

THE STRIP OPENING.

ALL THE DETAILS HAVE BEEN DECIDED ON.

THE RULES WHICH WILL GOVERN.

Old-Timers Who Have Made the Race for Choice Lands at Every Previous Opening to Be Allowed This Time

WASHINGTON, Aug. 21.—There was forwarded from the interior department to President Cleveland at Gray Gables yesterday a formidable document, some two feet in length and six inches thick, for his examination.

After much consultation, research and trouble the secretary of the interior and the commissioner of public lands have hit upon a scheme which they believe will largely prevent the gross frauds which have heretofore been perpetrated in settling new countries.

Before anyone can cross into the new lands he must be provided with a certificate from one of the land offices, showing that under the laws of the United States he is entitled to a homestead. In order that the government officials may recognize him at once he must have on the lapel of his coat a badge which the government will provide for that purpose.

MR. INGALLS SPEAKS.

He Makes a Speech to the Old Soldiers at the Hutchinson Reunion.

HUTCHINSON, Kan., Aug. 21.—Ex-Senator John J. Ingalls was the principal attraction at the G. A. R. reunion here yesterday. Among other things he said:

"It has been reported to me that there were many members of the Grand Army who voted to bring about the present condition of affairs and place the party in power which has placed Hoke Smith in a position to cut off the 1,100 soldiers already dropped from the pension rolls in Kansas."

He then spoke of politics being barred from these reunions, and said it meant that the organization should not be used for securing any partisan advantage. He said that no comrade need renounce his political convictions, however, but had a right to belong to whatever party he chose.

Here he broke away from the non-political program and said: "What I do blame are the men who believed the other way and allowed this party to come into power again. I do not pretend to say that it desires a restoration of the old condition of things, and dissolution of the union; I don't pretend to say that it would bring about to-day what it sought to accomplish, but I do affirm that to-day as much as at any time in the past it continues to affirm that 'God alone knows which was right in that controversy.' I say to you that unless there was some right in which you were engaged was nothing more than a scrap in a disreputable house or a contest between Sullivan and Corbett for the pugilistic championship of the world."

Horses From Royal Stables.

CHICAGO, Aug. 21.—One of the principal attractions at the world's fair next week will be the parade of the favorite horses of Emperor William of Germany and those of the czar of Russia. Each day these horses will be led through the principal streets of the White city by liveried grooms.

The Topeka Club Sues for Damages.

TOPEKA, Kan., Aug. 21.—Each of the eight members of the Topeka club who were arrested when the police raided the club house some time ago has begun civil proceedings in the district court for \$10,000 damages against the members of the police force who participated in the arrest.

Newspaper Changes.

FORT SCOTT, Kan., Aug. 21.—Judge A. R. Allison of this city has purchased the Moran, Callen county, Herald of G. B. Ingersoll, and Mr. Ingersoll has purchased the Herald at California, Mo. The Moran Herald will be Republican in politics.

First National of Anthony Resumes. ANTHONY, Kan., Aug. 21.—The First National bank of Anthony, Kan., which suspended in July, was yesterday permitted to resume for business.

A POPULIST IDEA.

Lieutenant Governor Daniels' Income Tax Bill Sent to Washington.

TOPEKA, Kan., Aug. 19.—Lieutenant Governor Percy Daniels to-day sent to Washington to be introduced in congress his graduated income tax bill which, with the addition of one section referring to the property of aliens, was introduced in the Fifty-second congress by Senator Puffer and Representative Clover.

The bill covers forty-one sections and, briefly stated, it provides that a graduated annual tax be levied and collected as follows: On estates of less than \$2,000,000, 1 per cent; on estates of less than \$5,000,000 and more than \$2,000,000, 3 per cent; on estates of less than \$10,000,000 and more than \$5,000,000, 5 per cent; on the estates of all property owners not coming within the above terms and conditions, 18 per cent, provided that all property owners who make a proper return shall be entitled to an exemption of property to the value of \$1,000,000.

To protect American labor adult male immigrants are to be taxed \$300 per head and all other immigrants over 15 years of age \$100.

The bill also provides for taxing estates of inheritance and legacies running from 1 per cent on \$200,000 up to 33 per cent over \$2,000,000.

A NEGRO HANGED.

The Death Sentence Carried Out at Quincy, Ill., for the Third Time.

