THE DAILY BEE.

OMAHA OFFICE, NO. 914 AND 916 FARNAM ST
NEW YORK OFFICE, ROOM 65, TRIBUNE BUILDING
WASHINGTON OFFICE, NO. 513 FOURTEENTH ST.

Published every morning, except Sunday. The only Monday morning paper published in the state.

TERMS BY MAIL:

One Year	$10.00	Three Months	$2.50
Six Months	5.00	One Month	1.00

THE WEEKLY BEE, Published Every Wednesday.

TERMS, POSTPAID:

One Year, with premium	$2.00
One Year, without premium	1.25
Six Months, without premium	75
One Month, on trial	10

CORRESPONDENCE:

All communications relating to news and editorial matters should be addressed to the EDITOR OF THE BEE.

BUSINESS LETTERS:

All business letters and remittances should be addressed to THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY, OMAHA. Drafts, checks and postoffice orders to be made payable to the order of the company.

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

"WHAT, never? No, never."

SIR JOSEPH GEORGE L. MILLER is still out of politics, but business with the interior department will keep him in Washington for several days to come.

"THE records cannot be destroyed," says the *Herald*. Evidently not, as the BEE'S editorial correspondence from Washington published to-day proves.

PADDY RYAN has issued another challenge to John L. Sullivan. As soon as John sobers off sufficiently Paddy wil have to put up his hands or shut up.

WITH 40 per cent of the skilled workingmen of London out of employment, Mr. Chamberlain has a heavy problem to solve as head of the home department.

A SUBSCRIPTION paper, limit $5, is to be started in Boston for the Irish parliamentary fund. The Irish-American contributions in New York now amount to $50,000 and Tammany will turn in some $15,000 more.

THE orange crop is a failure, the peach crop is ruined, the ice crop on the Hudson is none too good, and now to cap the climax comes the report that the banana crop will be short this year. This will be cheering news to pedestrians.

ACCORDING to the packing-house brigade, J. E. House, while a "practical surveyor," is incompetent to fill the surveyor general's office. What was needed there, according to the Miller-Boyd patronage-peddling outfit, was a practical politician.

GENERAL SCHOFIELD says he prefers to remain on duty in Chicago. We violate no confidence in saying that General Howard would prefer a station at San Francisco or New York to his present one in Omaha, and he is likely to be accommodated.

MR. BOYD is a very ready letter writer. His confidential letter to J. B. J. Ryan was very interesting reading, but his letter to the honorable Mr. Crites of Plattsmouth will be an eye-opener to the packing-house brigade. Why didn't Crites burn that letter?

ACCORDING to Dr. Miller's bosom friend Crites, J. E. House is a political nontentity entirely unfit for a federal office, but Pritchett is a power in the land. In fact he is the only democrat in Nebraska who is fitted by education to fill the position of United States district attorney.

GEN. HANCOCK'S death leaves his family practically destitute. His position as the senior major general and the leading democrat in the army made heavy demands upon his limited resources. A bill will doubtless be introduced in congress to grant Mrs. Hancock a pension. It should pass.

"MY DEAR MR. LAMAR:—I wish to say to you personally that I have known Mr. J. E. House all his active life, and while he is a good practical surveyor I do not believe that he has the ability to conduct the office of surveyor general—GEORGE L. MILLER." Mr. House will feel highly flatered by such a compliment.

THE Boston *Beacon*, a religious journal, comes forward with the comforting assurance that the expression, "a hell of a time," is not profane. The word "hell," it explains, is a survival of the old German word, which meant—1, ringing, loud, noisy; 2, visible, evident, manifest. This settles the matter. Our ministerial friends will now be at liberty to use the expression to their heart's content without doing violence to their consciences. This applies with equal force to the city council.

THE judiciary committee of the house of representatives which has under consideration the Edmunds Utah bill, proposes to add an iron-clad anti-Mormon amendment in the shape of a prescription oath which no Mormon could honestly take, and without which he could not vote. The oath denounces as pernicious any dictation of the Mormon church, and pledges the voter not to act or "be in concert with any political party acting or which may hereafter act to carry out the political weal of the church or of any Mormon political party." This is a premium on perjury. The Edmunds bill is stringent enough as it stands. The proposed amendment will add nothing to its efficiency.

Now that the exposition building is nearly completed we would suggest to the religious people of Omaha that it would be a good thing to secure the services of Sam Jones and Sam Small to hold a good old-fashioned revival here. In St. Joe the people raised $5,000 to purchase a circus tent and pay the other expenses of the Sam Jones meetings. The business men of every description subscribed liberally as they knew that the revival would bring to St. Joe many thousands of people who, while drawing religious inspiration from the lips of Sam Jones, would spend a great deal of money in shopping and board bills. Looking at the matter from a business view, the bringing of Sam Jones to Omaha for a two week's campaign against sin and sinners would prove a profitable investment, and at the same time a great deal of good would be accomplished. Let our religious brethren consider the matter and at once take steps to get Mr. Jones here. He is a big card, and has dates for several months ahead in the large cities.

