An alligator has been caught in Chicago river. The weary saurian sought that limpid stream, doubtless, with suicidal intent.

Pain relieved, sickness prevented, by the timely use of Hamlin's Wizard Oil. Keep it always in the house.

Loyal Langdon Wright of Middlebury, Vt., walked three miles on his 91st birthday to attend the republican convention in that state.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Yankee notions continue blazing the path of civilization. Rural free delivery has been established along the shores of Lake Winnipiseoge. The lake is not in the Philippines, but in Massachusetts.

Read Dr. Neal's ad. in this paper. He guarantees to cure any case of piles, and does not accept one cent of pay until the patient is well.

The number of fingers lost by small boys in celebrating the Fourth was not a marker to the number of "fingers" required by their fathers in the same patriotic employment.

We thank you for trying Hamlin's Wizard Oil for Rheumatism or Neuralgia, then you thank us. Ask your druggist.

William C. Whitney of New York has given a handsome house and lot to the physician who attended Mrs. Whitney in her long illness.

A Place To Spend the Summer

On the lines of the Milwaukee Railway in Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Iowa are some of the most beautiful places in the world to spend a summer vacation, camping out or at the elegant summer hotels. Boating, fishing, beautiful lakes and streams and cool weather.

Okoboji is the nearest of these resorts, but all are easily reached from Omaha, and the round trip rates this summer are lower than ever before.

Full information on application.

F. A. NASH,
Gen. Western Agt. C. M. & St. P. Ry.,
1504 Farnam St., Omaha.

Country Publishers Co., Omaha, Neb.
Vol. 5. No. 29. 1902

Prof. Stetson of the University of Chicago told the students in a lecture on "Psychology and the Preachers" the other day that a minister of the gospel "should compose his own hymns, words and music; should be a skilled art critic, have a smattering of architecture and be an expert psychologist."

Rev. Edmund S. Rousmaniere, who is likely to be the next rector of St. John's, Washington, was born on the same day in the same year as President Roosevelt—October 27, 1858.

John E. Milholland is trying to get the federal government to purchase for $30,000 the ruins of old Fort Ticonderoga and restore it to the exact status it bore when Ethan Allen demanded its surrender. He formerly was editor and proprietor of a Ticonderoga newspaper.

Choirmaster Evans of the Metropolitan temple, New York, says: "Vesting does away with all class distinctions. It enables the poor boy to stand beside the rich and not feel abashed because of a shabby coat."

OLD CITY OF TUSCON.

AN INTERESTING TOWN IN ARIZONA.

Once the Home of the Aztec Indian, Later of the Mexican, and Now of the Yankee.

Situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific railroad, 500 miles from Los Angeles and 3,000 miles from New York, Tucson is only about 75 miles from Old Mexico, of which it was originally a part, says a Tucson, Ariz., letter to the Springfield Republican. Once the home of the Aztec, later of the Mexican, its population is now 25 per cent Mexican and 75 per cent Yankee, the latter largely from the Eastern states. Having grown from 5,000 souls to a population of 11,000 since 1895, it is now a hustling little city, whose principal stores will compare favorably with those of our beloved Springfield, and possessing the advantages of a city government, municipal water works, sewers, fire department, electric lights, street cars, city library, driving park and street watering paid for by the city. Here one can see ancient adobe houses, side by side with modern buildings of brick and stone, though one feature, which is shared by both ancient and modern buildings, is that both are nearly all one story in height, without apparent reason therefor, as this is not a locality visited by earthquakes. However, the Tucsonian has no use for a flight of stairs, and two-story buildings of any kind are very few, while I think there are none more than two stories.

Having fairly good records back to 1694 and traditional and corroborative material evidence pointing to a settlement centuries before that time, this city claims to be the oldest in any of the states or territories which make up the United States of America, a claim, however, which is disputed by Santa Fe, a few hundred miles to the northeast. The name Tucson means black water, taken from the appearance of a spring by the foothills of the Tucson mountains, which was once the sole water supply of the little settlement.

Tucson lies at an elevation of 2,400 feet, and is almost entirely surrounded by mountains. The Tucson mountains are on the west, the Santa Rita to the south, the Catalina eastward and the San Xavier to the north. The houses, being only one story, shelter only family each, and this is the biggest city on the ground of any of 11,000 population that I know of. Very many of the comparatively modern houses are built of adobe, especially those of the more well-to-do Mexicans, and the interior of many of these ancient-looking houses is a revelation. Fine modern plumbing, gas, electric lighting and luxurious furnishings make beautiful homes inside these walls made of mud blocks and plastered outside with more mud.

