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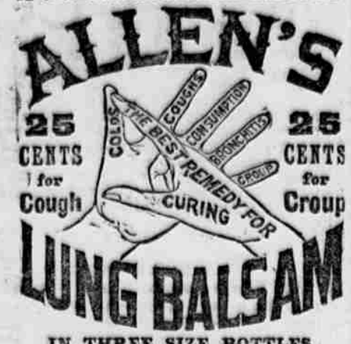

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Atlanta, Ga., August 11, 1885.

I have had a cancer on my face for some years, extending from one cheek bone across the nose to the other. It has given me a great deal of pain, at times burning and itching to such an extent that it was almost unbearable. I commenced using Swift's Specific in May, 1885, and have used eight bottles. It has given the greatest relief by removing the inflamation and restoring my general health. W. BARNES.

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"CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH."
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A Clear Skin
is only a part of beauty; but it is a part. Every lady may have it; at least, what looks like it. Magnolia Balm both freshens and beautifies.

COUNTING CATTLE HORNS.

Result of the Year's Cattle Business in Montana.

The Prince of Herders—The Round-Up—Indian Reservations—How Cattle are Butchered on Them.

The past year has been one of unusual profit to the cattle-growers of Montana territory, writes a correspondent of the Pittsburg Commercial Gazette from Fort Keogh. The wealth from that was added to the state from the year's business will amount up in the millions. It is now the most important business. The territorial government is in the hands of herders, as are also the minor county offices. Laws are made and unmade to suit the cattle-growers. Among the recent acts of the cowboy legislature at Helena was the passage of a bill appointing a board of live-stock owners. Hon. Granville Stuart, the man who is president of this commission, has a history. Mr. Stuart is one of the most earnest men in the business, and has probably done more than any other individual to check

THIEVING AND MARAUDING

In Northern Montana. His influence with the Indians is strong, his views regarding the best methods of handling them are highly respected, and his recent articles upon the subject deserve special attention. In urging that the Indians be disarmed and dismounted he has their interests at heart as well as the interest of the whites.

Were we to invade the private life of Granville Stuart, the mystery of his great friendship for the Indians and his thorough knowledge regarding their requirements would be explained. He settled in Montana in the early days. Others being lacking he took to himself an Indian wife. Many of his friends afterwards severed similar connections. Frequent temptations did not lead him to set his helpmeet adrift, however, for she had been true to him in the frontier times when more congenial companions were unavailable, and now she shares his prosperity. His home at Fort Maginnis is the most comfortable in Northern Montana, and throughout the territory it would be difficult to find a better or more complete private library than that of which he is the possessor. He is a well-educated, scholarly gentleman, who keeps thoroughly posted upon the questions of the day, and one who not only has books, but also knows the enjoyment of their perusal.

WORKING THE RANGE.

So much has been written during the past few years upon "round-ups," "roping," "branding" and minor details of range life that our Eastern friends must be reasonably well informed upon the subject. For that reason I shall only allude casually to the extensiveness of this system. In receiving, say, one thousand head of "pilgrim" cattle from the States (of value not less than $25,000), branding them at the stock yards with an X on the left hip, for instance, and turning them loose upon the range, the owner either understands the business or has an unswerving trust in Providence. A portion of his herd may be seen occasionally during the season by himself or his cowboys, but other portions may drift away fifty or a hundred miles, sometimes more, before the next "round-up." Even then it may be impossible to find them all. The ranges are divided into "districts," and each district is worked by a separate company of cow-boys, numbering anywhere from twenty to sixty (more occasionally), according to the importance of the district. All who have range cattle within the limits of that district are represented, either personally or other-wise, in

THE ROUND-UP PARTY,

every member of which exercises his ability for the mutual advantage of his neighbor as well as for himself. The district may be two hundred miles long and fifty to seventy-five miles wide, and the cowboys move from six to ten miles each evening, gather the cattle from the hills surrounding the camp, the next morning divide the stock into bunches, each bearing the brand of a different outfit, brand the calves with the marks borne by the mothers they follow, and in cases where the ownership of the calves cannot be determined, they, in this territory, receive the brand of the outfit that holds the range upon which they are found. Now, in the district where those "X" cattle live the representatives of that brand will see, as far as possible, to the holding and branding of the stock belonging to their outfit. Then the cattle that are disposed of will be thrown into herds, according to the locality of their ranges, and driven toward their regular grazing grounds. Those that belong in the vicinity of the camp will be left there, and the "round-up" party moves on.

