NO COMMISSION FOR SHUCK

The Governor Sustained by the Supreme Court, and Judge Brown Overruled.

An Ex-Treasurer's Shortage Bars Him Out of an Office to Which He Was Elected—Other Matters of Litigation.

The Supreme Court yesterday reversed the decision of the Marion Circuit Court in the case of William A. Shuck against Governor Hovey to compel the latter by mandamus to issue to him a commission as auditor of Jennings county. Shuck claimed he had been elected by thirty-nine majority, and that on Nov. 24, 1890, he demanded of the Governor his commission and was refused. He then brought suit in the Marion Circuit Court. The Governor in his answer alleged that Shuck as treasurer of Jennings county had failed to account for public moneys received by him to the amount of $1,884.06; that Cope, who was Shuck's Republican opponent in the fight for auditor, and who received the next highest vote, filed with the Governor a charge to the above effect against Shuck, and a statement that the latter was, therefore, ineligible, and that he (Cope) was, therefore, entitled to the commission. Shuck replied that he had turned over to his successor as treasurer all the moneys found due from him, and that he believed the settlement correct, but that if a mistake had been made, $2,357.66, paid by him Nov. 20, 1890, was more than sufficient, as he believed, to cover all amounts found due, upon a judical investigation. Mr. Cope added a statement that that amount did not cover the interest and penalty in the defalcation, and that a committee, appointed by the Jennings county commissioners to examine ex-Treasurer Shuck's accounts, reported Dec. 16, last, that there was a balance due from him to the county of $4,854.84. Shuck was, however, successful in his suit, and the Governor appealed the case to the Supreme Court.

Judge Coffey wrote the opinion handed down yesterday, reversing the finding of the Circuit Court of this county. He holds that as the writ of mandamus cannot compel the doing of a thing which is discretionary, if the case in question is one where the Governor may be compelled to act, then he has no discretion in the premises, and the writ should issue without regard to the construction to be placed upon the constitutional provision. The record question is therefore held to be of little if any importance in the controversy. "The question," continued the opinion, "as to whether the chief executive of a State is subject to the control of the courts by means of the writ of mandamus is not new nor is it without numerous authorities." Judge Coffey then proceeds to quote from numerous authorities on both sides of the question, and holds that the courts in this State have no power to compel the Governor by writ of mandamus to perform any act enjoined upon him, either by the Constitution or laws of the State, where such act pertains to a duty to be performed by him as the Governor of the State. If such power exists, the Judge says, it must be looked for elsewhere than in the decisions of the Supreme Court. It cannot exist unless it is conferred by the Constitution of the State, or unless it is one of the inherent powers of the courts. The opinion quotes from the State Constitution to sustain the point, as follows: "The powers of government are divided into three separate departments, the legislative, executive, including the administrative, and the judicial; and no person charged with official duties under one of these departments shall exercise any of the functions of another, except as in this Constitution expressly provided." The opinion holds that these departments are, by the Constitution, made absolutely independent of each other, and are equal and co-ordinate.

"The case before us," concludes the opinion, "as we understand the pleadings, is this: At the November election in 1890 the relator (Mr. Shuck) received the highest number of votes for the office of auditor of Jennings county, which fact was duly certified to the Secretary of State. Prior to the time the relator called for his commission the treasurer of Jennings county filed with the Governor an affidavit to the effect that the relator, prior to his election, had been the treasurer of said county and had failed to account for a large amount of the funds which had come into his hands as such treasurer. Subsequently Mr. Cope appeared and claimed that he was elected to the office for which the relator demands a commission upon the ground that the relator was ineligible, which fact was known to the electors at the time of the election. Under these facts the Governor decided not to issue any commission. We think the Governor's decision in this matter must be taken as final. The case is not one where the Governor is acting as the member of a board created by legislative enactment in a matter wholly disconnected with his functions as Governor of the State, but it is a case where he is required to act as Governor. It is his office as chief executive of the State that gives force and vitality to the commission. He executes it as the Governor of the State of Indiana, and whether he derives his power to do so from the Constitution of the State or by legislative enactment, without the office of chief executive behind it, is of no validity. Having reached the conclusion that the courts of this State have no power to control the Governor in matters of the kind before us, and that the conclusion of the Governer in the particular here involved is final, it follows that the Circuit Court erred in overruling the demurrer of the appellant to the replies, and in sustaining it to the answers. Judgment reversed, with directions for further proceedings not inconsistent with this opinion."

Is There Anything in a Name?

Suit was filed in the Superior Court yesterday by the Castle engine-works against Oliver H. Castle. Castle is the inventor of an ice machine, and he and John Allen formed a partnership, styled the Castle engine-works, to operate it, Allen furnishing the capital. A disagreement arose, and Castle brought suit, which was decided last February, awarding him half the profits and a half interest in the business. After disposing of this, he organized another company, the Castle engineering-works, and began business. The petition alleges that great confusion has resulted from the similarity of the names, and that the new concern has received many letters containing orders and cash intended for the old. It prays that Castle be enjoined from using Castle engineering-works, or any similar title for his business; that he be compelled to render an accounting of all business done that properly belonged to plaintiff, and that plaintiff be awarded $5,000 damages.

Her Husband Is a Counterfeiter.

Mary A. Sanborn has a husband in the Ohio penitentiary from whom she asks the Circuit Court to free her. She and Andrew F. Sanborn were married in 1880, and have four children, ranging in age from two to eight years. She says he has always treated her with great cruelty, frequently going so far as to throw knives and plates at her. She got rid of him for a while when, on Dec. 5, 1890, he was convicted of passing counterfeit money, in the United States District Court for the Southern District of Ohio.

Notes from the Dockets.

A motion for a new trial of the suit of Harry M. Springer vs. Byram, Cornelius & Co. was heard in Room 3 of the Superior Court, yesterday, before Hon. A. B. Young, special judge. The plaintiff, early in March, was awarded $4,000 damages for injuries received in an elevator accident at defendants' place of business.

