GOVERNOR'S DAY IN CAMP.

The Members of the National Guard Out On Dress Parade.

DESERTER ROOD CAPTURED.

The Visit of the Railroad Managers to Lincoln Amounts to Nothing—Republican Primaries in the Capital City.

[FROM THE BEE'S LINCOLN BUREAU.]

Yesterday was governor's day at the camp of the Nebraska National guards, and the soldier polished his shooting iron, dusted his uniform and appeared at his best at the grand review held at 4 p. m. The governor appeared before the brigade in citizen's dress, but his staff was georgeous in gold and tinsel, and vied with the brigadier general and his staff in the display made. The two regimental bands played their sweetest music and the review and parade was one of the most striking features of the camp. A large number of Lincoln people journeyed that way to witness it.

The regular drills are increasing daily in proficiency of work and the different companies are exhibiting commendable interest in their work. The field and line officers are proud of the brigade as they well may be, and Lincoln people to-day will have an opportunity to see the entire brigade marching through the streets of the city on their exhibition to the city of Lincoln.

THE DESERTER CAPTURED.

The detail sent out for the deserter from the Fairbury company reached Lincoln yesterday evening, bringing Deserter Rood with them. He had little to say and was evidently beginning to appreciate the fact that belonging to the militia meant no boy's play and that desertion meant something serious. Rood was early in the day conducted to the guard house, but up to 3 o'clock the trial had not taken place, although Major Watson, judge-advocate was eager for the fray. It is evident that the example made will be a clincher, and there will be a good deal of hesitancy on the part of the boys before any further desertions occur.

NOTES OF THE CAMP.

Captain J. S. Hedges of company A, Second regiment, has been appointed brigade commissary on the staff of Brigadier General Colby.

The camp will close at 9 o'clock Saturday morning, giving the soldiers time to pack their knapsacks and depart for home on the day trains.

The tents will be issued the coming week at the G. A. R. reunion at Omaha, and Major Franklin has all arrangements made so that the tents will be packed and shipped Saturday evening.

Commander Russell, of the G. A. R., visited the camp yesterday. The Second regiment band moved upon regimental headquarters, where Mr. Russell was stopping, and tendered him a serenade. Colonel Sweet welcomed him to the camp and Commander Russell responded.

There were no new cases of foraging reported yesterday and the guards are evidently keeping close watch upon their beats. It is well to interject, however, that the first foraging party has not been discovered, and it is all the more strange because no chicken bones were discovered around the mess tents at headquarters.

SLY MANAGERS.

The visit of the railroad managers to Lincoln was on the same plan as previous meetings, and was simply a scheme to gain time and keep the exorbitant tariffs exacted from Nebraska in force as long as possible. Their consultation with the Lincoln freight bureau lasted the entire day and amounted to nothing at all. They had no definite answer to make to the charges against the excessive rates and had no proposition to make by way of settlement. They simply stated that the question at issue would be presented at a meeting of the managers of Missiori river roads to be held in Chicago the coming month, and the managers evidently thought that a delay of that kind would be followed by a cessation of hostilities on the part of the freight bureau until the Chicago meeting could in turn amount to nothing and some other subterfuge be resorted to in the manufacture of delays. But the freight bureau is not made of that stuff to be hoodwinked, and a safe prophecy to make is that Lincoln dealers will continue to replevin their goods and take the cases into court, and the companies need not be surprised if the replevins double and treble in number, for there is a growing sentiment in favor of that mode of action, and the public are awake to the schemes for delays on the part of the roads.

THEY VISIT THE COMMISSION.

The railroad managers also visited the members of the state board of transportation and attempted to apply their delay tactics upon the board. It will be recalled that on the 6th of September the roads of the state are requested to be present at the rooms of the board of transportation, there to answer why the local rates of freight in Nebraska should not be reduced to a standard with local rates in adjoining states. The managers in pursuing the even tenor of their policy sought to defer this meeting so that they could bleed the state a few weeks longer before meeting impending fate, but Judge Mason hearing of it entered his emphatic protest, and the board stood by him. Notice was again served upon the managers yesterday that the meeting will not be postponed and that it will be up for hearing. This decision will leave the companies the choice to appear and show cause why the rates should not be lowered, or admit by their absence or a dismissal on their part of the case, that the board of transportation is right and that the rates should be reduced and that the companies have been, as is directly charged, exacting excessive and exorbitant rates from the people of the state of Nebraska, amounting to nothing less than simple robbery. It will be all the more interesting now to watch the action of the roads on the 6th of the month.

BUSY WITH POLITICS.

Yesterday afternoon the republican ward primaries were in progress and, in a few of them, the excitement attendant upon such gatherings was noticeable. The new primary election law was in force and it had a restraining tendency upon illegal voting and met with approval. In several of the wards there was no contest, but the First ward had two tickets in the field on the sheriff question and the contest was warm. A contest was also reported in the Sixth ward, but in the others there was little evidence of contention, although an outbreak at times was imminent.

