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THE SUPPRESSED GLOVER REPORT.

Millions on Millions of the Public Funds Stolen and Squandered—Fraud Absolutely Unchecked and the National Finances at the Mercy of Thieves and Robbers.

To-day the *Star* prints a document which deserves the thoughtful consideration of every citizen, no matter what may be his political predilections. It is the report of the Congressional committee of which Hon. J. M. Glover was chairman, which committee was empowered to investigate the affairs of the Treasury Department and its numerous ramifications, including the Secret Service and Engraving Bureaus. Republican influence of the strongest character has been brought to bear on the members of the committee and upon Congress itself to prevent publicity being given to the history of the shameless mismanagement of the national finances which the committee discovered. The result was that, notwithstanding Democratic activity, the report of the committee was suppressed in Congress and every effort to bring it to light has met with the most violent partisan opposition up to the present time.

The record of infamy and corruption in the national treasury and its various bureaus, under the management of John Sherman and his immediate predecessors, is a startling one, and has been fully laid bare by the committee. Millions upon millions of dollars of the people's money have been squandered and stolen; the department has been made a tool for most infamous purposes; secret issues of money have been made to carry elections for the Republicans; all avenues that might lead to exposure have been closed, and honest, conscientious officials dismissed; the Southern people have been shamelessly plundered by Sherman's treasury ring; mints have been a mine for official thieves, speculators and defaulters, and the country has been flooded with counterfeit paper whenever such a course served the purpose of the ring and its dependants. The report, moreover, shows that there is absolutely no check or safeguard against the perpetration or repetition of the greatest frauds in the national finances under Sherman's management, and closes with recommendations which cannot but be deemed necessary, under the circumstances.

The report in substance is as follows: The document opens by stating that Rule 103 of the House, adopted during Madison's administration, directs this committee to inquire and report whether the expenditures of the Treasury Department are justified by law; whether the claims satisfied are supported by vouchers establishing their justness, whether the moneys disbursed have been so paid in accordance with appropriation laws, and whether any and what provisions are necessary to provide more perfectly for the proper application of the public moneys, and to secure the government from demands unjust in character or extravagant in amount; to report from time to time whether any and what retrenchment can be made in the expenditure of the department without detriment to the public service; whether any and what abuses exist in the failure to enforce the payment of moneys due the United States from public defaulters or others; whether any offices in the department have become useless or unnecessary; and to report on the expediency of modifying or abolishing such offices.

Under this rule little was done for a long time, and when Mr. Glover was placed at the head of the committee in 1877 the gathered wrongs of years had to be inquired into. The committee had been habitually packed by Speakers Colfax and Blaine with do-nothings. January 11, 1878, the House instructed the committee to proceed with its duties (which it had sometime before begun), and empowered it to send for persons and papers (compel attendance of witnesses and production of documents needed as evidence and to pay the attendant expense), and to examine all the affairs of the treasury for such period as the committee might deem necessary for its own guidance or the protection of the public interest and the exposing of any frauds or abuses. The necessary authority to pay a clerk and experts was, however, by the intrigues of interested parties delayed till March 7, when the session was more than half gone. Nevertheless, the work was pushed as fast and far as circumstances would allow.

The treasury at Washington contains over thirty bureaus and divisions equivalent to bureaus, charged with important functions and the oversight of more than 12,000 employees. The scope of its powers extends from New Brunswick to California, from the Mexican gulf to the polar ocean, and those powers are in their exercise often despotic to a degree that admits of the suppression of proof of official misconduct. Beside these thirty-odd bureaus at Washington, the Treasury Department contains sub-treasuries at Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, New Orleans, New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco and St. Louis. It also contains mints at Philadelphia, San Francisco, Carson, Denver and New Orleans; assay offices at Boise, Charlotte, Helena and New York; a chain of custom houses and customs officers stretching across the continent from Eastport, Me., along the frontiers of New Brunswick, Canada, Lakes Ontario, Huron and Superior, the frontiers of Manitoba and British Columbia, to Port Towsend on Puget Sound, Washington Territory, thence northward along the Pacific coast to the Asiatic sea, southward to the boundary of Lower California, eastward and southward along the frontier of Mexico, eastward along the shores of the Gulf, southward to Key West, and thence northeast along the Atlantic coast to Maine, with an organization embracing also the interior States of Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Missouri, Nebraska, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Vermont and West Virginia, with the navy and special "revenue marine" fleet of thirty-seven vessels to enforce the customs laws—the treasury having charge of building, equipment, repair, purchase and sale of these revenue vessels, and of the examination, admission and government of cadets therein—a network of assessors, collectors and other internal revenue officials reaching over the whole country, with the United States army and the Federal courts to uphold them; the construction, illumination, inspection and superintendence of 660 lighthouses, and of the light vessels, beacons, buoys, sea marks, fog signals, and of the arrangements for saving lives during shipwrecks along the entire coast and on many rivers; the inspection of steamboats and boilers on every coast, river and lake in the United States, including 4,000 vessels, and examining and licensing 14,000 pilots, engineers, etc.; hospitals and physicians for 18,000 sick or disabled seamen, located at New York, San Francisco, Baltimore, New Orleans, Louisville, Boston, Chicago, Mobile, Detroit, Key West, Portland, Me., Pittsburg, Norfolk, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Galveston, Cairo, Savannah, Washington, Evansville, Cleveland, Milwaukee, Binghampton and Newbern; the United States Coast Survey, whose operations extend over the interior and along the northern lakes; the supervision of the seal fisheries and other matters in Alaska; the registration, enrollment, documenting and mortgaging of 25,000 American vessels, the entry and clearance of 31,000 vessels yearly from and for foreign countries, and the admeasurement and tonnage of all these; twenty "special agents" engaged in detection of smuggling and frauds; a Secret Service, employing many persons professedly in detection of counterfeiting. The treasury is charged with the custody of funds held in trust by the government for Indian tribes; with the organization, supervision and winding up of 2,000 national banks; the publication of charts of the "Coast Pilot;" the custody and manufacture of standard weights and measures; the engraving, printing, issue, redemption, destruction and entire management of over $2,000,000,000 of public debt and $700,000,000 of paper currency; the coinage of 80,000,000 gold and silver dollars yearly; the construction and custody of nearly all public buildings; the preparation of the statistics of commerce and navigation; the collection of hundreds of millions of customs and internal revenue yearly from the people; the final scrutiny and settlement of all the expenditures of Federal government, and the keeping of the government's accounts. Since 1861 over $13,000,000,000 have passed through the treasury's hands.

