THE DAILY BEE.

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THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY, PROPRIETORS.

E. ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

THE DAILY BEE.

Sworn Statement of Circulation.

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

Geo. B. Tzschuck, secretary of The Bee Publishing company, does solemnly swear that the actual circulation of the Daily Bee for the week ending Feb. 25th, 1887, was as follows:

Saturday, Feb. 19	14,390
Sunday, Feb. 20	13,650
Monday, Feb. 21	14,800
Tuesday, Feb. 22	14,150
Wednesday, Feb. 23	14,000
Thursday, Feb. 24	14,425
Friday, Feb. 25	14,325
Average	14,261

GEO. B. TZSCHUCK.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 26th day of February A. D., 1887.

N. P. FEIL, Notary Public.

[SEAL.]

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 February, 1886, was 10,595 copies; for March, 1886, 11,537 copies; for April, 1886, 12,191 copies; for for May, 1886, 12,439 copies; for June, 1886, 12,298 copies; for July, 1886, 12,314 copies; for August, 1886, 12,464 copies; for September, 1886, 13,030 copies; for October, 1886, 12,989 copies; for November, 1886, 13,348 copies; for December, 1886, 13,237 copies for January, 1887, 16,266 copies.

GEO. B. TZSCHUCK.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of February A. D. 1887.

[SEAL.] N. P. FEIL, Notary Public.

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PATTI will always retain golden memories of Omaha. Eleven thousand dollars' worth.

IN demanding the right to make her own charter Omaha is only demanding home rule.

THE Hamilton county dado will chatter through another twenty days. There will be pangs as well as pay in the extended session.

Now that it is apparent that no radical railroad bill can pass the senate, the house is rampant for stringent regulation. Of course.

AN address on "The Influence of the Bar" lies upon our table. It has no reference to the bar of the Capital hotel at Lincoln and its influence about midnight on the conduct of the railroad lobby.

THAT audacious little joker, Jay Gould, declared under oath that it was cheaper to buy a legislature than to elect one. Mr. Gould never knew what a cheap legislature was until he interested himself in Nebraska politics.

SLY Sam Randall, the economist, voted for the dependent pension bill, not on grounds of patriotism, but because it would make a hole in the troublesome surplus. As a clear-cut tariff reformer, Mr. Randall's success lies in his power of pulling wool over the eyes of his honest democratic admirers.

CHEAP and rapid transit is one of our greatest municipal needs. We want cable lines, and the more the better. There is no danger that the courts will prevent their construction. Equity always stands ready to correct the errors of the lawmakers where they conflict with public policy or a broad-guaged application of the immutable principles of justice.

THERE is a day of reckoning in store for the men who have betrayed their constituents in the legislature. There is a day of settlement in store for every political party which has prostituted the machinery of party to work out the unholy ends of corporate monopoly. Voters are not cattle. They can be deceived for the time being, but they cannot be driven to the polls year after year to work their own disfranchisement. Nebraska republicans have proved their independence of the corporate ringmasters heretofore. They will not be slow to repeat the experiment if it proves necessary.

THE increase of wealth in Omaha is following closely the increase of the city. Here as elsewhere the tendency is to concentration. Men who ten years ago were in moderate circumstances now count their fortunes by the hundred thousands. The rapid rise in realty and the large sums of money set free by foreign investment in our midst have raised scores of our citizens to affluence. Wealth is valuable only for what it brings. It should be a means, not an end. Omaha men of wealth have a duty to perform to the community which has given them their riches. Struggling local enterprises should be assisted, new schemes for the advancement of the general welfare stimulated and capital set coursing in channels for the employment of labor and the condensation of products. Confidence in Omaha's future should be felt most strongly of all by the men who have profited from the past and are profiting in the present.

Journalistically Speaking.

Continual dropping makes an impression on the stone. Fifteen years of struggle against the overwhelming odds of public indifference, corporation wealth and the abuse of a subsidized press has resulted in national recognition of anti-monopoly principles. Irresponsible triflers who imagine that strained rhetoric and pot house slang can wipe away this fact or block further agitation of the people's demands by this paper are respectfully invited to ponder over the political history of the last decade in these parts. They are asked to examine their own editorial pages in the light of their well thumbed ledgers and to measure the popular confidence they have attained in the cup of their newspaper receipts.

