

Resolutions of Approval. Washington Alliance, No. 887. Resolved, That we the above named Alliance have unlimited faith in the honesty, integrity and ability of J. Burrows and our state paper the FARMERS' ALLIANCE, and that we condemn the course pursued by such papers as the State Journal and Omaha Bee, as misleading and calculated to deceive, and especially against the interest of the farmer.

The Bee and Journal Again. Resolutions of Stoddard Alliance No. 1184. Whereas, the B. & M. Journal, Omaha Bee and other corporation papers of the state, seek to injure the reputation and business of Jay Burrows, editor of the FARMERS' ALLIANCE. Be it Resolved, that we do hereby declare our full confidence in, and respect for, Mr. Burrows, and do heartily concur in the course he has pursued, and hereby tender him our strongest support.

JOHN ALLEN'S FIRST LAW VICTORY. A Bad Case Made Good by a Profound Opinion from the Classics.

"Private John Allen," of Mississippi, who became the wit of the House of Representatives with the death of Sunset Cox, tells a good story on himself of how he came to be a profound lawyer.

"I want to tell you of the greatest legal victory of my life," said Allen, as he lit a cigar and propped his feet against the wall in true Southern style. "It was down in Tupelo, during the trying period just after the war. I was at that time a practicing lawyer—that is, I practiced whenever I had any cases to practice with. One day old 'Uncle' Pompey, one of the old negroes of the settlement, came into my office and said: 'Mars John, I want you to clear me. I've gwine to be wanted for stealin' of two hams out'en de cross roads store.'"

"Well, Pompey," I asked, "did you steal the hams?" "Mars John, I jus' took 'em." "Did anyone see you?" I asked. "Yar, Boss," said the old negro discomsolately, "two ole white buckras."

"Well, Pompey," I replied, "I can't do anything for you under the circumstances." "Now, Mars John," said old Pompey, "here's ten dollars. I jist want you to try."

"Well, I consented to try," said Allen. "The case was to be heard before an old magistrate named Johnson. He was totally uneducated, and was moreover a perfect dictator, and no negro came before him who was not fined the maximum penalty and sent to his field to expiate the crime in the sweat of his brow."

"The magistrate heard the case. Every possible proof was brought to show that Pompey stole the hams. There could be no doubt of it from the testimony. I did not put a single question to any of the witnesses, but when the testimony was all in, I arose, and in my most dignified manner addressed the magistrate: 'May it please your honor, it would be useless for me to argue the position he holds, and before one who would adorn the Superior if not the Supreme Court bench of this grand old Commonwealth. And I may say that these who know you best say that you would even grace the Supreme Court of the United States, the highest tribunal in the land. It will be useless to dwell upon the testimony. You have heard it, and know the case as well as I do. However it may be out of order for me to call your honor's attention to a short passage in the old English law, which clearly decides this case, and which for the moment, your Honor may have forgotten.'

"Then I fished down into my pocket and drew forth with a great flourish, an old copy of 'Julius Caesar.' I opened it to the first page and read the line which is familiar to every schoolboy, 'Omnis Gallia in partes tres divisa est.' That decides the case," said I, throwing the book upon the table. "That clearly acquits the defendant."

"With great dignity and solemnity I then took my seat. The old magistrate was completely nonplussed. He looked at me for a moment quizzically and scratched his head. Then turning to Pompey, he raised himself to his full height and said: 'Pompey, I know you stole them hams, but by the ingenuity of your lawyer I've got to let you go. Git out,' said he, as he planted his No. 9 in the seat of Pompey's pants, and if you ever come here again, lawyer or no lawyer, you'll git six months."

Mummies. Scientists are beginning to object to the exposure of mummies to the public gaze and to feel that after all those old kings were human beings, and that exposing their bodies, not for scientific reasons, but to satisfy mere curiosity, is even after so many thousand years, a desecration of the dead. It is proposed that after mummies have been photographed, studied, and measured scientifically they shall be wrapped up again, hermetically sealed in leaden coffins, and walled up in one of the chambers of the great pyramids. For public use casts would do just as well.

Wickwire—"I hear you have sworn off." Mudge—"Yop. It was beginning to affect my mind. Every time I got a little full I wanted to discuss the tariff."—Indianapolis Journal.

McCorkle—"They say that Snooper finds it difficult to keep his head above water." McCrackle—"That does not surprise me at all. He is a native of Kentucky."—Duke's Magazine.

"Will you trust me, darling?" "Yes, Edward, I'll die." With deep emotion the gallant youth enveloped her in his arms. And thus another envelope trust was formed.—Philadelphia Times.

