

transportation power, and the South Americans, who use pack mules, burros and goats.

A committee of South Dakota citizens is now here collecting money and food and clothing for the people at home. Some 800 tin boxes with locks were placed in much frequented stores, banks, shops, churches and other places likely to be visited by the charitable and wealthy. Inscriptions on these boxes appealed for aid for Dakota. It turns out now that the originator of this scheme, a Mr. D. L. Mulford, is one unworthy of public trust. Some very hard things are said about him, and his record shows that in the Christian morality line he has some very unsavory episodes in his biography. He would have made a nice thing out of the boxes if left alone for a few weeks, but some farmers who were swindled by him came to the front and spoiled his game.

The lottery business is not yet given up in North Dakota. It is supposed the lottery scheme will yet go through there. The virgin Legislature is already in the market. The following item from a Chicago morning paper presents the situation as it exists at present:

"The latest advices from Bismarck, N. D., are that the Louisiana Lottery Company is quoting legislators at \$300 apiece. During the morning prices ruled firm, the expected break downward at the opening not materializing."

This lottery affair has also developed another case of nose pulling, but not with the fatal results attendant on the Washington case. It will be remembered that two Kentucky gentlemen in Washington, one a judge and one a colonel, had a little dispute. The son of Mars pulled the nose of the son of Blackstone, and the latter pulled his revolver, making short work of the colonel. In Dakota two gentlemen named respectively Goodwin and Walsh quarreled about the lottery. Goodwin is a 200 pound lawyer, Walsh is a 150 pound politician. Goodwin charged Walsh with being one of the tools of the lottery agents. Walsh pulled Goodwin's nose, but Goodwin did not resent the affront to his proboscis. The clan Goodwin are tongue fighters, whereas the Walshes have a Clan-na-Gael ring about them and were made for war.

This nose-tweaking method of dueling seems rather strange, though the nose figures largely in war, politics and history. All great men have had big noses, but all the men who have big noses are far from being great. Napoleon chose his generals from the big nosed men, but the Duke of Wellington had a nose that over-awed the whole French army. In fact, the great duke was irreverently though affectionately nicknamed "Nosey," owing to the vastness of his nasal appendage. I believe the method of salutation in some countries is by rubbing noses. In New Brunswick, where Joseph Madill, editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, was born, blue noses are the fashion. In China the nose is not looked on at all as necessary to personal

beauty. Gibbons the famous historian had a nose that nobody could jull. It was a mere fleshy protuberance between the eyes. Tycho Brahe had his nose cut off in a duel, and then wore a home made one. Away back in the days of the good old times Rameses, the second king of Egypt, cut off the nose of a man who differed from him in politics. That was a very effective way of establishing political harmony. It was a pity President Harrison did not cut off Corporal Tanner's tongue. It would have been beneficent to both. In 1681 Charles the Second of England cut off Lord Coventry's nose for slandering some lady players of the stage. The dear old Stuart had a chivalrous regard for actresses and dames of easy virtue.

Frederick the Great lopped off the nose of one of his gentlemen soldiers for merely hinting at some army irregularities. One might go on for hours recounting incidents of nose adventures, but it is possible to have too much of a good thing, even in the mosaic line.

The news from other Territories is a little more cheering than that of the Dakotas. We have a member of the Wyoming Legislature in town. His name is Martin Hopkins. He is a staunch supporter of the Wyoming Bachelors' Taxation bill. He has expressed himself freely on the question. He says the new bill imposes an annual tax of \$2.50 on unmarried men over 35 years. But let him speak for himself. Here is what he said to a Chicago newspaper reporter yesterday at the Grand Pacific Hotel:

"The Quebec Legislature has provided that every head of a family of twelve children shall receive from the government 100 acres of land, while the French Chamber of Deputies has directed the minister of the interior to investigate the subject of compulsory marriage.

"Our bill, you see, is only the revival of an old idea. Bachelors were subject to a special tax under the old Roman law, as they were in England as late as the time of William III. Frederick the Great limited the mourning period for widowers to three months. At present the petitioner of France is urging that a certain age for marrying be fixed by the government, those who pass this line to be severely punished.

"After our bill has passed we expect an influx of young women. To-day Wyoming is the best hunting-ground for husbands in the United States. If 1000 unmarried women from Chicago should start for Wyoming this month I would guarantee that 99 per cent of the number would not be single a year. It takes a right hard disposition to block a match out there. Our school trustees want women for teachers; our young chaps want pretty, entertaining girls to take to parties; our bachelors want sensible, middle-aged women for life partners.

"Lots of women from the East have gone to Wyoming within the last few years, yet the demand is far greater than the supply. There are hundreds of young girls working like slaves for a mere pittance in Chicago who could go to Wyoming, get a school there, and decide on a husband. She would not have to look for one. The school-room is the greatest avenue to matrimony in the West. You would be

surprised to know that two-thirds of the wives of Wyoming's wealthy men were once schoolmarm. If this keeps on we won't have any schools.

"When I was here a year ago I advised a young teacher to go to Wyoming. She got a school about fifty miles north of Cheyenne and began work during the September term. In December she married a wealthy cattle-owner. Before her marriage she turned over her school to another young woman from Chicago. She, too, married in the spring. Then the trustees employed an old maid who had seen about sixty summers; but she was there only two months. She didn't get married, but the bachelor ranchmen who supported the school would not pay a cent until the old woman was removed. They said if we couldn't run a kind of a matrimonial shop along with our schools they would quit the Territory. The next teacher, an Omaha girl, was the prettiest one I ever saw!"

"Is she teaching now?"

"No."

"Married a ranchman?"

"No; one of the school trustees."

"Who was he?"

"Martin Hopkins, and he is proud of it;" and the wealthy citizen of Wyoming blushed like a girl.

We have a visitor from Utah here also. His name is R. F. Grant. He predicts something tremendous for Salt Lake in the near future. He says that a line of steamers will be run next summer between Salt Lake Beach and Kelton. He speaks enthusiastically of Utah as a summer resort.

We have George Francis Train here. He is making a holiday trip around the world. He wants to eclipse Nellie Bly and Miss Bisland. He lectured here, but the papers don't give George the attention he merits. We have also a member of the Rothchild family in town. He is a young man 25 years of age, plain and homely, and looks like a Jew drummer. At the Richeleu, the nabobs' hotel, the clerk wanted Mr. Rothchild to pay in advance for the front parlor which alone would suit the Jew. But when the young man proclaimed himself Baron Edward de Rothchild, and was corroborated by Mr. Belmont of New York, there was no further guarantee in advance demanded. The Baron is on his way to Mexico, which he says is the coming country.

Quite a little mishap befel one of our most prominent jewelers here a few days ago. It appears that devices and improvements in burglar alarms are all the rage with men of inventive genius. The jeweler has contrivance of his own invention, by which the slightest touch on a button in his safe gives an electric alarm at several police stations. The other night he was entertaining some lady friends from the country at his private residence. The conversation turned on burglars. The ladies wondered how men of wealth could sleep soundly in Chicago. The jeweler proposed by demonstration to show them. He took them to his town store and was explaining the safe mystery to them, when he accidentally touched the button. Quick as lightning a patrol wagon full of police was at the jeweler's store, and the jeweler and his lady friends were hustled