THE DAILY BEE.

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THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY, PROPRIETORS.
E. ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

THE trouble with water gas in Omaha is that it is principally water, and water won't burn.

"NEARER My God to Thee," was sung at Vanderbilt's funeral. Some people may doubt it.

THE daily revolution of Mexico excites but little interest in this country. It is not half as interesting as an ordinary blizzard.

THE entry of a competing telegraph line into Omaha has already had a good effect. It has caused an appreciable reduction in rates.

OUR merchants are now reaping a rich harvest. Money seems to be plenty, and the near approach of the holidays causes it to circulate freely.

IT is suspected that the Omaha gas company is largely made up of prohibitionists. This may be the explanation of so much water in the gas.

OMAHA advertisers are sowing heavily nowadays, but they are reaping abundant crops in crowded stores and handsome returns on the investment.

IF the gas was as poor and the bills were as large in Kansas City as they are in Omaha, the former city is to be congratulated upon the explosion of its gas works.

IF it is more difficult for a rich man to enter heaven than it is for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, Vanderbilt will have the hardest time on record in getting there.

JAY GOULD has given his son Georgea start of thirty millions. If George follows in the footsteps of the old man and sticks to water he is liable to become richer than Vanderbilt.

THE readers of the BEE will no doubt appreciate the article on Arbor Day from the polished pen of Hon. J. Sterling Morton. We have taken the liberty of republishing the article in full from the December issue of the popular magazine *Outing*.

MR. COX does not seem satisfied with his mission to Turkey. Perhaps the sultan has failed to appreciate the American joker's wit, which, when translated into the Turkish language, probably loses much of its pith and point. Mr. Cox would rather have his sun set in his native land, and hence he threatens to return and run for congress in his old district next fall.

THE dramatic conversion of a Christian girl to the Jewish faith, which has been paraded as a great event, in the local papers, is by no means startling or rare. Such so-called conversions are a common occurrence in all the large cities. They always precede a wedding. The Omaha sensation will be no exception to the rule. The incident which is being made so much of in the city derives its prominence chiefly from the anxiety of the rabbi for cheap notoriety. For all practical purposes the convert could have undergone the parrot-like rigmarole of a pretended confession to theological dogmas, which not three persons in the congregation believes or understands, in private, or at least without so much blasting of trumpets. It was an ordeal which was needlessly cruel, just to make a holiday for the minister who expects to unite the convertor and the converted in marriage. We have no desire to reflect on the Jewish creed as such. Reformed and enlightened Judaism is in many respects far in advance of sister creeds. The trouble is that the men who are preaching it are much below the standard of the faith and place show and noise before the actual practice of the cardinal doctrines which it teaches.

The BEE, not satisfied with its excellent Washington special service, which has averaged more news daily than all the "grape-vine" dispatches of its esteemed contemporaries combined, has established a special bureau in Washington for the collection of news, which will be daily forwarded by telegraph direct to its readers. This is only in a line with the policy of this paper to supply the public with the freshest and fullest reports from all sections of the country. It has already in operation bureaus in New York, Washington, Chicago, Des Moines, Council Bluffs and Lincoln, under the charge of competent journalists. Its corps of paid correspondents in Nebraska and throughout the west cover as much news territory as those of any of its contemporaries in St. Paul or Kansas City. It pays yearly in telegraph tolls for news more than double the amount paid by all the papers in Omaha combined. When it donned its new dress and equipped its establishment with the costliest and the best perfecting press made in the world, the BEE promised its readers that it would not rest contented with the excellence of its mechanical facilities, but had new improvements in contemplation. The paper is yet far from the point to which we expect to push it in the lead of all contemporaries. Our idea is to make it the newspaper of the west, leaving to others if they desire it, the credit of publishing a magazine of ancient miscellany.

The Norfolk Asylum.

