CABLE RAILROADERS' WORK.

Incorporation Articles of Moment Filed Yesterday at Lincoln.

"ICE" MARSHAL AND NICE MEN.

What Will Be Done To-Morrow at the Penitentiary and Asylum—General Capitoline News—A Big Real Estate Boom.

[FROM THE BEE'S LINCOLN BUREAU.]

The Cable Tramway company, of Omaha, has filed amended articles of incorporation with the secretary of state. The changes are as follows:

Whereas, in pursuance of the resolution adopted by the board of directors of this company, at its meeting held May 5, 1887, regarding the increase of the capital stock to $1,000,000, and permitting an indebtedness two-thirds that amount. The stockholders have nearly unanimously authorized the board of directors to amend the articles of incorporation to that effect.

Resolved, That article 4 be so amended as to place the capital stock at $1,000,000, in shares of $100 each, at least 5 per cent of which shall be paid at the time of subscription and the balance upon call of the board of directors and that the highest amount of indebtedness or liability to which the company shall be at any time subjected is $666,666.

The affairs and business of the company shall be conducted by a board of five directors and a president, vice president, secretary and treasurer.

A certificate is added setting up that the resolutions are a true copy of the original resolutions. The articles are signed by Samuel R. Johnson, president of the Cable Tramway company of Omaha; C. B. Rustin, secretary, and Samuel R. Johnson, L. B. Williams, C. B. Rustin, W. V. Morse, Samuel D. Mercer and C. B. Ristine, directors.

The superintendent of public instruction is in daily receipt of petty complaints from various school officers and county superintendents in regard to the management of county schools. Any disagreement between directors and superintendents is abruptly referred to him without any apparent effort to adjust them at home. Usually they are not of great importance and under the law and decisions made by the state superintendent and his predecessors are quite easily adjusted, but at the same time they occupy no little time and attention.

Already the state house has assumed a Fourth of July appearance. Of course the offices will be closed from Saturday until Tuesday and all officials and clerks will betake themselves to their homes or some place of leisure and resort. Secretary of State Laws has gone to Orleans; Governor Thayer went to Crete to review the encampment and take in the Chautauqua. W. W. Leese has gone home, Guy A. Brown is in the east; J. C. Cowdrey and wife are in the city, guests of the Hon. B. R. Cowdry, deputy secretary of state.

The penitentiary and asylum will celebrate the Fourth in proper shape. At the asylum they will have ice cream, cake, lemonade and candy, to conclude with a dance for the amusement of the unfortunates. Prof. Weber's band will furnish the music. The convicts will also have a day of recreation and rest from arduous labor. They will be given a fine dinner and will have a regular Fourth of July celebration with speeches and song. The convicts themselves are arranging a programme in which they will participate in the exercises and thus relieve for one day the tediousness of prison life.

Lancaster county refunding bonds to the amount of $150,000 have been registered.

Last night Captain Hill, the governor's private secretary, went to Crete with half a dozen friends to take in the assembly. It was announced that the train returning would leave at 9:30. As a matter of fact it left the grounds switch at 9:25, and the captain and his friends got left and had the pleasure of patronizing a Crete hotel until the early morning train came along.

STANDARD RAILWAY.

The proprietors of the Standard street railway are waking up to the importance of commencing work. The charter has been granted the company and the proprietors. Baldwin, Pitcher and Baldwin are getting estimates on material and labor. The line is to commence at the various depots and extend through the business and residence part of the city and thence northeast by the state farm to the Wesleyan university, a distance of nearly five miles. This line when put in operation will open up a vast territory to actual settlement.

Already work has commenced on the new university, and it will be pushed right along. The excavation is being made for the foundation and is to be completed very soon.

The recent arrest of gamblers and the consequent fines has made things lively. Gus Saunders claimed the confiscated goods and secured possession of them by replevin. He then proceeded to get hot at Marshal Cooper, who is also a dealer in ice and gave a written order their ice delivery should cease at once and that if the bill was presented at once it would be paid. Cooper does not care for this, for where he loses one customer of such a character he gains two, that are more desirable, that content with this. He undertook to intimidate the marshal farther and threatened that he would do this and that if Cooper did not let up on the gentry. The marshal has been sufficiently aggravated and will at once issue an order requesting all gamblers, prostitutes and other persons without visible means of support, or of uncertain character to leave the city within forty-eight hours or they will be arrested and prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

The street car company will put down a double track on the streets to be paved.

The "March to the Sea."

July Century: One single fact about the "March to the Sea" unknown to me was revealed by General Grant in his "Memoirs," vol. II., page 376:

I was in favor of Sherman's plan from the time it was first submitted to me. My chief of staff, however, was very bitterly opposed to it, and, as I learned subsequently, finding that he could not move me, he appealed to the authorities at Washington to stop it.

