

# AFFAIRS IN NEBRASKA

**Death by Fall From Swing.**  
TECUMSEH, Neb., July 25.—As a result of a fall of fifteen feet from a swing and alighting on his head, the first of the week, Will C. Abbott, 10 years old, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Abbott, who live near here, died today of brain fever.

**Lost a Foot.**  
M'COOK, Neb., July 25.—George Morgan of Wichita, Kan., had a foot cut off in the Burlington yard here late last night. He was riding on the trucks of the midnight passenger train and rode as far west as Benkelman, over fifty miles, with his foot in the McCook yard.

**Enforcing the Prohibition Law.**  
ST. EDWARD, Neb., July 25.—Under direction of the prohibitionists this town was raided by ten men armed with warrants for the arrest of White & Gibson, Eagan & Clark, Julius Phillips, Hahn & McCintock and Peter Laudemann for selling liquors without license. A supply of liquors of all kinds was found in possession of the first three firms named.

**Small Pox Situation Improves.**  
TABLE ROCK, Neb., July 25.—The smallpox situation is gradually improving. Only one new case developed the past week, which was sent to Camp Clark. This was a man who, it is supposed, ventured a little too close to the camp two or three weeks since. Quarantine has been raised on all but three houses and will doubtless be raised on them the later part of this or first of next week.

**Hastings' New Postoffice.**  
HASTINGS, Neb., July 25.—A message was received from Mr. J. M. Clarge, at Washington, announcing that Secretary Gage had ordered the purchase of the Lynn site for the Hastings' public school building. The site selected is at the corner of Third street and Hastings avenue and directly west of the court house, and its dimensions are 125x154 feet. The price at which it was submitted is \$9,500.

**Mapped out a Program.**  
HASTINGS, Neb., July 25.—The street fair officers met and mapped out a program of events for the street fair week. The following purses will be hung up: Horse racing, \$1,250; firemen's tournament, \$500; shooting tournament, \$500; band contest, \$500; base ball, \$500; foot ball, \$200; miscellaneous sports, \$1,000; agricultural display, \$750; civic parade, \$200.

**Crop Acreage in Butler County.**  
RISING CITY, Neb., July 25.—Following is the official summary of the acreage of various crops of Butler county for the year 1899 as shown by the returns of the assessors, with a comparison with 1898 returns:  
Wheat, 1899, 35,083 acres; corn, 127,060; oats, 58,490; barley, 2,640; and meadow, 14,629; 1898, wheat, 30,307; corn, 140,030; oats, 55,312; barley, 1,723; and meadow, 23,824.

**Planning for Reunion.**  
SUTTON, Neb., July 25.—A meeting of old soldiers and citizens was called in the opera house to complete the necessary arrangements for the fourth annual G. A. R. reunion at this place. The organization will be permanent, as enough shares have been sold to guarantee its future success. J. C. Merrill was elected president, with F. M. Brown vice president, A. W. Clark, treasurer; W. J. Legg, secretary.

**Typhoid Fever at Alliance.**  
ALLIANCE, Neb., July 25.—Within the last few days some ten cases of typhoid fever have developed in this city, and many of them are in the best families, where sanitary conditions are good. The city water is considered perfectly pure. The business portion of the city is in a bad sanitary condition and it is probable it arises from that source. A general cleaning up has been ordered by the mayor.

**New Bond Ordered for Ed Jay.**  
AINSWORTH, Neb., July 25.—The case of Ed Jay, bound over to the district court on the charge of stealing a span of horses, came up for hearing before Judge Westover in the adjourned session of the court and a new bond was ordered, said bond to be approved by Sheriff Murray. Jay was placed in jail pending the securing of bondsmen. His case will come up for trial at the September session of the district court.

**Boys Tire of Home.**  
WYMORE, Neb., July 25.—There seems to be an epidemic among the boys of this place, ranging in age from fourteen to the sixteen years, to run away from home, there having been four cases within the last two evenings, and twice as many more thwarted by the parents of other boys who would have gone. Tuesday night Davie Knowles, sixteen years old, ran away, in company with a boy from St. Joseph, and last night three more climbed into a cattle car and started east.

