

THE DAILY BEE.

OMAHA OFFICE, NO. 914 AND 916 FARNAM ST. NEW YORK OFFICE, ROOM 85, TRINITY BUILDING. WASHINGTON OFFICE, NO. 313 FORTNEY ST.

Published every morning, except Sunday. The only Monday morning paper published in the state. TERMS BY MAIL: One Year, \$10.00; Three Months, \$3.50; Six Months, \$5.00. One Month, \$1.00.

CONTRIBUTORS: All communications relating to news and editorial matters should be addressed to the Editor of this Bee. All business letters and remittances should be addressed to The Bee Publishing Company, Omaha, Neb.

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

THE DAILY BEE.

Sworn Statement of Circulation.

State of Nebraska, ss. County of Douglas, ss. N. P. Feil, cashier of the Bee Publishing Company, does solemnly swear that the actual circulation of the Bee Publishing Company for the week ending April 30th, 1886, was as follows:

Table with 4 columns: Date, Morning Edition, Evening Edition, Total. Rows for Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Average.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 1st day of May, A. D. 1886. SIMON J. FISHER, Notary Public.

N. P. Feil, being first duly sworn, deposes and says that the actual circulation of the Bee Publishing Company for the month of January, 1886, was 10,375 copies; for February, 1886, 10,000 copies; for March, 1886, 11,337 copies; for April, 1886, 12,191 copies.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 5th day of May, A. D. 1886. SIMON J. FISHER, Notary Public.

In seeking a new trial Mr. Lauer is possibly making a great mistake, and we believe that his attorneys feel the same way.

No more time should be lost in Omaha in the matter of building. The bricklayers and contractors ought to patch up their differences at once and go to work.

The Manhattan bank has declined to pay 1 per cent interest on New York city municipal deposits. Nebraska county treasurers who turn a nimble penny by private arrangements with local bankers will put the name of the Manhattan bank down on their books for future reference.

Two New Haven, Conn., dry goods firms were determined to undersell each other in disposing of prints called crazy cloth, for which each had paid 12 cents a yard. One at last sold the goods at 11 cents a yard, and the other reduced the price to 5 cents for ten yards.

The disturbance reported from Rosabud Agency is suggestive of the danger which threatens our northern border so long as nearly 30,000 Sioux are settled in reservations along the Nebraska line. Every interest of public safety and a wise economy of life and money demand increased military protection for northwestern Nebraska and the immediate strengthening of Forts Robinson and Niobrara, which guard the southern boundary of the great Sioux reserve.

MAYOR BOYD is at his old tricks of barter and sale. The latest move on the part of the mayor is an attempt to trade off the building inspectorship for votes for the removal of Marshal Cummings. This little game which failed at the organization of the council will not succeed better now. The majority of the city council were elected on an issue forced into the canvass by the mayor. Their election was Mr. Boyd's defeat and he recognized it as such. He will find it difficult, we apprehend, to gain his point now that the contest is decided.

The pay of a second lieutenant in the French army is but \$77.00 per month, and his sword knot costs \$5. The pay of a second lieutenant in the United States army varies from \$115.00 to \$135.00 a month, which is generally greatly in excess to the value of these young gentlemen to the service. The pay of an old first sergeant is about the same as that of a French lieutenant. A revision of the pay table which would increase the pay of first sergeants to \$75 a month and decrease that of young graduates to the same amount would fill a long felt want.

The manner in which the Farnam street pavement is being treated is simply outrageous and ruinous. Whenever trenches are dug for gas, water or sewer pipe connections, the dirt is not properly replaced, and the paving blocks are very carelessly put back. In some instances the blocks are not replaced for weeks, but are allowed to remain piled up on the sidewalks where they make dangerous obstructions. Farnam street already has numerous ruts and holes in the pavement in consequence of this loose and careless way of doing things. The board of public works is responsible for this condition of affairs, and it ought to be ashamed of itself for such a neglect of duty. No one should be permitted to tear up the pavement without giving a guaranty that they will be replaced in as good condition as they were before being taken up.

