The Kansas Chief.

SOL. MILLER, ... Editor.

TROY, KANSAS:

Thursday, : : January 26, 1882.

Free Passes.

The railroads are getting off their annual announcements about the abuses of the free pass system, and their determination to abolish it, except in a limited number of cases, where some equivalent favor is rendered. The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad Company are especially fussy on this subject. The people of Kansas ought to earnestly pray the Lord that these railroads may enforce this resolve. The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Road, and close behind it, the Kansas Pacific Road, are two great corporations that have controlled Kansas Governors and Legislatures, and perverted legislation to their own benefit, and the detriment of the interests of the people of the State. It is to be hoped that they will commence with members of the Legislature, in cutting off their passes. Every member of the Legislature, all through the session, is supplied with passes over these roads. In consideration of what valuable equivalent are these passes issued? The Chairmen and leading members of the Committees on Railroads are not only given passes throughout their terms of election, but at any time, at their simple request, can secure passes for their friends over the entire length of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe and the Kansas Pacific Roads. Members of these Committees, in the last year, have secured free passes for scores and hundreds of persons to the mountains and back. Can anybody pretend that this is simply a matter of courtesy? These members absolutely control all railroad legislation, and these passes are a wholesale bribe for actual valuable services rendered or expected. Besides this, although the roads, pandering to a popular craze, joined in the prohibition boom, in order to put themselves on a good footing with the reigning power, they have for years, and still keep, rooms furnished with the choicest liquors, and an open bar, where mencers of the Railroad Committees and their invited friends can go and guzzle liquor. The opportunity is well improved, and more than one member of the Legislature, entering the halls so drunk that he didn't know whether the Speaker's stand was in front of him or under his own coat tail, has got the whiskey to make him drunk, at the private dram-shop of one of the Railroad Companies. There is yet fresh in the memory of the public, a bright and genial young man, who was employed by one of the Railroad Companies to keep the whiskey den into which members of the Legislature were enticed, who himself fell a victim to liquor, and added one more to the long list of deaths unjustly laid to the charge of Bright's disease of the kidneys.

The people of Kansas should, after a while, get their craze for railroads satisfied, and begin to open their eyes to the manner in which their interests are betrayed by the men they elect to the Legislature, on condition of free railroad passes. Railroads escape taxation upon millions of dollars' worth of valuable property; they charge extortionate rates, and impose upon the public in a hundred different ways. They add millions of dollars to the burdens of the people, that they may increase their wealth and power, and they take possession of the men whom the people send to the Legislature to represent them, and those Representatives refuse to pass laws to protect their constituents from railroad extortions.

The Railroad Companies can afford to abolish free passes, except to those who render a valuable consideration, such as members of the Legislature. The people of Kansas ought to be entitled to the free passes. It is pretty near time they woke up, and set to looking after their own affairs. This is is a matter in which they will have to go clear down to the bottom, and get a solid foundation to commence on. Temperance is not the question that most deeply interests the people of Kansas. The railroads are always prepared to pander to any popular pressure of the hour, to obtain advantages by which they can divert popular attention from their own impositions. They control the State now, and in a few years will have it manacled without hope of release. It is time to make a railroad issue, and to retire the dealers in free passes. If temperance must be an issue, make it against the dens of the Railroad Companies, where members of the Legislature are enticed, and made so drunk that they are unfit for duty.

GUITEAU'S HOPE.—The universal belief is that Guiteau is not only sane, but that he is shrewd and bright. It has been noticed that, all through his actions and utterances, he has possessed the confident belief that powerful interests will protect him from harm. He dreads assassination, but seems to have not a particle of fear of the law—seems to have assurances that high power will be exercised in his behalf. Is this a delusion, or has Guiteau been the instrument of men high in power, to remove Garfield out of their way? Washington exists on public patronage, and the man in power for the time being is King. In a jury of twelve common citizens, what would be easier than to tamper with one or more of them, to prevent conviction? If convicted, there are innumerable quibbles of law by which the execution can be put off, or a new trial granted. Guiteau's exclamation, the moment he shot the President, and his expressions ever since; the course of political affairs since, shaped precisely as if Guiteau had been employed to pave the way for it—a thousand circumstances combine to produce a queer feeling in the public mind. We must wait a few days longer for an answer to the question, will Guiteau be convicted? If convicted, will he tell the whole secret, or will he be put out of the way before he can expose the conspirators whose instrument he was?

☞ Dr. Troughton, of Seneca, whose hobby is opposition to vaccination, and who has been hammering at it, off and on, for some years, embraces the present small-pox boom to give another grind at his hobby. Dr. Troughton may as well attempt to whistle down a cyclone. The testimony of the most eminent physicians of the world, and the experience of millions, will have more influence than Dr. Troughton's scolding. The present small-pox epidemic is the result of too many people practicing Dr. Troughton's teachings.