Several papers in the Elkhorn valley have renewed their periodic howl about the BEE and accuse it of making "base charges" against Contractor King, who is building the new asylum for the insane at Norfolk. No charges have been made against Contractor King by this paper. The charges were made by parties residing at Norfolk. They were given to the pub ic from no malicious motive on our part, but from a simple desire to cause the state board of public lands and buildings, who control the construction of the Norfolk insane asylum, to look into the matter. The first complaint with regard to defective materials used in the construction of the Norfolk asylum was furnished to our reporter by State Senator Durland, who was known to be responsible and believed to be well informed. It was our manifest duty to bring the matter to the attention of the authorities. The history of Nebraska insane asylums is not very creditable to the state. The first asylum built at Lincoln was wretchedly constructed, and was only saved from tumbling down on the heads of its inmates through being set on fire by the agency of parties who were in collusion with the contractor. Several inmates perished in the flames and while the state secured the insurance, the scoundrels who built the asylum and those who caused its burning down had a narrow escape from the penitentiary. In view of such a record, no precaution against a calamity from dishonest construction should be omitted. Our course in this matter has been purely in the interests of the state and the citizens of Norfolk. They are entitled to a solid and safe structure, and if the appropriations are not ample for such a building the next legislature should supply the deficiency. The truth is that all asylums for the insane, and institutions for the deaf and dumb and blind, should be fire proof, no matter what the cost. We print to-day additional matter on this subject sent to us from Norfolk. We give it publicity for what it may be worth.

Vanderbilt's Will.

Public opinion has been promptly satisfied by the publication of the will of the late Mr. Vanderbilt, which was offered for probate on Saturday in New York. Shorn of legal technicalities the immense possessions of the dead millionaire are so divided that more than one-half of his wealth is devised to his two sons, Cornelius and William H., and the bulk of the remainder is apportioned among his eight children. Mrs. Vanderbilt is made the recipient of a yearly income of $200,000 per annum, with the power to dispose by will of a half a million upon her death. Charitable and religious institutions come in for more than a million and several hundred thousand dollars are bequeathed to distant relatives. The entire estate is valued at $200,000,000. The effect of the will is to make Cornelius Vanderbilt, the favorite grandson of the old commodore, the head of the Vanderbilt house. His wealth, which has increased greatly by conservative management since his grandfather's death, will make him seventy-five times a millionaire. With his brother William he will control more than a hundred and fifty millions of Vanderbilt investments, aside from the property which the other members of the family may be expected to place in the control of himself and his brothers as the managers of the estate.

William H. Vanderbilt was the son of his father in the manner in which he disposed of his property. The aim and object of his will was to concentrate the great estate in the hands of the family, to perpetuate the Vanderbilt wealth through the Vanderbilt name and to prevent the possible dispersion of a vast property. Under English law he would doubtless have entailed his magnificent Fifth avenue property and tied up the principal of his vast possessions for the use of succeeding generations of his name. Finding this impossible under our laws he has endeavored so far as possible to prevent for years to come at least the dispersion of his mighty fortune, without unjust discrimination toward the individual members of his family. The will is a more liberal one than his father's, and showers many beneficent gifts upon charitable, religious and educational institutions.

Build Higher.

The steady advance in the value of business property in Omaha, coupled with the certainty that Omaha will have a population of 100,000 in 1890, puts an end to the construction of three and four story bricks on our principal thoroughfares. Every intelligent business man realizes that with the modern elevator the fifth, sixth and seventh floors of an office building are as eligible as the second and third stories. In the larger cities the higher floors are preferred to those below them because they are free from the noise and dust of the pavements and afford better ventilation and purer air. The deep basement era has given way to the age of high buildings. The investment in ground is the same for a sever-story building as for a two story. The upper stories cost less than basements because the walls are lighter. This is now generally recognized in all the inland cities where business property runs from $500 to $2,500 a front foot. In New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago, ten-story structures are now regarded as paying the best returns on the investment. While Omaha is not likely to require ten-story blocks for the next twenty years there is no good reason why our capitalists should any longer build three and four story buildings on Farnam, Harney and Douglas streets. In Kansas City, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Denver all the good buildings erected within the past three years range from five to eight stories in height. The only requirement of high buildings is that they demand heavier walls and more substantial construction. This is in itself an advantage in the long run because the annual charge for repairs is light. Several of our capitalists who have recently put up four story office and store buildings in the heart of the city are now regretting that they did not erect five and six story structures in their place. "Build higher" is a good motto for those who propose to improve our business streets with durable and profitable structures.

Reaffirming a Common Law Principle.

