

LYNCHING OF A BOY.

A PRECOCIOUS MURDERER SWUNG UP BY A MINNESOTA MOB.

A Scene of Savage Interest in the Early Morning—A Confession of the Terrible Crime—Executions in Virginia, Indian Territory and Texas.

John Tribbets, a lad of fifteen years, was lynched by a mob at Perham, Minn., on the 8th instant, after having confessed himself guilty of a double murder in which he alone participated. A special telegram gives the following particulars of the remarkable crime and the swift vengeance that overtook the precocious criminal: Tribbets was brought to Perham on Thursday morning and taken before a magistrate, but little was done, as the principal witnesses were twenty miles distant, and Marshal Pettinelli went after them. All day people were gathering in the streets and discussing the propriety of lynching the young fiend. Towards nightfall the sentiment became more pronounced, in fact almost unanimous, in favor of lynching, and a large crowd gathered around the jail, talking in low tones. About one o'clock about twenty resolute men broke through the surrounding crowd and began to batter in the outside door of the jail. It offered little resistance, and they were soon inside. The lynchers found hard work in breaking open the door of Tribbets' cell; the sounds of the blows upon it could be heard at a great distance. The crowd kept coming closer and closer, but were warned back in menacing tones by the lynchers. As the door yielded to the blows and the victim was at their mercy they took hold of him roughly, when he exclaimed: "Don't boys, this is too rough!" "G—d— you, you will think it is rough," was the harsh answer.

SHORT WORK AND A SIMPLE METHOD. He was taken out, and the lynchers carried him to the railroad track, a few rods away, and began preparations to finish their terrible work. A ladder had been provided and was hoisted up against a telegraph pole, a rope was then thrown over one of the beams, placed around the neck of the murderer, and in a few minutes all was over. No one but the lynchers was allowed to come near the scene of the hanging; all others were warned to keep away and the warning was enforced by the showing of revolvers. They stayed long enough to assure themselves that life was extinct and then left in different directions. Several persons started to follow them, but the gleam of pistols showed them that it was dangerous business. The moon had just risen and those who ventured to approach saw a body stiff in death swaying to and fro. It was about half-past one o'clock when the lynchers departed.

CONFESSION OF GUILT. Tribbets made a full confession. He said he was alone in committing the deed and told calmly the full story of the bloody affair. He laughed at the crowd which met him on his return, but after being arrested became depressed and sent for Father Bush and was baptized into the Catholic Church. There is no clue to any of the lynchers, and it is probable that no attempt will be made to find out who composed the party, as the general sentiment is decidedly in approval of the whole affair.

THE HISTORY OF THE DOUBLE MURDER. The history of the life and crime of Tribbets reveals the result of vicious training. He had been permitted to read trashy literature and cultivated a naturally depraved disposition. He had often boasted that he would make a strike to join the cowboys on the Pecos, and, as the sequel shows, the Black Hills was his objective point. His favorite literature was the life of the James boys, the younger brothers, the life of Billy the Kid, Duran, the stage robber, and when he could not get anything more blood curdling would draw on the blood and thunder trash with which Western homes are flooded. The boy was only fifteen years old, but of robust development, yet looked but little more mature than his age would indicate. He was large of frame, but muscular; had a most vicious cast of countenance and an unsteady, wandering black eye, but his firm set lips and square jaw betrayed resolution. The father and mother of this precocious villain live at Perham and have the reputation of being very worthy people, but careless as to the development of their children. His character may be measured by a scene on the train when he was being taken to the place of the murder. A gaining crowd on the Northern Pacific Railroad were looking at him as they would have done at a wild beast, and others were crowding into the car when he shouted to the sheriff to lock the doors and charge an admittance fee. Then he asked how he looked. A bystander said he would look better under a tree, to which he was taken and he was supposed there would be a picnic of that kind at Perham periahs.

