# THE HUNGRY CALIFORNIANS

*BESIEGING THE DEPARTMENTS IN WASHINGTON.*

**A Retrospective View—Why the California Democracy was Wanted Last Fall—And Why its Leaders Are So Hungry.**

WASHINGTON, May 25.—It is commonly reported that the competing applications for office in California are giving the Administration more vexation and trouble than those from any other State. Indeed, it is a red letter day at the White House when the President is not besieged by one or more clamorous and hungry delegations from the Golden State, each bent on impeaching the loyalty to Democracy of the other fellows, and insisting that of right the patronage should be bestowed upon the immediate auditors and their friends. The quarrels and contentions of these Californians are pressed upon Executive attention at every opportunity, and with such vehemence of oratory that it is no wonder that the Presidential mind is confused, and the desire to replace the incumbent Republicans with honest Democrats is absolutely thwarted. Thus it has happened that up to the present moment but three appointments have been made for that State—one an insignificant Consulship to the Samoan Islands, another the Naval Officer of San Francisco, and the third an Assistant Attorney-General in the Interior Department.

The trouble is that California politics are strictly provincial, and not readily comprehended on this side of the continent. The broad intervening wilderness stretching from the Missouri River to the western slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains serves to separate the Golden State from her older sisters, leaving her thoroughly isolated. National politics, as understood at the East, excite no interest in that far-off region. The tariff question is considered there under protest, or not at all. Foreign affairs concern the people little beyond the Hawaiian treaty and the question of Chinese immigration. The circulating medium of the country has always been gold and silver, and the agitations of the East growing out of the use of national bank notes, greenbacks and certificates of coin deposits are scarcely heard. Instead of such matters, the public mind of the State is engrossed in the consideration of purely local and domestic questions. And these have latterly chrystallized into a great bugbear controversy of monopoly and anti-monopoly, or, more properly, corporation and anti-corporation.

There is a great deal of wealth in California, but it is almost exclusively employed in corporate enterprises. At the East you have great estates like those of the Astors, which are privately invested in lands and tenements or in individual business enterprises. In California there is nothing of this kind. Even the larger mercantile establishments are conducted by corporations, as are all the manufacturing enterprises. There is no rain only four months of the year, during which time water must be secured and stored for domestic use and irrigation during the ensuing eight months of drought. This is a costly undertaking, only feasible through corporate agencies. The lands are worked by corporations; so also are the already great and rapidly growing fruit and fish canning industries. Gas, electric lights, telegraph facilities, and railroads are, of course, as everywhere else, supplied by corporation agencies. Thus, as a matter of fact, the capital all seeks corporate investment, while labor struggles along single-handed and alone.

The last Democratic Administration before the present—that of 1874-6—appreciating that labor was placed at a disadvantage under the then existing Constitution, and that other grievances existed that could only be remedied by a complete remodelling of the Constitution, summoned a Convention to revise the organic law. The laboring element were already clamoring for reform, and this method was adopted as a means of quieting them. But immediately the agitator Denis Kearney came to the front and began organizing the restless labor element into a compact party, and thus secured for it control of the Constitutional Convention. As a consequence the new instrument, as perfected by that body, contained much that was obnoxious to capital. It contained provisions permitting of double taxation. To illustrate: Under it a man may be taxed for his money deposited in bank, while at the same time the bank is taxed for the gross amount of the deposits held by it. This and other anomolous features of the Constitution drove a great deal of capital from the State. Much of this capital sought investment in Wall street, and is still there. The Nevada Bank reduced its capital from $10,000,000 to $3,000,000. The Bank of California reduced from $5,000,000 to $3,000,000. Several banks closed their doors entirely, and a financial stringency ensued.

But the more serious feature of the new Constitution was its endeavor to provide a system of assessment and taxation of railroad property radically different from that of all other property. Thus it provides that all property other than that of railroads shall be assessed by county assessors, subject to Revision by the County Boards of Equalization, while railroad property is assessed by a State Board, with no revision. More than this, the value of all property on real estate other than that of railroads is deducted from the assessed value of the land and assessed to the mortgagees. But with railroads the companies are assessed presumably at the full valuation of their property, with no deduction for mortgages. This discrimination at once offered the railroad companies an opportunity to evade the payment of their taxes, and for three years they successfully contested the question in the courts, with a prospect of absolute immunity from all taxation. But, of course, such a policy merely aroused profound indignation against them and provoked loud threats of violence. A year ago they came forward in face of the decisions of the courts in their favor, and, acknowledging their obligation to pay taxes, tendered the full face of the three years' delinquent taxes, only stipulating that the question of penalties for non-payment, interest, and attorney fees should remain unpaid, to be determined on appeal of the cases. The Attorney-General accepted this proposition and received the money, immediately appealing the cases to the United States Supreme Court. But the State Comptroller refused to receive the money from the Attorney-General because the penalties, interests, and fees had not been collected, and notified the County Treasurers not to receive any portion of it. In consequence, the Attorney-General still holds the money collected, nearly a million of dollars, and his impeachment was vainly sought at a subsequent special session of the Legislature, because, as alleged, he had stipulated away the right of appeal. But the Supreme Court has since admitted the appeal, thus justifying the Attorney-General, though the State, through its Comptroller, still virtuously refuses to receive the money.