In 1877 the "Graves Committee," appointed by Secretary Sherman to examine the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, reported that "in the Treasury Department especially the efficiency of the supervision of its chief authorities is greatly impaired by the vastness of the field which its administration covers." In 1874, the Committee of Ways and Means reported to the House, in connection with the Sanborn case, that the responsibility for official acts is very loose and easily evaded, subordinates being able to control matters supposed to be decided by superiors. Secretary Boutwell reported in 1869, regarding a single branch of the department, that "it is impossible for the Secretary of the Treasury to give to the various questions that arise in the management of the system the attention which is essential to the service."

SINECURES BY THE HUNDRED.

In the Bureau of Engraving and Printing it was found that shortly before last year's elections nearly 300 needless employees were put on the pay rolls. Instead of the bureau costing about $150,000 in the fiscal year 1878, as has been publicly represented, it really cost the government in various ways $800,000.

About a million and a quarter of public money is permanently invested in the bureau.

The cost of the bureau for the sixteen years of its existence is so mixed in the treasury accounts with other matters that it could not be precisely ascertained without the labor of a number of competent clerks for many months. According to the best attainable information at least $27,000,000 have been spent on it, much of which has been wasted or stolen. The report gives a list of expenditures which are officially shown or admitted to be needless or fraudulent. This, the report states, is by no means the whole loss, but simply what could be ascertained in the time at command. The amount overdrawn and wasted in 1878 is ascertained from the figures furnished by the chief of the bureau to the committee, and from the bills rendered by and paid to the bureau for work for other bureaus, reaches the enormous sum of $200,236.69

THE "DRY PRINTING" FRAUD.

Thus nearly half appears to be waste in a "reform" administration of the bureau. If previous management was no worse—and it is known that it was no better—about $12,000,000 have been wasted or stolen. The "dry printing" fraud was an effort to print fractional currency on dry paper by hydrostatic pressure. In this attempt $300,000 were wasted by a professed inventor named Stuart Gwyn, and it now turns out on inspection of the secret archives of the Patent Office that the then Chief of the Bureau, Spencer M. Clark, was part owner with Gwyn in the worthless patent, for developing which he paid Gwyn much of this money. The "waterproofing" fraud was a pretense to make greenbacks and fractional currency waterproof by dipping the paper into a mixture of water, castile soap and some other ingredients. This bath had no good effect, and the mixture cost about five cents a gallon, while from fifty to ninety-five cents a gallon was paid for it. For the red ink used for printing the seals on notes from two to twelve prices were paid.

The Internal Revenue Bureau, the Bureau of Statistics, the officers of the Marine Hospital Service, the Lighthouse Board, and other parts of the department, have at times been crowded out of the treasury building by the wholly unnecessary enlargement of this unnecessary bureau, which has no authority of law (beyond yearly appropriations) for its existence. This crowding out has made the government pay large sums in rent for outside accommodations, which were superfluous, because the Currency Printing Bureau was not needed at all, responsible parties having always stood ready to do in a way, safer, cheaper and finer, all that the bureau has done. For the same reason no new building for the bureau was needed, and the appropriation of $327,539 which was forced through the House under the previous question without debate, in the confusion attending the close of the session in June, 1878, is a clear waste and loss, as is also the $50,000 obtained by the same means last February for moving the bureau from the treasury into the new building. For the first half of the fiscal year 1879, ending December 31, 1878, the expenditures of the bureau were nearly $800,000, or about double those of the previous year; and the bureau, by misrepresentations, obtain appropriations of about a million for the present year. This presents a strong contrast to McPherson's claim to have spent but $200,000 a year and to have made large savings. Large sums have been yearly asked and obtained for "new machinery," and some of this machinery is stored as useless, yet the demand for fresh appropriations goes on yearly, though the bureau always claims to be better equipped than any private establishment. The bureau also has on hand engraved work enough to supply, in printing notes and bonds, the government's needs for fifty years to come, yet large sums are yearly spent on engravings, though the engraving division of the bureau is practically useless.

EXTRAVAGANT AND CORRUPT OFFICIALS.

Among the very first reforms made after the "reorganization" of the bureau in May, 1877, when Edward McPherson took charge, was the purchase of an expensive carriage and horse ($450 for the former and $225 for the latter) and the employment of a man as driver, whose pay ($1.50 per day) was increased by an allowance of 37½ cents each day as extra time, and the cost of the carriage and horse, as well as the monthly livery bill of the latter, (amounting to $20 per month,) were paid from the appropriation for labor and expenses of engraving and printing the securities of the government; the whole reserved exclusively for the private use of the chief of the bureau, except for the few hours the driver acted as messenger in the office.

