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NO. 5.

## "THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME."

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## AN INCREASE OF LEPROSY.

### THE LOATHSOME DISEASE OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

Threatening to Spread Among Us—Lepers Who Reached San Francisco, as a Haven of Rest.

A close investigation, writes a San Francisco correspondent, shows that the cases of leprosy in this city may be numbered by the hundreds. At one hospital there are now twenty-two Asiatic lepers and one from Hawaii. Forty-eight cases have been shipped to China. Of the large number of cases already here, the majority are engaged in just such work as will aid in spreading the disease, such as the manufacture of shirts and caps for Caucasians. These afflicted people are aware of the danger that may follow the spread of their disease, and are using all kinds of devices to conceal their condition from the authorities. Sometimes they succeed for awhile in eluding detection by the lynx-eyed inspectors, but finally they are tracked. If they conceal the filthy and painful sores and scabs, which always accompany the disease, from view, they are given themselves but little concern, but those of their own race are in more dread of the disease. The afflicted Chinaman is shunned to a degree that partakes almost of the character of inhumanity, so far as his countrymen are concerned. When reduced to a condition of almost utter helplessness, the idea of removing the victims by means of poison is then entertained by his fellow-countrymen who have escaped the evil. Some of the cases of leprosy to be seen in this city are of such a disgusting character as to cause a shudder even to those who passed over a battle-field or are familiar with hospital work. How these poor beings are shunned by those of their own blood, how they are put out of sight and allowed to rot to death, as it were, are facts not to be denied. Reduced to this condition, the leper, thus forsaken by all the world, is not infrequently carried to some out of the way place, where he occasionally is given food and revived by a draught of water from the hand of some compassionate member of his family, but in the majority of instances even this boon is denied him, and he is allowed to die by inches, his life being terminated by poison.

In this city the probabilities of a spread of leprosy are undoubtedly greater than in any other city in the world. Among the recent arrivals from Hawaii is a young lady who is now confined at the Twenty-sixth Street hospital. Her case is a peculiar one and her recovery is considered doubtful. Molokai, one of the Sandwich islands, is a regular settlement for lepers, and it was proposed to send this young woman there for treatment. She escaped, however, eluded pursuit and determined to make her way to the city. No one suspected her true condition. Her fellow-passengers on the steamer to San Francisco did not detect the slightest traces of disease. She mingled freely with those on board and was considered the belle of the ship. When the ship neared San Francisco some one on board recognized the girl and notified the authorities, who made an effort to prevent her landing, which was accomplished after quite a struggle. She is now in the hospital and will probably not survive many days.

At Honolulu the idea has gained ground that San Francisco is a most desirable place for lepers. The rigid and somewhat cruel treatment to which patients are subjected in the Molokai settlement has driven the lepers to seek other fields, and the ease with which they are permitted to land on our shores has followed somewhat of a stampede by the army of lepers to come hitherward by each steamer. A gentleman who recently witnessed the departure of a vessel from Honolulu for Molokai informed me that the scene was the most terrible one he had ever witnessed. There were about sixty cases bound for Molokai. Some of these were simply masses of rotteness and filth. The steamer was a small one, and the patients were crowded into a narrow space. The farewells of the relatives who had come to bid a last adieu to their stricken kinsmen was a pitiful sight, for it was known to a certainty that not one of the lepers would ever leave Molokai alive.

### Men's Fashions.

For two or three years past rough and even coarse stuffs have been used by the most stylish men for everything but evening dress. A decided change has taken place in this respect. Men who know how to dress have returned to fine and handsome stuffs, even to their fancy tailcoats. The case, in which they carried, has suffered no appreciable change. Hats only present some new features; the brim is rather broad, and much curled, and the crown is wound with a ribbon broad enough to pass for a mourning band. High hats for summer are gray, without excluding black ones. On the whole, men's dress is less unceremonious this season. Low-crowned hats are only tolerated for the country and for traveling; not at all for city wear. Collars are straight, or else with sharp turned-down corners. Shoes are very pointed. Young men wear full suits (trousers, vest and jacket) of dark blue cloth, while men of all ages wear suits of fine stripes or imperceptible plaids.—Harpur's Bazar.