TRIBBETS' CRIME. The scene of the murder was Redeye, in Otter Tail county, Northwestern Minnesota, Sunday, May 28. The victims were Edward Washington, surveyor of the Minnesota Mill Company, late of Bay City, Minn., aged about thirty-five, and George Fehrnbaecker, aged twenty-three, a German, in the employ of Washington, recently from New York city, and who had been living in Perham three or four months. They left Perham Thursday, May 25, stating that they were going to look after lands. They were supplied with a tent and camping outfit, maps, plats, &c. On Sunday, May 28, they stopped at the house of John Dornbusch, a farmer living near Redeye. They arrived there about ten o'clock, in company with John Tribbets, the lynched boy, with whom the deceased had stopped and left a part of their outfit the day before. Tribbets carried a double shotgun, which he had borrowed that morning of a neighbor named Richardson, one barrel of which was loaded with buckshot and the other with fine shot. Tribbets started off in the timber, leaving the two men at Dornbusch's house, where they stayed to dinner, leaving there at one o'clock, and stating that they were going to Section 12, which was pine timber land, carrying with them an axe and a revolver, and each having a silver watch and chain.

FOUND BUTCHERED IN THE WOODS. They not returning, search was made for them, and their bodies were found, one on Friday, and the other on Saturday morning, June 2 and 3, about thirty rods apart. Washington was found with a gunshot wound in the back of his head, with his pockets rifled, his roots and hat gone, his maps and plats lying on the ground beside him, together with a pocket compass. The body of Fehrnbaecker was found about twenty rods north of the body of Washington. He was found to be horribly butchered. The ground around the body indicated that he had made a hard fight with his assailant. His throat was cut and his skull broken by a savage blow from the axe.

THE ASSASSIN. Young Tribbets made his appearance in Perham on Monday, the next day following the murder, with plenty of money, which was unusual for him. He purchased a new suit of clothes, had his picture taken, and exhibited a watch, chain, and revolver. He offered the

watch to several different parties, stating that he was going West to Montana and that he would like to sell them. He finally sold his watch and chain and took the train west as it is supposed. The testimony before the coroner's jury disclosed the fact that the watch and chain and revolver that were in his possession were the property of Washington. He had in his possession about \$5. The hat, rubbers and stockings worn by Tribbets Sunday morning were found near the bodies of the murdered men. Other strong circumstances proven points unmistakably to his guilt. A postmortem examination was made. Four buckshot were found in the back and an extensive fracture of the skull of Washington. The body of Fehrnbaecker was literally hacked to pieces; more than twenty cuts, ranging from the full breadth of the axe downward, were found. The skull was crushed in and even the ribs were cut through by the axe in the hands of this human fiend.

OTHER MURDERERS HANGED. Three other murderers were legally hanged on Friday of last week. A dispatch from Rowland Court House, Va., says: At fifty-seven minutes past eleven o'clock this morning Sheriff Pettit waded a white handkerchief, Deputy Sheriff Jordan pulled a trigger and the body of the negro, Armistead Gray, capped and pinioned, plunged through the yawning abyss made by the parting doors in a hangman's scaffold. He fell six feet and struggled convulsively for nearly two minutes. In eleven minutes life was pronounced extinct, and after hanging twenty-three minutes the body was cut down. The crime for which Gray was executed was the brutal murder of his own son.

A telegram from Little Rock, Ark., states that Daniel Luckey, colored, was hanged at Talegah, Cherokee Nation, for murder. The doomed man slept very little on the preceding night, spending most of the time in singing and praying alternately, and in the morning appeared baggard and wan. He prayed in a loud voice, asking God to forgive his sins and punish his murderers. Shortly after eleven o'clock he was taken from the jail, having previously shaken hands with the guards and his attendants. The scaffold was erected but a short distance from the prison, and only a few minutes were occupied in reaching it. About a hundred persons were gathered around the gallows. Lucky trembled visibly as he mounted the steps and looked around him with a wild stare. The religious services were brief. The condemned man spoke in a feeble voice, giving his version of the murder. His remarks were loose and disjointed. The sheriff of the district then read the death warrant, and all preliminaries having been arranged, the trap was sprung and Lucky fell a distance of six feet. He died easily.

Lucky was found guilty of the murder of a man named Cobb. The crime was committed near Gibson, Cherokee Nation, last December, young Cobb being ambushed by four persons, including Lucky, and his body riddled with bullets. Of the quartet of murderers all escaped but Lucky, who was captured, tried, and convicted, while his companions in guilt succeeded in eluding pursuit and escaped from the country. In a conversation Lucky said: "I'm not guilty. I die for others. When I'm hanged innocent blood will flow; but it's all right, I'm not afraid to die, for I've made my peace with Heaven. Yes, glory to God! I'm ready. I want to go. I know I'm all right. I know that when my neck is broken my soul will go sweeping through the gates to the New Jerusalem, washed in the blood of the Lamb."

