

## TOM REED OF MAINE

[Special Correspondence.]  
WASHINGTON, Sept. 21.—There is nothing in congress like ex-Speaker Reed addressing the house. It is a thing from everything else distinct and apart. The visitor who sees the house of representatives with any other of the 356 members on the floor gets one view of the American house of representatives. The visitor who sees the house with Tom Reed on his feet gets another view. A historical painter spreading the house on his canvas would find it necessary to change the features of every member to depict the house without and then with Reed as the orator. There might be the same faces on the floor, but the general tout ensemble would be changed, and the individual expressions that go to make up the whole of the scene would justify a resort to the style of patent medicine advertisements and the marking of the paintings "Before" and "During Taking."

The Maharajah of Kapoorthella, our East Indian nabob visitor, was aware that he was getting a treat when the ex-



REED HURLING ORATORY.

speaker rose to address the house, for, though I do not know whether he speaks English and could understand what was being said, his eyes alone would have told him something interesting had arisen with the rising of the big man from Maine.

There is nothing theatrical about the ex-speaker. No long whetting of the public appetite precedes his speechmaking. When he has something to say, he gets up and says it.

Ex-Senator Ingalls was accustomed to play to the galleries, as it were, and have stage properties aid him in making a deep impression. I remember one of Ingalls' last great speeches in the senate, and what a lot of stage business preceded it. Announcement was made unofficially and at first vaguely that the Kansas would be heard from on a certain topic, and that he entertained very radical views on the subject and would say something startling. Later a day was named for the speech. That day the senate was packed. The public waited impatiently, and then it was noted around that the affair would not come off then, and that the date announced had been unauthorized.

Vanderbilt's \$10,000 chef when asked the secret of successful cookery said that to have his dishes thoroughly appreciated he kept his patron waiting a half hour in expectation. Ingalls did likewise. Public expectation raised to a sufficient degree, he stated on the floor of the senate that he would address that body at a certain time.

All being ready, at the proper moment the page boys brought in the books of reference, the ice water and accessories, and about five minutes before he was to speak the chief actor strolled in cold as a winter wind. Though the day was warm, his attenuated form was wrapped tightly in a trim frock coat closely buttoned.

When "Tom Reed," as he is called by every member, is to speak is seldom known. The only indications of it are a nervous attention to what is going on in the house and signs that his collar is beginning to chafe him from supposed wrath and scorn. Something in the debate occurs to stir him, or his darling rules are attacked. There is a rising and unliking of a huge, awkward form in a loose suit of coarse Kentucky tow, a high pitched nasal utterance of "Mr. Speaker" as he rises, and word goes out into the corridors that Reed is speaking. The ebb tide of members out of the house—for, save on special occasions, it seems as though members generally were leaving and not entering the hall—ceases, and a return flow sets in rapidly, constituents in the corridors being speedily dismissed and the pretty girls in the ladies' waiting space in Statuary hall told to come again.

Within the house all the chairs near Mr. Reed fill, the brass railing at the back becomes lined with members, and a deep fringe gathers in the open space beneath the desks of the speaker and his clerks.

As to the Republicans, their faces seem to say plainly: "You fellows over on the other side are going to catch it." The Democrats are just as attentive and give as good an audience to what is being said. A majority of them I rather believe really enjoy it and only wish that Mr. Reed were a Democrat. All of them are keen to see an opening.

The scornful manner of the ex-speaker and his ridicule are galling to the most strongly partisan of the Democrats, and McMillin of Tennessee, Springer, Enloe, Bland, Martin of Indiana, Henderson of North Carolina and others take the home thrusts with evident dislike, while other scornful as good Democrats, like Catchings of Mississippi, Tarney of Missouri, Cram of Kentucky, Tucker of New York, Kilgore and Calhoun of Texas, Allen of Mississippi and O'Neill of Massachusetts, admire the brightness of the

shafts, even though hurled at their side of the house, and would really regret to see Mr. Reed go out of congress, a tower of strength though they admit him to be on the Republican side.

