

A ROGUE ELEPHANT.

Only a Zumbi Good-for-Nothing, But He Played His

Mawana was only a good-for-nothing a mile from the place from where we had young Zumbi. His father said so, and he encountered him. Behind Mawana, in his certainly should have known. He declared that Mawana was not strong enough or ing huge gourds of native toddy, jams, and brave enough to be a warrior, so the boy's kinky locks were never trained into the warrior's knot and the boy's ungainly bowlegs were kept busy all day long running errands for his brothers and the other memfather that he would be of no use to me. I decided that Mawana would make a passable servant. So it was decided and the boy passed into my hands. He was grateful to me and tried to show it in his clumsy Zumb! fashion by being very faithful and obedient,

"Perhams the how is not a greed-for-nothbut at best he was a trial.

One day soon after I set out on a tramp across the country, accompanied only by Malmuke, Mawana and four native carriers. IN THE GRASS.

We had left the Vunda station about four hours behind and I was walking silently and somewhat gloomily along with my rifle on my arm and Mawana, carrying my eight-bore gun, close behind. Suddenly the boy darted up and touching me on the arm pointed to a thick clump of trees a hundred

yards ahead, crying out; "Onzow, master, onzow (elephant)." I could not see anything, but the boy In-sisted that there was an elephant ahead of us, so, calling Malmuke to my side, we went forward cautiously. We had not gone more than a dozen yards through the heavy sevensingle large and fresh elephant track.
We made our way painfully through the

tall grass, that tore our hands and faces until we reached its edge. Beyond that about twenty yards of open ground inter-

(Copyright, 1995, by S. S. McClure Company.) ; the beast's carcass had been found less than

bers of the household. I needed a native ried the elephant's tusks, and presents of boy, and in spite of the protestations of his was aporton feed. was another feast.

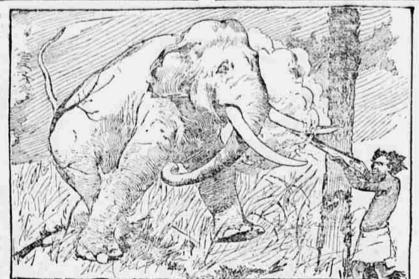
"Perhaps the boy is not a good-for-noth-ing after all."

WATER SCOUTS.

The Little Torpedo Boats that Skir-mish Under Water.

At the Newport naval station they have good fun, the best of the season, the officer says, exploiting and experimenting with the torpedo boat Cashing, under the command of Lieutenant Fletcher. O course, the boat is named after the young hero who sank the rebel ram Albemarle during the war. He did the great deed with a sort of rough, imperfect torpedo boat, one of the first built

The purpose of the torpedo boat is not only to blow up bigger vessels with torpedoes; her duties have developed till that is the timber where Mawana assured us there was an elephant, before Malmuke stooped down, and, parting the grass, showed me a down, and, parting the grass, showed me a said that in the navy the cruisers are the cavalry, the battlesbips the infantry, the monitors the artillery, and the little torpedo boats are pickets and spies. Of course, then, it is a great object with the torpedo boats to see without being seen, to act on the sly. The tornedo boats are an American In We halted and listened carefully, but no vention; they have been built different



A BULLET BEHIND THE EAR.

sound reached our ears, a fact which seemed | sixes, but the tendency has been to enlarge to me rather disappointing, as an elephant usually makes considerable noise when fedu-After waiting for five minutes I rose to my feet. "Have a care, master," said Mawana, put-

ting out a detaining hand. AN ENRAGED BEAST.

through the trees. An instant later the silence was broken by a tremendous crashing in the timber, and the largest tusted elephant I had ever seen charged into the open, bearing directly down on me. He looked the picture of frantic rage as he loomed up before me as big as a mountain, and I must admit that I was scared, though I didn't stop to think of that at the time.