When McPherson entered on his duties he made requisition on the custodian of the building for the construction of a new office and fittings for the same. A portion of the money appropriated for "labor and expenses of engraving and printing" was diverted from its legitimate channel and disbursed under the direction of the custodian for this purpose.

The printing of bank notes has been taken from the Comptroller of Currency, in violation of law, and put into this corrupt bureau. The printing of the backs of greenbacks, fractional currency and bonds have been taken from responsible and skillful engravers—also in disregard and violation of law—and is now all done in that concern; and the revised statutes have been tampered with to make it seem lawful. This concentration of the printing in the bureau has been condemned as every way wrong by repeated reports of investigators. It has been excused by false pretenses of cheap work.

September 25, 1877, in response to advertisements inviting proposals for printing the black backs on national bank notes, bids were received from engravers, and when opened were found to range from $12 to $8.94 per 1,000 sheets. The chief of the bureau offered to do the work for $8.92, two cents lower than the least bid, and the work was awarded to the bureau.

An inspection of the bills rendered under this arrangement showed that while the bureau charged $8.92 per 1,000 sheets for the first printing, it charged $14 for the green printing on the backs, and $20 for the faces; being together $41.92 per 1,000 for the three printings, instead of $29.78 as, on the basis of this bid, it should have done. The bureau also obtained, in violation of law, the printing of the black backs of the legal tenders by putting in an absurd "bid" of $8.27 per 1,000 impressions. At this rate the completed notes should not have cost over $37.66 per 1,000 sheets: but the chief admitted that it was $49.79, and his own figures revealed the fact that it was $101.15! The bureau accounts are not so kept as to show the cost of printing any kind of obligation, and these facts had to be dug out. The accounts had also been falsified in various respects.

A Fact Which Prevented an Awful Judicial Crime.

The general public, while rejoicing over the capture of Cox, despite the stupidity of our own police, whom he does not seem to have feared in the least, as he returned to this city after the murder, has but little idea of the awful judicial crime which his arrest and confession have averted. The reporters of the daily papers who have been engaged in writing about the Hull murder have been tolerably well informed from the beginning of the nature of the chain of circumstantial evidence which the police were weaving about the aged Dr. Hull, but they were pledged not to reveal the more important links until the inquest stamped them with an official seal. Now that the murderer has been found and confessed his guilt, those in the secret of the operations of the police are fairly appalled at the possibility of the crime, under the name of law, which the escape of the negro Cox would certainly have precipitated. The circumstantial evidence against Dr. Hull was apparently of such a conclusive nature that in these days of hanging on suspicion it is difficult to conceive of a jury which would not have felt bound to convict him. Letters of his dead wife were found proving that the couple had been living for many years on terms of almost open hostility, and that Dr. Hull, aged as he is, was actually jealous of his wife. Here the motive for the murder was supplied. In the room of the Doctor a half burned candle was found. It was different from any other candles in the house, and the droppings on Mrs. Hull's sleeve were of the same material as that of this piece of candle. In addition, the piece of candle showed that it had not burned in the ordinary way—standing upright; the appearance was exactly such as would have been created by holding the candle down to the eyes of the murdered woman. This is a fact which was not brought out on the inquest for obvious reasons. The police did not propose to "give away" their theory until the proper time arrived.

It is terrible to think of the judicial crime which would have been enacted in this city had Cox not been captured as he was and our theoretical police had been allowed to place their "theory" in the form of circumstantial evidence before a jury. Dr. Hull would certainly have been hanged for the murder of his wife, and another victim to circumstantial evidence would have been sacrificed. The murderer, too, had it in his power, but for his ignorance, to have escaped justice and offered up Dr. Hull as a sacrifice. The "best police force in the world," intent on gaining a reputation for shrewdness which they do not possess, allowed just enough to be printed in the newspapers to let the whole world know that Dr. Hull was suspected, and that the evidence against him was overwhelming, as indeed it was "theoretically." When the jewelry was found in Boston they stupidly asserted that Dr. Hull had sent it there to throw them off the track. Fortunately for the ends of justice, Cox cannot read, and he knew nothing of these wonderful "theories" of the police. Had he known of them he could and probably would have said that Dr. Hull gave him the jewelry to dispose of. This would have vindicated our police in their "theory," and the aged doctor would have hanged, while the murderer of his wife would have gone free.

The lesson of all this is that circumstantial evidence, however conclusive apparently, is not evidence upon which it is safe to decide the fate of a human life. Dr. Hull has been saved from the gallows simply because the murderer of his wife could not read, and, therefore, did not know the deep "theories" of the "finest police force in the world."—*New York Star.*

PANIC IN CHESTER.—The Chester *State Bulletin* gives the particulars of a panic in Coleman's Hall, at that place, on the evening of the 30th ultimo. It seems that in the second scene, when Mr. Clifford produced a chemical stage light, it grew so magnificently rubescent that some fire-fearing mortal screamed "fire!" and the large audience, thrown into utter confusion, enacted a scene indescribable. Everybody rushed for the staircase, and in the stampede femininity was for once disregarded. Some of the males actually ran over the ladies, and excitement was on such a frightful verge that the collected part of the audience stood in holy horror of an accident. A few ladies fainted away, and some of the sterner sex jumped out of the windows, without injuring themselves. Quiet was finally restored and the entertainment went on.

