

SOUND SENSIBLE SOLONS.

Pen Pictures of a Few Able Members of the Legislature. ACROBATIC AGEE'S ABILITY. The Hamiltonian as Dead as a Yarmouth Blotter—Boodle Bamboozlers and Virulent Vultures of the Lobby.

LINCOLN, Neb., Jan. 15.—[Correspondence of the Bee.]—Since Titlebat Titmouse, Warren's grand creation, after having taken possession of Gattion, was elected to parliament through the efforts of Oily Gammion, men certainly have no right to express surprise at the composition of state legislatures. Few rogues are elected by the people as representatives. The dishonest politician does his work on the outside. An entirely honest man is easily hoodwinked in politics. He believes, in his rustic simplicity, that there is such a thing as a candor in a politician. He acquires knowledge, however, and if he happens to be a "member," before the session ends, he learns, alas! what all have learned before him, that ambition never stands on ceremony, and if to flatter and cajole find not the end, then to "lavish gold out of the bag and weigh silver in the balance" is a step the crafty politician weighs most lightly. The generally prevailing impression that the paltry \$3 per day salary, in the eyes of the average legislator, looms up like a fresh, full moon, while true to a certain extent, applies to but few members in the present assembly. To sit in the gallery and look down upon the hundred and odd law-makers, to study their facial expression, watch different attitudes and hear different speeches, a spectator is not particularly struck with the idea that a great amount of talent would have been lost had certain ones failed to have been elected. Nor is there room to imagine that a legislator is such an extraordinary personage after all.

ABOUT THE MEMBERS. Speaker Harlan is a man about forty years of age, a lawyer by profession, a gentleman by nature, a scholar by study and a pretty good politician by reason of his other attainments. He commands the respect of the entire body, and bears the burden of his position, with its attendant honors, without exhibiting any tinge of dissimulation, conceit, or egotism, and natural to many individuals in this fallen world upon whom honor, deserved or undeserved, has been thrust. By continuing in his present path, Mr. Harlan will leave the chair with an enviable record and scores of newly made friends. John C. Watson, of Otoe, is a fine scholar, a lawyer of marked and recognized ability, well up in the history and winding intricacies of parliamentary law; a gentleman who from long years of practice is well skilled in debate, who possesses ideas, is honest in his convictions and has the courage to maintain them. He is well and favorably known, and his constituents have in him a model representative and the state a shrewd and sturdy senator.

C. F. Eiseley, of Madison, is among the older members. He is a hardware merchant of Norfolk, and proof of his popularity is found in the fact that for four terms he has been chosen to represent his county in the legislature. He is a jolly, whole-souled German, and his record of former years shows that he grasps ideas, and is always found voting and working in the interest of his constituents regardless of politicians' opinions. Mr. Eiseley feels perfectly at home, and as he was in the legislature during the war, he has been chosen to represent the district which he occupies. He is a man who never wavers, and his former experience will materially aid him in retaining his equilibrium.

U. A. Alexander, of Nemaha county, who gently hovers near that scale in life when "O. B." will be appropriate after his name, unless some fair enchantress comes his way, and leads him to that star which is the goal of his ambition, more forever, is gaining his first experience as a law-maker. While he is not an enthusiast on any subject, he will, no doubt, vote as he works to the end of doing that which is right. The first day in the gallery, I was moved to tears and almost to action, for I thought seriously of leaving the room, when a great crowd of unannounced pawing the air, bowing like an enraged bull, his eyes dilated and emitting sparks of blue fire, while his position was studied—almost bodily stolen from me, and a picture of Don Quixote, when that enchanted knight met the wind-mill in single combat. Mr. Aeger's appearance surprised at the profound wisdom of his utterances. He is a man who resembles a whale, in that he spouts about every thirty minutes. All that he says goes up and comes down. For a moment only he projects his thoughts, then all is calm again. He is dead as a mackerel, and about as much conceited, politically. I might say that the blotter mentioned sells in London for a high price.

James Ewing, of Hall county, editor of the Wood River Gazette, the only newspaper man in the house, while he will serve his people satisfactorily, regards the two months he spends in Lincoln as more as a vacation than as a laborious task. From the haunts of his print shop, with its hand press, its paste up and ubiquitous "devil," and the cords of wood and long file, he has been hauled in on subscription to the beautiful surroundings of the state house corridors and the tiffs and squabbles of members, he has managed to maintain a judgment from the way he has conducted his house business he will prove a valuable member.

