C. H. VANWYCK, U. S. Senator, Neb-ALVIN SAUNDERS, U. S. Senator, Omaha. E. K. VALENTINE, Rep., West Point. T. J. MAJORS, Contingent Rep., Peru.

STATE DIRECTORY: ALBINUS NANCE, Governor, Lincoln. S. J. Alexander, Secretary of State. John Wallichs, Auditor, Lincoln. G. M. Bartlett, Treasurer, Lincoln. C. J. Dilworth, Attorney-General. W. W. W. Jones, Supt. Public Instruc. C. J. Nobes, Warden of Penitentiary. W. W. Abbey, Prison Inspectors. C. H. Gould, J. O. Carter, Prison Physician. H.P. Mathewson, Supt. Insane Asylum.

JUDICIARY: George B. Lake. Associate Judges. Amasa Cobb. S. Maxwell, Chief Justice, FOURTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT. G. W. Post, Judge, York. M. B. Reese, District Attorney, Wahoo

C. A. Newman, Clerk. LAND OFFICERS: M. B. Hoxie, Register, Grand Island. Wm. Anyan, Receiver, Grand Island.

LEGISLATIVE: State Senator, M. K. Turner. Representative, G. W. Lehman, COUNTY DIRECTORY:

J. G. Higgins, County Judge. John Stauffer, County Clerk. J. W. Early, Treasurer. D. C. Kavanaugh, Sheriff. L. J. Crmer, Surveyor. M. Maher, Joseph Rivet, County Commissioners. H. J. Hudson, Dr. A. Heintz, Coroner. J. E. Moncrief Supt. of Schools. Byron Millett, Justices of the Peace.

> J. R. Meagher, Mayor. A. B. Coffroth, Clerk. J. B. Delsman, Treasurer. W. N. Hensley, Police Judge. J. E. North, Engineer. COUNCILMEN: 1st Ward-John Rickly.

CITY DIRECTORY:

G. A. Schroeder.

2d Ward-Pat. Hays. 3d Ward-J. Rasmussen. A. A. Smith.

Columbus Post Office. Open on Sundays from 11 A. M. to 12 M. and from 1:30 to 6 P. M. Business hours except Sunday 6 A. M. to 8 P. M. Western mails close at 4:15 P.M.

Mail leaves Columbus for Lost Creek, Genoa, St. Edwards, Albion, Platte Center, Humphrey, Madison and Norfolk, every day (except Sundays) at 4:35 p. m. Arrives at 10:55. For Shell Creek and Creston, on Mondays and Fridays, 7 A. M., returning at 7 P. M., same days. For Alexis, Patron and David City, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 1 P. M Arrives at 12 M. For Conkling Tuesdays and Saturdays

7 a. m. Arrives 6 p. m. same days.

U. P. Time Table. Eastward Bound. Emigrant, No. 6, leaves at 6:25 a. m. Passeng'r, " 4, " Freight, " 8, " 11:06 a. m. 2:15 p. m. Freight. Westward Bound. 2:00 p. m. Freight, No. 5, leaves at 4:27 p. m. 6:00 p. m. Freight. Emigrant, " 7. " 1:30 a. m. Every day except Saturday the three lines leading to Chicago connect with U P. trains at Omaha. On Saturdays

there will be but one train a day, as shown by the following schedule: O., N. & B. H. ROAD. Time Schedule No. 4. To take effect June 2, '81. For the government and information of employees only. The Company reserves the right to vary therefrom at pleasure. Trains daily, Sundays excepted. Inward Bound. Outward Bound. Columbus 4:35 P. M. | Norfolk 7:26 A. M.

Munson LostCreek 5:21 Pl. Centre 5:42 " Madison .8:26 Humphrey6:25 " Humphrey9:05 " Pl. Centre 9:48 " LostCreek10.09 " 7:43 " Norfolk 8:04 4 Columbus 10:55 " ALBION BRANCH.

