THE CITY.

Deputy United States Marshals Lyons and Hepfinger returned from Nebraska City last night, bringing with them Charles Mount and Frank Clark, who were at once lodged in jail. The two men wanted to go to St. Joe, and, to help them along, stole a government yawl and proceeded to float down the Missouri until they were overhauled.

AN ANARCHIST'S NIGHT OFF.

Edward W. Townsend in San Francisco Argonaut: "Patsy's going to dine with the 'old man!'"

This information concerning Patterson, commonly known to his friends as "Patsy," created a sensation in the group of newspaper-men who heard it.

They were at supper—the welcome two-or-three-o'clock-in-the-morning supper of the day laborers in journalism, the men who grind wearily, wearily, and are seldom heard of by the outside world.

Patterson was one of the group made up of the "late" men—the telegraph-editors, night-editors, news-editors, two or three night city-editors, and men who had been doing late details, or writing late on special articles—men from all the morning papers.

Patterson was indeed a conspicuous member of the party; it indulged him in his crankiness, and that cemented him in the circle.

Patterson was an anarchist. There was no doubt about it, for he declared the fact pugnaciously—he was against government. However, he could—and upon instruction did—write convincing editorials exalting the everlasting necessity of law and order.

He generally made himself anarchially drunk after much of such writing, and so, as a temperance measure, he had abandoned editorial and taken up special writing, in which he rapidly made himself popular on his paper.

One day, after an especially good piece of work, the managing editor sent for him.

Patterson affected a violet dislike of Mr. Rogers, the managing editor. In the first place he represented the paper's government, next he received a salary of $10,000 a year!—a crime in itself, Patterson contended.

Little Tommy Paget, a disciple of Patterson, and who did very good about-town stuff, argued that the story of Rogers' $10,000 a year was a manifest fiction, because there were not so much money in the world. He had once seen the printers paid off, when a man from the business office took $1,800 in gold and silver up to the composing room, "and for any sane man to tell him that there is more money in the world than that, is absurd," said Tommy Paget.

Besides being a governor and a $10,000 a year man, Mr. Rogers was quite a swell in clubdom, and popular in a very good set in society. This was hateful to the anarchist.

"That was a very good story of yours this morning," said Mr. Rogers, in the hearing of half a dozen men.

Patterson was silent.

"Mrs. Rogers and my daughter both spoke of it and liked it, and it's always pleasant to hear the women praise the paper. Get the women of a household in favor of your paper, and you there have a steadfast subscriber."

"Very kind of you and the ladies," growled Patsy; "anything special for me today?"

"Yes; I want you to go to the Moss estate trial and when the shorthand man's stuff is written out take it and lighten it up. By the way, Patterson, my wife would like to have you up to dine with us some Sunday evening."

"Very kind of her, but——"

"But you never 'do the society act' you were going to say. Well, it'll do you good. Say a week from Sunday."

Mr. Rogers was smiling good-naturedly, a dozen men were waiting for orders on a hundred dozen things about the next day's paper, and Patterson felt he would look foolish persisting in the refusal of such an invitation. He bowed his thanks and acceptance and left.

"Patterson is going to dine with the 'old man!'" Nothing else was talked about at supper that night. A society editor swore he would write it up in his "Notable Events;" Griggs, the paper's "sketched-on-the-spot" artist, exhibited a drawing of Patterson, in a dress-suit, haranguing a mob of wild-eyed anarchists, and little Paget roared with delight at his own suggestion that Patsy should wear a red neck-tie and handkerchief.

The subject of this chaff growled out that it would be paying enough for the privilege of being near the throne to have to lose one night's work, and he'd be hanged if he'd wear a dress-suit even if he could get one. "What the 'old man' wants," said he, to his supper companions, "is to exhibit a live crank, and I'll just fool 'em. I'll be more of a crank than they like."

"The red tie!" The red tie!" shouted Paget.

"Yes, the red tie, and the wildest kind of anarchist talk," continued Patsy; "if I am played for a freak to make an old man's holiday, I'll just go him one more than he expects."

