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BROWNING, KING & CO

The Largest Clothing Firm in the World. S. W. Cor. 15th & Douglas Sts.

CAPTAIN JACK'S ADVENTURE.

He Proves Himself too Sharp for the Gypsies.

THE HORSE TRADER SETTLED UP

He Smelted a Large Sized Mouse and was mad—The Traders Did Not Like His Bet.

Captain Jack and the Gypsy Trader.

Somewhat shrewd scheme on the wrong man day or two ago. The affair is thus described in the New York World: A big streak of consternation ran through a "gyp" stable on Ninth street, near First avenue, Saturday, and for a few moments the wily swindlers who infest the establishment imagined they could see a fringe of blood all around the moon. As Captain Jack Crawford, the poet scout, came out of a Broadway store Friday afternoon he was accosted by a well-dressed young man, who said:

"Hello! You are not with the Wild West show now, are you?"

The scout replied that he was not in the Wild West business, and the young man then informed him that he was the coachman for Mrs. Rollins, a very wealthy widow, who had just come into possession of some western horses which she desired to have broken by a western man who understood the handling of such stock. Mrs. Rollins, he said, would pay handsomely for the work, and if the captain would go to the stables and see the horses and Mrs. Rollins' brother-in-law, who had them in charge, he could make a nice thing of it. Captain Jack is a thorough horseman, and thinking he might at the same time accommodate the lady and make a few dollars, he accompanied the young man to a stable on Ninth street. The brother-in-law was not in, but the coachman went in search of him and soon brought him to the stable and introduced him to the scout.

"The wild horses, the man said, were at another stable, and he told the coachman to go there and get them and bring them over. The young man departed on his errand, and Jack scarcely left the stable when a well-dressed man entered carrying a buggy whip in his hand.

"Who is in charge here?" he asked.

Captain Jack referred him to the other man, who asked what was wanted.

"I bought a horse here yesterday and I want to get him. I was to pay \$250 for him, and I've got the money here ready for you," said the man, producing a roll of bills.

"If you are to inform you that you cannot have the horse," said the man in charge. "When you called on Mrs. Rollins this morning and sent in your card she learned from it that you are a horse trader, and she will not let the animal go to a trader. The horse is a great pot with both herself and daughter, and they will let him go only to someone whom they know will take care of him. Indeed, they would never sell him at all but for the fact that they are going to Europe for a couple of years."

"Well, that's a queer way to do business," said the trader. "I bought that horse from Mrs. Rollins and was to pay you the money here to-day. Here is the money and I want my horse!"

"You can't have him," the man replied. "That horse cost Mrs. Rollins \$5,000, and you must have sense enough to see that she would sacrifice him only

because she desires to get him in good hands. I am sorry, sir, but I can't let you have him and that settles it."

The trader drew Captain Jack aside and said: "See here, I've got to have this horse, for he's worth \$2,000 if he's worth a dollar. I want to ship him on the Fall River boat to Boston to-night, where I have a customer for him. If I give you the money will you buy him for me?"

The captain obligingly assented, and turning to the man in charge, the trader said: "Just make out a bill of sale to this gentleman," at the same time beginning to count out the money from his roll into the captain's hand. Something over \$50 were counted when the stableman said:

"Oh! see here, now. I can't conscientiously do this, knowing that you are really the purchaser. I am willing and anxious to sell the horse for my sister-in-law, but I won't countenance such work as this."

The trader then took Captain Jack outside and said: "That fellow won't let me have the horse, but you can get him. You buy him at the figure named and I'll give you \$100 for your bargain."

"All right," said the scout. "Just give me the cash and I'll go in and close the deal."

"Well, you are a total stranger to me," replied the trader, "and I don't know that you would let me have the horse after you once got him, for there's a big speculation in him. I'll have to make other arrangements."

The trader walked away, and the captain thought if there was such a bargain in sight he had as good a right to nail it as anyone. Re-entering the stable, he looked at the animal as it stood in the stall and it seemed to be perfect. Not wishing to make too close examination nor to display any eagerness to make the purchase, he told the man he could soon get the money to purchase the horse himself, independent of the trader, and was informed that the horse would be held for him until the next morning if he would make a payment on it. The captain had but \$15 with him, and this he paid over, taking the man's receipt for the money.

As he walked towards his hotel the peculiar fragrance of a full-grown mouse began to work itself into the captain's olfactory organ, and he plucked. He thought he thought it over the stronger grew his suspicions that the transaction bore a marked resemblance to something he had read in the papers.

