THE DAILY BEE.

PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION : Daily (Moching Edition) including Sunday
Bee, One Year
For Bix Months
For Three Months
The Omaha Sanday Bee, mailed to nor
address, One Year
2 50

OMABA OFFICE, NO. 314 AND 578 PARKAM STREET, NEW YORK OFFICE, ROOM S. TRIMING BUTLAING WASHINGTON OFFICE, NO. 513 POURTEENTH STREET

CORRESPONDENCE:

All communications relating to news andeds torial matter should be addressed to the EDI YOR OF THE BAS. BUSINESS LETTERS! All business letters and resultances should be addressed to The Bes Publishing Company, Omaha. Draffs, checks and postoffice orders to be made payable to the order of the company,

THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY, PROPRIETORS.

E. ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

THE DAILY BEE. Sworn Statement of Circulation. State of Nebraska, | s. s.

Geo. B. Tzschuck, secretary of The Bee Publishing company, does solemnly swear that the actual circulation of the Dally Bee for the week ending Feb. 4th, 1887, was as

Saturday, Jan. 20......14.25)
 Sunday, Jan
 20.
 13,550

 Monday, Jap. 31.
 14,725

 Tuesday, Feb. 1
 13,975

 Wednesday, Feb. 2
 14,010

 Thursday, Feb. 3
 14,075

 Friday, Feb. 4
 14,075
 Average.....14.099

GEO. B. TZSCHUCK.

Subscribed and sworn to in my presence
this 5th day of February A. D., 1887.
N. P. FEIL.
ISEALI Notary Public. ISEALI 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, 1880, was 19,378 copies,
for February, 1895, 10,595 copies; for March,
1886, 11,587 copies; for April, 1886, 12,191
copies; for May, 1886, 12,439 copies; for June,
1886, 13,298 copies; for July, 1886, 12,314 copies;
for August, 1880, 12,464 copies; for September,
1886, 13,030 copies; for October, 1886, 12,939
copies; for November, 1886, 13,348 copies; for
December, 1886, 13,237 copies
Geo. B. Tzschuck.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st
day of January A. D. 1887.

day of January A. D. 1887, [SEAL, 1] N. P. FEIL, Notary Public.

Contents of the Sunday Rec. Page 1. New York Herald Cablegrams— Specials to the Bee.—General Telegraphic News.—Page 2. Telegraphic News.—City News.—

Page 3. Special Advertisements.
Page 4. Editorials.—Political Points.—
Sunday Gossip.
Page 5. Lincoln News.—Joe Howard's Let-

r—Badeau's Letter.—Advertisements. Page 6. Council Bluffs News.—Miscellany. -Advertisements. Page 7. Social Events in Omaha. General nd local markets. Page 8. City News.—Advertisements.

Page 9. Advertisements.
Page 10. Selected for Men Mainly,—Gags
Both Grave and Gay.—A Bad Church Mouse. - Advertisements.

Page 11. The Matrimonial Bureau.—Clara Belle's Letter.—Mid the Merry Maskers.—A Paris Letter by Chauve Souris.—Advertise-

puents.

Page 12. Honey for the Ladies.—Musical and Dramatic.—Connublalities.—Impieties.

—Peppermint drops.—Religious.—Educational.—Advertisements.

THE defeat of the charter will be a bad black eye for the real estate boom.

FAMOUS Joe Howard contributes an interesting letter to the SUNDAY BEE. He is the king of New York correspondents.

A FEW more factories built of brick and mortar and fewer built of wind would materially assist the growth of this thriy-

New York is suffering from a coal famine. If present prospects hold out Omaha will soon be in a position to help the effete east out on the coal question.

Ir corporate monopolies are to dictate our laws and make and unmake our city charters at will our state houses and city halls should be changed into railroad headquarters to save the expense of double rent.

How will Omaha enjoy operating her city government under a charter framed for a city of 80,000? This will be the inevitable result of the defeat of the new charter which the confederated corporations are now assailing.

CITIZENS of Omaha will see to it in case of the defeat of the new charter that the responsibility for the damage done to this city is placed on the shoulders where It belongs. There is such a thing as sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind.

THERE will be wailing and gnashing of teeth among the long haired men and short haired women throughout the country. The supreme court of Washington territory has declared unconstitut onal the law of 1885 granting female suffrage.

HENRY WARD BEECHER scores the Knights of Labor. Mr. Beecher is a preacher of spotless character and high standard of morals who some years ago prescribed bread and water as a healthy tllet for American workingmen.

MR. BAIRD, of Dakota county, has introduced a bill to prevent swindling. This will be highly appreciated by Mr. Baird's constituents who were swindled by the gentleman from Dakota out of a professed friend of Van Wyck in the late censtorial contest.

APPLICANTS for positions on the national railway commission are said to be legion in number. General Van Wyck, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding, is not among the number. Important business will occupy him in Nebraska for several years to come.