Quirino Gaitau, a Mexican, was hanged at Brownsville, Tex., for the murder of Luz Contreras. The gallows was guarded by forty deputy sheriffs. A large crowd was present, many persons coming a distance of forty miles. The gallows was near the bank of the Rio Grande River, and thousands of Mexicans lined the opposite bank. Some threats of rescue were made, but were not carried out. Gaitau died calmly. He walked erect to the scaffold and made a rambling speech on the gallows in Spanish. The drop was over five feet, and when Gaitau fell he hung in full view of the crowd. On the night of the 13th of last August Gaitau attended a fundango near Brownsville. He there swaggered around and in so doing trod on Contreras' toe. Upon the latter remonstrating, Gaitau drew a long knife, and with an oath, plunged it into his back. Gaitau then attempted to escape. In so doing he stabbed a policeman.

A YOUNG ARMY OFFICER'S WIFE.

The Strange Story She Related in Resisting a Suit for Divorce. Capt. Millard F. Goodwin, U.S.A., brought suit in the Supreme Court of New York for an absolute divorce from his wife, Kate B. Goodwin, to whom he was married in November, 1876, at Fort Selden, New Mexico. A referee reported in the plaintiff's favor. Judge Lawrence refused to confirm the report, the testimony being unsatisfactory. Before Judge Lawrence, Mrs. Goodwin's counsel moved for counsel fees and a direction that she be allowed to see her child, Clarence D. Goodwin, now in charge of his paternal grandfather.

The defendant denies the charges made against her, except as to Mr. Henderson, to whom she says she was introduced by her husband with the assurance that he was a trustworthy gentleman under whose guidance she was to act. He took her, she says, to what he represented to be a first-class boarding house in 9th street, and the same evening induced her to drink wine, which immediately made her unconscious. On regaining her senses she fled from the house at four o'clock in the morning and went to the residence of her husband's mother in Brooklyn, to whom she told the whole story. She subsequently learned that the house to which she had been taken was one of ill-repute.

Mrs. Goodwin also makes counter charges against her husband. He was graduated, she says, in 1872, at West Point, and was assigned to duty at Fort Selden. She was there with her father, Major M. P. Bullfinch. She was twenty years old when they were married, and had no knowledge of his habits of gambling and love of strong drink. She asserts that he treated her cruelly, kicked her with his booted feet, and struck her in the face with his ring and clenched hand so as to disfigure her eyes. When they came to this city from the west, she says, he told her that if she did not consent to a divorce he would kill her.

Judge Lawrence reserved his decision upon the motion, remarking that the evidence was far taken in the case, which was that of "defendants" who claimed to have traced the defendant to a hotel in a strange man's company, appeared to him very unsatisfactory. The question of the rank of army medical officers is creating some discussion in army circles. The Secretary of War holds that service in the volunteer service does not hold good in computing length of service in the case of medical officers, unless they have served full three years. It has been heretofore held that all service should count equally.

Mr. George M. Lockwood, chief clerk of the Interior Department, received information recently of the death of his father, at the age of eighty-two, at his old home in the western part of New York. It is rumored that Mr. Lockwood will be retired on the first of July, and that his successor is a well-known journalist, who will subsequently succeed Mr. Alonzo Bell as Assistant Secretary of the Interior.

A REMARKABLE WOMAN.

The Last Living Human Being Who Saw and Talked With Washington.

