

## ALL GRAIN RATES GO UP.

AN ADVANCE OF TWO AND ONE-HALF CENTS.

Morgan and U. P. Affairs—Lottery Mail Under the Ban—Chinese Must Show Papers—Englishmen Want the Union Pacific.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 19.—All rail rates from Chicago to the Atlantic seaboard on grain and grain products have been advanced 2 1/2 cents. It was the intention of the eastern roads to advance the lake and rail rates also, but the Soo line refused to participate in the advance, and therefore the lake and rail rates will remain as they are until the close of navigation.

### MORGAN AND U. P. AFFAIRS.

The Railroad Company Executed a Deed to His Firm.

New York, Oct. 19.—The report of W. D. Cornish, who was appointed a special master to take the testimony in the suit of J. Pierpont Morgan and others, as trustee, against the Union Pacific Railroad company, Frederick Couderc and others, as receivers, was confirmed Friday by Judge Lamson of the United States circuit court.

The report of Special Master Cornish states that on September 4, 1891, the Union Pacific Railroad company executed a deed of trust to the firm of Drexel, Morgan & Co., as trustees, to provide for the payment of the principal and interest notes, and deposited with that firm certain bonds, stocks and other securities.

Collateral notes to the amount of \$1,719,000 were issued, payable August 1, 1894, with interest at 6 per cent. Drexel, Morgan & Co. It is stated in the report, sold from time to time certain of these securities, and with the moneys received redeemed collateral notes to the aggregate value of \$15,527,000.

### LOTTERY MAIL DON'T GO.

Postoffice Department to Prevent Its Delivery.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 19.—In conjunction with the treasury department, Postmaster Gary has taken steps to enforce the prohibition in the tariff act against the importation of obscene and lottery matter.

### A CELESTIAL ROUND-UP.

Kansas City Chinese Must Show Their Papers.

Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 19.—All the Chinese in the city who could be found were rounded up and brought to the federal building at the instance of W. H. Chamberlain, a special employe of the treasury department, who arrived in Kansas City recently.

The desire was to ascertain if any of the celestials were here in violation of the exclusion act of 1893. The police brought in between ninety and 100 of the foreigners.

### TO BID FOR THE U. P.

English Capitalists Will Try to Secure the Road.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 19.—It is reported that a syndicate of English capitalists will file next week a \$5,000,000 bond with the master in chancery who has charge of the Union Pacific foreclosure sale, with the view of becoming a bidder for the property at that sale.

### The Fever Scare.

New Orleans, La., Oct. 19.—The early morning fever reports are rather of an encouraging nature. There have been no deaths during the night and the new cases were fewer.

Several of the parishes have quarantined St. Mary parish, because there have been two or three cases there. No more certificates, for the present, will be issued for Camp Hutton. The camp is not yet entirely finished and until its facilities are increased it cannot handle a larger colony than it has at present.

### Student Injured by Hazards.

Boulder, Colo., Oct. 19.—DeCaleb Wellman, a new student in the preparatory school of the Boulder university, has been seriously injured by being tossed in a blanket by older students.

### A Fatal Duel.

Macon, Ga., Oct. 19.—Constable William Timba and Barker Amos, colored, fought a desperate duel yesterday afternoon at the home of Amos, about two miles from Powersville. As a result both men are dead. Young Timba was only 27 years of age and was very popular. There is much excitement.

### Colonel Thomas H. Hanks, aged 74 years, one of the best known and wealthiest politicians in Kentucky, died at Lawrenceburg, Ky., of liver trouble, after a lingering illness.

## LEADER OF WASHINGTON'S 400

Wife of the Vice President Occupies that Position.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 17.—Social life at the nation's capital is supposed to radiate around the white house, and as the largest factor in social life are the women, the woman of the white house is nearly always the directress of the Washington 400.

Mrs. McKinley, as is well known, is not able to bear the physical fatigues of these duties, and they naturally fall to the lot of the wife of the vice president, Mrs. Garret A. Hobart. Mrs. Hobart's health has not been of the best during the summer, but her friends hope to see her able to take her seat on the social throne when the president's New Year's reception officially opens the season of balls, receptions, dinners, luncheons and teas.

