THE PROFITS OF AN EVANGELIST

Sam Small Tells How He Pays His Debts—He Refuses to be Swindled.

"I have receipts in full for $5,700 of debts paid in Atlanta since I was converted, less than fourteen months ago. Many of these were barred by the statute, by bankrupt proceedings, and many were partnership obligations, yet I paid them as I came to them in the order that I thought they ought to be preferred. There are a couple of thousand dollars yet to pay, but that will be met fully inside of a few months, I am sure. Of course, I never stopped to think before I was converted, how much I was in debt, and I was astonished when all these old wraiths of my past folly and recklessness mounted up before me. I mean to pay every cent of them as quickly as possible, and as may be just. Let me say here, that of the $8,000 that I have brought to Atlanta and paid out here in a year, not a dollar of it came out of an Atlanta pocket. I have not spent a cent of any Atlanta money, for I haven't received any within that time. And while we are talking about debts, I wish the Atlanta people who owe me about $600 for court reporting fees would pay me the sums they owe me, for that would help me wonderfully to keep on feeding these little red-eared collection lawyers who are keeping up a clatter about what I ought to do. I have unearthed a couple of receipts lately for money paid years ago, and paid again since my conversion, and made the parties refund the last payments. I have in hand a paid draft for a bill recently presented a second time, and I am waiting for the fellow to swear to this second bill, and then I will make it warm for him. It is an awful soft snap to some of these fellows to come up with a hang-dog look and say I made the account when I was drunk. They are a pretty set of scamps to be talking around as if they were honest men who were suffering great wrongs. Not only this, but I have had ex-barkeepers, who used to threaten to kick me out of their places when I was tight, come to me since my conversion to give them money to pay their rent, buy medicine for their sick wives and bread for their children, and, thank God, I gave it to them freely and gladly."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

DOSED TO DEATH.

A Baby Killed with Cough Medicine.

A Detroit despatch says: Coroner Lansing was called to 189 Hastings street yesterday to investigate the death of Ethel Harbert, a 7 months-old colored girl who died at noon. The little girl was taken sick the day before and the mother of the child gave her a dose of patent nostrum for coughs. The child continued to grow worse and Dr. H. F. Lyster was called in. The doctor said that her symptoms indicated opium poisoning. On inquiry he found that the mother had given the child enough of the cough mixture to make two doses for an adult, five drops being specified on the label of the bottle as the doses for children. Dr. Lyster expressed the opinion that the opium in the cough mixture killed the child, and the Coroner looks upon the case as one of criminal carelessness upon the part of the mother.

The Simplest Articles of Diet Are the Safest.

It has come to this, that the simplest articles of diet are the safest, and that is, in my opinion, another argument in favor of plain living. Yes, the simplest are the safest, and, let me add, the best are the cheapest. The butcher, for example, or the egg merchant, cannot adulterate his wares, but he may have several qualities; and there is a stage at which all animal foods arrive, when kept in shops, which renders them to a large extent poisonous, and this is as bad, if not worse, than adulteration. We often hear it said that shop eggs, as they are called, are good enough for frying, with bacon for example. This is a positive mistake; an egg that has even a suspicion of staleness about it is deleterious to health, not to say dangerous, no matter whether it be fried or boiled. And the same may be said of flesh meats of all kinds, and I will not except a hare or venison. I am quite prepared to have this little sentence poohpoohed by the robust and healthy. I only add that I adhere to it, that I have the courage of my convictions, and furthermore, that I have invalids and dyspeptics and those with delicate digestions in my thoughts as I write. I grant you, my healthful athlete, who can tramp over the moors with gun and bag from morning dawn till dewy eve, and never feel tired, that the eating of long-kept game may not seem to injure you, but the bare fact that piquant sauces and stimulants are needed to aid its digestion is exceedingly suspicious. There are two animals in particular that like their food high and tender; one is the crocodile, the other our friend the dog; both have wonderfully strong digestive powers; little inferior, in point of fact, to that of the ostrich, about which bird so many fanciful stories have been written and told. It may be said, without much fear of contradiction, that any kind of food or any mixed diet or meal which requires the aid of stimulant, either of the nature of a condiment or wines, is not salutary. Such diet as this is a tax upon the whole system, and causes heat and discomfort, and a feverish state of the blood, which can only end in debility of the nervous system and more or less of prostration. But those who would obtain the greatest amount of health and comfort from the food they eat must be most careful in its selection. Leaving idiosyncrasy out of count for the present, although every one ought to know what agrees with him and what does not, there are many things connected with the value and digestibility of food obtained from various sources that I do well to remind the reader of.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

The Power of the Will.

