THEY ARE NO TAX SHIRKERS.

The Testimony of Business Men Before the Commissioners.

CREIGHTON'S FIGHTING WEIGHT.

Some Summer Suits—Held for Robbery—Court Notes—The Grau Opera—Brevities and General City News.

They Are Not Tax Shirkers.

The trouble that has grown out of the complaints made by A. C. Read, representing the K. of L. of Omaha, against the assessment for taxation of the personal property of a number of the leading jobbers and business men of the city, culminated yesterday afternoon in a meeting of the property owners complained of before the county commissioners. An interesting and exciting meeting resulted in producing evidence which should effectually disabuse the public mind of the opinion that the jobbers and merchants of Omaha do not pay taxes proportionate to the business conducted by them.

The board had issued a request for all of the parties complained of to be present at the conference, if such it may be termed, and representatives of the jobbing trade and capitalists responded to the request.

J. E. BOYD.

The first party called was Mr. J. E. Boyd, whose personal property is assessed at $17,880. Mr. Boyd was sworn by County Clerk Needham, as were all of the witnesses, to answer such questions as might be asked by the board of commissioners. He was asked by Commissioner Corliss upon what basis he calculated the value of his property in returning his assessment. He replied:

"I listed all of my property, subject to taxation, at more than one-third of its cash value."

"Mr. Boyd, what are the boilers and engines in your packing house worth?" asked Mr. Read.

"I will answer no questions from you, sir," replied Mr. Boyd. "If the commissioners ask me I will answer them." In reply to the question that was then asked by Mr. Corliss, Mr. Boyd replied that his boilers and engines were not worth more than $5,000, though they had been returned as assessable at $2,000, more than one-third of their actual value.

Mr. Read was not in the least troubled about his failure to make a point out of his first man and quietly awaited the progress of the investigation. The next witness called was

W. D. MAUL,

representing the dry goods firm of Tootle, Maul & Co., which is assessed at $50,000. Mr. Maul said his firm's stock would not average over $130,000, and to offset this they held uncollectable bills that would reduce their taxable property to $100,000. He therefore asked that their assessment be reduced from $50,000 to $30,000.

"You are undoubtedly assessed too high if that is the case," chimed in Mr. Read as he saw his second prop fall.

CARL A. FRIED,

of the firm of Lee, Fried & Co., assessed at $18,000, was next called upon. Mr. Fried said he had calculated on returning his property to the assessor at about one-third of its estimated value.

B. GALLAGHER,

of the firm of Paxton & Gallagher, assessed at $30,245, was called. He said that the personal property of the firm had been assessed at more than one-third of the cash value. The stock invoiced at $115,000 on January 1 and was now less than at that time.

Mr. Read cut the fourth notch in his stick on the failure side.

JOHN S. BRADY,

of the firm of McCord, Brady & Co., said his firm's property had been assessed for taxes at about one-fourth the estimated value. The stock was assessed at $20,100, and would invoice less that $1,000,00.

HERMAN KOUNTZE

was next called Mr. Kountze is assessed at $2,700. He said that this was on moneys and credits on hand on April 1. His household property was assessed in his wife's name and his bank stock under a separate assessment.

"Did you have no notes secured by mortgages?" asked Mr. Read.

"Nothing taxable," was the reply.

"No bonds?" pressed the complainant.

"I had a large sum of money in government bonds which were not subject to taxation," was Mr. Kountze's reply.

The reply was apparently satisfactory to Mr. Read, and he quieted down as

A. J. HANSCOM

was called to the stand. Mr. Hanscom's personal property is assessed at $1,850, of which $1,650 is money and credits. Mr. Hanscom said he aimed to pay as much taxes upon his personal property as any man and considered his property assessed at between one third and one-fifth of its value.

"The returns show you assessed of money and credits in the sum of $1,650. Is that right?" asked Mr. Read.

"The returns would indicate that, wouldn't it?" sharply replied Mr. Hanscom. "That ought to satisfy you. I pay my taxes and you don't yours."

W. J. BROATCH

was next called. He is assessed on his personal property at $9,660. His stock invoiced on January 1 at $31,000. Here an interesting scene occurred when Mr. Read asked if the stock was larger or smaller on April 1 as compared with January 1. Mr. Broatch hotly replied that he would answer none of Read's questions. Read had been in his employ and had been guilty of acts that forbade him having any dealings or communication with him. Mr. Corliss then repeated Mr. Read's questions, and they were answered by Mr. Broatch, developing nothing that changed his first statement. Before leaving the stand Mr. Broatch called the attention of the board to a few facts that are not generally considered. "Omaha jobbers," he said, "are five hundred miles further from the base of supplies than are the merchants of Chicago and St. Louis, and consequently have to carry larger stocks in proportion to meet the demands of their trade. The jobbers here are continually sacrificing a part of their profits with a view of holding up the trade. The jobbers of Omaha deserve much of the credit for the prosperity of the city in general and it comes with bad taste to hold them up before the public as tax shirkers."