Mrs. Hobart is a handsome, well-formed woman and is somewhat younger than her distinguished husband. Her New Jersey home has been a model one in every respect, yet she has always found time to take an active part in society. She has that charm and grace of manner that springs from the heart and bears no suggestions of the arts of the professional conversationalist. Women are very fond of her and she has a coterie of young lady friends whose admiration almost amounts to idolatry.

Mrs. Hobart's young son has already set the stamp of his approval on his mother's approaching social prominence by taking first place among Washington's official youngsters after a short but decisive contest with the 10-year-old son of John R. McLean, the newspaper and gas millionaire. It was over the presidency of a small boy golf club, and young Hobart landed himself in the executive chair.

### PALACE CARS MAKING MONEY.

Pullman Palace Car Company Declares a Dividend.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 18.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Pullman Palace Car company held here represented over \$24,000,000 of the capital stock.

Directors George M. Pullman, Marshall Field, J. W. Doane, Norman Williams and O. S. A. Sprague of Chicago; Henry C. Hulbert of New York and Henry R. Reed of Boston, were re-elected.

The annual quarterly dividend of \$2 per share, payable November 15, was declared.

The income of the company from earnings of cars was \$7,743,344. Income from other sources swelled the total receipts of the company during the last fiscal year to \$8,974,888. The disbursements for this year, including \$2,800,000 paid in dividends, were \$7,204,037, leaving a surplus for the year of \$1,770,851. The number of cars owned and controlled is 2,428, of which 2,103 are standard and 325 tourist, or second class cars.

The number of passengers carried during the year was 4,852,398, and the number of miles run was 190,862,758. During the previous year the number of passengers carried was 5,112,965, and the number of miles run was 191,862,947.

The value of the manufactured products of the car works of the company for the year was \$4,295,251, and of other industries, including rentals, \$476,366, making a total of \$4,871,617, against \$7,704,938 for the previous year.

### "GENTLEMAN GEORGE" TOURING

Assistant Secretary of War Takes a Trip West.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 18.—Assistant Secretary of War Melikjeohn left here Thursday night on a tour of inspection of military posts in the west. The assistant goes direct to St. Louis, where he will inspect the post of Jefferson barracks and visit the site for a rifle range for the Jefferson barracks troops, which has been offered for sale to the government.

The next stop will be at Fort Leavenworth. Mr. Melikjeohn will visit Omaha, where the headquarters of the Platte are located, and inspect Fort Crook.

Before returning to Washington he expects to inspect the department of the Dakotas, Columbia, California and intermediate posts and stations en route, which can be inspected conveniently, it being the purpose of the assistant secretary to familiarize himself as fully as possible with army life and some of the more important matters that come before him for official action.

Before returning to the war department Mr. Melikjeohn intends to visit his home in Nebraska for the purpose of attending to some private affairs that demand his consideration and to cast his vote at the coming election in that state.

### Still Fixing Up School Lands.

Chadron, Neb., Oct. 18.—Hon. J. V. Wolfe of Lincoln was busy all day leasing school lands here Thursday, where the old leases had been cancelled for non-payment of rent.

By Mr. Wolfe's system of leasing lands the revenue to the state from this source will be more than doubled. Heretofore a speculator would secure a lease on a large tract of land, make one payment and then assign the lease to some irresponsible party and while continuing to use the land, would never pay the annual rental.

Mr. Wolfe has cancelled all these leases and let the land to actual residents, who will not only use the land, but pay for it. He was advertised to speak in the court house this evening, but having received a message from Lincoln to go at once to Hastings on official business, the meeting was not held.