"Yes, gentlemen," said the colonel, "as Hamlet said, 'Give me the man who is not passion's slave, and I will wear him in my heart of hearts.' The power of the will, when properly directed, is wonderful and beautiful. It uplifts humanity to the level of the gods. It——"

"Have you ever had occasion," interposed the major, "to put your mental strength to any severe test, colonel?"

"Yes, sir," replied the colonel. "Two years ago I took the pledge for a week, and kept it."—*New York Sun.*

MORE MALPRACTICE IN DETROIT

Mary Morgan's Death Supplemented by Another Fatal Case.

A Detroit despatch says: Mary Morgan's sad death has been supplemented by that of another victim of malpractice. This time it is Jennie Phillips, of Rintoul, an unusually handsome young woman, 22 years old, who came to this city on the 4th inst. from Jackson and went to live at the house of Mrs. Nellie McAuley, No. 91 East Fort street. When she applied for admission to the house she appeared to be perfectly well and nothing unusual was noticed in her condition until the following Monday, when she complained of severe pains. On Tuesday she became so unwell that Dr. G. Richards was sent for and at once said that the girl's condition was due to malpractice. The girl at first denied it, but later in the evening admitted it, and said that she had been cautioned by the doctor not to say anything about the matter under any circumstances. Dr. Richards continued to visit her every day until Tuesday evening, when she died. Yesterday morning Coroner Lansing and the police were notified of her death and at once commenced an investigation. They soon learned the name of the doctor who is alleged to be responsible for the girl's death, but as there is as yet no direct evidence against him his name is withheld from the public. The coroner will hold an inquest on Monday. There are no relatives of the victim living in Michigan. Five or six years ago she came from England with a younger sister named Fanny, who lives near Galt, Ont. Among her effects is a letter postmarked Vallens, Beverly Township, Canada. It is from her sister, and is signed Fanny Rintoul.

A Detroit despatch says: Minnie Dunn, a friend and confidante of the dead girl, Jennie Phillips, who has been held as a witness, being assured that it was useless for her to hold back information, has told the whole story to the detectives. She says about two weeks before Jennie Phillips died the latter asked her to accompany her while she had an operation performed. Minnie consenting, they went together to Dr. Cox's office. Dr. Cox, so the girl says, cautioned them not to say anything about what occurred. The evidence of the Dunn girl is corroborated by that of Mrs. McCauley, the woman who says Jennie told her Dr. Cox performed the operation. Cox was arrested yesterday, and arraigned before Justice Haugh this afternoon, and held for examination in $5,000 bail, with two sureties

A MASSACHUSETTS ROW.

Salem Given Up to Mob Rule for a Time.

A Salem, Mass., despatch says: There was considerable rioting by striking tanners in this city again yesterday. Simeon K. Yeaton and Joshua Yeaton, brothers, the former a non-union workman and the latter the proprietor of a non-union boarding-house, were pursued on the street by a mob of 500 strikers, who followed them to Kelly & Reagan's yard, where the pursued men were protected by two police officers, who closed the gates. The mob tore down the fences and terribly assaulted the Yeaton brothers. Simeon Yeaton then fired his revolver into the mob, the bullet striking John J Halpine, one of the rioters, in the side. Halpine was taken to his hotel severely wounded, and the Yeatons were finally safely escorted to the police station by officers. Later the mob wrecked a street car, smashing it to splinters. They then savagely attacked Andrew Ferguson and Andrew Bowser, non-union men, and they were terribly beaten. Next the mob visited Foote's boarding-house, where two more non-union men were assaulted and badly beaten. By this time a large body of police had arrived on the scene and the mob was dispersed. The leaders will be arrested.

STEAMER LOST.

The Sulina Becomes a Wreck on a Shoal.

A Halifax despatch says: The steamer Sulina, formerly the Ripon, on a voyage from Antwerp to Boston, struck on a shoal three miles southeast of Cape Sable lighthouse at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon and has become a complete wreck. The crew, which numbered 27 men, landed at the Cape Sable lighthouse in their own boats last evening. When the steamer was left the engines were under water and the seas breaking over the deck. A heavy gale raged all night and this morning.

