## LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

**The Entertainments Next Week and Arnold's Band—Club Meetings and What Comes of Them.**

**The New City Government Sweeping Clean—Sad Deaths and Sudden—The Rain and the Crops.**

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE APPEAL.]

LITTLE ROCK, June 12.—The next time I write it will be to tell you of the success of the entertainments next week, to which we are all looking forward with enthusiasm. Your celebrated Arnold's Band has been puffed and blown so extensively of late that it must look out for its laurels in that line when coming before our people to demonstrate its ability.

Mrs. Lida Stowell Williams and George Martin, our singers who sing upon these great occasions, are musicians of recognized ability, as you must know from their being chosen from a city full of excellent performers.

I wonder if there is any other spot, outside of Italy, where singing springs spontaneously from the soil and seems indigenous to the soil as here in sunny Central Arkansas. Little ones who cannot lisp their names will flutter their arms for wings and trill sweet strains of melody. My little niece of four summers calls for "Dixie," "Yankee Doodle," "Arkansas Traveler," and joins her gentle voice to mine in proof of recognition, innocently uniting North and South in harmony, as the rising generation will, intentionally, later on, carrying out the desire of the fathers.

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We have had much needed rains this week, but warm weather has come to abide, and is receiving reinforcement. Vegetation is now in its glory—green, luxuriant and many shaded. Later, it will wither in the sun's fierce embrace and forsake some places entirely.

Numbers of our people have already gone North, more will go later, but most will stay to bear the heat and burden of the day. Such is life, and who would have it otherwise. We know God is no respecter of persons and that all are alike precious; but tis the multitude that appeals to the compassionate heart of the Savior. To them, weary and oppressed, he would say:

"A sacred burden is the life ye bear,
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly;
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly;
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win."

Life is but the forerunner of death. Why do we struggle for one and against the other? Do we believe "There is no union here of hearts that find not here an end!" This week I have to chronicle the death of Miss Pensee McGann, a maiden fair and sweet, beloved by all, and an only child. "Pansy" she was called. "Only a Pansy Blossom" she styled herself. Can friends think of her as but transplanted? How beautifully that sweet soul, Mrs. Sigourney, advises:

"Oh speak of death
Into some pleasant room
But as the passage from one pleasant room
Into another of our Father's home!"

And J. G. Holland—gone himself to prove it—says, extremely:

"Sadness of sepulchre shall stay,
For Christ, my friend, will roll away
The heavy stone of death."

* * *

You have heard so much about our clubs, societies, unions, etc., and the jolly good times we have here. Now, baseball clubs, boating clubs, and others of like ilk, are forming for the summer.

One of our most high-toned, scientific societies is the Eclectic. The essays given by its members include some of the finest efforts of our most talented citizens, and their discussions are a worthy school for the youth of the city. At the last meeting of this society Col. W. Jasper Blackburn—of Republican fame throughout the State—read an able paper on "Capital Punishment," adverse to the measure, and Mr. Thomas A. Jones sustained the essayist in eloquent, lawyer-like style. At the next meeting Prof. Jas. Mitchell, of the *Democrat*, will read a paper on "The Defects in the Constitution of the State of Arkansas." Many ladies attend the Eclectic meetings.

There are in Little Rock two ladies' afternoon clubs. One, in East Side—the Esthetic—is three years old, and it has developed wonderful resources in the way of giving benefit and pleasure to its members. West Rock boasts the Round-Robin Club, recently organized. Both clubs meet twice a month, and devote an hour, from 4:30 o'clock to 5:30 o'clock, to music, reading and so forth. Maybe they will grow into the "conversation clubs" elsewhere so popular, whose object is real intellectual improvement, with pleasure a minor consideration. These clubs, too, take a vacation during the hot months. Of other societies, more anon.

* * *

Well, the new city council goes to work under the new city law, and works harmoniously so far. The bonds of the commissioners, Logan H. Roots and W. F. Hommon, are approved; a committee to draft an ordinance for a new city hall is ordered appointed; Chief Cowpland and assistants, of the Fire Department, resign—there seems to be a misunderstanding as to the whyfore of this, some thinking they know the chief's motive better than he does himself—and the offices of city engineer and street commissioner are abolished.

Prospects are fair for improved streets, better lighted and, clean, as the work is indeed under way.

Yes, of course "a new broom sweeps clean, but without the improvement of some kind in Little Rock it would have soon become necessary to sweep it with "the besom of destruction."

A cry has come up from our merchants that the railroads discriminate against our city, and great agitation prevails. A freight-rate war between the Arkansas Valley Route, the Memphis and Little Rock and the Iron Mountain railroads is expected to pour oil upon the troubled waters. (Mixed metaphor to suit a mixed situation.)