### Senator Allen's Appointments.

Lincoln, Neb., Oct. 18.—The following appointments for speeches by Senator W. V. Allen have been made by the populist state central committee: Grand Island, October 18, 2 p. m.; Alliance, October 19, 2 p. m.; Hemingford, October 19, 7:30 p. m.; Crawford, October 20, 2 p. m.; Chadron, October 20, 7:30 p. m.; Rushville, October 21, 2 p. m.; Hay Springs, October 21, 7:30 p. m.; Valentine, October 22, 2 p. m.; Ainsworth, October 22, 8 p. m.; O'Neill, October 23, 2 p. m.; Bassett, October 23, 8 p. m.; Wahoo, October 25, 3 p. m.; Lincoln, October 25, 8 p. m.

## A CONSPIRACY UNEARTHED.

THE WAY BIG CORPORATIONS GET INTO FEDERAL COURT.

Every Subterfuge Known to Man is Being Utilized to Defy the Laws of Nebraska—Seeking Refuge in the Federal Courts.

Lincoln, Neb., Oct. 19.—Attorney General Smyth has filed an answer brief for Judge Munger in the United States court in the case wherein the South Omaha stock yards has sued out an injunction against the enforcement of the new law relating to the fees to be charged by the stock yard companies. The attorney general charges in his answer that a conspiracy exists between the South Omaha Stock yards company and the man who is supposed to be the plaintiff in the case. This figurehead plaintiff is a man by the name of Greenliff W. Simpson, who claims he is a resident of Massachusetts, and that he is a non-resident stockholder in the Union Stock Yards company. He begun proceedings in the United States court some time ago wherein he alleged that the Attorney General of Nebraska and the officers of the stock yards company were about to put into force rates for handling, yarding, loading, unloading and feeding stock at those yards in accordance with the law passed by the last legislature. Mr. Simpson submitted as proof of his claim that the officers of the stock yards company were going to obey the law—a lot of letters and copies of proceedings of the board of directors of the company. Mr. Simpson alleges that the rates fixed by the law were insufficient to pay a reasonable profit on the property and investment of the stockholders, and attacked the constitutionality of the act itself. Simpson asked for an injunction to restrain the defendants from putting into force the act of the legislature and the schedule of charges fixed therein.

The case came on for hearing before Judge Munger, on the application for the injunction, and last week he granted the order and issued a temporary injunction, with the provision that testimony should be presented on some points raised before the final determination of the case and the dissolution of the injunction or making it permanent. The case stood in this condition when Attorney General Smyth filed his answer. He alleges that the man from Massachusetts and his allegations about a great injury is about to be done to non-resident stockholders in the Union Stock Yards company, and that the officers of that company were about to put into force the rates as required by the law passed by the last legislature, and that inter-state commerce laws were about to be violated—the letter writing and the workings of the board of directors of the company—that it all formed a conspiracy for the purpose of getting into a federal court, which would not otherwise have jurisdiction.

The attorney general sets out that during the session of the last legislature the president and general manager of the stock yards company spent several months at Lincoln endeavoring to induce the legislature to not pass this act, and after it was passed the officers and stockholders endeavored to persuade the governor to veto it, and after it was signed and became a law the president of the company, W. A. Paxton, repeatedly declared that it would never be enforced; that it would be wiped off the statute books and that the company would do everything in its power to prevent its enforcement.

That the letters of the plaintiff and the alleged proceedings of the board of directors of the stock yards company, which are set out in the plaintiff's bill as an evidence that the officers were going to put the rates in force, were not written nor done in good faith, but as a part of a scheme well understood between the plaintiff and the company whereby a fraud was to be perpetrated upon the court and whereby jurisdiction was to be conferred, in violation of law.

The attorney general denies that the stock yards company will enforce the act of the legislature if not restrained or that it will pay any attention to the law, but that the suit is a friendly one between Simpson and the company, in which the company seeks to transfer the controversy from the legislature, where it was beaten, to the federal court. All of which is pleaded and set up as a reason why the federal court has no jurisdiction to hear and determine the questions at issue.

