THE DAILY BEE.

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WASHINGTON OFFICE, NO. 512 FOURTEENTH STREET.

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CORRESPONDENCE:

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

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

THE DAILY BEE.

Sworn Statement of Circulation.

State of Nebraska, } s. s.
County of Douglas, }

Geo. B. Tzschuck, secretary of the Bee Publishing company, does solemnly swear that the actual circulation of the Daily Bee for the week ending July 15th, 1886, was as follows:

Saturday, 10th	12,450
Monday, 12th	12,960
Tuesday, 13th	12,175
Wednesday, 14th	12,175
Thursday, 15th	12,300
Friday, 16th	12,300
Average	12,325

GEO. B. TZSCHUCK.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 17th day of July, 1886.
N. P. FEIL,
[SEAL.] Notary Public.

Geo. B. Tzschuck, being first duly sworn, deposes and says that he is secretary of the Bee Publishing company, that the actual average daily circulation of the Daily Bee for the month of January, 1886, was 10,378 copies; for February, 1886, 10,595 copies; for March, 1886, 11,537 copies; for April, 1886, 12,191 copies; for May, 1886, 12,439 copies; for June, 1886, 12,298 copies.

GEO. B. TZSCHUCK.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 5th day of July, A. D. 1886.
N. P. FEIL,
[SEAL.] Notary Public.

IT will take a good many sprinkles to make a rain such as is needed in these parts just at present.

MILLIONS for trifles but not a dollar for defense seems to be the motto of the present democratic congress.

THE props have not yet fallen from under the real estate market. Omaha dirt flies from transfer to transfer with greater activety if possible than ever.

THE dirt and filth in some of the alleys of Omaha is fearful. We shall pay dearly for this sort of carelessness if fever or cholera ever find a lodgment in our city.

COUNCIL BLUFFS is congratulating herself quietly over her new bathing resort near the old steamboat landing. The discovery of Lake Manawa has set dressmakers to studying eastern designs for bathing costumes, which like some of our tariff bills, aim at protection that does not protect.

SENATOR SHERMAN is somewhat older in public experience than Senator Logan, and consequently has learned to regard the criticisms and castigations of the newspapers as one of the inevitable penalties of a public career. When wisely and justly used as a warning and corrective the prerogative of the press is of invaluable service.

FOUR THOUSAND immigrants landed in New York last week. What wonder is it that at this rate of immigration American workingmen on strikes find so many to take their places. The tariff stimulates immigration and immigration in turn depresses wages. This is one of the methods by which American industry is practised by the operations of a high tariff.

THE democratic railrogue organ continues to be very much agitated about Nebraska republican sentiment on the senatorial issue. The inexperience of the young man who is temporarily rattling around in Dr. Miller's shoes is responsible for much of the drivelling idiocy which he slobbers from day to day in attempting to discuss the political situation.

BILL HOLMAN "objects" of course to any appropriations for repairing Nebraska's frontier posts. If Holman would only shift his quid of tobacco to the other side of his mouth and give his brain a chance to regain its balance, he would remember how he howled for protection from a certain Nebraska post when Red Cloud's braves marched one morn into the council house at Pine Ridge agency. It is a question whether a man who boasts that he never wears a night shirt "when tu hum," has reached a high enough grade of civilization to appreciate the necessity of frontier protection.

CANADA threatens to furnish a sensation of the salacious sort. It is discovered that prominent officials at Ottawa have been scandalizing their positions by conduct involving the character of many of the women employes of the government. From what is stated it would seem that the public offices of the dominion are a veritable hot-bed of vice and immorality, and some startling disclosures will perhaps be forthcoming, unless the guilty officials are warned by what is already made public and close the avenues of information.

THERE has been an agreeable respite from the gushing jenkinsism which most of the Washington correspondents and letter writers indulged in during several weeks succeeding the appearance of Mrs. Cleveland at the white house, whether because there was nothing further to write about or because the lady, grown disgusted with such tattle, secluded herself from observation, is uncertain. But it was quite remarkable what an astonishing person had been suddenly developed from the plain Miss Folsom when she became the president's wife. There is reason to believe, however, that Mrs. Cleveland is not without some of the weaknesses of her sex, among them a touch of vanity. A reputable New York paper reports that a Broadway photographer displays her picture below which is a note written on executive house paper and signed "Frances Cleveland," giving authority to the photographer to sell her pictures. Our contemporary rightly suggests that while this sort of thing may not be improper in an actress whose business it is to make money or notoriety thereby, it isn't becoming in the president's wife.

That is the Question.