The Herald, which at one time was very busy with the affairs of Omaha workmen, and in a way that would probably have unsettled the situation here entirely had they listened to its double-edged leaders, is now hedging by advising the workmen to keep right on with their work and to give the public a formal assurance that they propose to do so. All this from the Herald is entirely unnecessary. The workmen of Omaha need no such advice. They are an intelligent class and know what they are about, and probably are aware of their own interests. There never has at any time been any serious prospect of workmen labor troubles in Omaha. The workmen of Omaha have not been affected by the striking mania, but have kept cool throughout the entire excitement that has prevailed over nearly every section of the country for the past six weeks.

Repeat the Laws.

Every case brought into federal courts where land grabbers are on one side and a swindled government on the other supplies fresh evidence for the use of those who hold that the laws governing the disposal of the public lands must be repealed because it is impossible to prosecute to conviction those who violate them. Nebraska has had eight such instances. California now furnishes an equal number. On April 3 eight men (three of whom were worth \$5,000,000) were indicted for having stolen from the government by means of fraud and subornation of perjury 96,000 acres of the most valuable redwood timber on the Pacific coast. This timber they had sold to a syndicate in Scotland for \$2,000,000. On Monday last the indictments were quashed. Two years ago the same men were indicted for the same crime. They escaped then just as they escaped now.

The pre-emption, timber culture and desert land acts should be repealed. They cannot be enforced against the shrewd sharpers who use the nation's bounty to heap up immense fortunes by fraud and perjury. The pre-emption law was passed originally to assist in the rapid disposal of the surplus government lands and to raise funds for the treasury. The timber culture act was intended to promote tree planting. The first law has outlived its usefulness. Our national domain has dwindled down to 250,000,000 acres. The treasury has a surplus. There is no reason why the homestead bill will not fill every requirement of the intending actual settler much better than the much abused pre-emption law. As for the timber culture law, it is the speculator's bonanza and the jobber's elysium. Timber planting in the west needs no encouragement now-a-days as a bonus of 160 acres to men who will grow 10 acres of timber in eight years time. Nine-tenths of the land entered under the timber culture law is used for speculative purposes and afterwards relinquished at an advance for pre-emption purposes. Both the laws should be removed from the statute books. They have been fertile in frauds which, under the loosely drawn statutes and still looser rulings of the land office, cannot be punished as they deserve. The west will lose nothing by their repeal. Resident settlers and not eastern non-resident speculators have built up this growing country.

Anarchists and Socialists.

The red handed riots in Chicago under the lead of foreign anarchists are everywhere being taken as a text for wholesale denunciation of "socialism." The public must not confound two very different theories, and in confounding them confuse the distinction between law-abiding citizens and outlaws of society. Socialism is one thing. Anarchism is quite another. In Germany, the hot bed of most of the modern ideas, there are four distinct and separate schools of socialists. They all agree in agreeing that the present system of society needs reforming so that equality shall be more general, and every man shall be afforded an opportunity to rise to the level for which his talents and industry fit him. The most able leaders of this theory are professors in the universities, who form a school called "Socialists of the Chair." This school advocates the regeneration of society by the education of the masses, the enlargement of the sphere of government, and by legislative enactments, which will enable the people to participate more thoroughly in making their own laws. They recognize in the present constitution of society a sufficient basis upon which to build the new social structure. The means which they propose are through a peaceful reform of the laws and the constitution. Between the "Socialists of the Chair" and the anarchists there is a wide gap. The anarchist creed denounces the present social order as rotten, corrupt and ordered for the sole benefit of the few. It preaches that society must first be overthrown before the new social structure of equality can be reared. It looks upon wealth and rank as fungus growths which must be cut away before a healthy circulation can be promoted in the body politic. These fanatical promoters of social warfare gain their idea by a study of continental despots where the people are nothing and the king everything. Anarchism flourishes only where an irresponsible government furnishes it a soil. There need be no danger in free America, where the people rule and where every man, however humble, may boldly aspire to the highest positions of honor and trust, that anarchism can secure a footing. It is opposed to the spirit of our institutions, repugnant to the sense of our people, and based on premises which have no application to existing conditions.

Socialism, pure and simple, is the study of the people of America. Its principal principles have been here most successfully applied and its peaceful theories put into active operation. No citizen can be or ought to be persecuted for an expression of opinion upon social reform which does not strike at the roots of law and order. But anarchists who use the liberty of a free country to spread the revolutionary theories of Prussia and Russia among American workmen should be promptly suppressed. Incendiary speeches should not be permitted. Harangues inciting to riot and dynamite should be summarily closed by the punishment of the firebrand orators. An orderly discussion of social topics is one thing, preaching riot and social ruin is quite another.

