MEMPHIS APPEAL

SUNDAY, : : : JULY 8, 1883.

TENNESSEE RAILROAD COMMISSION.

As yet Tennessee has heard nothing of her Railroad Commissioners, except that they are industriously preparing for the performance of their duties, by ascertaining the position and right of the various roads running through the State so as to be able to act intelligently when their interference is required. This is as it should be. The office is a new one in the State, and much has to be known and settled before any important matter is taken up. In the meantime it is gratifying to know that we have such officers. However ably matters are managed, people will fail to find the doings of the railroads acceptable under all circumstances, and it will be gratifying then to have a place where complaints can be made known, and the causes of wrongs or supposed wrongs ascertained and made plain. The advantage, we believe, will be equally great for the railroads. When the commissioners have made their investigations and all becomes open and known, the people will acquit the roads when their action has been just and wise. Where real grievances exist and unjust discriminations or oppressive acts are attempted, the commissioners will ascertain the facts and justice will be done. The publicity in several ways which the Commission will secure will of itself do much to repress wrongs and to secure just and fair treatment for the people.

GAMBLING IN MEMPHIS.

Does piety make men good? Does profession protect? Does prohibition prohibit? are all questions that are meeting with attention, and now can be added: Do Tennessee gambling laws prohibit gambling? There are those who say they do not, but only prohibit the playing of certain games of chance, for which twenty other games can be substituted. It is to be hoped that this statement is incorrect, for unfortunately there are too many ways by which Memphis young men can go to the devil without that. It is humiliating to have to record that it is said there are grave business men in the city who contend that gambling hells are necessary as an inducement to people to come here and do business, as such persons like a little recreation while in town. Whoever said that was either a gambler himself or an imbecile who knew not the meaning of the words he was using. Few experienced merchants desire the association of men who frequent the gambling hell, they know that to give such men credit is to incur ultimate loss. They know, also, that such places tend to demoralize the youth of Memphis, to make them unreliable and untrustworthy. They know, also, that the gambling hell adds one more to the temptations that may beset their own sons. To excuse, or plead for, or disguise the truth about these hells is inexcusable, and a man who can be found guilty of doing so had better be avoided; intimacy with his thoughts will be evil.

SHIP ISLAND QUARANTINE.

The New Orleans *Picayune*, of Tuesday, states that the officials of the Board of Health had abandoned the quarantine station at Ship Island, having received orders from Washington to transfer all the property to the officers of the Marine Hospital Service. Dr. Go frey was appointed to assume the control of the quarantine station, and Dr. Finney, from Memphis, was to require to join him as his assistant, remaining as the resident physician of the quarantine station. The announcement by the *Times-Democrat* that the quarantine station being abandoned, two vessels performing quarantine there, the health officer having no longer authority to detain them, had sailed away with yellow flags flying, but without any actual case of sickness aboard, caused anxiety. Dr. Godfrey was much concerned at the intelligence, and telegraphed to the proper quarters to prevent improper landing of the ships. There appeared to be a disposition to impute blame to the Board of Health, but it is evident the Board could not exercise control when its authority had expired, and it was not their fault that the Marine Service was not on the spot at the time. The *Picayune* says: "Dr. Finnie is a young man, but he has had much experience in treating yellow-fever in Memphis. In addition to this he was with Dr. Murray at Brownsville, Tex., when the Marine Hospital Service took charge of and extinguished the yellow-fever epidemic there." It is gratifying that one so well acquainted with the needs of the Mississippi Valley is on duty at Ship Island.

A LOST COLONY.

There are some strange, unsolved problems in existence, and among others the disappearance of a whole colony 500 years ago the people of which have never been heard of since, or their descendants. This strange disappearance will probably have light thrown upon it by the time another summer comes round. In the year 986 Eric the Red took a colony to Greenland, then a fruitful country, which settled by a creek at Brattalild, on the eastern shore of Baffin's Bay. The colonists became Christians; the settlement was prosperous and followed by others. The country occupied being divided into two districts, which at one time contained 280 farms, three towns, a cathedral, fifteen churches and four monasteries. The first bishop was ordained in 1211, the last in 1404; in 1409 the bishop is known to have officiated at a marriage. Since then no more has been heard of the colony. Bishop, people, farms, towns and churches have been gradually but surely invaded by the slow but steadily advancing glaciers, and either destroyed or hemmed in. Capt. Grach, in 1829, made a careful investigation, but could discover no traces of the people. On the west coast are ruins, implements of wood and church bells have been found, also a large stone, dated 1315, with an inscription relating to the clearing of the ground by Bjarni Thordasson and Eindred Oddason; and an inscription upon a woman's trunk, "Niagis reseth here; God made glad her soul." What became of this industrious and well-doing people? Some have fancied they were carried off by the plague, but the evidence is against that theory. Others believed they had fallen the prey of the Norse pirates, but they were too remote and not rich enough for those men. No more Esquimaux could attempt to attack them, of course. The more probable supposition is that more desirable lands and a milder climate were discovered in the interior, and thither they removed. Then, in course of years, the ice barrier covered all the coast range, shutting the people in among their farms and towns. Are their descendants still dwelling in those regions—never penetrated for 500 years—to day? Speaking there their old Runic tongue, now dead elsewhere; wearing garments of the old fashion, and ignorant of all that research and science have discovered. The great traveler Nordenskjold, who has sailed around the pole, has gone this summer to search this mysterious land. He expects to penetrate the boundary glaciers, to get beyond those hills and precipices of ice, and to reach the green and comparatively mild interior. Will he find the descendants of Eric's colonists there, pursuing the old ways of their fathers amid their fields and their herds? When Nordenskjold emerges from the ice, and tidings of him reach Europe, how we shall long to know whether he has indeed found the descendants of the tenth century colony of Eric the Red.

