

SIoux COUNTY JOURNAL.

HARRISON, NEB.

THE duke of Devonshire has entered his 82d year in capital health.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE has been asked to write a poem on the Prince Henry of Battenberg's latest baby.

HENRI MATTHEU, 101 years old, one of Napoleon's veterans, died in a squalid New York tenement a few days ago.

MR PULVER, of Vineland, N. J., has eaten an egg every day for the last half century. Up to date he has pulverized 1,521 dozen.

On the ground of familiarity with French, the British Minister and the Parisian Minister at Washington are getting quite chummy.

SARA BERNHARDT, who has always smoked cigarettes, has now taken to mild cigars. She remains, as usual, fond of newspaper puffs.

The queen of England seldom drinks more than one small glass of wine at dinner, and afterwards takes a few drops of good Scotch whisky.

THE of the famous English jurist, Sir Charles Russell, is an abbess in California. She is said to be in every way the intellectual equal of her distinguished brother.

QUEEN VICTORIA sat for an hour or two in Hyde Park one day last week, and a correspondent who saw her says she looks red, small, profusely wrinkled, and not at all amiable.

THE attempt of Paris milliners to render the corn flower popular is reported to have failed, for the reason that the corn flower used to be the favorite flower of old Emperor William of Germany.

In remembrance of her good work for Hindoo women a number of large photographs of Lady Dufferin, done on porcelain and handsomely framed, are being distributed by subscription to most of the hospitals in India, where they will be hung up in the wards.

CAPT. NATHANIEL H. FALKNER of Maine, although he has followed the sea steadily sixty years, for forty of which he has been captain, "never lost a man, never had a man die at sea, never lost a spar or sail, and never called upon the underwriters for a cent."

Of miraculous escapes from death made by man this deserves to go on record: When the Cynthia and Polynesia collided in the St. Lawrence the other day James Low, the quartermaster of the Cynthia, was in his berth, and when the vessels closed for the second time after the momentary rebound he crept through the gap in his own vessel into that made in the Polynesia and thus saved his life.

DR. EMERSON, in his recently published diary, relates this: "Henry Thoreau told me as we walked this afternoon a good story about a boy who went to school with him (Wentworth), who resisted the schoolmaster's command that the children should bow to Dr. Heywood and other gentlemen as they went by. And when Dr. Heywood stood waiting, and cleared his throat with a 'hem' Wentworth said: 'You need not hem, doctor, I shan't bow!'"

JAMES PARSON, the historian, being asked his opinion of Jackson, in view of Bishop Potter's use of the phrase, "Jacksonian vulgarity," when characterizing the manners of that time, said: "Andrew Jackson was one of the most majestic of men. He possessed a natural dignity and courtliness which never failed to impress any one who ever saw or met him. Louis Philippe declared Jackson was the most dignified man, the most thorough gentleman he had ever met."

THE Countess de la Torre, who used to make herself somewhat obnoxious with her tribe of cats in Kensington, is now sojourning at a small inn at Gerard's Cross with a flock of goats. The noble lady, clad positively after the fashion of a herdswoman, in a full cotton skirt and blouse bodice, roams the country with her four-footed friends, sometimes, it is said, even sleeping among them at night in truly pastoral fashion. She has not deserted her penchant for cats, of which she still keeps a large number.

AMONG John Bright's sincerest mourners in this country was Edward Finch, a mule-spinner, at Providence, R. I. While a corporal in a British regiment Finch fell under the displeasure of a superior officer, a vindictive young sprig of nobility, who finally had him tried by court-martial and sentenced to be flogged. Finch's wife hurried to London and told her story to Bright, who used his influence with the war department so successfully that the soldier was released. Later Mr. Bright furnished him the means of obtaining his discharge and Finch and his family came to this country.

The Value of Short Words.

Does the man say he can not write a book or article with little words? Then he is very wrong. If he knows how many little words there are in the speech of this land he would not say that he can not find those small words. And it may be said that these small words have more force than the big words, because the soul of the tongue, or it would be more fit to say the speech, is to be found in the short words more than in the long. In this all the men who write on words think as one. They feel that the very life of the thing is shown in the short word. There is no long word that will take the place of buzz, bang, rough, smooth, keen, blunt, thin. Each of sour, roar, splash, acid, scrape, cough, whiz, these words is like the thing which it sets forth, and so it is more strong and helps the brain in its work. If one were to try to put a long word in the place of the short one in this sense he would have to write more than one word to reach the same idea. Short words do not drain the strength of the mind. They leave it free to work in other ways. The mind is not able to cope with the thought and the mode of speech at the same time. Hence, when we try to use our mind on two themes we find that it loses much of its force. But the chief beauty of the short word placed side by side with the long word is that the short word is known by everybody that can read. The long word is not known. Only those who study can know the long words.

