

RED MEN'S RIGHTS.

A Curious Review of the Great Indian Case Decided by the United States Supreme Court.

The case of John W. Winnago Indian against Charles Wilkins a judge of elections of Omaha, being a suit for damages in the sum of \$8,000 on account of the refusal of Wilkins to accept the plaintiff's vote, just decided by the Supreme Court of the United States raised a very important question, whether an Indian by abandoning his tribal relations for a year and living with and like white folks made him a citizen of the United States under the fourteenth amendment, which declares that "all persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof are citizens of the United States and the state where they reside."

The case was originally argued by Messrs. Poppleton and Webster for the Indian, and United States Attorney Lawrence and E. W. Simeon for the defendant, on a demurrer to plaintiff's petition. Judge McCrary and Dundy held the demurrer well taken. The case was submitted on briefs in the United States Supreme Court, United States Attorney Lawrence submitting the brief for defendant. His contention was that the fourteenth amendment did not mean to extend citizenship to all persons who happened to be born on American soil, but only to those persons who were born into the government of the United States, yielding allegiance to its laws and institutions. The Indian is born under the dominion of his tribe and yields allegiance to its tribal head. It is no more born into the government of the United States than are the children of foreign ambassadors, or aliens temporarily sojourning here. It was also contended that the Indian was not subject to the jurisdiction of the United States in the sense of the fourteenth amendment. The Indians, only in a qualified sense are subject to jurisdiction of the United States and amenable to its laws. Neither can they voluntarily admit or subject themselves to its laws so as to acquire citizenship in the United States. The Supreme Court adopted these views although Judge Cowley of Michigan and the decisions of three other courts took the other view. The Supreme Court doubts that the Indians, as wards of the government, under its fostering care, protection and guardianship were better off than they would be if they were clothed with the rights of citizenship. As citizens they would have to stand on their own feet just as other citizens. The Supreme Court doubts that it was not the intention of the framers of the fourteenth amendment to admit half civilized Indians, who knew nothing of civil government laws and institutions into citizenship, while intelligent and educated foreigners were denied citizenship in the United States five years before they can be naturalized and become citizens. It certainly would be carrying the principle of universal suffrage to the verge of absurdity to permit the untutored Indian to vote, while the cultured and scholarly German and Englishman is disfranchised, because he is not familiar with the laws and institutions of this country. It certainly requires great faith in the robust virtues of our western people and the saving efficacy of republican institutions to believe that in addition the natural elements of disorder the Indian tribes can be taken into civilization and government, and have conferred on them both the elective franchise and citizenship. Doubtless Congress will be influenced by this decision to gradually admit Indians to citizenship on terms similar to those granted to other aliens.

Smoke-Seal of North Carolina "That is PEDERSEN "PINCHED."

A Hamilton County Plasterer Arrested for Disposing of Merged Property.

Last evening Constable A. C. Chessman, of Hampton, Hamilton county, Nebraska, arrested Peter Pedersen in this city on a charge of disposing of mortgaged property. It appears that Pedersen, who is a Dane, purchased a cow and a pony a short time since of two men in Hampton; he borrowed \$400 not having sufficient cash he secured \$400 of J. J. Williamson, giving a mortgage on the cow and pony. Shortly after Pedersen sold the cow and traded the pony for a horse. Three weeks ago he came to Omaha and put up at the South Omaha house and since then he appears to have been doing nothing.

Last Saturday a telegram was sent to Constable Chessman by Mr. Hans Young of this city who was acquainted with Pedersen, saying that the latter was in Omaha, and on the strength of the telegram the constable came over, but when he captured his man at the South Omaha house.

Pedersen, who is a plasterer by trade, is apparently more of a fool than a knave, although he has placed himself in a very unfavorable position. He is temporarily located in the city in which which place he will be conveyed to Hampton, accompanied by Constable Chessman this morning.

Seal of North Carolina's Smoking Tobacco is the best.

Army Orders. Brigadier General O. O. Howard, U. S. army, having resumed command of this department, Colonel John Gibbon, Seventh Infantry, is relieved from duty at these headquarters and will rejoin his proper station (Fort Laramie, Wyo.). The travel directed is necessary for the public service.

