tossed them, as though they had been links of sau-sage, to a beyy of half-famished dogs snrinking and snarling beneath a Hungarian Gipsy cart standing near, and these animals de-voured them after nearly devouring each other in battle over these unusual and de-licious morsels. The treatment of the Polish Jews is in-

Your Experience

Ovr

Experience

The treatment of the Polish Jews is in-describably dreadful. Truiy a majority of these here form a loathsome lot. But they are victims of misfortane. No Jew is by nature slothful or vile. All Jews are active, patient, vigorous and brave in all things tending to self sustenance. These of Cracow are mainly helpless victims of Russian per-sention. So many have made their ways secution. So many have made their ways into all avenues of business that by very force of numbers and desperation of situa tion they swarm like wolves around every opportunity of the slightest gain. But thousands upon thousands exist in a condition of such nwful want, starvation and misery, that it would seem in any place where a God was owned, some touch of human consideration and pity might find expression. You can not find it in Cracow. They are beaten from before soldiers and officials with staves. Police disperse begging crowds with swords,

run to the mule instead of the camel. CHANGED HIS MIND .- Our contempo

ry is out with a scare head article informing the public that Captain Bill Henderson had stopped his subscription to the Kicker because it did not satisfy him as a newspaper. Our contempora ry is off his base as usual. We heard that the captain had said that he should do so, and we spent half a day looking him up. He wasn't flye minutes in de ciding to continue as a paving subscrib-We don't deny that any one has a legal right to stop his copy of the Kick er any time he so elects, but in every instance we shall look him up and demand an explanation.

PASSING THE GATEMAN.

There were gates to prevent passen gers from gaining access to the trains until they had passed the ticket inspec tors, and at one of them was a colored man who ovidently realized the full dig nity of his position. A lot of colored ople were going down to Montgomery, and pretty soon an old darkey made move for the gate. "Stand back, sah-stand back!

shouted the gateman. "What I stand back fur?" queried the

old man. "Kase yo'r train hain't dun ready to

go yit!" "But I want to git frow."

"Yo' can't do it." "Does yo' own dis railrode?"

"No, sah; but I'ze put at dis vere gate to be 'sponsible. Nobody kin pass 'till de train is dun ready.

'Yo's a powerful nigger, hain't yo'?' sneered the old man. "Sposin de boss of de railrode should dun come along? J "'Sposin de boss reckon yo' wouldn't stop him.'

"If de president of dis line should dun cum along," replied the gateman, as he drew himself up, "I should say:

"Train hain't in yit."

" 'But l'ze de president.'

"'Show yo'r ticket.' "'But I doan't hev to.'

"'Don yo' must be identified by sumbody ""Why, Billy, doan't yo' know me

I'ze de man who gin yo' dis yere job at fo'ty dollars a month, an who am gwine to make yo' a conductor next fall!

"'Oh, yes! I dun recognize yo' now, Mars Peters! Pass on, sah-pass on, but doan' let dis happen agin!'

"Dat's what I'd say, ole man," continued the gateman, as he waved his hand to the ancient relic, "and now yo' kin see what a clus call yo' hev had in bucking up agin me! I 'scuses yo' dis time kase yo' is ole and pore, but doan' provocate any furder distinguished dissatisfactions onless yo' wants heaps o' trubble!

brol. PETRIFIED PRICES.

We were sitting on the tavern veranda after supper for a smoke, when an old darky with a crooked leg came along and took off his hat and said: "Gem'len, I should like to ax yo' a few queshuns, please."

Being told to go ahead, he came up the steps, bowed and scraped, and ob-

served: "I lost my ole woman doorin de wah an she was buried on de gravel ridge ober yere 'bout two miles. I dun went an dug up de body last week to put it in a new place, an it was all paralyzed to

stup "You mean petrified."

"Dat's it, sah. Took fo' men to git it out of de grave. Jest dun turned into rock and looked as nateral as life. ed like I was dun talkin to de ole 'Yes."

he was lyin dar on de grass when a feller driv up in a wagin an offered me

"I hadn't got a rod from the house this morning when a button flew off my vest! I suppose I've got half a dozen vests in a drawer somewhere, haven't I "Do you imagine that I married you o watch your vest outtons!" demanded

Mrs. Bowser. "W-what! What's that!" he asked. growing paler still, and his eyes hang-ing out in surprise. "Mrs. Bowser, no wife should ever talk back to her husband!

"And no husband should make a crank and a nuisance of himself!" she retorted.

