TWO CAMP-FIRE STORIES.

The Wonderful Mines of Gold Which Have Never Been Found.

The Madre D'Oro in the Valley of Gold—The Lost Mine Which Yielded $60,000,000.

Denver Tribune-Republican: In no place in the world perhaps are so many tales told of wonderful hidden wealth, which fire the imagination, as among miners and prospectors. Around the camp-fires they are repeated, time after time, and every prospector has a store of them. None of the stories are more fascinating than the one of the undiscovered lode known as the "Mother of Gold," or Madre D'Oro, as the Spanish and Mexicans call it. There are thousands of prospectors in Arizona and New and Old Mexico who firmly believe in it. The story has an ancient paternity which surrounds it with a fascination that many do not possess. It came from the Aztecs, and they perhaps received it from the Toltecs, who preceded them. In the Aztec legends we are told that some day Montezuma will return to earth, to lift his people out of slavery and lead them to victory and grandeur. When that day comes he will need vast stores of wealth, and the story goes that the knowledge of the existence of the wonderful fissure of gold—the Madre D'Oro, which he bequeathed to a few of his followers, will supply the wealth required.

A BEAUTIFUL VALLEY.

Somewhere there is a small valley, the tale says, in southeastern Arizona or Old Mexico. It is always described as being about five miles long and two miles broad, and walled in by towering mountains and almost perpendicular cliffs, from 3,000 to 5,000 feet high. In one end falls over the cliffs a beautiful stream, which then runs through the valley and disappears in a cave at the lower end. Through this cave is the only entrance to the valley, and it is hidden and protected by descendents of Montezuma. These Indians live near the entrance to the valley, and they guard the secret well, and would, if necessary, protect it with their lives. Only three men in the tribe which guards it ever knew of the secret passage. They are among the oldest men in the tribe. When one of them dies, the other two choose a man to whom they confide the the secret. No one ever knows who the three are that possess it. The third man to whom is imparted the secret is led through the long and winding passage which leads to the valley. There the two who possess the secret show him the ledge they have guarded, and which he must ever after guard with his life and honor.

The valley, which is surrounded by such stern and bare cliffs, is a paradise. Through its center runs the clear and beautiful stream; its banks are shaded with beautiful trees; its soil is rich and covered with grass, in which is sprinkled a profusion of rare and gorgeous flowers, butterflies of countless hues and colors, and bright-plumaged birds of the southland flit through the delicious atmosphere; the only reptiles are the gold snakes, with their greenish-yellow scales. Stretching across the valley is the great ledge, shining in the sunlight like a golden zone. It is said to be five feet, ten feet, fifty feet and a hundred feet wide. The gold occurs in great masses and nuggets, in a pure white quartz, whose broken corners glitter in the sunlight like gigantic diamonds. The stream runs over the ledge, forming a little waterfall, and the spray, reflecting the color of the precious metal, seems to be a golden mist. Growing beside the stream, below the waterfall is an exquisite tree, at the base of which hes a great gold snake, ever watching with unmoving eyes the treasure of Montezuma. It is the war god who guards the place. Gold in the ledge, gold in the scales of the snake, gold in the color of insects and birds, gold, gold, gold is the refrain of the story. The fearful precipices which surround the place, the tribe of Indians which live only to preserve the treasure for their coming king, the horrid ceremonies by which the secret is kept secret, has all aided in giving interest to the story.

It is not told as an Indian legend only. They tell of white men who have stood on the high mountain and gazed down into the valley and seen its wondrous wealth. The Mexican miners believe it firmly, and can cite a thousand reasons or superstitions to support their belief. Many a man has gone to hunt for it, and probably many more will go in the future.

A WONDERFUL GOLD MINE.

Another story, which has many credentials of truth, locates a wonderful gold mine on the plains of eastern New Mexico. It is said that a gold mine in that region was discovered somewhere about 1660 or 1665, and that in the following fifteen or twenty years it yielded $60,000,000 in gold, estimated from the amount of tithes paid to the Roman Catholic church. In the insurrection of 1680 the mine was closed up, and all traces of its existence destroyed as much as possible. After a century had gone by the priests tried to find this mine, records of whose existence and richness were found in the Spanish archives at Madrid. Many a search is said to have been made for it, but all were fruitless till about 1804, when San Antone, a priest, discovered it. He and his followers loaded themselves with gold and started for a mission on the coast, driving stakes on the plains to guide them on their return. San Antone died at the place now known as San Antonio, Tex., and the story goes that his followers, who knew of the existence of the lode, were all murdered by the Indians or Mexicans, for their gold. The Staked Plains of Texas are said to have derived their name from the trail which was staked by San Antone.

LOSING THE LOCATION.