**One Year in the Pen.**  
FREMONT, July 25.—Frank Boyd, who attacked H. G. Seavitt, president of the beet sugar factory at Ames with a knife and nearly laid him out a few weeks ago, pleaded guilty in district court. Judge Grimson gave him a sentence of one year in the penitentiary at hard labor. Boyd's attorney, as well as the county attorney, asked that a light sentence be given, as Boyd was sorry for the fit of passion which impelled him to use a knife. The prisoner is but twenty years old.

**Wheat is Yielding Well.**  
HARVARD, Neb., July 25.—For the first time in several weeks there has been no rain during the last week, while much of the time has been warm with little wind, and steam threshers have often been compelled to go four to six miles for water. A large number of machines are busy threshing the winter wheat from the shocks without stacking, which is generally yielding twenty to twenty-eight bushels, though some fields run less and some more. The oat crop is large and will make a fine yield, while corn continues very promising.

**To Meet the Boys From Manila.**  
GENEVA, Neb., July 26.—Captain Claude Ough has gone to San Francisco to receive his discharge with the boys of the First. Samuel White of Hebron is on his way to the coast to meet his son Charles, who will be with the rest of the boys from Manila.

**Farm Hand Sunstruck.**  
FAIRMONT, Neb., July 26.—While Peter Torgee, a young man, 32 years old, was shocking oats on the farm of Nicholas Luten, six miles east of here, he was sunstruck. When he was picked up his mouth was drawn around to the side of his face. He is still alive this morning, but very low.

**Baby Poisoned by Fly Paper.**  
COLUMBUS, Neb., July 26.—A 2-year-old child of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Krue died within an hour after drinking the water from poisoned fly paper. During the temporary absence of the mother the little fellow tipped up the plate and drank part of the contents. As the family live on the extreme edge of town a physician could not be called in time to save the child.

**Fatally Injured by Explosion.**  
DEWESE, Neb., July 26.—A threshing machine engine blew up on Joe Finney's farm, four miles south of Dewese, and seriously injured four men. Roy Norwood, who was feeding the thrasher, was hit by the large engine whistle, which was hurled through the air with such force as to knock young Norwood nearly ten feet and inflict injuries which will cause his death.

**Lives by Wolf Hunting.**  
CHADRON, Neb., July 26.—Fifteen gray wolf scalps dangled to the saddle of Peter Watson, as he rode into town Saturday, followed by his pack of stag hounds from a six days' chase in Sioux county, on the Wyoming state line. Watson enjoys the distinction of being the prince of gray wolf hunters, who never scalps the less pestiferous coyotes, and the cattlemen vie for his services. He is now in the employ of the Western Nebraska Live Stock association on a yearly salary.

**Drowned in the Platte River.**  
HASTINGS, Neb., July 25.—Roscoe M. Bates, a young man 19 years old, was drowned in the Platte river a few miles west of Doniphan. He was in bathing with other young men and accidentally got beyond his depth. Being unable to swim he drowned before any of his companions could reach him. Immediately search was commenced for the body, but it was two hours before it was recovered and then it was found three-quarters of a mile down the river from where he disappeared.

**Reports are Incomplete.**  
LINCOLN, Neb., July 26.—Reports from the various counties in the state containing agricultural statistics are being received daily at the labor commissioner's office, but a large portion of them are necessarily incomplete and unreliable. Quite a number of counties have refused to report, alleging that the law under which the labor commissioner makes the demand is unconstitutional. However, Mr. Kent hopes to have the reports compiled and ready for publication within two months.

**Kissing Bug From Manila.**  
INAVALLE, Neb., July 26.—Lemuel Curtis, whose brother John is a member of the famous Kansas volunteers, now homeward bound from Manila, received a paper from the Philippines one day this week. Carefully wrapped and enclosed within its pages was a perfect specimen of the kissing bug. The bug is quite a beauty in its line, being black-bodied, with gold bands around its neck and seal brown wings. It measures one-half inch in length and has a very sharp stinger about one-eighth of an inch in length. Its identity is fully known by an article in the paper it came in describing the bug in every particular.