Mr. Read hopped to his feet and challenged Mr. Broatch to show anything wrong which he (Read) had done while in his employ.

After this skirmish was completed

A. L. NIELDS,

of the firm of D. M. Steele & Co., assessed at $40,325, was called upon. Mr. Nields said he had returned the personal property of the firm for assessment at 40 per cent of its value, and therefore asked a reduction of 10 per cent on the assessment.

D. C. TEMPLETON,

representing A. L. Strang & Co., said the assessment was fully one-third of the value of the firm's stock if not more.

MILTON ROGERS,

of Milton Rogers & Son, said their stock was assessed at more than one-third of its real value.

W. A. L. GIBBON,

of the firm of Edney & Gibbon, said the stock of his firm would invoice about eighteen thousand dollars, and they were assessed about one-fifth of that amount. They were willing to pay as high proportionate taxes as any citizen.

N. SHELTON

said he had returned his property for assessment at about one-fifth of its true value.

READ IN THE SWEAT-BOX.

The list of the property owners complained of having been examined, the guns were turned on Mr. Read, who by this time had begun to see how completely he had failed of making a point against any of the parties named in his complaint. He was put through a vigorous questioning by the board and the business men present about as follows:

Mr. Corliss—You have looked over the assessment for 1886, for this county; how does the assessed valuation compare with the actual valuation?

Mr. Read—In the county the property is assessed at about one-quarter of its value and at about one-fifth of its value in the city.

Mr. Corliss—Is there any distinction in the assessment of the property of the poor and the rich?

Mr. Read—Not that I noticed especially.

Mr. Shelton—At whose instance did you make these complaints?

Mr. Read—I am a member of the joint executive committee of the Knights of Labor. A sub-committee made a report that great irregularity existed in the assessment, and suggested that the matter be looked into. I was employed to look the matter up.

Mr. Shelton—Why did you cite only a few of these men here who have been instrumental in building up the city?

Mr. Read—I had but a short time to look the matter up, and so selected the names of men whose property I thought was assessed too low.

Mr. Shelton—By what right did you form such a conclusion?

Mr. Shelton—By the right of a free citizen of this country.

Mr Shelton—Uh, huh! (contemptuously).

Mr. Kountze—Do you think, then, Mr. Reed, that a real inequality exists?

Mr. Read—Not to the extent that I first imagined. Still a great inequality exits. I blame no one for it. It is the result of a loose practice that has obtained for years.

Mr. Kountze—Does the inequality exist to a greater extent among the men cited here than among any other class?

Mr. Read—No, sir. I am satisfied from the evidence that has been presented here that most of these men are assessed too high.

Mr. Kountze—You think the inequality is promiscuous then, and does not exist in any special class.

Mr. Read—It exists as much with one class as with another.

Mr. Kountze—Have you not admitted that you took the names cited at random, without any knowledge of their actual value?

Mr. Read—I admit that I took them after a very hurried examination.

THE COMBAT DEEPENS.

Another question had been fired at the now somewhat confused Read, and, before he could answer, the stately form of Mr. James Creighton was leaning over the railing surrrounding the commissioners' desk, and he cried out:

"How long are you fellows going to take up your time listening to this d——n fool?"

"Mr. Creighton," said Commissioner Corliss, "if you will come around here and be sworn as these other gentlemen have, we will ask you questions about your assessment."

"No, sir," roared Mr. Creighton. "When I am summoned by the board I will come before them, but I will appear at the citation of no —— of —— who is trying to villify the best citizens of Omaha. Who is this man, for God's sake, anyway, that the board of commissioners will cite the best men of the town to appear before him. Does the scoundrel live in Omaha?"

"Mr. Creighton," yelled the now excited Read, "what do you mean? I call on the board to shut your mouth or fine you for contempt."

"You call on the board," yelled Mr. Creighton right back. "What right have you behind that railing? Come out of there. I demand it."

"Mr. Creighton," shouted Read, "you will reach that point pretty soon where forbearance will cease to be a virtue."

"The sooner the better," shouted the infuriated property owner. "Come out of there, d—n you, and I'll knock your head off." Here Mr. Creighton completely broke down with rage, and seizing his hat left the room, and was soon followed by the other business men, who failed, with the commissioners, to recover from the surprise occasioned by the matinee until the row was all over.

The board then took up the work of equalizing the assessment.

Thus far Mr. Read's complaints against too low assessmente have resulted only in having the assessments of the parties complained of lowered instead of raised, as desired by the complainant.

SOME SUMMER SUITS.

Three Cases Against the City and One Individual Action.