"CLIMBERS." The Very Latest Addition to the Vocabulary of Society. Two fair members of the 400 were overheard discussing the merits of one of their sisters in society the other day to this effect: "Yes, dear, she means very well," said the elder one, "but she really doesn't know how. After all, she is a climber, don't you know?" "Yes, that is true," assented her companion.

"Climber" is the latest addition to our vocabulary, says the N. Y. Sun. Thus far it has been used only in the upper ranks of swiftness, but with such introduction it will undoubtedly soon be common property. Elbridge T. Gerry the other day gave this explanation of its origin: "There are in society," he said, "some newly admitted members who, with the best intentions imaginable, are never able to do things in just the proper style. They are persons of wealth, fairly good breeding, and possessed of a desire to entertain. They try to establish a reputation as hospitable people, but they really don't know how to entertain. With all the good-humored witticisms that the newspapers indulge in upon this subject, it is nevertheless a fact that the art of entertaining requires deep and careful study as well as natural aptitude. Some of the greatest authors have stated this, even way back to the early days of Greece. Entertaining is a science pure and simple, as my friend McAllister will tell you."

"The new name for those unfortunate who have not learned this, and still insist in parading their ignorance, is derived from Sir Walter Raleigh's remark apropos of Queen Elizabeth. You will remember it: 'Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall.'"

"A typical member of this class recently gave a dinner to a number of persons in society. It was a very dull affair. There was prodigality in everything, but so taste and no refinement. The fellow amused me some time thereafter by telling me that he had no difficulty in getting up a fine dinner. All that he had to do was to tell his butler and his chef to get up a meal for so many persons, and he found it unnecessary to bother his head further. There are few persons fortunate enough to possess chefs and butlers of that kind, and his certainly were not. Of the persons who attended the dinner nine out of ten were displeased and will never attend another. It doesn't take long for the thorough members of society to know whether a host or hostess is qualified to entertain, and the 'climbers' always find it difficult to secure guests. I think the new title a very fitting one."

Dance of His Satanic Majesty. A fantastic orgy was witnessed at the town of Loongi, the capital of Bulom, west coast of Africa, by a party of officers from the West India regiment quartered at Sierra Leone. The people of Loongi are Mohammedans, but the dancing devil himself is a relic of not long departed paganism, and so also probably is the dance itself.

It takes place in the courtyard of the chief's premises, which is entered through a circular hut. The scene which presents itself to any one coming suddenly out of the darkness into the noise and glare is decidedly un-pleasant. In the center of a circle which fills the courtyard the devil with an orthodox tail, a great crocodile's head, and long grass, looking like hair, depending from his body and legs and swaying as he moves, leaps, beating time with his feet to the beat of the drums; while the women, two deep, wait a chant and strike their palms together in slow, rhythmical measure, those in the front row bowing down between each beat.

The young men in long robes and caps wait with the women. Both are under vows, the dance being one of their rites. They look dazed to begin with, but gradually work themselves into a frenzy; and the black faces, the monotonous, wailing cry, the thrumming of the drums, the rattle of the clackers, and the beat of the devil's feet as he springs up, crouches down, and swings about, make a scene to shock the quiet moon and stars and gladden Gehenna. North of Sierra Leone Africa is Mohammedan, south pagan, and the southern people have this devil.

When peace is declared between two native tribes, the peace devil, who is fetich, comes leaping into the town; but if he stumbles or falls it is considered a bad omen and he is put to death for his pains. His dress is sacred, but his person is of no consequence.

Eccentric Artist Whistler. How many of my readers have ever seen Jimmy Whistler, I wonder? If you have not then here is his portrait: A small, slight man, with dark hair streaked with gray, curling all over his head. His blue eyes have a merry twinkle with a quizzical light in their depths. He has a short grayish mustache, which he pulls at nervously now and then. He is altogether a very uncommon looking man, and his attire is likewise. He looks like a boy, in a suit of blue flannel and a narrow turn-down collar on his white linen shirt. In place of an ordinary cravat, he wears a dark blue ribbon tied in a small bow, and on his head is a narrow-brim straw sailor hat, perched very much to one side. He talks pleasantly and pitifully, and claims one's attention with a lot of small talk, and now and then laughing slyly at one of his own clever jokes. In short, Jimmy Whistler is exactly like one of his own etchings—picturesque, delightful, interesting, and quaint, and as full of fine lines that suggest more than they delineate, as are his wonderful drawings.—Boston Herald.

England's Small Wars. Since 1857 England's small wars have cost her about \$110,000,000. The war with China in 1857-62 cost her \$30,000,000; the Abyssinian expedition in 1867-70, \$41,600,000; the south African war in 1879-80, \$14,000,000; the Nile expedition in 1884-5, \$5,650,000; the Afghan war, between 1880 and 1886, \$15,000,000.