☞ A lady correspondent of an Eastern paper tells a story to the effect that Conkling, several years ago, received a painful injury in the back, by falling on the steps of the Capitol; that he has concealed his affliction from the public, but it often brings him to his bed, and threatens a fatal result; and to this cause is due much of his irritable temper, and his determination to retire from public life. We guess the matter with Conkling is, that he got his back broken by the New York Legislature, early last Summer.

☞ We learn, from the *Central State*, that it now has the largest circulation of any paper ever published in Doniphan County. As it puffs every man that subscribes, it has about forty-six subscribers. The highest point ever reached by any other, was about 45. The question in arithmetic that we would like to have answered is, How long will it take a paper suspend, even with 10,000 subscribers, if 9,900 of them pay in whiskey?

☞ We learn from the *Central State* that George Manck has been choking somebody. The only person that we know of in the County, of that name, is one of the proprietors of the White Cloud Mills. He used to be a quiet, peaceable, gentlemanly boy, and we are sorry to hear that he has taken to choking people.

☞ We hope that a newspaper is not always an index to the character of the people of the community in which it is published. We do not believe that the people of Atchison are all thieves. Last Thursday's *Globe* is pretty well filled with articles taken from the *Chief*, and published as original.

☞ The February number of *Our Little Ones and The Nursery* has arrived, containing a choice variety of handsomely illustrated stories and sketches for the little folks. Every family with small children can afford to have it. Only $1.50 a year. Published by the Russell Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

☞ A member of the State Senate says that if an extra session of the Legislature is called, it can transact all necessary business in ten days. How are you, ten days? Happy to make your acquaintance. The Legislature could not get through with bosh and buncombe, and down to work, in ten days.

☞ Now we understand it all. Our Highland itemizer informs us that the editor of the *Central State* was once bitten by a mad dog. He has to drink lots of whiskey, to keep the virus neutralized.

☞ The National Board of Health has declared small-pox to be an epidemic throughout the United States.

Observations by Dingus.

Why are Dutchmen like types? Because they are known by their *Niz*.

An Ireland, when a man sleeps the sleep that knows no waking, his friends hold a wake that knows no sleeping.

Your most bitter enemies are those who take offence without just cause.

The man who believes that the world will come to an end to-morrow, will hold on to his wheat in anticipation of a better price next spring.

If Jesus Chrisi were a permanent resident in any community in the United States, and a pretended Christ from abroad should tramp along and offer his services, scores would flock to patronize the latter, and pay him better wages than they did the genuine Christ, so prone are a majority of people to neglect their own home industries, and run after strangers.

As a pleasant memory will often lie dormant in the heart, until some casual circumstance stirs it up from its secret recess, so a squash-bug will encounce itself in a pile of rubbish all winter, where you may at any time, by a gentle pressure, awaken its ambrosial perfume.

Men are supposed to be all right on the goose, when they are all "honk."

In the matter of sucking, bears differ from all other animals. Bears suck their paws, while other animals suck their mas.

If you would always be happy, you must endeavor to avoid feeling pain.

If, as philosophers say, death is akin to sleep, is a temporary suspension of animation a little napkin?

☞ We noticed in a paper a long article with a sensational heading, announcing great excitement and commotion in Rochester. On reading it, we learned that the excitement was caused by a man being cured of liver complaint by the use of a patent medicine.

☞ St. John is in Pennsylvania, telling what a success prohibition is in Kansas. The City Council of Troy has done more to stop drunkenness than St. John in all his speeches and proclamations.

☞ Guiteau obtained consent to make his wonderful speech to the jury, but experienced a choking sensation while delivering it. Let us hope that "coming events cast their shadows before."

☞ Mr. Blaine gave a dinner, one day last week, at which President Arthur was a guest. Where's Grant? Arthur needs drilling.

☞ The Salina *Herald* has the lifts. It lifts up the banner of St. John for a third term.

CORRESPONDENCE.

OLD SORREL.

A Sketch of the Border.

Among the many sketches about Kansas and its history, little has been written of the scenes enacted along the Republican Valley, in the struggle between the Indians who defended their hunting ground, and the hunters and enterprising immigrants who sought to establish civilization west of the Sixth Principal Meridian. Much has been written about the heroes of the plains; but the subject of this story is a horse—"Old Sorrel."

When the Kansas-Nebraska Bill became a law, Sorrel was a rollicking one-year-old colt, ranging at will in the pasture of his owner, in one of the Western Counties in Indiana. In due time, he grew strong and vigorous, and after sundry attempts to teach him to become accustomed to the harness, and perform his part of the labor in drawing the farm wagon to and from the field, the mill, and the market, Sorrel finally submitted, after many overt acts of disobedience, attributed to his independence, commonly called "high mettle," an occasional dash of enterprise, manifested by "spirited" horses, when restrained of their liberty.