I had been acquainted with General John A. Rawlins, General Grant's "chief of staff," from the beginning of the war. He was always most loyal and devoted to his chief, an enthusiastic patriot, and of real ability. He was a neighbor of General Grant in Galena at the breaking out of the war, a lawyer in good practice, an intense thinker, and a man of vehement expression: a soldier by force of circumstances rather than of education or practice; yet of infinite use to his chief throughout the war and up to the hour of his death as secretary of war, in 1869. General Rawlins was enthusiastically devoted to his friends in the western army, with which he had been associated from Cairo to Vicksburg and Chattanooga, and doubtless, like many others at the time—October, 1864—feared that I was about to lead his comrades in a "wild-goose chase," not fully comprehending the objects aimed at, or that I on the spot had better means of accurate knowledge than he in the distance. He did not possess the magnificent equipoise of General Grant, nor the confidence in my military sagacity which his chief did, and I am not at all surprised to learn that he went to Washington from City Point to obtain an order from the president or secretary of war to compel me with an army of 65,000 of the best soldiers which America had ever produced to remain idle when an opportunity was offered such as never occurs twice to any man on earth. General Rawline was right according to the light he possessed, and I remember well my feeling of uneasiness that something of the kind might happen, and how free and glorious I felt when the magic telegraph was cut, which prevented the possibility of orders of any kind from the rear coming to delay or hinder us from what I knew was comparatively easy of execution and was sure to be a long stride toward the goal we were aiming at—victory and peace from Virginia to Texas. He was one of the many referred to by Mr. Lincoln who sat in the darkness, but after the event saw a great light. He never revealed to me the doubts he had had. W. T. SHERMAN.

BIG SALARIES.

Men in New York Who Get as Much Salary as the President.

Washington Post: There are a score of men in New York who are paid as much for their services each year as the president of the United States. Forty thousand dollars a year is a very tidy salary. There are hundreds of men who get $25,000 a year salary, and the number who get from $10,000 to $20,000 are legion. Very ordinary men get from $5,000 to $8,000 a year, or as much as a cabinet officer. Dr. Norvin Green, president of the Western Union telegraph company, is paid $50,000. So is Chauncey M. Depew, president of the New York Central railroad. Richard M. McCurdy, president of the Mutual Life Insurance company, gets a like amount. John Hoey, president of Adams Express company, fares equally as well. President Henry B. Hyde, of the Equitable Life Insurance company, is also in the list. George G. Williams, president of the Chemical National bank, the richest banking institution in America, with nearly $5,000,000 of surplus, $20,000,000 average deposits, is paid a salary of $25,000 yearly. President Potts, of the Park bank, and President Tappan, of the Gallatin National bank, receive a like sum each twelve months.

The best paid minister in New York is Dr. John Hall, a brainy man from the north of Ireland, who preaches to $200,000,000 every Sunday morning. His is the smallest church in town. He owes his rise in life to Robert Bonner, of the Ledger, who found him preaching to a small congregation in Dublin, and induced him to come to America. He gets a salary of $20,000 a year and makes $5,000 by his newspaper and magazine articles. He is given a luxuriously furnished house as well. Dr. Morgan Dix, the chief pastor of Trinity church corporation the wealthiest in America, receives $15,000 yearly. Dr. William L. Taylor, of the Broadway tabernacle, gets the same amount. He does literary work and lecturing that brings his income up to $20,000. Dr. Charles Hall, of the Fifth avenue Presbyterian church, is paid $15,000. He is very eloquent, and his church is crowded at all services. Dr. Parkhurst, of Madison square church, gets $12,000. He has a large and distinguished congregation. Cyrus W. Field is one of the pillars of the church. Dr. Paxton, who preaches to Jay Gould and others less wealthy, is paid $15,000. The Rev. Robert Collyer, the blacksmith preacher, is paid $10,000.

A LAST SURVIVOR.

One of Custer's Command Has Just Died in Arkansas.

Green County (Ark.) Events: Thomas Underwood, a native of Alamance county, N. C., but who for a few years past has been living in and near Gainesville, died in destitute circumstances at the residence of J. A. Hunter on Wednesday, the 8th inst., of general debility. Mr. Underwood was a member of General Custer's ill-starred command, which was so ruthlessly slaughtered by Sitting Bull and his Indians at the battle on Little Rosebud several years ago, and so far as is known was the only one of the little band of heroes to escape death on that bloody day, he himself being desperately wounded in several places, from the effects of which he has been a cripple ever since.

Deceased leaves two children, a son and daughter, and other relatives in Alabama county, N. C., and had just returned from visiting them a few weeks before his death. All the care that was possible was given him during his last hours by Mr. and Mrs. Hunter and family, who deserve great praise for unremitting kindness and attention to "the stranger within their gates." The remains were buried in Gainesville cemetery on Thursday.

The Pond Lily Man.

Detroit Free Press: He appeared suddenly at the door of a fashionable boarding house the other day, wearing a bland smile and a seersucker suit.

The ladies were all grouped on the veranda in breakfast costumes.

"Ladies," he said, doffing his hat, "a gentleman who boards here asked me to bring this basket of lillies and present it with his compliments to the prettiest lady here."

