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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 June 10, 1887, was as follows:

Saturday, June 4	14,205
Sunday, June 5	14,200
Monday, June 6	14,625
Tuesday, June 7	13,985
Wednesday, June 8	14,000
Thursday, June 9	14,050
Friday, June 10	14,060
Average	14,161

GEO. B. TZSCHUCK.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 11th day of June, 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 for June, 1885, 12,298 copies; for July, 1886, 12,314 copies; for August, 1886, 12,464 copies; for September, 1886, 13,039 copies; for October, 1886, 12,989 copies; for November, 1886, 13,348 copies; for December, 1886, 13,227 copies; for January, 1887, 16,266 copies; for February, 1887, 14,198 copies; for March, 1887, 14,400 copies; for April, 1887, 14,316 copies; for May, 1887, 14,227 copies.

GEO. B. TZSCHUCK.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 4th day of June A. D., 1887.

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

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OMAHA jobbers and shippers should not fail to be present at the meeting called by the freight bureau of the board of trade Monday afternoon.

THE French republic seems likely to furnish a valuable example to the older American republic. The question of electing the senate by the people is being agitated in France with favorable promise of the adoption of the plan.

THE royal family of Germany is in sore trouble between the stomach cramps of the aged emperor and the throat malady of the crown prince. The sufferers will have the commiseration of everybody except perhaps Frenchmen of the Boulanger element.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND is again at his desk, working as every other man must who wants to conscientiously earn his salary. If all Mr. Cleveland's qualities were as meritorious as his industry, he would possess an exceptional claim to public regard.

THE Protestant Episcopal church of the whole country will profoundly regret the death of Bishop Stevens, of the diocese of Pennsylvania, which occurred yesterday morning. He was a man of great learning, superior executive ability, and eminent piety. The church could not have lost a worther or more useful man.

THE fact that England is steadily losing her grip on the markets which a few years ago she completely controlled, and is gradually receding from her once boasted position as the workshop of the world, is clearly shown by the authentic statistics of her trade movement. Her American market was very materially reduced last year, and there were few countries in which she is not now selling less than a year ago. The promotion of the industries of other countries is of course the prime cause of this, but the competition of the United States is having something to do with it, and is likely to be more distinctly felt in the future.

IT would be very unfortunate for Omaha if the prosperous building season now in progress should be interrupted by any disagreement between the contractors and builders and the mechanics in their employ. The carpenters of this city have called a meeting, to which all builders and contractors are invited, with a view of making amicable arrangements for nine hours' work per day, to begin July 5. It is in the interers of builders and mechanics alike that no friction should occur during the remainder of the building season, and it is hoped that some satisfactory understanding will be arrived at.

IOWA has a special interest in the choice of a successor to the late Justice Woods on the bench of the supreme court of the United States. Property interests running up into the millions of dollars depend upon his opinion. The question of the liability of the state for the value of property invested in breweries, distilleries and the like, which have been ruined or greatly injured by the adoption of the prohibition policy, was carried before the supreme court some time since on appeal from the court below, which held the state liable. Judge Woods was already ill when the case was argued, and took no part in the hearing or in the opinion, and the other eight judges were found to be evenly divided. The interest of Iowa in the new justice is thus made apparent.

An American Cathedral.

A project for the erection of a grand cathedral, to cost from six to ten million dollars, has recently developed in New York and is receiving a good deal of attention both from the clergy of that city and the press, quite generally in the form of hearty approval. The movement originated with the Protestant Episcopal church, and if the cathedral is built it would be under the management of the church, but it is intended to be much more than a sectarian house of worship. It is designed to make it the great people's church, the one house of worship on the continent open to all, where all the great preachers shall be heard, and wherein, moreover, the illustrious dead of the country may be commemorated, thus becoming the American Westminster abbey. There would, according to Dr. Potter, be in it no reserved rights that could be bought, hired or held on any pretext whatever. It would be the rightful center of practical philanthropies, having foundations or endowments for the mission work of a great city and especially for the education of skilled teachers and workers in intelligent as well as emotional sympathies with our great social problems. It is believed by the promoters of the project that in many ways such a house of worship could accomplish a vast amount of good.

The project has met with some opposition, chiefly on the ground that the expenditure of the large sum necessary to carry it out, and which must be obtained by subscriptions, might seriously interfere with the missions, which must largely depend on a similar way of obtaining resources. This view, however, prevailed to only a very limited extent and was entirely overwhelmed by the advocates of the movement. Among those who have been quoted in advocacy of the cathedral is Hon. J. M. Woolworth, of Omaha, a part of whose address at the Detroit meeting of the ninth church congress in 1884, we find reproduced in an eastern journal. On that occasion Mr. Woolworth said: "There must be the cathedral of all the people, an institution civic as well as religious, the possession and the pride of all the citizens." It is in this spirit that the movement has been inaugurated. An organized effort to obtain subscriptions throughout the country is to be made at once.