A remarkable woman has just died at Richmond, Virginia, and a correspondent writing from that city says: She was, perhaps, the last living human being who had seen and talked with Washington, notwithstanding the number of struggling pretenders who occasionally appear before the public as claimants for this honor. Mrs. Young, the person to whom reference is made, was the last surviving child of Gen. Washington's steward, Anderson, the honest and frugal Scotchman who for so many years had control of his domestic affairs at Mt. Vernon. Her maiden sister, Miss Nellie Anderson, died in Richmond more than fifteen years ago at the advanced age of 90, and now the venerable survivor departs this life after having lived exactly the same length of time. She was born at Mt. Vernon in 1787. For more than 60 years she had resided in Richmond. Remarkable for strength of body as well as vigor of mind, she had perfectly retained recollections of the early part of her life at the home of Washington. She was 13 years of age when the head of that bereaved household and the Nation died, and, of course, could recall many incidents of her childhood. The account she gave of what she insisted was the real cause of Washington's death, differs much from that given by historians generally. Although all agree that the attack which carried off the illustrious man was brought on by his exposure on a cold December day, while taking his usual ride on horseback, yet even this might have been averted had not the incident occurred which is now given as it came from the lips of Mrs. Young: "The General had returned from his ride cold and shivering, had retired to the house, and was actually about to take his dinner, when a message came to him from a boatwright whom he had employed, and who desired immediate instructions before he could finish the boat upon which he was at work. Washington, probably somewhat fretted at the untimely interference, hurried down to the river bank without hat or overcoat, and stood exposed to the chilling blasts that blew over the Potomac. His anxiety to finish the business kept him there too long. The consequence was a violent accession to the cold he had already taken, which during the following night culminated in the attack which so soon proved fatal." Mrs. Young always took great pleasure in dwelling upon the goodness and uniform kindness of General and Mrs. Washington to all connected with their establishment. It must be remembered that at that time the relative social positions of dependents, domestics, and the great proprietors were strongly contrasted. The aristocratic sentiment prevailed, and about the "great house" as it was called, a more than ordinary sense of awe presided. With this were connected the strictest rules of decorum, against which it was more than treason to err. Notwithstanding this the children of all the adjoining households were free to go and come, and Mrs. Young and her sister often romped on the porticoes and through the hall of the stately mansion with the children of the Fairfaxes, Custises, and Lewises, some of whom were constant guests of General and Mrs. Washington. Indeed, she and her sister were rarely permitted to retire from the presence of Mrs. Washington before having received some token of kindness in the way of fruit, cake, and such like, and on no occasion did the General pass them without a kindly greeting. She took special pleasure in referring to an incident in which Washington's stepson, young Custis, and Rawlins, one of his managers, met with a sore discomfiture. The two were indulging in their favorite pastime of dancing and fiddling, Custis being the dancer and Rawlins the fiddler, when, to their surprise and dismay, the General stepped suddenly upon the scene. We may well imagine the effect of so august a presence at such a moment.

THE GARFIELD MONUMENT FUND.

The following recent contributions to the Garfield monument in this city have been received by Col. Corbin, corresponding secretary and treasurer: Proceeds of a concert at Salt Lake City, Utah, by the Sixth Infantry Band, \$149.79; collected by Lt. John Richard, Nashville, Tenn., \$23.20; H. Joestine, Baltimore, Md., \$1; W. S. Rose, Washington, \$1; C. C. Hughes, Harrisburg, Pa., \$1; employees City post office, Washington, D. C., \$12.75; Fort Sisseton, Dakota, \$5; officers and employees at United States mint at Carson, Nev., \$45; officer of the navy at Yokohama, Japan, \$1; citizens of Deruyter, N. Y., \$1.82; citizens of Newburg, N. Y., through Peter Ward, mayor, \$25.07; collected by the Marshall County News, Marysville, Kan., \$13.95; by the Gazette, Monmouth, Ill., \$4; citizens of Meriden, Conn., through E. J. Doolittle, jr., mayor, \$336.75; John Fares, Tombstone, Arizona, \$1; citizens of Calistoga, California, through Wm. Jewell, postmaster, \$10, collected by the Commercial, Louisville, Ky., \$11; troop H, Eighth U. S. cavalry, Fort Duncan, Texas, \$21.75; the Republica, Maysville, Ky., \$15; postmaster, Essexville, Mich., \$1; U. S. S. Brooklyn, Montevideo, Uruguay, \$20; the Index-Appel, Petersburg, Va., \$2.60; U. S. S. Enterprise, Norfolk, Va., \$46; citizens of Greenville, Pa., through Lt. Gen. Sheridan, \$30; collected by the Independent, Ovid, N. Y., \$7; by the Marshall County Bulletin, Independence, Iowa, \$35.

