PUBLIC LEDGER.

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FRIDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 29, 1883

THE recent decision against the Civil Rights Bill was not delivered by any Confederate brigadiers, or rebel generals, or Northern copperheads, or Southern kuklux or Bourbons. Oh, no! It was handed down by Judge Bradley, one of the clearest headed men and brightest lights and bitterest partisans in the Republican party. But withal that he retains his reputation as a lawyer and jurist, which he knows will be tested by the strictest standards in this country and in Europe. The court simply voiced the intelligent verdict of mankind, and it could not have done less. It may be said that the Supreme Court has asserted itself as superior to the behests of party or faction, and has come down at last to strict legal construction. That this decision is strictly in accordance with law, no one competent to form an opinion has yet dared to question. There is no particular help for it that we can see, and those who imagine they are aggrieved can move into the Territories. But, as a matter of fact, there is not one intelligent colored person in a hundred that cares anything about it. The State laws already protect them sufficiently, and they get along as well as white people of the same means and education. No law will ever again be passed to place one class above another upon an artificial basis. The platform of two mules and forty acres of land will never again distract and mislead the colored agriculturist.

THE Nashville Banner complains that another paper published in another big city in the State has been revamping its editorials and producing them as original matter. How can such things be helped without an international copyright law?

ROMANISM AND ROMANISTS.

Dr. Fulton Disputes the Catholicity of the Papal Church—Is it un-American?

"Is Romanism Good Enough for Romanists?" was the question which the Rev. Justin D. Fulton, at the Brooklyn Temple essayed to answer in his morning sermon before a large congregation, which, from time to time broke out in expressions of approval. If it is true, he said, that Romanists reject or mutilate the Scriptures, that they accept error for truth, substitute Mary for Christ, tradition for the Bible, and the power of the Church for the salvation wrought out by the Son of God, then it becomes us to reveal the wicked one whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of His wrath. Romanism is not good enough for Romanists, because in the system there is no place for the love of its truth. They claim that the Roman Catholic Church is the universal Church. We claim that it is a sect. If she be the universal church, why prefix the epithet Roman? A Roman Catholic church is a contradiction. To say the Roman Catholic church is as absurd as to say the Philadelphia church of Cincinnati. And yet Roman is a necessary affix of this boasted claim of catholicity. In every bishop's oath Rome is used. Prophecy locates the system of error at Rome; it is Roman or nothing. This proves it to be a sect and shows that it was never catholic or universal. Up to 451 A. D. the Patriarch of Constantinople had the same power as the Patriarch of Rome. The Papal head appears in 606, and in 1054 it first obtained a name and a place.

Romanism is not good enough for Romanists, because the Bible is set aside for Popish decretals. It tolerates swearing, lying and theft. In proof of this I quote from Liguori. It was Liguori who said that it was very rare to find a good priest. Archbishop Purcell said, in his debate with Alexander Campbell, that he had no doubt some of the Popes were in hell. Campbell charged that priests were allowed to keep concubines. Purcell denied that Liguori ever taught anything so abominable. The book was brought into the church and this passage was read therefrom: "A bishop, however poor he may be, cannot appropriate to himself pecuniary fines without the license of the Apostolic See; but he ought to apply them to pious uses, which the Council of Trent has laid upon non-resident clergymen, or upon those clergymen who keep concubines." Did the placing of the Bishop in this position cause him to own the truth? continued the preacher. Far from it, because his oath permitted him to deny what hurts Rome and to admit only what helps it.

The speaker further claimed that Romanism substitutes Mary for Christ, and thus relects the chief cornerstone. He read from the "Glory of Mary," by Liguori, and exhibited the inscription on a Catholic medal and a card. The preacher also quoted from Dr. Binney, of London, who advised his younger brethren in the ministry to study Popery anew; "for," said he, "the proper remedy against the influx of Papal power is to read afresh the tenets of the Papacy, to understand its errors, to chronicle its crimes and to mark well that its character is immutable." In conclusion Dr. Fulton claimed that Romanism is not good enough for Romanists, because it is not American—it is the enemy of liberty. Romanists with us are blessed by the enjoyment of those free institutions which are the outgrowth of the teachings of the Word of God. They owe it to themselves to accept of Christ, who came, as Mary said, to be the day spring from on high, to give light to them which dwell in darkness.

Proctor Knott in Washington.

Special to Courier-Journal.

WASHINGTON, October 22.—Gov. Knott, of Kentucky, is receiving a boom and a cordial welcome here from his many Washington friends, his parlor at the Metropolitan being crowded last night and to day. Congratulations and invitations to dine poured in from all sides. Governor Knott has always enjoyed great personal popularity in Washington, and coming here as he does, as the chief magistrate of the grand old Commonwealth, that popularity is greatly increased. His friends think that he is looking better now than ever before, and the Governor evidently feels better.