THE third boodle alderman has reached Sing Sing and it is confidently expected that the remaining three will plead guilty and save the expenses of a trial. The sword of justice is glistening in unpleasant nearness to the head of Jake Sharp, who is to be the next to receive the attention of the New York authorities.

MINNESOTA is to pass a law compelling railroads to furnish annual passes to state officials, judges and members of the legis-Jature. The theory is that what is now done by the railroads as a favor will be changed to an obligation on the part of the companies from which they cannot reasonably look for returns to the detriment of the public. The idea is a good one. It could be adopted in Nebraska with great benefit to the people. The delage of annuals which is showered upon every official, state, county and legislative, to influence their action upon matters relating to the railroads, would not be increased. The transportation account of the companies would suffer no loss. But the state and the public would be the

Special Features of the Sunday Bed. The Sunday BEE has taken rank as one of the best Sunday papers in the United States. Among its leading special features are the New York Herald's a nameless dread. cablegrams from the principal capitals and news centers of Europe, Clara Belle's gossip, Adam Badeau's letter, William J. Bok's "Literary Leaves," P. S. Heath's Washington chat, Franz Sepel's Boston budget, and several European letters, besides special telegrams from all impor-

tant points in this country. To-day the Bun adds another very attractive special feature-a weekly letter from Joe Howard, the famous New York journalist. Howard is beyond all question the most brilliant, versatile and entertaining correspondent in this country. For over a quarter of a century he has been a prominent figure in metropolitan journalism. His letters to the BEE will no doubt be greatly enjoyed by our readers.

With such a brilliant spread of good things the readers of the SUNDAY BEE will certainly have a literary feast. All these special contributions cost a great deal of money, but as the public appreciate enterprise the BEE spares no expense in giving its readers the very best the market affords.

Our Trade Relations With Canada. Everybody understands that a policy of commercial non-intercourse toward Canada would not be entirely one-sided in its results. The Dominion affords a liberal market for the products of the United States, the loss of which would certainly be felt by many interests in this country. It is not the policy of the United States to lessen the number of its markets, but to increase them, and to enlarge its business with those it already possesses. Only the most extraordinary circumstances could justify a departure from this policy. On the other hand, Canada finds the largest market for its products in the United States, and there is searcely an interest in that country that would not suffer very seriously if deprived of this market. A protracted period of commercial non-intercourse would undoubtedly bring ruin to thousands of business men in the Dominion, prove most disastrous to labor, and well nigh paralyze the financial and industrial affairs of the country. Here the effect upon the general business and prosperity would be hardly perceptible. There it would be most marked and decisive. The United States can stand nonintercourse without serious detriment to the general welfare. Canada can not. In view of these obvious facts, it is most remarkable that the Dominion government has persisted in its aggressive course until it has reached the point of compelling the United States to consider the necessity for a retaliatory policy. Yet there are men prominent in that government who profess to think that such a policy would fall not less severely upon the United States than upon Canada, apparently not understanding that if it were possible for the former to lose ten

According to a statement furnished by the Dominion minister of customs, the imports into Canada from the United States during the fiscal year of 1886 amounted to about \$40,000,000, while Canada exported to this country products to the amount of \$36,000,000, leaving the trade balance in favor of the United States \$4,000,000. In the thirteen years from I873 to 1885 Canada purchased in this country products to the value, in round figures, of \$610,000,000, and sold to the United States products to the value of \$456,000,000, showing a balance of trade against the Dominion for that period of \$154,000,000, an average of a little less than \$12,000,000 a year. It will be seen from these figures that the loss of business to Canada from being deprived of the American market would very nearly equal in value the loss of the trade of this country with the Dominion. In the case of the latter it would be an almost complete loss, since Canada could not readily find new markets, while the United States might not find it difficult to secure equally profitable markets elsewhere for the few million dollars, worth of products the Dominion annually buys here.

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its general welfare and prosperity would

be less serious than in the case of the

latter.

But if the material consequences to the United States were certain to be twenty times more serious than they possibly could be under existing conditions, this country could not afford to avoid them at the sacrifice of its national character, which has already suffered from its patient forbearance under the outrages, insults and aggressive hostility of the Dominion authorities. The insistence of the government upon a recognition of its international and treaty rights should be firmly adhered to, and it will be sustained in every policy deemed necessary to enforce them.

