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THE DAILY BEE.

Sworn Statement of Circulation. State of Nebraska, ss. I, Geo. H. Tschuck, secretary of the Bee Publishing Company, do hereby certify that the actual circulation of THE DAILY BEE for the week ending May 25, 1880, was as follows: Sunday, May 17, 18,900 copies; Monday, May 18, 18,900 copies; Tuesday, May 19, 18,900 copies; Wednesday, May 20, 18,900 copies; Thursday, May 21, 18,900 copies; Friday, May 22, 18,900 copies; Saturday, May 23, 18,900 copies. Average, 18,900.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 25th day of May, A. D. 1880. Geo. H. Tschuck, Secretary of the Bee Publishing Company. N. P. FILL, Notary Public.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 25th day of May, A. D. 1880. Geo. H. Tschuck, Secretary of the Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, deposes and says that the actual average daily circulation of THE DAILY BEE for the month of April, 1880, was 18,900 copies; for the month of May, 1880, 18,900 copies; for the month of June, 1880, 18,900 copies; for the month of July, 1880, 18,900 copies; for the month of August, 1880, 18,900 copies; for the month of September, 1880, 18,900 copies; for the month of October, 1880, 18,900 copies; for the month of November, 1880, 18,900 copies; for the month of December, 1880, 18,900 copies; for the month of January, 1881, 18,900 copies; for the month of February, 1881, 18,900 copies; for the month of March, 1881, 18,900 copies. Average, 18,900.

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As a convention city, Omaha again displayed her hospitality by entertaining the visiting Masons.

KEEP away from the Sioux reservation. The settler who attempts to secure a quarter section in advance of the opening will have his labor for his pains.

IOWA is said to be overrun with gophers, and a reward is offered for every one killed. It is suggested that Iowa simply pass a prohibitory amendment against gophers.

MR. RICHARD F. TREVELLICK told the workmen of Omaha at his lecture to leave the excessive use of strong drink alone. There is a world of wisdom in these remarks, peculiarly appropriate when men are out on a strike.

This is a season of record breaking by the monster steamships across the Atlantic. The credit of making the fastest passage either east or west belongs to the City of Paris, but it is probable that rivals will try to excel that vessel's achievements.

"HARMONIOUS relations" are reported to have been established between the English and American representatives of the salt syndicates. If that means an international salt trust, the people of this country will find a means to disturb the nicely adjusted understanding.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. The failure of the De Lesseps Panama canal has infused life into the Nicaragua inter-oceanic canal project. The pioneer expedition for the work of constructing this enterprise has just set sail from New York and it remains to be seen what success will attend the American capitalists despite the De Lesseps disaster still fresh in mind.

THE opening of the Texas spring palace on May 29 to continue until June 30, at Fort Worth, promises to be an occasion memorable in the history of the Lone Star state. Preparations for the great event have been going on for months. An imposing exposition building has been erected to accommodate the many varied products of the state. Entertainments have been sent broadcast, and the attendance of prominent men from all parts of the country is assured.

The exposition, moreover, is likely to assume an international aspect with the presence of General Diaz, of Mexico, who has signified his intention of coming. Texas will undoubtedly surpass herself in extending hospitalities to her visitors, and the holiday about to be celebrated will have an important bearing upon the great southwest.

It is reported that the interior department, profiting from the Oklahoma fiasco, has been quietly arranging to throw open to settlement, early in June, a tract of some five hundred thousand acres in Dakota. The land is known as the Fort Sisseton reservation, adjoining to the Sisseton Indian reservation. It lies in Marshall county, in the east central part of the territory, and is fertile, well-watered and in every way desirable for farming purposes. The land is traversed by the Chicago, St. Paul & Minneapolis and is easily accessible from all directions. As it will be subject to homestead entry only and comprises much valuable timber country, the man hungering for a farm can find a home here in comparison with which Oklahoma is a desert.

THE report of the Connecticut board of education for 1880, that illiteracy is decreasing in that state, seems hardly credible. In one county, which was taken as fairly representative, it was found that two-fifths of all the children receiving public instruction were unable to write, although some of them had been from six to eight years in school. Such a condition of affairs would indicate that the public schools in that state had fallen to a low ebb. No doubt the investigations of the board will have the effect to awaken the people of Connecticut to the danger. That one of the New England states should fall so low in providing education worthy of the name, and that state above all, should be Connecticut, famous for her great colleges, is a burning disgrace to all New England.