If the man who writes does his full duty to the people who read, he will write for the great mass of the people. The man who writes a book, or who writes for any kind of work or any kind of print, should feel that he teaches as well as writes. He should feel that he writes to put ideas into the minds of all. How can the mass of the people get these ideas in shape so that they can feel their full sense if they can not know them? The idea is not worth the thought. They can not do it. Again, long words are weak. Short words are strong. There are some places where a long word shows the idea more than the short one. I will cite to prove this any place where one seeks to show a large thought. In that case a long word is much more fit than a short word. To show by the use of a long and a short word: "Stupendous" brings to the mind a more full idea of the thing shown than the short word "vast," "magnificent" than "grand," "disgusting" than "naughty," but in most cases it is wiser to use the short word than the long. The great writers of the language are those whose works have the charm of simplicity.—Detroit Free Press.

Journalistic Decency Pays. If it were true that the viler a journal is, the greater are its chances of securing a large and profitable circulation, there would be good reason to despair of the world. Human society would be utterly rotten, and in all employments scoundrels would have the advantage. But there is not in the world an example of a newspaper which has made a large and permanent success by catering to vicious tastes purely. The newspaper of greatest circulation in the world is the Petit Journal of Paris, and it is published in the country which has the reputation of being most tolerant of literary indecency. Yet there is no paper anywhere which is more careful to preserve a high and pure moral tone. The circumstance that such a journal is demanded by the great body of the French people furnishes convincing proof that French society is sound at the core, despite the talk to the contrary of so many superficial observers. When Mr. Bonner's Ledger was circulating in this country by the half million weekly it maintained its popularity by preserving a moral tone, which made it respected by the teachers of religion generally. The number of vile journals has decreased rather than increased within recent years, and their aggregate circulation is much less than it used to be.—New York Sun.

The Moon and Insomnia. "The most singular case of insomnia of which I ever heard," said a physician, "is that of a friend of mine in a neighboring town, a lady of middle age. With the exception of her peculiar insomnia, she is in robust health. She is an uncommonly sound sleeper in the 'dark of the moon,' but as the new moon approaches its first quarter she is attacked with wakefulness. She can sleep only at long intervals during the night, and only a few minutes at a time. This sleeplessness increases with the fulling of the moon, and by the time that stage in the moon's course is reached she is unable to obtain even the slightest slumber. She remains in a state of utter wakefulness until the moon begins to wane, when she gradually grows sleepy again, and is able to sleep longer and sounder as the moon disappears. When the period of dark moon has arrived she resumes her unbroken slumber. This condition has prevailed for more than ten years."—New York Sun.

How to Stop an Express. Suburban Resident—"See here sir! You told me that country place I bought of you was only thirty-five minutes from the city." City Agent—"Yes, sir, thirty-five minutes by express. You remember, when we went out to look at it, the time was thirty-five minutes exactly." "But, confound it, sir, the express trains don't stop there not one of them, and the accommodation takes about an hour and a half." "You and I went by express, and it stopped for us, you know." "Yes I know; but it hasn't stopped since."

"It will stop if you hire a man at your station to buy a through ticket for somewhere. That's the way I did the day we went out."—New York Weekly.

Burning of an Historical Building. The old building at Charlotte, N. C., in which Lord Cornwallis transacted business while in this country, was burned by an incendiary last week.

The Man Who Disagrees.

There are many men in the world who emulate the gentleman who rose at a meeting and exclaimed: "I don't care what the motion is, I'm agin it!" They are "agin" anything and everything. You venture an opinion on every subject, and with "There is where I differ with you" he crosses his legs and goes off in a mental ramble as erratic as the flight of a kite without a tail. A knowledge of the subject under discussion is not necessary; the less he knows about it the more he talks, and as he talks, a thick dark weariness settles down over his hearers and their fingers twitched nervously as though longing to grasp the hand-piece of a club and hurl the chronic dissenter to rest. The man who disagrees with you honestly and has solid sense with which to back his arguments against you, is an educator and you draw wisdom from him, but the man who always disagrees for the sake of disagreeing, and who can always disagree fluently on either side of a question, but! He is worse than the man who always agrees with everybody.