The supreme court of Ohio has just rendered an important decision to the effect that a railroad cannot discriminate in favor of large shippers to the detriment of small shippers. The decision was given in the case of Schofield, Shurmur & Teagle vs. the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railroad company. The result has been awaited with considerable interest, as the plaintiffs' fight was to a great extent directed against the giant monopoly known as the Standard Oil company. The railroad company had been carrying freight for the Standard Oil company cheaper than for the plaintiffs, because the former was a very heavy shipper. The court held that where a corporation as a common carrier of freights in consideration of the fact that a shipper furnished a greater quantity of freights than other shippers during a given term, agrees to make a rebate on the published tariff, to the prejudice of other shippers, such a contract is an unlawful discrimination in favor of the larger shipper, tending to create a monopoly and destroy competition, if not destroy the business of smaller operators, contrary to public policy and will be declared void at the instance of the parties injured. Such a contract of discrimination cannot be upheld simply because the favored shipper may furnish for shipment during the year a larger freightage in the aggregate than any other, or greater than all others combined. A discrimination resting on such a basis cannot be sustained. The supreme court of Ohio has simply reaffirmed a common principle, and it seems strange that supreme courts should be called upon so often to do this. The explanation, however, is found in the fact that powerful corporate monopolies hope by long and expensive litigation to force their weaker opponents from the halls of justice before the end is reached. We question if a similar case to the one just decided in Ohio were brought in Nebraska our supreme court would have the backbone to render a like decision. It is evident that Ohio has a supreme court that cannot be influenced by even such a powerful monopoly as the Standard Oil company.

Zion Calls Check.

The more the situation at Salt Lake is studied the more certain it appears that the recent sensation which resulted in the placing of all the troops in this section of the west under arms, was a false alarm. There is absolutely no evidence to show that the Mormons had any intention of defying the United States authorities or of spilling the blood of the Gentile population. They are naturally squirming under the pressure of the federal courts which are enforcing the laws against plural marriages, religious immorality or immoral religion, variously termed, but the leaders have no idea of losing both their liberty and their property at the same time. The Mormon counsellors and bishops may be knaves and fanatics, but they are not insane enough to array themselves against the army of the United States. Late papers from Salt Lake show that some other people besides the Mormons are skirmishing pretty briskly through the streets of Zion about the present time, and that the courts in Salt Lake will shortly be occupied with a few trials in which the Gentiles are particularly interested. The territorial statute book has for years contained a law providing penalties against social impurity, and the Mormons are now preparing to enforce it as rigidly as the federal statute against polygamy. Detectives have been set to work and evidence inculpating many prominent Gentiles has been secured. These unmarried "Mormons" and gay lothario are now to be brought to trial and the excitement over the expected revelation is something fearful to witness. The federal grand jury refused to consider the cases, but a dispatch from Salt Lake announces that Judge Zane has sustained the territorial law making the offense a misdemeanor, and the Gentile brethren who have been preaching on Mormon immorality will have an opportunity to stand trial for Gentile lewdness. Zion seems to have called check in this case. Of course it has no bearing upon the undoubted wrong of polygamy which must be crushed out, but it tears the masks of hypocrisy from the faces of several of the men who have been howling loudest about "Mormon morality," while they have themselves been sinning almost as deeply against the laws of social purity.

Our Market Reports.

The BEE calls the attention of its readers among the merchants and business men of the state to the fullness and correctness of its daily special market reports. It is expending large sums of money in securing the best service in this direction. Its special Chicago reporter daily wires it from that city ten times the amount of telegraphic markets sent to both the other Omaha dailies combined. Its Omaha markets are under the charge of its commercial editor who devotes his entire attention to ensuring their absolute correctness, and they may be depended upon as presenting a full, fair and accurate pen picture of the state of trade. Many of our readers do not appreciate the time, labor and expense of a well-conducted commercial department in a properly organized paper, but from the commendatory letters which reach us from our merchant subscribers we are pleased to know that the BEE's enterprise is valued at its full worth by those to whom it is most valuable.

