

THE PATENT OFFICE.

The Globe Opens Up a Subject for Reflection AND ADVISES SHEPARD.

The Matter of Patent Office Practice and Loose Methods in Vogue—Is Shepard Guilty or the Victim of a Clique?—Why He Should Go into Court as a Man of Honor and Vindicate His Character.

A few weeks since The Globe said of Chief Clerk Shepard, of the Patent Office, and Assistant Commissioner Moore, "If this pair falls to bring, at an early day, a stench upon the Bureau, and make it a by-play in the mouths of the public, then we miss our reckoning, and that 'no reform is so greatly needed as the Patent Office as the revocation of Moore's appointment, the decapitation of Shepard, and the blackballing of Megrath.' The stench arrived on time.

Little Ed Shepard Built like a leper. They would not resign. "We tried him," you know And found he would blow My honor, pard, you malign. "To Canton I go, To denounce the old crew Who entrapped my EGO," In only motto He whined.

Commissioner Allen is still up to it. "There are others" who want to beat the drum, blow the horns, and make a noise, and he who brass band. They have all made the Patent Office a grasshopper's picnic, which requires large and repeated doses of paracoric and squill.

The trouble with the Patent Office comes mainly from the appointment of theoretically educated individuals in positions requiring experienced men of good judgment and sound common sense. The civil service examination for the position of examiner and other positions in this Department is of such a character that nobody but a student fresh from the higher schools or seminaries can pass or be certified up. In fact, as accomplishments in the higher branches of education are concerned, these students and applicants are perfect, or so nearly such that the practical, judiciously equipped applicant, who is much more qualified to fill the position, is almost always in the matter of competitive examination with these college youths fresh from their studies of chemistry, physics, etc. Hence the Patent Office is full of these vain, pompous young men, proud of their accomplishments but ignorant of the value of the work they are doing, and the annoyance and irritation of the older legal practitioners who confine their practice to the Patent Office.

It has come to be a recognized practice because of these facts that almost every case going before the Patent Office is referred to be appealed to the Examiners in Chief—Messrs. Stocking, Brinkenstein and Steward—thus bringing extra and unnecessary labor upon these three accomplished and experienced gentlemen.

The young college graduate is so technical that he will narrow the claim of an inventor until the patent is practically worthless, and when the inventor is unfortunate enough to get into the hands of "quick claim and quick return" attorneys, either in Washington or outside, they invariably accept the decision of the young men in order to draw their fees from the inventor, the latter finds, sooner or later, in enforcing what he considers infringements on his patent that his claim has been so narrowed by the college graduates that it is practically useless in a court of law. Now, the experienced patent attorney is onto all this, and being an honest man, he appeals from the first examiners to the practical, broad-minded examiners-in-chief mentioned, and secures a claim which will protect the inventor and fully cover his device.

The other loose methods of the office pertain to the handling of the mail received, from which the money is too often extracted by thieving clerks. Under Dureya and his predecessor, a most perfect system prevailed, and there were few complaints on this score. The technically ignorant Patent Office examiners were few and men of judgment and experience filled the positions. The money received from claimants or inventors was safeguarded and the office was conducted with satisfaction to both attorneys and clients. Not very long ago a friend of ours had his patent revoked because the fee which must be paid within a certain time had not been received at the Patent Office. This gentleman, General Henry Boyd, now the Nickel Plate, formerly of Toledo, Ohio, had sent the money enclosed in an envelope in the presence of two gentlemen, who made affidavit to the fact. The money reached the Patent Office all right but was appropriated by one of the numerous manipulators of the office.

The Globe is far from believing that the late Chief Clerk Shepard is alone guilty. From facts in our possession we are only too well aware with what ease and facility others besides the chief clerk could appropriate the money sent in. And, touching the chief, it is just as well to observe he fell a victim to the clique that was after his scalp and jobbed him, despite the friendship of his friend, Assistant Commissioner Moore. This exquisite had his mug in the Department News and a stunning autobiography the past week to head off any suspicions which might attach to him of either "throwing" a friend or giving the double cross to those who confided in him. There is one thing The Globe's conscience compels it to state, and that is that its testimony is so far elicited, inclining ex-Chief Clerk Shepard in the theft of \$89 is not strong enough to convict him before a jury of unprejudiced men. There is a doubt, and a strong one, too, in his favor, which should have appealed to his friend Moore—even if Shepard was caught dead, as chief clerk—and held him back from pointing out Shepard as the thief. The safe was accessible to others; the money was out of Shepard's charge for a whole night, somebody else might have taken it. Money was stolen by others, and a negro was caught dead, to rights stealing money in the office, arrested, and his case dwindled down