The city of Meriden, Conn., has sent nearly \$350 as its Decoration Day contribution to the Garfield monument. The amount represents nearly one thousand subscribers, and is due to the efforts of Mayor Doolittle and the Daily Republican.

A MYSTERIOUS AND HORRIBLE DISEASE.

A family named Florence, living at Sylvan Dell, near Cynthia, Ky., is afflicted with a horrible disease. Three members of the family have already died from it, and the four remaining members are just alive. When the disease attacks the victim the flesh dries and splits open. The agony of the pain is enhanced by the insufferable itching. To find relief, the patient claws himself almost to pieces, digging in and about the bloody fissures in his body. The features of the young daughter after she died were distorted in the most agonizing manner. The lips appeared to be cut, torn and cracked, as though the victim had breathed fire. Great clots of blood hung upon the mouth, and the eyes photographed in their depths the last moments of a frightful death struggle. Those who saw her die says she reared and pitched like a maniac, crying "murder" as loud as she could. The cause of the disease is unknown.

NEARING THE SCAFFOLD.

GUITEAU'S HOPE OF SECURING A PRESIDENTIAL PARDON.

The Assassin's Dream of Future Prosperity. His Every-day Life in Jail—Another Letter from Mrs. Scoville—Further Efforts of His Counsel to Save Him.

Guiteau, the assassin, has just two weeks from to-morrow to live. All the efforts of his indefatigable counsel, Reed, through the courts to save the murderer from his impending doom have failed, and yet Guiteau continues to maintain his stolidity of deportment and professes to have faith in presidential clemency. It is probable that the action recently taken by the Medical-Legal Society of New York, where the question of his sanity was discussed, has inspired the assassin with hope, but it is not at all probable that President Arthur will commute the sentence, no matter what pressure may be brought to bear upon him. The jury found him responsible, the people believe him to have been responsible when he committed the crime, and the general impression prevails that while he possesses an ill-disciplined mind he should expiate as far as possible his monstrous crime upon the scaffold. Guiteau spends most of his time in reading his Bible and a religious work which was given him by Mr. Griffith, of Baltimore. When he does not take his usual amount of exercise he says that it is because he feels lazy. So far from giving away mentally his mind is bright and he is able to argue his case with considerable legal sharpness. In conversation with one of the officials he said that Mr. Reed has been wrong in his recent moves in the case; that there is nothing that can be done about it now, even if the record is wrong, for it has been ruled upon and the judgment completed. "If it is wrong," Guiteau said, "it has to go on. The question of jurisdiction has been settled, and there is nothing left of that question. The only hope is the President. That I have told Reed and he told him to go to him and let all other things go."

He has again changed somewhat in personal appearance, having had his whiskers (which have been growing about four weeks) shaved off, leaving his face bare, with the exception of his mustache. Recently he has appeared to be in a better humor than he was a few days ago, when it is supposed he took a dislike to a guard being posted at his cell door continuously, and was also troubled as to the disposition of his case. His sleep is somewhat disturbed. At night, whenever the guards pass around with the light, he turns in his couch or rises.

A few mornings ago he stated to one of the officers that he had a dream, to which he was inclined to attach some importance. In his dream ten years had passed and he was in full practice in Chicago as a lawyer with a desk full of briefs.

A few days ago some one passed in to him by an officer a number of tracts, which he laid unopened on his table and resumed the reading of his Bible. Later a member of the Free Methodist Church sent to him through Gen. Crocker a book entitled "God, Man, and the Devil." Guiteau, looking at the title and his name written at the top of the cover by the donor, tore that portion off and handed the book back and then turned again to his Bible. From this time forth there will be no intercourse allowed with him by the outside world, unless it shall be actually necessary for him to have a few persons each day to talk with. In this case no outsiders will be admitted, but the guards whose posts of duty are in the other wings of the building and who have not been brought much in contact with him will be used for the purpose.

A LETTER TO GUITEAU FROM HIS SISTER.