### One of Washington's Curious Cranks.

That remarkable crank, Maurice Pinchard, who has been in the halls of the capitol at Washington so long and to whom Ben Perley Poore gave a national fame by putting his picture in the *Century Magazine*, is dying in an insane asylum at Washington. His pet delusion was that some member of Congress, usually the speaker, had swindled him out of millions of acres of land. How often he has come storming around the House of Representatives and forced out nobody but the police can tell. Until lately he was never more violent than to pound with the big tin "drinks" to the point of the door to his fictitious estates, whoever ventured to disagree with him. Then his crankism took a more dangerous turn, and for fear he might do harm, he was committed to the asylum. He is an interesting mental wreck. Nobody knows anything of his antecedents, but it is evident from his talk in lucid moments that he has been a highly educated and intelligent man.—Philadelphia Press.

## AN ECCENTRIC MONARCH.

### Peculiarities of King Louis of Bavaria—His Palace at Munich.

The solitary dreamer who governs Bavaria is one of the best rulers in Europe and one of the most extraordinary personalities of our time, says a letter to the *New York Commercial Advertiser*. It is somewhat said that the eccentric king is not beloved by his subjects; this is quite a mistake. He is loved in the country, and even in the capitol he is sincerely liked. Who indeed could dislike the troubadour king, whose only fault is having been born in the purple. No one could expect such a man to be a statesman or a soldier nor is he. In 1866, when Bavarian blood was being shed for Southern Germany, he was basking in the delicious atmosphere of his native forests and lakes. While the cannon was booming in the battle field the king was wandering in the wood or rowing on the lake of Strarberg, and when the ministers told him that Nuremberg was taken, and that the Prussians were marching on Munich, the hermit king consoled himself by playing a melody of Schubert! It was about this time that King Ludwig began his devotion to the study of Wagner's music. It was one of his dreams to become a great artist. The Italians call him a "musical" Baphomet without arms, that is, a natural prodigy, unable to execute the melodies he dreamed of in his hours of solitude.

Another of his peculiarities is his dread of daylight and he rarely goes out by day. He prefers night for his wanderings, when, in a carriage, he is preceded by an outrider, carrying a lighted torch in his hand. The carriage wheel, also, is covered with gutta percha to avoid noise. The whole looks more like a phantasm than a real royal procession. When he returns to the palace he walks close to the wall, more like a burglar than a king. His servants are not allowed to go near him unless called, and then they must keep at a distance of twelve steps. He gives his orders by signs, for, though fond of music, he hates the trouble of talking.

Everyone knows his mania for having scenes performed for his chief amusements, if he consents to attend a public performance he shuts himself in his box like the sultans in the vice royal box at the Cairo theatre. Sometimes, also, he takes a whole company from a performance—in order to delight his ears in his own theatre. The manager has then to excuse himself as best he can to the public, and return all the money taken at the door. An excellent supper is always prepared for the company as soon as it reaches the palace, but the performance does not begin before midnight. The stage alone is then lit up, the rest of the theatre is dark, as if for rehearsal. The king himself is scarcely visible.

One day it was rumored throughout the land a young and fascinating singer had succeeded in finding an innroad into his heart. The king had opened the secret doors of his palace to her and had loved her on his lake. Every one thought that the king was caught at last. Even the fascinating singer was sure that she had the king safe in her net. She firmly believed her self loved in earnest. One evening—it was moonlight—she thought she would further assure herself of the truth; so, after singing a passionate love song, with her eyes fixed on the face of her royal lover, she pretended to faint and fell in the water (at least the story goes), thinking that the king would jump after her and save her. But the king was never known to laugh so heartily before, and had it not been for the attendants the singer would have been drowned. She never repeated the experiment. Bavarians have lost all hope of seeing their king married now. In person the king is a perfect Hercules. He has a great veneration for Louis XV. of France, and has accumulated all the books, memoirs, novels and comedies ever written concerning that period. He knows all the customs of the French court much better than he knows the customs of his own time.

