END OF THE BIG CATTLE RANCHES OF ROCKY MOUNTAIN VALLEYS.

The Grass all Used Up-No More Food for the Herds of that Vast Region The Disaster Crushing and Without

I instance the present condition of a once famous stock growing valley. Four years ago tall bunch grass stood in the upper North Platte valley. The low, rocky hills were covered. The spaces between the sage bushes were occupied by bunches of grass. The treeless flanks of the mountain ranges were yellow with dried grass, which waved in the wind. There was grass, and good grass, everywhere throughout the valley Heavy crops of hay were cut on the natural meadows. Cattie, horses, antelope and elk roamed through the valley from Hunter's ranch at the bridge over the North Platte to fifty miles below Fort Steele. On every creek which issued from the mountains pros perous cattle growers lived in log houses The cattle were fat, and though the growers always lied about the per cent. of calves they branded, it did not seem as though disaster were close at hand.

But how is it to-day? The valley of the North Platte, this famous grazing ground, is virtually a grassless desert. I have just returned from a trip through it and the adjacent mountains, and I have never seen a more valueless region to grow or hold cattle in. The grass is tramped out by the hoofs of thousands of hungry and lean cattle, that walked for months over the arid land in search of food. They roamed for days before they staggered close to the snow in the foot hills, and then they closely followed the retreating snow banks into the down timber, into the green timber, and finally on to the summit of the Sierra Madre mountains. VALLEY OF DESOLATION.

While slowly driving down this gray valley of desolation my comrade continually assured me that there was good gras in the foothills, and that the cattle which grazed there were fat. We left the wagon at Grand Encampment river and took saddle and rode into the foothills. I was strongly impressed with the unhealthful appearance of the cattle. Their hair did not lie smooth. There was a peculiar stare in their eyes which I had long ago learned to recognize as fateful. The calves sucked the cows frequently and with nervous energy. The cows, almost without exception, were lean and weak. The grass, scanty appearing to eastern eyes at all times, had a queer, strange appearance. After riding a few miles and inspecting the grass from the elevation of a horse's back. I dismounted and carefully examined it, bunch after bunch, until I had inspected fifty bunches. The story was told. In no bunch which I examined were there more than twelve stalks of this year's grass. The other stalks, from twenty to sixty to each bunch, were last year's growth. It is not possible for cattle to separate the good grass from the poor. Three-quarters of the food that the cattle, which have grazed in almost as wild as elk. They fed in the same localities as the elk and blacktailed deer did. I judged from the frequency with which I saw these small herds that there were many hundreds of them in the monntains. What will be the fate of these halfwild animals which were grazing in the lofty, pine clad highlands three weeks ago! I unhesitatingly answer, not one in ten will get out of the mountains. Before this time they are snowed in. Instinct, or may be superior reasoning power, teaches game animals to fly out of the mountains when heavy snow storms begin to rage. Cattle have not this instinct. They are almost sure to linger too long in the highlands, and there they die of cold and hunger. The nature of the ground forbids their being driven out, and, indeed, the cowboys have no heart to enter unknown and intricate mountain systems in search of these cattle,

A PITIFUL SIGHT My hunting camp was pitched on the eastern slope of the Sierra Madre mountains about two miles from the summit of the divide. Between it and the bare foothills was a jackstraw-like tangle of down timber, and two wide belts of green timber. A heavy snow fell steadily all of one night. Realizing that the hunt was at an end, we packed up and traveled down the rugged mountain flanks, now in down timber, now in green. We passed many bands of cattle that ran in all directions, excepting the right one, at our approach. It was evident that that they had forgotten the trails on which they entered the highlands in early summer. These cattle are sure to die this winter. In the treeless foothills all the cattle which had passed the summer there were trailing for the lower valley. To the extent of vision, both to the north and south, short columns of cattle could be seen at intervals wading slowly through the snow. The next day, curious to see what the cattle would do when they found there was no feed in the valley. I rode to the lowlands. Before 1 got to the base of the footbills I met cattle walking up the mountain. They had been down to the valley, and finding no feed had ascended the hills, preferring to rustle in the snow rather than to starve in the snowless, grassless plains. In the valley many hundred cattle stood in line along the barbed wire fences, or at the banks of irrigating ditches, waiting until bunger drove them back to the snowclad foothills. Presently they started, singly, in pairs and in family columns, and by night the valley was again destitute of cattle. It was a pitiful sight to see the hungry animals resolutely enter the Times. foothills and the deep snow in search of food As it is in this valley so it is in many others. I met and talked with cattle grow ers who graze their herds in the north, in the south, in the west and on the plains, and, with few exceptions, all told the same story. That the native grasses on closely grazed grounds were almost extinct; that the grass had been trodden out of many valleys; that other extensive areas had been almost ruined by overstocking, and that disaster, serious and widespread, menaces the whole cattle growing industry west of the

as they might get lost themselves.

I have no doubt that the losses of cattle now grazing on the ranges of high altitude will be sufficiently large this winter to bankrupt many individual as well as associated winter may prove to be, whether mild or cattle cannot rustie through it. They are paused for an instant, and then resumed:

CAREER OF A CORRESPONDENT.

