

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF

A. C. HOSMER, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.

THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

(AFTER "LOCKSMITH HALL.")

"Comrades, leave me here a little, while I muse on many things; Leave me here, and when you want me, sound the banjo's dulcet strings."

Let me cast my roving optic down the vista of the Past, Meditate on all my follies, from my first act to my last.

All the list of weary blunders had their origin and end in this; From the day I first determined I would give myself to Art—

From the day I perpetrated an umbrella stand much garished, 'Twas a drum-pipe with scrap pictures neatly pasted on and varnished.

But this kind of decoration speedily went out of style, So I turned me round and painted daisies on a sky-blue tile.

Then a red-legged stork I painted, 'mid some rushes, on a panel; Next I made a lovely study of some cat-tails worked on flannel.

"Unconventional and worthless" were these efforts, said the croakers, So I did some gorgeous sunflowers, just as straight and stiff as pokers.

Then we girls all took to sketching, in a way off-hand and easy, With strange streaks and freaks of color; this we called "so Japanese."

I have "etched" a dozen doyleys, painted four depressing plaques, Covered with Kate Greenaway children *meum* pastebords by the stacks.

Done "drawn-work," made ribbon roses, burnished plaster things with gilt, Sketched paper's face on the tea-pot, and have made a "crazy quilt."

Then, as if this list of objects didn't "write me down an all-arounder," I must needs with all the others madly try to hammer brass.

Comrades, I am very weary, and my heart is sorely vexed, Is this game of Art most finished? If it isn't, what comes next?

Must I try to do wood-carving? Must I learn to carve in ivory? Must I learn to carve in ivory? Must I learn to carve in ivory?

—Bessie Chandler, in *Harper's Bazar*.

WANTED, A WIFE.

Jack Hornby, of Brazenface College, Oxford, had just finished his usual after-breakfast pipe, on the last day of the summer term, 1880, when his attention was attracted by a sharp rap at his door, immediately followed by the entrance of the well-dressed person of his college friend, Methven.

"Come along in," said Hornby, "and light yourself a pipe."

"No, thank you, I can't stop," replied Methven, "I have a lot to do this morning; but I thought I would just run across and tell you a bit of news. I have just arranged a glorious hoax, at the expense, I need hardly say, of old Crofton. He has become too cute lately to be caught by our old time-honored jokes, and so I have arranged the following plan: A week ago I inserted in the agony column of the *Morning Advertiser* a glowing matrimonial advertisement, in which I stated that the advertiser, who was handsome, rich and all that sort of thing, desired to meet with a pretty and accomplished girl with a view to matrimony. All applicants were to send their photographs; the replies to be sent to H. C. No. 151 St. Giles', Oxford—that's the house where my scout lives, and so, of course, I told him to bring me any letters, thus addressed. I got no reply for a day or so, but four days ago I received a letter from a certain damsel, who described herself as young, handsome and accomplished, inclosed me the photograph of a very pretty girl, ended by asking me when and where I should meet her in town, and signed herself Miss L. Bernard, Pica-dilly Circus Post-office."

"No, indeed, I don't," said Hornby; "I think it is an infernal scheme; and what's more, I have half a mind to go and tell the kangaroo of the hoax."

"Oh, come now," said Methven, "you'd never do that, Jack, I know. Well! I can't stay any longer, so goodbye for the present."