Columbus 4:45 P. M. Albion 7:43 A. M. Lost Creek5:31 " St. Edward8:30 " Genoa 6:16 " Genoa 9:14 " St.Edward7:00 " Lost Creek9:59 " Albion 7:47 " Columbus10:45 " B. & M. TIME TABLE. Leaves Columbus, 5:45 A. N

Bellwood David City. 7.20 Garrison. 8:25 Ulysses, Stapleburst, 9:30 Seward, 9:50 Milford. 10:15 Pleasant Dale, 10:45 Emerald, 11:10 Arrives at Lincoln Leaves Lincoln at 12:50 P. M. and arrives in Columbus 7:00P. M. Makes close connection at Lincoln for all points east, west and south.

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COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7, 1882. VOL. XIII.--NO. 6.

WHOLE NO. 630.

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Will be in his office at the Court House on the first Saturday of each month for the purpose of examining applicants for teacher's certificates, and for the transactton of any other business pertaining to schools. 767-y

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HIS CRAZY-BONE.

The man that struck his crazy-bone
All suddenly jerked up one foot
And hopped three vivid hops, and put
His clow straight before him—then
Flashed white as pallid Parlan stone,
And clinched his eyes, and hopped

He spake no word—he made no moan— He muttered no invective—but

Just grapped his eyelids tighter shut,

And as the world whizzed past him then,

And as the worm while the only knew his crazy-bone

He only knew his crazy-bone
Was stricken—so—he hopped again.

—J. W. Bley. BULL-FIGHTS IN MADRID. In every crowd and cafe you see the tall, shapely, dark-faced, silent men with a cool, professionally murderous look like that of our border desperadoes, whose enormously wide black hats. short jackets, tight trousers, and pig-tails of braided hair proclaim them chulos, or members of the noble ring. Intrepid, with muscles of steel, and finely formed, they are very illiterate; we saw one of them gently taking his brandy at the Cafe de Paris, after a hard combat, while his friend read from an evening paper a report of the games in which he had just fought, the man's own education not enabling him to decipher print. But the higher class of these professionals are the idols, the demi-gods, of the people. Songs are made about them, their deeds are paint-ish him. Always, however, the blood is stained with ed on fans, and popular chromos illus-trate their loves and woes; people crowd around to see them in hotels or on the street as if they were heroes or star tragedians. Pet dogs are named for the headed beast" is fastidious. If the bull well-known ones; and it was even rumored that one of the chief swordsmen had secured the affections of a patrician lady, and would have married her but for the interference of friends. Certain bull done for, the music recommences, it is that a whole class of young bucks of the lower order—"'Arrys" is the driven in. They are harnessed to the British term—get themselves up in the closest allowable imitation of bullfighters, down to the tuft of hair left growing in front of the ear. The espadas or matadores (killers), who give the mortal blow, hire each one his cuadrilla -a corps of assistants, including pica-dores, banderilleros and punterillo. For

every fight they receive five hundred dollars, and sometimes they lay up true again. But soon the trumpets large fortunes. To see the sport from flourish; another bull comes; the same a seat in the shade, one must pay well. Tickets are monopolized by specula- varied by ever-new chances and esors, who, no less than the fighters, have their "ring," and gore buyers as the becomes shadow, and ten thousand satisfied people—mostly men in felt sombreros, with some women, fewer ladies, apiece for places. Nevertheless, the route to the Place of Bulls is lined for a and a sprinkling of children and babies -throng homeward .- George P. Lamile with omnibuses, tartanas, brokendown diligences and wheezy cabs to convey the horde of intending spectators to the fight on Sunday afternoons; a long stream of pedestrians files in the same direction, and the showy turn-And all articles usually kept on hand by outs of the rich add dignity to what toed the mark before him. soon becomes a wild rush for the scene of action. The mule bells ring like a rain of metal, whips crack, the drivers shout wildly; and at full gallop we dash by windows full of on-lookers, by the foaming fountains of the Prado, and up the

road to the grim Colosseum of stone

and brick, set in the midst of scorched

and arid fields, with the faint peaks of

the snow-capped Guadarrama range

seen, miles to the north, through daz-

Within is the wide ring, sunk in a circular bit of terraced granite crowned by galleries. The whole great round, peopled by at least ten thousand beings, is divided exactly by the sun and the shad-ow—sol y sombra; and from our cool place we look at the vivid orange sand of the half-arena in sunlight, and the Union Pacific, and Midland Pacific
R. R. Lands for sale at from \$3.00 to \$10.00

