MEMPHIS APPEAL

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SUNDAY, : : : MAY 21, 1882

WOMEN IN POLITICS.

The question of woman suffrage seems to have received a new impulse in all parts of the country. It will come sooner or later, and the time of its arrival depends upon the women themselves. Whenever a majority of the women demand the right to vote as a matter of self-protection, the right will be granted. Men are too gallant to thrust upon women a boon they do not want. The possibility of woman suffrage will accomplish good in one respect. It will induce women to read less about fashionable frivolities, and more about all that concerns their great material interests. Every day the women are heard to say: "I don't know anything about politics. I never read the newspaper articles or speeches in Congress about politics." The women do themselves injustice by this confession of ignorance. They are interested in politics. The clothes they wear, the food they eat, and the education of their children are all bound up in politics. Prices go up because base politicians spend and plunder so much of the public money that taxes have to be levied. Women ought to understand politics, so that she can instill honest politics into the minds of the boys at her knee. The woman who supposes that she has nothing to do with politics, and politics nothing to do with her, is very much mistaken. She is as directly interested as her husband, father or brother. The men do the voting, but women can influence these votes if they will devote as much time to politics as to fashion. Every true woman should understand politics—how a protective tariff increases the price of everything they wear, eat and drink; how monopolies oppress the labor of their hands, and how the importation of the Chinese will reduce the poor to penury and want. When the women take more interest in politics we will have better men in the Legislatures and better laws. A large majority of the women declare that they do not wish to vote themselves, or to participate in the rush and noise of mass-meetings and conventions. But by reading politics and understanding the issues involved as familiarly as they do the latest fashions, they can quietly but effectually influence the elections that concern themselves, and inaugurate purer and better politics.

THE NEW WAR ON THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM.

The free school system in the United States has reached its present popularity through great tribulation. During the age of gladiators and stage-coaches it was considered monstrous to tax the rich to educate the poor. Men still living can remember when the subject of free schools was made a leading issue in State elections. The progressive spirit of the age, the humanity of our civilization, decided, that in a country where the government rests upon the intelligence as well as the integrity of the people, that it was of the highest importance that every child should have at least the rudiments of education instilled into its mind so that it would feel an inspiration for knowledge. The friends of education argued that education was necessary for the development and perpetuation of our republican institutions, that it prevented crime, and money spent for educational purposes was money saved, and that the public school system should be favored as a measure of economy, as in the end it reduced the burdens of the taxpayers instead of increasing them. Such arguments as these gave success to the admirable school system in the United States, and we had supposed that it was so firmly ingrafted upon the institutions of the country that the day had passed for deriding the public schools. But it seems a new war has been inaugurated. Even in the enlightened city of New York, a gentleman of talent and education, who signs himself E. C. Betton, calls upon the wealth of the country to land itself by combining to defeat the end of the targetteer, who is constantly thrusting his hands into other men's pockets to educate other men's children. We give a few samples of his tirade:

> Does not every parent by virtue of assuming the relation of the parent, become morally bound by the natural law to feed and clothe and educate his children?
>
> Every child is born into the world unclothed, unfed and unlettered. If the parent, through poverty, or drunkenness, or neglect, refuse to educate, feed and clothe his children, society should do all three of these things, or the civilization of the nineteenth century would be disgraced by the appearance of naked, hungry, illiterate children. Humanity teaches that such children are not at fault, and it is the duty of society to support all such by taxation until they can properly provide for themselves. It is true the parent is "bound by the natural laws to feed, clothe and educate his children," but when he fails to do this what are you going to do about it? There are but two alternatives—either to permit the children to grow up hungry, naked and in vice and ignorance, or take care of them at the public expense. But we pass on:
>
> If a citizen is in debt, which every parent, according to his ability, owes to his children, upon what principle can the State or justice, or the right kind of a man's money with which to pay the debt of another?
>
> And pray, who is the State? It's the aggregate individual people of the State. It's the individual loss some of his individuality in voluntarily organizing the State. He is bound by his own choice, not coercively, to submit to the requirements of the State of which he is an integral part. On the same line of reasoning in the above extract, the individual has the same right to complain that the State taxes him for a road over which others alone travel. Such argument against the public schools is mere bosh. We give another extract:
>
> Has not the State the very same right to feed and clothe that it has to educate, at public expense, the children of parents who are manifestly able to discharge these obligations? And if it is just to do so, why can it be wrong for a country to find for the feeding, clothing and educating of all the children in the country, who it is not equally able to do? Upon the same principle still further by compelling all to contribute to a common fund for the general feeding and clothing everybody else's, as well as everybody's children?