Shakespeare or Bacon.

Mr. Ignatius Donnelly begins in the current number of the *North American Review* his long promised revelations to prove that the dramas credited to William Shakespeare were not and could not have been written by him, but were the work of his eminent contemporary, Sir Francis Bacon. The intelligent reader will not need to be informed that the view which Mr. Donnelly will endeavor to establish is not original with him, but he has certainly pursued it with greater patience and assiduity than any other. He claims to have reached results that will be the literary sensation of the century, and it is very likely the magazine that is favored with the publication of the revelations will have a largely increased constituency during their continuance, while of course they will receive liberal discussion elsewhere. Any question relating to the great dramatist is sure to command a world of attention, and none more so than that affecting his title to the authorship of the immortal dramas that are credited to him.

The first instalment of Mr. Donnelly's exposure of "The Shakespeare Myth" is to some extent disappointing, at least to those who expected entirely new evidence. It is largely taken up with a skillful presentation of what had already been put forward in support of the claim in behalf of Bacon by those who preceded Mr. Donnelly in this field of investigation, and while the parallelisms revealed and certain other facts affirmed do not lack force and plausibility, they cannot be said to establish conviction. For other reasons, also, the first impression of Mr. Donnelly's work is not likely to be favorable with a great many. The iconoclastic spirit of the author seems to be of the most relentless kind, and he relegates Shakespeare to outer darkness as a drunken poacher who at different time signed his name in seven different ways, and whose real name or original name was different from all of these, whose birth in the historic Henley street cottage is doubtful, and whose wife's name was Whatley instead of Hathaway. This sort of obloquy, coupled with the charge of illiteracy, will appear to a very large number of intelligent people not to be absolutely essential to the purpose of Mr. Donnelly, or at least not in the style and obvious spirit in which he presents it. To have stated that Shakespeare was of humble birth, that his opportunities for acquiring even a limited education were few, and that his youth was somewhat wild, and perhaps at times intemperate, would have been pardonable and possibly necessary. But Mr. Donnelly has offended good taste and defied testimony probably quite as good as any he can produce in the attempt to degrade Shakespeare to the lowest plane of moral meanness and mental insignificance. This is a view which we believe the intelligent opinion of to-day will very generally resent.

On the other hand it cannot be doubted that Mr. Donnelly will find some, possibly a great many, to acquiesce in his theory respecting the authorship of the Shakesperean dramas. These wonderful products of genius, representing a breadth of knowledge, and a vastness and universality of intellectual power and resource, not to be found in the works of any other author the world has produced, may easily justify a doubt as to whether they could have been produced by a man who had no better opportunities than the uncertain record shows were at the command of Shakespeare to fit himself for so great a task. It must always be regretted that so little is known with certainty concerning this man, and that much of what is known is capable of being used to the damage of his fame. But we are apt to make a narrow and insufficient estimate of the possibilities of genius, and especially of such exceptional genius as is disclosed in the Shakesperean drama. The restricted intellectual scope of the average man may well be pardoned if it fails to comprehend how any mind, not nurtured from its very dawn in every form of mental acquirement and experience—drinking constantly and freely at all fountains of knowledge—could produce such a monument of universal wisdom as are the plays of Shakespeare. Such a person will very likely agree with Mr. Donnelly that the man William Shakespeare, with only the limited advantages of the grammar school at Stratford, all of which he could not avail himself of, and having no definitely known opportunities after going to London, at the age of 22 or 23 years, to improve his education by systematic study, could not have written the plays that are now credited to him. Furthermore there is the argument that his experience was necessarily deficient, particularly in those spheres of life which are largely represented in most of the great dramas. His circumstances excluded him from association with royalty and from the companionship of the nobility, yet the portrayal of these in the plays denotes one as familiar with their manners and customs as if he had been of their number. In this, perhaps, consists the strongest part of the case in favor of Bacon, who certainly had every opportunity to become familiar with royalty and the nobility. What can be said on the other side is that there appears to be pretty well attested evidence that Shakespeare left the grammar school with a fair knowledge of Latin, that on going to London he devoted himself to the study of French and Italian, and that he found development for his dramatic genius as well as pecuniary profit, in revising and rewriting plays for the several theatres. Nor is there much reason to doubt that he in due time, as a writer of plays and an actor, secured the companionship of members of the nobility, who more then, than now, were the patrons of actors. In short, the facts and arguments, are by no means all on one side, and at this time the, preponderance is rather in favor of Shakespeare. It is not impossible that Mr. Donnelly may change this, and his promise to do so will attract widespread and eager interest to his cipher revelations.

