The World

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THE CIRCULATION OF THE EVENING WORLD ON Friday, Aug. 23, WAS PRECISELY 348,010 COPIES.

But even on days when there is no event of extraordinary public interest THE EVENING WORLD sells a few copies. For instance, its circulation on Thursday, Aug. 22, was

170,370 COPIES.

LABOR'S HOLIDAY.

It is Labor Day. In its existence a nation pays merited tribute to the genius of toil. Labor has decked itself and, glad in its sturdy strength, is tossing its cap in air.

It is a propitious day, symbolic in its brightness of Labor's hopes and future. Let no one begrudge the workingman his legal holiday. It is work that has made the land what it is. It is the workingman who is our chief strength and on whose broad shoulders rests the National prosperity.

If he wants to "lay off" for one day in the year and shunt his burden upon the back of the rest of the world, and stretch himself and march and eat and drink and be merry and give three cheers for himself, where is the man who would wish, or who is the man who would presume to say him nay?

While our American workingman is taking his holiday London is trembling on the verge of awful labor riots. Here's to our strong-limbed but level-headed artisan.

Here's to our bone and sinew!

JUDGE BOOKSTAVER AGAIN.

It never rains but it pours.

There was reason enough for Judge BOOKSTAVER to remain at home when FLACK and his crowd tricked and insulted the Court of Common Pleas. The judge's honor and the dignity of the tribunal demanded his presence. He was held guilty at least of judicial carelessness, and should have vindicated himself.

But he went away and has stayed away, and the task was taken up by other Judges, less willing than he, to have that stain upon their court. Now there is a new provocation for Judge BOOKSTAVER's presence here. The accusation made by Lawyer HENRY W. COLLYER, though judges seem loath to listen to it, should be given no moment to ferment in the in the public mind.

Judge BOOKSTAVER is accused of deliberately altering the minutes of the General Term of the Court of Common Pleas, so as to change the wording of a decision of Judge LARREMORE and reverse a judgment.

It looks as if Judge BOOKSTAVER may have to devote the remainder of his judicial career to explanations of various sorts.

THAT MOUTH OF TANNER'S.

Corporal TANNER's friends are wishing his tongue had been shot away instead of his legs. He has stirred up a hornet's nest with it. The G. A. R. men are about his ears with a dread noise, and unless he can prove the scandalous statements he made at Milwaukee with regard to soldiers' widows, it is apt to go hard with him.

If he does prove them, though it will enlighten the public, he is not apt to fare much better.

Other persons besides TANNER are endangered by this wild loquacity of his—notably B. HARRISON, who may either have to get rid of this fellow or say a fond farewell to the soldier support, to win which he has capered so nimbly.

A SUGGESTION FOR GILBERT.

Rev. HUGH O. PENTECOST devises more new and startling tricks than any other acrobat in the ecclesiastical arena. His latest grotesqueness—borrowed from the Russian writer IVAN TOLSTOI—is the theory that a burglar or any other offender can be shamed out of his bad business if all of his victims will be real nice to him. He says:

If I knew a burglar was in my house at night I would go to him with a light, unarmed, and talk to him as I would to a friend whom I desired to help. If he then desired to take my goods I would make no protest, nor would I cause his arrest. I would follow him to the door and invite him to call again.

That invitation wouldn't be Christian charity, HUGH. It would be a dismal effort at sarcasm, because, with such assistance as you prate of, the burglar would have you so thoroughly lightened of what was worth taking that another visit would be unnecessary. Besides, he would expect you to preach to him again. May be you think that would tempt him.

The chief value of Mr. PENTECOST's idea lies in its adaptation to comic opera.

A SENSIBLE OLD WARRIOR.

Gen. SHERMAN acts like the sensible old soldier he usually is, in refusing to get mad and disgruntled over the misunderstanding about his seats in the railroad train leaving Milwaukee. It's a mistake many people make, to quarrel when there's no cause for it. Gen. SHERMAN knows there was no intention to tread on his toes in so small a matter, but if there was he wouldn't heed it. He can afford to rest on his laurels as a fighter.

