MEMPHIS APPEAL

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SATURDAY, : : : JANUARY 1, 1881

THE NEW YEAR!

Queen Elizabeth, of England, once said, "millions of money for an inch of time." If time be so valuable, the close of the old year and the commencement of the new is an appropriate occasion for contemplating its uses and abuses. It is said that no one can set and watch for a day the sands of an hour-glass, and reflect that the sands of life are running out with the same certainty, without growing nervously frantic over the certain approach of death. But without the aid of an hour-glass, the rapidity with which the years are buried in the tomb of the past should teach us how fleeting and transitory is time; that it is our capital—the golden coin with which we are making purchases for the future. It is a curious fact that we note the passage of time only by the changes that occur. If there were no changes we should not recognize such a thing as time. This is indicated to us by the seasons. There is the season when we plant our seed and that when we reap our harvest; a time when the snow falls and another when we pluck the flowers. We have the period of buoyancy and happiness, and we call that childhood; and then there is youth, a beautiful season, when the dreams are not yet realized, when life is the most joyous and evanescent and when difficulties are the most easily overcome and when all things seem possible. But by slow degrees, just as spring changes into summer, changes come over human life. The boy is not a boy always, and when the shoulders become broad enough we find that some one has put a heavy burden there. The castles in the air have grown a little dim, and by and by will vanish altogether. The man has become more manly; he is weighted with responsibilities and surrounded by a family. This is the time when blossoms change to fruit. Just as imperceptibly as summer gives way to autumn there comes a time in every man's life when he feels old age coming on; his memory is not quite as trustworthy as it was, his responsibilities weigh upon him with exceeding heaviness, and he comes to think that he must yield up all that he has done to younger arms and younger hands. There is something sad about this period of life, just as there is something sad about the autumn time. Then comes old age, and this we call the span of human existence—a span that has at one end a cradle and at the other a grave. These changes should impress us with the importance of discharging our duty, so as to be prepared for the great and final change which prolongs years into an endless eternity. The past year has been one of unusual prosperity. The skeleton in the closet has ceased for a while to rattle his bones. We enter upon the new year with bright omens. In every part of the country there are evidences of returning prosperity, promising much happiness to our people, and New Year's day is a fit and appropriate occasion for visiting old friends and making new ones. We wish the readers of the APPEAL a happy New Year, and hope they will to-day celebrate its advent by unalloyed pleasures. But we still insist that this can be done without debauching. Drinking is increasing rapidly enough without the aid of those ladies who propose to spend this day in the laudable undertaking of making men drunk. The official report of the internal revenue bureau shows the immense increase in the quantity of fermented liquors returned for taxation in this country. Thus, while it appears that in 1870 the quantity of fermented liquors returned for taxation to the commissioner of internal revenue was 6,574,000 barrels of thirty-one gallons each, there was returned during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1880, 13,347,000 barrels. Reduced to gallons, these figures show that during the last fiscal year there was manufactured and consumed in the United States nearly 414,000,000 gallons of fermented liquors. Assuming that the population is 50,000,000, this would allow a consumption of fermented domestic liquors last year equal to about eight and a quarter gallons per capita, or more than one-fourth of a barrel for every man, woman and child in the country. Or, estimating as the saloon-keepers are said to do, that each gallon of beer contains twenty-five glasses of the size sold over bars, these figures again show that about every eighteen hours every man, woman and child in the country assuages its thirst with a draught of the popular Teutonic beverage. These figures are alarming. Women are deeply interested in the temperance question, and it should be their duty to further the cause at all times and under all circumstances. Drunken husbands are not a desirable acquisition for any young women. The young lady who deliberately offers a young man on New Year's day or any other day a glass of liquor is paving the way for a life of misery either for herself or some other young lady. If the young women of the country will only view it in this light they will not turn their parlors into gin-mills. But while opposing everything that tends to connect the first day of the new year—a day for forming new resolutions to live a betterlife—into a Bacchanalian carnival, we would oppose that other extreme which regards a smile on any day as a sin, and a joyous laugh a crime. These lugubrious tombstones are always suggestive of the pall and hearse and death upon the pale horse. They never relax the rigidity of their features into a smile, preferring their favorite enjoyment. Full of megrims, they regard the chief business of life to swallow patent nostrums and to growl. They are happy at a funeral, but fuss and fret over the rejoicings on a holiday. In a word, all such people are misanthropes who try hard to make the species think as ill of them as they think ill of the species; disbelievers in goodness, doubters of the possibility of a real self-abnegation, lovers of their own ease who yet are never easy, hungerers for satisfaction who are always dissatisfied, critics who find nothing to praise and a great deal to censure, victims who fancy that all their fellow creatures are in a conspiracy against them, and that their own flesh and blood does not love them, snappers and snarlers and sneerers, gossipers without mellowness to whom a ruined reputation is drink and a peccadillo uncovered meat, for whom the sun is too bright and clouds are too dark, the flowers fragrant to excess, all nature a dowdy in her opulence of beauty. These are the fretty and fussy people who cannot understand how others can be happy on New Year's day or any other day of the year. In nearly every well regulated family one of this class seems to be the skeleton in the closet, and they come to our feasts and poison with their looks the best dishes; they pinch the children when nobody is looking; they have the bills of mortality by heart; they show an exquisite tact in saying something which gives the hearer a sudden sting; and when they retire to their closets to pray over the sins of the joyous reprobates everybody heaves a sigh of relief. And let trouble come and the sighers will expend their sympathy in groans, while those they damp become real heroes, carrying sunshine into dark places and the first to help, cheer and encourage the sufferings of others. Those chronic scolds will present themselves to day, as they do on all festival occasions, just as the skeleton was displayed at the ancient banquets to keep the revelers from becoming unduly joyous.