Successful American Girls.

London advices have within the past two or three months recorded the success in opera and the drama, in that city, of three American girls, who have at least far more than balanced the failure of Mrs. James Brown Potter, and left a good deal to our credit. The first of these successes was achieved in opera by Miss Ella Russell, who scored a distinct triumph in the English metropolis in a repertory including most of the grand operas. This lady is perhaps twenty-eight years old, and she has been heard and honored in several of the capitals of Europe. She is not a phenomenal singer, but has cultivated her gift of song patiently and laboriously, and is now receiving the reward of her work. She will one day return to her own country crowned with all the favors that Europe can bestow, to receive what must be the choicest of all favors to the true daughter of America—the applause and admiration of the people of her own country.

Another American girl who less than two weeks ago made a most successful debut in London as Marguerite, and afterwards won critical commendation as Leonna is Amelia Groll. She is said to have a full soprano voice of pleasant quality, an excellent stage presence, and youth and beauty on her side.

The American girl who has had an almost brilliant success on the English stage is Miss Adelaide Vetchon, now playing in London after a successful tour of the provinces. She is most cordially praised by the London papers, and her future is assured.

These successful girls are all credited to Cleveland, Ohio.

Colonel Dick Wintersmith has received an appointment as special timber agent in a Nebraska district which is overrun with rattlesnakes, but he doesn't bite at it.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

We have never heard of a Nebraska timber district overrun with rattlesnakes, but we can readily imagine a timber agent worried by rattlesnakes in his boots—especially if like Colonel Dick he was brought up in the land flowing with honey and bourbon. By the way, Colonel Wintersmith's attachment for Nebraska always was warm, as Major Birkett will cheerfully testify.

POLITICAL POINTS.

Labor, tariff and temperance are to be the issues in the next campaign, according to Chauncey M. Depew.

The Minneapolis Tribune accepts John Sherman's Springfield speech as outlining the republican plan of campaign next year.

Some of the Ohio democratic managers are keeping an eye on ex-Congressman Converse, lest he may blossom out into a gubernatorial candidate.

Senator Pugh, of Alabama, has laid $100 that Cleveland will be renominated and reelected, Colonel Sayre, the quarter millionaire, of Birmingham, being the party of the second part.

Senator Edmunds having spoking approvingly of Senator Stanford as a presidential candidate, the latter hastens to reassure the country by the statement that he will make no great effort to secure the nomination.

John McSweeney is now spoken of as a possible democratic candidate for governor of Ohio upon a platform of personal beauty. Since the death of Durbin Ward Mr. McSweeney is the handsomest man in the state.

Congressman Guenther, of Wisconsin, is about forty years of age, has a yellowish moustache, light blue eyes, and a rosy complexion. He has a soft German accent and remarks with it that John Sherman is the man.

"Senator Hawley is willing to take the second place on the next republican national ticket. The party would have to be careful if it put him there, or it would be a kangaroo affair." This is the opinion of the Boston Globe, democratic.

Governor Hill of New York, vetoed four high license bills during the last session of the legislature. He believes that real estate should pay the taxes while the liquor traffic goes untaxed. There would seem to be no further necessity for the repetition of his once famous phrase, "I am a democrat."

Ben Butler made a little speech to the strictly "social club" which bears his name in which he said: "I have spent so much time in the service of the country and state that I doubt unless some crisis such as arose in 1861 should come that the state has any claim upon my services." And now Benjamin sleeps with a telephone under his pillow listening for the approach of the crisis.

The Atlantic Constitution calls attention to the number of young men who have lately been elected to the United States senate from the south. Mr. Pasco, the senator just chosen from Florida, it says, cannot be more than thirty-eight years of age. Mr. Charles James Faulkner, senator-elect from West Virginia, is not more than thirty-nine. His colleague, Mr. Kenna, entered the senate at thirty-seven, and has already won his place among the leaders of that body. This is a great deal better than choosing elderly millionaires, as far too many of the western states are doing from both parties.

They Are Learning.

Atlanta Constitution.

The southern railroads might as well prepare themselves to furnish first-class accommodations to negroes who pay first-class fare.

The Purpose of a "Trust."

Philadelphia Record.

These "trusts" are modeled after the Standard plan. They are not partnerships or corporations, or suable entities. They are "agreements among gentlemen" for robbing other people.

