THE POPULAR VOTE FOR PRESIDENT IN 1888.

Nearly a Million Increase in the Total Vote—Cleveland's Popular Plurality Likely to Be Less Than One Hundred Thousand.

New York Tribune, Yesterday.

In the following table official returns are given for most of the States. Reports from Colorado state that the total vote cannot be given until the State canvassing board meets. Harrison's plurality in that State, however, is estimated at 12,643. In the following table Cleveland has a plurality of 110,904, not counting Colorado; if the estimated plurality for Harrison in Colorado is allowed, Cleveland's plurality is reduced to 98,261. Omitting the vote of Colorado, the table shows that since 1884 the Republican vote has increased by 370,108 in thirty-seven States, the Democratic by 449,440, and the Prohibition vote by 93,383, while the Union Labor party gave 30,444 less for Streator than the Greenback party did for Butler in 1884. The loss on the combined Labor vote will be somewhat lower than 30,444 when all of the returns of the Union Labor party for Cowdrey are made. Outside of Colorado the total vote of the four leading parties was 10,868,454, against 9,985,967 in 1884, an increase of 882,487.

NAMES OF STATES.	1888—VOTES.				PLURALITIES		1884—VOTES.				PLURALITIES	
	Harrison, Rep.	Cleveland, Dem.	Fisk, Pro.	Streeter, U. L.	Harrison, Rep.	Cleveland, Dem.	Blaine, Rep.	Cleveland, Dem.	Butler, Green	St. John, Pro.	Blaine, Rep.	Cleveland, Dem.
Alabama	57197	117310	583	.....	.....	60113	59591	93951	873	612	.....	34360
Arkansas	58752	85962	614	10613	.....	27210	50895	72927	1847	.....	.....	22032
California	124809	117729	6761	.....	7080	.....	102416	89288	2017	2920	13128	.....
Colorado	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	36290	27723	1958	761	8567	.....
Connecticut	74584	74920	4234	.....	.....	336	65923	67199	1688	2305	.....	1276
Delaware	12973	16414	400	.....	.....	3441	12951	16064	6	55	.....	4013
Florida	26659	39561	403	.....	.....	12902	28031	31766	.....	72	.....	3735
Georgia	40443	100472	1802	136	.....	60029	33603	94667	145	195	.....	46064
Illinois	370636	348594	21562	8456	22042	.....	337474	312355	10910	12974	25119	.....
Indiana	263361	261013	9881	2694	2348	.....	238563	244990	8293	3028	.....	6527
Iowa	211598	179877	3550	9105	31721	.....	197089	177316	.....	1472	19773	.....
Kansas	182502	102541	6452	36236	79961	.....	154406	90132	16341	4495	64274	.....
Kentucky	155134	183800	5225	622	.....	28666	118122	152961	1691	3139	.....	34839
Louisiana	30181	84941	130	.....	.....	54760	46347	62540	.....	.....	.....	16193
Maine	73734	50482	2690	1845	23252	.....	72209	52140	3953	2160	20069	.....
Maryland	99986	106168	4766	.....	.....	6182	85699	96932	531	2794	.....	11233
Massachus'ts	183447	151990	8641	.....	31457	.....	146724	122481	2443	10026	24243	.....
Michigan	236307	213404	20042	4542	22903	.....	192669	149835	42243	18403	42834	.....
Minnesota	133529	99664	15000	.....	36695	.....	111923	70144	3503	4684	41779	.....
Mississippi	30096	85471	218	22	.....	55375	43509	76510	.....	.....	.....	33001
Missouri	236253	261954	4540	18589	.....	25701	202929	235988	.....	2153	.....	33059
Nebraska	108425	80552	9429	4210	27873	.....	76912	54391	.....	2899	23521	.....
Nevada	7088	5149	41	.....	1939	.....	7193	5578	26	.....	1615	.....
N.Hampsh're	45728	43358	1592	13	2370	.....	42249	39183	552	1571	4066	.....
New Jersey	144344	151493	7904	.....	.....	7249	123440	127798	3496	6159	.....	4358
New York	650338	635965	30231	626	14373	.....	562005	563154	16994	25016	.....	1149
N. Carolina	134784	147902	.....	.....	.....	13118	125068	142952	.....	454	.....	17884
Ohio	416054	396455	24356	3496	19599	.....	400082	368280	5179	11069	31802	.....
Oregon	33293	46524	1677	363	6769	.....	26866	24604	726	492	2256	.....
Pennsylvania	526091	446633	20947	3873	79458	.....	473804	392785	16992	15283	81019	.....
Rhode Island	21960	17533	1281	.....	4427	.....	19030	12391	422	928	6639	.....
S. Corolina	13740	65825	.....	.....	.....	52085	21733	69890	.....	.....	.....	48159
Tennessee	139989	158787	5969	.....	.....	18798	124078	133258	957	1131	.....	9180
Texas	88280	234883	4749	29459	.....	146603	93141	225309	3321	3534	.....	132168
Vermont	45192	16788	1459	.....	28404	.....	39514	17331	785	1752	22183	.....
Virginia	150438	151977	1678	.....	.....	1539	139356	145497	.....	138	.....	6141
W. Virginia	78491	79330	.....	.....	.....	839	73096	67317	810	939	.....	4211
Wisconsin	176553	155282	14277	8552	21271	.....	161157	146459	3598	7656	14698	.....
Total	5185799	5296703	242984	142968	463942	574846	4851981	4874986	175370	150369	446585	469590
Plurality	.....	110904	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	23005	.....	.....	.....	.....