GOOD NEWS FROM CAPTAIN EADS.

This remarkable man seems to have been born under a lucky star. But Captain Eads has dearly paid the penalty required of eminence—the tithe demanded of success—for he has been slandered and abused because of his triumphs. He was maligned and misrepresented while constructing his jetties at New Orleans, and he is still hounded down in the face of the success of his system. When he started to Mexico two months ago to look after his Tehuantepec railway, the war was renewed, and he was again denounced as a fraud and a humbug. Three weeks ago it was announced with a great flourish of trumpets that Captain Eads was overshadowed in Mexico by DeLesseps, whose canal enterprise had eclipsed the railroad project. But it turns out that Captain Eads was greeted with a most enthusiastic reception, and the probability is that he will obtain from the Mexican government and Mexican capitalists every favor he has sought. The aid of President Diaz, says the New Orleans *Democrat*, which was generously volunteered, will doubtless be of great benefit to Captain Eads in securing the early action of the Mexican congress and the favorable consideration of his successor, General Gonzales. It is gratifying to learn also, from the positive and emphatic statement of Captain Eads to the editor of *El Noticioso*, that, in the event of his securing the concessions asked for from the Mexican government, all the capital requisite to push his great work forward to rapid completion will be forthcoming at once. The announcement made by him that he can immediately raise all necessary capital and give any desired security for the faithful performance of his work establishes beyond all question the fact that years before a canal can be dug through the isthmus at any point, ships will be conveyed over the Tehuantepec route on the railway. If this marvelous work shall prove the success its projector claims for it—a success as satisfactory as his wonderful genius constructed at the mouth of the Father of Waters, then will the name of Eads be venerated by generations yet unborn, and for all time to come will remain a glory to American enterprise. Certain it is that Captain Eads clings to his faith in the practicability of a marine railway across the isthmus with the pertinacity of a man who has the problem mathematically demonstrated, though he fully appreciates the difficulty of impressing the public with the superiority of the railroad over the canal scheme. He is steadily gaining ground, however, undismayed by all forms of opposition, and, so far as economy of construction and transportation is concerned, has already made his point very clearly. The railway is the cheaper project if it can only be successfully operated. His confidence is so supreme that he does not believe a canal will ever be dug at all, for the plain, business like reason that capitalists will not care to invest in one project for the accomplishment of certain commercial objects that can be secured so much better and at so much less cost by another. Let him once satisfy the country that this is the fact, and he has passed the Rubicon. He encountered great opposition, even in his plans for the St. Louis bridge, but triumphed at last. The obstacles that beset him on every hand when he undertook to build the South Pass jetties were infinitely greater, and, to almost any other man than himself, would have seemed insurmountable; but he did the work, and the Great Eastern may now sail through the channel that but a few years ago was the dread of navigators.

HANGED FOR MURDER.

A Quiet Execution Yesterday in the Jail Yard at Jackson, Mississippi.

Special to the Appeal.]