THE BEEF "ROUND-UP."

The above has special reference to the spring round-up, which takes from sixty to ninety days. In addition to the fall "round-up," the beeves are "cut out"—separated from the other stock—and driven by members of their respective outfits to the points of shipment. It is at these shipping points that the value of the stock inspector is seen. He examines the brands of every animal shipped from his point, and if some of those "X" cattle are being shipped with the beeves of some other party he notes the fact, reports to the secretary of the stock commission—the whole lot goes to market, and in due course the owner of the "X" cattle receives the proceeds of his "strays" on the basis of the price at which the main body of the shipment is sold. The number of animals thus found is large. "Strays" that belong in Montana have frequently been shipped from points on the Union Pacific in Wyoming, and vice versa, on the Northern Pacific. It is not considered surprising for cattle to drift 100 to 150 miles from their customary range. Thus are range cattle looked after, and though it may take years for the "X" outfit, or any other, to secure all their stock, they are more than likely to do so eventually, excepting where the "critters" are stolen, killed by wild animals, or die on the range. The inspectors are thoroughly familiar with the brands of the northwest, watch closely for stolen stock, do much toward bringing offenders to justice, and are stationed at the principal stock-handling points. The detectives are equally instrumental in furthering the success of this great system. About five thousand

DIFFERENT BRANDS.

Have already been recorded in the office of the territorial treasurer at Helena. Even the Indians have their brands, and, with the multiplicity of devices that are used, under the acts of 1864, to distinguish stock, it is no easy matter to keep them all in mind. In the effort of rid Montana of dangerous wild animals bounties were paid during 1884 on more than 5,000 wolves, 1,500 coyotes, 500 bears and 100 mountain lions. During 1885 the bounties were still greater.

The grand scheme of breeding in Texas, fattening in Montana and marketing in Chicago almost became a picture of the past. The leading cattle-owners, whose interests are scattered from Texas to the British possessions, may make some long drives up the trail next season, but there are many who believe that a plant of over 1,000,000 head of cattle is enough for all general purposes in a Territory that has between 40,000,000 and 50,000,000 acres available for little else than grazing, aside from the 30,000,000 acres that are locked up in Indian and military reservations, the Indian reservations being large enough to give 1,500 acres to each boy, girl, squaw and buck of the red men of Montana.

Late in the fall I was at Fort Niobrara, Neb., on business, and there had a fine opportunity to study the Indian mode of cattle growing on the Rosebud agency. Spotted Tail's old bands of Brule Sioux are in reservation there. They own thousands of cattle and are thriving. They number in all 8,200 souls, and it takes 275 beef cattle to do them ten days.

INDIAN BUTCHERS.

The sight of the issue of this beef to the Indians was one of the most exciting scenes I have ever witnessed. When I arrived at the cattle corral 500 Indian warriors, armed with Winchester rifles, and the best revolvers were there to kill the beef. Steer after steer was let out of the pen, and three warriors ran them over the prairie, killing them as they would buffalo. One old copper-skinned rascal stood by the chute, and as the gate would be raised to let out the animals, he would hit him on the root of the tail with a stone hammer to make him run. The poor brute would roar with pain and then the gate would be raised and he would dash out across the prairie with a half dozen young Indians after him. Then the sport would begin. First one young warrior would shoot a horn off, then another would break a leg, and so on. The poor animal would be tortured to death by slow degrees, his death being put off so long as possible so the sport would last longer. And this was the government of the United States' method of issuing beef to its Indians, encouraging them to be barbarous and cruel, making a gala-day of its meat issue, and giving the young warriors a chance to learn to shoot well and ride well, so that they can kill our soldiers more readily and kill citizens better if they should go to war. I saw young Indian boys there torturing cattle—poor dumb brutes—to death, who should have been in school learning to read and write. It struck me as horrible, and I could not but think that it was time somebody gave the government a few lessons in humanity, civilization and economy. It takes $10,000 worth of meat every ten days to feed those lazy red rascals and furnish them poor dumb brutes on which to practice their cruelties and barbarities. It made me sick and ashamed to think the government I represented would permit such things to be done in its name.