* * *

Ah! 'tis not for ourselves we dread and fear it. A sad life is cut off in its early young promise. Carl Moore, just sixteen years of age last Monday, was drowned while bathing in the river this afternoon. He was the oldest living son of Ex-Attorney-General C. B. Moore, and was a young man of integrity and much esteemed. The body has not yet been recovered (at 9 o'clock). When the dreadful news spread, consternation prevailed. "Who'll tell his father?" "Oh! his poor mother!" "Where are the little brother and sister?" "Alas! alas!" Well, death in any form is awful, and everybody feels it, though this case seems to us who know the lad, peculiarly dreadful. ABUL.

## A LAUGH IN EVERY PAR.

THEY say that Boston is threatened with a statue of the "Rev. Jo Cook Frightening the World."

BOY, what is the reason you are not up?" "Well, father, it is so dark yet I can't see to wake up."—*Judge.*

IN a bumph with the servant girl the kitchen stove is sure to get well polished off. And yet at the second heat it is always grate-full.

"ONLY a match-box," remarked Forp at the theatre the other night, referring to the seats where the young lovers sat.—*Boston Transcript.*

FASHION NOTE.—The old-fashioned two-for-a-quarter kiss has come in again with the revived style of wearing the mouth large and open.—*Buffalo Express.*

A GHOST in St. Paul orders beer and then vanishes. The reason they think he's a ghost, and not a native, is that he vanishes without drinking the beer.—*Lowell Citizen.*

A BROOKLYN woman is prevented from going to a skating-rink by her husband. By a very simple scheme. He carries her false teeth with him whenever he goes out.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A Boston tailor stamps his bill-heads with a picture of the forget-me-not. He should substitute the golden rod, the significance of which is "down with the dust."—*New York Journal.*

A FASHION journal tells us how to make a pretty spring wrap for a girl. There are plenty of long-armed young men who know how to fit the girl best in this little matter of wraps.—*Lowell Citizen.*

"SHE wore white roses on her breast the night we said good-by," observes a poet. It is not mentioned that her father wore his boots as usual, though some will consider that quite important.—*Buffalo Express.*

"WELL," remarked the divorce lawyer, "what alimony do you want?" "I think $300,000 in cash and an income of $30,000 a year, besides lawyer's fees, would only be fair," replied the lady. "Fair, madam!" answered the lawyer, in surprise. "What business is your husband in?" "He owns a skating rink."—*New York Graphic.*

A PHILOSOPHER writes: "Man is the merriest species of the creation." Did the philosopher ever see a man when it was broken to him that he was the father of twins? We trow not.—*New York Graphic.*

"HALLO, Smith! Suppose a man marries his first wife's step-sister's aunt, what relation is he to her?" "First wife—un—step-aunt—let's see—I don't know." Bright fellow: "H's her husband."—*Binghampton Republican.*

A NEW song is called "The Clothing Step." The coming step is probably that of the old man, and if you are a prudent young man make your exit via the window and over the garden wall.—*Hartford Sunday Journal.*

BOTH men and women are fond of theater-going in the country. The women like to go to the society plays to see how the actresses dress, and the men go to the variety plays to see how they don't dress.—*Boston Courier.*

"HOW can I always win money at poker?" writes an anxious subscriber to a Western editor. "How do I know?" replied the journalist. "If I could do that, do you suppose I'd be foolenough to edit a newspaper?"—*Puck.*

"I WISH I had wings like an angel," said a little boy on a farm, who had taken a strong fancy to the young chickens. "And what would you do if you had?" "I'd hot you I wouldn't have no chicken hawks on this place."—*Chicago Ledger.*

A VERMONT farmer recently took his mother-in-law to her home in a sleigh. On his way home after dark a panther jumped into the sleigh. Then the excited granger bawled out: "Jump right in; anything for a change!"—*Newman Independent.*

THERE is nothing that so taints the starch out of a young maiden who has been wedded about a year as to have to go to a store where there is a girl clerk with whom he used to keep company, and inquire for a packed size three safety pins.—*Cotton Factory Times.*

## POXTOTOC, MISS.

**Commencement Exercises of the Chickasaw Female College—List of the Graduates.**

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE APPEAL.]

POXTOTOC, MISS., June 11.—The thirty-third annual commencement of this grand old institution was formally celebrated today, and the interesting proceedings were witnessed and enjoyed by hosts of its friends in our midst and learned scholars from other points. The exercises just closed were most satisfactory and gratifying, not only to the immediate friends of this seat of learning, but by all lovers of female education from a distance who were so fortunate as to be in attendance upon this interesting occasion. It is at this time President over by the Rev. W. V. Frierson, a scholar, a gentleman and a man of deep piety. He is ably and zealously assisted in his laudable labors by Miss Kate Mitchell, of Senatobia, and Miss Anna Dowd, of Aberdeen, Miss. The examination of the various classes commenced on Monday morning, and was conducted mainly by principals of high schools from other points. Each pupil acquitted herself most creditably and exhibited a thoroughness of training and proficiency almost marvellous. All men of education who witnessed the examination are thoroughly convinced that the galvanizing method is unknown here, and that the basis of a *complete* education as laid down by the managers of this institution is so deep, solid and durable as the eternal hills themselves.

