SOME WILL NEVER GO BACK.

Congressmen Whose Legislative Careers are Cut Short.

FEW OF THE PROBABLE VICTIMS.

Clerks Who Would Like to Help the Administration Machine with Money but are Afraid—A New Yorker's Maiden Speech.

Changes in the Lower House.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 21.—[Special to THE BEE.]—No matter which party elects the president there is sure to be very many changes in the next house of representatives over the present one. About eighty or ninety members will go out of this congress to private life on the 4th of next March. Most of the men who will retire will be those who have served two terms, and have not cut a very distinguishing figure in the proceedings. There are, however, a number of important exceptions to this general statement. Ex-Governor Long, of Massachusetts, in his brief congressional career covering a period of four years, has made a place for himself in the front ranks. Mr. Hayden, of the same state, is another who will retire with honor, and Mr. Russell, the brilliant young democrat, is a third who will be lost to the Massachusetts delegation. These three have refused emphatically to run again. Some who are better known in the house will probably be be beaten at the polls. Two or three southern members—and the southern members, by the way, are usually famous for the grip with which they hang on to a congressional seat when it is once secured—have also decided to remain at home to attend to their business, or have been relegated to private life on account of the dissatisfaction created in their districts in the distribution of federal patronage accorded them. There are a great many men who are well known through long service, or through the part which they have taken in the deliberations of congress, who find it difficult to secure a return to the house. Among them is that brilliant demagogue, the Hon. William Springer, of Illinois, chairman of the committee on territories, and his no less brilliant demagogical confere, William Holman, of Indiana, who is chairman of the committee on public lands. Both of these men have made a great many enemies not only in their own states, but through the western territories, which are so greatly affected by the acts of the men holding the positions occupied by these two. Then, again, Roger Q. Mills of Texas, the dark-lantern chairman of the committee on ways and means, has succeeded in calling down on himself the wrath of every wool-grower in the state of Texas, and in the first time in its history an earnest effort is to be made to capture that district by the republicans with the aid of the prohibitionists.

There may, and probably will, be a number of surprises in the forthcoming congressional election. The campaign committees of both parties in their canvass of the probabilities of the personnel of the house in the Fifty-first congress have taken a great many changes for granted. For instance, each side has figured upon the return of that jackdaw on the democratic side, John J. O'Neill, of St. Louis. O'Neill has the reputation of a somewhat peculiar character in regard to the social proprieties. He did a little too much marrying during the past session, and as a result the friends of one woman who claims to be his legal wife are moving heaven and earth to bring O'Neill's acts before the ecclesiastical church and the voters of his district.

***

Some of the clerks who came over into this from the last administration, and who were up to the election of 1884 recognized as ardent and true republicans, are in very embarrassing situations under the present stress of politics. They have been demanded to make contributions to the democratic campaign fund, and have also been given opportunity to contribute to the fund for the republicans. From principle nearly all of them are republicans, but they, of course, in the interest of their positions, do not like to refuse to contribute to maintaining the administration which has retained them in their positions. Some of them have mugwumped, and they would be willing to contribute to the democratic campaign fund if they were not afraid that their assistance would become a matter of record, and in the event of the election of Harrison and Morton they would be removed. They believe that they would be more offensive to the new administration, if, as republicans, they contributed to the democratic campaign fund at this time. A few of them have given money to both parties. The position of many of these men, and women, too, is very uncomfortable just at this time. Never have solicitations been made as often or anything like as persistent as during the present campaign, when every avenue of assessment has been closed up, and the employes of the government squeezed to the fullest limit.

***

A party of republican congressmen were going down to Norfolk, Va., the other day on the Baltimore line of steamers, intending to deliver speeches for the republican candidate for congress, when they encountered a typical democratic convert to the support of Harrison and Morton. He is one of the very largest commission merchants in New York, and has given very material support to the democratic party. He was on his way to Norfolk to secure heavy consignments of vegetables and grain. He said that he had never delivered a speech upon any subject in his life, but that he had given notice to his agents at Norfolk and the vicinity that they could bill him for a business talk before the hucksters and gardners of southeastern Virginia next week.