SCANDALIZING THE SEX.

Ladies Have a Natural Inclination Towards Pantaloons.

St. Louis Critic: It was in a fancy establishment. "You have never seen a pair of ladies' pantaloons?" asked the clerk. "Never!" replied the scribe.

"Then prepare yourself for the sight," and lifting the cover off the box the man modiste took out a dark drab woolen-cloth garment, which he unfolded and held out at arm's length for inspection. At first sight the article looked like two canvassed hams with a Siamese twin connection in the upper region, but on closer inspection it proved to be a pair of soft woolen cloth trousers, baggy above the knee and tight fitting from the knee to the ankle, the last few inches of the garment being made of an elastic material.

"This is one of the latest departures in female attire," said the modiste. "It's an overgarment; in fact a regular pair of trousers, which ladies of advanced ideas on dress have adopted in place of the heavy and cumbersome skirts ordinarily worn in winter. It is worn over the ordinary flannel undergarment and generally over the stockings as well. At least that is the intention, as it sets better that way and is altogether more comfortable, while, should a gust of wind raise the skirts and reveal the garment, a casual observer would regard the pantaloon legs as stockings.

"What is the usual outfit of a lady who patronizes pantaloons?" was asked.

"Well, let me see—by the way, you must recollect that this is essentially a cold weather costume. The usual outfit is flannel under clothes, pantaloons, one light shirt, corset, a corset cover of warm material, made like a jacket, with arms and dress. Some, of course, supplement this with small hoops or bustle, but quite a number are now discarding the latter articles and dress, to all practical intents exactly like a man."

"How do the ladies take to pantaloons?"

"They think they're 'just splendid'. You see ladies have a natural inclination toward pantaloons, and now they each have an opportunity to wear them. I shouldn't be at all surprised if the style becomes a craze."

Electric Lamps on Private Carriages.

The success of the incandescent electric lamp for private carriages in Paris, as a substitute for candles and oil lamps, is pronounced complete. Not only the regular side-lights are included in this plan, but the interior of the vehicle is illuminated by a lamp sufficiently powerful to read by, and in some instances a similar lamp is placed for novelty on the head of the horse. The lamps are connected by wires with small accumulators placed under the driver's seat. They are small in size, being only about eight inches square and four inches high, each of such accumulators being able to supply a lamp of five-candle power for the space of some six hours. During the day they are removed and charged with electricity from a dynamo machine or otherwise, and at night they are ready for use.

Short Cuts.

Chicago Mail: The latest abbreviation crank hails from Illinois. He registered at a south side hotel thus: "Y & et." It was deciphered to indicate "Wyanet." Out in Kansas they always write Leavenworth "11 worth," and Wyandotte "Y &." All this is done in the interest of economy—not through indolence. There was a man once whose name was James Hole, and who was so lazy that in registering his name he simply made a "J" and then punched a hole in the paper. John Underwood, of Andover, Massachusetts, always signed himself:

"Wood,
J.
Mass."

A Short Cut.

The other night on an Arkansas railroad train a passenger called the conductor and asked:

"Are we on time?"

"Yes."

"Glad. Are we on the track?"

"I don't know, but I'll go forward and ask."

He went away and returning, said: "I am informed that we left the track about five miles back. We are now running on the country dirt road, and if we don't meet a wagon we'll be all right. You see that there is a big bend in the road back here, and we save time by taking a short cut"

She Was Willing to Consider a Reduction.

"John Henry," said Elizabeth Miranda, "how much money have you saved by this time?"

"I have only twenty-five dollars, and you said I must have $250 before you would marry."

"Well, John Henry, pa is only paying ten cents on the dollar now, and I expect it would be well for you to respect his feelings and do the same."

A Suggestion to Dr. Mary Walker.

Evansville Argus: "Dr. Mary Walker has turned up in Washington with a tall silk tile and a heavy winter overcoat." We always thought the Dr. rather eccentric. She has a right to do as she pleases, but if she is going to go out clad only in such a costume, she had better put some flannel around her throat or she'll be liable to take cold.