The following were the delegates elected from the different city precincts: First ward—H. B. Vale, Thomas Cunnahan, W. C. Lane, Lewis Otto, James Atwell, A. Halter, John Fisher, Tom Lancaster, E. B. Stephenson, Chas. Swartz, George Herdman, J. H. Threw, W. A. Johnson, J. P. Chipman, Tom Carnahan, J. H. Earsterday, W. B. Mathews, Tom Draper, P. D. Babcock.

Second ward—L. W. Billingsley, Henry Wittmann, J. L. Caldwell, Henry Veith, S. J. Alexander, Chris. Rocke, D. C. Vanduyn, John Traas, C. B. Beach, John Dethlefs, Fred Harrison, A. T. Gruetler, John Ames, A. G. Hastings, S. F. Watkins, George Scherrer, Thomas Wilson, J. H. Naden.

Third Ward—John R. Clark, J. D. McFarland, J. Byers, I.M.Raymond, Patrick Egan, J. O. Burns, H. H. Dean, T. M. Hall, J. R. Richards, J. C. McBride, A.E. Hargreaves, B. F. Johnson, T. F. Lasch, H. H. Wilson, H. H. Shaberg, W. L. Brown, L. C. Burr, B. A. Knight, H. M. Bushnell, T. C. Munger, P. K. Griffith, F. R. Waters, George E. Howard, W. A. Green, J. S. Dales.

Fourth Ward—R H. Oakley, John Doolittle, H.D.Hathaway, John B.Wright C. W. Mosher, I. W. Lansing, C. H. Foxworthy, D. G. Courtnay, M. Stanghtor, A. C. Cass, R. B. Graham, W. C. Griffith, I. H. Harley, C. C. Burr, W.J.Cooper, C. L. Hall, O. W. Webster, John McWhinnie, W. W. W. Jones, Sam McClay, C.B. Fox, J. H. McMurtry, J. H. Kramer.

Fifth Ward—John H. McClay, R. R. Randall, L. Meyer, William H. Graham, Charles Magoon, C. M. Carter, J. S. Chump, L. Heiskell, T. F. Hardenburg, J. C. Elder, Grant Ensign, T. H. Benton, O. E. Goodell, Ed Bingall, J. C. Johnston, Edson Rich, M. B. Cheeney, M. I. Atken, J. J. Kelley.

Sixth Ward—D. L. Brace, I. L. Lyman, H. M. Rece, Brad Ringer, Cal Thompson, H. W. Kelley, V. H. Dyer.

THE JUDICIAL CONTEST.

The district judge question is rapidly coming to the front and promises to be at a red heat shortly. The withdrawal of Judge Pound has filled the field with candidates. It is stated that Frank I. Ransom will come to the judicial convention backed with the solid Otoe delegation. M. A. Hartigan, of Plattsmouth, was in the city yesterday and announces that he will contest Cass county with Judge Chapman for the delegation from that county. Lancaster has four candidates eagerly at work to capture the county convention Saturday. They are N. C. Abbott, W. S. Hamilton, Allen Field and Thomas Ryan, although the latter will cut no particular figure in the fight. It is too early to predict results, but a glance will satisfy any one that the Second judicial district is all torn up and that the judiciary is not entirely removed from politics.

MORE THAN HER MATCH.

Madge Le Baron walked home through the gathering twilight with a frown on her pretty face.

"I shall be back by the 7 o'clock train," Lyndhurst Barrington had said to her the night before, and she had been down to the station to meet him, but he had not arrived. That was the reason she looked angry.

Madge had been a flirt all her life, and she had come into the country that summer prepared to carry on that pleasant vocation. Then she met Barrington and was compelled to confess that he interested her as no man had ever done.

The next evening Madge went down to meet the evening train again, prepared to give her lover a good talking to.

"How kind of you to come to meet me, after my disappointing you so," Barrington said, as he advanced to her.

"How do you know I was down here last night?" she asked. "I happened to be strolling by, and I remember that my my aunt said she might come down any day, so I thought I would stop a moment and see who was on the train."

He looked at her with a puzzled expression on his face, but he said nothing until they entered the wood.

"I have often wondered," he said slowly, "if you cared for me at all," pausing in front of her. "I want a simple answer to a simple question—plain 'yes' or 'no.' Do you love me Madge?"

"If I cannot say 'yes,' perhaps I cannot say 'no.' I think friendship does not justify an abrupt 'no.' I——"

"I don't want equivocation," he broke in "If you loved me, eyes, lips, voice, acts, all would blend into 'yes.' It must be 'yes' or 'no,' I say."

