PUBLIC LEDGER

The Subscription price of the DAILY PUBLIC LEDGER is $5 per annum and 50c per month for less than one year. The WEEKLY LEDGER is $1 per annum—postage free. Payable in advance invariably.

Entered at the Postoffice in Memphis, Tenn., as second-class matter.

MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 31, 1883.

THE

Public Ledger

NEWSPAPER,

JOB PRINTING

AND

BINDERY

are now located at

15 and 17 Union Street.

A SCOTCHMAN'S COMMENT

On the Irish Question and the Ledger's Chicago Correspondent.

EDITOR LEDGER:—Your Chicago correspondent in yesterday's issue endeavors to compensate for weakness of argument by strength of language, and unfortunately, he only succeeds in being frothy. England and everthing English may be, as he says, in a very bad way, but certainly such a farrago of senseless and utterly contemptible phrases as his "spirited response" would find a place in no respectable newspaper from John O'Groats to Land's End. Ordinary decency in the matter of language costs nothing, but, like various other inexpensive items—the commonest of sense, for instance—it is conspicuous by its absence from the wordy effusion of this ireful Hibernian. I have no wish to enter into the merits of this question, but only desire as a constant reader of the LEDGER to protest against the publication of tirades that are a disgrace to the language we speak, and do nothing but harm to the cause of Ireland. Doubtless England has done wrong and Ireland has been wronged, but nowhere is there a stronger desire that right should be done, not only in Ireland, but in India and other British dependencies, than in the hearts of the English people of to-day. If individuals and party organs sometimes use expressions that seem to belie this feeling, it is because the waywardness of one Irish party, and the brutality of another, beget an anger at variance with their real desire for justice. The wrongs of centuries cannot be rectified in a day, but notwithstanding the efforts of so-called "friends" of Ireland to stem the tide of reform, sooner or later they will be rectified. Meanwhile "Nayr," instead of belching forth such filth as defiled your columns yesterday, might persuade his countrymen to return to Parliament intelligent reformers, instead of the shallow agitators and antiquated tonies, they send up at present, and thus assist the cause he has at heart.

As for the case of O'Donnell, to an impartial observer, it appears simple. If it is expedient that in certain cases private individuals be allowed with impunity to override the law and administer justice with their own hands, then O'Donnell ought to be in the enjoyment of life and liberty to day. If on the other hand, the law is to be observed by every citizen, no matter how deeply he may feel its injustice, then is O'Donnell's sentence justified. Though he was in a sense the instrument of justice, he was the victim of a just law he overstepped. Justice demanded the death of Carey; law that of O'Donnell. The latter men get here; the former, let us hope, they get hereafter.

A DISGUSTED SCOTCHMAN,

Memphis, Dec. 30, 1883.

A Worthy and Happy Newly Married Couple.

Mr. Julius A. Pollock, who was married to Mrs. Maggie B. Capehart, at the residence of Mr. George Munch on Walnut street, by Rev. A. W. Lamar, December 12th, took a bridal trip to New Orleans, this being the first time that either of them had ever seen the Crescent City. They went by rail and returned by boat just in time for Christmas, and of course enjoyed their tour as only sensible and newly married people can. The marriage was a quiet, though not unexpected event by the many friends of the worthy couple—only a few persons, and they near relatives, were present as guests of the occasion. Mr. Pollock is a well known and highly esteemed citizen. He has lived here since his boyhood, and by his strict business habits, upright conduct and fair dealing in the transactions of everyday life has won the respect and good will of all who know him. He has married an excellent and a refined Christian lady, who will doubtless bring much happiness and tranquil domestic joy to his heart and home. The best wishes of hundreds of friends are extended to them through the LEDGER, in addition to the shower of congratulations that have poured in upon Mr. Pollock from his street and business friends ever since his return

The PUBLIC LEDGER Job Printing Office and Bindery is now located at 17 Union street and ready for all business offering.

MR. MORRISON'S COMMITTEE.

Harmonious Working Expected—The Policy of the Republicans.

Special to the Courier Journal.