An Old Journalist Tells the Story of Henry Villard's Carecz-Whitelaw Reid. Simultaneously with the transfer of the "Dutch Castle," which Henry Villard built in this city, to Whiteiaw Reid of The Tribune, the former reappears in New York as agent of a syndicate of German bankers. who have employed him to make investments here on a wholesale scale. The concerns of these two men have been remarkable and they have been simultaneous and almost on the same fields. I first knew Villard in 1861, in Kentucky, where he had gone as a New York Herald correspondent, with the idea of establishing a Herald bureau in Richmond. His earthly possessions at that time were his salary and his audacity. He employed the latter in proposing to Gen. Tecumseh Sherman his plan of serving The Herald in the south, and was told that if he attempted to cross the lines into the Confaderacy he would be shot as a spy. Thereupon Villard got out of Sherman's department and published the story that Sherman was erazy. He made another attempt when fish Buell was in command of the department, but never succeeded. As late as 1863 to was a Tribune correspondent.

I heard little or nothing of him after that watti about 1870, when he was getting up a He had little money then. His accumulaton of several millions-in bonds and other person must have been made between 1875 cost the "Intel castle" he had given his wife,

and for which Mr. Reid has just paid about \$400,000 - about half the cost of the autinished

I originally met Mr. Reid shortly after my first encounter with Villard. It was before Corinth, and he was there as a war correspondent. He had some property in Ohio and owned some stock in The Cincinnati Gazette, but I fancy his pay as a correspondent more than equaled his income from other sources. He was Washington correspondent of the same paper after the close of the war

and until about 1867, when he became an edi torial writer on The New York Tribune. He bought some of its stock at the time. On the expulsion of John Russell Young Reid became managing editor. After the death of Horace Greeley, whose brain had succumbed at the almost simultaneous loss of his wife, his defeat for the presidency and the knowledge that The Tribune had been sold to William Orton and a syndicate of capitalists, who wished to make Schuyler Colfax the editor, Mr. Reid showed me a check for \$40,000 paid him for four shares of stock, and which, he said, represented his dissolution with The

I suppose Reid is worth \$1,000,000 or more. which he has made since 1877 by personal investments. Unlike the meteoric Villard, he has managed to keep it all in secure investments. There was another thing in which the two men were in direct contrast. Reid had a very delicate constitution and had to take care of it, and at 49 he is strong and healthy, if not robust. Villard was of magnificent physique and hardy constitution. He has used them roughly, and at 50 he has by no means the health he once enjoyed .- Wil liam F. G. Shanks in Chicago Herald.

GOOD AND BAD LUCK.

Some of the Superstitions of Gamblers and Sporting Men-The Black Cat. Gamblers and sporting men are, without an exception, superstitions, and almost every one has a sign or omen which betokens either good or bad luck. This is particularly noticeable in Jeffersonville at present. There are a large number of gamblers who are regular players and manage to obtain a livelihood in this way. They play carefully, and never venture their cash without having first felt the lucky inspiration. When all of the signs indicate that the fickle goddess will smile upon them they play heavily, but when the omen of bad or indifferent luck is noticed nothing will induce them to gamble.

Several moaths ago a wealthy dealer in mining stocks came down to Louisville from Cincinnati on business, and during the course of his stay here frequently visited the faro games in Jeffersonville. He was known among the fraternity in that city as "the High Roller," on account of the large sums he risked and the desperate chances he took. One evening he lost \$2,000 at a single sitting. The next night he won back £2,000. Before playing each time he would go to a rear room in the house and play three games o solitaire. If he won all of them he risked all he had on the first turn of the cards. If, however, he lost one out of the number he ventured moderate sums, and if he lost all

three he positively refused to play. Another player considers it an ill omen if he sees a black cat on the way to the bank, the foothills during the past summer, have and invariably declines to play. A welleaten consisted of the weather beaten, rain- known gambler, who formerly operated a soaked grass of last year's growth. It is no bank in this city, but who has since located mountains in search of fresh and tender feed. When he wakes in the morning he always Almost daily, while hunting in the Sierra | puts on his left boot first. If by mistake he Madre mountains, I saw small bands of picks up the one for the right foot, nothing cattle feeding in the mountain parks or in under the sun can induce him to play. If the green timber. These animals were another man sees a rusty nail on the pavement in front of him, and the point is toward him, he picks it up and considers it a symbol of good luck. If the head is toward him he will step to one side, and under no circum-

stances walk over it. All the "signs" of good and bad luck are on this order, and some of them are exceedingly absurd and ridiculous. Every time a man wearing a white coat passes up stairs to play at one of the roulette tables at a Front street house, the doorkeeper remarks: "The house will lose to-night."-Louisville Times.