The king has two palaces at Munich—the old and the new. In the latter there is a large hall, built in the most extravagant rococo style. The gardens are as beautiful as Armda's enchanted grounds, and contain all the flowers of the known world. There is also a splendid pavilion in them, with oriental divan placed around the walls. In the center is a lapis lazuli table with a Turkish pipe, studded with precious stones, upon it. This pavilion is the king's "delight." He never enters it unless dressed in Turkish fashion. He then winds up a mechanical pianoforte, hidden behind a screen, lights the pipe, and stretches himself on the divan, where he smokes till he falls off to sleep, lulled by the strain of the music. There is also a curious thing. Rush up, Doctor. Lose no time." The doctor and Wiloughrib got into the doctor's buggy and were driven rapidly to the scene of the disaster. When they arrived, Wiloughrib pointed the doctor to the kitchen stove, which lay overturned upon the floor, but the joke was turned, when the doctor pulled off his coat and put up the stove, and then presented a bill for twenty-five dollars for professional services.—Through Mail.

### Drunk For Fifty Years.

A notable drunkard, who recently died at Paris, in his seventieth year, has kept a diary of his "drinks" for the last half century. This curious book contains a scrupulous account of all that he drank from day to day. It appears that it was his custom to take four bottles of wine as his daily allowance; so that in fifty years he must have emptied no fewer than 73,000 bottles! He could never eat until he had taken a dram of absinthe, and he regularly had three meals every day, he must have swallowed down 109,500 drams of absinthe in the half century. In addition to this deleterious appetizer, he found it necessary to his comfort to drink about twelve petit verres of some spirit or other during the spare hours of each day, so that he imbibed 219,000 glasses of spirituous liquor in the course of fifty years. His oldest acquaintances aver that they never remember to have seen the old man quite sober.

### A Little Science.

A scientist declares that a shark's bite causes hydrophobia. This says the *Somerset Herald*, is a serious matter, for it is impossible to muzzle a shark except with a grindstone, and grindstones cost these days when so many politicians are going around with axes to grind. We fancy, however, that the scientist is mistaken, for hydrophobia can only proceed from the bite of an animal having it, and we never knew of a shark that was afraid of water.

## WIT FOR WARM WEATHER.

### A BATCH OF FUNNY STORIES FROM EXCHANGES.

#### Why He Rebelled—Patience—Something Wrong Somewhere—Curing it of Smoking—The Bad Boy.

Some years ago a detachment of United States artillery, to protect the public property, the supreme court having decided that the springs belonged to the United States. One day one of the detachment fell ill and was ordered by the surgeon to "take a hot bath and drink the water," meaning the sulphur spring water. He went to one of the bath houses, where a bath was prepared for him, and he was left to enjoy the luxury. After the usual time had elapsed the attendant went in to see how he was getting along. He found the soldier sitting on the edge of the tub much swollen about the waist and the water reduced about one-half. The attendant asked him how he was getting along. The soldier replied: "Pretty well. I enjoyed the bath. But," he added, and a look of despondent determination settled upon his countenance, "I'll be dogged if I drink all that water, not even if they put me in the guard-house for it."

#### Patience.

"Don't scold, my dear," said a young doctor to his wife, who was making home happy at the rate of forty miles an hour. "Why shouldn't I scold, I'd like to know? You don't give me anything I want, and I have to skimp along like a pauper."

"I know, my dear, that we are not rich; but after awhile our luck will change and we will have everything we want. You must learn to have patience."

"Don't preach what you don't practice. If you'd learn to have patients, we would soon be out of our trouble," and she whisked out of the room, so full of feeling that she slopped over at the eyes.—Merchant-Traveler.

#### Something Wrong Somewhere.

"Do your women customers bother you much?" asked a citizen who was talking with a Woodward avenue grocer the other morning.

