

THE DAILY BEE. PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING.

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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. Tschuck, secretary of The Bee Publishing Company, does solemnly swear that the actual circulation of the Daily Bee for the week ending July 29, 1887, was as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Date and Circulation. Rows include Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Averages.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of July, A. D. 1887. N. P. FEIL, Notary Public.

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Mr. BLAINE, it is announced, will return home from his European trip at once. This is a sudden change in his programme. His friends say they fear he may be sick, and his opponents argue it is the result of the Ohio convention.

A St. Louis paper boasts that that city has nineteen millionaires on one street. Next in order will be to tell us how many papers St. Louis can crowd into one tenement house. In that way we will be able to strike a true balance of its financial and moral status.

It is said that when Gould discovered he had been beaten to the extent of \$20,000 by a western railroad contractor his grief and chagrin were so poignant that he went up into the Catskills and ate two codfish balls. If this is true the state of his mind can easily be inferred.

The Kansas City Journal puffs out its cheeks, sticks its thumbs in its arm-holes and says: "We hereby extend a cordial invitation to Omaha, Topeka, Atchison, Leavenworth and Denver to run excursions to Kansas City on the occasion of the president's visit." What a sure we fly on the wheel do kick up to be dust.

REPUBLICAN papers are publishing lists of figures to show that there has been a "clean sweep" in the postoffices of the country under Cleveland's administration. In a political sense this is probably true, but the Omaha postoffice bears evidence of having been recently struck by a clean sweep in any other sense.

Two deaths from damp in an old well at Lyons, this state, are reported. If people who propose to clean out wells that have been unused for some time, would first take the precaution of letting down a lighted candle, such calamities could easily be avoided. The flame of a candle will not burn where the air is so impure as to be fatal to human life.

In Washington territory the law requires teachers to give instructions in physiology and hygiene; failure to do so involving loss of pay. Pupils also make themselves liable to expulsion if they refuse to study these branches. Washington may be about as far west as a territory can be, but it keeps up with the procession pretty well.

The revised editions of the Bible and New Testament have not been in much demand since the first curiosity regarding them was satisfied. There are hundreds of thousands of volumes unsold upon the shelves of the publishers. An innovation of this kind will not gain ground rapidly. When the King James version first came out many years elapsed before it replaced the previous translations.

KHONG LUANY DEVA WONGSE VAKHAKAN, etc., prince of Siam, arrives in New York this morning on the Cunard Umbria. He is on his way home to the Queen's jubilee and is said to have left the rest of his name behind to be sent on by freight. He is a brother of the crowned king of Siam and is nominal viceroy of the Siamese minister of foreign affairs at Washington. He is said to be the sixth native Siamese that ever set foot on American soil. The others were the twins and the baby family.

The Public Market Question.

Among the improvements and facilities which the growth of Omaha will certainly bring, a public market is not to be reckoned the least. That necessity will unquestionably be provided in time, but the question is how long the community must wait for it. It has been a "long felt want," and is growing more urgent every year. We venture to say there is hardly a family in the community that would not welcome the establishment of a public market as a most valuable convenience, and very few that would not find it also a most material advantage. It can also safely be said that being established it would speedily come to be regarded as indispensable, and people would wonder how they managed without it. The thrifty class, who keep careful account of expenditures, would doubtless also have cause to congratulate themselves upon the economical results.