Sparks and the Land Thieves. General Sparks is pushing the prosecu tions against the land swindlers, bogus pre-emptors and fraudulent homesteaders wherever found. Recently R. B. Presson and John R. King, of Benklemen, R. D. Babcock, of Hastings, and R. H. Criswell, of Indianola, all of this state, were convicted in the federal courts of conspiracy in connection with bogus timber claims, and scores of other indictments are now drawn up awaiting presentation in similar cases. Commissioner Sparks is doing his best to preserve the public domain for honest settlers in spite of the howls of the land grant corporations and the rage of cattle syndicates and claim sharks. His policy of rigid investigation of all entries is already bearing fruit in this section of the west. Actual settlers are taking possession of ownerless claims and communities which contained thousands of acres of land which had never seen a plow or a sod house are being built up by honest proprietors and hardworking farmers. So far from General Sparks' policy having injured the west it has been of inestimable benefit in stimulating actual settlement and in wresting from ringsters and land syndicates millions of acres of land held for specu lation. The fences have gone and with the illegal fences have disappeared the pliant tools of the cattle syndicates who monopolized the best locations along the streams in order to "hold the range" for their employers. Compliance with the law is now being generally enforced through public sentiment and more careful supervision of the local land offices. Land is being preserved for the landless and not for the landlord, and the public

is being correspondingly benefitted.

The howls against Sparks in this

west come from the threats of men who never pass a federal court without a shiver or read the call for a grand jucy without

The Fish Commission's Work. In their eighth annual report, the Nebraska fish commission present an interesting resume of their excellent work in stocking the waters of Nebraska with food fish. The duties of the commissioners seem to have been performed as much as a labor of love as a requirement of the office which they held. All three are old residents of Nebraska, old sportsmen and ardent students of fish culture. That they have made the most of the small appropriation placed at their disposal by the legislature the report very clearly shows. During the past year 5,050,000 wail eyed pike, 108,000 brook trout, 55,000 salmon trout, 9,000 California mountain trout and 8,720 German carp have been distributed from the hatcheries and planted in various ponds, streams and lakes in the state. Reports from every section of the state have been received showing that the fish are rapidly multiplying and that fish culture is no longer an experiment in Nebraska. The work of the fish commission is a practical one. The aim is to furnish our people with an ample supply of fresh water fish for food as well as for sport, to determine what streams are suitable for the various species of fishes, and what conditions are most favorable for their development. The legislature owes it to the state to support liberally the work of the fish commission. For the next two years estimates have been handed in for \$6,250,00 a year, which will cover all expenses of salaries, labor, apparatus, free distribution, repairs and buildings. The state funds could scarcely be bestowed to better and more economical advantage,

Foreing the Brain.

In a recent address before the Nine teenth Century club of New York Dr. William A. Hammond discussed the interesting topic of brain forcing in the education of children, deprecating some of the prevailing methods of the schools as unnatural and harmful, and making a plea for more object lessons in teaching. The views of Dr. Hammond are worthy of attention, even if all of them cannot be endorsed. The schoolmaster of this age, he remarked, forgets that children become mentally fatigued from light causes even when they are interested in them. An hour of intense mental exertion will weary an adult more than will an equal time of physical labor. How much more, then, will it wear out a youngster? The pursuit of knowledge begins with the infant at the very earliest period, and the perceptive organs are the first brought into play. For the first ten or twelve years of a child's life systematic education should be conducted through the perceptive organs, and until a child has attained this age it were better, in the opinion of Dr. Hammond, not to confine it to the close study of books. Giving a child a multiplicity of studies at once is condemned as disastrous to the mental faculties. It is as if a man were asked to look alternately for ten minutes through a microscope and a telescope which would wear his eyes out. Dr. Hammond would banish the grammar until the senior year in a university course, characterizing the study of it in the schools as an "ingenious device todrive a little brain into early decrepitude. He boldly affirms that "no child ever learned to speak good English by study ing grammar,"and says the only reason it does no man harm is that no one really understands its rules.

The school child learns by memory and memory is not knowledge. It is culture gained at the expense of other faculties. The text books take too much for granted on the part of the pupils. Memory passes for knowledge in the schools. The pupil recites well-so does the parrot. The men and women who have made the most of themselves are those who began to study after adult life. Students of mature life study the things themselves and not the description of them. Object lessons should be more generally employed. The extreme views of Dr. Hammond are those of a physiological gist rather than of the practical educator, and yet almost every intelligent experience will give approval to much of what he says. The practice of giving a multiplicity of studies at once, and of putting the whole labor upon the memory to the exclusion of all the other faculties, are errors of the prevailing system of teaching which are recognized by many practical educators, whose influence is at work for their removal. Some progress has been made in this direction, but there is room for much more, and such radical reformers as Dr. Hammond can help it on. There is certainly no matter of greater concern to every citizen, and none to which be should give more careful and solicitous

attention. EXCEPTION is taken to the BEE's criticism of the teaching of German in our public schools by the instructor in that branch. The trouble with Mrs. Weinhagen's reply is that her criticisms do not apply to the points raised by the BEE, which failed to refer directly or indi rectly to her ability as an instructress. The objection of the BEE was to the lack of method by which instruction in German is given to one class only, in which all pupils of whatever degree of previous advancement are indiscriminately jumbled. As the BEE said a week ago, those who commence the study are not given time enough to advance and the pupils who are advanced must wait on those who are learning their primer. These are the cold facts. Mrs. Weinbagen makes a mistake in losing her temper and assuming that the editor of the Bue has no children studying German in the schools and does not know from personal investigation the truth of his assertions. The contrary happens to be the case. We are not calling into question Mrs. Weinhagen's ability. But it certainly requires ability of a high order for a single teacher to make headway with a class five or six times as large as it should be and composed of children of all grades of advancement in the study of German. The ablest teacher might well shrink from the attempt. In doing so he would be heartily endorsed by the parents of children who are trying to accomplish the impossible.

