TEMPERATURE OF ALASKA

Mercury Seeks the Bottom of the Tube in that Country.

EXTREME COLD IN THE GOLD REGION

Winter Sets In About September and Lasts Until April...Daylight Only Lasts Four Hours in Midwinter.

WASHINGTON, July 30.—Under the direction of Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, Chief Moore of the Weather bureau has made public a statement in regard to the climate of Alaska. In this statement Mr. Moore says:

The climates of the coast and the interior of Alaska are unlike in many respects, and the differences are intensified in this as perhaps in few other countries by exceptional physical conditions. The fringe of islands that separates the mainland from the Pacific ocean from Dixon sound north and also a strip of the mainland for possibly twenty miles back from the sea, following the sweep of the coast as it curves to the northwestward to the western extremity of Alaska, form a distinct climatic division, which may be termed temperate Alaska. The temperature rarely falls to zero; winter does not set in until December 1, and by the last of May has disappeared except on the mountains. The mean winter temperature at Sitka is 34.8, but little less than that of Washington, D. C.

The rainfall of temperate Alaska is notorious the world over, not only as regards the quantity that falls, but also as to the frequency of its falling, in long and incessant rains and drizzles. Cloud and fog naturally abound, there being on an average but sixty-six clear days in the year. North of the Aleutian islands the coast climate becomes more rigorous in winter, but in summer the difference is much less marked.

The climate of the interior, including in that designation practically all of the country except a narrow fringe of coastal margin, and the territory before referred to as temperate Alaska, is one of extreme rigor in winter, with but a brief, but relatively hot summer, especially when the sky is free from cloud. In the Klondyke region in midwinter the sun rises at from 9:30 to 10 a. m. and sets at from 2 to 3 p. m., the total length of daylight being about four hours. Remembering that the sun rises but a few degrees above the horizon and that it is wholly obscured on a great many days, the character of the winter months may be easily imagined.

CLIMATE AT KLONDYKE.

We are indebted to the United States Coast and Geodetic survey for a series of six months observations on the Yukon, not far from the site of the present gold discoveries. The observations were made with standard instruments and are wholly reliable. The mean temperatures of the months, October, 1889, to April, 1890, both inclusive, are as follows: October, 26 degrees; November, 8 degrees; December, 13 degrees below zero; January, 37 below zero; February, 15 below zero; March, 6 above; April, 20 above. The daily mean temperature fell and remained below the freezing point (32 degrees) from November 4, 1889, to April 21, 1890, thus giving 168 days as the length of the closed season of 1889-90, assuming that outdoor operations are controlled by temperature only.

The lowest temperatures registered during the winter were: Thirty-two degrees below zero in November, 47 below in December, 50 below in January, 52 below in February, 42 below in March, and 26 below in April. The greatest continuous cold occurred in February, 1890, when the daily mean for five consecutive days was 47 degrees below zero.

Greater cold than that here noted has been experienced in the United States for a very short time, but never has it continued so very cold for so long a time. In the interior of Alaska the winter sets in as early as September, when snow storms may be expected in the mountains and passes. Headway during one of those storms is impossible, and the traveler who is overtaken by one of them is indeed fortunate if he escapes with his life.

The changes of temperature from winter to summer are rapid owing to the great increase in the length of the day. The mean summer temperature in the interior doubtless ranges between 60 and 70 degrees, according to elevation, being highest in the middle and lower Yukon valleys.

New Gold Mine in Mexico.

MEXICO CITY, July 30.—A new gold mine has been located on the famous El Oro vein in the state of Mexico, and prospects for a valuable property are excellent. The Esperanza gold mine at Tultenango is taking out $150,000 in gold ore monthly. The government has taken measures which will result in economies which assure the punctual payment of the gold interest in October without in any way crippling the public service. There is a more hopeful feeling in the business community as it is recalled that the country has never been more prosperous than during the past few years of declining value of silver. All the remarkable progress has been made under hard conditions. Large amounts of exchange have been bought during the past few days.

To Mine Alaskan Gold.

TRENTON, N. J., July 30.—The United States Alaska Gold company, with an authorized capital of $1,000,000, was incorporated this afternoon by the filing of articles in the office of the secretary of state. The company is formed for the purpose of mining gold in the Klondyke fields. The incorporators are: Ralph McKee of Tompkinsville; Henry P. Whitaker, Hotel Imperial, New York; Frederick J. Brooklyn; Harry P. Roesser, Hotel Netherland, New York; Thomas F. Daniels, Hotel Girard, New York, and James A. Atwater, New York. The capital stock paid in is $1,200.

EDISON'S FIRST BIG CHECK.

It Was Good, but He Was Suspicious About It.