No Trust in Kansas.

Troy Times.

They do some things in an original way in Kansas. Breach-of-promise suits are unknown there. The girls do nothing on credit. They do not consider themselves engaged until they are married.

The Pig is the Pioneer.

New York Commercial Bulletin.

Westward still the course of our commercial empire runs, and the American hog seems to be taking the lead in the march of our civilization toward the base of the Rocky mountains.

Incomes Contrasted.

Cleveland Leader.

A first-class base-ball player now earns in eight months the annual interest on $100,000 invested in government bonds. And yet there are those who tell us that thin-shanked money-lenders are getting everything, and manly brawn and dexterity nothing in this world.

Only a Difference of One Letter.

New York World.

All the rubber manufacturers of the country are to pool their issues under the head of the Rubber Trust. In making this announcement newspapers should be careful not to confound the business with some of the Robber Trusts now devastating the country.

A Warning to Cleveland.

Chicago News.

A Chicago drummer was robbed in a St. Louis hotel the other night. If Missouri thieves are bold enough to carry off the money of a drummer, and a Chicago drummer at that, a mere president hailing from Washington, D. C., would have very little chance of escaping them. Mr. Cleveland should paste this item on his fishing rod.

Looking Back.

New Orleans Picayune.

How strange a gone-by past appears to us!
We look upon the many little things
That as they came and went brought to our lives
Such joys, such griefs! We wonder how that we
To smiles and tears so easily were led.
The little things—the little words of love
Spoken by lips whose every smallest sound
Caused our fond hearts to thrill so anxiously!
Did those lips realize how yearningly
We watched their movements, listened for their words?
And then the love stabs! Those wee needle pricks—
How they stand out, still bleeding, never healed!
They were not much, perchance, mere trifles, but
They did not rest until they reached our soul!
Forgetfulness? Alas, there's no such thing—
At least not in this life. Maybe beyond,
In the great, bright world called the Summerland,
We may learn something of the precious balm.
We would forget! We'd never think of deeds
Except by kindness done; left unto us
Were all these things!
In looking back we see
Much we bethink us we would change if we
Could live our lives anew. Much we have done
As well as had done unto us would we
Undo. Words we have said while anger held
Our hearts, cutting so deep our brother that
The wound they made reflected back unto
Our own souls. Ah, the many things that we
Have left undone! We might have had the peace
That all good deeds leave after them had we
But turned to take it! And those hearts
Whose burdens we might well have made more light!
The tears we might have dried, the bruises healed
By tender love! Ah, me, too bitter to
Find we have been betrayed, but worst of all
Is to hear conscience whisper mournfully,
"Thou hast betrayed!"

THE CHIP BASKET

HER ANSWER.

Your letter received last evening,
You ask me to "marry you;"
And as I pause to consider—
I know not what to do.

I have several books on etiquette,
And I've read them through and through,
And the more I read and ponder
The less I know what to do.

Of course I believe you're honest
In all you do and say,
But for me to "marry you"
Dear John there is no way.

But I'll tell you what you can do,
('Tis only a trifle you see)—
Just hitch the horse the other way
And you may marry me.

THE pawnbroker is now laying in his summer stock of winter clothing.

THE British lion, the Russian bear and the telegraph liar have concluded not to fight, it seems, and the reckless ones are again buying short on wheat.

BY this time Mr. Blaine is well across the banks, on his trip to Europe. He is trying to cast an anchor windward, no doubt, to keep off the sea-sickness.

THE clam-bake has ended. Rev. J. G. Courtney was retained as the impromptu prevaricator of the assembly, while General McBride was made presiding elder of the institution.

A TEMPERANCE paper claims that whisky affects the brain, and goes on to say that a red nose is unmistakable evidence that a man drinks. It is to be supposed from this, that some men's brains lie in their proboscis?

IT is recklessly asserted by a musician in Omaha that he once knew a young man who sat up all night, singing, "Come Birdie Come," and finally eloped with a widow seventeen years older than himself.

WE are called upon to express feelings of regret. The salvation army, Company G., perhaps, stationed at a small Illinois town, was shelled with over-ripe eggs. It was a conditional surrender. The worst condition an army was ever in.

"WHERE were you last night?" asked his wife next day, after a candidate reached home at 3 o'clock in the morning and carefully put one of his boots under the pillow and his watch under the bed. "In the hands of friends, dearest," said he joyfully. "Yes, I thought so when they let you fall on the veranda," said the good woman with a sweet, sad smile.