The half-arena in sunlight, and the tiers of seats beyond, where swarms of paper fans, red, yellow, purple and green, are wielded to shelter the eyes of those in the cheaper section, or bring air to their lungs. No connected account of a bull tourney can impart the vividness, the rapid changes, the suspense, the skill, the picturesqueness, or horror, of the actual thing. All occurs which fade and re-form in new phases on the instant. The music is sounding, the fans are fluttering; amateurs stroll-ing between the wooden barriers of the

ring and the lowest seats; hatless men are hawking fruit and aguardientewhen trumpets announce the grand entry. It is a superb sight: the picadores with gorgeous jackets and long lances on horseback, in wide Mexican hats, their armor-cased legs in buckskin trousers; the swordsmen and others on foot, shining with gold and silver embroidery on scarlet and blue, bright green, saffron, or puce-colored garments, carrying cloaks of crimson, violet and canary. At the head is the mounted alguazil in ominous black, who carries the key of the bull-gate. Everybody is punctual,

orderly, ceremonious. Then the white handkerchief, as signal, from the president of the games in his box; the trumpet-blare again; and the bull rushing from his lair! There is a wild moment when, if he be of good breed, he launches himself impetuous as the ball from a thousand-ton gun directly upon his foes, and sweeping around half the circle, puts them to flight over the barrier or into mid-ring, leaving a horse or two felled in his track. I have seen one fierce Andalusian bull within ten minutes kill five horses while making two circuits of the ring. The first onset against a horse is horrible to witness. The poor steed, usually lean and decrepit, is halted un-til the bull will charge him, when instantly the picador in the saddle aims a well-poised blow with his lance, driving the point into the bull's back only about an inch, as an irritant. You hear the horns tear through the horse's hide: you feel them go through yourself. Ribs and fall-disaster!-and then the bull rushes away in pursuit of a yellow man-

tle flourished to distract him. . The banderilleros come, each holding two ornamental barbed sticks, which he waves to attact the bull. At the brute's advance he runs to meet him, and in the moment when the huge head is lowered for a lunge he plants them deftly, one on each shoulder, and springs aside. Perhaps, getting too near, he fails, and turns to fly; the bull after, within a few inches. He flees to the barrier, drops his cloak on the sand, and vaults over; the New York Chamber of Commerce the bull springs over too into the narrow alley, whereupon the fighter, being close pressed, leaps back into the ring light as a bird, but saved by a mere light as a bird, but saved by a mere hair's-breadth from a tossing or a Washington. The right hand will be trampling to death. The crowd follow extended at the level of the hip. It is every turn with shouts and loud comments and cheers. "Go, bad little bull!" "Let the picadores charge!" to be completed in time for the centennial anniversary of the evacuation of the city by the British, November 25, "More horses! more horses!" "Well 1883.—N. Y. Times. done, Gallito!" "Time for the death! the matadores!" and so on. Humor the laugh from a thousand throats.

A Chinese Mazeppa

appeasable only by the speedier blood-shed. And what bloodshed they get! Un Wednesday of last week there oc-A horse or two, say, lies lifeless and crumpled on the earth; the others, with bandaged eyes, and sides hideously pierced and red-splashed, are spurred and whacked with long sticks to make them go. But it is time for the banderilleros, and after that for the swordsman. He advances, glittering, with a proud, athletic step, the tradi-tional chignon fastened to his pigtail, and holding out his bare sword, makes a brief speech to the president: "I go to slay this bull for the honor of the people of Madrid and the most excellent president of this tourney." Then throwing his hat away, he proceeds to his task of skill and danger. It is here that the chief gallantry of the sport begins. With a scarlet cloak in one hand he attracts the bull, waves him to one side or the other, baffles him, reinvites him-in fine, he plays with and controls him as if he were a kitten, though always with eye alert and often in peril. At last, having got him "in position," he lifts the blade, aims, and with a forward spring plunges it to the hilt at a point near the top of the spine. Perhaps the bull recoils, reels and dies with that gushes freely, the sand is stained with it, and the serried crowd, intoxicated be struck in such a way as to make him spout his life out at the nostrils, becoming a trifle too sanguinary, marks of carcasses, and the dead bulks of the victims are hauled bravely off at a gallop, furrowing the dirt. The grooms run at topmost speed, snapping their long whips; the dust rises in a cloud, enveloping the strange cavalcade. They disappear through the gate flying, and you wake from a dream of ancient Rome and her barbarous games come finished science and sure death ensue, capes, until afternoon wanes, the sun