Two or three such elections as batt lately held in England will depopulate the rural districts. A tory candidate in Aylesbury is dying from the effects of ill treatment at the hands of a mob, and the successful liberal candidate at Wilton was beaten black and blue, and only saved by a force of sixty policemen from being thrown into the river. Fifty casualties were the result of the prowess of his defenders. A pitched battle, in which stones were matched against bludgeons, was fought between police and people at Wordhing. Altogether the English and Welsh have thrown the ebullition of Irish humor in Louth completely into the shade. Of the three peoples the Scotchmen appear to have kept their heads best, but this was possibly because in the populous centers nearly all the electors thought the same way, and had no doubt of the success of the liberal ticket.

THE new land office in northwestern Nebraska will probably be located at Chadron. As the largest town in the district, its claims for recognition are too strong to be passed over.

PROMINENT PERSONS.

Revivalist Moody is doing good work in Brooklyn.

Prince Bismarck reads the French society papers regularly.

Jay Gould's eyes may water when he looks upon Wall street for the last time.

Nat C. Goodwin, the actor, has trouble with his larynx, but his chest notes are all right.

Mr. Gilfillan, ex-treasurer of the United States, is now at the head of a bronze foundry company.

Mme. Christine Nilsson, it is said, feels very much cut upon the criticisms in Berlin newspapers.

Edwin Booth has never seen but one man play Hamlet, and that was his father, when he himself was quite a lad.

Mr. Gladstone's voice has quite recovered its volume, and he is now ready to talk enough to fill quite a tome.

Gen. Lew Wallace has returned to New York from Turkey, whither he went to sell the Patrick torpedo to the sultan.

George Bancroft, the historian, is the only private citizen who has been given the right to the floors of congress at all times.

The poet Browning has bought the famous Manzoni palace in Venice. It is a beautiful building, and was the residence of a famous family.

The crown princess of Germany has artistic aspirations. Reproductions of three clever drawings recently appeared in a Berlin periodical.

George Francis Adams is in a fair physical health, despite the new disorder from which he has suffered for several years. He is always as cross as a cucumber.

Miss Jenny Flood, the daughter of the California millionaire, is said to have $2,000,000 in her own right, and yet a western paper says she is homely. Impossible.

Senator Edmunds has lately built a new residence and keeps four horses. He is worth half a million, most of which he has accumulated since he entered the senate, seventeen years ago.

Sir Richard Sutton was compelled to pay $200 duty at Liverpool on the challenge cups he had won in this country. He would willingly have paid a great deal more on the cup the Puritan won had the Genesta carried it off.

Rutherford B. Hayes' farm in Dakota, which sold the other day for $21,000, was purchased in 1877 for $2,800 worth of Northern Pacific bonds. Mr. Hayes was quick to foresee the effect of certain land legislation had about that time.

Eugene Field, not content with furnishing a column of funny business to the Chicago News every day, occasionally dashes off a two column story under some such title as "The Haunted Man," his sole compensation for the extra work being the publication of his signature at the end of the anecdote. Those who remember Mr. Field's industrious and pains-taking methods while in St. Louis will hardly be surprised at his present large grinding capacity. Still, there is a limit to human endurance.

The Pardon of Detective Pound.

Sutton (Neb.) Register.

Considering the entire transaction, it is far from reflecting credit on the governor or the detective.

Vanderbilt's Death.

New York Star.

Family and friends will mourn their loss, but the busy world will rush on with its schemes as though death were a thing unknown.

Fills the Bill.

Fremont Herald.

It is rumored that Senator Van Wyck is about to establish an organ in Lincoln. He doesn't need any—the Journal answers every purpose.

The "Old Man" Will Stand Solid.

Harvard Courier.

The railroad organs are unanimously against Van Wyck, which would seem to indicate that the "old man" will stand pretty solid with the farmer and workingman.

Young Men to the Front.

Springfield (Mass.) Union.

He is a very dull observer of the present popular drift and current who does not see the unmistakable purpose of young men to push to the front.

A Solid Exponent.

Bloomington (Neb.) Justice.

The Omaha BEE is a solid exponent of the rights of the people, notwithstanding the malicious flings of some of the little, one-horse monopoly organs of this county and valley.

Epitaphs.

New York Morning Journal.

"He was richer than any of the Rothschilds" is the favorite encomium of the closest friends of the late Mr. Vanderbilt. How much sweeter it would sound if they could add that "he was as good as Peter Cooper." Honor where honor is due.

A Cruel Stab.

Philadelphia Call.