JUSTICE IN THE FAR WEST.

Jimmy Crane Gets to Be Judge and Marries a Couple.

A Rumor That He Wore Socks Considered a Contempt of Court—Difficulties of Introducing a Foreign Corpse as Testimony.

Back in the early days, when the ship of civilization was endeavoring to push its prow up the valley of the Platte and brawny workmen were spiking down the rails of the Union Pacific railroads—says Capt. Jack Crawford, the poet-scout, in the New York World—the proceedings in some of the courts of justice were peculiar. The country was wild and hostile. Indians chased the buffalo over the ground where prosperous towns and villiages now stand. Lawyers were about as scarce as they are in the promised land, and justice, not being provided with the traditional scales, performed some remarkable guesswork. At that time I was in the Indian service and for a time was stationed at Lone Tree, in the beautiful valley of the Platte. The town consisted of a half dozen hastily constructed houses, the majority built of sods. There were a few settlers near the town—hardy pioneers who had taken up government land and who lived in constant danger of attack from satan's earthly corps, the Sioux.

One of the eccentric characters of the town was Jimmy Crane, a time-beaten frontiersman, uneducated, unpolished and, as a traveling missionary once said, ungodly. His life had been spent west of the auburn waters of the Missouri, and he knew as little of the ways of civilization as an Apache Indian knows of the modern plan of salvation. He was a dead shot with a rifle, an ardent lover of whisky and an expert at draw poker, but aside from these he had no religious accomplishments worth speaking of.

Bill Bennett, the justice of the peace in and for that precinct, had a misunderstanding one night with Jerry Manson over the very important point of who played low in a game of seven-up, and after the funeral it became necessary to elect a man to succeed him. With that spirit of recklessness which characterizes the frontiersman, and as a rich joke, the boys nominated Jimmy, and, to carry out the joke, elected him. The high honor so unexpectedly thrust upon the old man broke him all up, but he at once rose to the dignity of the position and began to comb his hair daily. There were vague rumors flitting about the settlement that he had taken to wearing socks. These slanderous rumors, however, he indignantly denied, and even went so far as to make threats of heavy fines for contempt of court if they were persisted in. His knowledge of law and of the duties of his position was limited; in fact, he didn't know the difference between a writ of replevin and an act of congress, and couldn't distinguish a peace warrant from the ten commandments—but he assumed the responsibility fearlessly, and smiled benignly when the boys addressed him as "Judge." He determined to do a cash business from the start, and with the aid of a marking brush and a pine board the space above his cabin door soon bore the inscription:

No Credit in Fur Law.

A few days after his installation into office a young couple appeared before him to be married. Jimmy was in a quandary. He had never seen the marriage ceremony performed, and, telling the candidates to be seated, he jumped on a horse and galloped to a ranch a half mile distant to consult the only law book in the county, a small work entitled "Every Man his Own Lawyer." He searched its pages closely, but could find nothing bearing upon the subject, and in despair he galloped back to Clancy's saloon and consulted the boys. One of them, a recent arrival from the states, explained to the old man how he should conduct the ceremony. He listened attentively, and when the tenderfoot had concluded his explanation said:

"Say, young feller, you gist hop over thar an' splice 'em, an' I'll give you $5 fur the job."

"But that wouldn't be legal, Uncle Jimmy. I am not an officer, and have no authority to perform a marriage ceremony."

"D—n the authority! You jist bulge ahead an' marry 'em, an' this court 'll approve the perceedings and nobody's going ter kick. They're cussed fools fur goin' to all this trouble o' gittin' a ceremony in this country, anyhow, an' you kin marry 'em good enough fur all practical purposes. Just hop over thar an' cut loose, an' I'll make it a twenty."

The young man flatly refused, and Jimmy determined to worry through the embarassing affair as he best could. He started for his office, and the crowd followed to see the fun. Bidding the couple to stand before him, he said:

"Dearly beloved fellow-citizens, these young folks now appear before you to indulge in the holiness o' matermony accordin' to scriptur' an' the laws o' this court. If any of you knows any cause why they shouldn't make the play, you want to squeal right out at this stage o' the game, or corral yer jaws on the subject furevermore."