PUBLICATIONS OF THE MONTH.

The December Century is not, strictly speaking, a "Christmas number," but it contains several holiday articles, among them a story in verse by James Whitcomb Riley, entitled "Last Christmas Was a Year Ago." Chapters on "Duccio," an early Italian painter, by W. J. Stillman and T. Cole, are accompanied by illustrations from his works, and readers are asked to believe that they are magnificent specimens of art and the artist "sublime" in his ideas. Kenan's account of the Russian exile system increases in interest, although it is an interest that cannot be other than painful. From "Sinai to Shechem" is an illustrated story of travel in the Holy Land by Edward L. Wilson. A feature of the number is an article written by Rev. Dr. Buckley, of the New York Christian Advocate, on Henry Ward Beecher's memorable appearance in Liverpool in 1863, the writer having been present on the occasion. Some brief recollections of the event, written by Beecher himself shortly before his death, are also given. The Lincoln History treats in this number of the plans for emancipation and of the gradual evolution of the final resolve in the President's mind to declare the slaves free without condition or further delay. Mary Hartwell Catherwood's "Romance of Dollard" is pleasing in style and original in plot. Henry James is at his best in descriptive writing, and his talk about London is, therefore, not only instructive but entertaining. The paper is very graphically illustrated by Pennell. Other contributors to the number are Julian Hawthorne, George W. Cable, F. Hopkinson Smith, H. S. Edwards, Elyot Wild, Mary Halleck Foote and Richard Henry Stoddard.

Harper's Magazine for December is emphatically a Christmas number, nearly every contribution having some bearing on the holiday season and the editorial departments being imbued with its spirit. Fiction takes the lead among the contents. Walter Besant has a story entitled "The Last Mass," turning upon the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588. "A Likely Story," by W. D. Howells, is an amusing farce after the style of "The Elevator." "Sosrus Dismal" is a study in negro dialect, a form of literature that has become somewhat wearisome. A short story by Grace King, the young New Orleans writer, follows too closely after the style of Mr. Cable to be altogether pleasing. "The Front Yard," by Constance Fenimore Woolson, is a pathetic tale. George W. Sheldon has a biographical sketch of the artist F. S. Church, with a critical study of his work, the article being fully illustrated from Church's paintings. He says of Church that no other American painter has done so much toward creating a national art. Other sketches are by George H. Boughton and William Hamilton Gibson, each article being illustrated by its artist author. Thomas Bailey Aldrich and Edmund Clarence Stedman are among the poetical contributors.

"Count Tolstoi's Religious Views" is the subject of a paper by Archdeacon Farrar, in the December Forum. The writer points out with many illustrations the error of making so rigid an interpretation of the teachings of Christ. A notable contribution is that by Dr. Austin Flint, entitled "A Possible Revolution in Medicine," in which he treats of the possibility of preventing all infectious diseases. Park Benjamin writes of the new system of naval warfare meant to be carried into effect by the new United States cruiser "Vesuvius." Other papers are "The Price of Life," Edward Atkinson; "Teaching the Mechanic Arts," Prof. Theo. Davidson; "A Simpler Southern Question," by George W. Cable; "The South as a Field for Fiction," by Judge A. W. Tourgee; "Prison Labor Competition," Z. R. Brockway; "A Reign of Law in Spelling," Prof. Francis A. March; "To Marry or Not to Marry," Junius Henri Browne, and "The Role of Chemistry in Civilization," by Prof. W. Crookes.