The Van Wyck question is not all factional: it is a party question. Shall we preserve the party organization and principles, or shall we surrender them into the hands of democrats and the victims of the demagogues? That is the question. The leaders of the Van Wyck movement, including the senator himself, have no more right to the appellation of "republican" than Morton, Miller, or any other politician prominent in the councils of the enemies of republicanism in Nebraska.—*Omaha Republican.*

The republicans of Nebraska are not likely to be misled by factional appeals. They know the sham from the real and they see through the party mask which conceals the individual bushwhacker. What constitutes a true republican? If loyalty and fidelity to principles and an honest regard for the public welfare make a true republican, Van Wyck is a republican in the broadest sense of the word. He was a republican in the days when some of those who now hound him and assail his party loyalty were hewers of wood and carriers of water for the slave-driving democracy of the south. He was a republican on the floors of congress, expounding free soil doctrines and defending republican principles, before the party had any spoils to bestow. He was a loyal republican who raised a regiment and led it into action at the outbreak of the rebellion and gallantly defended the flag in the field while the Yosts, the Dawes, and their ilk were bravely staying at home. He was a republican through the stormy days of reconstruction when scores of the battle-scarred stalwarts in these parts had deserted to the enemy for the flesh pots of Andy Johnson. He was a republican in 1872 when the liberal defection carried off some of the great unterrified home guard warriors who fought and bled for Valentine and Jim Laird. He is a republican to-day if by that is meant the man who will champion the rights of the bondman against the oppressor, the rights of free soil against landlordism and land grabbing syndicates.

As the party of freedom and human rights, republicanism stood out boldly as an aggressive champion of humanity. Its early leaders were men who sacrificed their fortunes and their comfort in defense of American liberty in its broadest sense. But the republicanism of the plutocrats and corporate cormorants is as different from the republicanism of Sumner, Wendell Philips, Garrison, Lincoln and Greeley as the night is from day. Debased by party plunder and corrupted by the baneful influence of the railroads on our political system, these bogus republicans see no higher object than serving their corporate masters. The infamies they have perpetrated upon the people of Nebraska during the past ten years are almost incredible. They have defeated needful laws for the protection of the producer. They have exalted to positions of the highest responsibility jobbers, railroad lobbyists, common swindlers, notorious dead beats and imbeciles. They have given us basswood governors, embezzling auditors, back and front pay thieves in the senate, and rowdies and bullies in congress. They have filled county and city offices with political Canada Bills, confidence sharps, drunkards, gamblers and pimps. The link of sympathy between this horde of jobbers and public plunderers has been the railroad. Sailing under the republican pennant or the democratic flag there has been one common post to which they were all bound and one adversary whom they have always opposed.

The hue and cry against Van Wyck's republicanism is the merest pretense. If Van Wyck had voted for Fitz John Porter as Jim Laird has done he would still be a good enough republican, providing he trained with this villainous crew. If Van Wyck had been a political free booter like Church Howe and supported Nelse Patrick for senator and Sam Tilden for president he would be a good enough republican, provided he had been pliant enough to do the dirty work of Jay Gould. If Van Wyck had supported Morton for governor of Nebraska in 1867 and Jim Boyd for mayor of Omaha in 1885, like Casper C. Yost has done, his republicanism would not be called in question as long as his services to the railroads were too valuable to be dispensed with. If Van Wyck had been dishonorably cashiered from the army, like Valentine, "for fraud in the purchase and sale of horses," or if he had been notoriously connected with all sorts of legislative jobs like Carns, he would still be held up as a model republican, providing always he trained with the railrogue gang.

The Van Wyck question has become a party question. Shall we preserve the cardinal principles of the party in their integral purity? Shall Nebraska republicans administer the trust reposed in them by the people for the people, or shall the party name be trailed in the mire of corruption and venality? Shall Nebraska republicans surrender their birthright to the domineering railroad bosses and their disreputable henchmen because they wear republican badges and vote straight in counties where they control the nominations? Shall the party conventions this year be again packed by abject serfs and political attorneys of the confederated monopolies? That is the question which appeals for decision to the rank and file of the party.

Americanizing England.

