

AN INTERESTING ADDRESS PROMISED BY GOVERNOR LARRABEE OF IOWA.

By Governor Larrabee of Iowa. SUPREME AND DISTRICT COURTS.

The Remarkable "Finding" of Secretary Laws—An Interview With General McBride—A Smooth Political Deal.

LINCOLN BUREAU OF THE OMAHA BEE, Dec. 17. As has been stated by THE BEE, Governor Larrabee, of Iowa, will be present at the second inauguration of Governor Thayer. He will arrive in Lincoln several days, and while here will deliver an address on some of the leading anti-monopoly principles. It is thought to be known that the governor will deliver an address on some of the leading anti-monopoly principles. It is thought to be known that the governor will deliver an address on some of the leading anti-monopoly principles.

ASSEMBLED BY THE RAILROAD GANG.

Some of the railroad gang have been trying to pin General Larrabee to the question of THE BEE representative, "What's new on the speakership question?" He answered: "Some railroad sneak has printed what purports to be my official record while state treasurer, and mailed copies of the same to the members of the state legislature. The sneaky extract from the testimony given before the finance and ways and means committee in 1879, he attempts to show that I am a defamer of the state of Nebraska. He also has a certificate of non-indebtedness, handed to me by the auditor, shortly after I retired from office, his alleged state-treasurer's amount to match. It is a defamatory, my bond for \$1,000,000 would have been sued long ago by the attorney-general, Larrabee, whom the railroad gang intend to beat. The railroad crowd will have to try something else. I am still a candidate for speaker of the house and am making a smooth race for an all-around second."

SOME OFFICIAL GAIL.

Stupidity occasionally manifests itself in the most unexpected manner. At the close of the late meeting of the state board of transportation, Secretary Laws introduced the following "finding," the attorney-general's opinion being that it was a defamatory libel on the state treasurer. It ranks as intelligence known only to Laws, Hancock and Scott, or is a libelous piece of gross ignorance. But the finding speaks for itself. It is as follows: "We, the board of transportation, find from our own knowledge that the state of Nebraska, including wheat, oats, corn, cattle and hogs, are carried to market at a less rate per ton per mile than the same products of the state of Iowa; and that lumber and hard coal are shipped into the state at a less rate per ton per mile than the same kind of goods are shipped to the consumers of Iowa."

We further find that the business done in Nebraska by the railroad companies for the year ending July 30, 1888, has increased \$24,720,000 over the business of the same year, while the net earnings of the roads have decreased during the same time \$2,286,000. That this increase was caused by a 15 per cent per annum on the capital actually invested.

We further find that the enforcement of the order of duty of the best workman cause, reduction in the rate on some classes of freight, while it would cause a raise in others, and that only jobbers would be benefited thereby, who, as a result, have resorted to a strike against its enforcement. Therefore, be it resolved, That the order made by the board on the 15th day of July, 1888, concerning freight rates, be, and the same is, hereby rescinded and dismissed.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT. The three boys Richard, Eugene and Eugene Huggins, were brought before Judge Chapman to-day in the district court and pleaded guilty to the charge of robbing the mail. Judge Chapman gave the boys a fatherly talk and assessed their punishment to three months each in the county jail.

Motion was made this morning to fix bail in the case of the state vs. Mike and Kitty Quinn. Bail was fixed at \$1,000 each. Quinn was committed to the county jail, and the case was set for trial on the 21st inst. The following gentlemen organized and incorporated the company, viz: James C. Crutcher, Fred Parent and Ed. Walters.

Supreme court cases as follows were docketed for trial to-day: Amanda M. Schuyler vs Henry O. Hanna et al; Nelson Westover et al vs A. J. Vandor; error from Platte county; W. Goss vs Noble Runner, error from Hall county; John Sheedy vs Simon J. Benadon; error from Lancaster county.