THE Union Pacific is not very far out of politics this year, so far as is perceptible to the people of Nebraska. It still

interests itself in defeating all popular legislation which might affect the reven-ues of the road. Mr. Charles Francis Asams is a charming and delightful theorist. As a practical railroad reformer he is not a monumental success.

POINTICAL POINTS.

Jesse James is now reported alive in Arizona. This can scarcely be true, or the Mis souri democrats would have long since discovered and placed him in some important office.

The re-election of Senator Dawes in Massachusetts is regarded by the Brooklyn Eagle as a triumph of the bald-heads, and as a proof that the boys are no match for their grandfathers in politics.

There is a strong classical atmosphere about Frank Hiscock's life. He was born at Pompey, practiced law at Tully, went frequently to Rome, finally settled in Syracuse, and is now a senator.

Senator-elect Quay, of Pennsylvania, is described as a very commonplace man, but he and Mr. Blaine attended the same college. The senator-elect cannot afford to have any of his strong points overlooked.

President Cleveland, says Henry Watter on, is a good christian in one respect at least. "He takes more joy in one republican who has repented and become a mugwump than in ninety and nine democrats who have never gone astray."

Secretary Manning, it is positively asserted, will shortly resign and accept the presidency of a bank in New York. Unfortunately there is no confirmation of the rumor that Mr. Garland will resign to accept the presidency of a telephone company.

Seven-Mule Barnum makes an iron at his Salisbury works "so tough that bars an inch square have sustained a pressure of 30,000 pounds without breaking." Mr. Barnum's alleged political conscience is supposed to be made of the same material.

Judge Hoadly's removal to New York is thought by some knowing ones to be made with an eye to his appointment as one of the justices of the United States supreme court. Ohio already having two justices his chances would undoubtedly be better as a resident of New York in case President Cleveland should have an opportunity to appoint,

Philip Zeigler of Buffalo is evidently trying to qualify himself for the position of United States senator from Florida in the place of Jones. For thirty-six consecutive days he called at the house of pretty Lena Dicekman and, though he was never permitted to see her, he left thirty-six consecutive offers of marriage. Then the cruel gurl had him arrested.

Representative Crain, the only native-born Texan in the Lore Star state delegation, was educated in the north. He says: "We don't bulldoze. We don't have to bulldoze, even if we have the inclination. The majority is too big. Do you know what a party with a big majority is like? Well, it's like a huge, splendid locomotive with a weak brake on it. It's glorious when it gets going, but there's nothing to stop it if there's danger ahead."

New York Mercury: Mr. Frank Hiscock, who will succeed Warner Miller in the senate, is lucky as well as lazy. He lay quietly back, opened his mouth and the senatorial plum dropped into it. It will be twenty years next Jane since he accidentally dropped into polities. His elder brother, a member of the constitutional convention, was shot and killed at Stanwix hall, Albany, by General Cole, for the alleged seduction of his wife, and indignant Syracuse at once elected Frank to take his piace. It was a piece of pure luck, and the vein has held out ever since. Yet Mr. Hiscock will make a very respectable senator, of fair ability and average honesty.

SOME ODDLY NAMED PERSONS

Coffin C. Bier is the appropriate and suggestive name of a prominent undertaker at Reno, Nev.

Mr. Moon is brought forward as a dark horse in the New Jersey senatorial contest. Before this Moon gets full of senatorial honors he will probably be reduced to his

Colonel Jack Frost is editor of the Clarence (Mo.) Courier. He is careful to give credit for all selected matter, consequently he is not the "nipping Frost," we often hear of; but his editorials are sometimes quite biting. John Steer of Des Moines, is a genuine wicked war. He lately gave a money-lender a chattel mortgage on "five white steers" and when an officer went for the stock he was shown Mr. Steer's five promising boys as the property covered by the mortgage. And for this little joke Mr. Steer is compelled to answer to the red-eyed law.

A Good Man Chicago Times.

Senator Van Wyck is mentioned for one of the new railroad commissioners. He is a good man to appoint. He wouldn't allow the railroads to construe the new bill in a way to please only themselves.

Eyes of Two Hemispheres Arc On Him.