CAPTURING A WHALE. LIVELY ADVENTURE WITH A CETACEAN MONSTER.

The Great Fish Smashes Three Boats Before the Lift is Harpooned Out of Him.

"Yes," said Sam J. Denight of East Fifth street, Cincinnati, a naval veteran of the Mexican war and also of the late rebellion, "I have passed through many a trying scene and bloody fight, and, although I have faced death in a thousand forms in the war, it was on a whaling voyage that I came nearest being killed."

"Well, we rounded the cape without any interesting incidents, and up near the island of Juan Fernandez we lay one bright morning and all on board were cleaning up when 'There she blows' came the ringing cry from the man at the masthead, and away off to the northwest we saw a stream of water spouting out of the ocean and knew it must be a huge whale. At once all was confusion on board, and the captain gave the order, 'Stand by to lower boats, and quick as cats we sprang to our places. When within about a mile of the monster 'Down boats, lower away, and go for your whale' came the orders in quick succession, and away we shot toward our prey. The boats on such occasions have nothing in them but a cask of water and one of biscuits, and two harpoons and lances, with the necessary rope, about 180 fathoms, coiled in a tub so that it could be paid out easily. The three boats, carrying eighteen men altogether, rowed swiftly, with muffled oars, for the whale. A whale is very easily frightened and the greatest care must be exercised in getting close upon him without detection, for when scared he will dive and come up perhaps three miles away. A queer fact in this connection is that he will always dive in the wind's eye, as though he understood that, having a pull against the wind and swell, he could be least followed. However, we got pretty close to our whale, when we shipped our oars and paddled the remainder of the distance. We came up quietly without his having any suspicion of our presence, and just as the edge of our boat scraped his side the officer plunged the harpoon into his side, and 'stern all' came the order, and every man lay to his oar and backed out. These whaling-boats are sharp at both ends, so that they can be backed almost as fast as they can be rowed forward. It was well for us in this case, for our whale dove straight down, making a whirlpool and taking out line with frightful rapidity. Seeing that our line would be insufficient a second boat came up and made fast his line to ours, and that, too, was soon paid out, and still the whale went on. The third line was attached and that, too, was soon gone, and as we had no more rope a block of wood two inches thick and two feet square was attached to the end, and as this could not be kept under the surface long at a time we kept trace of it, and by that means of the whale.

"In about forty minutes the fellow came to the surface, spouting furiously, and we picked up the block and rowed for him, taking in line as we advanced. A second time we drew near, but just as another harpoon was to be thrown he gave one splash with his tail and knocked us about twenty feet in the air. The boat was smashed to pieces and I came down so close to the monster that I put my foot against his side to push myself so that I might swim. The captain lighted on the whale's head, but rolled off into the water, and, seeing my action, he tried the same. Unfortunately, he stuck his foot into the mouth of the whale, and down went the monster's jaw, held it fast, and down went the whale, taking the captain along. But a whale has teeth only on its lower jaw, and these fit into depressions in the upper gums, so that the captain was not severely crushed, but badly bruised, and soon the whale let him go and he came to the surface about used up and was taken in by one of the boats.

"Again we made for the whale. This time the second mate took the harpoon, and as we neared the quieted monster, only a broad expanse of whose back projected above the water, the mate, who thought himself funny, said: 'Which end are we at?' As if in answer to the question the whale showed plainly that we were at the rear end by giving one swoop with his great tail fin, which lashed us in a dozen directions, while our prey again disappeared.

"The second mate had had enough, and the third mate now took charge of one boat, and again we rowed for the big fish. But this time he saw us coming, and like a mad bull, with tail in air, he started for us with open mouth. Now, of all the dwellers in the deep the whale is the swiftest swimmer, and the speed with which the infuriated monster came at us was frightful. Just as he was almost upon us, 'Jump for your lives' came the order, and into the water we went like so many frightened frogs. None too soon, either, for, true to his aim, the whale seized the empty boat, and one bite turned it into a lot of splinters. We shivered as we saw this, for although a whale can not eat a man he can smash one up pretty badly.

"The two harpoons gave the monster no end of pain, and now he began to roll about in agony. We got another boat and put after him, and now he was in too great torments to notice us, and we slipped up, and as he rolled his belly up a lance was driven into him just under the left forward fin. Blood barrels of it poured out. The whole ocean seemed made of blood, and finally he commenced running in a circle and one tremendous convulsion proclaimed the end.

