

THE DAILY BEE.

OMAHA OFFICE NO. 914 AND 916 FAIRBANK ST. NEW YORK OFFICE, ROOM 65 TRINITY BUILDING.

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THE BEE PUBLISHING CO., PROP. E. ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

A. H. Fitch, Manager Daily Circulation, Omaha, Nebraska.

ALTHOUGH Congressman Cannon is quite a big gun, he is no relation to George Q. Cannon, of Mormon fame.

Now let the small fry of the Nebraska democracy stand firm under. Dr. Miller has gone into the torpedo business.

They are still discussing the questions of who struck Billy Patterson, and how was the Washington monument struck by lightning.

Another cold wave is predicted for this section by Mr. Hazen. We suspect that Charles Francis Adams is again approaching Omaha.

Yost's monkey has again been let loose, and once more he has learned that it is not safe to monkey with the business end of the BEB.

NIAGARA FALLS park has at last become a free-for-all resort, and the occupation of the hackmen and fee-takers is gone.

Is it not about time to take steps for calling a republican state convention, or does Mr. Yost propose to carry the call of the state committee around in his vest pocket for two or three months longer?

There is nothing small about Churc Howe after all. He does not want to go to the United States senate just yet. He is willing to bide his time if he allows him to represent the first district as congressman.

CONGRESSMAN B. F. FREDERICK, of Marshalltown, Iowa, while in Chicago the other day, expressed the opinion that his state would go democratic next fall.

It is rather singular how Chicago cocktails will affect a man from a prohibition state.

CARTER H. HARRISON has stood a good deal of abuse, but when the majority of the newspapers of Chicago refer to him as "the alleged mayor," it does seem going a little too far.

It is rather cruel for the Denver Tribune Republican to refer to the editor of the Omaha Herald as a "veterinary surgeon by the name of Miller," who "failed to get a place in Cleveland's cabinet, to which some of his horse friends led him to believe he was entitled."

Dr. Miller ought to fire one of his torpedoes at that Denver editor.

FARMERS are not generally credited with being good business men, but the California farmer who recently failed for \$800,000, assets nominal, was undoubtedly a close student of the most approved business methods of some of the most noted financiers who are now either in the penitentiary or in Canada.

It is not often that a farmer can reap such a harvest in a single season.

GEN. HOWARD is authority for the statement that the end of the Fourth of July Incident in Salt Lake has not yet been reached, as serious trouble is likely to be precipitated upon the slightest pretext on the 24th of this month.

That day is the anniversary of the Mormon settlement of Utah, and thousands of Mormons flock into Salt Lake to unite in the celebration.

It might be a good idea to recall a portion of the troops from the Indian territory and send them out to Salt Lake.

PLATTSBROUGH is happy. It has postponed its day of judgment for twenty years by voting bonds to fund its indebtedness, which, all told, does not amount to over \$125,000.

Twenty years from now it will have increased in wealth sufficiently to owe five times that amount and not feel it.

She is one of Nebraska's most prosperous towns, and with her credit now restored, "she to-day rises like Christian when the load of sin fell from his back," as the Journal expresses it, "refreshed, energized and with courage renewed for the struggle that is before her."

In an article summarizing the liquor laws of all the states, the Philadelphia Press commends the Nebraska anti-treating law as follows:

The law against treating in Nebraska, it is only fair to add, is founded on a sensible idea. How much of the drunkenness and vice of large American cities is due to treating? In this respect we are a nation of fools. In no country in the world is the custom carried to such an extent.

While this law may be based upon a sensible idea, it is a dead-letter in Nebraska, as it also is in Nevada.

The papers in this part of the rowdy west continue to treat and be treated just as they did before the passage of this law, which they treat with contempt.

A CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.

For unbounded impudence commend us to the impostors and imbeciles who conduct the broken-winded and readerless paper known as the Omaha Republican. These moss-backs and mountebanks of Nebraska journalism have the audacity to claim not only superiority over this paper in the matter of telegraphic news, but they actually go so far as to assert that our special dispatches are padded out and mainly fictions, manufactured in the Bee office. We will quote the Republican's own language:

The Bee undoubtedly receives some exclusive dispatches from Chicago, but those dispatches are small and never important, and are used not for an honest purpose, but for the purpose of deception. They are dated "Washington," "London," etc., when they really are stolen from the Chicago papers, and are extended, padded and otherwise doctored in the Bee office with reprint and imagination. A favorite trick of our contemporary is, after receiving a "special" of ten words, to pad it out to fifty, and then to put it at the head of a column of associated press telegrams. Thus it is made to appear to the uninitiated and ignorant readers of that paper that the Bee receives columns of special dispatches daily, whereas it receives perhaps a half column. Let the manager of the Bee publish the list of "specials" received by him during the month of June. He dare not do it.