High toned and theoretical journalism is fashionable nowadays. It is most in fashion in editorial rooms of readerless papers. Practical newspaper work takes its place in other offices. And wherever practical newspaper work is found the successful journal can be discovered close at hand. There is one view of the situation which is commended to the prayerful attention of ambitious and envious contemporaries. The only feasible method of making a successful journal is to make a good journal. Detraction without cause, abuse of rivals because they are rivals, subordination of honest editorial opinion to the demands of the business office or the job room, have never yet succeeded in building up an influential paper in free and independent America. The leading journal must lead as well as follow. It must be at once the mirror and the mirrored. While reflecting the best public sentiment on all questions of interest, political, social, economical, sometimes even personal, it must have an earnestness of character and a stability of reputation which stamp the seal of force upon its utterances and carries conviction to the wavering. Honesty of purpose, persistence in endeavor, fearlessness of action and intelligence in discussion are the four corner stones of policy upon which the editorial superstructure of the successful journal must be built. Mere brilliancy of utterance will not suffice. The public demands a steady and reliable light, and not the spasmodic flashes of intermittent cleverness.

Pacific Railroad Legislation.

The senate has passed, with amendments, the house resolution creating a commission of three to make a thorough investigation of the financial condition of the Pacific railroads and to report to congress. It is probable that this will be the outcome of all the attempts at Pacific railroad legislation which have been made at the present session, Mr. Hoar's funding bill and Van Wyck's branch line extension bill included. The public will not look with favor upon this latest move on the checkered board of railroad finesse and delay. For twenty years past congress has been deluged with reports of the condition of the Pacific roads, besieged by the lobby and beset with the prayers of swindled investors. The facts of the construction and condition of the roads are well known. They were begotten in fraud, raised in iniquity and are now bankrupt in treasury and reputation. Contractors became millionaires through their building, reckless schemers heaped up millions of ill-gotten wealth in their management and the government and the public have been mercilessly mulcted for a quarter of a century to maintain the band of highwaymen who diverted the nation's bounty and the hard earnings of the people into their own private bank accounts.

Secretary Manning's special report on the financial condition of the Pacific roads was no revelation to the railroad lobby. It afforded pretended astonishment to some congressmen and senators, but it did not throw the average intelligent citizen into paroxysms of amazement. Mr. Manning showed that the half-yearly payments proposed in the senate bill are not sufficient to pay the interest, to say nothing of the principal of the debt. On the 1st of October, 1886, the total debt of the Pacific railroad companies to the government was $110,978,100. The half-yearly interest at 3 per cent. is $1,664,671, while the bill provides for the payment of $1,525,948 every six months. According to Secretary Manning's calculation it would require, for the liquidation of this debt and the interest, half-yearly payments of $1,834,062 for eighty years. This must have been a painful surprise to Mr. Adams. It killed the eighty year extension bill deader than a last year's mackerel.

Both the companies and congress have seen for years that the subsidized Pacific roads will not be able to pay their debts to the government when due in 1895 and 1897. Even if the Senate bill should be passed there is nothing in the history of these corporations that affords any guaranty of compliance with its terms. From the time this debt was contracted, more than twenty years ago, they have made no effort to redeem their obligations to the people of the United States. On the contrary, they have employed every means of evasion and resistance that legal ingenuity could suggest. In 1862 and 1864 the government loaned the Union Pacific and Central Pacific respectively $27,000,000 and $28,00,000, besides bestowing upon them immense subsidies in land. They were required in return to pay into a sinking fund for redemption of this loan 5 per cent. of their net income and half of the amount due from the government for transportation. When they made no provision to comply with this law and the sinking fund remained empty, while debt and interest were accumulating, the Thurman act was passed in 1878. Under the terms of this act the two companies were required to pay respectively $850,000 and $1,300,000 into the sinking fund. But they refused compliance with this act and brought suits to resist the government's retention of moneys due for carrying mails and troops. By a decision of the supreme court the government, and not the railroad companies, was required to pay the 6 per cent interest on the Pacific railroad bonds. As the companies made no provision for payment the debt and interest have assumed enormous proportions. Secretary Manning's report shows that by 1897—the mean term of payment—the total amount which the subsidized Pacific railroad companies will owe to the people of the United States will be over $157,000,000. To meet this heavy obligation the companies propose to equate the payments of debt and interest and extend them over a period of seventy years. But it is seen that the sum fixed upon in this beautiful financial scheme does not begin to cover the debt due to the government.

And now another commission is proposed to investigate matters and suggest a scheme by which the debtor may be granted additional time to make up from exorbitant levies on the producers of the west the millions stolen by the rogues and thieves who have disgraced the history of its management. It is a needless and extravagant expedient. The roads are a sucked orange. When a private corporation finds itself unable to pay its debts it goes into the hands of a receiver. Why not a railroad under the same circumstances? When an honorable merchant sees inevitable bankruptcy staring him in the face he hands his property over to his creditors. Why not a wrecked corporation?