There is not the very slightest doubt that if the fates had not intervened, Hornby would have come straight to Crofton and warned him of the impending hoax, and this story would never have been written; but, as it happened, no sooner had Methven gone out of Hornby's rooms than in rushed the Secretary of the College Cricket Club in a state of breathless anxiety: there was a match at 11:30; it was now eleven o'clock, and he could get together only eight men. So Hornby was promptly enlisted, and by the time the match was over Methven and his scheme had entirely faded from his not too retentive memory. Methven, in the meantime, had gone straight to Crofton's rooms. Now, this Crofton, who was about to fall a victim to Methven's wiles, was the son of a large Australian sheep farmer, and had come up to Brazenface the previous October. Like most colonists who have not been to school in England, he was very simple and unsophisticated; and though the kangaroo, as he was generally called, was very popular, he was constantly being made the victim of small practical jokes, most of which were originated by Methven, who was the professional hoaxer of Brazenface. He always forgave them heartily, and joined in the laugh himself. However, his one year's residence in college had opened his eyes a little, and being naturally anything but a fool, his friends found it not quite so easy to take him in now, as it used to be, and several attempts having lately failed, Methven, to sustain his dwindling reputation as a joker, had concocted the plan he had just disclosed to Hornby. He found the genial giant busily packing his traps ready for going down the next day. After chatting a moment or two the tempter began:

"As you're going to town to-morrow,

I want you to do me a little favor. I promised to meet a girl, a cousin of mine, to-morrow. We each had got an order for the House of Commons, and I was to have escorted her, and as we meant to have a little lunch together at Lucas' before we went in, we had arranged to meet at a quarter past two at the Westminster Bridge landing pier, that being a place where we could not possibly miss each other. Now, as bad luck will have it the dean has sent for me to see him after collections, so that I can't let the girl know, because she's away on a visit for a day or two to some friends, whose address I have forgotten, and she won't return home till after she's been to the House. Now, I don't want the poor child to wait an hour for me, so would you mind going there at a quarter past two and telling her I can't come, because of that beastly dean? And so that you can't mistake her, I've brought you her photograph. By-the-by, her name's Miss Bernard. Now will this be too much trouble for you?"

"Oh, not a bit," said Crofton, "I shall be delighted."

"Well, remember, Westminster landing pier, at a quarter past two! And now, goodbye, and a pleasant 'long to you."

Methven, highly elated with the result of his scheme, immediately wrote a note to Miss L. Bernard that H. C. would meet her at the Westminster Bridge pier, at a quarter past two punctually, and that she must come up and speak to him if she saw him first.

The next morning Crofton, having undergone that dread ordeal called "collections," having been bullied alternately by the principal, the dean and the senior tutor, hurried off to the station and just managed to catch the mid-day express to town. On his arrival, leaving his traps at a hotel, he rushed off to Westminster Bridge landing pier and arrived there within a minute or two of the appointed time. There were but few people on it when he arrived, and certainly no one resembling in the slightest degree the photograph of Mr. Methven's cousin. He looked up and down, but no—there was only one young lady there, and she wasn't in the least like the photograph. She was standing close to the ticket-office, holding the hand of a little boy of ten or so—and she seemed to watch Crofton with an amused smile as he impatiently walked up and down, looking now at her watch and now at the Parliamentary clock tower. The little boy, getting tired of waiting, had slipped away under the protecting chains around the side and began to play with a little dog that was vaguely roaming about. The young lady did not miss him, and when Crofton happened to turn he saw the child, in trying to avoid a sudden bound of the dog, stumble and fall over the pier into the river. The child yelled, the girl shrieked, and the dog barked for sympathy, but Crofton, who fortunately had plenty of presence of mind and was a good strong swimmer, dived quietly into the water, caught up the child in a couple of strokes, and in a very short time had restored his dripping burden to the young lady. She was of course most grateful to him for having saved the life of her little brother (for so the child turned out to be), and as Crofton put them into a cab, she asked him to call on them at home and give her parents an opportunity of personally thanking him. Crofton at first poo-pooed the idea of being thus made a hero of, but there was a pleasing look in her pretty eyes, which quite overcame his scruples; and, having ascertained that her father was Mr. West, and lived at No. 136 Cavendish Square, he promised to call there the following afternoon. And, as there was still no sign of Miss Bernard, and as he was dripping wet, he hailed a passing cab and returned to his hotel.