The location of the mine was then lost and has never been discovered. Several ago, while General Lew Wallace, late minister to Turkey, was governor of New Mexico, he discovered some historical records of that mine. In the old palace of Santa Fe, which was used for 200 years by the Spanish governors of the province, and which since the acquisition of New Mexico by the United States has been used for territorial offices, court rooms, etc., there were several bushels of records which had been put away in barrels and never touched, except as some ignorant governor burned them for kindling fires. When General Wallace became governor he assorted and arranged the remaining records. He is an enthusiastic Spanish student, and he found many a document among them of priceless interest. One of them was an account by a priest of his visit to the wonderful gold mine. It told of each day's journey, the number of leagues traveled, the character of country passed over, and the names of the water-holes where stoppages were made. In that country, where water is scarce, the springs and watering places are the famous land marks. The account told of the virgin pure gold in the quartz, which was cut out with chisels. This was the only manner in which the gold was obtained. Equipped with the information given by the record a search was made for the mine, but it was not successful. Out upon the dry, cactus-covered plains, men traveled day after day, but found nothing. Here and there on the brow of some low hill would be found an outcrop of trachyte, showing that the country rock was ingenious and in water-washed gulches could be found an occasional trace of ore, but no trace of the gold lode was discovered. This is the way the story goes. It is also rumored that General Wallace took occasion to have the records in Madrid examined for more information relating to the mine, and that his late quiet visit to New Mexico was not entirely unconnected with another effort to discover the richest gold mines of which history gives any credible record.

WHITE ELEPHANTS.

How One Showman Got Even with Another.

St. Francisco Call: There are times in a showman's life when his peaceful thoughts are broken rudely, when the glitter of spangles, the roar of the camels or the squeak of the majestic lion is no longer music to his delicate, pink-edged ear. It was on one occasion like this that the writer, while strolling up Fourteenth street in New York, saw the portly form of Phineas T. Barnum vanish within a cab, and his handsome six and one-half foot business manager, Tody Hamilton, turn from the cab after slamming the door with a vehemence that betokened ill-feeling of some sort. The writer walked up to him and asked:

"Did you get out of bed wrong this morning?"

Tody smiled and said: "No, my boy, but I'm not liking the job that the old man has set me at."

"What is it?"

"Whitewashing an elephant."

"Aha! then the sacred white elephant is a fake, eh?"

"No, siree; but come into the Morton house and sit down."

We adjourned to the office of the Morton house, lit cigars at Tody's expense and he proceeded with his narrative.

"It's this way. As soon as Forepaugh heard that Barnum was bringing a sacred elephant from India, he straightway whitewashed one of his small elephants and is gulling the public with what he calls the only and original 'Light of Asia.' This rankles the old gentleman a little, and now he wants an elephant colored so that it will not rub off. I think a bleaching process would do it, but it's a devilish costly experiment."

At this instant Nr. G. B. Siccardi, better known as "Jack," came strolling in and cheerily greeted Mr. Hamilton, who said: "I think you are the very man I want to see. You are in the hair-goods business, are you not?"

"Yes, everybody knows that," replied Jack. "What do you want; a wig?"

"No; I want an elephant bleached, to show the public that Forepaugh's Light of Asia is a fraud."

"Stay here a few minutes until I get my partner," and Siccardi went for him and returned shortly with Mr. Paul De Spotte, whom he introduced by saying: "Here is a man who can produce a better white elephant than Forepaugh ever saw."

It did not take long to make a bargain, one of the no cure no pay kind, and all adjourned to Madison Square garden, where the animal selected for the experiment was driven into a large room at the back of the garden. As she left she heaved a sigh that was echoed by the big fellow, who waved his trunk and ears uneasily.

"That's her lover," said Tody.

Sixteen men went to work on the elephant immediately with hot water, soda and ammonia, and worked in four hour shifts for three days continuously. This was for the purpose of removing the "scums" of an oily nature, being the exudations from the skin that had hardened and permeated the pores to the depth of three-eighths of an inch About four times a day the writer visited the room, where a double rap admitted him, as the bleaching process was carried on in secrecy. At the end of the third day Mr. De Spotte pronounced the elephant sufficiently cleansed and the first application of the bleaching wash was applied. Tody sat on a soap box and held his breath, expecting a streak of dazzling whiteness to follow the path of the crush, but he was disappointed. At the end of the sixth day Tody gave it up in disgust. There the elephant stood as calm and collected as ever, eating hay and waving her ears as though there had never been a bleaching in the world. Tody did not show up the next day, if he had his heart would have sang for joy. On the morning of the seventh day a faint tint of a pinkish gray color was apparent and we threw up our hats with a shout and then went out to take a drink. Four times daily the wash was applied until at noon on the twelfth day Mr. De Spotte pronounced his job complete.