An observant London correspondent records the fact that there is an exceptionally large American element in the population of the great metropolis, and that in one way and another the Americanizing of England is proceeding very rapidly. As the American colony in Paris decreases that in London grows, and the citizen of the republic is ubiquitious in the "motherland." Every quality and condition of him is seen on every hand—the millionaire who apes the manners and methods of the native aristocracy, the preacher who seasons his vacation by officiating occasionally in some pulpit with historic associations, the man of literature in quest of material for his pen, the fortunate journalist who spends his vacation abroad, the mere sight-seer, and the pretty girl who wants to know the ways of foreign society and perhaps capture a lord, as some American girls have done. There has perhaps never been a time when American influence was more prevalent in England in certain directions that it is at present, notwithstanding the fact that the garrulous Duke of Argyle and the self-complacent Mr. Goschen assure us that we are far astray in our knowledge and judgment of English affairs. But it is doubtless much more in a social than a political way that American influence is recognized in England. Our literature represented in Lowell and Holmes has been splendidly honored. Mr. Beecher has received distinguished praise from the press and a generous degree of popular favor. Manager Daly's comedy company has achieved a brilliant success and won from the critics the acknowledgemnt that it is peerless on the English stage, while American women, with Miss Chamberlain as the reigning beauty with title uncontested, hold their supremacy against all rivals. There is certainly quite enough in all this to swell the American citizen with pride, but the correspondent adds that now cheap editions of American novels are to be found on every railroad bookstall, that the *Century* and *Harper's* magazines outsell any similar periodicals, that American playing cards are for sale in many a London shop window, and that the palates of Englishmen are regaled in London restaurants with American canned fruits and vegetables, which abound on every grocer's shelves. On the whole, therefore, it would seem that we ought to be tolerably well satisfied with the footing we have in the "tight little island," where the American sojourner may now find almost everything he needs for his convenience or comfort, fresh from his native soil, and a permanent colony of his fellow-citizens for company.

The Foolish Tuft Hunters.

There are fewer engagements reported lately of rich American girls with titled snobs from abroad. Whether the foreign matrimonial market has been overstocked in this line, or whether Americans are learning more sense from bitter experience, we are not informed. The rush of titles after beauty and money and of beauty and money bags after what they call "position," has broken many women's hearts and filled the English courts with numberless scandals. It is true that there are some American girls who have married foreign noblemen and who have succeeded in concealing from public gaze the skeletons in the family closets; but enough details have leaked out in a score of other instances to serve as solemn warnings to tuft-hunting mothers and foolish daughters against the race for European titles without some regard to the character that ought to go along with the same.

As a rule, the foreign count, or lord, or marquis who seeks alliance with American girls is actuated by only one motive. His lawful wife's dowery is expected to pay the debts of his extravagant and dissipated youth and support him in comfort and indolence afterwards. Titles hang on every bush on the continent and can be purchased for a song, but round half millions, with expectancies of bequests in the coming years, are not so numerous. Wealth seeks wealth abroad, while among shoddy Americans wealth is often only too glad to kneel before a title, no matter whether its possessor is a practical pauper or a characterless libertine. What a shameful commentary it is upon matches of this kind that scarcely a month ago the name of an American beauty was bandied about in the London press as breaking off an engagement with an English earl because he insisted that she should pay his debts and foot the bills for his courtship presents. Miss Grant seems to have been more sensible than some of her society sisters of Shoddydom, for while they would probably have cheerfully met the demand, she promptly broke the engagement and returned the noble Earl's presents carelessly wrapped up in brown butcher's paper.

IT is announced that ex-Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, is one of the members of the present congress who will decline a renomination, but he is not unwilling to be the candidate of the democracy for governor. Mr. Curtin is one of the veterans who "lag superfluous" on the political stage, and there is a moral in his public career which the younger politicians may study to advantage. He was one of the great war governors, and until 1872 was an honored and trusted leader of the republican party. Piqued, however, at opposition in his state which abridged his influence and power, he deserted his party in the Greeley campaign and has since acted with the democracy. That party rewarded his defection by sending him to congress, but the leaders in that body gave him little recognition, and a scion of the house of Belmont in the present congress defeated him in his ambition to be the chairman of the foreign affairs committee. Although a man of ability and high personal character, Curtin does not have the respect or confidence of either party. His is another example of the penalty of political perfidy.

THE *Herald* kindly suggests that Rosewater is a good deodorizer. He is. He has deodorized many municipal stenches in Omaha by uncovering them to public gaze and enlisting the best sentiment in the city to remove their cause. But he declines the task of deodorizing the *Herald*. The job is one that may be safely left to the public, for whose support it is vainly bidding while it straddles the badly yoked team of a railroad job office and a pretended newspaper.

"Is it cholera?" asks a sensational contemporary, referring to a supposed case of the dreaded disease in Iowa. No, it is not. Cholera has not yet reached our shores. It has yet to be imported. Cholera will be heard of at the seaports before it makes its appearance inland. There is absolutely no reason for starting a cholera scare in this section of the west.

Other Lands Than Ours.