QUINCY, Ill., Aug. 19.—William J. Jamison was hanged at exactly 11 o'clock to-day in the basement of the court house in the presence of 100 people, while 5,000 waited outside. Jamison, who had talked or exhorted almost constantly for a week, did not open his mouth after 10:30 o'clock. He walked sturdily to the scaffold and at no time was there a tremor of muscle or other expression than that of total unconcern.

ON TO WASHINGTON.

Fifty Thousand of the Unemployed to Gather at the National Capital.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 19.—Beginning to-morrow the unemployed in the various labor associations will take up their station at the union depot and the freight yards of the various roads running into St. Louis from the west, meet all persons looking for work, explain the situation and ask the travelers to proceed to Washington, D. C., to make a demonstration before congress.

Chamberlain Answers Gladstone.

LONDON, Aug. 19.—In the house of commons to-day Mr. Gladstone announced that on Monday he would move the adoption of a resolution to apply the closure to the report stage of the home rule bill next Friday.

Actor Curtis' Defense.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 19.—The third trial of M. B. Curtis "Samuel O'Posen," charged with killing Police Officer Grant in this city in February, 1891, is nearing an end. The prosecution will close its session to-day and then Curtis will give his version of the story, which is that he was attacked by a footpad on the street, that Officer Grant approached them while the footpad was beating him and arrested them both and that the footpad then shot Grant and escaped.

Santa Fe Finances.

NEW YORK, Aug. 19.—Chairman Magoun of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe board said yesterday: "The Atchison company has arranged for an extension of the guarantee fund notes, which fall due in November. There are \$9,000,000 of these notes bearing six per cent. The terms on which the extension has been made will probably be announced later."

Sealers Seized by Russians.

VICTORIA, B. C., Aug. 19.—The sealing schooner Viva, which arrived yesterday, announced the seizure of the sealers Ainoka and Minnie, and two American sealers by a Russian man-of-war for sealing in the protected zone around Copper Island. The papers of the Ainoka and Minnie were confiscated and they were ordered to go to Yokohama for trial before the British consul.

Six Persons Bitten by a Dog.

NEVADA, Mo., Aug. 19.—Six persons were bitten yesterday by a four-month-old shepherd pup belonging to Peter Rippe of Osage township. His six-year-old daughter was bitten in five places and the mad stone adhered to four places.

Brental Prize Fight at the World's Fair.

CHICAGO, Aug. 19.—A brutal prize fight was surreptitiously held in the stock pavilion at the World's fair last night. Eleven rounds were fought. One man was knocked senseless. The fight was for a purse of \$500.

Hunted to Death by Gasoline.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Aug. 18.—Mrs. R. D. Burk was killing a gasoline stove this afternoon when the tank exploded, setting fire to her clothes and burning her to a cinder before assistance arrived.

A LITTLE PARABLE.

I made the cross myself, whose weight was later laid on me, This thought adds anguish as I toil Up life's steep Calvary.

To think mine own hands drove the nails I sang a merry song, And chose the heaviest wood I had To build it firm and strong.

If I had guessed—if I had dreamed Its weight was meant for me, I should have built a lighter cross To bear up Calvary!

—Anne Reeve Aldrich in Scribner's.

THE SPECTRAL BOAT.

This story is true so far as the narrator's responsibility is concerned. By the narrator I mean the pilot. His name is Kinney, pilot of the Baton Rouge. The Baton Rouge was the 'swift, elegant steamer (Bixby master, Elton purser)' plying between St. Louis and New Orleans.

I went aboard the Baton Rouge at St. Louis. Bixby introduced me to Kinney. In Kinney I found a short, thick-bodied man with half gray and blue eyes, tawny colored mustache, a goatee, full cheeks, ruddy with health, and the natural color of one whose hair was mixed red and brown.

Kinney stood watch six hours off and six hours at the wheel. He knew the historical points of the river, and he pointed them out one after another. Kinney turned his wheel with a spasmodic violence and rang the engineer's bells to 'relo' port' to 'fast starboard' and reversed his orders with such rapidity that the mechanic below wanted, by the infernal, to know what he meant.

'See that corner of the island there?' asked Kinney. 'Yes.' 'There's where the bones of the old Alonzo Childs are laid.' 'Well?'