WASHINGTON, December 28.—Mr. Morrison is quoted as saying, since his appointment as Chairman of the committee, that had the recommendations of the Tariff Commission at the last session, for a reduction of 25 per cent been honestly carried out, he and those who think with him would have been against any further agitation of the tariff at this session. It is very generally accepted that the policy of Judge Kelley and the other protectionists of the Republican minority of the committee will be one entirely of a delay and obstruction. They will do nothing to assist in the passage of a proper Revenue Reform Bill, such as the country needs and desires, but everything to make it obnoxious and susceptible of criticism. Already deliberate misrepresentations of the position of the majority of the committee and its purposes have been widely disseminated by the protection interests. It is the opinion of Mr. Morrison that the majority of the committee will act in harmony, so that he does not apprehend any difficulty beyond that of the ordinary character, so far as they are concerned.

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A SPOTTED FIRE-BUG.

The Man Who Laughs While the Flames are Raging.

Remarkable Coincidences Related by an Insurance Man—How Recent Nashville Fires Are Accounted For.

Nashville Americas, 19

An insurance man noted for his public spirit had a chat with an American reporter last night, in which he related some very important facts in connection with the late fires. He insisted, that in view of the fact that eighteen of the thirty one fires which have occurred since November 13, broke out between midnight and daylight, and generally occurred in pairs, was evidence to the Board of Public Works and others who were investigating the circumstances, that there was a persistent fire bug, who was acquainted with the condition of the department, and made a study of trying to fire places difficult of access or where water was hard to get.

"Have you any idea as to who the fire-bug is?" asked the reporter.

"Well, they have at last spotted a certain man. Now, of course you want to know how we came to spot him. I will tell you, but will have to recall to your mind some facts connected with the late fires in North Nashville to show you the reasons for resting such grave suspicions on one man.

"You remember the first series of that bunch of fires was on South Market street, near the street car stable. The firemen had hardly gotten through with and put the engines in the house when (about 1 a.m.) an alarm sounded from box 45 North Nashville. I for got to tell you, however, that the key hole to the nearest box (No. 56) to the South Market street fire was stopped up with wooden pegs and had to be picked out by the police before they could give the alarm. Box 45, from which the alarm in North Nashville had to be given was also stopped up with wooden pegs, which had to be dug out by the police. If I remember right they had to give the alarm by telephone. You can now commence to see the point. Supposing the fire department to be busily engaged in South Nashville putting out a fire; the fire fiend walks to North Nashville, and in the dark hour before the dawn, plugs up the key hole to box 45. He then sets John Smith's house afire. Fortunately the Chief of the Fire Department had sent the North Nashville engine back, as soon as the South Nashville fire was under control. Smith's house was soon put out by this engine, but while the Lea was playing on the fire the following conversation occurred between one of the firemen and the suspected man:

"'How did you get along with the South Nashville fire?'

Fireman—"'Well enough; we put it out in a short time to get into bed when they telephoned us to come out here.'

"'That's a new kind of fire alarm, ain't it? Did it work well?'

Fireman—"It worked well enough this time, but might not the next.'

"'You will get one the next time you won't put out so easy.'

This was said in a positive, forced manner with an ominous look and contracted eyebrows. The consequence was, when the matter and the man's manner was reported to Chief Meadors, it set him to thinking.

"The next night, as soon as the Chief got to Pat Walsh's fire and got it under control, he ordered the North Nashville engines and South Nashville engines back to the houses, thinking it best not to have all of the hose played out at one time Now, I was at this fire at Walsh's myself, and I'll tell you what I saw. I ran up stairs with Meadors, and we found the door opening from Walsh's store room (up stairs) on the hallway open. There were three barrels of whisky blazing, and the fire was burning among these alone. 'Work of an incendiary,' said the Chief as soon as he saw it. Now, every body knows that a fire among barrels of whisky well ignited is the very hardest kind of a fire to put out. By prompt action and deluging the flames with the big stream from the Siamese hose the fire was put out. What next? The last two engines had not left the scene of this conflagration when an alarm was sounded from box No. 49. The Chief told me to look at a certain man at Walsh's fire. I went out to the fire at the Half Way House. Who should I see standing where the crowd was thickest but the man the Chief had pointed out at the Cherry street fire. This I found out since is the man suspected of being the fire fiend.

"What did we have the next night? A fire in West Nashville. What next? By the time the engines got back into the houses a telephonic dispatch: 'Shaefer's lumber yard on fire.' The by this time well spotted fire bug stood grinning as he watched both fires. Next night the fire department had just got in the house after putting out a small fire. A telephone dispatch from Shaefer's mill: 'Key hole to box No. 45 stopped up with lead. Fire in Shaefer's lumber yard.' What next? The bug on hand in the lumber yard asking questions of the firemen again.

