

BEATS HER OWN TIME.

The Famous Horse Maud S. Makes a Mile in 2:09 1-4.

Lexington (Ky.) dispatch: The day was bright for November. At the track there was a large gathering of the very best people in the blue grass region...

Vincennes by Mrs. Dr. Mason, a highly respected lady of that city. She walked up to the polls and said she wanted to vote. Her appearance created great surprise...

For President of the United States—Mrs. Betsy Lockwood. Mrs. Mason then withdrew and the work of electioneering proceeded as usual.

Civil Service Examiners in Iowa and Nebraska. WASHINGTON, November 11.—A series of examinations for the examination of applicants for departmental service in Washington...

Shot into the Procession. The democrats had a ratification at Washington the other evening. While the procession was passing through a part of the city...

The Cholera Feared. The governor of New York has transmitted to the state board of health a long communication from the national board of health...

THE BOVINE TROUBLE.

A Report on Contagious Diseases of Animals. Dr. E. E. Salmon, chief of the bureau of animal industry, has submitted to the commissioner of agriculture a report on contagious diseases of animals.

The cholera epidemic in Kansas, and to a description of its symptoms. He concludes the disease is erysipeloid, due to the eating of fungus, known as ergot. Upon treatment and prevention of the disorder he says, "When the first signs of disorder appear the most important point to be attended to is to make a complete change of food and to see that it be of good quality, nutritious and free from ergot."

THE MARKETS.

Table listing market prices for various commodities such as wheat, corn, and pork across different locations like Omaha and Chicago.

CHICAGO.

Table listing market prices for commodities in Chicago, including flour, wheat, and corn.

ST. LOUIS.

Table listing market prices for commodities in St. Louis, including wheat, corn, and pork.

KANSAS CITY.

Table listing market prices for commodities in Kansas City, including wheat, corn, and pork.

CHICAGO, November 13.—The receipts here were 148,298 bushels, with shipments of only 18,616 bushels.

Chicago, November 13.—The receipts here were 148,298 bushels, with shipments of only 18,616 bushels. The stock of wheat in store here to-day of all grades is 7,897,818 bushels.

Corn receipts were 92,512 bushels; shipments, 196,263 bushels. The market opened steady at about yesterday's closing prices, and ruled tame for some time.

Deputy Marshal Menosh has just returned from the Indian territory, where he had a fatal encounter with Indians, who attacked his party and rescued thirty United States prisoners whom he had under arrest from Fort Smith.

How a Mosquito Bites.—The bill of a mosquito is a complex instrument.

How a Mosquito Bites.—The bill of a mosquito is a complex instrument. It is admirably calculated to torment. The bill has a blunt fork at the head, and is apparently grooved.

Mrs. Spoopeydyke Attempting the Historion.

"My dear," said Mrs. Spoopeydyke, contemplating herself in the glass as she removed her hat and gloves. "My dear, wasn't the theater just too sweet for anything! Do you know, I think I would like to go on the stage?"

"Like to drive, perhaps," suggested Mr. Spoopeydyke. "I mean act," replied his wife. "I think I could do it as well as any of those women to-night. Do you know much about theaters? Is it hard?"

"No," grunted Mr. Spoopeydyke, tugging at his boots. "It would be very easy for you. All you have to do is to stand around and talk, and you won't want any rehearsals for that."

"But I would have to practice twisting around so as to fall in that man's arms like she did," mused Mrs. Spoopeydyke. "I don't think I could do it as gracefully as she did without trying several times."

"That's the part you want to play, is it?" growled Mr. Spoopeydyke, with a shade of the green in his eye. "You let me see you fall on any man's shoulders like that, and you'll find no trouble in getting twisted around a few times. What's your idea in going on the stage? Have you got a stomach full of devotion to art like the rest of the women of this generation? Got a sort of notion that you can go on the boards and show the old stagers how it's done, haven't you? Feel the fires of histrionic genius climbing up your spine, don't you? Well you don't! It's nothing but your measly vanity."

"Don't you think I would know how to act?" she asked, pulling her crimp over her forehead, assuming a stern expression of visage, and stretching her arms down rigidly at her sides. "This is the way I would foil the villain."

"Is that what you call it?" inquired Mr. Spoopeydyke, nursing his knee and growling upon her. "It looks more as if you were bidding against another woman for a second hand hair cloth sofa at an auction. If that sort of thing is calculated to foil the villain, he must be light in the waist."

"I don't know," smiled Mrs. Spoopeydyke, rubbing her chin. "In all the plays I have seen, they always drive the bad man off with a haughty look. Say, dear, isn't this the way to welcome a husband after a long absence?" and she parted her lips, gazed eagerly into space, and extended her arms.

"That's the way to hail a car!" grunted Mr. Spoopeydyke. "If you want to make the welcome to the husband perfectly natural you ought to have a smell of onions in the hall and your back hair in your mouth. That's the kind of welcome I always get."

