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PROFESSIONAL.

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WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our Regular Correspondent.

Scandals involving the officials of the late republican administration are coming to the surface with alarming frequency these days. One that is almost embarrassing because of the nearness of those concerned therein to ex President Harrison, is that unearthed by Secretaries Carlisle and Gresham, relating relating to the manner in which ex Secretary of State Foster, is squandering the people's money upon a lot of favorites, all on pay rolls, that he has taken on a junketing trip to Paris, ostensibly to aid him in the Behring Sea arbitration. As specimens of this pleasure party these two will suffice, giving a fair idea of the whole business: Major Halford was made paymaster in the army at a salary of $3,500 a year as a reward for his services as Mr. Harrison's private Secretary, and was ordered to Paris to remain during the arbitration, although no one could see the necessity for an army paymaster there. Mr. Foster, who is U. S. agent at a compensation named by himself while Sec. of State, wished the Major to have a good time so he ordered that he should be allowed from the State department funds $15 per day for expenses. J Stanley Brown, who was Garfield's private Secretary, is drawing $10 a day as a regular employe of the State department, but having ordered him to Paris Mr. Foster directed that he, also should receive $15 a day for expenses, in addition to his regular salary. There are a number of others treated equally as liberal. Another scandal exists in the weather bureau and Secretary Morton is now investigating charges of general cussedness against some of its most prominent officials that are almost certain to result in a number of dismissals. According to these charges the crookedness began from the time the bureau was transferred to the department of Agriculture and never stopped.

Unless some sort of a compromise can be reached the republicans holding federal offices in Kansas are safe to enjoy their snaps for some time to come, as President Cleveland has directed that no appointments be made in that state until it can be satisfactorily arranged whether the fusionists or the straitouts are to be given control, or a division made between them. While Mr. Cleveland wants to do the square thing by both sides it is an open secret that his personal feelings are all on the side of the straitouts.

The administration, and democrats generally, are delighted with the March statement of the condition of the Treasury. It was, of course, known before hand, that the payments for the month would be unusually large, but it was not known, or even guessed at by ex-Secretary Foster that the March receipts would be some millions less in excess of his estimates. As a result, instead of the hole in the available cash anticipated on account of the big March payments of $1,000,000 was added to the surplus, and the free gold now near the three million mark, continues to accumulate. Secretary Carlisle has received many congratulations upon his first month's showing, which but tends to confirm the general belief that he would make a successful Secretary of the Treasury.

Mr. E. Ellery Anderson, of New York, credited with being the principal author of the tariff bill recently made public by the Reform Club of that city, is in Washington. He says: "The Reform Club, which has played such a prominent part in the present situation, has promulgated its tariff reform bill, not with the understanding that it is to be accepted, but mainly for the healthy and widespread discussion which will follow."

The silly fright which has been made on Mr. John E. Risley, the minister to Denmark, has no effect here, as Mr. Risley has received his commission and taken the oath of office. He will probably receive his final instructions this week, and rumor says a portion of them will be to open negotiations for the purchase of a naval station on the island of St. Thomas, West Indies, from the Danish government.

President Cleveland told Senator Roach, of North Dakota, that no faction of the party in any state will receive recognition to the discrimination of another faction, but that the ability and character of the applicant will decide all appoinments. By the way, speaking of Senator Roach, the impression seems to be general that nothing more will be heard in the Senate of Mr. Hoar's resolution to investigate newspaper charges against Roach.

Bristol Courier: Lamartine predicted fifty years ago that before the end of this century newspapers would supplant books. He said: "Mankind will write their books day by day, hour by hour, page by page. Thought will spread abroad with the rapidity of light. Instantly conceived, instantly written, instantly understood at the extremities of the earth, it will spread abroad with the rapidity of light. Instantly conceived, instantly understood at the extremities of the earth, it will spread from pole to pole, suddenly burning with the fervor of soul which made it burst forth; it will be the reign of the human mind in all its plentitude; it will not have time to ripen, to accumulate in the form of a book; the book will arrive too late; the only book possible from day to day is the newspaper.

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A CHILD'S TEAR.

Strand Magazine.

In a Parisian green room a new performer was complaining of nervousness. From some of her companions she received encouragement, but the majority expressed themselves after this fashion: "Such tremors are incurable. As nature has formed us, bold or timid, cold or ardent, grave or gay, so we must remain. Whoever saw ambitious man cured of his ambition, or a miser of his avarice?"

Some members of the company objected to the fatalism of these observations and one said: "If you ask for a converted miser, I can show you one. Here he is. I am one."

The man who said this was a popular dramatist, noted for generosity. His statement was received with ejaculations of "Nonsense," "Impossible!" "Do you expect us to believe that?" "Indeed," answered he, quite seriously, "I speak the truth, although now, I trust, I am such no longer. If you would care to hear it, I will relate to you the story of my conversion. It was effected by a child's tear." All present immediately crowded around him, and heard from his lips the following recital:

"In 1843," said the dramatist, "I had just given the theater of the Porte Saint Martin one of the most successful of my pieces. One day about that time two letters reached me by the same post. Both were from Marseilles. One was from a theatrical manager, informing me that he intended bringing out my new piece there, and that he desired my presence at the final rehearsals of the drama. With regard to remuneration for my trouble, I might make my own terms in reason. The second was a very brief one, ran thus: "Monsier, the wife and daughter of your brother are dying for want. Some hundreds of francs would save them, and I doubt not that you will hasten to visit connections so near to you, and make arrangements for their present and future comfort." This letter bore the signature of Dr. Lambert of Marseilles.