Making Progress.

That the cause of woman suffrage is making progress there can be no question. Its advance may not be as rapid as its more radical and impatient advocates desire, and it is undoubtedly yet a long way from the goal they would reach, but there is encouragement in its step-by-step progress for those who can wait. Its latest victory is in Kansas, whose legislature recently passed a bill, which received the approval of the governor, conferring limited municipal suffrage upon women. The total majority for the bill in the legislature was eighty, and it was in deference to this large majority that the governor, who has always been opposed to woman suffrage, approved the measure. The law provides that in any election hereafter held in any city of the first, second or third class for the election of city or school officers, or for the purpose of authorizing the issuance of bonds for school purposes, the right of any citizen to vote shall not be denied or abridged on account of sex and women may vote at such elections the same as men under like restrictions and qualifications, and any woman possessing the qualifications of a voter under the act shall also be eligible to any such city or school office. In signing the bill the governor expressed an apprehension that the effects promised by its friends in the purification of the ballot box and the election of a better class of officers would not be realized, for the reason that the women best qualified to vote intelligently will not avail themselves of the privilege, either from indifference, as in the case of many of the better class of male voters, or because they are opposed to woman suffrage. It rests with the women of Kansas to determine whether the experiment shall be a success or a failure, and thus whether woman suffrage in that state shall be extended or halt permanently at the first step. The friends of the cause have gained a valuable point. It remains to be seen whether they can hold it.

There is fair promise of another victory for the cause in New York. A bill has passed one branch of the legislature conferring suffrage on women at any and all elections of and for municipal officers, which is a more comprehensive measure than the Kansas law. The bill is strongly championed, Speaker Husted being among its most zealous advocates, and its passage is thought to be more than probable. It is moreover generally agreed that Governor Hill would sign it. With such encouraging facts before them there is no reason why Miss Anthony and her associates should lose heart or abate a jot of their faith in the final triumph of their labors.

Victoria's Morbid Sentimentalism.

The jubilee to celebrate the fifty years' reign of Queen Victoria seems likely, according to some London correspondents, to degenerate into a long-drawn out joke, if not an open scandal. There is said to be no spontaneity about the celebration. The people go about it as if it were a merely perfunctory task. They are much disposed to ridicule it. At a time when they are called upon for the most lavish manifestation of loyalty and affection they show not simply a half-hearted interest, but on occasions a positive displeasure. A recent instance occurred at a London theater, where a jubilee ballet and other jubilee divertisements were presented. There was an exhibition on the stage of portraits of the queen, the prince and princess of Wales, and Lord Beaconsfield. The queen's picture was hissed by nearly everybody, while the others were received with rapturous applause. The incident attested the unpopularity of the queen, at least with a certain element, who at the same time gave evidence of their loyalty in honoring the portraits of the others.

There are sufficient reasons why Victoria has not grown in the affection of the English people, or held the general and hearty esteem she once enjoyed. The chief of these is her morbid sentimentalism, which for years has made her a recluse, keeping her aloof from the people, with whose interests and welfare she has seemed to have no concern or sympathy. Her people and the world accorded a due appreciation to the tenderness and depth of her widowhood sorrow, even after it had been prolonged far beyond the period when there seemed any reason for it, and when later she mourned as one not to be comforted the death of her favorite butler, John Brown, there were many to find excuse for the undignified manifestation of grief in what they believed to be the more than common intensity of her majesty's affection. But the prince consort has been dead a quarter of a century and the butler a third of that time, and the queen's subjects not unjustly think that the interests of the living might now very properly receive a larger share of her attention and concern. What they were once willing to regard as the sacred expression of a sense of irreparable bereavement and a sacrifice to imperishable love, they are now disposed to think of as a wholly morbid sentiment, utterly selfish in its nature, and neither commendable nor desirable in the sovereign of a great nation. They cannot justify her continued seclusion, her apparent indifference to the wants and welfare of her people, her personal penuriousness, and her disposition to make every public occasion contribute something to immortalize the memory of her dead consort—a by no means extraordinary person, though an amiable and well-meaning gentleman whose life was entirely respectable.

A single recent example will illustrate the morbid and selfish sentimentalism of Victoria, and in part explain and justify the feeling of displeasure toward her of a considerable part of the English people. A woman's jubilee fund was started, which it was hoped would be raised to two or three hundred thousand dollars, the intention being to use it in strengthening or endowing some hospital or other charitable institution for the good of the common people. The matter coming to the knowledge of the queen, she had conveyed to the promoters of the fund her desire that at least a part of the sum collected shall be devoted to erecting another equestrian statue of the prince consort. When it is known that perhaps half a hundred costly memorials to Albert are scattered throughout Great Britain, representing an expenditure of millions of dollars obtained from the people, it is not surprising that this last suggestion of her majesty should have about exhausted the patience of the people and induced them to lose regard for an event which under favorable conditions should and would command their most loyal interest and enthusiasm.