— A farmer's toes—potatoes.

THE DEAD PRINCE IMPERIAL.

Indignation of the English People at the Wanton Sacrifice—Lord Chelmsford Denounced in Unmeasured Terms.

LONDON, June 24, 1879.

Shame and indignation have taken the place of surprise and horror regarding the sad death of the Prince Imperial. The first thoughts in the public mind were the probable political consequences and sympathy for the widowed and now childless Empress. But at present the feeling uppermost in the English heart is one of shame for the blot cast upon the English army by the want of proper guardianship over the young Napoleon displayed by his superior officers whose guest he was, but mostly by the ignoble flight of his comrade in arms, Lieutenant Carey, and the other English soldiers with him. In military circles in England nothing has for years, if ever, created such a sense of disgrace. The papers are filled with letters from army officers expressing indignation at the conduct of their fellow officer, and urgently demanding an impartial investigation. "He is a fine young fellow," wrote the Duke of Cambridge to Lord Chelmsford, at the time the Prince went out to Zululand, "full of spirit and pluck, and having many old cadet friends in the artillery he will doubtless find no difficulty in getting on, and if you can help him in any way pray do so. My only anxiety on his account would be that he is too plucky and go-ahead." The Duke also wrote that the Prince wished to serve in the army, but the government would not permit it.

BRITISH HOSPITALITY.

The Prince, therefore, went out as a spectator and a guest. In spite of the above warning the young Bonaparte was allowed to go into the heart of the enemy's country with a meagre escort of less than a dozen men, who, when surprised, all scampered away and left their guest and comrade to follow on foot as best he could. Perhaps the soldiers whose bodies were found by that of the Prince did die in his defence. Later accounts will tell, and every one hopes they did, for English honor is at stake and Lieutenant Carey did little for its glory. What a chance this was for a man to have earned the thanks of a nation and the personal gratitude of the heir of the Bonapartes, not to speak of more substantial rewards in the shape of the Victoria Cross and promotion. There were models of bravery for Lieutenant Carey, but unfortunately the stuff of the hero was wanting in him. "Such a story," writes a gentleman to the *Telegraph*, "reddens the cheek of every Englishman—aye, and every English woman—with unutterable distress and indignation."

WHERE THE RESPONSIBILITY RESTS.

It was possible for him to see service without risk. The Prince would have been the last to sanction such tender care. He was brave to recklessness, and would have smarted under any more restraint than is customary in similar cases. He was not serving in the army, however, and his place should have been by the side of the commander-in-chief or General Newdigate, into whose care he had been put. The *News*, citing a supposed parallel case, says that, "If a son of General Grant or of Marshal MacMahon had been allowed to be present with the British army in South Africa under conditions similar to those under which the Prince Louis Napoleon accompanied it, the sense of care and protection due to a guest would have involved precisely the same obligations toward either of them as toward the Prince." To show you how this part of the incident is regarded by the English army, it is only necessary to quote the end of the letter to the *Standard* from one who says, "Up to this time we have sustained many military disasters and have made many military blunders, but never before this occasion have I blushed to sign myself a British officer." Another signs himself "A Much Ashamed Englishman." The *Standard*, in printing these two communications, says it does so with pain, but that "it is useless to conceal the sense of humiliation and shame which is felt throughout the length and breadth of the land at the manner in which the gallant young Prince was detailed for a most dangerous duty, and was then deserted by his escort upon the first intimation of the fact that the Zulus had surprised them."

THE INCOMPETENT COMMANDER.

A proof that Lord Chelmsford never realized the importance of the charge committed to him is the matter-of-course way in which his official dispatch is written. To him it was an "unfortunate affair," as he described the Isandula massacre, and when he meets the "brave" Carey and the other survivors of this later affair, he will probably say, "Thank you all very much for your very gallant—prudence." Sir Bartle Frere and the colonists are still less considerate. Donald Currie & Co. offered to have their steamer stop at St. Vincent in order that the news might be telegraphed to Europe from there instead of later from Madeira, but the colonial government paid no attention to the offer. Yet another example of disregard of propriety and good taste is the anouncement that the festivities connected with the return of Sir Bartle to Cape Town would not be interrupted, because the Prince Imperial did not hold an official position. Sir Bartle has been, you doubtless know, making a triumphal tour through the colony. He was to make a grand entry into Cape Town, and there was to be a great procession and banquet. Triumphal arches were being erected when the last mail left, though where the cause for triumph is nobody in England has been able to discover. The glad music in celebration of the unknown triumphs of Sir Bartle Frere will be mingled with the requiem of the Prince Imperial as his body is carried on its way to England. No wonder British pride is wounded.

AN ARMY OFFICER'S LETTER.