**Payment for Insurance Notices.**  
LINCOLN, Neb., July 26.—Deputy Insurance Commissioner Bryant has formulated the following rule regarding payment for the publication of insurance notices:  
Printers' fees, when not otherwise specially provided for by law, are \$1 per square for the first insertion and 50 cents per square for each subsequent insertion. A square is ten lines forming a portion of a column nearly square. Printers will in all cases send their bills to this office for approval when a requisition will be made upon the company. The fee will be paid direct to the publisher by the company, but a duplicate receipt must be filed in this office.

**Run Over by a Freight Caboose.**  
HASTINGS, Neb., July 26.—The funeral of Mrs. Charles Burgoyne, who was killed at Tilton, Neb., took place from the Baptist church in this place. The manner of Mrs. Burgoyne's death was most tragic. The family had been visiting at Tilton. Saturday afternoon the daughter started to come home and had boarded the caboose of a freight train, on which she was to go to Norfolk. Mrs. Burgoyne had also climbed on the car, and was standing on the rear platform. She was just in the act of kissing her daughter good-bye when the train was backed up to couple onto the caboose. The car was struck with such force that Mrs. Burgoyne was thrown backward into the track and the car passed over her body, cutting it in two and killing her almost instantly.

**Plans for New State Buildings.**  
LINCOLN, Neb., July 26.—The state board of public lands and buildings was engaged yesterday examining plans for the new state buildings at Hastings, Grand Island, Beatrice, Lincoln and Nebraska City. About fifteen architects submitted plans for the various buildings. The buildings will consist of the following: Ward buildings at the Hastings and Lincoln insane asylums, school buildings for the soldiers' home at Grand Island and the home for the blind at Nebraska City and an addition to the home for the feeble minded at Beatrice.

# THIS STATE IN BRIEF

**Plans Accepted.**  
LINCOLN, July 27.—The Board of Public Lands and Buildings today accepted the plans drawn by Roberts & Wood of this city for the new wing of the Lincoln asylum.

**Wheat Harvest is About Over.**  
ARBORVILLE, Neb., July 27.—Wheat harvest is about through and farmers are commencing to harvest oats. The quality of the wheat is the very best and the yield is from twelve to thirty-two bushels to the acre. Oats are going to be a heavy yield and fine quality.

**Pastor in Police Court.**  
SILVER CREEK, Neb., July 27.—Rev. Charles F. Haywood, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church of this place, was arrested on complaint of having accepted a treat of a drink of whiskey in Adam Roth's saloon. He was brought before Justice Pollard, found guilty and fined \$25 and costs. Rev. Mr. Haywood gave notice of appeal to the district court.

**St. Edward Will Greet the Boys.**  
ST. EDWARD, Neb., July 27.—At an adjourned session of a mass meeting last night arrangements were made to give the twenty-three boys that enlisted from this place in the First Nebraska a grand reception on their arrival. A committee of ten was appointed to escort the boys from Columbus to St. Edward. A few days afterward the boys will be given a banquet.

**Aged Man Commits Suicide.**  
HARRISON, Neb., July 27.—Louis Cammizind, an old man living five miles south of this place, committed suicide this morning by cutting his throat from ear to ear with a razor. Depression caused from a long siege of illness was the cause. He was unmarried and has made his home with relatives here and in Omaha. He is an uncle of Mrs. F. O. Kuntz of Omaha.

**Hastings Organizing a Street Fair.**  
HASTINGS, Neb., July 27.—At a special meeting of the city council today an ordinance was passed repealing the ordinance relating to the licensing of various forms of amusements, refreshment stands, etc., and a new ordinance delegating this power to the street fair committee, giving the committee absolute control over the streets to be vacated by the city during fair week, was passed.