"I am turned," said he, "against the democratic party on account of the Mills tariff bill. I buy $400,000 worth of produce every year at Norfolk alone, and my outlays throughout the country will aggregate over ten million dollars a year. I import on an average a half million dollars' worth of cabbage from Germany, and beans and potatoes from Scotland. I am the importer of the fine large white onions you see in the groceries and market-stalls throughout the country. I get them from Egypt. If the Mills tariff bill should become a law it would almost ruin my business. You can imagine what an effect it would have on the producers of the articles I sell. I make my money off domestic produce and not imports, because I import only when the domestic production is less than the demands of the market, when prices are high, and then there is no profit on anything. The Mills bill will ruin the domestic and export trade for all garden and farm products. I propose to show the truckesters and farmers that this is true, and if I could talk to that class of people throughout the country and make them understand the question as I do I believe the farming and gardening classes would be practically solid for the republican ticket on the tariff question alone. I don't pretend to know anything about politics. This is a pure business question for me, and for those with whom I deal. I know the exact effect the Mills bill, if a law, would have upon the production and sale of the articles I handle and there my knowledge ends; but what I know is sufficient to turn every farmer and gardner against the policy of the democratic party at this time. There is no theory about it; it is a pure and simple business proposition, and and anybody can understand it if they will only make it a study as I have."

AN AGENCY INSPECTOR.

Colonel Mallet Tells About the Demands of the Sioux.

Colonel Edmond Mallet, United States inspector, registered at the Murray hotel yesterday en route from Pine Ridge Indian agency to Washington. Colonel Mallet is well versed in Indian affairs, having been for two years in the service as agent on the Pacific coast and latterly employed as inspector of agencies in this district. He has contributed a number of historical sketches to the eastern magazines, and the intelligent views held by eastern people on the Indian question are in a large measure due to his writings.

The ancestors of Colonel Mallet explored this country upwards of 150 years ago, and gave to many of the rivers and streams of Nebraska the names by which they are known to this day. The naming of the Platte is a notable instance and it occurred as follows: In the days of 1734 the French held sway over Louisiana and the adjacent country, and had extended their explorations far into the Illinois country, where a large colony flourished. Governor De Bienville, who held the reins of power, determined to open up a trade with the Spanish settlers of Santa Fe, and, accordingly, organized an expedition to start from Illinois. It was headed by an adventurous explorer named Pierre Mallet, who named his brother Paul as second in command, and consisted of eight tried men. With a somewhat hazy idea of the geography of the country and the location of Santa Fe, the party followed instructions and proceeded up the Missouri. Their records show that before they reached the Platte they fell in with a tribe of Indians whom they named the Panis-Mahas, which is evidently a corruption of the words Pawnee Omahas, and there they remained to recruit. Upon making known their ultimate destination, their new found friends informed them that they were on the wrong trail, and in proof of it showed them ponies they had bought from the Spaniards. This settled it, and a march across the prairies began. After traveling for days they met with a broad shallow river, that seemed to glide across the prairies without the necessity of banks, and almost level with the plains, and they accordingly bestowed on it the name of "La Riviere Platte." This they ascended until they came to the forks, when they followed the advice of their Indian friends and chose the southern branch. A few days' canoeing and another trip across the plains towards the south brought them to a pass, which, from their description, corresponds closely with Pike's Peak, and, after an additional march, they came in sight of Santa Fe. Here they were detained for a few days by the Spanish military authorities, but they accomplished their mission, and the details from thence on are a matter of history.

Colonel Mallet has just come from the Pine Ridge agency, and reports the attitude of the Indians towards the proposed treaty as being unchanged. "Red Cloud, as I suppose you know, refused to go as a delegate to Washington. He gave as a reason to the agent that he was spitting blood, but to a few of his more intimate friends he said that if he wanted to see the president he would go to Washington to see him, and if the president wanted to see him he could come out to Pine Ridge and see him."