The Court Record.

SUPERIOR COURT.

Room 3—Hon. Lewis C. Walker, Judge.

Margaret Rouyer, Administratrix, vs. James Johnson; note. Dismissed and costs paid.

Margaret Rouyer, Administratrix, vs. Henry Long et al.; note. Dismissed and costs paid.

New Suit Filed.

Augusta Fisher vs. Carl Fisher; divorce. Alimony of $300 and custody of child on the ground of cruelty and drunkenness.

CIRCUIT COURT.

Hon. Edgar A. Brown, Judge.

George W. Boese vs. Julia Boese; divorce. Dismissed by plaintiff.

Richard Johnson vs. Filmond Harris; injunction. On trial by court.

New Suits Filed.

Mary A. Sanborn vs. Andrew F. Sanborn; divorce.

E. H. Eldridge et al. vs. Levi Bome; mechanic's lien. Demand, $400.

Honora Moriarity vs. Patrick Moriarity et al.: petition for power to mortgage real estate.

CRIMINAL COURT.

State vs. Kate Rehms; appeal from police court; drunk and fast driving. Taken under advisement.

State vs. Edward C. Cooper; appeal from justice of peace; provoke. Dismissed by State.

State vs. James H. Barbour; appeal from police court; association with lewd women. Acquitted.

DAILY WEATHER BULLETIN.

Local Forecasts.

For Indianapolis and Vicinity—For the twenty-four hours ending 8 P. M., April 5—Snow during the night, fair and warmer on Sunday.

GENERAL INDICATIONS.

WASHINGTON, April 4.—Forecast till 8 P. M. Sunday:

For Indiana—Warmer; fair on Sunday and Monday; northwesterly winds.

For Ohio—Fair; northwesterly winds; warmer by Sunday night; warmer and fair on Monday.

For Illinois—Warmer; fair weather; westerly winds.

Observations at Indianapolis.

INDIANAPOLIS, April 4.

Time.	Bar.	Ther.	R. H.	Wind.	Weather.	Pre.
7 A. M.	30.16	28	78	N west.	Cloudy.	0.02
7 P. M.	30.26	28	84	West.	Lt. Snow.	0.02

Maximum temperature, 29; minimum temperature, 27.

Following is a comparative statement of the temperature and precipitation on April 4:

	Tem.	Pre.
Normal	47	0.12
Mean	28	0.04
Departure from normal	—19	—0.08
Excess or deficiency since April 1.	—27	*0.15
Excess or deficiency since Jan. 1..	*125	*3.33

*Plus.

General Weather Conditions.

SATURDAY, April 4, 7 P. M.

PRESSURE.—The southwestern edge of the storm area is still visible on the northern Atlantic coast; an immense high area, central with 30.44 in northern Kansas, is covering the rest of the country.

TEMPERATURE.—Higher temperature and fair weather prevail west of the Mississippi, colder, cloudy weather east; 30° and below is reported from Indiana and the lower lakes northward; 40° and below from Colorado, Kansas, Missouri, Tennessee and Virginia northward; 50° and above from western North Dakota westward and near the gulf coast.

PRECIPITATION.—Light snow fell in Indiana, Kentucky, Michigan and near the lower lakes.

WOMEN FORGET THINGS.

All Kinds of Articles Are Left in Safe-Deposit Vaults.

New York Times.

There are a great many women in this city who have boxes in safe-deposit vaults. They keep government bonds, mortgages, jewelry, silverware and cash under lock and key. At most of the up-town safe-deposit vaults women are the most frequent visitors, and their visits are often marked by some amusing instances of absent-mindedness.

John R. Van Wormer, the manager of the Lincoln Safe Deposit Company, remarked the other day that occasionally he would have a large and varied accumulation of articles left in the vaults unintentionally by women clients. While the women are very careful of their valuables and seldom forget to lock their boxes they frequently go away leaving a handkerchief, an umbrella, a small parcel and sometimes a purse lying on a shelf or chair. "Such things are always called for, however," said Mr. Van Wormer. "They may remain here a day or two, but they are invariably restored to their owners."

One afternoon a woman left a package of letters, in dainty envelopes, all ready for mailing, in one of the vault compartments. As she did not return for them before the close of business hours they were slipped into one of Uncle Sam's letter boxes. The next day she called, in a great state of mind, for her package of letters, and she was greatly relieved when informed that they had been mailed.

A woman who has a box in the Mercantile Safe Deposit Company in the Equitable building went there one day with her pet skye. The dog refused to remain alone in the carriage, and she took it with her into the vaults. There the little animal became so frisky that she tied it to the leg of a chair and proceeded to look over some papers in her treasure-box. So engrossed did she become in the papers that she forgot about the dog, which, meanwhile, got tired and fell into a doze under the chair to which he was attached.

The woman went away and the dog slept on unnoticed. When closing-up time came, however, the watchman found the sleeping Skye, and not knowing to whom it belonged, gave it to one of the assistant janitors of the building to take care of over night. It was placed in comfortable quarters and fed, and in the morning was taken back into the vault and tied to the same chair under which it had been found. It did not remain there long before its mistress came hurrying into the vault bright and early in search of her pet. With tearful sympathy she hurried home with it and fed it almost to death, under the impression that it had suffered cruel neglect all through the night.

SHERMAN AND THE VIGILANTES.

A Bit of His Experience in the Early Days of San Francisco.

Col. W. C. Little, in April Overland.