His color was a bright chestnut sorrel, and he was well developed in all the qualities which constitute strength, speed, endurance and ambition; and that mutual attachment which often exists between man and a favorite horse, soon existed between Sorrel and his owner, and he became the favorite animal on the farm. The tide of emigration had set in for Kansas. The owner of Sorrel determined to seek a home on the Western plains. As the covered wagon, containing the family and household fixtures, drawn by Sorrel and his mate, proceeded down the lane to the highway, and the occupants looked for the last time at their old home, with a sigh of regret at leaving it, Sorrel seemed to share their sorrow, as he unwillingly left forever the scenes of his colthood, pasture and barn-yard play-ground.

The journey was a toilsome one, for weeks, and finally terminated by the family selecting a spot for a future home on the west bank of the Big Blue River, in Marshall County. The horses were jaded, and as they were permitted a few days' rest, to graze on the prairie grass, Sorrel revolted at having his freedom curtailed with a picket rope, and not until he had scarred his limbs several times with the rope, did he submit quietly to that restraint.

The cabin was erected, and for a number of years Sorrel did a goodly part of the work in improving the farm, and tilling the soil; and, although still retaining his "spirit" and ambition, as he grew old, he was the favorite steed, and recipient of lavish praise on the part of the family, and all who knew him. In the Autumn of 1866, Sorrel was regarded as too old to endure the journey, when his owner and five of his neighbors started on a buffalo hunt on the Republican. Sorrel manifested such a desire to follow his master, and made such strenuous efforts to free himself from his picket rope, that the family were obliged to confine him in the stable, where he was restless, excited, and apparently disappointed, for a number of days. At length he escaped from the stable, and leaping the barn-yard fence, despite all efforts to restrain him, he galloped wildly over the prairie westward, in the direction his master had gone.

Leaving Sorrel speeding over the prairie, we turn our attention to the hunters. They had succeeded in killing a number of buffalo, and with their supply of meat, had started homeward, and were descending the valley of White Rock Creek, when they were attacked by Indians. A desperate fight ensued, and the hunters were compelled to abandon their teams, and seek safety by running down the creek. A running fight was kept up, without the loss of a man, until they reached the Republican, when their ammunition was exhausted, and they plunged into the water, where five of them were killed, only one, the owner of "Old Sorrel," escaping. He secreted himself among the bushes along the shore, until night, when he travelled all night, taking his course, as nearly as he could, eastward, towards the settlement. In the early morning, he looked westward from the summit of a high ridge, and in the dim morning dawn discovered some objects moving in different directions, and believing they were Indians looking for his trail, he quickly descended the eastern slope of she ridge, and travelled rapidly for several miles; but being much exhausted, he secreted himself in a thicket, on the bank of Mill Creek. He had rested but a short time, when he heard the sound of horse's hoofs approaching from the east, and on emerging from the thicket, to his surprise, discovered his favorite "Old Sorrel" galloping towards him. The meeting between the two old friends was affecting. The horse caressed his master, and the hunter wept on the neck of the noble animal. After permitting the horse to rest a short time, the hunter mounted, and holding to the mane, in lieu of a bridle, Sorrel galloped away in the direction of home. Late in the afternoon, the horse showed evident indications of exhaustion; but as they were nearing the Little Blue River, the hunter deemed it unsafe to halt until he crossed that stream. The horse plunged into the river, and swam across, and immediately after ascending the bank, staggered and fell, and soon after expired.

The hunter sat by his dead companion for some time, weeping bitterly; but as he could do nothing more for the noble steed, and being almost famished with hunger, he wended his weary way to the settlement, bearing the sad news of the massacre of his five companions, and his last exciting ride upon "Old Sorrel."

NOTE.—One of the five hunters killed, formerly resided in Columbus, Doniphan County.

DON'T

At the Painful Residence of Governor St. John—A Few Observations, and a Private Letter.

ATCHISON, KANSAS, Jan. 16, 1882.

I was loth to leave the fat passenger, as I wanted to explain to him fully and comprehensively the beauties of prohibition, so when he returned to his New York home, he could denounce the lying, subsidized newspapers of his section, and illustrate how prohibition prohibits in Kansas—that is, where it does prohibit.

The coach and four stopped in front of a four story, brown-stone front, and the liveried footman, opening the coach door, bade me alight. I ascended the marble steps, gave my card to the porter, and was ushered into a magnificent room, whose gorgeousness dazzled and bewildered me. The walls were hung with heavy velvet paper, of English make, and of design of the time of Queen Elizabeth. The paintings were rich and rare, most of them being the work of the Old Masters, and could not have cost less than five or six dollars apiece, though I would not have paid that much for them, cash down, owing to the depleted state of the *Bugle's* cash-box; because it takes money to run a newspaper, you know. In the centre of the room hung an elegant chandalier, all radiant with stalactites, which jingled musically in sweet cadence to the rustle of the soft air in the gloaming. I threw myself down on one of the plush ottomans, and took in the scene, and a fresh chaw of navy, decisively. It was indeed a picture for a painter in oil colors, because the kalsomining had been well done.