throp, in Harper's Magazine. A Serious Case. "Would Plato have acted that way?" queried his Honor, as Charles Gillem "I swan to Goshen if he would!" was

the prompt reply. The prisoner was a little old man sixty-two years old, bald as plate glass and not a sound tooth in his head. "Would Cato have been such dunce?" continued the Court, as he looked down upon that shiny pate. "No, sir-I'll be darned if he would!" exclaimed the old man. "You came in from the agricultural districts yesterday. You had several

gesticutate. It is the tumuit of a moh.

errands. You bought a pair of suspenders for twenty-five cents; a red handkerchief for half a dollar; a bottle of perfumery for a quarter, and then you slanted your hat over your left ear and went down on the Central Mar-"Yes, I did-swan if I didn't!" "You saw a woman there who pleased

your aged fancy.'

"You bet I did! She was as purty a peaches and as plump as a pullet. Yum! "Scarcely waiting to ask her the price of new potatoes, you led off with the statement that you owned a big farm, had money in bank, was a widower. and wanted to get married in time for a summer trip to the seashore." "That's it-that's just what I told

her, Judge, and she acted pesky mean "You had not been acquainted with her above seven minutes when you asked her to be yours. In reply she bombarded you with cabbages, and you knocked twenty-six bottles of horseradish off a bench and was arrested while rushing through the streets bare-headed. Mr. Gillem, had Cicero conducted himself in that manner, what would you say

"Tuck it right to me, Judge, for deserve everything but death for my foolishness! Judge, I wasn't drunk." "Perhaps not." "No, I wasn't. It was one glass o

beer and my being a silly old goat that got up all this fuss. She was a mighty nice woman, though. I've been a widower for eighteen years, and I've had my eye on 'leven thousand different women but I never saw anything to beat her Judge, how can I settle this case? feel darned bad to think I've come to town and raised a row, and I want to do what's right. How much will kiver the damages?"

"It's a serious case." "You're just right it is! I've been a tough old pill in my day, but this is the

worst scrape I ever got into." "Are you going home?" "Goin' hum right away-to-daythis morning-by the fust train. hain't used to the ways of a town, and I've had trouble enough. Will you take fifty dollars and call it square?" "I guess five will do. You are old and innocent, and we make allowances

in such cases." "Only five dollars! Great jewhittacrack; there's a clatter of hoofs, harness, and the rider's a crack; a syndien heave rent and keep going! Here she is, Judge, and I tell you I'm a thankful mas. come within an inch of going to State Prison, and you bet I'll never forgit your kindness. Can I go now?" " Yes."

"All right-all right. I'm so happy

that I'd like to give a yell and crack my

heels together. Good-bye, Judgegood-bye, all-here I go!"-Detroit Free Press. -The statue of Washington which is to be erected on the steps of the United States Sub-Treasury, on Wall street, by