There was a moment's pause, and a maiden who had seen many summers asked sharply:

"Well, why don't you present it?"

The man made a deprecatory bow.

"How can I miss? He forgot to give me any address, and I couldn't pick out one from so many."

"What did he look like?" asked all the ladies at once.

"Very distwangey; with a light mustache, or, lemme see, was it dark? I kind of disremember the color. But that's what he said—the prettiest lady."

"Could it have been Mr. ——. Do you suppose he ordered them for that horrid Miss ——?"

"More likely for the Widow ——."

"It must have been Captain ——."

"I hate to take them back," said the man reflectively. "If the lady he meant will pick herself out, I'll give her the lillies," and he twirled one fragrant bud in his hand.

"I suppose you couldn't sell us any of them," murmured a sweet old thing who knew she was the "one" meant.

"I could sell to you altogether, but not to one; that wouldn't be fair. You see the gentleman will know I couldn't afford to lose the sale of 'em. Six for five cents ladies. If I can't find the right one 'taint my fault, an' I never see s'many pretty ladies afore in my life."

"I'll take a bunch."

"And I."

The basket was soon emptied. At dinner every lady wore a lily in her hand or at her belt, and Mr. —— and Captain —— were smiled upon by turns by the whole posse of female boarders to their great surprise.

"Good heavens! what have we done to deserve it!" asked the gentlemen of each other, as they were thanked for their good intentions.

The ladies do not know yet that they were the victims of a commercial ruse on the part of the lily vender.

Capacity of a Freight Car.

A load is nominally ten tons or 20,000 pounds. The following can be carried: Whisky, 60 barrels; salt, 70 barrels; lime, 60 barrels; flour, 90 barrels; eggs, 130 to 160 barrels; flour, 200 sacks; wood, 6 cords; cattle, 18 to 20 head; hogs, 50 to 60; sheep, 80 to 100; lumber, 6,000 feet; barley, 300 bushels; wheat, 340 bushels; flaxseed, 360 bushels; apples, 370 bushels; corn, 400 bushels; potatoes, 450 bushels; oats, 680 bushels; bran, 1,000 bushels; butter, 20,000 pounds; oranges, 250 boxes; strawberries, 20,000 pounds, including refrigerators; all other fruits of all kinds, 20,000 pounds to the car. They are now building cars of 40,000 or 60,000 pounds' capacity, in which 500 boxes of oranges can be loaded.

THE NEGLECTED FLAGS.

An Excursion to the Storeroom of the Battle Trophies.

Correspondence of the Philadelphia Press: The best chance in Washington to get acquainted with the red tape of the war department is to try to see the captured battle flags. The experience gained in reaching the attic where they are kept is well worth even a longer trip. The first obstacle in the way is Secretary Endicott's colored doorkeeper, who is possessed with the permanent hallucination that the secretary "is not in." When his mind is disabused of this idea, and the equally positive hallucination that the secretary can't see any one to-day is dislodged, the visitor gets as far as the great man's secretary. That young man refers him to General Drum's secretary, when, after another skirmish with the doorkeeper, he finally reaches a medium-sized, red-faced man, with white hair and moustache, who is announced as General Drum himself. The general, if the credentials are all right, or there is no reason apparent for a refusal, gives out a brief note to the officer in charge of the flags, and if the officer seems satisfied you can get to see them in his company.

The room where they were hidden is hot and stuffy. The records of the flags, which makes them interesting, are removed or locked up by the adjutant general's orders, and the whole place is as uninteresting as a democratic administration's intent can make it. In going down toward the ground floor again visitors are expected to go out of the elevator in hurry at the intimation that his highness the secretary wants to ride.

ROOM FOR THE SECRETARY.

Going down the other morning, I had hardly got a chance hear the electric bell ring, when the operator, his hair raising with the possibility of instant dismissal, shouted, "Get out; get out quick." I mildly asked what I should get out quick for, and was told in the same agonized tone of voice that the secretary was coming. I got out to see him come, and it was worth the effort. The Endicott carriage had just wheeled away from the secretary's entrance on the white house side of the building and the secretary himself, alone—menials and clerks having apparently buried themselves hastily in the rooms adjoining the corridor—was walking majestically toward the elevator. He wore a light summer suit with a sack coat flowing open to show a white vest, and a white high hat, not pushed back to cool his forehead, but pulled down grimly until it nearly hid his eyes. His tread was Napoleonic. His heels evidently struck the tiling first, and each caparate military thump reverberated along the walls and caused a new thrill of terror to shake the soul of the unfortunate elevator man. To this moment I am glad I got out of the elevator "quick" and saved him.

Every morning, they tell me, the performance is the same. Electric bells are rung in advance of the secretary, ordinary people are cleared out of the way, and the elevator awaits his pleasure. The whole show, it might be added by way of information to visitors, can be seen for less trouble than the flags.

NEGLECTED AND ABUSED TROPHIES.