Immediately after the adoption of this faulty constitution the Kearney party broke up. Just at that time the Democratic party, having fallen into a minority, was seized by a set of hungry demagogues, young and inexperienced in political matters, who sought to restore to store it to power by outbidding Kearney for the votes of the laboring classes. Thus they committed the party to the most ultra hostility to corporations, and in the hurrah of the moment rode into power by an overwhelming majority. They followed the regular session of the Legislature of 1882 in which these radicals were beaten in all their efforts to adopt extreme measures, notwithstanding that the Democrats had a two-thirds majority in both Houses. This mortifying defeat, together with the result of the tax litigation above referred to, inspired the summoning of an extra session of the Legislature a year ago, expressly to legislate on railroad matters. At that session some of the most monstrous propositions ever conceived were introduced, not with the expectation of their adoption, but merely to prolong and embitter the agitation and perpetuate the leadership of the demagogues who held the party organization. For instance, one proposition asserted that the property of all corporations belonged to the people, and that whenever from any cause the corporation ceased to exist its property should revert to the people or the State. Of course, no railroad could ever be built under such a law, as it afforded no security to bondholders, and without bonds no railroad ever was built in this country. They also attempted to remove without trial the State Board of Railroad Commissioners because within a year and a half they had only reduced the fares on railroads an average of 30 per cent. The impeachment of the Attorney-General, as mentioned above, was also unavailingly attempted, and the session closed having accomplished absolutely nothing.

Then followed the famous Stockton Convention, summoned to select delegates to the National Convention. But the selection of delegates was found to be the least part of the work cut out for it. And in order that the Convention might be more subservient to the wishes of the leaders than the Legislature had been, care was taken that it should be carefully constituted. To this end the Chairman of the State Committee sent his mandate to such of the county committees as he could control, directing them not to call county conventions to elect delegates, but themselves to appoint delegates of the right stamp. And this mandate was done, thus packing the State Convention in the interest of the radical leaders. They were manifestly afraid to appeal to the body of the party, which under no circumstances would have countenanced the programme marked out. This packed Convention then proceeded to read out of the Democratic party the members of the Legislature who had refused to do the bidding of the leaders; the State officers who had dared to defy these leaders; the editors of newspapers who had presumed to criticise their policy, and to denounce the only Democrat upon the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States because in some of his opinions he had ventured the doctrine that corporations have some rights that the people are bound to respect. They denounced all corporations as beyond the range of legal protection. They rung the changes on the taking expression, "the people," and generally committed the party to a mass of political absurdities which no intelligent people could ever endorse. They threw overboard all the then sitting members of Congress except the Mexican Barclay Henley, and Mr. Budd, who they knew would not serve, nominating in place of the old warrior Rosecrans an upstart son of a wealthy father, Bob Hastings; and instead of Sumner or Tully, another heir to a fortune, Frank Sullivan.

Thus they went before the people last fall, making their campaign one of abuse of all Democrats who did not fully endorse their platform and policy. They not merely assumed an indifference regarding the votes of all those who differed with them, but openly proclaimed that none of those who had fallen under the ban of the Stockton Convention should be permitted to go upon the stump in the advocacy of the national Democratic ticket. All overtures for harmony, based upon the ground that the pending contest was a national one, in which local issues had no place, were scornfully rejected by the leaders. Thus, notwithstanding that the ostracised men and journals stood manfully by the ticket and advocated it continuously throughout the campaign at their own charges, the result was the obliteration of the Democratic majority of 23,000 polled two years previously, and the substitution of a Republican majority of 13,000. The two-thirds Democratic majority in the Legislature gave place to an almost equally great Republican majority, thus furnishing the opportunity for the election of Leland Stanford at the head and front of the great railroad corporation, to replace a Democrat in the United States Senate. The six Congress districts of the State were likewise revolutionized. Instead of the solid Democratic delegation of the last Congress, only one Democrat was elected, and he by a mere scratch. His majority of nearly 2,500 of two years ago was reduced to a meagre 125, and that was only secured by reason of his being supported by the Butlerites. The city of San Francisco was transferred from Democratic to Republican control, as were the majority of the counties.

This disastrous result was merely the protest of the substantial elements of the State against the insane radicalism of those who had secured control of the Democratic organization. It was, or should be, a warning for the future. It shows conclusively that, while a very large majority of the voters of the State are in sympathy with the Democratic party on general principles, they will not sustain it in a mere crusade against capital or the corporations which are so essential to the development and prosperity of the State. It is a plain indication that the Democracy cannot recover its ascendancy in the State so long as it remains under the control of these narrow-minded, intolerant, and demagogical leaders.