Madge had never met any man so masterful. But she answered, nevertheless. "Then 'no!' since you now force me to be unladylike."

"I do not ask you to be unladylike; I do no not say you are. I asked a question and I have received an answer!" and they walked the rest of the way to the villa without a word.

Miss Le Baron was very gay that evening, knowing that Lyndhurst Barrington was in love with her. She made up her mind that theirs should be no prosy engagement, she should still flirt when she wanted to, and not to give up a bit of her freedom.

The trouble with her plans was that he never came near her from that time forth. He was up at sunrise and off fishing and hunting all day, and when he returned he generally asked the gentlemen of the house up in his room, where they spent the evening singing, and playing cards, and enjoying themselves.

One evening Madge curved herself up on a sofa and looked at the matter squarely. She must outgeneral him. But how! She had tried hauteur, and it had signally failed. Now she would try a dash of "giving in," even though it hurt her so to do. She would plant herself on the old footing.

Just then Lyndhurst stepped into the room, cautiously at first, as if fearing her presence. She immediately arose to meet him. He did not start, but looked her over from head to foot without a word. She gayly said:

"Don't you think your highness is overdoing things a trifle?" Then she lost control of herself and showed her vexation. "Sing to me," she cried, "walk with me, talk to me, do anything to obliterate this doleful week!"

"Well, Miss Le Baron," he answered, coolly, "suppose we walk and talk. I'll say under the stars what I said under the oaks, and you shall give me your true answer."

She looked at him a moment, then fairly blazed.

"I never saw such persistence. Thank heaven, I go to-morrow, where gentlemen know what is due to a lady, and take 'no' for 'no,' without getting sullen. Good-night, Mr. Barrington, and good-bye. If you ever consent to be less boorishly persistent I shall be pleased to see you in New York."

He watched her out of the room and then sat down to the piano.

She tried to think of going home as a pleasure soon at hand. Home! What had she there? Only an old aunt, who dozed in a lace cap, with a cup of chocolate at her elbow half the time. The memory of the pleasant days spent here would drive her wild in that gloomy house. Then she acknowledged it would be terrible anywhere without—without——

She jumped to her feet.

"He will drive me wild," she cried, "banging that way on the piano."

She passed into the hall and looked into the drawing-room, where he sat placidly playing. "Poor fellow!" she thought, "how can I call it obstinacy; it looks like misery written all over his features. And isn't he superb looking! Why, New York has never approached him, and he will be mine if I say it."

Suddenly—can you comprehend it—she walked straight into the parlor and stole up behind him, got her arm about his neck, and pressed her cheek against his.

Not a word was said for some moments. But his fingers fell from the keys, his arms dropped listlessly by his side, his head sunk lower and lower and lower on his breast, and Madge felt a mist gathering in her eyes, a mist of happy tears.

"Come out under the stars," she whispered; I want to say 'yes' to you."

"I am answered, Madge," he said, drawing one of her hands over his shoulder and talking with it against his lips. "Let us not mar this moment of surprise and joy by a single word."

"I don't think you'll find me a tyrant," he said, kissing her. "But come out, Madge, and let us compare our mutual miseries for the last week."

He led her through the low window, holding back the swaying vines for her to pass. There, arm in arm, under the stars let us leave them.

AN INDIAN RAILROAD KING.

Mathias Splitlog, An American Indian, Becomes a Railroad Magnate.

THE RICHEST MAN OF HIS RACE.

Romance of the Kansas City, Fort Smith & Southern Railway—One Good Indian Who is Not a Dead One—His Life.

A correspondent of the Kansas City Journal writing from Neosho, Missouri, says: Had any one predicted a quarter of a century ago that an American Indian would build a railroad he would have been considered a fit object for a lunatic asylum. But to-day the people of Newton county, Mo., a county adjoining the Indian territory, have witnessed a scene such as man has never before beheld.

Matthias Splitlog, a half Cayuga and half Wyandotte Indian, born in an Indian village in Canada, to-day at Neosho drove the first spike for the Kansas City, Fort Smith & Southern railway. This division of the Kansas City, Fort Smith & Southern railway was chartered the 8th of last March, under the state laws of the state of Missouri, with a capital of $3,000,000 and now there are about thirty-five miles graded and ready for the iron.

Mr. Splitlog has furnished the "sinews of war" out of his ample fortune, and is backed by heavy capitalists to complete the road, and before the first of next January he will have the cars running from Joplin, in Jaspar county, to the town of Splitlog, in McDonald county, a distance of about thirty-five miles, and Matthias Splitlog, the millionaire Indian, was probably the richest man of his race, will henceforth be known all of the country as the only Indian railroad man (at least the first) in the United States, or in the whole world. This line of road has been surveyed most of the way from Kansas City to Fort Smith, and passes through a very productive section of the country.