It is not a question of *right* at all, but solely a question of obligation to adopt a self-protective measure, and of the most certain and effectual mode of making good citizens, reducing crime, and a saving to the taxpayer. All this silly twaddle about the State educating the children of the rich is answered by the question, who pays the bulk of the taxes—the rich or the poor? If the rich pay the taxes the benefits are exactly the reverse of what is presumed in the above extract. To show the absurdity of this argument against the free school system, we quote one more:

> Again, is it fair that the poor old man and his decrepit wife, whom God had never blessed with children, but who have to labor hard sixteen hours a day, the former with his solitary horse and cart, and the latter over her washtub, in order to keep soul and body together, should be taxed to help educate the children of the millionaire, who lives in all the splendor of a prince? In other words would it have been fair to levy upon Lazarus a poll-tax to pay for educating the children of Dives?
>
> Certainly not; but Lazarus had nothing to tax, neither has the "old woman over her washtub," or the "poor old man with his solitary horse." It would be just as reasonable in argument to say that a rich miller should not take any toll for making the poor man's flour. If the old man with his solitary horse had been given a liberal education he would have been enabled to own a farm with a dozen horses, and we guess that it was the want of an education which brought the old woman to the washtub. We feel humiliated, at this late date, at the necessity of vindicating the free school system in the United States. There may be objections to it, and it may possibly work injustice to particular denominations and individuals, but with all its imperfections, it is better than universal ignorance and that bad government which would follow the destruction of the present system of public schools, which are a blessing and a boon to the poor. As the opposers of the present system propose no substitute, but content themselves with an effort to tear down what we have, it is better to cling to the present system than to destroy it, thereby permitting the poor masses to grow up in ignorance and crime.

ANOTHER CHURCH ROW.

The various religious denominations are engaged in rows among themselves. Dr. Thomas and the Methodists have been at war for a year or more. Prof. Swing has swung from the Presbyterian Church into an independent church of his own. Here in Memphis we have the Long-Daniel imbroglio, and now there is a big fuss in the Presbyterian Assembly, which convened at Springfield, Ill., on Thursday last. An interesting question has arisen in the case of Heber Donaldson, of Oil City, Pa., who was expelled by his local church, Presbytery and synod, successively, for dancing. As Donaldson has carried up his appeal to the General Assembly, there can be no dodging of the issue. Much curiosity is felt by the Presbyterians in every part of the country as to how the assembly will decide the matter. The Quincy (Ill.) *Whig* remarks that "no doubt many Presbyterian ministers, of a liberal turn of mind, sincerely believe that if dancing is properly conducted in the home circle, it is neither contrary to the law of God or the policy of the church; but the vast majority entertain a different estimate of the amusement, which they consider detrimental to spiritual growth. Perhaps none of them, even the most liberal, would consent to offer open encouragement to dancing; while if the assembly positively upholds the Erie synod, and declares dancing an ungodly sin for which a church member may be expelled, there will be a genuine uproar among the younger Presbyterians of the city churches." This is a great moral question that ought to be finally and forever disposed of. In other days dancing was looked upon by nearly all the religious denominations as one of the blackest of sins. But it has been tolerated of late years, and now the Presbyterians are called upon to meet the issue face to face. The problem is full of complications. For the assembly to prohibit dancing will be to invite certain disobedience to its decrees, occasion many church trials and expulsions. On the other hand, to pronounce dancing, *per se*, a sinless diversion will be to open wide the door and to invite and encourage this healthful exercise. The difficulty is to know where to draw the line. As we understand the row as far as it has progressed, Mr. Donaldson sinned mildly in a parlor dance. If the assembly confirm the action of his local synod divisions will follow. If he be encouraged every Presbyterian divine would be at liberty to caper to the fiddle, provided, of course, that he cuts the pigeon-wing gracefully and in a manner of solemnity becoming a minister and not calculated to encourage licentiousness. The question is a momentous one, and if Donaldson should be expelled we presume he will set up a new school, to be called the Dancing Presbyterians.

THE PRICE OF BEEF.