Wizard Edison recently came over to New York from Menlo park on business connected with some of his numerous enterprises, and while in town dined with a friend. During the dinner hour the great electrician became conversational and told in his quaint way the story of his first acquaintance with any large sum of money, relates the Boston Transcript.

It was in the early seventies, when he was a young man struggling along with his inventions, and had no capitalists to back him. In fact, he had no bank account and hardly knew what one was. Bank checks were things he had never had occasion to use, and he had as much idea of their value apparently as the man in the moon.

"I had," said Mr. Edison, "just sold my patent on the gold and stock indicator to the Western Union Telegraph company for $40,000, and had come over to New York to get my money. I had heard of Wall street and its bulls and bears and had been told that the locality was full of sharks who would fleece a stranger quick. So I made up my mind that Wall street was an undesirable place, and that if I ever had occasion to go there I would be lucky if I got away without losing my overcoat or umbrella.

"At the time General Lefferts was president of the Western Union, and I shall never forget my sensations on the morning that I went into the company's general offices to close up the sale of my patent. I was immediately recognized by a clerk, who ushered me into the presence of the president, who, after a few preliminaries, handed me a check for $40,000.

"I looked at it curiously for a moment or two, and my manner must have conveyed to Lefferts the impression that I was very much puzzled what to do with it. Of course I knew that I had sold the patent to the Western Union company for $40,000, but I couldn't exactly realize that the scrap of paper tendered was good for such an amount of money.

"Observing the perplexity, General Lefferts told me that if I would go down to the Bank of America in Wall street I could get the check cashed.

"Well," continued Mr. Edison, "I started out after carefully folding up the check, and went toward Wall street. So unsettled was I even yet in regard to the way General Lefferts had of doing business that I thought while on the way that if any man should come up to me and offer me two crisp thousand-dollar bills for the piece of paper I should have given him up the check willingly.

"Arriving at the Bank of America, I hesitated before entering, fearing still that something might be wrong. At last, however, I mustered up my courage and determined to try it. Entering the bank, I walked up tremblingly to a little hole in a high glass-topped desk, through which I pushed my check to the cashier.

"The latter, after scrutinizing it closely, gave me the check back with a piercing glance, and said something which I could not understand, as I was then, as I am now, rather deaf.

"That was enough. I was now more than ever convinced that his check wasn't worth $40,000, and I again thought, as I rushed out of the bank with it, that any man who would give me $2,000 would be welcome to the check.

"As quick as my legs could carry me I hurried back to the Western Union office and told the president that the check was no good to me, as I couldn't get any money for it. General Lefferts laughed, and seeming to understand my unsophisticated business methods, called a clerk and requested the latter to accompany me to the bank and identify me. Arriving at the bank I again presented the troublesome bit of paper to the cashier, and Lefferts check said: 'This man is Thomas A. Edison, to whose order that check is drawn.'

"'Why, certainly, Mr. Edison,' said the cashier. 'How would you like to have the $40,000? In bills of what denomination, sir?'

"Oh, any way to suit the bank. It does not make much difference to me, so long as I get the money!

"I was given $40,000 in large bills. After dividing the roll into two wads of $20,000 each, I stuffed one in each trouser's pocket, buttoned up my coat as tightly as possible, and after bidding the cashier and the telegraph clerk good-day, made a break to get out of Wall street as quickly as I could. The next day I began work on my first laboratory at Newark."

WHERE THE DECIMAL CAME IN.

How a Legislator Effected a "Loan" and What It Amounted To.

A citizen from the Windy City, a member of the Illinois legislature, who was in New York last week, told the New York Tribune the following story, which he located in that indefinite place, "out west."

It seems that a big corporation in the west lacked a few votes of carrying through the legislature of a certain state a measure it had in hand, and, as the time for a final vote was near, those in charge of the bill decided that the quickest and easiest way of acquiring the necessary votes was to buy them. So, along with other emissaries, they sent a quick-witted and shrewd Irishman in their employ to another Irishman, a member of the legislature, also noted for his quick wit and shrewdness, to buy his vote as expeditiously and cheaply as possible, but on no account to come back without the vote, for which he was instructed to pay not more than a couple of hundred dollars.

After some preliminary skirmishing and much preliminary drinking, the two Irishmen got down to business.

"An' so that's yer lowest price, is it, Mr. Muldoon?" asked the agent of the corporation.

"Tis not a-talkin' about price I am, Mr. O'Shea," replied the honorable member of the legislature. "Ye said yez was willin' to make me a bit of a loan, an' I was after sayin' that a wan an' three naughts was the lowest I could git along wid."