Mr. Gladstone has resigned, his resignation has been accepted by the queen and the Marquis of Salisbury has been summoned to form a new ministry. The first act in the drama of the struggle for home rule has ended. The curtain is soon to be rung up on a still more exciting scene. Once more Ireland is to occupy the attention of parliament. Whatever the composition of the new ministry it will be forced before many days of the session have passed to grapple once more in debate with the supreme issue of local self-government. Scotland has said it, through her electors, Ireland has again pronounced it through a full representation of nationalists, and Wales has nobly stood by her Celtic sister in affirming the same principle. Above all the discordant cries and clamors of the great electoral struggle stands the supreme fact that a million and a half of British voters have pronounced for home rule and that three out of four of the political divisions have declared for autonomy. Salisbury will find himself confronted by a hostile majority on every principle of tory policy. In the last parliament the conservatives numbered 251, the liberals 333 and the Parnellites eighty-six, so that the little band of home-rulers were able to obstruct all party legislation by throwing their vote solidly with the minority upon every division. Now the parliamentary parties approximately stand: Tories, 320; Gladstonians and Parnellites, 280; Hartingtonians, 50, and Chamberlainites, 230. The only matter upon which it would be possible for the anti-home-rulers to obtain a majority is the Irish question, since upon all other issues the tories and the Hartington whigs, or the Chamberlain liberals, are in essential opposition to each other. But it is not to be assumed that the home rule liberals will permit Lord Salisbury to choose his issue upon which to test his strength. Just as the last tory ministry was overturned by a vote forced on a side question, the new government will be at the mercy of the liberal party on any one of a half a dozen issues outside of the Irish question. Mr. Gladstone promises to lead the opposition notwithstanding his advanced age and precarious health. With Parnell and the nationalists by his side and scores of liberal unionists who differ with him not on the principle but only on the application of home rule, Lord Sausbury's tenure of office is not likely to be a long one. England is to be educated, to use the words of Mr. Gladstone, and the proces will be promptly applied with the opening of the next parliament.

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During the past few months, while the Irish question has overshadowed all others in Great Britain, Russia has been building the railway from the east shore of the Caspian sea toward the frontier of Afghanistan as rapidly as despotic power could do the work. A few complaints have reached Europe of the merciless treatment of laborers, many of whom have died from overwork and hardships, but now it is announced that the railway is open to Merv, and Russia has quietly gained an immense advantage in case of trouble with England in Afghanistan. There is an unbroken line of railroad and steamship communication from St. Petersburg and Moscow to Merv, and the latter point is beyond the terrible deserts of Turkestan, through which the railroad has been built, and conveniently situated to serve as a base of supplies for an invasion of Afghanistan or India. It is the old stronghold of the Tekke Turcoman hordes, the fiercest and most powerful nomads in Asia, and from the Merv oasis a few easy marches up a river valley would bring the Russian troops into Afghanistan. If English troops should start for Herat from the frontier of India at the same time that a Russian force left Merv for that city, the British would be beaten two weeks in the race. It is not strange, in view of such facts, that Russia's refusal to settle the boundary between Afghanistan and Russian Turkestan should cause some uneasiness in London.

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ONE small insurrection in Mexico has just been ended by the capture of the insurgent chiefs and the killing of most of their men, and another is announced as about to begin. Of course capture in matters of this kind means death without delay or ceremony. But somehow this does not deter adventurous spirits from tempting fate. However, Mexico has had a remarkable and altogether unprecedented immunity from big revolutionary uprisings since the reelection of Juarez in 1871, compared with the greater portion of its previous history from the time it threw off the Spanish yoke.

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The Bulgarian parliament has authorized the government to issue loans for railroad building and the equipment of the army. Prince Alexander's little kingdom is accepting all the penalties of its self-imagined greatness with a readiness which borders on recklessness. It is likely to find the burden of a big public debt worse than a war with Servia.

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The Hon. Alfred Deakin, chief secretary, has introduced a bill in the Melbourn house of assembly providing for a system of irrigation embracing an area of 3,250,000 acres, to be carried on under the management of the water trusts, but vesting the supreme control of the works in the government. The system is expected to prove of immense benefit to farming interests. The expense is estimated at $19,000,000.

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THE new gold field in the northern part of Western Australia is estimated to extend over an area of nearly 4,000 square miles. Already there is a rush of diggers towards the scene, which for naught any one knows may yet eclipse California in its palmiest days.

INTERESTING FACTS.

Ohio has 30,500 government pensioners.

South Africa exports annually $3,500,000 worth of ostrich feathers.

There are eighty gambling houses in Pittsburg which do a business of $1,000,000 yearly.

There are 20,000 houses in Berlin in each of which from twenty to thirty families reside.

The loss to the Texas cattlemen through the drouta is estimated at $6,000,000.

The Pacific coast produces annually 1,500,000 cases of canned goods, valued at $4,510,000.

Organ grinders in New York city are prohibited from turning the crank between 9 p. m. and 9 a. m.

The amount of money at interest in Philadelphia assessed to individuals and individual corporations as trustees is $128,234,109, against $86,002,597 in 1885.

For the first months of 1886 New York City has expended $38,000,000 for new buildings. The amount expended during the year of 1885 was $34,473,000.

Three Indians escaped from the school at Carlisle, Pa., took to the mountains, improvised a fortress, and only surrendered after being assured they would not have to work during vacation.