Just a word as to what adobe is. From anywhere in this valley a few feet below the surface is taken a soil which is mixed with the straw refuse from the stables, and pressed into blocks about 12 inches long, ten inches wide and four inches thick. These are dried in the sun for about three weeks, when they are ready to use in laying up the walls of an adobe house. Being laid double, the walls are 20 inches or more thick. The mortar used in construction is more of the same mud. These walls are carried up about 15 feet, and a nearly flat roof of more mud is laid on sticks or boards tightly placed together two or three feet below the top of the walls, through which are made openings to allow the rain to run through to the outside. The outer and inner surfaces of the walls are then plastered with more mud, and the whole structure soon dries in this climate to be nearly as hard as our brick, and makes a cool house in summer and a warm one in winter.

Regarding the dryness of the climate, let me say that one cannot imagine it; it must be experienced. Our pine lumber is unfit for building purposes here, as it would dry and shrink tremendously in the dry season, and then swell and burst its fastenings when the summer rains come on. Surface water courses are very few in this country. One stretch of the old road leading from Yuma to the gold fields, 90 miles in length, has no water the whole length, and more than 400 graves of gold seekers are to be counted along this stretch, where they died of thirst. Other travelers have placed small stones in the form of a cross to mark their last resting places. No teamster or bicyclist, much less the foot traveler, would not venture a 20-mile trip even without his large canteen of water. The draymen, who haul merchandise to the mines, all have small barrels of water attached to the side of the wagon, for a supply en route for man and beast.

Though the Indian, with blanket strapped to his back, the Mexican with knife at his belt, and the cowboy mounted on his pony, bridle in one hand, lariat in the other, and a brace of heavy sixshooters at his hips, are to be seen on the streets any day, the city is very orderly, and only one policeman, and he in citizens' clothes is needed to keep the peace. The "Legal Tender," the finest gambling house in Arizona, is located on Main street, and, although I pass it many times each day, I have yet to see anything that would lead me to think it other than a clubhouse, or possibly an opera house of imposing architectural design.

Did you ever see a "burro"? Little animals about the size of a Shetland pony. They work equally well driven in pairs to a wagon or loaded high on their backs with pack or the camp outfit of some wandering Mexican. A sort of savbuck frame is first placed on their back when loading with wood, and then the sticks put between the X and lashed fast. The Mexican burro, as well as wherever he may roam, is not much on work. He will loaf about the plaza in the sun, and his desire for activity is always expressed in the word "manana," meaning tomorrow. He never does today what can be put off till tomorrow, though his wife and children are living on the bare ground that serves for a floor in his adobe hut, shivering through the cold of the night, and basking in the warmth of the day's sun outside the door, living on beans in winter and melons in summer.

Speaking of beans reminds me that I shipped to our mine the other day one ton of beans, costing $70, for the use of our 40 miners, who will not work unless we provide them beans three times a day. This little city has a very large trade from the surrounding country. Miners and others come in with big wagons, load up, and return, so the trade of this place is phenomenal for its size. One department store does nearly two millions a year business. Goods are very high-priced, due to exorbitant freight charges. We bought ten carloads of coke for our smelter in St. Louis a few days ago, costing there about $700, and at Tucson $2,700, and at $8 per ton for hauling to the mines, 60 miles away, the total cost laid down at the mine will be about $4,200. Board here is from $10 to $20 per week, but even grocers' clerks get $75 to $100 per month wages. Nothing but gold and silver is used, no pennies are used, and nothing whatever is sold for less than 5 cents.

CARE OF CIGARS.

How They Should be Kept in Order to Preserve Their Aroma.

New York Commercial: Captain Charles A. Hesse, who is interested in tobacco raising in Cuba and is an expert on cigars, was talking with a crowd of friends over a poussee cafe in a Broadway restaurant the other evening, when he took the cigar from his lips and said:

"Now that was once a good cigar, but it has been ruined by the way in has been kept. You see how dry the wrapper is? Its aroma has been ruined. The only place I know of in New York where cigars are kept right is at the Waldorf-Astoria. Away down in the second cellar of the hotel, underneath everything, are vaulted rooms, the floors of which are brick, and underneath the brick is a layer of five inches of sand. These vaults are kept exactly the same. Imported and domestic cigars are not kept in the same vault, for whenever they are kept together the aroma of one penetrates that of the other. Of course, no one is ever allowed to carry a lighted cigar into these storerooms, and every other precaution is taken to prevent anything from injuring that delicate, peculiar 'second aroma' which good cigars should have, and which they lose so easily.