His business here is in relation to the claims of Kentucky against the general government for arms furnished during the rebellion. It seems that in making provision for the payment of claims of this character held by the various States, Congress omitted to allow Kentucky what is held to be her rightful dues, and the Governor intends to confer tomorrow with the Secretary of the Treasury as to the best means of getting the claim of his State adjusted.

BALTIMORE, Md.—Rev W H Chapman says: "I deem Brown's Iron Bitters a most valuable tonic for general ill-health."

THE CONVICT FARM.

How Gabe Meyer Works Them Near Pine Bluff.

Men and Women Bucked and Bea. in a Cotton Row.

Little Rock Democrat, 23.

Z. W. Walker returned from Gabe Meyer's county farm last Saturday. He has exhibited his scarred back to a number of friends and to-day a Democrat reporter was called in to Justice Dunn's office to interview the mistreated convict.

Walker is a colored man about forty seven years of age, though his white locks indicate that he has lived a fast life, causing him to appear fully ten years older than he claims to be.

Reporter—"When were you sent to the farm?"

"On Tuesday before the 26th of September I got drunk and went home and had trouble with my wife. I guess I was at fault, but that don't matter. I was arrested and carried before Justice Bush, charged with assaulting my wife and with disturbing the peace. I moved for a change of venue, but the case was postponed until the next day and that night I met with Justice Bush, and he complained of me for wanting a change of venue from his court. He finally told me that he would dismiss the case of assault if I would stand a trial in his court, and gave me to understand that my fine in the case of disturbing the peace would be light. We took a drink on it as friends, and Wednesday morning I submitted to a trial in his court and was fined $25 and the cost. I wanted to make a bond and appeal, but I was hurried away to jail by Deputy Constable Buford, and could not get to my friends to make a bond. So on the next day, which was the 26th of September, they handcuffed me and sent me down to Gabe Meyer."

Reporter—"How was you treated there?"

Walker, turning to Justice Dunn—"I'm willing to make these statements under oath, Judge, and I know the consequence of swearing a lie." Then to the reporter: "As I was going to tell you, I left here Thursday and arrived at the stockade at 3 o'clock that night. At 4 o'clock all the prisoners were called up and given breakfast, which consisted of a piece of fat pork, a piece of corn bread and a cup of cold water stained with coffee. After breakfast, as it got light enough for us to see, we were ordered in line and marched to the cotton field with a cotton sack swung on each one's shoulder. When at the field, two hands were placed to work on a cotton row, one on each side, and all were required to keep up with the leaders. I knew nothing about picking cotton and could not keep up although the man with me helped me all that he could. I did my best for the guards would give me a kick now and then to spur me up. The sun was hot and soon after 11 o'clock I gave completely out and told them so. They said I was sullen—that all that I needed was twenty licks on the bare back, and the first thing I knew one of the drivers, named "Mr. Charlie," said 'bounce that old nigger and put him down; I'll cure him.' Then two of the guards laid me down on the ground with my back un. One of them sat on my head and held my hands up behind me as near my head as he could draw them, and the other sat on my feet. My pants were pulled down and my shirt up so that the rope fell upon my naked back, and each stroke left a mark that will go with me to my grave. The rope had a knot tied near the end, which fell heavily upon my poor back. When they let me up large drops of sweat rolled down my face. I trembled in every joint and could hardly see, I tried to work again, but my back seemed paralyzed and my fingers fumbled over the cotton bolls, but I could not pick it out. My partner helped me manfully and we managed to keep our row up a short distance. The guards watched my movements and decided that they had just made me mad. They took me down again, but I did not feel many licks of the rope this time. The first lick struck me on the small of the back and I felt a shock as though I had touched an electric battery. Soon after this I knew no more, and when I came to my senses I was laying under a tree at the stockade and they were giving me a tablespoonful of whisky and quinine. Gabe Meyer came along and recognized me and said that he would not have had me whipped so for $100, but I saw him soon afterward laughing and talking with the man who had whipped me. I laid in the hospital till the next Monday. Went to the field two more days, and was then taken to a sinhouse under Captain Davis, where I had no more trouble."

Reporter—"Did you see anyone else whipped while you was there?"

Walker—"O, yes; it was an every day business in the field. Hardly an hour passed without some one getting whipped heavily, and every few minutes some one got a kick or a lick over the head with a whip. I saw them lay a white woman down and beat her just like they did me until she was nearly dead. They called her Annie. She was sent from Argenta. They pulled her clothes up and whipped her. I saw them whip a white boy until he could hardly walk. He came there from Pine Bluff and had fits. He was taken away under a writ of habeas corpus—"

Reporter—"Well, that is enough, I must go."

Walker—"I have not began to tell you all that I know and willing to swear to, and can prove by other men who have suffered as I have."

Brother Gardner on the Workingman.

"How does your club stan' on de workingman question?"