"Well, they seldom want to pay the prices. It seems natural for them to want to beat down the figures. There comes one now who probably wants huckleberries. Here are some fresh ones at fifteen cents per quart, and yet if I should ask her only eleven she'd want 'em for ten."

"Say, try it on, just for a joke. If she asks the price put it at eleven. The grocer agreed, and presently the woman came up, counted the sixteen boxes of berries under her nose, and of course inquired:

"Have you any huckleberries this morning?"

"Yes."

"Fresh ones?"

"Yes."

"In quart boxes?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"Only eleven cents per box, madam."

"I'll take the whole lot," she quietly observed, as she handed out a \$5 bill, and take 'em she did.

The citizen disappeared at that moment and the grocer believes that it was a put-up job between the two.

#### Curing it of Smoking.

Jones P. Wiloughrib is a wag, who has amused the country of a great many Bloomington people by the perpetration of his heartless jokes. The other day he rushed into Doctor Coffin P. Graves' office, flushed and excited, and asked him:

"Doc, does smoking ever kill anybody?"

"Often, sir, quite often," Wiloughrib turned white and bit his lips, and hastily said:

"It's impossible to cure one, who is very bad with smoking? Can you save it?"

"Why, yes."

"Well, come down to my house just as quick as you can get there. There is a chronic smoker down there, who has turned black in the face and coughs as if there was not a bit of life in it. Make all haste, Doc, for heaven's sake. It is lying on our kitchen floor with its pipe, and smoking as dumb as a log. It is impossible to rouse it, and the fumes are almost killing the family. I don't know a cured thing. Rush up, Doctor. Lose no time." The doctor and Wiloughrib got into the doctor's buggy and were driven rapidly to the scene of the disaster. When they arrived, Wiloughrib pointed the doctor to the kitchen stove, which lay overturned upon the floor, but the joke was turned, when the doctor pulled off his coat and put up the stove, and then presented a bill for twenty-five dollars for professional services.—Through Mail.

#### The Bad Boy.

"Say, what is this I hear about your pa and the new minister quarreling?" said the groceryman to the bad boy, as he showed up at his usual hour.

"Well, it was partly true, but it was all a joke," said the bad boy, who he looked out the door to see if his parent was in the vicinity. "You see, it was a new minister that came here to exchange words with our preacher. You know when they exchange words it is as good as a vacation, 'cause both ministers can preach an old sermon that has been laying around and got moth-eaten. The next day after the visiting preacher preached he came to our house to stay a day or two, at ma's invitation. Pa hasn't been feeling very well lately, and ma said he wanted some excitement, and I thought of an old story I read once about some students at a theological seminary making two professors believe that each other was deaf and how they talked loud to each other, and I thought if such a joke was all right in a college where they turned out young preachers, it would do at our house, so I told ma she better tell pa to talk loud enough, or the preacher couldn't hear him. You see I didn't lie, but ma went and told the minister was deaf as a post and he would have to tell bloody murder to make him hear. I don't think it was right for ma to say that, 'cause I didn't tell her the minister was deaf, but pa said he hadn't spoken at ward caucuses for nothing, and he would make the preacher hear or talk the top

## ILLUSIONS.

When youth's illusions vanish with the past, We miss our infant friends of the vast.

A single frosty morn'g the shallow tide Of youth shall break, we thought so deep and wide.

The endless march of life rolls no more, Its steps no longer trace our bound and shore.

We seek the hills, once our highest goal, And sigh to find it but a common knoll.

How large the berries when ourselves were small, How tall the clover when we were not tall.

The very shadows by the roadside flung, Were broader, cooler then—for we were young.

These illusions narrow to the gaze, Diminishing with man's increase of days.

'Tis thus that from the daybreak of his youth, Inensibly he finds the paths of truth.

—G. H. Coomer, in *Youth's Companion*.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"Kiss Me as I Fall Asleep" is the title of a new song. It might work all right with some men, but it would wake us right up.—*Harper's*.