THE BARBARITY OF HANGING.

We do not propose to discuss here capital punishment. The opposition to it is rapidly growing, and much of it is inspired by the barbarity of hanging. Indeed, every humane individual is forced to confess an aversion to hanging as a means of executing criminals. It is barbarous and out of harmony with the intelligence and moral culture of the nineteenth century. Joseph Brewster was hanged at El Paso, Tex., on Thursday last, and the scene was a disgrace to civilization. The victim was plied with mean whisky, and the job was so bungingly executed by the hangman that Brewster was taken down and prepared for another swing. This was the refinement of torture. It may have been fun to the Albrittons of Texas, but it will shock humanity everywhere. These horrible scenes frequently occur. Not long since two culprits were executed in New York on the same gallows. When the drop fell one of the victims caught the body of his swinging companion between his knees, and thus prolonged his own life and added additional horror to the scene. If the object merely to rid society of a law-breaker, why not resort to easier modes of death? Euthanasia in hanging is more in accord with the humanizing spirit of the age. If we are still to take the life of men for crime why not take it in any one of a thousand ways more in harmony with the age in which we live? As we do not, strictly speaking, punish for offense there is nothing which requires the mode to be this or that. If hanging constitute as a mode of death is required by such a crime as murder, and because the crime is so dreadful therefore this dreadful mode of execution is resorted to, then the principle requires still further development. The crime even of murder differs in degree in different hands, and should find a corresponding difference in the mode of punishment. Such a theory is wholly false. We take life simply as a protective measure and as a preventive to others who would likewise commit crime but for the restraint of this law. We do not pretend that a man must hang, and thus die like a dog because his crime is so great that it merits only this mode of death; and there is no reason why some other mode might not be chosen. In some States this is allowed. To take a life by the use of anæsthetics would be far less objectionable and would meet all the civil and moral obligations we are under. The public preparation and the parade about the gallows are extremely demoralizing. They are a humiliation to innocent relatives and friends such as can only do an immense harm, while no possible good can come from them. Such an execution gives opportunity for the most disgusting public bravado of hardened criminals on the one hand and for equally disgusting professions of religious faith upon the other, while the Christian religion suffers in the hands of one class, and the trade of the highwayman and cut-throat takes on a kind of respectability in the display of daring and courage by the other. If we are to continue taking human life, it should be done in the most delicate and humane manner, and the ends of justice will not differ by substituting the gallows once and forever. Here in Memphis a murderer condemned to be executed in a few days considers himself a kind of hero, above ordinary criminals, and claims better fare than is given prisoners charged with minor offenses. He thinks himself a gentleman of mark, and claims that he should be feasted on that account. The effect of this cannot but impress the youthful jail-bird with the idea that, though hanging may not be a good thing in itself, there are delightful features connected with it. In the brain of the young desperado there lurks craving for notoriety, coupled with recklessness. The fear of hanging is undoubtedly present in the mind of the murderer who finds himself in the meshes of the law, but that is a matter for the future; for the present he is a man of mark, the whole city is talking about him, and the probability is that if enough fuss is made a commutation of sentence will be obtained. Meantime, his old companions in crime envy the murderer all his distinctions except the last. They still lead a miserable life dodging the police; they are cold and hungry outcasts; while their late "pal," who happened to kill a man, was the honored guest of the prison authorities. Of course the contrast has its effect, and when the murderer has paid the death penalty and a few months time has softened the asperities of the last scene, the impression remains that the law's victim was quite a distinguished character, and that he owed his notoriety and consequence to capital crime. Is it not time to call a halt? The most terrible thing about a Turkish execution is said to be that the victim "is heard of no more." The criminal disappears. The bowstring does its work and a sack sinks into the Bosphorus, and that is all; and the public do not even know the hour or place of the tragedy. If our prison doors were closed behind the condemned murderer and he were heard of no more until his friends were presented with his body, the element of glory would fade from the murderer's end.

SQUELCHED AGAIN.