Mr. Reed has received the following letter from Mrs. Scoville to be delivered to Guiteau: "SHELTON HOUSE, CHICAGO, May 29, 1882. "MY DEAR BROTHER CHARLES: I hear through the papers that you still keep up good courage, for which I am thankful. You certainly deserve the commendation of all people who profess to be Christians for your unwavering trust in God's power when you shot the President, as I sincerely believe you did. There then can be no condemnation on God's part toward you, and no condemnation in your own heart toward yourself. You have nothing to do but continue as you have from the first, trusting implicitly in God and His protecting care, being willing to do and to suffer, if need be, all that He is pleased to demand of you. So shall you have in His eternal kingdom a still greater weight of glory. God help you, comfort you, protect you, and cheer you every lonely hour, my dear brother, as He only can. I shall not relax my efforts in your behalf for a moment, and I am sure Mr. Reed will not. "Your loving sister, "FRANCES M. SCOVILLE."

GUITEAU AS A POET.

Having about exhausted himself in prose Guiteau has turned to "poetry" and has been furnishing "poems" to the reporters. In a moment of inspiration he penned the following remarkable effusion about himself:

Other men have blessings; I have few. My life has been sad And weary. My book, "The Truth," Is all I have to show For a life of weariness And woe. Sometime People will see From my book That I am God's man! For that time I wait and pray. Christ had no appreciation, Paul none. Luther's little; So with most of God's men, While they tarried Here below. They sowed and prayed, And went home, Then came the harvest. I am content to be God's man, Whatever men May say or do To me. If they harm God's man, Wee be unto Them! When my time comes, I shall go To my Father and My Savior, And live with Them Forever and ever In glory. Beyond this world Of sin and sorrow. But I do not think I shall go For some time yet. No; my work In this world Is not yet done. And I want to get Out of here And do it! CHARLES GUITEAU. U. S. Jail, June 5, 1882.

DESECRATING SOLDIERS' GRAVES.

Extraordinary Course Pursued by a Catholic Priest.—His Condemnation by the G. A. R. Special Correspondence National Tribune.

MILFORD, MASS., June 15.—Much excitement has been caused here by the action of a Catholic priest, in connection with the recent Decoration Day ceremonies. It appears that on May 25 Father Cuddehly addressed a card to a local paper denying the right of Fletcher Post, of Milford, to decorate the graves of soldiers interred in the Catholic cemetery. The money, in the opinion of this individual, should have been expended in masses for the repose of the souls of the departed, instead of in procuring flowers, and, as the priest says sneeringly, to "putting a penny's worth of cotton batting on the graves." The order was disregarded, however, and the flowers and flags were placed on the mounds. On Thursday, greatly to the surprise and indignation of the people, it was found that the flags had been pulled up and some of them were torn to shreds. The outrage has been universally denounced by the press and people, and Father Cuddehly's course condemned in the most unqualified manner. No objection has ever been made to the decoration of soldiers' graves in any of the large Catholic cemeteries, and the course of this priest is without parallel. Soon after the news of the desecration of the graves became known a meeting was held by Fletcher Post, No. 22, and a committee appointed to investigate the matter. The committee subsequently adopted the following, which the Milford Gazette at once published in an "extra":

Whereas, It has come to the knowledge of Major E. F. Fletcher Post, No. 22, G. A. R., of Milford, Mass., that the flags placed by them upon the graves of deceased soldiers in the Catholic cemetery on Memorial Day have been pulled up, the sticks broken, and the burning torn into shreds, and feeling that by this act we are called upon to champion the cause of the Grand Army of the Republic of the United States and to again defend the honor of the Old Flag, and Whereas, It is in the due observance of Memorial day that we recall to the minds of the public the sacrifices, trials, and sufferings of those brave men "who gave their lives that a Nation might live," and should such utter disregard and contempt of their claims upon our sense of honor, justice, and national liberty be fostered in our midst, the cause for which they died so much would be lost sight of, and the generations to come would never be taught those glorious principles for which our comrades fought and for which they died, and Whereas, The Grand Army of the Republic was organized for a charitable purpose, and has for its motto, "Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty," cultivating the kindest feelings towards each other, true loyalty to our Government, and charity to our unfortunate comrades, their widows and orphans, and in carrying out the principles of our motto, we bow to no political parties, we bend to no religious sect or creed, and we debar no one on account of their nationality, our only inquiry being, "Did you serve your country faithfully in the rebellion," and "Have you obtained an honorable discharge;" therefore be it Resolved, That the act be branded as cowardly, and one to be condemned by every loyal citizen in the land, and that the person or persons, to us unknown, who committed this act of vandalism, deserve no better treatment than is allotted to traitors.