The flags, to return to the attic, are in a disgraceful condition. The room in which they are kept is about the size of an ordinary parlor, with a slanting roof and one small bull's-eye window. A skylight above, consisting of one single big pane of glass, lets in the light and raises the temperature to the boiling point at the same time. Visitors can't stand it in the latter room until both door and bull's-eye window have been opened a few moments, and possibly this trouble about receiving them is one of the reasons why so few are admitted. Inside the room the arrangement is much like that of a South street pawnshop. The large proportion of the flags are rolled up together, stuffed into pigeon holes along the wall and ticked like so many pieces of clothing which are awaiting the return of cold weather to be called out out again. The pawnbroker, however, would have the number on the clothing correspond with the number on his books which would be one thing in which he showed better business instincts than the democratic secretary of war. It is an unfortunate fact tont the numbers of many of the flags have been lost by careless handling, and that there is no assurance that half the present numbers are riget. Each number is written on a card by the doorkeeper or some other illiterate individual and pushed underneath the string which confines the bundle. The intellectual attainment of the man who wrote them could be seen by the fact that he made 2.75 stand for 275, for instance, and all the way through has marked dollars and cents instead of the plain numbers of the catalogue. Some of the cards were honest enough to say on their face "number lost," but a good many others were lost which said nothing about it, and evidently a large share of them changed. Without some other identification than the cards it is clear that nobody could guarantee the flags to be what the records represent.

The flags which still hang to their poles are propped up against the walls on two sides of the room. Properly displayed they would be intensely interesting. There are silk bunting and evidently parts of women's dresses amongst them, and the poles vary from the nicely finished stick to the half-trimmed sapling cut out of the woods with a blow or two of the axe. There is something about them touching, pathetic, far beyond their memories of bloody struggles in the field, in the sacrifices and sufferings and patriotism they show among the women at home. They might at least be preserved, even if the president finds he cannnot send them south again.

LIVE STOCK.

Pick out your breeders, says the Farm Journal, the pigs with long bodies, broad backs and deep, round hams. Select a breed which has hair on it. A good coat of hair counts on a hog as well as any animal. It is a protection in summer and in winter.

The Jersey Bulletin folks are still explaining the dairy show outcome. The best thing to do with a fact is to let it stand. Of course, the fight is not over in one round. Next round the Jersey may win; certainly next time the Holstein will not have a walk-over.

Experiments show that when cut hay and ground grain are fed to stock the cost of feeding is lessened sufficiently to pay for the labor necessary to prepare the food and grind the grain, and that the increased growth of the stock is noticeable when compared with those fed upon whole grain and uncut hay.

Hank Comstock thinks that the Jersey interest "is at present depressed by the feeling that circumstances have placed the mass of breeders at a disadvantage which they are in doubt whether they can overcome." There is almost nothing in this—the present cattle depression is common to all the breeds of cattle.

Many weeds may be used profitably as food for hogs. The narrow-leaved plantain possesses nearly the same nutritive value as timothy, while lamb's quarter and pig weed are both highly relished by swine. It is best not to allow any weeds to grow; yet they should be utilized as as much as possible in case they have made growth.

A stock raiser reports that he destroys lice on cattle by boiling potatoes until they are thoroughly cooked, then removing the potatoes, allowing the water to boil down to one-half the quantity to increase its strength. The water is then used on the animals as a wash. Two quarts of potatoes boiled in three gallons of water are the proper proportions.

Thomas H. Payne, of Kansas City, Mo., writes as follows: "For a number of years my business has been the selection and purchase of stockers and feeders at this place, or in this market, for feeding purposes. I have purchased thousands yearly and have no pecuniary interest, either directly or indirectly, in any of the improved breeds, as I have not a cent invested in either of them; but in my experience I have found the Herefords from 10 to 15 per cent lighter, and that not over 10 to 20 per cent of them sold with the top or first pick of the cattle. Of course, I have reference to those herds where grade bulls have been used for a number of consecutive years."

That range cattle can be greatly improved in quality by the use of pure bred sires is no new assertion, and is daily borne out by the testimony of the markets. The Kansas City Indicator cites an instance in point. Mr. J. L. Heath, Peabody, Kas., recently shipped to the Kansas City market ten car-loads of steers, five car-loads each of a short-horn cross and a hereford cross on range cows crossed up from a Texas foundation. They were raised by the Prairie Cattle company and sold to Mr. Heath. The five carloads of short horn grades averaged 1,700 pounds, and the five carloads of Hereford grades 1,600 pounds. In the last six and one-half months the short horn grades gained 557 pounds and the Hereford grades gained 518 pounds.—[Breeders' Gazette.

The recent public sales of shorthorns in central Illinois show a decided falling off in the average of prices as compared with those of former years. There can be no doubt but that the quarantine by other states against Illinois is the chief cause of this decline. The breeders throughout the entire state are made to suffer for the sin, or misfortune, whichever it may be, of a small district in one county on an extreme border of the state. This is not only a hardship to them, but a great injury to the commercial interests of the state. If some better plan to remedy the evil is not soon devised we had better set Cook county aside as a state to itself, and then let all the world quarantine against her so long as she plays with pleuro-pneumonia or suffers it within her borders.