A West African Work of Art. Duke Town possesses one public monument a somewhat remarkable one. When you ear the wharf of the European trading factory you notice a figure hanging from one of the posts that support its ample roof. At the first glance you might take it for the gibbeted corpse of a very badly dressed pirate with an unnaturally long neck; but a closer survey shows it to be a "dummy" stuffed with straw Africa's first attempt at a "Guy Fawkes." The head is represented by a round wooden ball, painted black, and surmounted by a gray felt hat, with a very dirty white cloth wisted round it by way of a sunshade. A brass pan forms the shoulders, two small beils hang from the arms and a third from the waist, while a flowing drapery of colored handkerchiefs makes a gallant but unsuccessful attempt to hide the fact that this statue. ike the fabulous bird of eastern legend, has no legs. Considered merely as a work of artthe figure undoubtedly has its faults. It exhibits all the crudeness of Raphael's early attempts at painting. A critic who was inclined to be cruel might even go so far as to class t with the statue of Burns, in Central Park. But it at least serves a purpose, which is more than can be said of many far more civilized institutions. A large square paper on its breast keeps in countenance another on its back, and both display the same inscription: "Notice-Prince Eyambo has owed me four

4) pun's (puncheous of palm oil) this last four d) years, and will not pay me. Beware of This contrivance shows a regins for advertising which is a pleasing surprise in "benighted Africa." Whether you approach the wharf overland or by boat, the evidence of Prince Eyambo's iniquities stares you in the face, and whenever a breath of wind stirs the figure the bells hung upon it call attentior in ringing language to the fact that even in this remote corner of the earth there are princes who have learned enough of the ways of civilized royalty to abstain from paying their debts,-West Africa Cor. New York

Why she Should be Thankful.

Here is a story of Gloucester which it may e necessary to preface with the fact, familiar enough to people who live on the coast, but not so familiar to inlanders, that when a seafaring man dies away from home a point is made of packing his effects in his chest promptly and returning them to his family: A lady, dressed in deep mourning, was riding in a Gloucester street car, when another lady, sharp of feature and inquisitive of gaze, came in and sat down by her side. The sharp featured woman fidgeted about for a minute or so and then began catechizing the woman in mourning: "Be you mourning the loss of relatives, ma'am;" "Yes," "Husband or brother?" "Both." "Law sakes! Was they entile growers. And it matters not what the lost at sea!" "They died at New Orleans of the vellow fever." "Dear me, suz! Both on hard, the condition of the grass on the range | 'em died o' the yellow fever, ch?" "Yes." sharply indicates that a large portion of the | The inquisitive woman wiped away a tear. doomed to die. There is but little good grass "Was they hopefully pious, ma'am?" "Yes, chists!" "I did." "On, well," said the sharp featured woman, with a sigh of satisfaction, "if they died hopefully pious and you got their chists you've got a great deal to be thankful for!"-Boston Record.

An Infant's Ineffable Innocence Little Dick came home from Sunday school last week full of importance. "I know the Twenty-threed psalm," he announced at the dinner table, "or, anyhow, I'm going t know it. The teacher read it and made us say part of it, but there's another part of it I can't remember a bit."

"What is that?" asked his mother. "It's after they set the table for him; it mething about putting grease on his hair." "Anointed his head with oil," said Dick's

"I'll be hanged! That's it," said the boy, "Why, dear!" cried his mother, "don't say that. It's dreadful! Where did you learn

Dick paused a moment, while both the maternal and the paternal regard were fixed sternly upon him. Then he asked, with an air of ineffable mnocence: "Ought I to say, 'I'll be hung?' Isn't hanged grammar?' Boston Record.

Dan Rice's Good Fortune.

A notorious circus clown has discovere that he is heir to 300,000 acres of land in Texas and Mexico, granted to his father, George McLaren in 1880, and the lucky jester says: "Uncle Dan Rice (McLaren), the excircus millionaire, ex-clown, ex-lecturer, after having been the possessor of fortunes, will yet end his days in affluence and happines." Leveland Lead.

HOW A YOUNG ENGLISHMAN WAS HOAXED IN CALIFORNIA.

Banker Raiston and His Titled Guest Big Bottles of Wine-Marvelous Tales of Lawlessness-Hunting and Fishing. The Victim's Good-By.

In the Raiston days, when Belmont was its glory and its profuse hospitality was the talk of the country, a young Englishman of title called upon the banker with letters of introduction from the American minister in London, an old friend of Ralston. Of course ne was invited to Belmont. He had come to San Francisco around the "Horn," and, like many of his order and nationality, had made up his mind not to be surprised at anything he saw in this country.

"Rather a fine place, you know," he re marked to Ralston, as his host "toted" him down to Belmont; "but some of our fellows who were out here have told the most outrageous stories, you know, about Californiayour bears and immense regattas, and all that sort of thing-so I have determined to keep my eyes open. I imagine, you know, that they have been hoaxed. By gad, Mr. Raiston. I have been all over the world, and t would take a pretty wideawake fellow to hoar me, don't you know!"

During this conversation Mr. Ralston regis tered a mental oath that if money or influence could produce that wideawake fellow he would be forthcoming before the termination of the nobleman's visit. At Belmont were assembled a few choice spirits. Leaving his guest in charge of one of them, Raiston at once called a council of war.