The American Magazine for November opens with a very readable article by George Edgar Montgomery on "An American Theater." It is illustrated with portraits of a number of leading actors and actresses. A portrait of A. M. Palmer, the manager who has succeeded Wallack, forms the frontispiece of the magazine. "Some Adopted Americans," is an account of the Italian and Polish Jew quarters of New York city. The vice and ignorance pictured present an alarming problem to social scientists and law-makers. The Twenty-third Brooklyn Regiment is described in the "American Crack Regiment" series. Other contributions are "The First American Embassy to Pekin," by L. McIntosh Ward; "The Valley of the Connecticut," by John R. Chapin; "The Koto and its Associations," by Harriet Taylor Upton," and "A National School of Music," by Arthur Charlton. Two good short stories and several poems complete a number with which publishers and readers alike have reason to be pleased.

The Atlantic Monthly keeps on the even tenor of its way, presenting no "Christmas numbers," but offering each month a collection of literature timely for all seasons. "The Future of a Country College" is the title of an interesting paper by President Hyde, of Bowdoin College, which opens the December number. "Urbs Animæ" is a study of the Elegiacs of Rutilius. William R. Thayer writes of "The Close of Garibaldi's Career." "A Flight in the Dark" is a metaphysical discussion between two imaginary women which, like most actual discussions of the sort, leads to no definite or satisfactory conclussion and agreement on the part of the disputants. Other contributions are "A Devil's Passage," a story by Louise Stockton; "Boston Painters and Painting," by William Howe Downs; "William Warren," by Henry A. Clapp, and "A Convent School of the Last Century," by Susan Coolidge. Charles Egbert Craddock's "Despot of Broomsedge Cove" reaches its final chapter in this number.

A new publication is "The Book-lover," a monthly journal for those interested in rare and standard books, portraits and views for extra illustration, autograph letters and historical documents. The editor, Ingersoll Lockwood, says its constant purpose will be to propagate and disseminate the taste for collecting literary material of every kind. It will aim to be a guide, counselor and friend to everybody prone to cultivate the delightful hobbies of book, print and autograph collecting, and will seek above all things to be useful and practical, to reflect the collecting taste of the day and not insist upon cramming its readers with long, dry-as-dust bibliographical articles upon abtruse books which very few people care about. We shall be popular always, trivial never. Published by W. E. Benjamin, 6 Astor Place, New York.

A beautiful illustrated description of "Winter in the Adirondacks" forms a very appropriate opening for December Scribner. Under the title, "Old Glass in New Windows," Will H. Low gives an account of the art of making stained glass windows and of the growth of the work in this country. The third and last installment of Lester Wallack's "Memories of the Last Fifty Years" appears in this issue and is even more interesting than former chapters. Some recollections of Macready and personal anecdotes of Thackeray are entertaining. Several short stories, a number of poems and a Christmas sermon by Stevenson make up an unusually interesting Christmas issue.

The Magazine of American History for December is a Washington number, being mainly devoted to events in which the first President bore a prominent part. The leading contribution is an account by Mrs. Martha Lamb of "The Inauguration of Washington, 1789." It contains some fresh information, and, in view of the approaching centennial celebration of a similar event, is especially timely. The number is further made notable by artotype portraits of George and Martha Washington from paintings by Peale never before engraved.

The frontispiece of the December Magazine of Art is an etching by G. Bicard, from Meissonier's picture, "The Painter," the theme being an artist at his easel. Two articles in this number will attract special attention: one is on "Wells and Its Cathedral," by Elizabeth Robins Pennell. The other is the first of a series of papers on "The Portraits of Dante Gabriel Rossetti," by his brother, Wm. M. Rossetti. The first one is from a miniature of the post-painter at the age of six. Then there is one at the age of eighteen, from a pencil drawing by himself.

The leading contributions in the North American Review for December are Gen. Sherman's paper on Hon. James G. Blaine, a part of which has already been copied into the Journal; "High License Justified," by Warner Miller; "Lord Beaconsfield and the Irish," by Hon. Edwards Pierrepont; "Madness and Murder," by Dr. W. A. Hammond; "The Fast Lot at Harvard," by "One of them"; "Why Harrison Was Elected," by Walker Blaine, and the views of General Woolseiy and others on the question, "Is Stanley Dead?"