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

Mrs. FLACK has decided to cease talking for publication about her domestic affairs. It is just as well. Public concern is now with the rascally Sheriff, his brazen disregard of law and abuse of his official position.

Put him out.

TO RAISE MONEY.

The World's Fair Finance Committee to Discuss Several Plans.

The financiers who are charged with the duty of formulating a plan by which the money that is necessary for the successful competition for the World's Fair of 1892 can be raised will meet in the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce to-morrow.

It is not yet known if a scheme will then be determined upon, as the members of this executive body are as reticent on the subject as the Committee on Sites is secret in its meetings and movements, and it is impossible to glean from them any hint of the probable action.

That action must be taken and that speedily, too, all unite in saying.

Andrew Carnegie says on this subject that Congress should not be asked to do anything towards recognizing the New York Fair until the city has done its share by raising several millions of dollars.

New York, he says, is the only proper place for the holding of the proposed fair, though he conceded that Chicago's claims should be considered on the occasion of the next international exposition, which will follow the Columbus show.

By that time the Windy City's pretensions will be worthy of consideration.

As a special session of Congress is liable to be called for next month, Mr. Carnegie points out the need for prompt action on the part of the financial managers of the enterprise.

Chicago should not be allowed to get the ear of Congress ahead of New York.

But thirty-one months remain in which to perfect the Exposition for its opening, and in Mr. Carnegie's opinion not a day of all this time should be wasted.

WORLDLINGS.

John I. Blair, the Jersey railroad king, has a fortune that is estimated all the way from $40,000,000 to $60,000,000. He was at one time President of twenty railroads.

The golden rod is President Harrison's preference for the National flower.

Pere Hyacinth, the noted French preacher, is a tall, well-built man, with a finely sloped head that is fringed with iron-gray hair. His thoughtful and somewhat melancholy face is cleanly shaven. His eyes are dark gray.

The late Julia Jackson Christian, Stonewall Jackson's daughter, was an interesting woman of charming and unaffected manners. Almost from her birth she was an object of tender regard in the South, and of late years she was greatly beloved by the Confederate veterans.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"A BLIND BARGAIN."

A story threaded on somewhat hackneyed lines, yet the characters and incidents as portrayed in a measure atone for the lack of originality. It is a book calculated to chain the interest of the reader, but will not stand a very careful analysis.

The story is marked by several noteworthy points, principally the rescue of Frank Dudley by the hero, Arthur Arlingford, the former having been knocked overboard during a storm. The description of this scene may be termed a masterpiece of word painting.

The story deals with a woman who seeks to protect her dead husband's honor, he having squandered the heroine's fortune; the proud heroine herself, who in a fit of pique engages herself to a man whom she does not love, and the honest brother, who by strict economy replaces the squandered fortune.

There is also the flirting married woman, who entangles the hero, but is disposed of at a convenient time by an elopement.

Altogether "A Blind Bargain" is a readable story, and will bear favorable comparison with novels of the present day.

"A FALSE COUPLE."

E. Sheridan has written a novelization of the drama, "A False Couple." Nearly all the scenes are local, and the story opens in the New York Club house. The author takes you by easy stages to the beach at Long Branch, the races and back again to New York. The novel is written in a bright and cheery style.

The Indians' Love of Fire-Water.

[Tahlequah Letter to Indianapolis News.]

Were intemperance permitted here it would work an awful blight. The thirst of the Indian blood for "fire-water" is proverbial. But prohibition in this Territory is a decided success, and a drunken man is almost an anomaly. The appetite of the full blood for whiskey is simply marvellous. He will resort to any means to obtain it, even to the taking of human life. His inordinate appetite is recognized by the United States Government, which even forbids the introduction of some patent medicines on account of the stimulants they contain. Various Bitters, which were at one time emptied, were swallowed by the bottleful. It is reported also that Indians have died from taking too much of other patent medicines, having drank it like water.