We cheerfully comply with the request to publish the list of our specials for the month of June, and here it is:

Table with 2 columns: City and Number of words. Includes entries for Lincoln (44), Chicago (1365), St. Paul (1412), etc.

OMAHA, July 1, 1885.

The Bee Publishing Co., To Western Union Telegraph Co., Dr. June 1 to special from Lincoln 44 words. 1 to "Chicago 1365 " 2 to "St. Paul 1412 " 3 to "Chicago 1010 " 4 to "Lincoln 69 " 5 to "Chicago 1315 " 6 to "Chicago 101 " 7 to "M'rs. Wm. L. 856 " 8 to "Chicago 993 " 9 to "Chicago 4708 " 10 to "Chicago 177 " 11 to "Beatrice 89 " 12 to "Chicago 101 " 13 to "Millard 157 " 14 to "Valentine 41 " 15 to "Lincoln 362 " 16 to "Lincoln 353 " 17 to "Lincoln 353 " 18 to "Chicago 944 " 19 to "Bloomington 56 " 20 to "Chicago 2,672 " 21 to "Chicago 423 " 22 to "Lincoln 815 " 23 to "Norfolk 248 " 24 to "Lincoln 51 " 25 to "Chicago 4,269 " 26 to "Chicago 369 " 27 to "Lincoln 350 " 28 to "Chicago 1,802 " 29 to "Lincoln 236 " 30 to "Chicago 1,501 " 31 to "Lincoln 98 " 32 to "Beatrice 35 " 33 to "Chicago 1,173 " 34 to "Lincoln 87 " 35 to "St. P., Neb. 59 " 36 to "Lincoln 355 " 37 to "Chicago 2,450 " 38 to "Lincoln 33 " 39 to "Chicago 1,054 " 40 to "Lincoln 534 " 41 to "Chicago 3,166 " 42 to "Chicago 1,901 " 43 to "Lincoln 96 " 44 to "Chicago 731 " 45 to "Chicago 5,859 " 46 to "Lincoln 296 " 47 to "Chicago 3,239 " 48 to "Valentine 35 " 49 to "Lincoln 249 "

Total number of words of specials 58,929.

Total amount paid Western Union Telegraph Company during month of June \$458.70.

Received payment.

L. M. RUKES.

What does the broken-winded and readerless concern think of this exhibit? In the twenty-six publishing days in the month of June the Bee has received and paid for 58,929 words of special dispatches, or an average of 2,266 words per day. The telegraph bill of the Bee for the month of June was \$458.70, while the Republican has paid less than \$100 for all its telegraphic news, during the same month.

The few special dispatches the Republican receives from Nebraska towns and villages will not average 200 words a day. We have published our itemized bill for special dispatches, and now let the Republican publish its bill for the same month.

Our special dispatches may not be important in the eyes of juvenile journalists, but the steady growth of our circulation indicates that they are appreciated by our patrons. We do not profess to have special correspondents in London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Bombay, Calcutta or Khartoum. We simply print "specials" over all such dispatches as are exclusively sent to the Bee from its eastern news bureau at Chicago, which city, next to New York, is the greatest news center in America. There is no more deception in our publishing as specials than telegrams sent to Chicago, and repeated from there to Omaha, than there is deception in the publication of the same class of dispatches as specials in the Chicago and St. Louis papers, which get their specials from New York. Outside of New York there is not now a paper in America that maintains special reporters in the capitals of Europe and Asia. Nearly all foreign specials now come through the New York Herald bureau at London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna and Madrid. Several other New York dailies receive special cables once a week from London. So much for this glib talk about deception.