"A wan an' three naughts it is, then," replied Mr. O'Shea, and he handed a brown paper envelope, closely sealed, bearing on the outside the legend "1,000," to Mr. Muldoon. "Be afther puttin' that in yer pocket, an' don't yez open it or show it to a mother's son until afther the Z. Z. bill is passed, or it might be uncomfortable for the both of us."

Mr. Muldoon smiled a satisfied smile, stowed the brown envelope away in his pocket and straightway carried it home to Mrs. Muldoon, instructing her to put it away and not look at it or show it, on her life, until he gave her permission. But Mrs. Polly Muldoon belonged to the Pandora type, and Mr. Muldoon had not reached his seat in the state house before his better half had investigated the contents of that envelope.

On his return home that afternoon the Hon. Muldoon was in a happy frame of mind, for the Z. Z. bill had passed, he was richer by a "wan and three naughts" which he had invested a dozen times in the course of the day.

"Why, Patrick," said Mrs. Muldoon, the moment he entered the door, "Phat did yez want ter be so particular wid ther envelope yez was afther giv'n me? There was nothin' in it but a tin-dollar bill."

"Phat?" asked the Hon. Mr. Muldoon weakly, sinking into a chair.

"A tin-dollar bill. Phat should they be? Here it is, shure."

Mr. Muldoon grasped the money, and in anger sought his friend Mr. O'Shea.

"O'Shea," asked he of that worthy, "what sort of a mane thrick are yez afther playin' me? Yez promised me $1,000 for me vote on the Z. Z. bill, an yez giv' me an envelope wid the correct figgers marked on the outside, an' on the inside Mrs. Muldoon's afthr findin' a miserable tin-dollar bill."

"I promised yez nothin' for yez vote on the Z. Z. bill," replied O'Shea indignantly. "What I did promise yez was that I'd lind yez a bit of money, a wan and three naughts, fer a few days, but, moind yez, Muldoon, I was not afther sayin jist where I'd put the decimal pint, shure."

The next day Barney O'Shea was promoted by the Z. Z. company, and he now holds one of the most lucrative and responsible positions in the gift of that corporation.

Demands Edhem Pasha's Withdrawal.

CONSTANTINOPLE, July 30.—It is reported here that Lord Salisbury, the British prime minister, has telegraphed urging the immediate withdrawal of Edhem Pasha, the commander-in-chief of the Turkish forces, from Thessaly. The Turks are very angry and accuse the British government of trying to jockey them out of Thessaly without compensation being made.

Two Iowa Girls Drowned.

NORTHAMPTON, Mass., July 30.—Mamie and Stella Lapoint, aged 16 and 14 years, respectively, were drowned in Mill river today. The girls came here from Fort Dodge, Ia., about two weeks ago.

Injured by a Dynamite Explosion.

PITTSBURG, July 30.—By the premature explosion of a dynamite blast on Beechwood boulevard about noon today three men were dangerously hurt. August Wauch will probably die.

MARRIES HIS HALF-SISTER

One of the Strange Experiences of an English Gypsy.

HAD PREVIOUSLY MURDERED HER MOTHER

Gruesome Romance Brought Out at the Inquest Over the Remains of a Suicide by a London Coroner.

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LONDON, July 30.—(New York World Cablegram—Special Telegram.)—A Romany romance, told at the Camberwell coroner's court, surpasses anything the most imaginative fictionist ever conceived.

The inquiry was into the death of Henry George Pickett York Lee, aged 55, described as a tailor, who lately resided at 104A Allendale road, Camberwell, who committed suicide by taking poison early yesterday morning. Mary Ann Lee, the widow, who described herself as a heiress in her own right, said she was married to the deceased in December of last year. About a month ago it was brought to his knowledge that by a curious concatenation of events he had become the husband of his own half-sister, which upset him very much. Shortly before his death he told his wife he had a terrible secret to divulge; that some forty-five years ago, when he was a lad, with a tribe of gypsies on Epsom Downs, his father placed a flagpot in his hand and he plunged it into the back of a woman whom he afterward heard was mother of his wife. After the murder he was spirited away by the gypsies and eventually enlisted in the army.

STORY OF MARY ANN LEE.

According to her account, backed up by the asservations of Mrs. Langlois, for many years her friend, Mary Ann Lee is the daughter of a gentleman described as "Squire Wagg of Chingford, in Essex. Shortly after her birth she was sold to a tribe of gypsies known as the Golden Leos. She passed the early years of her life in the custody of various members of this gypsy family known as Black Becky, Black Mary and so on. After temporary sojourns at Bethnal Green and Shoreditch workhouses, Mary Ann went to live in the borough whence fifty-one years ago she was stolen and taken on board a vessel in the Thames, commanded by Captain Shew and chartered by one Anthony White, said to be known in contemporary history as the "Silver King." According to her story she was thrown overboard with murderous intent, but was rescued by a cabin boy who, to add to the romance, was black.