To give you an idea of the indignation that prevails I may give the letter of a British officer to the *Standard*. He says: "The report of the incidents connected with the death of the Prince Imperial will cause a deep sensation, not only of sorrow, but of shame, throughout the British army. In the first place, it was an act of the most extraordinary recklessness to send two young officers miles away from the support of the British column, with a scouting party of six irregular troopers, white men, and a Kaffir guide. So great has been the dread felt by the authorities for the Zulus that they suffered our dead to lie at Isandula for four months within sight of a military post, and during this time only one scouting party ventured to pay a flying visit to the place; and yet these young officers were despatched many miles into an utterly unknown country with only six troopers. It would in any case have been an act of unpardonable recklessness to despatch this little party upon such an expedition, but the recklessness is a thousandfold more serious when it is remembered that one of these officers is the Prince Imperial of France. It is clear that in his case the greatest caution should have been observed, and that he should have been the very last person chosen for a service of extraordinary danger. Does any one suppose that, had the Duke of Connaught been present with the force, the Quartermaster General would have despatched him upon such a duty as this? Yet he sent the Prince Imperial, the heir to the throne of France the guest of England, a lad new to soldiering, who could have known nothing whatever of the duties of scouting and the care necessary to be observed upon such an expedition as that on which he was engaged. Nor does the officer who accompanied him appear to have been more instructed in his duty, if it be true that the party unsaddled their horses and sat down for an hour in the heart of Zululand without even taking the precaution of putting a man on duty to act as a scout.

CASES OF HEROISM.

"But, sir, unhappily, this terrible blunder of a British staff officer in high position is not the only, nor indeed the most lamentable and disgraceful, feature of the affair. Englishmen cannot read the account of the struggle itself without a deep feeling of shame. The party had just saddled their horses when the alarm of the Zulus was given. Each leapt upon his horse and galloped for his life. There was no thought of the brave young Prince; no one looked round to see if the whole party were together, or had a thought for any one but himself. Contrast this selfish flight with some of the heroic incidents of the present campaign which have been published. Think of Major Leet, at Zlobane, hotly pursued by the Zulus, yet sticking by his dismounted friend, Lieutenant Smith, who ran by his side holding on by the saddle, and from time to time turning round, shot with his revolver those Zulus who came within assegai reach. Hotly pressed, and with Smith's strength failing, Major Leet made a great effort, and by main force hauled his comrade up to his horse behind him and bore him off in safety. Think, again, of Captain Brown at Kambula, who—when a volunteer who had dismounted to fire was unable to regain his seat, his horse being frightened by the advancing Zulus—rode back and held the man's horse and assisted him to mount when the advancing line of the Zulus was just closing round him. Contrast these cases with the *sauve qui peut* of the officer and men who accompanied the Prince Imperial. Nor was the desertion and panic merely momentary. We are informed that it was not till they reached the deep cutting, 300 yards away, that they looked around, and finding the Prince's riderless horse following them, concluded that he was killed. At that time no Zulus appear to have been close on their track, but not one of them thought of turning horse to see if the Prince was near. Had they done so, had they even waited for a minute, they would have saved his life, for it was in this very cutting that his body was found. He had apparently kept ahead of his pursuers on foot thus far, and had the horsemen waited—still more, had they ridden back to meet him—he could have been saved, as Lieutenant Smith and the volunteer above spoken of were saved.

THE FIRST BLUSH.

"No comment on my part can deepen the feelings of shame which every officer in the British army must feel at perusing this narrative. It is but too evident that the persistent maintenance at his post of a commander-in-chief wholly unequal to the position has acted most deleteriously upon the staff officers and troops employed under him. The one have been alternately incapable and reckless, the other have imbibed that overwhelming dread of the enemy which has distinguished Lord Chelmsford's operations ever since the fatal day of Isandula. Had the young Prince who has been sacrificed to the recklessness of a British staff officer and and to the want of calm cool courage on the part of those who were with him been a subaltern of our own army, the occurence would have not been less disgraceful, but it would have been less notorious. As it is a noble young prince has fallen a victim, and the circumstances will be discussed and criticized by every officer in Europe. It is needless to say what the comments will be. Up to this time we have sustained many military disasters and have made many military blunders, but never before this occasion have I blushed at signing myself, sir, your obedient servant, A BRITISH OFFICER."

MARRYING THE PRESIDENT.—A tall, strong, healthy-looking young woman, with a straw hat jammed over her eyes and with a long linen duster over her dress, called at the White House, and said she wanted to see the President. She sent in her name as Emeline Noble. The President admitted her, and when she saw him she said:

"When are you going to marry me?"

The President saw at once that he had a crazy woman on his hands, and replied: "Why I have a wife already."

"But," said Miss Noble, "I understood you were not living with her now. I wrote you three or four letters offering to marry you, and as you did not answer, silence gives consent, so here I am."

The President said he had to go down to see Mrs. Hayes, and as he got out of the way of the tall, strapping, young woman he called two police officers, who took charge of her. Upon taking her to the station she was found to have $250 in her pocket, while her appearances showed that she belonged to people of comfortable means. She was sent to the government insane hospital, where it was found that her people resided at Fremont, Ind. They telegraphed to have her sent on to them and they would pay all expenses.—*Washington dispatch to the Chicago Times.*

SITTING BULL ON THE FOURTH.—This is a great day for the pale faces, in which they make much noise with their mouths, and burn up what powder they have left from killing off the Indians. It is a glorious day for white wind-bags where they fire off long words in powwows. They make much talk of the writing made in the great wigwam many moons ago, which says "all men are born free and equal." That does not mean the Indians. The Indians are not men. The false faces are free and equal to shoot and cheat the Indians. To-day the white wind-bags talk of a great chief who never told a lie. He never had any children like him. Every pale face thinks he must lie enough to make up for it. For every truth he told one Indian agent told a canoe full of lies. If I were an Indian agent I should say I love the Great Father, who never told a lie. I should say I love the pale faces. I should say I love the pale face soldiers. I should say I love to be driven from my reservation. I should say I love to see my people killed and starved. I should say I love the wind-bags and their long words. I am an Indian and can not tell a lie. I love fire-water and scalps. Let the pale face army be reduced to 10,000 men. Let the Indian agents be reduced to one man. Let that one man be roasted over a slow fire. I have spoken. I am dry.—*New York Graphic.*

IT IS WELL KNOWN.—Many grocers sell Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder at the same price of the cheaper kinds, and as they pay more for it, make less money; hence they never sell it unless the purchaser demands it. Pure articles can not be made as cheap as those that are adulterated.