Chicago Tri We trust that cousin Ben Folsom is comporting himself with becoming circumspection in the present crisis and remembering that as a relative of the administration the eyes of two hemispheres are upon him.

By Direct Vote of the People.

Detroit Free Press. Senator Van Wyck's proposition to amend the constitution so as to provide that United States senators shall be elected by a direct vote of the people will be sure of at least two votes if it is brought up in the senate. Senator Vance, of North Carolina, Is the convert. The tactics pursued by the legislature in Indiana and New Jersey ought to be enough to convert a good many senators besides Vance

Sullivan's Arm.

Chicago Times. The Minneapolis doctor that undertook to set John Sullivan's broken arm seems to have made an imperfect job of it, and the limb has had to be re-set. But it may be a question, perhaps, if the surgery that interferes with Sullivan's business is not the best surgery after all, however unscientific and unskillful it may be in the eyes of experts.

A Winter Sabbath.

Clinton Scotlard in Travelers' Record, Around the chimneys of the town In fiful gusts the north wind blows, Waile o'er the hills comes hustling down The iny vanguard of the snows. I see along the dismul street

The few who brave the biting air Go hurrying by with quickened feet To join in anthem and in prayer. The beit its parting peal has flung From out the church's crannied tower; The choir its hymn of praise has sung,

And now the preacher holds the hour; While I, before the cheerful blaze, Wherein companionship I find, Look out across the whitened ways And hear my sermon in the wind.

It has beheld each passing scene Since dawned creation's earliest day— The mighty whole from which we glean The scanty knowledge that we may,

It gives the tongueless past a voice; It prophesies of time to be; And seems to sorrow and rejoice In turn with weak humanity.

And as upon my tense-wrought ear A soothing sound fails, softly flown, I dream o'er all the earth I hear God's benediction in its tone,

Senatorial Qualifications. Cleveland Plain-Dealer,

There are two questions that govern the election in most of the republican states in the selection of a United States senator. First, is the candidate favorable to the rail mads? Second, is his bank account large

enough to sifusidize the legislature? Unless the answers to these questions are in the affirmative there is not much chance of a candidate scouring the prize.

Can This Be Possible?

The Memorial Epiconatique announces that "Cousin Ben" Folsom has resigned his office of United States consul at Shetfield. Can this be possible? Why, it was only the other day that we heard that Cousin Ben was alligently engaged in introducing base ball to the Britishers.

Some Hope for St. Louis,

With Jesse James alive in Arizona and Brigham Young still astir in Nebraska there is some hope that even old St. Louis will one of these days arise, shake out the felds of her shroud, and walk forth a breathing thing of life. If this is the age of miracles, nothing of course, is to be impossible.

THAT CABINET BABY.

THE THUMPHANT NAVY DEPARTMENT.

National Republican, Jan. 24 It is appropriate for the president to order national salute in honor of the state of New York. Mrs. Secretary Whitney has wen the prize in giving birth to a daughter-the first administration baby. The first new vessel for the American navy should receive her

Be glad upon your decks, ye sailors of the sea, And toss your bumpers gayly to our own

The shore will answer back, and pledge you glass for glass. To the pretty little craft, to the winsome Whitney lass.

Hall her! Hall her? Landsman! Sailor! First administration baby! the winsome Whitney lass!

THE NAMING OF THE BABY.

New York Sun. Mrs. Secretary Whitney's new baby has been named by Mrs. Cleveland. Frances Cleveland Whitney is the name under which the child will grow up; and if she has the beauty, the goodness, the sweetness and the intellectual abilities of her namesake, she will indeed be one of the most fortunate of

THE FIFTH INSTANCE. The birth of Secretary Whitney's daughter s the fifth instance in twenty years of the occurrence of such an event in the family of a cabinet member while in office. Secretary McCulloch and Postmaster General Denison under Johnson, General Belknap and Secretary Robeson under Grant were the fathers of the four other cabinet babies.

THE BABY. Washington Critic.
There's a baby up at Whitney's
And the Secretary's glad;
He is waiting, only waiting Just to hear it call him dad.

There's a charm about a baby Which is utterly unknown To every living person Till he has one of his own. Then he swears by all that's holy,

With a crazy sort of mirth, That this individual baby Is the prettiest one on earth,

It's the same if there's a dozen, With a twin or so beside, For by multiplying babies He but multiplies his pride.

Now, hurral for Billy Whitney! And hurran for Billy's kid; And may some folks that we know of Do as well as Billy did. P. S. The fourth stanza of this poem may

be as truthful as it is poetic, but that isn't what we are here for. GROVER LOOKING OUT FOR A SQUALL. Atlanta Constitution.