The vigilante time was, as is well known, the most striking episode of Sherman's San Francisco life. It has been so often spoken of in print, by himself and others, that I need say little of it, confining myself rather to that least-known aspect of his life which is to me the best known. He had been appointed major-general of the State militia, and when the vigilantes took things into their hands, with the arrest of Casey, his military horror of mutiny, and his natural bent toward regularity and fidelity to law, set him into strong opposition to the movement. It put him into a very difficult position in the community, for almost all the better class of business men were vigilantes. To take the stand he did put him in the eyes of the majority on the side of all scoundrelism, and he became very unpopular. They marveled at him. But no unpopularity or loss in the world could have altered Sherman's action when he had made up his mind that a course was right. As commander of the militia it became his duty to oppose in arms his best business associates and the character and wealth of the community, and he was entirely ready to do it. Gen. Wool, who was in command of the regulars of the coast, had promised to him and the Governor, Johnson, the necessary arms and equipments; but he failed to carry out his promise, and Sherman was so disgusted that he resigned from the militia—a most fortunate thing for himself and the bank, and perhaps for the State. For him to have remained in command would have meant fighting, and something very much like a small civil war, and the bank possibly would have been ruined, and perhaps many graver consequences would have followed. No consideration of his own life or interests would have restrained him. His principle was invincible. Nor were the vigilantes in a position where they could or would have yielded to force. It was a case where both sides were in the right, and neither could have yielded.

A Very Good Definition.

Texas Siftings.

A little New York boy, Tommy Knickerbocker, whose father is a prominent club man, was studying his lesson not long since. The little boy was very much puzzled over his lessons, and finally he asked his pa.

"Pa, what does the word 'pretext' mean?"

"Don't bother me," said his father, who was reading a newspaper; but his mother spoke up, and said sweetly:

"When your father says he has to go to the club on important business that is a pretext to get away from his family."

Tommy jotted down the definition and read it out in school, thereby causing a sensation.

A NIGHT ON THE PICKET LINE

Campaigning in Darkness and Torrents of Rain in the Face of an Alert Foe.

Experience in the Underbrush About Petersburg in the Closing Days of the War—Work That Shortens the Soldier's Life.

Not long since, at one of those places where veterans of the late war are accustomed to hold informal meetings, at which historical and current topics are discussed, without the formality of a presiding officer and the dignified courtesy usually recognized by the members of the United States Senate, one of the coterie started out to relate a bit of history which will never appear in the standard works. "I shall always remember," he began, "the first night after Grant started out after Lee for the first time, March 29, 1865. When the shirmish line was deployed I was detailed to command the portion of it in front of our division, occupying a space of one thousand yards. I was a young man then, indeed, the youngest field-officer in the brigade"—

"A young man, then!" broke in one of the listeners; "you must be relating a yarn about the Mexican war."

"Rather of the war of 1812," put in another, without regard for courtesy or the prohibition of Cushing's Manual relating to the interruption of speakers. "Yes, you must have reference to the war of 1812, for it is not possible that you could have been a young man since the early years of the nineteenth century."

The speaker only noticed these insinuations to remark to the author of one of them: "I am not yet a grandfather," and continued: "There was to be no fooling in this campaign, no blundering, no gaps in skirmish lines for the alert enemy to pass through to attack flank and rear. Other troops from the Army of the James took the place of our corps in the works, which practically extended from the north side of the James, near Richmond, more than twenty miles to the southwest of Petersburg, near the South-side railroad, which was Lee's only source of sustenance, the extreme left being Hatcher's run, where it was crossed by a path designated on the maps as Squirrel-level road. Our corps crossed the run, and its skirmish line, facing at right angles with the works and toward Petersburg and the enemy, was deployed, keeping its connection toward the right with the troops in the works. There could not be a worse country for offensive military operations put out of doors. It was nearly level and covered with a heavy growth of pine, with here and there a bit of an abandoned clearing, showing that attempts to subdue the country to cultivation had been well-nigh fruitless. Through this flat-timbered territory Hatcher's run twisted its sluggish self, as if loath to be lost in a larger tributary of the James river. It was fringed with a tangled growth of underbrush and vines in a manner which gave the impression that it was averse to any intrusion of man or beast. Furthermore, we had unpleasant recollections of the region. In the October previous we had visited it, and after a mixed fight in the tangle, in which portions of both armies seemed to be lost, we retired, and our attempt to capture the South Side railroad was announced as a reconnoisance in force to develop the position and strength of the enemy, which we did. We ascertained that he had both position and strength. Again, in February, another advance was made, and a part of the Fifth Corps was picking its way through a dense wood, when its unprotected flank was attacked, and, having a large number of recruits it came back to the main lines in some confusion. The pine trees bear marks of these adventures, and there is a tradition that it was an unlucky land, which could yield a brigade of rebels when least expected."

THE INSTRUCTIONS.

"'Young man,' said General Mott, the grizzled commander of our division, 'your instructions are brief, but your duties are responsible; first, keep connection to the right at all hazards, and should it be broken halt until it is re-established; keep a strong line and conform your movement with the right; force back any opposing line, if possible, and resist any onset until the main lines send relief. Be wide awake now, and inform me promptly of anything that seems of the least importance.' After a time the skirmish-line was deployed and began to pick its way through the jungles, expecting every minute to come upon the skirmish line of the enemy. Behind the skirmish line, 500 yards, moved a line of battle, which threw up successive lines of works, for we were there to stay. The enemy in our front kept out of our way during the day, only making a slight resistance to our left, but of no consequence.

"When the movement began in the morning the rays of the sun were reflected from thousands of bright muskets, indicating that for once in the history of the Army of the Potomac it had surprised both the confederates and the clerk of the weather, who had a way of issuing an order for a soaking rain-storm on the day designated for its general movement. Though surprised, the aforesaid clerk was not discomfited, for he started the rain-producing machinery at once. The sun went down behind dark clouds, and early in the evening a gentle rain-fall added discomfort to the Egyptian darkness of the forest. As the hours passed, the rain-fall changed to a Scotch mist and then reached the climax of a Virginia pour-down, in which every drop was a bucketful. The low, level country was not dry when the rain began, but four hours after it was saturated. Men on duty moved uncomfortably about under rubber blankets, and carrying their muskets so as to keep the locks dry. The thousands not on duty were trying to sleep under small shelter-tents, picking out spots where there was the least dampness, but often awaking to find themselves in a pool of water. Many simply rolled themselves in their blankets and slept in spite of the rain. These were seasons which knocked all 'the pomp and circumstance' out of 'glorious war.'