The agricultural bureau looks for about 116,000,000 bushels, wheat and flour, for export from this year's crop, and, even with the discounted June expectations, the spring wheat output is placed at 130,000,000 bushels, with an admitted probability of depreciation during July. The statistician is hopeful.

The owner of a cherry tree which stood in the way of a German railroad extension (near Niederlahnstein) is said to have asked $900 for the tree. Experts were appointed, and, as he showed that for years it had yielded him crops, each of which had been sold for a sum equivalent to the interest on the amount asked, they agreed to award him $600, and the tree had to go.

Always in the Lead.

St. Edwards Star.

The Omaha BEE, the best paper in the west, has made arrangements whereby it secures the New York Herald's special foreign cables direct from New York city. The BEE is always in the lead.

Reaches Across the Sea.

Dawson County Herald.

The Omaha BEE now reaches with its arms of enterprise away over the sea and grapples at the biggest hunks of news from that newsy country. It has made arrangements for cablegrams through the New York Herald.

Distancing Its Rivals.

Papillion Times.

The New York Herald cablegrams in the Omaha BEE are especially appreciated in this locality by persons interested in foreign affairs. Without much ado about it the BEE is distancing its Omaha rivals in point of enterprise.

Must Have Turned in His Grave.

Chicago Mail.

John Morrissey must have turned in his grave when the Laird-Cobb fight was aborted. I observe that they have no mill-master in congress just now. Every other possible need of debased human nature is attended to, however.

An Excellent Point.

St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Senator Van Wyck made an excellent point when he said, with reference to oleomargarine, that the people got no benefit of its reputed cheapness because of the fraudulent branding. The stuff is branded to delude the buyer into the belief that he is getting dairy butter. The mask should be stripped from such a megatherian imposture.

Hard Luck.

Des Moines Leader.

The hardest newspaper luck in America is that of the Omaha Herald. It is a democratic paper in a western state, and yet it is compelled by personal considerations to enthusiastically support Randall's free trade applejack bill. Its efforts to justify its position make a very funny paper of the Herald. It isn't very funny for the democracies who have to apologize for it to every man they meet.

Blackguardism and Fisticuffs.

Boston Advertiser.

Congressman Laird of Nebraska will not rescue his reputation from any stigma that Congressman Cobb has put upon it in public discussion by the means he attempted. If Mr. Cobb had not so far yielded to his anger as to challenge Mr. Laird to repeat an insulting remark outside of the representative chamber, he would have more sympathy. Both men are blameworthy for their conduct. But if Mr. Laird had a good defense against the charge which exasperated him, he could have afforded not to resort to blackguardism and fisticuffs.

The Modern Bells.

Puck.

YE PLEASANT ANIQUE FICTION.

Harke to ye Musick of ye Bells,
That ring a pleasant chime,
Soe softe & fayre, upon ye aire,
Att Morn, or Eventime.

THE COLD MODERN FACT.

Hark to the crash of the big church bell,
That rings the whole year through—
'Tis an age of clocks; but the bell still rocks
Over Christian, Pagan and Jew,
Its clangor goes adown the rows
Of crowded city streets;
And murderers sleep with thunders deep
Or high sonorous beats.

The weary sinking into rest,
Wake with a sudden fright;
Short is their lease of slumber's peace,
Either by day or night.
Ring on they say, in the good old way,
Though it drown the sick child's cry,
Whose every star is a stab at the heart
Of the mother standing by.

Eyes for the Blind.

San Francisco Chronicle.

The news of Dr. May's experiments in the transplantation of eyes is of interest to the blind. Dr. May has succeeded in removing the eye of a rabbit and planting it in the eye socket of another rabbit so skillfully that after a few days the muscular ligaments of the optic nerve united. At least, so he says. What can be done with rabbits' eyes can likewise be done with the human eye. All that a person who has had the misfortune to lose an eye will have to do will be to find some chap who will sell him an eye; a surgeon will effect the necessary transfer, and the one-eyed will resume his binocular aspect. True, eyes are not an ordinary article of merchandise. There is an old quotation of a "Jewess' eye;" cat's eyes have a regular market price; the late khan of Khiva, in his playful moments, used to permit his captives to redeem their eyes from the searing iron on payment of a set sum. In China, it is said, affectionate fathers of families will agree for a given sum to take the place of a criminal condemned to death; and as the greater contains the less, he who would sell his life would probably also sell his eye. But it would be awkward to have one almond-shaped eye and one blue Anglo-Saxon orb. Dr. May evidently fears that the visible supply of human eyes in the market will fall short of the demand, and he proposes to substitute rabbits' eyes instead.

