

## A SIMON PURE DEMOCRAT.

"Dead Set Agin the Repeal of the Missouri Compromise."  
[Chicago Herald.]

Snow-bound in Chicago yesterday was Major Wilkins, of Posey county, Indiana. The storm, he said, reminded him of one that occurred in 1823 when he drove a team from Fort Wayne to the Kankakee marsh and got stuck in a drift four days with no provisions except what he had in a jug. The major had just heard that a Democrat named Cleveland had been elected President of the United States, and he is now on his way East to confer with his son relative to a postoffice or something.

"Of course, you will go and see the President-elect," remarked an acquaintance.

"Wall, now, I dunno about that," was the reply. "I'm gettin' pretty old and I ain't what I was once. I dunno I've got any advice to give."

"All the Democrats are going to see him and telling him what to do. Every one has a scheme. Why don't you?"

"No, I guess not. I've got great confidence in the party. It never goes very far wrong. Still, if I should happen to run across the President and get a good chance I'd just slip in a word agin the repeal of the Missouri compromise. We're powerful dead set agin that down our way."

## WHY HE BECAME A THIEF.

THE NOVEL DEFENSE SET UP IN A CASE IN LOUISVILLE.

LOUISVILLE, Dec. 9.—In the trial of James Heath for larceny to-day a most remarkable plea for the defense was put up. Heath is the son of a formerly wealthy and highly respected citizen of Louisville, and was arrested for stealing two sealskin coats from a shop. The plea is that he is a kleptomaniac, and was so developed by the peculiar circumstances of his birth and childhood. Heath's father testified that the boy was born on May 21, 1863, at Lexington. His mother was an intense rebel, and boarded in a family holding the same deep prejudice. She went through the city of Lexington begging for the soldiers, and accepting anything from a postage stamp up, and thus it was that the unfortunate son was born in the midst of intense feeling and prejudice, consequent upon a war which was then being fiercely waged. The mother had so worn herself down by mental excitement and labor for the Southern soldiers that after the birth of her child she was unable to raise it. The doctors said that unless the child received milk from the breast it could not live. A colored wet nurse was hired, and about the time the child was old enough to be weaned she was discovered to be an incorrigible thief, and thus had the child drawn in with the life-giving fluid seeds of a most deplorable disease.

After the war Mr. Heath and his family removed to this city. James was then old enough to toddle around, and frequently accompanied the servants to the grocery. He invariably returned with something or other filched from the grocer's stock. Thus the development and maturity of kleptomania was traced, and it was shown that the boy's father was formerly in good circumstances, but had become impoverished in consequence of having attempted to keep his son's misfortune from the world, by paying for the misdeeds committed by him in his weakness. The examining Judge refused to consider the question raised, and held the prisoner for trial on nominal bail.

If a horse proves unruly, curb it; if a tomcat mounts the roof of your woodshed, launch a tomato can into his immediate vicinity. But if an elderly billy goat butts you—but why should we advise in the premises?—of course you will go at it as though you meant business.

## He Passed Easily

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

W. W. Morrow told me a story about Reed, of Maine. A California man was on east and called upon him. They chatted awhile about various things, and then, to this man's astonishment, Mr. Reed began to ask for all sorts of people in California.

"You seem to know California folks well enough," said he.

"I should think I did. I am from California myself. I was admitted to the bar in California, and Judge Wallace examined me. I'll take my oath nobody was ever admitted to the bar with as simple an examination. When I went up for examination the great question of the hour was the legal tender act. Everybody was discussing its constitutionality. Some said it was constitutional, others said it was unconstitutional. The first question Judge Wallace asked me was, 'Is the legal tender act constitutional?' I didn't hesitate a moment. I said simply, 'It is constitutional.' 'You can pass,' said Judge Wallace. 'We always pass a man who can settle great constitutional questions off-hand.'"

## I'm Talking About Deviled Crabs.

I hope you have not forgotten the famous crab man, whose melodious and delicious chant will soon be heard again all over the West End of Washington. Old Battle Minor—mark the name—still lives; a queer, shrewd, pugnacious old darkey, who knows all that is to be known about crabs—crabs of all sorts and in every style. I don't know what the crab man does in winter. I guess he's an oysterman then; but, if so, he is simply one of an unnamed, unknown thousand. It is on his mellifluous patter-song that his fame depends. I grow hungry as I seem to hear it along the street even this crisp, cold January day.

"Talkin' 'bout de debbil crab,  
Talkin' 'bout de paper shell,  
Talkin' 'bout de soft shell,  
Talkin' 'bout de debbil crab,  
Now, I'm talkin' 'bout yer pocketbook."

in August my colleague, from Alabama;

## What President Cleveland Kissed.

From the Baltimore Sun.

There was no intention of the Chief Justice to open the book at any particular place, and no desire of President Cleveland that there should be anything prearranged about the ceremony in any way. The particular place where he kissed, therefore, was the result of accident entirely. As the type used in the Bible is small, the lips of the President touched six verses of the 112th Psalm, from verse 5 to verse 10, inclusive. They are as follows:

"A good man showeth favor and lendeth; he will guide his affairs with discretion. Surely he shall not be moved forever; the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

"He shall not be afraid of evil tidings; his heart is fixed trusting the Lord."

"His heart is established; he shall not be afraid, until he see his desire upon his enemies."

"He hath dispersed, he hath given to the poor; his righteousness endureth forever; his horn shall be exalted with honor."

"The wicked shall see it, and be grieved; he shall gnash his teeth, and melt away; the desire of the wicked shall perish."

heard with sincere regret the announcement of H. N. WILLIAM M. LOWE, late a Rep-

## An Excuse for Kisses.

It was a case of breach of promise. The defendant was allowed to say a word in his own behalf.

"Yes," he said; "I kissed her almost continually every evening I called at her house."

Lawyer for the defendant—"Then you confess it?"

Defendant—"Yes, I do confess it; but I had to do it."

Lawyer—"You had to do it? What do you mean?"

Defendant—"That was the only way I could keep her from singing."

The jury gave a verdict for defendant without leaving their seats.

The end of it.  
A lady passenger on a homeward-bound ocean steamer was much amused at the flirtation of the steamer surgeon and one of the fair passengers. One day when the breeze veered strongly in her direction, these words were borne to her from the loving couple: "It's so chilly," said the young lady; "I feel as if a goose were walking over my grave." "Do you," asked the surgeon, tenderly. "I wish I were that goose." No cards.



### "Sixteen Shooters."

Every man is by nature a theorist. When he encounters a strange fact he is uneasy until he has discovered its "why" and "how." If he is uneducated or illogical, his theory is apt to be absurd, but it satisfies his mind.

During the late war some of the Union troops were supplied with the repeating rifle, known as the "sixteen-shooter." The rapidity with which it could be fired made a small body of troops armed with it as effective as a much larger number of soldiers who carried ordinary rifles.

One day a company of Union cavalry, dismounted and drawn up in ambush, put to flight, with their "sixteen-shooters," an entire Confederate regiment. After a few minutes, the Confederates, discovering that they had been routed by a handful of men, rallied and drove the Union soldiers back.

But all that day that surprised Confederate camp was puzzled to account for the rapidity of the shooting by the "Feds." One man, however, found a satisfactory theory and at night, when he went on picket, he called out to the Union picket,—

"I say, Yank, will you answer a civil question?"

"Yes, Johnny; what is it?"

"Will you tell me if you fellows load all night so that you may fire all next day?"

### Charlie's Bad Guesses.

From the Hartford Times.

Two young ladies were overheard talking glibly and confidentially on a suburban train. "Now, Mary," said one, "tell me why Charlie and you quarreled." "Because he's a ninny; that's the reason. You know he's been coming to see me for two years, and I could see just as plain as anybody else that he was head over heels in love with me. But he didn't seem to have any snap to him, and I got real impatient, just as any girl would have done. A few nights before Christmas he called to see me, and before he went away I said: 'Charlie, I want to make you a Christmas present, but I want to be sure it will suit you. It is something real nice, warm, useful, and ornamental, and will always stay with you.' 'A scarf?' he said. 'No, not a scarf,' I said, though it might embrace you. It weighs about a hundred pounds, and I've heard you say you thought it very precious.' 'Oh, I know,' he said, 'a bicycle!' By this time I was nearly mad, but I made one more effort. 'Not a bicycle,' I said, 'but it can walk, has a mouth, eyes, pretty hair, and is very affectionate.' 'Now I know,' he said, and what do you think the ninny guessed that time? A big Newfoundland dog! I was never so disgusted in my life, and have not seen Charlie since. He's treated me real mean, and now leap year is gone, and I just hate him. Oh, there he is at the other end of the car. Ain't he sweet? I wish he would come and talk to us."

### Hilarious History.

A railway nation—Car-nation.  
A pitchy nation—"Tar-nation."  
An angry nation—Indig-nation.  
A protracted nation—Procasti-nation.  
An intemperate nation—Ram-i-nation.—  
*Gorham Mountaineer.*

To what nation does the reader of these jokes belong? Dam-nation.

### THE HUMOR OF MISQUOTATION.

There is what may be called the humor of misquotation. Ben Butler unconsciously illustrated it in a speech in Congress when he said: "There is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just men made perfect." An Irish orator illustrated it when he said, in all seriousness, in reply to his opponent: "Mr. President, in the language of the immortal Shakespeare, 'Let the galled jade wink.'" And our own Berry Mitchell illustrated it when, in his renowned impersonation of Hamlet, he lifted up his eyes and spoke impressively of "this brave o'erfirming hangament."—*Globe Democrat.*

### Big-Hearted, Though Untruthful.

[Bloomington Through Mail.]  
Give me the jolly, rollicking liar, to whom the habit comes so natural, that he almost believes he is telling the truth. His words fall upon the saddle-flaps on the side of our heads with that soft, gentle effect we experience when we disappear headforemost into a barrel of soft soap. He does not distort truth particularly for the purpose of deceiving his hearers. He has a heart as big as a Connecticut ham, and is sincerely mourned when he departs for Lears' Rest.

"The June-bug has a gaudy wing,  
The lightning-bug has fame,  
The bed-bug has no wings at all,  
But he gets there all the same."  
—*Louisville Commercial.*

"There," said a Washington hotel man, as he read of the railway accident and the burning of the mails near that city last Friday, "that accident cost me hundreds of dollars."  
"Got stock in the road, I presume."  
"No, but every Congressman who is out of the city will swear he sent me the amount of his board bill by that mail."—*Chicago News.*

A neighbor of the Rev. Whangdoodle Baxter called upon that distinguished prelate and he was discovered with his feet in a tub of water. "Yu seem to be habing a general cleanin' up. What's de ekaashun for such preperashuns?" asked the visitor. "Gwinter hab my fotografs taken dis afternoon an' I don't want to be on-prepared."

### A Curious Address.

A large salmon colored envelope, postmarked Newport, R. I., was received in the congressional mail yesterday. It was addressed: "For the Chief Manigor or Marshal of the day of Celebration of Geo. Washington's Birth. To the care of the President Arthur, at the White House, in Washington, D. C."

Mistress (to lazy housemaid): "Now, Mary, you know I am going to give a ball to-morrow night, and I shall expect you to bestir yourself and be useful generally." Mary: "Yes, mum; but I am very sorry to say I can't dance."  
The loving wife of a dealer in city milk was looking for a present for her husband. She remarked to a friend: "I want to get something new—novel—to him." "In that case," said the friend, who was a buyer of the husband, "I would give him a cow."

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## LUCKY PALMER ON:BLAINE'S LUCK.

What the Senator from Michigan Has to Say on the Subject.

[Washington Cor. New York World.]

Senator Palmer, of Michigan, is a millionaire and a philosopher. He rarely, if ever, loses his temper. He has never had a place of bad luck in his career. He has never consciously exerted himself in his life. Why should he when good fortune has run after him all his easy, soft-cushioned existence. He has had such luck all his life that Palmer's luck has become one of the proverbs of Michigan. He is himself a thorough believer in luck. In talking with him last night I asked him if he thought that Mr. Blaine would ever again be the candidate of his party.

"I think not," said he. "I would not be in favor of it myself, although I am one of his most ardent admirers. I think he is a great natural leader, and made a better fight against the odds we had to encounter than any other Republican could. But he has no luck. Why ten days before the election he was sure of victory. Then bad luck, pure and simple, beat him. The Belshazzar feast might have been provided against, but who could foresee, or provide against the jack-in-the-box preacher who shot into view from the invisible unknown with the death-cry of 'Rum, Romanism and Rebellion' upon his destroying lips. What was that but the hand of God, the finger of fate, or plain, cussed bad luck, just as you are pleased to call it? Then, when election day came it rained, and that was a simple continuation of the inevitable misfortune.

"I tell you," continued the senator, "the longer I live the more convinced I am of the powerlessness of man to control or even direct in a moderate degree their personal fortunes. Think how often the efforts of the best and ablest of men are completely upset by the most trivial of causes. Why, the Rothschild bankers will have nothing to do with any man who has ever had any financial bad luck. I have a number of friends who are much abler men than I, and in every way, according to the books, much more deserving of success. Yet everything they touch caves into ruin. I have set up a number of them in business more than once, but it was worse than useless to try to contend against their luck. Finally I said to them, 'You had better stop and let me make the money for you, for if you are allowed to go on you will simply end by ruining me.' So I pensioned them. I said: 'Here I have made good nests for you all, and don't you ever get out of them. If an angel-worm comes along in front of you, open your mouth and grab, but for God's sake never risk your luck outside.'"

## The Little Child on the Track.

From the Portland Oregonian, Feb. 25.

As the freight train on the East Side road was coming into Stephen's Addition on Monday night the engineer and fireman saw, to their horror, a little child not over 8 years old, balancing her tiny self upon one of the rails ahead and clapping her hands in greatest glee as the iron monster thundered along toward her. The engineer shut off steam and reversed the lever, while the fireman sprang to the top of the train and set two or three brakes quicker and tighter than they had ever been set before. To blow the whistle would be nothing but murder, thought the engineer, for it would surely frighten the child and cause her to fall in front of the train. So he called out, and probably the tones of his voice had never before been so tenderly modulated. But calling and motioning were of as little avail as the endeavors to stop the heavy train so suddenly. The little girl, knowing no fear, was waving her sunbonnet and her laugh could be heard in the cab of the engine. The strong man closed his eyes and a feeling of sickness came over him. But it was not destined that that little life should thus be crushed out. Something—was it mere chance, or the brush of an angel's wing—caused the engine to reel and fall backward away from the track, her tiny feet almost touching the wheels as they went rumbling past.

## STORIES OF FAMOUS MEN.

Bismarck and the French Fire-Eater.  
[From Belgravia.]

When Bismarck had been appointed to the legation at Frankfurt he was present at a public ball where a member of the French Corps Legislatif, M. Juvois de Clancy, was pointed out to him as a noted fire-eater. This gentleman had been a Republican, but had turned his coat after the coup d'etat. He was a big man, with dandified airs, but evidently not much accustomed to society, for he had brought his hat—not a compressible one—into the ball room, and in waltzing he held it in his left hand. The sight of the big Frenchman careering round the room with his hat extended at arm's length was too much for Bismarck's sense of fun; so, as M. Juvois revolved past him, he dropped a copper coin into the hat. The Frenchman, turning purple, stopped short in his dancing, led back his partner to her place, and then came with flashing eyes to demand satisfaction. There would have been assault and battery on the spot if friends had not interposed, but on the following day the Frenchman and the Prussian met with pistols and the former was wounded.

## A Joke That Cost a Seat in the Senate.

[From the New York Tribune.]

Hannibal Hamlin tells that when he was speaker of the lower house of the Maine Legislature there was among the members a very dandified old fellow whose chief weakness was in trying to conceal the baldness which was rapidly stealing over his head. He came into the House each morning with his hair so carefully combed that it looked as though each particular hair had been pasted in its place. Even as it was, there were scarcely enough to cover the bald spot. One morning Speaker Hamlin, thinking to have some fun, called this gentleman to him and said: "My dear Blank, I beg your pardon, but one of your hairs is crossed over the others." The member grew angry at once and replied: "You insult me, sir! you insult me!" and walked stiffly back to his seat. He refused to be reconciled, and he became Hamlin's life-long enemy. A few years later, when Hamlin was a candidate for the United States Senate, this man was again in the Legislature, and his vote decided the contest in favor of Hamlin's opponent.

## The Ruling Passion of His Race.

[Boston Courier.]

A party of Israelites went out in a small yacht on a pleasure excursion. A gale arose and they were blown off the land. They were several days without food, and, despairing of being rescued, resigned themselves to die. They sank into a state of lethargy and were nearing dissolution, when the captain in charge of the little craft espied a vessel. He sprang to his feet, exclaiming:

"A sail! a sail!"

"A sail!" echoed one of the Israelites, enthusiastically. "A sail; vere ish de catalogue?"

rst battle of Manassas, contracted typhoid

Mrs. Brownstone says if she had a dog she wants one of those great Sarah Bernhardt dogs that dig those dear old monks out of the snow in Switzerland.

An Irish gentleman, with that peculiar perspicuity of statement characteristic of his race, says the chief pleasure in kissing a pretty girl is when she won't let you.

"Well, John, how is business with you?" "Bad, very bad." "You haven't been able to make anything, then?" "Oh, yes, I have." "What?" "An assignment." "Oh!"



**MACREADY.**—During his last years trials and troubles fell thick upon him. The death of his daughter, Katie, out at sea on her return from Madeira, was his last crushing blow. "She was very interesting, with a certain vein of poetry in her, and with a good deal of enthusiasm, which found its vent, after many struggles, in true piety. Among the poor and suffering she was known and remembered as 'the good Miss Macready.' The second marriage, eight years after the death of his first wife, brought him indeed all the consolation that sympathy can give to affliction. His first wife he had taken as a girl from the stage. Her modest grace and simplicity of character and demeanor had won the great actor's affection as she played with him in Edinburgh. His second wife 'had never seen a play; she did not know what acting was; but in Macready's presence she felt a power which impressed her. The things he said and his way of saying them stirred her thought and feeling. She had heard of him as a proud man; she found him a gentle one. He was old; she was still fresh and fair; but she knew that he loved her, she knew that he was very dear to her," and so, under the pressure of many sorrows, but in the pure light of true love, the evening of the tragedian's life passed away. He had a firm faith in God, and in a better and higher life beyond the grave.—*The Saturday Review.*

brothers were  
A high young man was courting a poor young girl, but he was slow in bringing matters to a crisis. So one day she complained of the hardships of being poor. "Poor?" he exclaimed gallantly. "Young lady with your wealth of mind and grace of person poor? Why, such charms as you possess are worth a mint of money." "Well, I wish I had the mint and somebody else had the charms," she said, and the crisis came.

#### How a Lover Experimented.

He was a bashful wooer, but there was a certain manliness about him which indicated that he only needed a little encouragement to let himself out. She saw this, and she resolved on a policy of encouragement. "Do you believe these stories in the funny papers," she asked, "about the willingness of young ladies to be kissed?" "I—I really can't say," he replied. "They may be true." Then, gathering courage, he added: "I hope they are true," and he drew closer to her. "It seems to me," she said, "that there is only one way in which a young man can discover whether they are true or not." "And what way is that?" he asked. "There was a brief pause. Then, with a far-away look in her eyes, she answered: "By experimenting when he has an opportunity." He experimented.—*Detroit Free Press.*

#### LIFE IN GERMANY.

##### Strange Combination—Women at Work—What Is "Proper?"

[Wiesbaden Cor. Inter Ocean.]  
The German as he now is presents the strangest combination of hard brute force and finest sentiment. For example, a tradesman or hotel porter will play the piano or violin with all the delicacy and sentiment of the most refined. He is familiar with poetry, particularly his own poets, and is often quite a linguist besides. The love of pictures is as universal as in Italy, and yet a man will point to the hideous scars on his face, received while fighting at college, with all the pride and satisfaction of an artist pointing out the finest bit of coloring or drawing. Military discipline is the order of the day everywhere, especially in the boys' schools. The teachers beat the boys, and the boys beat each other. This, the Germans tell you, is the only way in which boys can be taught to be manly, and to defend themselves.

But that which most influences the American stranger as the greatest contrast between his own country and this is the amount of hard labor performed by women. All sorts of farm work is done by them, and the amount of walking they do in the course of their lives is almost incredible. The people who work the land do not live upon it, but rather in little hamlets of crowded houses and narrow streets; then they walk to and from their gardens or farms, which may be as many as six miles away. The milk women that bring your milk to the door, either carry it on their heads with a corresponding can in each hand, or, if more well-to-do, haul it in a cart with the help of a large dog. I have seen women of at least 75 to 80 years of age working in vineyards, carrying immense baskets of compost on their heads. But the most curious phase of this servitude is the position of the maid-servant in the family.

For example, if a gentleman is expected home, unless the family keep a coachman, a maid-servant is often sent to the depot to meet him and carry home his luggage, though the man may be perfectly strong and healthy. In the evening after a concert or theatre the streets are thronged with maid-servants, attending their masters or mistresses, as the case may be. A lady may not go alone to any of these places, though it is perfectly proper for her to be "protected" by a maid-servant of 16 while she herself may be 60. The members of the orchestra saunter along smoking and chatting while young girls carry their instruments, overcoats, etc. The average wages of the best of these servants is only \$5 a month. Thus women are the cheapest of all kinds of labor. Yet the family life of the people seems to be on the whole a joyous one. While the poor man does not deny his wife and children the privilege of working by his side, on the other hand they share with him his pleasures, whatever and wherever they are, so that a "man of a family" here is known by the presence of that family, and he does not seem to have any haunts that are closed to them.

#### Taking the Chances.

"Do you know," said George, warningly, "that in this extremely hot weather two or three dishes of this ice cream might prove fatal?" "I haven't a doubt of it," replied Clara, "but it would be a happy death to die."

#### A Fashionable Boarding House.

"What class of boarders have you?" he asked of the landlady while looking at the fourth door back; "fashionable people?" "Yes, indeed," she replied; "some of the biggest bugs in town board with me."

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## THE FRENCH DETECTIVE SYSTEM.

Every Class of Society Under the Most Active and Insidious Vigilance.

Paris Letter in Chicago Times.

Mr. Andrieux, late prefect of police, is contributing to his newspaper, *Le Ligne*, a very interesting series of papers on the inner ways and workings of the French detective system. As anything from such a man on such a subject is well worth studying, it may not be considered out of place in this correspondence to give the substance of what he has lately written on this question. M. Andrieux takes care to classify the secret agents into two distinct bodies, to wit, those who are enrolled in the four different brigades and those who are not enrolled in any brigade or public or private force whatsoever. The former have their cards, which, in cases of danger, will insure them the protection of the regular police. They are strictly forbidden to show these cards to anyone save to state officials of high standing (when the indirect services of such officials are required), or to the sergents de ville, to whom I have just alluded, and under the circumstances referred to. They frequent club and other meetings, the wine-shops of the exterior boulevards, and houses and streets of ill-fame, and also attend at the senate and chamber of deputies during the parliamentary session. In the morning they prepare their reports, "generally speaking, at the prefecture, in the archives of which is to be found detailed accounts of the career and character of hundreds of thousands of individuals in France. These records form colossal pyramids in the lumber-rooms, and are alphabetically arranged according to the names of the persons whose histories they chronicle; so that when any one comes suddenly to the front or is compromised in any criminal affair, the librarians can have no difficulty in laying their hands on the official summary of his or her antecedents. So complete is the collection that the name of the most obscure rag-picker in Paris has its chronicle as well as the president of the republic.