THE street sweeping of Omaha costin one month $1,700. To those who occupy beds in hotels, overlooking the streets swept, and who are kept awake all night long by the infernal machine and the bass voiced driver this item of $1,700 will be considered a luxury that gods would envy.

"LONG, long years ago," she said with a sad voice, "I loved a man—loved him desperately, and—" "Your idol turned to clay?" asked the sympathizing Mrs. Brown who had already commenced to sniffle. "No he turned to drinking, and was drowned in a vat at a tannery," fairly brawled the angelic old maid.

THE sad case coming from Nebraska City, where a young, intelligent man, with a wife and little boy, and friends all around him, has gone wrong, commands a certain amount of sympathy, and yet sympathy has no right to figure in the case. The man thought himself smarter than all the bold, shrewd speculators who have dropped their last cent on the board of trade. He imagined that he knew more about it than any other one man on earth, and all that was necessary for him to make a fortune was to get a proper swing. He continued to "buck the tiger," and each time he "bucked" he found himself loser. Forgery finished his desperate desire, and the jail will hold him until a term of court is convened, at which time it will be for a jury to say to the judge that several years in the penitentiary is what the young man needs. The fools who regularly and persistently try to get something for nothing should remember Lephron's sad fate. There is a moral to it all stronger and better than words can picture it.

DOWN in Indiana, near Pierceville, the natives have started a snake story, which for all practical purposes, takes the entire bakery. Many columns of alleged dispatches regarding the monster have found their way into the metropolitan papers of the country and the most successful circus liar ever treading the path of glory is knocked cold and left out in the first round. The animal is said to be almost a yard in circumference, and stretches out into space some twenty-four feet or more. It has eyes like a four horse dynamo and a breath like a cyclone. It is all right, we presume, and no doubt the people are sincere in their staments, as we have heard that they have some awful "likker" in that state.

IN the good old times, long gone hence, when it was perfectly proper to wear a calco shirt, when common whitewash was plenty good enough for the front fence, before the sinless and simple game of euchre had progressed to progressiveness, when "two old cat" was all the ball game the boys played and expert players were not sold for a season, when Omaha was a smaller town than now; the women of that olden time wore for their head-gear a conveniently arranged and curiously contrived straw structure, known in classic mythology as the shaker. But it has gone. And where? Ask some cold, mute fashion plate and it will tell you that the shaker has shooker 'er, so to speak, and the women wears it not. The most wild and weird designs in hats and bonnets have taken the rack made vacant by its departure, and the husband's purse is dry. The women of America should pause and ponder instead of paint and powder—and think how they are affecting literature by the reckless and ruinous expenditure of their hubby's funds. No words are sweeter, no sentiment so inspiring, no melody as soothing as that grand and golden song, "The Hat My Father Wore." Maybe if the women would call a halt in fashion—the curse of the rich and the burden of the poor—there might be a chance of immortality in composing, arranging, publishing and singing for that matter, a song entitled, "The Bonnet Her Mother Wore." As it is now, the song would be laughed out of existence, and the girl would be voted out of style in last spring's bonnet.

LINCOLN is wild in her mad desire to sell town lots. She sends her ministers out to neighboring towns and uses the pulpit to draw to the attention of the peculiar and pious the rare advantages possessed by additions in that city. On a recent Sabbath, in a little town some forty miles from the Capital city, one of the sky-pilots talked as follows, which we commend to all good people, as artistic advertising: "If one among you could boast that royal blood coursed through your veins, that one would feel far above all others. I saw, several years ago, the prince of Wales in New York city. He was only a beardless boy then. He had not then, neither has he since, given evidence of an extraordinary genius or ability. Yet tens of thousands of people crowded on the streets to see him. He was a member of a royal family—a son of England's king and queen. Now my beloved friends, an opportunity is offered you to become a member of a family whose father is the king of kings—the great Jehova himself. One whose authority and power extends throughout all the universe. Over the sun, the moon and the stars. While He carries in his girdle the key to the kingdom of heaven, His power extends over all the outlying lots, the subdivisions, the divisions, the additions and all the acre property 'round about. People living in a quiet village like this will hardly understand what outlying property means. But go to Lincoln and you will find that the land for seven miles in every direction is platted, laid out in lots, and—they are for sale cheap, my brethren. The congregation will please rise and sing, "Sinner, say will you go, to the high lands of Heaven?"

SUNDAY GOSSIP.

THE late election has inaugurated a revolution in school methods in Omaha as well as the qualifications of teachers. In addition to the necessary normal training, candidates for positions and promotions in the schools must hereafter possess accurate and active knowledge of the rudiments of our political system, the manipulation of the caucus, and practical experience in working the susceptible voter at the polls. For the benefit of aspiring teachers the following catalogue of questions has been prepared in advance of the meeting of the examining committee. The ladies will recognize the importance of keeping up with the times in political science and service:

Are you old enough to vote?