Stirring Up Strife.

The small-souled spitefulness of the Republican under its present management has cropped out so often on many points that it has reacted against itself even among those were formerly the staunchest supporters of the paper. The continued and uncalculated abuse of Senator Van Wyck by that concern has done him a great deal more good than harm. The latest assault upon the senator is in keeping with all the other performances of the small bore editor of the sheet that is fast going out of existence. Because Senator Van Wyck has seen fit to respond courteously to the call of the Omaha board of trade which, regardless of party or faction has asked our delegation in congress to place the Union Pacific on an equal footing with other roads in the matter of building feeders to its line, the Republican sees in Van Wyck a corrupt convert to monopoly. Because the sena-

tor has seen fit to commend the present management in comparison with Jay Gould and his wreckers, he is pilloried as a knave and a demagogue.

Comment on such a course is unnecessary. There is one point, however, that we will notice. The charge is trumped up in this connection that the Bee now supports the funding scheme of the Union Pacific which a year ago it opposed, and furthermore that Mr. Rosewater now has passed where he used to have tickets. Both these assertions are downright lies. The Bee has not changed its position in regard to the funding bill and does not propose to unless the fraudulent debt of the road is first wiped out. Rosewater has no passes over the Union Pacific road. He bought his tickets at the Union depot like every other passenger the last time he went over the road two weeks ago. He has no transportation arrangements with the Union Pacific, even for mileage tickets, and we defy proof to the contrary. He has such arrangements over other roads, and they are strictly an exchange for advertising.

Our relations with the present managers of the Union Pacific have never been unfriendly. We have had no personal quarrels with them because unlike their predecessors they have kept out of politics so far, and made no personal war. To some of the methods of their road and particularly to the practice of charging what the traffic will bear we are just as much opposed as we ever have been. While the Republican is driving at now in attempting to reopen old scores and force another bitter controversy where it is unequal for we do not know. In the past we have understood it to be an effort to capture all the job work on the road and drag down its employees into the political fights of Yast & Co. But we have no job office and ask no favors of the Union Pacific and do not interfere with any favors they may wish to confer on anyone else.

Our Duty Towards Labor.

There should be no delay on the part of the council in approving the contracts for public improvements. There will be an abundance of employment for laborers as soon as work starts. The curbing, gutting and paving already contracted for will keep our streets alive with laborers for some months to come. Another question has an important bearing upon work for workmen. We refer to a proper assessment of property. With a fair assessment, which means a tax list double the total of that of last year, the city and county will be able to do a large quantity of much needed grading later in the season, and to furnish continuous work for laborers until snow falls. If the same short-sighted policy of the past is pursued, if the assessors simply copy the books and the valuations of their predecessors, and list thousands of acres of unimproved city and suburban property at farm land prices, the city will find itself seriously embarrassed for funds before the fiscal year is ended.

Whether Omaha is to maintain her present growth during the present year, depends very largely upon her ability to keep her workmen at work. The city has done its share when it supplies employment enough for the idle. If after that is done workmen through unconsidered counsels and unreasonable demands block their own paths they will have only themselves to blame.

MR. ADAMS and General Manager Calloway have weeded out a good many of the old barnacles who have kept the Union Pacific in hot water throughout the state and made them hosts of enemies. There are a few of the old gang left who never will be reconciled to attending to railroad business and leaving politics and petty spiteful schemes against political opponents alone. Prominent among this disgruntled job lot of marplot is Sam Jones. He feels very unhappy over things as they are. He would like to assist his bosom friend Yast, not only to all the job work in the passenger department, but would like to enlist all the Union Pacific officials in resuming politics on the old gravel train and section boss system. He keeps up the fire in the rear and back-handed warfare from behind the ambush of the passenger department and will doubtless continue to do so as long as he remains there. If the broom of reform had swept such fellows as Jones out at the start, Mr. Calloway would find himself less hampered in carrying out his design to make the road a strictly business institution. Personally we care no more for Jones than we do for a chimney sweep. But his impertinent and officious work concerns the public and affects the standing of the road.