The public market is an institution almost coeval with civilization, and is so universal that it does not require any defense. Every considerable city or town of Europe has its public market, deemed to be just as essential to the community as any other public institution. In this country there are few cities of the size of Omaha, similarly circumstanced—that is surrounded by a country where "market gardening" is freely carried on—that do not have their public market, and everywhere these markets are carefully maintained as a most necessary convenience and advantage to the communities. That they are both very careful head of a family who has had any experience with them knows. The public market brings together numerous dealers, who are forced by the conditions of competition to offer only the best commodities to be obtained and in the best state. The buyer has the opportunity of extensive inspection and careful selection, and the dealer with inferior articles has no chance to dispose of them, at least at the prices asked for superior articles, for the plea that they were the best he could obtain, as not a few conscientious hucksters and grocery men are now in the habit of doing. In the public market, also, all buyers are on an equality. There are no preferred patrons, whose privilege it is to have the pick of things, or for whom the choicest articles are laid aside. The earlier market may, indeed, obtain some advantage to the community in selection and in getting the articles a little fresher than the later comes, but the right of the early bird to the fattest worm has never been questioned. Another advantage is that there would be a stated price for the same class of articles, instead of a variety of prices, as must be the case under the strictly store system, and here again close competition would step in to regulate prices with reference to a reasonable profit. Consumers would deal largely with producers rather than with middlemen, which would offset a very material aggregate saving to the community.

In short, every practical consideration is in favor of the public market. It is essentially a people's institution, a convenience and benefit to all who wish to make use of it, and indirectly beneficial to such as do not, since it very generally regulates the prices at large of all commodities sold in it. So far as the cost of maintaining a public market is concerned, it not only can be made self-sustaining, but a source of revenue to the city, as such markets in many cities are. These considerations, and others which they will doubtless suggest to the intelligent reader, we think warrant us in saying that the question of a public market in Omaha is a very important one, and that it is not too soon to seriously discuss plans for providing such an institution.

A City Hospital.

The increasing necessity for a free city hospital is generally recognized, but the disposition to meet the requirement does not appear to be very strong. The prevalent feeling seems to be that this is a matter which can properly wait until other things deemed of greater importance to the public are provided, and yet the almost daily experience is that the absence of this provision involves hardship and suffering to some unfortunate who must become a public charge. Trundling the victims of accident or other visitation, requiring medical treatment, proper handling, and good care, in the patrol wagon to the jail, is a proceeding which in its effects in most cases comes pretty close to being barbarous, and certainly does not speak favorably of our humanity as a community. It should not be permitted to continue a day longer than a practicable way can be found for making provision for persons dependent on the city's care.

Relief will be had when the county hospital is completed, but that is a matter of the indefinite future, and the demand for relief is immediate and of growing urgency. The only practicable course which can be immediately taken is for the city to rent wards in St. Joseph's hospital. This we understand can be done, and there does not appear to be any sufficient reason why it should not be. The institution is fully equipped with every appliance necessary to hospital service, the attendants are experienced in their work, the internal arrangements and the surroundings are all that can reasonably be desired, and the disposition is to deal liberally with the city. All this being so, the question simply is whether the city shall continue to subject the unfortunate who come under its care to the hardships and suffering inseparable from the existing conditions, or by an additional expenditure that no one would find fault with secure for them such care and comforts as are demanded by the common instinct of humanity. There can be no doubt as to the answer of all who can sympathize with the unfortunate.

Russia's Greatest Novelist.

It may surprise many to learn that the greatest living novelist is a prince living a secluded life in middle Russia. Those who know nothing of his writings, and some of those who have read him, perhaps may discredit this assertion. But the thoughtful, who have acquired knowledge and experience sufficient to understand him, who have puzzled over the "painful riddle of this earth," will assent to such high estimate of him. Count Leon Tolstoy was one of the richest of Russia's nobility. In his younger days he was a nihilist, idling away his life between Moscow and St. Petersburg, after the manner of Russian princes. He is now settled in retirement on one of his estates in the country, working like any peasant. He has given

away a large part of his property. This unusual departure indicates the earnestness of his character. He is terribly earnest in all that he does. He possesses also an insight into the working of the human mind, an understanding of motives that make his fellow creatures open books to him. So his writings are a ruthless exposition of the hidden things in our personalities, of the deeps and shallows of our nature. We read them for the first time with the feeling that they mark an epoch in our lives. And this powerful impression is not, cannot be produced by a trickery of words. His style is simple and direct. No need of rhetorical flourishes when one has something to say. It is his substance that is so impressive. Turn from him to one of our English or American writers of the prevalent whipped-cream style, and how thin and tasteless it seems. We find no particular meaning in him, nothing below the delicate tracery of the surface. Tolstoy says nothing he does not mean. His knowledge and earnestness are overwhelming.