The answer in denial of the residence of Simpson in Massachusetts and that the matter in controversy is of the value of \$2,000. A specific denial of that portion of the bill which alleges that the yards are now worth more than \$5,000,000 and that twice that sum now expended would not replace the plant and secure the business is now had. The answer alleges that the connection made by the yards with the railroads, as set up in the bill, was for the benefit of the railroads and a source of revenue to the railroads, and that the yards, hauled large quantities of stock to these yards.

The statements of the bill as to the lands in the neighborhood of the yards; the allegation that the yards and the railway companies connected are engaged in inter-state commerce, are all specifically denied for the purpose of compelling the plaintiff to make proof. It is denied that the act of the legislature regulating the rates at the stock yards interferes with inter-state commerce or that it deprives the plaintiff and other stockholders of their property rights without due process of law or that it denies to them equal protection of the law. It is denied that the charges fixed by the law are far below such as will yield just and reasonable compensation to the owners. On almost every part of every allegation made by the plaintiff the attorney general enters his denial, which will compel the plaintiff to prove the same.

## FIGHTING TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

Longest and Strangest War of the Present Century.

Not long ago the following cable item was flashed over the world: "A despatch from Achin, Sumatra, Dutch East Indies, says that in a fight at Segil yesterday a hundred and eleven Achinese were killed. The Dutch lost one man killed and had twenty-two wounded." That was all, and very few who read the few lines understood what the Dutch were fighting about and who these belligerent Achinese, their opponents, are.

As a matter of fact, the war of which this battle was an incident is one of the most remarkable struggles ever carried on in any part of the world. It is the longest war of the century, for the fighting has been carried on practically without a break for no less than twenty-five years. It has cost Holland her best blood, and in money has necessitated an expenditure of seventy million gulden a year—nearly ten millions of dollars—and from present appearances it bids fair to drag along indefinitely, for the Achinese simply snap their fingers at their would-be conquerors, and leave the climate to kill those their weapons leave untouched.

These Achinese occupy the northern and most mountainous end of the island of Sumatra. They are a dark-skinned, tall and hardy race, who consider that they have a right to retain possession of their native country in spite of treaties made without their consent, consigning them to the tender mercies of Europeans; and for a full quarter of a century they have succeeded in proving themselves entirely capable of enforcing that right. The force of Dutch possession of the territory began in 1872, when Great Britain, with characteristic shrewdness, succeeded in palming off Sumatra on the Dutch in Ashanti and on the gold coast of Africa. John Bull didn't charge the Dutch very much for Sumatra; but if the latter nation had paid John a few hundreds of millions to retain his precious East Indian possession they would have been considerably in pocket, and many thousands of their citizens might now be alive, instead of occupying neglected graves in the deadly fever jungles of Sumatra.

The Dutch fondly imagined, when John Bull so generously gave them these happy hunting grounds, that all they had to do was to step ashore and take possession. That was twenty-five years ago, and they are still stepping ashore—and staying there for the most part. The fever fiend has no terrors for the natives, but proceeds to exterminate the troops sent from Holland with a merciless hand. It is a fact that in one campaign recently, seventy out of one hundred of the Dutch soldiers were killed by the climate before they could engage in battle. These twenty-five years of warfare have cost the Dutch, excluding the untold loss in human lives, a heavy deficit in their colonial budget every year, the humiliation of having to abandon all hope of expanding their colonial possessions in the East Indies, and a loss of prestige that has made their name a laughing stock in the east.

The Dutch have tried many expedients to subjugate the Achinese, but neither diplomacy or bullets have been of the slightest effect. When it was admitted by slow-going Nynheers, after a score of years of unsuccessful warfare, that the troops of the Netherlands were of little use in campaigns against the islanders, they tried to starve them into submission by establishing a blockade. But the hardy mountaineers paid but little heed to the stoppage of their supplies of tobacco, opium and spirits. They had played a waiting game too long to be disturbed by trifles. They merely retired to the jungle, whither they knew well the Dutchmen would not dare to follow, and left the climate to do the rest. In the far east, it may be noted, the climate does not often disappoint those who rely on it as an engine of warfare.