"No you don't, either!" protested Mrs. Spoopeydyke. "I always run right up to you and kiss you!" "Well, there's a small of onions about it somewhere," persisted Mr. Spoopeydyke. "What makes you stick your arms out like andirons?" he demanded. "You look as if you were trying to keep off a dog."

"Anyhow, that's the way they do it," argued Mrs. Spoopeydyke, a trifle abashed. "Then, when they get the letters telling them that their uncle speculated away all their property, they do like this," and Mrs. Spoopeydyke threw her hand to her forehead, staggered back, and caught hold of a chair.

"Which does like that, the uncle or the property?" asked Mr. Spoopeydyke, eyeing the performance with high disfavor. "It looks something like the property at the tail end of the speculation, but it resembles more accurately the uncle buying a lower berth for Canada."

"I meant it for the orphan who had been despoiled," murmured Mrs. Spoopeydyke, straightening up and looking rather downcast. "It was intended for an attitude of despair. How would you do it, this way?" and she sank into the chair, covered her face with her hands and sobbed violently.

"If I wanted to give the impression of a tight boot and corn, I should do it just that way," growled Mr. Spoopeydyke. "Should I throw my arms forward listlessly and let my head fall so?" she inquired, suiting the gesture to the question.

"That's more like it," assented Mr. Spoopeydyke with a grin. "People who hadn't seen the play before might think you were counting the pieces for the washwoman, but the orchestra would understand it."

INDIAN CURIOSITIES.

Weapons Which Are Manufactured Merely to Sell to the Whites.

St. Paul (Minn.) Day. A few leisure moments of a representative of the Day were improved this forenoon in looking over the array of Indian articles of warfare, toilet, luxury and general utility, exhibited for sale in the show windows of a popular business house of St. Paul.

"Where do you get these things?" inquired the Day representative. "Well," said the merchant, "we get them from Indians, trappers, post traders and sometimes from amateur travelers and adventurers who have started out on small means and after reaching St. Paul on their way home from the west find it necessary to sell their relics in order, sometimes, to obtain a meal. It is astonishing how many people go west, thinking they will make a speculation in procuring Indian toys and selling them in St. Paul. These people usually find it hard to sell their specimens at any price."

"Post traders and trappers often come to St. Paul with specimens, expecting to realize handsome profits, but they are generally disappointed. I remember a trapper who came to my store four or five years ago trying to sell me a rare specimen of Indian workmanship. He stated that it was made by one of a distinct tribe, and the only relic left as a memento of the race. I learned afterward that he had tried to sell it to several dealers, both in St. Paul and Minneapolis, but had failed. He had started out asking the exorbitant sum of \$500 for the specimen, but had knocked off at each successive store until the price asked was only \$10. I looked at the man a moment and listened to his story about the rarity of the specimen, etc., and said to him: 'My friend, that's a very pretty story you're telling, but you see I shan't be able to make any one swallow it, and the fact is I'll have work to get ten cents for the trinket.'"

"Well, how much did you get for the toy?" "Oh, I happened to be in luck," said he, with a twinkle in his eye. "An English lord came along, and I told him the story I had learned from the trapper, and I think I got \$150 for the specimen."

"Do you sell many of these goods?" "Yes, a good many; but nearly as many to Americans as I do to Europeans. Of course, eastern people buy them; but we have to be very moderate in our prices in order to sell to this class. We can get fancy prices for the goods from Europeans, and particularly from English and Scotch people. During the summer season our sales upon these goods to Europeans mount up to thousands of dollars, while the Americans they scarcely reach into the hundreds."

"Are these goods genuine—that is, made by Indians for their own use?" "Well, no, not all of them. A large portion is made by the Indians expressly to sell to white people. Such goods would never answer the purposes of an Indian."

Here the merchant showed the difference between a practical war club and a fancy one, a practical tomahawk and a poetical one. "The Indians, half-breeds and some of the frontier whites, make many of the toys expressly to sell," said the doctor. "But then, you see, it's not necessary to mention that fact to foreigners. The cheats bring about as big a price as the genuine article."

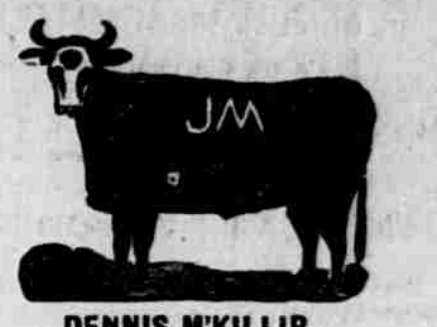
The sun is, in round numbers, says the Edinburgh Review, 93,000,000 miles from the earth. But the vibrations of light pass across the vast chasm that lies between the sun and the earth in eight and one-fourth minutes or in 495 seconds of time. In order, however, that they may accomplish the long journey in such a time, they must travel with a speed of nearly 188,000 miles in a second, or, in other words, with a velocity 1,000,000 times greater than that with which the vibrations of sound are propagated through the air.