"This, then," I mused, "is the home of John P. St. John. This magnificent palace, with its works of art and *ceria*, its handsome draperies and wondrous effects, have all been earned by hard and honest labor by the one pair of hands of the sun-browned son of toil and prohibition who inhabits it. This Mr. St. John, who was at one time referred to as 'old John,' is now famous. Time was when he lived in a log shanty, smoked a clay pipe, wiped his nose on his coat sleeve, and drank vile rot-gut at the village grocery. In those days, he was famous only as a hopper, and it was said of him that he could outhop all the brogan-wearers on Terrapin Creek. One day there came a man along, who out-hopped him. Old John could not stand that. He said civilization was crowding him. So he folded his carpet-bag and quietly left the Terrapin Creek country. Then it was announced, in Kansas, that St. John had arrived, and the people, who were out of timber, or out of luck, straightway made him Governor, and prohibition took root, and blossomed into a tree, whose branches will yet cover the whole earth."

Thus I mused. And while I mused in silent meditation, maiden fancy free, or nearly so, my eyes dropped onto something partially hid in the deep meshes of the 24-ply Russels carpet at my feet. I picked the something up. It was a letter, without envelope. Of course, it was not a private letter, because private letters—very private letters—don't lay around under people's feet.

Ah! It *is* marked "private." But no matter. The thing has gone too far new to retract. Let's see what this "private" letter contains:

LEAVENWORTH, KAN., Dec. 25, 1881.

MY DEER GOV:—I take mi pen in hand to wish you a merry Krismas, and if you was hear i would kiss you for a Krismas gift, you bet. but now to bisness. We air making Prohibishun hum to this ungodly city, and it is only a Question of time when we will all be Gathered under our Own vine and Fig tree, with no rum-selling Dutch to molest us, or Make us afeard. Mi deer Gov. Kepe on in your God-ordained work. do you no we air going to Make you president. Yes we air. There is Nothing more certainer than that. The nex president of These United States will be John P. St. John. dont That Sound nice? President St. John. The Wimen folx air awl for you, and When you air president, wimen will get to vote, and When wimen get to vote, the lager-beer Selling Dutch will have too skip out of the country and go back to Germeny, Where they belong. a fu Saloons air Selling beer hear rather on the Sil, but as There is No drunk men now taken up bi the polees, i think the law is doing a good work. The 1st thing a Dutchman thinks of, When he comes to America, is to start a lager beer saloon. And as nine-tenths of the Saloon Keepers air Dutch, and law Defyers, they Must Be cleaned out, and God has Chosen you, mi deer Gov., to lead the mity Temperance Hosts on to kattle for the grate cause of liberty, which our forefathers and our formothers fit for, when they Landed at Plimouth Rock a No. of years ago, the ladys hear are Raising money to fit you an armor of pure Steal to wear Inside your close, So the Assassin's Bullet will fall harmless If thu attempt to murder you. There is Plenty of Guiteau's Among the crazy whiskey sellers Of this Stait, and your Sweet Life is not safe, unless you wear an Armor Of Steal. I notis that the Pottsville *Trumpet*, boss proprietor God A large Shoe of the appropiation raised fi the whiskey men of the Stait to Defeat prohibition, is still Barking away at you With awl his mite. If It want to pay you and Stait Printer to Grind at, the *Trumpet's* Occupation wood be gone. That's awl that keeps the miserable thing alive, for it is A stench in the Nostrils of decent whiskey men. Even. Keep a good Hart, mi deer Gov., i will see you soon. I hope you will Excuse Bad riten and Spellin, as i have an awful Heduke so-day.

— Yours, fur ferform,

MISS. X. P. Q.

I had no more than got this heroic letter put away in an inside pocket, when the door opened, and in a moment I was clasped in the fond arms and things of the noble Governor of this great State.

DON JUAN.

THE STATE UNIVERSITY AND PROHIBITION.

LAWRENCE, KAN., Jan. 20, 1882.

EDITOR CHIEF:—In your issue of the 19th inst., a correspondent from Lawrence proposes to give the facts about the connection of the University with the liquor prosecutions, and says the students signed the petition for the city ordinance, and eight or nine of them visited the saloons and bought whiskey, but never tasted it till they did so in Court, &c.

If your correspondent will call upon the Police Judge, he will learn from him and his notes of the testimony, that the students testified that they not only bought liquor and cigars, but drank and smoked as well. I do not pretend to say that the spies and informers told the truth in Court, or in the saloons, but what they said is matter of record; but if what other students and some of the faculty say is true, the saloon samplers must be great liars. This work of the University is bearing its legitimate fruit. Their ordinance, for which the students petitioned, has been abandoned by the prohibitionists themselves and they have now taken a case to Baldwin City, before a Justice of the Peace. Report has it that all the members of the faculty who advised with the students are to be subpoenaed as witnesses for the defense, and the Chancellor and some of his colleagues will probably have some ten days or two weeks vacation from their proper duties. But I suppose the end justifies the means, as the government of the University desires to remove all temptation from the paths of those under their charge. How many of the students or faculty are in danger of yielding and being ruined, I am not informed; but I suppose it will be easier, in their opinion, to remove all the saloons out of their way, not only in Kansas, but wherever these weaklings may go in the world, than to educate them properly in regard to the use of intoxicants.