Brother Gardner read these lines from a letter on his desk, and after looking around upon his audience, replied:

"Who am de workingman? He am a machinist, carpenter, painter, glazier, car builder, molder, wood sawyer, or whitewasher. He works for wages. De amount of wages am determined by de need of his services, by de price of what he helps to make, by de demand for it, and de profits de employer makes. A contractor can no mo' pay a carpenter $4 a day dan de carpenter can pay seventy-five cents a pound for butter. De law of supply and demand doan fix de rate of wages altogether. A man can be wurth only a certain sum at any craft. Workingmen realize this as well as philosophers. De workingman has just as far a show as de merchant. Supply an' demand regulate prices, an' goods am wurth only so much to any consumer.

"I has no tears to shed ober what am termed de condishun ob de labor in' classes. De boy who sets out to larn a trade betters himself instead of sacrificin' anythin'. De man who am airnin' $2 a day, ought to lib in a $2-a-day style. If he can airn mo' let him spend mo'. If he can't, let him be satisfied. De average workin' man libs in a comfortable cottage and has it comfortably furnished. His condishun, as dey call it, am robust health, sound sleep, plenty to eat, a good fire, children in school, an' a pipe, an' a newspaper arter supper. De workin' man has no business buyin' what he can't afford.

"An' what has popped up in de last score o' y'ars to make de laberin' man discontented? I tell ye my frens, it am de spirit of false pride dat am playin' de ole boy wid de man who has to work fur his money. He wants to appear better off dan what he really is. He wants a house better dan he kin afford. He wants to furnish it better dan he kin afford. His daughter mus' have an organ, or a pianner, his son w'ar fine clohe, an' his wife walk out in garments nebber intended fur her. It takes mo'n goin' wages to keep up this false show. I doan believe dar am one workin' man in fifty who am satisfied to lib widin his income. If de man was satisfied his wife wouldn't be. It has got so dat de daughter of a laborin' man am ashamed of de flock. It has got so dat gals think it a disgrace to do house work. It has got so dat sons of laborin' men want to spend money fast, an' suthin' has got to drap. When the daughter of the white-washer an' the wife of the wood-sawer mus' have fur-lined cloaks, the condishun of the laborin' classes am somethin' dat no man can tackle. Let us pureed in pureedin's."

WOMANKIND AND TRUE CULTURE.

Two Discourses by Mgr. Capel at St Paul's Roman Catholic Church.

N. Y. Herald, 22d.

Robed in his cappa magna, Mgr. Capel preached to large congregations in the morning and evening at St. Paul's Roman Catholic Church, 117th street and Fourth avenue, his morning subject being "The Model of Womankind," the evening one, "True Culture."

"And lo, all generations shall call me blessed!" exclaimed the preacher at the opening of the former discourse, quoting from the first chapter of St. Luke. Then, making the sign of the cross, he plunged at once into his subject. Of all the doctrines of the Church, said he, none has met with such opposition in our age as that on which devotion to the Blessed Virgin is founded. The Eucharist has been the subject of fierce attack, and for some reason confession has been generally assailed; but the enemies of the faith have in an especial way concentrated their hatred against the august truth which is dearest to us. In the text I have selected the exact status of the Mother of God is defined for us with all the authority of prophecy. It is true the words come from her lips, but the idea is not hers, but that of the spirit of God, who inspired her and prompted her utterances.

PROTESTANTISM'S ATTENUATION OF CHRISTIANITY.

Let us, then, reverentially ask the question, Why is she to be called blessed throughout all time? She gives the answer herself when she says, "For He that is mighty hath done to me great things." Some people nowadays may be shocked at the simple statement that she was the mother of God. We live in days when Protestantism has so attenuated Christianity that men are afraid to look dogmatic truths in the face. It has become the fashion to teach that it is only necessary to do good works in order to be saved; it is held that Jesus Christ had some sort of a divine mission, but was no more than a model man. Say to people who think thus that Jesus Christ was in very truth the Son of God; that God became man and died on the cross, and the statement seems shocking to them. Among us, however, the very child from its catechism will declare that Christ was God and man, holding a double personality. Believing this, how must we regard the exalted station of Mary, who, when she spoke to her son, was entering into direct communication with God?

A PLEA FOR DOMESTICITY.

The preacher next argued that God never placed any mortal in position for which he was unfitted; therefore, however high Mary may have been raised above all other women, she was given the necessary qualities to make her worthy of that station. Three of these the preacher considered preeminent—purity, humility and obedience—and the first he considered the greatest of all, the quality that exalted her to the sphere of the angels. He dwelt upon these qualities at length, and held it up as a subject of unbounded admiration to his hearers. Then he went on: But to stop with admiration would be but sorry devotion. The greatest flattery that one can offer to any one is that of imitation, and the greatest respect you can pay to Mary is that of humbly laboring to follow in her footsteps. Is there a mother, is there an affectionate brother, is there a loving husband that does not pour out his heart to God in thanks for this figure robed in purity, standing on the basis of humility and rendering full obedience, given as a model from which the character of beloved ones may be formed?