Misfortunes seem to dog the heels of Mississippi's pesky little demagogue. His reboffs come in battalions. On Wednesday last the people of Jackson, Miss., sat down on Chalmers by contemptuously ignoring the farcical convention which was to make him the Mississippi Mahdi, and two days afterward he was stranded at Oxford in the United States District Court. He has been squelched at Jackson and quashed at Oxford. If Chalmers's conduct has been infamous, his failures have been equally as ignominious. Immediately after the election last fall he commenced arresting the best Mississippians, made them prisoners, to be dragged about at his pleasure, as a punishment for opposing his election to Congress. The most frivolous charges were made against gentlemen of unimpeachable integrity, and in order to give him ample opportunities for gratifying his malignity Chalmers hastened to Washington and had himself hired to prosecute his old friends. For weeks he has been preparing for trial, and chuckled with delight at the prospect of sending to the penitentiary by means of perjury and the prejudices of a Republican judge and jury, the victims he had selected. The day for trial arrived, the prisoners were ready for trial, and Judge Hill sustained the motion to quash the prosecution. Thus terminated indictments which had their origin in nothing but malignity and meanness. But Chalmers is so used to reboffs, and has become so insensible to shame since he knows his own moral obliquity, that instead of hiding his blushes he will make a feeble effort to brazen out his inglorious defeat. The prosecution by Chalmers of Watson, Strickland, Brown, Williamson and Boxley, the best men of Marshall county, good law-abiding citizens, and who have never before been charged with violating the laws of their country, was not a blunder, but a crime. For daring to exercise the elective franchise as freemen, and to oppose the aspirations of an unworthy demagogue, an effort was made to humiliate and degrade them, and for this purpose they were dragged about the country like felons. The most atrocious libels affecting their integrity in various ways heralded over the world. Instead of evading trial as the guilty always do, they promptly made their appearance before the proper tribunal and demanded a speedy trial. But as there was nothing in the charges fabricated against them, the prosecution was dismissed. So the little vulture ravening for prey and revenge is foiled in his last effort to sustain a fast sinking cause. The ignominious termination of these prosecutions is another hopeful sign of the extinction of the passions born in war. A few years since it was an easy matter to convict and hustle off to the penitentiary men charged with election frauds. There was hate and discord between the races. Anarchy instead of order prevailed. The hot lava-tides of the reconstruction era were burnt so deep into the flesh and hearts of the Southern people that they were goaded to desperation. But this sad era has passed, and Gen. Chalmers miscalculated the temper of the people and the courts of the country when he undertook to punish his enemies by the methods which he once denounced and which he is too late in embracing, as the Republicans themselves have discovered their unpopularity and have discarded them. The people have written in unmistakable letters their detestation of political prosecutions. They believe that each State is adequate to the duty of punishing all violations of the election law, and the old methods which Johnny Davenport, of New York, has so long practiced, and recently adopted by Chalmers, are now unpopular with the honest masses of both political parties. The dismissal of these prosecutions in Mississippi shows that sectional hatreds are at an end, and that the Federal courts are no longer organized to convict objectionable partisans. In the dark days of the South, when the cry was *no victis*, at the supreme moment of Southern gloom, distress and peril, when fear sealed the lips of many trusted leaders, Gen. Chalmers, with a soul unappalled, came forward and helped to arouse the people from the dangerous silenness of their despair, and filled them anew with hope and resolution, and victory for the right triumphed. In burning words he denounced the very methods to which he has now resorted. The Democrats still oppose them, and, as the Republicans have abandoned them, he will be left alone in his efforts to revive a system of prosecutions and prosecutions abhorrent to the American people. The proceedings of the Federal Court at Oxford on Friday in which these frivolous political prosecutions were dismissed are cheering and significant. They show that in spite of chronic office-seekers that the courts are no longer partisan tribunals—to be ruled by demagogues who live by perpetuating dissensions.

Two Physicians Drowned While Bathing.

READING, PA., July 7.—Drs. Aaron C. Detwiler and Washington C. Detwiler, brothers, aged thirty-six and thirty-eight years, respectively, drowned late last night in Schuylkill river. In company with two others they went bathing late last night. Aaron was seized with cramps and his brother went to his assistance, when both were drawn under the water and drowned. The brothers were prominent and wealthy physicians of this city, and both enjoyed large practices.

THE PANTS-MAKERS.

The Hardships of Their Condition and the Pressing Need for Remedial Measures.

Difficulties in the Way of Successful Organization—Why "Everything is So Cheap."

To the Editors of the Appeal:

The subject of the jeans pants-makers is one that, having once been agitated, grows in interest and importance and will continue to do so until some solution of the problem of amelioration shall be found. Hundreds of persons who have never given the jeans, nor the "pants," nor the makers a thought before, find themselves becoming sympathetically interested in the makers, and, as is generally the case with sudden-ly aroused sympathies, everyone is seriously anxious to propose remedial measures without duly considering the question of ultimate consequences. There be pessimists in this world who declare blatantly and without any modification of statement, that "sewing machines have ruined the world." Boil this reckless assertion down to its element of justice, and we can all truthfully agree with the pessimist to the extent of saying that sewing machines certainly have proved a doubtful blessing to the women of the class under discussion.