Are you troubled with scruples of conscience?

Have you voted "early and often" on the same day?

How often have you "worked" at the polls?

Is it proper to stuff the box while the judges are lunching?

If a gentleman should decline your ticket, would you cut him?

How many carriages could you operate effectively on election day?

Any objections to collaring the colored vote and acting as escort to the polls?

Is it proper to offer inducements to indifferent voters?

Have you experience in a house-to-house canvass?

Are principle and profit proper motives?

Have you ever toted six voters of varied colors in one carriage to the polls?

Did you blush for the sex?

Is it right and proper to attack the characters of opponents?

In case a janitor should refuse to prepare a lunch, would you threaten him with discharge?

Would you blush if a gentleman accepted your proposal—"to take suthin'?"

Would you vote for the best or handsomest man?

Would you spend a month's salary to elect your favorite candidate?

"I AM dipping into Omaha real estate considerably just now," said Congressman Dorsey, of Fremont, "and expect to make some money. Omaha is bound to be a city of over 200,000 people in a very short time—the future great city between Chicago and San Francisco. I had an opportunity a few years ago to make a bushel of money, but I threw it away. I bought out Webster Snyder's interest in his land business, when he went south to resume railroading, and soon afterwards I sold out to Mr. O. F. Davis, who was Snyder's partner. Had I held on to my purchase I would have been a very rich man to-day. However, there are opportunities yet to make big money in Omaha real estate, but it requires more capital now than it did a few years ago. I am interested in a big deal just now, and it will be consummated in a few days."

MR. C. H. DEWEY, who has been all over the world, recently visited the Yosemite valley. He says it is the greatest site he has ever seen, not excepting the Shoshone falls, of which he is part owner. "On each side of the Yosemite valley," says Mr. Dewey, "loom up the great, vertical mountains, thousands of feet high, from which cascades of water come tumbling, dashing down 1,500 feet at a single leap. The streams are full of water now, and the sights are magnificent. Why, the Egyptian pyramids planted down here beside some of these rocks would be mere specks. El Capitan is 3,000 feet high, its sides are perfectly vertical, and as smooth as any stone wall I ever saw. You would have to place six Washington monuments alongside of El Capitan before reaching the top. Up and down this narrow valley are some of the grandest sights to be seen in the world. The streams are clear the forests green, the grassy valley is a superb park, trout, fresh from the brooks, are to be had at every meal at the hotels. The weather is cool and bracing, the sunshine is glorious. Of all the places to visit, and the grandest sights in nature to see, this Yosemite leads them all. Don't fail to make a journey here; there is nothing in the world equal to it."

JOHN A. STEVENS, who formerly managed the Omaha academy of music and the western star circuit, was married to Miss Emily Lytton in New York, June 2. The bride is nineteen years of age, and was a leading member of Mr. Stevens' company for two seasons. Mr. Stevens is a much marrying man, this being his third wife.

JOHN P. CLOW, who flourished for a brief period in Omaha, has challenged Pete Nolan of Cincinnati, for a ten-round contest for $500 a side and gate money, to take place within six weeks at Minneapolis.

A PHEASANT FARM.

The Game Preserves of an Englishman Guarded by Huge Mastiffs.

Chicago Herald: A gentleman utilizes his farm lands at Lihrook, not far from London, which in these days of agricultural depression he found difficult to let, by turning them into a model game farm. Pheasants are here reared with the most scrupulous care and the process of securing and collecting the eggs, hatching, nursing, and feeding the juvenile pheasants, etc., provide occupation for a number of workers. From his 3,000 birds usually on the farm the game breeder sends pheasants all over the world to stock preserves, but he supplies eggs most carefully packed in cases devised by himself and made on the premises, to breeders at a distance, who artificially hatch their own eggs.

The devices for securing the safety of this valuable and perishable stock are many and various, and great precaution are taken to prevent any depredation. Huge mastiffs and St. Bernard dogs traverse a length of wire cable which surrounds the farm stretched on the ground upon which their chains are fastened in lengths of 100 yards, and a very effectual police force they make, not allowing approach from any one, friend or stranger, without well recognized credentials. Rats are terribly destructive to young birds, if they can get at them, but here they are not only kept at bay by curved iron fencings, such as we see at the Zoological gardens, but this year electric batteries are so placed that if a wire is touched by the marauder the shock proves too much for him and he tumbles over dead.