The man whose disagreement is chronic, is generally ignorant, and he thinks by disagreeing, to impress those around him with a sense of his wisdom, and therein he fails, for by that course his ignorance the more glaringly displayed. His mental status is bound to be found out, as was that of a boy whose employer had occasion to leave alone in his office a short time. "Now," said he, "sit down here and keep quiet; don't say a word; if you go to talking, folks will find that you're a fool." The boss had been gone but a short time when two gentlemen entered. Looking around they saw the boy. "Where is Mr. Blank?" No reply from the boy. Again, "Where is Mr. Blank?" The boy looked at them but kept silent. Finally one visitor turned to the other and exclaimed: "That boy is a fool!" A few seconds later the man returned and the boy exclaimed, rather puzzled, "Boss, they found me out and I didn't say a word." In this case silence did not work extra well, but in most cases it would cover a vast amount of ignorance, if the man who always disagrees would give it a fair chance.—Texas Siftings.

A Case of Rheumatism. I stopped at a cabin track away in the pine forest, about five or six miles from anywhere to ask for a drink of water, and finding the man in bed with his face all plastered up, I naturally asked if he had met with an accident. "Oh, no," replied the wife as she handed me the gourd. "He 'un has done got rheumatism."

"Not rheumatism in the head?" "Reckon it's mostly that, sah." "I never heard of such a case," I continued, as I approached the bed. "Howdy, stranger?" said the man as he sat up. "Rheumatism like this are pretty common around here." "Why, man you have been pounded! Both of your eyes are blackened! You don't call that rheumatism, do you?" "That's what I dun call it. I had pains and aches and I thought, Sim Payson, back in the woods, he had pains and aches, and him cum over to help drink it."

"And you got drunk?" "Reckon you might." "And had a fight?" "Reckon we did." "And that's what you call rheumatism?" "Stranger, look here," answered the man, as he got one leg out of bed with a groan, "kin you go far to declar' that I'd drank that moonshine first if it wasn't to cure rheumatism? The old woman and me he figgered on it, and we can't get it to cum out right no other way, and now if you've got a pipe and tobaccoer I'll stand fur you agin the hull community till the mule lays down."—Detroit Free Press.

How Men Most Men Fail. How few there are who can successfully lay and light a fire. There are many who are able to lay it and light it, but the results are usually painful to the patient housewife. She may send her husband to the kitchen in the morning to start the fire, feeling confident that she can steal a half hour more of that comfortable doze which comes only with the dawn, but it is an even bet that the smell of burning wood will reach her nostrils sooner or later, and that she will be obliged wearily to don her garments and grope her way down-stairs to the rescue of her well-meaning but unsuccessful other half, who, with his lungs full of the odor of burnt wood and the smoky tears running down his cheeks, is usually found engaged in vainly endeavoring to put life into three sparks which his breath.

The only men who are successful in starting fires are the professional fire builders employed in the hotels, and when the ordinary man becomes a hotel guest and reposes in a warm couch on a cold morning and sees how easily the hotel fireman does the work he realizes what a veritable chump he is himself.—Chicago Herald.

He Took the Hint. "Yes, Jennie," said the young lady's beau as he clasped her small hand in his and gazed lovingly into her melting eyes, "although I'm in comfortable circumstances now, I've seen the day when I've been hard pressed." "Indeed!" she said, pretty hard pressed. "I don't remember," she said with a shy look, "of ever having been hard pressed."

She was a moment after.—Boston Courier.

Not So Lucky the Second Time. A man at Belfast, Me., got a big fall the other day while shingling his barn, but escaped without injury. His son was away at the time, and on his return the old gentleman told him about the accident, and in trying to show just how it happened fell from the roof again, this time breaking a leg.

Men are never well "posted" except when they are lamp posted early in the morning.—Merchant Traveler.

COLD AND HOT DRINKS.