On Monday night the large and commodious hall was filled to overflowing with the beauty and chivalry of the land to enjoy the grand concert and witness the calisthenic entertainment, which was pronounced to be almost perfect and attractive. The music, as furnished by the pupils and the Apollo Club, was excellent and of the highest order. On Tuesday morning a large audience assembled at College Hill to hear the essays of the nine graduates who received their diplomas on this occasion. The essays were well written and well read, most of them displaying a depth of thought, culture and attainments which really soared beyond the years of the fair graduates. After these exercises came the delivery of the diplomas, which was done in a touching and feeling manner by the president, who also presented each one with a copy of the Holy Scriptures, accompanied by an impressive address which will not be forgotten while life itself lasts. Truly it was a feast of reason, and the proceedings throughout were of a most entertaining and interesting character.

The following is a list of the names and subject of essays by the graduates:

Miss Lua Hicks, "The Cloudless Morning."

Miss Maggie Barry, "Acute, Obtuse and Right Angles."

Miss Willie Jinkins, "Constancy."

Miss Kate Bell, "Happiness. Happiness is Independent of the Chan. es of Life."

Miss Mamie Herron, "Utopia."

Miss Iona Farr, "Conversation a Fine Art."

Miss Bernie Hicks, "Make Hay While the Sun Shines."

Miss Rachael Donaldson, "Labor Gives Success."

Miss Anna Thomason, "Where the Hen Scratches, There the Worm Is."

PHILOMATHEAN.

### THREE STAGES OF LIFE.

ANTE-NUPTIAL.

"Sweet love, I know that I must go;
It is late, the moon of night is high:
Time speeds away and yet I stay,
A lingering lover even as I.
Ah! how I hate to say goodby.

Good night my own! when you're alone,
Ah! whom shall steal those starry eyes,
Oh! give a tender thought to one,
Who loves you more than aught on earth or sky,
Whose heart still for your presence cries.

One kiss—adieu—I wish for you
Dreams sweet and slumbers light,
The time is nigh when you and I
No more will need to say good-night.

POST-NUPTIAL.

How radiant in her bridal dress!
How sweet the love-light in her eyes!
To-day she crowns my happiness,
And earth becomes a paradise.

Marvel as I may, yet
Her now, arrayed in beauty's pride,
By what strange arts of love I won
This winsome maid for my bride.

And I need go from her no more,
Nor dread her fate-fraught father's frown,
When parting from her at the door,
Nor fear his sudden coming down.

No more to leave her at the gate,
And sighing wander home alone,
For where she is—that's home; thank fate
She's mine at last, my wife, my own.

POST-NUPTIAL.

What's that you say? "'Tis folly's pitch
To try on you that played out dodge"
To come home at this time of night
Pretending I've been at the lodge."

Where—his—do you suppose I've been?
"In some saloon!" You're quite a joker,
Ha! ha! what's that, you "ain't so green,"
You "know that I've been playing poker"?

"In chewing-house?" yes, for a snack,
"I've got a cold. What's that you said?
"I'm baded?" By-the-bye, what now, "take off
My boots before I go to bed?"

Of course, my dear, I quite forgot
"I had 'em on. Hic—there they go
"Take off my hat?" "I'm drunk?" I'm not,
I wonder at your talking so.

"You won't put up with"—hush that child,
"Its peace disturbing little self,
Oh, stop its noise; it sets me wild—
What's that?—hic—"hush the child myself?"

Well, let me have her—by-lo, by
Here I am in my stocking feet—
Safe in your pape's arms you lie—
By-lo my baby—slumber sweet.

And this is matrimonial life—
To walk the floor like this, alack!
He is a fool who takes a wife—
Great Scott! I've stepped upon a tack!

Great Julius Cæsar! look at that!
Oh, who would wed for love or pelf—
My foot!—Boots, take this awaiting first
And try to make it clean yourself.

Oh, "I'm a brute!" Oh yes, of course—
That blasted tack. What's that—"I'm rude?"
"You'll sue at once for a divorce?"
I wish to goodness that you would.

CERTAIN.

### Starved Himself to Death.

CHICAGO, June 13.—The fact is made public here to-day that a Chicago convict named Lewis Cooley died from self-starvation at the Joliet penitentiary Thursday. Cooley had been in prison since December last, on a three-year sentence for larceny. He recently showed signs of insanity and was being treated by the prison physician, but he persistently refused to partake of food, and slowly starved himself to death. He was forty-seven years old, and has a wife in this city.