"Well, by jove!" he said to himself, "have I walked into a trap with my eyes wide open? Have these fellows played me for a 'jay' with all the worldly experience I have picked up in forty years of life?"

He went to his hotel and consulted some friends who are up to all the tricks of metropolitan rascals, and learned beyond a doubt that he was being "gyped." Then he got mad. He slept over the matter and awoke Saturday morning madder than ever. Hastily dressing himself in a corduroy suit that would bear contact with the stable floor there the day before, and the brother-in-law, who he keeps his own beautiful horse and galloped around to interview the "gyp" gang. Dismounting in front he entered the stable and was met with radiant smiles by the brother-in-law, who seemed to feel the balance of the payment already in his hands. There were several fellows in the stable, among them the "capper," who had taken him there the day before, and addressing them, Jack said:

"I have some private business with this rouser here, and you fellows will oblige me by taking a walk and a quick one."

The fellows scowled, but they had caught sight of a heavy belt about the captain's waist, and not knowing what

might be in that belt beneath the corduroy coat they slunk away.

"Now, sir!" said the scout, with a blaze in his eyes, addressing the stable-keeper. "I have learned that you are an infernal swindler, and I have come here to kick you into hash if you don't hand me \$15 in good bankable funds, and do it mighty quick. Move lively, now, or there will be a new face in the infernal regions in just about three seconds."

The swindler had only guessed that the scout came "loaded for b'ar," and his face turned ashy pale as he dived into his pocket for the money and handed it over. The scout then read the rascal a somewhat pointed lecture, and mounting his horse, galloped away.

It is perhaps needless to say to those who know Captain Jack that he is not a man who believes in pistol practice on the least provocation, but it is safe to assume that if the swindler had not promptly restored the money he would have received a thrashing, the memorials and scars of which would remain with him through life.

All druggists sell Jarvis' Medical Brandy.

Habits of the Cockroach.

Cosmopolitan: Wherever it came from, the cockroach is a true Anglo-Saxon in its capacity for colonization. In Britain it has established itself all over the length and breadth of the land, but is chiefly, if not altogether, confined to houses, inhabiting kitchens, sculleries, bakehouses, and such like places, where plenty of food can be obtained. Nothing that is edible (and many things that are not usually considered edible) comes amiss to this voracious animal, than whom it would be difficult to find a more omnivorous creature. In addition to almost every article of human food, such apparently unpalatable objects as woolen garments, the cushions of sofas, the interior of cleaning steam engines and other machinery, shoes and other articles of leather, and even books and paper, enter into its bill of fare. In warehouses and board ships the ravages it commits are great, whole barrels and sacks of flour, corn, rice, and other articles of like nature being sometimes consumed by it. Among other things, cinnamon is said to possess great attractions for the cockroach's palate, and there is a scandal to the effect that those whose business it is to reduce the cinnamon sticks to a powder are not very careful to separate the spice from the insects—which sometimes constitute nearly half the contents of the bags—but tumble them together into the mill. Though to its other crimes the cockroach does not apparently add that of cannibalism, the carcasses and the interior of the egg capsules are said to be eaten by them, and other insects are occasionally devoured. Among the latter is said to be the common bedbug, which, if true, is a point in favor of the cockroach.

Complexion powder is an absolute necessity of the refined toilet in this climate. Pizzoni's combines every element of beauty and purity.

A curious museum has been opened at Dresden. In it are collected boots, shoes and slippers which emperors, kings, queens, princes and other famous persons have worn. "Among them are a pair of boots worn by Napoleon I. at the battle of Dresden, on April 27, 1813, and a pair of white satin shoes, embroidered in gold, which the same great emperor wore on the day of his coronation; another pair of strong leather boots which belonged to the famous French Marshal Murat, afterward king of the Two Sicilies; a pair of high laced boots of Maria Theresa; boots of the philosopher, Kant."

Jarvis' 1877 Brandy, purest, safest & best!

GEN. SHERIDAN'S ARTICLE.

Reminiscences of His Experiences in the German Army.

LITTLE CORPORAL'S SURRENDER

Bismarck, the Soldier and Statesman—Glimpses of Camp Life During the Great War—The Iron Chancellor

"From Gravelotte to Sedan."

In the November number of Scribner's is found the highly interesting article from the pen of the late General Phil Sheridan, "From Gravelotte to Sedan." Following are extracts from it:

SHERIDAN'S MEETING WITH BISMARCK.