No objection was heard, and the Justice continued:

"Hol' up yer right han's."

The couple blushingly obeyed.

"Do you, and each of you, solemly sw'ar that you will marry each other in the presence of this court; that you will do the square thing by each other; that you will give every body else the go-by, an' cling to each other through life till death calls upon you to cash in your earthly checks, an' that you will be to each other husban' an' wife accordin' to the law an' the prophets an' the rules an' regulations of this honorable court in such cases made an' pervided, so help ye God."

The couple swore.

Jimmy was sweating profusely over the exertion, and after scratching his head to collect his thoughts, continued:

"Then I, James Crane, Justice of the peace, announce you as husban' an' wife, now an' forevermore, world without end, Amen; an' if the style doesn't suit you you have the legal right to appeal to the supreme court at Omaha at any time within sixty days. Now light out, an' me an' the boys'll go an' drink your health."

The couple seemed to be perfectly satisfied, and walked away hand in hand, their sun-tanned faces wreathed in smiles of unmistakable happiness.

During the trial of his first, and, I may add, his last case, for he threw up the office in disgust, one of the alleged lawyers, a young sprig from Omaha, said in his speech:

"Your honor, the ground taken by the attorney on the other side is a false one, a dangerously false one, sir; an assertion in which Blackstone will sustain me. I can make it clear to your honor by Blackstone that—"

The court interrupted him, and said:

"Well, let's clean this thing up as we go along an' then we won't get mixed. If we leave these raveled ends ahangin' loose we'll never strai'ten the matter out. Constable, go an' bring Mr. Blackstone into court to testify."

It was explained to him that Blackstone was an authority on law and had been dead many years. This made the old man lighting mad, and he jumped up and threw off his coat and slapped his fists and howled:

"This court may not be very fly on law and may be away off on edication, but it'll be d—d from Dan to Barsheba, an' back agin if any biled shirt from Omehaw kin' ring in a dead lawyer on it! No living man kin come before the bar of this court an' make a play with a second-hand stiff that's been in the ground a hul life time and not get licked. Do you think you kin try to work a foreign corpse into the evidence an' escape the righteous judgment o' the court? Peel your linen, you dandified freak o' nature fur the cyclone's howling an' the court's a-comin' at you in all its legal power. Whoop!" Two minutes later the Omaha law sharp was the worst licked man the country had ever seen.

Jimmy never sat on another case. He resigned in disgust and tore down his shingle and in future wanted to lick every man that addressed him as Judge.

His successor also proved a failure. In a neighboring settlement, twelve miles distant, a young man was arrested for breaking into a cabin and stealing a number of articles. He was an intimate friend of the judge and the old man was almost thunderstruck when told that a constable was bringing Frank up the river on a charge of burglary. When the prisoner arrived the judge took him aside and said:

"Frank, I couldn't think any more of you if you war' my own boy, an' it breaks me all up to see you in this trouble. They tell me you are charged with burglary."

"Yes, that's the charge, judge."

"Too bad! Too bad! An' are you guilty, Frank?"

"I guess I am, judge. I'm afeared they can prove it on me."

"Oh, my boy, this is awful!"

He walked away to a window, where he stood for some time reflecting, and then returned and said.

"Lookee here, boy! Burglary is an ugly charge, an' I'd rather see you panked up fur killin' somebody or stealin' somethin'. I kin see only one way fur you to git out of it an' escape goin' to jail. I'll tell you w'at to do, Frank. You kin send down and have the gal brought up here and marry her, an' ill kick the case outen court an' see that it's not rung in agin durin' my administration."

HER BROTHER IS A GIRL.

How a Young Lady From Illinois was Surprised by the Health Board.

New York World: Among the visitors to the health department yesterday was a young and pretty woman, who said that she was Miss Lynch, of Illinois. Her mother proposed to apply to the government for a pension, as her father had been a Union soldier. The pension office was very particular about the details of applicants' families, and Miss Lynch wished a transcript of the record of the birth of a child born to her parents in New York in 1863. When the records were examined it was found that on February 11, 1863, Catherine, wife of Michael Lynch, gave birth to a female child at No. 133 Mott street.