SLAUGHTER VS. MANDERSON. Brad Slaughter is in Washington. His visit there is suggestive if not significant. He started on his eastward trip on last Friday, evidently to see the senator. It is not known whether he was going, but the shrewd manipulator of Manderson's senatorial campaign has been caught in a network of his own making. It is now strongly alleged that Manderson is to be kept in Washington during the coming senatorial fight to avoid the necessity of making pledges to his constituency, or the legislative members who may give him their support. There is no question but what proper pledges will be more easily set aside than made direct by the senator, who seeks to be his own successor. It is argued that absence will avoid unnecessary complications, and embarrass Manderson. And it is further stated, that Manderson is to be permitted to direct the appointment of Lieutenant Governor McKelvie's committee, which is to be elected on a conditional upon allegiance and support of Manderson's succession aspirations, and that this little matter will be attended to during Slaughter's present visit to the senator. This, in political circles, is talked about as a very smooth deal, but how it will terminate is still a matter of the future.

It is Minnesota, Minneapolis. During the course of a "experience" lecture delivered at one of the halls of Minneapolis the speaker, says the Tribune, relieved himself of the following: "Don't you know I'm getting awful tired of men who wear No. 5 hats and No. 10 boots, and who are full of judgment of women. They tell me I reason on this subject like a woman. Thank God I do. If this temperance question in Minneapolis had been left to the women it would have been settled long ago. If we were to come into Minneapolis, a stranger some Sunday and ask a policeman where I could get a drink, he would, no, he would either tell me I couldn't get a drink, or he would direct me to the back door of a saloon. I came into Minneapolis, and by the laws of the state I have no right to sell intoxicants. I go to your city council, and in but a few minutes come away with a lawfully sold all the liquor I can bring to town. What has happened to me? I have been restricted."

CHILDREN CRY FOR PITCHER'S CASTORIA. When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a child, she cried for Castoria. When she became ill, she came to Castoria. When she had Colic, she gave her Castoria.

AN UNPOPULAR PROPOSITION.

The Division of California Not a Strong Probability.

A MYSTERIOUS SUITE OF ROOMS.

Farmer Caldwell's California Belles—Too Much Sweetness—Wines and Wine Vaults—Foolish Proposal—Monte Carlo in America.

The Proposed Division. SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 11.—[Special Correspondence of THE BEE.]—Representative Vanderveer's bill for a division of California into two states is not causing as much enthusiasm in the southern part of the state as its author anticipated. The leading men of that section are generally in favor of it, but the idea is so new to the majority of the citizens that if it were put to a vote it would not be carried. There is a generous rivalry between the men of both sections in many pursuits, but there is an intense love of the state, which predominates, and tempers down all specialities. Of course it is not denied that southern California lacks full representation according to population, but this is the result of the clumsiness of the apportionment laws.

The immigration into the past six years has greatly exceeded that into northern California, and this has resulted in an apparent injustice, but this is a temporary evil which remedies itself. What may be in the future I cannot say, but at present it is certain that Mr. Vanderveer's bill does not represent the popular wish. We of the north would make no fight, for if our friends wish to leave us, it would be foolish to work against their wishes, and we would rather have them as good neighbors than as unwilling and unfriendly citizens of the same state. We have laughed occasionally at their high ambitions, but we have never failed to boom their products and chant praises in honor of the immense progress made in San Bernardino and San Diego. I cannot recall anything really inimical to their interests which was ever even hinted at in San Francisco. At present the division could not be made, for Southern California, though growing fast, has relatively a small population, for the most part composed of poor people, and there would be a recoil from the burdens of separate statehood.