There will be $15,000 worth of brass used in decorating Vanderbilt's tomb. This seems to be a waste of raw material. Why not use a tasteful vignette of Van himself or, better still, a double cabinet of the old man and his side partner, Jay Gould? That would be the quintessence of brass.

A Touching Appeal.

Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

The editor of a newspaper in this state thus appeals to his delinquent subscribers: "To all those who are in arrears one year or more who will come forward and pay up arrearages and for one year in advance, we will give a first-rate obituary notice gratis in case it kills them."

Has Whetted His Scalping Knife.

Hastings Gazette Journal.

Our own Senator Van Wyck has whetted his scalping knife and has taken the war path after the railroads. He has introduced a bill providing for the taxation of all unpatented lands owned by railroad companies, which provides that unless the cost of surveying and locating is paid for by the national owners within sixty days after the passage of the act the lands shall be subject to entry.

Dear to the Public.

Chicago Tribune.

The directors of the Western Union Telegraph company have passed a resolution saying that the memory of the late William H. Vanderbilt is dear to the public. There is probably no body of men in the world with more experience in making things "dear to the public" than the directors of the Western Union Telegraph company.

No Need of Any Dicker.

Fremont Herald.

The Lincoln Democrat says: "If the democrats of the next legislature can't elect a democratic senator, they will help Van Wyck as against any other republican in the state, and that, too, without 'dicker.'" His record during the last four years, and we dare say his record during the next two years, will justify patriotic citizens in voting for him without any dicker."

Improved Water Ways.

Nebraska City News.

The Omaha Herald is intensely excited about a convention to consider improved water ways in the northwest. If there is any one thing which can go into convulsions at the sight of water with more celerity than a mad dog it is one of the imported scribblers of the Herald. The mere mention of water incenses those fellows, but improved water gives them spasms, and when they read improved water ways—imagining that the latter refers to the human throat—they convulse—they paroxysm.

Injun Suffrage.

Chicago Herald.

Having elected a president who announces himself in favor of emancipating and enfranchising the Indians, the democratic party may be said to be committed to that movement. There are not a great many red men in the country, but in certain localities they would, if given the ballot, make an important political factor. Applying the logic with which everybody is familiar in the case of the Africanf, the Indian, when admitted to citizenship, would have to be a democrat, a Tammanyite or an Iroquois. Probably the republicans in this vicinity would object to Injun rule, and they might attempt to intimidate them.

The Injun's political education has been neglected, as that of the negro was. His idea of campaigning is embraced in a bottle of fire water, a scalping-knife, and a rifle. He might be induced to march in torchlight processions or stand first on one leg and then on the other for two hours and a half while some frenzied orator whooped it up to him, but he would want some inn before he went home. The negro on clothing himself with the robes of citizenship demanded forty acres and a mule. The Injun would want rum and beef and a pony. The negro is amiable, docile and frolicsome. The Injun is dignified, reticent and full of stoicism. Both have their ideas of citizenship, and one is as much entitled to it as the other.

Since the preliminary of educating and civilizing the bondmen of the south was not thought necessary by the statesmen who gave them the suffrage it is hardly worth while to bother with the Indians. Let them be enfranchised at once, and let a few of the carpet baggers who distinguished themselves in South Carolina, Mississippi and Louisiana be sent out to lead them. On one point no misgivings need be entertained. Armed with the ballot, the red man would vote if he wanted to, or he would cave in the ballot box. He would attend meetings and march in processions, to his heart's content, and if there was any disposition on the part of a republican red shirt Yazoo to intimidate him he would be likely to overcome opposition of that character if his tomahawk didn't break.

On the whole the proposition seems a feasible and a very praiseworthy one. If carried out at once it would give some spice to our politics, induce an element in national campaigns which would lend interest and zest to the contest, and afford an excellent opportunity for national committees to get rid of men whom they would like to see chewed up. Barring the fact that the enfranchised race might wish to go on a stumping tour in adjoining states occasionally, and that there might be some difficulty in getting accurate returns from the back counties, the idea seems to be an excellent one.

One Way to Check Polygamy.

Chicago Herald.