He is the master of modern realism and picture. His characteristics are denominated by that inexorable fate which is implanted in character, which is character, in real life. He does not tell us how things might be, should be; he simply reports without editorial comment. Only in describing Napoleon, in "War and Peace," does there seem to be a suspicion of prejudice. He places that strong man also among the wire-drawn puppets whose contortions are produced by the action of universal forces. His great victories were simply the incidents of a tendency of that time.

Tolstoy has written but few novels, and he now looks upon them as the products of wasted energy. His last one he burned. The work on which he has spent much time and study, and upon which he looks with most satisfaction, is his confession of faith, entitled, "My Religion." In this he declares that the doctrines of Christ should be taken literally. "The central point of his teachings is, 'resist not evil.'" Not under any circumstances. Be killed first. In accordance with such a doctrine he now shapes his daily life. The only good to be found in existence, he claims, is to live for others. He is now happy. His former life of slothfulness, of scepticism, he expienced nothing but despair. But he does not believe in a life hereafter. He claims that there is no warrant for such a belief in the scriptures. In his younger days Tolstoy was a soldier also, and took part in the Crimean campaign. Here he gained those impressions of war which he has described as no one else ever described it.

Some of Tolstoy's works are in our public library.

Prohibitionists in Council.

Last Tuesday night thirty-two representatives of the prohibition party, from as many states, slipped quietly into Cleveland, Ohio, and on the next day as quietly slipped away again. The purpose of the meeting, intended to be an entirely secret one, was to formulate a plan of action for the presidential campaign of 1888. The delegation was composed of the chairman of the state committees, and Hon. John B. Finch, chairman of the national committee, was the presiding officer. Among the more notable prohibitionists present were J. N. Templin, of Nebraska; Fred F. Wheeler, of Albany, N. Y.; James W. Hart, of Illinois; A. D. Powers, of Michigan; John Sobieski, of Missouri, and others. Mr. Finch, having been captured by a reporter, much to his surprise, as it was supposed one knew of the presence of the prohibitionists, he stated that he considered the prospects for a large vote next year satisfactory. The next meeting of state representatives will be held just before the national convention, the date of which has not yet been decided upon.

The desire of the convention was to effect a closer organization of the party, that its work in the future may be carried on more effectively than heretofore.

There can be no objection to a meeting of this kind, and perhaps the party will be benefited by it, but why these attempts at secrecy? If the party were older, it would know that it is not very well possible for a meeting of this kind to take place in a city of the size of Cleveland without the knowledge of the local reporter. Similar attempts to work out of sight of the public were made by the New York branch of the prohibition party last year, with the result of weakening its effectiveness.

Remarkable Hallucination.

The denouement in the fictitious Stone-Crowninshield romance, of which eastern papers have recently been full, discloses a remarkable case of long sustained hallucination. For more than ten years Miss Florence Stone, a governess in New York and Boston families, has been telling her relatives and nearest friends a romance of love and courtship in which she herself figured as heroine. So minute and consistent were her revelations that her myriads of lovers, Crowninshields, English noblemen, became a definite entity to all to whom her story was told, and whom they all learned to esteem highly. They believed in his existence for years, inquired after his health, heard letters read which he was supposed to have written and followed the imaginary personage in his imaginary wanderings with much interest.