In regard to those secret agents of the second category Mr. Andrieux is as explicit as he is indiscreet. "A man's coachman," he says, "a man's mistress, a man's barber, a man's valet may be long to this battalion." Many saloon-keepers and house-porters are actually compelled, under pain of forfeiture of their licenses and positions, to act as the spies of the prefecture. Several journalists, who are the bitterest political opponents in opposition newspapers, of the powers that be, and not a few frantic orators who "do" the stump at socialistic gatherings and denounce the criminality of capital amid the cheers of the workmen, are in the pay of the police authorities. The high-born and respectable imperialist, who mixes in Prince Napoleon's society and calls him "My Lord," "Your Majesty," and sports a violet in his buttonhole on the occasion of the anniversary mass for the repose of the soul of Napoleon III, at the church of St. Augustine, keeps up his gorgeous equipages and pays for his Bonapartist dinners out of the public funds. The simpering royalist, who carries about with him over his heart a tattered fragment of one of the old white flags of France, and who is gushingly tender and enthusiastic in his defense of the throne and altar, is "rigged out" at the expense of the state, and is paid to spy on the movements and actions of the royalists, just as his Bonapartist colleagues to look after the imperialists. The few journalists and public speakers who attack the government with the greatest violence, who are more or less in the confidence of these dupes, are in receipt of a fixed salary. The others are paid by results. The master mouchards, who "do" the drawing rooms of the Faubourg St. Germain and the Bonapartist dinners, draw heavily on the public purse, owing to the expenses they are forced to incur in such aristocratic surroundings. Each of these agents must have some ostensible trade or profession at which he may occasionally employ an hour or two of his time in order to avert any suspicion that may be entertained of him. Thus every class of society in Paris is under the most active, although the most insidious, vigilance. As much precaution is taken against a revolution to subvert established authority under the republic as during the reign of Napoleon III, when any twelve people—family circles apart—could not sit down to table without having at least one mouchard among them.

We had not proceeded far on our way when vestiges of the former condition of things met our eyes. It was at a place only one hundred miles from Teheran that we first realized the dreadful state of danger in which the people had lived. We found a most remarkable village at which we encamped. Supposing no information could have been procured, and an archaeologist had come upon it by accident, he would have had a profound puzzle to unravel and explain. The name of the village is Lasgird. The people ascribe an immense antiquity to it, and say that Las, or Last, a son of Noah, drew on the ground the "gird," or circle, which is the plan of the structure. The hero of this legend is not very familiar to Biblical scholars in the west, but he is not unknown in Afghanistan. The Colosseum at Rome, although an oval would convey some idea of the general appearance of Lasgird, only it must be conceived as built of mud, which is almost the only building material of this country. It should also be recollected that the one belongs to a period of good architecture, of which it is a celebrated monument, while the other may be said to be entirely destitute of any pretension of this kind. The rude mud walls are thick and solid all round at the base, and rise some thirty or forty feet, where there is a line of doors, with here and there a small window between them. By means of projecting beams, or branches of trees, over which smaller branches are laid, a kind of gallery is produced, bearing a strong resemblance to those simple forms of birds' nests which are formed of sticks placed on the upper branches of trees. The wonder is how the eggs do not roll over, or that the chicks do not tumble down to destruction. So it is with the galleries of Lasgird; there is no protection on the edge. Yet we saw women and children, sheep and goats upon them. A more frail and dangerous looking arrangement it would be hard to conceive. There are two tiers of houses all around, and in some places there appeared to be three. All had these galleries in front, either to communicate with the next house, or, as some did not communicate, they were only of use to come out upon to sit or work, or for the children to play upon. To us these places seemed the brink of destruction, while to the women and children it all appeared as safe and comfortable as if they had been monkey. Of course there was no getting up to these galleries from the outside; that would have suited the Turcomans. The means of going up was all on the inside. In some cases there are rough steps of mud, and in others there are inclined planes, half ladder and half road, made in the same way as the galleries. These lead up to galleries communicating with the houses, which were an exact repetition of those on the outside, the only difference being that they were not so high up, and there were walls at places which did duty as a parapet, hence the certainty of falling over did not seem quite so great from the inside as on the outside. While looking at this strange structure from one of these upper galleries, an old woman of at least 70 years of age passed me with a child stuck in some primitive way on her back. A few yards from me was one of these means of ascent, formed of sticks, with the remains of mud hanging to it. It would have done for fowls to go up to their roosts upon. She clambered up on this to the gallery above, but that was not her destination; her house was one up still higher in a corner, and to reach it she had to crawl up on the edge of a crumbling mud wall not above eighteen inches wide. On her left hand was a perpendicular descent, enough to make any one dizzy, and death at the bottom of it if a fall should occur, although on the other side there was only a few feet, if the old creature had slipped, the chances were she would have rolled down and fallen over the gallery with the baby on her back. The old lady went up very steadily, and reached her crow's nest in perfect safety. I could not help thinking that a few generations of this kind of thing would undo all our development, and that we would go back again to our original simian condition.

The dwellings of the people were all in the upper part of the great circle, and the center was filled up with strange moss structures, which are now falling to decay, as there is no longer any danger from Turcomans. These places were for containing the grain of the village, and for receiving the live stock of the villagers when a raid occurred. One of a number of wells was pointed out to us within the circle, and we were told that they had three or four which were always kept in good order in the days of danger. There is only one entrance to this circle, and that is by a small entrance scarcely four feet in height, to which there is a stone door working with a pivot and socket similar to the ancient stone doors found in the Hauran and other parts east of the Soudan. This stone door of Lasgird is a very rude one, being eight inches thick in some parts, and it tells its tale of the existence of great danger and the necessity for protection. Sir Peter Lumsden had a long conversation with the Khet Khodah and some of the principal villagers, and it seemed that they not only ascribed the origin of Lasgird to the son of Noah, "Nu," as they called him, but they likened their strange dwelling-place to the ark. Extreme theologians, who identify the church with the ark, say all who were in the ark were saved, all who were outside were destroyed. This was exactly the case with Lasgird. When a chupac took place, all who got in were secure; all who were left outside became victims. A chronic state of war existed, and this fortified village was the result. The Government either could not or would not defend the people, and they had to take means for their own safety.



# A Text for a Brief Sermon from Brother Gardner—Reconciliation.

[The Lime-Kiln Club.]

For some time past there has been ill-feeling between Pike Root Perkins and the Hon. Justified White, caused by a dispute over the query: "Is Life Worth the Living?" As the meeting was ready to open Brother Gardner called the pair to the head of the hall and said:

"One reason why some people decide dat life am not wuth de libin' am bekaase dey make life a burden to deirselves an' werry unpleasant to odders. One real mean man in a community kin make 500 people doubt if virtue am rewarded on airth. One canting hypocrite in a town kin keep a slander-mill grindin' night an' day. One infidel in a county kin cause 5,000 well-meanin' people to kinder doubt if dar' am a heaban or a hereafter."

"Bekase you two differ in opinyun you go at it an' help to make life unpleasant to each odder. It doan' strike you dat anybody else kin be right, or dat you may be entirely wrong. Brudder Perkins calls Brudder White a fule bekaase he can't agree wid him. Brudder White calls Brudder Perkins a bigot bekaase he won't accept his opinyuns. Each has his friends an' supporters, an' dese supporters divide off an' feel aige wise toward each odder, an' before we know it the quarrel has involved 200 people. Gem'len, de pusson who argues dat life am wuth libin' must prove his argyments by his ackshuns. He who feels dat life ain't wuth de trouble of hangin' aroun' on airth can't do better than to walk down to de wharf, hitch a grindstan to his neck, an' jump into water twenty feet deep."

"You two brudders take each odder by de hand. Now shake. Now go to yer seats. Each one of you has a right to his theories an' belief, but neither one of you have de right to denounce de odder. De world am big 'nuff to hold all de theories of all de inhabitants. We have plenty of room fur all de beliefs we kin believe in. Dar am acreage fur all de argyments we kin argy. When we realize dis we mus' feel how silly it am fur de Hon. Centrifugal Johnsing to call Judge Merriweather Tompkins a charlatan bekaase Mrs. Johnsing had thirty-two pussoms to her high tea, and Mrs. Tompkins couldn't count but thirty-one at her low coffee."

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## Not Much of a Recommendation.

In a Western town a citizen of the name of William Shakespeare has been appointed Postmaster.

Recently a visitor asked one of the residents of the place if he were familiar with the works of Shakespere.

"All I know about him is," replied the resident, "he has been workin' for the Postmastership for sixteen years, an' he's got there at last. That's about all the work I ever knew Bill to do."

## An Angling Cat.

Henry Gallman owns a mill, and a man named Fruit attends to it. Fruit owns a large cat that, as soon as the mill is stopped by shutting down the gate, will immediately run down behind the mill and get on a log just over the sheeting over which the water is flowing. She will then look intently into the water, which is from eighteen inches to two feet deep, until she spies a fish; she then plunges into the water, frequently burying herself under it, but almost always coming out with a fish. She then quietly sits down on a rock near by and enjoys her meal.—*Charleston Courier.*

## The Anti-Monopoly Member.

Hon. B. F. Shively, anti-monopolist, and member of congress from the 13th Indiana district for the remainder of Maj. Calkins' unexpired term, called at our office on Tuesday as he was passing through Chicago on his way to Washington.

He said he was going down in advance of the assembling of congress for the purpose of holding a caucus and deciding upon the course to be pursued by the anti-monopoly member in the coming session. He wouldn't need to go a week in advance, only he didn't know where he would hold his caucus when he did get there, and so was going on ahead to engage a suitable place to meet in.

Frank, (we call him Frank sometimes in order to appeal on familiar terms with a congressman), Frank will be the youngest member in congress this winter. He is twenty-six years old; stands six feet two in his stockings and is pretty well squared up. We hope, out of regard for his youth, that the older members of the House will stand aside and give the boy a chance.

We asked Frank if he had a speech prepared and he said he hadn't, so we gave him one of our old ones, which, if he gets it off in his best style, will be thrillingly interesting and, being published in the congressional *Globe*, will add immensely to the popularity of that already popular journal.

The only thing especially noticeable about Frank's clothes, so far as we observed, is his new overcoat, which is of gray chin-chilla, and very heavy and warm. We observed this with regret as it evinced either a lack of good judgement, or an ignorance of the geography of his country which argues ill for his future career. We called his attention to the fact that the climate of Washington is much warmer than this, and might even become oppressively hot to the sole representative of the people's party, and asked him if he didn't think a lighter coat would be more comfortable as well as in better taste?

He said he didn't know but it would. Then we offered to take his new chin-chilla and let him have our last summer (which is also our summer before last) overcoat in its place, but he declined.

His manner of declining had a tinge of embarrassment about it which induced us to urge the matter upon him a little. We felt that probably his generous nature caused him to hesitate about taking advantage of our unselfishness, but that was not it. After a little further urging on our part he told us the true reason. He said it

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wasn't because he was unwilling to be under obligations to us, but it was generally reported in the papers that congress wouldn't do much of any thing this winter except to pass appropriation bills, and he thought it possible they might be able to smuggle through a bill to provide the members with summer overcoats along with the appropriation for necessities, such as whiskey and pearl-handled pen-knives, and if they could, why, then he would keep his new chin-chilla until cold weather came, down there—which with him will be about March fourth, when his time in congress expires.

All the time we were talking with Frank we noticed that he appeared kind of sad and down-hearted: just as if something, some terrible weight, was resting on his mind—something which he found it impossible to throw off, and finally we spoke to him about it, and begged that he would unbosom himself to his friend. "He would feel better," we told him, "to share his burden of grief and sorrow with one true friend," and urged that he permit us to be that friend, and finally he said he would, but he couldn't unbosom himself in so public a place as our front office. So we took him into our private office and locked the door. Then he told us.

He said he was haunted by an awful fear that he might forget to draw his salary as congressman, and wouldn't we, as a friend in whom he had confided, take the burden of this fear from off his mind; this fear that was sapping the blood in his young veins; by promising to drop him a postal card at the end of each month reminding him that his salary was due and suggesting that he inquire of the proper officer if it would be convenient to the government to pay. If we would promise this, he said, it would take a great weight from off his mind and enable him to give his whole attention to the work of saving the country. He felt that under such circumstances he might be able to save it. Anyway he was confident that he could save a piece of it if only we would take this weight from off his mind.

We told him that we would. That there were mighty few things we wouldn't do for a member of congress.

#### A Great Attraction. [Chicago Living Church.]

"Can't you tell me, sir, where I might find a situation?" asked a young man of a Chicago citizen. "I am a stranger here." "What at?" was the reply. "Oh, anything at all; I am not afraid to work." "Got any recommendations?" "Well, no; but I am industrious, I am honest, I go to church regularly, I don't drink, I don't chew, I don't smoke, I don't lie." "Ah, I see. Just apply around the corner at the dime museum."

and this wasn't one of 'em. At the same time we assured him that we thought it would be unnecessary, as his landlord would attend to reminding him of any money that might be coming to him from any source, and we asked him if that had not been his experience with his landlords in the past.

He said it had, and he brightened up and looked relieved at once. He said he wondered he hadn't thought of that before. That this fear that he should forget to draw his salary had been the only thing troubling him since the final count which determined his election, and now this was off his mind he felt that he could eat and sleep again.

Then he wrung our hand and went down on Clark street to a scalper's office where he bought a ticket and left on the three p.m. train for Washington.

With the natural ability which Frank possesses, and with the advantage which he will have of being able at all times to come to us for advice, we hope, and we think not without reason, to hear of his making his mark high up in the halls of congress. If he makes it at all, it will be high up,—so high that if it is ever washed off the janitor will have to stand on a step ladder to do it. Frank isn't one of the kind of fellows that take back seats at a wake, and if any of those Republican congressmen want to try who can make the highest mark on the walls of the House of Representatives, Frank will be ready for 'em, every time.

#### Senator Vest's Dog Story.

"I have a dog," said Senator Vest, who had just heard a precious crow story, "which is very sagacious." One morning he watched intently while a negro boy blacked my shoes. The following morning he came to where I was sitting with a blacking-brush in his mouth. You may not believe it, but that dog got down on his haunches, spit on my shoes, took the brush in his teeth and rubbed away like a horse on fire. But I must admit that he did not get up much of a polish. One Sunday, while I was living at Sedalia, this dog followed me to church. I noticed that he watched every movement of the preacher. That afternoon I heard a terrible howling of dogs in my back yard. I went out to see what was the matter. My dog was in the woodshed, standing on his hind legs on an old dry goods box. He held down a torn almanac with one fore paw and gesticulated wildly with the other, while he swayed his head and howled to an audience of four other dogs, even more sadly than the preacher I had heard that morning. The narrator of the crow story "threw up the sponge."—Memphis Appeal.

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## Not to Be Fooled Again

A shepherd once, to prove the quickness of his dog, who was lying before the fire in the house where we were talking, said to me in the middle of a sentence concerning something else, "I am thinking, she the cow is in the potatoes." Though he purposely laid no stress on these words, and said them in a quiet, unconcerned tone of voice, the dog, who appeared to be asleep, immediately jumped up, and, leaping through an open window, scrambled up the turf-roof of the house, from which he could see the potato-field. He then (not seeing the cow there) ran and looked into the farm-yard where she was, and, finding that all was right, came back to the house. After a short time, the shepherd said the same words again, and the dog repeated the outlook; but, on the false alarm being a third time given, the dog got up, and wagging his tail, looked his master in the face with so comical an expression of interrogation that he could not help laughing at him. On which, with a slight growl, he laid himself down in his warm corner with an offended air, as if determined not to be made a fool of again.—*Baptist Weekly*.

## The Genuine Enoch.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Thus far the year 1885 has been notable for its large number of Enoch Arden cases. Husbands who disappeared ten, fifteen, or twenty-five years ago have been returning, all over the country, and have supplied the newspapers with interesting stories. It is to be regretted, however, that, in most instances, these returning husbands have not read Tennyson, or at least have not studied the poet sufficiently to know how an Enoch Arden should conduct himself. An Enoch Arden who knows his business approaches his former home quietly in the darkness, presses a white face against the window pane, observes with agony of heart the happiness of his former wife in the company of some other man, and then goes off somewhere and magnanimously dies. The Enoch Arden of 1885 has not followed the poetical precedent, and, up to date, has conducted himself in a manner deserving of severest censure, from a soulful point of view. He presses his face against the window only long enough to see the other man and then he secures a club and sails into the house. The immediately subsequent proceedings are of a nature to be described at length only in sporting journals, but it may be mentioned incidentally that the wanderer has in every case knocked out the interloper in the first round—the suddenness of the attack being in his favor—and has occupied the case without further formality. He has not considered it necessary to go off and die, but has devoted himself assiduously to spending whatever his wife and the other man in the case have saved, and is at present in as good health as any of his neighbors. It is the particularly health temperament of the Enoch Arden of 1885 which gives him a distinctive reputation: He has shocking taste—there is no doubt of that—but he is still a useful citizen, and, instead of moldering in the tomb, feels that he will be more appreciated if he stays around where he can be sociable and where he can cast one or more votes at the next election. That's the sort of man the Enoch Arden of 1885 is.

## SOME DOGS

There is a tradition of a dog lost in the physicals in the city walls in the direction in which the dog and his command were slaughtered. It is an English bull terrier, nine or ten years old, and totally blind. It was the property of Captain Cook who was slain with the commander on that day of awful horror. The dog which followed him everywhere, was in the thick of the fight and was picked up by the orderly, the only man of the command who escaped, and who through his flight and concealment carried the dog with him. Its warlike propensities are gone now, and it is as lazy and stupid as a dog as ever outlived its triumphs. It is the chief friend and companion of a parrot, who will not allow it to leave the room without it clamors: "Topsy, Topsy, Topsy."

The same physician who now owns this interesting animal, once sent as a present to Mrs. General Custer a beautiful coach dog which had been the attendant of his rounds in Canada. Mrs. Custer bestowed the dog on a friend living in Kentucky, when she met for the first time, and the dog was made the companion of the little girl of the family. For this child the dog conceived one of those intimations for which dogs above all other animals of the brute creation have been distinguished. He played with her, walked with her, ate by her, slept near her, followed her if she rode, and mourned inconsolably if she left home without him. It was the evil fate of this little child to contract the scarlet fever, and through all her illness the dog never left her side unless forced to do so, and then his howls were so unceasing that for quite a period he sat and howled again to the sick-room. The little child died, and her disconsolate friend laid full length beside the coffin, rising now and then to lick the cold face. When the coffin was carried from the house he followed it, and when the small mound that covered it was raised he resumed his watch there. No enticement could persuade him to leave it. He never tasted food again, and in the course of nature followed his little friend, and many be beyond the confines of that mysterious hereafter were those who love are reunited.

A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

From The Salt Lake Tribune.

Salt Lake has one of the most intelligent dogs in creation, as the following story shows: The owner of the dog is also the proprietor of a cow. Every morning the dog is started out to drive the cow to pasture down near the Jordan. A lunch for the dog is tied up in paper and fastened to his collar. He will drive the cow to where there is good pasture, and on hot days will then lie down in the shadow she casts, moving along as the cow moves, and thus keeping constantly in the shade. He does not touch his lunch until noon, when he slips the collar from his neck, tears off the paper and devours his repast. He then comes with his paper, pushes the collar back over his head, and toward evening starts the cow for home. This story is vouched for by several persons who have witnessed the dog's performance; in fact, some of the people of the vicinity are in the habit of watching him every day.

A DOG FANNING THE BABY

From The Pittsburg Chronicle.

Dog stories are always in order, provided they are true. A gentleman in one of the suburban wards owned a fine specimen of the spaniel breed, which is very fond of children, and whom any little one visits his master's house constitutes himself their companion, playmate and guardian. A few days ago a lady with an infant visited the gentleman, and in the course of the day the child was laid on a pillow on the floor, and gnawed himself for a time. The dog took his place near the mother, as usual. The day was hot and the flies bad, and she made the baby the target of frequent attacks. This rendered her restless. Doggie watched her for a few minutes, and then, walking close up, with his nose on paw down, and did so every day as soon as it lit on the baby's face, and did so gently too as not to disturb her in the least. The dog's actions attracted the attention of the mother and others, who were filled with astonishment at his thoughtful kindness. This story has the merit of truth.

## HE SAVED THE CHILD

From The Philadelphia Times

Thomas McGlone, of No. 1017 Locust st., is the owner of a bull pup that he is willing to back against the canine world for intelligence. In the rear of McGlone's house is a cellar twelve feet deep. The entrance to the cavern is covered with a rickety trap-door. Several days ago the little child of one of Mr. McGlone's neighbors wandered into the yard, and was enjoying a romp with the bull pup, when it fell on the cellar-door. The door quivered, and gradually sagged downward on its rusty hinges. The pup saw the child's peril, and springing forward, grabbed the dress between its teeth, and bracing himself, struggled with might and main to pull the child back on terra firma.

The door continued to sink, however, and the dog was not heavy enough to support the weight of the child. He seemed to realize this, but never wavered in his duty, and when the door fell with a crash the dog and child went down together. The heavy door fell on the dog's back as he stood on the cellar floor with the child lying between his four legs. The child's cries and the dog's howls attracted the attention of Mr. McGuire, who rushed there from the pit. The child was unharmed, but the dog was considerably bruised. "The pup undoubtedly saved my son's life," said Mr. McGuire, "and his value has appreciated in my eyes about 100 per cent."

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When I first came to the snakes on the road," Moss said, "most numerous were the snakes, and I lived for a long while with a pack of snakes in the cave and logs in the cave, the old chapman used to drive me back the cave and put up a new old bull snake home on regularly woman's chair as they together, and the old man and I got not tame, the old man woman a new rocking house before, a smoking away at when she thought weighed 200 pounds and down on the side of the hill and the old man and the old woman, and



### NERO THE WISE

From The St. James's Gazette.

Need I say how much I like Nero? I do not think you need be so far afield as London to find a good dog story. Nero was quite a new arrival in the household now, but his owner was a cross between a fair-weather and a New-Englander, and his name was Nero. I would not go to Nero, and the most for the day's dinner. This was a good dog, and took it home, always honestly. Like the boy who, to get an hour's play, discovered the principle of the eccentric as applied to the steam engine, I built upon a plan to obviate the necessity of going to the butcher's at all. I said, "butcher" to Nero every morning in his basket, ordering a pound of steak. Then I said "butcher" very earnestly. Nero looked thoughtful. Presently he went out a little way, stopped, looked back, and wagged his tail. I said "butcher" again, and Nero started off. I waited anxiously. In a little over half an hour Nero returned with the steak. I petted him much, and he seemed pleased. After that he always went to market and always shared with his master the dinner which he had bought.