The next day according to his promise, he called at No. 136 Cavendish Square, and was received most kindly by Miss West, his acquaintance of yesterday, and her mother, an old lady, who thanked him most volubly for having saved dear Bertie's life, who, she added, was none the worse for the ducking, and was at that moment in bed, with a mustard plaster on his chest and a basin of gruel by his side, probably thinking the drowning would have been infinitely preferable to the doctoring.

Of course Crofton was invited to stay to dinner, so as to meet Mr. West, who did not return from business till after six. About that time he arrived, and a fine cheery fellow he was, and right heartily did he welcome his new acquaintance. After dinner, as he and Harry were discussing a bottle of '31 port, Mr. West found out from the simple-hearted fellow that he was a native of Australia, and that though he was happy enough during term-time with his college chums, he found it very dull during vacation, having but few relations and friends in the old country; and so Mr. West, liking the honest, manly lad, and feeling, of course, intensely grateful to him for having saved his child from drowning, invited him to spend a month with him at his shooting-lodge in Scotland. Crofton, being passionately devoted to sport, snapped at the offer; and so it was arranged that he should go up to Mr. West's shooting lodge, in Cromarty, on the 11th of August. To this day he swears that the month he spent at Balbriggan Lodge was the happiest time of his life—good sport, nice men in the house, and, ah! far best of all, the society of Lillian West. At first he struck him that she looked upon him for some reason or other as rather a puppy, which considerably surprised him, for whatever his faults might be, conceit was certainly not one of them. But as time went on, and she had plenty of opportunity of seeing what a modest sterling fellow he was (besides being the best shot of the party) the feeling seemed to pass away, and soon gave place to a sincere regard. Sunday afternoon rambles through the heather, cozy chats in the gloaming after dinner, lessons in the mysteries of "gobang" and chess, have brought together less susceptible hearts than those of Harry Crofton and Lillian West, and the day before he was returning to England he plucked up courage, proposed, and to his delight, was accepted. The next morning, however, just before starting home, Lillian came up to him and said:

"Harry dear, before you go I want you to forgive me for the silly joke I

played you about that advertisement."

"Advertisement?" said he, "what advertisement?"

"Why the one, of course, you put in the *Morning Advertiser*."

Crofton looked very mystified, and again shook his head.

"Oh, come now, Harry," replied Lillian, "it is not a bit of use your trying to deceive me; do you mean to say you didn't put the advertisement in the *Morning Advertiser*?" and so saying, she drew from her card-case a small newspaper cutting and handed it to Crofton. It ran as follows:

WANTED A WIFE.—The advertiser, who is strikingly handsome, very accomplished, and extremely rich, wishes to meet with a young lady with a view to matrimony. She must be good looking, amiable and accomplished. Applicants must forward their photograph and address—H. C. No. 151 St. Giles', Oxford.

"Never saw it before in my life," said Crofton.

"And you never wrote this?" continued Miss West, handing the last letter from H. C. to Miss L. Bernard, appointing the place and time of meeting.

"Most certainly not, it's not a bit like my handwriting. Couldn't write so well if I tried for a month."

"Well, Harry, you must at least own that this your photograph."

"Good gracious, yes!" replied Crofton; "that's mine, sure enough, but who on earth could have sent it, and why to you of all people?"

"Oh," said Lillian, "I'm afraid you will think me very silly, but when I read that advertisement I longed, I simply yearned—for I'm very curious, Harry, as you'll soon find out to see in the flesh the human being who could be so consummately conceited as to frame an advertisement like that; and so I replied to it, directing my letter from the post-office at Pica-dilly Circus and signing myself by a fictitious name. I also sent the photograph of a pretty little maid I once had, and next day I received the photograph and letter you have just seen. So, with Bertie as my companion, feeling sure that the advertiser couldn't possibly mistake me for the original of Parker's photograph, I went to the Westminster landing pier at the appointed time. Imagine my delight, then, when I saw you, the original of the photograph, stalking up and down the pier, apparently awaiting the faithless damsel. But, Harry, dear, if you did not go to meet me, why in the world did you go to the pier at that very time?"