There stood her majesty, hale and hearty, with a coat about the color of skim milk, it having that bluish tint. Every six hours from that time the first mottled spots appeared, the shin became of a lighter tint, until Mr. Barnum was called in. He looked at the elephant, passed his hand over her skin, then rubbed it on his sleeve to see if it came off, but it did not. There was no coloring matter.

He turned to Messrs De Spotte and Siccardi and said, "Gentlemen, you have done well. You have accomplished what no other man has ever done before." He then handed $5,000, the price agreed upon, and we left her alone in her glory. The next morning when she was taken in with the other elephants, her lover looked at her, recognized her through her transformation, but was wrathy at it. Running his trunk along in the dirt, he gathered up about a barrel of dirt and blew it all over her, as much as to say, "You are not of my kind." This necessitated another cleaning and application of the wash.

The bleaching liquid was peroxide of hydrogen, thirty grade proof, stronger than any ever made in Europe, and was specially prepared for the purpose by Prof. Marchand, the head chemist of New York city. An average of twenty gallons a day was used, costing $10 per gallon. Thus the actual cost of the experiment to Mr. De Spotte was about $2,500, leaving him a profit of the same amount.

Peroxide of hydrogen is the liquid used by hair-dressers to bleach hair white, and it was only a speculation on the part of Mr. De Spotte as to whether it would have the same effect on the skin.

Thus it was that Mr. Barnum vindicated his sacred white elephant and cast ridicule on Forepaugh's Light of Asia, the latter being bleached or painted a dirty yellow color, the process of which caused sores on the skin which nearly resulted in the Light of Asia being put out. Barnum's bleached elephat grew fat on the treatment, the wash being supplied once in two weeks, which kept the skin white and clean.

A Legal Document.

Boston Record: Lawyer W —— of Middlesex bar was a young man looking to build up a practice, and willing to adopt all proper means to that end. Partly, perhaps, with that view he joined the orthodox church, and at once began to take an active part in its affairs, suggesting that the church ought to be repaired, the pastor's salary raised, the debt paid, and other things undertaken which would call for the expenditure of considerable money. The congregation "fell in" pretty well and appointed our friend to draw and circulate a subscription paper to raise the funds. His training in the law had been greater than in the gospel, and the phraseology of his appeal to the pockets of the faithful was decidedly more judicial than evangelical, for after introducing the matter in the first line as something "to promote the worship of God," he was careful afterward throughout the whole document, whenever the whole name was again used, to guard against any possible misunderstanding or obscurity by speaking in full legal phrase as the "aforesaid God."

Only twenty-five out of the 200 saloon keepers in Saginaw, Mich., have paid their state license.

NOTED PERSONS IN PRISON.

Sing Sing a Noted Sanitarium for Bracing Up Fast Men.

Ward's Decorated Cell—How Jaehne and Johnny Hope and Others Get Along.

New York Sun: As a rule it takes but a few days for a convict, no matter from what social circle he may have come, or what may have been his previous associations, to settle down to the level of the criminal horde by whom he is surrounded in a state prison, to fall with at least a good semblance of content into the routine of taeir common life. Ex-Alderman Jaehne has done so already. Perhaps he did not have far to fall morally, but there must have been something of a drop from the conditions of physical comfort in which he was used to live to those that are now the laws of his being. But he accepts his fate stolidly, uncomplainingly, saying as few words as possible to anybody, and has already won the approval of the keepers, who prophesy that he will make an excellent convict. A letter came to the prison yesterday addressed to "Alderman Jaehne, Prison Laundry, Sing Sing, N. Y." The envelope contained simply a circular advertising starch. Chaplain Edgerton, whose duty it is to open and pass upon all letters that go from or come to convicts, decided that there was no reason why the stupid joke should reach its object.

It took Ferdinard Ward a good while to settle down into being the human automaton that a model convict is expected to be. Now he is much more calm and contented, and goes along quite well, running a small printing press that strikes off labels for the various parts of the stoves made for Perry & Co., the prison contractors. So long as he kicks the treadle steadily, pays enough attention to what he is doing to keep his fingers from being nipped by the form, and sees that there is sufficient ink on the rollers, he may send his mind wandering wherever he will. In point of health he was never better. He attends the Protestant services, conducted by Chaplain Edgerton, pretty regularly, and reads a great deal in the evenings of the better class of fiction, and occasionally a moral or even a religious book that is not fiction, so that the chaplain has some hope of his spiritual welfare as a consequence to his present season of chastening. Mr. Edgerton has had so many criminals to tell him that their souls had found peace, and that they were resolved to lead pure and holy lives, and all that sort of thing, that he no longer takes much stock in the reformation of convicts until they prove their good faith by their works after they get out; consequently he is not really confident that Ward will always be as good as he now is, but the worthy man hopes so. He does not forget that Ward's father was a Presbyterian minister, who had been a missionary in India, but the bias early training gives to ministers' sons can not be depended on.