George M. McConaghy, who has the honor of representing three counties, Polk, Merrick and Nance, has introduced a bill proposing an amendment to the constitution, prohibiting the sale of all kinds of "liquor." It is house robbery. When the bill comes up for final passage—when many of the members are called upon to say whether they believe in suppressing all exhilarating elixirs, it is predicted that the women who are shrieking for female freedom will all join hands and storm the capitol. It is also said that Mr. McC. will be covered with bewitching smiles and kind words from the women who have been hauled to dabble in the dirty pools of politics.

Dr. McGrew, of Nemaha county, who, for several weeks has been nursing one of Job's comforters on the back of his neck, is another maiden member. (When women get the right to vote "Maiden Member" will soon be obsolete.) Mr. McGrew is a doctor by profession, and a politician for fun. His hands are not authorized in the generally mixed and muddled Nemaha political cauldron attests his popularity, and now that he is recovering from his ailment, he informs me that he will introduce some valuable measures.

THE OUTLOOK TO-DAY. The adjournment of the legislature furnished all the strikers, teachers and the lower strata of rail-raft a chance to see their trip and annual passes to go to the bosom of their families over Sunday. Many of the sophisticated and maudlin banners were waving, and a host of people were gathering a few dry crumbs of sustenance not enumerated on the railroads' bill of fare. The double-tongued, pettifogging statesmen, time-serving scoundrels and

35 FEET ON Park Avenue, \$2,625. \$750 Cash.

2 LOTS IN Orchard Hill Awful Cheap!

IMPROVED CORNER Right in Town, Farnam Street \$14,000 EASY TERMS.

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WE HAVE A LARGE LIST OF BARGAINS IN ALL PARTS OF THE CITY, On which Money can be Doubled Before the Spring Boom Arrives.

ALSO IN SOUTH OMAHA Where the boom is now on. Call on us or write at once to the Motter Real Estate Agency 211 S. 15th St.

FULL LOT ON Farnam Street, \$4,200.

HOUSE AND FULL LOT -IN- PLAINVIEW, \$1,400.

2 LOTS IN Foster's Addition Near Saunders Street, \$4,500.

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Judas-kissing sneaks who have been caught at every party at all hours of the day or night will return this week, in order to get free drinks and replenish their almost depleted exchequer before the balloting begins for United States senator. The corrupt, swinish and irreclaimable scum of the earth, enlisted under the railroad banner, whose stomachs would put an ostrich to shame, will be seen around the "free" lunch counters the same as if no adjournment had occurred. While they have passes, on which they can go and come, the fact that their meals served at only one end of the line will make their presence certain when their diabolical work of corrupting doubtful legislators is needed. Late arrivals yell "party" between drinks with as much cheerfulness as if they had been in the work for a long number of years. They seem to be the dogs from all political cauldrons, braced up, dressed up and sleeked up. It is particularly laughable to see them in the caucus room, nibbling. Yet their organization is perfect. The symbols and signs, the winks and grips, pass-words and ceremonies, which are the great order of Bamboozlers and Virulent Vultures, are taught and remembered, and none save the initiated can enter their dark rooms of council. I am told that Monday they will all be on the ground.

THE Insatiable Greed of Railroads. LINCOLN, Neb., Jan. 13.—To the Editor of the Bee: Seeing an article in the Herald of Omaha, entitled "Railroad Monopolies in Nebraska," I was forcibly struck with the truthfulness of its sentiment and wish to hereby sanction and endorse its sentiments, as well as to add a few thoughts for the consideration of brother farmers and all others in trouble. It seems to me in the face of facts as they surround us at present, that the time is well advanced for us to move in some effort whereby we may entrench or defend ourselves against the devouring greed of these high-handed and soulless corporations. We must acknowledge railroads are as essential to commercial life and prosperity as the land itself in this day and age of prosperity. But "vice versa." The prosperity of the country is as essential to the prosperity of the railroads. But it seems to me that the acts of railroads here in Nebraska this last fact is about left out of consideration. But I must hasten on to a few facts in demonstration of the above. We of the west here know that we are terribly depressed in business as well as business values, on account of exorbitant charges made by railroads for transportation amounting to extreme extortion. I believe the land here in our section is depressed in value to the extent of many dollars per acre, on account of this practice of the railroads. For instance here in Friend we are charged about eight cents per bushel more for shipping corn to the markets than good authority says we should be. That such an extortion is over and above a just and largely remunerative shipping price. Now why should this be? If prices were very good we should not notice this so much but could and would probably better submit without complaint. But in face of presents times and markets for putting home prices below a usual cost and drawing largely on the life blood of agriculture as well as other business interests of our country. For instance, an extortion of five cents per bushel on an acre making 40 bushels would be a tax of \$2.00 on an acre making 50 bushels it would be \$4.00 and 60 bushels to the acre would be taxed near \$5 to the acre and this, as pure extortion, would be a public robbery. This railroad is supposed to control or influence to the extent of ten miles on each side of said road, and hence for each mile of road we have sections or 12,800 acres of land depending. Now we can see that we are taxed by extortion to the extent of \$1.50 to \$2.00 per acre, and at that rate, taking \$1.50 as a basis, we pay annually as tribute to the insatiable