Her story, briefly told is as follows: Over ten years ago Miss Stone began telling of her acquaintance with an English, aristocratic millionaire; this acquaintanceship ripened into love, courtship and betrothal. Then came an estrangement and the engagement was broken. But she kept track of his whereabouts and her friends were informed of his doings from time to time, through letters which she herself wrote. Recently she said that she had met him in Boston where their engagement was renewed. From Boston she started him across the continent to San Francisco, whence he sailed west to return to England by the India. From his home, Crowninshield sent Miss Stone an invitation to come to England to be married and to take with her as many of her friends as she liked. She and the latter, a large number, made preparations for the voyage and were on the point of leaving when Miss Stone, in a grief striking manner, told her friends that a cablegram had informed her the mythical bridegroom was dead. These investigations proved that the

whole romance had been woven out of Miss Stone's remarkable imagination. Her feat of keeping up the deception so long, and the remarkable ingenuity she displayed in making her story appear reasonable, has never been equaled. She deserves a high place among the masters of fiction, and her acting was beyond what is accomplished on the stage.

But she has landed in an insane asylum. Her mind is undoubtedly unsound, but for years those who have employed her have found her a quiet, unassuming, well educated lady, who preferred to earn her own bread to being supported by her richer relatives.

Modern pathology of the mind will refer her hallucination to diseased brain tissue, and in this way absolve her from responsibility, but she might have been burned as a witch in former times. One explanation of this case may be that she commenced with a simple untruth by stating that she was engaged to a rich nobleman, hoping thereby to gain more respect from her employers. Such a falsehood would require further additions in order to save herself from the consequences of being found out as a liar, until she became dominated by her story upon which she latterly spent all her energies until her moral and intellectual balance was overturned.

Among other vagaries she informed one of her friends that he was to be the pastor of a church which her lover intended to erect at Brookline, and mourning apparel, which she intended to put on when the news of Crowninshields' death came, were found among her effects. She comes of good New England stock.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD, a junior lord of the English admiralty, was supposed to be a good man. But alas for human nature, he has shown himself to be depraved in the very care of his being. When the recent marine tombfolyer in connection with the queen's celebration was going on, this depraved lord was on board her majesty's yacht. His wife was on the Enechantress of the queen's navy. Now the British fleet has a code of signals by which one vessel can send messages to another when within sight. And what did this depraved lord do? He actually had the abnormal audacity, in some localities it would be called "gall," to send a private message from Victoria's yacht—her very majesty's very yacht, remember—to the captain of the Enechantress asking him to "tell Lady Charles to go immediately aboard the Lancashire" Witan, where he will join her."

His crime is almost equal to that of a tempter. The nobility of England is convulsed. The wicked man has resigned his office of junior lord of the admiralty. And well he might. Why didn't he kill himself, or—move to Kansas City? When a man so far forgets himself as to send a private message to his wife from the royal yacht, the Victoria and Albert, owned by the queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India, Defender of the faith, and such things, he should be made an example of. Let the punishment fit the crime.

MR. JOHN SWINTON, who is one of the most earnest and intelligent among the champions of labor, seems to take a somewhat gloomy view of the situation. Finding the record of the past six months more prolific of labor disturbances than an equal period of any other year, with fewer successes for labor, Mr. Swinton does not regard the situation as hopeful for the cause which he unquestionably has first at heart. The principal causes, he thinks, are the rapid growth of combination among employers and the widespread weakening of many of the organizations of wage-workers. The process of disintegration in the ranks of organized labor has been very marked in the last few months, and seems to be still going on. "There are doubtless other causes than this," writes Mr. Swinton, "for the recent poor luck of labor, and political economists will be ready to deny that this has had anything to do with it; yet, it is a fact that labor's luck was better during the two years of rapid organization (1886-7) than it has been since the decline of organization." At the present time striking appears to have come to a pause. The number of strikes from the beginning of January last till the close of June, in the United States, was 525, exceeding all previous records for an equal period.