Her Economy.

Detroit Free Press: Mrs. Bixby became convinced the other day that retrenchment was absolutely necessary in her household expenses.

"Business is dull," she said, "and I must make our bills as light as possible. Poor husband is quite worried over our affairs. Now, how can I save $5 or $10 and show Mr. Bixby that women can be economical if necessary? I know," she said suddenly in a joyful tone, of one who has had a happy thought. "I will do without the hat I intended getting to wear with my new gray suit. I can wear my black imported straw with it very well, and I will, too. I just must learn to economize."

Then she put on her hat and went down town, so elated over her "clear saving of five whole dollars," that she intended walking home with Mr. Bixby at noon and telling him all about it.

"I wonder now," she said, as she stopped before the windows of a glove store, "I wonder if I couldn't afford a new pair of those tan kid gloves with stitching on the back. I really need them, and I've saved $5 by going without my hat, so—yes, I'll get them; they'll cost only $2."

Ten minutes later she stood before the ribbon counter in a dry goods stose.

"This ribbon is really very cheap," she was saying to herself, "and I need a lot of ribbons awfully. I wonder if I could afford it to-day. Let me see, I—oh, of course I can, after saving $5 on that hat."

And she bought ten yards of ribbon at 25c a yard.

"Great Sale of Embroidery," she read on a flaring placard a moment later.

"Just what I need," she said, "but I've been doing without because I wanted to economize; but I'm sure Charles couldn't say anything if I bought a little when I've saved five whole dollars."

So she bought "a little" for $1.75. Then she got "the greatest kind of a bargain" in remnants of French gingham for $1.50.

"I never would have bought it," she said to herself, "but it was so cheap, and then I'd saved $5 this morning."

Before reaching her husband's office with the cheering news of her economy, she had bought four yards of lace, three of insertion, a pound of candy, two collars and a pair of cuffs, a pair of slippers; two pairs of hose, handkerchiefs, three yards of lawn, a fan, a bunch of roses, another pair of gloves and six linen hankerchiefs and two neckties for Mr. Bixby.

Then she repaired to Bixby's office with the tale of her economy, and ended by saying:

"And here's a few little things I thought I could afford after saving so much without my hat."

Bixby asked a few questions, made a rapid calculation and said in an utterly heartless tone:

"See here, Sally, don't you economize any more. You'll break me sure if you do. You've got $16.80 worth of things already out of that $5, and—"

"You're just too mean for anything, Charley Bixby!"

Religious Progress in Montana.

Dakota Bell: So you are from Montana?" said a ministerial appearing man who was sharing his seat on an eastern railroad with a western man.

"Yes, sir."

"Are there any churches where you live."

"Ye mean o' these 'ere things with a long sharp p'nt stickin' up'n the air like an oil can?"

"Yes, sir."

"Oh, yes, we got one of 'em."

"Has it not been of untold benefit to the community?"

"I reckon yer 'bout right, stranger."

"Ah, I'm glad to hear you say it. I trust your church has been the means of healing discords and bringing about harmony among your people."

"Ye jes' hit it, stranger, it has. Ye see we have a big pony race every Sunday afternoon an' there was always a powerful lot o' fightin' an' shootin' 'bout gittin' 'em started even, so we laid out a hundred-yard co'rs' straight away from the church an' backed 'em up ag'in' it an' started 'em at the tap of a snare drum. Gosh, stranger, ye oughter see the little devils get down an' hump themselves when the min'ster hits that drum a welt."

A Man Who Has Stopped Betting.

Pittsburg Chronicle: Two of our prominent citizens were standing at a hotel door on a Sunday morning not long ago, when one whom we will call Mr. A., said:

"I believe mbre co.ored people than white pass by here."

"Oh, no, certainly not," replied Mr. B.

"Well, I'm willing to make a bet on it. Keep a record for half an hour and see. If the white people are in excess I'll give you a dollar apiece for as many as there are in the majority; if the colored people are in excess you pay me a dollar in the same way.

"All right," said Mr. B., and the count commenced.

The half hour had nearly elapsed with a record of three or four Caucassians ahead, when a band was heard coming up the street.

"What's that?" said the counters, as they gazed at the advancing throng.

It was the funeral of a colored man who had been a member of several secret societies, and all his brethren had turned out to assist at the obsequies.

Mr. B. makes no more such bets now.

Pension Certificates Issued.

WASHINGTON, July 2.—The statement prepared at the pension office shows that during the last fiscal year there were issued 112,840 pension certificates. This showing is said to be the best ever made by the office.

FIVE HUNDRED MILLIONS DOLLARS

Are now held by the Life Insurance Companies of the United States as banking or investment portion of premiums paid by the policy-holders of these institutions. A large part of which sum, says Commissioner Tarbox, of Massachusetts, in report for 1884, "has no just relations to life insuronce," and further says, "if insurance and investment are the object, each can better be got in its separate place than by a combination which impoverishes the investment and does not IMPROVE or CHEAPEN the insurance.