Mark Twain had his license on that boat. She was taken in the days of the war and run by the Confederates, and Clemens was her pilot. After he had left her and joined the Confederate army, the machinery, or so much of it as was any good, was taken out, and her hull passed into possession of an old chap that owned a plantation just 'round Bayou Sara, below here. He had a land boiler and engine, and used it for boiling sugar and pressing cane. Colonel Hubbard burned the sugar-house as he passed by with his detachment of soldiers, but the boiler and engine was saved in a somewhat disturbed condition. The old fellow's name was De Soto.

'De Soto put his old engine and boiler on the hull of the Alonzo Childs and she was made to travel up and down, inside the Confederate line of course. She went between Port Hudson and Vicksburg. At that time I was a cub' pilot on a big steamer, and I used to see her. One day I heard she exploded or snagged, and everybody on board was lost. The circumstances of the disaster no one ever knew. A few bloated bodies and some charred pieces of the old craft's timbers floating down the river indicated the extent of the horror.

'Two years ago I was standing watching alone in the pilot house. The river was up and we were pushing the gray, muddy waters aside under a full head of steam. I had just pulled the wheel over to make the bend, when I saw a steamer heading straight for us. It appeared to me that she came out of the bank rather than up the river, and I noticed at the moment that she was a strange craft to me. Well, I blowed once to pass to port and steered off to the west shore. Giving her the advantage of the backwater, I watched her, and presently I saw from her whistle two escapes of steam. By that I saw that she had blown twice, although I had not heard the blasts. So I blew twice and reversed my helm.

'Still she came on. Do you know I thought she was some up-river boat or Pittsburgher, thinking she owned the earth and pushin me, round so her pilots could tell mid-winter yarns about how they had made it hot for a big New Orleans and St. Louis packet? I whistled again. No answer, and she came headin' right for us and gettin' so near that the danger of a smash was imminent. I blew an alarm blast and stopped, and as she came nearer bidding fair to strike us just forward of the starboard wheel, I rang the bell to back hard. In the second of interval necessary to reverse the engine I looked at the approaching craft and noted that her speed was terrific and that she made no sound. I closed my eyes for a moment in order that my sight should not interfere with my ears. There was no noise of escaping steam, no beat of paddle wheels. I opened them again. She was upon us and, with a bare thought of the passengers below—my own family—I closed them again.

'In that second of mental agony I heard the piano down in the main saloon. Somebody was playing 'Natalie, the Maid of the Mill.' I heard the discord, which I knew must have been occasioned by the first alarm of danger—the sweep of the hand over the keys as the player turned suddenly from the piano. I grew old and lived twenty years. I never thought of escape. I could not have escaped had I so chosen. My senses were so alert as to give me a physical pain.

'I opened my eyes a second afterward and there was no boat. Nothing in sight. Only a blank spread of water, a fast-flowing current and our own boat backing at full speed, while Captain Dixy was yelling from the hurricane deck.

'What in the blazes is the matter?' 'I don't know how I recovered myself, but I did tell him some way or other that the bell rope had got tangled. I started her ahead then. Now, that was in the afternoon at 4

o'clock—and tell me there ain't ghosts?'

'I have never failed to see her when I passed here within two hours of the hour of 4 o'clock, morning or evening. Here comes my relief for dinner. Had yours? No. Sit at my table. It's nearly 4, and as we are about to stop to 'wood up' before we round the bend, may be you will see the ghost of a steamer yourself. See—in my believin'.'

Just then the speaking tube from the captain's office was sounded, and I heard the hollow, reverberating tone of Bixby's voice through fifty feet of tin pipe saying one of the cylinders needed repacking and we would stay at the woodpile where we were till it was done.

'That means ten hours, anyway,' said Kinney. 'Thank God, we will get by the bend about midnight.' 'Ten hours did not measure the time of our delay, and I was sleeping oblivious of ghosts and regardless of Kinney's spook steamboat, when a sharp rap at my stateroom door brought me out of dreamless slumber. 'Mr. Kinney says, 'Would you all please, sir, come into the pilot house?'

'It was the voice of the nightwatch speaking to me as an individual and assuring me that none of myself was neglected. Giving a hasty affirmative, I arose and hurried to the hurricane deck.

'I say,' he said, 'it's nearly 4 o'clock, and we are going to pass the wreck. You wanted to see the ghost of a steamer. I don't want to be alone and I want a skeptic with me. Light your pipe and sit down.' Kinney hoisted the wheel over to port, and the jackstaff of the boat could be seen as the 'night hawk' swung for the pilot's eye to sweep the horizon cut away such rays of light as penetrated the cottonwood forests on the Louisiana shore.