to petit larceny. It would have been better for Mr. Shepard's reputation if he was arrested, too, and the case adjudicated in court instead of being tried, condemned, ruined and disgraced by his friend Moore and the clique that was after his scalp. And if the writer was Shepard, this is precisely the test we would invite, and bring the whole Patent Office management into passive courts for a full airing. Mr. Shepard has everything to gain now by so doing. His reputation, as it is, has been blasted by Commissioner Allen and Assistant Commissioner Moore. Let Mr. Shepard adopt the bold policy—the policy of an innocent man—and arrest both Allen and Moore for criminal libel or defamation of character, conspiracy or any other charge that will open this whole matter up to the public at large. As the thing stands at present, Shepard is condemned—a trial of the issues in the court might result differently. At all events, the innocent man would have the advantage of any chance to vindicate himself. Let Mr. Shepard remember that in law he is presumed to be innocent until he is proven guilty, and that in coming into court he appears as an innocent man, while at present if he is convicted he will be held liable to vindicate himself the public must accept the Allen-Moore decision, and he will have to go through life and to his grave with this stigma on his character—"Discharged for stealing money intrusted to his keeping as an official."

Smoke Carolina Brights.

WHOLESALE NEPOTISM

Case of Capt. Schreiner, Gen. Dickerson, and Sundrymen Stacey. Capt. Harmon Schreiner, who has been on the retired list a number of years, drawing a pension of \$2,200 per annum, also holds a soft snap at \$2,000 per annum with General Longstreet, U. S. Commissioner of Interstate R. R., Interior Department. In addition to this huge sum, the captain has seven Schreiner relatives holding fat offices in the several Departments; then, in addition to this, the captain's mother-in-law and two brothers-in-law get good fodder from Uncle Sam's crib. Every morning, preceding breakfast, they sing:

"My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty,"

General Dickerson has a total disability pension and draws down besides \$150 per month, but an ex-soldier totally disabled is entitled to all he can get. This paper refuses to criticize him.

The case of Dr. Storey, of the Government Printing Office, is a little different. He, it is alleged, practices as a "sundowner" and holds down a soft snap under Palmer. He visits his patients before going to the G. P. O., and gets off early in the afternoon whenever it is necessary to make calls. Sundowners ought to be "fired" on principle, as they are taking the bread out of the mouths of outside practitioners, who have no Government salary to fall back on.

Why don't you try a package of Carolina Brights?

HAWKES-HEISTAND.

Pertinent Criticism and An Analogous Case.

The case of Aumrill Schley is now attracting much attention from the general public. Counsel in having a hard time getting information from the Navy as to the list of witnesses is not forthcoming. There seems to be little difference between the methods of the Navy and War Departments.

In the Col. H. O. Heistand and associates help case, Major Hawks is unable in any way to get a copy of Heistand's answer to the charges preferred, or learn when the case will be brought before the Military Committee of the Senate. Both the major and his counsel have asked for copy of answer to charges and for information as to when the Military Court would take up the case in the Secretary of War.

Mr. Root, does not even grant an interview or answer a communication. The writer doesn't blame the high and mighty Secretary, he being a great corporation Tweed lawyer; knows when he has a bad case, and well knows his mind as to the charges. The charges preferred against Col. H. O. S. Heistand had been preferred against a common lieutenant, captain or an enlisted man, they would have been investigated, sustained and a court martial would have tried, convicted and the parties would now be serving time at a military prison, but how different when the President's friends, Col. H. O. S. Heistand, General Corbin, Assistant Secretary of Navy Allen, Assistant Secretary of War Melkeljohn and Assistant Attorney General Boyd, now Federal judge of the North Carolina district, as the United States has ordered an investigation, perhaps it may come later. Let us hope so. Major Hawks says he is ready with sufficient evidence to convict.

FAIR PLAY.

Carolina Brights are Union made.

Amusements.

Patrons of the Lyceum Theater will surely appreciate the visit of "The Innocent Maids," which commences an engagement to-morrow matinee. In the production of "The Innocent Maids" horse play has not been provided to take the place of genuinely artistic comedy, and every female member of the company has been selected by the management for beauty of face and form, for their respective ability to entertain their audiences by a clever entertainment, which is added to by lavish and costly dressing and beautiful scenic effects.

The show opens with a very funny burlesque entitled "A Wooden Woman," and serves to introduce 20 handsome girls in a double sextette of belles and beaux, The Serab Woman, and a Natchez Change Act, and from the rise of the curtain the fun is fast and furious.