In Holland many excuses have been made for the length of the campaign. A Hollander who is quite unprejudiced said recently: "The whole fact of the matter is that the Achinese was kept going for political purposes. In the first place, it provides a means whereby obnoxious members of the military force can be quietly eliminated. If a military man is indiscrete enough to offend the party in power in the Netherlands, he is shipped off to Achin, where, if he escapes death at the hands of the natives he is sure to be carried off by the climate. Another way in which the long war is found useful, at least to those who stay at home, is that a constant stream of supplies necessary for carrying it on, and many thus have an opportunity to get rich at the expense of the government. It is ridiculous to suppose that the war could have continued for twenty-five years, beating all the war records of the century, had the Dutch been determined to bring it to a close. As a matter of fact, the stay-at-homes do not want it to end. It is far too useful to them.

"If successes are gained they will not be followed up. The military commanders will be instructed to leave the rest to the admirals of the fleets which are blockading the island, and the latter will continue their aimless course of keeping from the Achinese the supplies which they get along very well without. The best thing for the Dutch to do would be to give up the stupid fight and leave the Achinese alone; but this they will never do so long as there are obnoxious men to be gotten rid of at home and contractors with governments pull to fatten at the expense of the Holland soldiers."

So, in all probability, the war in Sumatra will outlast the century, and the cable will go on recording from time to time a victory for the Dutch forces or a fresh raid of the daring and apparently invincible Achinese.

An armed government vessel inside of St. Andrew's sound, Georgia, suddenly steamed out to sea under full speed and shortly afterward came a report of cannonading. The presumption is that the cruiser sighted a supposed filibuster and fired upon her.

The mangled remains of William H. Rittenhour, a journeyman tailor, aged 60 years, was found in the Chicago & Alton yards at Bloomington, Ill. It is supposed he was killed while trying to board a freight train.

## A TALE OF TWO JOKERS.

By Charles B. Lewis.

It used to be the firm of Baker & White, but Baker purchased White's interest in the firm, and then the sign read, "John H. Baker." It was just after this change had taken place that I was made head clerk, and that a stranger named Charles William Thompson appeared in the town of Greendale. Our business was that of a general store, and Mr. Baker was the owner of a big woolen mill in the town. The rear end of the store, with an entrance on a side street, was divided off and rented to the government as a postoffice, and there was a door communicating from the store. Mr. Baker had a large safe, and in this the postmaster kept his spare funds and stamps. We had three clerks and a bookkeeper, and it was rare that any of us had an idle hour.

Mr. Baker was a jolly, good-natured man of middle age, who dearly loved a joke. People used to say that his hearty laugh was as good as a tonic. Mr. Thompson arrived in Greendale one afternoon to search out some long lost relatives. He was also jolly and good natured and middle-aged. By the laws of magnetism it was perfectly natural for the two to come together and joke and laugh. This was just what happened. They liked each other well at first sight that Mr. Thompson forgot all about his lost relatives, and Mr. Baker lost an hour out of the busiest part of the day. However, as he got ready to leave the store that evening he called me into his private office and said:

"Charles, you saw a Mr. Thompson in the store this afternoon?"

"Yes, sir."

"He's a stranger in town looking up some relatives. Very nice man—ha! ha! ha! Tells a very funny story, and it does me good to hear him laugh. You heard us laughing, didn't you, Charles?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yes—um. Well, you may like Mr. Thompson, and you may laugh and also make him laugh, but you keep your eye on him just the same. He's a very jolly man, but I've got an idea that he can be very serious on occasions. There are times when one's safe holds sums of money, and Mr. Thompson may covet these greenbacks. Laugh with him, my boy, but watch him at the same time."