Every family, and especially the boarding-houses and hotel proprietors, are complaining at the high prices of beef. The increased price of printing paper does not increase the price of subscription, and the price of board cannot be raised to correspond with the advance of provisions. This is a great hardship on hotels and boarding-houses, and they will have to increase their rates or incur great loss. All are severely feeling the increased price of beef, and the question naturally arises, what is the cause of this sudden rise and how long will it last? No doubt the exportation of cattle has had much to do with the increased price, but it is not the main cause. The past season of floods, the failure of the corn crop, and the advantages taken of these things by speculators are the main causes which have operated to bring about this change. Moreover, the cattle have been made poor by the drouth, and stock-raisers prefer to hold over their beeves instead of selling them for the market value paid for skin and bones. It is probable that the present price of beef will be maintained for some time. There seems to be much commotion among the speculators. They are buying up all the poor cattle in every part of the country. In almost every county in Arkansas the speculators are purchasing all the cattle they find for sale. They propose to herd them in the Arkansas prairies until they gain sufficient strength to travel, and then to drive them by slow degrees to Texas, where they will rapidly fatten in the fall and be shipped to market. The complaint at the price of beef is not confined to any particular section. In discussing this subject the Boston *Star* shows that there "has been a change within the past few years in the sources from which we obtain our beeves. The States east of the Mississippi which formerly raised a surplus of cattle, now raise but sufficient for their own consumption, and they have no staff for sale except a few dairy herds. Texas is the great source of supply, and the cattle from that State are driven into the Northwest, where they are fed through one winter and sent to market in the spring. The drouth last summer destroyed the corn crop in these cattle-feeding States, and the empty corn-bins tell the story of the scarcity of cattle. We cannot hope for relief until nearly the middle of July, when the grass-fed cattle begin to come in. It should not be understood that there is a scarcity of cattle in the country, but that they are not in the hands of those who intend to be leaders of the beef market. The Memphis Theater, opened Monday night last at the Park as "Chip," in *Fogg's Ferry*, and was highly praised by all the papers the next day, though the play itself is the merest trash. She will be remembered there as having played so cleverly the part of "Raymonde's" child, in *Mme. Alphonse*, at the close of the Turbish engagement some years ago. She gave evidence then of immense talent and decided promise of a brilliant future. She has a bright, mobile face, with red hair, and is said to resemble Lotta.

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NEW YORK.

The Murky, Muggy Weather—Winter Lingering Too Long in the Lap of Spring—Social Amusements.

The Theaters—Debut of Tom Davey's Daughter—Oscar Wilde and the Marquis de Leuville.

Special Correspondence of the Appeal.]

NEW YORK, May 18.—There's a rift in the clouds, and after repeated pitiful and hopeless struggles

"At last from Aries rolls the bounteous sun."

But of all the satires on the name of spring, this one of 1882 in the metropolis can carry off the palm.

Here it is past the middle of May—the month for blue skies, glorious sunshine, blooming flowers and the lark's gay song—and but for one or two bright, genial days in April, and the calendar's oracular decree, it were easy enough to imagine November here instead.

The "ethereal mildness" that Thompson wrote of is nothing but a hollow mockery, and his invocation to "Gentle Spring" only fit to parse.

March was simply detestable, with its horrid, irritating complexion-spoiling and temper-ruining—and as many men said and lots of women thought—damnable winds. April worse still, for instead of her traditional "gentle showers that make May flowers," the capricious lade proved but a delusive sycophantic echo to the most miserable old tyrant of the whole year.

How glad I was to tear off from my pretty calendar—one of Marcus Ward's, with an apt quotation for every day in the year—the last leaf of that fickle flirt of a month, and how eagerly I welcomed the one beneath!

May, the loveliest gem of all the violet-scented "glad new year," with her budding, lusty freshness; her pastorals and poems; her quaint old superstitions, and talismanic charms among leaf and flowers; her many and mysterious ways of reading the future, or, in vulgar parlance, trying one's fortune and coaxing grim fate into the good luck each human heart craves and defines for itself, whether in the form of health, wealth or love, and which after all comes or not anyhow, strive or struggle as we may.

WINTER LINGERING IN THE LAP OF SPRING.