JACKSON, MISS., December 31.—Henry Washington, a colored man, was hanged this evening at three o'clock. His crime was murder; the victim being Mr. H. I. Hill, a worthy white citizen of Hinds county. The crime, which was committed on the ninth of last July, was of unusual brutality, and all regard the execution as just. He was sentenced at the July term of the circuit court, and the case appealed to the supreme court, which sustained the decision. The attempt to have the sentence commuted failed; also two attempts of the condemned to escape. Governor Stone satisfied himself of the justice of the decree and refused to interfere. The execution was conducted quietly inside the jail inclosure. Shortly before the time set the gates were opened and spectators admitted. On the scaffold the condemned man was perfectly calm. Rev. Dr. Tucker, who has attended him during his confinement and administered the christian rites, attended him on the scaffold. The cap was adjusted, and at 3:10 p.m. the drop was sprung. His neck was broken, and in less than two minutes he had ceased to struggle. Twenty-five minutes he was pronounced dead by Drs. Craft and Harrington, and the body cut down. He made a full confession of his guilt, acknowledged the justice of his fate, and expressed his faith in God. This is the second hanging for Jackson in two weeks. The circuit court, which meets Monday, will likely provide another.

Associated Press Dispatch.]

JACKSON, MISS., December 31.—Henry Washington, colored, was hanged here this afternoon for the murder of Mr. Hill, a worthy white citizen of Hinds county. He made a full confession of his guilt and acknowledged the justice of his fate. The execution was conducted inside the jail inclosure. The condemned man was attended on the scaffold by Rev. Dr. Tucker. The drop was sprung at 3 p.m., the neck was broken by the fall, and in less than two minutes he had ceased to struggle. The deceased had made two attempts to escape from jail.

SURPRISED IN HIS CELL.

Meeting His Wife After a Separation of Seventeen Years.

New York *Star*, Tuesday: Yesterday a woman calling herself Bridget Lammens was the bearer of a letter of introduction from Dr. Brockett, of Brooklyn, to Warden Johnson, of the Newark jail, setting forth that she believed herself to be the wife of Frank Lammens, the condemned murderer. She went to the jail and said to the warden that she had heard of the Meierhoeffer murder, and often wondered if Frank Lammens was her husband. At first she didn't think he was, because she had heard fifteen years ago that he was dead. Seventeen years ago her husband was sent to Sing Sing prison, and thence he was removed to a lunatic asylum. When she made inquiries about him, she said, the president of the prison reform association, to whom she applied, told her he had died. Three weeks ago she spoke to a friend about reading in the papers of Lammens, who was to be hung at Newark. She became restless in mind, and finally resolved to visit the jail and ascertain if he was her husband.

The deputy warden, George Johnson, took her into the jail, and she and Lammens almost instantly recognized each other as the long-separated husband and wife. The meeting was most affecting; they embraced, they kissed, they wept. Then they sat down for a chat. "Oh, Frank," she exclaimed, "why do you speak in such broken English; you used to speak so well?" The prisoner merely shrugged his shoulders.

She begged him to tell the truth as to the murder of Meierhoeffer, and he vehemently declared himself an innocent man. "Do, Frank, confess the crime if you did it, and don't die with a lie on your lips," she implored; but he said, "I am innocent." Then she scolded him for not searching for her, and told him he was a bad man to neglect her, and because of his relations with Miss Meierhoeffer. He replied that he looked for her, but failed to find her or hear any trace of her whereabouts. The parting was sad.

"Good-bye, Frank," said she, "I forgive you everything; perhaps we shall never meet again."

Tears coursed down her cheeks as she spoke the farewell words. After she left Lammens seemed much agitated, and paced up and down his narrow cell.

Mrs. "Leammens," as she styled herself, told the warden that her husband was but the wreck of his former self; he used to be stout and tall, and she was much surprised to find him short in stature.

"I do hope," she said, "that he may escape the gallows and be sent to a lunatic asylum for life."

Afterward the woman had an interview with Mr. Rose, one of the counsel for Lammens, and it was arranged that she should call to-day and see Mr. Borcherling, the senior counsel. During the trial Lammens testified that years ago he was married to Bridget Farley.

Will Claim His Seat Again.

MONTREAL, December 31.—Robillard today was re-elected for the county to the Quebec parliament. He had been unseated by the courts for undue influence of priests at the last general election.

Death of a New York Law Officer.

NEW YORK, December 31.—District-Attorney Benjamin K. Phelps died last night.

BROCKWAY'S KIT.

Inspecting the Notorious Counterfeiter's Plates, Presses and Tools now in the Secret Service Office at Washington—An Interesting Collection.

National Bank Note Plates, the Impressions from which Pass as Current as Do the Genuine—How the Printing is Done—The Machinery.