TEMPERANCE AND INTemperANCE.

Excessive indulgence in liquor is by no means the only form of intemperance against which the battering rams of moral reformers should be directed. Intemperance in eating claims thousands of victims every year. Nobody has yet proposed a law to abolish the vices that impede digestion and cause rheumatism, dyspepsia and hypochondria. Nobody has even suggested that we shall punish the butcher, the baker, and the confectioner.

Licentiousness is a distemper that has afflicted humanity for fifty centuries. The misery, brutality and crime that have resulted from too much drink pale into insignificance in comparison with the unutterable wretchedness, shocking depravity and heinous crimes that have as their prime factor illicit intercourse between the sexes. Embezzlements, defalcations, deadly diseases, suicides, infanticides, seductions and cruel murders are for the most part traceable to the intemperate love and lust. From Samson's Delilah down to Miss Beecher-King beautiful bad women have exercised the most baneful influence and filled our calendars with records of pollution, degradation and crime that make humanity stand aghast.

But no social-reformer has been bold enough to suggest that we abolish woman. Nobody has yet declined from pulpit or the forum against this species of intemperance and advocated an amendment to the constitution that would stop women from selling themselves either with or without a marriage license. No radical social reformer has yet devised any scheme or framed any law by which the constitution of man and woman would be so amended as to make them proof against the social vice.

There is intemperance even in religion. Our insane asylums count hundreds of persons bereft of reason by religious excitement. Some of the worst manias have gone crazy over highly-colored descriptions of the terrors of hades. And yet nobody, not even Bob Ingersoll, proposes to abolish religion and religious worship. No one has yet suggested a law that would prohibit religious zealots, whether they be priests, rabbis or dervishes, from trying to make converts to their belief by the most intemperate exhibitions of religious fervor.

Intemperance in talk is almost as dangerous as intemperate eating and drinking. And we know of no form of intemperate talk more hurtful to public morals than that indulged in by the professional agitators of sobriety made compulsory by cast iron laws. These intemperate temperance reformers impose upon the credulous by reckless misstatements and fulminate accusations that have scarcely a shadow of warrant in truth. They want to fire the popular heart and make reputations for themselves as the John A. Sullivans of the prohibition arena. Above all things they want to make their lectures pay. A fair specimen of this class, the Rev. Sam Small has just favored Omaha with a series of intemperate exhortations. He was not content with pointing out degradation, vice and vice that spring from drunkenness.

He did not take the trouble to cite facts and figures to exhibit the enormous waste entailed upon the industrial classes by the liquor drinking habit. But he imposed on popular credulity by glaring misstatements and stirred up emotional fanaticism by distorting facts. No one will deny that the liquor traffic is responsible for a large share of human misery. It is an admitted evil, and the great question with right-thinking men is how to regulate and restrict the evil.

If these intemperate agitators of compulsory sobriety could be induced to tell the truth they would be forced to admit that intemperance in drink can no more be abolished by law than can the social evil. It has cursed mankind since the days of Noah and will survive with the infirmities of the human race.

Temperance in all things is a virtue for which the highest type of man has ever striven. But that is not the ideal of Rev. Sam Small or any other professional agitator of compulsory temperance. This class of moral swashbucklers must subsist on intemperance. They are pulverizing the rum power for dollars and do not scruple about palming off fiction for fact to keep the pot boiling.

THE ELECTRICAL AGE. We are living in an age of marvelous development. Every department of human activity is straining to invent new applications of latent power or improve on present methods. There is a nervous tension to discover new fields of energy, to subdue the elements over and under ground, and make them obedient to the will of man. Every year adds something to the sum of human comfort and happiness, placing at our disposal new and startling applications of mechanical arts and sciences, which would be considered a quarter of a century ago as trenching on the miraculous. But this age is optimistic, and strange things create but a momentary surprise.