Lippincott for December contains a complete novel by Capt. Charles King, who is a great favorite with the fiction reading world, his stories of army life having no rivals. "Dunraven Ranch" has the charm of realism combined with enough of the imaginative to make it thoroughly enjoyable. A portrait of Captain King appears as the frontispiece of the magazine and is accompanied by a biographical sketch. A poem by Amelie Rives is another feature of the number.

"Infant Mortality and the Environment" is the subject of an article which J. M. French, M. D., contributes to the December Popular Science Monthly. Between one-third and one-half of all children born into the world die before reaching the age of five years. In order to aid in checking this terrible death-rate Dr. French points out the chief causes of infant mortality, which are due partly to heredity and partly to the surroundings.

Among the many attractions of the Christmas St. Nicholas are the first chapters of serial stories by Mary Hartwell Catherwood and Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, "The Bells of Ste. Anne" and "Saint Elizabeth" being the respective titles of the tales. Several seasonable short stories and poems make a very pleasing holiday number.

The Quiver for December (Cassell & Co.) contains an account of the public work and everyday life of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, which will interest many people. The Quiver is a "Sunday" magazine of a character somewhat different from any American publication, and is a favorite wherever it is known.

Harper's Young People for 1888, bound in one volume, makes a mine of reading for a child; and as a Christmas gift for one who has not had the weekly numbers as they were issued during the year, could hardly be improved upon.

White & Allen (New York) send out three dainty little hand-books of vest-pocket size containing brief but comprehensive instructions for playing the games of euchre, poker and American whist. Price, 25 cents.

The Judge Publishing Company issues a "Young Folks' Holiday Book," filled with Christmas literature and pleasing illustrations by the best writers and artists. Price, 25 cents.

Loves of Flowers and Insects.

W. Hamilton Gibson, in Harper's Monthly.

The slender stamens now explore the gloom, and hang their festoons of webby pollen across their tips. None too soon, for even now a silvery moth circles about the blossom, and settles among the outstretched filaments, sipping the nectar in tremulous content. But he carries a precious token as he hies away, a golden necklace, perhaps, and with it a message to yonder blossom among the alders, and thus until the dawn, his rounds directed with a deep design of which he is the innocent instrument, but which insures a perpetual paradise of primroses for future sippers like himself. Nor is it necessary to visit the haunt of the evening primrose to observe this beautiful episode. The same may be witnessed almost any summer evening much nearer home, even about your porch, and among city walls, heralded by those fresh, dewy whiffs from the night-blooming honeysuckle, where the bright bevies of blushing buds are bursting in anticipation of that "kiss which harms not," as the welcome sphinx-moth, piloted by the two great glowing lanterns of its eyes, hovers in the murmurous cloud of its humming phantom-wings. How often have I watched these mimic humming-birds in the gathering dusk, whirling about the flowers, following the circuit of each fresh-blown cluster, tilting and swaying in their buoyant poise above the blossom's throat, only their long bodies visible in the fuzzy, buzzy halos of wings, the slender capillary tongues uncoiled, nearly six inches in length, and thrust in turn deep into the honeyed tubes.

STANLEY AND EMIN.

Dr. Lenz Thinks There Is Still Hope, but Has His Doubts.

Boston Special to New York Herald.

Dr. Oscar Lenz, professor in the university at Prage, who in 1866 journeyed across Africa from the upper Congo to the Tanganyika and Nyassa lakes, and thence to the Zambesi river, communicates an interesting article to the Transcript, in which he expresses the belief that Henry M. Stanley has effected a junction with Emin, and that it is not yet time to give up hope of the two heroes.

"We are in ignorance," writes Dr. Lenz, "of Stanley's reason for omitting to write to the comrade he had left behind him (Major Bartlelot). The future must clear up this point for us, for I cannot conceive how an expedition consisting of from four to five hundred souls should disappear from the surface of the earth and leave no trace.

"That countless and great obstacles had to be overcome is certain. Want of food, disease, battling with the natives, active or passive resistance of Arabian ivory and slave dealers—all this may well arrest the progress of an expedition for several months. It is highly improbable that we shall have news of Stanley for some time to come from the west coast of Africa—that is, from the Congo.

