

The Runaway Witness.

The Tucson Star says: "Those who are intimately acquainted with Smurden do not think he is dead, neither do they think that he was induced to leave. They say they think he got on a jamboree and concluded to take a jaunt, something he has often been known to do when drinking."

People are not so much interested in knowing whether Smurden, the United States witness in the Tiffany cases, is living or dead, as the reason why the prosecution did not have him in court. It is a well known fact, and susceptible of proof, that he was in Tucson on Monday, the 17th of Sept., the day set for the trial of one of the cases of the U. S. vs. Tiffany. Tiffany, we know, was most anxious that Smurden should appear as a witness against him, and have him on the stand, for the reason that he was the principle witness before the grand jury, and these in-peace men, as he was able to do, and had the witness present who would have sworn that they would not believe Smurden upon oath. After finding he did not respond to the subpoena, Tiffany offered to pay \$100 to any one who would produce Smurden in court, but, notwithstanding, he was not forthcoming. Tiffany had special reasons for having Smurden on the stand, and this fact both Smurden and the U. S. District Attorney, most probably knew, hence the disappearance of Smurden, which afforded the opportunity, through a strained construction of law, to a continuance of the case by the ruling of the young lawyer, who presided as judge on that occasion. The continuance was granted upon the affidavit of Zabriskie, alone, in the face of triple affidavits and documentary evidence proving that Smurden was not a material witness, that he knew nothing, whatever, in regard to the case, for the reason that he was driven from the reservation, by a departmental order, for disreputable conduct, months before the time laid in the indictment against Tiffany, and had not been there since he was forced to take a walk.

The action of the prosecution, in these cases, is not surprising to those who have given the matter attention. The report of the grand jury, which found the indictments, as is now confidently believed upon perjured testimony, shows the animus with which Tiffany has been pursued.

We have heretofore referred to that malignant report, which Zabriskie, under pressure, at the last term in open court, admitted he wrote, at the instance of the foreman of the grand jury. As the libelous matter in the grand jury's report will be made the subject of judicial inquiry, we will drop the subject for the present, and conclude by saying that the contemplated investigation will, most probably, fasten upon two or more of Tiffany's persecutors the charge of perverting justice, if not compounding a felony, why it was done and at whose instance.

The full text of Mr. Justice Field's decision in the Chinese case at San Francisco has come to hand. It overrules, or, rather, controverts, Judge Lowell's decision in Massachusetts that Hong Kong Chinamen, being British subjects, and therefore not within the purview of the treaty with China, are not excluded from the United States by the act of Congress. Judge Field holds that the act of Congress contains all the law of the matter which the courts need regard, and that this clearly intends the exclusion of all persons of the Chinese race wherever born. He accordingly sent back to the ship a Chinese immigrant who had been brought before him on habeas corpus. It remains to be seen now what the British view of the matter is. The British law certainly knows nothing of two classes of subjects, each entitled to a different degree of protection, but at the same time it is doubtful whether any objection could or would be taken to the classification of British subjects by a foreign Power for the purpose simply of exclusion from its territory. Every government can exclude any class of foreigners it pleases from its soil, subject, of course, to retaliation by their government. Anyhow, if Judge Field's ruling stands, it saves the act of Congress from complete nullification, because there are enough "Asiatic hordes" in Hong Kong to flood the Pacific slope with their cheap and useful industry.

The sale of copper ore in Cornwall, as shown in a paper in a late number of the London Economist, has fallen from 166,707 cwt. worth \$4,290,000 in 1864, to 41,337 cwt. worth but \$745,000 during the 12 months ending June 30, 1893. As the Economist puts it—"Cornish copper mining is an industry of the past, and the efforts periodically made to revive mining workings which have died from exhaustion, had better fail at the outset."

The Arizona Star has put on a new dress, and appears as a five column eight page paper.

Robb's Rambles.

A Washington Boarding House.

"Good morn, Gene! Heah you is agin, Gene! Yes indeed, heah you is agin!"

The speaker thrust his hand out, after wiping it on a not too clean apron, and as I took it, said: "Whar did you come from dis yeah time, Ahozony?"

I answered "yes," and bowed my head in recognition of the honor which had so unexpectedly been thrust upon me—I was a General. I was troubled, however, about the exact grade, so I said: "Moses, when I was here before, you called me Colonel; as there are Brigadiers, Majors and Lieut. Generals, you'd better let me be a Brigadier, so that when I come to Washington again, I may have the satisfaction of knowing that there is a prospect of further promotion."

"Dat's so Gene! dat's so."

I had just arrived, after an all night ride from New York; so on my way to my room, I told Moses—it would be sacrilege to say "Mose"—that I wanted some breakfast.