"These circumstances are all closely connected, but there are others that show a method in the proceedings. The fire at Mr. Howell's store was plainly the work of an incendiary The Fire Chief, when asked about it by the insurance men, took some of them down there and pointed out the condition of the place where the fire began in the basement, and the deductions from what was seen there made it clear that it was done by a deliberate incendiary.

"What about the Pendleton, Thomas & Co. fire? you ask. I think that was as self-evident a case of fiendish incendiarism as I ever came across, and I am free to say Andy Meaders agrees with me. Of all places in this city that a fire would defy the efforts of the department to put it out, that was the place. There was a deep cellar filled with the most inflammable and unquenchable substances, once fired, in the world, oil and spirits, a hundred and more barrels. No way to reach the flames but through a small opening in the front, where the burning lake of oil sent up solid columns of flames fifty feet high, the flames so fierce in front that the firemen could scarcely approach the building. Nothing but the fact that that fire was drowned out, not quenched, ever saved that block. The fire fiend was there with the same sardonic grin on his countenance."

"Do you connect the fire on Church street Thursday night, with the doings of the fire fiend?" asked the scribe.

"I do not," replied the insurance man. "The goods were insured for $1,000, and I have heard the stock estimated at from $200 to $400. I noticed when I visited the scene of the conflagration yesterday, that there was a hole burned through the floor that looked as if it commenced from the stove. Some of the goods burned quickly, while others nearer the door are not much burned. But that was not the work of the wholesale fire fiend. I have acknowledged that he was out of town last night."

"Have you heard," asked the reporter, "anything about a secret vigilance committee having been formed in North Nashville for the purpose of lynching the fire fiend, if they caught him."

"There was some talk of that kind, and I understand the rope was bought to do the work with, and the lamp post selected. I think if the firemen had caught him the night they had to throw down those thirty foot piles of walnut lumber, plank by plank, they would have tied him to the fence and played the Lea hose on him until he was frozen to death."

Mr. John Sartain recently wrote of his view of Mr. Hanisch's model of the statue of Calhoun which is to be placed on the Calhoun monument in Charleston, S. C.: "My first impression was pleasurable surprise; surpise at the magnitude of the work and pleasure at the style and character of its execution. The action of the right hand and the expression of the face convey the idea of a man reasoning closely. He appears to have risen from his chair and to be in the act of addressing an audience. The weight of his body is thrown chiefly on the right leg, and the left is advanced forward in an easy position and bent at the knee, of course. The face is wrought to an artistic finish, and I judge must be a good likeness, from the conception I have formed from portraits said to be good. The drapery is gracefully disposed, and with a free and bold execution, so important for effect, especially in large work."

Josiah Davis' Trouble.

Josiah Davis, No. Middletown, Ky. writes:

I am now using a box of your Henry's Carbolic Salve upon an ulcer, which, for the past ten days, has given me great pain. This salve is the only remedy I have found that has given me any ease. My ulcer was caused by varicose veins, and was pronounced incurable by my medical doctors. I find, however, that Henry's Carbolic Salve is effecting a cure. Beware of counterfeits.

Mary Anderson as "Galatea."

London World.

Without attempting any comparison between Mrs. Kendal and the young American actress, it may at once be stated that the latter gave an interesting and original rendition of "Galatea." As the velvet curtains drawn aside disclosed the snowy statue on its pedestal, in a pose of classic beauty, it seemed hard to believe that such sculptural forms, the delicate features, the fine arms, the graceful figure, could be of any other material than marble. The gradual awakening to life, the joy and wonder of the bright young creature, to whom existence is still a mystery, were charmingly indicated; and when Miss Anderson stepped forward slowly in her soft clinging draperies, with her pretty brown hair lightly powdered, she satisfied the most fastidiously critical sense of beauty. "Galatea," as Miss Anderson understands her, is statuesque; but "Galatea" is also a woman, perfect in the purity of ideal womanhood. The chief characteristics of her nature are innate modesty and refinement, which, though perhaps not strictly fashionable attributes are appropriate enough in a daughter of the gods. When she loves it is without any airs or graces. She has not an atom of self consciousness; she cannot premediate; she loves because she must, rather than because she will; because it is the condition of her life. Some of the naive remarks she has to utter might in clumsy lips seem coarse. Miss Anderson delivered them with consummate grace and innocence; but her fine smile, her bright, sparkling eye, proved sufficiently that the innocence was not stupidity. The first long speech, at the conclusion of which she kneels to Pygmalion, was beautifully rendered, and elicited a burst of applause, which was repeated at intervals throughout the evening. Her poses were always graceful, sometimes strikingly beautiful.