In three lines in his annual message to congress Mr Cleveland suggested a measure which would do more to break up the polluted nest in Utah than all the penal laws that congress could pass in a year. He recommended the adoption of a law prohibiting the landing anywhere in this country of Mormon proselytes from abroad. We turn back assisted paupers, notorious exiles and cripples, and we manufacture a scarcity of goods needed in every civilized home by closing our ports to foreign producers, but there is no tariff on the Mormon who comes here at will intending to violate the laws of the republic, and to breed rebels, possibly, who will seek to overthrow them.

Deprived of the recruits drummed up in the most degraded quarters of Europe Mormondom would soon be in a decline. The number of American-born women who can be induced to enter the Salt Lake harems is not large, and it is charitable to suppose that even in Europe the converts among that sex would be far less numerous if they were not deceived and misled. A power so easily exercised should not be ignored. The Mormons come in shiploads. They are known before they start. They are known when they arrive. They can be turned back exactly as the Chinese or the cripples are.

Plural marriages would very soon go out of fashion if the supply of women, obtainable principally abroad, were cut off.

An Undisputed Right.

New York Times.

The assistant secretary of the interior in speaking of the new rules prescribing the reports to be made to the railroad commissioner by the land grant roads, mentions the fact that the law of 1878 requires the issue of regulations of this kind, but has never before been complied with in that respect. Notwithstanding the vast interest of the government in these roads its officers have had no means of knowing what the companies were actually doing. Their right and duty to know this to the fullest extent is sufficiently obvious. What most needs explanation is not the issue of these rules, but the failure to comply with the requirements of the law heretofore.

I Was a Sure Sign.

Detroit Post: "What is it a sign of," he asked as he hailed a lawyer on Griswold Street yesterday, "when your finger nails grow out like this in just two weeks?"

The lawyer took the outstretched hand and looked at the talons for a moment and then replied:

"It's a sign you'll have real estate enough to raise fifty bushels of potatoes next year if you don't clean 'em!"

Purify your blood, tone up the system and regulate the digestive organs by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists.

HIS LAST GAME AT POKER.

Four Aces Run Against a Straigh Flush.

A Game that Young Men are Advised Not to Learn—A Poker Story Well Told.

A little episode in my not very eventful life may be of interest to your readers, and I venture to relate to them a short account of my last little game of "poker," a game I unhesitatingly advise every young man not to learn.

My wife and family had been passing the summer at the St. Lawrence Hall, Cacouna, and I had been running down occasionally by boat to Montreal to visit them.

On board the boat to Quebec I was sure to meet some male acquaintances on the same mission as myself, "going to see the family," and invariably found myself persuaded to take a hand at poker, at a small limit, in the director's room, and generally with poor success, landing at Quebec from fifty to a hundred out.

On the memorable occasion I am about to relate, I was on my way down the St. Lawrence the last week in August, to bring the family home, and had about $500 to pay up their bill at the hotel, and and some $30 or $40 for my own expenses. I may add that $100 was a considerable item to me, and I would find it difficult to replace it just then, as my personal expenses had been running very high for the last two months, trying to economize in town.

Driving down in the cab, I communed with myself and decided that I would see the boys "further first" before I'd join any "little game" that night. "No, I said, "Bob, old man, you'll take a square meal on board, then light your cigar, put on a big coat, and sit on the front deck and hear the band play, and off to bed early."

I had scarcely got my things safely on board when I ran across a chum.

"Hallo! old man, going down?" he said.

"Yes, going to bring my wife home."

"So am I," he said. "And we'll have a good time to-night for the last of the season. We'll get the director's room, and you'll make one of a select party of six for a quiet game of 'five-dollar limit,' the others are on board."

"Oh, no, my Christian friend, not I. I've cut the seductive game. You couldn't drag me into a game to-night with a span of mules."

"The deuce we can't," he said, "you mean we couldn't keep you out with a shot-gun, and you know it! Well, I'll see you after grub," and he left me.

After supper my friend hooed me and suggested a small half dish, and said we'd have it up stairs. "All right old man," I said, "but no poker, mind."

We adjourned to the future mentioned room and found four men there already; three of the men I knew, the fourth I did not, but was introduced to him. Mr. C., "Conductor on the Canadian Pacific railroad, a good fellow, etc., and loaded down with filthy lucre," as my friend presently whispered.