-In the list of voters in Ward One. mingles with some of their remarks, and Augusta, Me., may be found the names there is generally one volunteer buffoon who, choosing a lull in the combat, ahrieks out rude witticisms that bring ex-Governor of Maine, an ex-Judge of the Supreme Court of Maine, the largest But if the management of the sport newspaper publisher in the country, the be not to their liking, then the multi- heaviest railway magnate in Maine, a fair prices. Call and give us an oppor tunity to estimate for you. Shop of 13th St., one door west of Friedhof & Cor. Thirteenth and K Streets, near Co's. store, Columbus, Nebr. 483-y

curred a thrilling tragedy at Brookville, in Arizona. On that day, within about four miles of the above-named town, there were three cowboys. Their jingling spurs, their long-horned and brightly-mounted saddles, on which were coiled like long, lithe, limber snakes, rawhide riatas, the predominance of bright color displayed in saddle blanket and clothing, the gleam of the could be made with safety. They were known to their associates as Jake Mc-Cray, Billy Folansbee, and Tom Dilworth; but whether these names were conjecture. They had been carousing in town, and were then on their way and with a dog trot slowly approached them, and his little pig-like eyes showed that he had an instinctive fear of the horsemen. This was an opportunity for cruel sport which the cowboys could not let pass, and Jake McCray said to his companions: "Boys, let's have a China Mazeppa. I'll lasso the China-man' an' yous ketch a steer, an' we'll tie John on an' run him through the streets of the town." To this cool proposition Billy and Tommy joyfully incumbered. He does not seem to assented. In a few seconds McCray's riata was describing circles in the air, riata was describing circles in the air, and Ah Sin, dropping his burden, fled for dear life; but after a few bounds the unarring rists encircled the limbs of unerring rists encircled the limbs of the Mongol, and he was jerked and thrown ten feet in the air by the bounding horse of the cowboy. In the meantime Billy Folansbee and Tom Dilworth had pursued a huge Texan steer, and Bill had thrown his riata on the animal's The other night I drifted into the stalls horns, while Tom. by a deft underhand throw of the rawhide, had encoiled the box, and between the acts he did me the animal's hind legs and thrown him prostrate on the ground. There he lay panting and bellowing out defiance at his captors, although in their expert particular Earl is a mighty nice fellow, hands he was as powerless as an infant. Billy and his companions shouted to Billy and his companions shouted to Jake McCray to bring over the prisoner, and added parenthetically: "Be kerful and don't kill the darm critter as there

won't be any sport in giving a dead Chinaman a ride." Jake McCray was careful but not as considerate as he careful, but not as considerate as he might have been, for, when he arrived until I had unveiled the fact to a British where the steer was struggling, the friend, who told me this anxiety to gain Chinaman had lost the best part of his Chinaman had lost the best part of his blouse and about half the cuticle from one side of his body. They fastened from my association, to be a very Multiple of his body. the rists to the horns, and the trained animals held the steer fully as well as though the riders were in the saddle. The trembling Chinaman made piteous appeals to his captors, and even fished out four \$20 pieces from some recesses in his clothing, and offered them as a bribe for liberty. The money was ap-propriated, but the longed-for freedom was denied him. They laid the prisoner, breast down, upon the steer and pulled his hands well down on the shoulders and tied them together. Then his legs were pulled apart and secured firmly on either side of the animal's loins, and the Chinaman was tied so firmly on the back of the animal that he looked, as McCray expressed it, as "though he growed there." The fastenings were then removed from the steer. With blood in his eye, and shaking his great breadth of horn defiantly at his tormentors, he charged succesively first at one horseman then at another, while Ah Sin was yelling alternately, "Police!" and "Murder!" in broken English and Chinese, at the top of his voice. His captors made the air fairly ring with devilish merriment. Finally the "fiery, un-tamed" steer was headed for town, and then began a race which beggars description. Over gully and ditch he went, making stupendous bounds each time these obstructions were encountered.

and each bound being accurately recorded by the Mongolian, for he fairly rent the air with his screams, and the length of the cry was regulated by the distance covered by the steer in a jump. The cowboys were more than delight ed with the success of their scheme. The steer would endeavor to turn, but his remorseless tormentors headed him at every point; when endeavors to make these turns would develop abnormal bursts of speed, long-drawn-out wails

