COURT MARTIAL IN THE 69TH

CAPT. HORGAN BROUGHT BEFORE A TRIBUNAL BY LIEUT.-COL. DE LACY.

The Charges as they Stood on Proceeding to the Trial—Contested Points—The Origin of the Trouble as Told on the Stand.

Great interest is felt in military circles at the result of the court martial of Capt. Patrick K. Horgan of company C, Sixty-ninth Regiment, on charges preferred by Lieut.-Col. William De Lacy of the same command. Both officers served in the field during the late civil war.

The charges are drawn up with great care and exhibit a profound knowledge of military law and usage. Able military lawyers appear for both complainant and defendant, and the court is composed of officers of high rank and military ability. The charges were preferred last spring, and were returned, on the ground that it would be against the interests of the service to press them. Lieut.-Col. De Lacy, however, refused to be satisfied, and, after a bitter fight, a court of inquiry was ordered. Major Jones of the Twelfth Infantry constituted the court, and the proceedings were secret. The result was that the Lieutenant-Colonel carried his point, and a court martial was ordered.

The court meets in a curious armory, stable, and riding hall in Thirteenth street, known as the Rendezvous. The members of the court are Gen. Wm. G. Ward, commanding the First Brigade; Col. Richard Vose, Seventy-first Regiment; Lieut.-Col. C. A. Post, First Division staff; Major David B. Williamson, Third Brigade staff. Judge Advocate. When the proceedings were resumed on Saturday afternoon, the members of the court were in full uniform, except Major Williamson, and their gorgeous epaulettes, clanking spurs, rattling sabres, and stern demeanor were calculated to cause military delinquents to tremble. Lieut.-Col. De Lacy and Capt. Horgan were not in uniform. They sat on opposite sides of the room. Many witnesses and spectators were present. At the first session the court was sworn in and the charges were read by Major Williamson. As the Judge Advocate read some especially severe charge and finished a well-rounded sentence he would glance at the defendant's counsel as much as to say, "I've got you there, my boy." Capt. Hugh Coleman of the Sixty-ninth is the defendant's counsel. When the Judge Advocate read the charges he smiled derisively and toyed with his watch chain. During the reading Lieut.-Col. De Lacy looked severely at Capt. Horgan, and Capt. Horgan frowned back at Lieut.-Col. De Lacy.

There are four charges, with many specifications. Divested of technicalities, they read in substance as follows: Conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman; disrespect for his superior officer; violation of section 78, Military Code; and conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline. These are by nature such that if Capt. Horgan escaped on one charge through any technicality he might be captured and taken into camp on another. The offence alleged is that at a meeting of Company H, Sixty-ninth Regiment, held in the armory for the election of a First Lieutenant, Lieut.-Col. De Lacy, though the senior officer present, was unlawfully prevented from presiding by Capt. Horgan, his inferior officer. It is alleged that in so preventing Lieut.-Col. De Lacy from doing his duty, Capt. Horgan said: "What right have you here? This place is for enlisting and inspection. You can't preside here. I don't recognize you. I order you out of this room," or words to that effect. It is also alleged, with all the verbosity of legal phraseology, that Capt. Horgan called his superior officer a liar, and behaved toward him in a disrespectful and offensive manner.

"Clear the court," said the marshal, as Counsellor Coleman demurred to the first charge. The Court did not sustain the demurrer on the specification, but did on the charge, and it fell to the ground.

"There goes one of your charges," said Counsellor Coleman.

"Well, there's plenty more," said the Judge Advocate.

The demurrer admitted the facts, but denied the inferences. In other words, the Court virtually decided that calling a superior officer a liar when out of uniform does not constitute a military offence.

The second charge was also demurred to. There was a little difference between the Judge-Advocate and the Court. It ran thus:

"The specification only states a fact, not an offence. You can't take cognizance of the tower of England, although it's a fact. To sustain the charge, 'disrespect to his superior officer,' it must be shown that both officers were on duty. A man does not lose his rights as a citizen because he joins the National Guard," said Counsellor Coleman.

In obedience to orders, the marshal again shouted, "Clear the court."

Notwithstanding the setting serious for the complainant, and defendant's counsel and friends were jubilant. After consultation the court opened its doors, and it was announced that the demurrer to the second charge was not sustained.

"I had you there," said the Judge Advocate, triumphantly.