Washington *Republican*, December 27th: A visit to the Secret Service division will give an insight to the possibilities of the science of counterfeiting. The arrival here of the ingenious outfit of the recently arrested gang of counterfeiters presents a subject for the student of human nature and lover of the curious. Brockway's confession furnished the foregoing number of notes printed by him and his associates on the different banks. He has now surrendered of each kind the following: Pittsfield National bank, 148; National Revere, 78; Merchant's National, 69; Second National bank of Wilkesbarre, 38; National Exchange of Baltimore, 32. None of those counterfeited on the Pittsburg National bank of Commerce are here. They were printed on the new localized fiber paper in use by the government, and this issue passed as readily among merchants and bankers as the purest genuine. They have exhausted that entire edition, and those notes are now outstanding in the hands of innocent holders. There was an edition of one hundred more in process of preparation, but they had not yet fixed upon the name of the bank; it was, however, going to be another one in Maryland. They had remedied the defects of all previous issues as nearly as possible, and they therefore contemplated a successful haul. It would necessarily be more dangerous than the last, and would doubtless have run through several other larger editions. Before the last contemplated issue was struck off the offenders were apprehended. Ninety-two notes were seized, bearing the first carbon impression on localized fiber paper, inserting the name of the bank and its officers, the red seal and numbers and the green tinted and black border. It is said that not more than three or four counterfeits on the National Exchange bank of Baltimore were floated, not over twelve of the Second National bank of Wilkesbarre, but it is yet difficult to tell exactly the fate of each issue. A remarkable fact connected with the floating of all the foregoing counterfeits is that from their first issue to the present day the national bank redemption bureau of the treasury department has discovered but twenty-two of these counterfeits.

DESCRIPTION OF THE TOOLS.

The plates for notes are four in number. One is engraved and the other three are electrotyped by Brockway, who is a very skilled workman in that line. It is a perfect plate, except the panel which contains the State coat of arms, which is found on the right-hand back of a note of the $100 denomination. This space is always left blank by counterfeiters until they decide on what State and which bank they will issue their next lot of "queer." Hence, on the four plates alluded to, one has a separate coat of arms for each State upon which they had made an issue. The vignette entitled "Signing the Declaration of Independence," also common to all notes of this denomination, is a plate of polished steel and engraved with the most faultless precision. It is the object of admiration by all men skilled in the higher branches of that delicate handicraft. There are also three copper plates, one engraved and two electrotyped. These represent all the characters and designs on the face of the note, excepting the name and location of the bank and the signatures of its officers. These omissions, in the vernacular of the counterfeiter, are called "skeletons." The plates which supply these omissions are called "titles." Two only have been surrendered—one on steel for the Pittsburg bank and the other on copper for the bank of Wilkesbarre. The others have probably been destroyed at the moment of some scare, or immediately after use, as a means of covering up their tracks in case of discovery. The little red seal was thrown overboard by Brockway from a ferryboat while crossing East river one five or six months ago, he correctly thinking at the time that he was being followed by government detectives.

THE UNITED STATES BONDS PLATES.

This production of *fac-similes* of these highly-figured evidences of a nation's trouble and the holder's happiness is equal, if not superior, to the note. When the "shover," Doyle, was arrested in Chicago with $207,000 in his carpetbag, upon showing them to the brokers and bankers, they expressed themselves willing to buy the whole lot, and for a long time public opinion was unanimous in pronouncing the act of arrest one of mistake and a cruelty and persecution if persisted in. The difference is easily seen when the discrepancies are minutely pointed out in comparing the original and genuine, assisted by the glass. The first things that attract the eye upon investigating this whole exhibition of mechanical ingenuity and patient labor are two small engraved dies in copper. They will measure one and a quarter by three-quarter inches, and are complete figures of cycloid engraving. It is from these small dies that matrices were made by Brockway, by which he was enabled, one by one, to produce 207 faultless and perfect imitations of the border to the six per cent. bonds of 1881. This was the denomination of which Doyle had hypothecated three to secure a sum of money, and at the time of his arrest was going to take them up only to float the whole $207,000 before the interest became due. Here are the supposed genuine bonds with but one coupon left precise in everything but authority to issue. But for the arrest in one week's time that vast amount would have been placed on the Chicago and Illinois bankers generally. As it was but $3000 was lost, and that was by the Peoria bank. In like manner did Brockway take the engraved plate and electrotype—a genuine "counter," which is the circle that incloses the "100," also the "C." The bond plates are of copper, the larger one having the border of the bond and five coupons, from which four were cut off when the loan was made. There is also to be seen the remnant of five more coupons located immediately under the row joining the body of the bond. It would convey the impression that this was originally made a long time ago. There is no evidence of their ever being previously used. The other large plate contains a medallion of Secretary of the Treasurer Chase and the other designs incident to that bond. Its printed stipulations, signatures, etc., are precisely the same as the original, or as near as it is possible to make two things alike by hand. There are also two small plates for printing the coupons and two seals representing respectively the loan division and the treasury department. There are three other small plates in the lot—one of steel and two of copper. These were intended for another $1000 bond, either of the new issue or the five-twenties. The machinery consists of a rotary hand press and two first-class rulers, registered and prepared for the most minute work, such as are found only in first-class bank-note printing establishments. The officers of the law still have another duty to perform before finishing up this job. It is this: To find out where the paper came from.