Anthony White, according to Mrs. Langlois, can be read about in history, but she is rather inclined to think that the shipment of bullion connected with his name went to the bankers in England and not to the Bladebone public house in Bethnal Green, where he is said to have been murdered, and his "bladebone" hung up in the bar. By some process of reasoning Mrs. Lee claims that the bullion is here, and that she ought to be the rightful owner of some million and a half of pounds. In addition to this Mrs. Lee is of the opinion she ought to have all the riches left by "Nippy Granger," the Bethnal Green miser, but was deprived of it by a forged will.

She was first married about thirty years ago and she had been a widow three years when she met Lee, who appears by a strange coincidence to have been a son of "Squire Wagg, by a woman named Powell, well known to Mrs. Lee when roving free amid the delights of gypsy life.

HIS BRAIN WAS DISEASED.

Lee had been in the artillery, and from medical evidence given at the inquest would seem to have had a diseased brain, which may account for his morbid story. Not content with telling his wife of the murder of Epsom Downs, he appears to have confessed to being a witness of a double murder at Norwood, in which a big personage and a lady were done to death. Mrs. Lee was not sure last evening as to the identity of the personage in question, but it was a duke of Hamilton or Clarence, or something of that kind, she said.

Everything seems to depend upon the recovery of certain missing documents and the biography of the gypsy queen, who died and was buried between 1880 and 1884. In this biography there is said to be evidence of the justness of Mrs. Lee's claims, but a search at the British Museum and elsewhere has failed to discover it as yet. Still there is hope that on Monday next, when a great gypsy parliament is to be held, evidence will be forthcoming in order that the curtain may be rung down in a conventional manner upon this strange, eventful history.

EDWARD MARSHALL.

STABBED BY A SWORDFISH.

Strange Adventure of a Bather at Raritan Bay.

Under the placid waters of Raritan bay there roams a swordfish of most unpleasant disposition, relates the New York Herald. A passion for bathers possesses the soul of this swordfish. He fills the eye of the inhabitants of the neighborhood, and the sea serpent has fled to a more congenial clime.

Richard Wilson, who lives at No. 122 Broad street, Elizabeth, N. J., was wounded by this scaly monster recently. Wilson had been visiting friends at South Amboy, and as the day was hot went for a swim in the bay.

He gamboled happily in the breakers, which roll upon the shore to the height of nearly a foot, and then swam boldly out into deep water. He had turned to come in when a dark shape suddenly glided alongside of him, and two eyes, in which lurked a fell design, glared at him from beneath the water. It seemed as though a voice spoke.

"Here is where you get stuck!"

There was a sudden swish, the dark form shot through the water, and the long nose of that swordfish perforated Richard's ankle and stayed there. The fish was four feet long, for Richard says so, and it was his ankle, and he should know.

It thrashed about in the water, and the waves reddened with the blood from the ankle of the wounded swimmer. He reached down to dislodge the fish, and, failing to do so, fled shoreward with howls. The swordfish followed his nose.

Several companions rushed to Wilson's aid as he reached shallow water, and tried to separate him from his scaly foe with the prominent nose.

The fish fought fiercely, but at last they tore it loose and let it go. None of them seemed to hanker for a further acquaintance with it.

Wilson was dragged to the shore, where he fell from exhaustion. The ugly wound in his leg alarmed his companions and they went hurriedly for a physician. The young man was taken to the home of his friends, and the wound was disinfected to prevent possible blood poisoning.

Bathing in Raritan bay is not so popular as it was. The presence of a swordfish, whose lack of honor permits him to attack an unarmed man and stab him below the belt is not an incentive to careless sport in the waves.

FIGHTING ROUGH AND TUMBLE.

A Duel to a Finish Between Two Southerners.

More than half a century ago a resident of one of the southern states wrote an account of a fight between two mighty men of valor in his neighborhood which has been published recently in a volume called "Georgia Scenes." The anonymous author notes that Billy Stallings had been exceedingly rude to Mrs. Bob Durham, an offense which was promptly resented by Bob in person. So a ring was formed after seconds had been duly chosen, and this is what happened:

"Gentlemen," said one of Bob's seconds, "I understand it to be a fair fight—catch as catch can, rough and tumble; no man touch until one or the other hollows."

"That's the rule," was the reply from the other side.

"Are you ready?"

"We are ready."

"Then blaze away, my gamecocks!"