It is the pride and boast of the shoppers of to-day that "everything is so cheap." Really, "it is cheaper to buy things already made than to buy the material to make up," which is true, so true that, bearing in mind that dealers do not run their establishments *pro bono publico*, we are forced to the conclusion that the sewing is, after all, made out of somebody, and that somebody is, alas, too often the pale-faced, poverty-stricken operator who runs the sewing machine by which our cheap clothing is turned off so dexterously and so cheaply. When one is told that women are paid only $1 10, or, at the highest, only $2 a dozen for the making of garments, which probably retail at $4 a pair, and when one discovers that the woman so poorly paid can, by dint of its closest application, and by joining forces with a sister laborer, succeed in making only eight pair a day; when (as the writer has done) one penetrates into the small, stuffy rooms of these patient laborers and questions them as to their business, receiving meager answers, given in a dully patient voice, with lack-luster eyes gazing from sallow, tain cheeks; when one observes the scant creature comforts that are procurable after the most pressing wants of their sanatory have been supplied, and then turns to the contemplation of the rapidly-accumulated fortunes of the employers of these patient women, one very naturally concludes that all the Shylocks are not dead yet, but that some of them live to prove that the pound of flesh can be claimed without the primitive recourse of the knife and with it the strength and life blood of those made acquiescent by that greatest of all disciplinarians—poverty.

Recognizing the hardships of their condition, feeling that a great wrong exists somewhere, yearning with Stephen Blackpool, in like extremity, that "life all a muddle," some one has suggested organization, the formation of a society, with its ball, its place of meeting, its laws, its by-laws, its officers, its signs and countersigns, its password, its "grips," and the suggestion, we are told, has been promptly acted upon. This is essentially the day of organization. Individual action counts for little; combination is the watchword of the hour. But for all that, one feels like questioning the wisdom, or perhaps I should say the utility, of an organization like the one in question, if accepting success as the criterion of merit in this case, what are the chances of successful organization?

Women, even where better fitted by education and by friction with the world for united action than the working classes can possibly be, do not excel as organizers. There is something defective about us (by "us" I mean you and me, friend reader), when we try to exercise executive ability, that makes us, in the long run, more not to excite ridicule than to enlist that sympathy which is very much we wish to win. Many one deires to secure a real remedy for a genuine grievance.

Trades unions for men mean a great deal more than they can possibly mean for women, until that glorious millennium shall have arrived when women can "knock about loose" without infringement of dignity or disrespect. The "union" men afford each other mutual moral support that raises them from that depression that might often lead to degradation. The frequent discussions of grievances, the constant interchange of ideas on their common weal, the esprit de corps that membership arouses in them, all tend toward beneficial results, which strengthen rather than weaken the individual. Moreover, each are always willing to make greater sacrifice for their pride than women. Fancy one of those shrinking women, who having joined the union, feels compelled to live up to its regulations. Imagine her in the extremity of a strike. She cannot slam her hat on her head, stick a pipe in her mouth, stuff her idle hands in her empty pockets, and saunter down some rendezvous to "talk it over with the fellows," and in that talk take in a fresh supply of stubborn resolve to the powers that be. She must abide at home in the dull, cold home, and all the duller from the stopping of the machine that earned her inadequate wages. She must fold her empty hands upon her aching heart and wonder if justice is but a by-word and a mockery. She has ample leisure to listen to the perish-fretfulness of her half fed children, and to mend the tattered garments which she calls their clothes. She may feel forlornly spunky and defiant under these decisive conditions, and be more in the mind that she belongs to the society (with a grand name), and may consult herself with the reflection that if she does go without bread Shylock is going without jeans pants. But after all bread is so much more sustaining than spunk.

"You mean, then, that we must go on working at starvation prices not always, woman?" Indeed I do not. But sometimes the simple recourse of a clear, concise statement of a grievance brings its own remedy with it, and Shylock is as often exacting through ignorance as through barbarity.

And after all, friends, the best "grip" one can possibly secure is the grip on the consciences of an oppressor. MOTHER GOOSE.

NAKED AND INSANE.

A Horrible Novel of Misery Found in the City of Newark.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, of Newark, N. J., have unearthed a most distressing case of human depravity in one of the most populous districts of that city. Augustus Schultz, a German, with his wife and four children, lived in a little dirty house at No. 206 Pacific street. The father earns $9 a week, but he squanders it for liquor.

His wife is an imbecile and is said to have been reduced to that condition by the brutal treatment of her husband. The only clothing she has worn for several months is an old calico waist and an old canvas bag tied around her body. She wore neither hat nor shoes.

In that condition she was found by a newspaper reporter and Superintendent Vanian, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. In her arms was a babe about fifteen months old, whom she had taken about the streets with her as she scarcely a morsel of food from door to door. The child was almost a skeleton.

In the little hovel was another child, very dirty and almost naked.