"About midnight, with a headquarters orderly, I started to inspect the skirmish, or now the picket line. Passing from the right to the left, picking our way through the wet brush, for not a spark of fire was allowed on that line that night, or, indeed, along the main lines, we found two-thirds of the line all right; the connection was perfect and the officers understood their orders; but to our surprise and dismay we suddenly came to an end. The connection had been broken and there was a gap; how long, no one could tell, as he could not see a rod in advance. It would not do to call out, and the only way was to grope about until the end in the air, so to speak, was found. There was no such thing as keeping in one course. One might start out for the broken end and walk into the enemy's picket line, which was only a few hundred yards in front. There was only one thing to do, and that was to go back to the intrenched line and follow down to the left of the division and then return to the skirmish line in that front, if it were there. This was no slight undertaking, but it was done, and in time it was discovered that there was a gap of three hundred yards. A portion of the line had been relieved about 9 o'clock, and, by some unaccountable stupidity, the connection was neglected.

REPAIRING THE BLUNDER.

"The sleepy lieutenant at the end was consulted and berated, but would only say that as soon as he discovered that the connection had not been kept he halted. There was but one thing to do—to mend it. But men were needed, and then the division commander must be informed. His head quarters were half a mile to the rear on a woods road. Mounting, we picked our way to the rear. Even the roadway had been appropriated by sleepy men, who would sleep in spite of the rain. As it was with difficulty we kept from stepping on them, our passage disturbed them, and if we had taken orders from them we would have gone to a country where rain-storms are not among the discomforts. Soon we saw the glimmering red light of the headquarters' signal, and, approaching, we found the general before a fire smoking his pipe. The mishap was related, and he expressed his annoyance in rather vehement language, but added: 'You are not in fault, but you would have been had you not discovered the break, as the line is to advance at dawn.' Calling an aid, he told him to have fifty men detailed to report to me down the road at once. Mend the line as well as you can, and as quickly, and send me back word when it is done.'

"To arouse fifty sleeping men and get life into them and to get them out of comparative wetness into semi-drowning, takes time and patience, but it was done. One by one they were put in place, a half dozen officers assisting. To get the two ends together was difficult, but it was done in a way, and when the first glimmer of light lessened the deep gloom of the jungle, the work was completed, and word sent to headquarters. Soon the order came to advance until we came to the enemy or his works. The movement was rapid. Soon we came to the edge of a field. As we appeared, a few videttes discharged their pieces and ran in. Beyond was the rebel line of works with a heavy slashing in front. A battery saluted us with a couple of solid shots, but the line was halted four hundred yards in front, and orders were given to the men to 'hurry themselves'—that is, to dig rifle-pits."

"Was breakfast served then?" asked one of the company.

"No," was the answer; "a large part of that line had not had so much as a cup of black coffee for twenty-four hours, and all they ate was a little hard bread. But most of them were wet to the skin, so that the fording of the run, which was more than knee deep, did not add to their discomfort. In fact, nearly the whole army was wet, and the movement would doubtless have been stopped had not General Grant been directing it. Grant never could be convinced by the logic of a rain-storm.

"This isn't much of a story, I admit," said the relator, "but it serves to remind one of the privations and suffering of an army in the field in a rain-storm the last days of March. If those people who are now sneering about pensions could have one day of that experience, they would hold their peace. Men were neither wounded nor killed that day, but the germs of insidious disease secreted themselves during such seasons in the systems of thousands of men, to make their appearance years after in weakness and disability. Such privations and exposure explain the ground of the estimate of the actuaries of the government to the effect that the lives of 586,000 men were shortened twelve years from the average of human existence."

THREE INSTANCES.

Men Sometimes Forget What Country They Are Living In.

St. James's Budget.

I had intended to head this article "Instinct," but it struck me that two of the stories, at least, which I have to tell can hardly be called instinct, and as I don't know what else to name them, I call them simply "Three Instances."

They are on the same principle as that old story of a singer who had lived on a canal-boat before she became famous, and one night, as she stood before the audience, somebody shouted out, "Low bridge!" and the woman ducked her head.

The first instance is about two young fellows, who, barefooted in the wilds of America, were turning hay in a meadow. The two were talking together as they turned the hay. Suddenly one of the boys heard a sound like the rattling of very dry peas in a pod. He never looked down to where the noise came from, but, with a suddenness that was puzzling to his companion, he gave one yell and jumped at least half a rod. His comrade, looking in amazement from the boy to the place he jumped from, saw coiled near a spot where a bare foot had been a large rattlesnake. Two or three blows from the pole with which he was turning the hay killed the rattler. Now, the young man who jumped had never seen a rattlesnake before, never had heard a rattlesnake rattle, was not thinking of snakes at all, did not even see the snake before he jumped, yet if he lived to be 100 years old he will never again take such a leap as that one was.

The second instance is about a snake that wasn't there. I was up the other day seeing a man who had spent most of his life in India. I noticed that one of the panes of his window was broken.

"How did that happen?" I asked.

"You see," was the answer, "it was this way: Yesterday I went out for a long tramp, and I wore a hole in the toe of my stocking, which I didn't notice at the time and didn't notice this morning when I put it on. I was absent-mindedly putting on my shoe when suddenly my toe touched something cold, and before I could remember that I was in England and not in India, I kicked that shoe through the window. I never put my shoes on in India without shaking them out to see that nothing was in them in the shape of snakes. This morning I forgot that I was in England and remembered that I hadn't shaken my shoe."