**Grasshoppers Hurt Corn in Places.**  
DANBURY, Neb., July 27.—Corn is now tasseling and will be a very good crop if the grasshoppers do not get too thick. They are hurting corn in places. Alfalfa will make three crops this summer and on the uplands one crop of hay and one crop of seed will be harvested. Wheat is making only about one-third of a crop. The dry weather in May hurt the crop here about eight bushels an acre.

**Carrier Pigeon Captured.**  
BRADSHAW, Neb., July 27.—A pigeon that appeared exhausted was captured by J. Belcher of this place. On examination he found a paper in a small tube attached to the pigeon's leg, stating that it was owned by Dr. F. S. Morris of McCook, and to return it, which Mr. Belcher did. This carrier pigeon is one of a number of young birds that Dr. Morris is training to use in the practice of medicine.

**Shot in the Leg.**  
BENKELMAN, Neb., July 27.—Yesterday Albert, the 8-year-old son of J. P. Pierce, living three miles west of Halgler, Neb., was accidentally shot in the leg by the discharge of a target rifle. It was another case of "did not know it was loaded." The ball took effect in the leg just below the thigh, ranging downward, and came out just above and inside the knee. The wound is painful, though not serious.

**J. W. Rogers Dead.**  
TRENTON, Neb., July 27.—J. W. Rogers, an old citizen of this place and an old soldier, was yesterday buried with impressive ceremonies by the Trenton post, Grand Army of the Republic. Rev. Badeon of McCook preached the funeral sermon to a crowded audience. Nebraska has lost a splendid citizen and the town an influential Christian gentleman. He leaves a widow and one son resident of this place and many friends.

**Reports of Mortgage Record.**  
LINCOLN, July 27.—Labor Commissioner Kent has received reports of the mortgage record since January 1, 1899, from thirty-seven counties in Nebraska. Of this number twenty-five counties have reported the amount of farm property mortgages filed during the months of January, February, March, April, May and June, as being far less than the amount of farm property mortgages released. Reports from the remainder of the counties are expected within the next two or three weeks.

The following table is a comparison of the total amounts of the mortgages filed and released during the six months in twelve counties:

County	Filed	Released
Holt	\$ 91,960.34	\$262,714.39
Hayward	2,434.82	15,151.00
Lancaster	325,716.29	18,211.00
Otoe	297,325.21	371,580.19
Fawcett	17,414.41	151,522.78
Fillmore	229,598.59	280,515.80
Furnas	88,178.63	143,663.80
Phillips	192,990.06	229,191.08
Platte	229,816.26	241,525.74
Red Willow	69,651.25	140,480.26
Sherman	87,312.38	112,968.83
Valley	85,532.22	114,410.04

**Ten Thousand Subscribed.**  
HASTINGS, July 27.—A fund of \$10,000 has been subscribed for the Hastings street fair, and purses aggregating \$6,000 are offered for the different events, as follows: Horse races, \$1,500; base ball, \$500; shooting, \$500; band contest, \$500; foot ball, \$200; miscellaneous sports, \$2,500; civic parade, \$200; firemen's contest, \$500; agricultural exhibit, \$750.

Already applications and entries are being received from all quarters of the country. The money is guaranteed and the arrangements are progressing with marvelous celerity.

# A COTTAGE TRAGEDY.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.



OUR house was unique and so pretty, as we told each other every hour in the day. We had furnished it principally with packingboxes with the addition of a few such trifles as cretonne, small mattresses, Swiss muslin, pink and blue ribbons, etc., and thereby developed a gift for upholstery that, but for the circumstance of going to housekeeping with next to nothing to spend for furniture, might have kept company with that countless array of gems of purest rare, serene, and flowers that are born to blush unseen.

It was really exciting to take old kitchen chairs and paint them a bright vermilion, putting in seats of broad scarlet and white worsted braid; or to convert a fossil remain from someone's great-grandmother's parlor into an ebony affair, with a stripe of dead gold. But dabbling in vermilion is almost as dangerous as a tiger's taste of blood, and we found it difficult to refrain from giving everything a coat of melted sealing-wax.