And now it happens that these very leaders are here, either in person or by their agents, seeking the favors of the Administration. Mr. William D. English, the Chairman of the State Committee which has wrought this mischief, wants to be made Collector of the port of San Francisco. Mr. Clarence Greathouse, the editor of the *Examiner* newspaper, the especial organ of the radicals, seeks the San Francisco Post Office. Ex-Judge W. T. Wallace, a man who has held the highest judicial honors in the State, but who consented to fill a vacancy in the Assembly at the extra session and become the bellwether of the malignants at that session, and who introduced the most of their clinching measures against the corporations, instead of the Senatorship he hoped to secure thereby, now seeks the Chinese mission. And so on through the whole list they are all candidates for positions. Their argument is that they represent the "true Democracy" of the State, and that the disasters which have befallen the party are due to the perversity of those whom they have attempted to read out of the organization.

Against the pretensions of these men the conservative Democrats—commonly known as the "Field faction"—are here protesting against the recognition of these radicals, and urging that the patronage be bestowed upon men who are recognized by the more substantial elements in the State, and who, from their longer standing in politics and greater experience, as well as the more general confidence of the people which they claim to be able to command, give greater promise of restoring the party to power and usefulness. It is between these two factions that the Administration is called upon to choose. It is by the representatives of both of them that the President is under constant siege, and by their contradictory statements and representations that he is so much perplexed. Meanwhile the great and small offices of the State remain in the possession of the Republicans, and the dozen or fifteen foreign appointments heretofore held by Californians are being bestowed upon citizens of other States.

And now simply a brief paragraph to illustrate the consistency of these radical leaders. It is a notorious fact that, while they now denounce Judge Field and his friends as tools of the corporations, and seek public favor through their denunciation of the same corporations, they attended the Cincinnati Democratic National Convention in 1880 as Justice Field's friends, and sought to secure his nomination for the Presidency at that time. It is also a notorious fact that they went to the Democratic National Convention in 1882 to secure the nomination of Mr. George Hearst, the real proprietor of the *Examiner* newspaper, for Governor, and actually entered into negotiations with the political agents of the Central Pacific Railroad Company to secure the support of that corporation for the candidate. And it was not until the failure of those negotiations and the defeat of Mr. Hearst's ambitions that the *Examiner* blossomed out as an anti-monopoly organ, or that these men now controlling the Democratic organization discovered their strong anti-corporation principles. Thus it would not be surprising to see some similar change to present attitude of every prominent man now associated with them in invoking the support of the unintelligent masses who so recently followed Denis Kearney so faithfully in all his wild vagaries.

*THE GAMBLERS' CAT.*

**How the Book of Omens was Discounted by Two Lucky Men of Cleveland.**

CLEVELAND, May 26.—One afternoon several weeks ago Michael Finn, dealer in a faro bank owned by Robert Sidley, in St. Clair street, heard a scream in an adjoining room, occupied by a brother gambler and his wife. Finn rushed in and found a large maltese cat on the window sill, about to catch the baby's canary. He seized a broom and dealt the cat a blow that sent it sprawling on the stone flagging below, where it lay motionless.

"That cat'll never catch any more birds," said Finn triumphantly to Sidley as he walked back into the bank.

"What cat?" asked Sidley.

Michael related the incident. Sidley frowned as he said: "So you've been killing a cat. Well, now, you're a hoodoo, sure."

That evening Tim was without a situation. Gamblers having heard of his experience were bold in betting with him, for he was sure to lose. To their surprise he won with regularity. He had always clung to the superstitions of the craft, one of the strongest of which is that no man can have good luck who kills a cat. It seemed to him like flying in the face of Providence to risk his money, and it astonished him that he continued day after day to win.

There is a restaurant directly under the room occupied by Sidley's faro bank. Jim Smith, lookout in a gambling room on the opposite side of the street, was eating his lunch there, when he heard a hideous noise in one of the private dining rooms. He investigated and found a large maltese cat with several bones broken. He remarked that it was too bad to let the poor brute linger on in that way, and, taking it out doors, ended its sufferings with his clasp knife. Too late, he reflected that it was a bad sign. Going back, he found a gambler he told his employer, begging him to say nothing about the matter, and then resigned.

Last evening Smith and Finn were dining together in the restaurant under the rooms occupied by Sidley.

"I cashed in a cool century last night," said Finn, showing a large roll of bills.

"I was $75 winner on a game of poker," remarked Smith. "That makes me $500 for the week, even up. Pretty good for a hoodoo, eh?"

"Are you a hoodoo?" asked Finn eagerly. Smith nodded in the affirmative.

"So am I," said Finn. "And yet I never had such a run of luck in my life, ever since I killed that cat several weeks ago."