A Consensus of Opinion.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The Presidents of the United States concur that THE EVENING WORLD is:

JOHN TYLER
ANDREW JOHNSON
RUTHERFORD B. HAYES

JAMES K. POLK
MARTIN VAN BUREN
ABRAHAM LINCOLN
GROVER CLEVELAND
JAMES A. GARFIELD
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

JOHN ADAMS
BENJAMIN HARRISON
THOMAS JEFFERSON
MILLARD FILLMORE
U. S. GRANT
JAMES MADISON
JAMES MONROE
GEORGE WASHINGTON

H. H. H., 673 Eighth avenue.

NO MORE NEEDED!

Enough Money Received to Pay the Free Doctor Corps.

Save Your Baby Fund Contributions Until Another Season.

A Multitude of Little Sufferers Have Been Relieved.

The Work Will Proceed Until the Exhaustion of the Fund.

An Account Covering Every Dollar Will Be Duly Rendered Our Charitable Readers.

NO MORE MONEY NEEDED.

THE EVENING WORLD desires to inform the many friends of the Sick Baby Fund that no more money is needed for the work this year.

With the funds in hand, and what is sure to come in from various fairs and entertainments already undertaken, as announced by charitable workers, there will be enough to pay all legitimate expenses.

The amount of good accomplished by our readers in this work is simply incalculable. Director FOSTER's official report states that up to last Friday **16,106** cases had been relieved by the corps of thirty-five physicians now in the field. Even these figures, however, but faintly indicate the actual accomplishment.

The work will proceed until the exhaustion of the funds, and THE EVENING WORLD will in due time render to its readers an account of precisely how the money has been spent.

THE CONTRIBUTIONS.

Already acknowledged	$6,126.77
Drome Faryot	2.50
Mrs. White	1.00
Brooklyn Bachelor	5.00
C. E. P.	1.00
Brooklyn Fair	5.10
A King's Daughter	1.00
Eighty-sixth Street Performance	1.34
Grace I. Jones	.10
Mrs. W. A. and B. G.	2.00

Pennsylvania Friends.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Please find enclosed $2 for the Sick Babies' Fund. Wish it was more. Hoping the fund will reach millions, we remain, yours for the noble work, Mrs. W. A. and B. G., Dunmore, Pa.

Another Brooklyn Fair.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The inclosed $5.10 is the proceeds of a fair held by four little Brooklyn girls for the benefit of THE EVENING WORLD'S Sick Baby Fund.

ETHEL BRIERLEY,
ANNIE BRIERLEY,
TESSIE DEEHY,
FLORENCE VITT.

Given by Friends.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find $11 collected from friends of the Sick Babies' Fund.

A KING'S DAUGHTER.

They Gave a Performance.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Several little boys and girls were anxious yesterday to do something to help along your Sick Babies' Fund, so they held a performance at 520 East Eighty-sixth street, and netted the inclosed sum, $1.34. Tickets of admission were sold at one, two, three and five cents. The following is a list of those who took part in the entertainment:

Eloie Levin, Greta Levin, Martha Levin, Alphonse Curado, Mamie Curado, Flora Anderson, Emma Schwab, Millie Hogentoren, Ike Coleman, Lulu Stedrick.

Gracie's Mite.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Please find inclosed 10 cents for the sick babies from GRACE I. JONES.

A Dollar from Brooklyn.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Please accept $1 for the Sick Babies' Fund. Respectfully, C. E. P., Brooklyn.

He's Going to Be Married.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find $5, which I wish you to apply to some poor family or familes which need it most. I intend getting married, so I wish them to pray for me that the Lord will not forsake me in my hour of need and trouble. BROOKLYN BACHELOR.

Armour & Co.'s Contributions.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

We have shipped to your address, our delivery, three cases beef extract, which we know will be found particularly agreeable to THE EVENING WORLD'S sick ones. After meeting you we felt assured that these goods would be carefully distributed, and do good. If more of this extract can be used to advantage kindly inform us, and we will aim to fill your order. Very truly yours,

Armour & Co., W. G. HILL,
New York office, 182 Duane street.

The Death Rate.