There is nobody in the house at all like Reed. He would not fit at all in these seats. In the house his place is unique, and so is his own appearance. His tall, ponderous form, with lots of flesh and a girth of waist that would do credit to King Gambrinus, his big, open, heavy face, small, ferretlike eyes and little turned up nose make it impossible to mistake him. Clad in his tow suit several sizes too big for him, there is a reminder of the sawdust ring and the big waisted clown scattering jokes around and astonishing the multitude by doing all the tricks of the experts.

The speech of Mr. Reed is peculiar to himself and inimitable. He never uses notes, but there is always a finish to the sentences that evidences his close and daily reading of good literature. Apparently the whole of his remarks have been put into pretty good shape in his own memory, the best points rounded off and then the whole polished in the course of his extemporaneous speaking and the spur of the moment. His diction is good, direct and precise. The stenographer's task is an easy one. Mr. Reed talks slowly and goes along at his own gait, seldom hurried or concerned as to getting through rapidly. The hard part about reporting his speeches is that he plunges right through and never stops to permit an interruption, due to the always hearty reception of his cleverest points.

A peculiar thing about him is that without apparent effort almost every sound penetrates to the farthest end of the hall. His voice is high, and the pitch penetrates everywhere. Professor Bryce, in his work on "American Commonwealths," condemns the hall of our house of representatives as too large and as destructive of either good speaking or else of good thought, by requiring too much physical exertion of the debaters in order to make themselves heard. Bourke Cockran, powerful as he is, finds trouble in speaking in the house and uses up a great deal of physical energy in making a speech, but apparently it comes as easy to Reed to make himself heard in the house as it is to a private room.

Mr. Reed's manner in speaking is indicative throughout of self confidence and disdain of the opposition. There is not the least suggestion that he can possibly be wrong or that the other side can be other than wholly wrong. It does not matter if numbers are against him, and if he knows his cause is lost the same absolute conviction that he is right and that he can afford to wait for time to demonstrate the absolute and unchangeable verities is apparent.

He seems an incarnation of the adage, "The strong man is strongest when alone." His gestures are all those of defiance and of assertion. He omits the curling sweep of the right arm so frequently used by orators or the downward sweep of both arms frequently used to denote emphasis. In its stead the huge arm is drawn up until the biceps appear to swell beneath the loose coat sleeve and is then shot outward as if daring the opposition to come on.

It taken debate and heat to draw him out. Outwardly cool, he is inwardly hot. He shows it after he has finished talking and sits down to listen to the answer of the other side. His usual attitude at this time is leaning forward, his arm on his knee keeping a large palm leaf fan in vigorous motion.

C. H. MERILLAT.

## A NATURAL ICEHOUSE.

Discovery of a Frozen Subterranean Lake in Montana.

LEWISTOWN, Mon., Sept. 14.—About 15 miles north of Lewistown, Mon., and two miles from the Gilt Edge mine, there has been discovered a cave similar to none known in the United States. The discovery was made by Mr. Charles Kelly while prospecting. About a week later a party of six, headed by Mr. Kelly and equipped with miners' lamps, axes, picks, ropes and overcoats, visited the curious cave for the purpose of exploration.

The party reached the entrance of the cave about 10 o'clock in the morning and immediately began their investigation. The mouth of the cave is an irregular crevice in the sloping ledge. For a distance of about 100 feet the bottom is almost level, and the crevice widens gradually to a width of nearly 50 feet. Then there is an incline of about 20 degrees for a distance of 50 yards. Here, instead of a rocky floor, a solid body of ice was found. Fifteen minutes of hard work with the axes and picks showed that the ice was solid to a depth of more than two feet.

The party continued their journey for about three-fourths of a mile from the entrance till the winding avenues and rooms made it hazardous to proceed farther, danger of losing their way back to daylight being imminent, owing to the fact that a compass carried by one of the party had become useless on account of being affected by vast deposits of iron in the walls of the cave. Much difficulty would have been experienced in returning only for the forethought of a member of the party, who marked the route taken by strokes of an ax.

The width of the cave varies at different points from 25 to 300 or 400 feet, and the roof at some points reaches within four feet of the ice, and in many places so high that it could not be seen by the light given out by the lamps carried by the explorers. At no point in the cave was any water found, only an occasional dripping from the roof. In places drafts of air were encountered that almost extinguished the lamps carried. Mr. William Armeaux has located a mineral claim at the entrance of the cave, and in this way intends to secure it from the government.