Patterson thought over this determination as he climbed the hills to his room that night, and it did not please him. After all, he would be doing only what was expected of him, and there was very little independence in that. He took out his old dress-suit and put it on. The effect was more amusing than satisfactory. Not only was it a bad fit and mussy with the strangely mixed service it had seen in Patterson's two years at the Berkeley university, but it was so like the Tivoli waiters' in cut that Patterson threw a towel over his left arm and served himself with a bottle of beer to complete the likeness.

"It would be so much more fun to fool the 'old man' the other way, that if I could, I would."

The next day Patterson sought a man he had become acquainted with through interviewing him, and had afterward come to know well, and like, despite the man's misfortune of wealth.

Newspaper men have few acquaintances outside of their own ranks. Their hours of labor and leisure would make it difficult, even if their inclinations were less intensely clannish. Still, Patterson did meet and dine with the millionaire Barker often enough to keep up a friendship that had considerable warmth.

During their acquaintance, Patterson had asked for no "favor" such as a millionaire was accustomed to grant with perfect good nature and great frequency to scores of companions less agreeable than Patterson.

Patsy always earned good pay. He wrote on space and having tremendous facility and some ability, ground out vast quantities of copy and sold most of it. So he did not have to borrow, yet there never came a pay day when he could buy his dinner without first collecting for his week's work. It never occurred to him that there was evidence of faulty economics in the fact that his financial condition was exactly the same now as when his earnings were not one-fifth as much. His was the case of nearly every one of his companions. Mind you, I am not speaking of the great men on the newspapers, but only of the unnamed, the soldiers in the ranks, the multitude of impersonals, who have not been long in their beds, when you sir, over your coffee, are reading their work and giving the praise or blame for it to "the paper," not the man.

But this has nothing to do with the story. I felt in the mood for explaining that my friend Patterson was no more improvident than his kind. Do not be shocked—the next day he asked his friend Barker for credit with his tailor.

Barker—he was a young man—wrote something on a letter-head, put it in an envelope, addressed it to his tailor, and handed it to Patterson, with the remark:

"Going to get married, Patsy?"

"No," he answered; "perhaps some of us do get married when we have to get credit for the clothes to do it in, but I am even more to be congratulated; I'm going to dine with the 'old man,' and I'm going to fool him."

"Fool him?"

"Yes; he wants to show his set a crank, and I'm going there as a drawing-room model Sunday week."

Barker laughed. "Then I shall see you, for I'll be there."

"Will you? O, by the way, you dine there often—what's their game?"

Patterson talked a long time with his friend about the Rogers' dinners, and went away thoroughly posted on the people he would probably meet, what they talked about, and their present fads. He learned, for one thing, that that set was just then interested in hypnotism, which he considered a fortunate accident, as he had a medical friend who was making a special study of it, and he could cram on that conveniently. He went in to some theater every night for the double purpose of supplying himself with small-talk of the shows and studying the dress of the men he saw come in with theater parties.

He gorged himself with recent novels and magazine discussions, and, in fact, put in ten days' hard, persistent work in preparing to fool the "old man."

* * * * *

"Emma," said Mr. Rogers, on that Sunday afternoon on his return from the editorial rooms, to which he had just run down to see how things were going—"Emma, I am a little worried about Patterson. I know from the way he lives that he saves nothing, and I'm half afraid he has no dress suit."

"Then," replied Mrs. Rogers, decidedly, "he won't come. I knew his people very well, and they were very nice. I went to school with his eldest sister, who married that New Yorker, and if he has any of the family traits, you need not fear about his dress."

"But they were rich then, and now Patterson—but from some jokes going around the office, I fancy he will try and show off some of his crankiness, and to tell the truth, I hope he will. He amuses himself by pretending to be an anarchist, and—"

"Frank, dear, you dress for dinner. If he is a crank, he is a well-bred one, and he will merely amuse us all."

Mrs. Rogers was well-bred herself, and put great stress on that phase of fortune. She also had an independent income equal to her husband's salary, and adopted a little air of authority, which you may have observed in wives who have independent incomes.

The "old man," the terror of his staff, obeyed the order to dress meekly enough, staying only to say: "Whom will you send Patterson in with?"

"Fannie."