There she stands, with her domestic character little seen by the world. You have observed how seldom she is mentioned in the Scriptures. When I see women going into public places, when I see them striving to place themselves on the same plane with men, emulating them in the matter of education, and trying even to surpass them in some professional lines, my soul sinks within me. I ask, Will the women of such a generation ever be like Mary? The purity and retirement that attended her as she appears in the New Testament are too very opposite of the surroundings that men want to place about women now. Stand firm, then, I beseech you, to the teachings of the Holy Church. Bring your girls up in modesty, retirement and love of the domestic circle. I do not ask you to neglect cultivation of the mind, but for worldly attachments do not neglect the culture of virtue, and so may you and yours become the children of the blessed Virgin Mary.

In the evening the church was crowded again to listen to the Monsignor's lecture on "True Culture." The pastor and a number of clergymen from city churches occupied seats in the sanctuary. Mgr. Capel graphically described his meaning of culture—that of the body, of the intellect, of the will. The Church, he said, was entirely in accord with the secularists in all that they claimed for culture of the body and of the intellect, but it went an important step farther, for it required that the will should be cultured into submission, restrained into a habit of noble motive and guided into seeking all that was revealed by God for man's purpose and life work. And the end in view in all this was that the soul should enjoy in the hereafter the presence of its Creator.

Taken Out of Bed.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—I have to thank you for the great relief received from your "Favorite Prescription." My sickness had lasted seven years, one of which I was in bed. After taking one bottle I was able to be about the house. Respectfully, AMANDA K. ENNIS, Fulton, Mich.

RECEIVED A RESPECTFUL HEARING.—Landing from a long stage coach trip through the mountains in California, we were saluted by one of the prominent citizens of "the settlement" with the emphatic assurance that he was "the uproarious dustsnorter of the Yosemite and the howling wolf of the Mariposa sheep ranch, and dont you forget it." We prudently said nothing, and didn't forget it."—[A. S., in Chicago Evening Journal.

TOCCOA CITY, GA.—Dr J P Newman says: "Brown's Iron Bitters are very popular and their use always results satisfactorily."

A ladies school for wood carving and modelling is to be opened in St. Louis.

The residents of Tallulah, Ga., are keeping very good hours these nights. There is a wild bear abroad in that vicinity.

Michigan has another "sweet singer"—this time a strapping big man, whom neighboring paragraphers would do well to speak respectfully of.

There are at present 120 newspapers in the United States of which the publishers, editors, and chief contributors are negroes. The oldest of them is the Elevator, of San Francisco, which has already attained its 18th year.

HATTON'S TALK.

Interesting Suggestions from the First Assistant Postmaster General.

Philadelphia Public Ledger, 23.

Mr. Frank Hatton, who is the subject of much controversy and no little abuse in his capacity as an active member of the Republican party, is entitled now to some entries on the credit side of his account for presenting to the public a very acceptable report as First Assistant Postmaster General. A condensed abstract of this was published in yesterday's Ledger, which gave in compact form most of the leading points in the report. It is well, however, to consider some of them in fuller form. Regarding what is a marked anomaly in our postage rates as they exist at present—the fact that it costs as much to carry a letter from one street in a city to another street in the same city as it does to carry a letter over the four or five thousand miles from Corpus Christi, in Southeastern Texas, to Olympia, in Washington Territory—Mr. Hatton thinks the time has arrived when the postage on local letters, at offices where the carrier system is in operation, can be reduced from two to one cent. And, besides the great disparity of price in proportion to service, he gives the very good reason that the local service in cites now pays over a million of dollars a year in postage in excess of the cost of the service. He adds the further inducement that every new facility given to the local service increases the volume of its business, and we may add that while this pays the government well in the end in the mere matter of revenue, it also carries out one of the great purposes of the Postoffice Department as a help and promoter of intercourse among the people.

Incidentally the Report concedes two needs of justice to the clerks in the working postoffices and to the subordinates in the Department. As to the clerks he says, they are as a rule "underpaid," especially at the "separating offices," of which the Philadelphia office is one of the greatest. It is a fact that these clerks are very materially underpaid, and we may repeat here what has often been said in these columns from competent knowledge on the subject, that they are the hardest worked and least paid of the government employes; certainly this is the case as to employes contributing the same class of service and incurring similar responsibilities. Of the other class of subordinates, those in the Department at Washington, such as the clerks who are the heads of divisions, Mr. Hatton speaks in terms of deserved and just commendation—at least it is just as to many of them. Of these Mr. Hatton says:

"Such subordinate officers, who always have opinions of their own and freely express them without stopping to first consider whether or not the opinions they honestly entertain are those of their superior officers, are the class of officers from whom a superior gets his best and most valuable assistance. It is from such subordinates that the head of any office gets the most cheerful acquiescence when he assumes the responsibility of final decision which the law places upon him."