"But a singular fact remains, that for the last eleven months no news has reached us from Emin Pasha. If alive he is probably once again completely cut off from all communication with the east coast, for the rulers of Uganda and Uniovo prohibit, it may be, all communication. Or has Emin Pasha gone forward to meet Stanley, and have both joined, perchance, in trying to win back again the land lost to the Egyptian government?

"No doubt the discontent inspired by the Mahdi has been great, and the two Europeans may not find it so very difficult to win adherents. Or have both of these brave, persevering men fallen victims to their spirit of enterprise? Nobody knows as yet, and we must wait patiently until the news comes, without giving up the hope that the two heroes are still alive.

"Nor for the present is there any prospect that a relief expedition would reach Stanley or Emin Pasha. Not, at any rate, if it were to start from the east of Africa. The rising in Zanzibar becomes more formidable in character, and as a preliminary task the German and English ships of war would have to re-establish peace and order. In that case alone would an Emin expedition have a chance of penetrating from the coast into some portion of the interior. But the carrying out of the enterprise would entail great expenditure and require great ingenuity and powerful means to win over the puissant chieftains of Uganda and Uniovo.

"For by force alone it would hardly be possible to work one's way through these regions. If my supposition of Stanley having joined Emin Pasha is correct, then Stanley has once again done much for the progress of geography and culture." He has traversed a large portion of unexplored territory, and opened up a passage between the Congo and the Nile that assuredly is destined to become of the utmost importance for Africa trade in the interior.

LORD TENNYSON'S TRANCE.

New Light Upon a Poetic Passage from the Pen of the Poet Laurente.

Chicago Tribune.

The name of the poet Tennyson has never before been connected with spiritualism. A letter written by him has come into the possession of the Tribune which shows that he holds the conviction that consciousness may pass from the body and hold communion with the dead. This is essentially Spiritualism; but in Tennyson's case, at least so far as the letter indicates, he is his own medium. The statement he makes is curious.

The letter is in the poet's handwriting. It is dated Farringford, Freshwater, Isle of Wight, May 7, 1873. It was written to a gentleman who communicated to him certain strange experiences he had had when passing from under the effect of anæsthetics. Tennyson writes:

"I have never had any revelations through anæsthetics, but a kind of waking trance (this for lack of a better name) I have frequently had, quite up from boyhood, when I have been all alone. This has often come upon me through repeating my own name to myself silently, till all at once, as it were, out of the intensity of the consciousness of individuality, the individuality itself seemed to dissolve and fade away into boundless being, and this not a confused state, but the clearest of the clearest, the surest of the surest, utterly beyond words, where death was an almost laughable impossibility, the loss of personality (if so it were) seeming no extinction but the only true life."

As if conscious of the incredible significance of the statement thus compacted, he adds:

"I am ashamed of my feeble description. Have I not said the state is utterly beyond words?"

This is not a vulgar table-tipping Spiritualism. It is the most emphatic declaration that the spirit of the writer is capable of transferring itself into another existence almost at will; that that other existence is not only real, clear, simple, but that it is also infinite in vision and eternal in duration. For he continues that when he comes back to "sanity" he is "ready to fight for the truth" of his experience and that he holds it—the spirit, whose separate existence he thus repeatedly tests—"will last for eons and eons."

It is pointed out by Prof. Thomas Davidson, who has seen the letter, that the same conviction, if not the same experience, only with another, is described in "In Memoriam," XCV. The stanzas are generally passed over as referring to a mere poetic frenzy of grief. But reading them in the light of the calmly penned prose puts an entirely different aspect on the incident contained in the lines:

* * * And in the house light after light
Went out and I was all alone.

A hunger seized my heart; I read
Of that glad year which once had been
In those fall'n leaves which kept their green
The noble letters of the dead.

And, strangely on the silence broke
The silent-speaking words, and strange
Was Love's dumb cry defying change
To test his worth, and strangely spoke

The faith, the vigor, bold to dwell
On doubts that drive the coward back;
And keen through wordy snares to track
Suggestions to her inmost cell:

So word by word and line by line,
The dead man touched me from the past
And, all at once, it seemed, at last,
His living soul was flashed on mine.

And mine in his was bound and whirled
About empyreal heights of thought
And came on that which is, and caught
The deep pulsations of the world.

Æonian music measuring out
The steps of time—the shocks of chance—
The blows of death * * *

The idea of the actuality of the unseen is conveyed in the letter in terms which correspond nearly to those in the rythmic expression. That "which is" is certainly a confirmation of the state, "surest of the surest"; and the lasting "for eons upon eons" finds its counterpart in "Æonian music." As Tennyson has never been connected in any way with psychic science or spiritualism, the letter, not to mention the now clearer reading of the poem, will create not a little surprise.