The Former the Only Ones Used in a State of Nature. Dr. Sarah E. Post discusses the question of cold drinks in the current number of the Sanitary Era. Cold water, she says, apparently stimulates gastric secretion. It produces a temporary contraction of the blood vessels, but this is almost immediately followed by dilatation, which persists for a considerable time. On the other hand, the application of hot water, while it produces momentary dilatation, is followed by contraction. These are familiar facts as applied to the skin, and Dr. Post thinks there is no reason to believe that the effect upon the mucous membrane of the stomach is at all different. Hence hot waters may be beneficial in cases of catarrh of the stomach where the vessels are unnaturally dilated, and contraction is the first step toward cure. Hot water, however, is not harmless, and its use should be regulated by the advice of a physician. Dr. Post thinks that the indiscriminate use of hot drinks may have some relation to the prevalence of American nervousness.

As to cold drinks, they are the only ones used in the state of nature. Animals in winter drink from a hole in the ice, and children do not care for hot drinks until a taste for them is acquired. Ice may be found very serviceable in cases of worry and confusion resulting from excess of blood in the brain. In such a case ice-cream, water-ice, or ice-water may be taken to advantage. Where there is a deficiency of blood in the brain hot drinks are beneficial. Summing up Dr. Post reaches the conclusion that any dictum which unqualifiedly says that hot drinks are good and hot drinks are bad, or the reverse, is absurd, as both are good in their place; but that cold drink is a physiological requirement while hot drink has its place in the treatment of pathological conditions. To which may be added the unprofessional opinion that great moderation in the use of cold drinks during the summer will be found conducive to both health and comfort.

The Graduation Dress. And now draweth near the time for the sweet girl graduate to think about getting her dress ready for the most important time in her life, except her wedding day.

Of course, a girl is not judged wholly and at once by her appearance on graduation day; that would be absurd. It is not alone in the richness of the gown, but also in its grace of form, richness of tint and adaptation to the occasion, that the observer discovers beauty and the presence of that subtle charm variously denominated elegance, style and becomingness. Of course, the graduate wears white, but there are many shades of white; one belongs to the rosy maiden, and another to her paler sister, and one is exactly suited to the plump girl and still another to the thin one. The maiden of educated taste will readily recognize the shade best adapted to her style. Of materials suitable for graduating gowns there are many. Beginning with the most expensive, there are China crepe, surah, silk mull, China silk, bengaline, veloutine, cashmere, obbers veiling with hemstitched borders, nun's veiling with either satin, striped or plain selvages, Henrietta, mohair, challis, cotton mull of Hamburg work, plain mull and a cotton crepe, sometimes called Turkish crepe, which, while inexpensive, will, if prettily made up, be as elegant as any of the richer materials. It is a wrinkled, clinging stuff.

As to the shades of white, a girl with a clear, white complexion tinged with red, may wear becomingly the tint known as pearl or blue white, but she with little or no color should choose ivory or sea-shell white. A smooth, glossy fabric should not be worn by a stout girl, for its glare exaggerates her plumpness.—Yankee Blade.

Very Peculiar Pop-Corn.

A few weeks ago a party of young people—three or four couples, perhaps—among whom were a party of medical students, attended a "pop-corn sociable" at a leading church. When they came away the suggestion was made, and carried out, that the boys should take away some of the pop-corn in their pockets, since the young women were not provided with such receptacles. As the party strolled down the street in couples, the feminine members of it helped themselves from the pockets of their escorts. The first of the young ladies finally bit upon a fragment which was extremely hard and unyielding, and which she threw away. Shortly she found a couple more, and at length, removing one from her mouth, she remarked: "This is the hardest pop-corn I ever encountered." They were passing under an electric light, and she held it up, adding: "Why, what is it, anyway?" The young man took it without observing that the medical student who followed was speechless with laughter. The latter recovered in time to explain gravely, when called upon, that it was one of the small bones of the human foot. He did not add, however, that it was one of the handful which he had slipped into the first young man's pocket a few moments before. The young ladies did not eat any more of the pop-corn.—Albany Argus.

One of Thousands. The rizer—"I can't understand it, I really can't. Here you left a comfortable home in Europe and came to this country because you wanted to be your own landlord, yet you settle right down in a big city and pay more rent in Europe for your whole farm. Why don't you go west, where you can get land for nothing or else go back to your pastoral home in Europe?" New Arrival—"The west is too far to walk, and Europe is too far to swim."—New York Weekly.

Partial payments seem hard enough to the schoolboy, but he finds them harder when he grows up.—Puck.

A WONDERFUL COW.

It Gives Birth to Two Lambs and a Calf—The Family Thriving. The farmers of the township of Tecumseh, in south Simcoe, are greatly interested at present in a strange freak of nature which has taken place in their midst, being nothing less than a cow giving birth to two lambs and a calf.