When the temptations of the saloon are removed, they should turn their attention in another direction. The good book informs us that the temptations of women are as dangerous to the unsophisticated as wine, and lest there should be some unfortunate student who can not indulge in the society of the young ladies of the institution without falling, a petition should be started by the young gents, to have the City Council prohibit all the good looking young ladies from entering the University, and from residing in Lawrence. And then, lest there should be some young lady in danger of falling, through the evil eye of some unregenerate gent, let the lady students petition the City Council to prohibit the attendance of all good-looking young men. It is true, that but comparatively few are tempted by the attractions of wine, women, or fast young men, for we read that no one is in danger, except when "driven away by his own lust, or enticed;" yet, for the sake of such few, it would seem to be the duty of the University to make a clean sweep of all the saloons, the bewitching girls and fast boys about Lawrence. They should either do this, or send the weaklings of their flock to the institution for the feeble minded, under the charge of Chancellor Green, at the other end of Oread Hill.

JOSEPH.

Blaine's Letter of Resignation.

On the 22d of September, immediately after President Arthur had taken the oath of office, administered by a Chief Justice of the United States, a full meeting of the Cabinet was held in the Vice-President's room in the Capitol. At this meeting every member of the Cabinet tendered his resignation in writing. On receiving the several letters, President Arthur said it would be agreeable to him to have the Cabinet remain in position until after the regular meeting of Congress in December. Three weeks afterward Blaine addressed the following letter to the President:

WASHINGTON, D. C., October 13, 1881.—My Dear President: When I put my resignation in your hands on the 22d of September, you intimated your wish that all the members of the Cabinet should retain their places until the meeting of Congress in December. As Secretary Windom's expected return to the office was precipitate, leaving the vacancy in the Treasury Department in a few days, I thought it might also render an earlier reconstruction of your Cabinet desirable to you. In that event I trust you will not be embarrassed, at least so far as I am concerned, by your previous assignment of the date of withdrawal. It will be entirely agreeable for me to turn over the department to my successor any day that may prove most desirable and convenient for yourself. I intended to say this to you yesterday, but from pressure of other things forgot it.

Very respectfully,

(Signed) JAMES G. BLAINE.

In an interview following this letter, the President repeated his request that Blaine should remain until December. There was never at any time the slightest misunderstanding between the President and Blaine about the latter's retirement, and their personal relations continue as they have always been, entirely friendly and cordial.

Visible Improvement.

Mr. Noah Bates, Elmira, N. Y., writes: "About four years ago I had an attack of bilious fever, and never fully recovered. My digestive organs were weakened, and I would be completely prostrated for days. After using two bottles of your Burdock Blood Bitters, the improvement was so visible that I was astonished. I can now, though 61 years of age, do a fair and reasonable day's work." Price $1.00, trial size 10 cents. For sale by D. C. Sinclair, Troy.

A REMINISCENCE OF MR. HOWE.—The following extract is from a speech delivered by the new Postmaster General in Green Bay, October 20, 1880, a few days before Garfield's election:

"It is an open secret that General Garfield is not the man I would have selected for President. I am old-fashioned enough to think that when you are about to choose a Chief Magistrate you had better take your first citizen rather than your second or your twenty-second; and generally, I think, when you have a trust to confide, especially one so sacred as is the welfare of 50,000,000 of people, you had better confide it to one you have proved, rather than to one you have not proved. I therefore thought, and I still think, the Chicago Convention committed one of those blunders which is first cousin to a crime when it nominated Garfield instead of Grant for President."

Look at the date of this speech. On the eve of the Presidential election Howe let fly this poisoned arrow at General Garfield. And now he has received his reward. And in this way the acting President is "harmonizing" the Republican ranks!—*Chicago Tribune (Rep.)*

F. H. Drake's Sufferings.

F. H. Drake, Esq., Detroit, Mich., suffered beyond all description from a skin disease, which appeared on his hands, and face, and nearly destroyed his eyes. The most careful doctoring failed to help him, and after all had failed, he used the Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) internally, Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures) externally, and was cured, and has remained perfectly well to this day.