Ward's cell is the nicest in the prison. It is like all the cells, smotheringly small for a full-grown man, and the white-washed stone walls are not a promising surface for such art decorations as he can command, so he deserves all the more credit for what he has accomplished. His bed he has managed to swing up against the wall, so that a ribbon's width more of space is afforded, and it is pretty nearly concealed by a patch-work silk spread, bright in color and pretty in design, which has been provided with loops so as to be hung up or spread over the bed. At the head of his bed is a large photograph of his wife and one of his child. Upon the walls are two large photographic views of a residence sunbowered among trees, each labeled "Grove Place, Rochester; Home of S. A. Ward." Then there are a number of cabinet-size views of landscapes, reminders of nature's beauties that for years to come, may, for him, exist only in memory and hope.

The only cell at all approximating to Ward's in style is that of Walter C. Allen, the clerk in an Eighth avenue store who embezzled some $40,000 from his employers, and by special invitation came here to live for ten years. He is now a clerk in Perry & Co.'s office, enjoys excellent health and seems quite contented. His bed is spread with a covering of silk plush, and upon his walls are a number of photographs among which a photograph of his wife is conspicuous, both by its size and its attractiveness. A large album of photographs occupies a place of honor on a shelf at the end of his bed.

Another of the high-toned convicts is the embezzler William R. Morse, who used to be a yacht club president, and a society man, and no end of a good fellow, as lots of people said. The keepers speak of him with a liking that is almost enthusiastic, and that, notwithstanding his present position, has in it a tinge of respect. He is so manly, open and above board, they say, so above all the mean and dirty tricks of the common convicts, that they are all sorry that he is in for a ten years' stretch of this life.

Smoking tobacco was a luxury up to within a few months, and even yet the line is drawn at cigars and cigarettes, which are held to be luxuries, as are fancy meerschaum pipes, narghiles and chibouks, but any tobacco, however good, with which a convict's friends may supply him, may be smoked in a plain clay or briarwood pipe, and so put down as one of the necessities of life. Jaehne had no tobacco from the time he was sent up until Saturday, when some one sent him some, and then he had no pipe to smoke it in until a kind reporter gave him one on Sunday. Now he is fixed. Ex-aldermen may as well take a pointer from his experience and provide themselves in advance, as Jaehne doubtless will if he ever has to go back to Sing Sing a second time.

He may go back. Some convicts get into a habit of doing so. There is one here now—a pickpocket, familarly known as "Big Red, the barber," whose latest fancy in the way of an alias is George Watson—who has just come up the river to serve his ninth term in this prison. The longest term he has had to serve was five years. The average of his sentences has been two years. This time he is only in for a year and a half. Each time when he is about going out he is so confident of soon coming back that he hides in some secret place about the prison his razors and other tools. When he returns he brings them out and is set to work as the prison barder, an office upon which he seems to feel that he has acquired a claim. He always gets fat in prison. He certainly must like coming back here, for if he did not he would endeavor to become more skillful in his profession as a pickpocket, and so avoid such frequent arrests.

Another prisoner who has been here before, a famous one, too, is the old king of the forgers, W. E. Brockway. Forty years ago he served a term in this prison, and now, when more than sixty winters have silvered his locks, he comes back to the dear old prison of his youth. It agrees with him. He never has better health than while here.

There is hardly a probability that Johnny Hope, the Manhattan bank burglar, would, if he were at liberty, be in such physical condition as he enjoys here. He has been here since 1879, on a twenty years' sentence. He works in the laundry drying-room, and likes to read novels at night, those of sentimental tendency preferred. But none of the sentimental novels he gets here are of the lurid type that might inflame his imagination. Chaplain Edgerton sees to it that his interesting charges get no reading matter that is likely to contaminate their minds. All the books sent by friends have to pass his censorship, and he has about 6,000 volumes in the library that are in large part the results of his careful selections. About three-fourths of them are good works of fiction; the others are histories, travels, biographies and philosophic, scientific and religious works. Most of the real good books, outside fiction, are quite nice and clean. To a considerable extent, the Rev. Dr. Edgerton is influenced in his selection of books, when he has not time to read them, by the reputation of their publishers. But sometimes he reads them. He says that he read that miserable stuff, Eugene Sue's "Mysteries of Paris," and did not deem it worthy to enter the library. Just now he is getting ready to tackle "A Romance of the Nineteenth Century," but seems to have misgivings about it. He weeds out, as it were, from among Ouida's books two or three, but shudders at the thought of Zola.

MET A "BUNKOER."