The third instance was something of the same kind. I was coming from the Temple station to the Strand when I saw ahead of me a well-known war correspondent. It was a nasty, slushy day and I hurried to catch up with him. On one of the streets leading from the Strand to the embankment a good deal of building is going on. At the moment I speak of a cart filled with gravel backed up to where the building operations were proceeding and the man opened the back of the cart. The gravel, with rush and roar, fell out on the road. Instantly my friend, the war correspondent, flung himself face down in the mud. He got up rather sheepishly, looked around him and brushed the mud off his trousers as well as he could. When I came up to him I said:

"What in the name of wonder made you do a thing like that? You didn't trip, did you?"

"No," he said, "I didn't trip. I threw myself down," and he laughed rather uncomfortably. "It was like this, you see. You heard that gravel shoot out of the cart? Well that is exactly the sound of a shell overhead. Coming up from the station I was thinking of the Russo-Turkish war, and I was really at Plevna and not in London at that moment, and when I heard that rush of the shell I was down on my knees before I thought of it. That's what we always did when we heard a shell coming during the war. If you are down on your face in the sand you are not so apt to be hit by the fragments."

MADE PROMPT USE OF CURTIUS.

Lately Acquired Historical Information Which a New England Senator Utilized.

Kansas City Star.

The readiness of the American, his prompt absorption of information and his accurate and equally prompt use of it, is illustrated in an old, old story of the times just succeeding the Jackson administration.

Martin Van Buren was on the American throne, and the Senate was having a storm over some of the presidential short or long comings. One intense admirer of Van Buren, who had the floor at the time, had just compared his chief, in his single-hearted patriotism, to that noble son of Rome, Curtius. A rugged New England Senator was pacing the area back of the desks. He was on the opposing side, and it was his turn next. He never had heard of Curtius.

"Who's this here man Curtis Jim's talkin' about?" he inquired of a senatorial friend.

"Curtius, C-u-r-t-i-u-s," corrected the friend. "Not Curtis."

"Well, who in thunder was he?" persisted the gentleman from New England.

"Why, Curtis," replied the other, "was a young Roman patrician, and when an earthquake rent the city, leaving a great chasm in the earth, all the citizens, taking it for a display of the anger of the gods, were very much alarmed. They consulted the Sybiline books—very sacred volumes—and were told that Rome must sacrifice that which she held highest and dearest to appease the deities. Curtius, on hearing this, in a fit of patriotic enthusiasm, armed himself and mounted his war horse. 'What, Oh, Romans,' he cried, does Rome hold dearer than youth and valor?' Whereupon, gaining no contradictory reply, he hopped his steed into the big crevice, and it at once closed, swallowing Curtius, but saving Rome."

"That's it, is it?" said the Senator from the pine woods; and there was an under-current of scorn in his words.

In a brief, few moments it came his time to reply. Coming to the consideration of that portion of his adversary's speech which referred to the Roman affair he said:

"It has been attempted, Mr. Speaker, to compare Martin Van Buren in his history to that noble and patriotic Roman, the unfortunate Curtius, whose fame shall be deathless. It is a sad and a silly comparison. Curtius and Martin Van Buren, in their examples, are exactly opposed to each other. Curtius, the self-sacrificing, cast himself into the breach to save his country; Martin Van Buren, the selfish, cast his country into the breach to save himself."

MARKEESY DI PULLMAN.

He Expected War with Italy—His Acquaintance with Minister Fava.

Eugene Field, in Chicago News.

"I have known it all the time," said the Markeesy Di Pullman yesterday. "As soon as I heard of the deplorable affair in New Orleans I was convinced that the Italian minister would be recalled. A few days thereafter I received a cablegram from his Majesty, King Umberto, intimating his intention of severing official relations with the United States, but a delay was secured by my telegraphing him please to defer action until we had given the Governor of Louisiana time to investigate the alleged murders. Much to my regret, though not to my surprise, the United States government has been slow to examine into this painful affair; a reprehensible dilatoriness has marked its movements. Instead of groveling, as was most proper, at the feet of his Italian Majesty and promising every kind of compensation for the insult involved in the execution of those lamented assassins, this government has assumed and maintained an attitude of calm dignity that is simply and shockingly offensive. The consequence of this silly, not to say criminal, refusal to humiliate itself will be a war with Italy—I am positive of that.

"Of course I shall not participate in the hostilities," continued the Markeesy. "In the first place, I am a Quaker, and as such have a pious horror of bloodshed. Moreover, I am a native of the United States and could not take up arms against my compatriots. At the same time I am endeared and linked to sunny Italy by the indissoluble tie of a high and noble title. I was the first American to be honored with a markeesyship—perhaps you recall the circumstances under which that august title was conferred upon me. I understand that neither Phil Armour, nor N. K. Fairbank, nor Marsh Field has known a well day since I got that title. Phil Armour got so green with jealousy that he had to go to Carlsbad and be treated for the jaundice."

"Do you know the Italian minister at Washington?"

"No; I have never met him," answered the Markeesy Di Pullman, "but I have attended his church in Washington and have heard him preach. He is one of the most eloquent divines I ever listened to; his recall will be a severe blow to church circles."

"Is it true, your Grace, that you have hired a pew in the Rev. Bristol's church."

"It is," said the Markeesy. "When I learned that Padre Francisco was standing up for the slaughtered Sicilian brigands I went right off and hired a pew in his cathedral. What a charming man he is—Padre Francisco, I mean—so gentle, so benevolent, so self-abnegatory. He loves Italian art, too; I admire him for that. I have sold him three paintings very cheap, and he has what we call 'uno optiono' on my autograph letter from Dante to Beatrice."

EDUCATION OF THE FEMALE MIND.

A Glance Into the Last Century Shows the Great Intellectual Progress of Woman.