No field of activity and ingenuity affords such a wide range of possibilities as electricity. Its scope is seemingly boundless. From the time Franklin demonstrated with his kite that atmospheric electricity could be chained and made subservient to man, till Morse sent the telegraph message, "What God hath wrought," there was little progress in electrical science. The people of that age were not prepared for the wonderful changes that man has since wrought. The perfection of the telegraph on land and sea, the telephone, the phonograph, electric lighting in its various forms, electric railways and the application of electricity as a motive power, are all the gift of genius to the present age. And yet we are only on the threshold of boundless possibilities. In its application to the industries it is practically in its infancy. No man can measure its resources or prophesy its future. One thing is certain, it is the mental and material light as well as the motive power of the world.

The latest development of electricity

as a means of rapid transit is reported from Boston. If on further test it shall prove successful, it will revolutionize railroading and practically annihilate space. It is described as "a process in which the momentum of a car passing magnetic coils is utilized for the attainment of a speed greater than that of a swallow and equal to that of a swift, which goes through the air at the rate of two hundred miles an hour." This certainly is the essence of rapid transit. It almost passes belief, but when one considers the progress made and the diverse applications of this unseen power in the last twenty-five years there is no room for doubt. There is no such word as fall in the vocabulary of electricity. Experts say that the invention will do even more than is claimed for it. It is simple and cheap, a mere bagatelle compared with the present cost of railroad transportation.

But who wants to be shot like a canon ball through space at the rate of two hundred miles an hour? When Robert Stephenson's first locomotive won the prize sixty years ago for attaining a speed of fourteen miles an hour, the people were astounded, and looked upon the builder as one possessed, but speed has increased with the growth and advancement of the world, and today sixty miles an hour is common on all the main railroads in the country. The Jarrett and Palmer train sped across the continent, 3301 miles, on an average speed of thirty-nine miles an hour, including all stops. Short distance runs have been frequently made at the rate of seventy miles an hour, a speed frequently attained by the ice boats on the Hudson river. Storms on Mount Washington have registered a speed of eighty miles an hour. In 1884 Count Caroly's carrier pigeons flew from Post to Paris at a rate of one hundred and fourteen miles per hour, and swallows attain a speed of one hundred and fifty miles an hour. All these records are comparatively trifling with what electricity promises. When Chicago is brought within two and a half hours of Omaha, and the distance to New York traversed between sunrise and sunset, surely the demand for rapid transit will be fully satisfied. Truly this is the electric age.

PROCEED IN THE USUAL WAY. "Are there any non-partisan democrats, any non-partisan republicans? Are there any men in Omaha fit to be members of the school board, who have no politics at all? This non-partisan business is all rot."

Proceed in the usual way and get the very best men possible, and a good school board will result. "The usual way" is a dozen ward bummers hold a caucus around a beer table. They agree upon a delegate ticket and "proceed in the usual way" to elect it, by drumming up the scum of the town to carry the primary. Then the convention meets and the delegates picked at the caucus "proceed in the usual way" to name the man that will do them the most good when he gets into the school board. Then a combine is entered into by which the delegation is to throw its solid vote to the man picked "in the usual way" by the delegates from other wards who are willing to join and nominate their man. Then the convention "proceeds in the usual way" to ballot for the best man possible—that is, the men who can command a majority of the ward strikers and heeled. And the output of this political pot is a set of potshoes by political obligation to convert the patronage of the public schools into party plunder.

"Proceeding in the usual way" the ticket as a whole is commended by partisan organs and the undivided support for each and every candidate in the yellow-dog ticket is made a matter of honor and principle. The party last its swung and voters are whipped into line, in the name of their respective parties, regardless of the fitness of the candidates. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. If proceeding in the usual way will give us the best men, then why not re-elect every member of the board whose time is up? They were all the product of the "usual way." But even the Republican contends that there must be a change.

Now, THE BEE does not pretend that a non-partisan school board must be made up of men who have no political convictions. Judge Wakely is as much a democrat as Dr. Miller; but he was voted for and elected by republicans on a non-partisan ticket. Judge Groff is as good a republican now as he ever was, but as he owes his election to the district bench to no party caucus or convention he remains entirely free from party bondage and can exercise his judicial functions without restraint.