The Innocent Tale Told About a Nice Circus Man and a Pea.

Cincinnati Times-Star: "I knowed it before I left hum, Squire," mournfully remarked a tall countryman as he swung his broad-brimmed hat, "and the last word Tirzah Ann said afore I left was, 'Don't tech nothin' in the way of hard licker, John, or jes' as shore as fate you'll git into the calaboose.'"

"John Gill, you were drunk as a loon yesterday," said the court.

"I was, squire, an' I was a durned fool in the bargain!"

"Where do you hail from?"

"Old Clermont county, 'Squire. I had done sold some cherries, an' I allowed I'd come to see the circus. Tirzah Ann, she had a powerful toothache, and she couldn't come. So I hitched up Gray Dick in the light spring wagon and drives in ter town."

"Circus, eh?" asked the court.

"Yep! Got down inter the tent, and I saw the elephant and the cage of monkeys and them calicker horses whoopin' around."

"And you got excited," softly suggested the court.

"Excited! Gosh ding it! Why, I got dizzy watchin' them pooty gals a flyin' 'round on the white hosses. I spent twenty cents for red lemonade and peanuts."

"Extravagance!" exclaimed the court.

"An' I bought five cents worth o' winter apples, and giv' em to the elephant! Funny how them animals kin git away them, ain't it, jedge?"

"Did the elephant get you drunk?" dryly asked the court.

"No, squire. After I paid ten cents an' seen them colored fellers play the banjo an' sing about some girl with lovely blue eyes an' golden hair, I went out an' met a real circus feller."

"Well?" asked the court.

"He was a downright bully fellow, he was, an' he spent as much as four bits a treatin'. Then we met an out-and-out city feller, who had a couple o' shells an' a pea. He showed them things around an' then wanted to bet that nobody could find the pea. While he had his back turned my circus friend he lifted up one them shells, and leg gosh, the pea was udder it. Says he 'Ef I had $10 I'd bet him. Have you got it? We'll win his $10 an' divide it up.' So I opens out the wallet an' gives him a $10 bill that I was a savin' since February.

"He bets it, and I'll be dinged to Jude if that air pea wasn't gone, I never see a feller carry on so in my life as that air circus feller."

"John Gill, you are a fool!" sternly said the court.

"Reckon I am, jedge."

"You were bunkoed!"

"Was that air city feller a bunkoer?"

"Yes, and so was that circus fellow! He got half of that ten!"

"Gee whizz! An't I a darned fool, though? What'll Tirzah Ann say?"

"John Gill, you step around to the clerk here and deposit $2," said the court. "You will then go down to the stable and get out that nag of yours and get right back to Clermont and Tirzah Ann."

"So that air nice circus fellow was a bunkoer," muzed John, as he walked out, 'Tirzah Ann 'll just scalp me!"

A Most Liberal Offer.

The Voltaic Belt oompany, Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated Voltaic Belts and Eletric appliances on thirty days' trial to any man afflicted with Nervous Debility, Loss of Vitality, Mahhood, etc. Illustrated pamphlet in sealed envelope with full particulars mailed free. Write them at once.

He Thought of That.

"Rachel, my tear, I pring you a vine engagement ring."

"But, Isaaic, it's a bearl, and bearls are onlucky, ain't it?"

"Don't say a vord, Rachel. I thought of dot, und so I take me an imitation von out of stock."

DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKY.

What It Is.

It is a superior brand of pure whiskey, its chief merit being that it is distilled by a secret process discovered by us in 1860, whereby every trace of fusel oil and other injurious substances are eliminated. It is the only whiskey of the kind manufactured in the world and it is the only absolutely pure whiskey on the market. While as a whiskey and for every purpose to which a whiskey is put, either as a medicine or drink, it is unequalled by any other whiskey, it is, owing to its absolute purity especially fitted for medicinal purposes. Another peculiar feature of it is that it is the only whiskey that will stay on the stomach of invalids and debilitated persons, and combining, as it does, a food quality with that of a stimulant, it is the only whiskey that ought to be used in the treatment of the sick; and a still further feature that in whatever quantity it is consumed, there are no after effects from it such as are experienced from the use of other whiskies containing fusel oil and other poisons. Being a superior brand of pure whiskey distilled from the very best materials, it is of necessity an expensive one and by the demand created for it as such among consumers, dealers are virtually compelled to handle it, although at a profit to them of about one-fourth of what is usually made on other whiskies, such as many of them have the reputation of keeping. For this reason we would impress upon our friends the importance of demanding ours as the only pure whiskey, and we warn them, in view of the hundreds of analyses this whiskey has received at the hands of the most eminent chemists of this country and to which we openly submit at all times, that where any attempt is made by unscrupulous druggists to palm off an inferior and adulterated whisky, as being as good or as pure as ours, they are actuated solely by mercenary motives. We repeat that this is the only whiskey of the kind in the world. We are its discoverers and sole manufacturers and we challenge any one to produce a whiskey like it, either in purity or excellence. Another thing we would impress upon our friends is not to be deceived by other malt whiskies, as there are just as many grades of bad malt whiskies, equally as poisonous as other whiskies, and none of them are pure. It is under this guise that several unscrupulous manufacturers are trying to reap benefits from our name and prestige.