The Sulina was under charter by the Furness Line, and had on board a large quantity of beetroot sugar, glass and steel, besides other miscellaneous cargo. The ship was only two years old, being built in Newcastle, in 1884, and was owned by W. B. Bailey, of Hull, England. Portions of the steamer and her cargo are washing ashore. Had it not been for the severe storm of last night it is thought the wreck would not have been so complete. News of other disasters is expected as the result of the gale.

A Hog Stampede.

A drove of a hundred hogs that were being driven through Allegheny became frightened and stampeded. About a dozen ran into a drug store bleeding and covered with mud. Two ladies who were waiting for prescriptions screamed with fear. One of them sprang on the counter and the other clambered upon the soda fountain. After upsetting every article of furniture in the store the fattest of the affrighted hogs tried to get behind the prescription counter and overturned the stove. The stove is heated by natural gas, and when it was upset the pipe was broken and a sheet of flame shot up almost to the ceiling. A disastrous conflagration would have been the result but for the prompt action of the proprietor, who turned off the gas. Two of the hogs were badly burned. The owners of the swine were compelled to carry them out.

A Short Call.

"Is your first name, George, Mr. Featherly?" inquired Bobby, as the young man seated himself in the parlor and began to draw off his gloves.

"No, Bobby," replied Featherly, with an amused smile. "Why?"

"Oh, nothin', only I heard Clara tell ma she expected George to-night, and that she hoped to goodness there wouldn't be any other callers."

DIVORCE IN HIGH LIFE.

The Son of the Duke of Argyll and an Irish Lady.

INTERESTING STATEMENT BY THE LATTER.

She Indignantly Denies the Story About Her Relation to the Prince of Wales.

A London cable of yesterday says:

Lady Colin Campbell's brougham stood in front of her residence in the Victoria Mansions, Westminster, when I called there this morning by appointment. I found her preparing to leave. She is a Celtic brunette, and an admitted beauty. About five feet nine inches in height, stately, and with a frank face and lustrous eyes, she much resembles the Rose Eytinge of twenty years ago. She was wearing a high, open front bonnet, of dark straw, trimmed with dark velvet and jet aigrettes. A dolman of superb sable entirely covered her dress.

"I have not the slightest objection to telling Americans," she began, "what is likely to occur during my divorce suit, which begins on Friday, and that will, I am assured, last at least a week. Particularly not, because the most ridiculous and incorrect statements have been printed in America about my case, some of which I have seen and much of which has been told me. There is absolutely no truth in the story that the Prince of Wales was mixed up in my case. It is wholly an invention. I do not believe there was ever one social whisper here on the subject. Then I have been represented at the time of my marriage—as in this paragraph—as an American lady. I see no slur but a compliment in that. But I am Irish, born in County Clare, of which my father, Edmond Maghlin Blood, was once Sheriff. I am his youngest daughter. "Then I am represented as defending Lord Colin's suit. I am plaintiff. I am already judiciously separated from him for his cruelty. I now sue for a full divorce on the ground of his infidelity. I have made a certain housemaid co-respondent. The evidence, my counsel agree, is, on this head, indisputable.

"The details of my first suit have never been published, for it was heard in camera. Enough to say that my father was the principal witness to disclosures made to him by Lord Colin. These were corroborated by the fullest medical evidence as to his condition that led to my long illness.