Packinghouse Pinafore.

Dr. Miller authorizes a reiteration of the statement that he *never recommended anybody for the surveyor-general's office*, therefore when Gardner makes a contradictory statement he simply lies.

Mr. Clegg of Richardson county, and Mr. Ramsey of Cass county, warm friends of Dr. Miller, were both candidates for the position of surveyor-general, and he declined to lend his support to either, to the detriment of the other, although solicited by telegraph by Secretary Lamar to do so. He now considers his refusal to choose between them the one mistake he has made since a democratic administration was inaugurated: for if he had chosen there would have been no Gardner in the public service.

* * * *

Dr. Miller will stake his word against fifty Gardners that no man ever saw a letter signed by him recommending anybody for the surveyor generalship and while Gardner ought to thank his luck that such is the case he ought also to restrain his mendacity.—*Herald, January 19th.*

I told Mr. Wise that I would do by Mr. Ramsey what I had done by Mr. Clegg, and did so in a letter to Secretary Lamar. At no time did I recommend any man for surveyor-general, nor did James E. Boyd do it in my name. G. L. M.

—*Herald, January 20th.*

JAMES E. BOYD, Packer,
Omaha, May 11th, 1885.

To the Honorable Secretary of the Interior, Washington.—Sir: Mr. Basil M. Ramsey, of Plattsmouth, is an applicant for the position of surveyor general of Nebraska. Sometime ago we were asked in regard to the character and ability of Mr. Robt. Clegg, of Falls City, Nebraska, to which we at once replied by wire, stating that Mr. Clegg was a man of most excellent character, etc.

We are now asked to endorse Mr. Ramsey, which we most gladly do. He is a gentleman of the strictest honesty and integrity, and there is no man in the state more competent or more peculiarly fitted to fill that position. With great respect, your obedient servants,

JAMES E. BOYD,
Member Nat'l Dem. Com.
GEORGE L. MILLER.

This is what might have been called Packing-house Pinafore:

"I never recommended anybody for the surveyor general's office," thundered Admiral Miller, of Patrick's torpedo fleet.

"What! never!" did you say?

"No, never! Well, hardly ever."

"No man ever saw a letter signed by" Dr. Miller, "recommending anybody for the surveyor generalship."

But Mr. Lamar did receive such a letter, and at least four persons who know Dr. Miller's handwriting read it and handled it.

"Did you mean to say "never!" Sir Admiral? "No, never!" or "Hardly ever?"

We shall not be surprised if Packing-house Pinafore should become more popular among Nebraska democrats than progressive euchre ever has been among Omaha society circles.

The Commission Farce.

While Senator Cullom's bill for the regulation of inter-state commerce is receiving cordial support from railway managers and trunk line commissioners nd arbitrators, Mr. Reagan's measure is meeting with the usual opposition from the agents of the monopolies. The reason is not difficult to find. Mr. Reagan's bill, if put into active operation, would check the principal abuses in the management of corporate monopolies under which the people are suffering. It prohibits discrimination and extortion and provides a legal remedy for violation of the law. It aims well directed blows at the evils of stock jobbing, excessive capitalization and railroad wrecking, whose cost in the end is taxed upon the patrons of the transportation system of the country, and it makes the courts the arbiters between the people and the monopolies. Senator Cullom's bill on the contrary proposes a commission to collect statistics and make recommendations to congress. Its sole and only province will be to compile facts, file away annual passes and draw handsome salaries. Such a body of officials would be equally powerless to harm the railroad jobbers or to help the people.

This is not the solution of the problem of railway regulation demanded by the public. It solves only the perplexing question which has been troubling the railroad managers of how to shelve the issue without arousing a still greater antagonism throughout the country. It is legalized inaction and nothing else. The commission system wherever attempted has proved a failure in redressing grievances. In Nebraska the railroad commission is the laughing stock of the state. They have junketed over three systems, inspected track and stations through the bottom of champagne glasses and published several worthless reports. The practical benefit in dollars and cents which the people of the state have derived from their labors would not pay a month's salary of one of their secretaries. No one knows better than the average railroad manager that the commission system is a mere subterfuge for railway regulation, whose members are more easily controlled than an entire legislature, and whose decisions, unlike those of a court, can be obeyed or ignored at will. This is the reason why the Goulds and Sages and Garretts are convinced that a national railway commission is a pressing necessity, in the way of whose creation they will decline to place a straw. The public cannot be hoodwinked by any such a scheme as that of Mr. Cullom. They know enough to know its real object and aim and whose interest its passage is intended to advance.