"I went on a commission," said he, "for a college friend of mine, named Methven."

"What? Mr. Methven, of Brazenface?" said she.

"Why, yes, is he a friend of yours?"

"Oh, I only met him when staying in the country last Christmas; and I think, Harry, he liked me better than I did him."

"Well," continued Crofton, "I went there to meet a cousin of his, and to give her a message from him, but I have a shrewd idea this is one of his practical jokes he is always playing."

"But, tell me, how were you to know this young lady, Harry?" said Lillian.

"He showed me a photograph by which I was to recognize her."

"Was it that of a pretty girl with a large hat and feather, with a fan in her hand?" said Lillian with a smile.

"The very same," said Crofton.

"Then, Harry, you are quite right, it was a practical joke, for that was Parker's photograph which I sent to the mysterious Mr. H. C. And now, Harry dear, it's not a bit of use getting angry about it, for we were both sold a little, and it has ended very happily for you and me; and so we will make a promise not to cheat one another in the future for the part we have each played in the strange little 'Comedy of Errors.'"

I need hardly say Crofton sealed the bargain with a kiss.

When Harry next returned to Brazenface the October term had begun. Port Meadow was flooded, the elms outside St. John's were rapidly losing their leaves, and the creeper on St. Mary's porch was in all the glory of its autumn foliage. Crofton arrived, first day of term, just in time for "hall," and as he was finishing his dinner, the scout who waited on the third-year table handed him the following brief epistle, scrawled on the back of the dinner-bill:

Dear Kangaroo—Come to my rooms directly after "hall." Yours, &c. J. H. West.

So after "hall," Crofton went straight to Hornby's rooms, and found him uncorking a bottle of college port, and over this bottle, soothed by the fragrant weed, Harry Crofton told Hornby the story of his love, the whole tale—how it had happened, and what a very lucky dog he was. "He had just finished his narrative, when a knock came at the door and in walked Methven, just arrived."

"How d'ye do, Jack? Hello, Kangaroo, how are you, old chap?" he began.

But, somehow, the look on Crofton's face Methven had never seen before, and what's more, didn't like it.

However, he continued, "well, did you meet my cousin, eh? Come, come, old chap, you must really forgive me; it was a beastly shame, I own."

"Now, look here," said Crofton, quietly—and there was an ugly look in his eyes, and a firmness in his jaw that made Methven unconsciously creep near the door—"I don't want to have a row with any man, much less in Jack Hornby's rooms. But I tell you plainly, I think it was awfully low of you to take advantage of my good-nature in the way you did—I strongly advise you for the future, if you like a whole skin, not to try the game on again. I may tell you, your scheme entirely failed, and it's entirely through your attempt at a hoax I have become engaged to the nicest little girl in England."

"Really," said Methven with a sneer, "then I think the least you can do is to introduce us, as she may possibly like to make the acquaintance of the unconscionable author of her happiness."

"Perhaps she might," replied Crofton, quietly, "if she hasn't unfortunately made it before. Good-night, Jack," and so saying he left the room.

"There Methven," said Hornby, "I knew quite well some row would come of this hoax of yours."

"Well, tell me what happened, Jack, if you know."

Thereupon Hornby told the whole story, from beginning to end; when he had finished, Methven said:

"I wonder who the girl was, and when and where she met me."

"Of course I can't tell you the late," said Hornby, as he walked up to the chimney-piece to refill his pipe, "but

her name, if I remember rightly, is Miss Lillian West."

Hornby heard a sharp groan, and on looking around saw Methven as white as a sheet, with his head buried in his hands.

"Good God, man, what's up?" cried Hornby.

"Oh Jack," said Methven, "that's the very girl I loved myself. I met her last Christmas in the country, and I would have sold my very soul for her! And now," he continued, with a sob, "and now she's lost forever." With these words he walked out, leaving Hornby to ponder deeply on the strange irony of fate.