The Philadelphia Record a few days ago celebrated the tenth anniversary of its ownership by William M. Singlerly, who has made it one of the leading papers of the United States. It is a people's paper and the opponent of monopoly in its every line and form. The Record has over 100,000 circulation daily, and is a daisy for a cent.

The cable company is doing a great deal of talking. We would like to see it go to work and spend some money as an evidence that it means business, otherwise it is liable to be put on the list as a natural gas organization along with that new gas company.

Other Lands Than Ours.

Greece has at last precipitated the war towards which she has been hot-headedly rushing for the past two months. Her reply to the ultimatum of the powers demanding the immediate disarmament of her troops collected on the Turkish frontier has been considered inadequate, and the ambassadors have left Athens in anticipation of the impending conflict. Latest cablegrams announce the hurrying forward of troops to the Epirus, and the enthusiasm of the Greek people, and the preparations of the allied fleet for England, Germany and Austria to enforce the demand of Europe for a prompt settlement of the trouble. The report that Greece expects Russian support is probably true. The trouble has undoubtedly been actively fostered by the agents of the czar who is eagerly waiting for an opportunity to attack Turkey and seize the key to the Dardanelles. Europe, however, is likely to prevent any such contingency by settling the difficulty before much blood has been spilled on either side.

A Great Hit.

It has been discovered that Miss Folsom has relatives in Omaha. It might be well for those in politics to cultivate their acquaintance.

Doubting the Promise.

The Union Pacific railway officials promise to build a monster union depot in Omaha. This promise is not new, nor is it of any great value than its long line of predecessors. Omaha still has a union depot when her citizens demand the money for its construction.

Impenishable Renewal.

The youth who feed the Episcopus dome and the wiles of Leah's celebrated cow which fired Chicago are invited to share their imperishable renewal with the unknown superintendent who fired Charles A. Hall, of

Texas. Hall is the man whose discharge from the cars shops of the Texas Pacific railroad at Marshall was the immediate cause of the strike.

Gabriel's Horn. Nebraska City News. It seems to be the prevailing opinion that Gabriel's horn will be blown in the south or Jeff Davis would not be making his journey. He is the skeleton of the dead past.

What the South Fought For.

The "nigger," as he was called in those days, was what the south fought for. To keep him in involuntary and shameful bondage it took refuge under the aegis of state sovereignty and made, through four years of awful strife, an effort to destroy a government which belonged to it as well as to the north, and in which the highest hopes of mankind were centered. With positions reversed it would have fought just as desperately for the obliteration of state lines, if by that process slavery might have been spared. It is easy to eulogize the bravery of the southern armies, for that was proved on many a field, but it is impossible for anybody to invest the cause in which they struggled with a hint of glory. They fought for a barbaric idea. They lost, but they lost no liberty, for that had never been threatened.

The True System of Paying for Labor.

The common sense of the problem is that no labor should be paid by the day. All should be paid by the hour. So says the Sun. The principle thus set forth is entirely wrong and vicious, and is at the bottom of a large part of the labor troubles. Labor should be paid, whenever possible, neither by the day nor by the hour, but according to its results. To pay a workman according to the time spent upon the work is the worst for him. It puts a premium on tardiness and incompetence and brings the most skilled and expert mechanic down to the level of the least fit. The theory is to pay the workman for what he does, not for the time he spends in doing it. In this way skill will be stimulated and industry rewarded. This method, too, will have the effect of removing from the trades unions a stigma that has long clung to them—that, by putting all the laborers in any given trade on the same scale of wages, they offer no inducement to special excellence.

The Spring Foot.

The fair young poet in some shady nook. With a chewed-up pencil and a brand-new Shrug his shoulders, says the empty air. And runs his fingers through his curly hair. Now a smile illumines his fair face. Quickly turning to a sad grimace; A thought had hit, but ere 'twas written down it fled, and left in lieu thereof a frown.

Views and Interviews.

Salvini at Home. The recent performances of Booth and Salvini in New York have recalled to mind several interesting items of personal information regarding the latter actor, which Mr. R. Wertlinger, Salvini's assistant manager, told me some months ago when he was in Omaha, said a newspaper man. "Salvini's home is in Florence, and it is a most elegant residence. He owns a large theater in Florence and plays there, or anywhere else in Italy of late years. The house is occupied either by a stock company or by traveling troupes. Salvini is wealthy—that is to say for an Italian. He will probably make a farewell tour of the principal cities of Italy before he retires. Whenever Salvini is in his own country nowadays it is only for some benefit. Besides the sort he has traveling with him in the United States, he has another son in Italy who is a very promising actor, upon whom the mantle of the paternal Salvini will fall. So the name of Salvini is likely to be perpetuated on the stage."