A MAN WITHOUT A SOUL.

The Extraordinary Revelation of a New York Physician.

A letter from New York has the following:

Yesterday your correspondent called Dr. Clarence Bigelow's attention to an article printed recently in the city newspapers, descriptive of an Australian discovery whereby cattle can be frozen, laid away for weeks, and then brought back to life and genuine activity. The purposes of this discovery is to ship live meat in ice boxes, and kill it on the other side of the ocean after it is thawed out again. In this way the cost of food and attention can be dispensed with while at sea. In case of emergency a man traveling from California can buy a first-class ticket for himself, and ship the rest of the family, including the mother-in-law, in patent refrigerators. At the terminus of his journey he could restore his children to their youthful vigor, and his wife to her proper station at the wash-tub or cook-stove.

Your correspondent asked the doctor what he thought about it.

"It is nothing," said he, "to the great crowning effort of medical science that I witnessed a few night since."

"Pray, what was that?" was asked.

The doctor reflected for a few moments, and then he spoke as follows:

"When you publish what I am about to tell you it will set the whole country ringing. Accompanied by my friends, Judge Warren and Dr. Chambers, I went last week to one of the uptown hospitals, whither we had been invited by Professor Doremus and the house physicians. On our arrival we were shown at once to the dissecting room. At the foot of an amphitheatre of seats stood a long table on which rested some immovable object covered with a sheet. Most of the seats were occupied by medical students from Bellevue and Roosevelt Hospitals. Myself and party were assigned to chairs on the platform. Shortly after 8 o'clock the white sheat was removed and I saw on the table the nude body of a man. Presently Dr. White stepped down by the table and said:

"My friends, the body before me is that of a man who bled to death. He was employed in a planing mill on West Sixteenth street, near North River. He fell against one of the swift revolving saws, one of the large arteries in his arm was severed, and the blood, which is life, flowed out before assistance could arrive."

"The doctor paused," continued Dr. Bigelow, "for a few moments, looking, meanwhile, attentively at the body. Then he continued: 'There is a mere cessation of life, because the blood was diverted from its natural channel. I can discover no injury save the severed, artery. It is absolutely necessary to the success of the experiment we are about to witness, that the organs of the body be uninjured, for any material injury to any organ—I mean vital organ—would preclude the possibility of its performing its functions, since science cannot restore the organ. But where the action of the organ is interrupted by some cause that does not materially injure the organ, I believe the organ may be again compelled to perform its duty. As the great wheel of a mill may be stopped by shutting off the water, so may it be made to revolve again by turning the water on, thus the blood which turns the wheels of the body having been diverted, the wheels stopped. I claim that this body may be brought to life. Whether the soul has departed and cannot be brought back, or whether the mind can be restored I cannot tell; but I believe I can again set at work every material organ of this body. I have carefully closed up the several arteries.'

"He then called upon Prof. Doremus and Dr. Chambers and myself to assist him. An incision was made in the body just above the heart, and the vena cava and great coronary vein were burst open. In these openings were inserted small silver tubes. On the left of the table stood two galvanic batteries. A slight cut was made just above the puxus of the four inferior cervical nerves and another above the first dorsal nerve. The conducting wires of the four respective batteries were placed in connection with these cuts. A small pair of bellows was inserted in the mouth of the corpse and Dr. Chambers took charge of them. Prof. Doremus was placed in charge of the batteries.

"At this moment attendants led two full-grown living sheep into the room, and at a signal from Dr. White, stood them near the table. Meanwhile I had, under instructions, connected two hollow rubber strings to the silver tubes already mentioned. The other ends were soon connected with large arteries of these two sheep. The two tubes throbbed as the warm blood of the sheep bounded through them. It was a breathless moment, and as we leaned forward our interest was painful. Dr. Chambers began to work the bellows, and the lungs of the body slowly responded. Three or four minutes of the most anxious suspense ensued, as Dr. White lent over the body, pale with excitement. No movement could be seen save the slow rising and falling of the chest of the man's body. Two minutes more and one of the sheep staggered and fell.

"Rising erect, and seizing some instruments, Dr. White called out:

"'Now, professor!'

"In an instant the powerful current of the two batteries were turned on, and with a sudden jerk the body sat upright. Quickly forcing it back, Dr. White, with the assistance of some of the younger men, withdrew the tubes from the veins and closed up the small perforations. The wires were disconnected and the bellows removed. The respiration still continued! The pulse beat faintly! The corpse was alive!"

With each recurring sentence the doctor had tightened his grasp of my arm. He leaned toward and fairly hissed out the words: "The corpse was alive!" After awhile he continued, with more moderation:

"The incision above the heart was well closed up and the body carefully removed to a bed in an adjoining room. But the work was not over. All night long we sat in the room, all of us from time to time feeling the pulse of the now living man, and at times administering small quantities of stimulant, not only to him but to ourselves. Our patience was well rewarded; every moment the pulse grew stronger and the breathing deeper. Several times the man opened his eyes, but apparently took no notice of anything. At daybreak, when Judge Warren and I left the place, he was sleeping.

Dr. Bigelow was asked if the man was still living, and was he getting on nicely.