Partridges are not so difficult to deal with as pheasants and there are thousands of them on the Lihrook farm flying about and taking care of themselves. All the stock birds are kept in aviaries open at the top, and their wings are clipped every three weeks. The labor of this seemed to me enormous, but the game farmers say that it is nothing as compared to the expense of covering in forty acres of aviaries.

The Mice-Skin Market.

Lewiston Journal: The story goes that the fur-runner has one section of Maine in which his appearance on a fur buying trip is an event. About everybody sells to him and he hasn't made many mistakes in his buying. He cultivates this section. He saves his best jokes and his funniest stories for this section. Hence his grip is good and he don't want to lose it.

It was after a successful expedition into this section, recently, that the fur-runner fell a-talking. Now there is danger when a man falls a-talking and on this day in question the peltry king told yarns and talked about furs and how money could be made and lost in them. Said he to the listeners, "Why don't you save up some mice skins? The market is big on mice. They are worth, lemme see—they are worth about $10 a hundred," and then he smiled complacently as a man spoke up and said, "B' gosh, is that a fact? Well now you bet we co'd get a bushel on 'em in a week if we was a mind to." It was only just a joke and he went away forgetting to remove the impression.

Several months passed and he went back again, bargaining and buying. He had traded for a good many furs, when, in the course of the trade, the seller said, "The boys has got lots of mice skins for you." The buyer looked wonderingly, and then up out of the past came the vision of his previous iniquity. "They have have they?" replied he. "Well, I don't know exactly. Did I say I'd take 'em?" "That's what you said," was the reply. "Ten dollars a hundred and the boys has about two hundred of 'em."

It was a sad fact. The industrious boys had fully that number of mice skins stretched on boards. The buyer had to invent something, and so he said that the market had dropped off over three-quarters since he was here before, and he ended by settling with the boys for a five-dollar bill. It would never have done to have declined them, for that might have spoiled the trade on more sizeable and more marketable pelts in that vicinity forever.

Pass the Brute Around.

FILLEY, Neb., June 10.—To the Editor of the BEE: A demoralized brute in human form, named Victor Noble, holding a teacher's certificate issued by the superintendent of Johnson county, was hired to teach the Melroy school, four miles north of Filley. This villian, trusted with a sacred duty, prepared an indecent and obscene paper in drawing and language and placed in the hands of a little girl belonging to the family where he boarded, with instructions to show it to several other little girls. Here the matter was accidentally discovered by the girl's parents and stopped, and the fellow was discharged from the school. The paper was as indecent as can be conceived. The depth of the depravity which can prompt or allow a young man to place such a paper in the hands of a young girl under his charge as a pupil is mysterious and appalling. I cannot fathom it.

Through a mistaken effort to conceal the matter by the father of the child to whom he gave the paper he was allowed to escape with a whole skin. But will the press of the state, and other states, pass him around? His name is Victor A. Noble and he hails from Sterling, Neb.

J. B

BOSTON'S NUDE DEPARTURE.

Commonwealth Avenue Belles Posing as Venuses Rising From the Sea.

BOSTON, June 11.—(Special Telegram to the BEE.)—Elmer Chickering, the photographer who was arrested recently for printing and selling indecent photographs, was in court again yesterday. He decided to offer no defense and after examination of witnesses for the prosecution the case was referred to the grand jury.

The craze for full length photographs in scanty attire first seized hold upon half a dozen young society belles, who reside on Commonwealth avenue, last fall. They posed in Chickering's studio in graceful attitudes. Some of the pictures were taken singly after the style of the Greek goddess and more particularly Venus rising from the sea, while others were large sized groups in imitation of Nymphs at the Bath, and other famous works of art. The young women gave the names of servants and their homes where they desired proofs sent. In several cases the envelopes containing proofs of the photographs were returned to Mr. Chickering with the postoffice memorandum that no such person lived at the number given. In these cases the young ladies called at the studio subsequently and blushingly explained in confidence what the trouble was. Such powerful influence was brought to bear by friends of the young devotees of art that Boston newspapers did not publish a word of the case when Chickering was arrested and first taken to court. Chickering refused to give the names of the young ladies. He said: "I have made no admissions and no denials and don't mean to. If the grand jury brings in an indictment I have a very good defense without telling anything about my patrons or pictures. It is a case of blackmail by my old foreman who printed the pictures and was discharged for incompetency. I can show this and that is all I need do."

ARMOUR WOULD NOT BITE.

Lincoln's Bonus to the Boss Butcher Promptly Declined.