Has Seen Better Days. "That old man has seen better days," said a man about town pointing out "Old Charley," as he is called, who at the time was engaged in waiting the windows of a saloon. "He was well looked and at one time in prosperous circumstances. He stood up with Theodore Tilton when that noted person was married. When Tilton lectured in Omaha some years ago, the 'boys' around the old Crystal saloon made Old Charley's heart glad by presenting him with a new suit of clothes and a pair of shoes. He was very fond of his old friend, Tilton without being ashamed of his appearance. Charley called on the lecturer and was cordially received and entertained. The incident forms one bright spot in the old man's memory since he has been in Omaha. What is his real name? I don't know, but he is a very sensible and very sensitive about anything being brought up about his past career."

Prominent Persons.

William K. Vanderbilt proposes to devote his whole time to literature and the cultivation of his mental powers. Patti has returned from her Spanish tour. The net gains of the engagement were \$300,000, of which Patti received \$28,000. Dr. Wm. A. Hammond, ex-surgeon general of the United States army, was married recently to a Miss Chapin of New York. Mr. Gladstone's buttockhole poney, worn when he made his great speech, was a rose with shamrocks, the gift of Mr. Parnell. J. R. Osmond will make a splendid agent of the Harpers in London. He is universally popular, and knows the book trade from alpha to omega. Ex-President Hayes has long been ambitious to appear as a magazine. Brooklyn has the honor, in its magazine, of introducing him to the world. General Sherman talks of spending the summer with his daughter, the wife of Lieut. Thackeray, who has just returned from Philadelphia to Marietta, Pa.

Profitable Investments.

"Some years ago I had among my employees an industrious woman," said a leading merchant, "and one day she came to me and said she had saved up a few hundred dollars, and wanted to know what to do with it. I told her to go out near the western outskirts of the city and buy a small piece of ground, and build a little house there. She did so, and the other day she came into my store and told me she had sold her property for \$10,000 cash. She had given her husband \$5,000, and he had put the money in bank to draw against it at his pleasure, and was drinking it up as fast as possible. She reinvested part of the money in real estate further out, and built her a nice house, and still had \$5,000, or \$7,000 left in bank as a nest egg. Fifteen thousand dollars from a few hundred—not more than \$500, if I remember correctly—in about six years is what she has done pretty well. Another of my employees, a man, bought a lot near the western city limits, a few years ago, and built a little cottage, the property costing him about \$600.

The other day he sold it for \$2,500, and two of his neighbors, also mechanics, did about as well. They have gone further west and reinvested a portion of their money in hopes that the growth of the city westward will soon catch up with them again, and give them another similar opportunity to sell out. These are only a few of the many incidents of this kind that I know of."

Water Capital.

There are about 130,000 miles of railroads in the United States, represented by stock and debt to the amount of \$8,000,000,000, or over \$60,000 a mile. But it is a well-known fact that the roads did not cost this much. An average mile of railroad can now be built for \$20,000, and although the roads built before 1870 cost the states and individuals who built them

treble this rate, it would not be out of the way to estimate that the whole 130,000 miles of road in the country to-day have cost their present owners \$30,000 per mile, or \$4,000,000,000 for the whole.

But what of the other half of their pretended cost? If they actually cost their present owners only \$4,000,000,000, what does the other \$4,000,000,000 represent? Water. Their stock and securities have been diluted to double their real cost for the fraudulent purpose of forcing the country to pay a double rate of dividends upon them. Six per cent on their actual cost would be a fair return for the investment. But the corporations that own them demand 12 per cent, and they get it by doubling their pretended capital and requiring the country to pay them 6 per cent on the doubled sum. The corporations say this is their exclusive business, and the public have no concern in it. This is not true. The public have a very intense concern in it. They are owners of the roads, and the bodies that own them are quasi-public corporations. They are in no real practical sense private. It is the country that furnishes the roads with business. They are owners of the roads, and the bodies that own them are quasi-public corporations. They are in no real practical sense private. It is the country that furnishes the roads with business. They are owners of the roads, and the bodies that own them are quasi-public corporations. They are in no real practical sense private. It is the country that furnishes the roads with business.