"Mus, have it sah; mus' have it, jis' agwino' ring de bell." So, hurrying through the necessary washing and brushing, I presented myself in the breakfast room, and became the cynosure of about twenty pairs of eyes. After seating myself in the only vacant chair, I glanced down along each side of the table, and immediately recognized the omnipresent departmental clerk. Next to me, on my right, was a stout lady clerk, dressed in red, with a red plumed hat on; and beside her a quiet little man who appeared to harmonize with the lady in one respect at least—his whiskers and hair were as sanguinary in their hue as her costume. A little further down was a Yankee, I should judge, who, between the pauses of his knife and fork work, dilated upon a grand scheme he had of inducing the wealthy citizens of Washington to build summer residences "deown the river." Near him sat—

"Gene! beefsteak or breakfus' bacon?"

At the words, uttered in a loud tone by Moses, whose old bald head was fringed with wool, a grey glory; and whose eyes were beaming upon me like a benediction, the company looked up for an instant and then settled back to their plates without giving any evidence of paralysis. They were evidently used to "Generals." Having selected breakfast—I've eaten so much bacon on the frontier that I feel like giving the hog a chance now—I went on with my study of the eaters, while Moses disappeared through the doorway.

A school-marm, straight as a ruler, frigid of manner, left handed, correct of speech, neutral of dress—a relief after the bull-maddening colors of the lady near me—and as old looking as education itself, was the next subject. Next to her was a lady clerk in the P. O. Department, who divided her time talking shop, laboring with her beefsteak, and telling an old fellow on the opposite side that "a man was young and pretty, (how did she know?) at which the old fellow chuckled, struggled with the curve which a good many years had made in his spine, and looked at her with a sort of I-saw-thee-and-passion-taught-me-poesy look.

I began to think, Moses had been gone so long, that I would be forced into economizing time by getting my breakfast at the dinner hour, and eating both meals together, when—

"Dar it am, Missy! dar it goes!! dar, its done gone!!!" came from somewhere in the basement, and every eye was turned to a corner of the room in time to see a suggestion of breakfast gliding upwards in a dumb waiter, while "Missy" was rushing to the corner with outstretched hands to stop it in its mad career. Spectacled gentlemen, whom they called "Doc," said that "a breakfast in this house never could counterbalance the lifting power of that waiter."

After a little while Moses came up stairs with a cup of coffee, the breakfast was brought down from the attic, and I determined to eat, and study the boarders at the same time.

If a man wants to win in this world, he must put all his energies in one direction. I realized that when I commenced to eat my breakfast, so I centred my energies on it.

An irreverent youngster, a junior in the Treasury Department, whispered to a Virginia lady on his left: "Why is this coffee like the Democratic ticket in Ohio?" and when she very truthfully answered, "Because it's weak," he collapsed.

A Washington boarding house table does not present viands fit for the gods, by any means. The one at which I sat offered oat meal, imperfectly cooked; beefsteak of the consistency of untanned rawhide; biscuits that were not good and corn bread that was; sweet potatoes, done to a charm and "fish taters," as Mose called them, not so well done; milk that showed evidence of having crossed the Potomac, and absorbed moisture on the way, and coffee, unlike the vase in the couplet, to which no "scent" clung. The boarding mistress is frequently a decayed Southern gentlewoman (mine was) who still retains some of the manner of the olden time, but who lacks in one of

the traits for which Southern people were noted—a profuse hospitality. She has always some boarders of the same class—men who have no present or future, and whose past is embraced in that not well defined period known as "befo' the wah," and women who, spite of the fact that they are reduced to the necessity for pulling a "laboring oar" in the race of life, are gentlewomen still. One of them sits beside me on my left. Age? Shady side of forty, I think. She spells sugar s-u-g-a-r, and orders Mose with a kindly authoritative tone of voice, and he always obeys with a prompt, "Yes, Missy, mus' have it." She is a relic of a past era. She dresses her hair brushed smoothly back from an un-wrinkled brow (no bangs). Her eyes are black as night, and her hair used to be before time scattered enough white through it to turn it grey. Her cheeks have no suspicion of color in them; if they had she would be beautiful yet; because her teeth are even and white, her mouth is as perfectly shaped as that of the beauty to whom Paris gives the apple, her nose is straight, with the nostrils thin and well curved, her chin is prominent enough to give an appearance of energy to her face, her form is getting angular, but it has not lost its stateliness; her dress is in keeping with her manner—subdued—and her hands are slender, with the veins showing like azure tracings. As she rolls up her lunch in the sheet of manilla paper provided by the landlady, I noticed a signet ring on the third finger of her left hand, and on the second finger of her right hand I saw the tell-tale ink stain. She is a female clerk. What harm? None! She has done what many of her class have; she has braved the actualities of life with a courage that's queenly. She works, and lives in the now; her masculine compatriot whines and remembers only the used to be. Are these two types of different classes? I don't know; but this much is certain, they are fellow boarders of mine and they interest me; the one for her great womanly strength and courage, and the other on account of the decadence of his manhood. The days of the "first families" have passed, the days of the workers are here! All over the South the men who do not whine are pushing the semi-feudalism of the slave times out of their memories, and straining for commercial, mechanical and intellectual development; they are putting new quarterings on their shields, new devices on their banners; while some of the weak ones have no ambition beyond a paltry office, and making their stomachs a laboratory in which to analyze the shocking poor food of a Washington boarding house.