"But my brother is not a woman," protested the fair visitor.

"He must be," was the reply. "This is the official record, certified by Dr. T. L. Gay, of No. 14 Bayard street. If you don't believe that your brother is a girl, just look at the record."

"We always thought that he was a boy," said Miss Lynch, sadly, "and after all these years it turns out that he has no right to vote, nor smoke, nor wear trousers. Cannot the record be changed?"

"Never."

"Not even if a clerical error has been made?"

"No."

Miss Lynch was assured that the department sympathized with her, and appreciated the painful position of a young man, officially and irrevocably declared to be a young woman, but nothing could be done. The scriptures might be revesed; the board of health record, never.

A Boy Wreaks Vengeance on a Mean Man.

"Mister, will you please give me a dime?" asked a boy of a gruff-looking man.

"Why should I give you a dime?"

"To get something to eat with."

"Why should I care whether you eat or not? It's none of my business."

Shortly afterward, as the man was running to catch a car, his plug hat blew off and went rolling at a rapid rate.

"Please stop that hat," he shouted to a bow.

"Why should I stop your hat?" the boy replied. "It is none of my business."

"Now look here, you young wretch, a wagon has run over it."

"That's so; but why should I care? It's none of my business."

He Knew What Was the Principal German Order.

"I see that the emperor of Germany has conferred the Order of the Red Eagle upon Gen. Wolseley," observed Ebenezor Jones to Zebedee Smith.

"Yes, so I noticed. Is that the principal German order?" asked Smith.

"Oh, no."

"What is?"

"The principal German order is "Zwei Bier."

Didn't See the Monkeys.

A little three year old, who had several times visited the dime museums with his parents, was on Sunday taken to church with a member of the family, and after returning home was asked by his father what he saw. "Well," said the youngster, "a man got up and shook his arms and talked, but I didn't like it much, because they didn't let us see the monkeys."

Of Two Evils He Would Choose the Least.

De Jones—How did you like that blonde I introduced you to the other night?

Silly Side—Too tall. If I ever get married it will be to a girl who is petite.

De Jones—Well, you're right. Of two evils, I have been told, choose the least.

Two Ways of Looking At It.

Now, I think that was a rare piece of acting," remarked the young man as he came out of the opera house.

"Indeed. Now I thought it was well done," replied the young lady.

And then they did not speak again for two minutes.

Entirely Different Denomination.

"Old Deacon Smith is a pessimist," remarked an Oakland man to his wife, in the presence of his precocious son, who exclaimed—

"Why, father, what a lie!"

"What do you mean, sir?" thundered the father.

"I say he ain't. He's a Methodist; that's what he is."

She Knew Them Only by Sight.

Philadelphia Call: Mamma—Do you know the ten commandments, my dear?

Little Bess—Yes, mamma.

"Well, repeat them."

"I can't, mamma. I don't know them by heart. I can know them when I see them."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

THE CHEAPEST PLACE IN OMAHA TO BUY
FURNITURE, BABY CARRIAGES, Etc.
IS AT
DEWEY & STONE'S
One of the Best and Largest Stocks in the U.S. to Select from.
No Stairs to Climb Elegant Passenger Elevator.

M. BURKE & SONS,
LIVE STOCK COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
GEO. BURKE, Manager,
UNION STOCK YARDS, OMAHA, NEB.
REFERENCES:—Merchants and Farmers' Bank, David City, Neb., Kearney National Bank, Kearney, Neb.; Columbus State Bank, Columbus, Neb.; McDonald's Bank, North Platte, Neb. Omaha National Bank, Omaha, Neb.
Will pay customers' draft with bill of lading attached, for two-thirds value of stock.

JAY GOULD KISSED.

The Great Financier's Name Disrupts a Happy Home.

New York Journal: Jay Gould's name brought about the disruption of the once happy Boecker family yesterday morning. The family is composed of John Boecker, his wife Mary and four children. They live at No. 186 Orchard street. John ekes out a living by making baskets.