PUTTING THEIR HEADS TOGETHER "This Englishman must be fooled." said. "Now let us put our heads together and give him something to talk about when he returns to the London clubs."

The private wire was busy that evening and a close carriage was sent to meet the next train. No expense was spared to make the Britisher's stay in every sense delightful. When Raiston and his guests sauntered into the dining room the Englishman opened his eyes and stared in bewildered astonish ment at the table service. And well be might. The bottles were of that colossal size, holding half gallons, which the beer and wine men use for advertising purposes. "Now, by jove, you Californians must be

a thirsty lot," said the Englishman. "I never saw such bottles in my life." "Oh, nonsense," said Raiston; "don't you have that size in England! They used to have them when I lived there, many years

"Well, here goes, anyhow. Peter, some hampagne;" and the butler proceeded with imposive face, opened a half gallon bottle fizz, the cork going off like the explosion of a rifle. As the dinner progressed the guests plied the Britisher with the most marvelous tales of the lawlessness of the country; the bears, lions, and antelope that roamed the neighboring hills, and everything, in fine, that the fantastic imagination could invent. It was arranged to have the house attacked | train on a level. Without the wedges—that that night by outlaws, but they feared the is, with about three inches of loose slack at lord might get suspicious, so that scheme was abandoned. A deer hunt was decided upon to start but forty-eight cars. The experifor the next morning, and a fishing party for the next afternoon.

HUNTING AND FISHING The party were out before daybreak, and the lord was stationed near a milk rauch, and instructed not to stir until one of the hunters came to fetch him. When he was properly planted the others returned to the ouse, for the hunting grounds were not a mile away, and amused themselves until noon with laying new plans for the delectation of their victim. Meanwhile, though the poor foreigner did not see a deer, he heard shots about him at intervals, and when he was informed that the run was over and that there would be no more shooting that day, was taken back to the house "I am awfully sorry you did not have better luck," said Ralston, when the disgusted Britisher appeared. "Our fellows did fairly, you see," and he pointed to the carcasses of half a dozen deer lying on the piazza, which had arrived that day from the market by the morning train.

"Didn't you really get a shot! Confess. low, you blazed away at a stag or two, and "Stag! I assure you, my dear fellow, I didn't see a single heast," protested the mor-

"Well, never mind, never mind," said his lost; "we'll see how the fishing pans out." The fishing took place in a pond near the house. But while every one else pulled out treut, salmon and even rock cod, not a fish came near the Englishman's book, though he angled with the most industrious persistence. Of course, the San Francisco fish market had been gutted to permit the suppiy, and so cleverly were the fish attached to he books and bauled into the boats with shouts and spiashings that his lordship had not the faintest idea that be was being most unme cifully hoaxed. The rock cod staggered him a little, but Ralston explained his by the statement that the lake was connected with the ocean by a subterranean stream. When every fantastical boax had zen exhausted, Ralston accompanied his ictim to the city and saw him homeward

"By jove, Mr. Raiston, you have a wonderul country," said the Britisher, as he bid his host good-by. "I tell you, it will open the eyes of those fellows at home when I give them a history of this visit.—Ban Fran-

GEN. GRANT'S LAST REVIEW.

An Enthusiastic Reception - Shaking

Hands with "the Boys in Blue." I heard last night the story of Gen. Grant's last review in Washington, and 1 think it was the last review of his life. It was a few months before his death. He was the grand commander of an organization here composed of old veterans, and known as "The Boys in Blue." This organization met during his last visit here, and they invited him to be present. There was a full attendance of the veterans and their wives. and they were having a jovial time when Gen. Grant arrived with Gen. Edward Beale. Maj. J. J. Noah presided over the meeting. He received Grant as he came in. The general was not feeling well, and he looked upon the large assembly with dismay. He saw the enthusiastic spirit which animated them, and feared he would be shaken to pieces. He had but a few moments to stay, and be was much troubled as to how to get away from the crowd. Maj. Noah, however, is a man of consider

able oratorical talent. He introduced the general in a thrilling speech and held the udience in hand. He told them that they might be looking upon Grant for the last time, and that the general wanted to take each of them by the hand and them one and all God speed before he left. He then organized the company into ranks and had them come one by one and shake hands with the great general. He described the scene to me last night and the tears stood in his eyes as he did so. was," said he, "the most affecting sight l have ever witnessed. Many of the veterans had one arm gone, some the left and others the right; and Grant had to be continually changing hands in order to suit himself to the occasion. Some hobbled up on crutches and others lifted up their sleeveless arms and gave Grant the stump or the coat sleeve to hake. Some of those who had no arms at all, Gen. Grant grasped about the waist and said a pleasant word as they passed by. After the handshaking was over three times three cheers were given in Grant's honor, and he left for the home of Gen. Beale, and a few days after left Washington never more

"Marion Harland's" Literary Success The authoress known as Marion Harlandshe was Mary Virginia Hawes, and is the wife of the Rev. Edward Payson Terhunedrew attention, particularly in Virginia where she was born, by her novel "Alone," published thirty-two years ago, when she was but 19. The south regarded her as a rare genius, and she believed she had struck the center of renown, judging by the resonant echoes that reached her of her work. She wrote some twenty novels, and Richmond rang with praises of the gifted daughter of the Old Dominion. Nevertheless, ber hit had not been made. She could scarcely have imagined in her younger days how it would be made. Not by skillfully devised plot, by novel characters, by dramatic denouem

and Leader.

by sparkling dialogue. On the contrary, by

the plainest facts, by prosaic experience, by A WONDERFUL COUNTRY. the plainest facts, by presaic experience, by the practice of rigid economy. What sort of a romance would it be into which those things could enter.