Shelae, too, is a delusion and a snare; and one of us was found walking in her sleep, with the varnish bottle and brush in hand, just about to try its virtues on the countenance of her unsuspecting relative.

Aside from our creative faculties our cottage may be said to have been furnished from other people's garrets; and while collecting together our household goods, we found ourselves gazing covetous eyes on every piece of furniture that looked at all out of the common way. The possessive pronoun, applied to a local habitation, was particularly fascinating to Bohemians like ourselves, who had hitherto haunted city boarding-houses, until the obliging demise of a distant relative somewhere in the western wilds put us in possession of an elegant insufficiency, on the strength of which we became landed proprietors; for the cottage was offered to us for "a mere song," and we had strong hankering after a roof of our own.

So, after singing the song, which meant making quite a hole in our bank-stock, we set about transforming our purchase with such womanly energy that we were soon regarded as the especial torment of all the shiftless men in the neighborhood, who professed to do odd jobs. They did not like being interrupted in the amusing occupation of twirling their thumbs to do things right off, or not at all. "Just like women!" they grumbled; and with an injured expression of countenance, they crawled about their tasks, and accomplished about as much in a day as we could have done in two hours, had we been gifted with the physical strength.

But things got done somehow; and having worked like bees inside of the house, and provided ourselves with the traditional "respectable woman," who seems to be the indispensable appendage to such households, we were ready to stop existing and begin to live. So delicious was that first meal under our own roof, though it consisted of bread and butter and round hearts, eaten off a packing-box; and we felt very much like children playing "baby-house."

By and by visitors came; visitors from palatial mansions, who assured us that our little nest was charming; "so like things one sees abroad." But one lady, an envious sort of person, after glancing rather superciliously at our rockery and ferns, and other rural belongings, asked, carelessly: "And you don't feel afraid here, with all these dark woods so near?"

"Afraid!" We laughed at the idea. We never thought of such a thing. Everyone told us that it was a particularly safe place.

"Every place is safe," replied the visitor, sententiously, "until something happens."

Now, wasn't it hateful of her? We had very little peace after that; and although one side of the cottage was close upon the road, we could not forget that the other was in the shadow of the woods. It was a one-storied affair, too. Our sleeping-room was downstairs, and upstairs was only an attic, where the respectable woman enjoyed the sound slumbers of the unimaginative.

On the night of the very day when we had been aroused to a sense of our unprotected state, our fears culminated. Dot pooh-poohed them, to be sure, and pretended not to be disturbed in the least. But the conviction that we were destined to have our throats cut in the silence of the night was gaining upon me. I glared about, uneasily, in the moonlight; but the trees only cast quiet shadows over the road, and the vines trembled a little in the night air.

I was roused, finally, from a half sleep by a subdued sound of voices under the window, and an acute-illumination took possession of me. I shook and shook; the very bed was shaken under me, and I wondered that it didn't wake Dot.

The wretches outside were probably discussing the easiest means of effecting an entrance, of course, with the object of plunder, and I immediately ran over in my mind an inventory of our available possessions. "Your silver, or your life!" would, doubtless, be the war-cry; and I thought, with a groan, of our great-grandmother's tea-pot, that had been an object of worship in the family ever since I could remember; and a hide-

ous-looking idol it was. There was not much else beside spoons, forks, and a few trifles. But if the worst came to the worst, we could make a stand upon that tea-pot. Perhaps we had better follow the example of the lone lady, who nightly placed her silver in a basket at the foot of the staircase, with a note requesting burglars to decamp quietly with their booty, and not molest the inmates. If we could only arouse Matilda in her attic! And what a desirable sleeping-place that attic seemed to be just then! But I dared not attempt to move.

Presently Dot whispered: "Are you awake?"

"Yes," I replied, with chattering teeth, "I have been awake for an hour."

"So have I. What can we do?"

"Bid each other farewell, like the Babes in the Woods," was my cheerful reply, as I drew the bedclothes over my head, "and depart this life with what grace we may."