When the count received me he was clothed in the undress uniform of the cuirassier regiment of which he was the colonel. During the interview which ensued, he exhibited at times deep anxiety regarding the conflict now imminent, for it was the night before the battle of Gravelotte, but his conversation was mostly devoted to the state of public sentiment in America, about which he seemed much concerned, inquiring repeatedly as to which side—France or Prussia—was charged with bringing on the war. Expressing a desire to witness the battle which was expected to occur the next day, and remarking that I had not had sufficient time to provide the necessary transportation, he told me to be ready at 4 o'clock in the morning and he would take me in his own carriage and present me to the king, adding that he would ask one of his own staff officers, who he knew had one or two extra horses, to lend me one. As I did not know just what my status would be, and having explained to the president before leaving America that I wished to accompany the German army unofficially, I hardly knew whether to appear in uniform or not, so I spoke of this matter, too, and the count, after some reflection, thought it best for me to wear my undress uniform, minus the sword, however, because I was a non-combatant.

On the way Count Bismarck again referred to the state of public opinion in America, with reference to the war. He also talked much about our form of government, and said that in early life his tendencies were all toward republicanism, but that family influence had overcome his preferences, and intimidated that after adopting a political career he found that Germany was not sufficiently advanced for republicanism. He said further that he had been reluctant to enter upon this public career; that he had always longed to be a soldier, but that heretofore family position had turned him from the field of his choice into the sphere of diplomacy.

SHERIDAN IN THE GERMAN CAMP.

On the afternoon of August 21, I had the pleasure of dining with the king. The dinner was a simple one, consisting of soup, a joint, and two or three vegetables; the wines, two or three Burgundy. There were a good many persons of high rank present, some of whom spoke English, however, except Bismarck, who sat next the king and acted as interpreter when his majesty conversed with me. Little was said of the events taking place around us, but the king made many inquiries concerning the war of the rebellion, particularly with reference to Grant's campaign at Vicksburg, suggested perhaps by the fact that there and in the recent movements of the German army, had

been applied many similar principles of military science.

BISMARCK IN THE FIELD.

I found him wrapped in a shabby old dressing gown, hard at work. He was established in a very small room, whose only furnishings consisted of a table at which he was writing—a couple of rough chairs, and the universal feather-bed, this time made on the floor in one corner of the room. On my remarking upon the limited character of his quarters, the count replied, with great good humor, that they were all right and that he should get along well enough. Even the tramp of his clerk in the attic and the clanking of his orderlies' sabres below did not disturb him much; he said, in fact, that he would have no grievance at all, were it not for a guard of Bavarian soldiers stationed about the house, for his safety, he presumed, the sentinels from which insisted on protecting and saluting the chancellor of the north German confederacy in conversation, and in the midst of it there was some embarrassment sometimes as he was much troubled with a severe dysentery. Notwithstanding his trials, however, and in the midst of the correspondence on which he was engaged, he graciously took time to explain that the sudden movement northward from Bar-le-Duc was the result of information that Marshal MacMahon was endeavoring to relieve Metz by marching along the Belgian front, a retreating maneuver, which he seemed much concerned, inquiring repeatedly as to which side—France or Prussia—was charged with bringing on the war. Expressing a desire to witness the battle which was expected to occur the next day, and remarking that I had not had sufficient time to provide the necessary transportation, he told me to be ready at 4 o'clock in the morning and he would take me in his own carriage and present me to the king, adding that he would ask one of his own staff officers, who he knew had one or two extra horses, to lend me one. As I did not know just what my status would be, and having explained to the president before leaving America that I wished to accompany the German army unofficially, I hardly knew whether to appear in uniform or not, so I spoke of this matter, too, and the count, after some reflection, thought it best for me to wear my undress uniform, minus the sword, however, because I was a non-combatant.

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a belief which I found to prevail pretty generally about headquarters.

