

CINCINNATUS.

Inventor of the Theory that the Office Should Seek the Man.

The first person to inaugurate the baneful theory that the office should seek the man—a theory which has caused more unhappiness than any other advanced in the great realm of politics—was a party called Lucius Quintus, or Cincinnati, because he wore his hair in curls, also because he had at one time resided in Cincinnati.

In the fall of 458 B. C., after a long, dry season and a prolonged and futile bull movement in which Cincinnati went forth to summer fallow the west field, hoping by that process and a judicious rotation in crops to head off the clutch bug and the bears. He was a good deal depressed mentally and physically. He had been trying to break a new pair of wild and fractious 4-year-old steers, and it had required a good deal of firmness and perspiration to accomplish this. He had not yet fully succeeded, in fact, for every little while the steers would light out for the marsh at a high rate of speed, and Cincinnati would have to follow them through the dewberry patch in his bare legs, for Cincinnati did not wear pantaloons winter or summer.

I have given the reader a good view of Cincinnati, as I remember him, in the accompanying drawing, which I have made in order that those who wish may see the features of the most celebrated politician of all time. He was the man who first advanced the doctrine that the office should seek the man, and ever since that time it is no uncommon thing to see a man holding on by the plow handles and looking over his shoulder, expecting that a good office will climb the fence pretty soon and kidnap him.



Cincinnati waiting to be kidnaped. Here, then, is Cincinnati, the man who first made this discovery. The artist has happily caught the expression of this eminent man just as the office is in the act of seeking him. He has resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible. He will yield at last, however, and tear himself away from his precocious steers.

In the distance, too far off in fact to work into this issue of the paper, is the toga of Cincinnati. It is hanging on a tall pole as a flag, where he has used it to "sight" across the field while he struck out a long furrow. To look at the furrow few would believe that the great dictator intended to strike out for the flag.

The artist has caught the true idea in this picture, and shows the great statesman and general in the pose of a thoughtful and philanthropic man, who has fully decided that at the prevailing price of wheat he would carefully and prayerfully consider any overtures that might be made by those having the good of the people at heart.

Cincinnati was an austere man of the patrician style of architecture and carefully roused his hair, as well as the tail of his Roman mule. He was imperious in the extreme and courted an investigation whenever the papers got after him. He was the pioneer in this line.

The day came at last when a dark horse was needed and the chairman of the Roman central committee went to Cincinnati to seek out the great man. The chairman is just getting over the barbed wire fence and the eminent Roman agriculturist has at that moment got his eye on him, as our artist rapidly transfers the portrait to canvas.

It was but the work of a moment to unyoke old Brin and Bally and accept the office of dictator. Putting on his toga, the great man began to dictate in less than forty-eight hours. He went to the house, washed his hands in a tin basin of cistern water, with soft soap, put some fresh fine cut in the inside pocket of his toga, and was drawing a salary on the following Monday at 9 o'clock.

The first thing he did was to call for more troops. He then marched against the enemy and captured everybody. He then returned, having been dictator sixteen days at \$2 per day. He drew his pay and resigned to accept the portfolio of buckwheat on his own property.

We have no American to-day who could accept the command of our regular army, whip the Apaches, and be back on the farm in sixteen days. And yet Cincinnati conquered a hostile nation, paid the public debt, and got home in time to do his fall plowing.

If we read the history of Cincinnati carefully and look thoughtfully at his equestrian portrait as it is here presented we are forced to admit that he was either one of the greatest men of whom we know or that he wrote the matter up himself for one of the Roman magazines.—Bill Nye in Chicago News.

Where a Lie Might be Improved.

The champion liar hails from Pike county, Ind., and the following yarn is probably the greatest effort of his life: "A young lady who was watching my binding harvester at work fell upon the table and was carried up with the grain. As the girl was about the size of a bundle, the machine did not recognize the difference, and so she came through with a neat little string around her waist. One of the harvest hands caught her as the machine 'kicked' her out, and set her on the ground right side up, when it was found that she had been more frightened than hurt." Now, if this veracious agriculturist had only added that the machine thrashed the young woman, and shook from her face the flour without which no self-respecting young woman's toilet is complete, and barreled said flour for market by the aid of the young woman's hoops, his story would possess a completeness and symmetry which would cause it to pass current everywhere as a great and unapproachable work of art.—Boston Transcript.

Algernon—I should like very much to go for a drive with you, old chap, but I can't do it; I have to practice. Adolphus—Gwactions! You are not studying anything, are you? Algernon—No, don't boy, but I practice a hour a day trying to learn to know my uregias in my eye.

TIME AND DISTANCE.