Three damage suits against the city were filed in the district court yesterday afternoon.

Sarah Jane Roberts alleges that she is the owner of lot 5, in block 7, in the Improvement association addition to Omaha, at the corner of Eighteenth and Martha streets. In 1885 she build a house on this property and in other ways improved it. The city council ordered a change of the grade of Eighteenth street by which the street was raised forty-two feet above the established grade. For this change the plaintiff paid, under protest, a special assessment tax of $154. By the change her access to Eighteenth street has been cut off and her lot filled up, destroying shade trees, etc., for which she seeks damage in the sum of $2,000.

The city recently appropriated certain property of William Foster for the purpose of opening and extending Twentieth street. For this property, 360 feet in length by 54 feet in width, Mr. Foster has filed a suit for judgment against the city in the sum of $2,000.

Byron Reed has filed a suit for judgment against the city for the appropriation of a strip of property 122x33 feet from the east side of lot 1, block 2, of Reed's fourth addition, for the opening and extension of Twentieth street. The damage claimed is $1,000.

John O'Keefe, an expressman living on Twenty-fifth street, has filed a petition in the county court alleging that on June 25 he was assaulted by Hubert T. Bascomb, a Baltimore street expressman, and seriously injured. He seeks damage in the sum of $1,000.

Resolutions of Respect.

The Omaha Light Guards have passed the following resolutions of respect and condolence, touching upon the death of their comrade, George H. Livesey:

Inasmuch as God in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to remove from our midst our valued friend and comrade, George H. Livesey,

Resolved, That we, the Omaha Light Guards, would testify to the warm heart, the genial disposition, the thorough manliness which have won him so high a place in our esteem.

Resolved, That in his death Omaha loses one of her brightest and most exemplary young men, society an honored member, and the company a universal favorite; also, we desire to express our deep and heartfelt sympathy for his family in their sad affliction; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be engrossed and presented to the family of the deceased, and that copies be furnished the press.

Omaha, June 28, 1886.

J. A. HANNAN,
H. J. WELLS,
D. C. WRIGHTER,
Committee.

The Rock Island is making a special rate to teachers who wish to spend the summer vacation in Chicago or points east.

July Weather.

The giving of weather for each day for so long a time in advance requires, for great accuracy, a long reduction of data, to perform which I lack not only time, but often sufficient data. I give the weather for each day of July, 1886:

1. Clouding, with local rain.
2. Flying scud.
3. Local showers.
4. Generally fair.
5. Generally fair.
6. Rising temperature
7. Storms moving from west.
8. Rains and
9. High winds.
10. West to north winds.
11. Calms and wannings.
12. Clouding sky.
13. Local thunder storms.
14. Showers and winds.
15. Clearing.
16. Calms and fair.
17. Clear or fair.
18. East and south winds.
19. Hot and clouding.
20. Thunder storms at night.
21. Rain areas.
22. Rain areas, cooler.
23. Westerly to northerly winds.
24. Cloud area from the west.
25. East coast winds.
26. Rising temperature.
27. Cloudy, stormy.
28. Rains and winds.
29. North wave followed by calm.
30. Easterly winds and warmer.
31. Rains.

E. J. COUCH, Meteorologist.

Personal Paragraphs.

Church Howe, of Auburn, is in the city.

Vinton Pike, of St. Joe, is at the Paxton.

J. F. Hutchins, of Lincoln, is in the city.

A. Teazel and wife, of Hastings, are in the city.

Bishop O'Connor went to Baltimore Sunday.

Rev. A. M. Colaneri went west yesterday afternoon.

Luke Douglas, of Anita, Ia., is at the Metropolitan.

Miss Kate Logan, of North Platte, is a guest at the Millard.

W. M. Sackett and wife, of Meadville, Pa., are at the Millard.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Maul left last evening for New York.

C. B. Wells and wife, of Geneva, Ill., are at the Metropolitan.

J. I. Smith, North Platte; J. E. Jenkins, Schuyler, are at the Canfield.

L. W. Boehner, a prominent merchant of Malvern, Ia., is in the city.

J. P. Johnson, of Sloan, Johnson & Co., went to Chicago last evening.

A. L. Kemper and W. M. Wright, of Mount Vernon, Ia., are at the Merchants.

A. A. Bradford, the proprietor of the Pritchard house, at Woodhull, Ill., is a guest at the Merchants.

Mrs. James Wood, accompanied by her daughters, the Misses Alice and Clara Wood, has returned to her home in Chicago after spending a few days with her son, Walter Wood, manager of Wood Bros. business at the stock yards.

Bryon Reed and wife left last evening for Racine to witness the graduation of their son from the college at that city.

Jack Nugent arrived in town yesterday from the east. He will spend a couple of days here and then go up toward the northwest.