### Rosadalis.

ROSADALIS is a great remedy for Scrofula, and all taints and diseases of the Blood. It should be taken at all times and seasons, especially in the Spring and Fall, when the sudden changes induce disease. Real blood purifier. I have suffered thirty-seven years with Liver complaint, Rheumatism, Sick Headache and disordered Stomach. I was at one time having delirium, rubbing my hands and half crazy with pain. My wife sent for a doctor, and he attended me nine months. He said he could do me no good; but one bottle of ROSADALIS did me more good than all the medicine the doctors ever gave me.

MOORE'S CREEK, N. C. J. A. WALKER.

### Sitting Bull and the Pope.

SITTING BULL has presented the Pope with a buffalo robe, richly ornamented. The fight with Gen. Custer is painted, for one scene. Now that he is playing "a good Indian," Sitting Bull seems rather fond of recurring to his little murders, that one especially. If he had his deserts he would have been silent as the grave long ago.

## WASHINGTON

**In the Leafy Month of June—The Most Beautiful and Attractive City in the World.**

**The Heads of the Various Departments as They Appear to a Quietly Observant Woman.**

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE APPEAL.]

WASHINGTON, June 12.—Washington was looking lovely in its "new spring suit." A short time ago the parks were odorous with the breath of spring flowers, and the gay parterres of tulips, crocuses and hyacinths looked as if strips of the rainbow had fallen from on high on the emerald green grass. The dear old dandelion, like a unobtrusive country brethren, reared its yellow head everywhere, and would often be seen near its more aristocratic neighbors. In the White House grounds, such numbers flecked the ground that it might be called the "Field of the Cloth of Gold."

Now June, warm, glowing June, with its blushing roses, is with us; fresh-looking young maidens with gorgeous *bouquets des corsages*, young men with *boutonnieres*, and even more staid and sober men and women have a flower somewhere near them.

Saturday evening at the White House grounds the Marine Band commenced its weekly performance, and about 5000 people were strolling in the mazy dance on the green lawns enjoying the music, the lovely view, and the sight of the Presidential party on the porch in the rear of the White House. The air was lovely and fragrant with the odor of the Chinese honeysuckle that overruns the porch and circular stairway, with a perfect wilderness of blooms; myriads of fancy little pansies bloom at its base, reminding one of the lines in the "Culprit Fay," (with a slight change of locality) "little wee faces above the sward, gigling and laughing with all their might." Rare and curious specimens of passion flowers clasp the iron railings that guard the private entrance to the White House. Borders of old fashioned pinks greet the eye, and bring to mind the homes of long-ago, when flowers were prized for their fragrance more than their rarity. Here is an oval parterre of nothing but roses inclosed with an iron railing; there is a walk bordered with roses trained and trimmed as minature trees about four feet high and blooming with lovely roses of different varieties. The whole scene was like fairy land—all sparkle, light and merriment; the clear opaline sky, the placid river in the distance, the tall obelisk to the memory of Washington, the stately towers of the Smithsonian rising above its green groves, the sparkling fount in front of the executive mansion, and the red uniform of the Marine Band in the center of the scene seemed to form the focus of all colors and sounds. The President leaned on the railing and surveyed the passing group with a friendly smile, but had to retire ere long, as so many stopped in front "to get a good look." Postmaster-General Vilas was there also. Mrs. Vilas, formerly Miss Endicott, Miss Cleveland, Mrs. Vilas, Miss Mollie Vilas Mrs. Lamont and her fair-haired little daughters, looking from the windows at the crowd which, like a kaleidoscope, was constantly changing in color and form.

The President and Miss Cleveland will still continue to remain at the White House instead of going to their beautiful cottage at the Soldiers' Home.

THE DEPARTMENTS

present an unusually busy aspect. "A new broom sweeps clean always," but Mr. Cleveland's new broom is very searching and it will be still more so. His remark previous to his coming here about the clerks—"let them stay at their desks"—has quickened their industry wonderfully. Let a man be found asleep in the center of a pool, the formation of one big circle has created many others and set the still waters in lively motion. The heads of bureaus and divisions are more punctual in their desks and more industrious, and, of course, their examples are followed by the clerks. I am speaking, of course, of the shiftless "place" hunters, "triflers," and not of those who have been promoted for their efficiency in the performance of duty. The postoffice is undergoing thorough inspection, each bureau being overhauled. Gen. Vilas is very thorough in his methods. People are pouring in upon him—members of Congress, postmasters, contractors, etc. One man presents a letter of statement and then lays down and begins to explain it. "Now," said Gen. Vilas, "it is all stated *here* in this document, is it not?" "Yes," was the reply. "Then *that* is sufficient. I will give it my attention," and proceeds to give audience to the next in turn. Gen. Vilas is a handsome, gentlemanly-looking man, with a penetrating dark blue eye, his manners not abrupt but straight forward and direct, which impresses the visitor that he expects you to proceed straight to the matter in hand without any ceremonious circumlocution.