D. M. CARR.

Mad. Va.  
"You do an awful amount of resting," said an active Pittsburger to a lady one day.  
"I know," was the candid reply. "It takes a good deal of resting to make me tired."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

## DEAD AS A DOORNAIL

[Special Correspondence.]

SPANISH WELLS, Bahama Islands, Sept. 4.—If you are in need of quiet and rest, take passage in a Baltimore fruiter and come to the Bahamas. Come to Spanish Wells, at the north end of Eleuthera Island. It is worse than a house after the family has moved out. I have been here a week, and now I would pay a dollar for a last year's newspaper. But aside from being dead, the place is not so bad, after all. The settlement is not pretty, but the surroundings are very attractive.

The town is on a small island, with Eleuthera just across the way. A channel runs between them. It is narrow at the mouth, broadens into a harbor and then in a slender passage runs out to the west. Palms and other tropical plants grow thickly on each island. Spanish Wells numbers about 300 people. Here we see the Bahaman in his pristine beauty. The type does not vary much. Swarthy as the sun can make him. Broad brimmed palmetto hat, loose shirt and patched pants. He chews and smokes—if he can get a weed. He never wears shoes; therefore in these lands we see real feet. The toes are widespread and capable of independent motion. They are innocent of that fashionable appendage—the corn. These feet are covered on top with a sun-burned skin, while on the bottom the epidermis is as tough as leather. Nay, I believe a Bahaman could walk where a shod foot could not tread. At first I used to gaze with admiration at the feet that visited our schooner.

The inhabitants of the place call us Yankees. They are a very kindly but exceedingly inquisitive people. We keep open house all day and night. Crowds visit us, much as Americans do a circus. But we pay, not they. They rarely see strangers. Probably we are the first Yankee landmen who have ever been at Spanish Wells. Being Americans, they wanted our money. Men and women come to us from even Current, 10 miles away, and try to sell us curious shells, etc. One man offered us a poor lone chicken. He asked us if we had ever seen such an animal. That illustrates the simplicity of these Bahamans. They do not envy us. They have no idea of the life led in the great outside world.



PHILIP, THE BAHAMAN.

I know old men in Spanish Wells who have never seen a horse or a four wheeled vehicle. Persons live and die here and never go 20 miles from the settlement. They do not know what a sidewalk is. Nassau, 40 miles away, is their ideal. "Why," said Joe Pindar to me, "Nassau is a city, boy. Hit 'as 6,000 people, hand the streets are so wide carriages can drive along hand leave room for persons to walk on beach side." As can be seen, the Bahamans are "cockneys." We told Joe we lived 1,100 miles from water. "Hand his there land enough for that?" he exclaimed. Fancy running an electric car through the islands some dark night when the trolley and the wheels spit fire! It would send the poor devils on their knees in a twinkling.

After the chicken episode Philip brought a sack of land crabs to us. These crabs are enormous and swarm on the islands. The natives catch them at night, when the animals come out of their holes. Hardly a night passes that we do not see lanterns flashing along the shores, giving evidence that a crab hunt is in progress. The crustaceans are eaten greedily by the islanders. The eggs are esteemed a delicacy and really are very good. Philip deposited the squirming sack on the deck. He is a typical Bahaman, and I took him and the crabs at one shot with a camera. He is a wonderful diver. Most of these people are. Philip says he can go down nine fathoms—54 feet. That is a long dive, as three fathoms causes a fellow's head to ring.

The colored Bahamans are different in some degree from the whites. They offer the finest specimens of the negro race that can be found. Spanish Wells has a white population, but I have met the darkeys at other points. They are great, well developed creatures, with splendid chests and arms. We were dredging once near Andros Island, and a lot of black fellows came aboard. They are terrible beggars, but very religious. They wanted a Bible first, then an old hat, then a pair of pantaloons. One of the darkeys acted as captain and took everything we gave them and blessed us fervently. "We so po'—such mis'able critters—gib us anything," he said.