BLINDERING ARCHITECTURE. The outgoing sheriff has had a choice bit of fun at the expense of the architect of the city hall, that palace of the sand lots where Dennis Kearney first announced that the Chinese must go. Like all architects he did not spend his money on the things that he would like and starts as money came in, and being a huge, overgrown place, it is not extraordinary that the supervision was none of the closest. McMann was so engaged at finding the sheriff's offices that he was in a corner that he missed investigating. He got off of the original plan and found that the Shriviearty quarters were four handsome rooms in a conspicuous location. Then he compared the map of the building, and found where the four rooms should have been—there was a blank wall. He visited the adjoining offices to find if the entrance was through them. No! there was an indisputable wall beyond which there was no passing. The architect communicated his facts to the reporters, and they ascertained that there was a splendid row of windows corresponding with the mysterious suite of rooms. Finally by feeling the wall they came to the conclusion that the architect had done as he said, but that these had been concealed by lavish coats of plaster. One of the Chronicle reporters and myself called upon Architect Laver, and asked for permission to explore one of the mystic rooms by the aid of a key, but he declined, but he would do so on his own responsibility, and he did. Then the discovery was made that the flooring had never been laid, and some one—not a notable person—without orders had covered up the blunder by covering up the doorways. As a specimen of what can be done in municipal construction this is entitled to the champion medal.

FARMER CALDWELL'S FEARS. What do the people of Omaha think of a California pear weighing four pounds and a quarter? A farmer from Stanislaus county brought in eight such pears and exhibited them to a friend who immediately bore them in triumph to the state board of agriculture. They have been weighed by all the horticulturists in the city, and have been pronounced the crowning triumph of pomology. It must be considered that these pears are not like the coarse, woolly headed ones that are sold here, but are of a delicious flavor and full of juice. They have been named the California Belle pear, and this is not an inappropriate name, for California pears are not wastepapered by any means, but are like the prodigesses of old France, and are big, rounded, broad hipped, and well becomers, and these pears are not of the spindling variety either, and beat the world also. I saw Mr. Caldwell, who said that the pear in the photograph was going in for less for what than they used, and paying more attention to fruit and other products. He himself thought well of cotton, but combined that with fruit raising, especially sweet lemons and oranges. He told me that last year 6,000 orange trees were planted in the county, and that though he was the only one that had tried cotton, his success had been so great that his neighbors were going to plant some. Each one would devote five acres to the experiment. The feeling against cotton culture was very strong, and every man made it a rule to diversify his planting as much as possible. The men of that section have just finished a big canal, which will irrigate 250,000 acres, and the consequence is that land has jumped up in value from \$20 an acre to \$100 and \$150. Mr. Caldwell showed me some cotton, and it seemed superior to Texas cotton. There was no doubt that the best cotton region will be one of the most thriving in the state, and that the culture of cotton will be a source of wealth to the whole community.

300 MUCH SWEETNESS. A tramp steamer arrived from Java recently having on board 3,800 tons of sugar in the raw stage, consigned to the American Refinery company. This concern is one of those that belong to Havemeyer's combination in Brooklyn, and between it and the California sugar refinery, belonging to the Spreckels family, there is war, bitter war. The latter is a beet root concern, started to make sugar cheaper than it can be made from the cane. The former generally gets its supply from the Sandwich islands, but as the company had

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A FOOLISH PROPOSAL. An effort is being made here in San Francisco, by some people who ought to know better, to establish wine cellars for our wines in New York and Chicago. The reason alleged is that it is being done by the Hungarians, who have formed a company for the creation of enormous cellars, and are suffering from the same evil as we do. Their wines are bought up by speculators at an immature stage, are sophisticated and fixed, and are thrown upon the market to the discredit of our own wine. It is proposed that San Francisco wish to follow the example of the Hungarians they will construct big cellars, but in this city, for I notice that the Tokays will be stored in Buda-Pesth, not in Paris and London. Chicago and New York are not wine makers what Paris and London are to the Hungarian wine makers. The idea of cellars is a good one, undoubtedly, but it would be ruin to locate them in New York or Chicago, because wines which are made in the neighborhood of the severity of the climate. We must have more cellars in San Francisco for our maturing wines, and to have other cellars in Chicago and New York for a trade that does not exist here, but that the rage for following English models is so strong that it will be done sooner or later. An English gentleman of means has invariably good wine at his country house if nowhere else. He has port, sherry, claret and champagne. He has as much money as he will be content to have as good port as Californians, nor can he have as good sherry, but he drinks neither until it has been ten years in his cellar. His claret he lays down for a year, and his champagne to last him a lifetime, and as the climate of England is equable and the cellars well built, the odds are that he can offer his friends a better glass of claret than any wine dealer in Honolulu and his champagne, of course, he buys as he wants for his own use, and does not improve by keeping, and is as good a year after disgorging as it will ever be. Now here is a system which demands time and cannot be improvised, and yet the Anglo-American of New York want to have cellars in temporary and it cannot be done. There is no lack of ports in fine condition, and of mellow sherrys in California. In fact, it is admitted that the vintages of 1887 and 1888 are of superior quality, and what is made at Amherst and northward from that point. Harshitz's champagne is more full bodied, more fruity, more effervescent than the best that can be found in the Rheims cellars. Krug has a Zinsandel of true claret quality. Lafrazee has white wine that is a genuine Sauterne. If samples could be sent through the mails, the wine drinkers of Toledo Park and Newport would have their wants supplied in short order, but the blunder of the Anglo-American cannot be sent by mail.