"As to the third charge, "violating section 78 of the Military Code," was reached, Capt. Coleman modestly intimated to the Judge Advocate that he would withdraw his demurrer. Said he: "Even should you find the prisoner guilty on this charge, you can't pronounce a sentence."

"Eh! What's that?" Col. Vose asked, straightening up in his chair.

"Why," said Counsellor Coleman, "the Legislature has not yet passed a law to enforce a sentence in this case, and you don't state facts sufficient to constitute a sentence in military law."

The members of the court looked at each other solemnly, and the spectators were evidently bowled in impressively.

"Clear the court," again cried the Marshal.

The court sustained the demurrer, and thus the third charge fell to the ground.

"There goes two of your charges gone," said Counsellor Coleman.

A demurrer was entered by Counsellor Coleman to the fourth charge, on the ground that it was identical as to specification with the second.

"Oh, no, it is not. Put in proper shape, it might be," said the Judge Advocate.

"Clear the court," said Marshal Robertson, in response to orders.

The court decided not to sustain the demurrer, as the two charges were still left on which to try the accused officer.

"You except, of course," said the Judge Advocate.

"Sure," said Counsellor Coleman.

A plea of not guilty was then entered by Capt. Horgan to the fourth charge.

"Well, now we've got through with pleading, let's proceed to try the case," said the Judge Advocate.

Lieut.-Col. William De Lacy was sworn. There was a startling fire of objections from Counsellor Coleman while he was delivering his evidence. The witness said that he attended an election ordered in Company H on June 14, on instructions of Capt. McDonald, and for the purpose of presiding. There being only four members of the company present, he adjourned the election for an hour. Then Col. Cavanagh came in and postponed the election for two weeks. On the evening of the 28th the witness returned again to preside. About a dozen members were present and he announced the election by the regimental staff officers. When the ballots were found Capt. Horgan in full uniform, behind the table. "Then," continued Lieut.-Col. De Lacy, "I stood up and said the hour had arrived to hold an election. Capt. Horgan asked: 'What right have you here?' Before I could answer he said: 'Your presence is painting.' I told him I did not think so. He said: 'I do not respect you.' I said: 'I'm make you respect me.' He replied: 'I order you out of the room.' Pretty soon Col. Cavanagh came in, and I asked him if he had not given two weeks ago: 'I did not order Capt. Horgan to preside at the election.' Col. Cavanagh said he did not say so, and turned on his heel and went out. Then Capt. Horgan said: 'I advise Mr. De Lacy and Capt. Horgan appeared to be in full uniform and no menacing gestures. Then I went away."

Counsellor Coleman began a fierce cross-examination.

"Did you not sign a petition asking to have Col. Cavanagh removed?" he asked.

"I decline to trust myself to the subject before us," said Mr. Ward.

"Let's simplify matters and not set up collateral issues. I'm going to fight this thing," said the Judge Advocate. "It will right it the quickest to prove feeling between the assistant and the colonel. Let's get at the facts, and not drag in regimental politics."

"Gentlemen," said the Judge, "Did you not say to Capt. Breslin on Nassau street, in December, 1879, that you would never let Capt. Horgan get a commission in the regiment?"

"I decline," said the Judge Advocate, sharpishly, and the objection was sustained.

Counsellor Coleman then tried to prove that Lieutenant-Col. De Lacy wanted Sergeant Kelly of the Ninth for a lieutenant. "I'll put the thing in a nutshell," said he.

"Suppose he did?" said Major Williamson. "Is anything Horgan, not De Lacy."

In another question, Lieut.-Col. De Lacy replied: "My feeling toward Capt. Horgan is not as friendly as it might be. I could not be on friendly terms with an officer who had tried to ruin me I joined the regiment."

"You he had not spoken to you since you joined the regiment? We'll look into that," said Counsellor Coleman, sarcastically. He called for a copy of the proceedings, a bit unused for their possession, and his claim was finally conceded by the Judge Advocate.

"I mean I had no friendly communication," said Lieut.-Col. De Lacy, explaining.

"Humph! Yes! Well, perhaps I say what I mean," said the counsellor.

After Lieut.-Col. De Lacy had admitted that Col. Cavanagh had said that as much trouble was being made over the election of a lieutenant as over that of a President of the United States, Counsellor Coleman stopped and said, "Well, that's all."

Then Lieut.-Col. Fiery was put on the stand. Major Jones asked if he had to be summoned, and he said he did not, as to the probable result.