The Postoffice Clerks Worked to Death.

The Bee Thursday evening remarked editorially that there should be more efficiency on the part of those who are employed in the postoffice, and instanced the recent failure of the office to deliver before 3 o'clock p. m. postal cards which had been deposited there nearly twenty-four hours before. Referring to it Chief Clerk Pickens said to-day: "Nattiger, secretary of the board of trade, put those postal cards in the street box shortly after midnight, and on the early morning of the day they were to have been delivered. When they were dumped on the table they were mixed up with more than 600 other advertising cards, which had been sent in by Kuhn. Now we haven't time to look at every postal card and learn whether it calls for immediate or routine delivery. For that reason, we did not put all the cards in the street box, as we are compelled to do this, because of the size of our force. We must get the important mail matter off our hands first, and leave postal cards, especially advertising ones, to be sorted out later. If Nattiger had told us of his cards, we would have sent them out with the first letters. There's no use of talking about it. Our men are doing their best, but there are not enough of them, and those that are here are nearly worked to death."

When Should Girls Marry?

Recently the Brooklyn Magazine asked several of the best known woman writers in America for their views respecting the age when young women should marry. To this important question Louisa M. Alcott replied "from 23 to 25," as before then few girls are ready for the duties of married life, either physically or mentally. She thought, however, that the question "When shall our young men marry?" is still more important one. "Religious writers wrote that she thought the time for a girl to marry is when she meets a man who heartily loves her and whom she heartily loves, if she is old enough to be a helpmate to him and not a dead weight. Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren thinks that a young woman of 30 must have seen enough of the social atmosphere in which she lives to be able to discriminate wisely in the choice of a husband. "A young man does not believe in early marriage, so she put the suitable age at from 25 to 30 years. To her mind the divorcees which come from want of age and the death among children of inexperienced mothers are 'danger signals' against early marriages. Helen Campbell is down on the girl who dreams of lovers from the time she can walk and marries at 17. She believes no man is fit to marry before 30 and no woman before 25. Eunice White Beecher takes issue with nearly all of her literary sisters. She believes there are many reasons why marriage should not be entered into until a woman is able to promise the happiest results. Young people more readily conform their habits to those of each other than when individual habits become fixed by independent lives. Mary L. Booth avoids figures, but regards immature marriages as a fruitful source of unhappiness. She deems it desirable that young women should have a career of at least 21 years before they world and to partake of the amusements of her age before marrying, that she may not afterward be pursued with regret for having been defrauded of the enjoyment of youth. "Lucy Larcom says the old adage, 'Marry in haste and repent at leisure,' reserves its keenest barbs for many of those who have embarked warily and thoughtlessly upon the voyage matrimonial. She admits that early marriages are sometimes the happiest, and that in delay a young woman may learn to understand the value of her own life, and will not marry at all. But she thinks that early marriages tend to rob women of the most delightful period of their lives—the interval between the excitement of a child and that of the period of beautiful, delightful, and gradual development. "Let girls marry young if they will," she says, "but not so young as to lose the sweetness of gazebow and out into life through the mists of 'maiden meditation fancy free.'"

Do They Ever Bite?

"Yes, but it is a rare occurrence. They fight like wild cats, and they are high-tempered, but they never trouble anybody unless aroused. They are very tame, though there are millions of bunches of bananas brought to this country every season, and many a thousand spider stings its way across with them, you never hear of a child being stung, they are very peculiar things, and differ widely in their habits from the common spider of this country, which makes a web like the conterpiece of a ring-stone crazy quilt. These spiders spin their webs and then spread out lines of web in every direction. On this single line, which is as small as a silken thread, they run with ease, hanging to it by their long, flexible legs. When danger threatens they have a way of drawing in the lines, and huddling together, await the attack of the foe. When thus disturbed they make prodigious leaps and crawl in a most flexible manner, which seem to guard with jealous care. Then, when provoked, they run all over the attacking party. They are game and put up an ugly fight."