When the Republican has met our challenge to publish its telegraph bills for June, it will also confer a favor upon its duped advertisers by printing a sworn statement of its circulation. Such a statement would be very interesting to parties who have been imposed upon. We are ready with our statement at any day. Our average daily circulation for last week was as follows: Morning edition, 3,986; evening edition, 4,864; total, 8,850. When the Republican can show a circulation one quarter as large as that of the Bee it will be time for it to talk about enterprise.

The Omaha Republican, with a great flourish of trumpets, declares that its policy in publishing a newspaper differs very much from the policy pursued by the Bee and is infinitely superior. We

acknowledge the corn so far as the difference is concerned. The policy of the Republican has been to depend upon the corporate monopolies for job-work, and print a junk-shop sheet, as an appendage to a subsidized job-office. The Bee has no job-office, keeps out of all jobs, has no subsidies, but depends entirely for its support upon the patronage of the people. The Bee's policy necessarily has to differ very radically from that of the junk shop sheet. It prints whatever is of interest to the public regardless of the feelings of managers of railroads or any other monopolies. For instance the Bee published Mayor Boyd's letter to Charles Francis Adams. The Republican suppressed it. The policy of the Republican is to support and defend every corrupt job and jobber, while the policy of the Bee is to expose and denounce the same. Owing to this difference in policy there is a vast difference in the circulation of the two papers.

In the course of a long-winded reply to a floating paragraph in regard to "the desirability of Denver," which originated in an Omaha paper, the Denver Tribune-Republican files into a passion and says: For five years it has been notorious throughout the west that Omaha lost its last chance to become a great city when Denver and Kansas City received their boom.

Omaha has had no boom, yet in the past five years she has grown more than Denver, and is now larger than that city.

In 1880 the federal census gave Omaha a population of 30,652, and Denver 35,029. The Nebraska state census of Nebraska gives Omaha 61,835, while the Colorado state census shows that Denver now has 54,407. In five years Denver has increased its population only 18,778, while Omaha has increased 31,183, or more than doubled her population.

Omaha's chance for becoming a great city were never better. We want no mushroom booms. All we ask is that the rapid, steady and substantial growth shall continue. We care not how rapidly Denver grows, as that city has a territory of her own, and her prosperity and growth cannot materially affect Omaha. This city has left Denver behind, and, as the Bee has said before, it now proposes to catch up with Kansas City.

The Denver Tribune-Republican exposes a lamentable ignorance when it says that the Union Pacific is attempting to break down the business of Denver in the interest of Omaha, and that Omaha could not live without the aid of that corporation. This assertion is indeed amusing to the people and tax-payers of Omaha who have contributed hundreds of thousands of dollars in lands and bonds to the Union Pacific, and never received a dollar's benefit in return. That railroad to-day has immense tracts of lands in the very heart of the city upon which it pays no taxes, because they have been exempted under the pretext of right of way, yet many of these lots are leased out for coal yards, smelting-works, elevators, lumber yards, warehouses, etc., and produce a revenue for the company but not a cent of revenue for the city. Had the Union Pacific fulfilled its obligations to Omaha and not thrown obstacles in the way of her progress and prosperity, she would to-day have been a city of over 100,000 people. The Union Pacific for years has been as much of a drawback to Omaha as the Tribune-Republican says it has been to Denver.

ACCORDING to the Republican the evening edition of the Bee is a disgrace to Omaha, and would not be tolerated in any discriminating community. As a matter of fact, the evening edition of the Bee is the largest and most complete afternoon newspaper published in America. There is not a New York or Chicago afternoon daily that contains as much reading matter, and in proportion to population there is not another paper, morning or evening, that is so generally circulated and patronized. If it were published in a discriminating community made up of corporation tools, but who confine their newspaper reading to subsidized organs, it would not, perhaps, be tolerated.

UNDER the impression that Mr. John Grant had severed his connection with the Barber asphalt paving company in this city, we commended his appointment as asphalt pavement inspector as a very proper one, but we have since learned that he is still in the service of the company. Under such circumstances and drawing pay from the contractors and the city at the same time, we very much question the propriety of the appointment. No man can properly serve two masters.

KANSAS CITY has been bagging for some one to build a hotel in that town. Now that she has secured the location of the branch penitentiary of Missouri she will probably be satisfied. There are some places that need a penitentiary more than a hotel, and the disappointed towns that were competing for this prize will probably, in sour-grape style, say that Kansas City is one of those towns.