"Dan," said Grover, "have you notified all the cabinet about the next meeting?" "I have, sir." And will all the me

Yes, all, sir, except Mr, Whitney." "And why not him?" "Well, sir, the baby, you know, and he's been kept up lots this week mixing paragoric

and singing luliables." "Well, Dan, we must excuse him. We must be lenient with the unfortunate, for there's no telling when trouble will overtake

SUNDAY GOSSIP.

"THE election of Frank Hiscock, of Syra-

cuse, to the United States senate

vividly

the Empire state,

from

calls to mind a very sensational tragedy," remarked an old New Yorker last night. "Politically Frank Hiscock grew up from the grave of his brother, for his first prominence was given when he succeeded the deceased relative to a membership in the celebrated New York constitutional convention of 1867. I was on the ground in Albany when that tragedy occurred, and it requires the sweeping of but very few cobwebs from memory to see it all vivialy, bloody, startling and sensational, to-day. The vention had assembled and organized. Hon. William H. Wheeler, of Malone, late vice president of the United States, had been chosen president of the convention. Seats had been selected by drawing and general preliminary work commenced. The Onondaga county delegation, on which the deceased Hiscock was, were very much dissatisfied with their luck in the lottery. They had nearly all secured back seats in the assembly chamber, where the convention was held, and means and ways were being discussed outside as to some method to better their position. One night in June, 1867, I crossed over from the Delavan house to the side entrance of Stanwix hall, the old political hall of Albany, in company with the Hon, Patrick Corbett, the young Trish Eagle of the East,' who was a member of the Onondaga delegation. As we entered office lobby Cornett espled Itiseock and, saying to me, I must see what has been done about the seats,' Corbett started towards his colleague. The latter stood with his back towards us, his left arm around one of the iron pillars, and he was talking to a gentleman from the west part of the state. Before Corbett had taken two steps a dark visaged man with a small military shoulder cloak carelessly thrown around him passed towards the place where rapidly Hiscock was standing. As he approached he made some extraordinary remark and as Hiscock turned the newcomer shot him. The assassin was General Cole. Hiscock, a large, heavy man, fell on the marble floor like a log. Cole cast one glance to see that his work had been well done and then turned toward the Broadway or north entrance of the hotel. Corbett knew him well, for both were Syracusans, and springing towards him he said: "My God, general, what is this! What have you done?"

"The thunder clap of excitement, however, had broken out among the crowd of politicians in the room and Corbett headed the rushing crowd to the body of Hiscock lying cold in death. A dark stream of blood irregularly marked its crimson course over the floor. Doctors in the hotel seized the silent pulse, useless messages were sent for others, tender hands raised the head of the dead man, but all was over, Meantime General Cote had leisurely walked across Broadway to a restaurant, hesitating in his steps as if waiting to be arrested. About an hour afterwards he was taken in charge by a policeman and electric tongues had informed the whole nation that Albany had had its Sickles case. All that

General Cole would say was that he had shot Hiscook because he had outraged his wife.

"Among the first friends of the murderer to arrive was his prother. Cornelius A. Cole United States senator at that time from Oalifornia. The case was duly tried by the press and the salient facts, something like these, were brought to light: Cale and Hissock had been intimate friends in Syracuse. The former went to the war and no man who ever wore the bine was braver. Before departing he placed the care of all his property in Lawyer Hiscock's charge. This was the occasion of many visits to Mrs. Cole, a woman somewhat of the Mrs. Sickles' weakness of character, though older, and educated in a less excitable school. Time ran on and the doings of the legal adviser became gossip. Syracuse became too small to hold the venom of the scandal tongue and it soon hissed in the ears of Richmond. The hissing grey louder and more fatal to the husband's mind. He brooded over it, and testimony showed it unbalanced his mind at times. He came home, and it is said, after a time, his wife made a confession most damnable to Hiscock. She was removed to Pompey, near Syracuse, where the Hiscocks and Coles had long resided. The general determined to slay the spoiler of his happiness, and he followed Hiscock to Albany for that purpose.

"When the trial came off the best criminal legal ability in New York was secured. Among the attorneys for the defense was James T. Brady, the 'little giant of the bar,' and the most famous criminal lawyer in the land. All Cole's military acquaintances and army associates sided with him. In fact the case partook somewhat of the political feelings of that day in New York. Senator Cole was with his brother all the time, and it is said spent all his millions earned in California on the defense. The defense was insanity and the Sickles' case was the standard authority of the defense. When the summing-up came the old Albany court room could not half hold the legal fraternity, and state notables, to say nothing of the crowd. Everybody wanted to hear Brady. He made a long speech to the jury but it was disappointing in every way to the spectators -a mere ranting resume of the evidence, which every one who had heard the great ad vocate on other occasions, said was not a 'Brady effort' at all. It had its effect, however, for the jury disagreed-six to six. Another trial was ordered. The jury paid a congratulatory visit to the general in the jail, the bad taste of which and their disagreement called down the criticism of the preson all sides.