NEWS OF OUR NEIGHBORS.

Dance-halls have been suppressed at Eureka Springs, Arkansas.

There are five churches in Shelbyville, Tennessee, without pastors.

Benjamin Dedrick was arrested in Dallas, Texas, Tuesday for bigamy.

The Masons of Terry, Mississippi, publicly installed officers Monday night.

Eureka Springs, Arkansas, has telegraphic communication with the outside world.

The Tennessee State Teachers' association began its session at Nashville, Tuesday.

Mr. William A. Anderson and Miss Helen Craft, of Holly Springs, were married last week.

The residence of Colonel M. Painter at Dallas, Texas, burned down Tuesday. Loss, $4700.

The little son of Mr. H. C. Collins, of Knoxville, Tennessee, badly burned Monday, died Tuesday.

Mr. Spencer F. Thomas and Miss Kate Fanning were married at Brownsville, Tennessee, Tuesday.

The Masonic lodge of Woodville, Mississippi, celebrated St. John's day last Monday by a procession and ball.

A fine residence in course of construction at Meridian, Mississippi, by Geo. W. Meyer, was burned Friday night.

Alex. Jefferson, a Louisiana negro, was killed at Beaumont, Texas, Tuesday, by a negro named Abe Dickinson.

Mr. Joseph Frank and Miss Fannie Rosenfeld were united in marriage at Murfreesboro, Tennessee, Wednesday.

Near Belleview, Texas, a few days ago, a quarrel and difficulty arose between a young man named Sessums and his tenant, named Hogg. Hogg stabbed Sessums several times, when the latter pulled a pistol and shot and killed Hogg.

W. K. Walsh, president of the first National bank, and an old and respected citizen of Jackson, Tennessee, died Wednesday.

The public installation of the officers of the Masonic lodge and chapter of Helena, Arkansas, Tuesday night, was a grand affair.

In Alabama there are 5,000,000 acres of land in cultivation, 6,000,000 acres of government land and 11,000,000 acres of timber.

Miss Bell Roddy, the young lady who was so dreadfully burned about two weeks ago near Rhea Springs, Tennessee, died Monday from exhaustion.

A negro named Jeremiah Goodall was shot and killed on the Lester farm, near Ennis, Texas, Tuesday night, by an unknown white man; cause, whisky.

Henry Parker, colored, died in Madison county, Tennessee, last week from the effects of a laceration of his arm in a gin-saw and subsequent amputation.

The store of L. E. Rhodes, on Alum Creek, eight miles from Bastrop, Texas, was totally consumed last Tuesday morning by an incendiary fire. Loss, $8000.

Captain F. R. Turley died at his home, near Shepherdstown, Mississippi, last week. He was formerly a member of the legislature from Warren county.

W. Barton Gorman, a well-known citizen of Goliad, Texas, last Tuesday shot and killed Henry Garner, who was on a spree and had been following him all day.

In Columbus, Mississippi, Tuesday, Mr. Joseph W. Baird, of Sunflower county, Mississippi, and Miss Sue M. Evans, of Columbus, were united in marriage.

William Bateman, while out hunting turkeys, near Burnett, Texas, a few days ago, was accidentally shot and killed by one of his companions, Bill Bankman.

At Tuscumbia, Alabama, is exhibited a ear of corn of average size, around which is a cluster of thirteen smaller ones, measuring in all eighteen inches in circumference.

A street-car driver in Dallas, Texas, was cut across the face with a razor by a drunken negro, Tuesday night, the wound being very dangerous and disfiguring him for life.