THE special dispatch from David City, published in this morning's BEE was filed at David City yesterday afternoon at 1:40. The first part of the dispatch was received in the operating room of the Western Union in Omaha at 2:30 and the last at 3:45 o'clock, but did not reach the check room until 4:10, and arrived at the BEE office by messenger at 4:35. The dispatch was received in Omaha in ample time for our evening edition, for which it was intended, but owing to the neglect of doing business in the Western Union office the evening edition of the BEE was deprived of all benefit from it, and this too in spite of the fact that inquiries were made at the telegraph office by us for this very special. We say this much more to show our readers that we spare neither pains nor expense to give them the latest news. Although the BEE had a good account of the David City disaster, it would have had full particulars had it not been for the negligence of the Western Union. The patrons of the Western Union deserve better treatment than they are receiving. Some reform is necessary.

THE temperance question is actively agitated in Dakota. In nearly all the counties petitions are in circulation asking for an election this fall under the provisions of the new county optional law. All the signs point to a "high license" victory in most counties and "no license" in the rest. The earnestness of the inhabitants in the matter is unquestionable, but occasionally a humorous phrase creeps in. In Pembina county 1,700 people had signed one of these petitions, which was given to a tender to keep during the dinner hour of the day when the county commissioner met. He stepped over into Manitowish and the petition went with him. The temperance people are hard at work getting up another. The good effects of the high license law in Minnesota, which has been in operation about two months, are already felt. In Minneapolis last year 834 saloons, at \$500 each, paid into the treasury \$167,000. This year 305 saloons have paid \$1,000 each.

The wedding of saloons by high license is bound to have a salutary effect in any city.

The French nation must always have a public hero, and he must be a French subject. Frenchmen know of no great people out of their own country. In this they are unlike the English and American people, who usually import their heroes. The idol of the time is General Boulanger, and he is so because he has a handsome person, lives up to his income, is devoted to the fair sex both old and young, and because he is plucky. When he was a boy he went to school in England where his companions constantly assailed him on account of his French name, French accent and French clothes. He thrashed his fellows into not calling him "Bougy." In reality Boulanger is somewhat of a latant, but not the less liked for that among the common people.

THE oldest newspaper in existence is the King-Pan of China, which is nearly one thousand years old. At first it was issued at irregular periods. In 1361 it was made a weekly and in 1804 it became a daily. If the paper is a fearless and fiery one it probably makes things hot for the ruler of that country occasionally.

POLITICAL POINTS.

Neal Dow is going to stump New York for the prohibitionists.

Mr. Carlisle's friends at Washington feel certain of his re-election as speaker.

Both parties are pledged to tariff revision. It is a question of moment which gets there first.

Miss Susan B. Anthony will speak at nine woman suffrage conventions in Kansas during October.

Governor Foraker, of Ohio, tells in the August Forum why the republican party should be restored to power.

Mr. Conkling's ardent ignorance of current political affairs is accepted as a mild and amiable piece of humor.

Various plans are under consideration to harmonize the New York republicans. A meeting of party leaders with the state committee is one of them.

The democrats of Berks county, Pennsylvania, are slightly disturbed by the canvass of thirty-one candidates for the office of county commissioner.

Philadelphia Press: If anybody goes out to look for the president's boon for David Bennett Hill he should be sure to take a search-warrant along with him.

Senator Eustis, of Louisiana, classifies the democratic party of that state into two factions—"the dominant to which I belong," and the reform democracy, "composed of misguided people."

Carl Schurz made his first break into public life as alderman of the Fifth ward of Waterloo, Wis., which position he held several terms. He was a candidate for lieutenant-governor of Wisconsin on the republican ticket in 1855, and was defeated.

John R. McLean is said to be possessed of a wild ambition to succeed Senator Payne in 1890, and to this end is willing to let the president in a nominal victory now in order to gain substantial advantages hereafter. Hence the nomination of Powell and the disintegration of the administration.

Ex-Senator Winton is passing the summer in the reorganization of a number of mining and milling companies in which he is heavily interested. His shattered fortunes are being rapidly repaired, and it is said the political bug still gently buzzes in his bonnet.