By order of Brigadier General Howard.

Real Estate Transfers. The following are the real estate transfers filed for November 6 and reported to THE BEE by Ames' real estate agency. Augustus Knutson to J. C. Kennedy, w. d. lot 11, block 12, K. & R. & Ruth's add., \$1000. Alexander Black and wife to J. P. Manning, w. d. lot 1, block 7, Koutz's 4th add., \$4250.

Literary Notes. Capt. John G. Bourke, 31 U. S. cavalry, who has for ten years or more resided on General Crook's staff, has recently published a volume on the curious religious rites of the Moquis of Arizona. The famous snake dance forms one of

their ceremonies, and Capt. Bourke is the first white man who has ever witnessed and described this strange rite. It is a volume that does great credit to his experience and observation, and shows how officers of the army may advance the study of ethnology by long and close study of Indian manners, customs and history. Few officers have detected the time and pains and care to this matter that are shown by Capt. Bourke's book. It has not a kind reception at the hands of specialists both at home and abroad. Quite a considerable number of copies have been sold here, where Capt. B. is well known, and it deserves to be widely read, not only in the army, but out of it.

"The Field of Honor" is a comprehensive history of dueling in all countries, by Major Ben C. Truman, published by Ford, Howard & Hulbert, New York. The author has given evidence of intense research and down through the long black line that records the progress of conventional murder to the period of its barbarous birth. It is well to preserve a record of even those things at which men under the control of their better impulses revolt. They form a part of man's history, and it is a part of the penalty of crime that the criminal shall be posted through all generations. "The Field of Honor," however, is a mine of information on the subject of the duello, and contains 167 pages of well-written matter covering the entire field, and however much one may condemn a custom based on a false dignity and giving no room for the better than the law, this work as a history merits general approval. The author is no apologist for the custom—at least in his book. He expresses no regret at its receding popularity; he does not hint that true chivalry demands reparation for offense according to the code; he simply begins back at the beginning and gives unvarnished facts, with the groundwork of social sentiment behind and around each, as an artist would paint a single object and throw on his canvas relevant surroundings. Major Truman has given us a chronology of dueling, embracing the judicial duel of Europe, or wager battle, the private battle of the civilized world, and specific descriptions of all the noted hostile meetings in Europe and America brought it down to the latest signalized period—August, 1884. It tells how duels are fought, and how the event is approached in France, Germany, England, Ireland and Scotland, and publishes the codes of these countries section by section. Duelling in America is a sort of unwritten geography. A country so vast, so cosmopolitan, and embracing so great a variety of those influences that operate in the formation of the human character, must be more or less sectionalized, in matters and customs if not in government. So the manner in which one interprets the code of honor will designate his locality—North, South, East, or the far West. A chapter is devoted to the romance of duelling, another to the remorse of duellists, another to pathos and sentiment, and another to the grim humors and pleasantries of the field. From the strategy of the duel, the code of blood as a regular mental problem, the book is valuable for reference, and it is safe to say that it is the best work on the subject that has yet come from the press.

"On a Margin," is a new novel of Wall Street and Washington, announced by Ford, Howard & Hulbert. The author withholds his name, but the readers recognize a practiced pen, and a powerful and subtle writer. The story shows the strength of the situation, and the shrewd analysis of mood and motive, whether in politics, speculation or love, will give this story of the present crowded hour many interested readers.

On the first of December will be begun the publication of a new monthly magazine of thirty-two pages, to be devoted exclusively to the care of infants and young children, and the general interests of the nursery. It will be known as "Babyhood." It will not be a collection of essays or disquisitions on debatable theories. It will strive to be helpful and suggestive rather than argumentative, and to combine as great a variety of subjects, both in fact and in theory, that each issue cannot fail to be useful and comparatively to all will have the interests of their little ones at heart.