PETITIONS for paving materials are already circulating among property owners in the new districts which the council created and ordered paved at its last session. Under the provisions of our law the decisions rests absolutely in the owners of the abutting lots. There is no chance of jobbery on the part of contractors in forcing objectionable materials upon those who have to bear the burden of taxation. The power of the council and board of public works in the question is limited to making and approving the contracts for such a pavement as may be decided upon by the lot owners. Under these circumstances, it is important that the choice made should be a careful and a discriminating one, because it is final. The list of materials offered covers all the classes of paving most in use in this country and on the continent. In addition it comprises three classes of foundations upon which the pavements can be laid. The BEE urges upon the property owners in the new paving districts to choose the best pavement of its class, whatever the material be selected. If durable and a satisfactory one. Next to wood block be selected, as seems probable in some of the districts, a great mistake will be made in chosing a plank instead of a concrete base. That is the universal experience of every city which has attempted to use wood as a paving material. London, which has the best wood pavements in the world, makes her choice of creosoted blocks laid on a cement foundation with the spaces between the blocks hermetically sealed, and with a long guarantee of maintenance. This is an expensive pavement, but it is a it is a well laid block on concrete. The other pavements offered have already been tried in Omaha and are familiar to our people.

Those Fraudulent Surveys.

The *Herald*, whose editor has been making a personal fight for the abolition of the surveyor-general's office at Plattsmouth, principally because the present incumbent was nominated against the dictation of the democratic faction which he heads, begs the question in discussing the issue raised by Mr. Sparks' letter which opposes the closing of the office. Mr. Sparks declines to recommend the abolition of the Nebraska surveyor-generalship because he is convinced that the work of the office is not completed. There are the best of reasons for believing that many of the surveys must be repeated. Extensive frauds have been discovered in the manner in which surveying contracts have been performed. Large tracts of territory in the state are without township and section corner stones. While the books of the office show that all the surveys in Nebraska have been completed, investigation, on the ground, proves that a large portion of the work pretended to have been done under the contracts has never been touched.

This is the issue involved, and the sole issue in which the public outside of the contending factions in the democratic party has any interest. It makes no difference to the average settler whether Gardner or Smith or Jones or Brown draws the salary of surveyor general, or whether the application of the successful candidate was endorsed by G. L. Miller or J. Sterling Morton. But it does make a great difference to real estate owners in the newly settled portions of our state whether their filings on paper represent the land actually taken up. The government surveys are the only basis upon which possession and transfer can be had. So long as there is a reasonable doubt whether they have been properly made, the closing of the surveyor general's office would be manifestly improper. That is the only avenue through which resurveys and corrections can come.

Every one who has watched the course of politics in this state for the past fifteen years knows that the government surveys in Nebraska have been made with scarcely a pretension of accuracy. From the days of Boss Cunninghaun down to the era of Dave Stephenson, surveying contracts have been honeycombed with fraud. There is not a county surveyor in the portions of the state surveyed during this period, who does not know that the work done was shamefully, inadequate and grossly incorrect in many instances. The charge has been made again and again, but as the means of verifying it officially lay in the hands of the surveyor-general, the public has never been given a chance to know the full details of the surveying contract iniquities.

The opportunity can now be afforded. The first attempt of the general land office to verify a few of the surveys of the old gang, by a careful re-survey of the territory covered by the last contract, will show very promptly whether the work of the Nebraska surveyor-general's office is completed.

THE full report of Lieutenant Maus on the killing of Captain Crawford confirms in every particular the first suspicions and the subsequent charge of wilful murder. It shows that the Mexicans knew perfectly well whom they were firing on and that the attack was treacherous and premeditated. When the first shots were fired Lieutenant Maus and Captain Crawford both ran out waving their handkerchiefs and calling that they were American officers. The Mexicans evidently understood them for they ceased firing and replied that they had made a mistake. All this time they were moving toward the shelter of the hill from which they again reopened the attack, killing Captain Crawford and then moved upon the camp. Being repulsed with the loss of a major and four men, they asked for a truce and once more pretended that they had made a mistake. Lieutenant Maus reports that when he went over to the parley he would have been seized himself if his scouts had not begun to strip for fight, when he was allowed to return to his men. This is a straight story and calls for a searching investigation on the part of the government. The Mexican banditti on the frontier who masquerade as regular troops while bushwhacking on both sides of the border are more dangerous to life and property than Geronimo's copper skinned cutthroats. Their murderous performances are carefully concealed as a rule, and the Indians often get the credit of the Greaser outrages. In the present case the proof seems full and complete, and the military murderers should get their deserts. Diplomatic explanations are valuable in their way, but they will fail to fill the bill in the present instance.