"Have You Read Robert ——?"

"Have you read Robert ——?" Stop!
In mercy spare me, just this time,
Ask if I've committed any crime
Since last we met—if all are well
At home—speak of the rainy spell,
Election frauds, Lord Sackville's woe—
"Progressive schemes," perhaps, but, O!
Pray hesitate ere you begin
The same old query that my kith and kin
Have uttered fifty times this year,
"Have you read Robert Elsmere?"

"Have I read Robert ——?" Yes,
Thank heaven! the deed is done!
At last I've read it, though it weighed a ton.
Now, when a friend I chance to meet,
In church, theater, upon the street,
I shall not rush into a store,
Or turn aside as oft before
Lest I should hear that everlasting same—
"Have you read Robert—what's his name?"
But bow and say with eager zest,
"I've read your Robert, and he needs a rest."

—Toledo Blade.

Good Security.

Washington Letter.

A friend of mine was in Alger's office in Detroit a day or two after Alger received the fund for Mrs. Logan, when a prominent banker came in.

"How would you like to discount that?" asked Alger, handing him a note for $40,000, Mrs. Logan's order, signed "Alger & Smith"—his firm name.

"Do it in a minute," promptly responded the banker.

"I thought you would," said Alger, who could borrow half a million on his own personal note any day in the week but Sunday.

"But just to make sure I got a few indorsements on the back so that the payee needn't have any trouble about it. Turn it over."

The banker did so. The back of the note was simply covered with the names of Detroit millionaires, beginning with James P. McMillan, Michigan's next United States Senator. The payment of that $40,000 was secured by from $50,000,000 to $100,000,000.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

A Limited, Graduated Civil Service.

To the Editor of the Indianapolis Journal:

With the magnificent victory of Nov. 6 comes a degree of responsibility upon Republicans, as well as their representatives in office, that is both weighty and far-reaching. Since the election of Mr. Hayes, in 1876, the Republican party has not been in a position to take any well-defined step in the carrying into effect of any of those ground principles which, from the beginning, have been its inspiration, except by the sufferance of Democrats. When Mr. Pendleton, of Ohio, introduced his civil-service bill, it was received by very many Democrats and Republicans with much doubt and distrust; and, doubtless, its acceptance by the Republican members of both houses was only as a beginning out of which something valuable might be developed. I see it stated that Commissioner Edgerton is of opinion that its mugwumpian (save the mark) tendencies defeated Mr. Cleveland, and your correspondent believes that it is capable of defeating any administration that adopts it. The absolutely anti-Republican element underlying ought to lead all friends of good government to demand its very radical remodeling or its repeal. These are very strong words, but the writer means them. The Republican is hard to find in this part of the United States that believes there ought to be a single step taken in the formation of a distinct class of office-holders, whether Republican, Democrat or mugwump. There are perhaps 10,000 barnacles clinging to the ship of state whose appointments date away back, and who thrive by fawning at the feet of the administration. Less of genuine, manly independence it is hard to find anywhere. The writer knows whereof he affirms. Their political coats are kept so that they can be turned inside out on very short notice. There are many thousands of Republican hold-overs who have made liberal contributions under the present reform administration. Much indignation is expressed at the venal practice of buying and selling votes, and the magnitude of the evil is not overestimated; but, under the precedents of this administration, the corrupting of the body-politic was far greater through the civil service than by all other causes combined. Your correspondent believes the remedy is simple and practical.

First—Let all service be limited, except where the people elect. Let the clerical service of the departments be classified, and let promotion be secured for each one who makes an honorable record, say once a year, reaching the highest grade for the year closing the term of service.

Second—Let a bureau of gradation, examination and recommendation be established that shall have charge of all matters pertaining to the classified service, including an honorable discharge; also, a court for inquiry and correction.

Third—Giving to the chiefs of bureaus the power to suspend for cause, but providing for speedy trial.

That the President should have the power to appoint and remove any officer of higher grade than mere clerkships, I think manifest, and that the term of service should be of reasonable length, say five or six years, and that a fractional part only should go out at once, would seem wise. It would be even better, in the judgment of the writer, that the members of the civil service corps should not have the right of suffrage than to have it remain as it is. Many reasons beside the ones usually given for such a service will appear upon a little thought.