Why drives you cabman ever on so rapidly in daylight flight?

He's here one moment and he's gone the next away, far out of sight. Why, tell me why he hurried hence? With a restless, hurried pace? (He has accepted fifty cents To drive one to a certain place.) And why does your cabman creep so slowly through the busy throng? His fiery steed is half asleep? And like a snail he moves along? The grass beneath his feet doth grow? Yet on he crawls with listless power? He bides his time; for stranger know His cab is chartered by the hour. —Chicago Rambler.

Rehearsing a Part of the Play.

Said a theatre manager: "Step this way, please, and I will show you why rehearsals are kept inviolate from the intrusion of strangers." As I followed him into the dimly lighted auditorium a slim, graceful young woman stood on the stage. I recognized her as a popular burlesque, though in skirts she did not look much like her professional self. She was in the posture of a singer bowing her gratitude to an audience. Then a fellow ran down the center aisle, carrying a newspaper roughly bunched in the shape of a bouquet. He landed it across the orchestra rail. She started in glad surprise, held for an instant an attitude of irresolute astonishment, then smiled sweetly, took the paper, lifted it to her nose for a sniff, bowed low right and left, and backed off the scene. She was practicing for the reception of the flowers which she was to get in the evening.—Galveston News.

A Fair Exchange.

A blacksmith of a village in Spain murdered a man and was condemned to be hung. The chief peasants of the place gathered together and begged the alcalde that the blacksmith might not suffer, because he was necessary to the place, which could not do without a blacksmith to shoe horses, mend wheels, etc. "But," said the alcalde, "how can I fulfill justice?"

A laborer answered: "Sir, there are two weavers in the village, and for so small a place one is enough—hang the other."—French Fun.

What He Knew of Art.

"Yes," she said, "I am very fond of pictures and I've been buying some for my house. I do love pictures." "What kind of pictures are you fondest of?" "Historical pictures. I am so fond of history, and old, venerable history, you know, especially. I bought a picture yesterday, a perfect beauty." "Inlaid. What was the subject?" "Oh you must have seen it; you must know it. It's quite celebrated. It is 'Slankopere at the Court of Macbeth.'"—San Francisco Chronicle.

Precocious Lamb.

"Yes, ma'am, that lamb has got horns, but that's owing to the breed. I says to the man I bought him of only to-day—says I: 'Mr. Smithers, them lambs you've been selling me are the best I ever bought, but they're all-fired precocious.'"—Tid Bits.

Rivalry of Western Cities.

"The education board of Minneapolis has excluded the Bible from the public schools." "What for?" "There was too much about St. Paul in it."—Chicago Ledger.

Brevities.

A yacht is always for sail.—Merchant Traveler. If there is one thing that, quicker than another, will drive a man to drink, it is thirst.—Life. October is named from the numeral Octo, which applies to the eighth month in the Roman calendar, and Burr, a delicate allusion to the opening of the chestnut season.—Life.

The proprietor of The Weekly Hooper recently discharged his office boy because the lad insisted on drawing pictures on the towel with a piece of chalk.—Merchant Traveler.

The festive cackle of the hen sounds over light and gay. Whence'er she lays an egg, 'tis then She cackles forth her lay. —Merchant Traveler.

A Pennsylvania landlord seized a baby as security for rent. He is beginning to wish that he hadn't.—Burlington Free Press.

The coming cow will have no horns, says one of our agricultural exchanges. This will be a great relief to the coming woman.—Lowell Courier.

Chicago Man—Suppose you saw all there was to be seen in Rome, Charley? Returned European Traveler—Oh, yes, went all around. I tell you you ought to visit the amphitheater there. It's grand. Chicago Man—What kind of a show were they giving there when you went, Charley?—Tid Bits.

"Man wants but little here below." The statement causes mirth. It must have been in early times, But now he wants the earth. —Exchange.

A London paper says: "The Americans follow us in everything." There is one notable exception. In yacht racing the English always follow the Americans.—Norristown Herald.

"Whom do you consider the greatest author, Dumas the elder or his son?" "Um—I rather think the son." "Bah! I don't believe he ever would have been heard of if it hadn't been for his father." "Well, that's so, too."—Rambler.

A Young Financier.

He was a wise youth, although not very old. One day his father brought him home a little bank to keep his savings in. "Now, Willie," he said, "I'll start a bank." "I choose to be the cashier," interrupted the boy.

"Very well, you can be the cashier, and I will be the board of directors. Then you and your two sisters and your mother and I will all be depositors. Now, I'll put these five new nickels in to start with. What will you do?" "I'll put in my seven pennies and a two-cent piece," he responded.