"Fannie? Really, dear, don't you think that Barker—"

"Mr. Barker needs a little discipline to remind him that he has not yet asked for the right to be always paired off with Fannie, and she can be trusted to keep your anarchist within reasonable bounds."

* * * * * *

If Patterson's name had not been announced so distinctly, Mr. Rogers would not have known him when he entered the reception room. The wild, weird beard had gone with the mustache in the transformation, and the anarchist stood confessed in clean-shaven, strong, handsome face, in faultless dress from tie to shoe—self-possessed, quiet, suave. Mrs. Rogers gave a quick look of surprise from Patterson to her husband. The anarchist saw it and grinned inwardly—so far, he had fooled the "old man."

He was introduced to Fannie by mamma, and even before dinner was announced he and that charming young lady were in a most animated conversation about—nothing. He was progressing finely.

Barker, from Mrs. Rogers' side at dinner, was amazed and delighted. He had hoped to go in with Fannie, to be sure, but he took consolation in regarding Patterson somewhat as his protege, and when he noticed the ever-widening circle included in the listeners to Patterson's rattling small talk, he determined to be wholly unselfish and assist the success.

Barker was a clever man, and, besides, had an intimate knowledge of Patterson, so he was able to adroitly force the outside talk into the anarchist's circle, and had the satisfaction of finding that surprising young man the acknowledged center of the whole table's animation.

Rogers alone seemed outside the charm. As he observed his daughter's manifest delight in the new guest, he glanced with furtive alarm at his wife and Barker. Everything appeared serene in that quarter, yet Rogers felt resentful—at what he hardly knew. He tried once to trap Patterson into turning his crank, by an allusion to anarchy, made directly at the young man.

"Oh, I went in for anarchy myself once," said the intrepid Patsy, lightly; "but the difficulty of finding any one who understood what I was after bored me, and I dropped it. Anyway, fads should be treated only as temporary expedients for entertainment, and when they are in the nature of anism, they should not be given much serious thought, unless, by the way, it is hypnotism. Now, a medical friend of mine—" and in a moment Patterson had the whole company listening with undisguised interest to stories of strange experiments in hypnotism.

His success lasted all the evening.

After dinner there was music, and Patterson sung with Fannie—the beggar had a melting baritone voice. He even managed a tete-a-tete with that winsome young woman, and the exhilaration of his success gave a tender tremor to the nothings he said, and—well, Fannie was young, and I have said he was handsome.

* * * * * *

Poor Patsy! He sat a long time in his room that night, still in his soft, clinging dress-suit. He hated to take it off, he was another man in it; he almost felt that he had a right to think of Fannie, so long as he retained the conventional garb that was a part of his evening's experience.

He changed his dress slowly and went down town to supper with the boys. When Paget heard the story of how Patsy fooled the "old man"—there was no mention of Fannie in the story—the little chap yelled with delight and declared it was a better fake than the red necktie.

* * * * * *

"You see, Frank, there was some wisdom in my sending Fannie in with your reformed anarchist—the handsome young anarchist—instead of with Mr. Barker," said Mrs. Rogers, when the managing-editor came home shortly after the following midnight; "it brought Mr. Barker around here this evening, and he will ask you for Fannie tomorrow."

"And Fannie?"

"Oh, she has been talking sentimental nonsense today about that Mr. Patterson, but we need not ask him here any more; let him return to—anarchy."

"Aren't you ever going to grow old, like the best of us?" asked a man of an acquaintance he hadn't seen for some time. "Well, not so long as I can purify my blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla," was the apt reply. This man knew what he was taking about.

PUSHING THE GREAT CANAL.

Everything is in a Satisfactory Position and the Work is Progressing.

Senor Don J. F. Medina, minister of public works, has advised the general agent of the Maritime Canal company at Managua, Henry C. Hall, that the company has more than fulfilled its obligations as to expenditures upon the work under the requirements of its concession.

The government of Nicaragua has sent congratulations to the company on account of the satisfactory results and favorable prospects, says a dispath to the New York Herald from Nicaragua.