"Did you kill a cat?" asked Smith, excitedly. "So did I. Must be the dream and omen book is wrong; let's change it."

Each took out his well-thumbed Napoleonic dream and omen book and with a lead pencil revised the paragraph about killing a cat to read as follows:

To kill a cat is a most favorable omen.

"Meow! meow!"

"There's a cat now," said Finn.

"Why, that's the very cat I killed," declared Smith, examining two wounds on its neck.

Finn leaned eagerly forward, took a close look, and shouted: "No, it ain't! It's the one I killed. I knocked it out of a third-story window." Then he turned to the waiter and asked, "Where did you get this cat?"

"Dunno, sah. I'm a new waitah heah. It's de head cook's cat.

The cook was summoned, and said: "De poh cat crawl'd into de kitchen sev'r'l weeks back all lame n' bloody. I war goin' fer to trow it out, but de secon' cook 'mind me 'twar good sign to hab cat come to ye, an' we nussed it, an' it's 'bout's well's ever."

Finn and Smith gazed at each other in blank astonishment a moment. Then Smith said: "The book's all right; let's change it back."

While they were making the second revision Sidley, Finn's old employer, dropped in and heard the wonderful story.

"Why, Mike, you're a mascot now," said he. "I thought something must be at the bottom of your good luck. Come back and deal for me and I'll double your wages."

Finn accepted the offer.

Smith rushed over and breathlessly related the cat story to the gambler for whom he had worked as a lookout. He got his old place at advanced pay, and the bank cleared more money the first three hours after his return than it had made before in a month.

The head cook at the restaurant has a standing offer of $25 for that cat.

# DARK DAYS FOR THE SAINTS

*THE MORMON CHURCH BELIEVED TO BE FAST SPLITTING UP.*

**Many Polygamists Preferring to Yield to the Law Rather than be Fugitives Any Longer—Orthodox Leaders Furious Against the United States—An Old Offender Caught.**

SALT LAKE, Utah, May 25.—Deny it as many of the Mormons do, it is believed here that there is a growing schism in the Church. More than half of the polygamists are convinced that there is nothing to do but to live within the law, and, as many of them have been fugitives for some time, they are becoming anxious to get back here and live in peace once more. The disposition shown by Judge Zane to suspend sentence in the cases of men who promise to obey the law has been the cause of this, and it is freely predicted that many will take advantage of his clemency. Against this class is arrayed the more fanatical element of the Church, which prefers dungeons and chains to any surrender of what is deemed a God-given principle. During the past week a dozen or more notorious polygamists have returned here, but they do not show themselves publicly as yet. It is known that they came back prepared to give themselves up and ask the mercy of the Court, on condition of their good behavior in the future, but they have been labored with by the more orthodox elders unceasingly, and they may be deterred from their purpose for a while. The same rigor on the part of the authorities that has been shown during the last month will soon develop a split in the Church, or many good judges will be deceived.

For the purpose of arousing the people and making the work of the Federal officers as difficult as possible, the Church organs keep up a furious outcry against the "spies" and "dogs," who are represented as being everywhere on the lookout for suspicious circumstances. A good part of the terrorism that exists among the saints is due to these exaggerations, and doubtless many Mormons actually believe that every strange face they see belongs to some secret emissary of the Government. Doors and windows are kept barricaded, blinds drawn, and curtains down, and most of the social calling indulged in by the Mormons is done after night, and that, too, with the greatest caution. The polygamists who are here, and whose plural marriages are known, but cannot as yet be proved, have their various wives and wives' relations well in hand. The probability is that Mormon wives never fared so well as they have since their lords became afraid of them. The announcement on Saturday that another second wife had confessed in court to her marriage, resulting in the conviction of her husband, threw all of Zion into a panic, and every numerously married man immediately went the grand rounds to see if there were any symptoms of treachery in his camp. The men who are hiding here and those who have fled into other Territories would not be afraid of the court if they had not previously taken alarm at the threats of some of their wives. This is the first time in the history of the Mormon Church that a woman who has been misused, bullied, and oppressed has had a safe and sure means within easy reach of bringing the men responsible for her troubles to their knees. That they are ready to take advantage of the opportunity the large number of old men who are afraid to come home now proves. Another fact is that in almost every case where a polygamist has been convicted on the testimony of a wife, or has been forced to run away fearing the testimony of a wife, that wife has not been the first one whose feelings might be supposed to be keenest on the subject, but the second or third wives. This is thought to prove very clearly what has always been denied by the saints, that plural marriages are entered into from sordid considerations on both sides, and that the much vaunted love of which the elders in Zion speak has no existence outside of their own fevered imaginations.