THE COMMUNE OF PARIS.

Meeting of Those who Glorify an Event of Ten Years Ago.

The tenth anniversary of the revolution of the Commune in Paris, March 18, 1871, was celebrated last evening at the Germania Assembly Rooms, in the Bowery. A concert, banquet, and ball was given under the auspices of the Section Communiste Revolutionaire, Cercle Socialiste, Revolutionaire Club, and the New York and Jersey City sections of the Socialistic Labor party. The walls of the large hall were hung with the red flag, and there were red banners bearing inscriptions in white letters. Some of them were as follows:

"The spirit of the Commune expands as the axe of the executioners falls upon the necks of its martyrs." "Wealth is social in its origin and must be social in its destination." "The laws must be submitted to the people." "Our object the reorganization of society independent of priest, king, capitalist, or leader." There were, besides, on the walls, pictures of Louise Michel and Blanqui, draped in red. One end of the room was shut off for a stage with red curtains.

The attendance was very large, fully 2,000 people being present. There were nearly as many women as men, besides swarms of children of all ages. The officers wore red scarfs and red immortelles on their coat lapels, and the women wore gay with red ribbons.

At 8½ o'clock the curtain parted and disclosed a dark drapped stage. In the background were red draperies, bearing the words:

"Six semaines de tyrannie."
"Vingt siècles."

J. E. Dumont introduced the President of the meeting, V. Drury; the Vice-Presidents, E. Meyer and Justus H. Schwab, and the speaker of the evening.

Mr. Drury said that ever since the uprising of the Commune the day had been kept in every largeness as an anniversary of one of the most glorious of days. The programme of the evening, he said, bore the name of Nourrit as honorary President, who had now been in prison for thirty-two years. The many governments which had ruled France since 1848 had neglected him, and justice would never be done him until the workingmen demanded it. In 1848 Nourrit fought in men behind one of the barricades near the Pantheon. After three days of fighting the French General offered them pardon if they would surrender. All laid down their arms, except Nourrit, who had climbed on a roof, and sew his unarmed comrades shot down in the street. He escaped to another barricade, where the General came and made the same proposals. Nourrit told of the former deceit, and the General was taken prisoner. Nourrit avenged his fallen companions by shooting him dead. For this he was sentenced to prison for life.

"We demand his release and full pardon. We must petition the French Government to pension him. We must ask that they remove the ashes of that butcher Napoleon from the dome of the Hotel des Invalides and it it up as a residence for Nourrit as long as he shall live. I move that we send a copy of resolutions making these demands to all the Governments of Europe. All in favor say aye! (Chorus of ayes.) Opposed. (Silence.) Not one man opposes it!"

Dr. Drury then introduced to the meeting the Russian Ambassador Lobanoff for the suppression of the newspaper, *Freiheit*, in London. He proposed three cheers for Earl Granville, for John Most, the editor of the paper, and for the defenders of the Commune in general. Loud cheers for the speaker were given with a will, amid cries of "Vive la Commune!"

Citizen Edmund Mégy then spoke in French. He said:

"We celebrate to-day the first decade of the Commune. On that day the Government, not being able to rely on the people, fled to Versailles, where it declared to the provinces that the Parisians wished to overthrow the republic, and under this false pretext vomited on them for two months a continual shower of lead; 45,000 men and women perished and 30,000 were imprisoned or exiled. Now they are surprised at the amnesiac Communists return with the same ideas as in 71, and they say 'We have amnestied you and you do not amnesty us.' Never! While some die of hunger and others dance there cannot be peace between us. What the Commune wished we wish to-day. It is the right to live. We never shall consent that the true beggars, those who fatten on the labor of others, shall be considered honest people, while those who support them are regarded as rogues, simply it for food for powder. The execution of the Emperor of Russia has raised the question of regicide and plebiscite. If the latter is right, the former is also right. The silly remonstrances of the ruling classes against regicide are for us a sure warrant that it is a just method, and that the principle on which it is based is the first of all principles.

"Some of our friends complain of the fate which awaits them. To my mind they are wrong. Let Rousseakoff be guillotined like Orsini, shot like Barrit, strangled like Morasse; let his head be struck off like Hoedel's, or let him be hanged like Sotevich. They died immortal, and their memories will be cherished so long as the loved liberty and hatred of oppression exist in the human heart."