"I had occasion to call on James T. Brady at the Delavan house on the evening of the day on which he spoke. An admiring member of the visiting party commenced to compliment him on his address to the jury. Laughingly be replied: Gentlemen, I thank you sincerely, but I know full well that I deserve no praise. In fact that was the worst address in a certain way I ever made in my life. It was for effect on the jury and I succeeded. On that panel were two or three dog fanciers-you recollect how much time I devoted to man's love for dumb butes. In fact I knew before hand every man's whim and hobby and my aim was to tickle them. The result shows that the dog-lovers were the first to start out for acquittal, and they held the jury and would have done so until doomsday. Yes, eloquent remarks to a jury are all very well in their place, but sometimes other kind of talk is more effective.'

"I believe that was the last trial of importance in which James T. Brady was engaged. He died a short time afterwards and no lawyer's name-not even that of the great Charles O'Conor-is more revered in New York than his.

"The second trial of General Cole resulted in an acquittal. The jury brought in a verdict which to this day stands on the record as the most peculiar in the history of American fur isprudence. The twelve wise men found that "the defendant was sane immediately preceding the fatal shooting, sane immediately afterwards, but insane at the moment of hir ing. It must have been something else than a 'dog-love' that worked upon this panel.

"Cole was set free. He went with his brother to California where he is now lost to public sight and almost public memory. Frank Hiscock was almost unanimously chosen to succeed his deceased brother in the constitutional convention, and from the echo of that terrible shot in the Stanwix started the political progress of the senator-elect

from New York." BUFFALO BILL closes his Wild West son son at Madison Souare Garden, New York this month. He will then pay a brief visit to Nebraska, after which in the latter part of March he will take his show to London. He has made a bushel of money in New York, and he expects to make a barrel of it across the water. According to the New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Record, the latest society "fad" in the metropolis is Buffalo Bill. "The ladies lister to his welrd stories of adventure," says the correspondent "as to a second Othello, and love him for the enemies he has made-and shot. Ex-Senator Conkling also cottons to the hero of the Wild West, and delights to parade Broadway with him. Their neckties are alike unique. A sympathetic point, probably."

THE eighth annual report of the Nebraska fish commission, which has been issued in neat pamphlet form, is an interesting document. Besides giving complete information about the state fishery, it contains several attractive lithographic pictures, among which are illustrations of the trout pond, superintendent's dwelling, and various fishes. regret, however, that the little volume does not contain a picture of Hon, W. L. May, of the fish commission, who has done more than any other man towards advancing the fish interests of this state. He is an enthusiast upon the subject, and has spent considerable of his own money in promoting fish culture in Nebraska.

"THESE stories about Brigham Young being alive are getting rather wearisome, said a man from Salt Lake City at the Grand Pacific to a Chicago Herald representative. "About five years ago a newspaper corre spondent at Omaha sifted his brains of all their imagination, and with the material thus secured constructed a weird story about the Mormon prophet's death and burial. This yarn was to the effect that Brigham was still alive, and that the mock burial was only the part of a gigantic scheme to assist the prophet in getting a better grip on his people when he should suddenly appear like one risen from the tomb. The story was sent to Chicago and New York, where it was printed simultaneously. In Sait Lake City, where Brigham's death and interment were a matter of history, the screed was received with considerable merriment. It was such an ingenious, not to say ingenuous take, that even the Mormons who had seen their leader in his coffin could not help admiring the man who was possessed of such vivid imagina tion. To a person who knows Brigham Young to be as dead as Julius Clesar all this rot is very amusing."

A case of delirium tremens in a young girl, caused by chewing ten leaves, is reported in the Lancet.

John Manning, keeper of the Mont-eagle hotel at Niagara Falls, is a brother of Secretary Dan Manning.

with Sam Jones' provincialisms.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S GUIDE,

The Mormon Apostle's Historic Journey Across the Rockies.

NELSON, THE FRONTIERSMAN

How He Led the Mormon Chief Over the Mountains and Into Salt Lake Valley-A Patriarch Who Played Euchre in a Genial Way.

New York World: John Y. Nelson, the guide who in 1846 piloted Brigham Young across the plains and over the Rocky mountains to the site of the present capital of mormondom, is one of the most interesting of the strange band of pioneers and savages now depicting the pleasures and perils of frontier life for the delectation of effete easterners with Buffalo Bill in the Madison Square gar-

Nelson may not be as handsome as was his namesake of naval fame, but his spare sinewy frame, long gray hair and beard, and keen blue eyes, mark a man whose sixty years of life's battle have called forth something of the heroic. For forty years and more Nelson has lived the free life of the frontiersmanhunting and trapping, mining and ranching, now a government scout and guide in war or exploration, anon leading his clan in the tribal warfare of the red man. For he cast his lot with the nomad race that roamed the prairies.