The Provident Savings Life Insurance Company, of New York.

SHEPARD HOMANS, President, Eighteen Years Actuary of the Mutual Life Insurance Co., of New York

Is the only regularly incorporated company in the United States that does a strictly life insurance business unmixed with investment features; it is thus enabled and does furnish life insurance at more than 50 per cent less than its competitors. The security is unequaled, no company in the world showing as large ratio of assets to liabilities. The company is endorsed by the leading actuaries in the country, and its popularity is attested by the fact that only four of its competitors wrote a large business in 1886, three of these do not confine their business to the United States. For further particulars, call on or address

E. B. HALL, General Agent,
12 Arlington Block, Omaha, Nebraska.

A few good agents wanted for city and country work.

A LITTLE PARTY IN DAKOTA.

Rude Interruption of a Pleasant Social Event in Estelline.

Dakota Bell: There was a grand ball given up in Estelline one night two or three years ago.

It was the chief social event of the season in which it occurred and elaborate preparations were made. It took place in the largest hall in town, located over the Go den Rowl saloon, which institution had a bar in it that would hurt your eyes to look at.

There was an orchestra brought down at great expense from a German settlement at the head of Stray Horse Creek. There were four or five in this band, including a big fiddle trained to stand up on its fore legs, which had a piece of barbed wire for its largest string. We all went who were living in town, and a scope of country as large as the state of New Jersey was ransacked to furnish ladies enough to make it interesting.

The gentlemen connected with Spaulding's ranch also came. They were fond of society, and it might be said that they were in Estelline's social swim. There were Mr. Bill Hostetter, and Big Jack and Long Jack. If we remember rightly, Mr. Pock-marked Smith and Mr. Patsy Dougherty were present. We are positive that Snub-em Pete and Mr. Dennis McCasey were in the party, as well as Wisconsin Jo, Buck Reno, and Jimmy the Road Agent.

The gentlemen were all feeling well when they left the ranch. On arriving in town they rode into the Golden Bowl saloon and up to the bar and sampled the stock of foreign and domestic liquors, after which they bunched their horses in the street and came up to the scene of the festivities.

Promptly at 9 o'clock the head musician drew a rip saw across the barbed-wire string of the big fiddle, and the floor manager yelled "Form on!"

Then we all danced, the big fiddle groaned, the little fiddles screeched, and the parlor organ borrowed from the First Baptist church could occasionally be heard when the others stopped to rest. Each danced as long as he or she could, the floor shook, the lamps swung, the man who called off got his nose up in the air and yelled, and the big fiddle roared. Everything went smoothly till the second dance after the supper taken at the Headquarters hotel.

At this point the ranch gentlemen came up in a body—they had before been dividing their time between the ball room and the dispensary below.

They came in and drifted up to the head of the hall, when suddenly Bill Hostetter jumped up and cracked his heels three times and yelled:

"Wour-r-rck! I'm er terror! Yar-r-r!"

The man who was playing the church organ fell over backward off the platform and started for the door on his hands and knees.

Then Buck Reno jumped up and struck his head against the ceiling twice before he came down and whooped:

"Ra-r-r-r! rar-r-r! rar-r-r! So'm I! Yo-ow!"

Little Jack threw his hat on the floor and turned a handspring, in which his feet broke a hanging lamp, and then howled:

"Yi-hi-yi-hi-youck! I wanter fight! Stop yer bull fiddle! Y-i-i-i!"

The violinist reached the door at two jumps. The rest of us were going all this time.

"I'm er mur-drer! Ju' ea me; I'm er bloddy mur-drer!" yelled Pockmarked Smith.

"Who-pe! whoo-pe! ki-yike! ki-yike! ki yike! ki-i-i-i-i!" roared Patsy Dougherty as he beat the floor with a chair.

"Clear this yere hall er I'll eat year! Git out er I'll drink yer blood!" whooped Big Jack.

"Say! I've shot men in 'leven territories!" shouted Jimmy the road agent, as he pulled out a gun and began to practice on the stops of the organ.

"Ya-a-ah! I've stabbed men from New Orleans to St. Paul," returned Wisconsin Joe.

"Jes watch Dennis McCasey! Keep your eye on old Denis McCasey!" howled that individual as he smashed up the stove with a chair.

"I kin lick anything what walks! War-r thar! War-r thar! Lar-r-rup!" put in Snubem Pete.

"Yike! Yike! Wh-a-a-a-ah! Gimme room! gimme room!" snarled Bill Hostetter again, as he pounded the wall with a board torn from the platform. Then they went around once more.

He had room so far as we society people of Estelline were concerned. We were acquainted with these gentlemen of the ranch, and we had been falling over one another in getting down stairs. They kept it up among themselves in the hall and down in the saloon for a couple of hours and then went home.

Such little events used to frequently occur at social gatherings in Estelline in an early day, and it does us good to recall them.