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BOYCOTTING THE BREWERS.

THE BREWERS' WORKMEN EXULTING OVER THEIR NEW UNION.

More Trade Societies Enrolling Total Abstinence from Certain Breweries of Beer—What the Results of the Union May Be.

"There is no doubt about it," said the owner of a brewery yesterday; "brewers' workmen work too many hours. Twelve and fourteen hours a day in most breweries is their regular time, and when trade is rushing they very often work from 4 o'clock in the morning until 6 o'clock at night for weeks at a time. Their pay is not so bad when you consider that they are not skilled laborers. They earn from $50 to $100 a month, and the foreman average $120 a month in most breweries."

This brewer said that the present movement among the men might result in the hiring of double gangs of men, each gang to work only ten or twelve hours apiece; but that it this should be done, there might also be other changes not so favorable to the workmen. One thing already suggested is the abolition of the "stornewirth." The stornewirth is the frame set up in every brewery whereon the kegs of beer for free consumption by the workmen are put. These kegs are not stamped, as all kegs for sale must be, but are marked with a star in chalk. In all breweries at present beer is free to the workmen. Some owners of breweries allot to every man only seventeen glasses per day, but twenty glasses is the usual limit.

"Beer is so easy to get, and the custom of giving it to the men is so ancient," said one owner, "that no one has ever seriously thought of withholding it until now, but when the workmen complain of their long hours it is only fair that the public should know how lax the discipline is and how much of each working day is spent at the stornewirth. I estimate that each man spends ten or fifteen minutes over each glass of beer, and by the time he has drunk his twentieth glass three hours have been spent in drinking alone."

Another brewer said he did not believe that the stornewirth would be abolished, although it could be, and the men were actually deprived of their beer, he thought it would be a powerful persuader in behalf of the abandonment of the union. He said that one brewer had thought of paying the men eighteen dollars more a month if they would go without their beer. Another brewer once formed a resolution to pay the men fifty cents more a day and to charge them two cents a glass for the beer they drank. Neither plan was adopted, because it is so easy for brewers to get beer and next to impossible to prevent them. The brewers thought their employees would take the money and the beer as well.

In a hall at the corner of Third avenue and Fifty-fifth street yesterday afternoon about 300 brewers' workmen organized a union. Two hundred and thirty-two of them gave in their names to be enrolled as members of the Brewers' Workingmen's Union. About 191 men have become members of the union since the first of the two meetings recently held on the west side. A meeting for now organizing the union progresses in Washington Hall in 168th street, Morrisania, next Sunday afternoon, to take the brewers' workingmen living north of the Harlem River into the union. The men on the west side, on the east side, and in Morrisania will all form one union, with one executive committee. It is then proposed to hold meetings on Staten Island and in the Eastern District of Brooklyn.

The meeting yesterday was a mass meeting. George G. Block of the Tollgatelog called it together. Philip H. Schattengen, a piano maker, acted as President, and addresses were made by them and by Frederick Schill, a piano maker; Ernst Schmitt, a baker, and Charles Eberich, a furniture maker. The substance of the speeches was as follows:

The brewery owners had themselves to be responsible for the calling of a meeting to ask for the demands of the workingmen, when the Executive Committee had declared that they had no demands to make as yet; that all they proposed to do at present was to organize themselves. Then a committee of five was called in Terrace Garden, the owners having invited for conference representatives of the workingmen. This, the speakers said, was a device to nip the union movement in the bud by getting a declaration of the demands of the workingmen and partly satisfying them. The brewery workmen were warned, however, by a resolution of the Executive Committee that no member of the union should attend the meeting in Terrace Garden, either as a representative of the union or on his own account. Thus, the speakers said, the brewers had come to their meeting with drooping feathers, because they met to learn what the union wanted, and that was something the non-union workingmen who attended their meeting could not tell them.

The treasury of the union now stands at $250. It was agreed that the Executive Committee to appoint a man from each brewery, who should represent the union in the brewery and represent the brewery in the union. The Chairman called on all those who had been discharged, and who might be in need of help, to apply to the Executive Committee. Nobody applied.