"Crank! Nuisance!" he repeated, as if he mistrusted his hearing, and his knees growing so weak that he had to sit down. For half a minute the room seemed to whirl around with him. Then he pulled himself together and said:

"Mrs. Bowser, I do not want the gos ip of a divorce suit, but it seems to me that' "If you are dissatisfied, you can file a

bill tomorrow!" she interrupted, with an independent toss of her head. He sat and looked at her with open

mouth. He rubbed his eves and looked again, and he wondered to himself if it was all a dream. His voice sounded strange to his own ears as he finally said:

"Mrs. Bowser, it has always pained me to be obliged to speak of the way this house is run, but I have felt it to be

my duty as a husband to do"-"This house has been run well enough to suit me!" she interrupted in icy tones 'If it hadn't been, I should have got out of it long ago! Don't you like my man-agement, Mr. Bowser?"

His face was as white as flour, and his hair was trying to stand up, and he

could only stare at her. "There are several little things I want to speak to you about," she con-tinued, as she rocked to and fro. "You have no business poking your nose into the kitchen, for instance. When I can't oversee the help down there I'll give you due notice and let you try your And I don't want this kicking hand. and fault finding about the meals. W buy enough and it is cooked well

enough for any family in our circum stances. If you don't agree with me. then you'd betttr go to some high toned hotel!

Was that Mrs. Bowser sitting before him-the wife who had sometimes dared to assert her opinion, but had always "knuckled" when he reminded her that man was the superior being. "And another thing"-she went on m cold, calm way which froze his blood-'I want a certain sum set aside for m each week as a salary. As the case now stands I have to beg for every dollar get. While you have plenty of pin money, I have none. Your cigars alone cost you \$3 per week. I want \$5 every Saturday afternoon, and it will be none

of your business how I spend it." Mr. Bowser came back to conscious He realized that the case called noss, for heroic treatment and he stood up to

say: "Mrs. Bowser, do you know that there are private insane asylums in this state Do you know that when a wife exhibits such proofs of mental derangement as you have this evening that her husband

is morally and legally justified in"-"I know all about 'em, sir! I could have you sent to one of them before noon tomorrow! Sit down, Mr. Bowser! Now about your shirts, collars, cuffs and socks. You buy 'em to please yourself. If they don't suit after you get them home don't attempt to hold me responsible. The next time I go upstairs and find a shirt under the bed, a couple of collars on a chair and socks and cuffs kicking around the floor they will re-main right there until you pick them up. I've got something to do besides

out that the object or objects were three eagle feathers worn as a plume in the headdress of an Ingian. His head and and effectual subjugation. and body were hidden from sight as he crept forward, but a little of each feather could be seen.

I touched the old man with my left hand. He turned his face toward me and uttered a long "S-s-s-hl" He had made out the feathers before I dia, and already had his rifle up. The redskin was not advancing upon us, but heading

to the northwest, diagonally away from us. He must have suspected that danger lurked behind some of the bowlders. but there were so many that he had to take chances. He moved so slowly that I was presently prespiring and trembling under the strain. I could see no one following him, and that seemed to prove that he had either volunteered as scout or that his companions had given up and he was pursuing us alone, goaded

on by the hope that he might secure a scalp The feathers were almost opposite us to the north, and not over forty feet away when the Indian raised his head for a look beyond him. As he did so the old man's rifle cracked and the head disappeared. There wasn't the slightest movement-not a sound save the report of the rifle. "He got it jist for'd of the ear, and

never knew what hurt him," whispered the guide.

We waited a long five minutes to so this fact alone they seem to attract the great est number of worshipers; and on many oc what might follow and then crept over to the spot. The warrior lay flat on his casions I have been scarcely able to pass be stomach, with his chin on a rock and his arms stretched out in front of him, just against the shrines as he had used them to pull himself along. He had clinched his fingers, but death had come so swiftly that he had not even straightened his legs. We plucked the feathers from the beaded piece of buckskin forming his headdress, secured the rifle lying beside him and crept away and left the fast stiffening body to those who might come aftercompanions or vultures.

M. QUAD. Spectacles, Dr. Cullimore, Bee building.

Nuremberg's Famous Walls.

The thousands of Americans who have visited the quaint old city of Nuremberg, Germany, will regret to learn that the aldermen have decided to remove large portions of the famous walls with the turrets and towers surrounding the ancient town. Nuremberg, like other cities of the fatherland, has grown rapidly since the Franco-Prussian war, and the picturesque walls, it is said, interfere materially with the street traffic. Yet many tradesmen and wealthy inhabitants of the place strongly oppose the plans of the aldermen, and have determined to prevent their ex-ecution, if possible. They rightly say that the old walls have been the chief attraction to the hosts of visitors to Nuremberg, and fear that their removal, even in part, will cause many travelers to erase the city from the lists of places of interest in their itinertries. All Germans have an interest in the walls of Nuremberg, as in no other German city have these relics of bygone days been preserved in their entirety, and people of all countries will regret