His mother dropped in a couple of dimes, and each of his sisters a nickel. During the next two weeks numerous deposits were made, and all ran smoothly. Then one morning pater familias found himself short of change, and abstracted a dime from the bank for car fare. But the eagle eye of the young cashier detected the shortage, and he promptly took what was left.

The next morning the young financier's father, wishing to instill a little more business knowledge into his head said: "Now, Willie, recognize one of the depositors wished to draw out some money, what would you do?"

The boy simply pointed to the bank, on which was the following placard: PAYMENT SUSPENDED.

"Why, Willie, what does this mean?" inquired the father. "Directors overruled their accounts, so the cashier skipped out with the rest," was the laconic response.

"You don't mean that you have taken the money that was in there, do you?" in a tone of painful surprise. "Yes."

"But don't you know that that is not honest?" "Huh!" exclaimed the boy scornfully; "did you ever hear of a cashier letting the directors get ahead of him? Well, I guess not. You bet I know a little business. When the directors begin fooling with the finances, the cashier 'cots' the bank every time."

"My boy," said the father admiringly, "some day you will be a great financier; but first you have a few things to learn. Never wait for the depositors to prosecute. Now come with me to the wood shed."

"Father," replied the youth, persuasively, "can't we compromise this matter in some way? If you won't prosecute I'll see that the bank resumes payment, and won't say anything about the directors drawing out money on the sly."

It was compromised on that basis.—Robert Ainsley in The Rambler.

An Impression.

A countryman has ordered a picture of his deceased mother, and comes to look at it. Artist—Poor fellow (patting him on the back). Is it a good likeness, then, that it affects you so much? Countryman—No, sir. Poor mother! to think she has been dead only six months, and looks like that!—Harper's Weekly.

A Great Position. Black Ab, who had been hired to sweep and clean the spittoons at a bank, was met by Slim Sandy who asked: "How yer gittin' erlong?" "Doan' talk ter me, I see gettin' to be er bon' holder."

"Yer doan' tell me." "Dat's wut I does." "How yer make dat big raise?" "Workin' in der bank."

"How yer git dat 'zition?" "Fluence, sah; fluence." "Wut do da gin yer?" "Three dollars er week."

"W'y, how is yer gittin' rich at dat? W'y dat ain't ez much ez I gits fur workin' at a liberty stable."

"Go on erway. Doan' wanter talk ter yer. No wonder de nigger is hid' down when he doan' kere fur nuttin' 'cept common work, an' den when er pusson do git er big persition de nigger doan' 'spect him. Git outen my sight. I se w' ter 'sociatin' wid er cashier an' not wid er fool dat rubs down er boss."—Arkansas Traveler.

A Mock Trial. It was on board of one of the Cunard steamers that the passengers, to relieve the tedium of the voyage, got up a mock breach of promise trial. Dr. Lorimer, of Chicago, was the judge and a gentleman by the name of Fay was the attorney for the defense. In the cross examination Mr. Fay elicited the facts that the fair plaintiff was 30 years of age and her mother 50.

Turning to the gentleman who impersonated the plaintiff's father the attorney asked sharply: "What is your age?" "Twenty-six," was the prompt reply. "Twenty-six?" exclaimed the attorney, in astonishment. Perceiving that he had made a mistake, the father hastened at once to explain.

"Yes. Seems odd at first, doesn't it. But then Ella, you know, is my daughter by my first wife."

But somehow the explanation did not seem to explain.—The Rambler.

Sauce for the Goose.

A diminutive boy was trying to please the passengers and got a few pennies by singing comic songs in a railroad car on recent Sunday. When he had finished and was passing along the aisle with outstretched palm, making his collections, a lady said to him: "Don't you know it's wicked to sing songs on Sunday?" The youngster looked at her for a second and, with a twinkle in his black eyes, replied: "Don't you think it's wicked to travel on Sunday?" The passengers roared, and no more questions were asked.—Buffalo Courier.

Queer Wrinkles.

"Did you hear that Tompkins had failed?" "Has he? I know he has been in bad odor for some time." "It's all right now, for he hasn't got a cent." "BACK TO BUSINESS."

Dry Goods Clerk to young woman customer—Ah! I believe I had the pleasure of meeting you at a garden party at the Grand Union, Saratoga, last summer. Young Woman—Will these goods wash, sir? Clerk—Yes, madam.

PILING IT ON. Dumley—Robinson, I want your advice. Brown, I hear, has referred to me as an inspired idiot. What had I better do? Robinson (thoughtfully)—Well, Dumley, I think you ought to make him take back that word "inspired."