CHIEF OF THE TUSCARORAS.

Decay of the Six Nations—Corruption Charged at an Election.

Buffalo Courier: A council of the Six Nations of the Iroquois was held yesterday at the Tuscarora reservation to elect a chief in place of John Mountpleasant, who died Friday, May 6. It was called a "mourning council," because the first ceremony was that of lamenting the dead ruler.

The superstition of the Six Nations regarding the death of a chief is most singular. When the ruler dies a courier is sent to each nation of the confederation announcing that a council of condolence will be held at a time of the moon usually occurring within twenty days after death. In this case, however, it was nearly two months. The foreign tribes are expected to send delegations of their wise men and chieftains.

The Onondagas are the chiefmakers, for it is on their reservation that the council fire is constantly burning. In a glen near the present village of Wolcott, Wayne county, N. Y., 100 years after the visit of Louis Phillippe, so carefully described in his "Memoires d'Amerique," Gascoigne Minette, a French explorer, half Jesuit, half trader, found the chief medicine lodge of the Iroquois, by the side of a large spring known in the language of the Onondagas as "The Well of the Great Spirit." A sacred fire was continuously burning above the surface of the water, being fed, as the Indians declared, by the Great Spirit himself. Inspired by the religious enthusiasm of his day Minette attempted to extinguish the fire in order to prove false the Indian belief that it would burn forever. His attempt was a failure, and the Indians cut off his hands and ears for his sacrilege, and thus mutilated permitted him to return to Canada. During the French and Indian war the Iroquois abandoned the lodge. To-day a company has been formed and a party of Bradford speculators are there boring for oil. Natural gas shoots in a flame seventeen feet high out of a pipe connected with the spot where was once the sacred fire of the Iroquois.

At yesterday's council there were delegations present of the Onondagas, Tonawandas and Senecas. Each delegation formed a circle by itself to discuss the momentous question. They finally came together to make a decision as to who the candidates should be. In the meantime they listened to the chanting of the virtues of the dead chieftain and of the virtues which the new ruler should possess. John Mountpleasant was chief of the Tuscaroras for a period of sixty years, having been installed at the age of sixteen years. The title of sachem was voted to him by the Senecas, Oneidas, Cayagas, Mohawks, and Onondagas, the Tuscaroras only holding the place in the confederation of an adopted tribe. Politics prevailed among the Indians as among the whites, and, curiously enough, the women by a time-honored custom have the right of nominating the chief. There were in this council two parties, characterized as the old and the new; the new party is conservative.

The election was by ballot, and before the votes were counted it was apparent that Thomas Williams had the best of it. A protest was made against his holding the office, it being alleged that he had followed the example of many a white politician, and had bought some of his votes. The objections were of such a substantial character, and were made with such firmness that Williams was not inaugurated as chief. The Tonawondas will be called in to settle the dispute, and their decision, after a full investigation, will be taken as final. John Gainsworth and William Printup were the defeated candidates.

Five huge kettles containing 500 pounds of beef were boiled. A generous piece of meat and a slice and a half off a large loaf of bread were given to each brave for his luncheon. After the Indians had fed others were invited to partake. Last evening there was a big dance, the novel features of which were highly appreciated by the pale-face spectators. The charges of bribery at the election are undoubtedly designed to make something of a sensation in the time-honored and honesty-loving confederacy.

The Fireman's Little Story.

Safety Valve: As the train was about o pull out of the station I recognized and old friend in the engineer. He nodded to me, and I jumped into the cab. Dick and I shook hands and he introduced me to his fireman—a young fellow with truthful, honest eyes and the most innocent looking face I ever saw. Perched on the seat was a large black cat, ugly, scraggy and with a ground-plan of fur that looked like a railroad map, it was so plowed and cut up. Naturally I noticed the cat, and asked what it was doing there.

"That's a wonderful cat," said the youthful fireman, "and thereby hangs a tale. Do you want it?"

"Of course."

"Well, about a week ago we—Dick and me—were making the run between Sing Sing and New York. It was a dirty, black night—cold and a driving rain. We were—that is, Dick was—behind time, and we were—that is, Dick was—making her hum for all she was worth. We—that is, Dick—had a clear track and the right of way. A few feet ahead of the pilot it was as black as nothing. We were driving into chaos at sixty miles an hour. I could not help thinking that if we ran against anything we'd know more about the other world than was ever written in books, and I said a little prayer that I learned in Sunday school. The prayer didn't seem to do me much good, and I asked Dick if it was necessary to go so fast. Dick gave me a look of mild contempt, and then I got on my dignity, and felt as if I'd rather like to strike something just to change that look of Dick's to one of surprise. This was wicked, I knew, but I couldn't help it.