Miss Anderson has the true sense of rhythm and the clearest enunciation; she has a deep and musical voice, which in moments of pathos thrills with a sweet and tender affection. She has seized, in this instance, upon the touching, rather than the humorous, side of Galatea, the pure and innocent girl who is not fit to live upon this world. She is only not human because she is superior to human folly; she cannot understand sin because it is so sweet; she asks to be taught a fault, but the womanly love and devotion and unselfishness are all there, writ in clear and uncompromising characters. The first and last acts were decidedly the best; in the latter especially Miss Anderson touched a true pathetic chord, and fairly elicited the pity and sympathy of the audience. With a gentle wonder and true dignity she meets the gradual dropping away of illusion, the crumbling of her unreasoning faith, the cruel stings, when, her spiritual nature misunderstood and her actions misinterpreted, she is jarred by the rough contact of commonplace facts, and ruffled and wounded by the strange and cynical indifference to her sufferings of the man she loves. At last, when she can bear no more, yet uncomplaining to the last, like a flower broken on its stem, shrinking and sensitive she totters out with one loud cry of woe, the expression of her agony. Miss Anderson is a poet; she brings everything to the level of her own refined and artistic sensibility; and the result is that while she presents us with a picture of ideal womanhood, she must appeal of necessity rather to our imagination than to our senses, and may be by some persons considered cold. Once or twice she dropped her voice so as to become almost inaudible, and occasionally forced her low tones more than was quite agreeable; but whether in speech, in gesture or in delicate suggestive byplay, her performance is essentially finished. One or two little actions may be noted such as the instinctive recoil of alarmed modesty when Pygmalion blames her for saying "things that others would reprove," or her expression of troubled wonder to find that it is "possible to say one thing and mean another."

MOTHER SWAN'S WORM SYRUP.

Infallible, tasteless, harmless, cathartic; for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation. 25c.

A Grandmother Elopes.

Philadelphia Record.

The elopement of Mrs. James Smiley, of Duffryn Mawr (Green Tree) Chester county, with an alleged herb doctor, has created a great deal of wondering gossip throughout the neighborhood. Mrs Smiley is sixty years old, and had lived contentedly with her husband, who is a gentleman of property, for over thirty years. The aged couple have children and grandchildren living within a few miles of their home. About a month ago a man, fifty years of age, applied at the Smiley homestead for board. He represented that he owned a farm in Montgomery county, and desired to practice his profession at Duffryn Mawr. He said that he was an herb doctor, and gave the name of Joshua Perry. He obtained some practice, and a few people thought that he wrought wonderful cures. He at least succeeded in ingratiating himself in the affection of Mrs. Smiley, whose husband had no idea that the Doctor had any intention of disturbing the peace of the household.

Mrs Smiley and the intruder became violently attached to each other, and began making arrangements, like a pair of young lovers, to elope at the first opportunity. On Monday of last week Mrs. Smiley told her husband that she proposed to pay a visit to some of her friends in Delaware county, and that the accommodating doctor would drive her over. Accordingly, the best team on the place was hitched up, and Mrs Smiley and Dr. Perry drove gayly off. They never came back.

On the next day Mr. Smiley was amazed to receive a note from the doctor saying that he would find the horse and wagon at Providence, Delaware county, in possession of the outraged husband's brother; "but," the note concluded, "your wife you can never get."

A careful investigation of the facts has convinced Mr. Smiley that his wife of thirty years has really gone off to live with the herb doctor, but where he has not yet been able to discover. His home has been broken up, and he has advertised in the papers warning any one from giving his wife credit on his account. Mr. Smiley will also probably apply for a divorce.

Brown's Bronchial Troches for Coughs and Colds: "I do not see how it is possible for a public man to be himself in winter without this admirable aid."—Rev. R M Devens, Pocasset, Mass.

PIRATE CRAFT.

How Three Junks Assailed a Merchant Vessel in Chinese Waters.