Major Truland, uncle of Misses Anna and Maggie Truland of this city, who has been visiting those ladies at their home, 2439 Capitol avenue, left last evening for his home in Rock Springs, Wyo.

Charles Hanley, the Tenth street grocer, who had one of his limbs severely fractured several weeks ago while attempting to save a child from a disastrous runaway, will be able to be around in about two weeks.

Messrs. George Canfield and J. N. Boyd and several other Omaha gentlemen attended the opening of a new hotel in Oakland Saturday evening, and report that they were royally entertained by the citizens of that place.

Miss Gussie Baumann and Miss Alice Schairer, of West Point, Neb., left this morning for Ann Arbor, Mich., the home of the latter, where they will spend several weeks. They will go thence north to the lakes. On their return they will stop over at Detroit to visit relatives.

Court Notes.

In district court yesterday the case of four men charged with the robbery of James Madison, at the Stavin house, two weeks ago, was called for trial. Harrigan was discharged. Kelley & Fitzgerald's case will be continued to-day.

The case against Harry Ward, charged with the burglary of James Connelly's saloon, will be called this afternoon.

The case against Frank Boyd, charged with the larceny of a gold watch and chain from James McVey, will be called before Judge Neville to-morrow.

The case of Johnson vs Johnson was tried before Judge Wakeley yesterday, and given to the jury. A sealed verdict was returned at 5 o'clock and will be opened in court this morning.

Prospective Bliss.

Permits to wed were granted yesterday as follows:

Name.	Residence.	Age.
Charles F. McCreary,	Omaha	22
Mary E. Millett,	Omaha	18
Charles Smith	Omaha	22
Hulda Olsen	Omaha	21
Grant Watson	Omaha	21
Katy Weigan	Omaha	18

Cured of His Insanity.

Two weeks ago, on Sunday, a fellow named Nettleton was sent to the county jail by the commissioners of insanity. Joe Miller sized the case up as one of jim-jams, and has been busy for two weeks pumping the whisky out of the fellow, who was released yesterday.

Held For Larceny.

John Dunn was brought in from Millard yesterday to await the action of the grand jury on the charge of having stolen $130 from James Barry while the latter was in a drunken sleep at Millard on Sunday. Dunn was bound over by Justice Heisley.

He Was a Boodle.

Washington Critic: "Are you a boodle?" asked a small boy of his sister's husband.

"I don't know what that is," responded the happy man, patting the boy's head.

"You must be," persisted the small boy.

"I don't know what you mean exactly."

"You are my sister's husband, ain't you?"

"Yes, of course."

"Well, then, you are a boodle, 'cause sister said a boodle husband, would catch her every time."

Mrs. Mulhale has been fined $25 for the assault upon Mrs. Shinrock. The case has been appealed to the district court.

Recital

Given by Professor A. Walther assisted by his pupils and other well-known local talent, at the warerooms of Lyon & Healy, 3105 and 1307 Farnam street, Tuesday evening, June 29th. Admission free. You are invited to attend.

For Sale—One Piano, Parlor and bed room Furniture, Carpets and Kitchen Range at a bargan. 717 South 19th St.

Washburn's best Minnesota flour $3.00 per cwt at Heimrod's.

Old jewelry taken in exchange at gold value. EDHOLM & ERICKSON, Opp. P. O.

CHICAGO AS A SUMMER RESORT

The Balmy Lake Breezes Struggle for Supremacy with Bridgeport Fumes.

LIFE A SPECULATIVE RAGE.

Business on the High Pressure Plan—The Studios of Prominent Artists and the Music Schools—Side Scenes.

A brief visit of two dys in Chicago revealed only the fact that even that human whirlpool can be quiet. To those who have broiled under a Nebraska sun, Chicago, with its cool, moist temperature, would seem a sort of oasis in the desert, and as far as bodily comfort is concerned the perfection of a summer resort. But Chicago people, like those of most other cities, are infected with the migratory migratory restlessness that comes with midsummer, and at this time of the year, those whose pocketbook makes it practicable have taken themselves to various haunts of idleness and ease. The neighborhood is well supplied with resorts, and Green Bay and Waukesha have become the temporary abiding places of showy daughters and portly mammas, while paterfamilias down in the city is busy with the mighty question of turning pork into money till Saturday night comes, and then he joins his family for a day of recreation.