Not a romance, but a sober reality, "Com-

mon Sense in the Household." That is the book which has given Marion Harland her national reputation. Fully 170,000 copies have been called for, and the demand is not yet satisfied. Its success may not have gratifled her literary ambition, but it must have gratified her pecuniary needs. The wife of an evangelical clergyman, with a considerable family, ought, if any one, to have learned bow to adopt small means to desirable endsto compel \$1 to fill the place of \$2. She has learned it thoroughly, and her cook book is the outcome. She has followed up the vein with ample profit. Her culinary works have been of more benefit than an entire library of representative novels .-- Chicago News.

Gathering in the Nickels.

I suppose that many persons have noticed the famous barroom of the Hofman iouse, commonly called an "Art Cafe," the iniature marine engine, which works for a few seconds whenever a five-cent piece is dropped into the proper channel. The affair is an ingenious bit of mechanism, and it is surprising to see the amount of work which the small weight of a nickel will accomplish The other day curiosity impelled me to ask one of the attendants how much money the apparatus earned for its inventor; and those who have watched parties of men standing over it by the half hour at a time will not be surprised to learn that the receipts average \$5 a day, half of which goes : . the Hoffman

As may be supposed, it is the same in genious inventor who is responsible for the eighing automatic machines which are to be found in so many of our botels. You stand on the scales and put five coats in the box, when, and only when, the pointer will at once indicate the right weight. The num bers of such machines and other devices of a similar kind might be expected to increase wonderfully wore it not that one drawback to the business has already been discovered; is found that so many people attempt to defraud the apparatus by imposing upon i bits of cardboard, lead, buttons and especially counterfeit coins, that it requires the con stant services of a machinist to keep it in running order. -- Brooklyn Eagle.

Slack in Coupling Cars

One of the interesting subjects toucher upon during the recent railway brake tests at Burlington, In., was the question of the value of slack in coupling cars as a help in starting, the use of loose coupling, of course allowing the engine to start each car separately in rapid succession. The results of the experiment, however, were not in favor of this, though they showed the beneficial effect of some slight elasticity in the coup-

A train of fifty loaded cars was given ontinuous close coupling by driving iron reiges into the links, thus taking up all the wise slack and leaving only "spring" slack or that which is given by the compression of the draw bar springs when the train is started. It was found necessary to drop one car before the locomotive could start the each coupling-the same locomotive was able ment was repeated on the grade, where the highest number of cars which the engine could start either with close or open coupling was thirty-eight. It seems thus to be demonstrated that the loose slack gives at least no aid in starting a train, but that the slack given by the buffer springs is beneticial. - Boston Transcript.

Radical Experiment in Deutistry. If experiments which have been made b dentist in San Francisco bear the test of time a radical change in dentistry seems impending. Dr. Younger, following the lead of the great John Hunter, has found that teeth freshly drawn can be transplanted to a cockscomb and retain their vitality for a month. They will also live in warm water for about two days. These placed in the nataral sockets from which other teeth have een taken, and then temporarily secured, become fixed and grow as if indigenous to the soil. But more than this, new sockets can be drilled and teeth inserted within them, and the result shows that here again the newcomer takes firm hold of the adjacent bone and becomes a strong and useful masticator .-Boston Transcript.

Laying the Dust in Mines.

A well known mining engineer has brought into notice the successful use of watering the floors of deep mines to allay the dust and thus prevent explosions. A slight dampness such as prevails in shallow mines at all times, , in his words, sufficient to lay the dust effectively; and the systematic watering of leep mines has been introduced at the Llwynfria colliery and at the Standard colliery. The water can either be brought into the galleries by tanks or by pipes from a reservoir hove ground. A pressure of fifty pounds to the square inch is considered sufficient at the Standard colliery. The water not only puri fics the air, but robs it of the inflammable coal dust which is so dangerous a factor in great explosions. - Boston Budget.

