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Of every description executed with neatness and dispatch.

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FRACTICNER OF
Medicine, Surgery & Midwifery,
Registered.
HEPPNER, OREGON

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LEXINGTON, OREGON.

Attorney for the North American Attorneys and Tradesmen's Protective Union of Connecticut.

FRANK KELLOGG,
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Money to loan on improved farms. Office in First National Bank.

C. C. BOON,
Constable and Collector,
LEXINGTON, OREGON.

Will attend to auctioneering.

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Notary Public and Conveyancer,
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Deeds, Mortgages and all other Legal Instruments carefully drawn. Applications for State and School Lands made, and Pensions obtained.

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Land Agent and Notary Public,
LEXINGTON, OREGON.

Fillings taken on government land. Real estate advertised and sold on commission. New corners are laid out and be filled full of solid facts about the advantages of Morrow county. Office hours from 7 A. M. to midnight, Buchoer building.

R. LIEUALLEN,
GENERAL BLACKSMITH
And Horseshoer,

IS ALWAYS ON DECK AND PREPARED TO do anything in his line in a neat and workmanlike manner. Horses shod with care and accuracy.

Shop on C St., Lexington, Or.

G. W. BROCK,
Wagon and Carriage Maker,
REPAIRING DONE.

Arcade Street, Bet. C and D,
Lexington, Oregon.

ELKHORN
Livery & Feed Stable

NELSE MAGNUSON, Proprietor.

LEXINGTON, OR.

HORSES BOARDED BY THE DAY OR WEEK.

Outfits Furnished for Commercial Men at Reasonable Rates.

ALL KINDS OF TURNOUTS AND SADDLE Horses at the disposal of patrons.

An Ancient Chess King.

Haply some Rajah first in ages gone,
Amid his languid ladies fingered dice,
While a black nightingale, suitorward as he
Sang his own wife, love's passionate orison;
Haply thou mayst have pleased old Prester
John.

Among his pastures, when full royal
He sat in a tent—grave shepherds at his
knees,
While lamps of balsam winked and glistened
on.

What dost thou here? Thy masters are all
dead.
My heart is full of ruth and yearning pain.
At sight of thee, O King that hast a crown
Outfacing thine, and tells of greatness dead
Through cloud hung nights of unaltered rain
And murmur of the dark majestic town,
Jean Ingelow

KENTUCKY COLONELS.

How It Happens that They Are So Num-
erous in the Blue-Grass State.

It is somewhat hard for an outside
barbarian to understand why "Colonels"
are so plentiful in Kentucky. In the
first place Kentucky furnished a
great many soldiers, both to the
Northern and the Southern armies,
during the war, and naturally some of
these soldiers are sure-enough colonels
by rank and service. Others who were
minor officers, or perhaps high privates,
are now dubbed colonels by way of
courtesy. Then we have a very few
colonels who hold over from the Mexi-
can war, and there are other colonels
of militia, like the Louisville Legion,
who come by their titles honestly. The
Governor of Kentucky has the privilege
of appointing persons on his staff
with the rank of colonel. These col-
onels are expected to look pretty and
martial at the Governor's ball and to
ride horseback when the Governor
heads a procession. The last duty fre-
quently gives them great pain and
anxiety. There are scores and scores
of these Governor-staff colonels in this
proud old Commonwealth.