The St. Louis Republican says: "Higgins is not a colossal figure by any means, but he manages to absorb a full share of public attention. He has a great mouth." It might have added that every time he opens his mouth Higgins puts his foot in it.

MAHONE still keeps up his reputation as a readjuster. His little differences with Riddleberger have all been patched up, and now peace and harmony prevail. The burial of the hatchet between these two statesmen was the closing scene of the first day's session of the Virginia state republican convention. Amid the din and confusion and excitement, inci-

dent to the attempt of the convention to sit down on Riddleberger, Mahone arose to the full height of his dignity, and generously appealed that Riddleberger be heard. This magnanimity on the part of Mahone touched the heart of Riddleberger, who brushed a tear from his cheek, and extending his hand, said: "Right here I will shake hands and make peace." Thereupon they fell into each other's arms, and embraced. It was a touching spectacle. Its effect upon the audience was electrical. As the dispatches inform us, it was the signal for a general embracing, and the factions that had before looked horns now looked arms in peace, harmony and friendship.

Not Moving Eastward Very Fast. The Ingalls presidential boom still lingers on the border of civilization. Its delay in moving eastward is said to be due to its being unable to make up its mind whether to cross the Missouri river on the Omaha, the Plattsmouth, the St. Joseph, the Atchison, or the Leavenworth bridge. We have very serious doubts whether it will be seen this side of the grasshopper line until the railroads begin cutting their passenger rates east.

Hope for Mormons--and the Rest of New York Herald. The Omaha Bee suggests that the Mormons should go to the Sandwich Islands--territory which is supposed to be in the market and which the saints are rich enough to buy. There is something practical in this suggestion. If the Mormons want to be where no gentlemanly man would care to go, let them go to the Sandwich Islands. If they want to go where inquisitive writers of news letters are not likely to intrude, let them emigrate to the Sandwich Islands. The United States would not persecute them there, for the Sandwich Islands are thousands of miles from us, and we have no navy. Most conclusive of all is the fact that the Saints and their wives would agree for the principal vice of the Sandwich Islands is the (alleged) principal virtue of Mormonism. The Bee has solved a most perplexing problem.

UNPROFITABLE ADVERTISING. Why Cards, Circulars and the Like Are Failures as Advertising Mediums. New York Commercial Advertiser.

Within the last few years it has become the fashion with some people to do their advertising in their own private way instead of through the newspapers. Some distribute cards, some circulars, some pamphlets, some even almanacs, and inconceivable monstrosities of oddity, circulating them by the hundreds or thousands through the mails. The printer's art has been taxed to the utmost to give to these cards of advertisers, and the most elaborate and costly specimens of the art of engraving, of chromo-lithography and of color printing are being produced for these purposes, and every conceivable style of fancy paper is brought into requisition. The advertiser vies with each other in the elegance of their designs and the costliness of their devices, taking it for granted that the recipient will consider their estimate of the status of the advertiser to the artistic pretensions of his advertisement. Some people may regret that the noble art of printing, at the period of its highest achievements, should be subjected to such debasing use; but, to those who thus employ the art, it should be equally a matter of concern that the debasement so completely frees the object for which it is intended. With him who notices such advertisements at all, the first feeling on receiving one of these superb specimens of typography or engravings is apt to be one of disgust that it relates to the artistic pursuits of his butcher or his bootmaker, or that the subjects of its elegant illustrations are chairs, stoves, refrigerators, and brooms; he throws it down with an indelible grudge against the man who has been guilty of such a ridiculous prostitution of art, and, without exactly knowing it, he is distinctly convinced that a tradesman who spends so much money in such an incongruous way is not likely to be endowed with the common sense of a good man of business or to sell cheaply.

In truth, however, those who take any notice whatever of this flood of announcements form but a very small percentage of those who receive them. They have come to be the nuisance of both the parlor and the counting room. At home they are never opened but with disappointment, because they come in the mail, and the merchant finds his morning mail stuffed with these instructions upon the serious affairs of his business, which he inwardly curses or impatiently consigns to his waste-paper heap. In short, if a public vote could be taken, it would unanimously declare these drumming missives to be an intolerable nuisance that should be denied the privilege of the mails.