THE Omaha exposition building is rapidly approaching completion, and will be formally opened on the 18th with a grand promenade concert under the auspices of the exposition company. We hope our citizens will, by a liberal purchase of tickets, show their appreciation of the public spirit of the men who have invested $50,000 in an enterprise which will probably not pay any dividends for several years. They have erected a beautiful and substantial building, 132 feet wide and 264 feet long. It is to be used for large assemblies—such as state political conventions, state and inter-state gatherings of all kinds, mass meetings of all kinds, sangerfests, grand concerts, balls, etc., and for the Omaha annual exposition. It is just such a building as Omaha needs, and will answer her demands for many years to come. We venture to say that there is not a city of 200,000 people that can boast of such a commodious building for public assemblies. With this large hall Omaha is now in shape to handle national conventions. That it will attract to this city many large conventions that would otherwise not come here there is no question, and in this way it will prove a great benefit.

PARLIAMENT stands adjourned until the 8th inst., when the question of furnishing relief to English laborers will probably take precedence over Irish legislation. Rioting in London will furnish both liberals and tories more material for hard work than isolated outrages across the channel about which Lord Salisbury's party was preparing to raise parliamentary inquiry.

To Hancock—In Memoriam.

By an Old Brother Officer.

Born of an honored name
Of old colonial fame,
To patriot hearts right dear,
Without reproach or fear;
Like Paladin of old,
Our knight lies cold.

With record high and pure,
With nothing to obscure,
He filled each place
With soldier grace,
And, swift at duty's call,
Gave heed to all.

Calm on the battle field,
Yet willing self to yield,
When called to lead the van,
Detraction failed to plan—
Though worsted in the fight
To bring a fault to light.

Almost the nation's choice,
With no complaining voice
He met his first defeat;
Yet with no base retreat
Losing a place unsought
To keep a fame unbought.

From simple cadet gray
He won his way
To shine amid the stars:
Reached by the leaves and bars
Through grades well won
And duty fairly done.

That dauntless heart lies cold—
The nation's flag shall fold
His pulseless heart to-day;
Yet o'er the senseless clay
Will mourning comrades weep,
And dear his memory keep.

ALL SORTS.

A charity bawl—"Mister, gimme a nickel."

A buzzing in your ear is not so bad when a handsome girl does the buzzing.

Money doesn't make the man; and it isn't every man that makes the money either.

It is curious how much faster a street-car goes when you are running for it than it does when you are riding on it.

Attorney General Garland invariably turns around when he hears anybody holler "Hello!"

The wealth of our language is shown by the fact that "hang it up" and "chalk it down" mean precisely the same thing.

Paper rails are made in Russia, we hear. That is nothing astonishing. Whole railways are made out of paper in this country.

There is said to be a haunted schooner in Fall River. What with the bier and spirit, there is all the material for a ghost in a schooner.

"I can give you a cold bite," said the woman. "Why not warm it up," asked the tramp. "There ain't any wood sawed." "That's so? Well, give it to me cold."

Mr. Todhunter has written a play in which Mrs. Langtry will appear in the spring. The name of the author, by the way, will be recalled to the audience every time a young man goes out between the acts of the play.

Bound to Have Water.

Hastings Gazette-Journal.

If the number of towns and cities in Nebraska figuring upon waterworks is any indication, the prohibitionists certainly have every reason to be encouraged.

A Great Discovery.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

Senator Edmunds finds that where forty senators will accept an invitation to attend a circus not more than one or two can be depended upon to go to a caucus.

A Needed Defense.

Chicago Mail.

A Boston minister has lately been compelled to make a defense of cigars. The cigars we buy in Chicago ought to be defended by somebody. They are probably causing nine-tenths of all the sudden deaths we read about.

A Defunct Craze.

St. Paul Pioneer Press.

It seems to be quite evident that the roller-skating craze is defunct beyond the power of resuscitation. * * * It was lacking in all the genuine popularity in a sport or a pastime. Its collapse was due to its inherent weakness. It never will be missed except by those unlucky people who find themselves with rinks on their hands with which they know not what to do.

A Whack at Chicago.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Store rents are going up in Chicago, according to the newspapers of that city. The average Chicago tenant is supremely indifferent on the subject of rents. He believes with certain extreme socialistic theorists that "rent is robbery," and he knows by experience that it is cheaper to move than to pay rent; hence this motto: "Thousands for furniture carts, but not a cent for landlords."

Senator Sawyer's Crest.

Chicago Tribune.

A New York correspondent says that Senator Sawyer of Wisconsin has decided to follow the course of certain members of the cabinet and adopt a crest. The senator has been a lumberman, and the design he has in mind consists of "an embattled sawlog on an emerald pine forest, with a pair of engrailed bob-sleds on the dexter chevron." It is barely possible that the senator from Wisconsin is making fun of the fools. He does that sometimes.