Why Not Grand Opera?

The mammoth audience of Thursday evening evidenced that Omaha is ready to pay well for amusements of the first class. It was an encouraging revelation. Pretentious musical enterprises in the past have frequently failed. The reason is now apparent. The fault lay in the character of the entertainment provided, not in a lack of public appreciation for what is excellent. That Patti drew in Omaha the largest audience of her present tour in America speaks volumes for the willingness of our citizens to appreciate and to patronize the higher order of music. Now that this fact is clear we should have no difficulty in securing grand opera.

Some time ago the BEE called the attention of its readers to the possibility of a season of grand opera from the American opera company, of which Mrs. Jeanette Thurber is the patron. Mrs. Thurber is anxious to place Omaha on her list of leading cities where an annual season of opera will be given. New York, Boston, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, Milwaukee and St. Louis have already been determined on. Most of these cities have been visited during the present winter and will be on next season's route. Shall Omaha be included? The BEE puts this question in full confidence that if the matter is properly presented to our people there can be but one answer. The American Opera company for two years past has been the leading organization of its nature in America. Neither pains nor money have been spared by its founder in establishing it upon the basis of the highest artistic merit. Every detail of organization has been elaborated without regard to expense. The artists are the best procurable, the chorus the largest and most thoroughly drilled, the orchestra under the baton of Theodore Thomas unapproachable in excellence and the scenery, costumes and stage settings the most magnificent ever shown in the history of opera in the United States. The same company, the same chorus, the same orchestra and the same scenery which are presented to the citizens of New York will be given to the people of Omaha in case this city becomes one of the points to receive an annual visit from the American Opera company.

Patti's manager asked a guarantee of $6,000 for one concert and was refused. The receipts approximated $11,000. Mrs. Thurber's organization can be secured for three nights of grand opera for a nightly guarantee of $3,300. A hundred citizens subscribing $100 apiece to the guarantee fund would ensure to Omaha what would be in many respects the most remarkable musical treat we have ever had presented for our appreciation. If every seat were empty none of the guarantors could lose more than the guarantee. Under the most unfavorable circumstances they could scarcely be $20 out of pocket, while every chance would be in favor of receipts greatly in excess of expenses.

A WOMAN will be hanged in New York to-morrow. The efforts to save from capital punishment Mrs. Roxalana Druse, the Herkimer county murderess, were unavailing, and she must pay the penalty of her crime. It was one of unusual atrocity. With deliberation, in the presence of her children, she murdered her husband, and then with the assistance of her nephew cut up the body, burning a portion of it and feeding other parts to the hogs. Throughout the whole tragic and brutal business the woman exhibited a most fiendish nature, and the story of the tragedy shows her to be devoid of every womanly instinct. Nevertheless a great deal of sympathy was aroused in her behalf, largely among influential women, and after her conviction and sentence, on a second trial, a great pressure was brought to bear upon the governor for a commutation of the sentence to life imprisonment. This was not successful, but a respite of sixty days was granted to enable the legislature to take action in the matter. A bill was introduced for the abolition of capital punishment in the case of women convicted of murder, but it failed, and Mrs. Druse will go to the gallows. It has been thirty years since a woman was hanged in New York, and but for the peculiarly atrocious character of Mrs. Druse's crime she would doubtless have escaped the death penalty.

EVERY monopolist manufacturer is in favor of spending the surplus by liberal appropriations. They are in favor of continuing over-taxation by making excessive taxation necessary. In their eyes tariff reform is secondary to a public extravagance which will make any reduction of the tariff impossible.

POLITICAL POINTS.

Senator Mahone and Riddleberger never visit the democratic side of the senate chamber.

P. T. Barnum as the prohibition candidate for president would be the greatest show on earth. But Phinneas says he is willing.

Governor Rusk, of Wisconsin, has been nominated for the presidency by various newspapers in the northwest.

H. W. Longfellow was a defeated candidate for alderman at the late election in Philadelphia. "Life is but an empty dream" to him now.

Thomas A. Armstrong, editor of the Pittsburg Labor Tribune, is quite generally spoken of as the presidential candidate of the labor party of 1888.

Lucy Stone announces that a woman will be president of the United States in the year 2,000, but she doesn't mention herself as a candidate.

Mr. Jordan says that he expects to relinquish the office of United States treasurer the 5th of March unless the president desires him to vacate sooner.