Mr. Miller, residing near Union City, Tennessee, was struck by the pilot of a special train and instantly killed late Monday evening. Miller leaves a wife and several children.

In a difficulty in Aberdeen, Mississippi, Tuesday evening, between Momen McKinney and Will Baker, in a saloon, McKinney was almost instantly killed and Baker dangerously wounded.

Chattanooga wishes to be again made a port of entry, as she was before the war. She would then receive the benefit of the marine hospital fund, and the government would in time erect a customhouse there.

A railroad engineer named Matt Bankston shot, probably fatally, at Houston, Texas, Tuesday, a street-car driver named Gentchen, who remonstrated with him for using insulting language to a lady in the car.

DOLLARS AND CENTS

Forgotten for a Time by the Members of the St. Louis Merchants' Exchange.

ST. LOUIS, December 31.—Business on Change was entirely suspended at noon today, and the members wound up the old year in a grand frolic of nearly two hours duration. This consisted of a parade around the hall by a company of maskers under the name of the Merchants' Merry Krewe, with a band of music escorting their queen, who was attired in a gorgeous costume; the climbing of a greased pole and chasing of a greased pig by the young members of the exchange; the explosion of torpedoes, and the antics of a monkey, winding up with a game of foot-ball. The principal and drollest feature, however, was the dragging, by order of the queen, who presided over their merry-making, from among the spectators of several prominent merchants, including Ex-Governor Stannard, D. P. Rowland, John A. Talbott, J. C. Ewald and H. W. Chandler, to the stage, where they were arrayed in the most grotesque costumes and required to occupy conspicuous places on the platform, to the infinite amusement of the crowd. The floor of the exchange and the galleries were filled with spectators, who entered most heartily into the fun, and made the hall ring with laughter and cheers.

A WESTERN DOGBERRY.

How He Arranged Everything Comfortably for a Poor Chinaman.

San Francisco *Chronicle:* "In department No. 11 of the superior court yesterday morning Foy Fat, a Chinaman, was arraigned for sentence for the crime of grand larceny, he having stolen some jewelry and diamonds from his employer, for whom he was working as a house-servant. When his case was called his attorney urged in mitigation that this was his first offense so far as known. It would be a very great hardship to send him to the State prison, where his queue would be cut off to within an inch of his scalp, for although white persons do not deem it a disgrace to have their hair shingled, the Chinese consider themselves forever ostracized by their own countrymen if they lose their queues. The attorney therefore asked the court to send the prisoner to the county jail in charge of Sheriff Desmond, who would not cut his queue off. Judge Freelon said he was aware that it was one of the regulations of the State prison to shingle the hair of prisoners on the day of their entry, but it was also a rule of that institution to allow the queue of the Chinese prisoner to grow if his department while there was satisfactory. He said he would not subject the prisoner to the disgrace of being discharged before he should have time to grow another queue, but would fix the term of sentence so that by the time he should cease to board at the expense of the State his queue might be sufficiently long to suit the most exacting Chinaman. He therefore sentenced the prisoner to seven years in the State prison."

SILENT SAMMY.

Arrest of a Horn Blower who Says he is the Real Sam Tilden.

New York *Star*, 28th: On Sunday night the neighborhood of Third avenue and Twelfth street was disturbed by a sound so awful that even the clock on the Charities building, on the next corner, seemed to stop its hands for a moment in startled terror at the din. It was nothing less than the long drawn flourish of a clarion noised fish-horn, and the heart of Policeman Kelly, who heard the unearthly sound from the vicinity of St. Mark's graveyard, quaked, and he believed Resurrection Day was at hand. But he was quickly undeceived, for mellowed by distance came on the midnight air a sound that seemed to say: "Fresh clams, Rockaway clams!" followed by the repetition of the blood-curdling music that preceded it.

The officer hurried forward toward the sound with a heart misgiving him. Grasping his club and straining his hearing, he traced the sounds to a snowbank where, buried in the white flakes, sat a figure with a horn.

"Who are you?" asked the officer.

"Samuel Tilden," was the response, accompanied by a blast of the horn.

The policeman staggered back and so did the recumbent figure.

"What, Mr. Tilden, induces you to blow a horn at this unearthly hour? Not being 'counted out? Not the 'Morey letter?'"

"No Rock-away clams."

Then Mr. Tilden relapsed into his customary silence, which newspaper interviewers have made famous. A mass of humanity and snow was half carried, half dragged to the Fifth street station.

"Mr. Tilden, sergeant!" said the officer, reverently believing his musical prisoner to be none other than the "statesman of Grammercy park."