Two years have rolled on, Lillian West is now the wife of Henry Crofton, B. A. of Brazenface College, Oxford. And Methven has long since come to the conclusion that there safer modes of playing practical jokes on one's friends than by inserting in the papers fictitious matrimonial advertisements.—*J. Russell, in Time.*

Esquimaux Dogs.

When at Fort Albany we saw several Esquimaux dogs, a species of canine unknown in civilized communities. These dogs are very large, larger than our Newfoundland, and much stronger when in condition. Their strength, however, varies. In the winter, when they are well fed for driving, they are much stouter and stronger than in summer, when they are poorly fed, without exercise, and languid from the heat, which is very telling upon them, as their native climate far to the north is invariably severe. Their colors are white and yellow—while impure breeds are white and black—the hair thick and bushy, and the tail long, bushy and curling up at the end. At times they are very quiet, at others very savage. They are driven ordinarily five in number, but often many more, before sleds, one, invariably a female leading, for the others will follow her more readily. Each dog has a separate rein, which is held by the driver, who has also a great long whip made of sealskin, plaited as ordinary whips, but with the heavy part of the lash about the thickness of a man's wrist. The lash is from six to nine fathoms long, and the handle—made of wood—from a foot to a foot and a-half in length. When a dog is not drawing properly or misbehaving in any way he or she is drawn by his separate rein out of the rest of the pack to receive chastisement with the whip, and so well do they know what is coming that just as soon as the rein is pulled the victim begins yelping and struggling to correct his or her ways before the whip comes thundering along. Great skill is required in the use of these whips, for if not properly handled the great heavy lash cracks around the manipulator's body and legs, inflicting very painful and sometimes severe wounds. But in the hands of a person skilled in the use of them these whips can be used with great precision and effect, sometimes completely cutting a dog's ear off.

Very remarkable stories are told about the manner in which the Esquimaux handle their whips, but are, I imagine, slightly exaggerated. It is said that they have frequently attacked and killed white bears, the most ferocious animals in the vicinity of James' Bay, with a knife attached to the end of a whip. One of our party "tried his hand" with one of these dog-whips, and succeeded in punishing his legs rather severely, while a Hudson Bay company's officer used it with as much ease and precision as a horseman would have used an ordinary whip. Some Esquimaux dogs at Fort Albany had to be tied a long distance apart with long chains, while one fish were thrown to them, which they'd devour with a suddenness which was astonishing, lest in their greed they'd turn upon each other. They are quite unmanageable when they get on the track of a deer, and no person can check them in their wild career as they gallop "up hill and down dale," over ice and snow, and through brush, with the sled behind them in pursuit of their prey. Ordinarily, they make about sixty miles a day, and very pleasantly and comfortably does a man travel in these northern regions wrapped up in blankets and furs upon a dog-sled.—*Cor. Toronto Globe.*

Don't Mention It.

"It is only a little matter, sir, but I thought it might interest your readers to know that I am the inventor of a new electrical motor, that I have the model at my shop and will sell a half interest cheap. You might say in your paper that I will sell the great wonder of the age for \$10,000, half cash, half stock. By the way, too, our society gives a concert Friday evening—grand affair, and price of tickets only thirty-five cents. You'd better mention that. I have just painted my house and put it in thorough repair, and now offer it for sale at a bargain. Will sell the household effects entire with it. My wife lost a gold bracelet, one of a pair, between the post-office and our residence. There, I have given items of deep interest to your readers, and I will see what I can do for you each week. I do not expect pay for my items, only if you can send the paper a year it would be highly acceptable. Of course that is a trifle—only you can do as little as that. My daughter Sally is going to Chicago soon, and if you can get a pass through to San Francisco for her she might take the trip. I will come in next week and give you all the items I can think of." Such were the rattling remarks which fell on our ears as we had reached the middle of our leader on "The Tariff." The man was so pleasant and condescending in manner and tone that we thanked him for the information. It never bothers an editor when such valuable information can be obtained at so slight cost. "Don't mention the thanks, Mr. Editor; only remember the paper and the pass." He bowed, and the door closed on the philanthropist.—*Exchange.*

T. G. Appleton, who died recently, once advertised a fine horse for sale "for no other reason than that his owner wishes to leave Boston." The inner facts were that the horse always refused to go over a bridge, and that it was impossible to get out of Boston without going over a bridge.—*Boston Transcript.*

CAPITAL NOTES.