Among the most obnoxious of the polygamy-inclined and law-breaking Mormons are the young men of the church. They do not make the pretence of obeying which their elders maintain, in favor of polygamy as a natural right. They are for the most part an inferior lot of youths. Born and brought up under a canting hypocrisy which they could not help but see through at a very early age, they rapidly embraced all that was evil in the doctrines taught, and paid little attention to the merely religious side of the controversy. They uphold their right to live with their wives as they please very much as a drinking man insists on having all the liquor that he craves. Polygamy is with them nothing more than legalized debauchery, and it is a question whether, if let alone, they would not in the course of a few years bring the institution into such disfavor even here that it would be abolished without further trouble. While these youths have taken great care to escape the fate that overtook young Clawson, they are particularly offensive in their speech and manners, and a good many of them have narrowly escaped arrest.

The week has been marked by the most terror this week was that of Isaac Groo, an old-timer, who is the father of the editor of the *Herald* here, the Church organ, and who has been a very prominent and persistent believer in the religion of the patriarchs from the foundation of the Church. The old man has four wives, one of whom, it is said, resides in Denver, and all in a row, some distance from the centre of the city. Three deputy marshals went out to nab him, and on calling at the house where his first wife lived he was informed by an elderly lady that she hadn't the slightest idea where he was. They then went to the second house, and as two of the officers were addressing the person who answered the bell, the door opened a young girl running from the house first visited. The officers once gave pursuit, and on overtaking her at the fourth house he found the old man there. The girl had intended to give him warning. Groo went along without any disturbance, though it was clear that he was very much surprised by the visitation. Once in the Commissioner's office he expressed a desire to plead guilty, but was told to wait for the action of the Grand Jury, the witnesses all being compelled to give bonds also. The trouble with Groo is that he has too many families and they are too large. His own relatives will convict him.

At a meeting in the Tabernacle the other day, Apostle Carrington presiding in place of Apostle Cannon, who is now in the penitentiary, there was great lamentation over the latter's fate. After many very bitter harangues had been made Carrington said: "The men who throw our prophets into prison and pursue them with the terrors of the law are writing their own epitaphs and digging their own graves, into which they will speedily descend unless they repent. The time for justice to live will be damned. They will damn themselves. Those who do not obey the laws of the celestial kingdom cannot obtain glory in that kingdom, but must content themselves with a less exalted station. Our beloved brother Angus M. Cannon is incarcerated in prison in this beautiful Sabbath day, but do not follow that all men who suffer are wicked. Christ was arraigned before a Roman magistrate, and perished as one who would not obey the law. The greatest lawyers now pronounce the crucifixion of Christ a judicial murder. There is such a thing, therefore, as the law being wrong, and such a thing as falling into the people being wrong. If the powers that be desire to convince the Mormon people that they are operating in the interest of morality, let them convict the blacklegs, adulterers, and seducers who walk these streets. Our work will be accomplished, no matter how many martyrs are thrown into prison."

Informed from the Mormon settlements in Idaho, where the prosecution of polygamists has just been begun, is to the effect that the brethren and sisters are hanging together much better than they are here. This is due to the fact that they are more isolated and ignorant, and that the gentile influence is comparatively small. Fifteen or more men are under arrest for unlawful cohabitation, and five or six for resisting officers at Blackfoot. Two or three prominent polygamists have pleaded guilty and escaped punishment on promising to observe the law. The most prominent of these is Bishop George Stewart. Six or seven years ago his wife was arrested and tried for polygamy, but was acquitted because no evidence could be produced against him. His second wife was put on the stand to testify against him, but she changed her mind. Although she had a child by her side and a baby in her arms, she swore that she was not Stewart's wife, and that to the best of her knowledge he was not the father of her children; that she did not know who their father was, and that she had no acquaintance with him. When she left the witness stand Henry Peck, who is now a Bishop, greeted her with a holy kiss, laid his hands on her, and called on heaven and all the prophets to bless her for her loyalty to God's people.

The usually reserve Salt Lake *Herald* and their newspapers exhaust the language in denunciation of the deputy marshals who have made arrests. They are never referred to as officers, but as "marauders" "housebreakers," "desperadoes," "man-killers," "sneaks," "things," "spies," &c. The Bear Lake *Democrat*, a miserably printed sheet published at Paris, Idaho, predicts that war is to follow, and that the people of the United States will be scattered like chaff. It closes a long screed as follows: "That this nation should be punished for its wickedness and its iniquitous course toward the Mormons is only common justice, and that it will be punished is as certain as that there is a God in Heaven. Moreover, it is recorded in the Book of Mormon, that when any nation that inhabits this continent should become ripened in iniquity it should be destroyed. That the United States, in order to take away the liberties of a handful of their citizens, and those, too, the most virtuous and loyal, should hire an army of sneaks, spies, informers, and marshals to arraign them for trial before unjust Judges and packed juries, and finally punish them by fine and imprisonment for no crime, unless it is for being immeasurably superior in point of honesty and morals to their accusers, is almost past belief. But the saints can afford to be patient and wait, for the Lord will fight their battles. He has said 'Vengeance is mine,' and the people of the United States will yet learn that the day when the Supreme Court decided against the saints was the darkest day in their history."