There have been three corps of engineers surveying this line. One on the division south of Kansas City and two farther south. Two lines have been surveyed south from Splitlog to Fort Smith, one through Arkansas and the other through the Indian country. This line is projected to strike the Gulf of Mexico at the nearest and best harbor, which will enable Kansas City to reach salt water about 400 miles nearer than at New Orleans, and 800 miles nearer than New York. Mr. Splitlog has secured $35,000 in local aid, to be paid when the first thirty-five miles of steel is laid, and about thirty-five miles more of right of way. There has been secured in the division south of Kansas City $50,000 in township bonds, $20,000 private aid and thirty miles of right of way, making in the aggregate 100 miles of right of way, with thirty miles already graded, tied bridged, over $100,000 in subsidies, besides several thousand acres of timber, coal and mineral lands along the line of the road.

The occasion of driving the first spike on the main line of this new road was a matter of more than ordinary interest to the people of Neosho.

After music by the Indian band, from the territory, and selections by the Neosho band, Mr. Charles W. Smith, auditor of the construction company, held the spike in position and, in four bold strokes, Mr. Splitlog drove the spike home into a carefully selected white oak tie. Cheer after cheer was given for the road, Matthias Splitlog, Neosho and the enterprise, after which many came to the track to look at the spike.

The motive power and rolling stock for this road are being carefully selected that everything connected with the road may be of the best and for the comfort and safety of its patrons.

Mr. Splitlog was born in the year 1813, and while a boy was apprenticed to a carpenter and millwright, and, although his wages were only $7 per month, young Splitlog thought he was getting rich. He imbibed a love for machinery and inventions, which has made his life a useful and eventful one.

In the year 1842 young Splitlog joined the Wyandottes, who were the last of the Indian tribes then in Ohio. By the treaty of the Upper Sandusky they ceded to the United States their lands in that state, and received in exchange land in what is now Wyandotte county, Kan. In 1843 Splitlog came west with some of the tribe, and found, after his arrival at Westport landing (now Kansas City), that he had only 50 cents in his pocket. He induced an old Indian to go his security for the price of an axe. With this axe he cut cordwood for the steamboats at 25 cents per cord, and, after paying for the axe, which cost $2, he soon saved enough to buy him a pony.

About the year 1846 Mr. Splitlog married Eliza Barnett, a grandniece of Harry Jacques, the old Indian who went his security for the price of the axe. Her father was head chief of the Wyandottes when he died in 1848. Her mother was a part Wyandotte and part Seneca Indian. They have a family of five children—four sons and one daughter.

Splitlog was never idle, and in most of his undertakings he was successful. At an early day he built a mill at Wyandotte. During the border troubles of 1855 and 1856 we find him one of the leading men of his tribe, and he was the man selected to carry the news to the people of Lawrence that the pro-slavery men were about the beseige the town. The streams were swollen, the night was intensely dark, and Splitlog was the only man who would undertake the perilous journey, which he made before daylight the next morning. A few years later we find him as George P. Nelson's trusted engineer, while plying his steamboat on the Missouri river, and when General Sterling Price besieged Mulligan at Lexington, Mo., he went down the river on the steamer Sunshine to Lexington and assisted in manning a battery with good effect, until for want of water, Mulligan was forced to surrender his handful of men to Price, who had more than ten times the number. Later on he served in the state militia, until after the famous Price raid; and a few years after the war he built a steamboat on the Detroit river.

By the treaty of the Upper Sandusky the Wyandottes were not allowed to alienate their lands, but in the year 1855 a new treaty was made between the Wyandottes and the United States, which severed the tribal relations of the Wyandottes.

After the adoption of this treaty Splitlot began to speculate in real estate, and, although he can neither read nor write, he has been one of the most successful speculators in the neighborhood of Kansas City, and is to-day worth over $1,000,000. About fourteen years ago Splitlog moved to the Indian Territory, and located on Elk river near the Missouri line, and about four miles from Tiff City, and recently he became interested in a silver mine in McDonald county, Mo. With his characteristic energy he began operations at once. He hired a mining expert named B. F. Requa, from Chicago, to superintend the operations at the mines, and, becoming convinced that to develop the mines and build up the town of Splitlog a railroad was necessary, he, in company with others, set to work in a way which has brought about the results that we have to-day witnessed, and which promises much for Newton county and Southwest Missouri.

Many interesting incidents could be written in connection with the career of Mr. Splitlog's useful life, but none that could be of any greater credit in the history of anyone than the two following statements made by Mrs. Lucy B. Armstrong, the widow of a Wyandotte missionary, who is still living in Wyandotte Kas. She says: "Splitlog was always known as an honest man. I have never heard of him charged with being dishonest or tricky.