Like the American cat of your note, Nero hated fire. He would always paw out a lighted paper or cigar, and wag his tail. I am quite sure no room could have taken fire in which Nero was. I taught him that I could have taught him anything. Yet Nero was only a common English dog.

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### ANOTHER TRUE STORY.

From The West Point (Ga.) Press.

Mr. W. C. Cox left on last Tuesday for his card factory at Wain's Mill, in Chambers County, but a few days before shaking West Point dust from his feet he told a huge snake story. He met and became partially acquainted with his snake near Tallapoosa—better known as Possum Snout, Harrison County, Ga. We do not hope to give the exact language of this famous snake story, but it is about as follows:

I was riding along the road when my horse stopped and showed signs of fright. I looked and saw what I supposed was a log, between twenty-five and thirty feet in length. Knowing my horse was very much afraid of snakes, I examined to see if there could be one of these reptiles near the supposed log, when the fact dawned upon me that the object was a huge snake. I alighted and threw a stone at what I then knew to be a snake, striking it near the head, when he jumped his full length, twenty-five or thirty feet. As soon as he got still I counted eighty-nine rattles and several buttons on his tail. I met a gentleman afterward who told me his snakeship had been seen near the same place for fifteen or twenty years, and he had counted as many as 132 rattles on his tail, and that when he opened his mouth he exhibited fangs about six inches long, and I suppose he told the truth—at least I know he did about the fangs—I saw them. When I went to the nearest house—four miles away—and tried to get a gun to dispatch the snake, I was told that it was no use to try to find him, for he only had certain times to show himself—and I passed on to Possum Snout, feeling thankful that my horse was not in the land of big rattlesnakes.

### RORY'S WISDOM AND HIS LOVE

J. G. Wood in The Youth's Companion.

Now at Oxford the "breakfast party" is an institution. There are two modes of showing hospitality, one the "breakfast" in the morning, and the other the "wine" in the evening; and it is very seldom that in any college a day passes without a "breakfast." The viands are given out at the kitchen and buttery, and thence conveyed to the rooms by the kitchen-boys. So Rory used to go to the buttery door in the morning and look out for a breakfast. When he had suited himself, he arose upon his hind feet, and walked behind the kitchen-boy to the rooms where the breakfast was given. He had taught himself the art of walking upright and could walk, or rather hop, up and down stairs without putting his forepaws to the ground. Rory was known everywhere, and as soon as he appeared a chair was placed for him, he was invested with cap and gown, and took his seat at the table, where he conducted himself with perfect propriety. Even when a chicken-bone was laid on his plate, he never touched it until permission was given. After the breakfast, Rory was expected to sit on a bracket with a pipe in his mouth. He hated the pipe, but compounded for it as a set-off against his breakfast.

After awhile I was called away to some duties where the presence of Rory would have been impossible, and so I left him at my father's house. Once I came back unexpectedly. I naturally imagined that Rory would greet me after his usual impulsive manner. He did nothing of the kind. He came from under my father's chair, licked my hand, and kept himself pressed against me. When I sat down, he lay with his chin on my feet, looking up steadily in the face, but remaining perfectly silent. I could only stay at home for a few hours, and my next news of Rory was that he was dead. His master had captured him, and taken him away. He refused to eat, played away, and died, much to the regret of his master, who would never have taken the dog away if he had imagined what the result would be.

### A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

From The St. James's Gazette.

Our correspondent, "B. J.," a man whom we respect, writes: Your story of "F. H. R.'s" dog, and, indeed, that related by "W. B. B.," also remind me rather of the story of the cleverest dog that is reported ever to have lived. This dog was not in the habit of visiting the shops of butchers, as were the dogs of "F. H. R." and "W. B. B.," but his visits lay rather in the direction of the baker, to whom he was in the habit of going every morning on his master's behalf. This master was fond of hot rolls for breakfast; he placed a penny each day in his dog's mouth and said to him, "Baker." The dog would then start off for the baker's. Arrived there, he placed his feet on the counter and presented the penny to the proprietor of the shop, who, taking the penny, placed a bag containing a penny roll in the dog's mouth. This the dog used safely to transport to his master for his breakfast. One day the dog had, as usual, brought his penny to the baker's counter and duly deposited it. The man, in order to see what the dog would do, took a halfpenny roll, and depositing it in a bag, placed the latter, as usual, in the dog's mouth. The dog put down the bag on the counter and went out and fetched in the policeman.

### CHARLES READE'S LOVE FOR DOGS.

John Coleman in The Theatre.

No man liked dogs better than Charles Reade. When I first knew him, the pet of the household was an obese white Pomeranian known as "Superior Tiny." When this superior creature took his departure, full of years and honors, and his loss had been deplored for a considerable period, the great novelist went down to the Dogs' Home, at Battersea—upon an occasion made memorable by a famous article in The Daily Telegraph—and bought five dogs, chiefly mongrel, for he always maintained that the mixed breed was the most intelligent of the canine species. Three of his purchases he presented to friends, but "Puff," a mongrel poodle, and "Tiny Number Two," a mongrel Isle of Skye, were to the day of their master's death "monarchs of all they surveyed" at Shepherd's Bush. "Puff" was lost twice, and upon one occasion his master paid a reward of £15 for his return.

Some years ago, when Reade was visiting with us, an interesting event occurred to our little brown terrier, who was an especial favorite with Leo (so we called the leonine one). During this visit he was taken ill and was confined to his room for some days. It was summer time, and every morning at 5 o'clock, before the household was astir, Miss Bebbie used to carry the only two remaining members of her family to the door of his chamber and scratch until she was let in. Then she would take the pups in her mouth and deposit them on the bed, one on either side of Reade. This done, she would spring up and coil herself around his neck. Many a time have I seen them sleeping thus together; many a time have I heard him say that the affection of this poor little dog was quite a consolation to him during the progress of a most distressing malady.

### THIS IS A TRUE STORY.

Correspondence St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

When I first came to Nebraska, over twenty years ago, the snakes on the prairie were thick as the grass on the hillsides. "Moccasins" or "prairie rattlesnakes" were the most numerous, but hideous great bull-snakes, blow-snakes, adders and racers turned up now and then. I lived for awhile with an old Missourian, and in a log cabin with a punticon floor and a dirt roof, and the snakes crawled in and out under the old half-rotten floor and logs, as the old man would have any killed. When the old chap was away we had some, but as soon as he came back the snakes knew his voice, and came out and curled up almost anywhere round the place.

One old bull-snake had a hole in the corner, and used to come out regularly every night and curl up behind the old woman's chair as she and the old man smoked their pipes together, and he would never have it disturbed. So it got real tame, and would go to sleep there. One day the old man went to town and bought the old woman a new rocking-chair, something they never had in the house before. A night or two after the old lady was smoking away and the snake was dozing just behind her, when she thought she would try her new chair. She reached 200 pounds, and when she tottered back and came down on the snake he gave one yell (we heard out at the barn) and the old man with the dead on made for its voice; the end with the tail on snared right there where the old woman sat down on it. This is a true story.



AN INDEPENDENT CAT.

From The Westchester Village Record.  
Mrs. Anna Allison, residing at the William Allen Villa, Pennsylvania, owns a cat that has become an expert at the business of catching fish. It is a habit of catching fish for her by diving into the water after. For quite a long time it has been a few weeks ago the cat had persistently refused food of any kind that the family offered it, and Mrs. Allison and the rest of the members of her household wondered not a little where the cat could be hiding, which it certainly must be, as it retained a perfectly healthy condition.

One day, about three weeks ago, however, the entire mystery was cleared up suddenly and unexpectedly by the cat being observed to make a dive into the mill race close by the house and reappear in a short time with a good sized fish in its mouth, which it at once proceeded to devour. Since then it has often been seen springing from its footbridge over the stream into the water and catching fish, which form its entire diet. The animal will dive clear out of sight in the water when it sees a fish in it, and catches quite a number of them daily.

BOUND TO TAKE THAT FLY.

From The Portland Oregonian.

The latest fish story comes from Latourelle Falls and is attributed to Eugene Protzman. The fish in the lake near the falls leap several inches clear of the water to take the flies which "Prots" offered them. The other day he got his line entangled in the boughs of a tree which leans over the lake, and, despairing of ever getting it clear, sat down on the shore in order to do the subject justice at his ease. He was much astonished to see the fish leap upon the sloping tree trunk, wiggle along up it and then climb out on a limb, and then make a jump and fasten himself on the hook dangling in mid-air, where he kicked his life away in a most jolting manner.

Heated proceedings.

A POINTER ABOUT PRESENTS.

"What are you buying now?" asked Ned Stevenson of Andrew Powell on meeting the latter in Bell's jewelry store.

"I am looking for some present to give my wife on her birthday. I tell you, making presents costs a heap of money."

"Why don't you do as I do? I have never failed to make my wife a present on her birthday every year for twenty-five years and I am not out a cent thus far."

"How do you manage it?"

"It is very simple. After we were married, when her birthday came around I gave her a twenty dollar gold piece. When my birthday came around she gave me the twenty dollar piece back, and we have kept that up ever since and neither of us is out a cent." Texas Sittings.

I heard a good thing the other day said by Anna Tadema, who is about to build a handsome house in London, proving thereby that art is flourishing on English soil. It was at a dinner party, when the guests were talking of the exchange of geniuses between England and America. For every actor, singer, lecturer, or person of note sent here by England the United States made a return. There was Booth for Irving, Mary Anderson for Ellen Terry, Patti for Nilsson, as Patti really belonged to us first; Joe Jefferson for Sothorn, and so on. Anna Tadema said, "England is one ahead of the United States. We sent Oscar Wilde over there but she had no fool to send back."

A SOFT ANSWER.

"Whenever I can find a donkey with a loud enough voice and long enough ears," he growled, "I'll bring him up here and let him argue with you."

"Well, my dear," she replied, sweetly, "what subject do you want to discuss?"

Sunday-School Item.

"What three men were cast into the fiery furnace?" asked the Sunday-school teacher. "Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-negro," shouted the class.

"Did they burn?"

"No, mum."

"That is correct. Not a hair of their heads were singed. Now, Willie, can you tell me why their hair was not singed?"

"Yes, mum. They wuz bald-headed."—Newman Independent.

The We-Can-Go-It-Alone Club.

[Philadelphia Times.]

The young ladies of New Rochelle, N. Y., tired of being companions to the club, and that derives support and countenance from alleged masculine oaks, and probably more tired of waiting for the masculine escorts who never come, have organized themselves into a "We-Can-Go-It-Alone Club," and men from their entertainments and parties, and advertise that during the coming winter they expect to have straw sleigh rides, sleeves as a means of keeping the hands warm. If the muffs fail to do the work, the hands will have to freeze, that is all, for the We-can-go-it-alone girls are going to go it alone or know the reason why.

Sure of One Another.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

There was a case of assault and battery before one of the justices the other day, and a witness with a black eye, several stripes of court plaster across his nose, and one ear badly lopped over was asked by the defendant's lawyer if he saw Brown strike White.

"Can't say as I did," he replied.

"Did you see the whole affair?"

"Mostly."

"Well, how was it?"

"Well, Smith and me got on the reaper talking evolution. Jones and Green sat on the grass talking religion. Brown and White sat by the edge of the straw-stack disputin' on politics. Three or four boys was in the barn gittin' up a dog fight."

"Yes, go on."

"Just I knowed, somebody called somebody else a liar. Next I knowed evolution, religion, politics and fighting dogs was a rolling over each other on the grass, and every man kicking and biting and hitting away fur all he was wuth."

"But did you see Brown strike White?"

"Can't say as I did."

"Did you see White strike Brown?"

"Can't be sure of it. The only thing I'm sure of, mister lawyer, is that my old woman came out with a pail of hot water and licked the hull crowd and had two quarts left fur next time."

The Three Reasons.

Ell Perkins in His Own Words.

Zack Chandler had three men working in a saw-mill in the woods below Saginaw. During Grant's last campaign Zack went up to the saw-mill to see how the men were going to vote. He found that each had a different political faith. One was a Democrat, one a Republican, and one a Greenbacker. A farm-boy had just killed a fine woodchuck, and Zack offered to give it to the man who would give the best reason for his political faith.

"I'm a Republican," said the first man, "because my party freed the slave, put down the rebellion, and never fired on the old flag."

"Good!" said old Zack. "And I am a Greenbacker," said the second man, "because if my party should get into power every man would have a pocket full of money."

"First-rate!" said Uncle Zack. "And now you," addressing the third.

"Why are you a Democrat?"

"Because, sir," said the man, "I like to think of a good Democratic answer—because because I want that woodchuck!"

What it is coming to: He.

He—"Will you be my wife, Claribel?" She—"With pleasure, Henry." He—"I suppose you can furnish references from your last husband?" She—"Oh, yes; that is, if I happen to see him. I haven't seen him since we were divorced. But I can refer you to my second husband, whom you know I believe; and if you will kindly keep the place open until I can write to my first, I think I can give you the best of recommendations."

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A Colored Man's Years All Over.

WASHINGTON, F

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## CARRYING A LIBRARY IN HIS HEAD.

A Colored Man in Washington whom Lawyers All Over the Country Know.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 27.—Opposite the winding staircase which ascends to the rotunda, and directly beneath the Supreme Court room, is the finest law library in this country. It contains 68,000 volumes, and the annual additions amount to about 2,000 volumes. Though nominally a part of the miscellaneous library, and under the jurisdiction of Mr. Spofford, it has had for years its librarian and separate accommodations. Within the portals of this vast collection the profoundest lawyers of the United States have laboriously traced legal principles and marshalled arrays of authorities. The rule of silence is without breach. In this legal reservoir there is that quiet which rests upon the waters in whose depths genuine pearls alone are found.

The legal explorer meets with but one annoyance. There is not a gas jet or lamp within the room. No employee dare even carry a match. After the fire in 1881, which proved so disastrous, a statute was enacted prohibiting the use of combustibles of any kind within the libraries. And thus, when dusk prevents the eye from longer following the studied text, the doors are closed, and, perhaps in the middle of a sustained argument which the reader would fain pursue to conclusion, the volume must be resigned.

The assistant law librarian, John Francis Nicholas Wilkinson, is a colored gentleman. He is the oldest attaché in either library. For 28 years he has been the familiar purveyor of the law books, and in every leading office of the larger cities he could find a lawyer whom he knows. No abbreviation of the law reporters stagger him. He refers to no dictionary to discover the meaning of the initials or condensed names used, but promptly goes to the proper shelf, and unerringly brings forth the desired report, whether it be one of a musty British series or one of our earlier State collection of opinions whose editor sought to emblazon his own name upon it rather than employ the modern convention of consecutive numbers. It is this perfect familiarity with the library which impresses Mr. Wilkinson upon the visitor. The pages of the Supreme Court justices are momentarily coming down with requisitions for authorities that may range from the ancient Brehon laws, French *causes célèbres*, or reports of the Court de Cassation to the whole domain of American decisions. With the precision of a Swiss bell-ringer Mr. Wilkinson draws out the required works from the shelves. But what is more remarkable as a feat of memorizing is the accuracy of his recollection of cases. He has no need of recourse to digests to locate the leading cases in our jurisprudence. The library has grown during Mr. Wilkinson's incumbency from 15,000 to 68,000 volumes, but he has kept pace with it.

For six generations back Mr. Wilkinson's ancestors have been free. He has African, Indian, and white blood in his veins. In 1881, when the fear of a slave insurrection terrorized the South, and the free negroes were driven from Virginia, Wilkinson's father became a resident of Washington, where he was entered to the leading statesmen who moved to either there. The son was early placed in a brickyard, and followed brick making until he was 39 years old, filling the winter intervals with catering and playing in a band. In 1857 he was employed as a laborer to assist in cleaning the general library. Congress made an appropriation for an additional laborer, and Wilkinson got the permanent job. Wilkinson was soon detailed to the law library, and there, through the grades of laborer, messenger, and assistant librarian, he has served ever since. In 1862 Mr. Lincoln removed John S. Meehan, the law librarian, after thirty-one years' service, and appointed Dr. Stevenson of Terre Haute in his place. The new appointee discharged every employee except the younger Meehan. Wilkinson was told that it had been decided to employ no colored help. But he was restored in a few months, and the Supreme Court and Beverly Johnson, then on the Library Committee, requested that he be never removed.

## GENUINE ARKANSAS ELOQUENCE.

Why the Member from Benton Changed His Vote from Berry to Jones.

From the Little Rock Gazette.

Mr. Baker, of Benton, when his name was reached, rose to his feet and said: "Mr. President, I cast my first vote in this Senatorial contest for Gov. James H. Berry, and I have continued to do so up to the present time. I know him and like him. He is a good man, and well qualified to fill the office; an honored citizen, a brave soldier, and an able statesman, he is high in the esteem of the public. I am a rough man myself—a man from the mountains—and I am one of those who stick by their friends; I stick by my friends when they deserve it, when they are able and well qualified, until they fall, and even then I'll not desert them; I am like Collin's 'sheep'; when they fall I fall with them. I hated to see Gov. Berry withdraw from the field, but when I saw it must be, I looked about me and took the thing under consideration and thought on it. I thought long and carefully over it, and I slept with it. [Laughter.] I saw I must cast my vote for some one else, and I must make a choice of the other candidates. I'll tell you how I did it. I looked over the field. I have met the other two, and I had studied them. I met the Hon. Polindexter Dunn, and I saw in him many good points. I saw a fine head on him (I greatly admire a fine head) and I saw in him a great coming man. But I tell you what did the work for me. I met Mrs. Jones—the wife of the Hon. James K. Jones—and that settled it. This is how it was. I met her and I went and called on her—yes, I did. The room was full of beautiful women. I didn't hardly know what to do, but she sat by the piano and I asked her to play a little tune on it for me. [Laughter.] I asked her that very thing—asked her if she could play 'My Old Cabin Home.' She said she would if I would sing a verse of it, and I said I'd try. [Cries, 'Sing it now, let's hear it!'] You wait, I said I would, and she touched up the piano—hit the very key-note of the piece—the tune I know and love best on earth. It rang and echoed about the room. The place was full of women, and pretty women, too. [Applause.] And among them I saw Miss Roane, the daughter of old Gov. Roane, the lady of whom Mr. McMillan spoke so beautifully a while ago. They crowded around and right there I stood and sang the verse. [Cries of 'Sing—sing—give us the verse!'] All right, gentlemen, to accommodate you I'll sing it," and, clearing his throat, the gentleman from Benton struck up a bear-tone song and sang:

"We'll hunt no more the grizzly  
In the nook.  
We'll leave the canon all  
So dry;  
We'll drink no more of the  
Clear crystal brook.  
So, my log-cabin home, goode-bye."

As the "goode-bye" floated up among the cobwebs in the dome of the hall the densely packed throng burst into cheers and shouts, a tornado of applause shaking the old house, while bursts of laughter rang out like thunderbolts, and hand-clappings sounded like hail among the confusion. At length the orator succeeded in getting silence again, after bowing and gesticulating several minutes, and said: "Hold on—wait and hear the chorus;" and then he sang—

THE CHORUS.  
"We'll mind no more; but play.  
I never shall forget  
That log cabin home—  
That log cabin home far away."

Again the storm broke forth, and it was several minutes before he could proceed. When a lull came he continued: "Well, those ladies crowded around me, and when Mrs. Jones stopped playing I set her hand and I said: 'Madam, I am in love with you.' [Shouts.] Yes, I told her I had fallen in love with her, and she said she wished I'd fall in love with

her husband as well. She said: 'I'm nice—they all did, too. Now, I am a rough old man, but ladies have great attractions for the old mountain boomer. I know I do [cheers], and I never forget that visit. They looked so sweet and nice I wanted to hug them all. When I met Mr. Jones I looked at him closely, and saw in him a man I could well suppose like a wash tub, eyes set away back in a deep thinking look in them, and so with all this to think of, after looking matter well, after sleeping with it, I have concluded to vote for the Hon. James K. Jones.' [Cheers, long and loud.]

my speech.

THE UNSEEN POOR.—It is forgotten that while to the lowest scale of human life poverty is a hard lot somewhat tempered by habit, to higher grades of society poverty is really a crime. They dare not show to their neighbors and acquaintance any outward evidences of their poverty; they dare not reveal the terrible pinchings and struggles they go through to keep their little home together, or the anxiety they suffer in raising the little rent they have to pay weekly for a humble lodging in a respectable house and neighborhood. The poor gentleman, the poor lady, the poor clerk out of employment, must maintain their respectability, for their pecuniary ruin means also social ruin. There is a point in certain grades of human existence where respectability becomes a burden and a tax. It is all very well to say, "There is menial labor open to them." There is no greater cant abroad than the affectation that menial labor is a disgrace. But menial labor requires skill; and, unless a man or woman be reared to it, he or she is valueless in that capacity. To be a competent navy or laborer requires a certain muscular development and training. To be a skilled carpenter or brick-layer requires as much knowledge, skill, and nicely of touch as many callings of higher repute. I am purposely putting aside all considerations of the natural and actual horror and pain felt by all refined natures at contact with sordid surroundings and coarsely vulgar associates; but to the well-bred and educated man or woman all this means trial and suffering, and it is a species of trial and suffering quite unknown to the inhabitants of a slum. The deserving poor, the poor who get no sympathy, do not all live in slums. The popular journalist can make no sensation articles on the lives of men who conceal their sufferings under dingy black coats and nearly starve in dingy two-pair backs. The suffering is silent; it is not advertised. In the privacy of their poorly furnished rooms the tears may be bitter, the sighs heavy; but the world knows nothing of all that. The poor tradesman, ruined, perhaps, by no fault of his own—crushed while competing with huge capitalists—who will set him on his legs again? A careful study of the annual statistics of suicides will show that nearly all the "cases" found are respectably dressed. The inhabitants of slums seldom commit suicide. The most powerful incentives to suicide are shame, anxiety, and mental suffering.—From *All the Year Around*.