Chris Buckley, the democratic boss of San Francisco, is said to be reported to be worth \$1,000,000, and of course runs a saloon. Fifteen years ago he was a bartender in a Kearney street saloon in San Francisco, and was the last person to be elected to a future leader in politics. After he became blind it was impossible to continue mixing drinks, so he set to scheming in politics and organized a system, with captains and lieutenants, whereby he could tell within ten votes how many voters there were to be tilted upon in a district. Whenever he made a promise of support he kept it, and it is said that through his influence alone a man could be elected to any office.

An Unsatisfactory Opponent.

It is much harder to satisfy a man who fights with his mouth than one who uses a gun.

Family Jugs.

The one Kentucky distillery that has refused to shut down for a year is doubtless driven to this seemingly obstinate course by large orders from Georgia.

A Gentle Hint.

If President Cleveland wishes to know exactly how great a man he is in the estimation of the people, let him venture to come out here without Mrs. Cleveland.

Will Carry His Own Pork.

Armour isn't going to St. Joe. Not he. He has given it out cold and flat that all his packing houses shall be ranged on the line of the Milwaukee road. That is his road and he is going to carry his own pork if he knows himself.

The Chicago Hog.

Omaha would not be presuming enough to boast as many hogs as Chicago, but at present it is killing as many as the latter place. One trouble with the Chicago hog is that it does not get killed as often as it gets up a corner on wheat.

A Plea For Peace.

Let us have peace. Give Cleveland a rest. Give Dr. McGlynn a rest. Give poor old Jeff Davis a rest. Give the train robberies a rest. Give the "rebel" flags a rest. Give the Grand Army of the Republic a rest. "Give us a rest" all around during the hot weather.

Nipped in the Bud.

Editor Grady's boom has played out in the New York Herald office, but the colonel has had a sufficient amount named after him in Georgia. Even boomed editors would be satisfied with comparatively small favors sometimes, when the boom has been chilled.

Below the Belt.

The Hon. John M. Thurston thinks the business of running a decent newspaper hardly equal to that of beating widows and orphans out of the property left them by death. Editors who perform the first service are not so well dressed, usually, as the jack-leg lawyers who engage in the latter.

Two Bad Breaks.

John M. Thurston was a very popular man in York county six weeks ago, but two bad breaks have somewhat dimmed the lustre of his fame. The first was the lecture on "Grant," which was calculated to impeach his ability, and the second was his break for Minnesota when the investigation committee wanted him so badly, which was an impeachment of his integrity.

Suspicious of Buffalo Bill.

English people have long been accustomed to regard the people of the Western continent as a race of renowned showmen. How are they to know that Buffalo Bill is a cowboy Barnum with a troupe of clever professional actors, acrobats and equestrians? A country whose showmen have produced woolly horses and petrified men, whose merchants have put upon the market wooden nutmegs, sawfish hams, ethnically manufactured eggs and cysters, is surely capable also of sending over to England circus cowboys and sideshow Indians, with concocted "records" and trained horses.

Material For New York Jurors.

At a trial at the City county, Georgia, court the other day, two witnesses were put upon the stand, "who did not know who made them, had never heard of heaven or hell, and did not know whether a lie was right or wrong." In New York they would have been put in the jury box.

Survival of the Fittest.

We are making more iron than ever before this year, but one-third of our furnaces are out of blast. In the meantime prices have risen, until heavy importations of iron have been made to supply the demand. The quiet furnaces are probably nurseries of protection, planted where it is impossible to make iron at a reasonable profit. Better located establishments are doing the work and getting the trade. When there shall be enough of them, importations will cease, and they will eat one another up until only the fittest shall survive. With a proper rate of tariff only the fittest would ever have been built, and the consumers of iron would have been saved an immense amount of money and imprudent investors great grief and loss.

Early Closing Movement.

The early closing movement? "Tis a most benighted scheme. 'Tis the practical fulfillment of a philanthropic dream. And, if carried out in politics, with what exceeding zest! Would they work it in Missouri on the mouth of Mr. Vest!

August.