greed of soulless monopoly the sum of \$19,200 for every mile of railroad. Now we are told on good authority the road between Lincoln and Hastings cost about \$17,000 per mile exclusive of rolling stock. Then this being the case, we pay to these public robbers annually a tax of extortion sufficient to build a road of our own, and in two years time we could build and equip it ready for use. Now I believe these facts which cannot be gainsaid and which we should consider seriously. The Bee is our unbiased friend and will allow us a fair expression of our ideas and views. The present legislature could, and possibly may, help us to remedy this evil, though we can hardly expect it. Yet if they ignore us, or our dire needs, let us look hopefully to the future and work for those that will stand for our interests. "United we stand," and can be a mighty and controlling power, and if we cannot unite our dollars and means as yet, cannot we unite our votes? What shall we do? E. H. AGEER.

MISUSED WORDS. From Tinsell's New Grammar. Accusatives is always singular. Cut bias, and not out on the bias. Allow should not be used for admit. Come to see me, and not come and see me. Bursted is not elegant and is rarely correct. Almost, with a negative, is ridiculous. The burden of a song means the refrain or chorus, not its sense or meaning. Bountiful applies to persons, not to things, and has no reference to quantity. Adorable only applies when speaking of the manner of superiors to inferiors. "Methinks" is formed by the impersonal verb think, meaning seem, and the dative case, and is literally rendered, It seems to me. Admire should not be followed with the infinitive. Never say, as many do, I should admire to go with you, etc. This error is singularly fashionable just now. Allude is now frequently misused when a thing is named, spoken of or described. It should only be used when anything is alluded to in a playful or passing manner. "Allusion is the by-play of language."

A Story That a Minister Tells. Chicago Herald: Agent Barrett, the remarkably successful express executive who is at the head of the American company's Chicago office, tells a very funny story about Judge Gray, of the supreme bench of Iowa. "I don't know Judge Gray myself," says Mr. Barrett, with eyes twinkling, "but I hear he is a very estimable gentleman, though one likely to get excited and say harsh things when matters in which he happens to be greatly interested go wrong. As for the truth of the story it was told me by a well known Methodist minister of Iowa, and so I have every reason to believe it. Some years ago Judge Gray was called to Colorado by the death there of a relative who had in vain sought better health in the mountains. On the way back with the body a train shipment was necessary at Council Bluffs. Judge Gray purchased tickets for Iowa City, and attended to the checking of the coffin box in regular form. Then he retired to his berth in the sleeper for a night's rest. At 4:30 the next morning the porter roused him to dress, as Iowa City was but a few miles away. The judge had not slept well, and the early rising did not help to put him in a good humor. He was feeling anything but cheerful when he stepped upon the platform at Iowa City, and, walking to the baggage office, found that the body of his relative was not there. "No body came this morning," said the agent. Judge Gray was furious. He was too full of utterance, and without uttering one word he walked to the telegraph office, seized a pen, dashed off a dispatch and returned to his berth. This was the message: "Where in hell is my mother-in-law?"

THE GRANT-SIMPSON FAMILY General Brislin's Graphic Letter on the Silent Soldier's Relatives. SISTERS, COUSINS AND AUNTS. Uncle Sammy's Wishes—Marriages and Deaths—Pretty Pictures of Home Life—The General's Private Character.