## A MISSOURI POKER STORY.

A good story comes from Troy, Lincoln County, which is told at the expense of a landlord, whose love for the exciting game of poker caused him to part with a well-filled wallet one night during last week. Having ordered a load or two of cordwood from a farmer, the latter in due time delivered the same in front of his customer's residence, when not long after a seedy-looking individual came along armed with a saw and buck and securing the job went to work in dead earnest, for which he was to receive the munificent sum of \$1. Accomplishing the task just as the bell rang for supper he was asked to partake of the meal, which invitation he accepted without much pressing. Supper over he was paid the dollar for the wood job, and loitering around the store he heard his benefactor invite several friends there to join him in a friendly game of poker, to which they readily assented. The heaver of wood looked complacently on the game for a time, and addressed himself to the host requested the privilege of taking a hand, saying that although apparently destitute he would blow in the dollar, and adding that cards were the cause of his present degraded position in society. All advice on the part of the players for the fellow to hold on to his only dollar proved unavailing and finally he was admitted to the game. In a short time he found his winnings swelled to \$50, when exasperated one of the party raised the pot to \$200, thinking by that means to freeze the fellow out. Going down in his boot-leg he pulled forth a roll and covering the bet soon found, to the dismay of the crowd, that the "boodle" was again his. A scene followed which at one time promised to become a cause celebre at Troy, but the cheek of the wood sawyer carried him successfully out of the woods. He was surrounded by the crowd and threatened with death, arrest, cremation, pulverizing and even a dose of dynamite did he not return the money. Did he not? Not a bit of it, but drawing a pair of Smith & Wesson's he defied them all and threatened the "whole crew" with arrest for running a gambling house. No arrests were made, and the slick gent, taking the train for St. Louis, bade the Trojans a gentle "ta-ta, an revoir," until next time.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Colonel Lowe's con-

## A Distinction With a Difference.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

"She won't do, Marjorie won't do," said the man of the house, entering just in time to upset the negotiations between the mistress and a new nursery maid.

"Why, dear, don't you like her?"

"She's not young enough."

"That's just the reason I was engaging her. She's not young."

"That's why I object."

"Henry, what do you mean?"

"I want a young, pretty, bright girl, with a white up-on and a pretty cap."

"Oh, yes, I suppose you do."

"You are wrong, my dear. I do not mean that."

"What?"

"Your tone was significant. No, I have a theory. I think that children grow up a good deal like the people who take care of them."

"Oh, well," and she began to cry. "I suppose you don't like to have your children grow up like their mother."

"My dear, don't be ridiculous. I mean that they get to speak and act like their nurses and that will be offensive."

"What kind of a nurse did you have, Henry?"

"Dadum," he said rather confusedly. "I had a colored nurse—but it doesn't work with boys."

He looked earnestly at the two glass hand grenades that hung on the walls of the theater lobby. "How thoughtful," he said, "of the management to provide bottles of water in case of faintness among the ladies." "There's fire extinguishers," interrupted the attendant; "when a fire breaks out you throw a bottle at it and they put it out." "Any kind of fire?" "Yes, big or little." "Then I'll have half a dozen put into my coffin."

## TWO OLD-TIMERS

### Have a Talk Anticipatory of the Good Time Coming.

There are several special policemen on duty in this city at present. They were appointed by Major Dye, on the recommendation of several citizens. Many of the specials are Democrats and have therefore been weaned away from public patronage and plunder for several years, which has depleted their wardrobe very severely. This fact, however, has not affected their prowess in the least. They are as gritty as Rocky Mountain panthers. A tall special, with a bad off-eye and "Galway Sluggers," posed on the corner of Ninth Street and the Avenue, in the cold, biting, east wind on Thursday afternoon, and as he swung his hickory club to and fro, his bad off-eye gazed into the political future; while the other optic followed the movements of a small boy on the far corner who was snow-balling a sad-faced individual with a faded beaver. The antics of the small boy did not interfere with the meditation of the bad eye. It saw good Democratic "boodle" ahead, and the special felt kindly toward all humanity. Even toward the small boy and his icy pellets. Therefore he did not make an arrest as he might have done, but kept his significant eye fixed on nothing until he was interrupted by "Nick" Sanderson, commander of the new Democratic cannon, "Hickory Jackson." Nick looked the special over carefully, and then remarked in a matter-of-fact way:

"You're a Democrat."

"Who told you?" replied the special, confidentially, while he nervously adjusted his well-worn collar and gave his club-ropes an extra turn about his wrist.

"I know it," continued Nick, "because you've got our uniform on. A regular private's uniform—low-quartered shoes, with the heels run over, but that was fashionable in '65, linen duster dyed black, and a heavy fringe worn around the bottoms of your pants. I know you are a Democrat."

"Right you are, pard'ner, I'm an old-timer. Regular Jackson Democrat. Been out for twenty-four long years, but we have got there at last and we are going to whoop her up lively, and—"

Nick—"And change our uniforms for something better."

Special—"Retrenchment, reform, silk hats, and swallow-tails."

Nick—"You bet."

## An Object Lesson.

From the Chicago News.

"Papa, how do nations get into war with each other?" asked Tommy Seasonby.

"Sometimes one way, sometimes another," said the father. "Now, there are Germany and Spain—they came near getting into war because a Spanish mob took down a German flag."

"No, my dear," put in Mrs. Seasonby. "That wasn't the reason."

"But, my darling," said Mr. S., "don't you suppose I know? You are mistaken. That was the reason."

"No, dearie, you are mistaken. It was because the Germans—"

"Mrs. Seasonby, I say it was because—"

"Peleg, you know better. You are only trying to—"

"Madam, I don't understand that your opinion was asked in this matter, anyway."

"Well, I don't want my boy instructed by an old ignoramus."

"See here, you impudent—"

"Put down your cane, you old brute. Don't you dare hustle up to me, or I'll send this rolling-pin at your head, you old—"

"Never mind," interrupted Tommy. "I guess I know how wars begin."

## IN THE CH

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From the Mexico Free

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## IN THE CHAPEL OF DEATH.

An Incident in the Life of President Juarez, of Mexico.

From the Mexico Two Republics.

"It was the best thing I ever saw in the National Theatre," said an old timer to the reporter of the *Two Republics* yesterday. "Oh, it is an old story, but I never saw it in print." The old man then referred to a story regarding Jose Valero, the Spanish actor, who is at present occupying the chair of elocution in a Madrid college. The curtain rings up at the time of the occurrence, 1868, on the stage of the National Theatre in this city.

Valero was playing that November night, and the theatre was crowded with people. The eminent actor was inspired that night—not by the breath of the everlasting rose of Mexico; not by the fascinating glance and the bewitching smiles telegraphed by dark eyed señoritas from behind their fluttering fans; not by the waves of applause that swept over the stage and drowned even his magnificent baritone voice. His inspiration was that of friendship.

Valero had a tried and true friend—Juarez, the illustrious patriot and President. Juarez admired the actor for himself, as well as for his princely art and his irresistible magnetism. Time had not frosted Valero's temples, and the actor was in his prime. The President occupied a box, and was enthusiastic in his demonstrations of pleasure over the success of his friend.

The political revolutions of that time had created antagonism to the administration, and as Juarez was inexorable, and was a perfect slave to the law, hundreds of executions occurred. One of the victims of the spirit of reprisal was Manuel Rodriguez, an officer of the regular army, under sentence of death for insubordination. Rodriguez combined the chivalry of the Cid with the fiery impetuosity of the Aztec, and was very popular in the city of Mexico. Hence many efforts were made to save him; but to all appeals Juarez turned a deaf ear. Rodriguez was removed to the chapel, across whose threshold he should only pass to face the sunlight for the last time, and go down under the bullets of his executioners.

That night Valero appeared in the passionate, pathetic drama of Palau, "La Campana de la Almodania," the Bell of Almodanas.

"It is a good occasion," said the friends of Rodriguez, "to make a last effort to save him. Let Valero speak to the President." Valero immediately consented to make the effort. During the interval between the second and third acts he repaired to the Juarez box in his stage costume.

"Valero," exclaimed Juarez, "how is this?"

"Excuse my appearing in this costume," replied the actor.

"It is a costume of honor," said Juarez; "one that has earned you many glorious laurels."

"Thanks, your excellency."

"Are you coming to give the third act of your drama in my box?" graciously asked Juarez, with a smile.

A shade of sadness floated over the actor's eyes like a cloud over the sky, as his voice softened into tenderness, and he said: "No, sir, I have come to avert a tragedy, and not to continue a drama."

"How is that?" said Juarez, deeply interested.

"Well, I will explain in a few words: I am a Spaniard by birth, but in Mexico I have received so many marks of esteem that I consider it as second only to my native land, and you, friend Juarez, the best compatriot of them all." Juarez was visibly moved, and his honest Indian hand trembled as he grasped that of Valero.

"Here is my petition," replied the actor. "Sir, while we are here, you watching my work and acting a farcical comedy, there is one who groans and sighs, by himself alone, before a crucifix in a chapel, whose only lot is an ignominious death very soon, whose only consolation is a Christian resignation, an unhappy."

"Do not continue, Valero," interrupted Juarez. "Delinquents do not merit your good offices, and I cannot turn from him the inflexible verdict of military law." Valero bent his head for a minute. But he pressed other arguments, and finally Juarez said:

"Has any one counseled you to plead thus?"

"Yes, sir, all the Spanish residents in the City of Mexico," Juarez dryly requested Valero to continue to play, and the actor left the Presidential box with no hope of success in his noble venture.

Juarez soon left the theatre, and when at the palace called his council of war. What passed there is not known, but when the performance closed Valero was summoned to the palace.

"Take that," said the President, as Valero entered the council chamber, and a pardon was handed him.

"You now have Rodriguez's life in your hands."

"It is the greatest benefit I ever received," said the eminent comedian with emotion, as he faced a few moments later the brave officer on his knees before the crucifix; and the baptism of tears became a sacrament to the fall of three noble hearts—the president in his palace, the prisoner and the actor in the chapel of death.

the boldest and most defiant method of conquer. He was altogether heroic, free from controversy and responsibility.

cried, and, after the war had swept away, he was aided in the maintenance of the Independent speaks of his attaining beautiful language:

army and eventful life his strong and unshaken widowed and orphaned shone out of the sea.

ed over the turbulent river of death, his hope, rests under the shade of the has finished the labors of this life and vision into "the undiscovered country" where returns."

een two worlds life hovers like a star, at night and morn, upon the horizon's verge. little do we know that which we are! less what we may be! The eternal surge ne and tide rolls on, and bears afar bubbles; as the old burst, new emerge, d from the foam of ages; while the graves uppires heave but like some passing waves.

don't, you'd better put yer head between two freight kyars an' let 'em come together on ye. You may now resume yer seat, an' if de ailment continues to grow on ye I'll look about for some remedy which de club kin apply.

## THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

Bro. Gardner Gives Advice to an Ambitious Member.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

"If Lord John Buckhorn ar' in de hall to-night I should like to hev him come for'd," said Brother Gardner as the dust settled down and the members got their feet drawn in.

Lord John, who is a young man and a young member, made his way up the centre aisle, and as he reached the President's desk the latter continued:

"Brudder Buckhorn, I h'ar dat you ar' talkin' 'bout a tower to Yurup, an' you is sayin' you is gwine to rent a box in de pos'office, an' you has been talkin' considerable 'bout ownin' some pine lands down in Alabama."

"Yes, sah."

"Ar' you gwine to tower to Yurup?"

"N-no, sah."

"Got yer box in de pos'office picked out?"

"Not yit, sah."

"An' I spose dem pine lands in Alabama ar' all in your eye?"

"Y-yes, sah."

"I reckoned so. You ar' a young man, an' you has de swell-head, an' want to swell out. You want to be took-en fur a millyonaire, when you don't a'rn but seben dollars a week and you am wearin' a hat of de style of three y'ars ago. Brudder Buckhorn, I want to spoke a few plain words to you."

"When dat disease called de swell-head keeps a grip on a young man arter he has passed his twenty-fifth birth-day he am pooty sartin to eventooally bring up in de lunatic asylum or de pos'house."

"De pusson who goes aroun' p'ntendin' to be what he ain't, he's laid out to hoe de hardest kind of a row. He may fool a few ole women an' young chill'en, but de rest of de world will tumble to him fur what he is. Not only dat, but dey will despise him fur his hypocrisy. Samuel Shin, who aims about to dollars a week, could circulate around an' tell de people dat he was gwine to open a nashunal bank or build an elevator or organize a steamboat line. He might git a dollar's wort of credit at some co'ner grocery, an' some shoe-maker might put a lift on one of his heels an' chalk it down, but in a few weeks Samuel would take a powerful drop, an' when he came down de concussion would jar de buttons off his shirt."

"Spouse'n, Brudder Buckhorn, dat Jay Gould should go aroun' claimin' dat he writ de works of Shakspeare, or dat de Mayor of Buffalo should bob up an' declar dat he writ Paradise Lost! Can't you h'ar de dull thind with which dey would strike de airth in about ten days?"

"Jist sot yerself down some day an' imagine what would hev happened had Horace Greeley claimed dat he was George de Fourth, or had John Jacob Astor asserted dat he was Capt. Kidd!"

"I say to you, Brudder Buckhorn, drap it! Be who you ar' an' what you ar'. If you g't up to eight dollars a week, let de world know it. If you drap back to five dollars doan he about it. An' about your disease. It doan kerry a person off like gallopin' consumption or typhoid fever, but it holds him up to de ridicule an' contempt of all sensible men. It might help you to soak your head in a pail of warm water. If it



#### Ireland for the Irish.

The citizens of Washington are asked to attend a meeting to-night, to express their sympathy for Ireland and the Irish, and protest against the passage of the coercion bill now pending in the British parliament. For the eighty-seventh time in its history, the parliament of the United Kingdom is considering a bill to coerce the Irish into submission to English tyranny. Eighty-six times these bills have become laws and been enforced, and there is little doubt but that, in the face of the protests of the civilized world, the eighty-seventh will become a law, yet as it is one of the most oppressive, so it will be the last.

That our citizens may know precisely what the English government proposes to do—how it intends to govern Ireland—we give the coercion bill now under consideration:

1. Magistrates may examine witnesses on oath, even in cases where no persons charged before them with the commission of the crime which is the subject of inquiry.
2. The jury system is abolished, altogether for certain classes of crime punishable by a limited term of imprisonment. In other words, two stipendiary magistrates are to have summary jurisdiction, and may impose sentences not exceeding six months hard labor for any of the following offenses: Criminal conspiracy, boycotting, rioting, offenses under the Whiteboy acts, assaulting officers of the law, taking forcible possession, or inciting to any of the foregoing offenses.
3. In jury trials the venue may be changed on the certificate of the attorney general that a fairer trial can be had in some other place in Ireland. A prisoner, however, is to have a right to appeal against any proposed change of venue.
4. In jury trials either the attorney general or the prisoner may demand a special jury.
5. In cases of murder, attempt at murder, aggravated crimes of violence, arson, or breaking or firing into dwellings the attorney general for England and Ireland together may certify that a fair trial can be had in England, the state to pay expenses of carrying prisoner, his witnesses, solicitor, and counsel to England.
6. These enactments are only to apply to such districts of Ireland as may be proclaimed by the lord lieutenant.
7. The lord lieutenant in council will have power to declare it an offense against the act to have anything to do with an association formed for the purpose of commission of crimes or of inciting or enabling persons to commit crime, or of inciting to intimidation, or of interfering with the administration of the law or the maintenance of order.
8. The act is to be permanent.

This is the measure of justice which Englishmen propose for Irishmen. What do American freemen think of it? What can they think of this oppression of the oldest civilization of western Europe? This destruction of a people who had schools and colleges when the progenitors of their oppressors were living in caves and dressed in skins. For it is a fact that Ireland was a civilized and organized nation long before England had emerged from the rudest forms of barbarism, and that from Ireland the Christian religion was first brought to England.

It may not be inappropriate at this time to give our readers a few established facts in the history of this wonderful race of men who have succeeded in impressing their personality on every country save their own.

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Discarding action and tradition, we find undisputed authority showing that during the reign of Ollav Fola, 900 years before Christ, the Irish had a parliament which digested the laws of the country and they were called "the Psalter of Tara." Ollav formed schools of philosophy, astronomy, medicine, poetry, and history at Tara. Under Hugonoy the Great, B. C. 300, the country was divided into twenty-five administrative districts, besides the four historical divisions of Leinster, Ulster, Munster, and Connaught.

Cormac, A. D. 120, enlarged the schools, still flourishing, established more than a thousand years before by Ollav Fola, and added to the number of military and law schools.

While men like these were encouraging learning and the arts of peace, the great warriors of the race were spreading its renown in arms. Cintharn crossed the channel and aided the Picts in driving back the Roman legions, leaving his name embalmed in the rude, strong poetry of the Scottish mountains. Conn gained for himself the surname of Keadeahagh, or "Conn of the Hundred Battles." Nial, of the nine hostages, founder of the O'Neills, fought in England, Scotland, and France, and was killed in the arms of victory on the banks of the Loire; and Dalthi, pushing conquests through Britain and Gaul, was only checked in his career by the insurmountable Alps, and perished in their midst.

The great apostle of the Irish came about 430 A. D., and in the forty-three years of his wonderful career not only Christianized the people, but established schools where the purest doctrines of the church were taught, and one of which, that at Armagh, ranked among the best schools of Europe. The priests from Ireland were the first to preach Christianity on the adjacent island, crossing over from the northern part, and making converts in the central parts before the advent of the priests from Rome in the southern portion.

Before the advent of Christianity settlements had been made in Ireland from both Scotland and England, and in 648 Eggefred, the pagan King of Northumberland, invaded Christian Ireland, ravaging churches

HONORS FOR A VANCE COUNTY COLORED MAN.—H. P. Cheatham, of Vance county, delivered the address before the graduating class at Shaw University, Raleigh, last Thursday, and we see his effort very favorably commented on. Plummer is one of our most intelligent and respectable colored citizens and the GOLD LEAF is pleased to learn that he acquitted himself so well. A large crowd of both whites and blacks were present and the occasion was one that reflected credit upon the race and the institution. The North Carolina Gazette says this:

The oration rendered by Prof. H. P. Cheatham, of Henderson, on Thursday afternoon, before the alumni at Shaw, was masterly, able and cannot in our opinion be excelled. Mr. Cheatham is one of the progressive young men of his race.

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Financial Heresy.

The crude and impractical ideas that intelligent people have of finance, or the relation of the general government to money are not only startling but a source of great danger to the country. The remedies prescribed for hard times such as the following recently adopted by some Alabama farmers is a case in point:

Resolved, That the farmers of the Montgomery County Club favor the issuing by the general government of the sum of one billion of legal tender treasury notes.

The vote being taken the resolution was adopted unanimously with the exception of two votes.

As this idea of a government issue of greenbacks as a financial "cure-all" is entertained by very many people besides the poor tariff-burdened farmers of Alabama a brief expose of its impracticability ought not to be amiss.

In the first place any inflation of the currency can be defended on no sound principle of political economy; nor do the expenses of the government so exceed the receipts as to make the issue of evidences of the government's indebtedness necessary or even possible. If the government could get this billion of legal tenders in circulation, while it would increase the circulating medium, not one dollar of value or wealth would be added to the country. A dollar would buy less, this would be all. If it is bad for the farmer to borrow money upon the same reasoning it is no better for the government. The wisdom of keeping out of debt is applicable to governments as well as individuals. This is the folly side of the financial proposition.

Second, it is impossible to get this money into the hands of the people so long as the receipts of the government exceed the expenditures. No long argument is required to prove this. Unless the government can dispose of its surplus which is steadily accumulating it is a self evident proposition that not a single avenue is open to it by which its fiat money, or as some love to style it, legal tenders, can be put in circulation. This is the senseless side of this great scheme of financial relief.

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That the farmers need relief and should have it is conceded by all, except those who are growing richer through their oppression; but the remedy is not any more through the issue of fiat money than it is for the farmer to pay off the mortgage on his farm in his own unsecured notes.

Part of the burden to the farmers is due to this surplus which as the government does not need it is nothing other than temporary robbery. But the chief burden, the great cause of the times being exceptionally "hard" to the farmers is due to the tariff.

Farmers need not expect relief until they abandon wild-cat theories and impractical schemas about government financial policy.

They must not have too many irons in the fire; let them take up some live, practical question and maintain it. Advancing such impractical, not to say dangerous, theories as these do but injure the cause of the farmers and puts off the day of their relief from the burdens imposed by the tariff.

The trouble with the country is not that there is not a sufficiency of money for a circulating medium, but that producers are so heavily taxed that there is no profit to them for their productions. As has already been shown in these columns the average federal tax on every person in this county is more than \$3 dollars. If this was reduced one-half, which it can be and still the general government's receipts remain undiminished, there would be a handsome annual profit to our people, more than a hundred thousand dollars.

By forcing a repeal or reduction of the tariff the farmer will relieve the hard times for him, and the foolish and impractical idea of issuing paper money will be dissipated.

Lesson I never could learn

Coffee and Wheat.

For some time past speculators in New York have been cornering one of the prominent articles of food, whilst another lot of speculators in Chicago have been cornering another lot; that is, coffee in New York and wheat in Chicago. During this week the bottom has been knocked out of both of these corners. Coffee, which had been carried up to thirty cents per pound, has fallen to seventeen, and wheat fell seven teen cents in one day.



### OLD SHOES.

How much like old shoes.  
For instance, both may lose;  
Both have been mended, both are made tight  
By cobbler. Both get left and right.  
Both need a mate to be complete.  
And both are made to go on feet.  
They both need healing, off are sold;  
And both in time turn all to mould.  
With shoes the last is first; with men  
The first shall be the last. And when  
The shoes wear out they're mended new;  
When men wear out they're men dead, too.  
They both are trod upon, and both  
Will tread on others, nothing loath.  
Both have their ties, and both incline  
To be polished in the world to shine.  
And both go out. And would you choose  
To be a man or be his shoes?

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had forged for the bat  
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### Address of

Mr. SPEAKER: As on  
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Mr. LOWE. Our relation  
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Communications on subjects of general interest  
from all sections respectfully requested.

### POSTAL CHANGES IN NORTH CAROLINA.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 10, '87.

Mr. Editor: The average citizen  
has little idea of the many changes  
continually occurring in the mail  
service of even his own State.

I do not now refer to the  
fact that President Cleveland has  
been "turning the rascals out," though  
even the truth about that is not gen-  
erally known, for whilst many think  
him exceedingly slow in that regard,  
yet the figures, as recently collated,  
show that out of a possible 68,000 re-  
movals, he has removed 54,000—or, to  
present it in a more tangible light,  
during his Administration, now in its  
third year, he has turned a "rascal"  
out on an average for every fifteen  
minutes of business hours. Plenty of  
them left, however, who ought to be  
"turned out." But reference now is  
extended simply to the changes at  
most daily occurring in the offices  
themselves.