First—The way would open in a most honorable way for thousands of young men and women to become acquainted with the practical workings of the government and prepare themselves for most useful service as citizens.

Second—Much relief would be extended to the heads of departments, as well as to Congressmen and Senators.

Third—A more manly and economical, as well independent, class would fill all these stations.

Fourth—The mad rush for office and place would not interrupt the course of important public business, and the presidential office would not be the target of cranks in so great a degree as at present.

The writer spent many months, a few years ago, in an examination of the departments and in getting the best thought of men of large experience, and with the restoration of the Republican party to power looks hopefully forward to the improvement of the service as a matter of constantly increasing importance. But for the sake of a long-suffering people, let us have less of snivel service and more and better service. Let us begin the second century under our Constitution on a nobler and more truly American plan. Shall we have a limited, graduated service or an office-holding class borrowed from the monarchies? C. G. BARTHOLOMEW.

TIPTON, Ind., Dec. 4.

The Coming Solar Eclipse.

To the Editor of the Indianapolis Journal:

In your issue of the 27th inst., I read with considerable interest about the astronomical expedition fitted out by the Harvard College, headed by Prof. W. H. Pickering, of the faculty. The coming solar phenomenon will undoubtedly be the most interesting one that our scientific men ever beheld, from the fact that they are better prepared with improved instruments to make their observations than they ever were before. Science is undoubtedly making a wonderful progress in this as well as in the most enlightened countries, and yet, as far as our government is concerned, our scientific men receive very little encouragement from that source. The present Congress seems to be composed of men who are very cautious about voting money, unless it reaches its millions, and devoted only to harbors, rivers and land surveys—"big jobs"—but when it comes to $5,000 or $10,000 for a scientific purpose it is too much to ask and will not meet their approbation. The governments of England, France, Germany and other countries are always ready to assist science in all its forms, simply because they fully appreciate the grand results accrued therefrom; our government, however, seems to be indifferent in that respect and pays very little attention to scientific researches; but our brave American scientists are men of too much fortitude and energy, and are too independent to be held back, even by Congress, though it be the highest power in the land. Had it not been for the influence, aid and energy of private enterprises, liberal-minded men, who have appropriated time and time again for scientific progression, science in this country would suffer extremely. Too much credit cannot be given to the New York Herald, New York World, and several other enterprising newspapers, as well as to many of our foremost colleges, for their liberal contributions for the advancement of science in nearly all its forms in this country. These great benefactors will stand before the world as living monuments, appreciated and revered by the highest intellects and most liberal minded who come after them. I desire to state, from personal knowledge, that there are a great many more people throughout the United States who are deeply interested in the scientific development of the country (though they possess no scientific education) than is generally supposed, and the more interest taken by our people in science, the more progressive it will become. My idea is that the principal sciences, such as geology, mineralogy, astronomy, chemistry, physics, electricity and photography, (the latter two considered arts, but are fast developing in two grand sciences) and linguiology—these should be liberally aided by the national government from time to time, as well as other important sciences which may deserve attention at opportune times. There is nothing lost in devoting means to that which brings prosperity and grandeur to a country of such magnitude as ours." America should stand foremost to-day in scientific point of view, for it has the resources; it can produce as great minds as any other country in the world. It is to be hoped that Professor Pickering and his able corps, as well as the Lick Observatory, under Professor David, of the National Coast Survey, will be successful in their interesting observations, and that they may be able to disclose some new and most important discoveries in the greatest phenomenon of 1889. It is also to be hoped that hereafter our Congressmen will sincerely consider that science is not an object which few men only are interested in for a selfish motive, but that its power and ultimate results are immeasurable. May our scientists receive all the encouragement they duly deserve, and that their earnest labors be crowned with the grandest success is my earnest and sincere wish.

INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 2. M. J. VIEIRA.

How Mr. Kingsley Cures Diphtheria.