This is precisely the position which members of the school board should occupy. They should be free to exercise their honest convictions and ignore politics and political bosses in the management of the public schools. This does not mean that they must forswear their party allegiance or discard their political principles.

It is all very well to talk about proceeding in the "usual way," but so long as our party machinery is contaminated by barnacles and professional caucus packers we must abandon the usual way and seek to elevate the standard of our school management by non-partisan selections.

ABOUT PUBLIC PARKS. The extension of our park system has become a matter of imperative necessity. The only problem with which our park commission is wrestling is how to devise the ways and means for the purchase of lands, and on what scale these parks shall be laid out. Before any steps are taken toward the acquisition of lands that are to be converted into parks and boulevards, the commission very properly desires to ascertain how tax-paying citizens feel with regard to park extension and park improvements.

In order that public opinion may be intelligently exercised in regard to the area of parks of our leading cities, their original cost, the mode of raising the purchase money, and the amounts expended for their improvement and maintenance, THE BEE will publish a series of interesting and

instructive letters on parks and boulevards. The first number of this series, which appears in this issue relates to the parks and boulevards of St. Louis. That city, as will be seen by the statistics compiled by our correspondent has an aggregate of over two thousand one hundred acres laid out in public parks, for which she has paid over two million dollars.

This will be a revelation to many, if not most of our citizens, and St. Louis does not occupy the leading position among American cities that have invested upward of two millions in parks and boulevards.

A careful perusal of the interesting and instructive facts and figures presented by our St. Louis correspondent can not fail to enlarge the views of our citizens on the question of parks and will prove suggestive to our park commission.

The name of Prof. Dolbear is well-known in scientific circles especially in connection with his improvements of the telephone and other electrical devices. His latest invention, recently exhibited in Boston, gives promise of revolutionizing the business of post and parcel transportation between cities and has consequently excited great interest. The device consists of a single elevated rail upon which a long narrow box or car capable of holding a thousand letters or parcels can run. At intervals along the track are placed hollow coils of insulated wire charged with powerful currents of electricity. The car is itself a magnet and the principle upon which it operates is the tremendous force which a coil of wire through which a current of electricity is passed is known to exert in drawing a magnet to its center. At frequent points along the track these coils of wire are repeated and connected so that a current is passed through them. The power in the first coil is about one-half of one horse power and the coils are so arranged that as soon as the car or magnet is drawn into the center of each, the power is automatically cut off and the car rushes along to the next coil, the whole being so arranged that the motion is not only continuous but extremely rapid. The claim is made that the distance between New York and Boston can be covered by this portelectric system in two hours, and that the problem of rapid transit for the transmission of the mails is solved. The experiments so far have been eminently successful. If the device can work in long distance as well as it does over a short one, there can be no question but that the necessary capital to build and perfect this system all over the country will be forthcoming.

THE death of the famous Laura Bridgman, just announced from Boston, calls to mind the history of that remarkable person. When two years of age she lost sight and hearing, due to severe illness. Her sense of smell and taste were destroyed, her speech was impaired, and of her five senses only that of touch remained. The education of Laura Bridgman, begun at her eighth year by the late Mrs. S. G. Howe, is what she could express her thoughts intelligently and receive external impressions and communications, was the work of saying a soul from everlasting night. The success of this task demonstrated the progress science had made in the education of unfortunate deprived of one or more of the five senses. The Laura Bridgman case has excited the admiration and wonder of the scientific world. She has been made the study of psychological and medical research, and considerable light has been shed upon the mysteries of life through the sixty years' existence of this unfortunate woman.

THE master mechanic of one of the shop divisions of the Wabash road recently issued an order to the effect that all shop apprentices taken into the service of that road in future must have passed the eighth grade examination in the public schools. The reasons for this are apparent. It has been observed, not only by this particular master mechanic, but by employers in other industries, that boys who have received a thorough elementary education are better prepared to learn a mechanical vocation than those whose education has been more limited. They learn more rapidly the details of their trade. They are more observant, more industrious, and withal, gentlemanly in their intercourse with their superiors and their fellows. Such an indorsement, coming from the "shops," is encouraging.