"As I have already told you, I was a miser in the worst sense of the word. The physician's letter, far from moving me to pity, merely renewed certain angry feelings which had formerly existed in my mind toward my sister-in law. When, some years back, my brave sailor brother, who had since been drowned, had written to tell me of his approaching marriage to a fisherman's daughter, I, in my miserable pride and miserliness, had replied that in marrying a penniless girl I considered that he was doing a most foolish and degrading action. I was even wretch enough to advise him to break off the match, if that were still possible. My brother, like the honorable man he was, wedded the girl he loved. My sister-in-law, who was a high spirited Breton, never forgot my letter, and despised the writer. When she lost her husband and found herself in need, it was long ere she could bring herself to apply to me. But the sight of her only child wasting away from sheer want, had at least broken down her pride.

"As the engagement at the Marseilles theater seemed likely to prove a profitable one, I, as you might expect, lost no time in accepting the offer. I wrote off to the manager at once, and followed my letter in person with as little delay as possible. When I arrived at the principal hotel in Marseilles, I encountered there, in the act of enquiring for me, the doctor who had written on my sister-in-law's behalf. As I had not replied to his letter, the good man said, in his simplicity: "He will be here in person, and had looked for me every day. "You have lost no time, sir," said he. "Doubtless you thought, and rightly, that did you delay, death might forestall you. Ah! I am indeed glad to see you!"

"I was completely nonplussed. My sole object in visiting Marseilles had been the professional one; but how could I avow such a fact to such a man? For very shame I could not do so. Accordingly, instead of going straight to the theater, as I had intended doing, I walked away with the doctor to my sister-in law's poor abode.

"It was a most wretched room. Yet the first object in it that caught my eye was a very beautiful one. Near the invalid's bed stood her little girl, with black eyes, pretty curly hair, and a face whose expression was a pathetic combination of youthful brightness and premature sadness. At the first glance I could have taken the lovely creature into my arms; Then I sternly repressed this alien emotion. The doctor, after he had spoken a few words to his patient, beckoned me to approach. As I did so the poor woman tried to raise herself. The mixture of sadness and pride upon her faded countenance told me plainly how great an effort it had cost her to appeal to me. Using the strongest plea that she knew, she pointed to her child with weak, trembling finger, and said in low tones: "See here! She will soon be alone in the world!"

"Even this touching appeal produced (I blush to say it) no effect upon my hard heart. I answered coldly: 'Why give way to such fears? You are young; you have a good physician, why lose all hope?' A less selfish man would have added, 'you have a brother-in-law also, who means to do his best for you.' But I said nothing of the sort. My only thought was how I might more easily escape from the threatened burden. The little girl, who had been gazing at me with wondering eyes, now came to my side and said: 'Will you please sit upon the bed? Because you are too tall for me to kiss you if you stand.'

"I sat down and the child climbed upon my knee. Her mother's eyes were closed, and her hands were clasped together as if in prayer. Unaffrighted by my black look, the little one threw her arms around my neck, and pressed her lips to my cheek. 'Will you be my papa? said she. I will love you so dearly! You are like papa. He was very good. Are you good too? My only answer was to unclasp her arms somewhat roughly from my neck, and set her down upon the floor. She cast upon me a glance of mingled surprise, disappointment and fear, and a tear rolled slowly down her cheek. Her silent sorrow worked the miracle that her pretty fond prattle had failed to effect. As by an enchanter's wand, the ugliness of my character, the utter brutality of my conduct was revealed to me in that moment. I shuddered in horrow and self disgust, and yielded at once to my good angel. I lifted the disconsolate little maiden into my arms and, laying my hand upon her head, said: 'Yes, my child, I promise to be a father to you; you shall be my dear little daughter, and I will love you and take care of you always.'

"How happy this promise made my sister-in-law words fail me to describe. Her joyful excitement alarmed both the physician and myself. Joy, however, seldom kills. Brother! brother!' she murmured, 'how my thoughts have wronged you! Forgive me! Her gratitude stung my newly awakened conscience more sharply than any reproach could have done. I hastened to change the subject to that of the sick woman's removal to a better dwelling. The doctor, with ready kindness, undertook the task of house hunting, for which I, a stranger to the place, was not so well qualified.

"He found for us a delightful cottage in the neighborhood of Marseilles. There we three—my sister-in-law, my niece and myself—lived for three months. At the end of that time the mother passed peacefully away, leaving her child to my care, with full confidence in my affection. Marie has been with me ever since. Her joys have been my joys, her life has been my life. Do I not owe her much? That tear of hers—a precious pearl gathered by my heart—has been to it what the dewdrop of morn is to the unopened flower—expanding it for the entire day of its existence!"

"B. B. B."

J. D. Watkins, Blakely Ga. writes: "Old sores covered my entire person and itched intensely night and day. For several months I could not work at all. I commenced the use of Botanic Blood Balm and commenced to grow better the first week, and am now sound and well, free from sores and itching and at work again."

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