But there are Mays and Mays, and the present one disdains any such idyllic glamour and rhapsody as the foregoing burst, preferring to be less amiable and more perverse than any one could imagine her. Nasty, beating, steady rains; gray, leaden skies, with every vestige of blue completely shut out; chill, raw atmosphere and dismal bleakness generally is the picture New Yorkers have viewed day after day for the past two weeks or more, and which could only be matched for dreariness and desolate wretchedness in some exceedingly clear pen pictures and scenes in the highlands of Scotland by Philip Gilbert Hamerton, in his very charming book, *A Painter's Camp*, which, by the way, every student of art should read and remember.

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A CHILD'S CRIME.

A Fifteen-Year-Old Girl, Assisted by Her Grown Brother, Kills Her Father to Get

Possession of His Property—A Female Jesse James—The Murder of Mrs. Atkinson and Child.

ST. LOUIS, May 20.—Andrew Wright, a colored roustabout, was stabbed this morn-on the levee by Mary Burney, colored, and mortally wounded. Cause, jealousy.

Turn the Lambs Loose.

ST. LOUIS, May 20.—A special to the *Post-Dispatch* from Kansas City says: "Lyttleton Younger, an uncle of both J. W. and Cole Younger, the two desperadoes now confined in the Minnesota penitentiary, was in the city yesterday. He has petitions from residents of Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska and Kentucky asking for their pardon, and is hopeful of the result, and says he has spent $20,000 for the purpose. He has gone to see Governor Crittenden, at Jefferson City."

A Father Murdered by His Fifteen-Year-Old Daughter.

MUSCATINE, May 20.—John McNemanen, a farmer, living twelve miles west of Muscatine, aged sixty-five years, was shot and killed by his fifteen-year-old daughter yesterday. The father and daughter were quarreling, when the girl's brother, aged twenty years, handed her a revolver, with which she shot her father through the breast. It is supposed the children decided to get possession of their father's property. Their mother is in the insane asylum.

Not So Mysterious, After All.

ST. LOUIS, May 20.—Zoa Watkins, the young lady who so mysteriously disappeared Thursday night, is now believed to have gone to Kansas City. Two girls purchased tickets for Kansas City from Claude Wilson, a ticket agent, yesterday morning. On reading an account of the girl's disappearance, Wilson informed the detectives, who showed him a photograph of the young lady, which he identified. He said her companion had a rather disreputable appearance. It is now believed the two girls went to Kansas City on last night's train.

Rather Mysterious Proceedings.

CHICAGO, May 20.—Some mysterious proceedings were had in the Federal Court to-day when James B. Doyle, the convicted counterfeiter, was brought in for sentence. It was intimated that potent influences had been exerted in his behalf, but he would not go to the penitentiary. The event justified the statement. Judge Bangs, the prisoner's counsel, said to the court that he learned, on trustworthy authority, that the Washington authorities desired the sentence to be suspended for a time, at least, and the prisoner admitted to bail. District-Attorney Leake said the attorney-general had invested himself of the shirt he had on—a soiled, grimy, black thing that looked as if it had seen long and hard service. Then they all went down to dinner. Mr. Dean was more charming than ever, and Mrs. Sherman was in ecstacies. The next day, as Mrs. Sherman was getting her husband's duds and clothes together, preparatory to packing them for the onward march, she gave a sort of wild, hunted scream.

"What is it, my dear?" called the general from the next room.

"Just come in here for a minute," replied Mrs. Sherman, with faint gasps.

The general went in. There stood Mrs. Sherman, holding in her left hand the begrimed shirt Henry Clay Dean had left. With her right hand she pointed to certain initials on the lower edge of the bosom. The initials read, "W. T. S." It was the identical shirt General Sherman had loaned Henry Clay Dean in Washington twelve months before.

London Academy.

SLEEPY HOLLOW.

WILLIAM SHARP.

In Memoriam: English Wildlife Emerson.

He sleeps here the untroubled sleep
Who could not bear the noise and moil
Of mortal life; but found life toil
A happy reticence did keep.

With Nature only open, free:
Close by these peats the magic mind
Of him who took life's threads to wind
And weave some poor soul's mystery

Of spirit-life, and make it live
A life-and wonder for all days:
No sweeter soul e'er trod earth's ways
Than he who here at last did give

His body back to earth again.
And now at length beside them lies
One grave and tender as the skies
A king of Thought, whose spotless reign

The overwhelming years that come
And drown the fresh and dream-and slime
Shall keep a record of till Time
Shall cease, and voice of man be dumb.