House rent is so high in the City of Mexico that many houses are vacant in the older quarters of the city, new construction being being the suburbs, and all toward the west side of the city. Landlords do not come down, however, preferring to wait, since their property is not taxed when unoccupied.

An extraordinary fact in connection with the Russian conscripts drafted into the ranks in 1885 is shown by some statistics recently published. The total number of conscripts accepted in 1885 was 487,000, of whom no fewer than 42,830 were Jews.

ASPINWALL SPIDERS.

The telegraph man was admiring the bright, buff color of a bunch of bananas yesterday, when a big ugly spider crawled out and ambled along on the counter. He was a bundle of bark brown fuzz about the size of your thumb, into which were stuck several long, thin legs. He was a tramp all the way from Aspinwall. And like a tramp who had stolen a ride under a freight car on a breakneck, his long legs were curled up and he was riding in the crevices of a bunch of bananas. The poor fellow was at a loss where to go. He was thousands of miles from home and friends, for people do not take kindly to spiders. He was a tramp and in a strange country. "We killed one here the other night with a body as big as a biscuit. His body popped like a torpedo. They come often in bananas, but we generally manage to kill them. Up at the old store one made his escape and made his home under the counter. Then another escaped, and for a long time we lost sight of him. One day we found a spider under the counter, and on looking closer we found the home of the two tramps. They had raised a large family of spiders, and they were the cutest little things you could care to see. They ran nimbly into the web you made a motion to strike them, and many a day we have watched them simply for the amusement. They caught every fly that came within range, and now and then a bug happened along to kill them. Up at the old store one made his escape and made his home under the counter. Then another escaped, and for a long time we lost sight of him. One day we found a spider under the counter, and on looking closer we found the home of the two tramps. They had raised a large family of spiders, and they were the cutest little things you could care to see. They ran nimbly into the web you made a motion to strike them, and many a day we have watched them simply for the amusement. They caught every fly that came within range, and now and then a bug happened along to kill them. Up at the old store one made his escape and made his home under the counter. Then another escaped, and for a long time we lost sight of him. One day we found a spider under the counter, and on looking closer we found the home of the two tramps. They had raised a large family of spiders, and they were the cutest little things you could care to see. They ran nimbly into the web you made a motion to strike them, and many a day we have watched them simply for the amusement. They caught every fly that came within range, and now and then a bug happened along to kill them. Up at the old store one made his escape and made his home under the counter. Then another escaped, and for a long time we lost sight of him. One day we found a spider under the counter, and on looking closer we found the home of the two tramps. They had raised a large family of spiders, and they were the cutest little things you could care to see. They ran nimbly into the web you made a motion to strike them, and many a day we have watched them simply for the amusement. They caught every fly that came within range, and now and then a bug happened along to kill them. Up at the old store one made his escape and made his home under the counter. Then another escaped, and for a long time we lost sight of him. One day we found a spider under the counter, and on looking closer we found the home of the two tramps. They had raised a large family of spiders, and they were the cutest little things you could care to see. They ran nimbly into the web you made a motion to strike them, and many a day we have watched them simply for the amusement. They caught every fly that came within range, and now and then a bug happened along to kill them. Up at the old store one made his escape and made his home under the counter. Then another escaped, and for a long time we lost sight of him. One day we found a spider under the counter, and on looking closer we found the home of the two tramps. They had raised a large family of spiders, and they were the cutest little things you could care to see. They ran nimbly into the web you made a motion to strike them, and many a day we have watched them simply for the amusement. They caught every fly that came within range, and now and then a bug happened along to kill them. Up at the old store one made his escape and made his home under the counter. Then another escaped, and for a long time we lost sight of him. One day we found a spider under the counter, and on looking closer we found the home of the two tramps. They had raised a large family of spiders, and they were the cutest little things you could care to see. They ran nimbly into the web you made a motion to strike them, and many a day we have watched them simply for the amusement. They caught every fly that came within range, and now and then a bug happened along to kill them. Up at the old store one made his escape and made his home under the counter. Then another escaped, and for a long time we lost sight of him. One day we found a spider under the counter, and on looking closer we found the home of the two tramps. They had raised a large family of spiders, and they were the cutest little things you could care to see. They ran nimbly into the web you made a motion to strike them, and many a day we have watched them simply for the amusement. They caught every fly that came within range, and now and then a bug happened along to kill them. Up at the old store one made his escape and made his home under the counter. Then another escaped, and