"Priscilla Driftwood!" exclaimed Dot, bouncing up in bed, with flashing eyes, "I'm perfectly ashamed of you! Depart this life indeed! After all we have done to get settled in a home of our own. Let them take the silver, and welcome; it isn't at all like-ly better than this suspense."

And Dot was fairly out upon the floor and at the banquet before I could stop her. The moonlight showed everything distinctly, and I felt, as I layed there, shaking and helpless, that I was living in a story, and that all these incidents were purely imaginative. I read lately of a heroine who was described as "a graceful young lady, with a wealth of golden hair."

My sister Dot was all this, and much more, as she flitted about with the softening grace of moonlight upon her face; and, wrapping herself in a scarlet shawl, she grasped the teapot and ran to the window.

Two men were there, and a wagon—they were fully equipped for their outrageous spoils—and with a spasm of courage Dot threw up the sash, and thrusting the teapot at them, gasped out:

"Take it quickly, and be off! There is nothing else in the house worth taking."

One of the burglars immediately raised his hat and came nearer; the other stared at the apparition with a vacant grin on his face.

"Sure, an' it's crazy she is, intirely," he muttered, with a decided brogue.

"Go this instant," continued Dot, getting very indignant. "I tell you we have nothing else for you, and you have nearly killed my sister!"

"We are really very sorry," said the taller of the two. "But we are in considerable trouble, and would be glad to know if there is any gentleman about the house?"

"None that is awake," replied Dot, with great caution, as she looked steadily at the speaker.

But he began to laugh and to my great amazement, Dot laughed, too.

"There certainly is a mistake here," said the gentleman, who had changed his opinion as to her being a lunatic. "We have met with a serious accident in the breaking down of the wagon and were discussing the propriety of asking for help, not knowing that your house was occupied only by ladies. Pray, pity the sorrows of a poor young man, and forgive the alarm that I would not, for worlds, have caused you."

Here I came to the rescue, having poetically attired myself in a respectable wrapper that should have been in the rag-bag long ago, and with my hair screwed into an ugly little knot on top of my head; but of all this I only became conscious when it was too late. It did not seem enough that I had been named Priscilla. I was fated always to appear at a disadvantage; while the name of Dorothy could not crush my more favored sister.

We finally came to an understanding; and now that the veil of terror was lifted from our eyes, our burglars resolved themselves into a very nice-looking young gentleman, and his Hibernian charioteer—the former of whom had lost the night-train a mile or two off, and had engaged the latter to drive him to his father's residence, about ten miles distant. But Patrick's vehicle gave out unexpectedly, and retired on the disabled list just in front of our domicile; and after discussing the matter awhile, and almost preparing to spend the night in the road, they had just decided to pull our bell, when Dot made an unexpected onset upon them with the silver teapot.

Mr. Irving expressed his thanks for the article so generously offered, but could not see that it would be particularly useful in this emergency, and Dot retired in great confusion.

The travelers were directed to a house of entertainment for man and beast, about half a mile off, and with many thanks and apologies, our new acquaintance departed.

"I declare," exclaimed Dot, as we sought our couch again for what remained of the night, "I have a great mind to throw that horrid old teapot figure as I must have cut with it!"

"You need not mind the teapot," I groaned. "Think of my wrapper! The first rag-man that comes along shall have it."

In a day or two Mr. Irving came and brought his mother—a charming elderly lady, who seemed to take us at once under her wing, and consoled

with us in the most motherly fashion on the fright we must have suffered. But all this was to Dot, of course. I only came in as make-weight; for my hair didn't "ripple to my waist" on that eventful night, nor did I have presence of mind enough to put on a picturesque shawl. Such a picture, Mrs. Irving said, had been drawn for her; but I didn't sit for the portrait.

Our fascinating visitor went into quite an ecstasy over the cottage, but said that she did not think it right for us to live there. Her son proved to be of the same opinion; but a great many shadows were cast by the event which resulted in the breaking up of our cozy nest.