"While he is not a member of our church, he is still a very exemplary citizen, and on one occasion, when heard a man say that a certain neighbor must be a bad man because others spoke ill of him, Splitlog promptly reproved by asking: 'Why, man, did you ever hear how some people talked about Jesus Christ?'" Thus, we have the character of this native American aptly portrayed. First, while he has been to an extraordinary degree exempt from the abuse of the slanderer's tongue, he has the charity not to believe every evil report circulated about his neighbor.

Truly a Household Remedy.

240 BEDFORD AV., BROOKLYN, N. Y., Mar. 12, 1884.

I have usee ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS for the last twenty years. They are truly a household remedy. If one of my children has a cold and wheezes, I put an ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER on the chest and one between the shoulder blades. If any of the children have croupy coughs, or coughs of any kind, I place the Plaster close up around the throat; the soothing effect is apparent almost always in two hours. If they have a disordered stomach, a Plaster placed just below the chest bones makes digestion perfect in half a day. If there is any looseness of the bowels, accompanied by coldness of the skin, two ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS applied over the stomach cure in from two to five hours. I notice particularly that these Plasters never abrade the skin or cause the slightest irritation. From my own experience I know they never fail for rheumatism, pains in the back or lumbago. C. MIDDLEBROOK.

HER LONG-LOST BROTHER.

After Thirty-Five Years, Mrs. Reed Thinks She Has Found Him.

KENNETT SQUARE, August 28.—This little town revels in a sensation resulting from the meeting of a brother and sister who have been separated for thirty-five years and who to each other have been as dead. Recently there appeared in several newspapers the following personal:

If any captain or seaman of New York or Long Island knows the address or whereabouts of Isaac Reed, a sailor, who lived on Long Island and followed the water, and will correspond with his sister, Catherine Reed, Kennett square, Chester county, Pa., they will confer a great favor.

To a Philadelphia Times reporter who called on her when the personal was published Miss Reed cheerfully gave the following story:

Her brother, Isaac Reed, was born in Chester county, Pa., in 1815, and when two years old, she being then an infant, their parents died, and they were sent to the Chester county poorhouse. Isaac remained about six years and then was taken by Patrick Dunlap, of East Bradford township, to be raised. Dunlap did not treat him well and he went to live with John Brock, of the same place, who was also prutal. Isaac ran away from him, saying he was going to sea on a whaler, in 1831. Catherine was given to Phœbe Anne Woodward, of East Marlboro township, to be raised. Two years later Mrs. Woodward went to Kennett Square and Catharine lived with her for twenty years, when Mrs. Woodward died. In 1872 Isaac Reed visited East Bradford and remained two years. He then supposed his sister had been adopted and taken the name of people who raised her, but since the Chester county poor house officials kept no record of who had taken her he could not find her, and in 1874 he went away, saying he was going to Liverpool. Last fall she heard this while on a visit to East Bradford, and, by the advice of counsel, she adopted the above method of finding him.

Miss Reed is a seamstress, who, though she still goes out sewing every day, owns several houses in Kennett Square, and is said to be worth some $10,000 beside, of which $3,000 was left to her recently. She lives alone and this brother is her only known heir. At the time the personal was published there was living at Deer Park, Long Island, an Isaac Reed, who was shown the advertisement by a friend. Mr. Reed at once began correspondence with Miss Reed, and the correspondence was kept up for some time, and finally Miss Reed, feeling that she had at last found her brother, invited him to call on her. This he did last week, and now she is confident that it is he, who for thirty-five years was lost to her. The meeting of the couple was most affecting, and the sister will not let her brother leave her.

Mr. Reed said he no longer is a sailor, and that during the last seven years he has lived on Long Island, working at carpentering. He seemed overjoyed at having found his sister and has not yet decided what to do. It is probable, however, that his sister will remain in Kennett Square and that he will stay with her.

The most delicate constitution can safely use Dr. J. H. McLean's Tar Wine Lung Balm, it is a sure remedy for coughs, loss of voice, and all throat and lung diseases. 25 cts. a bottle.

THE OPIUM HABIT IN IOWA.

An Assertion that There are 10,000 Victims in That State.

A newspaper paragraph has been seen in many of the state exchanges, says the Davenport (Ia.) Democrat, which states that there are 10,000 victims of the opium habit reported in Iowa by the state board of health. The statement was so shocking in the number of its victims that a letter was written to the state board of health asking what authority there was for it. Under date of August 11 Secretary Kennedy wrote to the Democrat-Gazette that the current report was evidently based on an investigation made by Dr. Hull, formerly a member of the board. It originated in a paper prepared by the doctor which was printed in the last biennial report. The doctor stated in his essay that he had printed and sent to the druggists of Iowa 1,500 circulars requesting information on the subject. The replies received by him numbering about 123, too small a per cent to be of much use in getting exact information covering the entire state. Secretary Kennedy says in reference to the statement before alluded to—that 10,000 cases of the opium habit have been reported—that there is abundant reason for believing the number of victims of the habit is far in excess of that given. He adds that it is exceedingly difficult to get the facts against the objection of druggists and the concealment of the victims. In this connection it should be said that the state board of health denies any responsibility for any of the statements made either in its published report or in the newspapers. The paper by Dr. Hull is vouched for only by its author. The doctor does not show in his paper that he has information which will warrant the news item so widely published, He does say, however, and his words will bear repeating, that "opium is to-day a greater curse than alcohol, and justly claims a greater number of helpless victims, which do not all come from the ranks of reckless men and fallen women, but the majority of them are to be found among the educated and the most honored and useful members of society; and as to sex, we may count out the prostitutes so much given to this vice and still find females far ahead as far as numbers are concerned."