THE DUFFY MALT WHISKEY CO.,
Baltimore, Md.

Never in the history of St. Augustine, Fla., has there been, at one time, such extensive building operations.

The Portland, Ore., paper mill gets paper stock, jute butts, from Calcutta for the manufacture of manilla paper.

A man in Wellsville, N. Y., last week bought and sold 17,000 dozen of eggs.

AFFAIRS AT CRETE.

Progress of Preparations for the Chautauqua Assembly.

CRETE, Neb., June 4.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—Mr. J. R. Johnson returned to-day from California, after an absence of several weeks.

F. B. Stephens returned this afternoon from a trip west on legal business.

Capt. Misner came into town this morning and carried home with his Capt. and Mrs. Barragar, and Rev. and Mrs. W. Lewis to feast on strawberries to-day. Capt. Misner and his entertaining wife are noted for their generous hospitality, and many an outing do the Crete people enjoy, during the season, at their finely kept farm.

John Fisk sold to-day, to Mr. Miles French, the finest and largest lot of cattle ever shipped from Satine county. Their average weight was seventeen hundred pounds and they brought five cents per pound.

Mr. C. G Cone recently purchased a fine horse from Toogood Bros., and, with his new buggy and harness, has quite a dashing outfit. It is rumored that a very interesting social event is to occur soon after commencement, in which Mr. Cone will take a prominent part.

Mr. H. McCargar sold to day for $375 the colt that has been his especial pride for several years.

Some of the Friend and Crete Knights Templar joined the Omaha delegation to Beatrice to-day.

Equestrian exercise is becoming more popular than ever. Many are learning who never rode before and some have joined the party who have not ridden for years. It is pleasing to note the nervous grasp of the rein and the anxious brow as the recruits try to keep pace with those who ride constantly.

The party who went over to the fair ground last night should continue the practice and give us an exhibition of their skill during fair time.

Mr. Carey McClain, of Wellsville, Kan., one of the directors of the Ottawa assembly, visited our town yesterday for the purpose of exchanging ideas with our assembly workers. Mr. McClain is enthusiastic over this work, and says there is wonderful interest all over the west. He predicts for our assembly a larger attendance than the most sanguine have dared to expect.

The different committees are zealously at work perfecting plans and executing them. The superintendent of grounds, Mr. D. J. Jones, diligently pursues the even tenor of his way with that methodical exactness which always brings him success. The men under his supervision are pushing the work on the grounds, and we all begin to feel as though we were on the eve of a great event.

The management of the assembly have made especial provision for complete instruction in the normal department, as well as for a lecture platform of the highest excellence.

Rev. E. A. Dunning, who has charge of the advanced normal class and is author and publisher of this course, is justly celebrated for his eminent scolarship and power as an instructor.

Professor R. S. Holmes, who has charge of the regular normal class, has devoted a great part of his time for several years to the normal work of the Chautauqua assembly. He will give two lessons a day through the entire session. The presence of these two instructors at the assembly will insure large and enthusiastic normal classes.

Dr. R. R. Meredith, who for many years has been prominent as an author, teacher, preacher and lecturer, and who gathers every Saturday afternoon, in Tremont temple, Boston, an audience of over two thousand people, the largest Bible class in the world, will deliver the address to normal graduates.

It was remarked last year by one who heard his lecture, "I would walk five miles in the mud to hear that man again." Many who were equally delighted will need no other inducement to insure their presence than the fact that he is to be here.

EXETER ECHOES.

News Notes from a Lively Town.

EXETER, Neb., June 5.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—Some excitement was caused here last night by a rumor that Baroch had failed. On investigation it was discovered the report was unfounded.

An "infair" was held at the house of one of our prominent citizens Wednesday night to celebrate Cleveland's wedding. Our democratic postmaster and a number of others were present. A letter of congratulation to the bride was written, read and approved, but whether it was sent or not, we have not been able to learn.

This town stands strong for Van Wyck. A paper was put in circulation by some of our people to secure the names of those who would pledge themselves to use all honorable means to secure his re-election. Out of over one hundred persons to whom it whom it was handed, only two refused to sign it.