"Bang, bang," went two shots almost to-gether and then I turned and ran for cover. I had not taken a dozen steps when I tripped on a trailing vine and fell headlong. It seemed as though I lay there an age, waiting for the maddened elephant to plunge over me. In reality it was not quarter of a minute, for the instant fell Mawana sprang to the rescue. a loud cry the Zumbi lad with my eight-bore gun still in his hands, leaped into the path of the great brute. The elephant had lost sight of me, and, winding Mawana at the same instant, he wheeled almost in his tracks as it seemed and plunged toward We had often laughed at Mawana because of his fear of a gun, but he seemed to have forgotten his terror of firearms in this critical moment. As the side of the elephant turned toward him two sharp reports rang out from the eight-bore gun and Mawana leaped nimbly to one side while the elephant went pant him with the rush of a railway train. It was the coolest piece of work that I ever saw and Malmuke, who had killed a score of elephants in his time, afterward said the same thing.

MAWANA'S MANEUVERS.

But the battle was not yet over. The rush of the angry beast carried him some distance beyond Mawana, but he quickly turned and charged back again. I was just trying to rise, but sank back again, as the ankle which I had sprained in falling refused to bear my weight. The elephant had caught sight of me as I half rose to my feet and now he came charging down on me once more. But again Mawana saved me. Again he sprang directly before the brute and then as the elephant wheeled toward him sped away into the timber. There was a crashing like the falling of a hundred trees as the elephant broke through the thick growth after him, but this time the huge beast, now thoroughly frenzied by the sting of the bullets, kept straight on into the forest. As Malmuke and the natives rushed forward expecting to find the body of Mawana crushed among the trodden bushes that marked the elephant's John." course the lad sprang laughing from behind the shelter of a fig tree and came dancing toward me in his grotesque fashion.
"We have him now, master," he cried, "I shot him fust behind the ear."

enthusiasm I had seen the boy manifest, and at the idea of his killing the elephant—he who scarcely knew which end of a gun to take hold of. Of course, he had not killed the elephant, but he had acted the part of a hero and I wasted no words in telling

him so. "Ah, master," he said in a low voice, "it was nothing when I saw that you were in

On the chance that the elephant might be fatally injured, Malmuke and three of the natives act off to follow his trail, while the fourth, with Mawana's help, carried me to the neighboring village of the Unsubas. There the pain in my ankle and the returning fover, aided, I suppose, by the excite-ment of our adventure with the elephant, evercame me and I lest consciousness.

was late in the evening when I recovered, to find myself in the tent of the Unsuba chief with two of his women at-tending me. From the other side of the came the sound of the tom-toms and and it needed no words to assure me that the elephant had been captured. As soon as it was seen that I had become myself again a messenger hurried off to inform the merry-makers, and presently a strange procession filed past the tent. Pirst came half a dozen youtha and maidens making the most diabelical noise that can imagined on the tom-toms and skin After them came four warriors the huge tusks of the dead ele-Directly behind the warriors were the chief's four principal slaves bearing the chief's chair, and in the chair sat the hero of the hurt-Mawana, the good-fornothing. The boy had been right in saying that he had killed the big rogue elephant, for his bullet had reached a fatal spot and the chief's chair, and in the chair sat the amused herself on that trip? She used to throw the lines on Jack's neck, trot him by a band or ring. The women were paid to a gallop, draw cut her knitting and so, knitting and riding, progress to her journey's driver is in general use throughout Japan and China.