August, month where summer lies Sleeping under sapphire skies: Open all the windows wide,— Drink the orchard's fragrant tide,— Breath of grass at morning morn,— Through the leafy vistas blown,— Hear the clank of the water wheel Sound mellifluous and blithe. August, month everywhere Music floats upon the air From the harps of minstrel gales Playing down the hills and dales: August, month where sleepy cows Seek the shade of spreading boughs Ameddled in the rain quietude Contemplating cherries red: August, month of twilight when Day half goes and comes again: August days are guards who keep Watch while summer lies asleep.

SUNDAY GOSSIP.

It is quite the rage now to employ hotel photographers. The leading Omaha hotels are each supplied with one.

MADAME MODJESKA and the Count Bozents are the guests of their son, Ralph Modjeska, of this city, and will remain here two weeks. Madame Modjeska says that the reports of her investing large sums in Los Angeles property are without foundation.

LILY LANGTRY'S English body guard is a dandy. He hasn't a very high opinion of American newspaper men. As the other day an Omaha reporter attempted to interview the Lily, but the brawny Englishman prevented him. The consequence was a war of words. "Who are you?" asked the reporter. "I am the peer of any newspaper reporter in America." The reporter faltered.

"DIAMONDS would not long be considered precious if they were worn all over the country as they are worn at Long Branch. To see diamond ear-rings glistening in shell-like ears, and diamond bracelets glowing on snowy arms at the breakfast table is the rule rather than the exception. There was a time when it was considered good form only to wear diamonds in the evening, but we have changed all that." The above is from the New York Morning Journal, which adds: "One young lady even wears jewelry in bathing, but she is from the city of Omaha and should be excused." The attention of the Journal is called to the fact that it was only a day or two ago that an Omaha lady was fined for wearing diamonds on an expedition to bathe. As to wearing jewelry in bathing the Omaha girls think nothing of that at Manawa lake. It's quite the fashion there.

AMONG the building permits, as published in one of the papers the other day, was one for the erection of a two-story frame addition, with a marble floor, to the Omaha National bank. As the Omaha National bank is a four-story and high basement brick, it struck the reader as rather singular that it was to be enlarged by a two-story frame addition. Furthermore the fire limit ordinance prohibits any such improvements. Inquiry, however, revealed the fact that the Omaha National bank building is to be materially improved. Two stories are to be added to it for the accommodation of the Western Union company, whose constantly increasing business demands more room. The two stories, by the way, are to be brick. So says Mr. Joseph H. Millard, the president, and his statement is corroborated by Messrs. Wyman and Wallace. Other improvements are to be made. The location of the elevator is to be changed, as is also the main entrance of the building.

MR. NAHAN FRANKO is acknowledged to be an excellent violinist. His music is full of harmony, but his career in Omaha has been full of discord. Soon after his advent in Omaha he had a falling out with Julius Meyer, who had a monopoly on fiddle-strings, wind instruments, bass drums, and music generally. The consequence was that two factions were created in the musical world of Omaha, one under the leadership of Meyer and the other under that of Franko. Each of these leaders abused the other, and neither had any rest. Neither was there any rest for the newspapers, which were compelled daily to give each side a hearing. Mr. Franko, however, finally managed to get himself into print more than Meyer for the reason that he appeared in other fights. At last accounts it appears that Mr. Franko's enemies had got the better of him, but he is "still on deck although a little battered." For some unaccountable reason nothing has occurred within the last twenty-four hours to cause him to ventilate his grievances through the newspapers. Perhaps he has been temporarily overcome by the heat. Then again maybe it is only the calm before the storm. When he breaks out again it will be over.

THE rumor is current on the streets that Mr. Franko and Meyer have kissed and made up, and that all is now harmony. Still later—the above rumor is denied by Mr. Meyer.

The California salmon planted in Pine Lake, Chippewa county, Wisconsin, have become numerous enough to drive out all the bass.

A new town in the southern part of San Luis Obispo county, California, has been christened El Olivo. There was a long wait to obtain a name significant of the olive, and yet nobody was thoughtful enough to suggest Olivo.