Some Executives have been more
lavish than others in the distribution of
these gilded honors. That kindly old
gentleman, Gov. Luke Blackburn, M.
D., was fond of creating colonels.
During his term he made some sixty
colonels in the city of Louisville alone,
if I remember the figures correctly.
There are various reasons which entitle
a man to this gubernatorial com-
pliment. Col. Will Hayes is a colonel
because he is such a gifted poet, while
Col. Albert Dietzman was given his
title by Gov. Knott because he was the
greatest business manager on earth.
I trust these facts will make it some-
what clearer to the wondering North-
western why colonels are so plentiful
in Kentucky. But there are other rea-
sons. Many prominent citizens are
honored with this complimentary title
simply as a recognition of their merit
by the community. Thus every man
who conducts a large distillery is ipso
facto a colonel; for instance, Col. John
M. Atherton, or Col. Tom Sherry.
Every prominent railroad official is
also a colonel; for instance, Col. Milton
H. Smith. Every Congressman is a
colonel, as Col. Asher G. Caruth.
Every man with a Government office is
a colonel; as Col. George Du Ruelle.
Every great editor is a colonel, like
Col. Henry Watterson. The Chief of
the Police Department is a de facto
colonel, as Col. Wood. Then there are
other gentlemen who are colonels be-
cause no other title fits them. But the
law on the subject is a little vague and
has never been formulated by the Legis-
lature.

If a man has been a captain in the
war, never call him captain; call him
colonel. He is entitled to this promo-
tion twenty-four years after the war
closed. The only men proud to be
called captain are the commanders of
steamboats, the captains of fire com-
panies, the conductors of railroad
trains and the officers in a Salvation
Army. The title of major is compar-
atively rare, and, therefore, is really
more of a distinction than colonel.
Only prominent people who have seen
actual service wear the title; for in
stance, Major Ed Hughes and Major J.
Washington Wann. But still if you
call a major a colonel he is not likely to
get mad at you. By the observance of
these few rules I have jotted down,
the stranger can get along in Kentucky
without committing any serious breach
of etiquette.—*Louisville Post.*

Tale of a War Horse.

An officer of experience, writing on
the behavior of horses in battle, says:
When it comes to battle a horse seems
to know everything that is going on
but he does his duty nobly, and seems
to be in his element. He enters into
the spirit of the battle like a human
being. He shows no fear of death, and
it is singular that if his mate is shot
down he will turn to look at him and
seem pleased. A horse in my battery
was once struck by a piece of shell,
which split his skull, so that one side
was loose. The driver turned him
loose, but he walked up by the side of
the gun and watched the firing, and
when a shot was fired would look away
in the direction of the enemy, as if to
see the effect of the shot. When a shell
would burst near by he would calmly
turn and look at it. When he saw his
own team going back for ammunition
he ran back to his own place and gal-
loped back to the caisson with the
rest. When the Lieutenant pushed
him aside to put in another horse, he
looked at the other one sorrowfully
while he was being harnessed up, and
when he seemed to realize that there
was no further use for him he lay
down and died. The Lieutenant strongly
asserted that he died of a broken
heart.—*Court Journal.*

A stranger stopped at Burns & Gra-
ham's hotel at Fort Costa Sunday night
of last week. Next morning he left, tak-
ing James Owens' Sunday best suit of
clothes and a fine watch. Owens is
employed at Selby's smelter.

Soap Bubbles.

All boys and girls like to make soap
bubbles, but few know how to make
those that will last for an hour if left
undisturbed. To make them, take
palm-oil soap and shave finely, then
put the shavings in a large bottle of
distilled water, and shake until dis-
solved. Filter this through a piece of
gray filtering paper, fold the paper in
crimps so that it will fit into a funnel.
When the solution is filtered add about
one-third as much glycerine as you
have solution. Always shake well be-
fore using. These bubbles must be
blown through a rubber tube fitted on
the tube of a small glass funnel with a
rim two inches in diameter. To have
the bubbles last a long time blow them
into iron rings laid on a piece of carpet
and wet with the solution.—*Good Housekeeping.*

When the President was returning
from his Bar Harbor visit in company
with Private Secretary Halford their
special car upon reaching Philadelphia
was attached to the 3-58 express for
Washington over the Pennsylvania
railroad. Shortly after the train had
left the city the conductor, who is one
of the oldest employees of the road and
well known in this city, went into the
car where the President and Halford
were conversing. The President not-
iced the Grand Army button on the
conductor's coat and immediately gave
the military salute.

Wouldn't Ride with the President.