The woman was examined by the district physician and sent to the Insane Asylum.

The father has been obliged to arrange for the support of his children. Should he fail to do so he will then be prosecuted.

On Cigarette Smoking.

Sir Henry Thompson writes to the London *Lancet*: "I think I might, if permitted, offer you a practical hint of some value in connection with cigarette smoking, which I think is not altogether appreciated by the author of your notes on the subject.

First, the cigarette, without a mouthpiece, is really never smoked more than half way through in the East, where cigarettes are very cheap. It is well understood there, as it is by all practical cigarette smokers, that every inhalation from a cigarette slightly deteriorates its quality from the first. A small deposit of the very offensive oil of tobacco is deposited in the finly cut leaf, which acts as a strainer, and intercepts the deposit as it passes. Very little of this arrives in the smoker's mouth if he stops when half is consumed. I have seen an any Oriental smoker, who consumes no more than a third. Turkish ladies, for example, as I have had personal opportunities of observing at Constantinople, will smoke fifty or upward in a day, but, I need scarcely say, only in the manner I have described.

Secondly, if a cigarette with a card mouthpiece is employed, the noxious matter may be intercepted by always introducing a light plug of cotton wool into the tube. If now the cigarette is nearly consumed, a considerable quantity of brown and very offensive matter will be found in the cotton wool, from the evil of which the smoker is thus preserved.

Thirdly, some years ago I designed a cigarette-holder or mouthpiece, which opened transversely in the middle, disclosing a small cavity, which is filled with cotton wool. It would surprise many people, perhaps, that the result of smoking six cigarettes only in this tube is that this plug is saturated with a brown fluid like treacle, of powerfully offensive odor, and disagreeable almost beyond belief. The wool then requires to be changed, and in this manner the evil of smoking is very greatly diminished. Several of these were constructed by a well-known tobacconist close to your office in the Strand.

Lastly, the maximum of pernicious influence which occurs through cigarette smoking, is attained by the practice of inhaling the smoke largely direct into the lungs, where it comes into immediate contact with the circulation, and the toxic effect is so strongly perceptible after three or four consecutive inhalations, and so felt by a sensitive person to the very tips of the fingers. I have no doubt that the effect would in most cases be notably recorded by the sphygmograph. Such smoking is, of course, or ought to be, exceptional. All the fragrance, with a little only of the toxic effect, is obtained by adjusting the smoke into the mouth only, still more by passing it through the passages of the pharynx and nose; but it is the pulmonary inhalation referred to often associated with cigarette smoking, and rarely with the pipe, which constitutes the chief mischief of the cigarette. I may say, in passing, that the well-known Oriental method of smoking, practiced by means of the *narghich*, in which the smoke, though drawn through water, passes invariably through the lungs, explains the powerful effects which sometimes unpleasantly surprise novices in its use.

Smoked, then, simply and with cotton wool interposed, I do not hesitate to regard the cigarette as the least potent, and therefore, the least injurious form of tobacco smoking. Without this precaution it may be made, although not necessarily, the most ready means of conveying the active principle of tobacco, by means of smoke, into the system.

INSPECTING IMMIGRANTS.

How the Search for "Assisted" Paupers is Conducted.

New York *Times*: The City of Berlin, of the Inman Line, which arrived yesterday morning from Liverpool, brought 655 steerage passengers. Emigration Commissioner Stephenson boarded the vessel at quarantine, and with the aid of his inspectors made a thorough examination of the immigrants. No paupers were found among them, and all were allowed to land. Mr. Stephenson said that he had asked the Commissioners of Emigration than those which arrived in the City of Berlin. Capt. Leitch was asked when the Berlin was at quarantine to sign an agreement with the aid of which the inspectors were landed at Castle Garden any of them should prove to be unable to take care of themselves, and likely to become a public charge, he would take back all such persons to the port from which they came. The captain refused to sign the paper, saying that when he was in port the agents of his line had entire control of his vessel, his officers, and his crew. The Commissioners of Emigration will draw up a similar form of agreement to-day, and will present it to the agents of the different lines. If they sign it, their vessels will not be detained at quarantine, while the immigrants are being inspected, as they will be if the agents refuse to sign. The inspection can be made much more easily and thoroughly at Castle Garden, and the Commissioners think such an arrangement would greatly facilitate matters for the steamship companies as well as the Castle Garden officials. It is said that the City of Rome, of the Anchor Line, which will be due here next Saturday, has on board some eighty families of assisted immigrants. A very thorough examination of the people on board this vessel will be made. The Commissioners say that the system of inspection which they have recently put in practice will be maintained in the future, and they think it will practically put an end to pauper immigration from Ireland to this country.

COVINGTON, TENN.

A Live Little Town—The Fourth of July Celebration—Personal Mention.

Occasional Correspondence of the Appeal.]