"Oh, yes; he is living. The experiment I have described to you took place just five days ago. I have only this moment returned from the hospital. The man's wounds are healing, and he is able to move about the room."

"Does he feel all right, and will he be able to go to work again?"

"I am afraid not." He spoke in a low, doubting tone of voice, which revealed the fact that there was more of the story than Bigelow had yet related. Pressed to tell the full facts in the case, he said:

"Well, the man eats and drinks; seems to be afraid of other people, or more curious than afraid, and is affected strangely by the heat and cold. But he can neither read nor write, does not know the use of books, plates or knives and forks. He is not able to talk, but cries out loudly, or jabbers in an inarticulate manner. Once in awhile a word can be distinguished, but the man does not appear to perceive any difference between it and his jargon. The animal life has been restored, but not the spiritual. The mind with all its component parts has gone, I fear never to be restored."

This is, indeed, a wonderful achievement of science. It may seem too wonderful for belief, but your correspondent can vouch for the great respectability of the persons named. They are gentlemen of high standing, and the proof is irresistible.

A SECOND TRIAL.

It was commencement day at G— College. The people were pouring into the church as I entered it rather tardy. Finding the choice seats in the centre of the audience-room already taken, I pressed forward, looking to the right and to the left for a vacancy. On the very front row of seats I found one.

Here a little girl moved along to make room for me, looking into my face with large gray eyes, whose brightness was softened by very long lashes. Her face was open and fresh as a newly blown rose before sunrise. Again and again I found my eyes turning to the rose-like face, and each time the gray eyes moved, half smiling, to meet mine. Evidently the child was ready to "make up" with me. And when, with a bright smile, she returned my dropped handkerchief, and I said "Thank you!" we seemed fairly introduced. Other persons, now coming into the seat, crowded me quite close up against the little girl, so that we soon felt very well acquainted.

"There's going to be a great crowd," she said to me.

"Yes," I replied; "people always like to see how school-boys are made into men."

Her face beamed with pleasure and pride as she said:

"My brother's going to graduate; he's going to speak; I've brought these flowers to throw to him."

They were not greenhouse favorites; just old-fashioned domestic flowers, such as we associate with the dear grandmothers; "but," I thought, "they will seem sweet and beautiful to him for his little sister's sake."

"That is my brother," she went on pointing with her nosegay.

"The one with the light hair?" I asked.

"Oh, no," she said, smiling and shaking her head in innocent reproof; "not that homely one, with red hair; that handsome one with brown wavy hair. His eyes look brown, too; but they are not—they are dark-blue. There! he's got his hand up to his head now. You see him, don't you?"

In an eager way she looked from me to him, and from him to me, as if some important fate depended upon my identifying her brother.

"I see him," I said. "He's a very good-looking brother."

"Yes, he is beautiful," she said, with artless delight; "and he's so good, and studies so hard. He has taken care of me ever since mamma died. Here is his name on the programme. He is not the valedictorian, but has an honor for all that."

I saw in the little creature's familiarity with these technical college terms that she had closely identified herself with her brother's studies, hopes, and successes.

"He thought, at first," she continued, "that he would write on the "Romance of Monastic Life."

What a strange sound these long words had, whispered from her childish lips. Her interest in her brother's work had stamped them on the child's memory, and to her they were ordinary things.

"But, then," she went on, "he decided that he would rather write on 'Historical Parallels,' and he's got a real good oration, and he says it beautifully. He has said it to me a great many times. I 'most know it by heart. Oh! it begins so pretty and so grand. This is the way it begins," she added, encouraged by the interest she must have seen in my face: "Amid the permutations and combinations of the actors and the forces which make up the great kaleidoscope of history, we often find that a turn of destiny's hand—"

"Why, bless the baby!" I thought, looking down into her bright, proud face. I can't describe how very odd and selfish it did seem to have those sonorous words rolling out of the smiling infantile mouth.

The band striking up put an end to the quotation and to the confidences.

As the exercises progressed, and approached nearer and nearer, the effort on which all her interest was concentrated, my little friend became excited and restless. Her eyes grew larger and brighter, two deep red spots glowed on her cheeks. She touched up the flowers, manifestly making the offering ready for the shrine.

"Now, it's his turn," she said, turning to me a face in which pride, and delight and anxiety seemed about equally mingled. But when the overture was played through, and his name was called, the child seemed in her eagerness, to forget me and all the earth beside him. She rose to her feet and leaned forward for a better view of her beloved, as he mounted the speaker's stand. I knew by her deep breathing that her heart was throbbing in her throat. I knew, too, by the way her brother came up the steps and to the front, that he was trembling. The hands hung limp; his face was pallid, and the lips blue as cold. I felt anxious. The child, too, seemed to discern that things were not well with him. Something like fear showed in her face.

He made an automatic bow. Then a bewildered, struggling look came into his face, then a helpless look, and then he stood staring vacantly, like a somnambulist, at the waiting audience. The moments of painful suspense went by, and still he stood as if struck dumb. I saw how it was; he had been seized with stage-fright.

Alas! little sister! She turned her large, dismayed eyes upon me. "He's forgotten it," she said. Then a swift change came into her face; a strong, determined look; and on the funeral-like silence of the room broke the sweet, brave child-voice:

"Amid the permutations and combinations of the actors and the forces which make up the great kaleidoscope of history, we often find that a turn of destiny's hand——"

Every body about us turned and looked. The breathless silence; the sweet childish voice; the childish face; the long, unchild-like words, produced a weird effect.