There were ninety-three deaths yesterday, and forty-nine of them were children under five years of age. The causes of death were:

Cholera infantum	7
Diarrhœal diseases	5
Marasmus	9
Diphtheria	2
Pneumonia	4
Measles	1
Other diseases	21

Baseball To-Day.

THE LEAGUE.

Pittsburg at New York, A. M. and P. M.
Indianapolis at Boston, A. M. and P. M.
Chicago at Philadelphia.
Cleveland at Washington.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

Cincinnati at Brooklyn, A. M. and P. M.
Louisville at Baltimore.
Kansas City at Philadelphia.

ATLANTIC ASSOCIATION.

Norwalk at Newark*, A. M. and P. M.
Lowell at Worcester.
Hartford at New Haven.
*To be played at Oakland Park, Jersey City.

THEIR DISGRACE ATONED FOR.

Singular Coincidence in the Lives of Thomas H. Benton and James W. Reid.

[From the Florida Times-Union.]

Many years ago one of the most brilliant young North Carolinians of that time was detected in a small theft at the State's University. Temporarily overcome with mortification, he packed up bag and baggage and became a voluntary exile to what was then the distant West. He refused to accept, as ultimate, Burns's conclusion that "one sad losel stains a name for aye." He was young enough, and brave enough, and brainy enough to recognize the truth that a single moral delinquency, like a mental or physical defect, may, in time, be overcome by a persistent perseverance in well-doing.

Human nature, after all, is really more generous than it gets credit for. The world accepted the young man's pledge when he showed "fruits meet for repentance." He bent all his energies to recover the ground lost in the hour of temptation, and succeeded. He was finally elected from his new home to a seat in the United States Senate, where he ranked with Clay, Calhoun and Webster, shedding lasting honors on his name and country.

Six or eight years ago another young North Carolinian, conspicuous for talents and energy, was elected to Congress from the old North State. He at once took high rank in the councils of his party; but, overcome in an evil hour by the allurements of the National capital, he, too, yielded to the temptation and committed some character of pecuniary fraud which moved him to resign. He, also, became a voluntary exile to the West—and now the chances are that he will be elected a United States Senator from Idaho, in whose recent Constitutional Convention he made a bright record as a leader.

The first example above referred to was Mr. Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri, whose "Thirty Years in the United States Senate" is a politico-historical authority. The latter is that of Mr. James W. Reid. For several years he has been hid away out of sight, and it is gratifying to know that he has restored himself to public confidence and to the service of the country. One great mistake made by young men who make a single misstep is that they give up the struggle entirely. "Never say die," should be the motto of everybody. It is a singular coincidence that both these examples should have come from the old North State—a commonwealth renowned for sturdiness and integrity. May the fate of young Reid be no less notable than was that of his illustrious predecessor—Thomas Hart Benton.

A RUNAWAY TRAIN.

Dashing Down the Alleghany Mountains at a Fearful Rate of Speed.

[From the Pittsburg Post.]

"I had an experience last Friday night that has almost turned me against railroading, and convinced me that I can be scared—something I didn't believe before." A passenger brakeman on the Pennsylvania Railroad was talking and a *Post* reporter listened. "We were going east," he went on, "and had just passed the Gallitzin tunnel, when I became aware that the train was whizzing down the mountain at an unusually rapid gait. The grade for six or seven miles below the tunnel is about ninety feet to the mile, and some of the shortest curves on the division overlook embankments hundreds of feet deep. The cars were jumping about, and we seemed to be flying in mid-air. The most careful engineer on the road manned the engine, and I knew something must be wrong. Then it flashed through my mind that the air brakes had played out. I rushed through the train and began putting on the hand brakes. I finally reached the rear platform and turned the brake wheel there. But the old train was fairly jumping around the curves now. I could see the moonlight reflected from a stream of water away down below us in the valley, and I shuddered and wondered how many seconds it would be until the train plunged down there. Holding to the brake-wheel for dear life I climbed out upon the coupler, insanely believing that I would be able to jump better from that point should the train leave the track. I could see the engine, when a sharp curve was reached, puffing and sputtering, its drivers spinning backwards. The engine was reversed, the brakes were on as tight as the hand system could put them, and we were simply sliding down the mountain. What a terrible toboggan ride it was!