T. W. Higginson, in Harper's Bazar.

It is only a few years since it required almost as much courage to plead for women in college as for women at the ballot-box, and only a century since American women even of the higher class were left uneducated in any intellectual sense. Abigail Adams, wife of President John Adams, writing in 1817, the year before her death, says that in her youth "female education in the best families went no further than writing and arithmetic; in some few and rare instances, music and dancing." By far the most explicit historic statement on the subject is, however, to be found in the newly-published volume of the Massachusetts Historical Society (Belknap Papers, Part III.) The two main founders of this society, which has just celebrated its centennial anniversary, were the Rev. Dr. Belknap and the Rev. John Eliot. Dr. Belknap had just printed in the Boston Post (Jan. 30, 1782) an expressed wish that "the female might enjoy some of the privileges of a public education;" and his friend Eliot, writing to him, approves the plan, and goes on to the following extraordinary admissions: "We don't pretend to teach ye female part of ye town anything more than dancing, or a little music perhaps, (and these accomplishments must necessarily be confined to a very few) except ye private schools for writing, which enables them to write a copy, sign their name, etc., which they might not be able to do without such a privilege; and with it I will venture to say that a lady is a rarity among us who can write a page of commonplace sentiment, the words being well spelt, and ye style kept up with purity and elegance. * * * The fault must certainly be in their education, and yet men of influence do not listen to their complaints." (Feb. 1, 1782.)

This last sentence is quite important, as it implies that the neglected sex actually did make complaints at that time, and that at least one sensible man ascribed their defects to the want of education, not of brains. But how enormous is the step taken within the hundred years. The whole aim, at least in many of our communities, is to place women absolutely by the side of men in educational position. This has been retarded not altogether by blind prejudice, but also by certain agreeable old-fashioned standards of courtesy and consideration. I knew a young Virginian who was quite displeased to find, on coming to Cambridge, that the young ladies of the "annex" had to go through precisely the same examinations with the Harvard students. It seemed to him, he chivalrously said, to be "discourteous." But for all that, the battle of equal educational rights may be said to be mainly gained, and now comes in the more serious question, not of post-graduate studies, but of post-graduate work.

COULDN'T MOVE HER.

Why Begonia Swab Declined to Attempt a Musical Career.

Chicago Tribune.

Alpheus Swackhammer gnawed his light chestnut-sorrel mustache nervously and looked with fixed gaze at the haughty, dark-browed beauty who sat with her hands arranged in a careless, negligee fashion on her lap in such a way as to exhibit all the jewelry on each separate and distinct finger. Her wealth of wavy hair, with the exception of an oblong wad of bewildering friz in front, was combed back from a classic forehead whose flowing outlines were merged into the pure oval of cheek and chin with scrupulous fidelity to the highest and most fashionable ideal, and whose finely-sculptured profile had the severely Greek accuracy of the seventy-six-cent Goddess of Liberty on the American silver dollar.

"Begonia Swab," he exclaimed with suppressed excitement, "are you sure you will never regret this decision?"

"Perfectly sure, Mr. Swackhammer," she replied.

"Remember," he urged, "I am old enough to be your"—Mr. Swackhammer reflected a moment—"to be your second cousin, anyhow. I am not led away by excess of youthful enthusiasm in pronouncing your voice a wonderful one. You could become a great artist."

"You are mistaken, Mr. Swackhammer."

"So be it, Begonia! I have done my duty. I have tried to awaken in you the desire for a career of fame. I seem to have made a mistake in thinking I could do it. I cannot disguise my disappointment."

Mr. Swackhammer picked up his hat, crushed it savagely in his hands, and went on with increasing bitterness:

"When I think of your voice—a voice whose range is three octaves and a squeak—when I think how it could be worked up to high E, or possibly E and a half, it grinds me as an old friend of the family to think you will never go sailing into the port of fame with E's."

Pale as marble, the young woman rose in her wrath and confronted him.

"Mr. Swackhammer," she replied haughtily, the lurid lightning of her flaming eyes transfixing the presumptuous man where he stood, "you fatigue me excessively. My voice, sir, would founder at C!"

Out of Place.

New York Letter.

Grover Cleveland, responding to a toast in celebration of the Wagnerian opera season, is a rather curious spectacle. The ex-President does not know Wagner from "Dave" Braham, and when he saw the "Dusk of the Gods" performed he divided his time between suppressing yawns and bestowing admiring glances upon his wife, who looked especially handsome on that evening. But the ex-President sometimes speaks better upon subjects with which his acquaintance is limited than those with which he is familiar.

Will Find Fault Later.

Kansas City Times (Dem.)

Some opponents of the administration have expressed criticism of Mr. Blaine's conduct of the Italian correspondence. At this juncture Americans of all parties should withhold disagreements with the national policy. Whether Blaine's play is right or wrong we must back it, if for nothing else, we should stand together for effect on the outside world. After the danger of war is entirely removed we can properly review the State Department's actions and discuss their merits and demerits. Patriotism should come out now ahead of everything. There should be but one party when hostilities are threatened.

PARDON US

For referring to a subject so unusual, but it may possess interest for some to know that

CLIMAX BAKING POWDER

Is sold for half the price of the other kinds. IS SOLD, we say—if the quality was not what it should be, of course it would not sell at all.

The Millionaire

Baking Powder Companies say nothing of their exorbitant prices, but talk continually of chemical analysis, &c.

Let the scientists lead the scientists, but let practical women try Climax, and judge for themselves.

—AT YOUR GROCER'S—

MISDIRECTED EFFORTS.

Connecticut Temperance Evangelists Who Don't Know the Habitues of the Bowery.

New York Continent.

All the confiding people are not dead yet. A few weeks ago the Continent told how a few of these came on from Connecticut in the fullness of their confidence in humanity and stood on the Bowery giving away dimes to the blear-eyed mortals who haunt that doubtful thoroughfare. The ten-cent pieces were supposed to be invested in strong, substantial soup—that is, the Connecticut reformers thought they would—but the sequel proved otherwise. The five-cent "distilleries" did a rushing business as long as the dimes lasted, and there was no noticeable rush observed in any of the restaurants in the locality. It was a great day for the tramps who have not yet started on their spring tour. It was a great day for the reformers, who thought that by the way in which the sinners came up and looked religion-smitten as they got their 10 cents apiece the regeneration of just so many sinners was an assured fact. They went back to Connecticut full of hope for the future and with the determination to return some day with more dimes and a larger stock of confidence.