Controlled by the Other Railroad.

St. Louis Republican.

The majority of the New Jersey assembly are republicans, yet they have denounced the proposal that the United States government shall give the Baltimore and Ohio railroad the right of way into Staten Island as a violation of state rights. They demand the very strictest construction of the constitution in determining the power of the national government over the navigable waterways of the country. This is so funny that it suggests the idea that the legislature is controlled by the other railroad company.

Greatest Authority on Earth.

Chicago News.

In a newspaper interview down east recently, Dr. George L. Miller, the gifted and urbane editor of the Omaha Herald, vouchsafed the important and trustworthy information that the national administration was proving satisfactory to the Nebraska democracy and would do much toward making Nebraska a democratic state. This assurance confirms the suspicion we harbored when we heard last summer that R. B. Hayes had parted with his liquor interest in Omaha; we made up our minds then that that was the first symptom of republican disintegration in Nebraska; we felt gloomier still to hear, later on, that one of the Keifer family had emigrated from Ohio to Nebraska; that made us feel certain that the republican party was a goner. It needed Dr. Miller's assurance only that the democratic party was about to capture Nebraska to convince us that the republicans had no reason to count Nebraska as theirs in future. Dr. Miller is unquestionably the most reliable polyglot authority now on earth.

A SLAUGHTER HOUSE SERIAL,

In Which the Burning Brands of the Packing House Are Plainly Visible.

Choice Selections From the Endorsements of Miller, Boyd and Crites —Treachery's Track Traced in Black Ink.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 9.—[Editorial Correspondence.]—"If you had asked what I have been doing since the 19th of September," exclaimed President Arthur, "I would tell you that my time has almost entirely been taken up by applications from army officers for promotion and with Nebraska."

"How is that, Mr. President," said I: "what is the trouble with Nebraska?"

"Trouble enough," replied Mr. Arthur, "Nebraska is all torn up with factional fights and your delegation never agrees on anything."

This was four years ago when Valentine was at swords' points with Saunders and Van Wyck, and Nebraska was ignored in the distribution of federal patronage.

The whirligig of time which landed Grover Cleveland in the white house has wrought a great revolution, but I imagine if Mr. Cleveland were asked to-day what he has been doing since he became president, his answer would not differ materially from that given by his predecessor six months after the death of Garfield. He has been wrestling with applications for promotion from army officers and bothering with Nebraska. To be sure it matters very little now whether the republican delegation from Nebraska is at loggerheads. Mr. Cleveland has not lost a minute's sleep on their account, but he is sorely perplexed and worried and vexed by the belligerent bosses who come here to represent the wants of the very hungry and very thirsty democrats that belong to the "packing house" and "slaughter house" factions.

MILLER AND MORTON

are attracting considerable attention just now. Morton has been here for several days, and Miller is expected within forty-eight hours. Whatever the outcome of the irrepressible conflict between Dr. Miller and J. Sterling Morton may be, is of little concern to me personally. Their respective friends and followers who read the BEE more generally than any other paper, or for that matter all other papers, including Dr. Miller's own, are doubtless deeply interested. At this stage of the controversy Morton has by all odds the best of the fight. The vindictive assaults of his ambitious adversary, who openly boasts his intention to crush him, has naturally created sympathy for him. Morton has warm friends in the cabinet and in the departments. He has refrained from pushing the claims of his friends, but usually manages to get in his work where it will do the most good. "Governor" Morton, as he is called here, has a wide range of acquaintance among congressmen, and by his shrewd tactics wields greater power than Dr. Miller with his paper.

WHAT ARE WE HERE FOR?

Three days ramble among the departments has been amusing as well as instructive. Outward appearances do not betray the fact that the confederates have captured the White House. The starry banner of our country still waves over the interior department under Secretary Lamar as it waved ten years ago when I called to pay my respects to Secretary Zach Chandler. The ante-room of the ex-confederate secretary is still guarded by the same black republican that formerly handed my cards to Schurz and Kirkwood. Even President Cleveland, I am told, has retained the old republican door-keeper who was first employed by General Grant, and has ushered into the executive office all the callers upon Hayes, Garfield and Arthur. In other respects outward appearances are very deceptive. The postmaster general's room is still decorated with portraits of his predecessors from Governor Dennison down to Frank Hatton. General Grant occupies a prominent place among the military heroes that adorn the walls of the office from which Secretary Endicott issues army orders. Emblems of loyalty and patriotism greet me on all sides and I should almost imagine that the "Grand Old Party" was still at the helm if it were not for the tramp, tramp, tramp of veterans with unmistakeably democratic countenances marching through the marble tiled corridors from early morning till the department doors close. They are all ready to shout for the flag and an appropriation. The groups of congressmen whom I met in the postoffice and interior department were nearly all democratic and their search for patronage appeared, if anything, more persistent than ever was that of the republicans of the Flannagan stamp.