Thirty Tons Pressure

is given to every cake of Colegate & Co's Cashmere Bouquet toilet soap. It wears away very slowly.

JOHN RUSKIN'S INSANITY.

Characteristics of This Mania—His Life at Brantwood.

London Dispatch to New York Sun: For some time it has been whispered in London that the real cause of John Ruskin's inability at intervals to prosecute his literary labors is a breaking down of his mental powers, and that the accounts of ill-defined illness which are circulated concerning him cover what are in reality more or less protracted periods of virtual insanity. A careful investigation of the matter confirms but too fully the sad rumor.

Every one knows something of the life of Ruskin, so long a prominent figure as a writer and critic. His father was a wine merchant, who enriched himself by enormous and profitable dealings in sherry, and left to his son a fortune of £7,000 a year, which was considerably increased on the death of Ruskin's mother.

His liberality, too, is unbounded, and for years he has supported a list of pensioners—broken down artists, writers, etc., whose multitude might frighten the purse of a duke. Even now he refuses to acknowledge the fact that he is relatively poor, and the friends who look after his financial interests have endless difficulty in inducing him to diminish the generous outpour of his money. He lives now upon the profits derived from his books, amounting to about £2,000 to £3,000 yearly. Even with such an income his liberality has led him to such straits that he has consented to the publication of a cheap edition of his works, which heretofore he would never sanction.

Fortunately he possesses in his paintings an almost inexhaustible supply of wealth. Now and then a picture disappears from his walls, and its whereabouts remains a mystery to all except the London art dealer Christy, who is Ruskin's great friend, until it commences to be talked of as being in the possession of some less appreciative but wealthier owner. His knowledge of art causes him to possess only articles of the highest value.

The country house in which Ruskin lives is Brantwood, beautifully and romantically, but unhealthfully situated at the base of a hill into which it is, in fact, partially built. It is densely surrounded by trees and shrubbery, and is near the edge of Coniston lake in the beautiful English lake region. He has several rooms fitted up for writing. In one is a portrait by Raphael of himself, and on the table are two quaint inkstands, one of which was formerly used by Galileo and the other by Petrarch. Mr. Ruskin takes ink from them alternately, but has a decided preference for that which furnished inky immortality to the mathematical inspirations of Galileo, so different from Ruskin's own.

For a long time Ruskin has suffered from the peculiar trouble which has caused him much speculation, and during that time his almost constant nurse and companion has been his cousin, Mrs. Arthur Severn, who has devoted herself to him with great unselfishness since the divorce in which his unhappy marriage culminated. Mrs. Severn's influence over her eminent cousin was greater than that of any other person, and so great is his esteem for her that he has made over to her his house and all its treasures, to become hers at his death.

The present attack began in April, during Mrs. Severn's absence from Brantwood. It took at first an unusually violent form, during which he labored under great excitement and was utterly uncrolled by his friends.

He was extremely fond of children, and he had adopted in a sort of a way a number of children of poor villagers. Strange as it may seem, this led to much unpleasant talk on the part of some of his neighbors, so much so that Mrs. Severn and her husband were compelled to interfere. This necessary interference by Mrs. Severn appeared to irritate the sick man very strongly, and before Mrs. Severn had been back many days his peculiar indisposition took the form of a violent dislike to her. He began writing letters to friends all over the kingdom, in which he spoke of her very harshly, even accusing her of a desire to drive him from his own house, which he had given to her. Finally he ordered his valise to be packed, and took up his quarters at the Headwater hotel, a little country inn, accompanied by his faithful valet Baxter, who never leaves him, and is not in the least influenced by the fact that his master discharges him at least twenty times a month.

During the period of his illness at the inn Ruskin continued to write letters about Mrs. Severn, but a characteristic of the great man is that he does not seal his letters, but always leaves that unpleasant task to the less distinguished lips of the faithful Baxter. The latter, of course, appreciating his master's irresponsible condition, delivered all of the letters carefully to Mrs. Severn, and thus was avoided a great deal of unpleasantness which Ruskin himself would most keenly have regretted upon ceasing to be his second self.