In North Carolina alone there have  
been established within the past six  
months fifty-one new offices, eigh-  
teen have had their names changed,  
and twenty-nine offices discontinued.  
In most instances these changes have  
affected small offices, yet some of them  
may be of interest. Company Shops,  
Alamance county, is defunct, and  
Burlington takes its place. Shoeheel,  
Robeson county, originally Quehele,  
has now assumed the more euphoni-  
ous name of Maxton, and that ought  
to have been spelled Mac'stown, as it  
derives its name from the many  
Scotch "Mc's" dwelling thereabouts.  
Third Creek, Rowan county, has  
gained notoriety by assuming the  
name of Cleveland, doubtless thereby ho-  
ping to become a Presidential office.  
Tilden, too, is a new office in Yadkin  
county. Lovelady, Caldwell county,  
has become less sensational and deci-  
dedly more substantial by exchanging  
for Granite. Durham county is per-  
petuating the name of her philantrop-  
ist by a new office, Carl. Nearer  
home still, in Guilford, Pond has  
dried up and Stokesdale takes its  
place; in Granville, Sassafras Fork  
has done likewise and Stoveall sup-  
plants it. Among the discontinued  
offices, we might note that Martin  
county can no longer boast of its  
Beargrass, Camden county can no  
longer Bray, Yancey has lost its Ivy  
Gap, Halifax has beheaded its only  
Knight, Onslow has dismissed its Ma-  
rines, Forsyth has parted with its  
Ocham, Randolph is no longer Prim,  
Tyrell county sends its Kilkenny  
mails to an Alligator, and poor Wa-  
tuga has lost the only Church it  
had, but in recompence its mails will  
go to Zionville.

Who will say that there is no fun  
even in a new Postal Guide?

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THE HARRIS

### OUR GR

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DAVID WILK



## OUR GREAT MEN.

Since the creation of man every race have been favored with men of great Heaven Created gifts who by their sagacity have plucked many thorns and thistles from the cloggy faith of people and surrounded them with vivid rays of a future prosperity and for their daring deeds and almost superhuman achievements for their welfare, rightly they delight to honor and glory such sons, and when we look over and beyond our beautiful southland wherever we have sons we thank God that He has bestowed such men in midst. The Grecians may well boast of Aristides and Demosthenes, the Romans should love Ceasar and Cincinnatus, the Carthaginians were proud of Hamilcar and Hannibal, and it is just for every nation to honor their chieftians and in pursuance of this we too love to speak of the great statesman and scholar Langston, the mighty Douglass and learned Joseph, and foremost of all it is the peerless O'Hara who by his nobleness and wisdom of statemanship and judicious prudence has won laurels for the Negro, so great are they until when the muse of history shall dip her pen to write the names of the great chieftians of our Race on the scroll of fame which is attached to the great temple of knowledge, the eloquent price shall stand robed in the greatest purity and after every state has presented its chosen representative he will come forth in his usual gracefulness and present our O'Hara who shall be placed in the centre of them all.

DAVID WILLIAMS PARKER.

## THE LABOR FIELD IN THE SOUTH.

The exodus of colored people from South Carolina and other Atlantic seaboard states to the West is said to have ceased for the present. At least 15,000 people left the state during 1886 and the first half of the present year. The destination of a majority of them was Arkansas, although many settled in states further North and West. The reasons given by the emigrants for leaving South Carolina were the deprivation of political rights, the inability of a colored man to obtain justice in the courts, the passage of the stock law, which deprives the poorer classes of the right to pasture their stock on the common lands, and the threatened repeal of

the lien law, which enables the small farmers to rent lands and make crops on shares.

All these reasons were doubtless potential, the first one especially. But the most influential reason for the constant migrations which are constantly going on in the Southern states is the lack of system in the employment of labor and in the payment of wages in that section. To learn, if possible, the real condition of labor in the South, a series of questions was recently sent to responsible employers and employees in every county in North Carolina, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi. The information thus gained is highly interesting, as it comes from men residing in the small towns and the country. One of the questions asked was: "Are wages paid weekly, monthly or yearly?" The specific replies to this were: Weekly, 40; monthly, 62; yearly, 16; in all ways, 69. To another question: "Are wages paid in cash or supplies?" the answers are grouped as follows:

	N.C.	Tenn.	Ga.	Ala.	Miss.
In cash as a rule.....	10	10	13	17	4
In cash and supplies..	10	13	31	33	30

It will be seen that in only a minority of cases is labor paid according to the latest modern system, or weekly, and that in more than one-third of the reported instances there is no method whatever. The lack of system becomes again conspicuous when the means of payment is considered. In fifty-nine cases only is cash the rule, while in 131 cases it is cash or supplies, which means undoubtedly the latter almost wholly. With such a vicious system of payments it is not surprising that there is a great lack of all kinds of skilled and satisfactory labor. This is shown in the answers to the question: "For what kind of labor is there a demand in your community?"

It brought these replies:

	North	Tenn.	Geor.	Ala.	Miss.
	Caro.	nesses.	gia.	bama,	alss'l.
Demand for farm hands..	18	30	6	21	24
Skilled labor.....	5	13	10	13	5
Servants.....	4	2	3	3	1
No demand.....	9	...	12	...	4

The large demand for farm hands and servants is significant, as it was supposed that the South was particularly well supplied with such help. But the more intelligent and industrious colored men prefer to farm for themselves, and a majority of those who do hire out have not yet recovered from the demoralizing effects of slavery.

Much must, of course, be allowed to the South while it is passing through a transition period and adapting itself to the new order of things. If the Protection policy is left undisturbed, the growth of manufacturing in the Southern states will, before many years, revolutionize the method of doing business and if education goes hand in hand with this advance, improvidence and the other evils resulting from a vicious industrial system will soon become things of the past.

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## DEATH OF BEN HILL.

### A Grand Tribute from the Living to the Dead.

As a specimen of how grand a tribute can be paid by the living to the dead, and of the beauties of the English language, we give the speech made in the United States Senate by Senator John J. Ingalls, of Kansas, on the death of Senator "Ben" Hill, of Georgia:

Ben Hill has gone to the undiscovered country.

Whether his journey thither was but one step across an imperceptible frontier, or whether an interminable ocean, black, unfluctuating, and voiceless, stretches between these earthly coasts and those invisible shores, we do not know.

Whether on that August morning after death he saw a more glorious sunrise, with unimaginable splendor above a celestial horizon, or whether his apathetic and unconscious ashes still sleep in cold obstruction and insensible oblivion we do not know.

Whether his strong and subtle energies found instant exercise in another forum, whether his dextrous and disciplined faculties are now contending in a higher senate than ours for supremacy, or whether his powers were dissipated and dispersed with his parting breath, we do not know.

Whether his passions, ambitions, and affections still sway, attract, and impel, whether he yet remembers us as we remember him—we do not know.

These are the unsolved, the insoluble problems of mortal life and human destiny, which prompted the troubled patriarch to ask that momentous question for which the centuries have given no answer—"If a man die shall he live again?"

Every man is the center of a circle whose fatal circumference he cannot pass. Within its narrow confines he is potential; beyond it he perishes, and if immortality be a splendid but delusive dream, if the incompleteness of every career, even the longest and most fortunate, be not supplemented and perfected after its termination here, then he who dreads to die should fear to live, for life is a tragedy more desolate and inexplicable than death.

Of all the dead whose obsequies we have paused to solemnize in this chamber I recall no one whose untimely fate seems so lamentable, and yet so rich in prophecy of eternal life, as that of Senator Hill. He had reached the meridian of his years. He stood upon the high plateau of middle life, in that serene atmosphere where temptation no longer assails, where the clamorous passions no more distract, and where the conditions are most favorable for noble and enduring achievement. His upward path had been through stormy adversity and contention, such as infrequently falls to the lot of men. Though not without the tendency to meditation, reverie, and introspection which accompanies genius, his temperament was pastric. He was competitive and unpeaceful. He was born a polemic and controversialist; intellectually pugnacious and combative, so that he was impelled to defend any position that might be assailed or to attack any position that might be intrenched, not because the defense or the assault were essential, but because the positions were maintained and that those who held them became by that fact alone his adversaries. This tendency of his nature made his orbit erratic rather than planetary, and flashed with irregular splendor rather than shone with steady and penetrating rays. His advocacy of any cause was fearless to the verge of temerity. He appeared to be indifferent to applause or censure for their own sake. He accepted intrepidly any conclusions that he reached, without inquiring whether they were politic or expedient.

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### CRAIG TOLLIVER KILLED.

The Rowan War Renewed—Thirteen Men Reported Killed.

LEXINGTON, KY., June 22.—The Rowan war broke out about 9 o'clock this morning with terrible effect. The fighting was fast and furious, the most approved weapons being used. Craig Tolliver was the first man to fall, and it is reported that old Dr. Logan, father of the murdered boys, sent him to his long home. Bud Tolliver and Joy Tolliver, sons of Craig, were also killed. Ten others are reported dead. The telegraph office is guarded by regulars, and it is impossible to get additional particulars. People are fleeing from Morehead for their lives, as the town will be burned. The Chesapeake and Ohio passenger train was side-tracked at Gater, six miles beyond Morehead. Forty volunteers from the state guards will go from here if needed. The governor has been telegraphed the state of affairs.

MOREHEAD, KY., June 23.—The fighting is all over at present. Craig Tolliver, Jay Tolliver, Bud Tolliver, and Harvey Cooper were killed. They were all members of the Tolliver faction.

They were all shot through the heart and died instantly. Craig Tolliver seems to have been a general target, as he was so thoroughly ridiculed as to be scarcely recognizable. Cate Tolliver, a 12-year-old boy, and three others, all of whom were captured except Cate Tolliver, who crawled into the brush and escaped, were wounded. Three others escaped, but one was captured afterward. The attacking party was a strong sheriff's posse.

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### The Virginia Election.

Some of the Democratic and assistant Democratic papers are endeavoring to create the impression that the Democrats gained a victory in the late elections held in that state for county officers. From every county where the Republicans did not, for any reason, nominate a ticket, and for that reason Democrats were elected, come reports of great Democratic victories. Frederick county is one example of this kind of "victory" obtained by the Democrats.

The facts are, so far as we can learn, that the Republicans elected officers in all the counties that have been heretofore Republican, and in a number that never before had Republican officials. The counties of Caroline, Gloucester, Albemarle, Roanoke, Montgomery, Stafford, and Wythe have always had Democratic officers and have them now, but in each of these counties the Republicans elected their entire ticket.

Quite a number of the Democratic papers of the state, previous to the election, asserted that there was no politics involved in the county elections, and some of these same papers are now attempting, by false representations, to claim a Democratic victory. The fact is that the Republicans made substantial gains in the county elections, and, even if they had not, Virginians are disgusted with Democratic management of the state, and the old commonwealth is safe for the Republican ticket in the next election.

### Will They "Flop Together?"

A Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Times, who is credited with having exceptional advantages in obtaining information, says that for some time past there has been much discussion of the tariff question in administration circles, and an earnest effort is to be made by the administration to bring the wings of the Democratic party to an agreement of some kind on a tariff measure.

The correspondent continues after this wise:

The President has seen for some time that no issue will be made on the tariff, and has urged that it would be more sagacious to get to work at once and prepare a bill to be submitted to Congress as a measure of administration policy than to let the question continue to play havoc as a firebrand in the ranks of the party. It is proposed to make the bill an administration question in the House, and thus bring it before the people as a distinctive issue upon which the Democratic party will stand in the next campaign.

Judging from the present situation of affairs among the party leaders it will take a large amount of pressure to bring the opposite views of Messrs. Carlisle and Randall together. It has been suggested in treasury circles that Kentucky whisky, the tobacco men, and the protection Democrats can only reach a basis of settlement by pooling their differences and evolving some sort of a compromise. If this should fail a bill will be prepared at the treasury supposed to strike between these conflicting interests.

Secretary Fairchild is very decided in his advocacy of reduction of revenue from customs. The necessity of some action of this kind, he thinks, will make itself felt very soon. The accumulation of surplus will go on steadily and will lead to formal action on his part before the Cabinet as soon as the first indications manifest themselves in the monetary operations of the people.

The Democratic party is responsible for the continued accumulation of the surplus. Its incapacity to legislate or, worse, its determination to strike down American labor in the interest of foreign labor, prevented it from passing or even offering any measure to reduce the surplus, and the people will hold it responsible for all the damage that follows.

## THE FIRST RULING MADE.

### SUSPENDING FOR 90 DAYS THE LONG AND SHORT HAUL CLAUSE.

The Inter-State Commerce Commission Grants the Petition of the Southern Railway and Steamship Association.

The Inter-State Commerce Commission, which has been hearing arguments on the petition of the Southern Railway and Steamship Association to suspend the provisions of the fourth section of the Inter-State Commerce act, yesterday announced its ruling in the matter. The twenty-four railway and steamship corporations in the association desired authority to charge less for longer than for short distances, on the ground that they could not meet rates and other competition except by maintaining the rates now established and also that great disturbance of business would occur if the present traffic arrangements and rates were immediately changed. After reciting these preliminary facts, the ruling of the Commissioners proceeds, as follows:

It appearing to the Commission after investigation of the said petition and the facts presented in support thereof to be a proper case for a temporary order authorizing existing rates to be maintained for the time being, until the Commission can make a complete examination of the matters alleged in said petition as reasons for relieving said common carriers from the operation of said section of said act.

It is ordered that the said application be, and the same hereby is, granted temporarily, subject to modification or revocation by the Commission at any time upon hearing or otherwise, and the said common carriers are hereby temporarily relieved from the operation of the fourth section of said act to the extent specified in the recitals of this order, and for a period not greater than ninety days from this date; subject, however, to the restriction that none of the said common carriers, while this order remains in force, shall in any case charge or receive compensation for the transportation of property between stations on their respective lines where more is charged for a shorter than for a longer haul, which shall be greater than the rates in force, and charged and received by said carriers respectively on the 31st day of March, 1887, schedules of which have been filed with the Commission.

It is made a further condition of this order that a printed copy hereof shall be publicly posted and kept with the schedule of rates, fares and charges at every station upon the lines of said common carriers where such schedule is by law required to be posted and kept for the use of the public.

And it is further ordered that the Commission convene at Atlanta, Ga., on the 26th day of April, 1887, at 3 o'clock p. m., and thereafter at Mobile, Ala., on April 29; at New Orleans, La., on May 2, and at Memphis, Tenn., on May 4, for the consideration of the subject matter of said petition, at which places and times said common carriers, or any of them, may appear and present application for said relief with evidence in support thereof, which applications in each case must show the precise relief desired, the facts upon which the same is claimed, and the extent to which relief from the operation of said section of said act is asked for; and at the same places and times any persons interested in opposing any such applications may also appear and be heard, and at any time prior to May 6, 1887, the Commission will receive printed or written communications in support of or in opposition to the relief asked by said petitions. This announcement respecting time and places of hearing and method of procedure is subject to change or enlargement, in the discretion of the Commission.

For the Commission.

### T. M. COOLEY, CHAIRMAN.

The Commission received a communication yesterday from Commander Burke, of the Grand Army of the Republic, asking that in the selection of their force of employees the Commissioners give preference to ex-soldiers.

### A Redistribution of Political Forces.

The Louisville Courier-Journal, in an article on the immediate recasting of the political forces of the country, says:

In the south, as little as in the north, can all men think alike. Yet the sectional issue, forced by the Republicans upon the south from without, and the race issue, fomented by this circumstance within the confines of the old slave states, have compelled a union of the elements of resistance solely for the sake of self preservation.

But the leaders of the Republican party at the north and the Republican press are beginning to realize the truth of the situation and to change their talk. When the cure of their prolonged and inflamed case of sore eyes is complete, and they comprehend the fact that the war is really over and that this is 1887 and not 1867, they will find in the south a body of white men, capable and trained, who think with them, and only want a white man's chance to feel with them.

Already there are six prominent newspapers, Democratic in name, which, in all points, except that of sentiment growing out of association, are as reliably Republican as the Philadelphia Press. There is no thing Democratic which these newspapers fail to assail. There is no Republican measure or policy which they fail to support. They are, of course, followers of Mr. Randall, for purposes of convenience, since Mr. Randall wears a Democratic badge; but in most matters except the tariff they are not even as reliable as Democrats as Mr. Randall is, because on every other issue they incline to the Republican side of the house.

The end of all this is inevitable. Just as soon as the Republican party appears in the south as a pleader for votes, and not as a proscriptionist, these pseudo Democrats, but real Republicans, will be able to effect a nominal transfer, having already amassed a considerable amount of stock in trade of Republican ideas and assets. The Prohibition fanaticism will run its course. The labor movement will find its place. Then we shall have a fair array of party forces, each flying an honest flag and fighting on distinct lines, and it is to be hoped, no longer either a race issue or a sectional issue, north or south.

The NATIONAL REPUBLICAN has been contending that there was a large white element in the south whose political sympathies were all with the Republican party.

May 27, 87

From Senator Ingalls, in his late Abilene speech, used this expression: "I have no hesitancy in saying that granting the right of suffrage to the colored people has proven an absolute and unqualified failure." We are not surprised at such an utterance; we were looking for it. He only gave expression to the belief of all the Republican leaders. Many sensible people believe that if they could disfranchise the colored people now there is no doubt they would do it, but the Democracy of the country will never permit it. —Charlotte Chronicle



### HE WAS NOT PREPARED.

From Every Other Saturday.  
A few years ago the people of a certain township were about to celebrate the opening of a new bridge, and invited a young lawyer to deliver the oration. He had made no written preparation, supposing that a lawyer ought to be capable of speaking without notes or notes any number of hours, on any subject, in a style of thrilling eloquence.

Therefore, he trusted to the occasion.  
He stood out upon a platform erected near the bridge and began amid the profound and attentive silence of his audience:

"Fellow-citizens: Five and forty years ago this bridge, built by your enterprise, was part and parcel of the howling wilderness!"

He paused a moment. "Yes, fellow-citizens, only five and forty years ago, this bridge, where we now stand, was part and parcel of the howling wilderness!"

Again he paused.  
(Cries of "Good! Go on!")

"I feel it hardly necessary to repeat that this bridge, fellow-citizens, only five and forty years ago was part and parcel of the howling wilderness, and I will conclude by saying that I wish—I wish it was part and parcel of it now!"

### HE FORGOT HIS GLASSES.

From The Chicago Tribune.  
There is a young clerk in one of the prominent banks in Chicago whose home is in the town of Cicero. He is good-looking, popular, and can in the presence of women make himself very agreeable. Consequently, he is much sought after by the fair sex in his native town. The only drawback to his happiness lies in the fact that he is near-sighted. The other night a swell ball was given in Cicero, and the bank clerk was selected to do the honors of the occasion. Unfortunately he forgot his glasses, and when he entered the room he could hardly recognize a face. He engaged his own particular girl for a dance in the course of the evening, and when the time came went and claimed, as he supposed, his partner. In the course of the dance he found out that he had made a mistake and was waltzing with the wrong person. He conducted his partner to a seat and went to make his apologies to the girl whom he had slighted. "Really," said he to a young woman, "I beg your pardon for not claiming the last dance which you were kind enough to give me, but I made a mistake, and thought until the dance was half over that I was dancing with you. I most humbly beg your pardon."

"Sir," was the response, "I made no engagement with you, and really am unaccustomed to be addressed by strangers in this way. I don't know you, and judging from your actions, I think I don't care to make your acquaintance."

At this she turned suddenly upon her heel and walked off, leaving the bank clerk to realize that his eyesight had again played him false and he had again gotten the wrong woman. The joke was too good to keep, and the ball-room was soon convulsed with laughter at the thought of the young man's unlucky mistakes.

### The Home Market for Farmers.

Mr. J. R. Dodge, the statistician of the department of agriculture, in an article in which he discusses the debts of farmers in the several states, says of the farmers of Pennsylvania: "The indebtedness of farmers of Pennsylvania, it is believed, has decreased as compared with ten years ago. It is estimated that not more than 15 per cent. of the farms are mortgaged. The average interest rate is about 5 per cent. Many farmers have property in other branches of business, and farmers themselves hold in part the indebtedness of other farmers. With an average value of farms according to the last census of almost \$50 per acre, nearly \$1,000,000,000, or about one-tenth of the farm valuation of the United States—owned mainly by the farmers cultivating them, and yielding a product worth \$131 for each person engaged, either as farmer or laborer, in agriculture, the agricultural interests in Pennsylvania may be said to be prosperous, even in the present era of low prices. Of course there are some who will occupy positions of hardship and difficulty. The source of this prosperity is found in the local markets of the state. It is probable that no other state is more nearly self-supporting, and perhaps none that depends on other states or other countries so little either in buying or selling products of agriculture."

### THE SHORT HAUL CLAUSE.

Judge Cooley Explains Why It Was Suspended.

CHICAGO, Apr. 18.—Judge T. M. Cooley, chairman of the Interstate commerce commission, is in the city engaged in settling his accounts as receiver of the Wabash railway. In conversation with a reporter of a local paper regarding the recent action of the commission in suspending the operation of the long and short haul section of the new law for the roads in the Southern Railway and Steamship Association, which has called forth so much unfavorable notice, Judge Cooley said the commissioners, after thoroughly discussing the arguments presented by the various roads, came to the conclusion that justice required that they should move slowly on a question of such great importance, and that they should not take action that would be definite and final in its effects without first making themselves fully acquainted with the situation.

This was deemed particularly important, because the law went into effect so soon after the appointment of the commission, and the railroads had hardly time to adapt their tariffs and rules to accord with the provisions of the new law. The commission, he said, did not recognize the Southern Railway and Steamship Association, as had been claimed, but based its action upon the individual arguments presented by the representatives of the various roads in that association, especially the Louisville and Nashville, East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia, and other leading southern roads. The claim that the commission erred in extending the order to all southern roads south of the Ohio river and east of the Mississippi river he did not think held good, as not only the competition by the steamship lines had to be taken into consideration, but also the competition by the Mississippi river and other southern navigable rivers. He did not think any injustice was done to the roads this side of the Ohio river by granting temporary relief to the southern roads. To change the rates to conform with the new law by the roads in this part of the country was but trifling as compared with the changes necessary by the roads in the south, and a decision that they must conform with the long and short haul section of the law without affording them reasonable time to do so might have subjected them to serious trouble and loss. If the commission finds, upon personal investigation, that no good cause exists for giving the southern roads, or any other roads, privilege of making special through rates to meet alleged water competition it would at once compel those roads to conform strictly with the provisions of the long and short haul section. He also states that the commission would not tolerate any discrimination on the part of southern roads against the merchants in western cities. As regards other problems to be solved by the commission Judge Cooley could not express himself, as those questions had not yet come up for consideration.

### THE CANADIAN AGREEMENT.

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# A Short Dog Story.

Rattlety—bang! rattlety—bang—down the street clattered a tin can tied to the tail of a poor, friendly and frightened dog.



A FRIEND IN NEED.

A crowd of boys followed at the runaway's heels with cries and shouts, increasing alike his terror and his speed, until, at last, he had distanced the pursuers, but not, alas! that horrible, noisy thing that clattered and rattled at his heels. Thoroughly tired, and quite as thoroughly terrified, the poor dog looked to right and left as he ran for help or shelter. At length he spied, at the corner of a cross street not far away, a large, friendly looking Newfoundland dog. With piteous cries and an imploring look, the exhausted dog dragged himself and his noisy appendage to the Newfoundland, and looked to him for help. Nor was his appeal unheeded, for the Newfoundland seemed to appreciate the position and at once showed himself to be a generous dog. A patient gnawing at the string finally released the can; and then, lifting it in air, the Newfoundland flung it from him with a triumphant toss of the head, while the other dog joyously bounded up from his crouching position—thankful to be rid of the troublesome burden which his human tormentors had inflicted upon him.—St. Nicholas.