It is a matter of surmise whether his brief holiday is as welcome to the machine of speculation that the Chicago man of business becomes as the Monday morning train that bears him back to his congenial desk. To those who have studied the faces of the great mass of business men surging about State street at 9 a. m. it seems doubtful that anything can usurp their devotion to grubbing and their deeply imbedded respect for lucre. The average Chicagoan is not a dude or a slim. He hasn't time to coax his mustache into a seductive curl or paste his bang with bandoline, but he is well dressed, well fed and intensely respectable. He has an air of solidity and substance that must fill the heart of the impecunious man with admiring wistfulness. He is too preoccupied to be a masher, and he seldom looks toward femininity, however alluring, unless he happens to stub his toe against it. The fragments of his conversation that float to the ear of the passerby is all of corn, pork and speculation. The Chicago female of wealth is scarcely less material than her husband. She is seldom handsome, for beauty seems to have been sparingly allotted to these fleshly beings, and from the window of her close carriage she looks fat and overfed, as if prosperity had been too much for her. I noticed more pretty girls one rainy day on State street than ever before. They were evidently of the middle class, and high living had not made them run to adipose. They were hurrying along in various stages of discomfort and dishevelment, but only one Spartan female was noticed to possess heroism enough to gather up her skirts about her waist. The recklessness of the balance was due to the fact that every awning was crowded by the morbidly inquisitive of the opposite sex of all ages and conditions, from the vicious baldhead to the jeering small boy; from the dude to the gamin. It was sad to notice the precocity of those boys of fifteen in seeking out and commenting on the ankles of the discomfited passers-by, and suggested the evil influence of metropolis life in misdirecting the young idea; but children were ever imitators, and if their grandfathers insist on setting the bad example little can be expected of the sprouting generation.

Art circles are very quiet just now, and in the way of the thousand trifles of decorative art there is for once nothing new. People seemed to have exhausted themselves on woodenware, and there are few of the rolling pins, shovels and knickknacks of all description that used to cloud every fancy work stall. There are as many "queer" artists in Chicago as there are boarding-house keepers, lawyers and theatrical agents. Show cases and windows are gaudy with tearful and wonderful abominations in lustra. Dreadful peacocks that the proud barnyard original would strut away from in disdain, perched upon the high branches of trees that have no classification in the botanical kingdom, glare at the shuddering passer-by till his eyes actually blink. Inoffensive and inartistic little daubs of pansies and wild roses on white doeskin, characterless representations of winter scenes on shovels and butter bowls, are part of the rubbish that pretentious and inexperienced daubers force upon the public gaze. Yet these cheap imitations are often more successful in a pecuniary sense than those whose real merit entitles them to honest recognition. In that city of commerce everyone who has taken half a dozen lessons essays to turn it to account in some way, if it is only in the way of lustra, and as the only requirements for that branch of decoration, I won't say art, are a solution of bronzes and the capacity to follow a chalked outline, the probability is that the inventor of lustra is responsible for having launched many an artist upon the world who might have found some useful occupation.

It would not be fair to maintain that Chicago has no real masters. In a stroll through the studios some really meritorious work was noticed, especially that of Miss Lizzie Tuck, a lady whose natural genius has been thoroughly developed in the best schools of Europe, and twenty years of practical experimenting. Her work is not of the flashy French pattern, but is more after the style of the old masters than any modern school. Her heads show a correct and wonderfully happy conception of flesh tints. They are genuine fleshes in oil, and resemble life—not a chromo, as does so much modern work. Animals are her specialty, and a head of a lion, painted from a living specimen in zoological gardens in London, is so lifelike as to make one feel uncomfortable.

In a window on Wabash avenue are two specimens worth commenting upon. One is a gem by a local artist, J. H. Beard, entitled, "I Don't Believe One Word of It." Three white bull pups are coiled on a ragged red blanket spread over some straw in a barn. One is profoundly oblivious to everything in sweet sleep of infant puppyhood, another half raised on his side in preparing to do likewise, but his attention is claimed by the third pup who wears the confidential expression of gossiping garrulity, and he is evidently retailing some great secret, but the look of sleepy disdain on the face of his listener bears out the idea that he "don't believe one word of it."

The other picture is French and bears the name of a foreign artist, Carl Melchers. I don't know how good the picture is, but can only speak of the impression made on me. It is frightfully green, not even a healthy grass green, but a nauseating bile green, and suggests Oscar Wilde and dismal symphonies in a greenery gallery. The whole picture looks blurred enough to have been baptised with the tears of the sentimental poet. A dilapidated and unpoetic Maud Muller with a rake over her shoulder, (where to use one I can't imagine), is wading through a sea of green mush (meant to represent grass) toward some uncertain looking shanties in perspective. That's all there is of it, except that it is dyspeptic, and must have been inspired by a nightmare.