I lit my cigar and had a few jokes with the party. And, alas, for human frailty, at about $30 found myself seated at the table behind five cards.

By 9:30 I was $9 out.

A $5 "jack pot" was started, went up to kings. I "opened it" with a "pair of aces," was "raised" twice, "stayed," "bettered my hand," "bet," was "hoisted," "called," lost and was out $40 more.

All this time I was swearing internally at myself, calling myself all kinds of bad names, and was thinking of hiring someone to kick me round the boat.

The game proceeded. I was soon $225 out, when another jack-pot was started. I was getting desperate, and scarcely cared a "cuss" now whether I lost the balance of my money or not. Round it went, jacks, queens, kings, aces, and there it stayed three times—$40 on the table—when the man two places ahead of me (the contractor before mentioned) said: "I'll open it for $5."

I looked at my hand; nothing at all; yes, a dirty little "bob-tail flush." I had been drawing for flushes several times, but never caught them, but too much money on the table to stay out, the fellow on my right chipped in. "Stay," I said, and dumped another $5. "Ten," said the man on my left; "drop," said the next man; "I'll stay," I said, and in I went $15 more. I was getting pretty low in my finances by this time; the other fellows stayed. It was a nice, big pile, but no chance of my getting it, I growled. "Cards," said the dealer; "two" calls the opener." I held up my finger and was thrown a card, by accident it turned face up, just my luck, the queen of diamonds; I wanted a diamond to make my flush, but, of course, could not take it up; "give me another one," I said, choking down my disappointment. The dealer carefully passed me another card, apologizing for his stupid mistake. I don't remember what the other men drew, my attention was caught by the appearance of the "opener," who was looking at his hand with a most fiendish expression of glee.

I hated to pick up my card; sure to be wrong. But here goes; chucked out a jack of clubs and drew my fate towards me. Six of diamonds; caught my flush then, after all! Then looking at my hand again—by all that's powerful, I nearly fell off my chair. Hadn't noticed I was only one short of a straight, and how I counted them—5, 4, 7, 8, 6—of diamonds, a straight flush. I took one look at the pile on the table. Can it be possible? Held the cards (squeezers) close up to my nose and skinned them out, sorting them into their consecutive order. Yes, there they were—4, 5, 6, 7, 8 of diamonds. Tears came up into my eyes and a big lump into my throat. I couldn't have spoken for $50. A half-glass of water was in front of me; I raised it. How my hand shook! but I managed to swallow it—the water, not my hand. As I was doing so the "opener" spoke:

"Bet five," he said.

"Are you going to call, Bob?" said one of the boys.

"Yes," I whispered; I had sense enough left to give the fellows on my left a chance to raise it, which they promptly did. "Ten," "fifteen," "twenty," came in prompt succession. "Twenty-five," said the "opener."

"Five harder still," I chirped.

"Hallo! what the devil's struck you?" said my chum.

"I'll show you later," I said, "if you'll lend me fifty, because I'm nearly burst."

"Certainly; here you are," he said.

Round it went till only the "opener" and myself were left in, and I hadn't more than an A left.

"This is getting monotonous," he said; "you make a decent bet. I'll raise it a like amount and you can call. I'm tired of this go-as-you-please seesaw."

"All right," I said. "What do you call a decent bet? Fifty dollars?"

"No," he replied. "If your hand is worth fifty more it ought to be worth two and fifty."

"But I haven't got that much on me," I said.

"Never mind, put in your bond; I know you."

I knew I had him; he'd opened the pot, and drawn two cards, he had fours, I knew, and big ones, but would you believe it my heart almost failed me. I looked at my hand again. Yes, there they were, none of them had escaped. "All right, I said, "bet $50."

"Make it $100," he said. My hesitation had made him more anxious, and opening his wallet he placed five crisp one-hundred dollar bills on the table.

"I owe it," I said, "and call."

"Well, my friend," he said with a smile on his face, "we've both got fours, I know, but mine are aces."

"By no means," I said, "I haven't got fours, but a little straight, commencing with four and running up to eight; but they are all diamands; a straight flush, Mr. C.—" And I placed them on the table.

"Great Heaven!" he replied. "You drew two cards!"

"Oh, no, I didn't. You drew two, I only drew one."

"He's right," says the dealer.