Queer Stories About Gerster. Mme. Gerster is now in Paris, but nothing seen or heard of Dr. Gardini. Feople tell all sorts of stories about the prima donna's condition, some asserting that her mind is permanently affected, others that her voice gone, and others again that she and the cavaliere dottore "are out." A friend of mine caught a glimpse of the prima donna the other day at a French railway station. She was attended by a tall, middle-aged Italian, and a little 3-year old girl stood be side ber. Mme. Gerster was the picture of

silf mentally might not be so far from the

health, but she wore a combination of Prus-

sian blue and crimson that suggested that the

persons who said that she was not quite her-

A New Industry in Delht. A new industry has sprung up in Delhi Some enterprising natives are taking advantage of the government offer of two annas for every snake killed to trade on the old traditionary tree and serpent worship. Aug. 4 is the great serpent worshipping day, and every Tuesday the pipal tree is wor shipped by Hindoo women. Taking advantage of the reverence paid to snakes, a large number of men have set to work catching these reptiles. Then, taking them into the streets where pions Hindoos most abound, they amounce that they are on their way to claim the reward, but that they are quite willing for a pice or two more to release the reptiles and to save themselves from the sin snake murder, which their poverty would otherwise drive them to commit. The appear is invariably successful.-London Graphic.

Dick Turpin's Home.

mous Dick Turnin, the highwa once resided at 51 Broadway, Westminster London, that is a well authenticated fact. In pulling the house down recently, it was discovered that there was a broad space between the room walls and the main wall, from top o bottom, as well as other artful devices, no doubt arranged to enable the wily and historical Dick to dodge the police, or as they were called in his day, the "runners." - Boston Budget.

A lady holding a responsible position in a large dry goods house on Chestnut street, in which she is obliged to come into business as-

Slovenly in Speech.

sociation with the fashionable ladies of Philadelphia, said it was incomprehensible to her how they could be so incorrect in their speech and slovenly in their grammar as compared with the same class of ladies in New York and Boston. In Boston, for instance, it had o return.-Frank G. Carpenter in Clevebeen her experience that many of the salesgirls, through the excellent influences of the public schools of that city, spoke English with pore simplicity, directness, and purity than not a few ladies in Philadelphia who were proud of their social distinction and their education.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Mining Camp Sobriquets. In a mining camp sobriquets stick when names are long forgotten. Catacorners Ketchum was a curious one which attacked itself thus: Catty had a partner, a pious chap who "lit out" suddenly, why was never known. "If I ketch that speak he'il get a Bible crammed down his throat, catasorners," was all Catty would say.—Detroit Free Press.

A PLUCKY SOLDIER.

DRAGGING A WOUNDED COMRADE OFF THE FIELD AT GETTYSBURG.

A Drummer Boy Who Had to Shoulder a Musket-His Excitability While Un der the Confederate Fire-A Perilous Journey. •

"Speaking about pluck," said Col. Higgins, of Waverly, of whom a reporter had just been making inquiries, "there goes a fellow whom I saw do as nervy a thing as I witnessed while I was in the sorvice."

The reporter looked across the street in the direction in which the colonel had nodded and saw Dick Enderlin plodding along, hands in pocket, in his matter of fact, indifferent sort of a way. "It was at Gettysburg," remarked the

colonel, knocking the ashes from his cigar. You probably knew that Dick enlisted as a drummer boy. He was in my company, and he beat a drum for all that was out; beat it so hard that you couldn't find drum head: enough in the army to keep him supplied, and a short time before the Gettysburg fight he came to me for the sixth or seventh drum head, and I just gave him a gun. He kicked a little, but took it, and made pretty good use of it afterward, too. IN THE WHEAT FIELD.

"Toward the close of the first day's fight a Gettysburg our regimental line was stretched along the crest of the ridge, adown the side of which was a field of wheat almost ripe enough for the reaper. Much of it had been cut that day, and more was destined to be cut on the morrow-cut by shot and shell and swept by the musketry of the two armies. On the opposite side of the field, and but a frightfully short distance away, were the rebel lines. Twice that afternoon we had charged across that wheat field in the effort to drive the enemy from their position, and twice had we been driven back, leaving many a dead and wounded man among the standing wheat, The wheat was so high that when ly'ng down one could not been seen by the enemy, and for some time before the charge was ordered we had occupied the position described, keeping up a sharp fire on the enemy, and receiving as good as we sent in return. I couldn't help but be amused at Dick. In order to save the men as much as possible, I directed them to lie down to do their loading, and only rise to deliver their fire; but Dick insisted upon standing up all the time. Three or four times I yelled at him to keep under cover or he would get hit, but, in a few minutes, excitement would get the better of him and he would be on his feet again, loading and firing as rapidly as he could handle his piece.

"When the sun had gone down and the shades of night had checked the firing considerably several of us were standing grouped together, looking out over the field of wheat, wondering what had been the result of the day's work and what would be the result of the morrow, when we heard some wounded man, way over in the wheat, groaning terribly. His moans were sickening to listen to, and it got so after a while that I couldn't stand it any longer. So, taking off my haversack, I handed it to Enderlin, who was standing by, and remarked that I was

A TICKLISH UNDERTAKING. This, as every one knew, was a pretty ticklish piece of business, for, although it was then night, the moon was shining, and a every rustle of the wheat that indicated the possibility of its being moved by a human being the Johnnies would send their muske and rifle balls through it in a way that made it very unhealthy for any person that might be concealed there.