A member of the Plattenskeis Union was asked how many saloon keepers had refused to take any more beer from the three Boycotted breweries, Ruppert's, Rheinfels, and the E. & M. Schaefer's. He said he could not tell that, it was very difficult to learn the exact extent of the Boycotting, since many saloon keepers would continue to keep the proscribed beer, but would sell less of it. Besides this, there was not likely to be any general report of the number of saloon keepers who had sworn off from handling beer had been discarded. Personally he knew of one such saloon. Once was that of Louis Haberstroh in East Fifty-third street, opposite Steinway's piano factory. He knew also that M. Wagner, on Seventh avenue, next to Albert Wachter's, had sworn off from the second society of Grand, and the Paperhangers' Union had resolved that its member should not drink the beer he offered. Mr. Beale, who has a large saloon in Seventh avenue, has discarded a Boycotted brand of beer.

At M. Blaier's saloon yesterday, a George Ringler sign was displayed over the bar, but he said he was not selling any of Ringler's beer. He was tapping beer obtained from a brewery in Fifty-fourth street. He said it was nonsense for the unions to regard the wishes of the saloon keepers in the matter. If he had a place on an avenue, with a general trade, it might be different.

Edward Muller sells the F. & M. Schaefer Brewing Company's beer at his saloon, 9 Frankfort street. Mr. Muller is a Democratic committeeman, a member of German printers. Although the front door of his saloon was closed yesterday, a brisk business was going on, and Mr. Muller was smiling and content.

"Yes, I keep Schaefer's beer," said he. "I am not the proper person to think that settles it. I expect but for the Socialists, for I keep good beer. My trade will not be hurt, for I keep good beer. If the beer is good, that is enough. I shall keep Schaefer's beer."

The Custom Tailors' Benevolent and Protective Union passed this resolution amid applause at a mass meeting at 205 Bowery yesterday:

Whereas, Messrs. J. Ruppert, E. & M. Schaefer and Theo. Rheinfels, brewers of Boycotted beer, have shown their sympathy with the cause of slavery in denying to their employees the rights of a free country, in spite of the fact that they owe their success to the labor of these employees; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the tailors of New York, in mass meeting assembled, under our common protest against such despotism and tyranny, do hereby resolve that we will not patronize any of the above named brewers, or any other, for extreme, base, or cowardly whatever it may.

At a meeting of the House Painters' Union, yesterday, it was resolved that the members of the union should be requested to refrain from drinking beer at any saloon which had on sale beer from the breweries of George Ringler, Jacob Ruppert, or the E. & M. Schaefer's Brewing Company, who were reported to have discharged three of their employees who had joined the Brewers' Union recently on its formation. The resolution was carried with approval.

The following named organizations have passed resolutions similar to the above: The Central Committee of the Organizers of the United States, the Lounge and Sofa Upholsterers, the Furniture Machinists, the International Socialists, the Paperhangers, and the Blacksmiths' and Wheelwrights' Union. These are in addition to the Bakers' Union, the Cigar Makers' Union, the Workingmen's Association of America, Branches Union No. 7, the Cooking Cutters' Protective Union, the United Order of Silk Weavers, the Trades Unions' Central Committee of all trades unions, the Advanced Socialistic Turnverein, Branch Rebellion, besides several foreign and shops where the employees have formed special associations.

The following resolution was adopted unanimously in the Spread the Light United Brooklyn last night:

[illegible]

A FLURRY IN A VACANT LOT.

Great Crowds Gathering to See Teeth Pulled in the Open Air.

For some time past a man who is said to have come from Paris has been attracting much attention in certain districts on the east side, by extracting teeth without pay and in the open air. He wears a crown, and dresses in long robes like a king. His carriage is drawn by four horses, and it is followed or preceded by a band of music in a large, highly ornamented band wagon. After he has drawn teeth in his carriage for a short time, one of his assistant laborers takes money from the crowd drawn together by the unusual spectacle, by selling a patent cure-all. A reporter for THE SUN recently visited one of two vacant lots which he makes the scene of his dental operations. The sky was overcast, but a large crowd of men, women, and children was awaiting the Doctor's coming.

"And what are you all waiting here for, my little man?" asked the reporter.

"For the King of the Dentists, sir," replied the particular urchin addressed. "He'll come along pretty soon. He's got a band."

It was afternoon in Norfolk street, and the street and sidewalks in front of a vacant lot were thronged by waiting hundreds. The mud in the street was trodden dry. In the vacant lot innumerable restless children hid the grass and made the air ring like a flock of blackbirds. All of that part of the east side appeared gathered together, with the children to the front. Information came easily from them.

"What does the King of the Dentists do?"