CHICAGO, June 11.—(Special Telegram to the BEE.)—The following special despatch from Lincoln, Neb., if true, would indicate that Phil Armour has friends, dispite his adversaries here, but unfortunately the gift will not amount to much, for Mr. Armour stated last night that he had no intention of establishing a branch at Lincoln.

LINCOLN, June 10.—A prominent member of the Lincoln board of trade departed to-day for Chicago, taking with him for Phil D. Armour a deed to 200 acres of land adjoining the town site of West Lincoln, the nanufacturing suburb of this city. This is the consumation of negotiations commenced by Armour four months ago to secure grounds for a branch packing house in this city, and assures the fact that Armour has selected Lincoln as the point for a new business location.

Disastrous Fire.

NEW YORK, June 11.—The immense sugar refinery of the Havemeyer Sugar refining company in Williamsburg, near Greenport, burned at 3 this morning. The fire extended to the Devoe Oil works and destroyed everything and leaped next to the stables of the Union Cross-town railroad company, which burned. Reeves & Perkins lumbe yard burned next. The refinery wharves fell in. It is not known whether any lives are lost. Ten men of the night force are missing. The fire extended along Hunter's point bridge, which connected Greenpoint with Long Island City across Newton creek. Shortly after three, the entire reserve force was called out. The buildings of Brooklyn Cooperage Co. and Gleason's Glass Works were burning at three, and Lock's Iron Works were threatened. It is impossible to estimate the extent of the loss but it will exceed $1,000,000. Later reports from Greenpoint state the fire was confined to the Havemeyer buildings. The refinery was gutted and the loss will reach $300,000, which is fully insured. All but two of the men at work in the buildings when the fire broke out have been accounted for.

Later reports give the loss on buildings at $600,000, and the loss on stock about $400,000, insured for about half that amount.

Eviction Scenes in Ireland.

DUBLIN, June 11.—The first house visited by the evicting force at Bodyke to-day was that of Timothy Collins, but, as was announced, that the daughter of Collins lay dying inside, the work of eviction was abandoned. The evictors then proceeded to the house of Michael O'Callahan, where they met with terrible resistence. The bailiffs and policemen were deluged with boiling water and meal. Colonel Turner, who was in charge of the evicting party, implored Father Hannan to persuade the people to cease resistance and thus prevent bloodshed. Father Hannan then entered the house and the inmates ceased their attacks on the force, which entered and carried out the work of eviction. Five women were arrested.

The Grand Army and Cleveland.

ST. LOUIS, June 11.—[Special Teleg ram to the BEE.]—There were more sensational developments to-day in the matter of the Grand Army against President Cleveland. The encampment committee received an official communication from half a dozen posts scattered through Iowa and Illinois stating they had decided not to attend the St. Louis encampment. The committee here is very much worked up over the outlook. Large contracts for the entertainment have been closed and all preparations to entertain 100,000 men are well under way. The withdrawal of the posts will cause the greatest trouble and disappointment.

A Maniac Mother.

PHILADELPHIA, June 11.—Mrs. Anna Griffith, in a fit of insanity this morning at her home, cut the throat of her ten-year-old daughter with a razor and then cut her own, dying almost instantly. The child died in a few hours.

Death of Bishop Stevens.

PHILADELPHIA, June 11.—William Bacon Stevens, bishop of the diocese of Pennsylvania of the Protestant Episcopal church, died this morning.

Bank Statement.

NEW YORK, June 11.—The weekly bank statement shows the reserve increased $92,000. The banks now hold $4,420,000 in excess of legal requirements.

Some of Mrs. Grundy's Sayings.

That nothing is quite so good for family scandals as a "real, genuine French maid."

That transatlantic navigation does not appear to be as careful and skillful as of old.

That coaching does not appear to have lost any popularity among "our society" people.

That "salesladies" should not be allowed to receive their friends during business hours.

That the usual assorted lot of scandals has grown out of the amateur theatrical season.

That so many sudden deaths of late cause those unprepared to go a deal of uneasiness.

That a gentleman of the old times never boasted of making money by horse-gambling.

That the newest name for the society youths of the period is appropriately "Jocko."

That it is the fashionable thing now to advertise for a place for the favorite hired girl.

That lawyers who make a business of collecting money for creditors are very busy now.

That society is unusually interested in the reported engagement of a very wealthy widow.

That a woman is having a popular acter's portrait painted by a noted artist at her expense.

That the divorce cases of obscure people are never reported at column length in the papers.

That the probabilities are the prince of Wales filled Buffalo Bill's cup of joy to overflowing.

That the great trouble of modern novelists is that they do not know when they have written enough.

That summer resorts guaranteeing exemption from possible earthquakes would be very popular.