"Still I resolved to chance it, and getting down on my hands and knees I began worm my way through the wheat in the direction of the groans. I had got but a few yards, however, when I felt some one grasp me by the leg, and I heard Dick's voice: "'Look here, major,' he said, 'you mustn't go out there. You might get killed, and we

can't spare you; let me go.' "Why, I don't believe you could get th fellow in, Dick,' I replied; 'he is probably hurt so bad that he has to be carried, and I don't believe you could carry a man in that way and through that wheat.' "'Well, you just come back and let me try it,' said Dick, 'I'll bet you that I bring him

in.' Saying which, Dick bolted ahead worming his way on his belly through the wheat, as carefully and cautiously as possible, so as to avoid attracting attention, while I returned to the line and awaited "He was gone a long time, so long that began to grow uneasy, but finally he made

his appearance, crawling on his stornach through the wheat, and on his back, with his arms clasped around his neck, was a poor devil whose hip had been shattered by musket ball. " 'Where did you find him, Dick!' I asked him, as we lifted the poor fellow off his back

"'He was within a couple of rods of

the rebel lines,' was Dick's reply, as he

crawled to his feet and stretched himself after his long trip. "'Dick,' said I, 'you are a sergeant.' O course I meant in embryo, for at that mo ment there wasn't any vacancy, but there were plenty of them within twenty-four

hours."--Chillicothe Leader Interview. SOCIAL LIFE IN ENGLAND.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher Express His Views-What He Saw. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, referring to his last visit to England twenty-three years ago, said: "The contrast between the attitude of England then and now toward America was striking. Then Eugish public opinion was against the United States. The large factory population of Lancashire, although suffering from famine for want of our cotton, sympathized with us in our struggle; but the influential people of Great Britain were not only opposed to the sentiment of the north, but to a very great extent supported the south. That has now been so changed that it may be said that there has been a complete revolution in the thought of the people in that respect. I think that this has been largely brought about by the increase of travel between the two countries, enabling us to get better acquainted with each other."

"As to the political and social condition of the English people, Mr. Beecherf" "The answer to that is found in what is at the foundation of all material prosperity, namely, the land. In the relation of the people to the land, great and fundamental hanges are going on that are affecting their social condition from the top to the bottom, and which will also affect their political condition. For example, land owners who would formerly obtain from £7 to £8 per acre for the rent of their land are glad to let it go for thirty shillings, and sometimes cannot get that. The consequence is that the owners of the land, instead of renting to farmers, to middlemen, or to their stewards, tion and are selling the produce direct, either to the retail dealer or to the consumer. Fact of this character have forced upon the public mind questions in relation to land tenure, to the law of entail and primogeniture, that hitherto have aided in the intrenchment of a landed and privileged class; accustomed to separate itself to a very great degree socially from the bulk of the people. Then I noticed there is a growing discontent in regard to the public schools, or board schools as they are called in England. It is true that these schools give a free education, but it is doled

out more or less as charity. "When I looked at the population of London, and caught a glimpse now and then of its lower strata, I was lost in such amazement that I was almost dazed. There is a large population there of which we have no type here-men whose fathers and mothers were evidently starved, and whose children have grown up starved; whose lives are of the most tentative kind; whose existence is not only a struggle, but a perpetual fight with famine. - New York Letter.

An English husband and wife at home, M. Narjoux tells us, are an amazing pair-martyrs to the spleer, and addicted to overeating. The mother concerns herself very little with her children. Immediately they are old enough, they are sent to boarding schools. When the boys grow up they go to the colonies, and when the girls leave school they start in chase of husbands. It is because English parents see so little of their children that they feel no pang when their offspring depart for the antipodes; hence to the boarding school system are directly traceable the

An English Family at Home.

colonizing propensities of the Briton. Even when her children are at home the British matron has very little time to devote to them. rince she has to attend the meetings of innumerable philanthropic societies and to listen to the sermons of the fashionable listen to the sermons of the fashionable

preachers. Dinner is always eaten in melancholy silence. "If the children speak the mother corrects them; the father feeds calmly on. From time to time one or other holds his or her glass or plate with a 'please,' 'thank you,' or 'more,' and that is all." After dinner the ladies and children retire. The gentlemen remain-if there be only one, he stays by himself-and to them or him are served "flery wines, such as sherry or port, spirits or sigared wine, in which ginger and cayenne pepper have been infused." If the hard drink-ing Briton takes, as he usually does, more than is good for him, his wife makes no remonstrance. She is "so accustomed to this "natural accident" that she thinks nothing

Indian Girls Badly "Smitten." The gravel train that left here a short time ago had a thrilling experience at Indian Town. It appears that the good looking old and young fellows on the train have been flirting with the gay young ladies of that burg just the same as they do with all young ladies that will flirt with them. From a succession of waving of 'kerchiefs, etc., the Indian girls become "smitten," just like many of their fairer sisters do, and they wanted a "talk" with the train boys.

of it. - Boston Heraid.