'I don't see her,' said Kinney, turning his night glass one way and another, and it's ten minutes to 4.' 'Don't see what?' inquired a strange voice at my side, and turning in surprise, for I had not heard any one enter, I could define in the half-gry light of the morning the figure of a man with smoothly shaven face—apparently a youth.

'The ghost,' said Kinney, still peering into the space beyond. 'Do you expect any?' asked the stranger.

'Why, I was just telling you—great God there she is.' I looked in the direction he pointed, and sure enough, about a quarter of a mile away were the red and green lights of an approaching steamer. I knew enough of the laws of the road on water to comprehend that she was coming toward us and I could also see she was making tremendous headway. Kinney's eyes as I saw them flash, were fixed upon her. He neither moved the wheel nor stirred a hand to give warning.

'Kinney,' I cried, 'that is not the ghost; it is a steamer. It is the White of the Vicksburg line, bound up. She is to pass here about this time. For the love of heaven, give the signal!'

At such a time one scarcely knows what he says or does. The two great vessels, each of them moving at the rate of fourteen or fifteen miles an hour, seemed doomed to crash upon each other. I knew the White was, ordinarily, filled with passengers. On our own boat were nearly 200 souls; but a strong arm swept us both aside, and the stranger seized the spokes. There was a jingling of bells, a screeching of whistles, a mad cry of human voices, a leaping of flames over light woodwork that cracked and seemed to laugh with joy over the destruction that was being wrought.

But over it all I heard one voice in articulate agony, whose wild, agonizing accents I shall never forget. Then, in the flash of flame I saw the face of the person who had uttered it. It was the stranger at the wheel. On his cap band, spelled out in letters of gold bullion, were the words 'Pilot, Alonzo Childs.' He was illumined by the blaze and his eyes shown brighter than the fire itself.

'I am punished! My God, is it not enough? I was her pilot! It is the Alonzo Childs!' he screamed. For a second he towered, like a giant, high over the eight-foot wheel, then, throwing his arms about his head, he fell prone upon the floor. Already the glass windows of the pilot house were cracking with the heat. I knelt beside the prostrate form. There was no heart-beat.

I looked up at Kinney. He was standing with his arms folded, his face perfectly calm, but pale as death. At that moment the flames burst into the pilot house, and their hot breath blistered my hands as I held them before my eyes. I had no feeling of fear, beyond apprehension of physical pain. Death had no terror for me. Besides, there was no escape. I remember just then that Kinney shook me by the arm, and I heard his voice:

'Say, you will set yourself afire in a minute.' I opened my eyes. The steamer Baton Rouge, Bixby master, Elton clerk, was having quick dispatch, and my after-dinner pipe lay smoking on my knee. Some of its live ashes were on the floor and some had burned my hand just a little, and Kinney said I had been asleep less than two minutes.—R. R. in New York News.

The Lacked Erudition.

'Did you hear Katherine Bobleigh's graduating essay?' said one girl to another. 'Yes; wasn't it ridiculous? I expected something a great deal better from her.'

'So did I. Why, there weren't half a dozen words of more than six syllables in it.'—Washington Star.

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Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an execution issued by the clerk of the district court of the Third Judicial district of Nebraska, and for Lancaster county, in an action wherein Herman W. Reeves is plaintiff and Theodore F. Barnes is defendant, I will at 2 o'clock p. m. on the 11th day of September, 1893, offer for sale at public auction the following described real estate, to-wit: The north-west quarter, and the north-half of the southwest quarter of section (4) four, township (11) eleven, range 5, east, in Lancaster county, Nebraska.

Notice is hereby given that sealed proposals will be received by the county clerk of Saunders county, Nebraska, at the court house in Wahoo, until noon of the 5th day of September, 1893, for the furnishing of all material and erection of the following bridges in said county.

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One bridge at Prague 22 feet long, across the large draw just north of town, near railroad track. It spans 20 feet on south end and three 24 foot spans, 8 piling 22 feet long to be driven in center of draw, and 8 piling 16 feet long for remainder of bents to be driven so bridge will be on a level, 3 feet lower than south bank.

One bridge at Prague 22 feet long, across the large draw just north of town, near railroad track. It spans 20 feet on south end and three 24 foot spans, 8 piling 22 feet long to be driven in center of draw, and 8 piling 16 feet long for remainder of bents to be driven so bridge will be on a level, 3 feet lower than south bank.

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