"Dorcas: Daughter of Euzonia. A Tale of Rome and the Early Christians," by Nathan C. Kouns, author of "Aricia, the Libyan," published by Ford, Howard & Hulbert, New York. This story shows the delicate delicacy of touch and elevation of feeling that was evinced by the author's former book, combined with a most interesting knowledge of the historical era described. It is a charming tale, and is beautifully illustrated and printed.

Thomas Green, the cowboy from Cheyenne, who was made the victim of a deadly Texas steer at the Omaha stock yards on Tuesday night last, by the new papers of this city, left last night for his native haunts among the sage brush and cañons of the Laramie plains. The telegram to the lady in St. Louis did not bring about the desired end and Green will again take up the trail and go by life in the saddle on the prairies.

Shattered by a Hurled Barrel. Yesterday afternoon Andross Hill, who lives near Florence, and a couple of companions were out hunting. Just north of Florence lake Cliff had occasion to fire his gun, when his barrel bursted, the fragments shattering his left arm, between the elbow and shoulder, in a frightful manner. The unfortunate man's wound was cared for there as well as it could be done. He was then placed in a wagon and brought to the city and placed in the central hospital, where his arm was amputated by Dr. C. G. Caldwell and Hoffman. He is thought by his surgeons to be in a dangerous condition, owing to the great loss of blood during his journey to Omaha, and fears of death from exhaustion are entertained.

Tom Thumb's Savings. PLYMOUTH, MASS., November 10.—In this county probate court today the first annual tournament of the Kansas City wheelmen was concluded today. The three mile amateur race, to J. T. Orr of Emporia, first; John Hitchcock of Omaha, second; F. M. Shick of Greenwood, third. Time 10:44.

The Wheel at Kansas City. KANSAS CITY, November 10.—The first annual tournament of the Kansas City wheelmen was concluded today. The three mile amateur race, to J. T. Orr of Emporia, first; John Hitchcock of Omaha, second; F. M. Shick of Greenwood, third. Time 10:44.

Wholesale Arsenal. DELIA, MISS., November 10.—A fire this morning destroyed the Onesto Lumber company's saw mill, Osterback & Huggins saw mill, 17,000,000 feet of lumber, four dwelling houses and other lots of goods. Loss about \$280,000. Insurance \$100,000. The fire was the work of an incendiary.

SHARPSBURG AND ANTIETAM.

Notes of a Day's Halt--Topography of the Region.

Present Aspect of the Battlefield--Anecdotes of Stonewall Jackson.

At Sharpsburg on the Shenandoah railroad, four miles from Shepards town, we stopped over a day to view the battlefield of Antietam. A neat little station in the midst of meadows and wheat fields is all one sees on alighting. The town is a mile away, and the brown ridges walling in Antietam creek on which the battle mainly raged are a mile further. Sharpsburg is now a village of some 1,200 inhabitants, as quiet, demure, and old-fashioned as when a hundred years ago the square, aggressive-looking brick structures that line its principal street began to be built. This main street begins on one of the ridges mentioned, dips gently into a hollow, and climbs a much steeper hill on the east, throwing off as it begins the ascent, a narrow road leading between stone walls away to the north. Following this a mile, we come out into the cross road and to the little Dunker church, in the midst of a noble oak forest—so marked a feature in the description of the battle. The outlook from it was of the most peaceful description—meadows and grain fields, substantial homes of the farmers, men driving the teams ahead, and the white steeples of the village.

The leading tent of the Dunkers was peace, good will to men, but the irony of fate made their old church and its forest one of the bloodiest scenes of the field. Here the troops of Hooker, Sedgwick, and Sumner met the veterans of Stonewall Jackson and Hill. All day long the flames of battle smelt, all day long lay about and snails shattered, it smelt, shot wrecked the fine old trees. The venerable building has been repaired—if, indeed, one may say rebuilt—and shows no traces of the conflict. One cannot help feeling that it should have remained as shot and shell left it. A striking memento of the fight we find, however, in the mighty oaks and hickories that hang in the forest, and which are the only hearer of their wounds; large oaks cut squarely off twenty feet from the ground, branches torn from the trunks, ten thousand scars in the bark of the veterans where bullets had entered, were mute but effective witnesses of the fierceness of the conflict. It is probable, however, that the pilgrim of a year hence will find this historic forest removed, and nothing left to recall war memories. The woodman has already begun on that portion of it farther from the church, and is fast converting it into lumber and firewood. The forest was once offered to the government, we learned, for a lumber depot, but nothing was done toward securing it, and the grand old trees went into hands that have only commercial use for them.