After a brief stay at the inn, Baxter was ordered to pack up, and his master went to live at a cottage of a former servent, now pensioned off. Here his liberality, great under all circumstances, developed itself to a great and eccentric degree. He had with him his check book, and despite the entreaties of his valet, he began distributing checks right and left to the little children of the servant with whom he had taken up his abode, and to a number of villagers. The checks were religiously cashed without exception, as far as can be ascertained, those who received them not feeling certain perhaps that the donor was irresponsible, and when Mr. Ruskin, his excited condition temporarily abated, returned to his home it was to find his bank account overdrawn, although fortunately to no serious extent.

The nature of the unfortunate man's malady then entirely changed. All excitement disappeared, and, ill physically as well as mentally, he took to his bed in a sad, melancholy, almost silly condition. He soon conceived the notion that his extravagance had made him poor, and that he ought to not eat, since he could no longer afford to supply himself with food. The result might have more serious—for Ruskin's spirits were pitifully low—had not his good friend Mrs. Severn hit upon a plan for cheering him up. She induced him to make out a check for £50, had it cashed, and convinced him that his checks and his credit were still good by piling fifty gold pieces on a little table beside his bed, where he could finger them. The result was very encouraging, for in a few days Mr. Ruskin was up and about, and so much like his old self that Mrs. Severn felt able to make a trip to London.

Unfortunately the improvement did not last. In a very short time Mrs. Severn received a telegram in London informing her that her distinguished cousin had had a relapse and was in a worse condition than before, being very violent and excited. She started at once for Brantwood, taking with her this time a nurse specially trained to care for the insane. The nurse was left at the hotel, and Mrs. Severn hastened to Brantwood and sought to prepare her cousin for the nurse's arrival, but the case was too serious to allow of preparation, for Mr. Ruskin was very ill indeed, and utterly unsuited to be argued with. He was in bed, and so excited that the valuable pictures had been removed from his bedroom wall for fear that he would destroy them in throwing things about. The nurse was sent for. He demanded to see her, and asked her if she was a nurse. When she admitted it he asked if she was not a mad nurse. His anger was unbounded when she confessed that she did a little nursing of all kinds, and his irritation was expressed in a very curious way.

"Why," said he, "you want to nurse me, and you know nothing about the book of Esther. You shall do nothing but empty slops."

The nurse had to go. This took place about a month ago. Since then Ruskin has partly recovered, and he was able to leave Brantwood.

There are many cheap cosmetics offered for sale, which claim to contain nothing injurious to the skin. This is all *bosh*, all, or very nearly all are compounded from the most deleterious and poisonous drugs in the materia medica. They destroy the vitality of the skin, making the consumer prematurely withered and old. J. A. Pozzoni guarantees his medicated complexion powder entirely free from all injurious matter, and will gladly pay $500 to any practical chemist who can find upon analysis the slightest trace of white lead orarsenic. Use none other and you will never regret. Price 50 cents and $1.00 per box. Sold by all druggists and perfumers.

Conkling Regrets.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., August 29.—Farragut Post, G. A. R., are making great preparations for the reunion of the Blue and the Gray in this city, from September 20 to 23 inclusive. A number of prominent generals of both sides have accepted invitations. Among those whose engagements prevent them from coming is Ex-Senator Roscoe Conkling, of New York, from whom the post received the following letter to-day:

NEW YORK, August 29.—Gentlemen: It is an honor highly valued to be invited as one of the guests of Farragut post, G. A. R., at the approaching reunion of surviving soldiers who fought on one side and the other in the late war. I beg you to receive my thanks, and believe my regret sincere at being unable to take part in observances of so much interest and significance. My earnest sympathy and hope go with every movement and idea having for its real purpose to weld together all sections and all classes, and to make our country throughout all its borders united, prosperous and great. Could wish or act of mine decide, every community and neighborhood in all the land shall be crowned with the fullness of peace and progress as much at the South as at the East, West or North. The brave men who faced each other in battle can be the best teachers and the most genuine actors of this creed. Glad that the reunion is to occur, and never forgetful of hospitality and kindness received in the past from the soldier and the people of Indiana, I trust the occasion will be an event of enjoyment, pride and success. Cordially your obedient servant,

ROSCOE CONKLING.

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TIMELY ADVICE.

Unheeded May Cause Any Amount of Trouble.

More Important Testimony Voluntarily Offered by One Who Has Been Through the Mill.

MR. W. G. HENSHAW.

"For the last sixteen years," said Mr. W. G. Henshaw, who was city lamplighter for a number of years and is now employed by the Barber Asphalt Paving company, to the reporter, "I have had an uphill time in order to keep at my work. While a boy and living at my father's country residence on Long Island Sound, New York, I made a practice of going in swimming from ten to twenty times a day when the weather was suitable, by this means I developed catarrh in its worst form. My throat and head was stopped up at times. I coughed and hawked up phlegm, had to blow my nose constantly, I had a constant dull feeling in my head, roaring in the ears, then I got deaf gradually but so surely that

I BECAME MUCH ALARMED.