Secretary Manning, of the Treasury, is more brusque, not at all wanting in politeness, but shows one that no time is to be wasted in unnecessary frothy explanations.

Secretary Whitney is very good looking, in appearance and manner like a New Yorker, with much suavity and politeness combined. He is "short-sighted," and wears glasses. This infirmity (if it may be called so) of his visual organs, will not impair or prevent him from looking closely into matters pertaining to the Navy Department, and from all indications it will no longer be spelled with a "k."

PEGASUS IN HARNESS.

All those who have been doubting Mr. Lamar's capacity for the grinding monotony and cares of official life in the Interior Department now admit that they have been "slightly previous." Because in intellectual capacity he has lived among the gods at Olympus, it does not prove that his heaven-born capacities unfit him for the guiding of the plow any more than Cincinnatus, who could work as well as govern. In the eyes of the Republicans he is lowering his official dignity by riding on the cars, just like other people, often holding on by the strap when the car is crowded. They think, like Mr. Collin, that "giants ought not to make themselves "cheap" by being seen too often. But as Democrats we do not believe in keeping up that sort of "divinity" that hedges a king. We trust in the man. "The rank is but the guinea's stamp, the man's the gowd for all that."

THE CITY

seems more alive at this season of the year than usual. The new administration, of course, brings in an entirely different class of strangers. There is a delightful freshness and an enthusiastic admiration of all they see, which is inspiring to those of us who have seen the same indifferent faces here for so long. Many, of course, are office-seekers, but their very *naiveté* and simplicity is refreshing, except to the Republican office-holders who still "bob up serenely" in their old accustomed places, and from the sneers and slurs they openly or covertly express (according to the disposition), seem to think it as rather "poaching on their preserves" for a Democrat to expect an office. It is this thing that makes it exasperating to the adherents of the new administration. The war ceased on the battle-field twenty years ago, but nevertheless it has been carried on in the departments. In many bureaus every rule of good breeding and common courtesy has been broken. The kingly lion attacks his living prey, but the jackals and hyenas wrangle over the corpses. Some of these "corpses" were pretty lively, though, and gave a good deal of trouble to their friends by retaliating bitterly with their tongues. It is well to remember the saying sometimes, "If an ass bray at you, will you bray at him?" Time and patience conquer such evils. "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly fine."

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### No Pleura-Pneumonia in Ohio.

"WHAT we learn with pleasure we never forget."—*Alfred Mercier.* The following is a case in point: "I paid one hundred of dollars without receiving any benefit," says Mrs. Emily Rhodes, of McBrides, Mich. "I had female complaints, especially 'dragging-down,' for over six years. Dr. R. V. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' did me more good than any medicine I ever took. I advise every sick lady to take it." And so do we. It never disappoints its patrons. Druggists sell it.

### A Whole Family Poisoned by the Wife's Sister.

EVANSTON, ILL., June 13.—For two or three days past Michael Freeree, of Rose Hill, his wife and two children, have been attacked with symptoms of vomiting and pains, which were enough to arouse suspicion of poisoning. A sister of Mrs. Freeree, Mary M. Lemon, who has been accustomed to do the kitchen work for the family, was suspected, and yesterday an investigation was made. Dr. Isaac Poole, of the village, visited the family residence, and was shown soup which had been served on Thursday. He found a whitish sediment in the bottom of the bowl and brought some of it to the laboratory of the university in this village. Prof. Corbet made a test late yesterday afternoon, and the result leaves no shawdow of doubt that there was a large quantity of arsenic in the soup. Police, immediately after the test, went to Rose Hill and arrested the woman. Less than a year ago, it is said, the father, brother and young sister of the prisoner were attacked with like symptoms, and all died within a short time. The prevailing opinion is that the woman is insane, though the officers are well convinced with them last night in a most rational manner.

### HOLLY SPRINGS, MISS.

**Unsightly and Unsanitary—Beautify the Town—The Rain and the Crops—Political and Personal.**

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE APPEAL.]

HOLLY SPRINGS, June 12.—We would most respectfully call the attention of our "city fathers" to the condition of our streets. They present a most unsightly appearance. Every kind of rubbish is taken out and dumped in the middle of the street, with now and then a pile of broken bottles and crockery thrown where it is dangerous for barefooted children and animals; but what is worse than all is the dead chickens, etc., that are thrown into the streets instead of being carried off or buried. Within the past ten days we have seen two dead cats, and some time since a dead dog lay for several days within fifty feet of the public square; and in an afternoon's ride a deceased chicken is no uncommon sight. The unseemly objects we allude to were not on any side streets or alleys, but on the main thoroughfares of the town. We feel that every citizen should have sufficient pride in the town to keep the streets clean in front of their own doors, at least, and if it is not agreeable or convenient for them to do so the town authorities should take the matter in hand, employ a scavenger, and pass a law to prevent any one from emptying their dust bins into the streets. Now that the long-hoped for road has been completed, we should vie with each other to see who can add most to the beauty and attractiveness of our town, so that strangers will be tempted to make their homes here.