A race in which the fashion of casting sheep's eyes has always prevailed will have no compunction at borrowing eyes from the rabbit. Possibly, however, it may be necessary to restrict the luxury to the male sex. Grafting blends the nature of the graft with the parent stock, and as it is known that a pair of rabbits, if unmolested, will produce a progeny of 1,000,000 in four years, the results of rabbit grafting upon the female sex of our species might prove alarming. The labor market might be unable to stand it. It is doubtful whether a rabbit's eye planted in a human head could acquire expression. One cannot fancy it an eye like Mars to threaten and command, or an eye so pure and honest that the soul shines through it, or an eye that could send fair speechless messages, much less an eye that was the home of silent prayer. Without meaning to be disrespectful to a species with which it seems we are to become connected by a tie of blood, we must say that the rabbit eye is goggle.

Dr. May declares that his rabbit eyes will answer any purpose but one—they will be sightless. They will be even worse than Beatrice, who had a good eye and could see a church by daylight. But there is a limit to science. Science can make an artificial leg that will walk; can graft a skin that will grow; can transfuse blood that will circulate through heart and arteries; can teach a tissue to do duty as a bone; can plant an eye that will adhere to and take up blood from the system; but when it comes to the vital spark, the imperceptible, intangible connecting link between body and soul, between the retina of the eye and the retina of the mind, science is as helpless as a wax doll. Until some modern philosopher can solve the problem which Mr. Shelley feigned to solve in "Frankenstein," and which the gods settled for Pygmalion's benefit, grafted eyes must ever stare in endless night, and poor humanity must rest content for the propagation of the essence of life with the processes which nature has kindly provided.

As evidence that the Thurston hose team is pretty widely known, it might be mentioned that Secretary Jerome Pentzel yesterday received a letter for that organization sent by a firm in England.

VIEWS AND INTERVIEWS.

Tall Taxation.

"Speaking about taxation," said a gentleman from Chadron, "the county commissioners of Dawes county have probably made the stiffest assessment of any in the state. The commissioners decided to assess all town property at its actual market value, and all claims, which have been proved up, at $1.25 per acre and the value of the improvements. In addition to this, cattle all through the county was assessed $25 per head. The railroad company at Chadron made a vigorous kick when it discovered that all of its unsold town lots were listed at the selling price as secured from its agent, while some twenty acres, adjoining the right of way, and covered with materials of all kinds ties, rails, iron, spikes, bridge lumber, etc., were assessed at $200,000 for taxation purposes. After two earnest sessions with the board of commissioners the railroad officers departed disgusted. The very next mail brought annual passes to the members of the board. To the credit of the members, be it said, they respectfully returned the passes with thanks. Commissioner Von Harris declined to take his pass from the postoffice. Dawes county is evidently bound to have a revenue this year. The county commissioners insist that under the law the market value of property is the price at which it will sell."

The Horse-Car Roads to be Converted Into Cable Lines.

"The capitalists who are dilly-dallying so long about the location of the cable line need not think that they are to have the field all to themselves," observed a prominent citizen of Omaha. "The horse railway company has for the last three weeks or longer been quietly pushing a series of investigations as to the cost of converting some of its lines into cable roads. Prominent engineers in New York, Philadelphia and elsewhere have, I understand, been consulted, and you may take it as a fact that we shall have at least two competing lines of cables within six months from the time the first is started. Several members of the present cable company have been trying to make people believe that they possess the only patents for grips which can be used to advantage, and their purchase of this patent virtually gives them an exclusive franchise of cable cars in Omaha. Nothing can be further out of the way. As a matter of fact the grips which the new cable company, if it is organized, will use, can be purchased at a much less price than that paid by the present company, and are in every respect as safe and efficient for use in a city where the grades are as light as they are in Omaha. The grips which the new company will use are now in operation in New York, Philadelphia and several other cities, and while it is true that they would scarcely do for use in Kansas City and San Francisco they are admirably adapted for Omaha streets. The present cable company pretends that its line will cost $70,000 per mile. Estimates, I understand, have been submitted to the horse-car company which show that its lines can be changed at an expense of not more than a quarter of this sum. Nothing as yet has been made public in regard to the horse-car company, but you may rest assured that developments will come out in a few weeks."

A Long Time Between Stations.

The steamers "General Terry" and "General Charles H. Thompkins," which brought the Seventeenth infantry down the Missouri from the department of Dakota, were quite an attraction to the citizens of Omaha, who had not seen a boat on the river for some time. "Our regiment has been in the department of Dakota for sixteen years," said Captain Van Horn, in command of the detachment on the latter-named steamer, "and we are mighty glad to have a change of station. The same pilots who took us up the river sixteen years ago brought us down on this trip."

A Reminiscence of Ned Buntline.