"Mr. President, I have a favor to
ask of you," said the conductor.
"Well, what is it?" said the Presi-
dent, with the old, weary, anti-olice-
seeker look on his face.
"I want you to let me bring in my
little boy, Harry, who is on the train,
and introduce him."
The chief magistrate's face bright-
ened instantly and he replied: "Bring
him in, by all means."
The boy, a bright little fellow of
about 11 years, was brought into the
private car and duly introduced. The
President put his arm affectionately
about the boy and, drawing him to
him, said:
"Now, Harry, you must sit right
down and ride the rest of the way to
Washington with me."
Harry didn't exactly know how to
receive this proposition at first, and
then, looking up into the President's
face, he said innocently, in his childish
treble:
"I'd rather ride with the baggage
master."

The President and Mr. Halford both
roared, and as the child led the car
the President remarked: "That's the
first time since I've been in office that
a baggage master's company has been
preferred to mine."—*Philadelphia In-
quirer.*

No More Subterfuge in His.

"But the quickest drink I ever took
was in our New Jersey watering place—
Asbury Park. They practice prohi-
bition there to a painful extent, so
that a man will take great chances
when he's very dry. A friend and my-
self were instructed to go to a certain
druggist whose reputation for lawful
dealing was not unsullied, and to call
for soda with ipecac, at the same time
winking with the left eye, whereupon
we would receive what we wanted.
We went to the apothecary.
"What'll you have?" said he.
"Soda with ipecac," said we, as we
simultaneously depressed our left eye-
lids.
"He obligingly went to the other end
of the shop, returned with a decanter
containing a delicious-looking, ruby-
colored fluid, poured three fingers of it
into each glass, filled the same with
soda water, and passed the foaming
draughts across the counter.
"Regards," said Charley, as he lifted
the beverage to his lips.
"Same to you," said I, and we buried
our noses in the fragrant froth. But it
was an unfamiliar fragrance. We set
our glasses down.
"What did you put in this?" I asked
the druggist, who was methodically
wiping off the counter.
"Ipecac," he replied, with freezing
nonchalance.
"Ipecac!" exclaimed Charley, in a
horrible tone.
"Ipecac. That's what you called
for, wasn't it?"
"I threw down a quarter, and, with-
out waiting for change or saying an-
other word, we bolted, and made for
the wild and lonely seashore, where
Charley, who had taken the largest
gulp of the infernal mixture, practi-
cally illustrated the physiological effect
of an emetic. The psychological effect
of that adventure clings to me still. I
am opposed to all subterfuges in this
business."—*Boston Herald.*

Nearly all the steel pens used in this
country are manufactured here, though
20 years ago nearly all were imported.
Now only the highest priced ones are
imported. We use about 1,000,000
gross every year, which is not so large
a number as might appear, consider-
ing that it is estimated that there are
pens about for all the inhabitants. As
many people who use them wear out a
gross (144 pens) or more in a year, it
is evident that there must be a great
many who never use a steel pen at all.
The pens are made of imported steel,
which is preferred because of its more
uniform quality. It is rolled into big
it is annealed, rolled to the thickness
required, then tempered and cut and
stamped into pens. Much skill is re-
quired in all these operations and in
those of finishing the pens for use. The
manufacture and trade in steel pens
has seen very little change for a gener-
tion.—*Good Housekeeping.*

There is a growing demand in En-
gland for human skin leather.

The average life of an ocean cable,
as at present constructed, is twelve
years.

The French army officers are now all
armed with revolvers, during the war
of 1870 they had none.

M. Meissonier is the first painter ever
raised to the dignity of Grand Cross of
the Legion of Honor.

King Louis, of Portugal, gave the
copyrights of his literary works to
charitable institutions.

There were over 250 varieties of
chrysanthemums on exhibition at a
flower show at Los Angeles, Cal.

The most interesting exhibition in
Europe next year will be the loan exhi-
bition of tapestry at the Austrian Mu-
seum.