The company has expended upon the work in the past year over $3,000,000 and has now, by the terms of concession, ten years during which to construct the canal. The present status of the work is as follows: The pier at San Juan del Norte is extended about 700 feet, and where in May last there was dry land there is now reported a depth of ten feet of water in the channel. Of the plant bought from the Panama contractors there are now six dredges and ten lighters in the harbor, in addition to an immense amount of machinery, tools, supplies and material delivered on shore. There are also the two large suction dredges which were sent from Charleston, S. C. Two of the dredges are engaged deepening the channel and within thirty days will give a sufficient depth of water to allow the entrance into the harbor of the regular steamers plying between New York and San Juan del Norte, where they can discharge in quiet waters.

The route of the canal has been cleared from the harbor to the divide cut. The railroad to the divide cut is completed for ten miles of the distance.

The machine shop, equipped with the best modern machinery and tools to meet the requirements of the work is rapidly nearing completion.

Payment has been made for the right-of-way between the lake and the Pacific ocean. The work of clearing the route on that side of the lake has been commenced and a party of engineers has been engaged locating the railroad there. The force of canal employes numbers at present 1,500 men and the chief surgeon's report shows a most satisfactory operation of the sanitary service.

Albright's Choice, 521-2-3 N. Y. Life.

The English Soldier.

Recruits, when they join the British army first, cannot be too well fed, because, coming as they do from a class which, as a rule, is irregular in its habits, after undergoing a regular system of drill and a regular manner of living they are more hungry at meal times than they would otherwise be, says the New York Sun. In fact, they are always hungry, and of this state they are often reminded while on drill, but it is a favorite saying of every drill sergeant when he is instructing the recruits how to stand: "A soldier should always have a full chest and an empty stomach." "Begorra," said a vivacious Irishman one day, "sergeant, there's no use remindin' me o' that, for since I listed me chest has always been fuller than me stomach, glory be to God, an' if I thought the queen was so hard up I wouldn't have taken her shillin'—I'd have given one." The English sergeant, though, appreciated the man's mirth and said to him seriously: "Then you didn't enlist from want?" "O, no, sergeant," he replied; "I had lashins o' that before I joined the army."

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Poisonous Fungi.

The Berlin police have issued a "caution" against the indiscriminate consumption of dried mushrooms, which are largely used in soups, stews, etc. It is asserted that packets of these dried mushrooms frequently contain poisonous fungi, and the public is warned that edible mushrooms when dried remain white, whereas the poisonous species acquire a bluish tint.

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Through coaches—Pullman palace sleepers, dining cars, free reclining chair cars to Chicago and intervening points via the great Rock Island route. Ticket office 1602, Sixteenth and Farnam.

Albright's Choice, in South Omaha.

Weather Probabilities.

For November—Indications point to cold, frosty weather. That, however, will make no difference to those who travel in the steam-heated and electric-lighted, limited vestibule trains which are run only by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry. between Omaha and Chicago. City ticket office, 1501 Farnam st., Omaha. F. A. NASH, City Passenger Agent. J. E. PRESTON, General Agent.

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American Cars in Germany.

It is reported in Germany that the emperor is going to introduce American cars for the passenger service.

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The only railroad train out of Omaha run expressly for the accommodation of Omaha, Council Bluffs, Des Moines and Chicago business is the Rock Island vestibuled limited, leaving Omaha at 4:15 p. m. daily. Ticket office, 1602 Sixteenth and Farnam sts., Omaha.

Dr. Birney cures catarrh, Bee bldg.

Swimming in the Army.

Swimming exercises, it is believed to have been decided, are in future to form part of the army training—a step taken as a result of a few exhibitions of swimming made during the recent cavalry manœuvres in Berkshire. When the manœuvres were originally arranged it was decided that swimming should be an especial feature of them, but this portion of the programme was afterwards abandoned. However, a few troopers and several officers attempted to cross the Thames at Moulsford, a few miles from the Churn camp, but it was found that but a small minority were able to sustain themselves in a tolerably swift current, while the horses were almost panic-stricken. The sequel, it is trusted, will be the establishment of swimming schools in the army, both for horses and men. The commander-in-chief is known to greatly favor the idea, and the only wonder is that such a necessary portion of a soldier's education should have been so long neglected, and that army horses should not also have been properly trained in this respect.

As a Rule,

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