DIPLOMACY AND DUPLICITY.

Among the most interesting and curious documents now on deposit in the archives of Uncle Sam are the letters and dispatches relating to that big bone of contention—the surveyor-generalship of Nebraska. For months Dr. Miller's mud batteries have kept the democracy of Nebraska in a perfect uproar. Shot, shell and filth were poured into the Mortonian camp promiscuously and every democrat within range who does not train under the "Great Dictator" was mercilessly flailed. The true inwardness of this terrible "slaughter" has at last come to light.

When Dave Stevenson resigned the surveyor generalship, he expected that his friend Clegg, who was a "Weaver democrat," would be appointed his successor. Boyd and Miller were advised but they found themselves embarrassed by several applicants. The most competent of these was J. E. House, but his location at Omaha was in the way of their scheme to make Pritchett United States district attorney. So they resorted to a bit of diplomacy, and worked the wires under cover. While they were playing fast and loose with Clegg and Ramsey, Gardner carried off the plum. Miller became furious. He protested, fumed and raged to no purpose. Then he changed front and clamored for the abolition of the office.

In an interview that appeared in the BEE about three weeks ago, Surveyor General Gardner took occasion to say that Dr. Miller's denial that he ever recommended anybody for surveyor general was flatly contradicted by Mr. Boyd, who had read a copy of a letter to him (Gardner) in which both Boyd and Miller had recommended Clegg, and another in which Ramsey was recommended for the same place. Dr. Miller at once made a point blank denial which reiterated that he had never recommended any body for the surveyor general's office, and he further declared that no man ever saw a letter signed by him recommending anybody for this office.

Dr. Miller will have to recant. I have not only seen his letter with my own eyes, but at least three other persons who can vouch for his handwriting have examined and read it with me. They also will join me in certifying to the correctness of the following copy of a telegram:

April 24, 1885.—Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar: Asked to state our opinion of Robert Clegg, we say, integrity unquestioned, good ability, sound democrat, and excellent man.

JAMES E. BOYD,
Member National Democratic Committee.
GEORGE L. MILLER.

On May 11th, 1885, the following letter was addressed to Mr. Lamar:

SIR: Mr. Basil M. Ramsey, of Plattsmouth, is an applicant for the position of surveyor general of Nebraska. Some time ago we were asked in regard to the character and ability of Mr. Robt. Clegg, of Falls City, Nebraska, to which we at once replied by wire, stating that Mr. Clegg was a man of most excellent character, etc. We are now asked to endorse Mr. Ramsey, which we most gladly do. He is a gentleman of the strictest honesty and integrity, and there is no man more competent or more peculiarly fitted to fill the position. With great respect, your obedient servants,

JAMES E. BOYD,
Member Nat'l Dem. Com.
GEORGE L. MILLER.

In order to make sure that no mistake be made that would smash the packing house slate, Dr. Miller addressed a letter to Secretary Lamar on May 20th, 1885, which concludes as follows:

"I wish to say to you personally that I have known Mr. J. E. House all his active life, and while he is a good practical surveyor, I do not believe that he has the ability to conduct the office of surveyor-general.

GEO. L. MILLER."

Having stabbed House between the ribs the doctor finishes him through his friend Crites of Plattsmouth, who writes a long letter eulogizing his brother-in-law Ramsey. The following extract is all I need to quote:

"A certain clique of democrats who are bent on the overthrow of true and tried democrats of this state like Dr. George L. Miller of the Herald, and Hon. James E. Boyd, national committeeman, who has labored long and faithfully for the prosperity and strength of his party, are actively promoting the interests of J. E. House, a political nonentity in this state, formerly chief engineer of the Missouri Pacific railroad."

After flinging a volley of dirt at what Crites is pleased to call these "malcontents" he winds up as follows:

"Mr. Pritchett is the choice of nine-tenths of the active democrats of the state for district attorney. None of the other aspirants are really suited for the place by education, character or experience."

This letter is dated May 19, one day ahead of Dr. Miller's left-handed endorsemen of J. E. House.

I am afraid I have placed the cart before the horse this time. In order to get a clear insight into the packing house method of slaughtering, I must reproduce another letter, which explains how Bob Clegg was neatly done up:

OMAHA, Neb., March 23, 1885.—Hon. A. W. Crites, Plattsmouth, Neb.—My Dear Sir: I am in receipt of circular requesting my endorsement and recommendation of Mr. Basil W. Ramsey for surveyor general. I wish to avoid any unseemly haste in such matters, knowing full well that anything I may do will be subjected to the severest criticism. There is another applicant for the place, but I consider that Cass county is entitled to it. I want you to know that I am with you. If you send in the application, refer the secretary of the interior to me as a member of the national democratic committee, and I will say all the good words for Mr. Ramsey that you desire me to say. With kind regards and best wishes, I am, your obedient servant,

JAMES E. BOYD.