At the word Bob dashed at his antagonist at full speed, and Bill squared himself to meet him with one of his fatal blows, thinking his calculation for Bob's velocity of the time when he would come within striking distance, he let drive with tremendous force. But Bob's onslaught was obviously planned to avoid this blow; for, contrary to all expectations, he stopped just out of arm's reach, and before Billy could recover his balance Bob has him "all under-hold." The next second sure enough, "found Billy's head where his feet ought to be." He came down with a force that seemed to shake the earth.

Billy now turned his face suddenly to the ground and rose upon his hands and knees. Bob jerked up both his hands and threw him on his face. He again recovered his late position, of which Bob endeavored to deprive him as before, but, missing one arm, he fell, and Billy rose. But he had scarcely resumed his feet before they flew up as before and he came again to the ground. His fall, however, was this time comparatively light, for, having thrown his right arm round Bob's neck, he carried his head down with him. This grasp, which was obstinately maintained, prevented Bob from getting on him and they lay head and head, seeming, for a time, to do nothing.

Presently they arose, as if by mutual consent, and in a minute more, as I looked, I saw that Bob had entirely lost his left ear and a large piece from his left cheek. His right eye was a little discolored and the blood flowed profusely from his wounds. Billy presented a hideous spectacle. About a third of his nose, at the lower extremity, was bit off, and his face was so swelled and bruised that it was difficult to discover in it anything of the human visage, much more the fine features which he carried into the ring.

They were up only long enough for me to make the foregoing discovery when they went down again, precisely as before. They no sooner touched the ground than Bill relinquished his hold upon Bob's neck. The movement was soon explained, for when they rose again he had the middle finger of Bob's left hand in his mouth. He was now secure from Bob's annoying trips and he began to lend his adversary tremendous blows.

I now considered the matter settled. I deemed it impossible for any human being to withstand for five seconds the loss of blood which issued from Bob's ear, cheek, nose and finger, accompanied with such blows as he was receiving. Still he maintained the conflict, and gave blow for blow with considerable effect. But the blows of each became slower and weaker after the first three or four, and it became obvious that Bill wanted the room which Bob's finger occupied for breathing. He would, therefore, probably in a short time have let it go had not Bob anticipated his politeness by jerking away his hand and making him a present of the finger. He now seized Bill again and brought him to his knees, but he recovered. He again brought him to his knees, and he again recovered. A third effort, however, brought him down, and Bob on top of him. These efforts seemed to exhaust the little remaining strength of both, and they lay, Bill uppermost and Bob across his breast, motionless and panting for breath. After a short pause Bob gathered his hand full of dirt and sand and was in the act of grinding it in his adversary's eyes when Bill cried "Enough!"

Language cannot describe the scene that followed—the oaths, shouts, frantic gestures, taunts, little fights and replies—and therefore I shall not attempt it. The champions were borne off by their seconds and washed, when many a bleeding wound and ugly bruise was discovered on each which no eye had seen before.

Why Wheeler Lingers.

General Joe Wheeler of Alabama, said to be the liveliest man in the house of representatives, is about the last of the old-time southern leaders. When some one made a remark to that effect to Mr. Reed lately the speaker drawled: "Wheeler never stays in one place long enough for the Almighty to put His finger on him."

WORK OF TRAINWRECKERS

Block a Railway Switch Open with a Coupling Pin.

FAST TRAIN IS PARTIALLY DERAILED

Engineer and Fireman of Express and Two Unidentified Tramps Killed—No Passengers Seriously Injured.

CINCINNATI, July 30.—A Times-Star special from Thornton, Ind., says the Chicago express on the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis railway, due in Cincinnati at 7 a. m., was wrecked about 2:30 o'clock. Four were killed outright and several injured. There was a deliberate plot to wreck the train, as a coupling pin had been driven into the switch so as to hold it open and throw the fast train from Chicago to Cincinnati off the track as it passed this point. The engine and tender, the mail, express and baggage cars were thrown from the track and wrecked. The coaches and sleeping cars remained on the track and none of the passengers were seriously hurt, although they had a lively shaking up. It is reported that none in the cars that were thrown from the track were seriously hurt.

Seth Winslow of Greensburg, Ind., the engineer, and B. Crickmore of Indianapolis, the fireman, and two unidentified tramps were killed outright. While there were many reports about the number injured there were none seriously hurt, although many were so badly frightened at first as to give credence to the reports about many being injured.

The officials of the Big Four railroad state that no passengers were hurt in the wreck at Thornton this morning. The fatalities are limited to the engineer and fireman and two tramps. None of the others on the train were seriously hurt.

When the train left Chicago last night at 8 o'clock it was an unusually long one. Only four stops were to be made between Chicago and Indianapolis. The train was passing Thornton at high speed when the engine struck the switch that had been opened and fastened open. The two tramps who were killed were stealing a ride on the front end of the mail car and their remains cannot be identified. A relief train was sent from Indianapolis to Thornton early this morning and as soon as the track was cleared a new train was made up for this city and the other points. The train was unusually crowded with passengers.