"In the pending proceedings he answered by recriminations quite as baseless as those about the Prince. My friends believe they are made purely in revenge. To show how strong is Lord Colin's motive in this respect, when I was at the Hotel Windsor, in Paris, after the decree of separation—which, by the way, four tribunals upheld on his appeal from it—he obtained a warrant from the Paris authorities, which can be obtained on a mere statement, to commit me to Saint-Lazare, the home of depraved women. I was in Paris with my parents. It is this trip on which originated the allegation that the Duke of Marlborough is my co-respondent. Both he and I are to be witnesses regarding the absurdity of the charge. This warrant was intended to degrade me. I was ignorant of it, however, until Mr. Lewis recently discovered it. I left Paris the day after it was obtained, and before Lord Colin could make it effectual. Dr. Bird is made another co-respondent against me. This charge follows on an attempt by the doctor to collect against Lord Colin a judgment for medical fees. During the hearing of my first case his advocate, Dr. Deane, who again appears, distinctly told the Judge that there was no suspicion as to any infidelity on my part. Please observe that all the cross charges are now alleged upon dates before that first trial and decree. Is it to be supposed that the astute lawyers of Lord Colin had not then made the most rigid inquiry into my past life? I wish, therefore, that it may be distinctly understood that none of the ridiculous charges hinge upon dates subsequent to my decree. Lord Colin might as well have made every male acquaintance I have co-respondents as select Colonel Butler and Captain Shaw. An order for documents has, of course, been had, but there is no letter or paper whatsoever to be brought forward in alleged corroboration of Lord Colin's charges. These rest upon the evidence of discharged servants, one of whom will arrive to-morrow from America, I hear, a former butler of Lord Colin's, who, I understand, has since been in the service of Mr. Jay Gould, on his yacht.

"The whole of the charges will be, I am told, heard together. Sir Richard Webster will open for me, and my case can be heard in a day. Then the defence of denial and recrimination will be opened and the witnesses heard. Their cross-examination is likely to be long. Finally, I and all the co-respondents will be called."

Question—Then you have no fears as to the result?

Answer—Not the slightest as to the legal result, but, naturally, some as to the effect of this throwing mud upon the minds of credulous, gossipy, evil thinking people.

Lady Colin Campbell's frank, ingenuous, earnest manner throughout fully corroborated this confidence.

Later in the day I happened upon Lord Colin and one of his solicitors passing near one of the law inns. He certainly bears no traces of being the great grandson of one of the Miss Gunnings, the famous beauty of London in the early part of the reign of George III.

The case, coming on immediately after the Sebright and Coleridge scandals, attracts the greatest attention. Were the court room, where the trial begins on Friday, as large as the Crystal Palace, it would not contain the crowds anxious to gain admission.

A last (Friday) night's London cable gives the continuation of Mr. Russell's address on behalf of Lady Campbell as follows: Of course the plaintiff could not have had any idea of what ailed her betrothed husband. The marriage was not consummated until October, 1881. The case was so very horrible, declared the lawyer, that he would refrain as far as possible from even alluding to its details.

At this point the venerable Duke of Argyll, the defendant's father, entered the court-room and took a seat beside Lord Colin Campbell, near whom the Marquis of Lorne, the defendant's eldest brother, had already taken a seat.

Continuing, Mr. Russell said that Dr. Bird, who had attended both Lord and Lady Colin Campbell, would testify to show that the lady's life was well nigh unendurable, but that she had tried to do what she deemed the duty required of her, and when she became aware of the nature of her husband's malady desired to remain with him as a companion, and even to nurse him in order to hide his misery from the world. Finally, however as it would be shown, the wife found herself absolutely unable to submit to an enforced relationship with him, and she told her husband so and explained her reason. He replied that she was mistaken about him, and added a statement that it was difficult for him to suppose that she believed anything like what she suspected to be true of him This solemn disclaimer by her husband under the circumstances influenced her. In April, 1883, the plaintiff miscarried. Then Lord Colin Campbell suggested that she had had improper relations with their physician, Dr. Bird. When the latter heard of this intimation he insisted on severing all relationship with the family. Upon this the defendant withdrew his accusation and requested Dr. Bird to attend Lady C. Campbell. Lady C. Campbell thenceforth refused to permit intimacy on the part of the defendant, and he threatened her with expulsion from his house if she persisted in her refusal. She did persist, and her husband suspended her money allowance. She then applied for a judicial separation. To her application Lord Colin Campbell made reply, denying all her charges. The lady's condition in September, 1883, was so serious that a surgical operation was performed upon her for her relief; and yet, despite the fact that all this physical misery had been communicated to her by him, her husband, during the period of her acutest suffering, would cruelly account for her condition by making charges of infidelity against her. In March, 1884, the plaintiff obtained a decree of separation. She repaired to her father's house at Lawrence, and returned to England the June following. On her way home she and her party stopped in Paris, staying at an hotel. While they were at this hotel the Duke of Marlborough called upon them. This visit was made the occasion by her husband for a charge of adultery. Lord Colin Campbell even went so far as to write to the Paris authorities requesting them to arrest his wife and lodge her in the prison used for the incarceration of prostitutes. It was difficult to believe, said Mr. Russell, that any man of ordinary instincts could act in this way towards a wife already so injured. "But," added the lawyer, "Lord Colin Campbell's pride has been lowered into the dust." Mr. Russell then detailed the grounds of the charge of adultery which the plaintiff made against the defendant. Turning then to a review of the counter charges made by Lord Colin Campbell against the plaintiff, that she had been guilty of criminal conduct with the Duke of Marlborough and Chief Shaw and others, Mr. Russell said the lady was in a position to successfully meet all these charges. The Duke of Marlborough and Mr. Shaw were old family friends. Lady C. Campbell and Mrs. Shaw had long been intimate acquaintances. General Butler, one of those with whom the defendants sought to connect the plaintiff, was old enough to be her father, and Mrs. Buller was Lady C. Campbell's dearest friend. Dr. Bird had sought protection for his character by bringing a suit for damages against Lord Colin; in fact, Lady C Campbell was able to refute every one of the foul charges brought against her.