"The death of Ned Buntline recalls the fact that he was the 'original discoverer' of Buffalo Bill as a story and stage hero," said an old settler of Omaha. "Buntline came to Nebraska in July, 1869, in search of material for his sensational stories. Going out to Fort McPherson he met Buffalo Bill there upon his return from an extensive campaign with the command of General Carr. Buntline, who wore a lot of medals on his breast, attracted considerable attention at the post, and in a few days went out on an Indian scout with a detachment under Bill. During the scout he 'pumped' Bill about his career, and then returned east and wrote his Buffalo Bill story. In February, 1872, Buffalo Bill went to New York on a visit, and was quite a hero in the metropolis. Buntline's story, 'Buffalo Bill, the King of the Border Men,' had been dramatized by Buntline and Fred Maeder, and was being played at the Bowery theatre. Bill attended the performance, and when it became known that he was in the house his presence created quite a sensation. He was called on for a speech and finally consented. It was very short, and he was so timid that he could never remember exactly what he said on that occasion. He was offered $500 a week to play the part of Buffalo Bill himself, but having no confidence in himself at the time he refused it. During the summer and fall of 1872, however, he received numerous letters from Buntline urging him to come east and go upon the stage. Bill finally consented, and resigning his seat in the legislature, to which he had been elected, he took with him J. B. Omohundro, otherwise known as 'Texas Jack,' and met Buntline in Chicago.

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"Buntline rented the Amphitheater for one week at $600, paying one-half in advance. He then organized a company. This was all done on a Wednesday and the opening performance was to be on the next Monday night. That same day, in four hours, Buntline wrote the play, 'The Scouts of the Plains,' and had a force of clerks copying off the different parts for the members of the company. That evening they began studying their parts, and kept it up until Monday, a rehearsal being held every morning. The rehearsals were anything but successful. Bill and Jack didn't know their lines. However, the curtain rose Monday evening before a crowded house. Buffalo Bill, Texas Jack and Ned Buntline appeared as the stars. Financially the performance was a big success; artistically it was a flat failure. In the fight with the Indians, however, Bill and Jack were at home. They blazed away with blank cartridges, and while the scene ended in a desperate hand-to-hand encounter—a general knock-down and drag-out—Bill and Jack laid out the Indians right and left, and the audience went wild with excitement over the gory battle. The Chicago Times, in criticising the performance, said that if Buntline had actually spent four hours in writing that play, it was difficult to see what he had been doing all that time. The week's engagement was a financial success, however. The troupe started on an extensive tour, visiting all the principal cities. The partners in the enterprise were Buffalo Bill, Texas Jack, Ned Buntline, and Manager Nixon of the Chicago Amphitheatre. The gross receipts of one week in Boston amounted to $16,000. The quartette spent their money very freely, but nevertheless came out ahead at the end of the season. Bill's share amounted to $6,000. He had expected to clear more than this, and would have done so under a closer management. The next season Buntline and Nixon were dropped out of the combination, and finally Bill and Jack split. Bill has continued on the tidal wave of prosperity. Poor Jack, who married Morlacchi, the danseuse, is dead. And now Buntline is no more. Had it not been for him Buffalo Bill would never have been a showman, and his experience as a scout and hunter would never have brought him a fortune."

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The writer of the above, while reading the proof of the sketch last evening, had just finished the sentence, "Poor Jack, who married Morlacchi, the danseuse, is dead," when the following dispatch was handed to him by a messenger boy:

BOSTON, July 23.—Omaha BEE: Do you want the death here and sketch of Morlacchi, the famous European danseuse who married Texas Jack? Checkered career.

SPECIAL NEWS CO.

It was rather singular, indeed, that this message should have put in an appearance at the time mentioned. The dispatch will be found in our telegraph columns.

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But to return to Ned Buntline. His career was remarkable. His father was a Philadelphia lawyer, who insisted upon putting Ned through a course of Latin and Blackstone at an early age. The boy rebelled, and one day after a severe flogging ran away to sea as cabin boy to a ship that sailed round the Horn. The embryo celebrity was then but eleven years old. The next year he entered the government service as an apprentice on board a man-of-war. A year later, when thirteen years of age, President Van Buren sent him a commission as midshipman for meritorious conduct in rescuing the crew of a boat run down by a Fulton ferryboat on East river.

Young Judson was assigned to the Levant. Other midshipmen refused to mess with him, because he had been a common sailor before the mast, and while on the way to join the Gulf squadron he challenged thirteen of them to fight. Some withdrew their refusal to associate with him, but he fought seven of them, one after another, in Florida, New Orleans and Havana, escaping without a scratch himself, but marking four of his assailants for life. From that time on his reputation as one of the best shots in the United States was established.

Ned Buntline probably carried more wounds in his body than any other living American. He had in his right knee a bullet received in Virginia, and had twelve other wounds inflicted by sword, shell and gun, seven of which were got in battle. He was not educated for the army or navy. The title of colonel came to him as chief of scouts in the rebellion of 1861-5.