FOUR Robinson, Neb., Jan. 14.—[Correspondence of the Bee.]—When I was stationed in Kentucky in 1868, Grant was nominated for his first term as president of the United States. I had served on the executive committee of the soldiers' union and labored most faithfully to bring about Grant's nomination and so felt greatly pleased with the result. I was ready to do almost anything to further his chances of election, and when a reputable book publisher of Cincinnati suggested a campaign life of Grant, might help him. I was only too glad to undertake it. The money offered for the manuscript was not so much a consideration as the hope I might serve Grant and further his election. I prepared at once to Covington, Ky., and laid my scheme before Grant's father and mother, who then lived in Covington. Jesse Grant was enthusiastic about it, but the old mother did not say much. It took two or three interviews, aided by all old Jesse's persuasion to arouse her. Finally she came around all right and we undertook the work. The old lady was one of the most cautious and reserved women I ever knew, and it was from her Grant inherited the principal peculiarity of his nature taciturnity. I could not get her to talk freely about her boy, and she always acted as if it was nobody's business what Ulisses had done in his early youth. The old father, Jesse on the other hand, was most communicative, but I soon discovered he was not so reliable or nearly so accurate as Mother Grant. Every statement she made was with the utmost precision and exactness, while Jesse rattled away filling up the blanks and making a good story out of almost everything relating to the great general whether Mother Grant endorsed him or not. Mother Grant cautioned not to write out too much in detail what Pappy said, as he imagined some things and I retained on the old lady by complaining to Father Jesse that the old lady would not communicate freely all she knew about Ulisses and was likely by her reticence to injure our cause and my effort to make a good book to help Ulisses' election to the presidency. It is probable there was a lively interview between Father and Mother Grant that night, for the next time I saw her she was more communicative than ever before. I have often wondered why my book did not sell, but it did not and completely disappointed both myself and the publishers. It is a fact, however, that the book contains Grant's father's and mother's version of his life and as such ought to have some value. Turning over the pages of this dead and forgotten book, I find in it many curious things never before or since published and not generally known. Some of these I mean to write out again and present to the public some day in the faint hope that now, that the general is dead, they may be added to his life.

It is not the province of this article to deal with any of these matters, but merely to refer to them in a general way. There are some things that were not put in my life of Grant and I have never seen in print about him. One does not write of the living as they do of the dead. For example, I do not believe that it is generally known Grant had and still has

an old Uncle Sammy Simpson living in Ohio. This man was a very old man when General Grant was first elected president. If still living (and he was a year ago he must now be over ninety) he would be a most interesting man to talk about. Then this being the case, we pay to these public robbers annually a tax of extortion sufficient to build a road of our own, and in two years time we could build and equip it ready for use. Now I believe these facts which cannot be gainsaid and which we should consider seriously. The Bee is our unbiased friend and will allow us a fair expression of our ideas and views. The present legislature could, and possibly may, help us to remedy this evil, though we can hardly expect it. Yet if they ignore us, or our dire needs, let us look hopefully to the future and work for those that will stand for our interests. "United we stand," and can be a mighty and controlling power, and if we cannot unite our dollars and means as yet, cannot we unite our votes? What shall we do? E. H. AGEER.

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ROLAND BONAPARTE'S BRIDE

The Milliner's Son to be Wedded to the Daughter of Plon-Plon. Origin of the Bridegroom's Wealth—He is a Part Owner of the Monaco Gambling Tables—The Poverty of His Early Years.