*SAM JONES, THE REVIVALIST.*

**Samples from Sermons of the Georgia Preacher who is Stirring Up Nashville.**

Nashville, Tenn., for four weeks has been all stirred up by the preaching of the Georgia Evangelist, Sam Jones, who is one of the most unique preachers of these times. Before beginning his campaign in that city he paid a preliminary visit to Nashville, and his two sermons were rather disappointing, causing savage criticism and comment on the roughness of his language. Some of the clergymen openly denounced him. His friends, however, went ahead with their work, and it was decided to hold a revival. For this purpose nearly $4,000 was raised, the contributions coming principally from business men. He was engaged for twenty days, thirteen of which he has filled, holding three services a day.

From five to ten thousand have heard him at each service. Many well-known men, given up as hopeless cases, have been converted. Leading gamblers have avowed their intention of never again touching a card, and of becoming church members. Leading business men have been most earnest in aiding his work. Committees have waited on him and urged his acceptance of checks of $500 and $1,000, all of which he refused, saying that the good he does is all the pay he wants. One Zebulon convert has tendered him a lot, and the money is ready for building him a house if he will consent to remain there.

Mr. Jones was born in the town of Cartersville, Ga., in the year 1849. His grandfather was a Methodist preacher, as were also several of his uncles, prominent among them being Col. Robert B. Jones, who, after valiant services as a soldier, entered the ministry, and is now a member of the North Georgia Conference.

Samuel received a good academic education, and besides was a studious reader. Early in life he displayed a preference for the legal profession, which he adopted, and in the courts of his native county practised some three years, and was looked upon as a very successful and rising member of the bar. During his early life, and while practising in the courts, his life was far from exemplary, and he was addicted to several bad traits. The death of his father in 1870 awakened within him a sense of his religious duties, and afterwards, under the ministration of Gen. Clement A. Evans, the renowned Georgia preacher, who was at that time conducting a protracted meeting near the Jones homestead, the wicked young man was converted, and joined the church.

His first evangelistic work, outside of his native State, was in Texas in 1881, and the scene of his labor was the State of Alabama. He then at different periods visited the States of Florida, Mississippi, Kentucky, Texas, Tennessee, South Carolina, and New York. In the city of Brooklyn, in January of the present year, he held a four weeks' meeting in Talmadge's church. The Doctor has frequently since attached it was his most successful revival in his church, and the immediate result was 138 accessions to his own membership, besides a large number added to other congregations.

This preacher's style when preaching to the sinners of Tennessee is particularly rugged and forcible. He appears to have the courage of his convictions. He is not afraid to attack vice in high places. He speaks of a man who believes he is divinely commissioned to war against sin wherever found. Wealth, power, influence, reputation, and the customs of society have no terrors for him. He denounces the most popular institutions of the land if he believes those institutions are at war with Christianity. He makes the actions of a man that are not in accord with his idea of Christian duty. A moral man without the graces of the Christian religion is in his abuse the worst of sinners. Those he regards as stumbling blocks in the path of religion. In his sermons he declares that he was a gambler, a drunkard, and the worst of men until his conversion twelve years ago. Among the best known of his converts is Gen. William H. Jackson, proprietor of Belle Mead stock farm. Among others are Scotland, Luke Blackburn, Great Tom, and other racers.

The following sentences from his sermons, as reported in the Nashville newspapers, show what manner of preacher he is:

"Well," says a man, "I gamble, I drink, I swear, or this or the other, and I can't give it up." I tell you I have been along there and I know it, and I tell you I would rather do anything than be damned. A man said to me: "I couldn't do anything because I had such an awful temper." I said: "I had rather have a bad temper in heaven than a good one in hell." One fellow says: "I never will swear again." You black-mouthed rascal, what right had you ever to swear?

There are men in this town who have whiskey on hand now and they would give it all to get rid of it if they only knew how. I tell you I would rather empty $50,000 worth of whiskey in the Cumberland River than be hell with the barrels sitting around me.

Another fellow says: "I promised my wife to quit drinking." God bless you, you ought never to have drank at all. And you ought to have 1,000 lashes for the way you have treated your wife about it.

Another says: "I am never going to dance any more." You ought never to have begun. Nobody ever will begin unless they are light headed. That's my judgment.

There is a man who says he will give a million for no man's security that he can turn to-morrow. The best thing a man can do is to say, "Here I am, Lord; take me as I am." Some time ago I met a fellow with a white-wash brush trying to clean up a little before he goes to God. There are many men in this town who think that their neighbors do not know that they are licentious and unfaithful to their wives. Don't you fool yourself that way. Your neighbors know you. They know who pays the rent for that house where that woman is living who is dragging on the chain. They know who pays the rent. They know you pay it, and they have seen your buggy at the gate. You haven't deceived them.