Men of business who resort to the method of advertising cannot be ignorant of the fact that people who they would reach have become nauseated with it. They must be aware that they themselves disregard all appeals for patronage; and that reason have they to suppose that others will do so? The advertiser with more patience. Sagacious advertisers are beginning to see this and are returning to the old method of public announcement. The newspaper is in every sense, the best medium for advertising; and for a given result, it is by much the cheapest also. It reaches a far greater number of possible customers than any private announcement can; and it is more certain to receive attention. The private circular is thrown aside as a thing which people have come to regard as a bore, and which is neglected because its recipients have no time to attend to it. The newspaper is used in each day's hour of leisure, and readers find interest in reading its advertisements as well as its news, because of the variety they present and the information they convey respecting a wide diversity of interests. It may be safely estimated that an announcement made through the press is noticed by fifty readers, whereas, "made in a private way," it would reach but one. If, therefore, the same amount were expended in either case, the result would be fifty-fold better from the former method than from the latter. There are, undoubtedly, cases in which the circular is a better medium than the newspaper. Such, for instance, as where the matter is necessarily lengthy and the cost of newspaper space would therefore be very large. Such cases are, however, exceptional, and the money is better spent in the advertising of the present incumbent he can remain. I think, however, that Kittle could get a smaller office than the one he was after, if he would only take it and be satisfied.

"Do you know what is being done with the land office of this district?" "Nothing." "At least I heard nothing about them when they were working for there working for the Nebraska office, but he might as well come home. His case reminds me of the boy who said he wished his father would die, as he had

CRIME NOTES.

Another Confidence Game--Midnight Robberies. Another poor victim of the wily confidence man has turned up. This time his name is E. R. Stout and his native town is St. Peters, Minn. He reported at the police headquarters yesterday that he had struck the town for the first time Wednesday and had met a nice looking stranger who said he hailed from Minnesota, and said he was going to that state very soon--would go in company with young Stout. The stranger invited his new found friend to come up town and get some ice cream before they proceeded to take in the town. Young Stout accepted the invitation, and the two were going up town when they were met by a stranger No. 2 who wanted some money to pay the baggage men for checking his baggage to Minnesota. Stranger No. 1 didn't have the money, but turning to his new friend Stout, borrowed \$18 from him. Shortly afterwards, the two men slipped out and left Stout to bemoan his foolishness. He has but one dollar and his return trip ticket left. When asked by Jailor Peironet if he hadn't read of such confidence games before, the innocent confederate replied that he had, just the week before, but "then this man looked so honest, you know, that I couldn't help giving him the money."

ROBBED BY A FRIEND. Report has just been made to the police headquarters by Israel Frank, who claims to have been robbed night before last for \$85 in money, a valuable watch and chain, and some clothing. It seems that suspicion rests upon a young man from Chicago, who made Frank's acquaintance a short time ago, and who bought some clothing from him a short time before the robbery was committed. Shortly afterwards the young man was heard to say that he was going to Chicago and disappeared that night as did also Frank's valuables.

A FISHING MIREN. A woman of easy virtue named Jennie Smith, was arrested last night, charged with robbing a young man named Charles Williams of a \$20 gold piece. The young man is not sure that the Smith woman committed the robbery, but as he lost the money while in her den, is confident that she is connected with the theft.

A POSTED SPOILSMAN. The Scramble for the Internal Revenue Collectors. Fremont Tribune.

Senator Sherman, who has returned home from Washington, whither he went in company with the editor of the Fremont Herald to look after getting that sugar plum at Omaha known as the revenue collectorship, was made a subject of an interview by the Tribune man. The senator was found in his harness store and peered out through the fly nets as the scribe entered.

"Is the weather at Washington as cold as it is reported to be?" was the first interrogatory launched by the scribe.

John unbuttoned his waistband to give better vent to his feeling and replied: "Well, hardly."

"Then that report in the Omaha Herald about yourself and Smalls getting the cold shoulder, was not in accordance with the facts?"

"Of course it wasn't. The fact is we didn't call on the president until the next day after the article appeared in print. I want to tell you this, all those 'special' telegrams to the Omaha Herald are sent out in the interest of the Miller-Boyd crowd and if they do not come that way they are doctored up to suit the sweet will of the Omaha gang."

"Glad to know that you didn't have to stand on the front stoop and shiver."

"Well we didn't. On the contrary we were received very cordially."

"It is true that you told Cleveland you turned down Cleveland county democrats?"