A Fierce Fight—Opportune Arrival of a War Steamer.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

A reporter of the Enquirer ran across an old acquaintance, a resident of Boston, Mass., who is a sea Captain by profession, and in the course of an hour's conversation heard the following startling story:

We left Boston a year ago last August in the ship Trojan, loaded with a general cargo, bound for Mauritius, off the east coast of Africa, and from there to Hong Kong, on the south coast of China. Everthing went well and the voyage seemed to be the most prosperous I had undertaken until we neared the coast of China, just in the period between the turning of the monsoons, which, you know, are winds that blow for six months up the coast, and the other six months down, with a period of some weeks between. In this interim of calm weather, the heavy long rolling sea which has been caused by six months of hard blowing becomes a dangerous element for a sailing vessel, as she is completely at its mercy, having no use for her canvas. And if she had been deeply loaded as we were, she is apt to strain her frame and leak badly. We were in this condition on a warm June morning, every energy being put forth to keep the ship free from water, and loose material from being washed overboard, when we were all suddenly startled by the

BOOM OF A GUN

and the whistle of a shot close to our vessel. On looking in the direction whence the shot came, we were horrified to see three enormous junks making for us, using their long sweeps, at which they are adepts. Every man down to the cook, knew the fearful meaning of that gun. It signaled Chinese pirates, and the junks had us at their mercy. Instantly I unlocked the arms chest, which contained two Remingtons and two Springfield breech loaders, with plenty of ammunition; and passed the arms to those whom I thought to be the most trustworthy. Again and again the junks fired at us, but their shot passed harmlessly by until they were within a half mile of us, when their shot cut away the flying jib boom. Knowing the effect of a sudden scare on Chinamen, I ordered four men aloft in the tops to open fire on them, and, if possible, check their nearer approach, and had the satisfaction of seeing three of the gang which crowded the deck of the leading junk fall under the good aim of the men in the tops. Under the circumstances I thought it capital marksmanship, as the vessel was rolling at an angle of forty-five degrees from a perpendicular. The heavy dead swell made it dangerous for the pirates to come too close, as in case of fouling they would certainly get the worst of it. They, however,

KEPT UP A CONTINUOUS FIRE

From their old-fashioned guns, and occasionally a chance shot would cut some of our rigging. Thus we lay in suspense that day till near evening, when a light breeze sprang up, and the hope rose in our hearts that we might yet avoid them by flight. By my calculations I was two hundred miles due east of the Taya Islands, off the north point of Hainan, and with the wind from the southeast I could run direct before it for the Ladrones off Macao. But our enemy was not to be baffled, and before I could get sail on the ship and keep her away they had forged ahead under our stern, and were within hailing distance. Then all three fired at us, one shot carrying away the wheel and disabling the man at it, while another ball hit the forestay, and all the head sail fell inboard, useless. No further efforts to handle the ship would avail us any thing, so I called all hands aft to do the best we could to prevent the swarthy devils from boarding us. We opened a deadly fire upon them, but as fast as one went down another came in his place, all a huddling, howling crowd, whose rage and hate were visible even at that distance. Every time a bullet went among them one or more were laid out, yet they yelled all the more and shook their wicked looking swords at us. The next discharge of the gun on the leeward junk carried away our port quarter boat, a splinter striking the mate, piercing his brain and

CAUSING INSTANT DEATH.

Even as he fell his death grip discharged his piece, and one or more paid the penalty of his murder. His death somewhat disheartened the men, and nothing but the knowledge of their ultimate butchery kept them up. The weather junk was drifting down upon us fast, and was within one hundred yards of us when they began throwing their fire or stink pots with slings, and though there was not much danger from fire, the stench and suffocation were almost unendurable. We poured volley after volley into the seething, yelling mass of humanity as they drifted nearer and nearer, and I have often thought since that if they could have got out of range they would have done so, so deadly was our fire.

"I ordered all the axes, top mauls, hand spikes and every available arm and missile after to the weather quarter, where the enemy was bound to strike us, and directed every man to make for the rigging and get aloft as soon as I should give the order.

"The sun was getting low, and the whole western horizon was one continued solar bow of variegated beauty, tinged here and there with the ominous brassy appearance which a sailor knows to presage wind, and the contrast between powerful and beautiful nature and puny man struck upon my senses even in

THAT AWFUL HOUR OF SLAUGHTER.