He told the tale of his journey with the apostle of mormondom, to which later events have given historical importance, amid surroundings irresistibly suggestive of Tennyson's thought: Mated with a squalid savage.

What to me were sun or clime— I, the heir of all the ages In the forem ost files of time? He was seated on a camp-stool in one of the score or so of tents that line the sides of the broad upper corridor at the Twenty-sixth street side of Madison Square garden, his wife, a Sioux squaw, squatted at his feet industriously stitchting with shreds of buffalo tendon for thread, a boy of twelve stretched on a couch of deerskins in one corner, and a copper-colored lassic of eight sleeping peacefully on a bank of blankets in another corner. Others of their dusky brood romped in the long passage outside with the pappoose of the Pawnee or the the Sioux, and came at their white father's bidding to shake hands with the visitor. Bright eyed, black-haired, blithe and quick, the ele-ments of savage and civilized blood seemed strangly blended in their natures. There had been nine children of this marriage, the old trapper said, of tive were living, the eldest, a girl of fif-teen, pursuing her studies in a Brooklyn boarding school. To earn provision for their support and education he has turned his back on his loved mountains. sionally the tent-opening was darkened as the tail form of a Sioux or Pawnee brave in all his glory and war-paint and feathers stalked past taking his afternoon constitutional. Altogether there was a strangely interesting realism about this Indian camp, visible only to the initiated, that in many respects is more striking

than any of the scenes presented with

elaboration in the regular show below

stairs. "It was late in the fall of 1846, I think," Nelson began as he lit his pipe and shoved back his broad somprero. "I was at Cottonwood Springs, Nebraska, living with an old Mexican half-breed, who knew every inch of the Rockies like a book. We were doing nothing in partic-ular and ready for a job when Brigham Young came along and asked my Mexi-can friend and myself to be his guides across the Rockies, promising us good pay. He had four companious, Mormon elders, I think, but I cannot remember with two emigrant wagons, one of them loaded with flour, bacon, coffee and biscuit, enough for two years' supply. I don't believe Brigham had any idea when he started just where he was going nor when he would get back. It was a sort of a prospecting trip. He and the elder cailed each other 'brother,' and the old man was a good natured, jolly sort of fellow. He talked a good deal of religious lingo, but he was not the Sundaychool, pious Jonah kind; would say damn it just the same as I would, and played a good hand at euchre. I was quite a young fellow in those days, and as the old Mexican didn't speak much English, Brigham talked a good deal with me and tried to convert me to Mor-

"He was about forty, well set up and with a big, strong head and neck. I didn't take muck stock in his arguments defending polygamy which Joe Smith had recently introduced as a revelation among the saints. But Brigham gave mo the idea of a man who was pretty his opinion and actually believed what he

"We didn't hurry ourselves much, making only about twenty miles a day with the wagons, pitching our tents for three or four days at a time when we got into a likely region where game was plenty, and exploring the country for miles around. I don't think we met a white man all the way across. There were lots or Indians, but they didn't trouble us, just coming into camp to trade off fresh meat or skins for bacon and coffee, wards Christmas we struck Ham's Fork after making a journey of nearly a thou sand miles. There we were snowed up until the spring.

"That was a particularly hard winter. and the snow was forty feet deep in places where it had drifted over the eanyon. But we didn't suffer; provisions were plenty, there was lots of game, and when we couldn't get water we got snow and melted it. Our camp at Ham's Fork was pitched in a sheltering valley, and we got all the clk, antelope and bear we

"Late in the spring, when the snow had melted, we struck camp and started straight up the mountain about forty miles. Right up on top of the mountain we found a large lake, fed by a living spring, chuck full of trout that beat any thing in the world. The smallest of them was about two feet long and weighed five or six pounds, and the flavor--!" The old trapper smacked his lips as the recollection of the gustatory gratification

of forty years before rose in his mind.
"Brigham was all the time spying out the lay of the land, and as he looked from the top of the mountain over the level stretch of desert nearly fifty miles away, he said: 'The promised land is in sight.' We made our way down the mountain without any accident worth mentioning and when we struck the water now known as Sait Lake, Brigham swallowed a mouthful and named it the Great Salt Lake. Then we struck out about six miles to the northwest and Brigham Young stopped suddenly in the middle of the valley and shouted: 'This is the spot, this is spot revealed to me by the Great Spirit in a dream long ago. Here we will build the New Jerusalem!

'We stayed in the neighborhood about six weeks. Brigham staked out the place so that we could find it again easily and made a sort of map of it. Then we started back to Cottonwood Springs, which we reached late in the summer. Brigham and his friends went on to Nauvoo Ill., and I went off on a deer hunt with my Indian friends. Next year Brigham took a large party of Mormons over and Salt Lake city was built on the very spot to which I guided him.

Not an actor or actress attended Alice Oates' funeral in Philadelphia. The Bostonians are much delighted