The old church was on the extreme left of Lee's line of battle. From this point his line stretched along the west bank of Antietam creek to the bridge, four miles of a mile of its junction with the Potomac—a distance of nearly four miles. No one can go over the ground today without a feeling of respect for the military genius that seized on it for a defensive position. This west bank is a crescent-shaped ridge, presenting its convex side to the creek. A succession of hills and ravines is in its rear, and a good road running parallel with it to Sharpsburg and Shepards town allowed rapid marching of troops and an open line of retreat in case of disaster. In all the distance there were two towers where the river could be crossed, one at the extreme left, the other on the right; between the rivers were three bridges, all strongly guarded. The Union line occupied the opposite ridge across the stream, which was dominated by Lee's position. As we moved down between these hills it was difficult to believe that barely a year before 170,000 men in fight had occupied them. What is called the Stone bridge, over the Antietam, about a mile and a half below the village, was the pivotal point of the battle. Here the Ninth Corps, under Burnside, was massed, with order to carry the bridge, the latter being defended by the flower of the Rebel army under General Lee. The silence of the old structure is only broken now by the rumble of farm wagons and occasional pleasure vehicle; but there is a suspicious greenness of grass at either abutment. At least three distinct charges, as gallant as any of the war, were made by the Union forces, supported by Crook's brigade, upon this bridge, and each time the assaulting column was hurled back. As length a battery sweeping the further end of the bridge was got in position, and with the aid of the Fifty-first New York and the Fifty-first Pennsylvania dashed across and planned the flag of the open plain, gaining the first really decided advantage of the day.

Returning to the village, one may well linger an hour or two over its quaint features and still more interesting noveries of the battle. Crowning the ridge on which the village is built is a national cemetery of ten acres, tastefully laid out, in which the 4,900 soldiers of the union, chiefly those who fell about Antietam. One of the most imposing soldiers' monuments we had seen—out of Rhode Island granite—is a feature of the cemetery, and in the keeper's cottage one may see swords, guns, shells, skulls, and other objects gleaned from the battlefield. In the postoffice we discovered more unique mementoes, in sections of wood split from the trunks of trees which had been pierced by minnie balls or cannon shot. A black stick discolored the wood about the bullet, and in one or two cases also twenty-two successive layers of growth degenerated since the ball had entered could be distinctly traced.

The old Grove mansion, now the principal tavern of the village was in the battle day inhabited by the proprietor and his family. Here through the two days of the battle, Jackson was quartered, and Lee and his generals frequently met for consultation. We had the good fortune to meet Mr. Grove, son of the proprietor, an inmate of the house during the battle, and listened to his narration of incidents connected with the conflict. Seven shells struck the house, one of which bursted in the parlor, and later every room was filled with wounded soldiers. Two anecdotes of Jackson were related that I am sure have never been published. "On the first day," said Mr. Grove, "my sister sent him something to eat on the battle-field. Perhaps you would like to see the letter he wrote in acknowledgment." He handed me a gilt frame containing a soiled, crumpled leaf, evidently torn from a note book, on which was penciled in straggling characters these words:

SHARPSBURG, Sept. 16, 1862. "MRS. PARKERS: I have rec'd the nice

breakfast for which I am indebted to your kindness. "I have except my grateful appreciation of your hospitality. Very sincerely yours, "STONEWALL JACKSON."

"A message from the battlefield," observed the owner, "which considering the circumstances under which it was penned, we consider one of the most curious and valuable documents of the war."