We are also, in this report, advised of the gratifying fact that the removals and suspensions of officers were fewer than in the preceding year. It is, indeed, doubly gratifying, we may say, for they were but comparatively few in that year preceding. And in no previous year the First Assistant believes, have there been fewer complaints of incompetency or dishonesty among postmasters. All this is very cheerful news to hear; and tacking it to its proper connection with other news we have from another Department, it shows that the wholesome influence of civil service reform is already at work. The news from the other Department referred to is to the effect, that while there used to be an average of twelve vacancies a month from resignations, removals, etc., there is now but an average of two such vacancies a month. The tenure is much more secure among meritorious clerks; they have less occasion to resign for fear of being displaced, or of having their fairly earned promotion denied by the bringing in of the proteges of Congressmen to push them from their stools, or to take the higher places to which they are entitled by intelligent and faithful service.

Baby Was Dead.

Commercial Traveler's Magazine.

The jolly conductor had been laying off a few days on account of sickness at home, but one day he appeared on his train looking pale, and a brakeman who had run with him for years knew the conductor's mind was away at the bedside of his sick baby.

With punch in hand, and his heart in his throat, the conductor entered the smoking car and said, "tickets," in a voice not at all like its usual sound. It was more like an appeal to his Heavenly Father to watch over the baby at home. Four drummers were sitting together in two seats, all good friends of the conductor, and as he took their thousand-mile tickets to punch, one said: "Old man, you were up late last night. Beware of the wine cup," and laughed, and the conductor tried to smile, but he couldn't.

Another drummer, who had traveled with the conductor for years, and loved him as a brother, thinking he was a little off, said, "O boys, wait till he goes through the train and collects a few cash fares, he will brighten up. Then I will tell him the last story;" and they all laughed at their old friend, and he punched the last of their tickets and went on with a forced smile, and as a tear drop rolled down his dark cheek, the boy thought he had a cinder in his eye.

The last drummer slapped him on the arm and said, "Come back soon to your own chickabiddy;" and as he went out of the car a laugh arose, and he stood on the platform a minute because he felt faint, and then entered the other car. He knew almost every passenger, and on any other day he would have been proud to have them speak to him as they did, and chaff and joke, but that day every word seemed to be a bullet.

He was present in body, but his mind was far away, and when he put a check in the hand of a lady's turban hat, instead of putting it in the window, and she blushed, and the passengers laughed, they thought he did it for a joke, but it was because he did not know what he was doing, his mind being with the sick baby at home.

He hurried along, and a lady with a little three-year-old girl was next, a child just the age of his sick one. The mother had thought it would please the conductor to let the child hand the ticket to him, and the little one had the ticket in its fat hand, and was shrinking back behind the mamma trying to muster up courage to hand the ticket to the big conductor, who had often held her on his lap when she was on his train, when he would laugh so heartily that the child would be surprised and he would tell her of his little baby at home.

The child peeped around mamma's shoulder and saw the conductor before he saw her, and he looked so changed and sad that the little one opened her eyes in wonder and handed up the ticket as carefully as though he would bite, and when he saw her he almost fainted, and when she said, "Where is our baby?" he thought his heart would jump out of his breast. The tears ran down his face and he whispered, "She may be dying now," and as he went out on the platform at a station he felt that it would almost be a mercy if the train would run over him.

He went into the car and finished his work, and reutned to the smoker and sat down in the end seat and then got nervous and went into the baggage car, passing the large hearted drummers, who were full of fun and wanted him to be, and they all said, "Come, old boy, sit down here and have a smoke." But he said, in a husky voice, that he hadn't time, and as he went out the door he braced up enough to turn and smile at the boys through a window, and throw a kiss at them, because he didn't want them to think he would go back entirely on old friends, but when he got to the baggage car and sat down in a chair, he looked like a man who had lost every friend.

At the next station a woman with a little girl was cross to the child, and jerked it along by the arm, and he snatched the little one from the mother and tenderly lifted it on the car, and the mother looked indignant and she got on the car and pushed the little one along the aisle and set it down in the seat as though she would like to break its bones, and the conductor looked at her as though, if she were a man, he would everlastingly wipe with the platform with her.

He got on the car in the rear of the smoker that time, because his old friends the drummers, were so thoughtless of his feelings. He did not realize that they were unaware of his sorrow. Every kindly expression from the passengers seemed to him like an unfeeling remark, and he would have given a month's salary to have been at home or anywhere that anybody felt as bad as he did.

At the next station he got a dispatch, and his hand shook like a leaf, and he dare not look it out of doors, but he went in the smoker and sat down in front of the drummers, and opened the dispatch, glanced at it, and put his head on his hand, and leaned his elbow on the window.

The boys looked at him, and one said, not thinking that anything had occurred more than the usual order to hold the train for another pass: "Hello, the old man has got his discharge. Oh, I have been expecting it since he collected that twenty cents from the tramp last week, and knocked it down."

Then they laughed, and one of the boys touched the conductor on the shoulder and said: "Never mind, old boy, us fellows will see you through. We will get a sample case for you to carry."