would issue from the unhappy Mongol; and when the animal settled down to an ordinary run the cry would sink down low, and thus, like the music of an Eolian harp, would the moans rise and ing-place was a locality called La Chapfall. The wild, frenzied boying and elle. But there are in France about two "Many of the old houses in the town are fall. The wild, frenzied bovine approached a gully fully eighteen feet in hundred communes bearing that name, shingled all the way over, reminding width, and, with a fierce snort and bound, the steer gathered himself in one all. A commencement was made with Joha. The shingler, when he shungle, supreme effort and cleared it by a those in the neighborhood of Paris, and apparently began at the baseboard, scratch. Jake McCray's horse, following all the La Chapelles in the departments shongle right up the front of the house, a little to the right, and at a narrow place, also successfully jumped across et-Marne were tried without success. where he crawled over, went right along the dry chasm. But Bill Folansbee and Tom Dilworth, following immediately behind the Chinese Mazeppa, both came to grief and were landed, horse and foot, in the bottom of the ditch. Tom recovered first and hurried his horse along the bottom for a quarter of a mile, and finally clambered out; but there five or six days before, and was back, right immediately, and admit that while his companions continued the mad

chase. The steer was turned at midday into the main street of the town. All the dogs in the place chased the frenzied dressed themselves in laborers' clothes. animal and barked in chorus; horses soiled with clay and brick-dust, and apbroke from their fastenings, and behind came McCray and Dilworth, shouting like wild Apaches. The frenzied animal, with his human burden, followed to the men that he had hurt his foot in everywhere by shouts, barks, and indescribable din, shot through street and alley, was headed into square and plaza, and finally succeded in going through the Orion saloon, breaking up two flourthe Orion saloon, breaking up two flourishing poker games, making his entrance through the front door and his
exit at the back. His Nemeses, McCray
and Dilworth, as though playing "follow my leader," spurred their foaming
and reluctant steeds through the same
and reluctant steeds through the same

thing he encountered with his long, sharp horns. Suddenly, when in front of the Court-house, the steer stumbled an old acquaintance, exclaimed: "Why, and fell. Deputy Sheriff Charles Smith is it you Delphin, old boy?" "You are in the seventeenth and eighteenth centook advantage of this, and with a few wrong," the other stammered out; in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. But in those days there were no quick cuts of his bowie knife released the Mongolian Mazeppa from his perilous perch. The released Chinaman threw himself under the protection of the officer of the law. The harried steer, seeing his mounted persecutors approaching, struggled to his feet and the Chinaman. Swinging his lasso buy a reputation—if he wants one. We'll is a well-established fact that the dark-around, he charged up and loudly called let him have ours for one-third of his skinned races are much more suscepti-

trembled behind him, and the Sheriff's deputy shouted defiantly: "Touch him at your peril." Without a second's hesitation the rists was thrown, and encircled the officer and Chinaman, but before the line was tightened by the quick-turning horse the crack of Smith's pistol was heard, and Dilworth fell dead from his saddle. The horse, frightened by the falling body, bounded away, and the two or three turns taken around the horn held the rists firmly, and the brave polished pistol and knife, and the rude, active health and vivacity of horses and the main street. The dogs made matofficer and abused Chinaman were riders, made them a picture pleasant ters worse by their barking, and the to look upon, when such an inspection citizens endeavored to intercept the mad career of the riderless horse. Finally, after dragging them a mile, the rista broke. They were picked up, but so worth; but whether these names were conferred on them at the baptismal font was hard to tell which was Caucasian was a matter of considerable doubt and or which Mongolian. McCray, seeing from the outcome of affairs that there would be trouble, hunted up Folansbee, back to their rendezvous. Suddenly a informed him of the fatal termination, Chinaman appeared, laden with baskets, and both fled in fear of their lives. Officers are in pursuit, but as yet they have not been arrested .- San Francisco Examiner.

The Financial Difficulties of a Marquis I have been noticing, also, the case of the Marquis of Huntly, who has pulled himself into a nice financial pickle. Some bill-brokers loaned him money, understanding that his property was unhave told them so, but they so underwould like to be your creditors. I have had a little experience of that kind myself, only I was fortunate enough not to get bitten. I had a letter of introduction to the Earl of -, when I came over here, and in due time presented it. of a theater where the Earl had a private courtesy to beckon me into that more secluded resort. I went, of course, and and a bright one, as well. Imagine the doon in financial solidity.