Mrs. Boecker's youngest child, a pretty little boy, was born unexpectedly at the Ninth street station of the Third Avenue Elevated Railroad on the 20th of last July. As a mark of respect for the great little man who controls the road, Mrs. Boecker at once christened the child Jay Gould Boecker. Mr. Gould was greatly pleased when he heard of the event, so much so that he sent the baby his picture and a promise to make him an elevated railroad conductor when he became of age.

All this pleased Mrs. Boecker, but her husband became furious when he learned the child's name. He said Jay Gould was a monopolist and an enemy of the people, and he insisted upon calling him Frederick Willham, in honor of the Crown Prince of Prussia.

Frequently since then the couple have had trouble about the baby's name. Boecker took so great a dislike to the child that he hardly ever noticed it, giving all his attention to his three other children, the oldest of whom is a fourteen year old boy, who is a great admirer of Jay Gould.

The keen-eyed little fellow, Jay Gould, never paid any attention to the disputes about his name. He preferred to sprawl about the floor, and would get everything he laid his hands on into a corner.

Like his great namesake, the boy sleeps with one eye open, and he is uncertain in politics. When an admiring visitor asks him if he is a democrat he bows his head, as it to say yes. He gives the same answer if asked if he is a republican or an independent.

When his mother took him out in the baby-carriage he wanted the whole street to himself, and cried if he saw another baby on the block. A few days ago his mother took him to a neighbor's rooms. The neighbor's boy was playing with a toy railroad train. As soon as Jay Gould Boecker saw it he grabbed it up and refused to part with it until his mother spanked him.

Yesterday morning Mr. Boecker called the family together and ordered them not to call the baby Jay Gould any more. Mrs. Boecker said that Jay Gould was the boy's name, and she defied him or any one to change it.

"That child must be called Frederick William," persisted Boecker, "or I'll disown it."

Mrs. Boecker said she would die rather than change the name. Her husband got so mad that he slapped her face, smashed the furniture and spanked the baby. Court-officer Simmons arrested Boecker ann took him to Essex market court, where Justice Power committed him for three months.

Before going to a dungeon he kissed the baby, supposing that that would soften his wife's heart, but she was obdurate. Late in the afternoon she called and begged for his release. Justice Power promised to release him on the 20th of next April.

A TAME BUTTERFLY.

The Curious Pet of a Little Miss on South Fifth Street.

Philadelphia News: A butterfly in captivity is perhaps not an unusual thing to see, but a butterfly in captivity that has lived in a glass jar for three months and through the cold weather of winter is something that very few have had the opportunity of seeing, as a butterfly's existence is generally considered to last but a few weeks at the farthest.

Miss Bessie Semon, the daughter of Wm. Semon, of the Virginia tobacco store, on Ninth street above Chestnut, is the owner of a specimen that she caught in the yard in the rear of Mr. Semon's residence, 1325 South Fifth street, early in October. When it was caught it was almost dead with the cold. She took it into a warm room and placed it in a glass jar with a perforated lid, and the insect not only revived, but grew lively and seemed to take a liking to its new home. It is one of the large brown species, with wings fully an inch and a half long.

While in its glass cage it manifests none of the desire to escape usually shown by insects in captivity, but moves around its glass house with wings at rest, and it spends its time principally in dozing and feeding. When it was caught it was slender in body and hungry looking, but on its feed of sugar and celery it has grown fat and round and almost too heavy to fly. Miss Bessie has made something of a pet of her butterfly, and every day she takes it out of the jar to give it exercise.

A News-gatherer was present yesterday when "Brownie" was given an airing. When the lid was removed from the jar the butterfly flew out and lit on its owner's arm, spread its wings and took a good stretch. It then walked up her arm to her shoulder, took a look around and then flew around the room a couple of times, and returning lit on its little mistress' head. It could be easily seen that the insect recognized its owner, for though several times while it was on its flight she changed her position the butterfly each time flew to her. Another evidence that it knew her was found in the fact that when any one else went near the butterfly it closed its wings together and remained perfectly quiet, whereas Miss Bessie need simply put her finger down beside it and the pretty insect would get up on it and then walk up her arm to her shoulder or head. Miss Semon is naturally proud of her unique little pet, and will make every effort to prolong its existence through the winter.

THE BEST WASHING COMPOUND of the day is undoubtedly JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE. It cleanses the dirtiest and most elegant fabrics without injury and with little labor. For sale by grocers.