Why didn't Mr. Crites burn this letter? This is a most distressing case of duplicity, and if it was not my habit to pick up stray letters this mystery about the surveyor generalship might never have been cleared up. E. ROSEWATER.

STATE AND TERRITORY.

Nebraska Jottings.

D. P. Rolf has been elected president of the Nebraska City board of trade.

The Cedar County Agricultural society has a balance of $54.78 to start next fall's fair.

Pawnee business men have made up a purse of $1,000 to secure the location of a foundry there.

Two new towns will soon be located in the southern part of Fillmore county, to be known by the name of Media and Ohiowa.

A high toned and short haired Celestial from Omaha swooped down on a brother Mongol in Fremont the other day and done him up for $20.

Residents of Plum Creek talk of organizing a grand hunt for the purpose of exterminating the coyotes that are prowling about that neighborhood.

Mrs. Marinda Jennis, of Nebraska City, a poor despondent woman left by a heartless husband to provide for herself and three children, attempted suicide for the second time last Tuesday. The prompt arrival of a doctor, however, saved her life.

The Stromsburg Republican comes out this week with a double edition devoted to the growth and prosperity of the town and Polk county. The churches and schools and prominent business men are pictorially represented, while the statistical and historical review prove the steady advancement of the community. The enterprise of the publishers is commendable.

Last Saturday Anton Betz, an old resident of Cedar county, living a couple of miles south of St. Helena, was the victim of a runaway accident which will probably prove fatal. His team got the advantage of him, and while they were running Mr. Betz was thrown between the forward wheel and the wagon. His head and face were badly lacerated, and concussion of the brain is the dangerous result of the affair.

An Omaha drummer afflicted with a desire to exhibit his shape at night, crawled out of his bed in a Hastings hotel, strode through the streets in his stocking feet and mounted the derrick, eighty feet high, which surrounds the new water tower. Here his flowing robes fluttered in the breeze like a cold wave signal, while the mercury hugged the bottom of the bulb, and failing to receive the applause of the silent multitude he imagined surrounded his lofty perch, he descended and landed in the arms of a vigilant policeman. He was promptly thawed out and snake root applied to his troubled soles.

The committee of the Plattsmouth board of trade having charge of the scheme, has reported in favor of organizing a stock company to build a county court house. It is proposed to issue stock to the amount of $25,000 in shares of $50 each, the purpose being to erect a three-story brick structure somewhere in the business part of town, the lower story to be used for business purposes for the benefit of the stockholders, the two upper stories to be donated free to the use of the county for offices and court room as long as the county seat remains in Plattsmouth. The proposition met the approval of the board and the president was instructed to call a special meeting on Thursday evening, February 18, to consider the matter.

Iowa Items.

Davenport is irrigated with 212 licensed saloons.

Manchester is moving for a railroad connection with Davenport.

Seventeen candidates for mayor are announced in Missouri Valley.

Cholera knocked thirty-four hogs in Ben Simpson's pens at Brayton, one day last week.

Keokuk boasts of 470 widows and 108 widowers. Green grass is perennial in that neighborhood.

Miss Josephine Haeppner of Hamburg had both legs broken just above the ankles while coasting last week.

Dave DeLong has sued the editor of the Farragut Sentinel for $9,000 damages for slander and alienating the affections of his wife.

The Bar association of Delaware county, in session at Manchester on Saturday, passed a resolution favoring the abolishment of circuit courts and substituting county courts.

The census just taken gives the population of the towns of Harrison county as follows: Dunlap, 1,408; Logan, 787; Little Sioux, 424; Missouri Valley, 2,305; Mondamin, 218: Modale, 274.

Hon. Augustus Anderson, representative from Hamilton county, has introduced a bill in the legislature to provide for a monument to the memory of those massacred at Spirit Lake in March, 1857.

On Sunday at Linn, four miles north of Cedar Rapids, while trying to board a moving train, a man fell underneath the wheels and was horribly mangled. From letters found in his coat pocket it is supposed that the man was Will McKinney, the son of a well-to-do farmer at Bristow.

Dakota.

There are seventeen saloons in Sioux Falls.

South Dakota has thirty-three presidential postoffices.

A stock company has been formed to build a large hotel at Deadwood.

Robert Crow, formerly of the Deadwood Times, has purchased the Buffalo Gap Advance and will publish it as a daily paper.

Deadwood's business men have formed a board of trade mining company. The principal object will be to develop certain properties at the carbonate camp.