"Nothing of the kind. If anybody supposes I am so big a fool as that they are mistaken. I knew before I went to Washington that the president is a man who has a mind of his own and that there is no use dictating to him."

"The Omaha collectorship lies between Mr. Cahoun, of Nebraska City, and myself, does it not?"

"I don't see about that. Cahoun is as dead as h--l. He has no claim upon the position or upon his party. Cap. Herman, of Omaha, is after the place with all his might. He has a long petition from the citizens of that city, but will rely more upon aid from another source. He is a brother-in-law of Tom Hendricks and has a letter from him. Herman might get the appointment if Hendricks would go before the president and ask it personally. But I don't think he'll do it. He always fought nepotism, and he is going to be consistent he won't ask for the appointment of a relation."

"What sort of endorsement have you?"

"The best of any of 'em. I have every democratic member of the last legislature, the three democratic nominees for congress, five of the delegates to the national convention, besides many of the leading men of the state, including such men as Judge Savage, Judge Holman, and others."

"When do you think the appointment will be made?"

"It would have been settled last week, but I think Miller and Boyd were afraid to let it go to a test then and asked for more time to make a deal."

"How is Kittle getting along?"

"Well, the old man seems to be enjoying himself. He's been there so long now that he knows Washington as well as he does Fremont. He has a comfortable twenty-two square, with a good furniture, which, with his food, costs him only six dollars a week, so you see the idea that he is spending a fortune there to get an office is not quite correct. Washington is a good place for a geologist like him to live, anyhow."

"Spess so. There must be a good many old fossils there now trying to get office?"

"No, the fossils are those who have been in office, but are out now."

"Will he get his coveted position of director of the United States geological survey?"

"No. The department has just accepted the plan for the summer's work laid out by Maj. Powell. That is considered as equivalent to telling the present incumbent he can remain. I think, however, that Kittle could get a smaller office than the one he was after, if he would only take it and be satisfied."

"Do you know what is being done with the land office of this district?"

"Nothing." "At least I heard nothing about them when they were working for there working for the Nebraska office, but he might as well come home. His case reminds me of the boy who said he wished his father would die, as he had

got tired of seeing him around. The president is getting tired of him."

At this point a customer dropped into the store to buy some sweat pads for his harness, and the reporter concluded to slide out before the senator realized that he was being pumped, and he hid.

ANOTHER LIE NAILED. The King of Denmark Held up to Public Gaze by Tom Devoyer. The following circular letter has been issued by the "Land Return Union" and a copy of it forwarded to us by the secretary, Thomas Algeo Devoyer, 70 Snyder street, Brooklyn, N. Y. It is filled with the dynamite of ideas and will wake up the drowsiest mortal.

THE LAND! THE LAND! To the Men of England and America: There is only one question before the world. One worth looking at--one that must be settled before petty side issues can come in--one that will settle all. For good or for evil; for life or for death. It is the land question!

A great lie was written into the soil of England by the dastard of Normandy. His pen, the point of a sword; his ink, the blood of the English people.

The lie took this shape: "The soil, the mines, the waters of this nation, were not created for the people. They were created to feed the debauch of idle scoundrels who called themselves 'lords of the soil,'" lord gods of the soil!

Henceforth the lie covered the whole land. Not an acre in England escaped from it. Not a man or woman or child of England but was born and bred up under shadow of the lie. That goddess lie! It was ground into their bones. A "vested" lie. Nobody questioned it. Everybody believed it. The great truth lay trampled out of sight under its feet.

But the truth now at last is making struggle to arise. It is looking around at the world. It sees a grandeur, a fertility, a beauty, a health and forest, and lake and ocean; that never can be described. Sees that in its very nature it is an earthly paradise. Sees that it has been made to most of the human family an earthly hell. Asks, "by whom?" It answers, "by a handful of scoundrels who call themselves lords of the soil."

Asks, by what right? "By this," answers the lie, "a handful of 'lords' and their point to the cursed sword of the Norman dastard and the sharp ground swords of their own hired mankillers."

Is that in the present day a sufficient answer? Let us examine. Six years ago the populous centers were strong. By a waive of their hand they drove the reform bill through the house of lords, taking Wellington's word by the way. The same power forced through the same lords a rush of small and large reforms, including the Franchise bill, not one of which they had granted if they dared refuse.