## Arthur MacArthur.

Written for THE POST.

On his resignation as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia.

### AN ACROSTIC.

A lawyer and an upright judge combined  
Revealed his wisdom in his just decisions.  
Though, with a heart both merciful and kind,  
He had a due regard for law's provisions.  
Under his genial influence for good,  
Right views were fostered with a father's care.

Making the heart rejoice, as well it should,  
And justice be esteemed beyond compare.  
Cautious, though never timid in his acts,  
And ever careful of the rights of man,  
Rating no dreams, commensurate with facts,  
Those "stubborn things" we seldom like to scan.

Hence, came his "Manual Education" plan,  
Unfolding truthful thoughts, and well expressed.

Reserving his last labors as his best.

JOSEPH M. WILSON.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

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## THE FASCINATION OF TERROR.

From The London Spectator.

Your article on the "Fascination of Terror" reminds me of an anecdote told me by a friend no longer in this world. He had gone with another friend to see the Tubular Bridge over the Menai Strait, then in process of construction. While doing so they had to creep along a portion of the unfinished bridge overhanging the sea. While thus creeping, the foremost of the two muttered: "John, I must let myself fall into the sea." John's reply was to squeeze his leg so tightly against the iron that he cried out with pain. The new and sharp sensation dispelled the fascination of terror, and he was thankful ever after to John, his friend and mine, for the timely though painful pressure.

## A SCOTCH PARSON'S BARGAIN.

Leaves from the Note Book of T. A. Reed.

The length of sermons varies greatly, and no reporter should undertake to report a sermon for a given price, especially a low one, unless he has some assurance as to the length to which it will run. In my early professional practice a Scotch clergyman engaged me to report a series of sermons delivered by himself. He told me that he desired to publish them, but that he should probably gain nothing by the enterprise, and he made a strong appeal to me to undertake the work for the lowest possible remuneration. I yielded to his entreaty, and a fee was fixed that would have been inadequate for the shortest sermons ever delivered. Imagine the state of my feelings at the close of the first sermon. It had lasted exactly two hours and twenty minutes! The work of transcription was about the weariest I have ever undertaken. The reflection was continually forcing itself upon me that there were five other discourses to follow. And they did follow in due course; none of them quite reached the length of the first; but the shortest was just an hour and a half. My clerical friend expressed himself highly satisfied with the transcripts, and once or twice invited me to his house after the service; but he gave no indications of a smitten conscience. He held me to my bargain, and even ventured to suggest that he might again avail himself of my services! I remember another sermon that lasted precisely as long as the one I have mentioned. It was by an Irish Bishop, and was preached for the Church Missionary Society, by whom I was employed. I need hardly say that that body voluntarily increased my fee in consideration of the inordinate length of the discourse.

## Voices of Spring.

Just listen! There is an old bull frog, on the margin of the stream, with one leg in the water, by way of a cooler. How he thrums away on his bass-viol: "Thung, thong, thong, thang, thing, poutchung!" The little frogess opposite plays the treble to a charm, without scarce opening her mouth: "Te-neet, te-neet, hire, irr, irr, te neet!" And down she darts into the water, her great toe awfully mangled with a stone from some cruel boy; but, boys, this is wrong. Then there is the old leader, that green-eyed monster! dressed in yellow breeches, and white sash around him. Hear him as he stands up so majestically against that reed: "Paddy got drunk, paddy got drunk, oonk, unk." And down he goes to wet his whistle. Then flutters a chattering chorister overhead, calling upon his tribe to go and watch their sick mates: "Bobolink, bobolink, stingy, stingy; so sweet, sweet, she'll die soon, oh, dear!" "Pshaw, pshaw, chuck!" thrills the brown thrasher. "Mew, mew, mew," squeaks the catbird. "Who whip-poor-will?" cries one. "Katy-did, Katy-did," thrills another. "I'll come and see, I will, will, will," sings the yellow bird. And so sing they all in their unwritten music, without, perhaps, a discordant note.—Ben: Perley Poore.



COLUMBIA, S. C., Apr. 8.—Farming in one section of Newberry county is being carried on under difficulties. On one farm during working hours two stout negro men can be seen drawing a plow, which is guided by a negro woman. These people have rented land but have no working animals, and are trying to raise a crop by the most primitive mode of cultivation.

And yet they say the negroes of the south are a lazy set, who will not work. There are some, at least, who work under difficulties that would make most white men pause. One gentleman who read this paragraph said he would like to contribute a dollar toward buying those negroes a horse or yoke of oxen to do their plowing with, or some of the neighbors might arrange a co-operative association on Senator Stanford's plan and furnish the farm animals.

To reduce the tariff one-half means to double the revenue, and to double the tariff means to reduce the revenue, so that there will be no surplus. Free traders and revenue reformers demand the former as a means of depressing wages in America. Henry Clay stamped these words indelibly upon the history of this country: "In all times of prosperity protection has been our sheet anchor."

### MR. VANCE SPEAKS HIS MIND.

The Old North Senator Denies Certain Differences.

From a Letter to James E. Norris.

I have favored the double standard of gold and silver without discrimination for or against either, which the President does not.

I have favored the payment of the public debt in the legal coin of the United States according to the plain words printed on the face of the securities, and the President does not.

I have favored that "honest civil service reform" which the Democratic Convention at Chicago, which nominated Mr. Cleveland, demanded, and which the Democrats of the United States thought they were to get when they voted for him; that reform which consisted in ejecting Republican officials from the offices they had prostituted and abused, but the President does not.

I have favored the application of the principles of "home rule" to the District of Columbia, the only disfranchised portion of the American people, and a deference to their wishes in the appointment of their local officials, but the President does not.

In these important matters, and some others not so important, I have the misfortune to agree with the Democratic party rather than with the President.

But, so far as I am aware, there has been no want of harmony in the personal relations between him and me. I have said nothing of him any way unbecoming the language which a Senator should use toward the President of the United States. If he cannot bear, without offense, the candid criticism of those friends who differ with him, he is unworthy of his great office. Should I, for the sake of the patronage he has to bestow, suppress or forego my honest convictions, I would prove unworthy of mine. At all events, I would desire Mr. Cleveland to know that I have made no secret of my opinions concerning his policy at any time. I do not abuse him in the cloak-room and praise him in public for the sake of the meagre scraps which fall to Democrats under his interpretation of reform.

### D CHARACTER

of Mr. BUR

I would be false to bring my tribute to a grave of my party in Alabama, to whose cause I am pledged; and I am pledged to those who knew him, and although the small degree of pleasure, or, and friend, as life that we know intimate upon their

and circumstances his earthly pilgrimages and powers, we are told that is a strange comedy and speak of the which it was our forever closed and encouraged to still in the theater of action.

trust that the tributes of thought, whether couched in beautiful and well-remembered words as are mine, that will not be entirely martyred President. But may the lives shall be read in all with lofty thoughts the sons and daughters incentive before

### SENATOR VANCE'S POSITION.

Not Opposed to Mr. Cleveland, But His Administration.

[New York Sun.]

HON. Z. B. VANCE, Black Mountain, Buncombe county, N. C.—MY DEAR GOVERNOR: I have for some days contemplated writing you in regard to the published references to yourself since your departure from this city to your mountain home in the early part of March last. Several articles in the form of interviews have appeared in the newspapers, with the apparent purpose of injuring you at home or of damaging you in your relations with President Cleveland. As I know that you are out of the reach of interviewers and reporters, and that you are not out of harmony with the administration, I am at a loss to account for the fictitious and sinister articles which are almost continually reappearing, commencing, as far as I have noticed, in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*.

Such articles are commonly harmless; but in this matter I think that for your own sake you should make some statement in regard to these persistent and gratuitous misrepresentations.

I enclose one of these articles, now embellished with a lengthy addition. This is the most recent alleged interview that has come under my observation. Sincerely yours, JAMES E. NORRIS.

Washington, D. C., May 12, 1887.

MR. JAMES E. NORRIS, President Jackson Democratic Association, Washington, D. C.—DEAR SIR: I have to thank you for the regard for my political welfare which prompted you to write the letter which I have before me. In response thereto, I have to say the interview to which you allude as given by the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* never took place. I have no earthly recollection of having ever been interviewed by a correspondent of that paper; but, while I disavow the interview and language attributed to me as used toward the President, I cannot complain of a misrepresentation of my sentiments concerning his

trust that the tributes of thought, whether couched

### The Gamut of Theft.

Taking \$1,000,000 is called Genius.

Taking \$100,000 is called Shortage.

Taking \$50,000 is called Litigation.

Taking \$25,000 is called Insolvency.

Taking \$10,000 is called Irregularity.

Taking \$5,000 is called Default.

Taking \$1,000 is called Corruption.

Taking \$500 is called Bazaar-begging.

Taking \$100 is called Dishonesty.

Taking \$50 is called Stealing.

Taking \$25 is called Total Depravity.

Taking 1000 is called War or Society.

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PRESIDENT CLEVELAND seems to hesitate about calling an extra session of Congress. If he fails to do his duty to the country in this particular, the financial storm that will sweep over the land and engulf the Democracy will be but faintly represented by the indignation of the loyal people aroused by the Drum proposition to return the flags. The failure of the Fidelity Bank is but a danger signal. Perhaps the President indorses the idea of Secretary Fairchild, that the money Shylocks will come to the rescue and will not demand the pound of flesh. The tax gathered in the tobacco states equals \$40 per acre on the tobacco crop. Sugar, an "imported necessity" of life, pays a tax equal to 97 cents for each of the entire population. Contraction of the currency continues, imports are greater than exports by \$15,000,000 per month, the deficit is met by foreign loans of \$80,000,000 in gold in the last sixty days, the long haul doubles the price of transportation for the staple products of the country, which lessens the debt-paying power of the producer and increases cost to the consumer. Yet the President hesitates. How long, oh, how long will the people let the Democracy rule the country!

**Representatives' Seats Contested.**  
The clerk of the House of Representatives has received notice of contest in the following cases: McDuffie, Republican, against Davidson, of Alabama; Worthington, Democrat, against Post, of Illinois; Lowry, Democrat, against White, of Indiana; Thoebe, Republican-Labor, against Carlisle, of Kentucky; Frank, Republican, against Glover, of Missouri; and Smalls, Republican, colored, against Elliott, of South Carolina; Haynes, Republican, against McKenney, Democrat, of New Hampshire.

His communication should be read.  
The Wall Street News says that the only reason there has not been a heavy drain of gold to Europe in the last sixty days, to pay for the great excess of imports over exports, is that a large number of American securities have been taken abroad. It further states that we have been borrowers

MR. BURROWS,

in my place to last October do to-day, that upon whose shoulder, had lost a every power of "sons of toil," or on a Western my good fortune to becom shed, from the tested election of 1880, he voice, scarcely al with great pain of sociability possessing the himself when i of his waiting

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and the co f the best interests of the people, and ity of and general good of the whole t with pride to his acts and votes in the Congress.

## THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT.

### A Colored Man's Complaint to the Inter-State Commerce Commission.

A very unusual complaint was filed with the Inter-State Commerce Commission yesterday. It was the complaint of Wm. H. Council, a colored man, of Huntsville, Ala., that on the 7th of April he was forcibly and violently ejected from a first-class passenger car on the Western and Atlantic Road, by the employees of that road, notwithstanding that he had purchased a first-class ticket. Council is a minister of the A. M. E. Church, and for ten years has been principal of the State Colored Normal School at Huntsville, Ala. His story is that on the 7th of April he started from Huntsville, as it had been his custom to do every year, to travel in the Northern and Eastern States and solicit subscriptions for the benefit of the school. At Chattanooga, Tenn., he purchased a ticket for a first-class passage to Atlanta, Ga., and boarded the car just as the train was leaving. He quietly took a seat without disturbing any one and without being molested by any fellow passenger. First the brakeman and then the baggage-master told him that he must get out and take a seat in another car, but he politely replied that he would do so if the conductor demanded it. Three men then came to him in a group, including the brakeman and the baggage-master. They dragged him forcibly from his seat, removed him to another car and beat him about the head with a lantern so badly that he was compelled to break his journey at Dalton to have his wound dressed.

He claims \$25,000 damages from the railroad company, and alleges that the claim comes under the third clause of the Inter-State Commerce act. The complaint does not state whether or not on the Western and Atlantic road separate cars are run for the negroes. That is the custom in Alabama and has been since Capt. Bragg, now an Inter-State Commissioner, made it imperative upon the railroads to provide first-class cars for negroes who purchased first-class tickets instead of making colored men and women ride in the smoking car.

The complainant is well known to Commissioner Bragg as a man of the highest character, an accomplished scholar, a superior orator and an active Democrat in politics. He is a full-blooded negro, as black as the ace of spades, but a man qualified by learning and knowledge to converse with the best in the land. He is a man of politeness and modesty, not prone to intrude where he is not welcome, nor to do anything to offend others, and therefore the supposition is that on the Western and Atlantic Road no car was set apart for colored folks. If there had been Mr. Council would no doubt have taken his seat in it instead of intruding in the car where the white folks were.

The Commission have not yet decided whether the case comes under the Inter-State Commerce law. They simply decided yesterday that the statement was deficient in fact, and the Huntsville lawyers who drew up the complaint will be so informed. Commissioner Bragg says that Council is one of the smartest men he ever saw.

—We have received The Enfield Progress, a new weekly republic paper, published at Enfield, N. C., by Ex-Congressman, James E. O'Hara, colored. Though we are forced to disagree with the sentiments of the paper, yet we must say it is well gotten up, and shows an enterprising spirit. The mechanical execution of the paper is very good indeed, and the paper makes a good appearance.



### No Wrong About It.

The good people of Edgecombe when passion shall have subsided and reason resumed her sway must regard their hasty and ill advised act and condemn its actors. Any appeal to, or exercise of brute force contrary to law is most dangerous to a community and ought never to be resorted to. "Two wrongs cannot make one right," is a true and old adage. There is always great danger that the calling into action unlawful methods as a remedy to existing evil will give rise to greater evil. This appeal to lynch law may lead to incendiarism, or other great crimes. Then those who sowed the wind will reap the whirlwind—Enfield "Progress."

It is unfortunate that the editor of the "Progress," Ex-Congressman James E. O'Hara, should suggest even by way of warning a race issue.

The hanging of Ben Hart was no blow to the negro as a race, but merely a prompt and most proper punishment of a ravisher. Unless we much mistake the temper of the good people of Edgecombe, the time will never come when they will regret dealing prompt and sure death to despoilers.

As to the consequences, it may as well be stated now as at any other time that the good people of the county are prepared for whirlwinds, incendiarism or anything of the kind.

But there will be no retaliation. There is no one to retaliate. The people are too much of one mind. The good people of Edgecombe have an abiding love for virtue and we hope that the colored people may imitate them.

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### The Religious Beliefs of the People of the United States.

The only country in the world where there is absolute freedom as to religious beliefs and worship is the United States, and this fact gives us a greater variety of religions than can be found anywhere else.

The latest compilation on this subject shows that there are, in 1887, 133,435 churches, with 91,911 ministers and 19,018,977 communicants, divided as shown in the following table:

NAME OF SECT.	Number of churches	Number of ministers	Communicants
New Jerusalem .....	80	78	5,015
Moravians .....	83	64	10,686
Unitarians .....	365	459	20,000
Universalists .....	695	678	35,500
Adventists .....	1,472	821	97,711
Mennonites .....	550	500	100,000
Friends .....	700	500	105,000
Christian Union .....	1,500	500	121,000
German Evangelical .....	675	550	125,000
Reformed .....	2,004	1,342	259,974
Episcopalians .....	4,821	3,865	490,531
Congregationalists .....	4,277	4,090	436,379
Lutherans .....	7,573	8,990	930,850
Presbyterians .....	12,868	9,429	1,082,433
Baptists .....	40,847	27,889	3,727,207
Methodists .....	47,802	29,493	4,532,658
Roman Catholics .....	86,910	7,658	7,000,000
Total .....	132,435	91,911	19,018,977

\* This does not include 3,281 chapels and stations.

These figures show first, that one-third of the entire population of the United States are actual members of some branch of the Christian church. Second, that there is a church edifice for every 145 of the actual members and for every 450 persons in the United States, and third, that there is a minister preaching the Christian religion in some form for every 210 members of the church and for every 630 of the entire population.

### PRIMOG

The House of product of the last week ago voted to land, the corner-stoned settlements of English life rests centuries. Student that primogeniture a small part, guards which thrown around the over the enjoyment ownership of its dist since "Chudleigh's" the shrewdest minds devoted to the work webs of contingent conveyances and par carried out the in Englishman to roo Without primogen aware that there lites, as they stand, tion of a like system which the continuity more importance th: individual, and the c but the trustee of the centor of the ambitic

But primogenitu fabric has made such nation of men and l influence on histor: easily be remembere Irish debates or the for the passage in th Halsbury's bill sum ownership of land placing it upon subst personality. The H to pass upon the certain, and while l ards of a closing sess of its principles is ne in the last dozen y and Lord Cairns' Lords Chancellor e law of English settle a registry for titles, larging the powers c tion enjoyed by ten: have failed to acco pated. The transi England costly, cum a net of settlements, development and ror division of great lan

Lord Halsbury's with provisions for tion of every title as Existing owners may register, and specia tenants for life who bring all land thus l possessory titles, th: sound, but not exl entered become fi and the State in ret holder against dispo state insurance, for vate enterprise of o trust companies, has practiced in the Au expected to close a e over doubtful titles, of land as substanti of intrinsic value a also which passes by



## PRIMOGENITURE GONE.

The House of Lords, itself the greatest product of the land system of England, a week ago voted to abolish primogeniture in land, the corner-stone of that great fabric of landed settlements on which the continuity of English life rests, and has rested for eight centuries. Students are well enough aware that primogeniture is only a part, and but a small part, of those legal safeguards which subtle intellects have thrown around the control of one generation over the enjoyment of its successors and the ownership of its distant heirs. For 300 years, since "Chudleigh's" case began the work, the shrewdest minds in England have been devoted to the work of spinning the legal webs of contingent remainders, trusteeships, conveyances and partial estates by which was carried out the hope and desire of every Englishman to root his family in the land. Without primogeniture, every lawyer is aware that there is nothing in our own statutes, as they stand, to prevent the introduction of a like system of divided ownership, in which the continuity of the family becomes of more importance than the control of the individual, and the "owner" of to-day is naught but the trustee of the to-morrow and the executor of the ambition of yesterday.

But primogeniture in all this vast legal fabric has made such an appeal to the imagination of men and has exerted such profound influence on history, that this season may easily be remembered, not for the clatter of Irish debates or the pomp of the jubilee; but for the passage in the House of Peers of Lord Halsbury's bill summarily recasting the legal ownership of land in Great Britain and placing it upon substantially the same basis as personality. The House of Commons has yet to pass upon the measure, but its assent is certain, and while the bill has to run the hazards of a closing session the ultimate adoption of its principles is now certain. Twice before in the last dozen years, in Lord Westbury's and Lord Cairns' act, have conservative Lords Chancellor endeavored to recast the law of English settlement; once by providing a registry for titles, and again by greatly enlarging the powers of sale, lease and alienation enjoyed by tenants for life. Both acts have failed to accomplish what was anticipated. The transfer of land still remains in England costly, cumbrous and uncertain, and a net of settlements continues to prevent the development and render difficult the sale or division of great landed estates.

Lord Halsbury's act is chiefly occupied with provisions for the compulsory registration of every title as it is acquired in future. Existing owners may, but are not required to, register, and special privileges, granted to tenants for life who register, are intended to bring all land thus held on the registry. All possessory titles, that is, those *prima facie* sound, but not exhaustively searched, once entered become in five years absolute, and the State in return for its fee insures the holder against dispossession. This system of state insurance, for which we rely on the private enterprise of our real estate title and trust companies, has been most successfully practiced in the Australian colonies, and is expected to close a great flood of litigation over doubtful titles, rendering the possession of land as substantial proof of an ownership of intrinsic value as the possession of personality which passes by delivery.

This sweeping change in the methods of transfer is supplemented by limitations on the powers of settlement. The creation of "estates' tail" is forbidden in future; tenants in tail are to become tenants in fee without the execution of the deed hitherto necessary, and land, passing without a will, divides up like personality, with the solitary exception of the rights enjoyed by the surviving husband and wife under our own law. Of all these changes, as we have already said, the abolition of primogeniture appeals most strongly to the historic sense; but its influence will be less than the prohibition of the intricate legal methods by which great estates have been preserved.

If they are now abolished by an assemblage whose 525 members were found a few years ago to hold one-fifth of the land of England, or 15,000,000 acres out of 72,000,000, it is because these great estates are ceasing to be sources of profit or power. Rents are falling, farms are vacant and the land no longer supports the great landlord. With him must disappear the great families whose history is the history of England. Their historic names will be succeeded by the small farmer, and for the 11,000 who hold two-thirds of all the land of Great Britain will be substituted, as in France, 7,000,000 or 8,000,000 small peasant proprietors.

communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Mr. M. LOWE, late a member of the House of Representatives, and of Mr. JONATHAN T. UPDEGRAFF, late a member of the House of Representatives of the State of Ohio, and transmitted the House thereon.

Mr. President, I ask the Chair to lay before the Senate the resolutions just communicated from the House of Representatives.

The Chair lays before the Senate resolutions of Representatives, which will be read, and the Chair reads as follows:

Resolved, That the Chair has heard with sincere regret the announcement of the death of Hon. WILLIAM M. LOWE, a Representative from the State of Alabama, and of Hon. JONATHAN T. UPDEGRAFF, a Representative from the State of Ohio.

The Chair communicates the foregoing resolution to the Senate as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Hon. WILLIAM M. LOWE and Hon. JONATHAN T. UPDEGRAFF.

Mr. President, as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Representatives, I move that the Senate adjourn.

The Senate adjourned; and (at one o'clock and fifty-eight minutes) the Senate adjourned.



It may be of interest for the readers of the NATIONAL REPUBLICAN to see what armies are maintained and at what cost by the leading countries of Europe as in comparison with our own. The following table gives the number of soldiers actually in service and the number that can be called out in time of war. A comparison of the soldiers with the population would show that in the event of war almost every man in the country can be called into service.

Countries.	Regular army.	War footing.	Annual cost.
Aust-Hung.....	284,071	1,078,904	\$49,116,230
France.....	629,269	8,753,164	121,061,690
Germany.....	445,402	1,402,104	\$1,963,400
Great Britain.....	181,071	641,753	\$0,801,630
British India.....	190,476	380,000	\$1,008,611
Italy.....	750,763	1,935,619	125,508,474
Russia.....	780,081	2,300,000	24,624,415
Spain.....	152,895	400,000	23,841,064
Turkey.....	160,417	610,203	

It is no wonder, with so many men withdrawn from among the producers and placed among the class that has to be maintained by the labor of others, that those countries do not progress at all, are loaded down with debts, and the people in abject poverty.