"Suddenly there was a crash directly in front of me, a splintering of glass in the cab window, and this cat came tumbling in. My heart got right up in my throat, and seemed to choke me. I saw Dick turn pale, and terrified as I was, I remember being glad of it. He did't loose his head, though; Dick never does; but he reversed the machine, and when the train was stopped we—that is, Dick—got out to investigate. And what do you think? There was a small rail misplaced within a dozen feet of where we stopped. The flagman at the station saw it and had stationed himself up the track to signal us. He had a pet cat which followed him wherever he went. The cat was with him as usual. When he heard him thundering down upon him his lantern went out. He laid it down to light it; a gust of wind caught it and rolled it down an embankment. Here was a state of things. The flagman was quick to act, and grasping his faithful cat by the tail he hurled it at the cab as we rattled by. Here is the cat that saved our train, didn't you, Danger?"

The cat humped its ugly back in recognition, and I looked at the frank, innocent face of the boy. He returned the look with open, truthful eyes.

"Shades of Mount Vernon! what a liar that fellow is!" said Dick to me in a whisper. "He has the biggest reputation of any one on the road for reckless yarn-spinning. That cat story is one of his latest 'saved the train' nonsense! He fished that cat out of a ditch two days ago."

Not a Good Year For Rascals.

St. Paul Press: Six Baltimore ballot-box stuffers have been sentenced to two years imprisonment and a fine of $1,000 each, and a seventh fled just in time to save himself. This will probably serve as a warning to other would-be rascals and the result of the next Baltimore election may be expected to more clearly represent the voice of the people. This is certainly not a good year for rascals.

The Chicago Boodlers.

CHICAGO, July 2.—[Special Telegram to the BEE.]—A local paper asserts that even before the county boodle cases are finished, States Attorney Grinnell will commence active work on boodlers who have been robbing the city for many years. It is claimed that he has sufficient evidence, and that a special grand jury will be asked for very soon. In fact, it is probable that indictments may be returned before the month is out. The same paper asserts that ex-Warden McGarigle is ready to squeal and claims to know every single bit of corrupt work in all the city departments for the past four years, including the immunity fund paid by gamblers, and the enormous amounts bled from any one who got a franchise from the city for any purpose. Sensational developments are looked for.

A Loyal Woman's Reward.

NEW YORK, July 2.—[Special Telegram to the BEE.]—The Tribune's Washington special says: Postmaster General Vilas celebrated the last day of the fiscal year by directing that the salary of Miss Van Lew be reduced from $1,200 per annum to $720. It is understood that a lady not so well known will take the place and the salary of Miss Van Lew. It may be remembered that Miss Van Lew was a loyal woman who lived in Richmond through the war; that she concealed and fed union soldiers who had escaped from Libby prison; that information conveyed by her efforts to Grant during the last twelve months of the war was invaluable; that when Grant became president he gave Miss Van Lew charge of the postoffice at Richmond and that when she surrendered that office it was to accept a clerkship from which she is now to be degraded.

Affairs in Servia.

BUCHAREST, July 2.—The letters of King Milan of Servia, to Queen Natalie are returned unopened to him. It is reported that the queen will seek the advise of the czar before consenting to allow the king to obtain a divorce from her. It is also reported that if King Milan does not obtain assurance from Austria of complete support Premier Ristics will be proclaimed regent of Servia until the crown prince, who is absent and in custody of Queen Natalie, reaches his majority.

Tory Irishmen Rewarded.

LONDON, July 2.—The statement is confirmed that Holmes, attorney general for Ireland, becomes justice of the Irish court of common pleas; Solicitor General Gibson becomes attorney general, and Sergeant O'Brien becomes solicitor general. Gibson will be elevated to the bench before the year is out and O'Brien then becomes attorney general, being succeeded by Madden.

Boulanger.

PARIS, July 2.—General Boulanger has asked an extension of his holiday before joining his army corps, to the command of which he has just been appointed. The government granted him an extension only until the 10th instant. The general remains in Paris.

Drought In Belfast.

BELFAST, July 2.—There is a scarcity of water here in consequence of drought, and work in the mills is being partly stopped.

Minister Lawton at Vienna.

VIENNA, July 2.—General Lawton, United States minister to Austria, has arrived here.

Depew in the Grand Army.

NEW YORK, July 2.—[Special Telegram to the BEE.]—Chauncey M. Depew was mustered in last night as member of Lafayette post of the Grand Army. He was adjutant of the Eighteenth regiment of National Guards, when in 1862 it was ordered to the front when Lee invaded Pennsylvania. He will go to Europe in a fortnight.

He Wasn't Qualified.

Dakota Bell: "Did you hire that young man who applied for your school?" was asked of a Dakota school district officer.

"Well, I should rather say we didn't!"

"Why not?"

"His edication didn't come up to the scratch."

"What in?"

"Gram'er."

"How did you find it out?"

"W'y he got in my wagon to ride from the field to the house an' says I, 'Did ye ever drive much?' 'Of late years,' says he, 'I have driven very little.' 'Drove very little, ye mean,' says I. 'I beg yer pardon,' says he, 'but I mean driven.' 'Drove is right,' says I. 'No, sir,' says he, 'driven is the most grammaticalest.'