"It can't be," returned the sergeant in astonishment, and he assisted the officer to dig his prisoner out of the snow-bank that surrounded him.

Mr. Tilden insisted that he was the only original Samuel J., but declined, for obvious reasons, to say anything more about himself. He was inaugurated into the best and newest whitewashed cell in the house and kept there until yesterday, when, at the Essex Market court, the magistrate rewarded him with ten days for disgracing the name of his famous namesake.

The Eclipse as Seen from New York.

NEW YORK, December 31.—A partial eclipse of the sun this morning was distinctly visible in this city, the eastern sky being quite free from clouds during the latter part of the obscuration. The sun rose at 7.30 with its upper left hand edge and about one-third of its face obscured by the moon. At 8 o'clock the period of the greatest obscuration occurred, and fifty minutes later the shadow disappeared.

New York Bank Statement.

NEW YORK, December 31.—Loans increase, $5,838,800; specie increase, $961,900; legal tenders decrease, $604,300; deposits increase, $5,398,700; circulation decrease, $33,200; reserve decrease, $892,125. The banks now hold $2,727,775 in excess of all legal requirements.

MALT BITTERS regulate, purify, strengthen and nourish the maternal functions.

PUT ON YOUR ROBES,

Purchase a Harp, and Then Stand By to Take Part in a General Ascension—This One-Horse Ball Certain to Collapse During the Current Year.

Mother Shipton, Piazzi Smyth, and the Rest of the Soothsayers and Astrologers Arrange a Terrible Programme in Which All the Mancies Figure.

The world to an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.
—*Mother Shipton's Prophecy.*

New York *Sun:* "It would be difficult to describe all the sinister predictions that have, as by common consent, been concentrated upon the coming year. The soothsayers, diviners, oracle-makers, astrologers and wizards seem to have combined to cast their spell upon it. Superstitious people of every sort, and some who are not willing to admit that they are superstitious, regard the year 1881 with more or less anxious expectation and dread. As the earth on New Year's day swings out into another round about the sun, it will go to meet a host of evil omens. It will go cursed by theomancy and bibliomancy. Acromancy and meteoromancy will glare at it from comets and shooting-stars. Oneiromancy will intercept its path with visions of evil, and nomancy will shake the ominous, backward-reading numerals of '1881' before it. It will be beset with scarecrow figures by arithmancy, and with menacing phrases by stichmancy. Yet there is no reason why persons of good digestion should not go to sleep on New Year's night confident that, after having encountered the average quantity of storm and sunshine, the one-horse ball that we call the world will bring them safe through the five-hundred-million-mile flight round to the starting point again. Timid persons first began to look forward with some alarm to the year that is about to open, when, several years ago, the key to the so-called prophetic symbolism of the great pyramid of Egypt was made public, backed by the name and reputation of the British astronomer Piazzi Smyth. Others, using Mr. Smyth's observations and measurements, have gone much further than he did in drawing startling inferences; but no one can read his book without perceiving how powerfully it must affect those who have the slightest leaning toward superstition or credulity. Besides, this record of explorations and experiences in the heart of Egypt's greatest marvel has all the charms and interest of Dr. Schliemann's descriptions of his discoveries in *Homer's Troy*. Such a book could not well be neglected by the world of readers; and, by the nature of the human mind, many of its readers were sure to be imbued with its ominous dogmas. So the belief, or at least the suspicion, spread that the great secret chambers of the great pyramid, under divine guidance by the most mystical character in all history, Melchisedek, king of Salem, foretell, among other things, that the christian era will end in 1881. Mother Shipton's so-called prophecy fixes upon the same date for the end of the world. The ominous jingle of her rhymes has probably done at least as much to disturb the equanimity of credulous persons as the more elaborate vaticinations of the pyramid interpreters. Moreover, Mother Shipton is presented as foretelling that in the latter days England will 'accept a Jew.' As England has, with considerable emphasis, and more than once, accepted the remarkable son of old Isaac Disraeli for her prime minister, this has been taken as a fulfillment of the prophecy. So Lord Beaconsfield's dramatic personality is made a principal figure in the murky cloud of evil prophecy that hangs over 1881."

LUCKY NUMBERS

In Yesterday's Drawing of the Commonwealth Distribution Company.