Vocal music never seems to lose its hold in Chicago, singers are plentiful and salaries small. There is always some teacher who is all the rage, and the present monarch of the field is George Sweet. He is a fine actor and baritone. His voice is rich and full of passionate sweetness. He made a great furore with Duff's "Heart and Hand," and when he settled down to teaching in Chicago all the upper tendom and every one else flocked to the gay young troubadour. He adopted the system of making his pupils receive their lessons in the presence of a room full of callers and pupils. It was excellent for developing nerve. A pupils who can stand in front of a fascinating man, surrounded by a crowd of wondering observers, and go through the hideousness, facial and otherwise, of vocal exercises is equal to most anything. Mr. Sweet is a man of wonderful magnetism, so much so that when he shakes hands with a pupil the sparks fly, making a regular fourth of July illumination. The studio is at all times filled with the most cultured ladies of Chicago, who drink in the electricity in the air and profit by the music lessons. Mr. Sweet resigned the part of Rigoletto with the American Opera company, becaus Thomas believes in making all opera subordinate to the orchestra, and Mr. Sweet believes in subduing all things to himself, including an orchestra.

A prominent lawyer hearing that Pratt had been out here reinted a characteristic anecdote of the irrepressible Silas. It seems that when Mr. Pratt was in Europe he called on Wagner (no doubt he would have called at Windsor castle had he been in the neighborhood) and the great composer, Wagner, not Pratt, played. When he had finished he courteously invited Pratt to take the stool. He did so and kept it. When at last he arose Wagner said with gentle irony: "Mr. Pratt, you are the Wagner of America." "And you," said S. G., "are the Pratt of Europe." Wagner, it is to be presumed, was carried out on a shutter.

Chicago restaurants are advertising three kinds of water, lake water, river water and Waukesha water. This sounds very well; but it is too late to give the impression that Chicago is a temperance town. A far bigger boom would be secured by adopting the Milwaukee plan of serving two glasses of beer for a nickel. Speaking of restaurants, a man was arrested the other day for killing pups for sausage and excused himself with the statement that "young dog made soft sausage." Any one who wants to swallow the alloted peck of dirt at one gulp can do so by taking a meal in some restaurant.

MINNIE RATH.

HUNTING COMETS.

Bill Nye Hard at Work in Order to Secure a Prize.

Dr. Corner, Proprietor of Corner's Ne Plus Ultra Kidney Calmer, Jasperville, N. J.—Dear sir: I write to say that last night I was so fortunate as to discover a new comet, for which you were kind enough to offer a prize of $100 last year. As soon as I read your offer I immediately began to scan the heavens. I presume that there isn't a square foot of the whole sky that I haven't been over during that time in search of comets. In January on the early morning of the 2d, I think, while going home after assisting in the ceremonies of ushering in the new year, I discovered a comet of great magnitude, but on the following evening, when I attempted to put my hand on it and classify it, and draw on you for the prize money, I found that it had evaded me. I now agree with my wife that it was an optical illusion of the first magnitude.

Last week, however, I succeeded in running down a large comet which had never been used before. It was situated in the constellation of Cassabianca, about due west of the Methodist church, as you lookout of my barn door on a clear night.

Its appearance is that of a large nebulous body with a central condensation and no tail. This is the only drawback to my discovery. I an sorry to come to you with a tailless comet. After the long nights of anxiety and worry, I dislike to come to you, Doc, bringing a bob-tail comet. I will, therefore, throw $10 off the amount you offered. Send me postal note for $90, Doc, and the comet is yours. You will find it where I have said if you are careful to observe my directions.

Had this comet been a success with a tail to it, I would have been glad to bestow my name upon it, never having put my name on a comet, but I would prefer not to name a mutilated comet after myself. A man works too hard to win a deathless name to calmly see it put on a nebulous and skittish bob-tail comet with no record. I have had wildcat mining claims named for me, and my brief but contiguous cognomen will be found here and there throughout the American herd-book; but when I plaster it on a heavenly body I want it to be attached to a good one.

I am on the eve of discovering another comet, however, to which I will not be ashamed to attach my name. I have only partially discovered it at this time, but, as Herschel would say, there is a hen on. I got a brief view of this comet last night, but before I could secure it, name it, and draw on you for the $100, it was gone. As the bank will be closed to-night at the time the discovery will no doubt be made I have taken the liberty to draw on you to-day on sight. If I do not succeed in discovering the comet in time for June delivery I will return the money to you.

My first comet was discovered in the early evening. It is not a brilliant comet, but rather inferior in its appearance. Its motions, also, are erratic, and at times aimless. It has an elongated orbit, with a large hole in it. I hope that this will make no difference, however, as it is no fault of mine. I will agree that it shall not occur again.

I hope some day to discover a comet with a parabola to it. I have found a place where one of these had been the day before and dragged its parabola across the milky way. What price do you offer for a comet with a parabola? Also, what will you give me for a small comet in good condition, with perihelion to it.