Anson Willesey of Avon, Ill., a rol-
licking blade of 85 years, was married
recently to Susanna McCoy, a blushing
maiden of 54.

Prince Louis Napoleon, who was
lately an officer of the Italian Reserves,
has obtained a commission as Major in
the Russian army.

Harriet Beecher Stowe recently said:
"I wish writers of my life would wait
until I am dead before they publish
their biographies."

Louis Kossuth declares vehemently
that he will not accept Italian or any
other citizenship, but will die as he has
lived, a Hungarian.

John Tyndall, father of the famous
scientist, was a carpenter by trade. He
gived in the little town of Carlow,
forty-four miles from Dublin, Ireland.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, the Wom-
an Suffragist, claims Boston as her
home, but spends nine months in the
year lecturing in various parts of the
country.

Miss Amelia B. Edwards says the
work of a galley slave is not to be com-
pared with his or her work who under-
takes to extract a guinea from the
pocket of a Britisher.

MISSING LINKS.

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Andrew Jackson Pine, who died re-
cently at Harrisburg, Pa., had been
chief page of the Pennsylvania House
of Representatives for twenty-eight
years. He became a page at the age
of 14.

Mr. Lew Rosen is responsible for the
rather expressive and suggestive re-
mark that "A. M. Palmer has been
connected with the stage in New York
almost as long as some of our popular
soubrettes."

Monaco, to which only consuls are
accredited, has a big diplomatic corps
in the rest of Europe, and its diplo-
mats display a profusion of gold lace
and titles purely for the honor of serv-
ing the principality gratis.

A wild hog was shot recently at Oak
Hill, Cal., which weighed 500 pounds.
It was snow-white and had tusks six
inches long. A pound of lead was
found in his carcass, the result of efforts
of former hunters to kill him.

The English statistics give a notable
decrease in their convict population
during the last twenty years. The total
number of convicts under sentence
of penal servitude was 6,405 in July;
twenty years ago it was 11,660.

King Luis of Portugal did not in all
his reign sign a single order for capital
punishment. He had conscientious
scruples against inflicting the death
penalty, and so succeeded in making
it practically obsolete in his dominions.

The late John F. Smith, the great
Philadelphia typefounder gave to vari-
ous charities more than \$100,000 a
year during the closing years of his
long and useful life. "Everything I
have to give away," he said, "I shall
give away before I die.

A sensible suggestion is made that
the movement to restore the monument
to the memory of Mary Washington,
the mother of the first President, shall
include the purchase of the old house
in which she lived and died. It is a
small house at Fredericksburg.

Philip McKim, the new steward of
the White House, has sixteen green
isafactors to the Harrisons. He under-
stands old-fashioned American cookery
better than did Hugo Ziemann, and
can provide the president with better
pies than could the Chicago chef.

important for a boy to learn to swim
as for a girl to learn the art of cookery,
and claims that the swimming bath
adds to the comfort of the scholars and
assists in the work of education.

From the tabulated returns just com-
piled in the office of the state superin-
tendent of public instruction it has
been ascertained that the total number
of trees planted on Arbor Day in the
school districts throughout Massachu-
setts, outside of the cities, was 24,166.
These were all planted on school
grounds.

Gen. Boulanger lives a curious life
on the Island of Jersey. He spends his
time in reading history and talking
politics to his followers. He smokes a
vast number of cigarettes and seems in-
clined to disobey the commands of his
physicians regarding wine. He is
punctilious as regards to his dress and
always dons an evening suit for din-
ner.

It is announced that F. Marion Craw-
ford, the novelist, is to become a resi-
dent of Washington, D. C. Crawford
is a very handsome man, in perfect
health, and is known all over Europe
as an accomplished swordsman. He is
a good deal above the average height
and keeps his muscles in perfect con-
dition. He will form an attractive ad-
dition to Washington society.