"But what," I asked, "if I accept things, and then don't pay?" "Well," replied my friend, "you'll

go to jail, as sure as you're a foot Graphic. high." From which it seems that these English trades-people crowd you into debt as deeply as they can, and then lock you up for accommodating them. That is what they seem to have been trying with the Marquis of Huntly. One fellow named Nicholson loaned him \$10,000, and, as soon as he went out of the country on a pleasure tour, brought criminal proceedings against Huntly for having obtained the money under false pretenses. This, of course, only served to stir up the others of whom he had borrowed at different times, and presently suits were in covering some \$37,500 more. Huntly was deeply in debt, as most Englishmen of his class are. His visit abroad was made with a view to having his affairs straightened out, by his friends and agents. He heard of the proceedings while he was in Albania, where he might have stayed if he had wished, and those fellows could not have touched him. But he came straight home and surrendered himself. How much bail do you suppose they put him under—a man who clearly had no idea an alledged indebtedness of \$47,500.

He found the bail, though.-Loudon Cor. Chicago News.

French Detective Methods. The Paris detective service has dis-Grosjean, one of the four suspected of she replied, trying to blush, "only those the murder of Mme. Galsterer, in the are exactly my sentiments." If that Rue Labat. The police had arrived at young min hadn't taken the hint and the conviction that he had left Paris, proposed then and there, she would have and had reason to believe that his hidpolice would never think of looking for arabic or the white of egg."-Burlinghim in such an obscure place. The ton Hawkeye. officers, in order not to excite suspicion, plied for work, pretending that they had been employed in the trade. One of them even simulated a limp and related

"Jay Gould to Sue for a Reputation." darted away. Tom Dilworth, when he discovered his prisoner free, loosened of dollars wants with a reputation is a whole civilized world; and perhaps this his rists and shouted to McCray to problem too deep for the average mind proposition would remain true if the catch the steer, and he would capture to solve. Mr. Gould is rich enough to word civilized were stricken out, for it on the Deputy Sheriff to stand aside. wealth, and not a cent less-because it ble to it than the whites, and are also The officer of the law drew his pistel, is the only one we have.—Norrietown more likely to die from its effects while the Mongolian crouched and Heraid.

out his hand as if he had not recognized

rates on third page.

Business and professional cards of five lines or less, per annum, five

RATES OF ADVERTISING

14 For time advertisements, apply at this office.

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For transient advertising, see

All advertisements payable

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

-The invention of fire-proof papers seems to leave no excuse for the de-

struction by fire of public records and other valuable manuscripts. -An experiment has been made between Melbourne and Albury which shows that ordinary telegraph wires will, for a distance of 200 miles, serve to

convey telephonic messages. -The English weights and measures common use in market reports or agricultural produce are thus defined; truss of straw, 36 pounds; a truss of old hay, 56 pounds; a truss of new hay, 60 pounds. Thirty-six trusses consti-tute a load. One stone of butcher's meat is 8 pounds. An odinary stone is 14 pounds, a quarter is 28 pounds, a hundred-weight is four quarters, or 112 pounds, a bushel of flour 56 pounds, a sack of flour, or five bushels, is 280 pounds. In dry measure three bushels equal one sack; of grain four bushels; twelve sacks equal one chaldron; eight bushels or two sacks equal one quarter, and five quarters equal one load.—Chi-

cago Times. -Experiments show that the new chrome leather—the result of the new tanning process by bichromate of potash -exceeds in tensile strength the bark-tanned article; also, that after it has set under the necessary stress, it still retains an extraordinary amount of elas-ticity, which is available for tightening machinery belting on pulleys. As illustrating this statement, the fact is shown that a piece of chrome leather bore an ultimate stress of 3,297 pounds per square inch, while a piece of bark leather only bore an ultimate stress of 2.672 pounds per square inch—this example proving the sample of chrome-tanned eather to be stronger than the bark-

tanned by some fifteen per cent.—N. Y. -Herr A. Gentilli, of Vienna, has nvented an instrument-named by him the glossograph—consisting of an ingenious combination of delicate levers and blades which, placed upon the tongue and lips and under the nostrils of the speaker, are vibrated by the movements of the former and the breath flowing from the latter. The vibration is transmitted to pencils, which transcribe the several signs produced by the action of the nostrils upon a strip of paper moved by a mechanical arrangement. Similar to shorthand, a special system of writing, which may be fitly termed glossography, is produced, based upon the principle of syllable construction and combination of

PITH AND POINT. -It is the season for raising things. these offers, buy unlimited quantities of The first thing generally raised in the spring is-the rent. After that come spring radishes and greens .- N. Y.