them since the Stiletto, one of the first, was built. The Stiletto carries only one officer and ten men; the new boats have a crew

from thirty to forty all told, but these men have no room to spread themselves about in. The space is mainly taken up by the powerful boilers that make these the fastest But I was satisfied that there was no elephant in our vicinity, and started boldly
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average of the phant in our vicinity of the phan with all the great fires that drive the powerful boilers no spark comes from these stacks; that is provided against. The shape stacks; that is provided against. The shape whole stacks from the name of the Stiletto a whole week to earn that 5 cents?" He whole state the state of humor, and the state any other-but she can turn and dodge in

a way all her own. The "Ericsson" is one of our newest tor-pedo boats and on her trial trip she was gorgeous in white and gold, even her smoke-stacks, if you please, were gilded; but all this splendor was only a holiday affair; she will never go into action in any such shin-ing splendor; those gold-marked stacks would catch the gleam of the searchlight much too radiantly. Now it has been de-cided that a dull olive green is the color that is the hardest one in the dark, so a dull olive green is the color for the torped

Another great point is that these boats shall be as noiseless as possible. During one of the recent experiments with the "Cashing" one of the officers on a cruiser in the harbor said he thought he could hear her, though the searchlight revealed noth-ing in sight, but another officer replied em-phatically, "Hear her; you are not likely to enabled himself to read messages altogether her, though the searchlight revealed nothing in sight, but another officer replied emhear her, for she makes no more noise than sewing machine."

Torpedo catchers have been invented to fight the torpedo boats and one in England on her trial trip lately made thirty-three miles an hour. We have no torpedo catch-ers, but if war came on us suddenly doubtless many of our fine steam yachts in pri-vate hands would at once be bought for the service. Of torpedo boats we have only a few dozen, while England has hundreds, and Germany, France, Italy and Russia have each about 200, and even Japan has 120.

GRANDMOTHER'S HORSE.

The Animal's Friendship Tested in

One day my grandfather brought home new horse, one that he had taken in some trade; hitched with a halter to the back of a wagon, he was, when he entered his new home, because, forsooth, my grandfather had not been able to ride him home.

"That's a fine lookout," said my grandmother as she stood on the long porch at the back of the house and heard this account of things, "and you say he's dangerous in harness, too-I admire your bargain,

"Well, it was this brute or nothing on that debt, and he's a fine fellow if he wasn't so ill-tempered. Come here and look him shot him just behind the ear."

In spite of the pain of my injured foot and of the fever, which was now returning. I could not help smiling at the first sign of and that is saying a good deal for both. All this time the new horse stood or

praneed restlessly, while a negro boy held his halter. "Take care, ole miss," cried the boy when the lady stepped up to the big grey brute, but she didn't notice the warn-ing. She took hold of the horse's head and drew it toward her and looked in his eyes. Now here is as curious a part of the story as any, and it is absolutely true; she and 'Jake," as he was already named, naturally surveyed each other, and they did it to such

the negro boy:
"Tom, do get my saddle and bring it here;" "Tom, do get my saddle and bring it here, then to her husband; "Now, don't say a word; I know what I am doing See!" and she picked up the horse's feet, opened his field at Shreveport, La. In the three principal wars in which he did service he was compared to the hardest fought battles and mouth, took every liberty with him, while he acted as if she were Mary and he the lamb. She put the saddle or him with her occived wound own hands, then led him to the porch steps, sprang into the saddle and rode around

the yard. Jake stepping as carefully as if he had a load of eggs on his back. Well, he was a lady's horse with a vengeance from that time forth, for no one
but my grandmother ever mounted him. No
one else could; but between those two the
tie that had been formed when they first
looked in each other's eyes continued down
to the day of Jack's death, years after. No
better understanding ever existed in the
whole romantic field of friendships between
horses and riders. The lady was not then
young. She was already a grandmother
ty-seven some had hold of the ends, and young. She was already a grandmother ty-seven women had hold of the ends and (though not mine) and one of her frequent rides was to a married daughter's five miles up the rod, four feet, traveled the hammer; young.

history about a woman of ye old time way down in Tennessee

Prattle of the Youngsters. "Johnny," asked his teacher, "what must "Sin," replied Johnny.