The New York senate has passed a bill allowing women to vote at municipal elections, but the house is said to be unfavorably disposed towards the measure.

Congressman J. Thomas Spriggs is quoted as saying that before July 1 President Cleveland will leave a letter in the hands of the national democratic committee declining to be a candidate for re-election.

When Congressman Allen of Mississippi had finished his witty speech on the consular and diplomatic appropriation bill he convulsed the house by saying: "Mr. Speaker, I wish to announce that I shall retire to the cloak room to receive the congratulations of my fellow members."

Presidential combinations for 1888 spoken of in hotel lobbies and on the street are "Blaine and Foraker," "Hill and Holman," "Cleveland and Voorhees," "Sherman and Hiscock," "Hawley and Harrison," "Carlisle and Hewitt," "Blaine and Carr," "Carlisle and Waller," and many others of a less pertinent and less permanent character.

Cost as Much as a Legislature.

Chicago Tribune.

Robert Bonner has been offered $100,000 for Maud S. Here's a mare whom it costs as much to buy as it does to buy a legislature.

Great Jobbing Center.

Milwaukee Journal.

The wheat trade may go to Duluth, the pork business to Omaha and Kansas City, but so long as Chicago continues to be headquarters for the Cook county commissioners she will remain the great jobbing center of the west.

More Harm Than Good.

Denver News.

Prohibition has had a very lame success where it has been tried, and in the opinion of a large majority of the best people of the United States, morally and intellectually, it is hopelessly impracticable as a solution for the evils in question. It is even doubted whether the law where it exists has not been productive of more harm than good.

Knight o' Labor Hears Patti.

Written for the Sunday Bee by Lu B. Cake.

Well, I sat an' listen'd to her,
With a heaven in my heart,
An' my eyes a moister dimmin',
Like the tears was gon' 't start,
An' my soul a-risin', thrillin',
As my spirit soared away,
An' the coldest feelings fillin'
An' a-chillin' of the clay.

'Twas the music of my boyhood,
Of the brooks an' birds an' bees,
With the breath of spring an' flowers,
An' the blossoms on the trees,
An' the sheep an' lambs a-blatin',
An' the lowin' cattle come,
All a-minglin' with the voices
Of the far off, dear ole home,

An' it sweeter got, an' tender,
An' I seemed a child to grow,
With my mother's arms around me,
An' her voice a-singin' low;
An' the years of toil an' temptin',
Threw no shadder on my bliss,
As I laid in drowsy dreamland,
An' my mother's lovin' kiss.

Then the music swelled all meltin',
An' I seemed to walk again,
With the one to me the fairest,
Down the thornhedged, country lane;
An' our voices softly minglin',
In a secret that we told,
Ay, the secret wand'rin' with us,
From the medder lands of gold.

Oh! them tones was caught from heaven,
In some dream the singer dreamed,
When her voice was taught the music
Of the harps that play, "Redeemed."
An' they linger in my mem'ry,
Weavin' still a trancin' spell,
An' a-fillin' me with feelins
That my heart can never tell.

They Say if Our Beloved Dead—

Troy Times.

They say if our beloved dead
Should seek the old familiar place,
Some stranger would be there instead,
And they would find no welcome face.

I cannot tell how it might be
In other homes—but this I know:
Could my lost darling come to me,
That she would never find it so.

Ofttimes the flowers have come and gone,
Ofttimes the winter winds have blown,
The while her peaceful rest went on,
And I have learned to live alone.

Have slowly learned from day to day
In all life's tasks to bear my part;
But whether grave, or whether gay,
I hide her memory in my heart.

Fond, faithful love has blest my way,
And friends are round me, true and tried;
They have their place—but hers to-day
Is empty as the day she died.

How would I spring with bated breath,
And joy too deep for word or sign,
To take my darling home from death,
And once again to call her mine.

I dare not dream—the blissful dream
It fills my heart with wild unrest;
Where yonder cold white marbles gleam
She still must slumber—God knows best.

But this I know, that those who say
Our best beloved would find no place,
Have never hungered every day—
Through years and years—for one sweet face.

SUNDAY GOSSIP.