The conductor read the dispatch over to the traveling man and said, "Read it," and the friend read: "Your baby is dead. Come back on No. —. Give your train to your head brakeman."

It was signed by the division superintendent. The four pairs of eyes that read the dispatch had tears in them, and four throats choked up so it was a minute before anybody could speak, and then one of the boys went out and sat down by the conductor, who was crying like a child, and said: "Old fellows, all of us have babies at home, and not one of us would have joked you had we known of your sorrow. Forgive us, old pard."

The conductor said it was all right, and he knew they pitied him, but it had almost broken his heart to have them talk so, and he went into the baggage car to prepare to leave the train at the next station.

As he left the train four large hearted drummers, who looked as though they, too, had been bereaved shook hands tenderly with the conductor, and bade him good by, and then went into the car and agreed that they couldn't be too careful about their levity, and their thoughts were all the afternoon with the stricken conductor and his dead baby.

When the brakeman went through the train, with his pale face, and took tickets, the passengers knew that something had happened, and to every question he said: "The conductor's baby is dead, and he has gone back," and then every passenger looked as though it were a funeral train, and a hundred hearts felt sorry for their old friend, and none more so than the hearts of the drummers.

At the funeral there was a bank of flowers that almost covered the little coffin, which came by express from 200 miles away, and the conductor will always believe the flowers came from the drummers, and he was right.

THE COLONEL'S SNEEZE

That Saved Two Regiments of Soldiers in the Late War.

Knoxville Tribune, 24.

Yesterday, while engaged in a conversation with Major ——, in front of the postoffice, a Tribune reporter noticed a man of fine physique and handsome, intelligent features, walking leisurely along on the opposite side of the street, when all at once there passed over his face the painful and puzzled expression of idiotic helplessness. He reeled to the outer edge of the pavement like a man with an apoplectic fit, and, bracing himself, lent over the curbing with all the desperation of a sea sick woman. He stood half bent as if an Iowa cyclone or Krakatoan earthquake was playing sad havoc with his interior organization. Suddenly the disturbance came to a head in his nose in the shape of a prolonged and chopped up sneeze which startled everybody within three squares.

"Ash-oo—Whoopee-hoo," rang out again and again as the stalwart stranger's heels would fly up and the tails of his Prince Albert would fly over his head. The very ground that he stood on trembled and the crowd of loafers at the postoffice steps beat a retreat, fearing that the building might tumble down.

After the storm, the sneezer straightened himself up, mopped his face with a large silk handkerchief and took soundings. About this time the Major left us, crossing the street embraced the stranger, and with tears in his eyes sobbed, "How do you do, Colonel."

They shook each other's hands and shoulders, and made us understand that they hadn't seen each other for 20 years. The Colonel had changed very much, and he asked in bewilderment how the Major knew him.

"Know you! By your sneeze, Colonel. There is no other sneeze like yours in the country, you know. When I heard it I thought of the time at Fishing Creek."

Turning to us, the Major said: "That was about our first scouting expedition and all of our men were green. It was on the eve of the battle of Fishing Creek, the second battle of the rebellion in Virginia, and our two regiments had been ordered to search the country for straggling Federal sharpshooters and skirmishers. It was night and neither regiment was acquainted with the topography of the country. Moving forward in fine the night black as the chamber of darkness in "Dante's Inferno," our regiment suddenly came up on a body of troops ready to receive them, with skirmishers out. Neither men nor officers were clear as to what the regulations called for in such a case, and there was a hurried and excited conference. The troops might be our own men, but they ignored every challenge, and we knew that they like ourselves were ready to fire. There was a moment of terrible suspense. Everybody excited—every body in doubt. Then suddenly there rang out along the ghostly line in the distance the Major's double barrelled sneeze. It was a joyful sound, and in our relief both regiments fairly danced as roar after roar of laughter followed each succeeding sneeze. It was a narrow escape from a mistake too common then of one Confederate regiment pouring a murderous fire into another. The Major's sneeze saved us then, and don't you forget it."

A gang of tramps got possession of a car loaded with wines, near the head of Lebachapi Pass, California, recently, and it took a special train with officers from Los Angeles to overhaul the menagerie into which the tramps had turned themselves with the liquors.

Decline of Man.

Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.

PRETTY FEMALE SMUGGLERS.

Modistes and Others Who Try to Swindle Uncle Sam.

One of New York's Dressmakers Caught Napping, and Other Cities Contributing to the List.

New York World.

An injunction of forfeiture and confiscation of a quantity of silks, velvets, laces and dresses seized by the Customhouse Inspectors from Miss Thornton, a fashionable modiste of this city, who was a passenger on the steamer Republic, was filed in the United States District Court by Assistant District Attorney J. P. Clark yesterday. In her manifest Miss Thornton made the usual statement that she had nothing dutiable among her effects, but upon examining her trunks a large number of odds and ends were found, and this led to a closer examination. She was taken to the private room and searched by the female examiner. Pinned to a handkerchief on the inside of her underskirt were several yards of very fine point lace.