"The rear car, to whose coupler I clung, was a special coach and occupied by a well-known railroad man. I could see him through the door. He was half standing, half crouching in the aisle, holding to the arms of the seats. His face was pale from fright.

"It seemed an age to me, but we finally came to a standstill near Kittanning Point. I found we had come down the mountain in seven minutes. The run is scheduled for thirty minutes. It is the most dangerous stretch of track on the road for fast travelling. My surmise that the air had played out was correct, for so the engineer told me as he mopped the perspiration from his face.

How Mrs. Mackay Looks.

[New York Letter to Washington Post.]

One thing the women will like to know about her is what she looks like. She is a pretty woman of plump, comfortable, good-natured, well-cared-for type, with a double chin and a short, well-rounded figure. Her skin is soft and smooth and very white, with just a little touch of pink in the cheeks, and her hands are small and dainty and sparkle with jewels. Her hair is a lovely blue-black and she wears it combed high in a sort of a twist on top of her head and in little rings across her forehead. Her eyes are a clear blue, but the lashes and brows are so black and the pupils so large that at the first glance you think her eyes are black. Her manner is very pleasant and simple. When the Mackay boys go into business in this country, as their father intends they shall, it is very likely Mrs. Mackay will spend half the year on this side. If she does, she will, no doubt, make Washington her home. From what she has heard of it she thinks she will like the society there, and if she does go there she will certainly break Mrs. Whitney's record as a lavish entertainer. Mrs. Stanford has often tried to persuade her to have a house there or visit at her home.

He Was Armed.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

A colored man was going up Brush street the other evening with a watermelon in a wicker baby-cart when he encountered a patrolman and at once came to a standstill.

"Well?" queried the officer.

"Wall?" queried the negro.

"I see you have a melon there. It being so early in the evening I shall not"——

"Oh, I'ze all fixed fur dat, sah. Jist look at dat."

He pulled a paper from his pocket which read:

The bearer of this is O. K. He paid me 40 cents for the accompanying melon.
J. BLANK, Grocer.

"H'm!" said the officer, as he returned the paper.

"Hu!" echoed the colored man, as he picked up his feet and moved on.

A Source of Deep Regret.

[From the Chicago Globe.]

Grave Young Man—in looking back over your life what do you most regret?

Gay Old Man—The good things I missed!

Nervous People

Who take Hood's Sarsaparilla earnestly declare: "It gives us complete and permanent control of our nerves." By regulating the digestion it also overcomes dyspepsia and disagreeable feelings in the stomach, cures head ache and heartburn. By its action on the blood impurities are expelled and the whole body is benefited.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass

ANAGRAMMATIC HITS

Buried Letters Which Say Pleasant Things for the Giants.

Only One Crank Here of Pessimistic Mind.

One Prophecy Which the Brooklyns Appear to Be Verifying.

By the New Yorks, of Course.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

This is what the people will say after Oct. 5:

MUR P HY
KE E FE
EWING
TIER NAN
CRANE
CONNOR
HAT T FIELD

WELCH
O'ROURKE
LYONS

RICHARDSON
GORE
WARD
MUTRIE
WHITNEY

L. S. CLUB.

It Often Looks So.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

How is this?

O'ROURKE
KEEFE

CRANE
O'DAY
MURPHY
BROWN
SLATTERY
GORE

TIERNAN
HATFIELD
EWING
WHITNEY
WELCH
LYONS

WARD
RICHARDSON
CONNOR

KECKERSSEN.

A Wall Street View of It.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

There may be one or two on

BROUTHERS
JOHNSON
CLARKSON
BENNETT
RICHARDSON.
NASH

But

WHITNEY
MURPHY
WELCH
BROWN
KEEFE

DAY
WARD
TIERNAN

CONNOR
O'ROURKE

HATFIELD
LYONS
EWING
GORE
SLATTERY

O'DAY
CRANE

MUTRIE
RICHARDSON.