Mr. Gladstone said in a recent ad-
dress to a workmen's organization:
"It was not extravagant to say that al-
though there were but 2,000,000 people
in the thirteen American colonies at
the time of the American revolt, yet
from among those 2,000,000 of people
there proceeded at that epoch a group
of statesmen that might defy the whole
history of the world to beat them in
any one period of time. Such were
the consequences of a well-regulated
and a masculine freedom."

Capt. Christian Emson, a fine old
seafaring and shipowning Dane, who
has been in this country nearly seventy
years, died in Ocean county, New Jer-
sey, recently, aged 96. In the coasting
trade he had accumulated a fortune of
\$2,000,000. He was in the Danish
navy as a youth, and remembered the
first Napoleon. "I could not help but
put two fingers," he went on to say,
"but he had a hat full of brains! If
his ambition had been no bigger than
himself he would not have failed.
Plucher, not Wellington, was the man
that failed him!"

BROUGHT TO TERMS.

A Story That Proves that a Dog Can Reason and Remember.

Mrs. E. Pieton had a Skye terrier
which manifested a strong aversion to
being washed, says the *Youth's Com-
panion*. In time this aversion increased
to such a degree that the servants re-
fused to perform their ablutions, being
afraid to do so on account of the fer-
ocity evinced by the dog on such oc-
casions. Mrs. Pieton herself was un-
willing to undertake the office, for
though the animal was passionately at-
tached to his mistress such was his
horror of the bath that even she was
not safe. Threats, beating, and starv-
ing were of no avail. He was deter-
mined; he would not take a bath.

At last I hit upon a new device.
Without curtailing his liberty in any
way I gave him to understand, by tak-
ing no notice of him, that he had
offended me. He was usually the com-
panion of my walks, but now I refused
to let him accompany me. On return-
ing home I took no notice of his demon-
strative welcome and if he came look-
ing up at me for caresses when I was
engaged either in reading or needle-
work I deliberately turned my head
aside. This state of things continued
for a week or ten days and the poor
animal looked wretched and forlorn.
There was evidently a conflict going on
within him which told visibly on his
outward appearance.

Then one morning he crept quietly
up to me, and gave me a look which
said as plainly as words could have
done. "I can stand it no longer; I
submit." And submit he did, quietly
and patiently, to one of the roughest
ablutions it had ever been his lot to ex-
perience. After the washing was over,
he bounded to me with a joyous bark
and wag of his tail, saying "submit-
submit, as you say it is right now." He
took, as of right, his place by my side
when I went out to walk, and retained
from that time his usual joyous de-
monstrations.

When the time for the next bath
came around, the old spirit of obstinacy
revived, but a single look at my aver-
ed countenance was sufficient for him,
and he again submitted without a mur-
mur. Why should we hesitate to
ascribe a reasoning faculty to an animal
in which a struggle between opposing
desires could thus be carried on for
days together?

Wonderful Memories.

John Wesley had a remarkable mem-
ory, and at 85 it was still vigorous.

Both Macaulay and Sir Walter Scott
had prodigious memories.

Andrew Fuller could repeat a poem
of 500 lines after hearing it read once
or twice.

Before the days of shorthand report-
ing "Memory Woodfall" used to attend
the house of commons, and after list-
ening to a debate, would reproduce
the whole without taking a single
note.

Robert Pasfield, an illiterate Puritan,
invented a long leather girdle, which
he wound twice about his body, upon
which he preserved an accurate biblical
record. By means of this girdle he
was able to take such notes of the ser-
mon that on returning home he could
give all the heads and quote all the
various texts mentioned in it.—*All the
Year Round.*

A Couple of Agents.

The peripatetic agent occasionally
slips by the vigilant watchman and be-
gules the government clerk into buy-
ing things he doesn't want. One
struck in on the postoffice department
yesterday at lunch time, says the Wash-
ington Post. He cornered a peace-
looking clerk, produced a roll, shot
out a score of sample binding, and be-
gan to talk.