"The weather junk was down on us, and the yellow devils were making frantic efforts to climb our sides. As fast as one gained a hold on the rail a bullet or a blow from an ax crashed through his skull, and he fell back a corpse. My men were now fairly wild with savage defiance, and fought, to a man, for his life. On turning to pick up some ammunition I saw a clamp ladder thrown up on the lee quarter, and instantly knew all was up; they had swung across our stern, and in my excitement I had not noticed it. Quick as possible I ordered all hands aloft, and we had scarcely time to gain the sheer poles when the deck was swarming with a hundred yellow skinned demons, intent on murder and robbery. Up we clambered till the tops were gained, every man luckily bringing his gun with him, and having some cartridges in his pocket. Tarbox, the cook, brought a tomaul with him, and threw it so dexterously and true that he brained a Chinaman, and placed another hors de combat. I now ordered a careful fire on picked men, and exhorted the men not to waste a shot. As a result, our decks were soon clear, all of the Chinamen able to do so running into the cabin and under the forecastle. By this time the sun had set, and the sea had gone down materially, leaving us in a sorry plight indeed. The junk had broken loose from us and drifted away in the darkness, leaving us

PRISONERS ON OUR OWN SHIP.

As we dare not come down in the darkness. I spoke cheerfully to the men, telling them that at daylight we could go down and imprison the whole gang. To pass the time, I had them sling their pieces, and we furled all the sail, crossing from spar to spar on the stays. It was a fine night, though I feared the reverse would happen before daylight. I questioned them all as to whether they were hurt, and in all cases but that of Martin, who was hurt at the wheel, and Patsey Bolivar, as we called one man, no one had been hurt

"On asking Patsey what ailed him, he answered like his illustrious namesake: "Faith, sur, me belly thinks me throat is cut." In fact, I but then realized that none of us had had food since morning. We fell to discussing the merits of our dead mate, who was a great favorite with all, and that led us all into a more serious frame of mind. At this instant Slater startled us all by yelling at the top of his voice, 'Light, ho!'

"I asked him for its bearings, and when he answered I was unable to see the light. Soon, however, it came plainly to view on the top of a sea, and I could distinguish the usual colored light and a white mast headlight, denoting she was a steamer. I could think of no steamer in our track, as I judged my position to be 20 degrees 22 minutes north, 111 degrees 45 minutes east of Greenwich meridian. Suddenly

A BRIGHT RED FLAME

was shown from her, followed by a white and then again a red. I knew it was a 'Coston night signal,' used only in the United States Navy, and was the preparatory signal to burning the ship's number." When I informed the men they were wild with delight, every man of them having been in the volunteer naval service. Closer and closer she slowly drew until within hail, when a deep, manly voice came over the water, 'Ship ahoy!' 'Aye, aye!' 'What ship is that?' 'The American ship Trojan of Boston, Mauritius for Hong Kong, Thompson, master.' 'What is the cause of the firing we heard to windward to day?' I then described the whole fracas to him, and before I had half finished he 'beat to quarters' and 'called away' boats. I hailed him and told him of the pirates on deck, and begged him not to sacrifice his men in the dark, and he agreed with me.

"Again he hailed: 'Can you get along till daylight?'

"'I can,' I answered, 'if you stay by me.'

"'I'll stay by you, never fear,' came back in such an encouraging and manly tone that we all took heart, and

YELLED LIKE A LOT OF FOOLS.

I told him which way the junks had drifted, and soon the beating of her paddle wheels announced two things to us: First, she was the since ill fated, Monocacy; second, she was going after those junks. As she passed close under our stern we could see the men at quarters, and we all yelled again, and I'm blessed if they did not yell back, which you know is contrary to discipline.

"It was about 4:30 a m., and the first streaks of dawning day were visible, when boom came the deep mouthed tone of a nine inch gun away to leeward, another and another, and then the sharp, angry crack of a Parrott rifle, and we knew that those junks would trouble no one else again. In the haze of the morning we could just distinguish the outlines of the steamer and could see the junks sink. The Monocacy returned at 5:40, and lowered four boats. When they boarded we came down, and it was a short piece of work to tie up the devils who had caused all the trouble. The mate's body was transferred to the steamer for burial at Hong Kong, and the carcasses on deck were given to the sharks. We cleaned up decks and found that aside from some bad bruises from under our quarter, and the loss of our wheel and a boat, with slight damage to our rigging, we were all right. I got sail on the ship, and at sundown that evening took a Hong Kong pilot."

A SAD SEQUEL.

A Father Travels Thousands of Miles After an Erring Daughter—Her Remains Found Among the Colorado Mountains.