"While with us as General Jackson was affable and courteous, and engaged in conversation with the ladies of the house, our day my sister, thinking to find out something about his plans, said: 'General Jackson, where are you going next?' He was looking over a map, and replied with another question: 'This road leads to Harperstown, doesn't it?' Then she asked him to take her to Harper's Ferry? To each of which he replied 'Yes.' He made no further reply, but continued looking over his map. "C. B. T."

UNDERGROUND BERLIN. The immense quantities of Pipes and Conduits Under the Streets. All telegraph, telephone and electric lighting wires in Berlin are now underground. A popular German magazine furnishes some details of the underground plant of the city. The gas supply of Berlin furnishes light for 14,000 street lamps and 700,000 private burners, and although gas lighting was first introduced in the city in 1817, it has since been improved, meeting the increased demand and furnishing power for a great many small industries, so that the use of the electric lighting has not diminished the production of gas. The pipes are laid under the sidewalks, and little inconvenience is caused ordinary street traffic for repairs or extension. The water supply was first introduced in 1824 by a private company, but since 1873 it has been owned and managed by the city. Twenty-three great reservoirs supply the city by means of enormous pumps through a well devised system of pipes, and 17,000 feet of main arteries are also carried off as many customers while a complete system of underground drainage, devised by the chief engineer of Berlin, a recognized authority in hygiene, Hobeck, began in 1873 has been gradually introduced, providing for the disposal of all the city's waste water through which all city waste is carried off to great fields, where the drainage is recovered and utilized. Every house in Berlin is connected with this underground drainage by an approved system of pipes, and the rain water from the roofs and streets is also carried off through it. Every house, too, must have its water supply, and this is also regulated by law, with careful consideration of the needs of the inhabitants. Twenty-two steam engines, with 4,100 horse power, in five stations, scattered throughout the city, supply the water for the city. The cost of the million of people that inhabit Berlin out to a distant point. The cost of the city gas works in Berlin amounts in the aggregate to seven millions of dollars, of the water works to eight millions, and of the sewerage system to ten millions. The city of Berlin has recently contracted with the German Edison Electric Light Company for a thorough system of underground wires, by which every street can be lighted, and every house too, if the owner chooses to introduce it. Water and light and drainage are now fully supplied, but Berlin is discussing the American plans for heat and power, to be supplied from central stations through underground pipes, under such a system as may be approved by its local scientific authorities.

THE GARDEN CITY PLUM. GARDEN HARBOR SHIPPED TO THE SEASIDE? WILL GIVE EVERY A WHIRL AT THE CHICAGO NATIONALITY. Special dispatch to the Bee. CHICAGO, November 10.—John F. Finerty, the defeated congressman in the Second district, is seriously talked of by his friends for mayor next spring, and it is thought that Finerty will succeed in becoming United States senator, and when he is out of the way some of the smaller persons around the public crib will have a chance to get a bite. His position toward the majority has been that of the big dog on the platform. His very presence has frustrated the weaker ones.

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The Canadian has determined to remain in Australia for eight or ten months in order to have another match with Beach. A few days ago the friends of the men met with the view of arranging another match, but as Beach refused to row under six months nothing definite has arrived at. Last night they met again. Beach was not present. He was represented by Messrs. Deeble and Kelley, while Hanlan had Messrs. T. Allcock and Watson on his side. Hanlan, on being asked if he would row, in six months positively refused, as he did not wish to risk severe training in the summer. He had also refused to row against the match being rowed except after high water. Ultimately Mr. Deeble went for Beach and returned with the champion, who refused to make any alteration in the time usually chosen for championship matches, viz, between 4 and 4:30 o'clock. He didn't know how the tide would be, but he was willing to take his chance, though he seemed to consider that if it were with the men it would be in Hanlan's favor, while if it were against it would be to his advantage. After a lot of fussing on both sides, it was decided that the match should take place on the first Saturday in May, and should be for £500 a change. During the discussion Mr. C. Smith, on behalf of T. Clifford, offered to row either Beach or Hanlan over the championship course for £500 a side, and directly after the preliminaries of the Beach and Hanlan match were discussed, Hanlan expressed his willingness to accept Clifford's challenge and row in five months. Clifford's friends at once consented and a deposit of £50 was made. This rather staggered Beach's friends, who had intended to take up the gauntlet thrown down by the Clifford party, but, being forestalled, they took the matter quietly.