During the war he got into some trouble with a bank cashier's wife in Nashville, and was pursued by a mob into a hotel. He made his escape by jumping from a third story window. He broke his leg, however, which lamed him for life.

His first story, "The Captain's Pig," was published in the Knickerbocker magazine under the pseudonym of Ned Buntline, in 1838, when in his fifteenth year. This sketch brought notoriety to the young writer and fighter, who subsequently received as high as $50,000 a year for the product of his brain and pen. For many years his income as a story writer brought him in $20,000 annually. He once earned $12,550 in six weeks, and at another time, under pressure, wrote a book of 610 pages in sixty-two hours, scarcely sleeping or eating during that time. He usually received $2,000 for a story running through twelve weeks in the Ledger and other story papers for which he wrote. He did not know exactly how many stories he had written, but estimated them between three and four hundred, each long enough for a book.

Ned Buntline was not the wild man of the woods he was generally supposed to be. He was a temperance man in theory and practice, using neither tobacco nor profanity. He was a good talker, and much esteemed as a neighbor and citizen.

A Self-Made Railroad Man.

Omaha Railway News: 'If there is a railroad man in this country more deserving of credit than W. J. Davenport for the efforts he has made to better his condition I have never heard of him," said an old railroader. "Davenport is a man a little over forty years of age. When he was a young man about twenty-one years old he was a big, overgrown, husky fellow and was driving 'bus for a hotel at Corning, Iowa. He never had had an opportunity to learn to read and write. He couldn't even write his own name. While waiting for delayed trains during the winter blockades he took it into his head to employ his leisure time to educate himself. He accordingly induced Hunter, the station agent, to teach him his letters and how to read and write. Davenport proved an apt pupil, and made rapid progress. He soon acquired a practical education in this way, and besides learned to be a telegraph operator under the kindly instructions of Hunter. Having thus fitted himself for the work he applied for and secured a position as telgraph operator in the service of the Burlington road. His promotion since that has been gradual and deserved. He rose from one position to another, until he became division freight and passenger agent, with headquarters at Burlington. About a year and a half ago he was badly hurt in an accident, but notwithstanding his injuries he worked all night and part of the next day at the wreck in assisting the other wounded passengers and in clearing the track. The mercury indicated 22 degrees below zero. Mr. Davenport completely exhausted himself, and has been more or less an invalid ever since."

A Masonic Burial Ground.

The Masons at their session Thursday night discussed the matter of purchasing a large tract of land in Forest Lawn Cemetery, as a burial ground for Masons and their families. No conclusion was arrived at, and the question was referred to a committee.

Rain Won't Help.

Commissioner Timme yesterday detaled to a BEE reporter the irreparable loss by the drouth of at least 5,000 foreign grape plants, of which he had expected a very bounteous yield. He also noticed the wilting of the corn in a twenty-acre field near Valley, which has been entirely destroyed beyond all hope of revival by rain.

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Infantile and Birth Humors Speedily Cured by Cuticura.

FOR Cleansing the Skin and Scalp of Birth Humors, for allaying itching, burning and inflammation, for curing the first symptoms of eczema, psoriasis, milk crust, scald head, scrofula, and other inherited skin and blood diseases, Cuticura, the great skin cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite skin beautifier, externally, and Cuticura Resolvent the new blood purifier, internally, are infallible. Absolutely pure.

"TERRIBLY AFFLICTED."

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Stebbins, Belchertown, Mass., writes: "Our little boy was terribly afflicted with scrofula, salt rheum and erysipelas ever since he was born, and nothing we could give him helped him, until we tried Cuticura Remedies, which gradually cured him, until he is now as fair as any child."

"$300 FOR NOTHING."

Wm. Gordon, 87 Arlington ave., Charlestown, Mass., writes: "Having paid about $300 to first class doctors to cure my baby without success I tried the Cuticura Remedies, which completely cured, after using three packages."

"FROM HEAD TO FEET."

Charles Hayre Hinkle, Jersey City Heights, N. J., writes: "My son, a lad of 12 years, was completely cured of a terrible case of eczema by the Cuticura Remedies. From the top of his head to the soles of his feet was one mass of scabs." Every other remedy and physicians had been tried in vain.

"A LITTLE BOY CURED."

Nash & Nash, Covington, Ky., write: "One of our customers bought your Cuticura Remedies for his little boy, who had a kind of humor in the head, so that he was a solid scab of sores. He was entirely cured, and his father says he would not begrudge $500 for the good it has done him."

Sold everywhere. Price: Cuticura, 50c.; Resolvent, $1; Soap, 25c. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

BABY Use CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisitely perfumed SKIN BEAUTIFIER.