THE emigration of a number of Mormons, reported to be passing through Montana into Canada, would indicate that settlements are to be established within the British provinces. The movement moreover of several bodies of Mormons into Mexico would likewise show that the Saints are looking for a haven of rest across the Rio Grande. With colonies so far apart it is quite evident that the Mormons contemplate no general exodus, either from Utah or from the United States. Their purpose is plainly to establish communities and cities of refuge both in Canada and Mexico, where refugees from either of three countries could find an asylum in case of political or religious persecution.

It is not surprising that insanity is added to the train of evils encompassing the Des Moines river land settlers. The wonder is that many of them have not been driven to the goal of despair—suicide. Hounded and harassed by corporate greed legalized by the courts, denied the protection which the government guaranteed to holders of its contracts, and threatened with its ejection from their homes, it is not astonishing that reason should fall shattered at the close of a long, exhausting and fruitless struggle.

THE grit and energy of Gladstone is phenomenal. All human attempts to suppress the grand old man are futile. Providence seems to have selected him as the leader of a great reform, and the rush of odds can not prevail against him.

TRUTH A FOOLERY. At the dawn of youth, when the

kindling vision sweeps the plains of futurity and sees only the blazonry of hopeful promise, the young man weeds some dandelion from under the dew of the morn or still a tremble. Then come the years of toil and labor, the cares and the worries, the joys and the disappointments.

Man is prone to selfishness, and is too near-sighted to observe the hand that bears the cooling chalice to the fevered lips. But to the woman he is all in all. She has not a thought higher than his dear head, for that is, to her, as high as heaven.

But every day he learns a truer and more unconscious appreciation of her devotion. On the threshold of his home, he is palmed or coddled, he expects to see her waiting to welcome him when the toils of the day are over.

There is something in her very presence—something soothing and refreshing. And her voice is dearer to him than all the melodies of earth and sea and sky combined.

A President Who Thinks For Himself. The Indiana republicans in Washington are said to be mad as hornets because the president persists in doing things without asking their advice. It is pretty rough that the chief executive now and then presumes to think for himself when there are so many able thinkers willing and ever anxious to project a few thoughts into space for his benefit.

Not the Democratic Style. Governor Giles never uttered words fraught with more truth than when he told the people of Forrest City that they would do well to invite back by public resolutions any persons that had been asked to leave, and that this is a free country, and if any man has to bring him before the courts and punish him according to law.

Five Dollars Per Kiss. Philadelphia Times. One of the most fashionable of Philadelphia physicians always kisses his hand when waving farewell to his wealthiest lady patient, but some of them were comparing notes the other day, and found that for when he kissed his hand he charged \$10, while for others he charged only \$5.

Dana and the Democracy. Chicago Inter-Ocean. The leading peculiarity of Mr. Dana's sunshinism is that he looks the eyes oftener than the boots of his party.—Puck.

Boston's Saloons. Chicago Herald. How does a town the size of Boston get along with only 75 saloons? It must frequently make a good many people late at the Boston lectures.

STATE PRESS COMMENTS. The little paragraph which has been going the rounds of the state papers that the recent rains were worth millions to the farmers, causes the Kenesaw Cyclone to remark: "Corporations water their stock and make millions, but it will take something else than water to get the crops in the crib."

Nebraska is coming to the front as a state of lawlessness, according to the Kearney Hub, and during the past year murder has been alarmingly on the increase. "In these quiet days of the reign of law and order," says that paper, "one is reminded of the old frontier days, with the exception that then the murderer ran at large instead of as now being arraigned and turned loose or having a punishment visited upon his devoted head. If the state would encourage the hemp industry it might have a salutary effect upon felons as well as add to the agricultural resources of the commonwealth."

The Norden Borealis, published within the confines of Keya Paha county, thinks the advertising that section has been receiving recently is not very beneficial. "There are," it says, "many good honest people who do not approve of the vigilantes, neither do they approve of stealing stock for a livelihood, yet there can be no neutral ground between the factions. To forever settle the matter, we suggest that a deputy United States marshal be appointed in Keya Paha county, with jurisdiction in the state of Nebraska and Dakota."