The Exeter Creamery Company is turning out between 300 and 400 pounds of butter daily, and expect to double the capacity soon Mr. Stewart, the manager has several gold medals, and has a wide reputation as a first class cremery man.

Brother Pflug, of that temperance organ "The Advance" says in an article of a recent date: "Hardly a day passes, but what drunken men are seen reeing along our streets without the least attempt of the officers of the law to arrest them. Elder Waite of the "Enterprise" denies the charge made against the fair record of our town.

We agree with Brother Waite. Surely, that article was written before prohibition became the law here and must have been accidently resurrected from the waste basket to appear in the columns as fresh copy. "Consistency than art a jewel."

Our city is creating bankers by wholesale, seven parties have gone west this spring to grow up in that business, and report says that more will follow.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

Only an Idiot on Board.

"I had been up the Rio de la Plata in a British brig," said Charles Williamson, "and as we came back to Montevideo to finish our loading we had to make considerable repairs above the water line. There were ten or twelve of us all told when we hauled out and were about to trip anchor for home, and of all the hard cases I ever saw put aboard a ship this crew capped the climax. The captain and myself were the only two left of the crew which had come out from Liverpool. Some of the men had died, some skipped out, and we had picked up negroes, Lascars, Americans, Englishmen and Swedes, just as we happened to find them, until we had a sprinkling of everything under the sun. We had hauled out into the harbor to sober up the crew and finish the repairs, when the captain was taken suddenly ill. This was directly after dinner, and he was rowed off to town to consult a doctor. The proper thing, as it seemed to me, would have been to send and bring a medical man aboard; but things took place as I told you.

The old man was no sooner clear of the brig than the half sobered men broke loose from their restraint. The mate was seized and secured in his state room, and the mutineers, for such they had now become, carried things with a high hand. They rummaged the cabins and the stores, drank themselves into a frenzy, and, as night came on they hoisted out the long boat, filled her with plunder, and all deserted the brig together. I had not joined with them, and, but for having found a safe hiding place they would either have done for me or forced me to go along in the boat. As soon as they were well away we took the dingy, which had returned after leaving the captain on shore, and rowed in to inform the old man of what had happened. As the cook went with the mutineers not a soul was left aboard of the Clarence. It seemed that the captain was taken much worse after getting ashore, and when we found him, which was only after a couple of hours, he had a high fever and was out of his head. The doctor said he was in for it for a month at least, and so Mr. Carpenter—that was the name of the mate—and myself—started back to the brig. We had not yet reached our boat, when a sudden and violent storm arose, and it continued during the entire night with such fury that it was idle to think of leaving the wharf. During that storm a ship in the harbor was dismasted, a schooner dragged her anchor and crushed into a brig, and thousands of dollars damage was done to shipping. We were out at daylight to look for the Clarence, but she was nowhere to be seen. The crew of the dismasted ship reported to have seen the brig drive out to sea with the gale, and there could be no doubt of her loss.

"In a day or two we heard from the mutineers, or at least the long boat was picked up at sea, bottom side up, with every chance that not a man had escaped. Inside of a week the captain was dead, and the mate shipped one way and I the other. I made a voyage to Rio Janeiro and back again, and then I shipped for a run around the Horn, and up the Chili coast. Sixty-five days after the Clarence drove out to sea I was on the American ship Henry Jordan, with the Falkland islands bearing due west, and thirty or forty miles away. It was mid afternoon, with a fair sailing breeze, when I heard a man from aloft hail the deck with:

"'Dismasted hulk dead ahead and about five miles away, sir.'

"There was a general stir among officers and men, and every one of us had the wreck under his eye long enough before we came up to it. She was driving broadside on, masts and jibboom gone, and a tangle of wreck stuff alongside, but the hull appeared perfectly sound. When we had approached her within a quarter of a mile the ship lay to and a boat was lowered. It was my luck to be sent along and to be allowed on board with the mate. I had no sooner passed over the rail than I recognized the hulk as that of the lost brig Clarence. The bulwarks were stoven in places, but not fifty dollars damage had been done to the hull. She was dismasted, as I have said, but she hadn't a quart of water in her hold, and her cargo had not been disturbed or damaged. That was strange enough, considering how far away she had drifted and the storms she had encountered, but there was something stranger still. In the cabin we found a man in hiding—a white man and a sailer, about forty years of age. We had to drag him out by main force, but we could not get a word out of him. He shrank from him as if terribly frightened and we had to drop him into the boat neck and heels.