Mr. Thompson soon began dropping into the store in an off-hand way and making small purchases as an excuse to get a general look about and engage the different clerks in conversation. He appeared to "take to" me as much as he did to Mr. Baker, and to make a dead set to win my favorable opinion. As a matter of fact, he could beat any drummer on the road telling a story, and all his conundrums were new and full of surprises. But for Mr. Baker's words of caution I should have taken the man as he evidently wanted me to, and after a week should not have hesitated to seat him alone in the office. As it was, I laughed with him, but kept my eyes open, and after a few days I thought his object in dropping into the store was to get a close look at our big safe. The safe had a combination lock set on four letters and changed every few weeks, and only two of us had the word. At this time the word was "Jose." After a few days, and one day soon after Mr. Thompson had spent half an hour in the office with Mr. Baker, the latter called me in to ask:

"Well, Charles, do you find our Mr. Thompson a very agreeable man?"

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"Tells a very funny story in a very funny way—ha! ha! ha! Never repeats himself, and never gets off any thing old. Makes you laugh, doesn't he?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, of course—ha! ha! ha! However, keep your eye on him just the same. I think he comes in here to look at the safe, rather than to joke, and I'm giving him every chance to inspect it. I think he will invite you to pass an evening with him pretty soon, and if so you had better accept. Laugh with him, Charles—laugh as hard as you can—but at the same time be on your guard. The funny Mr. Thompson—ha! ha! ha!"

Mr. Thompson had the best room at the best hotel. It came to pass that he invited me to spend an evening with him, and had some cake and wine, and song and story, and I never enjoyed myself better. By and by, as we laughed and joked, Mr. Thompson turned the conversation to orthography and its blunders, and it came to pass that he asked me to write down twenty words of four letters each. I wrote "John," "Dash," "Hope," "Bill," and enough others to make up the twenty, but I did not write "Jose." Mr. Thompson knew that the safe was set on four letters. In asking me to write down twenty words of four letters each he might reasonably count on my writing the safe word. I might have done so, except for Mr. Baker's caution.

"Yes, Charles, he was after the word—ha! ha! ha!" laughed my employer next day when I related the incident. "Mr. Thompson is a very funny man, but I think we are funnier than he is. Feeling quite sure that one of the twenty words is the word that he is after, his next move will be to get into the store some night and make a try for the contents of the safe. We must laugh, Charles—we must keep on laughing with the funny Mr. Thompson—but we must also keep our eyes open." Our general custom was to keep the store open until nine o'clock at night, and the postoffice closed after that hour. Then the bookkeeper would go, and he would be followed by the clerks, and it was my duty to hang on until about nine, so as to be the last man rights before leaving. By and by, towards the last of the month, the funny Mr. Thompson began dropping in about nine, so as to be the last man to go. On two evenings he declined me till 10 o'clock telling stories, and as I began to get suspicious of his intentions, I sought advice of Mr. Baker.

"Ah! that funny Mr. Thompson—ha! ha! ha!" laughed my employer, as he leaned back and rubbed his hands. "His time is drawing very near. As near as I can figure it his game will be this: On the night of the 30th he will manage to be the last one in the store with you. As you are ready to go he will seize and bind and gag you and then go for the safe. It will be very funny, Charles—ha! ha! ha!"

"But I don't see it, sir!" I protested.

"Don't you? Well, you go right along and let him carry you off his plan. If you don't fight back he won't hurt you. We will play a little joke on the jocular Mr. Thompson."

On the afternoon of the 30th Mr. Thompson dropped in and passed jokes with Mr. Baker for half an hour, and we heard a great deal of laughter in the private office. At eight o'clock in the evening the postmaster had about \$2,000 in our safe, and the amount altogether was about \$22,900. It was a dark and rainy evening, and there were so few customers in the store that I let the clerks go home early. At nine o'clock, as I expected and counted on, Mr. Thompson arrived. It was a walk of five blocks from his hotel, and he would not have come out in the rain except that he was expecting important letters. He got none, and the postoffice closed after his inquiry. As he came through the store I was all alone, and there was no doubt in my mind that he was pleased to find things thus. He took a seat on the counter and began smoking and asking me to guess conundrums, and at half-past nine o'clock the streets were quiet and the hour had arrived for him to show his hand. I sat in a chair facing him and only a few feet away. Of a sudden, and while he was smiling and laughing, he put his hands on the counter and leaped forwards and landed full upon me. I was carried backwards to the floor, and he had his hand on my throat and his knee on my breast before I could put out a finger.