Hugh Coyle, the advance agent of Haverly's minstrels, is a very much traveled man. He has been all over this country and Europe, and incidently has taken in Cuba. He is a shrewd observer, and an entertaining talker. He is full of reminiscences, through all of which there runs a charming vein of humor. Mr. Coyle, who was formerly a newspaper man, is a gentleman well worth listening to. "Some years ago I went over to Havana," said Mr. Coyle, "with the commission to investigate the feasibility of establishing a tri-weekly steamship mail route between New York and the South American republics, via Havana. The scheme was to secure a subsidy of $10,000,000 for this purpose to be paid in annual installments of $1,000,000. The commission was made up of ex-Vice-President Hannibal Hamlin, Postmaster General Key, Senator Kirkwood, the committee on postoffices and postroads, and about fifty newspaper men, representing the leading newspapers of the country. These men received $10 a day and expenses. We went over in a government vessel. Havana was then a city of 250,000 people. We were received by the governor-general in the presence of 25,000 troops. Hamlin, who has the reputation of having worn a swallow-tail coat for thirty years, found the weather so warm—it being 100 in the shade in the month of April—that he bought a linen duster for twenty-five cents and a ten-cent straw hat, and in that undignified costume he appeared at the reception. Kirkwood did not present a much more attractive appearance, being dressed in a very slouchy and slovenly manner. McNab, of the Chicago Tribune, cabled a full account of the reception to his paper, and gave Hamlin and Kirkwood a lively scoring for their utter disregard of decency in dress requirements on such an occasion. At a reception given us beer was the only liquor offered—we expected champagne. The fact was, however, that the Cubans thought they were giving us the most desirable drink, as the beer was imported from Milwaukee, and owing to the tariff was worth a dollar a bottle, while European champagnes and other wines were much cheaper than American beer. The hotel at which we stayed was the Pasaya, a magnificent eight-story structure. It had four elevators, and four offices. I believe it is the finest hotel in the world, not even excepting the Palace in San Francisco. Havana at night is the most brilliantly illuminated city in the world. The parks are always full of pleasure seekers at night, listening to the bands of music. There were only two newspapers in Havana when I was there, and one reporter served both papers. He prepared his copy for each, and then submitted it to the press censor. The newspapers were equipped with American cylinder presses."

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"When I was ahead of Sullivan during his first western trip I had a great many funny experiences," said Mr. Coyle. "Upon leaving Tombstone for Deming I took a letter from Mr. Connor, the coroner, to the marshal of Deming, who had the reputation of being a killer. He had killed twenty-five men. Upon arriving at Deming I walked into a saloon and called for a cocktail, and asked of the bartender if he knew where I could find the marshal. 'There he stands,' replied he, pointing to a man in the crowd. Walking up to him I presented him with my letter. He read it and said, 'Well, there's nothing too good for you in Deming. That letter from my friend Connor settles it.' I then invited the crowd up to drink, and when I offered to pay the bill, the marshal wouldn't let me, but paid it himself. Meantime the bartender had exchanged the first cocktail for a second one. He had done this as soon as he saw that I and the marshal were friendly. His first cocktail was intended to lay me out flat. The night that Sullivan wanted in Deming was taken by some other attraction, but the marshal not only made the proprietor of the hall cancel the date but compelled him to reduce his rent from $40 to $15. The marshal then took 500 tickets and sold every one of them for me. When the performance came off he voluntarily acted as doorkeeper and would not permit a deadhead to enter the hall. This was probably the first time that the deadhead was ever entirely excluded from a show. I wanted to let the newspaper men in free, but the marshal was running the whole business and he made them all pay."

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"I had rather an amusing experience at Bradford, Pennsylvania, about three years ago," continued Mr. Coyle. "I got off the train at midnight and saw that the town was brilliantly illuminated in every quarter. 'This is an all-night wide-open town,' said I, 'and I am going to take it in.' Going to the hotel I registered, and at once started out without asking any questions. Seeing a clothing store just opposite all lighted up and several persons inside, as I supposed, I went over to see what was the matter. You can imagine my surprise when I discovered that the persons were a lot of clothing dummies. The store was locked. I then found out that the town was lighted by natural gas, which was not turned off at night. I didn't go any further, but returned to the hotel, and related my experience to the clerk. 'That's nothing,' said he, 'you are not the only person that has been fooled that way. Strangers come in here every night, just as you did, and after registering, do the rush act. In five minutes they return looking just as sheepish as you did'."