"Do you think the Indians are acting upon their own knowledge of the value of land, or are they being guided in the matter by the chiefs?" was asked.

"I think they are acting on the knowledge they have gained from white men, and upon their individual responsibility. They don't seem to have much confidence in their chiefs, when they think of the outcome of the former treaties. They certainly were opposed to the sending of delegates to Washington."

"Why?"

"Well, there are really no chiefs. They consider even Red Cloud as being a white man's chief—one that was put in the position he holds through the sentimentality of the white people."

"Do you think the treaty will be a success?"

"Well, it's hard to say. The matter was fully discussed by the Lower Brule Indians, who had evidently been posted by white men. They are willing to dispose of the 11,000,000 acres required, if the government will at once deposit $5,500,000 to their credit and let them draw the interest. They hold the idea expressed in THE BEE some time ago, that if the cost of surveying and allotment is to be deducted from the 50 cents per acre, that the white men's agents will come out 'thick as the flies in summer time,' and that the amount the Indians will receive will be very, very small. They want the $5,500,000, but are willing to accept another alternative. They are willing to sell the land for $1.25 per acre, on government terms, as they think that after the expenses are deducted there will be a residue of about 50 cents an acre left for them. They also take exception to the clause relative to the number of oxen, mares and cows to be given them. The treaty says that a number 'not to exceed 250,000 head' shall be given. They say that they might receive only one head, or perhaps ten head, and that that would be filling the terms of the treaty."

A call for "all aboard going east" brought the interview to a close and Colonel Mallet left for Washington in response to a telegram received while here, instead of proceeding to the Shoshone and Nevada agencies, as was his intention on leaving Pine Ridge.

SPORTING NOTES.

It is a rare thing indeed for a single game at the end of the season to decide the championship, but that was the case in the Western association race this season, the prohibitionists taking the flag from the cowboys by one solitary game.

President McCormick, of the Omaha Base Ball association, is being favorably mentioned as a candidate for the presidency of the Western association next season. Milwaukee is urgent in the matter, and the prospects for his election are bright.

Like the bench show, the crib club has failed to materialize. What Omaha lacks in a sporting way is a head—a man of experience, ability and thoroughness, and without such a functionary all schemes or enterprises of any magnitude must die a-bornin'.

President McCormick received another offer for Lovett yesterday—this time from one of the national league clubs. That the great pitcher is to be sold there is no doubt, the management are simply holding him to see whether they cannot get more for him.

The Western association players most in demand are Lovett and Crooks, of Omaha; Duryea, Sowders, Earl and Picket, of St. Paul, Long, of Kansas City, and Alvord, of Des Moines. Hutchinson, Hoover, Stearns and Holliday have already been gobbled up.

In the two final games at Boston Quinn, in the first game, made the hit that won the game. In the last game of the season he made the hit that assured fourth place to the bean-eaters and prevented them from dropping below Detroit. Yet the Boston papers say Joe's no good.

Every team in the Western association lost money this season, with the exception of St. Paul. Des Moines being the biggest loser. Omaha comes next, but all are out from the pennant winners to the tail enders. It cost in the neighborhood of $40,000 to sustain the association, as follows: Des Moines, $14,000; Sioux City, $6,500; Minneapolis, $6,000; Omaha, $7,000; Kansas City, $4,000; Milwaukee, $3,500 and Chicago, $3,000. The reason is this, unreasonably high salaries.

The Omaha gun club hunt takes place next Tuesday, and already the majority of the hunters have departed for the hunting grounds—some to Colorado, some to Minnesota towns and other distant points, while a goodly number have gone up the Platte, out to Elkhorn, Stillwater and other fine grounds in this state, and a tremendous bag of game may be confidently looked for. The count will take place Wednesday at J. J. Hardin's gun store, and the banquet Thursday evening at the Millard. Many prominent sporting men from all parts of the west have been invited and will be present at the latter.

Take no other, Jarvis' Brandy is best.

South Omaha Collegium No. 132.