But the help had come too late; the unhappy brother was already staggering in humiliation from the stage. The band quickly struck up, and waves of lively music were rolled out to cover the defeat.

I gave the little sister a glance in which I meant to show the intense sympathy I felt; but she did not see me. Her eyes, swimming with tears, were on her brother's face. I put my arm around her. She was too absorbed to heed the caress, and before I could appreciate her purpose, she was on her way to the shame-stricken young man sitting with a face like a statute's.

When he saw her by his side, the set face relaxed, and a quick mist came into his eyes. The young men got close together, to make room for her. She sat down beside him, laid her flowers on his knee, and slipped her hand in his. I could not keep my eyes from her sweet, pitying face. I saw her whisper to him, he bending a little to catch her words. Later I found out that she was asking him if he knew his "piece" now, and that he answered yes.

When the young man next on the list had spoken, and while the band was playing, the child, to the brother's great surprise, made her way up the stage steps, and passed through the throng of professors, and trustees, and distinguished visitors, up to the college president.

"If you please, sir," she said with a little courtesy, "will you and the trustees let my brother try again? He knows his piece now."

For a moment the president stared at her through his gold-bowed spectacles, and then, appreciating the child's petition, he smiled on her and went down and spoke to the young man who had failed.

So it happened that when the band had again ceased playing, it was briefly announced that Mr. —— —— would now deliver his oration—"Historical Parallels."

"'Amid the permutations and combinations of the actors and the forces which make up the great kaleidoscope of history—'" This the little sister whispered to him as he rose to answer the summons.

A ripple of heightened and expectant interest passed over the audience, and then all sat stone-still, as though fearing to breathe lest the speaker might again take fright. No danger! The hero in the youth was aroused. He went at his 'piece' with a set purpose to conquer, to redeem himself, and to bring the smile back into the child's tear-stained face. I watched the face during the speaking. The wide eyes, the parted lips, the whole rapt being, said that the breathless audience was forgotten, that her spirit was moving with his.

And when the address was ended, with the ardent abandon of one who catches enthusiasm in the realization that he is fighting down a wrong judgment and conquering a sympathy, the effect was really thrilling. That dignified audience broke into rapturous applause; bouquets intended for the valedictorian rained like a tempest. And the child who had helped to save the day—that one beaming little face, in its pride and gladness, is something to be forever remembered.—*St. Nicholas.*

— The sin of cruelty to animals is aggravated by two circumstances. First, the obligation under which we lie to the dumb creation, which are our servants. We owe so much to the horse, the mule, the cow, the faithful watch dog, and we ought to treat them kindly, nay, gratefully. The want of these and other animals, would be a felt calamity. But we want to remember that the sin is aggravated by their silence. They are dumb. If you are ill-used, you can cry for aid, and secure it. If you are hungry, you can cry for bread, and get it; but the poor dumb beast cannot ask for food, nor appeal for protection to the officer of a law court. Hence the crime of a man who ill-uses his beast is aggravated by the most contemptible cowardice. If the bully or blusterer in a fit of passion, strikes his equal, he may receive a blow in return, or he may be severely chastised for his temper; or if an antagonist, through self-respect, only, sees fit to administer a dignified rebuke, he still gets the worst of the encounter; but the ill-used beast cannot thus retaliate, therefore the cruel monster who mercilessly abuses the beast he drives or rides is the meanest of all cowards.

— A few months ago a young man, now a resident of this place, married. Last week he received a package containing a note and a cigar. The note explained that the cigar was a wonderfully fine one. The unusual character of the gift, coupled with the fact that the young husband did not recognize the name of the donor, aroused his suspicions, and he showed his present to his wife. She recognized the writing as that of a former suitor. She proceeded to investigate the cigar, and found several grains of strychnine concealed in the end. The fellow has not been regarded as quite in his right mind of late.

— The future King of Italy, Victor Emmanuel, Prince of Naples, got mad at a little playmate the other day, and cried out: "If I were King I'd have your head cut off." King Humbert sentenced him to eight days' confinement to his room and deprivation of one favorite dish at each meal, and further ordered no military honors to be paid to him during another period of similar duration.

POPULAR FAVORITES.—The Floral Riches Cologne Water, Alista Bouquet and Pet Rose handkerchief extracts, made by Dr. Price, are becoming popular favorites. *Dr. Price's Floral Riches* is the finest cologne or toilet water made, and is in high repute among clergymen, public speakers and invalids for its fine agreeable and refreshing fragrance.

— Darwin is as straight as a dart and as robust as an oak. He looks hale and hearty enough to live 100 years and more. It is said he now confines his ambition to the completion of two works he has begun. One is the life of his grandfather, who was an illustrious doctor, and the other is a work on vegetable life.

CELEBRATED.—Two articles have made the name of Steele & Price celebrated: their Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder, and Special Flavoring Extracts. These preparations are, without question, the finest of their kinds in the world, and they will eventually be used as a luxury from one end of our country to the other.

— Col. Robert G. Ingersoll says: "Let me prophesy: In five years from to-day no man of intelligence in the United States will preach the infamous doctrine of eternal punishment." A good many men will be practicing, instead of preaching it, we fear, within the assigned period.

— The Pope is in very much better health than he was a year ago, takes long walks in the Vatican gardens and works somewhat less at night.

— Mr. A. H. Stephens and Senator Hill have, it is reported, adjusted their ancient quarrel.

— Mr. Thurman is the only Senator who uses snuff habitually.