The local name for colored Bahamans is "conchs." Despite their powerful physique, they are arrant cowards, and an American can bluff them with ease. They are also dreadful liars. They distance any feats of which I have heard. Ananie would have to hump himself. But, white or black, the Bahamans are scrupulously clean, and that covers a multitude of sins.

ED L. SABIN.

"Why, Sam, how do you expect to get that mile along with a spur only on one side?"  
"Well, boss, if I gets that side to go, ain't deadder one brum to keep up?"

## THE HEART OF FINANCE.

Some Noted Panics of the Past—A Remarkable Association.

NEW YORK, Sept. 20.—The past two months have witnessed some of the most exciting scenes on the New York Stock Exchange in the history of its existence since 1792.

Whenever the market is active and the many bankers on the floor are shouting their offerings or bids it seems to be a scene of great excitement, but it is in times of panic that the excitement grows. The exchange has known many dramatic and thrilling moments. In 1857 the first panic of great importance in the history of the exchange occurred.

In 1857 there was another panic of as great or greater importance. But it was on Black Friday, the 24th of September, 1869, that the most exciting day perhaps known to the Stock Exchange occurred. The government had suspended all sales of gold. Jay Gould and others, believing that the policy of the government was settled, bought during three months a large amount of gold at prices ranging from 125 to 140.

The trouble, however, was really caused by James Fisk, Jr., who joined the movement on Thursday. He began early on Friday to buy large blocks, running the price up rapidly. The government promptly ordered the sale of \$5,000,000. The price fell in two hours from 160 to 133. Fisk's broker, having orders to buy all he could at 160, continued to bid that while sales were made elsewhere in the room at from 140 to 150. Fisk afterward repudiated his contracts. His brokers failed, throwing immense losses upon many others. In 1873 there was a panic from the effects of which the exchange and the country have scarcely recovered yet.

There is much speculation or gambling upon the exchange, but if that were the sole aim of its existence it could not live. It is the financial heart of the nation. Through its aid money which would otherwise lie dormant and not repre-



THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.

ductive is directed where it is most needed to the building of great railroads, maybe, or to the development of great enterprises.

A hundred years ago New York was a very small city compared with what it has since become or compared with many other then existing cities. It was far behind its sister city, Philadelphia, in the race for commercial supremacy which had already begun. But even then the business in stocks and bonds must have been of importance, and the brokers doing business in New York must have felt the need of some organization among themselves.

At all events, 23 of them met on the 17th of May, 1792, and agreed among themselves that "hereafter no person shall buy or sell for any person whatsoever any kind of public stock at a less rate than one-quarter per cent commission on the specie value, and that we will give a preference to each other in our negotiations. In testimony whereof we have set our hands this 17th day of May, at New York, 1792."

From the small beginning of that period it has steadily grown until it now numbers 1,100 persons. Its transactions a decade ago had reached the enormous sum annually of nearly \$13,000,000,000 at the par value of the stock and securities dealt in. The commissions on such an amount of purchases and sales amount to over \$32,000,000. This amount divided among the 1,100 members amounts to an average of over \$29,000 for each.

The regular commission and that charged to all not members is one-eighth of 1 per cent on the value of the securities sold or bought. But of course in each transaction there is both a seller and a purchaser, and there are therefore two commissions, amounting on the transaction to one-quarter of 1 per cent. to be paid by the principals. The semi-annual dues are \$25, and \$10 is charged for the gratuity fund on death of one of the members. From this fund the sum of \$10,000 is given to the heirs of a member upon his death. The assessments upon the members have more than met the death payments, and the fund now accumulated is about \$750,000. In a short time more the invested fund will amount to so much that the natural income from it will be enough to pay the death losses, and no more assessments will have to be levied.

The exchange has never sought a charter or to become incorporated, and it is therefore not enabled to hold real estate of its own. The building devoted to its uses, however, is owned by the New York Stock Exchange Building company, a corporation so closely allied in membership to the parent organization that the building is as if owned by the Stock Exchange itself. It is a handsome, showy, but strong structure, designed by James Renwick, the architect of Grace church and St. Patrick's cathedral. It cost nearly \$2,000,000.

W. M. BANOR.

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