This was not all. I found that I talked through my nose, and at night I could not breathe through my nostrils at all. I saw a doctor and he told me I had a tumor growing in my nose caused by the catarrh, which he called a polypus. I tried all manner of remedies to no avail, and when six weeks ago I caught a fresh cold, which caused the catarrh to go down on my lungs, my condition was not only annoying, but greatly alarmed my wife. Why, sir, I felt at times like choking, then I coughed so much I could not sleep at night. I would have violent spells of coughing which would cause me to vomit.

"As I said before, my condition so alarmed my wife that on the 15th of this month she insisted that I go and consult a doctor next day. I was loth to stop work, but at last consented, and last Monday I consulted Dr. J. Cresap McCoy, Ramge Block, this city, who said he could cure me. This I was willing to believe, but did not dream of how quick part of my troubles could be relieved. Why, sir, he removed this entire polypus in two or three minutes; here, you see it in the bottle I have, and then made an application to my diseased throat. I breathed through my nose at once, something I have not done in years. I have been on constant treatment since, and now have in a large measure regained my sense of smell. I have not been able to smell anything before for eight years. My catarrh is greatly benefitted, my hearing is coming around all right, and I am certain the doctor will soon have me as well as I ever was. I went home Monday from the doctor's office and slept all night a quiet sleep, something I have not done for so long a time I can't remember. My strength and desire for work has returned. I don't get up in the morning feeling as tired as before I went to bed, as I used to do. I feel like a restored man."

Mr. Henshaw is well known about town, and the truth of his story can easily be verified by calling upon or addressing him at his address above given.

When catarrh has existed in the head and the upper part of the throat for any length of time—the patient living in a district where people are subject to catarrhal affection—and the disease has been left uncured, the catarrh invariably, sometimes slowly, extends down the windpipe and into the bronchial tubes, which tubes convey the air to the different parts of the lungs. The tubes become affected from the swelling and the mucous arising from catarrh, and, in some instances, become plugged up, so that the air cannot get in as freely as it should. Shortness of breath follows, and the patient breathes with labor and difficulty.

In either case there is a sound of crackling and wheezing inside the chest. At this stage of the disease the breathing is usually more rapid than when in health. The patient has also hot dashes over his body.

The pain which accompanies this condition is of a dull character, felt in the chest, behind the breast bone, or under the shoulder blade. The pain may come and go—last few days and then be absent for several others. The cough that occurs in the first stages of bronchial catarrh is dry, comes on at intervals, hacking in character, and is usually most troublesome in the morning on rising, or going to bed at night and it may be in the first evidence of the disease extending into the lungs.

Sometimes there are fits of coughing induced by the tough mucus so violent as to cause vomiting. Later on the mucus that is raised, is found to contain small particles of yellow matter, which indicates that the small tubes in the lungs are now affected. With this there are often streaks of blood mixed with the mucus. In some cases the patient becomes very pale, has fever, and expectorates before any cough appears.

In some cases small masses of cheesy substance are spit up, which, when pressed between the fingers, emit a bad odor. In other cases, particles of a hard, chalky nature are spit up. The raising of cheesy or chalky lumps indicate serious mishief at work in the lungs.

When a person with a delicate constitution has a tendency to catarrh or consumption—whether this tendency is inherited or results from taking cold easily, it is noticeable that that person invariably loses flesh and loses strength, showing that the nutrition is interfered with.

In such a case the sufferer should at once be placed under influences that will restore the defective nutrition and tend to invigorate the constitution.

It is to be remembered that in every case the presence of catarrh is an evidence of predisposition to consumption, and no matter how slight the attack may be, it should be treated with the greatest care and the treatment should be continued until all traces of the catarrh have disappeared.

If the catarrh is allowed to reach the smaller tubes in the lungs—which condition is indicated by the spitting up of a yellow material—then immediate attention to the malady is demanded or serious lung trouble will result.

Catarrh, it is said, is nine times out of ten the cause that produces consumption, and hence no one can afford to neglect a case of catarrh, however slight. It is easily cured if taken in time and treated regularly and correctly by a specialist. If left to itself it is rarely cured without a change of climate, but with each new cold it gets more and more troublesome, extending always a little deeper into the lungs, until a cure becomes difficult and sometimes impossible.

In such a climate as this, the throat should be as carefully and frequently looked after as the teeth. Yes, much more carefully looked to, as troubles of the throat are more numerous than dental troubles; and, while the latter cause only annoyance and pain, lung disease, usually the result of catarrh, kill one out of every seven human beings born on the entire globe.

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