Many men think the people don't know that they are gamblers, but they do. You wear fine clothes and look like a gentleman, and think people don't know what you are. But you don't find the town full of greenies, you big old fool you.

Influence! You hear men talk about influence, and you hear a man say he hasn't got any influence. Well, if he hasn't he's a dog. He's a natural monstrosity and is nearly dead. Every man has influence, and is every day of his life sowing seed that will be reaped by some kind. In this world sowing, but in that world over yonder reaping. Some of you men since last sunday have sowed seed and reaped enough to damn the world, if those seeds have sprouted and matured as they have.

Sow whiskey, reap drunkards. The promise is sound and the logic is as clear as the mind of God. Sow whiskey and reap drunkards. How many men in this city have sown the seed beyond which they can never return and will die drunkards! Your crop will be the seed for another crop. A drunken father, the saddest sight in the world! Everybody seems to be a half drunkard from the moment he is born. Your immoderate dram drinking will bring you on a crop of drunkards that will be a curse to this town by and by. Oh, father, eternal issues are in your cup. It turns up to your lips. Sow whiskey, reap drunkards! I'm not mad with men. I'm mad with whiskey, that damns everything it touches and is cursing my race. There is enough whiskey in Nashville to damn the whole country for years to come. Oh, how I do hate the grocery stores that have barrooms in the rear. These Methodist and Presbyterian groceries you go in to buy a pound of soda, and can take a drink without anybody suspecting you. I am not surprised that you have so much whiskey sold in Nashville, but I'm surprised that you haven't got ten times as many drunkards as you have. Some men are feeling all right because all their boys are girls, and are not concerned in regard to the whiskey question, but first thing you know the devil will pack off a drunken son-in-law on you. He couldn't do worse than that if he had a thousand years to work up a bad thing. The devil has played a joke on the whole concern. A drunken son-in-law! My God, I'd rather have my girls buried to-night out of my sight forever than to have them in the embraces of an inebriated, drunken son-in-law.

Progressive euchre! That's the game for the spider legs. There ain't one in this town but plays progressive euchre. He thinks it's entertaining. Your little simpleminded fool, your old mother, who works for a living, has to give you the money to pay for a share at the barber shop. One of these barbers told me the other day that he was mighty glad I got rid of the spider legs, because they might pay their debts. I couldn't describe a spider leg. He looks like he's melted and poured into his pantaloons and stretched out. There are samples of 'em every day on the street. He does think cards are splendid, and is just a sight at a german. And I'd as soon see a shaggy Scotch terrier with his arms around my neck as one of these spider legs. If I see anything in the way of delicate attentions to my daughter I'm going to exercise a certain amount of choice. If I sow cards I reap gamblers, if I sow whiskey I reap drunkards, and if I sow germans I reap spider legs.

Sow billiards, reap fools. I never knew a first-class billiard player that was worth the powder and lead it would take to blow him to perdition. I see samples of 'em every day on the street. He does think cards are splendid, and is just a sight at a german. And I'd as soon see a shaggy Scotch terrier with his arms around my neck as one of these spider legs. If I see anything in the way of delicate attentions to my daughter I'm going to exercise a certain amount of choice. If I sow cards I reap gamblers, if I sow whiskey I reap drunkards, and if I sow germans I reap spider legs.

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Now, Tennessee is a big State on fine horses. There's many a man here that's going right straight into hell on a blooded horse. I tell you, if you think, though, it's better to go that way than to walk. It's the gambling that is ruining the horse raising in this country. It's the pool selling and betting. Men don't care about raising blooded horses because they bet on them. If I did I'd hate Gen. Grant because they've been betting on when he'd die.

That arm clutch. I wish I had about five minutes on that. I won't quote that. It is not virtuous for you you see some fellow holding her arm, but I do tell you that the "spider leg" is not virtuous. He that thinketh on these things is already unclean at heart. I would look my daughter in the face six months if I saw her let some fellow clutch her by the arm and walk off in that way. The girl is always virtuous, but the boy—I wouldn't trust him as far as I could throw this tent.

*A LONGER LEAP THAN OLIUM'S.*

**Springing from a Bridge Two Hundred and Forty-five Feet High.**

*From the Bristol Times.*

A woman leaped from the Clifton Suspension Bridge yesterday, and she still lives. The occurrence took place half an hour after midday, at which time she was seen to descend from the bridge to the mud on the Clifton side of the river, which was about half tide. John W. Williams of Ashton Gate Road and George Drew, who were near, went to her aid, brought her to the bank, and took her into the refreshment room at the Avonmouth railway booking office. The woman was alive and conscious, and was able to reply to questions put to her, and stated that her name was Sarah Ann Hayden, and told where she lived. Dr. Griffiths of Gordon road, Clifton, who was passing, examined the woman and advised her immediate removal to the infirmary, whither, however, she was not immediately removed, owing, it is said, to the shameful conduct of a cabman. He, living near, was requested by Detective Robertson to take the woman to the infirmary, and he refused without assignment. Robertson, he objected, because she would make his vehicle dirty. Robertson remonstrated, and said he would put a sheet around her, which would keep the mud from the cab, and added that no doubt she was dying.