Resolved, That by this act is manifested a spirit of outlawry, which, if permitted to pass unnoticed, would finally result in the overthrow of order and good government. Resolved, That we, as a Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, do in unmeasured terms denounce the act of desecrating the graves of our fallen comrades by tearing from them the national flag placed thereon, as an insult to the Grand Army of the town, the State and the Nation; an insult to every loyal citizen, and an act of vandalism that ought not to go unrebuked or unpunished, if detected.

And we do hereby authorize the committee on "the Good of the Order" to forward these resolutions expressive of our just indignation at the outrage to Department Headquarters, with a request that they, and a statement of the facts which led to a framing of the same, be transmitted to the National Encampment, and, if thought proper, called to the attention of the President of the United States. Also, to publish the same in the local newspapers. Alfred A. Burrell, Charles W. Wilcox, Thomas Coyne, Henry J. Bailey, James Kelley, George L. Maynard, Committee on the Good of the Order. B. H. Montague, Post Commander. MILFORD, MASS., June 9, 1882.

PERRY BELMONT'S PLUCK.

How the Young New Yorker Amazed a Georgia Bally. Perry Belmont is a fighting cock. He is a very belligerent young man—not offensively, but defensively. People rather sneered at Perry when he first got here. He was a polo-and-tennis young man, a cutaway-coat young man, rather blasé. To be sure, he was well educated. He had some culture and some polish, and would perhaps sit passably well for his pocket borough. Perry has astonished friends and enemies alike. He has acquitted himself admirably in a committee and in House. He has lived a quiet, gentlemanly life outside the Capitol. He dared to tell James G. Blaine to his face what no other man ever dared to say of him before in such a presence, and yet on the floor he is as quiet and unobtrusive as he is in the drawing-room. Last night he came down from New York. As the train moved out of Jersey City he attempted to pass a burly Georgian, half intoxicated, who, cigar in mouth, poured forth smoke and profanity in equal installments. "How many more times are you going through here?" he growled, "you've been through twice." "I may go through half a dozen times more," said Belmont, coolly and calmly. "I shall go through as often as I please." "Well, the next time you go through," said the big Georgian, "I'll check you." "I think not," said Perry to the swelling bully. "And, by the way, what are you smoking in the ladies' car for?" By a dexterous movement, without waiting for an answer, he knocked the Georgian's cigar from his mouth, and then passed quietly on with: "We don't want any more smoking or swearing in this car." The Georgia bully was speechless with astonishment. When he recovered himself he whistled softly and, turning to a friend, said: "Game, ain't he?" and went in the smoking car. Perry is not easily scared.— Wash. Cor. Phila. Record.

EX-WAR PRISONERS' ASSOCIATION.

A meeting of the ex-War Prisoners' Association of the District of Columbia was held a few days ago, Major L. P. Williams, president. Letters were read from comrades in different States calling for information, desiring membership, and approving of the project of forming a central organization here at the Capital, and should the applications continue to flow in as they have commenced, it will not be many months ere we shall have a sturdy rival of the older associations of New York, Illinois, Connecticut, and other States. On motion, all ex-war prisoners were invited to join the association at its visit to Baltimore, during the Grand Army festivities. A committee was appointed to collect all bills looking to relief of war prisoners, with design of submitting one that should cover all desirable points to sister associations, in hopes of effecting favorable legislation in the future.

PERMITS FOR PENSION VOUCHERS.

The following order explains itself: DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, PENSION OFFICE, JUNE 6, 1882. The issuing of permits to execute pension vouchers without the production of the pension certificate, has grown into an abuse of such magnitude that I am compelled to discontinue the practice, except for good and sufficient cause, to be shown by evidence of persons other than applicant, satisfactory to the Commissioner. No permits whatever will be issued except upon a written application through the pension agent where payable, made under oath, accompanied by such evidence as is required by the instructions which accompany the application. Nor will any application for permit be entertained unless the same shall have been presented in due form to the Pension Agent at least fifteen days prior to the day of quarterly payment. WM. W. DUDLEY, Commissioner.

THE GARFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL.