for a long time we lost sight of him. One day we found a spider under the counter, and on looking closer we found the home of the two tramps. They had raised a large family of spiders, and they were the cutest little things you could care to see. They ran nimbly into the web you made a motion to strike them, and many a day we have watched them simply for the amusement. They caught every fly that came within range, and now and then a bug happened along to kill them. Up at the old store one made his escape and made his home under the counter. Then another escaped, and for a long time we lost sight of him. One day we found a spider under the counter, and on looking closer we found the home of the two tramps. They had raised a large family of spiders, and they were the cutest little things you could care to see. They ran nimbly into the web you made a motion to strike them, and many a day we have watched them simply for the amusement. They caught every fly that came within range, and now and then a bug happened along to kill them. Up at the old store one made his escape and made his home under the counter. Then another escaped, and for a long time we lost sight of him. One day we found a spider under the counter, and on looking closer we found the home of the two tramps. They had raised a large family of spiders, and they were the cutest little things you could care to see. They ran nimbly into the web you made a motion to strike them, and many a day we have watched them simply for the amusement. They caught every fly that came within range, and now and then a bug happened along to kill them. Up at the old store one made his escape and made his home under the counter. Then another escaped, and for a long time we lost sight of him. One day we found a spider under the counter, and on looking closer we found the home of the two tramps. They had raised a large family of spiders, and they were the cutest little things you could care to see. They ran nimbly into the web you made a motion to strike them, and many a day we have watched them simply for the amusement. They caught every fly that came within range, and now and then a bug happened along to kill them. Up at the old store one made his escape and made his home under the counter. Then another escaped, and for a long time we lost sight of him. One day we found a spider under the counter, and on looking closer we found the home of the two tramps. They had raised a large family of spiders, and they were the cutest little things you could care to see. They ran nimbly into the web you made a motion to strike them, and many a day we have watched them simply for the amusement. They caught every fly that came within range, and now and then a bug happened along to kill them. Up at the old store one made his escape and made his home under the counter. Then another escaped, and for a long time we lost sight of him. One day we found a spider under the counter, and on looking closer we found the home of the two tramps. They had raised a large family of spiders, and they were the cutest little things you could care to see. They ran nimbly into the web you made a motion to strike them, and many a day we have watched them simply for the amusement. They caught every fly that came within range, and now and then a bug happened along to kill them. Up at the old store one made his escape and made his home under the counter. Then another escaped, and for a long time we lost sight of him. One day we found a spider under the counter, and on looking closer we found the home of the two tramps. They had raised a large family of spiders, and they were the cutest little things you could care to see. They ran nimbly into the web you made a motion to strike them, and many a day we have watched them simply for the amusement. They caught every fly that came within range, and now and then a bug happened along to kill them. Up at the old store one made his escape and made his home under the counter. Then another escaped, and for a long time we lost sight of him. One day we found a spider under the counter, and on looking closer we found the home of the two tramps. They had raised a large family of spiders, and they were the cutest little things you could care to see. They ran nimbly into the web you made a motion to strike them, and many a day we have watched them simply for the amusement. They caught every fly that came within range, and now and then a bug happened along to kill them. Up at the old store one made his escape and made his home under the counter. Then another escaped, and for a long time we lost sight of him. One day we found a spider under the counter, and on looking closer we found the home of the two tramps. They had raised a large family of spiders, and they were the cutest little things you could care to see. They ran nimbly into the web you made a motion to strike them, and many a day we have watched them simply for the amusement. They caught every fly that came within range, and now and then a bug happened along to kill them. Up at the old store one made his escape and made his home under the counter. Then another escaped, and for a long time we lost sight of him. One day we found a spider under the counter, and on looking closer we found the home of the two tramps. They had raised a large family of spiders, and they were the cutest little things you could care to see. They ran nimbly into the web you made a motion to strike them, and many a day we have watched them simply for the amusement. They caught every fly that came within range, and now and then a bug happened along to kill them. Up at the old store one made his escape and made his home under the counter. Then another escaped, and for a long time we lost sight of him. One day we found a spider under the counter, and on looking closer we found the home of the two tramps. They had raised a large family of spiders, and they were the cutest little things you could care to see. They ran nimbly into the web you made a motion to strike them, and many a day