That Mysterious Appropriation—Fraudulent Land Claims—A New Pacific Railroad.

WASHINGTON, June 17.—Secretary Frelinghuysen has communicated with Governor Curtin, Chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, concerning the mysterious Senate amendment to the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill, appropriating \$250,000 to carry out the provisions of the Neutrality act, and an arrangement has been made by Curtin and Randall for a joint session of the House Foreign Affairs and Appropriation Committees to be held Wednesday morning, to consider what action should be taken in the matter by the House. The question to be discussed is whether the finding of the appropriation was a proper one; whether they should simply recommend concurrence in the House calling upon the Secretary of State for all correspondence relating to the matter and give it to the public that they may understand the transaction. It is thought the latter course will be followed.

FRAUDULENT CLAIMS ON FOREIGN GOVERNMENTS.

The bill introduced by Mr. Deuster to prevent and punish the prosecution under the protection of the United States of fraudulent claims against foreign governments, provides a penalty of a fine and imprisonment similar to that prescribed by the revised statutes for making and presenting fraudulent claims against the United States. It also authorizes the President in case it shall appear to him a claim which has been allowed is based upon fraud to withhold payment of the proceeds and return the same to the Government from which it has been collected, unless the claimant shall either remove the suspicion of fraud or consent to recall the claim. The bill is intended to avoid difficulties such as have arisen through claims against Venezuela and Mexico and to prevent future speculation in international claims.

A NEW PACIFIC RAILROAD. A good deal of interest is now felt among Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Nebraska people regarding the action on the bill authorizing the construction of a road from the one hundredth meridian, which bill was pending when the House adjourned Saturday. It is understood that the opponents of the bill will fight on the various special orders now pending, and may defeat it. Should the bill become a law it is understood that the company started ready to begin the construction of the road, which will place Sioux City, St. Paul and Minneapolis some two hundred miles nearer the Pacific Coast than now.

TRADE TOPICS.

The Weekly Clearing House Reports—Nervous Feeling in New Orleans—Uncertainty in Canada.

BOSTON, June 17.—The following table, compiled from the reports of twenty-six leading clearing houses of the United States, gives the clearances for the week ended June 15, together with percentage of increase and decrease compared with the corresponding week a year ago:

	Inc.	Dec.
New York	\$55,880,236	26.6
Boston	22,800,000	31.1
San Francisco	42,490,471	17.1
St. Louis	14,355,438	3.7
San Francisco	11,040,441	11.0
Pittsburg	12,212,457	11.3
Cincinnati	6,240,000	40.9
Chicago	8,430,000	5.4
New Orleans	6,753,400	15.7
Providence	4,014,640	7.6
Louisville	4,124,570	11.3
St. Paul	3,177,000	2.3
Indianapolis	2,915,472	3.9
San Francisco	3,621,481	56.1
Hartford	1,530,750	19.4
Columbus	1,567,300	18.1
New Haven	1,453,274	13.1
Portland	258,845	12.1
Worcester	230,444	11.6
Springfield	246,432	35.4
Syracuse	260,659	3.4
Memphis	241,000	3.5
Total	\$718,958,522	23.1
Outside of New York	155,360,341	10.1

NEW ORLEANS, June 17.—The failure of Gillette, Day & Co., cotton factors, was due to anything else caused by the nervous feeling existing in financial circles here. There are the gravest apprehensions for the future. The Lane cotton-mill of Lehman, Abrams & Co., and the Louisiana cotton-mill, near the barracks, have stopped work, and next week the Magnus mill will quit, thus throwing some fifteen hundred operatives out of employment. The new sugar-refinery of the Wallace Company put out their fires to-day with 17,000 barrels of sugar on hand. It is carefully estimated that 200,000 barrels of sugar are held in Louisiana for which there is no market. The tobacco trade was badly hurt by the Carrière failure also, and it is probable that a number of cigar factories will quit work during the coming week.