Hanlan does not like the Parramatta course, and never loses an opportunity of denouncing it. The presence of the steamers seems to be his bete noir, but though he last night stated that the only match he would row on it should be against Beach, directly the championship contest was arranged he made an engagement to row Clifford. This still further weakens his excuse for his defeat by Beach, and whatever he may advance, I am sure he inwardly thinks that he was beaten by the best man of the day.

A Case of Spoils. Detroit Free Press. A Chicago drummer balanced his chin on the edge of a seat in front of him, and tickled a sandy-haired passenger's ear with the remark: "You've been in Chicago, of course?" "Where?" "Chicago."

An uncertain look came in the sandy-haired man's eyes. "he mused, retrospectively, 'ears to me I must have passed through there. I've traveled a good deal. I know I've heard the name before. What line of road is it?' "Forty lines of road. It's the biggest railroad center on earth."

"Chicago is a place where trains stop for dinner." "Now," said the disgusted drummer. "Chicago is not a place where the passengers stop for dinner."

"Of course that's what I meant," explained the red haired man gently. "Fact is," he went on with confidential frankness, "I've traveled so much and been in so many places, that I can't remember that I don't pretend to remember more'n a quarter of 'em. What's the name of the hotel in Chicago?" "These ain't any," said the drummer, gloomily.

Then he walked forward to the filter, filled his mouth full of water, gargled his throat, whooshed the liquid down his floor and hung his leg over the top of the box. "Who is that evil eyed, pink haired, lumpy legged, prairie eared microbe at the other end of the car?" he asked of the conductor, who was passing through the train.

"Do you mean that gentleman looking out of the window?" "Yes." "He's a fish merchant from St. Louis."

A Boonanza for Officers' Lost Sight. While politicians everywhere were quarreling Tuesday, October 26, 1884, the 173rd Grand National Lottery came off. M. A. Dauphin New Orleans, La., to whose all inquiries should be addressed. Tickets, 50c. First prize, \$100,000; second prize, \$25,000; third prize, \$10,000; fourth prize, \$5,000; fifth prize, \$2,500; sixth prize, \$1,250; seventh prize, \$625; eighth prize, \$312.50; ninth prize, \$156.25; tenth prize, \$78.125. Total prizes, \$250,000. Tickets, 50c. First prize, \$100,000; second prize, \$25,000; third prize, \$10,000; fourth prize, \$5,000; fifth prize, \$2,500; sixth prize, \$1,250; seventh prize, \$625; eighth prize, \$312.50; ninth prize, \$156.25; tenth prize, \$78.125. Total prizes, \$250,000.

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A Case of Spoils. Detroit Free Press. A Chicago drummer balanced his chin on the edge of a seat in front of him, and tickled a sandy-haired passenger's ear with the remark: "You've been in Chicago, of course?" "Where?" "Chicago."

An uncertain look came in the sandy-haired man's eyes. "he mused, retrospectively, 'ears to me I must have passed through there. I've traveled a good deal. I know I've heard the name before. What line of road is it?' "Forty lines of road. It's the biggest railroad center on earth."

"Chicago is a place where trains stop for dinner." "Now," said the disgusted drummer. "Chicago is not a place where the passengers stop for dinner."

"Of course that's what I meant," explained the red haired man gently. "Fact is," he went on with confidential frankness, "I've traveled so much and been in so many places, that I can't remember that I don't pretend to remember more'n a quarter of 'em. What's the name of the hotel in Chicago?" "These ain't any," said the drummer, gloomily.

Then he walked forward to the filter, filled his mouth full of water, gargled his throat, whooshed the liquid down his floor and hung his leg over the top of the box. "Who is that evil eyed, pink haired, lumpy legged, prairie eared microbe at the other end of the car?" he asked of the conductor, who was passing through the train.

"Do you mean that gentleman looking out of the window?" "Yes." "He's a fish merchant from St. Louis."