COMPLIMENTS OVER MR. BLAINE'S PUNCH BOWL.—On Thursday, Mr. Blaine turned over the Department of State to his successor, Mr. Frelinghuysen, and in the evening he invited the members of the diplomatic corps to his hospitable home on Fifteenth Street, Washington, that he might introduce them to the new Secretary of State. A collation was served in the dining room. When Mr. Blaine escorted President Arthur to the table, he handed him a glass of punch, saying: "Mr. President, I drink to the success of your Administration." "And I, in return," remarked the President, "drink to the success of yours." This reminded a gentleman present of an incident at the Yorktown celebration. A few gentlemen were speaking, one night, of the bi-centennial, a hundred years thence, when President Arthur remarked: "One of your great-grandchildren will be President, then, Mr. Blaine!" "Ah!" replied the Secretary, "I don't propose to wait that long."—*Portland Press.*

Nearly all the ills that Affect Mankind can be prevented and cured by keeping the stomach, liver and kidneys in perfect working order. There is no medicine known that that will do this as quickly and surely, without interfering with your duties, as Parker's Ginger Tonic. See advertisement.

THINCAMYJIGS.

☞ Maine has, since 1824, had a law that no convict shall be discharged from the State prison until the expiration of the full term of the sentence (unless pardoned out), exclusive of the time he has been in solitary confinement for violating the prison rules. In other States bad behavior merely prevents the convict from getting his term shortened for good behavior, but in Maine the law mentioned has been strictly obeyed. A thief who was incorrigible, was lately kept 144 days beyond his term of sentence. He sued the Warden for illegal imprisonment, and the court decides that he can recover, the statute being unconstitutional.

☞ If it is the desire of the Stalwart press to prove that Garfield would not have been shot if he had refrained from displeasing Mr. Conkling, they can find a strong point in the fact that Guiteau dates the beginning of his "inspiration" from the day of Mr. Conkling's resignation. In his autobiography which *The Herald* published, he laid special stress upon this point. In fact, the exact date of the resignation was the only date given in the whole sketch, a circumstance which showed what an effect that resignation had made upon his mind.

☞ The defeat of the rebel ram Merrimac, according to a letter of Commodore Maury, of the Confederate navy, is not to be credited altogether to the Monitor. When the Merrimac ran into and sank the Cumberland, she broke her iron ram, causing a leak of six inches an hour. It was partly owing to this injury that the Merrimac returned to Norfolk, so that the old Cumberland is entitled to a share in her discomfiture.

☞ The danger often attending the bite of a seemingly innocuous animal, is forcibly shown in a case reported in California. A man was bitten by a rabbit, and nearly died in consequence. His physician, hardly believing that all the trouble proceeded from the bite, which was a mere scratch, carefully examined the upper jaws of several rabbits, and found in each a hollow tooth, containing a liquid so deadly that when drops of it, administered hypodermically, caused the death of a lamb within an hour.

☞ A hitherto unknown portrait of Luther has recently been discovered in one of the old churches of Leipsic, which is conjectured to have come from the family of Luther's eldest son, Paul. It bears on its lower margin the words: "D. M. Luther, ætat. XLIX. 1532. Restaurator Libertatis Evangelii," and in the upper corner two flaming suns, with the inscription: "Vox Dei vera lux." The picture is stamped upon gilt leather. It is in an excellent state of preservation, and is said to be both a good likeness and a fine work of art.

☞ Judah P. Benjamin, the Louisiana Jew, who stood from under when the Southern Confederacy fell in, and who has since risen to eminence and opulence at the English bar, does a good thing for once in his life, by telling the credulous British investor that the stories about a vast sum of Confederate gold lying unclaimed in England are all bosh, and that the rebel bonds are, except as curiosities, so much waste paper.—*Springfield Republican.*

☞ A pathway only eighteen inches wide is cut into the side of Slate Mountain, near Leadville, at a height, over an almost perpendicular chasm, of 1,500 feet. Few men who use it have strong enough nerves to walk upright, but instinctively crouch, or "coon it," as the local saying is. The footlandress of James Zern, in attempting the passage when the ground was a glare of ice, may, therefore, be imagined. He slipped, fell, and was dashed to pieces on the frozen ground, more than a quarter of a mile below.

☞ Edward Joy Morris died at his residence in Philadelphia, Saturday, of intermittent fever. He was a graduate of Harvard University, and was a member of the State Legislature from 1841 to 1843. He served three terms in Congress in 1843-45 and 1857-61. When he returned from Congress at the out break of the rebellion he was appointed Minister to Turkey, and remained at Constantinople from 1861 to 1869. He was author of a book of travels in the Levant (1862), and of several translations from the German.

☞ Two cases of small-pox developed at Mount Carmel, Ill., and the Mayor issued a proclamation suspending services in the churches. One congregation refused to obey, and the Secretary of the State Board of Health was asked what should be done. Dr. Rauch telegraphed that the meeting should be prevented by force, and ordered the Sheriff to aid in enforcing the Mayor's order. He also gave instructions to have all offending persons vaccinated.

☞ A few weeks ago, a large bee attracted the attention of the Traffic Superintendent, at the Birsnia Station of the Odessa section of the Southwest Railway. It had been sent off from Pultawa, and was addressed to Odessa. It was opened, and inside was discovered the body of an aged Jew. Under the corpse was found a note, on which was written, in the Little Russian language: "If you Jews will not quit the country living, we shall send you out dead."