Teacher-Suppose you were a king, Tommy, what would you do? Tommy-I'd never wash my face any more. gran mas an three aunts for help him get

Teacher-Billy, can you tell me the differ-Teacher—Billy, can you tell me the difference between caution and cowardice?
Billy—Yes, ma'am. When you're afraid yourself, then that's caution. But when the other fellow's afraid, that's cowardice.
Little Benny—Mamma, please let me hold the baby for a minute. Mother—I'm afraid, Benny, you might let her fall. Little Benny—Well if she does fall, the care, fall, were well to she was the control of the control -Well, if she does fall, she can't fall very

'Tommy, what is a miracle?" "Som'thin' that never happens, mum." "No; it isn't exactly that. But can you illustrate what you mean?" "All I know is that mother says it would be a miracle if pap-comes home rober."

"Papa," said Jackey, "would you like to have me give you a perfectly beautiful Christmas present?" "Yes, indeed." "Then now is the time to double my allowance, sa's I'll have the money to how it when so's I'll have the money to buy it when Christmas comes." Willie had been accustomed to the com-parative freedom of a kindergarten, and the atrictness of the discipline in the primary department at the public school struck him

dressed the teacher. "Miss Easterbeck," he sail, "please may I GOSSIP ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

as being particularly severe and irksome.

slight breakfast, and afterward goes for a walk in his park, which has been designed after the English fashion. When he returns to the palace he gives audience up till o'clock in the evening. He dines mostly alone, occasionally in the company of an am-bassador. In the evening he plays with one of his children, takes a turn at the piane, which he loves, his favorite composition being "La Fille de Madame Angot."

Captain Thomas Britton of the United States army, whose death in San Diego. Cal., is announced, was one of the few officers in the army who have risen from the ranks. When the Mexican war broke out he was working in an iron foundry He entered the Fourth Kentucky volunteers as a private and served during the war Five years later, in 1848, he again entered the service as a private in the Sixth United States infantry, and was identified with it until his retirement. Bravery in Indian roubles won him his place as first sergeant but his promotion to a captaincy came dur-ing the civil war, chiefly for his gallant conduct at Gaines' Mill, South Mountain, An Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, and later during the draft riots in New York

Apropos of ex-Senator Philetus Sawyer's birthday, which was observed recently by a great reception at his home in Oshkosh, Wiz., The Milwaukee Journal tells some interesting anecdotes about him. He has two daughters whom he trained to work in the kitchen as though he did not own a dollar's worth of property in the world. On a certain Thanksgiving day, when he considered their education in the culinary arts about complete, he told them that he expected particular friends to dinner and wanted them to expend all their skill in preparing the best and daintiest dishes for his gnests. The dinner was prepared and passed along to the dessert to the satisfac-tion of all concerned. When the dessert was served each of the daughters found under her plate a check for \$25,000.

conomies. He was in the habit of walking between his home and his bank, and when suggested that he ought to use the torpedo boat cannot only run faster than summoned by the county authorities for an increase on his tax assessment. He appeared as a down-trodden farmer. "Don't," he said, "put it on us poor devils who only get 40 cents a bushel for our corn. We can't live. It costs me \$5,000 a year to run my place, and I get no income from it. I have two cows and they are both dry." He went on in this strain for some time, ending by telling the commissioners that the taxable basis was already too high. But they raised his taxes just the same.

The Philadelphia Record says that the late Charles L. Chapin, the old-time telegrapher, was probably the discoverer of the modern method of reading telegraph messages by sound. It occurred to him while in charge of Cornell's line from New York to Erie that the sounds made by the instrument for each sound, and one day he surprised some the operators under him. They had been in the habit of sending private messages over the wire, and it was impossible to stop them. Finally an operator down the line somewhere tried to work an old trick of his and get excused for a day's fishing. He telegraphed to the operator in Mr. Chapin's office, asking to get Mr. Chapin to let him off. Mr. Chapin was sitting with his back to the instrument when the message came in, and, without turning around, he said to the operator: "Tell him no." The man was so surprised that he almost fell off his chair. Eventually Mr. Chapin divelged his secret, and in time the knack of reading by sound became generally known. Now it is used