The Kearney Enterprise has discovered the secret of Ret Clarkson's presence in the office of first assistant postmaster-general, and springs it in an unflattering public. It is simply a plot to make Senator Allison president in 1882, so the Enterprise says, and "the fact that Benjamin Harrison is president and that he gave Clarkson his opportunity for public service does not enter at all into these calculations. Men who are hungry for the presidency, and others who long to be the power behind the presidency, are not particular who becomes of the latter by which they climb to place and influence. Allison is bound for the white house via Clarkson and the postoffice."

Madison county's bill for criminal trials this term of court figure well up into the thousands, and the Norfolk News announces that "about the only result will be to land one poor devil, who had very few friends, in the pen. It will not be any wonder if taxpayers in the future have a very poor opinion of the efficacy of courts and juries to punish crime."

IN AN OLD CHURCHYARD. Chambers' Journal. In one of England's sweetest spots, A little old gray church I found; Around it lies a dear restful ground— God's garden with its ivy plots.

With myriad arms the ivy holds Its memory-walls in close embrace, So Memory sometimes keeps a face Half-veiled in tender misty folds.

With sleepy twitter and with song The tower, bird-baunted, is alive; In air it floats their din and dive, And howe they warblers all day long.

Like sentinels grow hoar with age, The crumbling headstones guard the graves That softly sweep—green voiceless waves, That will not break though tempests rage.

"Concerning them that are asleep" In this sweet hamlet of the dead, The record sentences I read, And there those old tablets keep:

Each told its tale, for hath not Christ The power whose echoes never die? Above the ages, Rachel's cry, Still rings o'er some God-garnered shoaf.

Mine eyes, o'er some prodigal of tears, Did fill with such a seemed to rise And down the glory of the skies, O'er those who'd slept two hundred years.

AS OTHERS SEE US. Not an Ordinary Clerk. Chicago Times. An Omaha hotel clerk has just committed suicide on account of a love affair. This is the only instance of the kind on record. The American hotel clerk as a rule falls in love with himself at an early age and there is no evidence to show that he has ever proved false or fickle in after life. The Omaha hotel clerk must have been acting as a sub or else the hotel was not conducted in metropolitan style.

An Ovation to Our Bill. An ordinary clerk. Colonel Buffalo Hill Cody is having great success with his wild west show in Paris. When the initial performance was given the

other day all the noted Parisians who had received complimentary tickets were present. Colonel Cody is said to have received his greatest success with the Frenchmen. The Frenchman, who had his revolver and bowie-knife with him.

Stoical Citizens. The fact that Omaha turned out only about 1,800 voters on the occasion of an important special election concerning the expenditure of a large amount of public money is not at all creditable to the people of that greatness. It would not be difficult for a small contingent of bums and beelers to control elections in the interest of rank corruption if this is a fair sample of the spirit of Omaha people. The bad men can always be depended to look after their interests whether the good citizens turn out or stay at home.

"Prohibition" Sunday. Council Bluffs has a boom every Sunday. Once a week it saps the vitals of Omaha.

Bill Stands Alone. Chicago Tribune. Fanny Davenport has married again, Mrs. Langtry talks of leaving the stage, Robson and Crano have dissolved partnership, Edwin Booth has just recovered from a serious illness, and other actors and actresses of note have met with unusual vicissitudes of fortune recently. Almost the only eminent genius of the histrionic stage, in fact, who keeps the even tenor of his way is the Hon. Bill Cody.

COUNTRY BREEZES. A Fragrant Romance. Several Democrats. We noticed a young man pass through town the other day at a rate that must have been the most unusual vicissitudes of fortune recently. Almost the only eminent genius of the histrionic stage, in fact, who keeps the even tenor of his way is the Hon. Bill Cody.

Corill and Mary. Genoa Republican. As we stood on Court street, yesterday, chewing a toothpick, a couple of handsome young Bohemians, named Corill Bernack and Mary Andel, respectively, lavishly decorated with roses and pink ribbon, swept past, closely followed by a more elderly pair on their way to Judge Conant's office. We followed the example of other gentlemen and our natural inclinations and followed the fair young couple. The judge is getting the business down pat and the old mill ground out a ceremony that made two souls unite as one to begin the voyage of life full partners in the strife, to share equally the weal and woe that is inevitable and unavoidable on this mundane sphere.