LOUISVILLE, KY., December 31.—The twenty-seventh drawing of the Commonwealth Distribution company was held to-day at Macauly's Theater, before a large audience. The following prizes were drawn: Ticket No. 43,621 drew the capital prize of $30,000; Ticket No. 35,781 drew the second prize of $10,000; and ticket No. 14,742 received the third prize of $5000. The following tickets drew $1000 each: Nos. 2839, 30,811, 16,664, 71,837, 94,320.

A Sparrow's Funeral.

New York *World*, Tuesday: "Last Sunday a gentleman who lives in Holyoke, Massachusetts, was wakened from an after-dinner nap by a loud commotion among the sparrows in the trees by his window. Fifty or more sparrows had gathered in a circle over and around the body of a dead sparrow stretched out on a board, which had apparently fallen dead or been accidentally killed. They were giving voice to their grief by cries of distress utterly unlike their usual gossipy chattering or quarreling. Finally, a large sparrow darted down from the group, picked up the dead sparrow by the neck with his bill, spread his wings and flew away over the house roofs with his burden until he disappeared from sight. The relater of this incident is a truthful person, and would have thought the story a fabrication if he had not seen the affair."

CHRONIC constipation is not cured by simply unloading the bowels. The medicine must possess tonic, alterative and corrective properties. These qualities are combined in Dr. Tutt's pills, and they will permanently cure this serious disease, and give tone to the nervous system.

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TUTT'S PILLS.
25¢.
Reader! Have you caught a cold? Are you unable to raise the phlegm? Have you an oppression on the lungs with short breath? Do you have a fit of coughing on lying down? A sharp pain now and then in the region of the heart and shoulder? A chilly sensation down the back? If so, delay is dangerous. "Slight colds," if neglected, often result in consumption, when the remedy, if applied promptly, would have averted all danger. For twenty-five cents you can get the remedy which the test of twenty years has proved to be the most valuable Lung Balsam ever discovered.
TUTT'S EXPECTORANT
Will enable you to raise the phlegm, cause pleasant sleep and you will wake in the morning, cough gone, lungs working freely, and breathing easy. It is a preventive and cure for croup and a pleasant cordial. Children love it. No family should be without it. Sold by druggists in 25c and $1 bottles. Principal office 39 Murray St., New York.
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A safe and gentle purgative, recommended for the cure of all diseases of the stomach, liver and bowels. They purify the blood, Increase the appetite, cause the body to Take on Flesh, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. As a cure for Chills and Fever, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Bilious Colic, Constipation, Rheumatism, Piles, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the Side, Back and Loins, and Female Irregularities, they are without a rival. If you do not "feel very well," a single pill at bedtime stimulates the stomach, restores the appetite, and imparts vigor to the system. Price 25c. Office, 35 Murray St., New York.
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Dyspheretic Prostration,	Palpitation of the Heart,
Epileptic Fits,	Interrupted and Feeble Action of the Heart,
Fever and Ague,	Melancholy,
Leucorrhœa,	Fears of Child-Birth,
Marasmus,	Diseases of Child-Birth,
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Diseases produced by overtaxing the mind; by grief and anxiety; by rapid growth; by child-bearing; by insufficient nourishment; by residence in hot climates or unhealthy localities; by excesses, or by any irregularities of life.
Sold by all Druggists; $1.50 per Bottle.

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In every case of Malarial Fever, and Fever and Ague, while for disorders of the stomach, torpidity of the liver, indigestion and disturbances of the animal forces, which debilitate, it has no equivalent, and can have no substitute. It should not be confounded with triturated compounds of cheap spirits and essential oils, often sold under the name of Bitters. Sold by druggists and general dealers, and at wholesale by C. P. Hunt & Co. and B. J. Semmes & Co.

KIDNEY PAD.

A DISCOVERY BY ACCIDENT,
which supplies a want men of eminent ability have devoted years of study and experiment to find, a specific for diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Urinary Organs and Nervous System, and from the time of its discovery has rapidly increased in favor, gaining the approval and confidence of medical men and those who have used it; it has become a favorite with all classes, and wherever introduced has superseded all other treatments. In short, such is its intrinsic merit and superiority, that it is now the only recognized reliable remedy.
DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS
are the most prevalent, dangerous, and fatal affections that afflict mankind, and so varied and insidious in their character, that persons often suffer for a long time before knowing what ails them. The most characteristic symptoms are a gradual wasting away of the whole body; pain in the back, side or loins; a weak, feeble, exhausted feeling; loss of appetite and flesh; a sallow complexion; painful discharge of variously colored urine; inability to retain or expel the urine; minute shreds or casts in the urine; and, when the disease is of long