MEXICO IS NOT FAR FROM SAN DIEGO, and the syndicate have fixed upon a village in Mexico called Tia Juana, which in English means Aunt Jane, and is more or less a reflection upon the virgins of the Indies thereof. It is, however, close to the boundary line, and is in a most picturesque valley of the Coast range. The company has been organized, and has the privilege of selling lottery tickets. As the charter of the Louisiana State lottery expired in two years, the Tia Juana company believes itself on the high road to fortune, and it may be. A million dollars has been subscribed for preliminary expenses, putting up buildings, erecting a hotel for invalids (save the mark), laying out gardens, etc.; several millions may be necessary to build a branch line from San Diego to Aunt Jane; and a bank of five millions must be piled up for business purposes—in all a sum of \$10,000,000 for this most noble purpose. It will be observed that the customers will come from this country, but the place will be under the protection of Mexican laws. Lots of Californians will go there to lose their money, and I shall be as foolish as any other fellow who gambles in the Californian's blood. Nevertheless, I don't like the scheme. I shall have no scruple in winning the bank's money, but not for the universe would I hold stock in the company and receive dividends wet with the blood and splattered with the brains of wretched suicides.

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A FOOLISH PROPOSAL. An effort is being made here in San Francisco, by some people who ought to know better, to establish wine cellars for our wines in New York and Chicago. The reason alleged is that it is being done by the Hungarians, who have formed a company for the creation of enormous cellars, and are suffering from the same evil as we do. Their wines are bought up by speculators at an immature stage, are sophisticated and fixed, and are thrown upon the market to the discredit of our own wine. It is proposed that San Francisco wish to follow the example of the Hungarians they will construct big cellars, but in this city, for I notice that the Tokays will be stored in Buda-Pesth, not in Paris and London. Chicago and New York are not wine makers what Paris and London are to the Hungarian wine makers. The idea of cellars is a good one, undoubtedly, but it would be ruin to locate them in New York or Chicago, because wines which are made in the neighborhood of the severity of the climate. We must have more cellars in San Francisco for our maturing wines, and to have other cellars in Chicago and New York for a trade that does not exist here, but that the rage for following English models is so strong that it will be done sooner or later. An English gentleman of means has invariably good wine at his country house if nowhere else. He has port, sherry, claret and champagne. He has as much money as he will be content to have as good port as Californians, nor can he have as good sherry, but he drinks neither until it has been ten years in his cellar. His claret he lays down for a year, and his champagne to last him a lifetime, and as the climate of England is equable and the cellars well built, the odds are that he can offer his friends a better glass of claret than any wine dealer in Honolulu and his champagne, of course, he buys as he wants for his own use, and does not improve by keeping, and is as good a year after disgorging as it will ever be. Now here is a system which demands time and cannot be improvised, and yet the Anglo-American of New York want to have cellars in temporary and it cannot be done. There is no lack of ports in fine condition, and of mellow sherrys in California. In fact, it is admitted that the vintages of 1887 and 1888 are of superior quality, and what is made at Amherst and northward from that point. Harshitz's champagne is more full bodied, more fruity, more effervescent than the best that can be found in the Rheims cellars. Krug has a Zinsandel of true claret quality. Lafrazee has white wine that is a genuine Sauterne. If samples could be sent through the mails, the wine drinkers of Toledo Park and Newport would have their wants supplied in short order, but the blunder of the Anglo-American cannot be sent by mail.