☞ The printers of Leipsic have just celebrated the four hundredth anniversary of the introduction of printing into that town. In 1481, Andraes Freiner, a professor of theology, set up the first printing press in Leipsic. He made a present of it to a monastery, on condition that the monks pray for his soul. Now Leipsic has 82 printing establishments, with 541 steam presses and 971 hand presses, employing over 12,000 people.

☞ Van Amburg, after having his name on the circus bills for sixty-one years, has sold his menagerie by auction, at Amenia, N. Y. Forepaugh bid up to $17,000 in the wild animals, and Bailey also bought some of them. Forepaugh bid off the five ton elephant Bolivar, for $7,100, and the rhinoceros for $2,250, and camels and dromedaries at from $300 to $600. The horses were sold to farmers at good prices.

☞ Mr. Lloyd, editor of Lloyd's newspaper, is a hale and hearty old gentleman, who writes in the room in which Richardson wrote "Pamela," and where Oliver Goldsmith worked as his proof-reader. The circulation of Mr. Lloyd's paper is 612,902 copies, larger than that of any other newspaper in the world.

☞ Some of the Danes living in Leadville belong to a religious body called Skages, who centuries ago practiced human sacrifice, and still believe in it in theory. The Leadville colony lately met on an anniversary occasion, and, as a part of the rites, their leader cut himself ceremoniously in the arm, shedding a bowlful of sacrificial blood.

☞ In his Christmas sermon, Mr. Beecher declared that "Hell had the management of most of the theologies of this world." Mr. Beecher should be more specific. Which of the theologies has escaped the infernal inspiration?—*Chicago Times.*

☞ Whatever may be said of the wrongdoings of Secretary Blaine, he has discharged his purely official duties as Prime Minister with ability and brilliancy. —*Lancaster, Penn., Examiner (Rep.).*

☞ Among the curious historical objects exhibited at the Venetian Geographical Congress, last autumn, was the linen cap worn by Louis Manin, last Doge of Venice, on the last day of the republic. When he doffed it, he gave it to his Chamberlain, with the words: "Take this, I shall require it no more."

☞ The editor of the Providence *Press*, who has been in Washington many years, indorses Major Pierce's melancholy description of the average ex-Senator or Representative, as he is seen about the Capital—poor, disappointed, yet forever hoping, neglected, forgotten.

☞ In regard to putting General Grant on the retired list, we see no good reason against it. He deserves it, and it would be eminently proper. He would appear better as a retired General than as a perpetual candidate for President.—*Boston Herald.*

☞ A doctor in a Massachusetts town was summoned by telephone to a case of croup in another town, two miles off. The night being dark and cold, he ordered the child brought to the instrument, listened to its cough and wheezing, and prescribed a successful remedy.

☞ Maryland can boast that the President of the United States Senate, who is virtually Vice President of the United States, was born on her soil. David Davis, who was last month elected President pro tem. of the Senate, was born in Cecil County, Md., but went West when a young man. The celebrated Henry Winter Davis was his cousin.

☞ Among the articles stored in Morrell's warehouse in New York, that was burned about ten days ago, was the sword Major Anderson wore at Fort Sumter. It was recovered the other day uninjured.

☞ George P. Marsh has been Minister Resident of the United States in Italy since 1861 continuously, nearly twenty-one years. A war has been fought, slavery abolished, and five Administrations have passed away in the meantime.

☞ The President should at least have living men in his Cabinet. He might as well go to the ruins of Troy for Cabinet officers as to take up Boutwell and Howe.—*Cincinnati Commercial (Rep.)*

☞ It would have been better for General Grant's reputation if the injustice he asserts that he has done to Fitz John Porter had been discovered several years earlier, or not at all.—*Springfield (Ill.) Journal.*

☞ With an Ohio man for Speaker, and an Iowa man for leader of the Republican side, the West is quite content with the result.—*Omaha Republican.*

☞ George Gorham is as fit for a position in the Treasury of the United States as Hope, the burglar, would be, but not a whit more so.—*Sacramento Record-Union.*

☞ Vennor predicts a severe winter for Great Britain and a mild one for this country, with a few cold snaps. It will be prudent, nevertheless, to lay in a good supply of coal, as neither the goosebone nor muskrat have been heard from.

☞ Thurlow Weed says he has cast more votes than any other living man in New York. He ought to be ashamed of himself, if it is so. The idea of an old man like him stuffing the ballot box, and then telling of it.—*Lowell Citizen.*

☞ The old South is a thing of the past, as a political entity. In three years more a Bourbon will no longer exist, except as an object of interest to the undertaker.—*Boston Herald.*

☞ Ex-Secretary Blaine's letter to the President of the Atlanta Exposition, contained a whole volume of good advice, compressed into half a dozen sentences.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

☞ "Will General Grant retain his popularity in the Methodist Church, now that he follows Parson Newman to the Congregational fold?" is a pathetic conundrum. Guess not, for the noble 306 will go over with Grant.