This, too, happens: Proclaim down a meeting in Dublin and down it goes. "Proclaim," one in London and it does not go down. The proclamation goes down, the queen's authority goes down, accompanied by half a mile of the iron gridiers of her majesty's own Hyde park. Under the very nose of the house guards. In contemptuous defiance of these organized mankillers. Just whisper to the men in Downing street that though the people of Ireland may be their slaves, the people of England are their masters. Doubtly so, with the new franchise law.

And the lie has crossed over to America. It breeds our corporations. It feeds our courts. Our Benedict Arnolds in congress cover it with their guns. It aims to take full possession in the United States. If it does, it will trample you and your "atrikes," and your tariffs, and your "greenbacks," and your socialism and your liberty, under its feet.

BUCK HARDING'S WIDOWS. A New Mexico Saloon that is Lighted Through Glass Mined on the Red River. New York Sun.

A truck driver who was staggering down Front street the other day with a long rung in his hand, accidentally put the end of the rung through a window of the barroom of the Miners Arms, the Front street resort of western miners when in this city. The jangling glass startled a group of men who were sitting in the corner, and they gathered around the bartender collected the prize of the broken glass from the truckman. Then Archie McLean, a slender young fellow, who had recently arrived from Arizona, said:

"Say, yer lights are no good. You should see the lights as is used in New Mexico, just beyond the Pan Handle."

"What is into 'em?" said the bartender.

"Do you mind Buck Harding? Buck has gone clean back on mining, and is running a ranch on the trail up the north branch of the Red. Say, Buck's just coining wealth selling jules to the cowboys and Indians. They don't none of them try to clean out Buck's ranch, 'cuss Buck's a rustler. It's the lights which he's into his caboose what I was mentioning to you."

"Are they way up?"

"Well, now, yer jest bet yer boots they're way up. Didn't I tell yer Buck was a rustler? Say, them lights is four feet by five, and he has three on 'em into one end of the caboose and four under the plazy."

"Hauled 'em all the way from Kansas City, I reckon," said the bartender.

"Kansas City is blowed! They'd cost \$5,000, maybe \$10,000, to bring 'em from Kansas City, and these 'ere nevva cost Buck one bloomin' ounce of dust. They didn't cost him nothin'. He dug 'em outen the bank of the river, not more'n fifteen mile from the caboose."

The bartender laughed and the rustler joined him. Archie showed his soft hat back on his head, and said angrily:

"Say, you galoots think I'm a liar. Ef I don't prove what I say I'll flicker the crowd. Gimme my sarty!"

The bartender fished a wedge-shaped satchel made of brilliant carpeting from a locker behind the bar and placed it on a bench. While the crowd looked on Archie brought out from the middle of a lot of blue overalls and shirts a bundle about six inches square and an inch thick. He at once began unwrapping the pieces of newspaper that covered it, and when he had removed eleven wrappers he held in his hand what seemed to be a piece of glass, very clear, but with a faint yellowish tinge. The edges, however, showed that it was not glass.

"What do you call that?" said Archie.

"I got that outen the place where Buck got hisson. The bluffs is a hundred feet high, and cropping outen the middle of them is layers of this 'ere natural glass as would cover the whole of New York City and cover about a glem of the blooming light of the sun. What do you call it if it isn't natural glass?"

"It's gypsum," said the old gentleman, who had adjusted a pair of spectacles over his nose while examining the spec-

men of natural glass. "Archie is all right. I have heard that on the three branches of the Red River there are large deposits of gypsum. Some of it is pure selenite, or the alabaster of the poet and song writer. Buck probably was not aware of the fact, but the palaces of ancient Minerva and of Rome and Greece had sheets of gypsum in place of French plate glass in their windows. It is rare that such beautiful specimens as Archie tells about can be found, but there is no doubt that they exist in vast quantities in the unsettled regions from which this came."

The bartender appeared to be disconcerted for a moment. Then he brightened up.

"Boys, Archie has got it on to me," he said, and passed out a big bottle with a yellow liquid in it, and placed a row of tumblers beside it.

A New Cure for Measles. New York Sun.

In a car on a train bound west it was discovered that a little boy showed symptoms of measles.

"You will have to take the child forward to the smoking car," said the conductor to the mother. "He cannot remain here."