We have had several fine rains this week, which the farmers say will help the cotton very much, and insure a large corn crop.

At the last meeting of the Democratic Executive Committee of Marshall county it was ordered that a mass-convention of the Democratic party be called to meet at Holly Springs on Saturday, the seventh day, the 11th day of July, 1885, for the purpose of selecting delegates to the State convention, which meets in Jackson on the 5th day of August, and also, to nominate a new executive committee to serve the county for the next two years. Dr. S. D. Hamilton, who has been chairman of the committee for the past two years, has been a most faithful and efficient officer.

The Farmers' Club met last Saturday, and the following names were proposed and unanimously elected members of the club: Prof. Jas. Mitchell, Lorenzo J. R. Mahon, Lafayette Gatewood and John Creighton.

The subject for discussion at the regular July meeting is cotton, its cultivation, etc., up to its stages and H. O. Rand has been appointed to open the discussion. Mr. Shelby Richmond was also requested to deliver an essay on fruit culture at the next meeting.

Mr. C. L. Bates offered the following resolution, which was adopted:

*Resolved*, That a committee of five be appointed by the chair to report to the club at its next meeting a plan looking to legislation for the better enforcement of farm labor contracts.

The hour for meeting was changed from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m., the first Saturday in each month.

The Southern Express Company will commence business on the Memphis Selma and Brunswick railroad Monday, and we are informed that we are going to have telegraph communication with Memphis by that route.

Maj. Minor Meriwether, of St. Louis, and Mr. Owen Meriwether, of Memphis, have been in the city this week.

Judge R. S. Stith and Capt. Jas. T. Fant paid a flying visit to Memphis yesterday over the Memphis, Selma and Brunswick road.

Mrs. S. B. McConnico left last Saturday for her home in New Orleans.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Bernheim returned home last week from Europe.

Gen. H. E. Williamson is in Washington.

A. V. Oldham, S. S. Spicer, J. Huber, John H. Carrel and J. H. Manley, Memphis; J. Wheeler and W. C. Churchill, Louisville; W. D. Holden, candidate for State Auditor, and G. R. Hill, Oxford, were here last week. Mr. Holden, of the Memphis, Selma and Brunswick railroad, have been at the Waverly this week.

E. M. Backus has just re-turned from the State Normal Institution, at Nashville, Tenn., where he graduated with honor. KEITH.

### JONESBORO, ARK.

**The Postmaster of Paragould a Defaulter—Is Fleeing to Parts of Honor Hall—Personals.**

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE APPEAL.]

JONESBORO, June 12.—Our neighboring town Paragould is now indulging in the luxuries of a defaulting postmaster, and it is said, it is the general belief that Mr. Vilas would soon ask him to stand not upon the order of his going, but go, and concluded he would take some of his friends with him. When Oae day during last week he came up missing, and his bondsmen, thinking all was not well, began to investigate his accounts and found him a little more than $900 short. In addition to this, before leaving Paragould, he issued a number of money orders payable in St. Louis to a fictitious name. He then went to St. Louis and endeavored to collect the orders, claiming that he was the payee named in the letters of advice, and it is said he would have succeeded in getting the orders cashed if it had not been for the fact that his deputy discovered what had been done and notified one of Quinn's bondsmen, who pursued him and overtook him in St. Louis before he could carry out his plan, and had him arrested and placed behind the bars, from whence he will probably go to a United States court-room and then to Detroit for a term of years. It is presumed that Quinn had been reading of the speculations of Hibbs, of Idaho, and thought he could play successfully the same game. Mr. J. N. Johnston, of Paragould, has been placed in charge of the office temporarily and will probably soon be appointed. He is a good man, and had he been appointed in the first place all this trouble would have been avoided. The government, however, will lose nothing as Quinn's bond is a good one. The office is of the fourth-class, but it pays as much as $1000 per annum, which makes it rather a desirable plum.

The lodge of Knights of Honor of this place gave a grand banquet and ball at the McRose skating rink last evening. Your correspondent did not have the pleasure of attending, but is informed that it was a grand success both socially and financially. The *elite* of the city was out *en masse*. The proceeds are to be applied to building a hall for the lodge.

The people of Jonesboro intend celebrating the coming "glorious fourth" with a general basket picnic. Extensive preparations are being made and a good time is expected.

Mr. Walter Gorman, of Wittsburg, came here yesterday to go before Judge Cate and the Jonesboro bar to be examined for license to practice law. I am pleased to state that Walter was successful and took his license home with him this morning.