"I don't care," the cabman is reported to have said; "let her die."

Men had, therefore, to be sent to the Clifton police station to procure a stretcher, upon which she was removed to the medical institution named, but not before nearly an hour had elapsed. Reaching the infirmary, she was examined in the casualty room by the medical staff, and then transferred to one of the wards. Her condition was found to be critical, for besides receiving a shock to the system, she sustained other injuries. The probability is that she will succumb, but possibly she may recover. The height of the bridge is 245 feet at the point from which she threw herself.

# A LIVELY WESTERN TOWN.

*A NEW YORKER'S NOTES OF MEN AND THINGS IN CHICAGO.*

**How Some of the People Live—Gambling Houses and Billiard Halls—Curious Street Pavements and Springboard Sidewalks—Keen Men Shouting in the Grain Pit.**

Chicago reminds one of New York twenty, or even ten years ago. The Boss of the town is a gambler, and his name and address are conspicuously painted on the ground glass sides of a corner street lamp in one of the principal streets. The tiger is bucked in all of the accepted styles, but the bunco steerer does not hunt very industriously for victims if the observations of a visitor who stayed in a favorable hotel be of any value in determining his existence. All the young men know where the gambling houses are, and so do the police, but the raids are spasmodic. Just before one election Our Carter, as the Mayor is called, took on a virtuous streak and ordered a raid, but the gambling houses were soon in full blast again. The serious faces and nobby attire of many men who were Broadway statues a few years ago are recognized in the groups at the street corners and in front of the popular hotels. Bruisers, like those of the old-time Bowery, have their special haunts, and they are industrious in keeping themselves before the public.

The number of young men about town is striking. In the early morning three streams pour into the business section—one from the North Side, one from the South Side, and one from the West Side—each of which has its distinctive residents. The suburbs are enlarged yearly, but the majority of the men who come into town by train are middle-aged. For them the excitements of the city at night have lost their attractions. The young men support the theatres, the barrooms, and the billiard halls. Attention to the decorative arts has been paid by the proprietors of the barrooms, somewhat sensationally. Hundreds of young men congregate in the billiard halls, which in many instances are truly halls, being great in length, width, and height. In the evening all the balls are clicking, cigar smoke floats in clouds toward the ceilings, and trays of drinks pass down the aisles. Like everything else the young Chicagoan does, billiard playing is followed in earnest. Boisterous talking is an exception, each player being intent in the effort to defeat his opponent. The only outlet of excitement is at the pool tables, which are surrounded by men standing two and three deep. The players, flushed with exertion or drink, nervously await their turns. The markers are the only cool persons at the tables.

What might be called the business streets are full of bustle and bright lights at night. The out-of-town streets stretch out for miles and miles over the low, flat country. Turning into one of the main thoroughfares early in the evening, the visitor met three young men, evidently clerks with good salaries, not especially noticeable except that they had an air of contentment with themselves and the rest of the world, and the sprightly steps of men bent on relaxation. Suddenly they turned into a billiard hall half an hour afterward, he saw them playing a game at billiards. Sitting in a theatre chair later, he was disturbed, after the rising of the curtain, by their crowding along the row to their seats. On the way to the hotel after the play he met them coming out of a brilliantly lighted barroom. They preceded him along the sidewalk, and turned into the dimly lighted doorway of an office building. Wondering whether they were about to wind up with faro or roulette, he walked on and went to bed.

Initiation into the mysteries of the office building was subsequently suggested by a business acquaintance, a bachelor, young and prosperous, having gone through the routine of clerk and commercial traveller and at length arrived at the dignity of partner. Life in a boarding house had no attractions for him. He shows a refined taste in his surroundings, and is particular in satisfying his appetite. He has sufficient money to gratify his tastes, and, having no intimate friends in similar circumstances, they rented a suite of rooms in the topmost story of an office building and furnished the rooms to suit themselves. A substantial and costly bedstead occupies one room, with chairs, dressing table, and other furniture to match. The hangings and hangings are elaborate in extent and designs. The sitting room is furnished with easy chairs, padded and cushioned, a luxurious sofa, dainty tables, and a writing desk. Costly ornaments, paintings, and engravings decorate the walls, while rugs, woven and new rugs almost conceal the soft wood floor covering carpet. Soft coal burned briskly in an open fireplace one evening, shedding warmth and a subdued light upon the attractive and comfortable surroundings. Books, magazines, periodicals, and newspapers covered a large centre table. A small cabinet displayed delicate glassware. There the two gentlemen lived and enjoyed their comforts. Their meals they got in restaurants. The upper stories of many similar office buildings are divided into sleeping apartments. All