"The weather being pleasant, with a prospect of its holding so, our captain decided to pick up the derelict and take her to the islands. Her steering gear was in good order, and inside of thirty hours we had her securely anchored in a sheltered bay in the Falklands, and two of us were left aboard as shipkeepers. The stranger we had found aboard was taken along with the ship, but on the third day, not having yet spoken or made a sign in answer to a question, he flung himself overboard and was drowned. I am just as certain he was not aboard of the brig when the mate and I left her as I am that I am alive. We had no such man among the crew, nor could he have come off to the brig after we left without being seen. It is a solemn fact that he must have boarded her in mid-ocean. How? From what? How long before we found him? Was it the loneliness of his solitary existence that drove him mad or idiotic? The land may have its mysteries, but those of the sea overshadow them."

WASHINGTON'S GAY SOCIETY.

As Seen Through Bill Nye's Spectacles.

I have just returned from a polite and recherche party here. Washington is the hotbed of gayety, and general headquarters for the recherche business. It would be hard to find a longtonger aggregation than the one I was just to, to use the words of a gentleman who was there, and who asked me if I wrote "The Heathen Chinee."

He was a very talented man, with a broad sweep of skull and a vague yearning for something more tangible—to drink. He was in Washington, he said, in the interests of Mingo county. I forgot to ask him where Mingo county might be. He took an interest in me, and talked to me long after he really had nothing to say. He was one of those fluent conversationalists frequently met with in society. He used one of those web-perfecting talkers—the kind that can be fed with raw Roman punch and that will turn out punctuated talk in links, like varnished sausages. Being a poor talker myself and rather more fluent as a listener, I did not interrupt him. He said he was sorry to notice how young girls and their parents came to Washington as they would to a matrimonial market. I was sorry also to hear it. It pained me to know that young ladies should allow themselves to be bamboozled into matrimony. Why was it, I asked, that matrimony should ever single out the young and fair?

"Ah," said he, "it is indeed rough."

He then breathed a sigh and shook the foliage of the speckled geranium near by and killed an artificial caterpilliar that hung on the branches. "Matrimony is all right," said he, "if properly brought about. It breaks my heart, though, to notice how Washington is used as a matrimonial market. It seems to me almost as if these here young ladies were brought here like slaves and exposed for sale." I had noticed that they were somewhat exposed, but I did not know that they were for sale.

I asked him if the waists of party dresses had always been so sadly in the minority, and he said they had. I danced with a beautiful young lady whose trail had evidently caught in a doorway. She hadn't noticed it till she had walked out partially through her costume. I do not think a lady ought to give too much thought to her apparel, neither should she feel too much above her clothes. I say this in the kindest spirit, because I believe that man should be a friend to woman. No family circle is complete without a woman. She is like a glad landscape to the weary eye. Individually and collectively, woman is a great adjunct to civilization and progress. The electric light is a good thing, but how pale and feeble it looks by the light of a good woman's eye. The telephone is a great invention. It is a good thing to talk at and murmur into and deposit profanity in, but to take up a conversation and keep it up and follow a man out through the front door with it, the telephone has still much to learn from woman.

It is said that our government officers are not sufficiently paid, and I presume that is the case, so it became necessary to economize in every way; but, why should wives concentrate all their economy on the waist of a dress? When chest protectors are so cheap as they now are, I hate to see people suffer, and there is more real suffering, more privation and more destitution pervading the Washington scapula and clavicle this winter than I ever saw before.

But I do not hope to change this custom, though I spoke to several ladies about it, and asked them to think it over. I do not think they will. It seems almost wicked to cut off the best part of a dress and put it at the other end of the skirt, to be trodden under feet of men, as I may say. They smiled good humoredly at me as I tried to impress my views upon them, but should I go there again next summer and mingle in the mad whirl of Washington, where these fair women are also mingling in said mad whirl, I presume that I will find them clothed in the same gaslight waist, with trimmings of real vertebræ down the back. Still, what does a man know about the proper costume for woman? He knows nothing whatever. He is in many ways a little inconsistent. Why does a man frown on a certain costume for his wife and admire it on the first woman he meets? Why does he fight shy of religion and christianity and talk very freely about the church, but get mad if his wife is an infidel?

Crops around Washington are looking well. Winter wheat, crocuses and indefinite postponements were never in a more thrifty condition. Quite a number of people are here who are waiting to be confirmed. Judging from their habits, they are lingering around here in order to become confirmed drunkards.

I leave here to-morrow with a large, wet towel in my plug hat. Perhaps I should have said nothing on this dress reform question while my hat is fitting me so immediately. It is seldom that I step aside from the beaten path of rectitude, but last evening on the way home it seemed to me that I didn't do much else but step aside. At these parties, no charge is made for punch. It is perfectly free. I asked a colored man who stood near a punch bowl and who replenished it ever and anon what the damage was and he drew himself up to hi full height. Possibly I did wrong, but I hate to be a burden to any one. It seemed odd to me to go to a first-class dance and find the supper and the band and the rum all paid for. It must cost a good deal of money to run this government. BILL NYE.

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