Chief Scribe S. W. Moltbie, of Des Moines, Ia., assisted by Organizers S. T. Robinson and H. C. Barnes, of Omaha, organized South Omaha Collegium No. 132, V. A. S. fraternity, in Knights of Pythias hall with a large number of charter members. The following officers have been elected: Rector, D. F. Bayless; vice rector, George W. Murrow; chaplain, Rev. Robert L. Wheeler; scribe, Z. P. Hedges; treasurer, N. E. Acker; usher, Frank Lee; guard, David H. White; medical examiners, Drs. William Berry and W. H. Seabaugh; trustees, D. F. Bayless, Lewis K. Schoenleber and Dr. W. H. Slabaugh. The charter roll is yet open. Since the first meeting ten or twelve new members have been taken in and the order starts off under encouraging prospects. The next meeting will be held Tuesday evening in Knights of Pythias hall. Messrs. Lewis K. Schoenleber, D. F. Bayless and Dr. W. H. Slabaugh are a committee to secure a room.

The A. O. H. society will give a grand entertainment, consisting of concert and dance, on Friday evening, November 2, at their hall, corner of Thirteenth and Jackson streets. The committee in charge of arrangements will leave nothing undone to make this the grandest event of the season and will be pleased to see their many friends there on that evening. Those who have attended entertainments given by this society heretofore are well aware that they are among the best conducted and most enjoyable given in the city.

THE LOAF OF THE LABORER.

The Jump in the Price of Flour Increasing Its Cost.

POLITICS OF THE METROPOLIS.

The Actors From Fair France—Brooklyn Waking From a Lethargic Sleep—The Small Boy and the Cigarette.

Weekly New York Letter.

NEW YORK, Oct. 18.—[Special Correspondence of THE BEE.]—Very many people are seriously apprehensive of trouble during the winter on account of the small loaf. The bakers are under no delusions whatsoever, and they comprehend that flour will remain up whatever may be the fluctuations of wheat among Chicago and New York speculators. So the question has been debated what must be done. The German bakers of this city have more sense than their rivals, and say that there must be an advance of prices, and so the 5 cent loaf has gone up to 6 cents, and the 10 cent loaf to 12 cents. American bakers, on the contrary, stickle for maintaining the old traditions of the craft, keeping dime and half-dime prices, and propose to diminish the weight of the loaf, and so we have the small loaf, and its size depends entirely on the personal probity of individual bakers. Certainly the German way is the best, because purchasers are made to realize that flour having gone up from $5 to $8.20 a barrel, bread must go up, too; whereas, in the other stores, especially in Brooklyn, all the women are crying out, "Look at me loaf! dere aint no more size to my loaf dan dere is to a basket of early peaches." It makes customers much more angry to get a loaf of a ridiculous smallness than it does to have to pay over an additional cent. After the election is over there may be bread riots, for the wages of the working classes just hover over what it costs to maintain life, and when prices go up wages must go up too, or there will be trouble.

GAY TIMES IN POLITICS.

I do not know why it is that New Yorkers are so fond of local issues, but the fact is that the educational part of the programme, which was to be all in all in this presidential campaign, is now completely ignored except by the Evening Post, which is a very exemplary paper, with a morbid horror of flippancy and an exceedingly small circulation. Charles A. Dana, of the Sun, who is at the same time a representative journalist and a representative New Yorker, thanks heaven, editorially, that the campaign of reason is over, and that the live issues in the city are to turn upon mere personal considerations. And they are personal with a vengeance. Abram Hewitt is notoriously a know nothing, and has expressed himself repeatedly, in moments of dyspeptic peevishness, with injustice both to Germans and to Irish. The consequence is that the republicans have nominated Erhart, who is a popular German politician, and Tammany has nominated Hughie Garnt, a popular Irishman known to be both honest and capable. Hewitt stands no chance against the combination. In all the pool rooms, where men during the season played the races and where they are now playing the mayoralty candidates, the professionals are betting five to four against the know nothing, with few takers. The reason is that he will poll no independent citizen votes, because the republican man will get all that he is entitled to, and will steal some of Hewitt's German votes from the democratic ranks. Hewitt will poll the county democracy strength and not another man, and is already defeated. But it will be a red-hot canvass with lots of money for the boys.