WALL STREET.

Improbable and Pessimistic.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I want to tell the cranks where to look for the Champions at the end of the baseball season:

EWING
TIERNAN
WARD

O'DAY
GORE
BROWN
KEEFE
RICHARDSON

MUTRIE
WHITNEY

SLATTERY
HATFIELD
WELCH

LYONS
CONNOR
O'ROURKE
MURPHY.

WILLIAM MACK, 58 Liberty street.

Outside of Auson, St. Louis and Boston.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

We all know that the New Yorks are

MUTRIE
WELCH
O'ROURKE

WHITNEY
O'DAY
BROWN
LYONS
WARD
SLATTERY

CONNOR
MURPHY
GORE
TIERNAN
CRANE
EWING

BEN GOLDENBERG, 121 Spring street.

And Plucky Too.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

HATFIELD
WELCH
KEEFE

LYONS
MURPHY
CONNOR
O'ROURKE
O'DAY

WHITNEY
RICHARDSON
EWING
BROWN
SLATTERY
MUTRIE
GORE
CRANE

C. W. HARFORD, 399 Eighth avenue.

If They Play Their Game.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

HATFIELD
RICHARDSON
MUTRIE
O'DAY

CRANE
MURPHY
KEEFE

SLATTERY
O'ROURKE
BROWN
WELCH

WHITNEY
EWING
CONNOR
TIERNAN
GORE
WARD
LYONS

CHAS. WOERNER, 178 Seventh avenue.

May It Prove True.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

BYRNE
CARSEY
LOVETT
COLLINS
CLARKE
CORKHILL
TERRY
McGUINNIGLE
BUSHONG

HUGHES
O'BRIEN

FOUTZ
SMITH
VISNER
BURNS
CARUTHERS

ROBERT VON BRAUN,
37 Dufield Terrace, Brooklyn.

WIND cholic and diarrhœa in children cured by MORELL'S TEETHING CORDIAL. 25 cents.

LARRY DEGER'S EXPLOITS.

How He Regulated Things When He Was Marshal of Dodge City.

[From the Washington Post.]

One of the characters of Dodge City is ex-Marshal Larry Deger. With the downfall of the Masterson gang a new order came into the Kansas frontier town and Larry Deger was its exponent. Born in a little German town, he was intended for the priesthood, but the discipline of the priest into whose house he was placed was too severe for his liberal notions, and Larry fled from home and worked his way to America. He was not content until he had reached the jumping-off place. It was along he line of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, which is still stretching its slim steel fingers into the Southwest, that Deger grew to manhood—an i such a man! He was of medium height but of most prodigious girth. Berry, the colored porter at Willard's, has something of the same physical characteristics. Deger was the strongest man in Dodge City. No one ever cared for a second bullet from his hard fist, or tried twice to lay his brawny shoulders in the dust. As freight handler he would place a barrel of flour on his capacious stomach, much as a big bear lugs a watermelon, and load it into a freight wagon and keep it up ten hours a day without a sign of fatigue.

Fear was an unknown quantity in his make-up. He was like all the Dodge City crowd, a dead shot. It is on record that when a crowd of drunken cowboys came tearing up the main street, whooping, yelling and shooting prom scuously, Deger calmly stepped into the middle of the street, Winchester in hand, and shot the horses from under six of them before they could halt, turn and scurry back to the prairie.

Speaking of shooting, the crack pistol shots of Eastern galleries would crawl out of sight in shame if they could see the performances of an expert frontiersman with a 42 navy. It is a common feat to throw an empty tomato can into the air, draw and put six shots into it before it reaches the ground. When the bullet from a long 42 cartridge strikes an object in the air at the right angle it sends it still further into the air. Experts will throw a can up and, firing from beneath, drive it with six shots over forty feet higher.