"When a cigar is properly kept," he added, "it grows better with age. It ripens, becomes more fragrant—just as does old wine—but bad keeping makes the value of a cigar lessen with its age.

"I would like to be turned in those Waldorf cigar cellars," concluded the captain. "The value of the goods stored there ordinarily is over $300,000."

DRAG NET AROUND FLORENCE BURNS.

The spectators in the court room in New York are amazed at the coolnes displayed by this young woman against whom a charge of murder may be found. She listens to the strangely contradictory evidence as if it had no bearing on her own affairs.

WHITE HOUSE INVITATIONS

Expert Departmental Penmen Write the Names on the Cards.

Washington Star: The preparation of invitations to the four great social events of the season at the white house—the receptions of the president—is a work that requires great care and the most expert penmanship. The several thousand people who receive invitations to each of the four receptions necessarily notice the attractive and beautiful penmanship, amounting almost to engraving. This work is done by some of the most noted penmen in the service of the United States government.

The cards of invitation to each reception are engraved, and contain blanks for the name of the person or persons invited. These blanks are filled in by the penmen. During the social season just closed two penmen were engaged in writing the names on the cards, while two others wrote the addresses on the envelopes containing the cards. With all four men, writing beautifully is a profession, and frequently those invited to a reception would wonder whether the name was engraved or written. This work was done by J. L. McGrew, a clerk in the navy department; S. E. Sullivan of the postoffice department, W. W. Mortimer of the interior department, and E. L. Kimmel of the treasury.

The four men, aided by two stenographers and typewriters, worked under the supervision of Thomas H. Netherland of the white house force, himself a noted expert in writing. For three or four years Mr. Netherland has had charge of the invitations to these receptions, and his work has been so satisfactory as to receive the hearty commendation of Secretary Cortelyou. Mr. Netherland occasionally does some of the writing himself, but his duty consists of seeing to the preparation and distribution of the invitations, to the care of the lists of those invited, and to the thousand and one other things that come before him. He dictates the answers to the requests for invitations, and superintends the making up of the lists. The lists are kept from year to year, and Mr. Netherland knows just who were invited to receptions in other years and who were refused invitations. He is a kind of walking encyclopedia of the social and political standing and affiliations of Washington and other people. He is so discreet that never a word escapes his mouth about his duties, and whatever he has to say is put before his chief, Secretary Cortelyou, who is responsible for the way in which the work is done.

The work of writing the invitations is frequently begun weeks ahead of the time fixed. Certain classes of people are invited to every reception, and their invitations can be written and put aside ready for delivery when others are made out.

The handwriting experts are not usually fast penmen. Swiftness and beauty of writing are seldom found together, and so the experts take time in affixing the names of society people to cards and envelopes. All of the four men engaged the last season are assigned from other departments, and Mr. Netherland is the only one belonging permanently on the white house rolls.

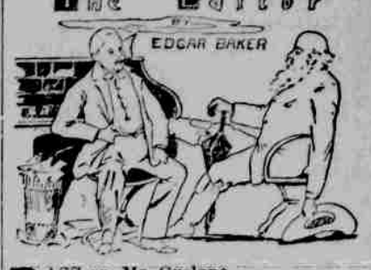
A DEADLY CLIMATE.

Great Loss of Life on the Part of Those Who Have Worked in the Panama Country.

A New Orleans man who had spent five years as roadmaster of the Panama railroad testified before the senate committee last month that of a group of 53 men sent to the isthmus as engineers, superintendents and clerks, all but three had died within three months. The mortality among the men employed on the original French Canal company was frightful. It is not pleasant to think of what might happen to a force of Americans sent down to complete the Panama canal—although doubtless the health conditions of the region could be improved. The nearer location of the Nicaragua route, furthermore, renders it much more desirable for our own traffic, especially for our Pacific coast shippers. All these things must be taken into account.—Review of Reviews.

Owing to their poor condition, it is proposed to transfer the care of the trees of Boston common from the charge of the city gardener to that of the department of parks.