Engineer Winslow leaves a widow and two children. His remains were taken to his home at Greensburg and those of Fireman Crickmore to Indianapolis. The officials of the railroad have instituted a thorough investigation as to the perpetrators of the wreck. The reports from Thornton leave no doubt whatever about the switch having been thrown open and a coupling pin fastened in the switch to hold it open. There have recently been some labor troubles in and about Thornton, but none of them have been in any manner connected with the railroad. It is stated that since the mining troubles there have been a number of strangers about the place who are not connected with the strike, but who are supposed to have been tramping about with a view to plunder during the expected trouble. No attempt was made to rob the express or other cars after the wreck and no understanding of the plot can be ascertained. All available detectives were set at work today on the case.

The injured are: Henry Pijbe and Charles Cavenir, both of Cleveland, and both of whom will probably die. The escape of the seven mail clerks was miraculous. None of them suffered more than slight bruises. Express Messenger John Edmunds of Bellevue, Ky., had charge of the express car and was thrown violently against its head end, but escaped with a few scratches. The passengers escaped with a severe shaking up. Those in the sleepers were not even awakened. Pijbe and Cavenir were discovered lying under the front platform of the mail car.

HOT TIME AT A PICNIC.

Lights Turned Off, Trouble Begins and the Cake with the Ring Was Stolen.

There was a picnic in one of the colored churches of the town, relates the Louisville Dispatch. The proceeds were to be applied on the shortage of the pastor's salary. It was arranged that every woman who attended the picnic should take a well-filled basket, covered with heavy paper, a card inside bearing her name. The baskets were to go to the highest bidder, and the purchaser was to eat with the "good sister" that brought the basket.

Darkies, old and young, came crowding into the church. Uncle Mosby arose, and as he waved his hand for silence, said:

"Dis hyar picnic is fer de ben'fit uv de church, de cookin' is garanteed, highest bidder gits de grub, cash down, mine yo'."

An old negro at this point arose and said that he would cut a white cake with a ring inside, 15 cents cash down, and the ring guaranteed.

The first basket brought 20 cents, but Uncle Mosby gave them to understand that no more would go at that price.

The bidding became better. It was just here that a new feature was introduced. Jim Drake, a drunken steamboat rouster, came in, displaying four or five dollars, and began to bid. An old sister, by the name of Jane Larkem, yelled out, "He can't eat wid me."

Several others made this same statement, but Jim held his ground and said: "My money is des as good as anybody's money."

"Yo' money is satin's money!" yelled Aunt Jane.

"Yes, an' yo'd like ter hav' ol' satin plaster'd all over yo'!" said Jim.

Uncle Mosby waved his hand and said: "Dis hyar picnic am gwine to be run on principuls uv respect, an' bein' yer ain't no respectabul condishun, Jim, yo' can't buy no grub."

"De jes' erbout as 'spectorbul as yo' was when yo' stole dat sack er meal, yo' ol' Irish hippopotus."

Uncle Mosby went for him and upset the basket over his head. Chicken and "pop" flew in every direction, and four or five joined in the frolic. The women yelled and some one turned out the lights. Jim, the rouster, escaped in the darkness and took a basket with him as he went, and when an old negro struck a match Uncle Mosby and Elder Jenkins were fighting over in a corner, each thinking that the other was Jim.

When peace was restored it was discovered that seven baskets were missing, and that the cake with the "gold ring" was also gone.

JAMES MONROE'S OLD HOME.

The House In Which He Lived in a Sad State of Dilapidation.

Old New Yorkers view with melancholy interest the changes that are daily taking place in their old city. Its marvelous growth and the demands of trade, says the New York Times, have literally relegated the residential quarter to the upper end of the island, where, at the period we have in view, were cultivated fields and the suburban country seats of our well-to-do citizens. Residences, formerly the pride of the city in which fashion reveled and letters found a home, have either been torn down or have been allowed to sink into a condition of neglect and decay painful to witness. A marked and typical illustration of this change in our once fashionable quarter may be seen today in the condition of the house, just east of Broadway, in which James Monroe, the fifth president of the United States and the author of the "Monroe doctrine," passed the last year of his life and died.

It will be a great surprise to many readers to learn that this house still exists, nor can the lover of the historic be otherwise than pained to see not only the ruin and dilapidation into which it has fallen, but the entire absence of any mark to give it identification.

At the age of 18 years Monroe left Williams college and entered the army of the revolution as lieutenant, under Washington, joining it at New York. He distinguished himself in many battles.