"The ship was hauled alongside the carcass, which it equaled in length, and we began to take off the blubber. First the head was unjoined and was swung around to the stern, and the blubber was stripped off the body. This is done by fastening a pulley in a loosened place and then pulling and cutting, at the same time rolling the carcass over so the blubber was stripped off. When this was done the head

was turned up, and with small buckets we dipped out the liquid amber oil. This was a greasy job, but with frying the blubber out and heating the sperm oil. The grease is clean, though, and salt water will wash it off, except what has been cooked, and for this we wash the decks with lime juice. When a whale is killed the blood attracts thousands of sharks, and after the carcass is stripped thousands of birds pick off the flesh.

"Well, we had scarcely finished boiling the oil of the whale, and the deck sat full of casks, when there came up a gale of wind that liked to have capsize us. The vessel rolled and pitched terribly, and our end seemed near, but as a last resort we bored holes in the oil casks and let the oil run down and out of the scuppers. As soon as it reached the water the breakers subsided into huge swells, and gradually it spread as far as the eye could reach, and, although the wind blew furiously, we were safe, but at the expense of 800 barrels of oil. We continued for four years, and although we captured fifty-three whales in all, none ever gave us the trouble that the first one I ever captured did."

STORIES OF ERICSSON. He Liked to Poke the Fire So Well He Bought Dozens of Pokers. Ericsson never changed his style of dress from the clothing which he wore when he landed in this country to the time of his death. He wore woollen knitted underclothing and very long stockings, which were nearly half an inch thick, both summer and winter, and when his friends went through the house after his death his clothing was found rolled up in small bundles, each one labeled with its contents and stowed away in a number of small lockers he had in his room. He allowed no one to interfere with his clothing and was most methodical in taking care of it.

The case of a fellow countryman of his who was in distress came to his ears nearly twenty years since, and he instantly helped the man out of his trouble. Subsequently he found out that the man's birthday fell on the same date as his own. He made no memorandum either of the man's name or address, but every year he drew a check for \$100, which he sent on every anniversary of his birthday to the post stranger, and the stubs of these checks were found among his papers.

He was careless in money matters, according to the Boston Globe, although a good business man in many ways. His secretary used to notify him when his bank balance was getting low, when he would dictate a letter to the government or to Mr. Delamater for a remittance on account of royalties due him, although he never troubled about their payment except as he needed the money for current expenses.

Ericsson had a habit of poking the fire in his big open-fire grate when he was thinking out some abstruse problem. He wore out so many fire irons that for many years before his death he used to order pokers of wrought iron about five feet long, with which he would pound the fire and grate till the pokers wore away by being constantly kept in use while at white heat. He bought them by the dozen at a time, and when he was sick, shortly before his death, his physicians ordered him to take broth, corn starch and other light food.

He immediately ordered two dozen wooden spoons, and would sit over the stove stirring his food himself until the spoon got what he considered too old for use, when he would throw it away and take a new one.

Bursting of a Glacier Dam. The Marjelen lake, which lies at the foot of the Eggishokn, in the upper Valais, had burst the glacier dam which lay across the valley, and spreading over the glacier, poured a black mass of mud, stones and broken ice into the Rhone below. Fortunately there was little water in the river at the time, otherwise the consequence might have been very calamitous for the people of the upper Valais. A peasant who was close to the lake at the time declares that the scene was most terrible and indescribable. When the ice jam gave way the vast mass of water came tumbling out, sweeping away the huge fragments of the glacier, with the rocks upon it, tumbling in the crevasses, bursting them in turn, and rising over the glacier in gigantic waves, again to carry all before it.

Just at the end of the glacier the valley had narrowed into a little defile, while the face of the glacier was some hundreds of feet high. The water seemed to have tunneled under the ice, which, attacked above and below, gave way at last with a deafening crash, while the flood hurried down the mountain side into the Rhone. The lake was nearly 8,000 feet above the sea level, and usually discharged its surplus water by subterranean channels, occasionally bursting its ice barriers, as on the present occasion. The cantonal government are constructing an overflow canal, which it is hoped will put an end to these periodical outbursts.

How Boulanger Was Scared Away. The Paris correspondent of the London Morning Post says a curious story has leaked out as to how M. Constans, the minister of the interior, managed to frighten Gen. Boulanger out of France and thus bring an awkward situation to a climax. The minister knew that one of his subordinates was in daily communication with the general and informed him of everything that passed in the ministry. Knowing that Boulanger was restless M. Constans scribbled on a slip of paper, 'Arrest B. R. and D. to-night.' He then called his subordinate to give him some instructions, and toyed with the slip of paper while talking. On pretext of being obliged to give an urgent order, the minister left his desk for a second and the trick was done. He saw by the face of his employe that he had read the paper. He then sent the clerk out on an errand not requiring haste. Soon after M. Constans received a visit from one of Gen. Boulanger's domestics, whom he employed as a spy, and was informed that his stratagem had succeeded and that preparations for a flight had been made.

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