EARLY DAYS ON THE PLAINS.

A Wild Western Tale Told in the Smoking Room of a Sleeping Car. Chicago Times: In the smoking section of a sleeping car on the St. Paul road, after supper the other day, the conversation turned on tricks at cards, and one of the party mentioned that "Canada Bill" was the originator of that peculiar industry. A lantern-jawed man from Wyoming, who had been an attentive listener, remarked: "Gentlemen, you are wrong. I saw a 'snaker' play 'you may sorrow before Canada Bill ever thought of it.'"

In response to urgent requests, the resident of the sage-brush district in the west went on with his story: "I was young at the time, but I was a boy of eighteen, cut loose and drifted toward the then newly discovered gold mines of Montana. On the way I became separated from the outfit I was traveling with, and did not find a trail to the ranch or trading station to another, until I finally made a halt at the crossing of Big Laramee river, on the old stage road, at a ranch kept by Al Smith. Smith's ranch was a half a mile from the gold mine, all in one room, in which he ran a general store and saloon. As there was no water for fifteen miles either way, his ranch was a camping ground for all trains bound westward. The Indians we had in those days, and every ranchman kept as large a force about him as possible, and stragglers like myself were received with open hospitality and urged to prolong their stay. I remained at Smith's ranch for several months, a welcome guest. Swapping horses, hunting antelope, drinking whisky, playing poker, and trading in government mules, which in those days were considered all the west was legitimate, was my chief pleasure, or any other respectable and honorable industry. I made plenty of money, and had occasional Indian skirmishes and lots of excitement. There were several of us young fellows, and one evening we would indulge in poker by ourselves when we could not get a stranger in, but when we could we took him in, and we got them almost every night, and, as money was abundant, the fall of 1865, a cadaverous, lank, homely-looking specimen of humanity rode up to the ranch on a poor, scrawny mare pony, followed by a half-starved colt. He was dressed in ragged remnants of a threadbare broadcloth suit, a number of rents in his trousers showing a tattered pair of gray undergarments. An old pair of congress boots adorned his feet in large feet, and an antiquated stiff hat scarcely protected him from the sun. His hair was long, his face unshaven. From his shoulder, hung by a piece of rope, an old rifle was slung. He donned his clothes, while under his right arm he carried a bundle wrapped in an old striped hickory shirt. He awkwardly crawled off his horse, and in a drawing-room, sitting on a stool, he said: 'I would 'gi to stay all night.' He was informed that he could sleep on the blanket on the floor and could eat with us as we had, but that the nearest hotel was 800 miles down the river. He declined to sleep in camp and by dark the log cabin was lively. Freighters and teamsters were playing goons and drinking whisky, and playing cards for canned fruit—the great luxury of the western plains. In an hour, long before any one else had thought of sleep, 'Rusty,' as we called him, spread his blankets on the floor, and with his old artillery saddle for a pillow, turned on his side and fell into a deep sleep. He was a youngster dressed around a table and proposed to start a poker game if we could get some one to come in and make it live-handed. 'Rusty' jumped up and said: 'I would be glad to play a little while for fun. We kindly informed him that we did not play for fun, but a quarter ante, just for the fun of it. He declined to play, but finally agreed to play \$5 worth. We did not want him to play on account of his poverty, but when he produced a fat leather pocketbook stuffed with greenbacks, our scruples melted away. He began to play as awkward a man with cards in my life, but I am free to confess that I never saw a man have such luck as he did. The flushes, throws, full hands and straight flushes were so remarkable. By 1 o'clock he had lost \$50 and was broke. By 3 o'clock Frank Jones had lost over \$200 and had to quit for lack of funds. Frank Williams lasted until 4 o'clock, when he was knocked out. The game progressed single handed between Joe Lowery, a superintendent of the Overland Stage company, and our simple friend, who by this time was over \$2,000 ahead and drew considerably out but