COVINGTON, July 7.—Your correspondent paid a short visit to the little town of Henning, about nine miles from here, on the Chesapeake, Ohio and Southwestern railway, this week. It is a nice looking place, having about twelve or fifteen stores, quite a number of residences, some of them being well furnished, and a population, the most of them Methodist and the other Christian. In a business way of course it is dull now, but in the fall and winter a large trade is done there. It is backed by some of the richest lands in Lauderdale, being only a mile or two from Hatchie river. The crops along the line between this place and there are looking very well, the fair weather of last week assisting the farmers little out in the grass.

Fourth of July was celebrated here by the young folks, who all went picnicking. The party was taken in charge by Sheriff Taylor, and in the morning and conducted to Hatchie river, where the day was spent in frolicking generally. After bringing them home safely, he released them upon their giving bond to appear before him next year to the same day to go through the same programme.

The colored people were also patriotic enough to go in for a big picnic near town, which they met with a success quite equal to the white folks.

The first bricks were laid in the rebuilding of the Presbyterian church this week, and the walls are now going up rapidly.

Mrs. L. J. O'Quinn, of Bertie, Tenn., who has been visiting relatives in town, returned home Tuesday.

Mr. Ed Paine left last Sunday on a visit to relatives in Jackson, Tenn.

Hon. Jesse Norment, State Senator from Hardeman county, was here this week.

Col. Humphrey R. Bate left for the Springs to-day. J. BULL.

A SUMMER IDYL.

See the frog, the slimy, green frog,
Doing away on that old rotten log;
Seriously wondering,
Sometimes sitting, sometimes standing
Of the tall that he wore when a wee pollywog.

See the boy, the freckled school-boy,
Famed for his mischief from alley,
Watching the frog
Perched on the log
With feelings akin to tumultuous joy.

See the rock, the hard flinty rock,
Which the freckled-faced boy at the frog doth
Conscious he's sinning,
Cunningly fling.
At the likely result of its terrible shock.

See the grass, the treacherous grass,
Slip from the bank and land Master Paul
Into the mud
With a dull thud
He falls, and rises a slimy mass.

Now, see the frog, the hilarious frog,
Dancing a jig on his old rotten log,
Applying his toes
To his broad, blunt nose,
As he laughs at the boy stuck fast in the bog.

Look at the switch, the hickory switch,
Waiting to make that schoolboy twitch.
Then the boy shrieks
The state of his clothes
Won't he raise his voice to its highest pitch?

Will, I should smile—a snickering smile.
His anguish is ended, the frog is safe;
And the next slimy frog
Who perceives a log
Will be given a rest in magnificent style.

Smallpox at St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, July 7.—The *Globe-Democrat* says: The disease which the dispatch recently sent abroad that smallpox existed to an alarming extent is entirely unwarranted. The disease has prevailed to a slight degree in this city and in the southern part of the city, but the type has been quite mild and the health authorities have removed nearly all the cases as soon as discovered to the quarantine hospital, several miles outside of the city limits, where it will take and will take every precaution to prevent the spread of the pest. No alarm has been felt at any time and nobody apprehensions danger. The City of Chicago, the Illinois State Board of Health, has just made an inspection of the sanitary condition of East St. Louis. He says unless prompt measures are taken to thoroughly cleanse the localities where the filth was deposited by the recent flood, that the city is in danger of serious sickness, possibly an epidemic. He says the city authorities will be sided as much as possible by the State Board of Health.

Puppy Nurses.

Jane G. Swisshelm writes: "As for 'those women who prefer nursing puppies rather than their own babies,' I can only marvel at the universal law of nature, which struggles for the survival of the fittest and subordinates the inferior to the superior animal. In their case the struggle is between the puppy and the baby is that the puppy will never become a street flirt, display a voluptuous form to every man she meets, and so animalize him to the extent of her power; a puppy will never simper behind her fan and twitter her eyes, like a duck in a thunder-storm, to catch an eligible young man. Puppy will never be a dude or a defaulter, a fool or a felon, and the probabilities are that the baby of such a woman would be one or several of these curiosities. Then every woman should know her place, in animated nature, and if she cannot be satisfied to nurse but of a dog, why should she not step into it?"

Is Your Blood Pure?

For impure blood the best medicine known is Rosadalis. It is the great Southern time tried and true remedy, and may be implicitly relied on when everything else fails. Take it in the spring time especially, for the impure secretions of the blood accident to that season of the year; and take it all times for cancer, scrofula, liver complaint, weakness, boils, tumors, pimples, skin diseases, malaria, and the thousand ills that come from impure blood. To secure a cheerful disposition take Rosadalis, which will remove the proper cause, and restore the mind to its natural equilibrium.

Frightful Mortality in New York.

NEW YORK, July 7.—Deaths this week numbered 1051, against 716 last week. Total deaths of children under five years this week, 672. Three additional cases of sunstroke are reported in the afternoon, making twelve in all for the day so far. Total cases of sunstroke in Brooklyn to-day, of these three were fatal. Charles Mackin, vice-president of the Brooklyn Trust Company, died to-day.

"Rough on Rats."