"He pulls teeth," said the little man.

"He takes 'em out for nothing as fast as you'd shell peas from a pod," said a man, in disgust at the lad's inability to get at the real point.

By this time the questioner was surrounded by a group of people, and the little parade.

"Then he's got a band, bang, bang, bang, bang, just like that," said a large-eyed girl.

"And don't they hurt?"

"Not a bit," said the girl.

"Yes, they do," said an older woman, "but they cannot stand pain in a minute. You heard them scream, and he'd say, 'What's the matter with you? Here's your teeth,' and he'd slap 'em in his hand and tell 'em to get along out of the carriage."

"Does he come in a carriage?"

"He comes in a coach," said a man. "Behind him comes a band in a splendid wagon. He has his lecture to lecture and three or four men to lend on him. He drives into the vacant lot and looks around, and if the crowd don't suit him he drives out again and takes a turn around. When the brewery workers were all the dentist stops, with the band playing behind him, and his name and 'King of the Dentists' fluttering all over the coach and the band wagon. Then he comes back and brings a crowd, with all the other dentists' customers."

"Has he got a dentist's chair?"

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"Nah!" said a bright east side boy in his early teens. "He takes 'em right up in his carriage and sets 'em on the seat and pulls their teeth out before they know what the matter is, and sometimes he gives 'em a dollar if it's a poor woman. He's got lots of money."

"How does he know which tooth to pull?"

"They put their hand on the teeth, and before they get their hand down he hands them their teeth."

"And why doesn't it hurt them when he jerks them out so quick?"

"Because," said the bright east side boy, who early showed a disposition to shoulder aside the others in the group, "he pulls them out with electricity."

"Doesn't he use any instruments?"

"Pinchers," said the boy in disdain of the questioner's simplicity; "he's got to have instruments, but the electricity is in the instruments. It don't make any difference what instrument he uses. Sometimes he pulls them out with the end of his sword."

"And sometimes he pulls 'em out with a spoon," said the large-eyed girl.

"And I've seen him pull 'em out with his whip," said another girl who braved the raw weather with bare hand and ankles.

"He's got some kind of a pinchers that he screws into the ship and the spoon," said a man authoritatively.

"No, he hasn't," "No, he hasn't," said the two girls very positively, each of the other.

"It's just a common spoon," insisted the first of them. "He puts it in their mouth and the tooth comes right out."

"Who is he?"

"He's an officer in the French army," said a man who paused in his work on a pile of bricks near the vacant lot, and who spoke in the unemotional way of a person neither elated nor disinclined to give information. "He can only be away one year; then he's got to go back to the army."

"Does he make much money?"

"No, but he's got lots of it. He's got an offer now to take all the dentists of New York if he'll leave the city."

"How do you know that that is true?"

"I don't know it but it stands to reason. I know he was offered $70,000 to quit Brooklyn."

"You mean that that is his story."

"No, I mean," said the laborer, "that it's true. I heard it of a man in Brooklyn."

"He got $40,000 for leaving New Jersey, and in Paris the dentists had to give him a fortune to get him out of the city. Don't it stand to reason. He has a vacant lot in Brooklyn, one in Rutgers street in this city, and one in Fourteenth street. He drives from one lot to another every pleasant day, and spends an hour in each. In that hour he will pull out get teeth, so they say. Don't it stand to reason that he would stay in the business? He pays $50 a month for this vacant lot."

"Why does he come to the east side?"

"Because the most of the people live over here," said the man in an explanatory way.

"There's no other part of New York where there are so many people."

It was nearly 3 o'clock, and the King of the Dentists had not come. The throng had not diminished, but the older people were of opinion that he would not come, on account of the threatening clouds.

"Does not the King of the Dentists do anything to make money here?" was asked of some men in the throng.

"Oh, yes! Bottles of medicine that cures everything. There's electricity in it. It cures consumption, cancers, and everything. He doesn't sell them himself. He wears a gold crown and long robes like a king. As soon as he pulls your teeth out he tells you to get along, and pushes you out of the carriage. I've seen him pull passengers's teeth, and he's just as rough with them as with anybody."

The King did not visit the vacant lot that afternoon.

Hair Whitened by Disappointed Love.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

A young lady whose womanly qualities had made her [illegible] from childhood, married a young man whom she had plighted her troth to in her early teens. He is a young man, as young as she is a young woman, and he is doing a business which promises a competence for them