I found a light sorrel comet last year, but had not completed the discovery and filed on it before it disappeared for the night. I learned the next day that it was a comet with a large orbit, and that it would not again return for three thousand years. The discovery was a bona fide one, however, and if you will advance the amount of the prize, it will be of great pecuniary advantage to me, and if it does not return on time, as I have said, I will refund the money to you or your heirs with pleasure. This comet had a long heavy mane and tail, and seemed to be feeling first-rate. Its tail was turned from me when I discovered it, but when I looked at it again I saw that it was turned this way. When I next looked at it, it was gone. Should any other astronomer find this comet and report it to you, I wish you would tell him that it belongs to me. It is about the medium height, is a good roadster, and wears its tail at an angle of about 45 degrees when in motion.

It would drive well with Lexell's comet, I think, as they look very much alike; but as Lexell's comet had a period of four and a half years and mine returns once in three thousand years it would be hard to get them together. Lexell's comet has escaped now, however. It got away in 1770, and if it has ever returned it has changed so that no one recognized it.

I would rather discover comets for a livelihood than to do anything else, if it did not keep me from my family so much.

Do you prefer a comet with a nucleus, or can you use one with a parabolic hypothenuse to better advantage? Could you use a poem on the presidential nuptials. I often write little poems of this character while waiting behind a tree for a comet to come down past me for a drink. I also have a double-barrel shotgun in good order and the right to a small chestnut comet of the tenth magnitude, both of which I would like to dispose of.

In answering this letter please pin the check to the upper left-hand corner of your manuscript. Please write plainly on one side only with your indorsement on the other. I can not promise to return manuscript. Please write as soon as possible and tell me whether you wish me to continue my discoveries or not.

Should there be anything I could do for you or for science let me know and I will give you inside figures and cut rates on comets, microbes or anything else in my line.

Please write your name and postoffice address plainly and tell the cashier to sign his name plainly at the bottom of the check. Not necessarily f. p. b. a. a. g. o. g. f.

Yours, with a telescope in each eye and a comet corkscrew in each hand.

An Onerous Grain Tax.

Chicago Times.

Of interest to export grain shippers from Chicago via New York is the statement that another effort is to be made at New York to remove the charge of 1 cent per bushel on grain passed directly into ships from railroad companies' elevators. Of all of the many and varied charges which grain has to bear on its way from the producer to the consumer this 1-cent tax is perhaps the most unfair. It certainly is the most peculiar. The railroad companies, especially the New York Central and the Erie, really receive no benefit from this charge, which came into existence in July, 1883.

It owes its origin to one of those mysterious methods of adjustment whereby pools step in and attempt to even the disadvantages of one port against the prestige and better commercial facilities of another, and the tax was imposed with the object of favoring Philadelphia and Baltimore. Chauncy M. Depew, of the Central, and the agent of the Erie have always been opposed to the impost and the freight representatives of the latter undoubtedly state the true facts in the case when they say that the New York Central and the Erie yielded to these charges under protest, claiming that, inasmuch as not over 20 per cent of the grain business handled by the two roads at New York was direct from grain elevators to vessels, and the expense on the other 80 per cent of the grain was about three-quarters of a cent higher than at Philadelphia or Baltimore, they felt that the imposition of the tax would prevent vessels coming to the elevators for cargoes; but the Pennsylvania and Baltimore & Ohio roads demanded that the charge should be made, and they were forced to consent. In 1883 the New York Central gave notice that it wished to cancel the agreement, and a meeting of the trunk line presidents was held to consider the subject.

The protests of the Pennsylvania and the Baltimore & Ohio were, however, again so urgent that the matter was laid on the table, and practically nothing has since been done. Another application is to be made, the New York grain exchange having taken the subject up, and the Pennsylvania and Baltimore & Ohio are again up in arms to prevent its being accomplished. Verily the inner workings of a pool are a curious study.

American Cardinals.

Philadelphia Record.

The Catholic church in this country has been fortunate in having for its highest representative men who have sprung from the people. Though the polity of the church is strictly democratic, in Europe artistocratic birth, wealth and the claims of long descent are sometimes operating causes in the selection of princes of the church. But here the leveling tendencies of the republic are felt not only in things temporal but also in those that are spiritual. This fact is emphasized by the elevation of Archbisop Gibbons to the eardinalate. The grocer's boy of New Orleans of forty years ago, the humble priest who donned the cassock fifteen years later, is now not only invested with the power to create a pontiff, but also, if the high conclave so decrees, to sit in the chair of the fisherman and wield that authority which once made the thrones of Europe tremble and changed the dynasties of christendom. Whether as president of the people or prince of a church, there seems to be no limit to the possibilities of American citizenship. And in the case in question it will be admitted by all that the honor is well deserved. When the first American cardinal died he was regretted even in those circles where there was a wide divergence from his creed; and all who have ever met with Cardinal Gibbons can recognize the gentleness and simplicity of his character and his admirable fitness for the exercise of large powers, and unite in the hope that he will long continue in his exalted office. Men are coming closer together now than they could have done fifty years ago. Wider sympathy, more intimate relations and a keener appreciation of the necessity of cultivating mutual regard are permeating the body politic, and only those who cling blindly to the traditions of the past can fail to see the possibilities of the future.