At last he rests, whose high, clear hope
Was wont on lofty wings to soar
The future destinies of Man—
Who saw the Race through darkness grope,

Through mists and error, till at last
The looked-for light, the longed-for age
Should dawn in Peace and Plenty, prince and sage,
And centuries of night be past.

Thy rest is won. O loyal, brave,
Wise soul, thy spirit is not dead—
Thy wing's words far and wide have fled,
Undying, they shall find no grave.

In Sleepy Hollow cemetery are the graves of Thoreau and Hawthorne, and now there has just been laid the remains of Emerson.

THE DEAD SINGER.

From Dr. Holmes's Poem in the Atlantic.

On many a saddened hearth the evening fire
Burns paler as the children's hour draws near—
That joyous hour his song made doubly dear—
And tender memories touch the faltering chor.
Hushings no more on earth; our vain desire
Aches for the voice we loved so long to hear
Its mortal frame mouldering in the grave, and clear
The sweet contralto that could never tire.
Dead! Dead! Dead! Hushed the voice that thrilled
The Mermaid's scream, the stark barbarian array;
Still for those soothing, loving notes we sigh.
Oh, for our vanished Orpheus once again!
The shadowy silence sees tears in vain
His lips are hushed; his song shall never die.

WEST POINT, MISS.

The Rifles and Their Captain—Candidates for Congress—Matrimonial Stocks.

Special Correspondence of the Appeal.]

WEST POINT, May 19.—Our town is struck. Not by lightning, not by a cyclone, not by a new railroad. First, the boys, that irrepressible element of every community, are struck with the military fever. When night's "dusky mantle sets and silent falls" upon this devoted city, now emulating her famed namesake of the Empire State; when "innocent boys are gathered in the inverted drum, a one-third larger than that used on the Jersey side and weighs 400 tons. On top of the caisson a coffer-dam in three compartments was constructed, these compartments running east and west across the caisson, and the central compartment being nine feet in width. In this are the six-locks admitting the men to the bottom of the caisson and thence to the tunnel proper. The two side compartments are filled with the material removed from the excavation, thus serving as a load for the caisson. The whole arrangement, with its load, weighs about 2500 tons. The caisson is, of course, air-tight. When the caisson was sunk to the proper level the bottom of the lower halves of the projected tunnels were bricked up inside the caisson. The work thus far was comparatively easy, but that which has followed during the past four weeks, the opening of the north tunnel, has been watched with much anxiety and interest. The method in cutting out the side of the caisson westward, and the construction of the iron bulkhead and of the tunnel walls, every step in which was tried, tested and retried, proved yielding earth and the permeating water. When the side of the caisson had been cut through the work of excavating the earth had to be carried on very slowly and carefully, for a new and unanticipated difficulty was met with. In addition to the pressure from above and from the sides, there was found to be a lateral pressure, the material from the bottom of the tunnel of twenty-eight pounds to the square inch. The water that found its way to

THE TUNNEL

from below was found to be fresh, and to come from the southeast, where seemingly there is an underground spring, whose waters make toward the river. How long this newly-discovered trouble will annoy them is purely a matter of conjecture with the engineers, but they are hopeful of having devised a plan of successfully battling with the possible leakage from above or below. Where the rough excavation at the heading is made, a circle of iron plates is placed against the soil so that they are air-tight, is constructed. This plan differs from that which Mr. Darwin had in the work of the addition of a second tunnel, and is the result of his difficulties. Use on the Jersey side of the iron shoe with fears of material danger to their growing crops. But again spring has "unbarred her gates of gold and azure to the sun," and revived the scowling spirits from their depression caused by the recent wintry winds and gloomy clouds.

E. M.

A WOMAN SOMNAMBULIST.

Falling From a Third-Story Window and Not Awaking.

Montreal Witness, 10th.