A tenderfoot appeared on a Dodge City street in 1878 with a plug hat on his head. Some one snatched it off and gave it a fling skyward. Before it reached the ground every revolver on the block had a chance at it, and over fifty bullet holes were counted. Deputy United States Marshal Dave Nagle, who killed Judge Terry in defending Justice Field, is one of the same crowd which grew up along the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe. It is useless for one not bred to it to get into a controversy with such men, or even to go armed. If one of them wants to kill you, he will kill you, and an attempt to draw a weapon merely gives him an opportunity to escape justice with the plea of self-defense.

But to return to Larry Deger. The jail of Dodge City was merely a log stockade 15 feet deep, without either door or window, a dirt floor, and a trap-door in the roof. When the City Marshal made an arrest of a drunken or disorderly person he first disarmed him, then clasping him on his stomach carried him to the pen, climbed the ladder, opened the trap and dropped him in. The jail needed no guard. The inner walls offered no projection to give the inmates an opportunity to escape, even if the 15-foot fall left them with wind or spirit enough to make an attempt. The next day when court opened Deger would lower a ladder and the thoroughly-subdued prisoners would creep weakly out of the black hole and receive their sentences.

Deger was a man of very good habits and strong mind. He used to borrow books of an army officer and read them slowly through. He would devote a whole month to a single volume, but when it was read it was stored away in his retentive memory. In this way he digested Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." It impressed him greatly. He took sides for and against the various characters. Belisarius was his hero.

"Ah!" he used to say, "do you know what I would have done if I had been Belisarius? Instead of letting that white-livered Justinian exile me after all I had done for him, I would have marched my legions on the palace and chained him to the wheels of my chariot—the ingrate."

Marvellous Indian Remedies.

[From the Philadelphia News.]

The Indians who live around the little hill called the Penol, near Mexico City, can cure intermittent fevers much more easily than our physicians, and in the State of Queretaro the Indians have a remedy known only to themselves and the secret of which they most jealously guard. This cures the worst forms of blood diseases, as many foreigners there can testify. So cunning are these Indians that they employ a medicine which has the property of paralyzing temporarily the sense of taste, and thus their patient can get no clue to the nature of the herbs they are taking. Malaria yields quickly to the powerful remedies of the Indians, and these same rude practitioners will cure bad cases of typhus fever. In the treatment of the small-pox the Indians are very successful, placing their patients in dark rooms, but permitting currents of air to be continually passing over the body of the patient, while some herbal remedy is continually administered. That the Indians of the country towns and of the little hamlets up in the Sierras are healthy is plainly to be seen. They live often to an incredible age, and say themselves that the white man is a sickly fellow who has gray hair while their own is still coal black.

A Back-Number Politician.

[From the Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.]

Hon. John J. Patterson, Senator of the United States from South Carolina during the period known as the "Carpet-Baggers' Era," but now at Mifflin, Pa., passed through the city yesterday. Since his retirement from politics he has devoted himself to his law practice and railroad enterprises in the West. Mr. Patterson was a politician of no little prominence during the period of the war and immediately after in Pennsylvania, and was a factor not to be slighted in local politics throughout the Juniata Valley. He sat in the State Senate during Gov. Curtin's administration, along with Alexander K. McClure, now editor of the Philadelphia *Times*. He is eloquent, polished and a most accomplished conversationalist. He declined to talk on political questions, and sought the privacy of his state-room to evade the reporters.

He Couldn't Afford It.

[From the Boston Courier.]

Mrs. Youngwife—John, dear, I want a new dress.

Mr. Younghusband—I can't afford it at present, my dear. I've got to get a new suit for myself.

Mrs. Y.—You're a mean thing, so there! You get a new suit for yourself but none for me.

Mr. Y.—I can't afford both at once, and my business requires that I should dress well, and——

Mrs. Y.—Yes, you dress well. There's Mr. Jones our neighbor; you dress much better than he does, and he's in business, too.

Mr. Y.—Ah! my dear, but he's a rich man and can afford to go shabby.

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We want an energetic person in every office, store, factory, warehouse, railroad and workshop to explain our co-operative system of selling watches on the club plan. Any wideawake person can readily organize a watch club, at the above price and terms, among his friends, acquaintances or business associates, without interfering with his business or occupation. For compensation, details of organization, &c., call or address as below. In addition to the club method of selling our watches we are also prepared to sell on the instalment plan to reliable parties without extra charge. Inspection of our stock is solicited, or on receipt of postal card agent will call with samples.