In 1780 he was appointed military commissioner for the state of Virginia, and visited the various military positions of the country with General De Kalb. In 1782 he was elected to the assembly of his state, and in 1783 a member of congress, in which he served three years. He was also, in 1786, a member of the convention which considered the constitution of the United States—an assembly "of illustrious and eloquent men never equaled in any state." From 1790 to 1794 we find him senator of the United States, and he was sent by Washington as minister plenipotentiary to France.

On his return he was elected governor of Virginia, and in 1802 was appointed envoy extraordinary to France and negotiated the purchase of Louisiana from France, by which the territory of the United States was nearly doubled. Having successfully completed this mission, he was sent as minister to the British court, where he remained until 1806, when, in connection with Charles Pinckney, he was commissioned to negotiate with Spain for the purchase of Florida, in which he was equally successful. He remained abroad some five years, and on his return was again elected governor, and during Madison's administration was made secretary of state and also secretary of the navy, in which positions he remained six years. The part performed by Monroe at this important period was marked by disinterested patriotism, and so conspicuous were the services rendered during the contest for freedom that his nomination and election to succeed Madison were the logical outcome. He was elected, and entered upon his office on March 4, 1817, and on the conclusion of his term was elected for a second term, with but one dissenting voice.

On returning to his home in Virginia he was made a member of a committee to revise the constitution of his state. This was the last public work of his life, when, with health impaired, fortune shattered, overwhelmed by affliction (his wife died the year previous), he came to New York and made his home with his second daughter, the wife of Samuel L. Gouverneur, for nine years postmaster. The year following, July 4, 1831, he died, aged 73 years.

It may be noted here as a historical fact that two of his predecessors in the presidential chair, Adams and Jefferson, died also on Independence day, outliving them exactly five years.

On the day of his funeral public and private business was suspended, bells of the city muffled and tolled, the batteries in the harbor fired minute guns and a procession, headed by all the dignitaries of city, state and nation, estimated three miles long, accompanied his remains from old St. Paul's church to the Marble cemetery in Second street, where he reposed twenty-seven years, when the state of Virginia, proud of her illustrious son, claimed the remains, and they were removed under military escort to Richmond, Va., to find their last resting place in Hollywood cemetery.

It is beyond the province of this communication to enter into an extended notice of the transcendent services of this remarkable man. Had he done no more than acquire possession of Louisiana and Florida, propounded the Monroe doctrine and recognized the independence of the South American republics, he would have done enough to entitle him to the everlasting gratitude of the nation.

In a republic so young and means and material resources so limited, it required great moral courage boldly to declare to the monarchs of Europe "that the American continent henceforth would not be considered subject to future colonization by any European powers," and that "neither entangling ourselves in the broils of Europe nor suffering any power of the old world to interfere with the affairs of the new, any attempt on their part to extend to any portion of this hemisphere would be dangerous to our peace and safety and would be opposed accordingly."

Judged by the large territory he was instrumental in adding to the United States, and the declaration of the American policy, and the high position in the councils of the state he was called upon to fill it is safe to say that his career was brilliant beyond any of his predecessors, Washington only excepted, and we think posterity will so regard him.

Such, briefly, is the man who during the last year of his life made his home in our city and for over a quarter of a century in a sequestered spot known to but few old New Yorkers found sepulcher until claimed by the state which gave him birth. And the house in which he passed the last year of his life and died stands a short distance from Broadway neglected, unhonored, indeed, substantially unknown.

Naval Reserves' Outing.

DETROIT, July 30.—The United States ship Andy Johnson, bearing the Cleveland naval reserves, reached Detroit this afternoon. The reserves are on their way home from their annual encampment at Sandusky, and come here for a friendly visit to the Detroit reserves. The Johnson will proceed to Cleveland this evening.

Two Men Fall Six Stories.

CHICAGO, July 30.—John Anderson and Hagens Nelson were fatally injured by the dropping of a derrick on a new building at Market and Van Buren streets this afternoon. The men fell from the sixth story to the street.

SUFFERING WOMEN.

How Many of Them Have Quietly Obtained Advice That Made Them Well.

My sister, if you find that in spite of following faithfully your family doctor's advice, you are not getting well, why do you not try another course? Many and many a woman has quietly written to Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., stating her symptoms plainly and clearly, and taken her advice, which was promptly received. The following letter is a pretty strong confirmation of our claims:

"I had been sick for six months; one doctor told me I would have to go to a hospital before I would get well. I had female troubles in their worst form, suffered untold agonies every month; my womb tipped back to my backbone, had headache, hysteria, fainting spells, itching, leucorrhœa.