"Mar, be careful, my child, when going out. Have a will of your own." "Oh, I've got a Will of my own, mother; but he can't be with me all the time."

"I wish," he said, "I knew a maid." "Whose ma had really taught her To hate ice-cream, and always drink As an poison, soda water."—*Philadelphia Call*.

According to a physician, sudden fright is a cure for sickness. The difficulty is to procure that medicine; for a person who is right down seasick doesn't care a continental whether the old ship sinks or not.

There is a new book, "Whirlwinds, Cyclones and Tornadoes," just issued, which we have not read, but judging from its title, it must be the reminiscence of a man who found his wife awake when he came home along in the afternoon of the night.—*Merchant-Traveler*.

Diphtheria is a terrible thing to have in the family, but since it has been discovered that it is fatal to cats it is expected that there will be quite a demand for it. A chunk of diphtheria laid out in the back yard at night will kill off more cats and make less noise than forty boot-jacks.—*Pek's Sun*.

Close to his side she nestling pressed; He felt her heart throbs 'gainst his breast, While trustful love shone in his face. "I want," she said, with blushing grace, "Another plate."

"Good morning, John," called a pastor to a young friend whom he met on a warm day. "How does your father stand the heat?" The young man made no reply, but went away with a clouded brow. And when the good pastor learned that the young man's father had died only a week before, he understood why his cordial greeting was met so coldly.

INTERESTING FACTS IN NATURAL HISTORY. When the overcast small boy takes a swim He won't go home until his hair has dried. Let his watchful mother should catch onto him And undertake to tan his youthful hide.

When the small boy wants some fishing worms to find He will spade an acre field and not feel That for digging he is not at all inclined, And to weed a garden never could be hired.—*Harper's*.

### Stories of Animals.

The greenhead begins to pipe at 1:30 o'clock in the morning, the blackcap at 2:30, and the quail half an hour later. The sparrow is lazy and the last to rise.

A sparrow's nest was recently assayed at the Philadelphia mint. It was found in a box on the roof. The bird flew freely about in the smelting room, gathering gold dust in its feathers, which it shook off in the nest.

A New Jersey dog was attacked by a pair of cats, and as one jumped on his back, the other clawed his face. The dog got rid of the cat on his back by running under a fence, and then he returned to the charge, and killed the other cat, while the first escaped.

A horse attached to a buggy, in which were three drunken men, refused to pass the Third precinct police station if Albany. The bystanders said the horse knew the men ought to be put into a cell. The men were finally compelled to quit the wagon, whereupon the horse was driven off without difficulty.

Thomas Bell, the naturalist, tells a story of how a spider caught a tartar. A big bluebottle fly bounced into a spider's web. The spider hastily presented himself, and threw its long arms around the fly. The fly returned the compliment, and after battering and tearing the web into pieces, flew away with the spider.

Two weasels were so absorbed in the fight for a mouse in a suburb of Louisville, Ky., that they did not hear a farmer approach. Each had hold of the mouse, pulling in opposite directions. They were captured, placed in a cage, and given bread and other food, but refused to eat. In a few days one of them had eaten the other.

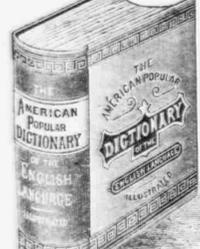
A toad was seen to enter the chicken yard of Andrew White, of New Castle, N. H., climb into the feeding saucer of some young chickens, and roll himself over and over in the meal. He had noticed that flies in the meal, and they soon began to do so about him. Whenever a fly passed within two inches of his nose his tongue darted out and the fly disappeared.

A Houston doctor had a mockingbird which lived in the garden. Whenever he returned home the bird would fly to a tree in front of the doorstep and sing for hours. It appeared to be in an ecstasy of delight whenever the doctor was at home. The doctor died of yellow fever, and after the funeral the family opened the doctor's room and found the mockingbird lying at the head of the bed, dead.

The beautiful fashion of wearing flowers in the hair is revived in Paris, but this is for evening only, of course.

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