The oldest man and most interesting figre at the reunion of the Mexican veterans f Missouri at Lexington the other day was Major Harry H. Hughes of this place, who is a hero of three wars. Major Hughes was born in Jessamine county, Kentucky, October 11, 1812, and came to Missouri with his father in 1820, settling in Howard county. In 1824

Harry Hughes enlisted in the First Missouri regiment and was made major of the regi-ment. Afterward the regiment went into quarters in Jefferson barracks, and thence it was sent to Jackson barracks, New Or-From there it entered into active service in the Florida war, in which it continued until the authority of the govern-ment had been established in that peninsula. Subsequently it did service against the Seminoles in the Carolina and Georgia after which it was musfered out. In having been absent three years, Major lughes returned home to Howard county, where he followed the peaceful and quiet life of a farmer until 1846. Then the Mexican war opened and the brave sons of Missouri sprang to arms. Major Hughes was one of the first to take up the march for the halls of the Montezumas. He was made captain of company G under Colonel Doni-phan, and followed the starry flag to the record each other, and they did it to such one purpose that she said after a moment attention to farming until 1861. Then he enlisted in the confederate service and was made major of the Ninth Missouri infantry. in many of the hardest fought battles and received wounds in both the Florida and

> A Chinese Pile Driver. Piles were being driven in one of the new

we do before our sins can be forgiven?" Reminiscences of Former Candidates for National Office.

A Few Linger on the Stage, Some in Retirement_Incidents of National Conventions and Campuigns.

(Copyright, 1898.)
WASHINGTON, Oct. 2.—A picturesque participant in the present campaign is the enerable George W. Julian of Indiana. Mr. Julian is the hero of an interesting career. He was born of Quaker parentage in 1817, taught school in his teens and became a lawyer at the age of 23. He was elected to congress in 1849, was re-elected in 1860. and served in that body without Interruption until 1873. As born radical, his lot in that body was, from first to last, a stormy one. Through a long line of Quaker anecators he had inherited an aversion to wrong in all its forms, and as Burdette says in his humorous biography of William Penn, 'He was a man of peace, and determined o have it if it took a lifetime of contention and dispute to get it."

Near the close of the afternoon of the first day he rose in his seat and tremblingly ad-Julian was one of the original free-soil and anti-slavery men, and carried on the war against slavery at the risk of his life. He had not only to encounter the opposition of his political enemies, but also that of A writer in the Paris Patrio says that the working day of the sultan of Turkey, with his secretaries, is from 6 cclock in the morning until noon, when he partakes of a denounced than Julian, but he took it all with unruffled screnity, and seemed rather to enjoy it. And with success crowning every political contest in which he engaged, he could well afford to laugh at the impotent rage and hirmless vituperation of his ene-mies, and was doubtless well repaid for his labors in seeing the principles for which he so zealously and heroically contended at last become the settled policy of the whole country and imbedded in sits fundamental His was the reward which comes to those who are willing in a just cause "to labor and to wait."

LABORING AND WAITING. But Julian, while willing to labor, was not always willing to wait. A radical of



the supreme type, he has always believed in cutting down the tree instead of ma-While the late Enoch Pratt of Baltimore nuring it and digging about it and trying was most generous, he had a number of pet a little longer to see if it would produce and thought it required more drastic treat-He favored the confiscation of the Johnson, and his distike for Grant in 1872 ment. Four years later he was one of Til-

o future generations. He started out a whig, then was an abolitionist, joined the free sollers, became an extreme republican, then a liberal republican and from that to democracy, which he has left in the present campaign to return to the ranks of the party which he helped

to create forty years ago.