It will be observed that the three central governments which are in close alliance, Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Italy, themselves maintain 1,480,000 soldiers, and in the event of war could speedily place four and a half million men in the field properly armed and equipped.

In a general war for the repression of Russia these powers could count on being re-enforced by the smaller countries by at least 2,000,000 more men, while the only ally Russia could rely on would be France. But these two alone can put 6,000,000 soldiers into service, if the arms and money could be found, unless in the case of France, the same conditions exist that did under Napoleon III, whose army existed only on paper.

adjourn.

Mr. Proctor has written much on scientific subjects in various publications, and is the author of more than sixty books. The articles on astronomy in "Appleton's Encyclopedia" and the "Encyclopedia Britannica" were written by Mr. Proctor, who constructed a chart of the heavens, and in 1874 added greatly to his reputation by his learned researches into the transits of Venus.

The present Mrs. Proctor, who is a niece of Gen. Jefferson Thompson, of Virginia, became so in May, 1881. Her husband had made a tour of the United States previously to the time of his marriage to this American lady in 1878-79, 1875, and just before that happy event.

The accession of Richard A. Proctor to the ranks of naturalized Americans will be a decided gain to the cause of learning, scientific inquiry, and popular instruction.

## BUILT UP ON FORGERIES.

A GENUINE SENSATION IN THE  
TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

**A Division Clerk Secures \$9,200 Through Fraudulent Claims, and Would Have Made Several Thousand More—His Arrest and Confession.**

Oscar J. Harvey, the chief of a division in the Second Comptroller's Office, was brought to this city yesterday morning from his home in Wilkesbarre, Pa., where he had been arrested the night previous. He is charged with procuring \$9,200 on fraudulent and forged claims, and has confessed his guilt. The affair created a great sensation yesterday.

The story of Mr. Harvey's crime presents many features of interest. He was appointed in June, 1885, to be Chief of the Horse Claims Division of the Third Auditor's Office at the request of Mr. Smith, then Assistant Secretary, and although a number of Pennsylvania Democrats, including ex-Gov. Curtin, protested against his appointment with such vigor that it was held up for several weeks, he was finally given the position. Six weeks or more ago, however, he was transferred to the head of a division in the Second Comptroller's Office which has charge of claims similar to that upon which Mr. Harvey had been engaged. His transfer was at the personal request of Mr. Maynard, and Third Auditor Williams assented to the change with some hesitation, for Harvey did his work so well that he had gained the esteem of his superior officers. It is curious, in the light of later developments, why he ever consented to be transferred.

g Secretary read as follows:

## METHODIST MINISTERS MEET.

**The Lehigh Valley Association in Session**  
**A Eminent Pastor With a History.**

**BETHLEHEM, June 27** [SPECIAL].—A meeting of the Lehigh Valley Methodist Episcopal Ministerial Association convened in Wesley Church to-day. Presiding Elder S. W. Thomas presided and Rev. Eli Pickersgill, was secretary.

A paper on the vexed question "Are our people taxed too heavily for the support of the gospel and the various benevolent institutions of the Church?" was read by Rev. Eli Pickersgill, and was discussed very thoroughly.

gill, and Thomas James, of the African Methodist Church, of Rochester, N. Y., spoke on missionary work. He is 83 years old and enjoys the distinction of being the oldest anti-slavery advocate now living. During the charge of the freedmen's bureau at Louisville, Ky., and he was awarded this day a silver medal, the only United States police star ever given to a colored man. He preached a vigorous sermon last evening.

The following subjects were discussed at the afternoon session: "The Value of Scientific Studies to Christian Ministers," Rev. Alfred Heebner; "How to reach the Masses," Rev. John W. Wood; "Does God Answer Prayer?" Rev. Samuel R. Evans; Exercises, 1 Cor. xii, 1 to 11, Rev. William Major; "Preaching Required by the Times," Rev. Frederick Illman. Presiding Elder S. W. Thomas occupied the pulpit in the evening.

## A COLORED EDITOR'S VIEWS.

There is nothing that does more to injure the negro race than the ignorant jackass preachers who prey upon the pockets of the colored people. On Sunday these Bible-smashers can be seen after their pulpit harrangue is over, sitting around some of their members' houses, with another man's wife, waiting for the last old hen to be put on the table that they may stuff their hypocritical hide. They, as a rule, are always wanting to build a church, and therefore can be found with a little book collecting money for that purpose, and when it has been built it would not make a good-sized coal-house. Generally these pulpit gymnasts know as much about preaching as a Tennessee mule knows about probation after death.—*Capetown Fear Advocate.*

This is not the way, to better the condition of the colored race. Instead of attempting to hold their preachers up to public ridicule and contempt, offended colored people should go into their churches and seek to bring about reform, if it is needed. Colored papers are very much weakened in their influence by the style of articles such as above. As a general thing the colored ministers are a hard-working, zealous and poorly sustained class. They are humble and of the people. Very many of them are illiterate, but they were among the pioneers after the war, who may be looked to with grateful eyes for the efforts they made, in their rough way, to do good for their people in the early days of freedom.

And Noah began to be a husbandman, and he planted a vineyard; and he drank of the wine, and was drunken; and he was uncovered within his tent.

And Ham the father of Canaan, saw the nakedness of his father, and told his two brethren without.

And Shem and Japheth took a garment and laid it upon both their shoulders, and went backward; and covered the nakedness of their father, and their faces were backward and they saw not their father's nakedness.

## Senate do now

PRUNE POOL BURST

**The Syndicate Loses \$50,000 on the  
Forced Sale.**

NEW YORK, July 15.—The prunes held a syndicate to corner the market were sold at auction today. Bohemian prunes, which 1,578 bags were sold, brought 24 cents, while Turkish brought 24 cents a pound. The failure of Cunningham Bros. necessitated closing the deal. The pool will be \$50,000, but \$15,000 made on a previous sale.

**The Negro Trouble Exaggerated**  
CHARLESTON, S. C., June 20.—Report of circulation with regard to excitement at the troubles in Greenville and Pickens Counties of this State, greatly exaggerate the situation of affairs. There is some local uneasiness, but no expectation of a collision between the colored people and some of the white reforming labor associations, but no visitation even remotely probable.

## HIS DOOM

DR. M'GLYNN  
MALLY EX

Archbishop Co.  
Decree Which  
transmit Priest  
Mention Made

NEW YORK, July  
to-morrow will be:  
*To the Very Reverend*  
*Father of the Archdiocese.*  
Be it known that,  
1887, the Sacred Co-  
ngregation admonished  
McGlynn, late rector  
in this city; that he  
himself liable to ex-  
communication for dis-  
obeying the positive  
order of the Pontiff, given

Wishing, however, to spare him the Sacred Congregation's conflicting censure, and to give him an opportunity to be heard, he gave him a final audience and sent him in Rome with the receipt of the Holy See's order; under pain of excommunication *ipso facto*.

This letter was  
Dr. McGlynn, and  
days of grace to  
came our sad duty  
had incurred, the  
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munion whereby he is cut  
off from the Commu-  
nion of the Church  
and participation  
should he persevere  
deprived of the  
Christian burial.

It has become a  
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MICHAEL AUG  
New York.

O. F. M.  
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## VIEWS.

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## HIS DOOM PRONOUNCED.

DR. M'GLYNN HAS BEEN FOR-  
MALLY EXCOMMUNICATED.

Archbishop Corrigan Publishes the  
Decree Which Cuts Off the Recalcit-  
rant Priest from the Church—No  
Mention Made of His Adherents.

NEW YORK, July 9.—The *Catholic News*  
to-morrow will have the following:  
*To the Very Reverend Clergy and the Faithful  
Laity of the Archdiocese of New York:*

Be it known that, on the fourth day of May,  
1887, the Sacred Congregation of the Propa-  
ganda admonished the Rev. Dr. Edward  
McGlynn, late rector of St. Stephen's Church,  
in this city; that he had already rendered  
himself liable to ecclesiastical censure by  
disobeying the positive command of the Sov-  
ereign Pontiff, given January 17.

Wishing, however, to deal leniently with  
him the Sacred Congregation refrained from in-  
flicting censure, and, offering him a further  
opportunity to be heard, in his own behalf,  
gave him a final and peremptory order to pre-  
sent himself in Rome within forty days from  
the receipt of the letter containing such  
order, under pain of excommunication, to be  
incurred *ipso facto et nominatim*.

This letter was duly delivered to Rev.  
Dr. McGlynn, and as he allowed the  
days of grace to pass unheeded, it be-  
came our sad duty to notify him that he  
had incurred, by his own act, this  
penalty of excommunication by name,  
whereby he is cut off from the commun-  
ion of the Church; from its sacraments  
and participation in its prayers; and,  
should he persevere in his contumacy,  
deprived of the right after death to  
Christian burial.

It has become also our duty to declare  
to the clergy and laity of our charge,  
which we do by these letters, that the  
Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn is excommu-  
nicated, *nominatim*, with all the penal-  
ties attached to this censure by the can-  
ons of the Church.

MICHAEL AUGUSTINE, Archbishop of New  
York.

O. F. McDONNELL, Secretary.  
NEW YORK, July 8, 1887.

nations through ev

GOVERNOR GORDON, of Georgia, in  
his annual message suggests that the  
State give aid to Atlanta University  
and make it "for colored people only."  
The Governor is simply endeavoring to  
draw tighter the color line and have  
the white professors of that University  
take their children out of it and send  
them to the schools for the whites.  
When he dies he will undoubtedly have  
to go to school, unless his ideas and  
"wants" are changed; because he will  
object to entering heaven where so  
many colored people will surely be—  
whether with dark skins or not, none  
can say.

All those innocent Negroes who are  
martyrs and who have been murdered  
in the South by men who, like Governor  
Gordon, are of the South's "chivalry,"  
will be there—in heaven, we mean—and  
will help to "swell the chorus."

## NEWS ABOUT OUR WATER POWER.

Messrs. Arrington and Butler, of the  
Water Power Company, were in town  
Monday and Tuesday on business connected  
with the work on the canal. With them  
was Mr. Holly, the Hydraulic engineer  
who built the large canal at Augusta, Ga.  
He will remain here for the purpose of  
making a survey of the canal and it is  
thought that he will take the contract for  
enlarging the canal. It is the intention of  
the company to put the canal in proper  
condition as soon as possible and as soon  
as this is accomplished, steps will be at  
once taken to sell factory sites along its  
banks, for which purpose preliminary  
work is being done.

We have also been informed that the  
same parties have organized a company to  
establish a large cotton factory at this point  
to cost half million dollars and that all the  
stock has already been sold. Such a fac-  
tory would require somewhere in the  
neighborhood of a thousand operators,  
which would increase the population of  
Weldon by about three thousand and  
quadruple the business and trade of the  
town.

There can be no doubt that the canal  
property will be fully developed at an early  
day and that in four or five years Weldon  
will be the largest manufacturing centre  
in the State, if not in the South, and as a  
forerunner we hope to see an increase and  
general revival of business here in less than  
twelve months.

## THE NEWS OF EUROPE.

Prince Ferdinand Willing to Take  
the Bulgarian Throne.

## THE GREAT POWERS MUST DECIDE.

Russian Religious Fanatics Endeavor to  
Assassinate the Protestant Grand  
Duchesses—Mr. Blaine's Coach-  
ing Trip with Andrew Carne-  
gie—The Crimes Bill in  
the House of Lords.

VIENNA, July 15.—Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-  
Coburg-Gotha to-day received the deputation  
sent to officially notify him of his election to  
the Bulgarian throne. In his reply he said:

"If I should follow my heart's impulse I  
would hasten to Bulgaria and put myself at the  
head of the nation. But the Prince elected  
ruler of Bulgaria must respect treaties. Such  
respect will increase the strength of the Bul-  
garian Government and assure the grandeur  
and prosperity of the nation. I hope to justify  
the Porte's confidence and obtain the consent  
of the powers and to regain in time Russia's  
sympathy, to which Bulgaria owes her free-  
dom. I hope to prove my devotion to Bulgaria  
when the moment comes. Courage, prudence,  
unity and patriotism, with which God has  
blessed Bulgaria, promise a brilliant future for  
her."

## The Splendid Heroism of a Colored Sailor who Risked His Life to Save Others.

The story of the terrible wreck of  
the pleasure yacht *Mystery* has already  
been told. There were, however, many  
thrilling incidents connected with the  
catastrophe which have not yet been  
touched upon. The following account  
of the splendid heroism of a colored  
sailor is given by the *New York  
Herald*:

"The tug *Deane*, commanded by  
Capt. Rhode, was in sight, and steamed  
along rapidly to help them, but before  
she reached them a colored man did  
honor to his race by one of the noblest  
efforts on record. And amid all the  
bungling that prevailed on that fatal  
Sunday evening it is really refresh-  
ing to have something heroic  
to chronicle. Just as soon as the  
*Mystery* was seen to capsize Andrew  
Robinson, a colored man-before-the-  
mast on the schooner *Reaper*, a vessel  
engaged in the coal trade, put off in  
the schooner's boat and was soon along-  
side the water logged yacht. Owing  
to his gallant efforts at least nine lives  
were saved.

"Children first, he cried, 'I'll save  
you women later,' as he bravely filled  
his little cockleshell with all he could  
drag on board. His efforts were su-  
perhuman, and they were crowned  
with success. If his yawl had been  
bigger he might have rescued more,  
and it was only when the rowboat was  
gunwale level with the water's edge  
that he gave up the struggle and pulled  
to the tug *Deane* to unload his pre-  
cious freight. He started out again  
immediately for a new load, but when  
he reached the ill-fated sloop nothing  
living could be seen near her.

"To a *Herald* reporter who saw him  
just before he left with his vessel for  
Perth Amboy, N. J., for another  
load of coal, he said: 'I did all I  
could to save life and I don't want any  
thanks for it. Those women and chil-  
dren were drowning and I did what I  
could to save them. It was terrible to  
hear the shrieks of the women and the  
cries of the children, and I shall al-  
ways be glad that I was near to render  
what help I could.'

"Robinson has a splendid reputation.  
He was eagerly sought for all day, but  
as his schooner plies between Canarsie  
and the Amboys for coal to supply the  
steamers that run to Rockaway Beach,  
he concluded to go with his ship. He is  
a fine looking, intelligent fellow, and if  
ever a man deserved a life-saving med-  
al from the government it is he. Nine  
more victims at least must have per-  
ished had he not been there to lend a  
helping hand to succor the unfortunate  
women and children whose precious  
lives had been entrusted to an incom-  
petent man. Wherever the *Herald* re-  
porter went yesterday he heard nothing  
but the highest praise of Robinson,  
and when he returns to Canarsie he  
will doubtless receive some substantial  
recompense for his noble conduct. He  
was alone in his boat, and it required  
the nicest management to prevent it  
from swamping in the nasty little sea  
that prevailed, and to get the women  
and children aboard whom he was for-  
tunate enough to rescue was a piece of  
splendid boat handling that deserves  
to be commemorated. For pure, un-  
selfish heroism it is not often that a



## THE PERRY PICTURE.

Solution of a Mystery of Much Historical Interest.

Special Correspondence of THE POST.

CORRY, Pa., Aug. 10.—Visitors at Washington have noticed in one of the great historical paintings which embellish the National Capitol the form and features of a young African. The picture is in the historical collection and has attracted the attention of very many people, and especially those from the Lake region of our own part of the State; for it is a masterly painting, representing Commodore Perry in the supreme moment of that great day when he won his victory on Lake Erie over the British fleet. The great and intrepid commander is surrounded by a little company of his fellow-compatriots, and among them is the manly face of the young negro. All the historical paintings in the collection represent participants in the event commemorated, and the portraits are recognizable and authentic. The portrait of this African has attracted much attention from the students of history and writers and caused much speculation as to who it represented and why it found a place in so conspicuous a group.

Quite a number of years ago, while we were engaged on a historical illustrated work upon the St. Lawrence River and early explorations of the lake regions, we met at Washington Mr. Lossing, the historian, who has given the country by far the best history of the war of 1812 ever published. Together we examined the Perry painting, and the question arose as to who was represented by the young negro. He said the question was not a new one, but it had come to be generally believed that the figure represented no one; that it had been introduced by the artist as a type illustrative of the cosmopolitan character of our nation. This history has not been entirely satisfactory, and recently a discovery has been made at Erie which clearly solves the mystery and awards a long-delayed and a just and honorable place in history to a worthy man.

A letter from ex-Senator Sill, recently written to us, says:

"An old and time-worn manuscript has come to light. It is now in the possession of the venerable Mrs. Alvan Flynt, of this city. It was prepared more than half a century ago by her father, James Hamilton, of Meadville, Pa. He was, by executive appointment, a justice of the peace of Crawford County for about forty years. He was a magistrate of such accuracy, judgment and repute, that he never had a decision reversed by court upon appeal. In this carefully prepared manuscript, now yellow and dim with age, are some statements touching the brilliant part taken by Anthony Williams. He was then a youthful, intrepid African, who, before the battle, had been employed by Capt. Jesse D. Elliott, who commanded the Niagara until the arrival of Commodore Perry from the Laurence during the battle. Anthony Williams had the courage and endurance of an African lion. His record seems more like a romance than a reality. The document in question runs as follows:

"A certain colored man named Anthony Williams, an inhabitant of Meadville, was one of those daring spirits who volunteered in the service of Commodore Perry on board his fleet on Lake Erie. He was taken on board the ship Niagara and assisted in gaining the memorable victory of the 10th of September. He was one of the gunners whose business it was to ram down the cartridges. The guns were double-manned, ten to each gun. The gun he attended had seven men swept off in the first and second fires. She was manned as before, and again nine men were swept off by the British. She was manned as before and they again had eight men killed, himself and one man only being left. The gun was then manned for the fifth time, and was then dismantled by the British cannon. They hoisted her on her carriage with the same complement of men, and after two or three rounds the British fleet struck."

Unquestionably the artist who painted the heroes of that great scene knew the history of the great event better than is generally believed, and the African is Anthony Williams, true to life as the great central figure of the piece. After the battle he returned to Meadville, and continued in the service of the Hamiltons. He afterward went to Erie, and was for many years a part of the household of Mrs. Flynt, by whom most of these statements can be authenticated and many interesting facts gathered relative to this brave and worthy man. Anthony Williams was the father of John Williams, long a resident of Corry. He has in his possession a cane made of wood from the old Niagara, which his father gave him. He has had the cane for nearly fifty years. In a modest way Mr. Williams shows that he was fully aware of the part his father took in that great event, but he was not aware of the place given him in that great painting at the National Capitol.

F. H. SALISBURY.

## SOME OF THE CASES FILED AND THE CASES BARRED.

O'Hara and Thoebe Not Among the Contestants.—Discounted Gossip About the Speakership.—North Carolina Personals. [Staff Correspondence of the Messenger.]

WASHINGTON, Aug. 1.—The Clerk of the House heard to-day the reading of the last of the election contests in the Fiftieth Congress. It was that of Joseph D. Lynch against William Vandever, the latter having the certificate. Another California case was filed last week, Sullivan the contestant and Felton the contestee. This was very voluminous and took considerable time. All of the papers are usually printed; the proofs are read and the matter indexed at the office of the Clerk.

The proposed contest in the Coving-

M. M. LOWE.

to give pensions to justified, even in the ms of the pensioners, ices they rendered to which they demeaned people were such anx- d so, when any gal- social character, the y, not in mere chari- ment, while they can he has won in the

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## PRESIDENTS

Excursions of the Na Times Past—Mr. Cle Special Correspondent

WASHINGTON, Aug. 6. Cleveland has traveled for who have reached his experience in public make a good record as is over. When he was never been further West the visit to that city was young man. He had business for a day some had never been in New fond of travel and his many opportunities to d But if his present plan will, before Congress in Canadian boundary and have traveled the greater appi Valley from St and visited most of the And it is his intention, to the Pacific slope.

PRESIDENT MON

The custom of taking the country by presiden generally believed, pretty much all of the Carolinas before he and both John Adam Quincy Adams, were g time. Mr. Jefferson a ever, seldom were long and their longest trips country seats in Virginia

President Monroe was the idea of making through the states while dertook, during one o travel Northward thro then Westward as far a journey to make, far m to Oregon would now b beginning to ply some of the turnpikes were b traveled in his own manner. No special b to him, but he was c where, and was the fir majority of the Americ sight of a live preside time than it now is. stopped great crowds around to see him, an was the great sensation

ANDREW JACKSON

Andrew Jackson was riage over the fine nat land Road, as it was c Washington, some 600 assume the president fond of driving and he he proposed to take a England, the nameless Whig had not then great cry, which seem to determine Old Hiel been in New England the North. The re those portions of the eest excitement every tions were made to r fine style in his own several occasions, six it. All along the co ered, many of them him pass.



## PRESIDENTS' TRAVELS.

Excursions of the National Executives in Times Past.—Mr. Cleveland's Stolidity. Special Correspondence of THE PRESS.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 6.—Although President Cleveland has traveled far less than most men who have reached his years and have had his experience in public affairs, he promises to make a good record as a tourist before this year is over. When he was elected President he had never been further West than Cleveland, and the visit to that city was made when he was a young man. He had visited Washington on business for a day some ten years ago, but he had never been in New England. He was not fond of travel and his business did not give many opportunities to do so had he so desired.

But if his present plans be consummated, he will, before Congress meets, have visited the Canadian boundary and the far South; will have traveled the greater part of the Mississippi Valley from St. Paul to St. Louis and visited most of the large cities of the West. And it is his intention, or hope, next year to go to the Pacific slope.

### PRESIDENT MONROE'S JOURNEY.

The custom of taking long excursions through the country by presidents is much older than is generally believed. Washington had seen pretty much all of the Union North of the Carolinas before he became president; and both John Adams and his son, John Quincy Adams, were great travelers for their time. Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison, however, seldom were long away from the capital, and their longest trips were those made to their country seats in Virginia.

President Monroe was the first to conceive the idea of making an extensive journey through the states while president, and he undertook, during one of the long vacations, to travel Northward through New England and then Westward as far as Ohio. It was a tedious journey to make, far more so than an excursion to Oregon would now be. Steamboats were just beginning to ply some of the rivers, and most of the turnpikes were badly kept. Mr. Monroe traveled in his own coach in a very simple manner. No special invitations were extended to him, but he was cordially received everywhere, and was the first president that a great majority of the American people ever saw. The sight of a live president was far rarer at that time than it now is. Wherever Mr. Monroe stopped great crowds gathered from miles around to see him, and his Summer journey was the great sensation of that year.