THE GREAT FRENCH ARTISTS.

At Palmer's theatre all the educated people are crowding night after night to see and hear Mlle Hading and Coquelin, who sometimes act alone and sometimes together. I doubt very much if many of the audience comprehend French comedy, for reading is one thing, and hearing the language spoken in a theatre is quite another. When we read French, the words stop for our leisure, and don't hurry us, but when we listen to the beautiful French women, why we are apt to get bustled. As a young dude said to me, "Sigma, I understand the language as well as anybody, but Hading speaks so confoundedly quick that she gets away from me." Just so, and if one could know the facts young Gilteddge represents nineteen-twentieths of the people who go to Palmer's, and who criticize the great comedian at five o'clock teas. The most conspicuous example was Mrs. Cleveland, the president's wife, who had a private box, and was therefore completely in view of the audience. Her face was a perfect tell-tale. At first she tried to follow, but finding that she could not, she resigned herself to watching the gesticulation of Coquelin, which is marvelous, and studying the dresses of Hading, which are also marvelous. But Hading is also an admirable actress, and in my opinion has more real power than Sarah Bernhardt. The divine Sarah, as her admirers called her, had no conformity of strength, but was as explosive as dynamite. Now Hading is of the crescendo type, and goes on culminating till she reaches a very pretty height.

BROOKLYN FORMS A RESOLUTION.

I trust that the readers of THE BEE will not despise me because I live in Brooklyn. The fact is, half the New York journalists live on the other side of the big bridge because much larger and handsomer rooms can be rented at a cheap rate in Long Island than on Manhattan Island, except at the extreme northern end, eight miles away from Printing House square. Brooklyn has a population of about 850,000, but it is the queerest burg for its size that was ever seen. In grocery and dry goods stores and establishments where they sell kitchen utensils, from a furnace stove to iron ladles, the city is better furnished than New York itself, but in everything else it is so completely behind that it is a curiosity. I will wager that there are in Omaha many buildings which are much finer than anything we have. Our most elaborate structures are St. Ann's on the Heights, which was built twenty years ago for a great Episcopalian clergyman named Schenck, and the Dime Savings bank. The one is all ornament and the other so solid that it is elephantine. The church looks airy enough to fly away and the bank seems as if the earth were about to sink beneath its weight. There are no art galleries, no public libraries, no fountains, no squares, no statues, nothing but a really glorious park and two splendid driving boulevards. All of a sudden Brooklyn has woke up to a sense of its deficiencies, and is vowing reformation like a drunkard on New Year's day. The papers are full of schemes, which are all good enough, if anybody would come forward with the money. But Brooklyn is a city of homes for poor men, and any attempt to make the contemplated improvements simply means an increase in taxation, and will be overwhelmingly voted down. If our rich men who feel so acutely the disgrace of living in Brooklyn would come forward—but no! They want improvements at the expense of the taxpayers. All the same, Brooklyn is a funny city, and is really what New Yorkers call it—New York's bedroom.

A NEW COUNTERBLAST.

When Stone, of the Journal of Commerce, begins anything he generally sticks to it until he has conquered. He has commenced to wage war against cigarette smoking in the public streets and parks. He quotes the example of Boston, which he says became so indignant at the freedom with which tobacco was burned in the streets of the Hub that all smoking in public was forbidden by an ordinance under a penalty of a fine of $5 to be imposed and collected by the nearest magistrate. Probably the police received half of the fine, for they were so diligent in arresting offenders that smoking was never seen on the streets of Boston afterwards. The Journal wants an ordinance against cigarette smoking, and as the offenders are persons against whom the politicians will act freely, there can be little doubt that Mr. Stone will triumph. Who smokes cigarettes in public? Boys, almost entirely, street arabs, paper venders, shoe blacks, shop boys, office boys. For one man who smokes in public a cigarette there are a thousand boys.

THE PERFORATED PORTRAIT.