The interesting event occurred on the farm of John Henry Carter, lot 4, eighth concession line, Sunday, April 14, and when the news spread abroad so many people wanted to see the curiosities that Mr. Carter finally decided to get rid of them, and disposed of the cow and her progeny to Isaac M. Cross, an enterprising young farmer of Bondhead.

The animals were removed to Tottenham and a few days ago the Toronto Globe was invited to send up a man to see the stock and investigate independently the correctness of the story. At a first glance the reporter was rather disappointed in the lambs, having entertained some vague idea on the subject, and hoping to see a fully developed calf with the face of a lamb or vice versa. But they appeared to be his uneducated eye to be ordinary lambs and nothing more. This was at a first glance. A subsequent careful examination and comparison with other lambs of the same age showed a marked difference. Those of the unnatural parentage are larger and coarser, the wool is darker, and in toward the pelt it is like the hair on a matted cat, there is a tuft of hair on the breast between the forelegs similar to that of a calf. The legs are hairy and the wool is slightly streaked with hair. The mouth is dark inside and larger and firmer looking than that of a lamb and the tail is frequently thrown over the back after the manner of a calf.

They are both ewe lambs. These indications, to an experienced breeder, are of themselves sufficient to prove the authenticity of the story regarding their strange birth. There is a strong likelihood of their growing to a large size, and on both of their heads there are dark spots, indicating a possibility of horns. They are at present as large as ordinary year-old lambs. The cow is an ordinary, common grade red cow, without any pretensions to pedigree. It is kept in the next stall to the lambs, and munches away quite contentedly. The calf, which was born shortly after the lambs, is also in the group, but it has not the slightest claim to distinction, further than the fact that it is brother to the lambs. All four are healthy and vigorous-looking.—Chicago Times.

The Noise of Thunder.

One of the best descriptions of a common natural phenomenon is that recently given by M. Hirn, in which he says that the sound which is known as thunder is due simply to the fact that the air traversed by an electric spark—that is, a flash of lightning—is suddenly raised to a very high temperature, and has its volume, moreover, considerably increased. The column of gas thus suddenly heated and expanded is sometimes several miles long, and as the duration is not even a millionth of a second it follows that the noise bursts at once from the whole column, though for an observer in any one place it commences when the lightning is at the least distance. In precise terms, according to M. Hirn, the beginning of the thunder clap gives us the minimum distance of the lightning, and the length of the thunder clap gives us the length of the column. He also remarks that when a flash of lightning strikes the ground, it is not necessarily from the place struck that the first noise is heard. Again, he points out that a bullet whistles in traversing the air, so that we can, to a certain extent, follow its flight, the same thing also happening with a falling meteorite just before striking the earth. The noise actually heard has been compared to the sound produced when one tears linen. It is due really to the fact that the air rapidly pushed on one side in front of the projectile, whether bullet or meteorite, quickly rushes back to fill the vacuum left in the rear.

Wealth Changes Hands.

Forty years ago you could count the millionaires of New York on the fingers of one hand, and the possessors of half a million and a quarter of a million were few. Next to the Astor estate the greatest of the fortunes were then held by the Stuyvesants and the Rhinelanders, and they were old fortunes for this new country. The families which most pride themselves on their descent are either relatively or actually poor. They have declined in pecuniary importance during the last century, while others, upon whose hereditary claims they look down with contempt, are to-day at the front in the matter of wealth. For the most part the wealth of a hundred years ago has passed out of the family which then possessed it, and even where it remains, with the increase brought about by the growth of the town, it is comparatively small. There has come upon the older stock poor and insignificant as to fortune, the Astors, the Goetschs, Jay Gould, the Rockefellers, the Moses Taylor estate and many others are at the front in that respect, and the former wealth is cast into the shade.—New York Sun.

His Mark.

Stranger—"Can you tell me who that gentleman with the long hair and heavy mustache is sitting over there in the corner? I'd bet a dollar he's made his mark in this world." Citizen—"That fellow? Yes, you'd win; he's made it a good many times. I saw it on a mortgage once. It's straight about a quarter of an inch long. He always gets some one to write over the top of it: 'Bill Jones—his mark'."—Detroit Free Press.

"The Celebrated American Colonel." French papers announce the arrival in Paris of two lions and two lionesses tamed by the celebrated American colonel, Daniel Boone. All the town is flocking to see them.