THE minstrel music of Haverly's troupe struck a few cords in my memory—writes an old Omaha newspaper man for the BEE'S Sunday Gossip—and it seems as if a little "picking" on the old "cremona" of days gone by, as far as cork-faced stars are concerned, might be a programme of pleasure to some. The old time negro minstrel is rapidly receding from the glare and glitter of the garish lights; his pigmy presence as far as "people" and "posters" are concerned would be out of place amid the mastodons of to-day; but to him belongs the credit of creating the only American opera of recognition and giving Pony Moore a standard place amid royal amusement caterers in London and rendering Jack Haverly's famous trip to Albion's shore of recorded prominence in English stage attractions. By ringing up the curtain on the old burnt cork artists, I do not mean to rock the cradle of Jim Crow Rice or even to tune Dan Emmet's youthful fiddle before his vocal and instrumental effusions were solidified in word and note by "Way Down South in Dixie"—oh no—those were memorial chestnuts for our fathers to crack and really were contained in "burs" that antedated the best days of minstrelsy. They were before the times when the Christys, the Campbells, Bryants, Buckley's Serenaders, Mat Peel, Kelley & Leon, Morris Bros., Pell & Trowbridge, Duprez & Green, Backus, Birch, Doniker & Bernard, Hi Rumsey, Cal Wagner's Originals, Sam Sharpley, Carncross & Dixey, and several other well known companies that are now on the O. P. side of my memory, were in the high day of public favor.

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The "Irishman's Shanty" was a song that used to capture the gamins before the war and none of Ned Harrigan's "squatter songs" of to-day could aspire to the same front seat of popularity. It was made famous by Mat Peel, a versatile performer who made the song which afterward made him. The sentiment was not elevated, it is true, but it raised Mat to the very top rung of fame; its register did not require a Patti to do its notes justice, but then it recorded Mat as the favorite of his day. No shop window needed to have been turned into a pictorial page to draw a crowd when he was coming—simply "Mat Peel and The Irishman's Shanty," even in small type, would corral the quarters and ensure a repetition of calls and recalls and a roaring gallery broadside of yells that really would only be judicious in the neighborhood of a deaf and dumb asylum.

Poor Mat, I remember the last time he told an overcrowded house:

"There's a pig in the sty
And a cow in the stable,
They feed them on scraps
That fall from the table, etc.
(Now, boys, one for the pig.")

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It was in Buffalo, N. Y. The next night the company was to appear in Rochester. The engagement was filled, but Mat Peel, who gave the troupe name, fame and favor, was absent. He had been taken suddenly ill and his mirth-making companions had to keep their word with the public without him. At his earnest request Mrs. Peel came down with the minstrels and through her the announcement was made that there would be no "Irishman's Shanty" vocally erected on the Rochester stage that night. At once there was a consumptive enthusiasm apparent among the large audience assembled, which even the rising of the curtain on the semi-circular first part could not check. The overture and opening chorus were well rendered; the tenor sang sweetly; the interlocutor's and end men's legislative repartees were fresh; the "Hen Convention" was twittered in Tambo's best style—in fact everything was done with apparent extra effort to divert thought from the "vacant chair;" but there was coldness on the stage and in the auditorium. Then there came a longer intermission than usual just where the programmes printed in advance noted Mat Peel's appearance. Strange to say there was no stamping of feet or "cat-calls" in the gallery; no clapping of hands in the lower portion of the house; none of that old standard expression of anxiety for the favorite performance. There seemed to be a death-silence everywhere that no power could break. Appropriate, aye most appropriate it was, for just were uncertain time had placed the act of the merry son of Momus, an electrical messenger had brought the news that certain eternity had claimed Mat Peel for its own. The minstrel was dead!

It is needless to [illegible] no further performance [illegible] minstrels under Mrs. Ma[illegible] and management continued to travel for a time but soon, very soon faded from public notice and though perhaps some of its members are living to-day, they are really as dead to public fame as is he who so suddenly passed from life within the very chorus of his merry burlesque ditty.

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H. Bishop Buckley was another old-timer. His great strength, like that of Charley Backus, laid in his enormous "made-up mouth." His Chinese fiddle with one string was his annex to minstrel fame just as the imitation of great actors was Backus' second part in the programme of popularity. Why he could get that mouth fixed up to look like our Cut-Off lake, and if he were around now and should close it after a grand guffah, ten to one there would be a lot of people from Council Bluffs attempting to put up shanties on his chin and under his nose, claiming that the "meander" lines had changed, and that property in Buckley had reverted to its creator and could be preempted by squatter right. E. Bishop belonged to the famous Buckley Serenaders of Boston. With him were his wife, Julia Gould and his brothers, George Swayne and Fred. The lady always appeared in the after-pieces, which were burlesque operas, and she was the first and only woman ever performing with a legitimate minstrel troupe in my recollection. The Buckleys have the credit of being the first minstrels to add regular burlesque in black to their programme. They did it in a good style, too, Miss Gould being an exceedingly fine soprano, and, in fact, this operatic business was made the leading and distinguishing attraction of the Buckleys—a kind of Boston bean, as it were, that other troupes could not bake in artistic style. Yes, their "Lucia! do Lam' her More," and other pieces with masked names were immense. G. Swayne Buckley occupied the bone end opposite Bishop's tambo, and they made the first part very lively. He also did a fine bone solo, and was a rival of Dave Reed among the very first song and dance men of the genteel order on the stage. "Sally Come Up" was the magic name under which this song and dance business first became popular. If I mistake not, Dave Reed first brought it out with Morris Brothers, Pell and Trowbridge, although he was afterwards prominent with the Bryants in New York. Anyway Swayne Buckley followed very closely afterwards, and although his style and steps were different, he divided the honors with Dave. Fred Buckley was the solo violinist of the party. He appeared every evening on the programme, doing fine execution, being the best violinist who ever played in black as a soloist on the minstrel stage. His imitations were immense and started the encore excitement every time. The Buckleys were favorites everywhere. They are all dead now but the tears of sorrow over those great mirth-makers will, I fear, never equal one-millionth part of the tears of laughter their choice comedy caused to flow. The gay is a near relative of the grave, the smile obtains few divorces from the shroud.