UNEASINESS IN CANADA. MONTREAL, QUE., June 17.—The Government legal-tender business is still agitating banking and commercial circles here, and creating a feeling of uneasiness, and as the situation is being cabled to London it is feared that it may have an unfavorable effect there upon the success of the Government loan. It is reported that the Government had given the banks notice that they require Government deposits now in their hands for purchasing gold. These deposits, payable on demand, at the end of April amounted to \$3,722,172.

Divorced From Her Step-Father.

MILWAUKEE, June 17.—A divorce in a strange case was granted by Judge Mann in the County court to-day. The case was that of Louise Buselman against Martin Buselman. The plaintiff alleged that she was married to the defendant June 12, 1880, by Justice Liver. One child, a girl about three years old, has been born to them. The plaintiff is twenty-one years old, and the defendant fifty-five years of age. The sensational feature of the case was not mentioned in the pleadings, however, and quite a commotion was caused in the court room when the plaintiff, herself a comely young woman, with handsome brown eyes and a face that wore traces of care and ill usage, took the stand, and testified that the defendant, her husband, was also her step-father. Her story was that her mother had married the defendant, and after a while she was divorced from him; but advised and compelled the plaintiff, who is her own daughter, and the defendant's step-daughter, to marry the latter.

John Smith Killed.

WHEELING, W. VA., June 17.—By the caving in of a well at the water works last evening, John Smith was buried fully forty feet. The well was fifty-two feet deep and twenty-eight feet in diameter. The digging had been completed and the workmen were about commencing on the brick curbing when quick sand was noticed coming in at the bottom. The men were ordered out, but John Smith and Patrick Scullen stood too near the edge. Suddenly the well caved, carrying them down. Scullen was got out without injury. Smith has not yet been found. He was a carpenter, about forty years old, and leaves a wife and four children at his home in Wellsville, O.

THE MEXICAN TREATY.

Mr. Hewitt's Report Accompanying the Bill to Carry into Effect the Mexican Treaty.

WASHINGTON, June 19.—In the report accompanying the bill to carry into effect the Mexican treaty, prepared by A. S. Hewitt, and reported from the Ways and Means Committee, the committee says: It has been feared that the industry of Louisiana might be unfavorably affected by the admission of raw Mexican sugars, and that the profits of tobacco culture might ultimately in some way be affected. When it is considered that Mexico at present does not raise sufficient sugar for its own use, and that its own tobacco is of a quality which does not interfere with the product of the United States, but on the contrary would advantageously supplement it and replace tobacco, which is now imported from Cuba, the objection has therefore arisen rather from apprehension of the development of Mexico in the production of these two articles than from any considerable importation at the present time. The prospect of interference is evidently too remote to weigh against the great advantages which will accrue to us from the admission of our own manufacturers free of duty into Mexico. Mexico is the gate through which this country will find its connection with the Central and South American States. The time has already arrived when we must adopt a national policy, laying its foundations broad and deep in the mutual interests of intimate commercial and political sympathies. The Monroe doctrine must be asserted and enforced. It is essential for our safety as well as our growth that we shall exercise a controlling influence in the affairs of the Western world. It may not be desirable that we should extend the limits of our sovereignty beyond our own borders, but every means which tends to establish closer relations with our neighbors, to create mutual interest, to the development of common hopes and sympathies and to tie us more closely together in the support of the principles of free government and the progress of human liberty should be encouraged. It is for this reason that the treaty with Mexico marks an era in the progress of the Western world. We have only to cultivate peace and good will with our neighbors and accept every opportunity for free intercourse and free exchange in order to complete the demonstration that the blessings which have crowned unrestricted commercial intercourse of our Union with each other may be extended and enjoyed by all the people of the Western hemisphere, not only in peace and security, but without peril to their political existence as free and independent nations.