Eugene Parish, a former resident and attorney of this place, but now of Paragould, was here last night and took in the Knights of Honor ball. He is a favorite here.

E. M. Backus has just re-turned from the State Normal Institution, at Nashville, Tenn., where he graduated with honor. KEITH.

### JONESBORO, ARK.

**The Postmaster of Paragould a Defaulter—Is Fleeing to Parts of Honor Ball—Personals.**

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE APPEAL.]

JONESBORO, June 12.—Our neighboring town Paragould is now indulging in the luxuries of a defaulting postmaster, and it is said, it is the general belief that Mr. Vilas would soon ask him to stand not upon the order of his going, but go, and concluded he would take some of his friends with him. When Oae day during last week he came up missing, and his bondsmen, thinking all was not well, began to investigate his accounts and found him a little more than $900 short. In addition to this, before leaving Paragould, he issued a number of money orders payable in St. Louis to a fictitious name. He then went to St. Louis and endeavored to collect the orders, claiming that he was the payee named in the letters of advice, and it is said he would have succeeded in getting the orders cashed if it had not been for the fact that his deputy discovered what had been done and notified one of Quinn's bondsmen, who pursued him and overtook him in St. Louis before he could carry out his plan, and had him arrested and placed behind the bars, from whence he will probably go to a United States court-room and then to Detroit for a term of years. It is presumed that Quinn had been reading of the speculations of Hibbs, of Idaho, and thought he could play successfully the same game. Mr. J. N. Johnston, of Paragould, has been placed in charge of the office temporarily and will probably soon be appointed. He is a good man, and had he been appointed in the first place all this trouble would have been avoided. The government, however, will lose nothing as Quinn's bond is a good one. The office is of the fourth-class, but it pays as much as $1000 per annum, which makes it rather a desirable plum.

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We hear of locusts all over the State, but as yet we have none in this section.

Crop prospects now are flattering, especially corn and cotton. Small grain not so good. We are having good showers every few days, which cheer the farmers' hearts.

The building boom is now fairly under way. Four two-story brick stores are now going up and more to follow soon. A. L. M.

### The Testimony of a Physician.

James Beecher, M.D., of Sigourney, Ia., says: "For several years I have been using a cough balsam called Dr. William Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, and in almost every case throughout my practice I have had entire success. I have used and prescribed hundreds of bottles since the days of my army practice (1863), when I was surgeon of Hospital No. 7, Louisville, Ky."

## THE POSTOFFICE

**Department Under the New Regime—Postmaster-General Vilas and His Chief Assistants.**

**A Word for the Women Who are Attentive and Always in the Line of Their Duty.**

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE APPEAL.]

WASHINGTON, June 11.—The new Postmaster-General, William F. Vilas, of Wisconsin, is the youngest of the Cabinet. He was born in Vermont, in 1840, his family removing to Wisconsin when he was young. He was educated in the West, and is thoroughly identified with the interests of that section. He has the reputation of an honest man, a brilliant orator, with quickness of perception and promptness of action, aided by ardor and ambition that will make him a brilliant member of the Cabinet and an efficient executive officer. The Postmaster-General has a large patronage. He appoints all officers and employes of the department except the three assistant postmasters-general, who are appointed by the President by and with the advice and consent of the Senate; appoints all postmasters whose compensation does not exceed $1000; makes postal treaties with foreign governments by and with the advice and consent of the President; awards and executes contracts, subject to the approval of the foreign mail service. The reputation of the new Cabinet minister makes it safe to assume there will be few "jobs" under his administration.

The Assistant Postmaster-General, Mr. Malcolm Hay, is comparatively unknown, but like his superior he brings a good reputation. He did not seek the office, but the office sought him. The Assistant Postmaster-General has charge of the appointment office, which includes five divisions—appointment, bond, salary, delivery and blank agency, making it an important and responsible position. The first, second and third assistants receive a salary of $5000 each.

The Second Assistant Postmaster-General has charge of three divisions—contract, inspection and equipment. The Third Assistant Postmaster-General has charge of five divisions—finance, registered letters, dead letters and money-order system, and superintendent of foreign mails.

The divisions under the Third Assistant Postmaster-General are most interesting. The dead-letter office is especially so, for it develops the ramifications and workings of a most perfect system of examination and return by the writers of dead letters, and shows the wonderful effect of method and the accuracy of all engaged in this department. The whole number of dead letters received during last year was 4,843,099, or an average of 15,673 for each working day. Of these 3,719,830 were sent to the dead-letter office because they were not called for at the postoffices to which they were directed; 112,648 were returned to postoffices by hotel-keepers; 193,898 were returned because they were insufficiently paid for mailing; 1797 because they contained articles forbidden to be transported in the mails; 314,719 because they were illegibly addressed, while 14,134 bore no superscription whatever. In the number of parcels of merchandise, books, clothing, needlework, jewelry, etc., received was 69,657. The total number of dead letters and parcels opened during the year was 4,843,099 and also opened 477,198. These were all returned to their respective countries of origin unopened. Of the domestic letters opened 17,337 contained money amounting to $53,701 11; 20,234 contained drafts, money orders, stocks, etc., to the amount of $1,576,948 13; 84,088 contained postage stamps; 28,348 contained photographs, and 25,534 contained articles of merchandise.