Among the specialties are such stars as "The Carl Damman Troupe," six European artists; John W. Jess, last season's star with "A Hot Old Time Co." assisted by Joe Madden in a funny Irish act; Bennett and Rich, who are the originators of Illustrated songs, also doing an entirely new act called "At Camp in the Philippines;" Bartell and Morris, musical comedians; Anne Yale and Rose Carlin, duettists, and Constance Winham, "the little girl with the big voice."

The closing of the show is a laughable burlesque, entitled "A Lottery Ticket," which is intensely funny and calls for the strength of the entire company.

Carolina Brights are absolutely pure.

THE MURDERS

Of Miners in the Klondyke by Two Men WHO MADE IT A BUSINESS

A Full Account of a Remarkable Series of Cold-Blooded Murders for Gain—How McGuire, the Detective, Ran His Game to Cover and Succeeded in Connecting the Mysterious Villain, Known by the Name of O'Brien.

One of the most remarkable murder trials on record has just been brought to a close in the Klondyke. The prosecution of the case has cost the Canadian Government more than \$100,000 and the defendant will forfeit his life. George O'Brien is the name of the convicted murderer. He is a tall, broad-shouldered, robust man of 45, with a high forehead, clear blue eyes and well-shaped head. His accomplice was known in some parts of the Yukon country as Graves, and in other places as Ross.

The camp of these two men was back from the river in the timbered country between Minto and Hootchikoo. A trail blazed upon the trees led from the river to within a mile or two of their camp, where it forked in the shape of a letter Y. From the rear of the camp another trail led by a circuitous route back to the river, crossing the river trails at a place it could not be easily detected. O'Brien's plan of murder was to lure persons passing along the river trails up into the timber along his camp trail to where it forked, and then along one of the forks for a distance to give his partner in crime time to come up behind them from the other fork, when they would be between two fires and could be murdered at leisure should their appearance indicate that they had valuables in their possession. Of the three men known to have been lured into this trap not one had a chance for his life. They had been shot from behind.

These three men were Swedes or Norwegians. They were known as Lynn Relfe, Olsen and Clayson. A little more than a year and a half ago they started out in company from Dawson City, taking with them a good sum of money. They had cleaned up a good sum around Dawson, and were in search of new diggings. They reached Minto all right and put up with Captain House. O'Brien was in Minto when they arrived and learned that they were going on to Hootchikoo, where they would be trying to get a grub stake on credit, saying that he was "dead broke." He left Minto on the night of the party arrived.

Next morning the three prospectors started out again on the trail to Hootchikoo, which is only 18 miles from Minto. They had cleaned up a good sum around Dawson, and were in search of new diggings. They reached Minto all right and put up with Captain House. O'Brien was in Minto when they arrived and learned that they were going on to Hootchikoo, where they would be trying to get a grub stake on credit, saying that he was "dead broke." He left Minto on the night of the party arrived.

Next morning the three prospectors started out again on the trail to Hootchikoo, which is only 18 miles from Minto. They had cleaned up a good sum around Dawson, and were in search of new diggings. They reached Minto all right and put up with Captain House. O'Brien was in Minto when they arrived and learned that they were going on to Hootchikoo, where they would be trying to get a grub stake on credit, saying that he was "dead broke." He left Minto on the night of the party arrived.

Next morning the three prospectors started out again on the trail to Hootchikoo, which is only 18 miles from Minto. They had cleaned up a good sum around Dawson, and were in search of new diggings. They reached Minto all right and put up with Captain House. O'Brien was in Minto when they arrived and learned that they were going on to Hootchikoo, where they would be trying to get a grub stake on credit, saying that he was "dead broke." He left Minto on the night of the party arrived.

Next morning the three prospectors started out again on the trail to Hootchikoo, which is only 18 miles from Minto. They had cleaned up a good sum around Dawson, and were in search of new diggings. They reached Minto all right and put up with Captain House. O'Brien was in Minto when they arrived and learned that they were going on to Hootchikoo, where they would be trying to get a grub stake on credit, saying that he was "dead broke." He left Minto on the night of the party arrived.

Next morning the three prospectors started out again on the trail to Hootchikoo, which is only 18 miles from Minto. They had cleaned up a good sum around Dawson, and were in search of new diggings. They reached Minto all right and put up with Captain House. O'Brien was in Minto when they arrived and learned that they were going on to Hootchikoo, where they would be trying to get a grub stake on credit, saying that he was "dead broke." He left Minto on the night of the party arrived.