To the Editor of the Indianapolis Journal:

The Journal this morning has this item: "Diphtheria, amounting almost to an epidemic, has shown itself in Elkhart county, and the deaths of children occur almost daily. Physicians seem unable to cope with this type of the disease." Is it not the same in this city, according to the reports in the papers the last few days, and according to Dr. Hodges's statement, also in the morning Journal? He gave the account of "the most grief-stricken family" he ever saw—John Bosse—who, he says, "had three beautiful little children a week ago. Since then two have died, and last evening the third one was dying." Then is it not a fact that our physicians also seem unable to cope with the same disease here? Some months ago I gave, in the News, the manner of treatment, in two cases, in our house, of our grandchildren. The little five-year-old boy was so bad before anything was done for him that he could not open his mouth. I had, before he became so bad, advised his mother to bathe his throat with a liniment made of coal oil, croton oil and gum-camphor; but, owing to her feeble condition, it was neglected. Then in the morning, when he arose from his bed in in that condition, she realized his danger, and then, being again urged by me to apply the liniment, did so until his neck and throat were blistered. Strong salt water and diluted camphorated alcohol were alternately given him in sufficient quantities to keep his mouth and throat wet. This treatment was so effective, that when I went into this room the next morning, and asked him how he felt, he answered: "O, I am well, grandpa." But, owing to his mother's feeble condition, she failed to follow up the treatment long enough, so he had a partial relapse, when the same application completely restored him to health.

The other case was a granddaughter, who came with her parents from Iowa. She had been ailing for some time, and the second day after their arrival she had one of the worst-looking mouths, perhaps, that is ever seen in that disease. By my advice her mother began treating her as the boy was treated, but owing to its having been coming upon her so long, she was ten days in entirely recovering. Also, as she was old enough to hold dry salt in her mouth, she did so until it dissolved. Before she had entirely recovered, her mother and her grandmother had an attack of the same disease and were cured in the same way, though, as the attack was light, they did not use much of the outside application.

I offer this for publication with many misgivings, knowing the prejudice that may exist against my theories and practice, not only in this particular, but others also; yet I feel that, in the interest of humanity, it is my duty to do so; and if only one family can be saved from grief I shall feel all the happier to know it. And will not our physicians, who seem unable to cope with the disease, recommend or try this remedy? I believe that God will bless them in it, while many parents of "beautiful children" will also bless them for saving to them those children from suffering and death. I know what parental suffering is for the loss of dear children, hence I am moved in pity for other parents, and love for children, in making this appeal in their behalf. A. S. KINGSLEY.

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 30.

A MAN'S HARD LUCK.

Mr. Tray's Untimely Sneeze That Got Him Into a Peck of Trouble.

Allenville Special to Baltimore American.

James Tray, of this place, got on a train at McVeyport to go to Lewiston the other day. The car was very warm, and Tray raised the window at which he was sitting. Soon afterward he had to sneeze. The concussion of the sneeze hurled his false teeth out of his mouth. They shot through the open window and went bounding along on the ground. Tray had just got the set from the dentist's. They cost him $25. He got out at the next station, five miles from where the teeth had escaped from him, and walked back to regain them. He found them. Then he started to walk the five miles back to the station to get the next train. As he was crossing the railroad bridge over the Big run, a west-bound freight came along. He was walking on that track, and stepped over on the beams of the east-bound track. As he did so he glanced back and saw a freight train from the west just coming on the bridge toward him. There was no time for him to get across the bridge before the train would be upon him, and he did not dare stand upon the narrow space between the tracks until the two trains passed. Both locomotives sounded their danger signals. There was but one thing to do. Tray seized a bridge beam or tie with his hands, and dropping quickly down, hung by his fingers until the train had passed over him. He then dragged himself back to the track.

The engineer of the train was bringing it to a stop, evidently to see what had become of Tray, but he reappeared, and the conductor saw he was all right, the signal was given to go ahead, and the train went on without taking Tray aboard. A mile further on another east-bound freight came along. Tray thought it was running slow enough for him to get on the caboose. When the rear of the train was passing him he threw his overcoat on the platform of the caboose and grabbed the rail to swing himself on. The train was going faster than it looked, and Tray could not get a footing. He had to let loose of the rail, and he was thrown twenty feet down the bank. The skin was scraped off of his face, hands and legs, and one ankle was dislocated. The train went on, taking Tray's overcoat—a brand new $30 coat—along with it.

In spite of his injured ankle and mutilated face, hands, and legs, Tray managed to get over the remaining two miles of his journey, reaching the station just as his train came in. Without waiting to have his injuries attended to he boarded the train. When the conductor came around, Tray remembered that the conductor of the first train had taken up his ticket for the entire journey. He could not induce the second conductor to pass him either on the strength of that fact or of the story of his many mishaps, and Tray had to pay his fare over again. He is now in bed, wondering whether it isn't more than likely that the ceiling will fall on him.

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