The artesian well at Fort Randall spouts 1,400 gallons of water per minute, with a force which lifts a solid column of water six feet above the mouth of the pipe. This is the most powerful well in Dakota and it is only 610 feet deep.

How the Public Domain Has Been Exhausted.

Chicago Tribune.

It was shown in these columns a few days ago that twenty-nine alien landlords had possessed themselves of 22,000,000 acres of the public lands in Texas, Wisconsin, Colorado, Florida, and Dakota territory. It was then claimed that aliens hold at least 30,000,000 acres of land throughout the United States. This was an underestimate. The figures are nearer 50,000,000. But though the alien landlords have been rapacious enough, they cannot compare with some of the home corporations, syndicates, and monopolists. The cattle barons of the west have seized millions of acres of the public domain in Nebraska, Wyoming, and Colorada on one pretext or another. We have seen how they tried last summer to appropriate to themselves a portion of the Indian territory. Land companies of various kinds, through agents pretending to act under the homestead and timber-culture laws, have obtained a large extent of territory in the states and territories already mentioned and in Dakota and Minnesota. But by far the greediest, the most rapacious, plunderers have been the railroad corporations. They are now in possession of three times the quantity of arable land left for settlement owned by the United States.

Since the first land grant was made to the Illinois Central in 1850 the railroad corporations have gone on appropriating big slices of Uncle Sam's farm through the aid of congress. In most cases those corporations have never fulfilled the obligations which they assumed in return for the land grants, and they are now in possession of tens of millions of acres which ought again to become the property of the nation.

This land grant business, when it was first begun, took the form of grants to the states in aid of railroads proposed to be constructed through the states. In this way Louisiana, Florida, Alabama Mississippi disposed of 12,000,000 acres and Illinois 2,600,000. The latter was the grant to the Illinois Central. The aggregate given to the railroads through the states was 36,000,000 acres. These railroads got directly from the nation 136,000,000 acres, making 172,000,000 acres in all. The direct grants according to the records are:

	Acres.
Union Pacific	12,000,000
Central Branch Union Pacific	187,000
Union Pacific (as successor to Denver Pacific)	1,000,000
Kansas Pacific	6,000,000
Central Pacific	8,000,000
Central Pacific (as successor to Western Pacific)	1,100,000
Central Pacific (Oregon Branch)	3,000,000
Burlington & Missouri	2,441,000
Sioux City & Pacific	60,000
Northern Pacific	47,000,000
Oregon & California	3,500,000
Atlantic & Pacific	42,000,000
Southern Pacific	9,520,000
Total	135,808,000

The railroads have in many instances disposed of large areas of the territory thus acquired, but they are yet in possession of more than 100,000,000 acres. The Northern and Southern Pacific roads have not been able to dispose of their territory readily because of the "cloud on their title" due to their failure to carry out their contracts with the government concerning these lands. But the territory has passed out of the possession of the United States. It is not open for settlement. It may be by the time the 51,000,000 acres of arable land remaining are exhausted. This depends very largely on the action of congress and the activity of the administration.

The Romance of a Coal Stove.

Detroit Free Press: One day last fall, after talking until his throat was sore, a Detroit stove dealer succeeded in selling a widow a coal stove, but it was with the proviso that, if everything didn't work satisfactorily he was to make it. Two days after delivering the stove he got his first call. A boy entered the store and said:

"Mrs. —— wants you to come up and fix that stove. The house is full of smoke."

A man was sent up and he found the trouble to be with the chimney. Only three or four days had passed when the boy came in again and said:

"That stove is puffing and blowing an scaring the widow to death. She wants the same man to come up again."

He was sent, and it was discovered that she didn't know how to arrange the dampers or drafts. Everything seemed to run well for a week, and then the boy walked in to announce:

"She sent me down to have you send that man up again. The house is full of coal gas."

The man went up and applied the remedy, but inside of three days the stove got to puffing; two days after that the fire wouldn't draw; then it drew too much; then gas escaped again. At length the dealer went to the house and said:

"Madam, you gave me $30 for the stove; how much will you take for it?"

"I wouldn't sell it."

"But I can't be sending my man up here every two or three days all winter."

"You won't have to. I've concluded th marry him in order to have some one here in case of accident."

And three days they were quietly and happily married.

The Perfect Man.

Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"Well, Mr. Talmage is certainly wrong for once," said Mrs. Snaggs, looking up from reading that gentleman's last Sunday's sermon. "How so, my dear?" asked her husband. "Why, he says there are no perfect men." "And you think you found one when you married me, I suppose," beamed Mr. Snaggs. "Indeed I don't," was the quick reply; "but I know there was a perfect man once, and his name was Mark." "Mark," repeated Mr. Snaggs in astonishment. "Yes Mark, for the Bible distinctly speaks of 'Mark the perfect man.'"