A GOOD INDIAN.

He Tells About a Big Fight Below Joe Kipp's Place Between Cowboys and Cree Indians.

FORT McLEOD, NORTHWEST TERRITORY, June 18.—A South Piegan Indian named Shorty, of the Indian police, arrived in search of a horse stolen by the North Piegans. He brought in the news that there had been a big fight below Joe Kipp's place, on the Marias, between cowboys and Cree Indians, with fatal results. The cowboys were on the round-up when they came to a party of five Cree Indians, including a cow. As soon as they saw the cowboys four of the Indians ran away, but one, bolder than the rest, walked toward them. One of the cowboys went out from the rest to meet this Indian, and when he got near enough pulled his six-shooter and fired at him. The Indian was hit pretty badly and dropped. He then raised himself to a sitting position and fired at the cowboy, whom he hit in the breast. The cowboy was fatally wounded, but while dying put four or five shots into the Cree, who was killed. The cowboy died soon after. The other cowboys, who had been watching the fight in the distance, now took after the other four Indians, and a lively encounter took place. The Indians took refuge in a coolie, and threw up breastworks. The cowboys tried to storm their position, but the Indians were too well protected, and stood them off. They finally got away.

New Jersey Divorce.

TRENTON, N. J., June 19.—New Jersey is noted for the strictness of its divorce laws, and any decision bearing on the divorce law is looked for with interest. A case a little out of the ordinary was decided by Vice-Chancellor Bird. The applicant was the husband. The case is recorded in the court as Hann against Hann. The couple were married in 1873, he being a widower and she a widow. In 1879 the wife returned to her own farm in Missouri. After waiting several years for her return he sued for divorce. In her answer opposing the application the wife charged that Hann did not give her sufficient help to do household work, of which she had to do herself, and that he called her the worst devil he ever knew. Once he burst her bed-room door open. In summing up, the Vice-Chancellor says: "In all this I find nothing to fix the legal responsibility on the husband for her leaving. The law does not accept of any of these excuses. Home may be unpleasant, there may be unexpected toil, there may be hardships too many for a weak or sensitive nature to bear, there may be neglect that would deeper than a serpent's sting, there may be broken promises that turn all the ardent love of early wedlock to unrelenting hate, yet none nor all of these are sufficient." Verdict for the husband.

Railroad Accident in Mexico.

NEW LAREDO, MEX., June 18.—News was received in this city of a terrible accident on the construction work of the Tampico Branch of the Mexican Central Railroad in Mexico. The accident, which occurred on the work of Price, McGavock & Tate, resulted in the killing of fourteen men, two Americans and twelve Mexicans. One of the victims was Mike Madigan, a walking boss, well known to railroad contractors, and formerly in the employ of McCarthy & Homan. He is a St. Louis man, and has relatives in that city. No particulars were learned of the accident further than it was a premature explosion of a blast in rock-cut work. Tate, one of the members of the contracting firm, is a resident of this city.

A Gold Craze on Small River.

SALT LAKE, June 18.—The newest gold craze is on Small River. A letter just received says: "The stampede commenced Saturday night, and they all started at night. Sunday there was hardly a man to be seen on the streets of Caldwell. Boise City took a hand and sent quite a delegation, and gold-seekers still keep coming. The discovery is near Dixie Ditch, about seven miles from Caldwell, and everybody here is wild. They bring good showings from there, and I hope they have struck it rich. They report from one to five hundred colors to the pan. It is beginning to look like the Deadwood stampede of 1876 and 1877."