The discovery of the rate of the propagation of light was made in a very ingenious and remarkable way by the Danish astronomer Roemer just two centuries ago. He was at that time residing at Paris and engaged in observing the movements of the satellites of Jupiter, and, while doing so, he happened to notice that the return of the first satellite into the shadow of the planet took place after a perceptibly longer interval with each successive recurrence. After 100 returns, the satellite was fifteen minutes behind what should, to appearance, have been the proper instant for its plunge into the shadow. While reflecting upon the possible cause of this retardation and irregularity, it occurred to Roemer that, during the entire period of this observed retardation, the planet itself had been getting further and further away from the earth, as it swept on in its vast orbit, and that, if the indication of its position and behavior had to be conveyed to the earth by an agent which required time for its progress, that agent would obviously need more time for the performance of its passage when the planet was far away than when it was near.

Subsequent calculations of a more refined and exhaustive character established the fact that the eclipse of the satellite occurred 16 1/2 minutes later when the earth was on the opposite side of the sun to the planet than when it was between the sun and the planet; or, in other words, that the vibrations of light required 16 1/2 minutes to make their way across the entire breadth of the earth's orbit, or 8 1/4 minutes to traverse the half of that breadth, which is the same thing as the distance of the sun from the earth.

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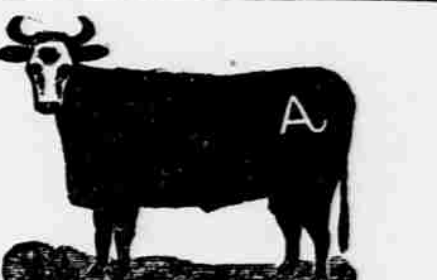
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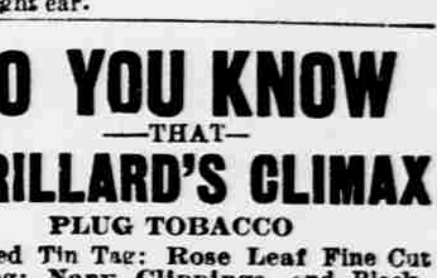
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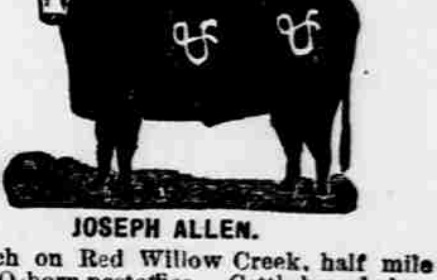
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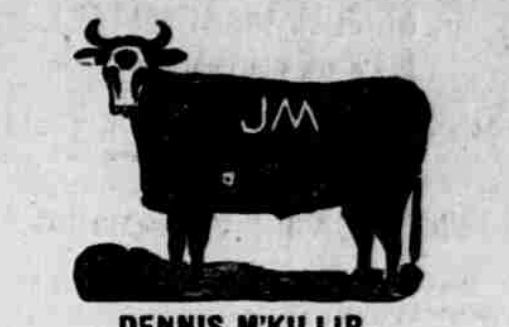
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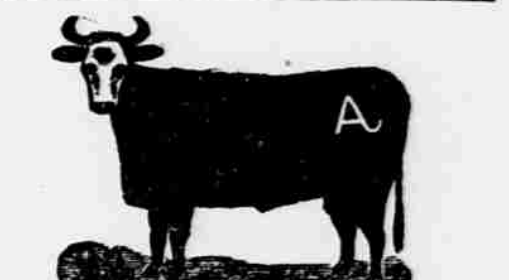
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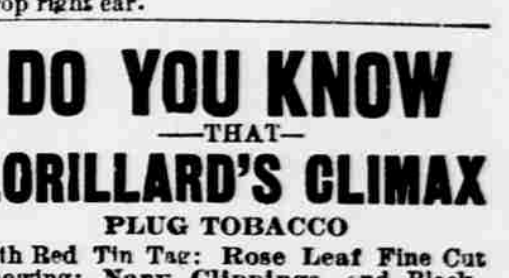
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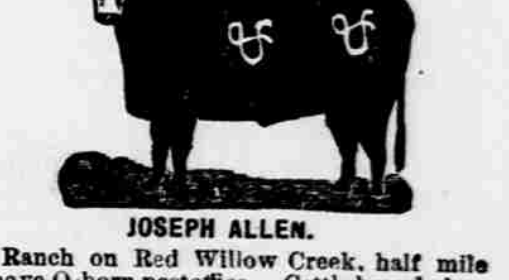
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