UNCLE BILL AND The Editor



PASS on, Mr. Cyclone,
We don't want yer ter light here
Pass on, Mr. Cyclone,
Yer've filled us all with fear,
With yer dark an' frowsy funnel
Yer on a kidnappin' raid,
Pass on, Mr. Cyclone,
Things look bad where'er yer staid.
Pass on, Mr. Cyclone,
Yer've been raisin' the ole nick,
Pass on, Mr. Cyclone,
With yer clouds a 'rollin'thick.
An' droppin' down yer cloud-bursts,
Playin havoc o'er the land,
Pass on, Mr. Cyclone,
Run against a snag an' strand.
Pass on, Mr. Cyclone,
Don't come back some other day,
Pass on, Mr. Cyclone,
An' please ter stay away.
Blow yer self clean off the earth,
With yer kidnappin' raid,
Pass on, Mr. Cyclone,
See the ruins yer have made.

"I hain't got as much use fur a cyclone as a pizened rat has fur a swimmin' hole," said Uncle Bill, as he finished reading about the havoc one had made. He continued: "Cyclones are like visitors from town, they come whizzin' in jest when a feller ought ter be busy. But I 'spose we ought ter be thankful that we are here ter kick'bout it."

"Yes," replied the editor, "it might have been worse. How much damage did it really do?" referring to the cyclone that had recently visited Uncle Bill's vicinity.

"It's hard ter estimate the actual damage done," remarked Uncle Bill. It really done me more good than harm, 'cause I'm a barn ahead; it brought one from somewhere an' landed it on my north 80. So I thought I would come up an' advertise fur the owner. It's come from away off, 'cause there never was a barn in our neighborhood like it."

"Is the barn in good order," asked the editor.

"Wall, its sort uv second-handed now, yer see I wasn't out ter give eny instructions as ter where it should set, an' it was landed on it's side, an' then tried ter keep up the circus by standin' on its head, but the lumber is all there. Cyclones are mighty careless 'bout how they set things down. If they would be a leetle more careful an' not git in such a gosh durn big hurry 'bout settin' things down, it would save a pile uv work an' worry," said Uncle Bill.

"They have a terrible twist on' when they pass by," explained the editor.

"A feller cant tell jest what they do have on. I'm inclined ter think that some on 'em what pass through Iowa gits a regular drug store jag on, 'cause after they swipe up a drug store, or two, in a prohibition town they git like a drunken Indian, lookin' fur trouble, an' sometimes they git so much that they git laid out. I remember a few years ago a cyclone hit a town an' kept a fumblin' 'round until it found the drug store an' struck it (fur a drink). The druggist shook his head an' said he didn't know—he got that fur when the cyclone swiped his store; it took half uv it an' got as fur as the little hill the other side uv town, but I guess it was it's first experience with drug store whisky, 'cause the jag was complete. Mr. Cyclone was knocked out, it stopped at the hill ter rest, an' toppled over dead drunk, an' had too big a head on next morning ter resume business, so it left nothing but the memories uv a windy jag behind. The business men chipped in an' helped the druggist stock up again, as a protection ter the town.

"I don't know which is the most harmful to a town, a drugstore permit of a cyclone," remarked the editor.

"Taking it from example the lesson is plain enough," said Uncle Bill, "for a cyclone don't go to church fur the purpose uv gittin' trade. But speakin' uv cyclones, I was on a train one when a cyclone struck us an' we got inter Chicago four hours ahead uv time an'—

"Hold on there!" exclaimed the editor, "stick to the truth. Now how in the world did you get to Chicago four hours ahead of time?"

"Why," answered Uncle Bill," the cyclone blew us off uv the track an' onto the telegraph wires an' the train an' passengers went by telegraph, an' it can beat a cyclone every time; besides, a cyclone is like a revival meetin'—yer can't tell what's been done until it's over."

"I have made up my mind," said the editor, "that some people will lie about a cyclone."

"Yes, replied Uncle Bill, "take a feller like yerself, what's never been in one, an' yer apt ter git mixed in yer stories, if yer go ter talkin' 'bout cyclones. Now, with me it's different. I've seen so many uv 'em cut up didos that I like ter talk about the experiences I've had with 'em. When I was crossin' the plains in '49, an Indian was a'chasin' uv me, when a 'twister' cum up. I lay down on the ground an' the cyclone an' Indian went whizzin' by; it blew the quill end uv a feather—off the Indian's headgear—inter a tree an' then it blew him up agin the tree with the feather a'stickin' down his throat an' jest as I come up the Indian dropped ter the ground dead; the feather had tickled him ter death an'——'

"Say," Uncle Bill," I believe that you have gone daffy over cyclones," said the editor.

Wall, mebby I have," assented Uncle Bill. "When a feller has had everything blown, or washed away, but his sins, there's a powerful load on his mind."

And as he went out the door he said, "There's a queer lookin' cloud over west."

Edgar Baker