The incorporators of the Garfield Memorial Hospital held a meeting in this city a few days ago, at which a series of by-laws were adopted. A formal meeting of the directors was also held, at which officers were elected for the ensuing year, as follows: President, Associate Justice Samuel F. Miller; First Vice President, Senator William Windom; Second Vice President, Justice Arthur MacArthur; Treasurer, James Gillilan, United States Treasurer; Recording Secretary, John A. Baker; Corresponding Secretary, E. G. Lovjoy. Mr. Justice Miller was notified of his election, and upon taking the chair made a brief address. A committee, consisting of Messrs. Fondall, Dent, and Bussey, was appointed to confer with the president upon the composition of the various standing and select committees. Messrs. Bussey and Davis and Mrs. Hicketts were appointed a committee to confer with the District Commissioners in regard to the interests of the hospital. The finance committee was instructed to collect the subscriptions, to the amount of several thousand dollars, not yet paid in.

ANOTHER OLD VETERAN GONE.

Mr. Samuel Mustard, a gallant old veteran of the war, died in Lambert's Hotel, N. J., on the 25th of May and was buried on Decoration Day with military honors. He served during the entire war and participated in nearly all the battles of the Army of the Potomac. He was three times wounded. At the battle of the Wilderness he was captured by the enemy, but with seventeen others escaped while being transferred from Belle Isle to Andersonville by jumping from a train. After the war he took an active interest in military matters. Deceased was an honored member of Major C. A. Angell Post, Department of New Jersey.

THANKS TO CONGRESSMEN.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Resolved, That we, as Harrison Post, No. 231, Department of Pennsylvania, G. A. R., tender our sincere thanks to those Senators and Representatives who have taken such an active interest in behalf of the wounded and disabled soldiers, and we earnestly request that they press to early passage the bill granting an increase of pension with arrerage to soldiers who have lost a leg or arm or otherwise equivalently disabled. Resolved, That a copy of the above resolution be sent to each of our Senators and Representatives of this district and to the editor of THIS NATIONAL TRIBUNE. JOSHUA HUFFMAN, Adjutant. BUFFALO MILLS, PA.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Is it pretty well decided where Guiteau will spend the glorious Fourth. Like all true, hot-blooded editors, the two who fought the other day banged away near a slaughter house, where, in case they missed fire, they could smell hot-iron.—Brooklyn Argus. The wife of John Small-Bird, of Moretown, Vt., presented him with four babies the other day, and John is going to move to a place from Moretown to a place with a less cumulative name. The editors of the Buffalo Express and the Buffalo Commercial are pegging away at each other in a regular dare-you-to-knock-a-chip-off-my-shoulder style. Pistols and slaughter house for two gentlemen. Confidential: If you want to make your girl a nice present, and she has intimated that she would like to have a nice little timekeeper, do not waste your money on a gold watch. Get her some stockings with clocks on them. Then go and get another girl. It is reported to be a touching sight to see Alexandria III in his shirt sleeves, with his crown hanging on a peg in the woodshed, sawing and splitting huge pine logs into firewood, while his son, the Grand Duke Nicholas, conveys the same to the imperial fireplace. It must be, indeed, a crazy sight. How those Baltimore Democrats must have felt, remarks the Graphic, when they looked around the walls of the hall they had hired for a caucus meeting and found such mottoes as "Never tell a lie," "To swear is vulgar," "Truth is noble," "An honest man is his country's pride," "We love one another," staring them in the face!

SPECULATIVE GAMBLING IN NEW YORK.

A New York correspondent of the San Francisco Bulletin says that there are in the former city 14,000 brokers, or men calling themselves such, and out of this number not more than 350 are really engaged in selling actual grain, cotton or stocks. The other 13,650 are only gambling on their own or some one else's account. He instances a man who has for the last five years done nothing but sell an imaginary lot of 100 bales of cotton. He buys and sells it half a dozen times a day when the fluctuations are heavy, and may be seen buying strawberries at six dollars a quart when his day's work is over. He does not know one grade of cotton from another; he probably never saw a cotton field or the inside of a cotton mill, and it is doubtful whether he ever sees any cotton even in bale; but his calculations in life, his interest, his very being, are wrapped up in that lot of cotton, which exists only on paper. He is nothing but an inveterate gambler, engaged in fleeing foolish people. In reality he is not a particle better than the faro player upon whom the police might pounce—but do not.