their destruction. Boyd county has its share of neighborhood quarrels. Friday Levi Baker, the postmas-ter at Baker postoffice, went to the house of Elias Bower, a farmer living eight miles north of Spencer, with, it is said, the avowed intention of scoking a quarrel with Bower over school matters,

pugliistic postmaster to get hence, and in a melee which ensued stabled Baker with a pocket kuife. Bower was taken before a justice of the peace and held to district court in bonds of \$500. Bower ordered the

women

striking right and left and wounding p the Polisn peasantry prefer to believe it was built and mauned for the purposes of awe miscously. Those of gentle (1) blood seem to have ac

the right to avenge all Poland's quired In any event it forms a threatening answer national wrongs on these luckless humans. to a still greater monument to national feel ing which may be found but three miles dis have seen little girls not yet in their teens strike them apparently as more diversion. The aristocracy from highest to lowest contant upon the eminence of Brownislaws sider it no crime to chastise them openly and unresentedly on any protext of offence. The Ovor in Ireland the humble peasantry loyal in their memories for even legendary bero or saint, when passing the spot where very next morning after my arrival hero, saw a haif naked Jewish child being carried the body fell or was interred, cast rebule upon the grave and murner prayers for the repose of the soul. A similar national Polish adoration of, the brave and the good, along with a broken leg dangling from its body. It had amused some lordling of official in a carriage before which the little one had begged, to ride over it. I had some has resulted in this most curious memoria respect for Polish character, gained, I will admit, from Polish history, before I came to mound in Christendom. It is 150 feet high and is principally formed of earth, brough in sacks and barrow loads with infinite to Cracow

Whatever the Polish aristocracy have been from all the battle fields famous in Polish the past, they are brutes beyond the Grim and tragic is the satire upon limits of human language, to reveal in them this sacred heart-built memorial, on the part treatment of inferiors and especially of these Jewish wretches of misfortune and misery. of reientless power. When it was nicely completed, the Austrians found it an ex-cellent pedestal for one of the huge detached And for my part I can see no altar, or shrine or crucifix or vicar of God in this ancient city without loathing emblem, place and forts with which they proceeded to surround The outer walls of the city itself are very priest where such inhuman hearts can worse than murder and adore.

interesting and massive. They will remind you of the tremendous walls of old My guide through the gnastly shell of a civilized city was secured through incident Neuromberg, down in Bavaria. They are quite as high and thick, but are varied at inof inigultous brutality, trifling indeed for Carcow, but still illustrative of its genial and kindly atmosphere. I had truly been untervals with surmounting towers, both square and round, of immense thick-ness and great height with most picturesque bearablely pestered by a borde of Jows from money changers down to the most repulsive of beggars, and finally conceived the plan of minaretted roofs. The gateways are quite a remarkable as these at Maita, and are given great additional quant charm by their curi arraying myself in the most Polish and least expensive of attire.

ous old shrines. These are very ancient; in-deed so old that the curving of the floriture It proved a successful device. In this rai and images are almost wholly defaced. From ment I had visited the Catra mountains, and had returned to Cracow so torn by brushwood and bespattered by mud of the highways that I was free to enjoy the city from the from strain upon both temper and purse. neath these huge arches owing to the crowds packed like panicky sheep upon their knees

against the shrines. Round about and within the old city at this season of the year, just as the foliage is beginning to show along the banks of the Vistuia and among the gigantic trees of the standing before a baker's window interested in an odd form of bread which is fashioned and baked in an excellent imitation of a crown of thorns, much used during the Lenten period in Galicia. Another sill more dolorous object than myself stood before the window. It was a Polish Jew, ragged, wasted, wan and old. I have seen longing and hunger on as many faces as has any other one who lives; but I never before saw both so pathetic and terrible as in this one white face.

At this moment a boyy of solliers clanked Both myself and the ancient Jew stood by. Both myself and the ancient Jew stood at the edge of the pavement, quite out of their lordly way. Something is the old man's face attracted the soldiers' attention as well as my own. Some turned, glanced and cursed. One said with an oath :

scening frenzy of rage. I feired he would strike him down. But he did not. He only spat in his face and called him a "Jew dog". stavishness of their powerlessness is so hope ess for change, or attention, or justice, that their tormentors have even ceased to smile "Earth-rotf" and names beastlier still

at their own devilish ingenuity of outrage. Some of these things caunot be repeated Then they turned and went merrily away. And it is true that this poor old man, for fear of his life as he afterwards told me, dare Here are a few instances of sumple brutalit out of scores I have myself witnessed in Cracow. A landlord, offended by the awk wardness of a Polish servant, struck him in not attempt to remove the froth foulness from his face until these Christian soldiery had turned into the marketplace. But I had the face with a carving steel, breaking al his front teeth. The guests laughed aloud