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The Bryants were among the greatest burnt cork artists of their day and in permanent popularity in New York city had no superiors. Originally there were four brothers but one passed away without any prominence and but little place in minstrelsy Jerry, Neil and Dan, however, were the great trio that ruled supreme in days gone by. Their names were synonomous with everything leading in minstrelsy, and although the troup only made an occasional provincial tour in summer their reputation was a "dramatic" standard. Jerry and Dan were the comedians and occupied the "ends," and in my humble opinion Jerry Bryant never had an equal in refined negro minstrelsy—certainly not in his day and very likely never since. He was a gem in every way. Dan was at the top of the profession also, and a great "Irish song artist." His "Tim Finnegan's Wake" was to Gotham what the Marseillaise is to France. It will be remembered that after Jerry's death and the breaking up of the troupe Dan appeared in Irish comedy, traveling as a "white star" and making his first appearance at Wallack's, New York. Neil was more of a musician than the others, and was a great accordeon player. His execution on that instrument was his part of the programme. He gave very little attention to show business, but was enthusiastic in billiard circles. Neil Bryant during his day was the champion amateur billiard player of the world. He never entered the professional arena, even though he had many a friendly bout with the veteran, Michael Phelan, Dudley Kavanaugh, Goldwaithe, Louis Fox, John Deery, Sereiter, the two Dions, Joe and Cyrille; Foley and many other professional cueists—including Maurice Daily, who at that time was a marker in Kavanaugh's room on Broadway, next to Grace church.

I shall never forget a little incident that happened at Bryant's one night. You see they moved in good New York society, and the brothers and their wives were no "come-all-yes" by any means. Wealthy men were only too glad to be their companions, and actors, who perhaps did not regard minstrel business as high sock and buskin work were proud of Dan, Jerry or Neil Bryant's acquaintance. The incident I refer to is this. Dan Bryant went over to England to attend the Heenan-Sayers' fight in 1856. He did not care to have it known very generally, especially among the circle in which the "folks" moved. When he returned Dan got a grand reception. It was his first absence since fame became his, and New York's best people were proud to give him a rousing welcome. Dan had an inkling of what his reappearance would bring about, so he prepared a neat speech. The Bryant's hall on Broadway never had such a night as that on which Dan appeared after his European trip. It was an ovation, and ten halls of the same size would not furnish ample room for those who wanted to do the New York boy honor. As soon as the "boys" came out and the wooden chairs were about to be occupied the "sea of upturned faces" became tumultuous—wave after wave of applause succeeded, and the ocean of New York's enthusiasm was never so stormy before. No craft of silence could hold its own before that whirlwind of excitement. When Dan got a chance he arose to make his little reply-talk. Thanks of course sugar-coated the first lines, but when he came to mention "When I went to Europe for the benefit of my health"—there came an earthquake. Jerry jumped up on the other end of the semi-circle and ended the paragraph by saying—"Yes, the next prize fight they have over in England, I'm going for the benefit of my heath."—This settled it. Dan's prepared remarks were dispelled from mind forever—his social castle was razed—the idea of keeping the real object of his trip to England from the "circle's" knowledge became a boomerang—he had to flop down on his chair like a wet rag. Talk of a roar and rattle broadside of applause. There never was and never will be a similar scene in the same sized space in this country. I must end this tirade, on mayhap unappreciative, ears now, but soon again I will follow up this minstrel train of thought.

A PARAGRAPH is floating through the press to the effect that Lillie Stuck, the fourteen-year-old daughter of the Pennsylvania state librarian, composed the words and music of a "Slumber Song;" that her music teacher advised her to allow him to rearrange and publish it, as he said it was so intricate, so delicate, and so difficult of rendition that ordinary singers could not