The Cost of a Bushel of Corn.

Chicago Herald: There is a statistician about the Palmer House who desires to impress everybody with economic facts. Said he yesterday: "Do you see that man over there? Well, he's a farmer down near Elgin. There he goes with a friend; they're going to get a drink. The farmer will pay for it. Now, let me see. That man will sweat two mortal hours next spring to plow enough ground to raise one bushel of corn. That bushel of corn he will sell for 30 cents. He is going in there now to spend the 30 cents for two drinks. Therefore, the farmer and the corn have parted. Now, let me tell you what becomes of the corn. A bushel of corn makes seventeen quarts of whisky—four-and-a-quarter gallons. The distillery gets its first profit—40 cents a gallon. There you are; $2 for that bushel of corn. Now the government comes in, 90 cents a gallon—$3.85, added to the $2, makes $5.85. That brings the product of the bushel of corn down to the jobber and the wholesaler and, finally, by several stages, to the retailer. By the time it reaches the latter the bushel of corn or its product of four and a quarter gallons has been reduced one-half, which means eight and a half gallons. There are sixty drinks to the gallon—that is the average—eight and a half gallons mean 270 drinks at 15 cents each—there we have $46.35 as the consumer's price for a bushel of corn which the farmer raises and sells for 30 cents. Who says there is not industry in this country? But the farmer we saw just now spent his whole bushel of corn in the price of two drinks, and the people who do not till the soil got away with $46.05.

Captain Mitchell, of the bark Antoine Sala, New York and Havana trade, cam home in May, entirely helpless with rheumatism. He went to the mountains, but receiving no benefit, at his wife's request, began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. He immediately began to improve; in two months his rheumatism was all none and he sailed in command of his vessel a well man. Hood's Sarsaparilla will help you. Sold by all druggists.

Railway Time Table

OMAHA.

The following is the time of arrival and departure of trains by Central Standard time at the local depots. Trains of the C., St. P., M. & O. arrive and depart from their depot, corner of 14th and Webster streets; trains on the B. & M., C. B. & Q., and K. C., St. J. & C. B. from the B. & M. depot; all others from the Union Pacific depot.

BRIDGE TRAINS.

Bridge trains will leave U. P. depot at 6:35—B 7:35—8:00—8:40—8:50—B 10:00—11:00 a. m., 1:00—1:20—1:50—B 2:00—3:00—4:00—5:00—5:30—6:05—6:10—7:00—11:10 p. m.

Leave transfer for Omaha at 7:12—B 8:15—9:30 B9:42—B 10:35—10:37—11:57 a. m.; 1:37—2:13—2:37—3:30—3:37—4:17—5:45—6:35—7:20—7:50—11:52 p. m.

CONNECTING LINES.

Arrival and departure of trains from the transfer depot at Council Bluffs:

DEPART.			ARRIVE.
CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN.			
9:15 A. M.	.....	Mail and Express.....	7:00 P. M
12:40 P. M.	.....	Accommodation	4:30 P. M
5:30 P. M.	.....	Express	9:15 A. M
CHICAGO & ROCK ISLAND.			
9:15 A. M.	.....	Mail and Express.....	7:00 P. M
7:15 A. M.	.....	Accommodation	5:30 P. M
5:20 P. M.	.....	Express	9:15 A. M
CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL.			
9:10 A. M.	.....	Mail and Express.....	7:00 P. M
5:40 P. M.	.....	Express	9:15 A. M
CHICAGO, BURLINGTON & QUINCY.			
9.35 A. M.	.....	Mail and Express.....	6:20 P. M
6:40 P. M.	.....	Express	9:15 A. M
WABASH, ST. LOUIS & PACIFIC.			
2:15 P. M.	Local.	St. Louis Express Local.....	.
3:00 P. M.	Transfer	St. Louis Ex. Transfer	3:20 P. M
KANSAS CITY, ST. JOE & COUNCIL BLUFFS.			
2:15 A. M.	.....	Mail and Express.....	7:35 P. M
3:00 P. M.	.....	Express	6:35 A. M
SIOUX CITY & PACIFIC.			
9 05 A. M.	.....