☞ It is a singular fact that Ohio never before had the Speakership. She has had everything else, and we can readily perceive how restless and unhappy she would be, if deprived of this last honor.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

☞ A Western weekly hoists the names of Hendricks and Black for 1884. A Tom and Jerry ticket, it will be noticed.—*Boston Post.*

☞ Careful scanning of exchanges from all parts of the country discloses the fact that small-pox still leads Stalwartism as an epidemic.—*Philadelphia Times.*

☞ The new Administration has set out to rehabilitate and furbish a parcel of used-up statesmen, whom the people had folded up neatly and laid away. —*Syracuse Standard.*

☞ Mr. Blaine retires from his official station, carrying with him the good will of his countrymen, who will not permit his talents long to be withheld from the public service.—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.*

☞ Above the President's door can be read through the commonest pair of spectacles: "Only Stalwarts need apply."—*Macon Telegraph (Dem.)*

☞ Says the Boston *Commercial Bulletin*: The next question is, who is to gather at Arthur's Round Table?

☞ Japan had 35,925,313 inhabitants, January 1, 1880, males and females being in nearly equal proportions.

☞ A Kansas City Unitarian minister is delivering in his church a series of Sunday evening lectures defending Ingersoll.

☞ Among those who received in Philadelphia on New Year's day, was a ballot-box stuffer. He received six months in the penitentiary.

☞ An Ohio girl sued a man for breach of promise, and proved him such a scoundrel that the jury decided that she ought to pay him something for not marrying her.

☞ The Mansfield *Herald* speaks of Bookwalter as "a man who succeeded in marrying a turbine wheel and $2,000,000."

☞ The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* has not yet advised President Arthur to increase his Cabinet advisers to 206.

☞ Dr. Benjamin Franklin Bache, great grandson of Benjamin Franklin, died at Brooklyn. He had been a United States navy officer for sixty years.

☞ Jere. Black is credited with an ambition to be the next Democratic candidate for the Presidency. Here's hoping he will have it gratified.—*New York Tribune.*

☞ Senator Ingalls, in his lecture in Atchison, characterized the administration of President Hayes as "a hypocritical hiatus in American history."

A Suggestive Comment.

We heard a gentleman of this State—a strictly temperate man, in principle and practice—say, recently, that he had quit attending church, because the chances were more than even that if he went he would find the pulpit occupied by some mountebank prohibition orator, who would picture the horrors of delirium tremens, or retail a lot of stale antedotes or jokes, narrowly escaping the charge of vulgarity or profanity; or, if he was spared this infliction, the pastor would feel himself called upon to discuss prohibition. Evidentaly the Junction City *Union*, whose editor is a deacon in the Presbyterian Church, has heard similar talk, and appreciates the fact that it is not an exceptional expression. He says, in rge last issue of his paper:

"We see the preachers of Topeka have resolved against Sunday theatricals. They ought to resolve further that they will not surrender their pulpits Sunday nights to "temperance" hoodlums. They have a great deal to do to repair the damage already done. We remember hearing a whisky demented lawyer in the Presbyterian pulpit, one Sunday night, use fifteen or twenty minutes in an attempt at fun concerning Noah's getting drunk. As soon as the meeting was over, he said to a companion: "For God's sake, where can we get a drink?" We heard another, several Sunday nights later, in the Methodist pulpit, make the expression that a certain thing would exhaust the plan of salvation. Doubtful Methodist sentiment, wasn't it! We were not present, because we quit, but St. John was reported in the papers as saying in one of the churches, Sunday night, that there was no difference between the administering of wine at communion, and the handing of krinks over a bar. We prefer the taste and morals of a theatrical show on Sunday night to such exhibitions as the above. That is the kind of a Scotch-Irish hair-pin we are."

On Thirty Days' Trial.

We will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to young men and older persons, who are afflicted with Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality, etc., guaranteeing speedy relief, and complete restoration of vigor and manhood. Also for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Liver and Kidney difficulties, Ruptures, and many other diseases. Illustrated pamphlet sent free. Addres, Voltaic Belt Company, Marshall, Mich.

PLAIN BUT TRUE.—Timothy O. Howe, like Mr. Blaine, is from Maine; but he is not like Mr. Blaine in any other respect. He is a native of Maine—which Mr. Blaine isn't—and was a member of the Legislature of that State before he moved to Wisconsin, which he did thirty-five years ago. From 1850 to 1855 he was Judge of the Circuit and Supreme Courts of that State. In 1861 he was elected to the United States Senate, and re-elected in 1867. On retiring from that body in 1873 he has distinguished himself as a violent third-termer, seeming to pride himself upon his ability to stand up a little higher, dive down a little lower, and twist a little farther and come up a little wetter in