Who would have imagined, writes the Paris correspondent of the New York World, that quiet, serious, sad Roland Bonaparte thought of taking unto himself a wife? And who would have dreamed that plotting, ambitious Prince Jerome would have given his daughter to the son of his despised cousin Pierre, and worse than all, to the son of the milliner, Clemence Rudin. But, astonishing as the proposed marriage between Prince Roland and his cousin Letitia may seem, every French paper says the wedding will soon take place at Montecarlo, in the presence of relatives and friends. Lucien Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon I. and grand father of Roland, was excluded from the imperial inheritance because of his marriage with Mile. Alexandrine de Bieschamps. The emperor wished only royal alliances for his brothers, but, more honorable than Jerome, Lucien preferred not to divorce his legitimate wife, and was rewarded by banishment. Mme. Lucien Bonaparte, who was a woman of great intelligence, after the death of her husband, signed "Veuve Bonaparte, Lucien, nee de Bieschamps." Her son Pierre always called himself prince, although he had not the slightest right to the title, never very friendly with Napoleon, for the interference of the empress became positive hatred when Pierre announced his intention of marrying Mile. Rudin, daughter of a mechanic in the Faubourg Saint Antoine. Good as well as great as was this young girl, winning the emperor's consent was impossible; consequently there was a secret religious marriage at the church of St. Louis in l'Anverrois, in 1831, I think. Only in 1867 did the civil marriage take place. How can Pierre Bonaparte's son forget the misery of his early years, when he and his wife struggled for the means to feed their food from a humble friend, when the Bonapartes, Jerome included, considered Pierre's branch of the family a disgrace and consented to give assistance only on condition that the children leave France. To each offer of her husband's relatives Princess Pierre replied: "My children are French." Brave and unaided in her struggles, the poor mother was at last recompensed, for Duruy, a minister who owed every thing to Napoleon III, said, "Any unfortunate Bonaparte deserves my assistance, and gained admission for Roland at the Ecole Louis le Grand, afterwards at the military school of Saint Yr. From the latter the young prince graduated with high honors. About this time, and who was in the habit of accompanying his sister Jeanne to and from the studio where she worked, met Marie Blanc, her devoted friend. The acquaintance ripened and the dearest wish of Jeanne was realized, for the heiress of Monte Carlo fame married the penniless prince. The few years remaining to Princess Roland upon earth were spent in doing good to her husband's family. To the Princess Jeanne, on the occasion of her marriage with the Marquis de Villeneuve Escapion, she gave an immense "dot," and on the Princess Perseus settled a sum of money sufficient to prevent anxiety for the rest of her life. In July, 1882, a daughter was born to the young princess, and the 1st of August, the same year, Roland Bonaparte was married to the Princess Letitia. Two years ago when sister Hannah, his mother, died, I could not go to the funeral at Cincinnati, but Ulisses came out here to see me. He was looking generally fat and contented, and thought he would live to be my funeral. He was glad like them to come back here, and we talked for several hours. He gave me a picture of himself, but I don't suppose he looked much like that when he died.

Then the old man went to his room, and came back with the precious picture, a cabinet photograph on which the general has written his name and the names of the general and his wife. He was a consumptive, and died in a wagon while making an overland trip for his health in Minnesota. Caroline Grant, a maiden sister, who died during the war, is remembered by an old photograph as a thin, not unpleasant-looking woman, of whom much admiration had been expressed. She died just as her brother was about to take charge of the Army of the Potomac—a command which had ruined so many generals. Uncle Sammy speaks very tenderly of her last sickness. This is very pretty about Grant, and those touches of his home life will in future years do more to endear him to the hearts of the American people than all his military glory and great battles of the war. JAMES S. BRISLIN.

Philadelphian Pronunciation. "Do you teach the English pronunciation?" "Yes." "Fashionable English?" "No, not fashionable English; good English." "Ah, that won't do. I guess I know good English good enough. But Pa and I are going to England next spring, and I want to learn some London English. Good day." and the speaker—it was a woman, trimly dressed—walked nimbly down the marble steps of a modest dwelling in the upper part of the city and tripped away. She had just been making inquiry concerning the scope and terms of a new establishment of learning, an institution where "ladies of neglected education" can receive instruction and where particular attention is paid to the modulation and inflection of the voice. "I think I am supplying a want that has long been felt," said the head of the establishment, a woman with a historic name, to the reporter. "You know there are many ladies who have not had an opportunity to acquire liberal culture in their youth, who gladly embrace the chance that I afford them. I have about eighteen pupils now. Most of them are young ladies who are employed during the day and who, being ambitious, wish to improve. Some are ladies well to do now, though, perhaps, not so well off in their youth. They are making up for opportunities that were wanting in their earlier life and are fitting themselves for their higher social position. "Do you also write letters for those unable to write?" "Yes. That is a very old idea in some European countries, and I find it very useful here also. Most of my patrons that kind are servants, but some of them are women who have means enough to live elegantly, but who are poor with the pen, or have no faith in their abilities to spell correctly. Altogether, a better earning an honest living for myself, I feel that I am doing good philanthropic work."

There are in the state of New York 43 Baptist associations, 61 churches, 76 organized Sunday schools, 1,785 teachers, 10,661 scholars; cost: \$1,785,000; value of real property, \$2,415,000.

From J. H. Hines, Tolly's Bend Tavern. One of our lady customers has been afflicted for some time with lung disease. In fact was given up by her physician as incurable. Three bottles of Dr. J. H. Hines' Far West Lung Balm have effected a complete cure which is looked upon here as miraculous.

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