The latest Mahone circular is an earnest appeal to his followers to circulate the Washington organ of the Administration, the National Republican, among the people of Virginia, as the means by which to refute the "specious appeals" of the opposition press. This places the Administration in the unpleasant position of not only supporting Mahone with patronage, but with having the newspaper which is edited by an official of the Government used as the chief exponent of Mahone's repudiation and anti-civil-service reform principles. We observe with much pleasure that the Postmaster-General is asserting his authority as the head of his Department, and is doing all he can to check the political activity of his First Assistant, who is the editor of the National Republican. If the President would follow this excellent example, he would give genuine pleasure to every true friend of his administration.

In August last Dr. Ingleby, one of the life trustees of the birthplace of Shakespeare, and author of the work entitled "Shakespeare's Home," proposed that the remains of Shakespeare should be exhumed, in order to compare the poet's skull with the monumental bust in the church, as well as to set at rest the question of the correctness of the many conflicting portraits of the poet now in existence. The proposition of Dr. Ingleby received the endorsement of Rev. G. Arbuthnot, the vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon. Upon reference to the terms of sepulture, however, it was ascertained that the remains could not be exhumed or disturbed without the consent of the Mayor and officers of the city corporation. The Mayor having refused his assent to the proposed exhumation, the matter has now been finally settled by a vote of the City Council, which body passed a resolution condemning any disturbance of Shakespeare's grave.

A "Milk" for a Medal.

The fight for possession of the Police Gazette championship medal took place at Shiefflin hall, Tombstone, on Saturday night last, in the presence of about 400 spectators. The principals were Neil McLeod, formerly of Globe, and Jim Young, a colored sport. We clip the following account of the fight from the Tombstone Epitaph: Round 1. As the men faced each other and put up their "props," it was evident to a close observer that Young was turning a new leaf in his experience and was about to embark on unknown waters. His whole manner indicated extreme nervousness, while

his antagonist wore a jaunty air and smiling face which seemed to presage an easy victory. For perhaps two minutes the sluggers sparred warily, each watching for an opening. At last the nervous tension became too great for Young, and he launched forth in wild and reckless slugging, driving his antagonist across the ring, the latter meanwhile getting his own work in where it would do the most good. The round closed in the midst of this give and take business, neither party having gained any decided advantage. The betting, however, which had previously been even, was now two to one in favor of McLeod.

Round 2. At the expiration of one minute time was called and both men came to the scratch, McLeod still confident, and his antagonist warming up to his work. After some preliminary sparring, during which Young cleverly countered a wicked right-hander, he again began to force the fighting and received several heavy blows about the body, for which he made some return to the head of his antagonist. After time had been called and McLeod was off his guard, Young handed him one in the cheek, for which a foul was claimed, but not allowed, as was also the case with claim of first blood made by McLeod's seconds.

Round 3. Young came to the scratch the perspiration streaming from every pore, his opponent remaining exasperatingly cool and confident. The former was now desperate, and rushed at his antagonist, regardless of consequences. After some ineffective work at close quarters, McLeod landed a sockdolager under Young's right ear, which sent the latter heavily to the floor. He was on his feet inside the regular ten seconds, only to fall again beneath a well directed blow, when time was called, and the round closed. First knock-down for McLeod.

Round 4. Young struggled to his feet at the call of time, and staggered from his corner. He was met by McLeod, who instantly knocked him over the ropes, where he laid limp and gasping. Time was called, but he was unable to respond, and the medal, money and fight were awarded to McLeod. As the decision of the referee was announced, friends of the victor were wild with enthusiasm and rushed upon the stage to congratulate him. McLeod was apparently as fresh as at the beginning of the fight. Young, as far as outward appearances go, was apparently unhurt; but, notwithstanding the slight punishment, he was thoroughly used up, being out of wind and dazed from the heavy fall received in the third round.

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