Kisses a la Onion. Kearney County Democrat. Onion parties are fashionable in Nebraska. Six girls stand in a row, while one bites a small chunk out of an onion and a young man pays 10 cents for a guess as to which one it was. If he guesses right he gets to kiss the other five, but if he doesn't he is not allowed to kiss the one with the onion scented breath. This amusement is said to be highly popular with Nebraska young folks.

A Nebraska Zephyr. Chimney Rock Zephyr. Last Friday afternoon in company with Charley Bartow we set out to interview some of the German folks, and after we crossed the river we noticed something was the matter with the school house, and riding up to it found the roof of the building about two-thirds of the roof completely off, and even broken the rafters so completely of the pieces were only about a foot long, and tore down the south gable end, throwing the brick in the house upon the floor, leaving the north end of the roof and chimney standing, and it also blew some of the shingles off of the county clerk's office. Ean said he thought the whole roof was going.

Wounded a Mother's Pride. Human Reformer. How is it? She came bounding through the sanctum door like cannon ball, and without pausing to say "How do you do?" she brought her umbrella down on the table with a mighty crash, and shouted: "I want you to stop my paper."

"Right, ma'am, now, too," she persisted, walking the table again, and making the cold chills run up our back, "for I waited long enough for you to do the square thing." She quieted down for a few minutes, as we ran our finger down the list of names, and when we had reached her's and scratched it out, she said: "Why, now, mebbe you'll do as you'd ought to do this, and not slight a woman 'er 'cause she's poor."

If some rich folks happen to have a little red-headed, bandy-legged, aquint-eyed, wheezy squaler born to them, you puff it to the skies and make it out an angel; but when poor people have a baby born you don't say a word about it, even if it's the square-toed, blackest-hair, biggest-headed, noblest-looking that ever kept a woman awake nights. That's what's the matter with me and that's why I stopped my paper," and she dashed out as rapidly as she came, leaving us under the conviction that we would rather have the whole Frontier office, comprising the editor and devil, down here on us than to have her return.

A Colonel's Heroism. Sutton Advertiser. Pont Soderberg stood in front of his art studio and saw a runaway team dash wildly down Saunders avenue. A hundred men stood in awe, held their breath, but did not stir. The steeds dashed madly on and the old dray at their heels rattled like a hail storm. Colonel Soderberg gave one last look at his gallery of beautiful pictures, waived a loving adieu toward his home on the hill, and with one swift leap he landed in that dray, seized the slack reins, yanked the trunk branches into a comma, then a semicolon, then a full stop, and amid the plaudits of an admiring crowd of spectators.

A Tenderfoot's Idea of Heroism. Fremont Tribune. The editor of the Kearney Enterprise is but a tenderfoot in this section, but he does admire Nebraska pluck and sand. A newsboy who sells the Enterprise in Hastings was rudely ordered out of a business house the other day, but in going he kept his back to the door while he covered the proprietor with a gun. This so charmed the Enterprise that it has dubbed the boy a hero and will send him a suit of clothes. This is liable to result in a carnival of crime. Other newsboys who sell that paper will probably go about shooting people who refuse to buy it with the hope of drawing a gold watch for every cent.

A Gentle Hint. Greely News. We received a complimentary from President Foss, of the Crete Chautauqua assembly, in June and July, for editor and wife. If the indorsement of going to the Chautauqua, will move any fair dandelion to adopt the above title, our thanks will be forever due, Mr. Foss.

A Nonsensical Error. Greely News. An editorial paragraph in yesterday's fifth with reference to corruption in the Lincoln city council created something of a local sensation, all because the wicked corporation dropped the word Lincoln before "city council." The Kearney city council is all right. Fortifications have been thrown up around the editorial sanctum, and the office is in a state of siege.

THE PEOPLE WHO THINK.