They did come back, too. Yesterday the temperance evangelists from the Land of Steady Habits took up their stand at the corner of Division and Bayard streets. It was a great center for evangelistic work of any kind. There were nine in the party this time, and the way they sang hymns and denounced the Sunday rum traffic was picturesque and decided. Each of the evangelists wore a regular ministerial suit of rusty black and big black stove-pipes. They prayed in the rain and sang "Hold the Fort," just as if the steady down-pour was a matter of no account whatever. They soon gathered a big crowd, and then they began to distribute their dimes. Every man who came along and said he would drink nothing stronger than coffee in future would be presented with a 10-cent piece. They did a big business—while the money lasted. So did the saloons in the neighborhood. The evangelists left after distributing $32 in this way. Next Sunday they will try their method of reforming humanity on Cherry and Water streets, and the boys are eagerly looking forward to their visit.

Roads and Road-Making.

Harper's Weekly.

A significant sign of the great an universal public interest in good roads, which is a public concern of the utmost importance, is the publication of a volume of essays upon road-making and maintenance and road laws by a committee of eminent citizens of Philadelphia. The volume is the result of prizes offered by the committee, of which Mr. William H. Rhwan was chairman. The prizes and honorable mention were awarded through the University of Pennsylvania, which warmly encouraged the movement, Prof. Lewis M. Haupt, of the chair of civil engineering in the university, being secretary of the committee.

These names and facts show the character and auspices under which the volume has been prepared. It is a serious and able contribution to the science of road-making. It is practical, theoretical and historical, and it is exceedingly interesting to the vast majority of the people of the United States, who are painfully familiar with bad roads, and who are taxed enormously to perpetuate their badness from year to year. Our national good nature, which has always tolerated the thirteenth passenger in the omnibus, and always stands in the railroad car rather than disturb the valise upon the seat which it usurps, submits with an unprotesting acquiescence which is both ludicrous and exasperating to the worst system of roads in Christendom.

In the Pennsylvania volume the merits of every system, and especially the two prominent systems, the Telford and Macadam, are fully and most intelligently discussed. There is not a village library in the country which ought not at once to obtain a copy, or a dozen copies, of this manual, nor a public-spirited villager or citizen who should not give his days and nights to it until they have secured good roads. If he is to be accounted a public benefactor who makes a tree grow where none grew before, what civic wreath is fine enough for him who turns the Saharas, and bogs, and water-courses, now known as roads, into highways worthy of our freedom, our wealth, our enterprise, and our civilization?

Prison Hardships, North and South.

J. A. Wyeth, in April Century.

The reputation of the South has suffered not only because the terrible trials of Northern prisoners in Southern prisons have been so fully exploited, but because the truth of the confederates' prison experience has not been given to the world. My comrades died by the hundreds amid healthful surroundings, almost all of these from the effects of starvation, and this in the midst of plenty. The official records show that at Camp Morton 12,082 prisoners were confined, of which number 1763, or 14.6 per cent., perished. Excepting the few shot by the guards, the deaths from wounds were rare. The conditions were not malarial, for Indianapolis was not unhealthy. There were no epidemics during my imprisonment of about fifteen months, and little cause for death had humane and reasonable care of the prisoners been exercised.*

*According to the latest estimates of the War Records Office the prisoners, North and South, who died in captivity are estimated as follows:

U. S. prisoners confined by the Confederacy	196,713
U. S. prisoners died in the Confederacy	30,212
Percentage of deaths	15.3
Confederate prisoners confined by the United States	227,570
Confederate prisoners died in the United States	26,774
Percentage of deaths	11.7

The above figures represent the number of prisoners captured and confined on each side. The total number of federal prisoners captured was 213,381, of whom 16,668 were paroled on the field; the total number of confederates captured was 476,169, of which 248,599 were paroled on the field.—Editor Century.

Will Go to the World's Fair.

Philadelphia Record.

"Chicago clubs" are forming among young men who desire to see the world's fair in 1893 but whose means are limited. A number of them organize a club, whose sole purpose is to collect dues from the members, and these dues are saved up for 1893 to pay the expenses of a trip to Chicago. If a club should be formed this April and each member pay in $1 a month until July, 1893, there would be on hand then at least $28 for every member without counting interest, accumulations for fines, lapses, etc. Probably the amount would be nearer $35. With the low railroad excursion rates which will prevail in 1893 this sum will be sufficient to take one to Chicago and pay his board there for a few days while he is taking in the sights. The monthly payment will hardly be felt in the meantime. Those who desire to go in greater style can make greater contributions, of course.

SANTA CLAUS

SOAP.

Is not an experiment; it has been tested, and its enormous sale is due solely to its merit. It is made on *honor*, and good housekeepers say SANTA CLAUS SOAP "is a necessity." Don't let your dealer give you some other kind, if he hasn't Santa Claus, but insist on having only SANTA CLAUS SOAP.

N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., Mfrs., Chicago, Ill.

EDUCATIONAL.

DAY AND NIGHT SCHOOL. ENTER NOW.

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DIED.

HOSHOUR—Mrs. Emma Hoshour, wife of Edward, died Friday night, 10 o'clock. Funeral Monday 6, at 2 p. m., No. 666 Broadway.

SOCIETY MEETINGS.

ATTENTION, G. A. R.—MAJOR ROBERT ANderson Post and Geo. H. Thomas Post will hold a joint meeting at the Post Hall, corner of Delaware and Court streets, Monday evening, April 6, 1891, at 8 o'clock p. m., to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the organization of the order. As this meeting is held by order of the Commander-in-chief, it is expected that every comrade will make a special effort to attend. The Relief Corps connected with the Posts, and the various camps of S. of V., are also cordially invited to meet with us. The exercises are such that every one will enjoy them.