I then led him into the baker's, and then nto a cafe, and then into a wine shep, and and the victim was' directed to wash the and the victim was infected to wash the blood from his mouth and coatinue serving the table. At one of the gateways a nohle-man was being driven into the city. The kneeling crowd praying before the shrite not Christian money never did quicker or more direct missionary work than on that morning when, God knows, for the first and only time in my life I longed to be a Rothschild.

moving rapidly enough to suit him, the driver This poor stranded old human had been a Jewish teacher in a not remote Russian village, and had been knowled out of his was ordered to ride over them, which he did bruising and injuring many youtbs and home by Cossacks, his feeble wife perishing in the flight from fright and fatigue. He had got as far as Cracow. That, as with women. A detachment of Austrian cavairy leaving the city for change of patrol at the Russian frontier, on arriving at the Cloth hall on the market place, was somewhat an-noyed by the frequied movement of the had got as far as Uracow. That, as with thousands upon thousands more, was to be his living grave under conditions of misery and outrage more awful than those which once made infamous the name of religion in Madrid, Neuremberg or Salem--unless the little I spared him could get him to kinfolk

noyed by the fragizied movement of the peasant marketrich in their efforts to set out of the way. An officer whose borse shied from contact with a rustic carrying some fowls slung byer his shoulder in willow cages, drew his stored two fincers from the defenceless man's head. Apparently it would have been quite the same had the man's nead followed his fingers. As though this were not sufficient infamy, a foot soldier standing near, after an humble salute to the brave officer, picked the dis-

wonders of the sixteen chaples in the great cathedral; led the way to the university with its statue of Corpernicus, who was once professor there, and brought me to the schatzkammer to view the Polish regalia and the dazzling mass robes of old. But the human grave yard stilles me. The white face of this one old man stands between me When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and them have them retarm again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPI-LEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatment a Free Rottle of my infulled symmet. Give Fourier and a Free Rottle of my infulled symmet. and Poland's ancient city of kings, shutting out all else but the unspeakable miseries of bis kine. And I leave Cracow with a sick and heavy heart. EDGAR L. WAKEMAN. DR. SNYDER,

of the cardinal-bishop, son of Casimir, king

of Poland, and all the graven treasures and wonders of the sixteen chapels in the great

Distinguished Book Canvassers.

Napoleon Bonaparte, when a poor lieutenant, took the agency for a work entitled "L'Historie de la Revolution. In the foyer of the great palace of the Louvre can be seen today the great emperor's canvassing outfit with the long list of subscribers he secured. George Washington, when young, can-

vassed around Alexandria, Va. and cold over 200 copies of a work entitled "By dell's American Savage.

Mark Twain was a book agent Longieliow sold books by subscription

Jay Gould, when starting in life, was t canvasser. Daniel Webster paid his second term's tuition at Dartmouth by handling "De Tocqueville's America" in Merrimac county, New Hampshire.

General U. S. Grant canvassed for Irving's Columbus.

Rutherford B. Hayes canvassed for Hips.....66 Inches..... 46 Inches.. 'Baxter's Saints' Rest.'

James G. Blaine began life as a can-vaser for a "Life of Henry Clay." Bismarck, whon at Heidelberg, spent a vacation canvassing for one of Blumenhave been improving every day. We would advise all afflicted with obesity to write to Dr. Sayder. We

and \$18 in cash in his possession when he

bach's handbooks. where stamp is inclosed,"---Rice Lake (Wis.) Times Rev. Charles F. Weston, who had jus April 1, 1892. been called to the pastorate of the Baptist church at Springfield, died Monday, He PATIENTS TREATED BY MAIL reached Springfield April 9 and was at one of taken sick. He was about 70 years of age and unmarried, and had about \$900 in notes

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done it for him before that.

In this habilament and attitude I was

ancient promenades, a casual glance give the impression of screnity and even bright ness. One feels as though quiet and satisfies content must reign within and without. Bu nce inside the massive gateways, the hear sickens at what the eyes continually behold Boldiers are everywhere. Guy in their rich trappings they spurn their fellow civil ians as though they were beasts. Were one of those human animals boneath them would surely answer their insults with dy-

namite or melanite; and one bas only to move about these streets an hour to understand and condone the awful revenges the goaded humans of some of these old-world hives are

taking upon their oppressors. No Polish lowly woman can walk the streets without beastly insult. No Jewish maiden is safe in "He will draw the loaves the window through with that nose"" "If the loaf (crown of thorns) was his belly therein, it should cut with blood his paunch through," sneered another. her own doorway from these uniformed jack als. I have witnessed outrages by the Aus trian military without number too unspeak-ably horrible to be put in print. They are so common, their victims are so heipless, the "Ach, Gott !" shouled the bravest of them