The dress she had on appeared to fit somewhat loosely, and on removing it the following goods were discovered: One garnet velvet and satin trimmed dress, 5 yards of point lace, 5½ yards of Spanish lace, 15 pairs of kid gloves, a fur cape and a quantity of silk passementeries, such as are used for adorning dresses, in all valued at about $1200. The goods were taken to the seizure room, where they will remain for some time, and if not claimed will be sold at public auction. While the reporter was engaged in copying a list of the confiscated articles an inspector entered the room, and looking over the writer's shoulder smilingly remarked:

"That reminds me of two other cases of attempted smuggling on the part of dressmakers which were rather unfortunate, as the smugglers were nipped in the bud.

"Toward the latter part of September we always keep a sharp lookout for returning modistes who spend the summer in England and France in purchasing the outfits of our butterflies of fashion. Every steamer has several of them among its passenger lists, and although some of them are really honest it is hard to pass their trunks without the closest inspection. Their faces are well known to us; in fact, we become acquainted with them from the repeated trips they make.

A BOSTON MODISTE.

"When the steamer Labrador, of the French line, arrived here in September I noticed that my old friend, Miss Partridge, upon whom the Boston belles depend for wearing apparel, had grown rather stout since her last journey to Paris. In her declaration she stated that she had nothing dutiable, but she acted so awkwardly that I became convinced she had something about her that she wished to conceal. The female inspector found considerable lace carefully stuffed into a beautifier that she wore, besides a quantity of silks and satins and several yards of the finest point lace, evidently intended for a bridal trousseau; in short, the Government recovered about $6000 worth of goods which would surely have passed through unnoticed had I not remembered the lady's figure from former occasions. When she left the examining room she looked as thin—even thinner than ever before.

"Mrs. Wachman leads the fashionable world of Chicago by the nose, and in the course of her business visits Europe two or three times a year. It is rather a strange ruse among the dressmakers who import largely to throw the inspectors off their guard by submitting to the closest examination several times and have nothing contraband about them. A new man would think that they are perfectly honest and wouldn't defraud Uncle Sam out of a penny. They appear religious, and often carry half a dozen Bibles about them, but this don't fool the old hands worth a cent. Mrs. Wachman is a modest German woman, sharp as a steel trap, and smiles like an angel. She was a passenger on one of the recent English steamers, and had three large trunks. I looked them over carefully but could find nothing that was dutiable. There were several dresses that I suspected, but she could easily prove that she had worn them before and therefore constituted a part of her outfit. By a mere accident one of the dresses fell out, and in attempting to replace it about $1000 worth of lace sewed to the lining came to view. She was relieved of about $3000 worth of goods that are now in the seizure room.

A POLITICIAN'S WIFE.

"Another case of a fashionable lady is worth mentioning. She was the wife of a gentleman prominent in the political world, who spent the summer at a fashionable spa. Her face was so delicate and wan that it struck me at once as decidedly out of proportion to her apparently heavy built frame. It turned out to be silk and not flesh that made her look so healthy. She submitted quietly while the silk was unwound, and seemed much distressed when her dishonesty was discovered. Of course we are obliged to let them go after taking the goods, against which alone the government takes action by confiscating them.

"They are coming now with every steamer, and it ought not to surprise the public if some rich displays of holiday goods are offered for sale at auction by the government."

KING OF THE CAMELS.

How Heenan Foiled Two Cow-Boys, and Routed an Indian Village.

Nashville American, 21.

There is an animal in S. H. Barrett & Co.'s menagerie that has a history. His name is Heenan, though he is commonly called by the man that grooms him "Sam" for short. Heenan is a camel, and the largest one ever seen in this country, and is notable not only on account of his size, but because of two other facts. First, because he was brought with a herd of fourteen others from Asia, and introduced into New Mexico by the United States government, with a view to utilizing them in transporting the mails across the great American desert.

The second reason is best told by one of Heenan's keepers, who got it from a Mexican cow boy. The cow boy said that when the government gave up using the camels to transport the mails, they turned them loose on the buffalo grass. The cow boy, Jack White, and his friend, Neil McCarthy, thought camel hair would make good lassoes; in fact, would be much better material for that purpose than plaited and rolled buffalo hide.

The spring was just opening up, and Heenan's hair, (his winter coat) was very long. So the cowboys mounted their ponies and visited the herd, which was grazing on the hillside near a small mountain stream. They had miscalculated upon one fact, however. Camels, thought very gentle natured during three seasons of the year, are very bad tempered in the spring, and another peculiar fact—namely, that they are possessed of very bad breaths at all times—sent the cowboys' good intentions to pave that place where so many others had been utilized for that purpose before. One of the cowboys had armed himself with a pair of sheep shears and a lariat, and the other with a lasso. Zach White had the lasso, and was to throw it around Heenan's long neck and throw him down, after which Neil McCarthy was to tie his legs together, and he was to be shorn of his valuable winter coat of fine and beautiful hair, so much used at the present time for the manufacture of ladies' dresses and gents' fine underwear.