A young woman engaged as a domestic servant with a family living on St. Antoine street, near St. Martin, has been in the habit of rising from her bed at night and walking in the third story or attic, and its window is some thirty feet or more from the sidewalk. During her somnambulistic wanderings she would at times break through the double window and fall, with a crash, on the sidewalk below. This was after midnight, and a passer-by little expected to find an object of the kind lying prostrate on the sidewalk. He watched it, but could not see it at the place where it had fallen, and called distinctly. It crawled along into the middle of the sidewalk, which was in a shockingly muddy condition, and then turned along toward the city. The movement of the figure was peculiar, but he thought it looked it to be a large white dog. The figure, however, appeared to rise up and stagger onward like a drunken woman. The somnambulist then turned around and walked, and says that when she regained consciousness she was standing at the corner of Chatham street, situated in her nightgown. She rose and returned to the house, rang the bell, and waited for the appearance of her astonished mistress. The lady had just two hours before heard a noise, which for the moment she did not heed. Her bedroom is some distance away from home at the time, and the prospect of burglars was not agreeable, but she soon went to sleep again. When she was told the strange news she thought it must be her husband returning. She unlocked the door to find her servant waiting on the threshold, pale and exhausted to the last degree. The mystery seemed inexplicable, and the poor girl was put to bed again. Learning that Dr. Gardner had been sent for to attend her, our reporter called upon him to-day. He replied to a question: "Yes, I was called to see Mrs.——'s servant girl. I only saw her once; she was very much shaken, bruises, but she sustained no very serious injuries." "But how could she have fallen such a distance and escape so?" said the reporter. "It is such a charming talker," the doctor replied. "I saw the window, which is some thirty feet from the ground, and the hole in it is large enough for her body to pass through. She had no doubt at all that she fell from there to the wooden sidewalk below. She had no bones fractured, nor did she sustain any internal injuries. The difficulty was to keep her in bed at all. She wanted to go about her work the very next day. She was badly bruised, though, in different parts of her body."

Cotton Belt Bulletin.

MEMPHIS, TENN., May 19, 1882, 5 p.m.

Districts.	M'aim'm Temp.	Minim'm Temp.	Average Temp.	Rainfall.
Memphis	81	49	60	.00
Galveston	79	63	64	.04
Vicksburg	82	57	60	.00
Vicksburg	82	57	60	.01
Little Rock	79	52	61	.00
Augusta	81	50	60	.00
Montgomery	82	51	60	.00
Mobile	82	53	63	.00
Charleston	79	60	66	.00
Atlanta	80	51	60	.00
Wilmington	79	53	60	.00
Nashville	79	50	60	.00
Means	80.7	52.5	60	

Posted in Memphis at 10 a.m., May 20, 1882.

A Library Offered to Congress.

WASHINGTON, May 20.—If the joint resolution adopted by the House of Representatives Monday shall promptly pass the Senate, the library of Congress will soon receive a valuable accession of medical and scientific works as a free gift. Dr. J. M. Toner, of Washington, proposes to give his entire library, comprising more than 20,000 books and pamphlets—many of which are exceedingly rare and a few unique—to the United States. This library represents the lifetime accumulations of a lover of books, and Dr. Toner desires to place it where it will be securely preserved and be at the same time accessible to students. He imposes only a few conditions, such as that the library shall be kept separate and known as the "Toner Collection;" that he shall enjoy the privilege of making additions to the collection from time to time, and also to provide for its perpetual increase, etc. It is to be regretted that the library of Congress is now in such crowded quarters that there is absolutely no room in which properly to bestow and arrange this generous gift.

The Appeal Need Not Be Alarmed.

Corinth Sabbatler.

A terrible kick was attempted to be administered to the Memphis APPEAL last week by a Mississippi paper, because that staunch Democratic journal saw fit to compliment Mr. Maldrow a few days ago, and express the opinion that to return him would be a deserving compliment. The fly on the horn of the ox will never awaken the animal. The APPEAL need not be alarmed.

A TALE OF A SHIRT.

The Length of Time the Great Iowa Statesman Wore One.

Denver (Col.) Tribune.

Apropos of General Sherman's visit to Denver, a story is told of the general's experience with Henry Clay Dean. The two had been friends for years, and when Sherman became general and Dean happened to be in Washington, the latter, naturally enough, felt a desire to renew his old acquaintance. So he called at Sherman's house, and the general received him with open arms. They talked over old times, and nothing would do but Dean must stay to dinner. "But, General," remonstrated Mrs. Sherman in her husband's ear, "I can't have such a dirty-looking man at my table; can't you spruce him up a little?" The general said he'd fix that, and so at an opportune moment he hustled Mr. Dean upstairs, ransacked his traps, and produced a clean shirt for him to put on. Mrs. Sherman was mollified and the dinner was duly served. Although a serious wound, it is not regarded as necessarily fatal.

A Boy Bandit.

CLEVELAND, O., May 20.—Probably the youngest man of Ohio who