A Boonanza for Officers' Lost Sight. While politicians everywhere were quarreling Tuesday, October 26, 1884, the 173rd Grand National Lottery came off. M. A. Dauphin New Orleans, La., to whose all inquiries should be addressed. Tickets, 50c. First prize, \$100,000; second prize, \$25,000; third prize, \$10,000; fourth prize, \$5,000; fifth prize, \$2,500; sixth prize, \$1,250; seventh prize, \$625; eighth prize, \$312.50; ninth prize, \$156.25; tenth prize, \$78.125. Total prizes, \$250,000. Tickets, 50c. First prize, \$100,000; second prize, \$25,000; third prize, \$10,000; fourth prize, \$5,000; fifth prize, \$2,500; sixth prize, \$1,250; seventh prize, \$625; eighth prize, \$312.50; ninth prize, \$156.25; tenth prize, \$78.125. Total prizes, \$250,000.

A Breakfast with Bennett. Ballard Smith in Detroit Times. Shortly after my arrival in Paris I was flattered by receiving a note from the millionaire journalist, in which he invited me to honor him by breakfasting with him in his elegant bachelor apartments. Well, I called at his elegant bachelor apartments. James G. Gordon Bennett was there. So was a fascinating Parisian lady who had not previously been honored with my acquaintance. Dressed out in my holiday attire I presented a very pretty and fascinating spectacle, but I wasn't a bewitching Parisian female. As between the charms of my society and those of the beautiful talker, the choice of human events has changed. You will find my carriage at the door. Mr. Bennett continued, "the driver of which will transport you to the cafe which I frequently patronize. You will breakfast there and return here to dine with me this evening."

The glance that Mr. Bennett cast in the direction of the door, at this juncture, may have been purely meditative, but I deemed it prudent to go out into the hall and see what had attracted his attention. I forgot to return at that particular time.

Advertising Cheats. "It has become so common to begin an article, in an elegant, interesting style. "Then run it into some advertisement that we would all such."

"And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible. "To induce people.

"To give them one trial, which so roves their value that they will never see anything else.

"The Remedy so favorably noticed in all the papers. Religious and secular, is "Having gone for sale, and is supplanting all other medicines.

"There is no one denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of Hop Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability. "In compounding a medicine, whose virtue is so palpable to every one's observation. "Did She Die?"

"No." "She lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years. "The doctors doing her no good. "And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about. "Indeed! Indeed!"

"How thankful we should be for that medicine. "A Daughter's Misery. "Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery. "From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility. "Under the care of the best physicians. "Who gave her disease various names. "But no relief. "And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it. "THE PARENTS.

Father is Getting Well. "My daughters say: "It is much better father is since he used Hop Bitters. "He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable. "And we are so glad that he used your Bitters. "A Lady of Utica, N. Y. "Some genuine unadorned bunch of green Hop on white label, showing all the various scientific stuff with 'Hop' or 'Hops' in their name.

Diseases and Health of Live Stock. All owners of live stock are no doubt interested in keeping their animals in a sound healthy condition, and are anxious to bring to a halt any disease, no matter how trifling, as soon as it makes its appearance. To accomplish either or both of these, the Western Live Stock Remedy is easily given to cattle, horses, swine, and sheep, and is an article that has never failed to give satisfaction, if properly administered.

Thousands of dollars might be saved annually if breeders, farmers, and in fact, any one who has the proper ownership of an extensive herd to the modest gardener with a pony and a cow, would keep their animals in a thoroughly healthy condition. Keep stock healthy and every contagious disease that comes along will not take hold with the grip of death. To do this there is nothing equal to the Western Live Stock Remedy. Do not wait until the horse is stolen to look the stable door, but lock it now—before this comes along, by the use of only one dollar for a trial package of the celebrated and thoroughly tested best Western Live Stock Remedy. Equip your drugstore, or general storekeeper, and if you are unable to obtain it there, send One Dollar for a package, post-paid, to the WESTERN LIVE STOCK REMEDY CO. Box 509 Omaha, Neb. Special Discounts to the Trade.