Yellow Jack is a grim personage, with whom jesting is seldom attempted, but one can joke about him more comfortably in New York now than was possible thirty years ago. There is now no such insane fear of objections from quarantine ground as there used to be, and accordingly people crowd around a table in a New York photographic studio whereon is displayed a photograph of a young girl that came from Jacksonville. It was sent to a gentleman who was supposed to be in Macon, Ga., but as he had gone north to New York the letter containing it followed him. Whether it was fumigated between Jacksonville and Macon or between Macon and New York is unknown, but from the appearance of the photograph no human being could stand the ordeal of fumigation and survive the operation. It was perforated with small holes, and by some mischance the fumigator had hit the center of both eyes. There were holes upon the sweet lips and upon the smooth cheeks and upon the forehead. Through the mutilation enough remained to show that the girl had possessed rare beauty. It is whispered that this is the portrait of one who is dead and that the possessor has left it for exhibition to awaken public sentiment against the vandalism that has robbed him of his last token of love. One can sympathize with his feelings, but what can be done against the frenzy of panic fear!

BANKING ETHICS.

The manner in which the State bank of New York is trying to trade its responsibility for about $178,000 of the quarter of a million which Bedell obtained by his forged mortgages is so shocking to the moral sense of this none too moral community that everybody is protesting against it. Bedell is in the tombs, and he was brought from his cell on a subpœna to testify in the suit which his employers, Shipman, Barlow, Larocque & Choate, have brought against this bank. The firm had previously settled with all the individuals who had received bogus mortgages, and had received Bedell's assurances that he would testify in their behalf. The hearing was held in chambers, and after Bedell had been sworn by the clerk he was asked by the firm's leading lawyer whether on a certain day he had not presented a certain check for certification. His answer in the affirmative was looked for as a matter of course, and the lawyer, Mr. Elihu Root, a young man who thinks no small beer of himself, asked the question as carelessly as if he had questioned him about the size of an apple. But the reply electrified him. "I decline to answer." Root's face grew as large as a prize carrot at an agricultural fair, and he gasped out "Why?" The reply came, "I decline to say why." Question after question was poured in on him, but he still replied, "I decline to answer." An appeal was made that he should be committed for contempt, at which Bedell smiled in an ugly way, for, as he was in the tombs and certain to be sent up to Sing Sing for a long term, perhaps ten years, committing him for contempt of court was a farce. He was nevertheless committed. If the banks do not set an example of commercial honor, who will. It is certain that his refusal to answer is in consequence of some bargain with the bank, which will, in consequence of the default of the chief witness of Shipman, Larocque, Barlow & Co., escape their liability for the sum of which suit is brought. This is simply infamous.

SIGMA THOR.

Regulate the regulator with Warner's log cabin sarsaparilla. Manufactured by proprietors of Warner's safe cure. Largest bottle in the market. All druggists sell it.

Blaine Leaves For Buffalo.

CHICAGO, Oct. 21.—Blaine and party left to-night for Buffalo.

M. L. Roeder, manager National Life Insurance Co. of Vermont, has issued some elegant desk and office blotters. Any one calling at the offices, 401-2-3 Paxton building, can receive all they want gratis.

SOUTH OMAHA NOTES.

The city council will meet in the police headquarters this evening.

Shelony & Podolak gave a dance at the Killen hotel Saturday evening.

George L. Viriz has moved into his new residence, K and Twenty-sixth streets.

Mrs. J. E. Lucas arrived from Fontenelle, Ia., Saturday and will remain here with her husband.

Mrs. George W. Covell, of Omaha, will lecture in Hunt's opera house Monday night on temperance.

Callihan brothers, of the Commercial hotel, whose horses were turned loose at the time of the fire Wednesday night, have not been able to find the animals and fear they have been stolen.

Charles R. Lamberson, who has been traveling through the northwestern part of the state during the last six weeks looking for a location, returned Saturday for his wife and effects.

For the great democratic rally in Omaha Saturday evening, November 3, S. B. Fenno, of this city, is on the executive committee representing the Old Hickory club. The committee will meet in the Samoset club rooms Tuesday at 2 o'clock.