> -A school board in New Hampshire summarily dismissed a school teacher who got mad when the boys pegged him with snow-balls. He supposed that he hired out to peg the boys.

-At a recent concert in London the

fog was so thick that the musicians were invisible to the audience, and the cornets and trombones had to be replaced by fog-horns, -N. Y. Post. -The New York Sun says that it is perfectly natural for a dog to attach himself to something and love it. Don't

believe it. He is no sooner attached to

an old oyster can than he loves dim dis-

tance.—Detroit Free Press.

-Nine per cent. of the Yale graduates become clergymen, and quit ripping up sidewalks, stealing gates and heaving brick-bats through chamber windows. The other 91 per cent. go out into the world and whoop 'er up.-Detroit Free —A family paper published a long article entitled "housekeeping hereaf-

ter." "Merciful heavens," groaned a

distracted mother of five children, and of running away? Only \$180,000, for keeper of one husband and two servants, "if I thought there was going to be any housekeeping hereafter, I declare -Together they were looking over the paper. "Oh, my, how funny!" she said. "What is it?" he asked. "Why. here's an advertisement that says: 'No played considerable acuteness in discov- reasonable offer refused." " What's so

On Saturday morning three detectives shingling, and shangle head first on who had been sent into the department down the other side of the house to the of the Oise informed M. Mace that they ground. Perhaps it was not done in were on the track of the man, who they this way. I do not assert that it was. I believed was working in a brickfield at la Chapelle-aux-Pots, about ten miles that is the way it impressed me, and if Folansbee lay stunned in the bottom busy at work, no doubt hoping that the the shingles were pasted on with gum

The Peculiarities of Small-Pox.

It is one of the most communicable of

all diseases, being both contagious and

infectious; that is, it may be communicated by touching a person who has it. and reluctant steeds through the same passage; and, although the proprietor protested with a six-shooter, they, too, made their exit with safety.

Up the street, with renewed vigor, flew the unwilling Mazeppa and the wild beast, the latter running amuck now and endeavoring to pierce every living and endeavoring to pierce every living second and reluctant steeds through the same passage; and, although the proprietor protested man coming towards them on the high road; he approached, and asked one of the officers, who was smoking, for a light. The officer had the man's photograph in his poeket, and he was thus enabled to examine him well. When sure that he was not mistaken, he approached, and the like for months, and perhaps for years; it respects no season of the year and no spot on the earth. It visits man's photograph in his poeket, and he was thus enabled to examine him well. When sure that he was not mistaken, he approached, and asked one of the officers, who was smoking, for a light. The officer had the was thus enabled to examine him well. When sure that he was not mistaken, he approached, and asked one of the officers, who was smoking, for a light. The officer had the man's photograph in his poeket, and he was thus enabled to examine him well. When sure that he was not mistaken, he approached, and the like for months, and perhaps for years; it respects no season of the Mexico; it has slain its millions in Mexico; it nearly depopulated Green-land; it reaches the mountain tops, and the like for months, and perhaps for years; it respects no season of the man's photograph in his poeket, and he was thus enabled to examine him well. breaks out in mid-ocean; it has no favored localities; the whole earth is its home. Its most frightful slaughter was "that is not my name." "I am right, railroads and no steam, and but little and you are my prisoner," the officer returned, slipping a handcuff over the man's wrist.—Galignani. travel in any way. In these days of ceaseless intercourse and perpetual run--An article in an exchange is headed ning to and fro, if the disease were unchecked as it was then, its ravages