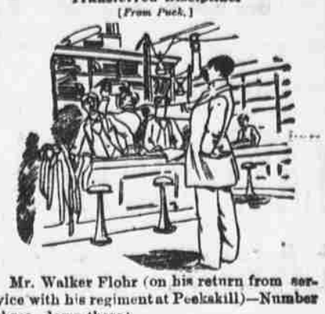
THE MUTUAL WATCH COMPANY, 186 Broadway.

TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN.

LITTLE FLASHES OF MERRIMENT GLEANED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Transferred Discipline.

[From Puck.]



Mr. Walker Flohr (on his return from service with his regiment at Peekskill)—Number three, down there!

Mr. Dollerfive—Yessir.

Mr. Walker Flohr—Police that ribbon counter!

Slightly Mixed.

[From Harper's Bazar.]

"Who was Paris?" asked the reader of an Oklahoma paper, to which reply was made that Paris was the serpent that gave Eve the apple.

Orderly Sergeant.

[From the Fliegende Blatter.]

Orderly Sergeant.—Your name?

Recruit—Beckstein.

O. S.—Your business?

R.—Co-assistant at the Gynæcological Polyclinic.

O. S.—What? Well, pass along; but if by to-morrow you can't find some business that I can pronounce I'll have you put in the lock-up.

Sui Generis.

[From Puck.]

Mrs. Land (an inveterate matchmaker)—Though my son Charles is an accomplished man of the world, Miss Cavendish, you will find him no slave to form or the dictates of fashion. He is so original, and does everything in the most independent manner—don't you think so?

Miss Cavendish—Well, I've just met him, you know, my dear Mrs. Land; but I thought so the moment we commenced to waltz.

The Judge's Trade.

[From Time.]

"Judge Lynch is not a real judge, is he?" asked Mis. Fangle.

"No," replied her husband; "he's usually in the suspender business."

The Popular Favorite.

[From the Deutsche Wespen.]

Mephisto (behind the scenes)—Ha! what do I see? Only four wreaths thrown on the stage, and I paid for five!

Probably Engaged Herself.

[From the Rochester Budget.]

Ethel (entering parlor)—Oh, Aggie, so glad to see you. (They kiss.) Why, you are engaged to be married.

Aggie—How do you know?

"I can tell by the way you kiss."

He Followed the Rule.

[From Judge.]

Friend—Do you still continue to send matter to the newspapers, Cholly?

Cholly—Yes; but it's merely for good faith, and not necessarily for publication.

What Ailed the Subject.

[From the Rochester Budget.]

Photographer—I don't see, madam, why I have such difficulty getting a good picture of your son. I've tried five times, and every negative is more indistinct and wavering than the last.

Fond Mother—Oh, I should have told you before that my son is a dreadful stutterer.

Not the Worst of Follies.

[From Munsey's Weekly.]

Parrott—Just see Babooney by the window there. He has done nothing but suck his cane for an hour.

Wiggins—Well, hasn't that kept him from talking?

A Great Success.

[From the Chicago Globe.]

Interviewer—What do you think, doctor, of the Brown-Sequard "elixir?"

Doctor—It's a great success.

Interviewer—On what do you base your conclusion?

Doctor—On practical results. I've cleared $100 some days trying to save the lives of persons who have tried it.

So Sudden.

[From the Boston Courier.]

They were climbing up the mountain side and, coming to a steep place, he deemed it proper to assist her and, turning, said:

"Please give me your hand."

"Oh!" she replied with a blush, "this is so sudden. You must ask papa."

A Weightier Question Than Art.

[From Puck.]

Mrs. Poindexter—My son am a ginnius, Mistah Brokehout. He done carved dat basket out of a watermillion, wiv jess his jack knife!

Mr. Brokehout—My stars! but dat's fine. Whud did he do wiv d'—yer—continis, Mrs. Po'ndextah?

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