"Be quiet and sensible, now!" he cautioned. I am Mr. Thompson. Sometimes I am funny—sometimes not. There is no funny business about this. If you keep quiet I shan't hurt you. If you don't I'll use you mighty good!"

I had no idea of struggling with him. He took from his pocket pieces of rope and bound my arms and my ankles, and when he had finished, said: "I am after the money in the safe, of course, and of course I shall get it. It will save time and trouble, however, if you will give me the word. If you are obstinate about it I may have to hold a lighted match under your nose."

I refused him any answer, and after a minute he passed into the private office and began working at the safe. I could hear but not see him. He saw that all the doors were locked before he let me, and on such a night as that he had little fear of being disturbed. He took the list of twenty words I had given him and started in on the combination. He had tried eight of them when Mr. Baker and two policemen suddenly rose up from behind a screen, each with a pistol in hand, and Mr. Baker called out in great good nature:

"Ah, there, you funny Mr. Thompson, but this is an unexpected pleasure! I was just dying to hear one of your funny stories, but I hardly thought you'd call at such a late hour!"

Mr. Thompson was struck dumb for a moment, but he was a man of cheek as well as of humor, and, after catching his breath, he answered:

"That you, Baker?—ha! ha! ha! Did you ever hear the story of the man who dreamed he was a horse?"

"No, never did. If you are feeling well tomorrow come around and tell it. I know it must be funny—ha! ha! ha! Were you trying to work that combination?"

"Why, yes, I was trying, but have had no luck. You seem to have expected me here tonight."

"Yes, ha! ha! ha! Say, Thompson, doesn't the situation strike you as rather funny?"

"Yes, devilish funny—ha! ha! ha!"

"Same here. I shall miss you more than I can tell. If you have time before you go to state prison, I wish you would write me out a few of your best jokes. The one you were telling me yesterday was a regular corker—ha! ha! ha!"

And for a quarter of an hour more the two continued to joke each other, while one of the policemen came out into the store and released me. I didn't feel very mournful over the affair, but Mr. Baker slapped me on the back and exclaimed:

"Charles, my boy, you mustn't hold any spite against Mr. Thompson. He's a very funny man, and if he could only stay in Greendale a few weeks longer I'd get fat laughing over his jokes—ha! ha! ha! Say, Thompson, tell him the story of the old maid and the goblin—ha! ha! ha!"

"I—I don't feel as funny as usual, for some reason," replied Thompson.

"The fact is, I think I've got myself boxed up."

"Yes, just so," replied Mr. Baker. "I don't suppose any funny man can feel funny when he's boxed up. If you haven't any more jokes to relate the police may walk you over to the calaboose."

The funny Mr. Thompson took his dose like a man. He had played his hand and lost, and he was not the man to kick about it. He attempted no defense, but said he was probably walking in his sleep. He received a sentence of seven years, and before he was taken away Mr. Baker went to the jail to see him and say:

"Well, Thompson, any new jokes or conundrums before you are off?—ha! ha! ha!"

"Nothing today," was the reply.

"Say, we used to swap some mighty good things, didn't we—ha! ha! ha! Hang it. I wish you were going along with me."

"And we'd keep each other laughing from morning till night. Sorry I can't, but I'll see you seven years later and we'll have lots of fun."

And it is the solemn truth that two days after Mr. Thompson left prison he called at the store and visited with Mr. Baker for two or three hours, and they slapped each other on the back and laughed until their sides ached with the exertion.

In an encounter between Noah Reynolds and Jerry Leverett, white, on one side, and a dozen infuriated negroes on the other, at Paris, Tex., Leverett was probably fatally injured, and Reynolds was badly used up. Several of the negroes were slightly injured. Four arrests have been made and others are to follow.

The executive committee of the Butcher, Eggs and Poultry Shippers' association will be present at the next meeting of the Joint Traffic association to press their demands for a railroad rate.