A. B. CHARPIE,
Commander Major Robert Anderson Post.
R. M. SMOCK,
Commander Geo. H. Thomas Post.

SPRITUAL SOCIETY—MEETS EVERY SUNday morning and evening, at Lorraine Block, Chapman Post Hall, also Tuesday evenings, at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Moses Hull, lecturer. Subject Sunday morning, "The Adaptation of Spiritualism to Meet the Wants of Humanity." Evening lecture, "The Old and the New." W. F. CHILL, Secretary.

WANTED—ROOMS.

WANTED—PARLOR AND TWO BEDROOMS, centrally located. May 1. State price and location. Address "K," Journal office.

WANTED—ROOMS, WITH OR WITHOUT board, are desired for the accommodation of delegates in attendance on the National Conference of Charities and Correction, May 13-20, inclusive. Parties willing to furnish these are requested to send number of rooms and terms to JAMES SMITH, Secretary, Plymouth Building.

WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS.

NOTICE—RUBBER COATS AND CLOTHES wringers repaired. 47 MASS. AVE.

WANTED—MAN WITH CAPITAL, SUPPLY agents in Indiana, with Shaeffer's patent pancake griddle. $10,000 can be realized. Enormous sales everywhere. M. SHAEFFER, Canton, O.

AGENTS FOR THE BEST DOOR PLATE made. Also white enamel letters for window signs; big pay. Terms free. Write at once. WRIGHT MFG. CO., 34 Park Row, New York.

WANTED—A LICENSED ENGINEER TO run an absorption ice-making plant in Cleveland, Ohio. State experience and salary expected; giving references. Address C. J. B., Journal, Indianapolis, Ind.

LOST.

LOST—ST. BERNARD BITCH, WHITE, WITH yellow spots. Return to 547 South West street and get reward.

LOST—LADY'S GOLD WATCH—RAISED LETter "C" on case. Leave at Room 28, Talbott Block, and receive reward.

LOST—AT TOMLINSON HALL, TUESDAY evening, March 31, a pair of gold nose glasses. Return to or address 69 Christian avenue. Reward.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

NOTICE—RUBBER BOOTS PATCHED AND half soled. 47 MASS. AVE.

WOMEN AND DISEASES OF THE RECTUM. DR. R. W. BULA, 33 West Ohio street.

WRINKLES—WITH ALMOND NUT CREAM you can positively rub them away; sealed particulars 2c. MARY E. MURRAY, 1059 Washington Boulevand, Chicago, Ill. Agents wanted.

FINANCIAL.

NOTICE—OLD SILK HATS CHANGED IN style and felt hats made good as new, by DEPUY, the Hatter, 47 Mass. ave.

MONEY ON WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWelry, without publicity. CITY LOAN OFFICE, 57 West Washington street.

TO LOAN—4 PER CENT. MONEY. ROOM 19 Lorraine Block, Union National Saving and Loan Association, of Indianapolis.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—BRICK RESIDENCE, CONTAINing twelve rooms and attic. Lot corner Pennsylvania and New York streets. Address or apply to Room 19, 60 East Market street.

AUCTION SALE.

AUCTION SALE—APRIL 15, AT 10 O'CLOCK, owing to expiration of our lease, cor. Delaware and South streets. We will offer for sale on above date the following articles: 1 large barn, 30x60 feet; 1 dwelling-house, 3 rooms; one frame office and addition; 1 elevator building; 400 feet of shedding; loose lumber and fencing; 1 Atlas boiler and fixtures, 20-horse; 1 Atlas engine, 10-horse; shafting, pulleys and belting; 1 wagon scale, 4-ton; 1 dump car and 2 counters; carts, wagons and harness and various sundry articles. The buildings can be moved off of ground 30 days from date of sale. A. B. MEYER & CO. JOHN GUSTIN, Auctioneer. Our business continues at 450 North Mississippi st. and 17 North Pennsylvania st.

AUCTION SALE—OF FINE PIANO, WELL-kept furniture, carpets, etc. Will be sold on Monday morning, April 6, at 10 o'clock, at the residence, No. 486 North East street, a choice collection of elegant furniture, carpets, etc., embracing three very fine bedroom suites, one walnut, marble-top bedroom suite, with toilet glass, cost $85; one antique oak bedroom suite, with French plate mirror, cost $80; one French plate pier glass, cost $60; one very superior Hallet & Davis square grand piano, with carved legs, in perfect order, cost $450; three elegant plush patent rockers, fine plush tete-a-tete, two extra choice plush and velvet double lounges cost $35 and $25 each, walnut marble-top side-board, fancy cherry center tables, toilet sets, Brussels and ingrain carpets, matting, oil-cloth, extention tables, dining chairs, rugs, parlor lamps, oliographs and pictures, single and double bedsteads, wool and cotton mattresses, springs, rockers, lace curtains, shades, chenille portieres, blankets, comforts, bolsters and pillows, baby carriage, druggets, cook stove, gasoline stove, safe, parlor chairs, cane-seat and perforated chairs, lace bed set, hanging lamp, etc. These goods are all nearly new, in first-class condition and of the latest styles. GUSTIN & McCURDY, Auctioneers.

Has Suspended.

Philadelphia Press.

The Nationalist, a Boston magazine, started to advocate the great Bellamy idea that everybody should have everything and no one should own anything, has just suspended from lack of support. The number of people who believe in co-operation and socialism for the sake of getting something some one else has is a very large one, but the number who believe in it to the extent of parting with what they have to a great or small extent is so small a one, as this experiment shows, that it is unable to accomplish anything—even publishing a magazine—and every one knows how few people that takes in Boston.

How About "Fast" Men?

Rev. DeWitt Talmage.

I believe in fast horses. God would not have made them fast if he had not intended them to go fast.

In Africa the number of missionaries exceeds 500, and the number of converts 400,000, increasing by about 25,000 a year. During the past five years Africa has furnished more than 200 martyrs.