"Well, the money's yours," said Mr. C. with a very sick smile; "but I was never so infernally deceived in my life. I could have sworn yours was a two-card draw." He was as pale as death, and my hand trembled as I drew the money in, and carefully sorted and pocketed it, after returning the fifty I had borrowed. Some one feebly suggested going on with the game.

"Oh, no, my friends, I cannot play $5 limits after betting $500 on my hand. It's too small. I'm going to smoke a cigar on deck."

I went below, lit a fat cigar, went on deck and heard the band play for about half an hour, after all, and can safely say I never heard any music I enjoyed so much. But I have not played poker since.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Evil of Annual Elections.

Chicago Tribune.

The constitution of Iowa provides an ingenious plan for holding general elections every year, and allowing the people no rest from political campaigning. In fact, Iowa has no off year, since both state and county officers are elected every fall, and the commonwealth never passes twelve months without a general election. In order to establish the electioneering process as perennial and perpetual, the constitution makers provided that half the state officers should be elected one year and the remainder the next, thus insuring a general ballot boxing throughout the commonwealth every fall. In order that the occasion should be enlivened with local struggles and controversies, the same system was provided for the election of county officers, and as both classes of officials hold for only two years, Iowa is afflicted with a general state and county election every fall.

The annual election plan is peculiarly unsuited to an agricultural state, where the farmers have to travel a considerable distance and lose much time in order to attend caucuses and conventions or cast their ballots at the polls. During the spring and summer there is an anti-convention campaign on hand, and after the nominations are made the regular canvass begins and continues through the fall until the general election in November. Since the adoption of the amendment abolishing the October election, the state has only a few months of political rest and quiet during the winter, but as the legislature holds biennial sessions, beginning in January, and the prohibitionists claim all seasons for their own, the people actually enjoy very little political repose. The people of Iowa have become tired of the incessant electioneering and ballot boxing, and it is very difficult to get out a full vote except in presidential years.

Illinois formerly had elections nearly as frequent as Iowa, but since the adoption of the present constitution there is no general election throughout the state except once in two years. The change has been a decided relief to the people, and gives universal satisfaction. It would no doubt work equally well in Iowa. The taxpayers would be glad to lop off half the heavy expenses connected with holding general elections every year, and the change could be fully justified on the score of economy alone. Even ordinary state campaigns are more or less injurious to business and consume time and money that might be used with greater profit in other directions. The indirect expenses resulting from a general state campaign and election are probably double the amount which is directly paid in the shape of taxes, and used in meeting the cost of running the polls. Aside from the reduced taxes gained by change to the biennial system of elections, the people would get rid of the incessant electioneering that now prevails, and instead of being sickened and disgusted with overdoses of politics they would be prepared to cast a full and authorative vote when important questions were submitted. The present election system in Iowa dates back to 1857; it is antiquated and worn out and no doubt the people would be glad to exchange it for the biennial method, thereby cutting down taxes and securing a rest from the annual ballot boxing.

Mrs. Hendricks' Influence.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind Nov. 28.—Mr W.W. Woolen being asked if there was any truth in the oft-repeated story that Mr. Hendricks consulted Mrs. Hendricks upon matters of politics and frequently deferred to her judgment, said: "I think I can give testimony on that point. In the presidential campaign of 1876, I was a member of the state executive committee. Indiana was a potential state. There was much dissatisfaction at Tilden's nomination, and the success of the ticket was looked upon as doubtful. Things took a gloomier aspect when Senator Morton went actively in the canvass with much of his old time force. We saw that the only hope to counteract the senator's influence was to get Governor Hendricks to take the stump. The committee held that it was essential to success that he should do so and at a meeting called for the purpose we distinctly gave him our views. He received the suggestion with considerable distavor. He said that he had always been impressed with the idea that it was not the proper thing for a candidate for either the presidential or vice presidential office to enter into the canvass in such a way. We urged him strongly. He sat for a few moments in thought and then rising said: 'Gentlemen, I will consult Mrs Hendricks and give you my answer.' That afternoon he sent word to us to make thirteen appointments for him to speak—one in each congressional district. We did so, and he filled the appointments. I am, from this and other incidents, inclined to believe that the governor consulted his wife and made her his confidant in everything."

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