But they wouldn't talk. They passed to and fro daily, but they had no time to talk. In fact, the cast iron rules of the Central Pacific prevented such foolishness. However. the "maidens" were determined that they should stop and have a friendly "talk," and did stop the train, all orders to the contrary; and this is how they did it: The train went down to Sunol and came back in a few minutes. It was backing, and as it neared the home of the dusky maidens the conductor saw a lot of ties and lumber piled over the track. The airbrakes were put on and the train stopped just in time to prevent it from being ditched. On each side of the obstruction the maidens had gathered, and their ugly faces smiled when the train came to a halt .-Pleasonton (I. T.) Star.

They Made Him Explain. A man and his wife, with eight children running from a babe in arms up to a boy of 13, crossed on the transfer boat recently to take the Atlantic Express. The children were chubby, healthy and sunburned. The man said he was going back to Kansas. In answer to inquiries he said he had been living in the state eight years. Some surprise was expressed by bystanders that a man should wish to return to Kansas after being so long here, and he was asked in what part of Oregon he had been living. He said at French prairie "Good heavens!" said a man, "what do you expect to find in Kansas better than French prairief" "Why, that is one of the finest portions of the state," said another. "You will never be contented to live in Kansas again." The man looked a little sheepish and said: "Well, you see, my wife's relations live there, and she kind o' wants to be with them. That settled the matter.-Portland Orego-

Taxation on Personalty. The late William H. Vanderbilt, for some paid no taxes on his personal estate. He "swore off" his taxation on personalty. That is to say, he maintained, when applied to for an inventory, that his debts exceeded the value of his personal estate. This became such a scandal that in 1880 he confessed to owning personal property in excess of his debts to the value of \$1,000,000, and on that amount be paid taxes each year until his death, and on that amount only. It is now known that he left at least \$33,000,000 in taxable securities, of which all but \$8,000,000 has escaped taxation. - Chicago Tribune.

A law agreed upon by the proprie tors, freeholders, and inhabitants of the province of West New Jersey in 1676 reads as follows: That men may peaceably and quietly enjoy their Estates. It is agreed if any Person or Persons shall Steal, rob, or take any Goods or Chattles, from or belonging to any Person whatsoever, he is to make restitution twofold out of his or their estate, and for want of such estate, to be made to Work for his theft, for such Time and Times as the Nature of the Offense doth require, or until Restitution be made double for the same, or as Twelve Men of the Neighborhood shall determine, being appointed by the Commissioners, not extending either to Life

A French musical journal says: Different people sound different vowels when laughing, from which fact a close observer has drawn the following conclusions: People who laugh in A (pronounce ah) are frank, honest, and fond of noise and excitement, though they are often of a versatile and fickle disposition. Laughter in E (pronounce ay) is peculiar to phlegmatic and melancholy persons. Those who laugh in I (pronounce ee) are children or simpleminded, obliging, affectionate, timid and undecided people. To laugh in O indicates generosity and daring. Avoid all those who laugh in U, as they are mis-

anthropists. One of the inmates of the Georgia state insane asylum is Judge Fletcher, who has been an inmate for thirtyseven years. He is 86 years old. In conversation with a reporter, a few days ago, he said: "I am the sun. When I arise in the morning there is light. When I retire in the evening there is darkness. This house is built upon a rock of gold," he continued. "I will find it, for I am going to live forever."

Robert Toombs is to have a monument-a plain, draped shaft twenty-five feet high, which is now on the way from Italy. It will be above both graves, that of the General and that of his devoted wife. On one panel is inscribed "Robert Toombs, born July 2, 1810; died Dec, 15, 1885. On another panel is inscribed "Julia A. Toombs, born May 15, 1813; died Sept. 4, 1883.'

The San Jose (Cal.) Herald tells of a man who weighed 450 pounds. When he sat down he had to put another chair in front of him to support his enormous abdomen. His breakfast always consisted of a quart of milk in which sugar and a dozen eggs were stirred. He was the father of the outlaw. Pedro Pacheco, and has been dead some years.

Very little of the street paving in Deroit is done with stone, but with cedar I directions, etc., sent free. Immense pay blocks about six inches long, stood up edgeways. The blocks make a pretty good pavement, but in some places it becomes rough by the blocks sinking or wearing off faster than others. When smooth or when first laid, it is a very desirable pavement for driving.

and 787 acres are under cultivation. They own thirty-seven mowers and two reapers, bought with their own money. The average red man can be half way NAL at the very low rate of \$2.75 per decent if he wishes to be. A San Leandro, Cal., man hid a

his boy might not find it. The boy

afterward built a fire in the stove, and

There are 140 farms on the Fort

Hill Reservation, Idaho, run by Indians,

in a short time the pistol made its presence known by exploding and sending a bullet through the youth's hand. Mrs. Custer has taken no summer outing whatever, but has been busily occupied at her home in New York writing her book on Kansas life during and after the war. The general and

those trying times. A family doctor writes that the first sign of failing hair growth is the loss of very short hairs that have "root" and point, and that attention in that case sould be paid at once to the general

she spent several years there during

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