Jack Ryan and George Merriman had a terrible fight at Q and Twenty-eighth streets Sunday afternoon, the wind-up of a long and bitter feud. Merriman is badly cut and bruised about the head and was taken to the police headquarters and a physician was summoned to dress his wounds. He will be recognizable.

Saturday the Rev. Robert L. Wheeler had some lumber hauled to his lot on Twenty-third street north of J street, for his new house. Some unregenerated cuss without the love of the parson, the fear of the Lord and wholly indifferent to the police and the law, drove up, and, loading a thousand feet of choice boards, hauled them away.

Mr. Menafee, who works in Smith & Holmes' hardware store, had a narrow escape Sunday from a general fire. Putting up his store, he took a lot of papers and spread them out under the stove and then began using gasoline to clean up the stove. In a moment the heated gasoline ignited and the whole room was full of fire. With rare presence of mind he threw out the pan of burning fluid and then gathered up the burning papers before any real damage was done. It was a close call for his house and contents.

Not Doing Her Duty as a Mother.

Chicago Tribune: "Absalom," said Mrs. Rambo, as her erratic husband came home late at night again, "what a terrible, terrible example you are setting the children!"

"Naushy," he exclaimed, in a tone of stern rebuke, "I you don't keep th' chil'ern out o' the reach of my 'gzample when I come home thish way, all (hic) tired out, you're not doing your duty to em as a mother, Nanshy—thassall?"

He Had Had Experience.

Chicago Tribune: Applicant—Twenty-five dollars a week seems a small salary for the hard work of a reporter, sir.

Editor—Perhaps it does, but the field is overcrowded. We refuse applications almost every day. I think you said you had had experience as a newspaper man?

Applicant (with dignity)—I was principal of a school of journalism for a year.

Editor (coldly)—Yes, sir. We pay $15 a week to beginners.

The Lone Fisherman.

Chicago Tribune: The silent nocturnal fisherman is abroad in the land. He raises your window gently, inserts a long pole properly equipped with a hook, and fishes among the garments and other valuables in reach with a success and quiet unobtrusiveness and lack of boasting characteristic of no other angler.

What the Doctor Pronounced It.

Chicago Tribune: "What did the doctor pronounce your ailment?" inquired the wife, with a tremor of anxiety in her tone as she came into her husband's sick room.

"He pronounced it as if it were spelled bronkeetus," exclaimed the indignant Bostonian, straightening himself up in bed, "and I requested him at once to make out his bill and go."

Well Acquainted With Dinguss.

"Shadbolt, how do you like the look of these trousers? They're a new pair. I dressed in a hurry this morning and I—ha! ha!—I put these on by mistake——"

"Dinguss, I'm sorry, but I haven't a cent about me."

Knew Where to Go for News.

Chicago Tribune: "I represent the Evening Guff, madam, and—"

"But we are taking that paper already, sir."

"Beg pardon, ma'am. I'm not connected with the circulation department. I am one of the reporters. Wasn't there a session of the sewing circle here this afternoon?"

The Deutsche Rundschau, edited by Herr Julius Bodenberd, which has suddenly acquired a world-wide notoriety by the publication of the Emperor Frederick's journal, was started some years ago as a German rival to the French Revue des Deux-Mondes. Although it has published a great many valuable articles from some of the best writers in Germany, this periodical had not attained the universal reputation of the celebrated review founded by M. Buloz

For MAN!
For BEAST!
Mustang Liniment
MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT penetrates the flesh, knocks out Pain, Soreness, Lame Back, Stiff Joints.
Wonderful! Yes it is!
Mustang Liniment
MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT is death to Piles, Old Sores, Caked Breasts and all Inflammation.
Mustang Liniment
MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT applied externally is a sure cure for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Sore Throat, Quinsy, Swellings, Stiff Joints, Sore Backs, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Wounds, Old Sores, Caked Breasts, Sore Nipples, Garget in Cows, Mumps