Zack managed to get his lasso around Heenan's neck without much trouble, and started his pony in the opposite direction, with the loose end of the lasso wound around the pummel of his saddle so as to throw Heenan down, when the latter was scared in the opposite direction by Neil McCarthy. They had both reckoned without their host, it seems, for no sooner did the lasso tighten on the huge animal's neck, and McCarthy start his pony towards him than the latter, with ears bent and mouth wide open, breathed the noxious vapors arising from his stomach with a degree of venom that scared the pony so bad that the long shanked curb bit had no power to restrain his course down the steep hill into the creek. White's horse was dragged after Heenan, as the lasso was by that time made fast to the saddle. The three quadrupeds jumped the creek about the same time and dashed through an Indian village, the lasso pulled by the joint strength of the pony and the camel dragging down the dear skin lodges of the red men, as the beasts that drew it scudded past. The squaws were scolding, the braves were arming themselves and the children squalling as the mad procession passed. Nothing stopped the bold onslaught of Heenan until he was precipitated against a tree and almost thrown to the ground, upon which Jack White cut his lasso and escaped with his companion, and was winter again before the king of the head of camels was corralled, lassoed hobbled and sold to Mr. Barrett's agent.

Should you be a sufferer from dyspepsia, indigestion, malaria or weakness you can be cured by Brown's Iron Bitters.

Snakes as Life Destroyers.

The loss of life in India due to the ravages of venomous snakes is almost incredible. Yet consumption, which is as wily and fatal as the deadliest Indian reptile, is winding its coils around thousands of people while the victims are unconscious of its presence. Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" must be used to cleanse the blood of the scrofulous impurities, for tubercular consumption is only a form of scrofulous disease. "Golden Medical Discovery" is a sovereign remedy for all forms of scrofulous disease, or king's evil, such as tumors, white swellings, fever sores, scrofulous sore eyes, as well as for other blood and skin diseases. By druggists.

The prospectors who went up into Alaska on a gold search expedition last spring failed to strike "pay dirt," on the alleged placer grounds, and have returned to California. The mountains in which lie the headwaters of the Yukon river were tramped over by experienced miners and the gravel tested, but no "color" found.

A Dead Shot

May be taken at liver and bilious disorders with Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets." Mild yet certain in operation; and there is none of the reaction consequent upon taking severe and drastic cathartics. By druggists.

The change in Ireland's national colors from azure to green is said to have been paralleled in the case of Italy, whose colors, now bright carmine and emerald green, were brick red and olive green a quarter of a century ago.

Telegraph Item.

UTICA, June 9, 1883.

Frank W. Hoffman, clerk of the American District Telegraph Co. says: "Having had occasion to use a medicine for kidney trouble with a lame back, I was recommended by one of our Utica druggists to use Hunt's Remedy, as he had sold a good deal of it to many of our leading families here with great success for kidney, liver, and urinary troubles. I purchased some, and have only used three bottles. It has cured me, and I can truly recommend Hunt's Remedy to any one in need of the best medicine for these complaints."

The Widow's Mite.

In compliance with your request I send you a statement of my case. I will write you with a double purpose, first to thank you for the great amount of good your medicine, "Hunt's Remedy," has done me, and secondly, with the hope that my recovery will induce some sufferer to do as I did, "use the great specific and be cured." For nearly a whole year I was an invalid, unable to go out of the house, and a great part of the time confined to my bed, a living, powerless subject of the most dreadful of all diseases, "kidney complaint." From the long suffering I became weak from the loss of strength, with a lack of vitality, and very much reduced in flesh. All this time I was taking various medicines, under the care of our family doctor, and not receiving a particle of help. I had almost despaired of getting well when my attention was called to Hunt's Remedy by a boarder in my family. I commenced taking it (unknown to the doctor) with but little hope of relief. This non-belief was soon dispelled, however, as I daily began to improve. I continued the use of Hunt's Remedy (and to make a long story short), used eight bottles, dispensed with the doctor, and to the surprise of all who knew me, and not to my great satisfaction, became as well as ever. All pains and aches vanished, appetite returned, gained strength and flesh, and to-day consider myself as well as ever, and only too glad to place my testimony with that of many others.

That your medicine, "Hunt's Remedy," brought me from a sick bed I well know, and many people who know of my condition pronounce my cure almost miraculous. I am happy to say I am enjoying excellent health, thanks to your valuable medicine, Hunt's Remedy. MRS. L. W. CLARK, 193 Main street, Hartford, Conn., May 21, 1883.

Dr. HOLMAN'S PAD cures Malaria DYSPEPSIA, Nervous & Sick Headaches All Liver and Stomach Troubles. It is also a sure Protection against Yellow Fever, Sea Sickness, Typhoid,