Every letter and package is delivered to the owner if possible. Every letter containing an inclosure of value is carefully recorded and kept subject to reclamation at any time. The articles received in parcels which can neither be delivered to the person addressed or sender are finally sold at auction and the proceeds deposited in the United States Treasury, making this department self-supporting.

There are seventy-eight ladies employed and twenty men in the dead-letter office. Mr. Dallas, the efficient superintendent who has just resigned, has been in the department for twenty-four years, and knows every inch of the ground of each desk. Through his politeness I was made acquainted with the interior of the department, and found more interesting matter than I have met in Washington. Many noble women are enrolled as clerks. In the rotation of events and the revolution of the wheel of fortune, many women born in luxury and reared in affluence, through the death of husband and father find self-reliance their only estate; they seek a government position through instinct and education, but too often find official life a severe penance. They are made to feel the position invites suspicion, and to a sensitive, refined nature this is harder to endure than the desolation of poverty.

The moral status and prestige in every department has greatly improved during the last decade; still, many are of the opinion that the appointment of a number of a country ago, appointing female clerks, should be abolished, thus closing the path of temptation and mouth of scandal, and relieving Congressmen of importunity and importuning through solicitation for "influence."

The social edief went out against the moral status of female clerks years ago, and there is a universal impression that obtained were true or false, they linger; and often great injustice is done, for too many believe a department clerk to be a new machine—not human and unjust classed in a whole—while, in fact, the great majority are genuine heroines, working to maintain loved ones, each day cruelified anew under the suspicion of immorality.

I know one lady with the best blood of America flowing in her veins, who has been in official life sixteen years, and in this time has never indulged in a silk dress or any ornament of attire, but with earnings, and if you will only designate time and place, I'll have a committee of them appointed to meet you and arrange terms. While yet single, Kealah, permit me to disagree with you in one particular (observation among my married friends will teach me never to do so after we are united). I don't think our ancestors were such egregious greenhorns as you declare them to have been. Really they were not, my dear. The difference between their views and ours may be explained by our living at a later date of a progressive age. Then a man who was in the "bread-winning" business, as you so poetically style commonplace labor, might toil throughout the day, chiefly for the bright prospect of a pleasant evening with his wife. Then a man would have been considerably astonished to find his home dark and gloomy, a few fragments of lunch scattered over the premises, and a note from his wife announcing that she had gone to the opera with "Cousin Charlie." Not so in the present age. They also lived before chewing-gum made its advent, to the joy of women and disgust of men. Tattooed days a man could marry a woman and be happy in striving to make her so; but who cares to toil for a handful of frizzed, frizzed, blondined and painted mechanism, or labor for a heterogeneous mass of rickety-and-thrown-together matter, in newspaper phraseology called a "beautiful and accomplished miss." When a man could marry a woman, in the original and complete significance of the word, he might well afford to ignore all lesser considerations. But she is dead. Like the mastodon and giant, she is extinct, belongs to an antique age and is only known to legend. In the evolution and changes of time she has been supplanted by an animal totally dissimilar except in name. Taking this view of the case, Keziah, if we were indifferent to financial considerations such as you so feelingly lament in third-class sarcasm, what inducement would remain to induce us to matrimony?

But to leave this profitless style of ratiocination, I see no reason why we should not come to terms, in view of your very positive assumption of all "receptions and commonplaces of life." Modesty prevents my delineating my excellence in the little "accomplishments" you require, but I refer you with no small degree of complacency to the police annals of Memphis.

So, fare thee well, *pro tem*, my dear,
Our capital day I hope is near.
But meanwhile, love, are we any one,
I'll smoke "straight-cuts," I'll chew your gum.

WILLIAM HENRY.

### Children every sick lady to take it.

Wholesale and Retail by Jno. G. Step & Sons, Memphis, Tenn.

### The Babies in the Cradle.

Babies are very little things, yet they leave great gaps of loneliness behind them when they die. Mothers, save your little ones by giving them Parker's Tonic when they feel unwell. This famous remedy is so pleasant that any infant will take it, and it will soon quiet and remove their aches and pains.

## OTHER PEOPLE

**And I, Especially Other People—The Case of Flora Emily Downes, Now in Jail in St. Louis.**

**William Morris and His Aesthetic Interiors—Lady Barker's Ideas—The Poet Laureate.**

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE APPEAL.]

TORONTO, CANADA, June 10.—First, Miss Flora Emily Downes. This young lady, we were