The first witness called by the plaintiff's counsel was Lady Miles. She said she told Lord C. Campbell in 1882 that Lady C. Campbell had resolved to refuse to live with him as his wife, and her reasons for such decision, but that she would continue to maintain the kindest friendly relations towards him, and refrain from all mention of her separation in other respects from him. Lord C. Campbell was shocked at the information. He protested very hard against his wife's decision, and said if she would recall it he would let Lady C. Campbell have her own way for a period of two years, and would treat her with affection. Witness subsequently visited Lord and Lady C Campbell in London. He found Lady C. Campbell suffering intense pain, and Lord Colin Campbell explained by saying, "There has been foul play upstairs, and Lady C. Campbell has had a miscarriage." Lady Miles protested that this could not be so, and the defendant reaffirmed that it was. Lord C. Campbell accused Dr. Bird of having taken advantage of his position. Dr. Bird denied the accusation and refused to longer attend Lady C. Campbell unless the accusation was withdrawn. A family council ensued. At this Lord Colin admitted that he had not meant all he had said, and asked Lady Miles to apologize for him to Dr. Bird. At the same time he complained of the length of time Gen. Butler remained when he called upon Lady Campbell. Witness, continuing, said that at Lord Colin Campbell's request she had consented to be his witness so far as to state that he had not been guilty of ill-usage of his wife, but said she urged the defendant not to call her because she knew of his relations with the girl Mary Watson, and felt sure they would transpire under cross-examination. After Lady C. Campbell had separated from the defendant he complained to witness of having been badly treated. She retorted that he ought to think himself lucky because his wife had obtained a mere separation and not a divorce, which she would have got if witness had been called to testify. Concerning Mary Watson, Lady Miles testified that the girl was a housemaid. Witness had found the girl Mary Watson in Lord Colin Campbell's bed-room in a compromising position. The witness, continuing, said that when she saw Lord Colin Campbell and Mary Watson together, he said: "Mary is a good little thing; she is very fond of me. She has very nice hair, and I often take it down and play with it." Witness had seen letters from Mary Watson to the defendant, signed "your affectionate Mary." Witness admitted that she had heard Lady Campbell say, in the presence of her husband, that there were a dozen men she liked better than him. (Here a letter was produced written by the witness to the defendant, advising him to get divorced, and then to "take a nice little woman to be a companion and a comfort to him") Witness admitted that she wrote the letter, and said that in reply to it Lord C. Campbell asked her whether Lady C. Campbell would require alimony if he allowed her to get divorced from him. To this witness answered that the Blood family would not ask for alimony and would pay Lady C. Campbell's costs.

The case was at this point adjourned.

ESTHER ROCKWELL'S ROMANCE.

Her Meeting With a Roving Husband Whom She Thought Dead.