Between 4 and 5 o'clock Colonel von Bronsart returned from his mission to Sedan, bringing word to the king that the commanding officer there, General Wimpffen, wished to know, in order that the further effusion of blood might be spared, upon what terms he might surrender. The count brought the intelligence, also, that the French emperor was in the town. Soon after von Bronsart's arrival a French officer approached from Sedan, preceded by a white flag and two German officers. Coming up the road till within a hundred yards of us they halted; then one of the Germans rode forward and said that the French officer was Napoleon's adjutant, bearing an autograph letter from the emperor to the king of Prussia. At this the king, followed by Bismarck, von Moltke, and von Roon, walked out to the front a little distance, and halted, his majesty still in advance, the rest of us meanwhile forming in a line some twenty paces to the rear of the group. The envoy then approached, at first on horseback, but when about a hundred yards he dismounted, and uncovering came the remaining distance on foot, bearing high up in his right hand the despatch from Napoleon. The bearer proved to be General Rollie, and as he handed the emperor's letter to the king, his majesty saluted him with the utmost formality and precision. Napoleon's letter was the since famous one running, so characteristically, thus: "Not having been able to die in the midst of my troops, there is nothing left me but to place my sword in your majesty's hands."

MOLTKE IN BATTLE.

Whenever anybody arrived with tidings of the fight we clustered around to hear the news. General von Moltke unrolled a map, and explained the situation. This done, the chief of the staff, while awaiting the next report, would either return to a seat that had been made for him with some knapsacks, or would occupy the time walking about, kicking clouds of dirt or small stones here and there, his hands clasped behind his back, his face pale and thoughtful. He was then nearly seventy years old, but because of his emaciated figure, the deep wrinkles in his face, and crow's foot about his eyes, he looked even older, his appearance being suggestive of the practice of church asceticism rather than of his well-known ardent devotion to the military profession.

Catarth Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarth, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.

Old Teamsters in Chicago.

Chicago News: It is no doubt a matter of considerable interest to know that in Chicago there are a number of rich and influential men who have followed the humble occupation of teamsters. Their beginning was on a remarkably small scale, and as they grew rich they gradually rose above the rank and file of draymen and became capitalists. Prominent among those are Arthur Dixon, the alderman from the First ward, and W. P. Read, the millionaire coal merchant. Mr. Read still carries on a teaming business, as does also Arthur Dixon. Mr. Dixon is the oldest member of the city council, having been elected continuously for twenty years with the exception of one term. Mr. Read is well known as a generous em-

ployer, paying his men more wages than they can get elsewhere.

No one seems to contest the honor with John Shaw of being the oldest teamster in Chicago. Mr. Shaw is sixty-three of age and is still actively employed at the Goodrich docks. He was a number of teams and works more hours than any man in his employ. Mr. Shaw came to Chicago in 1864, and has been a teamster ever since. "Poppley" Sullivan is a noted character among teamsters, being one of the oldest and having a national reputation. He it was who first discovered the fire in Mrs. O'Leary's barn, when Chicago was burned in 1871. Mr. Sullivan lived next door and saw the fire when it broke out. He has always insisted that the tradition about the cow kicking over the lamp is false, and that there was not a cow in the stable at the time. He now works for the Standard Oil company as driver.

Probably the most remarkable man among the old teamsters is Patrick Brennan. For thirty-eight years he drove a dray on the streets of Chicago. His hair and beard turned white as he sat on barrels and boxes or hung his feet down from the side of his cart. Young horses grew old traveling between the shafts, and the axles of his dray were worn away through friction. Yet he plodded on from 1849 to 1897, when one day, after taking a severe cold, he had to carry a chair out of the house to use as a step in climbing up on the dray. It happened to be his birthday and he was seventy-two years old. He unhitched the horse from the old-fashioned dray and went into the barn. The horse died of a stroke of apoplexy, and the dray was sold for \$5. Mr. Brennan is still hale and hearty and lives on Superior street, having considerable property.

Hosford's Acid Phosphate. Beware of Imitations.

The World's Motive Power.

Science: The motive force of the world as officially summarized by the bureau of statistics, Berlin, presents some remarkable facts, together with the interesting general statement that four-fifths of the engines now working in the world have been constructed during the last twenty-five years. In round numbers France has 50,000 stationary or portable boilers, 7,000 locomotives, and 1,900 boats' boilers; Germany has 59,000 boilers, 10,000 locomotives, and 1,700 ships' boilers; Austria, 12,000 boilers and 2,800 locomotives. The force equivalent to the working steam engines represents, in the United States, 7,500,000 horse power, 4,500,000 in Germany, 3,000,000 in France, and 1,500,000 in Austria. In these enumerations the motive power of the locomotives is not included, whose number in all the world amounts to 105,000, representing a total of 3,000,000 horse power, which amount, added to the other power, gives a total of 48,000,000 horse power. As a steam horse power is equal to three actual horses' power, and a living horse equal to seven men, the steam engines of the world may be said to represent, therefore, approximately, the work of 1,000,000,000 men.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she still got Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.