Incidentally in an analysis of the conduct of insurance companies, in the June Forum, Mr. Adelbert Hamilton, contrasts the economy and efficiency of the public service with the economy and efficiency of private business, and draws the conclusion that there is less waste in public business. He maintains that in private, not in public enterprises are found the greater amount and degree of waste, inefficiency and corruption; and of this truth insurance furnishes signal proof. The frauds and failures of private business must be considered as well as the corruption and larceny of governments. There was at the close of 1877, in the hands of receivers, 168 insurance companies in the United States; and 686 companies failed or retired in about fifty years. Of the 882 life insurance companies organized in the United States only forty-seven are yet alive. About four thousand abortive or insolvent insurance concerns have been organized since the beginning of the business in this country. Assessment organizations have collected dues from their members and left them in the lurch. This is the record of "private enterprises" in insurance in the United States. Who, he asks, castigate the frauds and losses behind it? And he adds: "Our government history will be searched in vain to find in the management of public schools, water-works, fire apparatus, postal service, or other branch of government work similar to insurance in quantity and conditions, an amount of failure and fraud equal to that disclosed by the history of insurance alone."

The fact that such a baseless speculation as "Christian science" can find believers shows that what is referred to as the fancy of the multitude for theories which save them trouble and minister to their love of the marvelous has not yet disappeared from the human mind. The fascination for holding odd notions seems to be a weakness of the human mind that is hard to eradicate. Such beliefs have been pretty well driven out of chemistry, physics, zoology, and other fields of science which can be thoroughly investigated, and they remain only in psychology and medicine, dealing with the living human organism, which cannot be freely experimented upon. Human credulity has been greatly lessened by the march of scientific enlightenment, and what remains has taken on a new form. In earlier times it delighted in the supernatural, now it revels in its own false ideas of the natural. Then it trusted the revelations of self-appointed prophets, now it pins its faith to the slipshod reasoning of sham investigators. Science has done such wonderful things of late that a certain class of people, including many of excellent judgment in other fields, has come to believe any marvels put forth under its name. Hence we have a modern class of mystery-mongers which will flourish until the spread of scientific culture has diffused the power of discriminating against science and base imitations of science.

There is nothing in history more touching as the story of the Rev. Father Damien de Veuster, whose death has been announced by telegraph. Sixteen years ago this heroic young Belgian priest landed on the rocky island of Molokai, in the Hawaiian group. His heart was filled with a profound pity for the abandoned lepers. Stories of the horrible immoralities practiced in a pestilential colony of about 10,000 natives, who had no religion, had reached his ears. He wanted to raise the cross there and preach the tender message of christianity to the ransomed captives of leprosy. Father Damien knew that certain death awaited him. He knew that his comely body would be polluted by the most dreadful disease known to man. But he went to his post with a smile on his face and sweet words on his lips. He found a damned company waiting in the uttermost depths of physical and moral degradation. Distinctions of age and sex were obliterated. Gaunt misery stalked among the dying wretches. There homes were fit only for wild beasts. With the advent of the priest order was brought out of chaos. Soon the hush of pety succeeded the shrieks of the hopeless and friendly lepers. Little children were brought to the shore. Pretty gardens began to bloom. Christian hymns trembled up from the lost men and women. The peace of consolation brooded over the island. Who shall say what the kind ministrations of Damien were to the hundreds of ostracized human beings in far away Molokai or with what holy devotion he sowed the dying hours of martyrdom? At last the good work was marked by the inevitable brand of nature. He was a leper too—to be shunned by all on earth save those around him. Slowly he perished, doing what he could to ease and comfort his flock while yet he was yet alive. Such an example ought to silence the man who cries out against the industrial revolution, and who complains that it has produced a more supreme type of selfishness. Canonization can add nothing to the glory of Eather Damien.

The agitation for a shorter workday has assumed greater proportions during the past six months than ever before, says T. V. Powderly's paper, the Journal of United Labor, and the question is being daily discussed from pulpit and rostrum by professors, students, and the workers themselves. The newspapers are devoting columns to its consideration, and a knowledge of matters industrial is being thus diffused among the people much more rapidly than at any previous period in the history of the labor movement in America. One result of this agitation is seen in the recent passage of an eight-hour law by the legislature of Indiana. But statute laws will never bring about a shorter workday. The courts of nearly all States have repeatedly declared any law unconstitutional which interferes with the right of individual contract, and Indiana's enactment can only be made applicable to employes of the commonwealth. Labor will never