MEXICO IS NOT FAR FROM SAN DIEGO, and the syndicate have fixed upon a village in Mexico called Tia Juana, which in English means Aunt Jane, and is more or less a reflection upon the virgins of the Indies thereof. It is, however, close to the boundary line, and is in a most picturesque valley of the Coast range. The company has been organized, and has the privilege of selling lottery tickets. As the charter of the Louisiana State lottery expired in two years, the Tia Juana company believes itself on the high road to fortune, and it may be. A million dollars has been subscribed for preliminary expenses, putting up buildings, erecting a hotel for invalids (save the mark), laying out gardens, etc.; several millions may be necessary to build a branch line from San Diego to Aunt Jane; and a bank of five millions must be piled up for business purposes—in all a sum of \$10,000,000 for this most noble purpose. It will be observed that the customers will come from this country, but the place will be under the protection of Mexican laws. Lots of Californians will go there to lose their money, and I shall be as foolish as any other fellow who gambles in the Californian's blood. Nevertheless, I don't like the scheme. I shall have no scruple in winning the bank's money, but not for the universe would I hold stock in the company and receive dividends wet with the blood and splattered with the brains of wretched suicides.

OLD TIMES ONCE MORE. The pioneers, especially the forty-niners, who wear their golden beard badges as a triumphant sign, are more excited over the fact that the Mendocino stage has been held up than they are by the near prospect of receiving \$300,000 from the Lick trust. Once upon a time a man was hardly allowed to open his mouth in general society in this city unless he had been ordered to hold his hands up by a road agent, but those gentry seldom troubled the quiet, out of the way stage line along the coast to Russian river. The great question that has been agitating the public mind is whether the robber who did the trick was or was not Black Bart. Who Black Bart is no one knows. But the Mendocino stage was robbed some years ago in the same locality, and the road agent left a note signed Black Bart as a sort of receipt for the mail and express box. On the present occasion the stage was bowling along comfortably at the rate of six miles an hour, and every one was enjoying the cool breeze coming in from the Pacific when the horses came to a dead stop, and a man with a mask on his face ordered the driver to throw down the express box of Wells & Fargo and the mail bags. As a revolver aimed at his head gave force to the request, the driver could do nothing unless he had been ordered to hold his hands up in amazement, said it was a fine day, and that there were good prospects of oil in Stanislaus county, the neighboring county to Mendocino, and when the third bag of mail had been thrown to him motioned to the driver to proceed. Subsequently the opened letters were found on the same spot, and it is calculated that he got about \$400 out of the mail bags, and \$700 in gold from the express box. I really cannot say why it is that Californians are not angry about such things, but it is a fact that there is a certain liking and even respect for such men, and that Black Bart confines himself to the usual body of the road agent and doesn't molest passengers, no one throughout the coast range would ever furnish any particulars that would lead to his capture. Still his poetry is far more interesting than that of George Francis Train's, and if his politeness were one whit less high toned, his verses would be his undoing.

Pears' soap secures a beautiful complexion. Six Pounds of Potato. J. O. Platt agent for the Missouri Pacific has a pet on San Francisco weighing six pounds. It was brought from Oregon by L. W. Taylor, aged 70 years and father-in-law of Mr. Phillips. Mr. Taylor also brought with him a magnificent bear skin which he has had stuffed giving him a memento of the beast he had killed.

CONTRADICTION.

To be paid for by the CHICAGO DAILY NEWS. We beg to notify the public that the article published in the above mentioned paper Nov. 14th, 1888, concerning the SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTE, IS NOT TRUE.

Sweet Caporal Cigarettes and Tobacco are made from the best natural leaf, in the cleanest and most careful manner, and contain NO Opium, or Morphine, or any deleterious drug.

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