Carolina Brights are absolutely pure.

LOST HIS LIFE

And Saved That of His Client Accused of Murder.

HON. CLEMENT C. VALINDINGHAM Ohio Champion of the Confederacy and His Tragic Ending After the War—The Raid and Destruction of The Sentinel Office by the Second Ohio as Narrated by Ex-Soldier Gause—A Historical Chapter.

Mr. Isaac Gause, an ex-soldier of Co. E, Second Ohio Cavalry, has prepared the manuscript history of his regiment and proposes issuing the same in book form. It is entitled, "From a Rural District to the Cavalry Service as it Looks From the Ranks."

Mr. Gause served four years and one month at the front, and wears the medal of honor for the capture of the Eighth South Carolina Infantry, its battle-flags, etc. The action took place Sept. 13, 1864. Gause led the advanced guard of his regiment, and meeting the enemy's infantry promptly charged them three times, finally penetrating to their rear and forcing the surrender of the remnants of the regiment.

He has permitted the Sunday Morning Globe to extract a chapter from the proposed publication detailing the raid on and destruction of Clement L. Vallindigham's Columbus (Ohio) Sentinel during the war. Before proceeding to quote Mr. Gause, The Globe desires to re-emphasize to the public the tragic ending of this noted historical character and firm friend of the Confederacy's legal right to secession, otherwise champion State's rights advocate, Mr. Vallindigham, after the war, returned to Ohio, from whence he had been expelled as "a rebel sympathizer," and settled down to the practice of his profession. While defending a man named Thomas McGehan at Hamilton, Ohio, on a charge of murder, he lost his life in the following manner:

Mr. Vallindigham and his associate counsel were in consultation in the evening at their hotel. Vallindigham had a theory of the killing which he was explaining to his conferees. This theory was to the effect that the murdered man had been shot by a man named McGehan, who had been carrying a pistol in his pocket, and therefore McGehan was innocent of his murder. There were two pistols on the table between the learned counsel; one was loaded and the other empty. Mr. Vallindigham had repeatedly snatched the loaded pistol from the hands of the man named McGehan, and, laying down the pistol, continued to outline the theory more in detail. When he arrived at that portion of the defense where the murdered man was supposed to accidentally shoot himself while drawing the weapon he intended to use on McGehan, Mr. Vallindigham seized one of the pistols on the table and placing it in the position he had described, pulled the trigger. To the horror and consternation of his brother counsel, the weapon exploded and Vallindigham fell to the floor mortally wounded, shot exactly in the same portion of the body as the murdered man, or the man the State claimed was murdered by McGehan.

It would be impossible for the people of today to realize the impression Vallindigham's death caused throughout Ohio, and, indeed, the nation at large. By the legal profession he was regarded as a martyr in his client's cause; the old abolitionists saw in his death the hand of Providence, while the Democrats of the States were filled with grief. His thousands of personal friends mourned his untimely death, and the South he had so gallantly stood up for passed resolutions of condolence, and in every way manifested its sorrow for his death and its gratitude for his services to the State and to his loss. His thousands of personal friends mourned his untimely death, and the South he had so gallantly stood up for passed resolutions of condolence, and in every way manifested its sorrow for his death and its gratitude for his services to the State and to his loss.

It was developed that O'Brien is an assumed name, and that the man left a paper disclosing his real identity. It is believed that he is of good family, and that his real name and lineage, when disclosed, will create a sensation.

Carolina Brights are winners.

What Is This?

Error Globe: Billie "Charlie" Ireland seems to be prosperous. Entrapped his fellow clerk Phillips by a decoy containing a quarter. Took his salary on promotion. Has now stepped into the shoes of Sneak Thief Shepard, an easy victim for a trap set for fools. The gentleman who was entrapped is the United States Marshal, who will always recall and never forget. Having married the girl of his heart, Miss Estella Morris, of 402 Twelfth street, he was deprived of bride and honeymoon by the mother of the girl, Fessell, as she came suddenly upon the writ of mandamus to secure both "All's well that ends well," and young Mr. and Mrs. Powell are now enjoying the bliss of newly-wedded couples, while their best friends are wishing that for the future all their troubles will be "little ones."

Got His Wife.

Richard Powell, who lives with his mother, 335 B street southwest, has had some matrimonial experience. At the outset of his life as a Benedict he will always recall and never forget. Having married the girl of his heart, Miss Estella Morris, of 402 Twelfth street, he was deprived of bride and honeymoon by the mother of the girl, Fessell, as she came suddenly upon the writ of mandamus to secure both "All's well that ends well," and young Mr. and Mrs. Powell are now enjoying the bliss of newly-wedded couples, while their best friends are wishing that for the future all their troubles will be "little ones."