Mrs. Esther Niles Rockwell, widow of Harry Rockwell, died at Haddam Neck, Conn., a few days ago. A most romantic event in her life gave her something more than mere local repute. She was married in 1817 to Harry Rockwell, who lived farther up the Connecticut River and who was a man of somewhat roving disposition, with a strong liking for the sea. Two years after marriage Rockwell accepted an offer for winter employment in Savannah, but when he returned in the spring came only to New York. There he was tempted to ship on a whaler, and did so without seeing his wife. He was afterward captured while on an English vessel by a Spanish ship, and spent two or three years in a Spanish prison. Then, without returning home, he enlisted in the United States Navy, and for some years after was on a merchant ship. He sailed around the world several times. Mrs. Rockwell, not having heard anything from him for seven or eight years, believed he was dead, and in 1825 she married George Evans, who died in 1831. Rockwell in that year was in New York, and intended to return home, but hearing that his wife had married again, thinking him dead, he at once shipped for a long voyage. By Mr. Evans the wife had three children, two of whom are now living. One of these, Zelinda, when a little girl, in 1835, told her mother that she had had a queer dream, and that she saw her other papa, as Rockwell was called, coming home in sailor clothes and a colored vest. A week later, on the afternoon of July 4th, and during a heavy thunderstorm, Rockwell knocked at the door of his wife's house and asked for shelter. He was invited to take dinner, though no one recognized him. The little girl, however, spoke of her dream at once when she saw him, saying that the man was dressed just as her other papa had been.

Then the wife said, greatly agitated: "You remind me of the man who was once my husband."

"Don't you know me, Esther?" was his answer.

Five days after they were remarried, and lived happily together for forty-six years, when Rockwell died. Three children were born to them, one of whom, Edward Rockwell, lives now in the old homestead.

Col. Gilder and the Pole.

At last accounts Col. Gilder, who has set out on the somewhat difficult mission of capturing the North Pole, is nearing Fort Churchill, on Hudson Bay, where he hopes to find the Eskimos who sometimes visit that trading post to lay in a supply of tallow candles to eat during the long Arctic winter, the only "tie" they are allowed by the merchants of that locality. They also exchange walrus teeth and canned polar bear for cologne and spring bustles for their wives. These Eskimos, it is reported in the best informed Arctic circles, accompanied Lieut. Schwatka to King William Land, and Gilder lived among them several months himself. They are experienced Arctic travellers, and the Colonel expects to enlist them in his service. His only fear is that they may have gotten hold of some New York paper giving an account of his arrest in this city, through the spite of a jealous woman who allowed her personal feelings to overpower her thirst for Polar knowledge. This would be embarrassing, because the Eskimos are averse to anything like a scandal. But the Colonel may be able to explain it all satisfactorily. An inexperienced traveller might think that any kind of Eskimo would do for a guide to the Pole, providing that he could handle a dog team and live on frozen johnny cake, frosted with pounded ice, without grumbling. But Col. Gilder says it isn't so. Very few of them can be depended on for any length of time, and that is why he wants to secure his old friends above alluded to. In the first place the average Eskimo can't understand why any man in his senses wants to find the Pole, anyhow, a sentiment not confined to Eskimos altogether. It has been almost within their reach from time immemorial, and yet they have had no curiosity about it. They wouldn't know what to do with it if they found it, still they wouldn't like to see any foreigners hauling it away on a pole waggon, like the centre pole of a circus tent. For what they know it might have the effect to moderate their climate up to something like fifty degrees below zero, or such a matter, thereby exposing them to sunstroke and other disorders peculiar to hot weather. They must be handled very tenderly in this matter, and pledges given that the explorer will not disturb the Pole, or if he does take it home with him to exhibit to his friends, that he will return it within reasonable time, in good condition and (rip snap setter up again just as he found it.

Another trouble about an Eskimo guide is a lurking fear, as he journeys towards the icy north, that the supply of food will give out. It is disgusting to see a rational being, capable of soaring in the realms of thought, such a slave to the pleasures of the table, but this is a melancholy fact. While the explorer, wading through snow sixteen feet deep, or wearing the hair off his bearskin overcoat sliding down an icy cliff, is thinking only of the renown he will gain should his expedition prove successful, his Eskimo guide is silently figuring out how long that canned blubber will last. We are satisfied that the Pole will never be discovered until a line of well supplied eating houses is established at easy intervals to the nearest settlement to the Pole itself, to secure regular square meals to the Eskimo gentleman who acts as guide, and we respectfully request Col. Glider or any other explorer not to forget it.—*Texas Siftings.*

Sam Jones Dropping Slang.

Sam Jones surprised a great many of his hearers last evening at the Exposition building by preaching a sermon free from the slang that has characterized previous ones.—*Omaha Herald.*