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. Fifteen cents. Druggists.

The Louisville Exposition.

LOUISVILLE, July 7.—Car-loads of exhibits for the Southern Exposition are arriving every day at the various freight depots in the city. The exposition can only be expected to handle freight delivered at its door, and exhibitors should make arrangements to have their freight hauled to the exhibition or sent over the connecting road, else before many days they may find themselves blockaded at the freight depots.

THAT bad breath comes from indigestion. Take Samaritan Nervine. It stops the cause. $1 50.

Mr. John R. Patterson, of Evansville, Ind., says: "Samaritan Nervine cured my wife of female weakness." Your druggists keep it.

Supreme Temple of the Patriarchal Circle.

CHICAGO, June 7.—The third annual session and conclave of the Supreme Temple of the Patriarchal Circle occurs here Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of next week. It is anticipated that temples will be present from nearly every State in the Union. Wednesday will be devoted to the reception of visiting bodies. On Thursday will occur a parade and review of the temples, and Friday will be devoted to drill drilling, to close with a reception in the evening. The arrangements are under the auspices of the Occidental Temple of Chicago.

THE FEMALE FORM.

Jane Grey Swisshelm on the Evils of Tight-Lacing—The Subject Handled Without Gloves.

The Bangle Craze—Women as Treasury Experts—Miss Alcott on Girls—Fashion and Gossip.

Jane Grey Swisshelm writes as follows in the Pittsburg *Gazette*: I have said that doctors are the only class of men in position to do anything with the fashion of tight-lacing, stop the crime of abortion, and this is true, because it originates quite as much if not more in physical than in moral disease. Our civilization has been so largely built on hopes of the hereafter that it is peculiarly deficient in its requirements for the hour. It has taught us to live for what is to be at the expense of what is; it has made our literature leaves us far below the Pagan Greek. Man in "Christian civilization," sees no beauty in the female form unless there is a notch all around it, like that with which a woodman deadens a tree. The deeper the notch the better is he pleased, for it makes a convenient rest for his arm. In making this notch he takes pains and convenience a woman as surely, if not as shortly, takes her own life as the woodman takes that of the tree, and completely unfits herself for the ordinary duties of womanhood. After it is made, she is no longer a help-meet for a man, but a creature who must live by his generosity and bounty, or else be a burden to him. She is useless in society, and is good for nothing but riding in a coach, lolling on a sofa and nursing small dogs. The form which was worshiped and immortalized by the Greeks was that of a woman who was able to perform her duties as a mother, or took a bull by the horns and led him to the altar as fearlessly as she stepped into her bath; but the form which is divine to a nineteenth century Christian is that of one who faints at the sight of a mouse and shrieks over a spider or angle-worm. Well, the main difference between the two specimens of female humanity is that of the notched and the unnotched. The one adds to the census at a fearful cost of anguish and risk of life. The other was and is not materially increased by the coming of a baby. In the trial hour preceding the birth of the King of Rome the doctors in attendance consulted the husband and father as to his choice between the life of his wife and that of his child, and his answer was "Save my wife." Now, not a small part of the abortionist's business comes from the same source. Two husband fears for the life of his wife in the trial hour, and procures the murder of her own. Our unnatural civilization has surrounded the operations of nature with such abnormal sufferings and danger that people grow more and more unnatural in enduring or trying to avoid them. Not one woman in every 1000 of the upper walks of life in any civilized land breathes below the diaphragm. The fashionable notch prevents its rise and fall in about 999 ladies and gentlemen. Their vital organs are all out of place; every operation of nature is performed with difficulty if not pain; every breath is inflicted upon the vital organs of childhood. Many of our women are no more fit to become mothers than are the wire frames on which they model their own deformity. To come from such a feeble population, the expense caused by these deformities becomes a serious item. The cost of doctors and nurses and appliances foots up fast and makes a large hole in a year's salary, and, to avoid the risk and pain and expense thousands resort to foeticide. Thousands of women destroy their own health, or, unintentionally, take their own lives to avoid falling into the hands of a male doctor; for the male *accoucheur* is an unnatural product of an unnatural civilization and one that always adds to the risk even when the sternest necessity demands his presence. Some women are so ignorant of the inspiration of the Old Testament may be, it abounds in lessons of wisdom, and no doubt the authors gave its freely of their best knowledge, and it is evidence that the record of the sojourn and increase of the Israelites in Egypt was at least founded on fact, and the increase seems to be accounted for on good grounds by the midwives, who had the charge of women in the crisis of maternity. Woman doctors might now lift us out of the slough into which we have fallen, but where are to come from? Young women can be made into doctors? A lean caricature of humanity, who has tottered up from babyhood in high-heeled buttoned boots, one who has spent years struggling to move her legs inside a pillar-box skirt, and a long heavy skirt, one whose blood must run a blockade at both ankles, both knees and the waist, is much better fitted to become a dude than a doctor. You cannot convert her body into a swab-stick for wiping the streets without muddying her hands. You cannot send a dude street inside a mile-load of flounces and bugles, rolling and pitching like a ship with zero sails in a short-chop sea, without unsettling her brain. It is a wofful lack of brain power on the female side of the house. The want of women must, for many a year, confine us to a very limited supply of woman doctors, and all we can do is to appeal to such doctors as we have to do what they can force the laws of nature, and so save us from the disgusting crimes which grow out of their violation. Of course no one or two doctors can come to our relief, but they can give patients to take off their corsets and bands, to remove all external pressure from the walls of the chest and limbs and suspend their clothing from the shoulders; but this might be done by trained nurses, and it would certainly correct that vicious taste in men, which leads them to admire a waist which looks as if it had been cut out of a solid block and compressed into a form more like that of a black ant than of anything human. They could certainly make some effective protest against slow suicide, and against a vice which causes a large a part of the crime now attracting public attention. The women who murder, or consent to the murder of their unborn children are generally those who have themselves half dead. Their brains are starved, their hearts benumbed by imperfect circulation. Their souls have been squeezed in, and padded out, to fit their miserable apologies for souls. Their souls are compressed into eighteen-inch waist for mother-love or a conscience, or anything but dyspepsia and the doldrums. The things we call women are simply small packages of aches and pains, done up in velvet and lace, and topped out with ostrich plumes. Male doctors and male priests have had the controlling of these for centuries, and a pretty job they have made of it! As for the priests they now have more than they can do, and we must look to the doctors to undo their united work, for it is a fearful responsibility. Stick thing like the shape in which the Creator made her. Then the abortionists will find no clients outside the "criminal classes."