Indian Burial Rites.

When a man is in the dying agonies relatives give vent to their grief in loud wails. The crying continues intervals until death takes place, also up to the time of burial. The says a writer in the Journal of American Folk-Lore, has been by a white person mistaken for a soot-chant, but it in no way partakes that character; it is a genuine expression of anguish and grief. The cry or wail is interspersed with terms which express the relationship between the deceased and the person who cries. The writer has many times heard a cry of Indian men and women, and seen the tears flow down their cheeks when men and women lift up their voices in the wail of grief. It is far from being like a soot-chant.

When the breath has left the body of the one dying, the nearest relatives, such as parent or child, brother, sister, husband or wife, begin to wail and to strip themselves of their ornaments and cut their hair, scatter shorn locks about the fireplace. The older married women who have their children clip the hair short to the scalp while the young women part with their hair in two. Young men do not shear their hair. The older women pull off their leggings and moccasins and gash the flesh of their legs to the knee, lengthwise and crosswise, till the blood flows freely. All while they wail and call upon the dead. The young men remove their leggings and moccasins and pierce their legs with a sharp knife until the blood flows from the wounds. The old do not so scarify themselves.

With every new arrival, when the person be of near kin or not, wailing starts afresh. By this continued crying, the excitement, grief, and the pain of wounds, relatives become exhausted before time for burial arrives, and unable to speak above a whisper. Soon after death the corpse is placed in a willow position facing the east, and dressed in gala costume, ornaments are upon the hair and person, and sometimes the face is painted in the manner as the Hunga in the ceremony of the sacred pipes, this is if the deceased belonged to one of the gentler sacred pipe. The "Hanga keunzae," as this mode of painting is called, is done by painting the face red with vermilion; then a blue line about the breadth of the little finger is marked across the forehead horizontally and down both cheeks, meeting a line drawn across the chin thus forming a square. A center line starts from the one across the forehead and falls along the nose to the point. This black point is made of charcoal and prepared fat. Men, women and children belonging to the Nebetan (sacred pipe owners) gentler tribe, with a few exceptions, are painted in this manner.

Why Cattle Are Salted.

Not every farmer salts his cattle. Why do farmers, remarks the American Dairyman, knows why he does it unless it is because the stock like it and then goes on to say: "A moment's thought will show where the advantage lies. As soon as the food enters the stomach, the natural tendency is at once for fermentation to begin, and there arises a contest between the tendency and the digestive power. And, if these powers are vigorous and the process of fermentation is checked or intercepted, then no bad results will follow, the food will be digested, and salt will not be needed, though at any time this will assist in the process of digestion. Salt keeps food from being assimilated, and prolongs the time to allow the digestive organs to complete their work; and if food is taken in excess, as often happens when stock is in pasture, salt given freely will be a preventative of further. When fermentation sets in, the conditions are favorable to the existence of worms in the intestinal canals, and may possibly be engendered by the process. Consequently it should be a rule with stockmen to keep salt before their cattle, or within reach when they need it, and the cattle will obey the demands of nature and supply the want as needed.

A Mirror of Your Mind.

Starting from the word Washington, write 100 words just as they occur to you. Let the second word be the one which Washington naturally suggested to you. Possibly it will be capital, which first comes into your mind. In the same manner let the third word be suggested by the second, the fourth by the third and so on. Be careful that both the first and second, drop the first entirely, and let your mind flow from the second alone to the 100th. Having written this list of words, you will have furnished yourself with a very cheap but very useful mirror of your mind. If you are unable to use very mirror, you may discover some serious defects in your mental processes. You may discover that you think along certain lines too frequently. You may discover that you are using superficial principle quite too much, to the neglect of more important laws of mind. You will thus be led to avoid certain mistakes, and to encourage lines of thought of a more philosophical nature.—Wilbur White in the Chautauquan.

The New Public Printer.

Mr. Palmer came to Chicago in 1873, and was the managing editor of the Inter Ocean up to the summer of 1876. Previous to this he had been editor of the Iowa State Register and had been member of Congress from the Des Moines district. Mr. Palmer was appointed postmaster of Chicago in 1877 and served eight years, always to the satisfaction of the public. The office of public printer calls for a high order of conscientiousness as well as a high order of capabilities, and in both particulars Mr. Palmer meets the requirements.—Chicago Inter Ocean.