All of which is worth remembering, but the chief interest which Julian's career holds for men of a later day lies in the fact that he is the only vice presidential candidate nominated prior to 1860 who is still living. In 1852 he was the running mate of John P. Hale on the free soil ticket. The free soilers polled only 156,000 votes, but effectually blazed the way for the birth of the republican party in 1856 and its suc-

cess in 1860, POPULISM AND PROHIBITION. All the men who were nominated for the residency and vice presidency when the republican party first came into power are dead, and so are those who were candidates in the four succeeding campaigns. How-ever, two of the presidential candidates in General Neal Dow of Maine and General James B. Weaver of Iowa, are still living. General Dow in now in his 93d year, but when I called upon him at his home in Portland a few months ago I found him in the full enjoyment of a green and vigorous age. General Dow was the father not alone of the Maine law, but of the prohibition party. For many years he was that parry's direct-ing spirit and chief almoner, and in 1880, as before stated, its candidate for presi-dent. As such he polled a trifle over 10,000 votes. He is spending his last years in Portland, where everyone does honor to the



WILLIAM H. ENGLISH

white-haired, sturdy, brave and serene old General Weaver was the presidential candidate of the greenbdekers in 1880 and of the populists in 1892. In the former year he received 207,740 votes and in the latter 1.041,028 votes. Weaver's political record is as varied as that of the veteran Julian. Born in Ohio and reared in Iowa, he started life as a democrat, but in 1856 joined the young republican party. He served in the civil war, and lates was for a number of years a leader in republican politics in Iowa. In 1877 he became a grenbacker, and as such served several terms in congress. For a time he was the greatest power in the house. All of the rest of the members com-bined, with the appaser thrown in, were not as powerful as he was. He used to stand on the floor and prevent their doing

claw to no purpose. Weaver was the peer of any, and no man probably has cost the gov-ernment more in the way of wasted time than has be. During his last term in the house, and after he had failed to secure a re-election, he was particularly active in do-ing nothing. As the last days of the ses-sion which would end his congressional career were rapidly slipping away and he was ambushing legislation. he was the cause never wash my face any more.

Bobby, what are you so unhappy about?"

The mad 'cause we ain't got no big fam'ly, over at Billy Hopkins' house he's got two gran mas an three aunts ter help him get

A Few Linger on the Stage, Some in

> STORY OF A KICKER. "Do you know," said Allen, "you remind me of that man on the sinking ship." Weaver smiled, for he thought of that boy who stood on the burning deck and whose whereabouts schoolboys have been inquiri after for many years. "The ship was sir-ing," said Ailen. "All the crew and ing, said Alich. All the captain were worn out working the pun night and day. All the passengers I taken a hand at the pump—all but one is

they, too, were exhausted. The one man however, would not do a stroke of worl would not lift his hand to save his life an

JAMES B. WEAVER.

the lives of his fellow-passengers. He was utterly indifferent. The captain became impatient beyond endurance, and demanded that he take a turn at the pump. 'Do you know, replied the indifferent passenge looking down into the blue ocean, that have a cancer and cannot live more than twelve hours anyhow? How long do you think it will take her to sink?" The story was not new, but it applied to Weaver's situation just then, and it is prob ably illustrative of his dispection at other times, for he was born with an innate fondness for kicking and he has been indulging it all his life. Weaver has the body of an athlete, the eye of a hawk and the pluck and tenacity of a buildog. For the last half dozen years he has been one of the chief apostles of populism. His home is in Dea Moines, where he edits a newspaper and is, or was, superintendent of a Methodist Sun-day school. Should Bryan be elected Weaver would not object to being made his attorney

A KANSAS REMINISCENCE. None of the other candidates of 1880 are living. Arthur died soon after his term expired, Hancock ten years ago and English in the early part of the present year. During the last years of his life English was engaged in the work of preparing and colengaged in the work of preparing and col-lecting material on the early history of his native state. This work he only partly oc.npicted, one volume, that touching on the conquest of the Northwest territory, being in print. Both Blaine and Butter are dead, and aside from Cleveland, John P. St. John of Kansas is the only presidential candidate of 1884 who is still alive. St. John, after a pyrotechnic career as gov-erner of Kansas, ran for president, as the candidate of the prohibitionists in the year a little longer to see if it would produce good fruit. He was impatient of Lincoln's conservatism in dealing with the rebellion, and thought it required more dealer. This year he is one of Bryan's most active