"I want to show you the most elegant
edition of Dickens' works in the market at
price incommensurate with the quality
of 50 cents a week and here are 50 cents
to pay the agent when he brings you your
first volume."

He shoved his hand into his pocket
and brought out a half-dollar and
slapped it on the desk as he rattled
along.

"It is the only chance you will ever have to
secure such an elegant set of Dickens."
The clerk raised his head deprecating-
ly. "I have been a book-peddler
myself."

Without another word the agent
picked up his money and walked out of
the building.

But he wasn't a circumstance to the
thing which blew into the state depart-
ment a few weeks ago. He got into
the stiffest, most English-y-know di-
vision of diplomats in the whole build-
ing. His hat was tipped low and he
was as rakish as possible.

"Well, boys, how does the cat jump
to-day?" was his first salutation.
The icicles on the ink-wells grew a
couple of inches.

"Say, if any of you chaps is got any
bad teeth you want yanked out for a
quarter I'm your darby, and I've got
the tweezers right here in my pocket."

The temperature slid right
through the bottom of the bulb and the
traveling tooth-jerker found himself in
the hall. He wasn't thrown out; he
was simply frozen out.

The Amateur Artist Knocked Out.

A Philadelphia tourist stopped off at
North Yakima recently. As usual,
there were scattered along the prin-
cipal street groups of Indians in full
dress of buckskin leggings, and red
blankets, feathers and green paint.
The tourist wandered on until he came
face to face with a chief. With an ex-
clamation of satisfaction he pulled his
Kodak in front of him and uncovered
the slide. In an instant the red man
comprehended. Perhaps he had been
caught before. He threw up his hands
in front of his face and shouted:
"Ugh! Ugh! Bad medicine. Pic-
ture no good. Bad medicine."

The tourist only laughed and persist-
ed. The chief stepped forward and
pushed the camera to one side. The
tourist gave the Indian a shove and got
a blow in return. Three or four white
men came to the rescue of the Phila-
delphian and several braves gathered
about the chief and muttered, while
one of the youngest laid his hand on a
knife. There was a parley, which ended
in the tourist putting up his Kodak
and the chief mounting his cayuse and
going down the street at full speed and
with an occasional whoop in the di-
rection of the reservation. Who that
has suffered from the amateur photo-
grapher will not say that the Indian
did just right?

"Bad medicine. Picture no good,
Bad medicine."—*Globe-Democrat.*

The Newspapers of the United States.

Nine years ago the tenth census in-
cluded an enumeration of the news-
papers published in all the states and
territories in 1880. The total number
of periodicals then registered was 11,-
314, of which 971 were published daily.

The enumeration of Rowell's News-
paper Directory was less complete than
that of Mr. North for the census.
Rowell, in his edition of 1880, gave
9,723 periodicals, and 843 dailies. That
is to say, the figures of the census were
more than 16 per cent. over Rowell's
figures for the total of publications, and
more than 15 per cent. over Rowell for
the number of dailies.

This year Rowell's Directory men-
tions not less than 16,319 papers print-
ed in the United States, including 1,494
dailies. If the deficiencies of his enu-
meration for 1880, as compared with
Prof. North's enumeration for the last
census, the number of periodicals issued
in the United States to-day is not far
from 19,000, and the number of daily
newspapers not far from 1,700.—*N. Y.
Sun.*

Made The Parrot Tired.

Harry Whitehouse, of Omaha, has a
parrot named Jim which he prizes very
highly. Heretofore Jim has had the
open sesame to every part of the house
and has been the honored guest of
every occasion of social importance.
But henceforth Jim will be relegated
to the woodshed when guests are en-
tertained at the Whitehouse home. Jim
is said to be the most proficient con-
versationalist of the entire Nebraska
parrot family, and he spread himself
yesterday. A gentleman called on Mr.
Whitehouse in the afternoon. The
minutes flew by and became hours, and
still the visitor remained. The gentle-
man's special hobby is the tariff ques-
tion, and he discussed it yesterday to
his heart's content