"My feet and hands were cold all the time, my limbs were so weak that I could hardly walk around the house; was troubled with numb spells. I have taken four bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one bottle of her Blood Purifier, one package of her Sanative Wash, and am entirely cured. I have not had one of those numb spells since. Can you wonder that I sing the praises of a medicine that has cured me of all these ills?"—Mrs. Louisa Place, 650 Belmont St., Brockton, Mass.

In the excitement and rush for sudden wealth it may be well to consider that we are giving you an opportunity right now—in Omaha—to make money—safer and surer than in the Klondyke gold fields—we refer to those new upright pianos that we are selling at such unheard of prices as—$98—$110—$118—$127—$148—$163 and $187—fourteen different makes—fancy and natural wood cases—on terms that make a piano purchase easy—$10 to $25 cash and only $6 to $10 a month—some organs at $10—$15—$22—$35—$47.50 and $63—$3 to $5 cash and $3 to $5 a month—better stake out your claim here—be free from the rigorous Alaska winter.

A. HOSPE, Jr.,
Music and Art,
1513 Douglas.

Talk about bein' rich—why de richest of de Omaha people stay by de five-cent Stoecker cigar—an' if you're goin' ter stay ter home or goin' to Alaska you can't make a better find dan de Stoecker—like de placer mines—all de bad is washed away and de good stays right in dat cigar—dey are so good dat my dad says all de dealers dat sell good cigars keep de Stoecker—an' dey tell him dat dey sell more Stoeckers dan any odder—dey don't make as much on dem—but you get de cigar fur your life—just fur a nickel—an' dis is de time fur you ter try one—if you haven't done it yet.

W. F. Stoecker
OMAHA
1404 DOUGLAS.

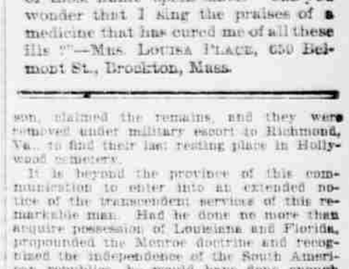
Gold goes by weight—if it is not all gold it weighs less than solid gold—if we say it's solid gold—depend upon it—it is—we have no gold mine in Klondyke—but our facilities for buying it are of the best—our judgment on designs is not questioned—everything that comes from here is guaranteed first class—no matter how low priced—we will sell you a wedding ring for $1.50, engraved—some for 75c—we sell a gold filled case watch—genuine American lever movement—for $7.00—warranted roll plate chain for $1.50.

C. S. Raymond,
JEWELER,
Mail Orders solicited from everywhere.
15th and Douglas.

We are going to use 22 kt. Klondyke gold—direct from Alaska—for our filling and crown work—some of these days—but maybe you need a new set of teeth—perhaps the ones you have are not satisfactory—there is one great feature about our thin elastic plates—they fit—and they are the most comfortable plate you can get—$10 is all we ask for a set accompanied by our guarantee that they are the best plate dentistry produces—a regular Alaska breeze plays over our operating chairs—electric fans and all other modern comforts—lady attendant.

BAILEY,
THE DENTIST,
15 Years Experience. 3d Floor Paxton Blk. 16th and Farnam.

Drex L. Shoeman has struck it rich up in Klondyke—he and the dog are having lots of fun up there—and as for gold—why it's just like finding it—speaking of gold bricks—we've got some on tap in the shape of boys' shoes—parents realize that we can shoe the boy with better shoes at a less cost—half as much—for the year's shoeing than anybody—take the shoe we sell for $1.50—tan or black—any style—it outwears other $2.50 shoes—one pair will last as long as two pairs of any other $1.50 shoe—one pair lasts three times as long as a cheaper shoe—try it.



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Wonderful what riches are stored away in the frozen north—but maybe these Klondyke gold stories are exaggerated—but there's no exaggeration here when we tell you that we have never yet found the pair of eyes we could not help where glasses are needed—you know we make our examination first—that's free—and we can tell you just what you need—we make the glasses to suit your case right in our own factory—that isn't free—but you will say it is a better investment than a Klondyke claim—we tell you the price before we do the work—no jog in a poke—either in price or quality and class of work.

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ARTISTIC, SCIENTIFIC AND PRACTICAL OPTICIANS.
DENVER 1649 Champa. OMAHA 225 S. 16th St. KANSAS CITY 916 Main.

Certainly—The Bee will be mailed to you in the Klondyke gold fields if you want it—what a satisfaction there would be in getting the news from home while toiling in that frigid country—as yet no news agents have been established in the new territory—but rest assured that The Bee will have subscribers there in a short time—gold dust taken on subscription—no matter where you go—nor for how short or how long a time—you should have the paper follow you—the sight of The Bee will be like the face of an old friend.

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