Having a fatal gift for overhearing things not intended for the public, I one afternoon caught the words: "You told me at our first meeting, Dot, that there was nothing in the house worth taking but the silver teapot. I quite disagreed with you, but I did not dare to say so then. Will you give me what I think the greatest valuable of them all?"

Of course he carried off Dot and that ended the tragedy.

## CINCINNATI'S CHEAP GAS.

Interested Persons Say That It Costs Nothing to Manufacture It.

It costs nothing to make and sell gas. The Cincinnati Gas Company can sell it at seventy-five cents a thousand feet or five cents a thousand feet, and the price it charges will all be profit. The by-products, chief of which is coke, more than pay the cost of producing the gas.

These startling facts have been revealed in the gas agitation in Cincinnati, and they come from the books of the Cincinnati Gas Company. They have been unintentionally set forth by Attorney Warrington, the chief counsel for the company, and M. M. White, President of the Fourth National Bank, and generally reported to be the heaviest individual holder of gas stocks in Cincinnati.

The statements which prove that gas costs nothing were made by Warrington in his speech before the Board of City Affairs, and by White in an interview in a Cincinnati newspaper, in which he said the city should adopt General Hickenlooper's seventy-five-cent gas proposition. White said: "At the prices offered by the gas company the stock would probably pay eight per cent, on \$9,000,000, which, on a 200 basis, would make the stock a four per cent, non-taxable security, which in these days is about as good as anyone can get. It would be a very happy solution of the entire question if the city accepts the offer of the Cincinnati Gas Company."

Attorney Warrington, in an argument before the Board of City Affairs, held that the consumption of gas is increasing 8.7 per cent, each year, and that the consumption next year would be 961,050,863 cubic feet. A third of this, he estimated, would be at the fuel rate of fifty cents, the rest at the rate of seventy-five cents, making the average cost to the consumer sixty-six and two-thirds cents, and the income to the company \$641,300.58.

The explanation is that the valuable coke, tar, ammonia and other by-products more than pay for making and distributing the gas.

An expert in municipal affairs said: "This accidental contribution by White and Warrington to the truth about gas manufacture will surely travel all over the country, and everywhere it goes it will be a tremendous argument for gas at fifty cents or even a lower figure."

## An Australian Riding Outfit.

The Australian's outfit is an adaptation of the Briton's. The colonial saddle grows a peaky pommel and a high protecting cantle; the mild English knee-roll becomes in Australia a firm, deep, six-inch pad, and even the back of the thigh is held in place by a solid flange sewed upon the saddle flap. As with his saddle, so with the rest of the stock-rider's equipment—it is as the Englishman's, but moulded and strengthened to sterner usage. The mild—and mostly ornamental—hunting-crop becomes a ten-foot—and terribly effective—stock-whip. The chain, the curb, the double rein, and all the more or less fancy attachments are stripped from the bridle in favor of the simple snaffle and a head-piece and single rein of leather, so substantial as to defy the roguery or terror of any ordinary horse to break them. Crupper, breastplate, martingale—these are used or left aside, according to the build, tricks and temper of the mount, with a single eye to usefulness, and no thought of the ornamental.

I speak of a workaday attire and saddle, not of the fleeting glories of a holiday rig-out; and speaking thus, it must be said that the Australian's outfit is planned with a single eye to utility.—Harper's Magazine.

## Sir Henry Irving's Joke.

Sir Henry Irving is always Sir Henry Irving, whether on or off the stage. So marked is his individuality that during his latest visit to this country a New York practical joker addressed a letter to him, the envelope of which contained merely a pen-and-ink portrait of the actor and his hotel address. The letter was promptly delivered by the hotel clerk, and a reporter to whom the wag confided his joke followed to learn the effect.

"A-a-a-h!" mused the actor, "this deserves an answer."

Thereupon he seated himself at his desk and indited an ironical letter of thanks and inclosed it in an envelope. "You don't know the address?"

"It does not matter," returned Sir Henry. "I think this will reach him without difficulty."

On the envelope he had drawn the face of a donkey with a pair of enormous ears, the ends of which covered the paper from corner to corner.—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.