The Bangle Craze.

Bangles appear on everything—hair-combs, belts, garters, fans, tidies, hats, necklaces, beaspins and finger-rings. But the most popular use is for bracelets. The first step a girl takes toward the accumulation of bangles is the purchase of a pair of very narrow band bracelets of either gold or silver. This trinket should be supplied with a number of tiny hooks, to which the bangles are attached as they are received. This is all she can do in the matter. Her admirers—those scrutinizing young chaps who are always in search of some novelty—must complete the fancy. Where the bracelet is silver, a ten-cent piece is secured, and the date of her birth is engraved on it, and polished, after which it is engraved with various lines and curves, according to fancy, and the initials of the giver. A hole is then bored, and a fine piece of chain attached, by which it is fastened to the bracelet. The number varies, but may be any number, and no matter how many she has received, like a street-car conductor, she is always able to find room for one more. A single six-pence and a half dime are sufficient to properly equip a bracelet, there is a strong aversion to even numbers. So, when the charms are in pairs, the coming girl must be prepared to receive in order to make this number odd. No objection then is made to a proffered bangle, out straight the sly little maiden is utterly unreasonable until some gentleman makes the number odd again. As the gifts are nearly all from gentlemen, it is a pretty hard test of friendship to have a pretty girl flaunt a pretty trinket on a pretty white arm in his face, and know that his monogram is not among the chosen ones. All men have not the strength of good, stupid St. Anthony, and cannot withstand the ordeal. The result is that the bangle accumulation so rapidly that the little belle is at a loss what to do with them. Not unfrequently the monograms of the indifferent are hung on garters or trim the ends of her hair, or are fitted into and mantle hangings. In the East some ingenious girls wear them around the bottom of apron overskirts. As a whole, the fashion is not a pretty one, for the simple reason that it is "loud."

Women as Treasury Experts.

A Washington letter-writer says: "In many branches of the Treasury service women have arisen to the proficiency of experts. This is especially true as to the office of the Treasurer of the United States, where the most expert, rapid and accurate counters of mutilated currency and detection of counterfeit money are women. A woman detected the first $100 bill, of the very dangerous issue. When called upon to explain why she thought it was counterfeit, her answer was, 'I knew it was.' It took a day or two for the engravers and cashiers to make a detailed explanation so that bank officials could understand the reason. However, it was discovered that these same cashiers and bank officials had received a good many of the bills, while the woman had detected that they were counterfeit. Gen. Spinner, when Treasurer of the United States, once said: 'A man will examine a note systematically, and adduce logically, from the imperfect engraving, blurred vignette, or indistinct signature, that it is counterfeit, and he will be wrong four cases out of ten. A woman picks up a note, looks at it in apparently careless manner, after her own fashion, and says, 'That is counterfeit.' 'Why?' the division chief will ask, and she will be very sure to answer, 'Because it is,' and she is right eleven cases out of twelve. It would be wrong to say that these discoveries are the result of chance. They come from a keen perception, fine eyesight, delicate touch, and long acquaintance with the work. There is in one of the bureaus to-day a woman whose division chief says that her daily average of work, in the counting of stamps, is nearly three times that of a man who has been assigned to the same duty and who sits in the same room, yet the man gets twice the pay."

GOSSIP.

If you wish to have the best results in cake-making, always use pulverized sugar.

MRS. CATHARINE CHAS