Allen G. Thurman died in 1895. All of landed estates of confederates as well as the abolition of slavery, believing that the former was the foundation and buttress of his present term expires will probably rethe latter. He was one of those who most turn to the practice of law in New York bitterly opposed the southern policy of City, a pursuit which has claimed the Johnson, and his distike for Grant in 1872 greater part of the time and ability of ex-led him into the liberal republican move-ment. Four years later he was one of Til-der's most ander was proporters. Such arden's most ardent supporters. Such are now serving out the closing days of his the political legacies which Julian can leave



he must often go back to the republican national convention of 1880 and its dramatic sequel. When the Grant men were defeated in that convention and Garfield re ceived the nomination Roscoe Conkling went to his room and sulked. When a deputation waited upon him and asked his choice of a New Yorker for vice president he disdainfully refused to reply.

MORTON AND THE VICE PRESIDENCY. The deputation then asked Morton if he would accept the nomination for vice president. The banker said he first desired consult his wife, and, accompanied by a friend, he sought her in the galleries of the convention hall, "What!" exclaimed Mrs. Morton, "vice president? Certainly not. Who ever hears of a vice president except at election times? What was the name of the last vice president and the one before him?" So Morton courteously declined the honor, and it seemed strange to those who remembered this incident that after four years of social supremacy at the court of France he and his wife should, in 1888, have changed their minds and accepted the nomination which four years before had been so disdainfully declined. But Arthur, who ac-cepted it, had thereby been raised to the

No man ever took defeat more philosophically than did Whitelaw Reid, the republican candidate for vice president in 1892. There was reason for this, for in every-thing else he has attempted Reid has been a remarkably successful man. He gained high honors at Miami university. He made a hit with his first paper, the little Xenia News. He acquitted himself so well at legislative correspondent at Columbus, O. that several papers sought his services. Ar war correspondent he made a national repu-tation. His first book, "After the War: a Southern Tour." had a wide sale, and his second book. "Ohio in the War," made a much bigger hit. His marriage was eminently successful, both from the point of view of domestic happiness and financial prosperity. As minister to France he succeeded so well that his nomination to the vice presidency came as a well-earned re ward for the services he then rendered to his country and his party. Since the cam paign of 1892 Reid has given much time to travel in Europe, Egypt and the west, but has kept in close touch with the leaders of his party, and should McKinley be elected it would not be surprising to find Reamong the members of the new cabinet.

Lady Beatrice Butler, the most beautiful girl of the season, will marry Lord Water ford. She is a daughter of the present Maranything. He was a worse objector than Holman and could kick harder than Kilgore. As an obstructionist, at a time when one man, if he so minded, could hold cogress up by the tail, so it could kick and

COL. CODY COMING HOME

OMAHA SATURDAY, OCT. 10.

Council Bluffs Friday, Oct. 9 Beatrice Thursday - Oct. 15 North Platte Monday, Oct. 12 St. Joseph Friday - Oct. 16 Hastings Tuesday - Oct. 13 Leavenworth Satur., Oct. 17 Lincoln Wednesday, Oct. 14 | Kansas City, Topcka, Fort Scott, Se-

Col. Cody will positively take part in both the afternoon and evening exhibitions at all these points.





An exact duplicate, man for man and herse for horse, of the exhibitions given at the Columbian World's Fair at Chicago in 1893, all summer in New York in 1894, and 160 of the principal cities of the East in 1895,

ORGANIZED ON THE MOST LAVISH SCALE,

MORE MEN, MORE HORSES, MORE CARS

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