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Is unsurpassed as acre property, and Bell & McCandlish, 1511 Dodge street, sell it at $650 per acre, though land adjoining sells at $1,200 per acre.

GET HOWE & KERR'S PRICES ON FURNITURE. 1510 DOUGLAS STREET.

West Side

On Leavenworth street extension is half sold out. Good lots so near the city at only $325, on such easy terms as Bell & McCandlish, 1511 Dodge street, offer, seems ridiculously cheap.

THE WORLD OF SPECULATION.

Chicago's Cereal Market Again Easy, With No Particular Features.

PROVISIONS LOWER BUT STRONG

The Cattle Market Slightly Higher For Good Sorts on a Shorter Supply Than Expected—Western Range Cattle Appear.

CHICAGO GRAIN MARKET.

CHICAGO, June 28.—[Special Telegram to the BEE.]—WHEAT—Wheat was only moderately active and as cables were weaker and orders from the outside meagre, the feeling was easier, the range narrow, and prices closed ⅜@¼c lower than Saturday. The visible supply during last week decreased 1,354,839 bushels. Vessel room was taken for 34,000 bushels. June closed at 72⅛c, August opened at 74⅝c, and sales were at and between 74¼@74⅝c, closing at 74⅜c. September opened at 75⅝c, fell to 75⅛c, and advanced to 75⅜c, closing at 75⅛c.

CORN—Corn was dull but steady. Trading was too light to make any change in prices. The receipts were fair and shipments good. Outside business continues small, and without more speculation prices move slower in either direction. July sold at 34⅝@35c, August 36@36⅛c, and closed at inside figures.

PROVISIONS—Provisions ruled strong, though right at the opening there was a disposition on the part of the speculative element and "talers" to offer the product freely. The market absorbed offerings easily and advanced rapidly and strongly to $9.72½ for August pork and $9.82½ for September, ribs and lard showing equal strength. The advance in pork and ribs was not maintained to the end, but the market lost nothing of its firmness of tone, and though the last quotations were below the best realized, nobody quoted provisions as weak. Lard was the strongest article on the list. The feature of the deal to-day was excellent buying all round, nothing being neglected. Again, as during the last days of last week, grain houses were active in the pit, and gave a generous impetus to speculation.

AFTERNOON BOARD—The afternoon markets were quiet and a rather easier tone prevailed in nearly all articles, though changes in quotations were mainly insignificant. No news of importance came in from any quarter.

2:40 p. m.—August wheat, puts, 74c; calls, 74⅝c.

CHICAO LIVE STOCK.

CHICAGO, June 28.—[Special Telegram to the BEE.]—CATTLE—Receipts were larger than last Monday, but were really lighter than many had expected. The demand was fairly good. Sales were made just a little unevenly, but prices averaged a shade higher, say 5@10c on good useful cattle. Grassy and rough cattle in many cases sold no better, and, in fact, the general improvement on good cattle was hardly enough to quote. Shippers and exporters paid as high as $5.25@5.40 for 1344 to 1516 lb cattle. Sales included 1024 to 1069 lb steers at $3.75@3.80; 1012 to 1237 lb steers at $3.80@4.25; 1200 to 1300 lb steers at $4.75@5.00. Colorado and Nebraska steers, averaging 1061 to 1331 lbs, sold at $4.70@5.05, with 1247 to 1272 lb Wyoming slop-fed cattle at $5.07½. The market for Texans was fairly active and prices were 10@20c higher than last week. The first fair western range cattle of the season arrived to-day and sold at $3.75 for 1033 lb Wyoming, $3.50@4.40 for shipment from Utah, and $4.10 for a lot of 1257 lb Oregon steers. This is decidedly early for western range cattle, though the season cannot yet be called regularly opened, as the receipts will be scattering for some weeks.

HOGS—Trade opened quiet at about Saturday's pries, ruled slow with a slight downturn, became active and closed firm. Best mixed sold at $4.45@4.50, and best heavy at $4.55@4.65. Light sold at $4.25@4.60, the York sort at $4.45@4.50, and singeing pigs $4.55@4.60.

FINANCIAL.

NEW YORK, June 28.—MONEY—On call easy at 1@2 per cent.

PRIME MERCANTILE PAPER—4@5 per cent.

STERLING EXCHANGE—Unchanged; actual rates, $4.88½ for sixty days, and $4.88@4.88¼ on demand.

GOVERNMENTS—Dull but steady.

STOCKS—The stock market was a waiting one, everybody looking to see the outcome of affairs at Chicago. Grangers stocks suffered considerably in the early trading, a drive being made at them by room traders