Why don't you try a package of Carolina Brights?

Why don't you try a package of Carolina Brights?

QUICK WORK AT SANTIAGO.

Wiped Out in Twenty Minutes.

It was thirty minutes past nine. "It's church service," he said. "I can see them carrying out the chaplain's reading desk on the Indiana." The press boat pushed her way nearer into the circle of battleships until their leaden-hued hulls towered high above her. On the deck of each and every ship a company stood ranged in motionless ranks. The calm of a Spanish morning hung about them, the sun fell upon them like a benediction, and so still was the air that those on the press boat could hear from the stripped and naked decks, the voice of the men answering the roll call in rising monotone, "one, two, three, four; one, two, three, four." The white-clad sailors might have been a chorus of surprised choir boys.

But up above them the battle flags slanted against the mastheads stirred restlessly, and whispered in their sleep. Out through the crack in the wall of mountains, where the sea runs in to meet the waters of Santiago harbor, and from behind the shield of Morro Castle, a great gray smog, like a great, gray rat, stuck out here and there, but about her, and then struck boldly for the sea. High before her she bore the gold and blood-red flag of Spain, and, like a fugitive leaping from behind his prison walls, she raced forward for her freedom, to give battle to meet her death.

Shell from the Iowa shrieked its warning in a shrill crescendo, a flutter of flags painted their message against the sky. "The enemy's ships are coming out," they signalled, and the ranks of white-clad men which the moment before stood motionless, now broke into thousands of separate bands, who flung themselves panting down the hatchways, or sprang cheering to the fighting tops.

Heavily, but swiftly, as islands, slip into the water when a volcano shakes the oceanbed, the Spanish warships buried their bows in the sea, their sides ripped apart with flame and smoke, the thunder of their guns roared and beat against the mountains, and from the shore the Spanish forts roared back at them, until the air between was split and riven, and the warships were already scudding clouds of smoke, pierced with flashes of red flame, and as they fled fighting, their batteries rattled with unceasing, feverish fury. But the guns of the American fleet were silent, and answered steadily, carefully, with relentless accuracy, with cruel persistence. At regular intervals they boomed above the hurricane of sounds like great bells tolling for the dead.

It seemed to Channing that he had lived through a century's war. That the strain of the spectacle would leave its mark upon his nerves forever. He had been buffeted and beaten by a storm of all the great emotions; pride of race and country, pity for the dead, agony for the dying, who clung to his sides, and who, when the warships struck their colors, two were on the beach, broken and burning, two had sunk to the bottom of the sea, two were in abject flight. Three battleships were hammering them with thirteen-inch guns. The battle was won.

"It's all over," Channing said. His tone questioned his own words. "The captain of the tugboat was staring at the face of his silver watch, as though it were a thing bewitched. He was pale and panting. He looked at Channing piteously, as though he doubted his own senses, and turned the face of his watch toward him. "Twenty minutes!" Channing said. "Good God! Twenty minutes!" He had been to hell and back again in twenty minutes. He had seen an empire, which had begun with Christopher Columbus and which had spread over two continents, wiped out in twenty minutes—From "A Despatch," by Richard Harding Davis.

The Interior Department

Editor Globe: E. V. Shepard is the third Republican detected in the Interior Department robbing the Government within a few months. He will not be prosecuted because he is a Republican. Chief Clerk Dawson, who is the personification of "Irish Honesty," will see that Republican thieves in the Interior Department, when detected, shall escape punishment for all infractions as recently brought to light. Dawson's bitter partisanship proclaims that a Republican thief is better than an honest Democrat in office. He once asserted that if his father were a Democrat in office he would object him from it if it were in his power. He is known to bitterly oppose civil service for the reason that Democrats have possible chances to get offices. Dawson is slick as velvet, and wears a mask-male of all times; that is, to suit the occasion. He is most efficient in one respect: his other chief clerks, through his influence he has at least eleven immediate relatives in lucrative offices.

But one thing is evident, that respect robbers in the Patent Office, corruption in the Insular Bureau and Land Office, as well as crookedness in the Pension Office indicate very clearly that the Interior Department is a safe in need of efficient head officials, which would exclude Mr. Dawson, though he is a staunch radical Republican while the piums are within his reach.

Call for Carolina Brights—they are pure and mild.

Call for Carolina Brights—they are pure and mild.