### ANDREW JACKSON DOING NEW ENGLAND.

Andrew Jackson was driven in his own carriage over the fine national road, or Cumberland Road, as it was called, from Nashville to Washington, some 600 miles, when he went to assume the presidency. He was exceedingly fond of driving and he kept a fine stud. When he proposed to take a Summer jaunt into New England, the nameless opposition—for the term Whig had not then been adopted—raised a great cry, which seemed only the more firmly to determine Old Hickory to go. He had never been in New England, or, indeed, anywhere in the North. The report that he was to visit those portions of the country created the greatest excitement everywhere, and great preparations were made to receive him. He rode in fine style in his own coach, and, it is said, on several occasions, six horses were attached to it. All along the country roads people gathered, many of them waiting patiently to see him pass.

Andy Johnson was the first of recent presidents to make a long journey through the country. This was done not because of any special invitation, but of his own wish. Whether the speeches that he delivered during that trip from the open carriage in which he was driven through many large towns were in contemplation when he quitted Washington or not is not known. But they were delivered upon the slightest opportunity, and were so personal and so freely discussed public affairs as to excite the widest attention. A thing like this had never been done before and never since. Johnson turned his back on that unwritten law of the White House that requires whatever communication presidents have to make to the people to be guardedly and most dignifiedly done in writing. Johnson's excursion was not a pure pleasure trip. He meant business. He wished to explain his policy, though this method of doing it was against the advice of his best friends.

### GRANT AND HIS SUCCESSORS.

Grant was a great traveler. He was passionately fond of travel, and he was most democratic in his manner of traveling. After the war and during his incumbency of the presidency he visited almost every part of the Union. The Pullman parlor car was just beginning to be used on the railways, and Grant's favorite place was in the rear, near the window, from which he was accustomed to look upon the country with a most observant eye. Receptions were a bore to him, and once, when on a visit to New Haven, it was with considerable difficulty that he could be induced to leave a seat under a tree in the yard of the late Henry Farnham, where he was smoking a cigar and chatting with delightful informality, to attend a great reception where many thousands were waiting for him.

"At all events," said he, "let me smoke another cigar before I go."

Hayes was a good deal of a traveler, and except Grant was the only president to visit the Pacific slope.

General Arthur was fond of travel, but abhorred public receptions. His two prolonged trips, one into the wilds of Florida and the other into the Yellowstone Park, were made as privately as it was possible to do it. And he greatly enjoyed the freedom from conventional restraints of dress and customs.

Mr. Cleveland, in the little traveling he has done, finds the confinement even of the palace cars irksome, and whenever he can do so he travels at night. He is the soundest of sleepers in a car, but has a queer habit of getting up as soon as dawn lightens up the window. When traveling in the daytime he frequently sits for hours, neither looking to the right nor left, but calmly staring ahead, as though his mind were busy with other things than those naturally suggested by travel.

No president except Grant ever received such a delegation as that which recently came from St. Louis and Kansas City to invite Mr. Cleveland to visit those places, or which is to come from St. Paul.

E. J.

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## THE COLOR LINE IN MITCHELL. TWO WHITE CHILDREN TURNED OVER TO A NEGRO.

All this by a Democratic Board of  
County Commissioners.

Elk Park Chronicle.

When we published some time ago that an old lady of seventy summers had been turned over to the tender mercies of a negro in Warren county, some of our Democratic friends said it was all a radical lie, and that they were sure no Democrat would be guilty of such a grave charge.

Now for the benefit of those parties, and more especially for the benefit of the white men of the West who voted the Democratic ticket in 1886 to protect their white friends in the East from negro rule, we desire to call your attention to the fact that a Democratic board of County Commissioners, up here in Mitchell where there is only about 200 negro voters and 1,700 white voters, have actually had the audacity to take a poor white woman's children and turn them over to an old negro woman who keeps a bad house to raise.

We refer to the case of Mary Jane Wheeler of Big Rock Creek, who some two months ago gave birth to two bright eyed little girls and who is probably now dead herself, as the Drs. said she could not live.

It became apparent that something must be done with the children and the neighbors not feeling able to take it on themselves to raise them, they brought them before the County Commissioners and asked them to do something with them.

The Commissioners as we have been reliably informed, without ever trying to get any white persons to take them deliberately turned them over to an old negro.

Mothers, especially Democratic mothers, we want you to think about this. How would you like at a time when you saw death staring you in the face, to have your children bound out to a negro and one that keeps the very worst kind of a house?

It don't matter how low a woman has fallen in life, she still has high ambition for her children and wants to see them come up and rank among men and the women of the country.

Think what must have been the feelings of this mother when the fact was communicated to her on her dying bed that her children had been turned over to be raised, educated and fitted for stations in life by an old negro?

Now we want this thing to seal the mouth of every Democratic orator on the negro question.

It may be said by some that the Commissioners could not get any one else to take them. They never tried to get any white person to take them. They have a man by the name of Sul-lens whose business it is to take care of the poor and afflicted. Why in the name of high heaven did they not send them there to be cared for?

The whole truth of the matter is the Democrats have been lying and well they know it, in regard to their being the White Man's Party.

All such miserable political demagogues ought not to be trusted.

"Truth crushed to the earth will rise again," and a party that has gone into power on such base fabrications as the Democratic party did, will surely fall and that in short time.

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## KALAKAUA'S APPEAL

He Wants United States Marines to Guard  
His Palace.

On July 5 the correspondent of the New York Herald had an interview at Honolulu with King Kalakaua. The latter said that he would not sign the new constitution unless compelled to do so by force. He did not fear personal violence, but it might come and he was sure the end of the revolution had not been reached. He was asked what means he had of self-defense.

"I have my bodyguard of sixty men who are passably well armed and drilled," he replied, "an Austrian battery of six field pieces, two grape cannon with sweeping fire, good bolts to outside doors and good hearts within. Then, too, there are two companies of native volunteers called the Queen's and King's Own, composed mainly of old retainers."

"But outside, as I understand it," I said, "there are 500 men, over 1000 rifles and ammunition enough for a siege."

"Yes," replied the King, nervously wetting his lips, "but they have not got inside yet."

"Will you call upon the United States ship Adams for assistance?"

"Not exactly for assistance," answered Kalakaua, "but I have determined upon the sailing of the Australia this afternoon either to request the Minister of Foreign Affairs to ask foreign representatives to consider the advisability of adopting certain plans for assuring me of my personal safety or else to make an appeal over my own signature."

"My proposition will be that a detachment of marines shall be landed from the Adams and be quartered at the palace, and my argument will be that their presence will stop bloodshed, which might otherwise occur. Captain Kempf's idea, I know, is that his duty consists solely in protecting American and English property should it be endangered, but surely it would be better to avoid trouble than to participate in it. There was no such hesitation in giving me the support both of American and British marines in February, 1874."

"To what, in a word," I asked, "do you ascribe the present uprising?"

"To the determination on the part of foreigners to obtain political control of the islands."

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The board of aldermen of Wilmington has ordered an election to be held on Thursday, the 11th day of August, to decide the question of a subscription of \$100,000 to the capital stock of the Wilmington, Onslow & East Carolina Railroad Company by the city of Wilmington. A continual agitation of building a railroad through Onslow will, after awhile, bring about substantial action. If our Onslow friends want to hasten the time of railroad facilities they ought to take an interest in the matter and show their willingness by aiding in the enterprise.

The arrest of Harvey, ex-chief of the Horse Claims Division of the Third Auditor's Office, as the result of an investigation suggested by his successor, Austin H. Brown, shows that there is no more disposition to screen Democratic than Republican rascals under this Administration. They all fare alike and, in cases like this, very badly. Although Mr. Brown has been in the public service less than a month, he seems to have taken the measure of his office as well as if he had served an apprenticeship of years. The malfeasance of which Harvey has been guilty is in almost all respects unique. He built up his various fraudulent claims very adroitly, forged signatures to affidavits and official reports, and cashed drafts that were issued to the successful bogus claimants through a bogus attorney who had a power of attorney from the claimants themselves. The whole story of these bold frauds and the manner of their discovery is told in full in our news columns.

#### OF MR. MORGAN, OF ALABAMA

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intellect. That regiment was almost cut to and fierce struggle with a gallant foe. When the scattered companies attached themselves, links, to other commands, and continued the field was won.

ed, the body of Private WILLIAM M. LOWE in the field in the arms of his comrades, to die, as

He was wounded with a musket-ball in his headly missile spared his life only by the breadth vigorous constitution triumphed over death, and into life to enjoy the honors he had nobly won people who will never cease to honor his memory and brave soldier.

ar he rejoined the army and held the ranks sucenent, captain, and lieutenant-colonel, command-field and acting on staff duty with distinction and of his superior officers and his comrades.

had closed Mr. LOWE again took up his profession acquired a good reputation for ability. During instruction he was very intense in his opposition took a leading and influential place in the opth intelligence and courage soon gave to him a on, and he found in the public service his most ment. He was elected to the legislature from his 1870, and his service there disclosed an enterwhich indicated his mental independence of the opinions and methods of government sanctified

by time. He was incisive and aggressive in the enforcement of his convictions.

He was next elected to the constitutional convention of Alabama, in 1875, and exhibited in that body the ability to deal with the gravest questions of constitutional law.

He then became, in 1879, a candidate for Congress as a Greenback-Democrat, and had the support of the Republican party in his district. He was elected over a gentleman of much ability after a heated canvass of the district.



# A SAMPLE CLEVELAND CASE.

The San Francisco Chronicle of the 8th instant prints two pages of matter covering the case of Mr. Herbert F. Beecher, of Port Townsend, W. T., and a son of the late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. The statement is very circumstantial, containing letters, affidavits and explanations, altogether giving a full and clear account of as knavish and dishonorable transactions as have been exposed in recent years.

It will be remembered that Mr. Cleveland appointed Mr. Beecher collector of Port Townsend, Washington Territory, but the evidence laid before the Senate of his unsavory record was so conclusive that that body refused to confirm him. A hue and cry was raised at the time of his rejection and it was claimed that the motive for the Senate's action was a desire on the part of the Republicans to revenge themselves on Henry Ward Beecher for having left the party in 1884. But Mr. Cleveland was not to be balked in his desire to reward the son of a Mugwump, so an old superannuated man was placed in the collectorship and a new office, that of treasury agent, and not subject to the Senate's control, was created, and Mr. Beecher was appointed to fill it.

He is now enjoying the emoluments of this position, which amount to very little less than those of the Collector, but if he imagined that the record of his career was never to reach the light he was woefully mistaken. The man who knew all about Mr. Beecher's transactions and had an unbroken chain of proof to support his charges sent a copy of the evidence to the Government at Washington, but no notice was taken of it. He then started himself, determined to place the matter directly in the President's hands, but was found unconscious on the steps of a hospital in Chicago, and died in a few days afterwards. His documents were preserved, however, and are now published, and Mr. Cleveland can answer at the bar of public opinion for having forced a man accused of such dishonorable acts as Mr. Beecher is accused of into the public service.

The case is only a fair sample of Mr. Cleveland's methods in appointing men to responsible positions. Here was a man who, according to well-supported charges, took several hundred dollars to purchase money orders for a friend and never purchased them, but lied about it and only returned the money months afterwards when he was threatened with arrest. The steamer of which he was captain was also libeled several times and narrowly escaped seizure for violating the revenue laws, and he is charged besides with profiting by conspiring with informers to divide their percentages with him and by raising his vouchers and hotel bills. This is the man to whom the President of the United States clings, as he has clung to Higgins, Morris Thomas and other rogues and embezzlers after he has appointed them to office and their character has been fully exposed. It is an object lesson the people may well study.

## Federal Troops.

J. B. Hyatt, Ducktown, Tenn.: 1. What is the cause of the glow on rotten wood, or punk?

2. Give the number of Federal soldiers that each state furnished, including colored soldiers.

3. Give the name and politics of each representative to the Fifth Congress from the states of New York, Pennsylvania, Kansas, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Missouri.

4. Fox fire, or it is called, is produced by the decaying vegetation in and about the wood. The same phenomena is witnessed in marshes where decomposed animals are found. It is a kind of phosphorescence. 2. Connecticut 57,379, colored 1,764; Maine 72,114, colored 104; Massachusetts 152,048, colored 3,966; New Hampshire 34,629, colored 125; Rhode Island 22,699, colored 1,837; Vermont 35,262, colored 120; New Jersey 81,010, colored 1,185; New York 467,047, colored 4,125; Pennsylvania 306,107, colored 8,612; Colorado 4,903, colored 95; Dakota 266; Illinois 239,157, colored 1,811; Indiana 197,147, colored 1,387; Iowa 76,309, colored 420; Kansas 20,151, colored 2,080; Michigan 89,872, colored 1,387; Minnesota 25,052, colored 104; Nebraska 3,167; New Mexico, 6,561; Ohio, 319,659, colored 5,092; Wisconsin 26,424, colored 165; California, 15,725; Nevada, 1,080; Oregon, 1,810; Washington territory, 864; Delaware 13,670, colored 954; District of Columbia 16,872, colored 3,269; Kentucky 79,025, colored 23,703; Maryland 50,316, colored 8,718; Missouri 109,118, colored 8,344; West Virginia 32,068, colored 196; Alabama 2,676, colored 4,969; Arkansas 8,289, colored 5,526; Florida 1,290, colored 1,044; Louisiana 5,224, colored 3,486; Mississippi 545, colored 18,869; North Carolina 3,166, colored 5,035; South Carolina, colored, 5,462; Tennessee 81,092, colored 20,133; Texas 1,965, colored 47.

3. This is the second time you have asked about the representatives from the states of Missouri, Pennsylvania and New York. You will find the representatives of these states in the BLADE of August 4. The others are, with the districts they represent, as follows: Illinois—1, R. W. Dunham, R.; 2, Frank Lawler, D.; 3, Wm. E. Mason, R.; 4, George F. Adams, R.; 5, Albert J. Hopkins, R.; 6, Robert R. Hett, R.; 7, T. J. Henderson, R.

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However this may be, one thing is sure, the American platform has lost in him an element and an influence it can ill afford to spare. With all his eccentricity he would not be a clown; with all the disadvantage of early association he hated whatever was low and mean; with all the temptation of the humorist to debase his powers he culled only honey from the very garbage of life, leaving its foulness to be dissipated by oblivion. He sweetened thousands of lives with kindly humor which will not be wanting in its influence on coming generations. His laughter was a scourge to meanness and an unconscious spur to honesty. The world is all the better for his having lived and laughed. Few jesters have had a finer wit; not one a more manly nature.

## Josh Billings.

H. M. O. Jamestown, N. Y.: Do you know who Josh Billings was, and a history of his life. Is he dead or alive?

The death of H. W. Shaw, generally known as "Josh Billings," seems to call for a more distinct and earnest recognition of his peculiar merit as a thinker than has yet been given. In something like a quarter of a century, during which he has been constantly before the public, not only as a lecturer, but as a writer under a score of unsuspected pseudonyms, there can not be found a single instance, so far as known, in which he has yielded to the temptation which always besets the professional humorist, to raise a laugh at the expense of decency or good morals.

At a time when wit has become sadly debased, and humor has taken on a peculiarly gross and degrading flavor, this quaint-minded maker of homely proverbs has coined maxims by the thousand which enforced with singular appositeness those common virtues which the age seemed in danger of forgetting. A contemporary says of him that "the will be remembered chiefly as a humorist whose success was dependent largely upon his defiance of the rules of orthography." In a sense this may be true. He no doubt attracted attention and moved men to laughter by a skillful mimicry of homely errors. But he very rarely forgot to barb the shaft of his wit with some wholesome truth which thereby found lodgment in many natures otherwise unassailable. Hypocrisy, chicanery, and pretentiousness were favorite marks for his ridicule; but humble faith, common honesty and patriotic devotion never received a stab at his hands. He resembled Zerkow not a little in the stern rigor of his morality; but instead of withholding a comparison that turned and stung, he forced even his victim to laugh at his own folly or admit, with an almost involuntary grin, his shame. As an apostle of rugged manhood and of the virtues of humble life he has no peer among the humorists of our day, and I fear few imitators. Probably no other man ever uttered so many curious proverbs, or clothed so many common truths in such quaint and attractive guise. So many of them have become a part of the current coin of our common thought that one hardly thinks of crediting him with them.

As a moralist he was of the most unobtrusive character. He did not make his fun a mere vehicle for wisdom, but made his wisdom intrinsically funny. He did not tell a story merely to float a moral, but made the moral the attractive feature of his little sententious sayings. He condensed columns into columns, instead of expanding sentences into columns. His proverbs are a thesaurus of funny ideas from which other humorists have drawn very freely.

His sympathy with common life was as genuine and thorough as his knowledge of its conditions. He relished homely wit, and saw that it did not need its too common garb of coarseness in order to be appreciated. He saw, too, that the wisdom as well as the wit of the chimney-corner owed something of its attractiveness to its homely garb. The sort of cryptographic disguise with which he hid the point of every epigram was not only a work of genius in itself, but was managed with exquisite skill. This is the true art of the true proverbialist and is the rarest of all literary qualities. Indeed, proverbs, which are the concentrated wisdom of the ages, derive much of their merit from the rarity of this quality. Story-tellers have always been abundant. The art of putting only transferred the skill of the novelist from his tongue to his pen. Philosophers have always abounded—men whose didactic monologue sparkled with every shade of inept light. What the parable is to fiction, the proverb is to philosophy. The art of making the proverb is to philosophy. There are few men who can write either. The are the nuggets which sink down through the drift of ages, and lodge on the bed-rock of the world's life. So highly are they prized that book of them, gathered no man knows how, on of the traditions of man's early life, has been adopted as a part of the sacred canon.

Josh Billings not only worked the gulches of common thought with success, but he had a intuitive perception of the truths that would be found there. His success was not the result of accident, but of a most carefully cultivated literary art as well as a genuine philosophy.

His study was not only seen in his individual and collective character, but in the most delicate and elusive phases of human life—the subtle springs of motive. He saw and fixed phrase so quaint that one is half at a loss know how far his knowledge reaches, the very impulses that a man hides even from himself.

## The F.

M. Rutland, Vt. What are the short synopsis of adoption?

The first ten 1791, and were shall make no of rebellion, thereby, or the to assassinate a redress or related militia but a free state the bear arms shall soldier shall in any house with nor in time of war, or in time of rebellion, or in time of invasion, or in time of public danger, or for the same of life or limb; or criminal case; nor be deprived without due process of law, or without just in all crimes shall enjoy the trial, by an impartial jury, in the case of the accused, and the witnesses a process for obtaining the defense. Seventh—the value in dollars, the right, and no fact tried or examined in than according Eight—Excess nor excessive punishment, 3 rights, shall in parage others Tenth—The the United nor prohibited served to the rule. The Eleventh—The States shall no suit in law or against one of another state, or foreign state, adopted in 25 meet in their lot for President whom at least, same state yet in their ballots dent, and in as vice-President lists of all per vice-President each, which certify. An the President Senate, who House, of votes shall the



The Fifteen Amendments.

M. Rutland, Augusta, Kan.:  
What are the fifteen amendments to the constitution of the United States? Please give a short synopsis of each and the time of their adoption?  
The first ten amendments were adopted in 1791, and were as follows: First—Congress shall make no law respecting the free exercise of religion, or prohibiting the freedom of speech, or the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances. Second—A well regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free state the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed. Third—No soldier shall in time of peace be quartered in any house without the consent of the owner, nor in time of war, but in a manner to be prescribed by law. Fourth—The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the person or things to be seized. Fifth—No person shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a grand jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the militia, when in time of war or public danger; nor shall any person be subject for the same offense to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb; nor shall he be required in any criminal case to be a witness against himself, nor be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation. Sixth—In all criminal prosecutions the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the state and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, and to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation; to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor, and to have the assistance of counsel for his defense. Seventh—In suits at Common Law where the value in controversy shall exceed twenty dollars, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved, and no fact tried by a jury shall be otherwise re-examined in any court of the United States than according to the rules of Common Law. Eighth—Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines be imposed, nor cruel, nor unusual punishments inflicted. Ninth—The enumeration, in the constitution, of certain rights, shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people. Tenth—The powers not delegated to the United States by the constitution nor prohibited by it to the states, are reserved to the states respectively, or to the people. The Eleventh amendment was adopted in 1798, and is: The judicial power of the United States shall not be construed to extend to any suit in law or equity commenced or prosecuted against one of the United States by citizens of another state, or by citizens or subjects of any foreign state. The twelfth amendment was adopted in 1804, and is: The electors shall meet in their respective states and vote by ballot for President and vice-President, one of whom at least, shall not be an inhabitant of the same state with themselves. They shall name in their ballots the person voted for as President, and in distinct ballots the person voted for as vice-President, and they shall make distinct lists of all persons voted for as President, and vice-President, and of the number of votes for each, which lists they shall sign and certify, and transmit, sealed, to the President of the United States Senate, who shall, in the presence of the Senate and House, open all the certificates and the votes shall then be counted. The person hav-

ing the greatest number of votes for President shall be the President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed, and if no such person have a majority, then from the persons having the highest number not exceeding three on the list of those voted for as president the House shall choose immediately a President. But in choosing the President the vote shall be taken by states, the representation from each state having one vote, a quorum for this purpose shall consist of a member or members from two-thirds of the states, and a majority of all the states shall be necessary to a choice. And if the House shall not choose a President before the fourth day of March next following, then the Vice President shall act as President. The person having the greatest number of votes as Vice President shall be Vice President. If not, the Senate shall choose the Vice President from the two highest on the list. But no person constitutionally ineligible to the office of President shall be eligible to that of Vice President of the United States. Thirteenth was adopted in 1865. The thirteenth amendment is: Sec. 1. Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction. Sec. 2. Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation. The fourteenth amendment was adopted in 1868, and is: Sec. 1. All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the states in which they reside. No state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of any citizen thereof, nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law, or deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the law. Sec. 2. Representatives shall be apportioned among the several states according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each state, including Indians not taxed. But when the right to vote at any election for the choice of electors for President and Vice President of the United States, representatives in congress, the executive and judicial officers of a state, or the members of the legislature thereof, is denied to any of the male inhabitants of such state, being 21 years of age, and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion or other crime, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens 21 years of age in such state. Sec. 3. No person shall be a senator or representative in Congress, or elector of President and Vice President, or hold any office, civil or military, under the United States, or under any state, who, having previously taken an oath as a member of Congress, or as an officer of the United States, or as a member of any state legislature, or as an executive or judicial officer of any state, to support the constitution of the United States, shall have engaged in insurrection or rebellion against the same, or given aid and comfort to the enemies thereof. But Congress may, by a two-thirds vote of each house, remove such disability. Sec. 4. The validity of the public debt of the United States, authorized by law, including the payment of pensions and bounties for services in suppressing insurrection or rebellion shall not be questioned. But neither the United States nor any other state shall assume or pay any debt or obligation incurred in aid of insurrection or rebellion against the United States, or any claim for the loss or emancipation of any slave, but all such debts, obligations, and claims shall be held illegal and void. Sec. 5. That Congress shall have power to enforce, by appropriate legislation, the provisions of this article. The fifteenth amendment was adopted in 1870 and is: Sec. 1. The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any state, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. Sec. 2. Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

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