PURSUE THE SAME COURSE. "If a lady is beautiful, my son," said a latter-day Lord Chesterfield, "never fail to refer to her beauty." "What am I to do when the lady is plain?" "Just the same; stick to the beauty."

IF HE'D BEEN A BORTAILED DOG. A three-pint dog in a five-quart muzzle of heavy wire was laboriously tugging along yesterday morning, just after the rain, when he came to a small excavation. This he mistook for an ordinary Fourth ward puddle, and walked into it. The heavy muzzle carried his nose to the bottom, and only his tail remained visible. The spectacle of a dog's tail furiously lashing the water attracted the attention of a neighboring apple woman. After satisfying herself that it was not the sea serpent, she caught hold of it and set the dog on dry land, with the observation: "If yer had been a bortailed dog, where would yer be now?"

FRESH FROM THE DAIRY. Grocer—I don't have to crack up that butter, Uncle Rastus; it sells itself. Uncle Rastus (testing it)—Yes, sah; dat butter oughter sell itself, tie up itself, d'liver itself, eat itself, an' still have strength nuff let'er diges' itself. Wot yo' cha'gin' fo' axle grease dis mawnin', Mister Seales?—New York Sun.

HE BOUGHT A PAPER. Young and Tender—He tried to fill a Long-Felt Want. He was very young and tender, and the same I make emphatic, Iest my wise and lynx-eyed reader deem him daff and quite erratic; For against decrees eternal He proposed to run a journal That should please all men diurnal—Prohibitionist or Mug wump, G. O. P. or Democratic.

He was very young and tender, was this juvenile reporter. To take the journalistic muse before the crowds and court her. For he thought he could invoke for both workingmen and broker. And the sage, and seer, and joker, Would look on with admiration while they watched the nymph disport her.

So he went and bought a paper in most confident precocity. Distinguished for its lack of funds and hebetudinosity. And he tried to please each faction, And give amplest satisfaction That would never need retraction; And he thought all men would thank him for his catholic generosity.

But the Democrats were angry and at once began to snub him, And a mighty Mugwump athlete came in one day to club him. One day 'twas a capitalist neighbor, And the next a Knight of Labor With a pistol, dirk or sabre To either stab or perforate, or with shillaly drub him.

Then a Presbyterian deacon hit him with a pickered snicker, And the next day he was mangled by an infidel free thinker. Then an outraged milk inspector Stabbed him through his chest protector, Then a "piscopalian rector Held his feet while he was horse-whipped by an acrimonious tinker.

And so general indignation raged against this public teacher, And his scars were thick as freckles over every facial feature; Then with shot and slugs they filled him, And with chloroform they stifled him, And a gentle Quaker killed him, And his tombstone read: "He ject a most simple-minded creature!" —S. W. Foss in Tid Bits.

THE ORIGINAL DRAFT. Oh, Mary had a little lamb, regarding whose cuticular The fluff exterior was white and kinked in each particular. On each occasion when the lass was seen perambulating, This little quadruped likewise was there gallivanting.

One day it did accompany her to the knowledge dispensary, Which to every rule and precedent was recklessly contrary. Immediately whereupon the pedagogic superior, Exasperated, did eject the lamb from the interior.

Then Mary, on beholding such performance arbitrary, Suffused her eyes with saline drops from glands called lachrymatory. And all the pupils grew thereat tumultuously hilarious, And speculated on the case with wild conjectures various.

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?" the scholars asked the teacher. He paused a moment, then he tried to diagnose the creature. "Oh peens anorexia Mary habet omnia tempora." —Tid Bits.

THE YOUNG IDEA. Kindheartedness of childhood—"Mamma, please don't let Totor kill the fly on the window pane." "Why not?" "Because I want to kill it myself."—From the French.

—AT—

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NOTICE OF CONTEST—Land Office at Fargo, D. T., Aug. 6, 1888. Complaint having been entered at this office by Ole Arneson against Wm. J. Murphy, for failure to comply with law as to timber culture entry No. 6477, dated Feb. 18, 1882, upon the n. w. 1/4 of section 20, Twp. 148 n., Range 57 w., in Griggs county, Dakota, with a view to the cancellation of said entry, contestant alleging that the said Wm. J. Murphy has wholly failed to break, cultivate or plant to trees, tree seeds, roots, nuts, or cuttings, any part or portion of said tract since making said entry, up to the present time, and that said tract is wholly devoid of breaking or any other improvement, being wild prairie in its natural state just as it was February 18, 1882; the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 23d day of Sept. 1888, at 10 o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged failure. 32-37 E. C. GEAREY, Receiver. A. B. Guphill, att'y., Fargo, Dak.

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