Denver News.

Overlooking the stage road leading from Rockwood, a station on the Denver and RioGrande rail way, to Rico and nearly midway between these points, are several strange formations, the most remarkable of which rises like an immense battlement, with its towers and bastions perfectly defined against the sky thousands of feet above the surrounding country. This well known landmark is known as Castle Rock, and forms a portion of some of the grandest and most romantic scenery to found in Colorado. At the foot of the rock, which rises as an immense wall, is a level plain of perhaps a mile in width and several in length, upon which have been located several ranches. In the east the beautiful Cascade mountains raise their ambitious heads above the valley, to be eclipsed by the higher Needles beyond, and the Monarch Engineer mountain. The road winds for quite a distance through this beautiful valley, and located upon it, almost within the shadow of the monster battlement, is Castle Rock Station, a place where the stage formerly stopped for meals and a change of horses.

Late one afternoon in the summer of 1881, as the sun was sinking behind the mighty columns of the noble monument, the stage from the south drove up to the door with its accustomed bustle and flourish, and there alighted a woman, young and beautiful, accompanied by a man scarcely yet in the prime of life, dark and handsome, but with an expression sinister and treacherous to the observer. The pair, after ordering supper, started for a walk down the road toward a heavy growth of timber, and notwithstanding the driver of the stage waited for them a considerable time, he was finally compelled to drive off without them, and although the landlord watched and searched for them until long into the night, they did not return, and in fact were never seen afterward.

About two weeks ago an old white haired gentleman rode up to the half hostelry and half store which has taken the place of the old stage station, which, however, is carried on by the same proprietor, and dismounting, seated himself upon the bench outside the door. After a number of inquiries of a general character as to the surrounding country, he said his name was Charles W. Morgan, of Chicago, and told a sorrowful story of a willful daughter, the social pet of a large circle, whose every wish was gratified before expressed, and whose will was law to her doting parents. Yet the serpent entered the happy family and left the slimy taint of his presence for all time. The daughter, by some means, became infatuated with an actor whom she had seen at the play, and one morning her room was found deserted and she had fled, leaving no trace save a few pitiful words in a note saying: "Father, I could not help it. I have gone with him. Forgive and forget me."

To describe the consternation of the grief-stricken family were beyond the power of words. "I would rather she were dead," moaned the heart broken father. However, to do something, although that something produced no result, was better than to suffer at home the dread uncertainty as to his darling's fate, he made preparations for a journey, and following the clew given by the movements of the company in which the destroyer had played, the father started West, and upon reaching San Francisco found the company there, but learned that the man of whom he was in search had left them the week before, saying he was going to Australia. Taking the next steamer, after several weeks he landed at Melbourne, and after a fruitless search there visited in turn several other prominent cities. He was taken ill at Sydney, where he lay for months in a hospital a raving maniac. After his case had been given up as hopeless, he one day showed signs of recovery, and in a few weeks left the hospital the wreck of his former self, but with the purpose of ascertaining the fate of his erring daughter burning as brightly within him as ever. Again embarking, he began the return voyage. Upon reaching San Francisco he obtained what he thought another clew, and started at once for Denver. Spending but one night at Colorado's capital, he took the train for the south and left the cars at Rockwood, where he obtained his horse, and thus had reached Castle Rock, making numerous inquiries on the way.

After the old gentleman had concluded his narrative, a strange thing occurred. From the description of the runaways which he had given in his narrative, the proprietor recognized the couple who had left the stage at his door two years previously and had never returned.

The excitement of Mr. Morgan at learning this was intense, and he begged and prayed his informant to act as his guide in the direction the missing ones had taken. Yielding to his solicitations, the host at the station accompanied him down the road to a point about one half mile distant, where a trail diverged through the thick timbers. Mile after mile was traversed until, at a point about seven miles from the station, the road crosses the romantic Cascade creek, with a wealth of timber fringing its beautiful minature falls like an emerald frame to its living, ever changing picture. While crossing the stream on a rude bridge, a white object just below the eddies of one of the fairy cascades, from which the stream and, in fact, the neighboring mountains derive their name, attracted the attention of both gentlemen at once Reaching the other side, and stepping cautiously from rock to rock, they discovered, lying partially out of the water, and behind a large rock against which it had lodged, the ghastly skeleton of a woman.

Horror stricken they approached still more closely and found clinging to it some portions of clothing, the threads of which had become so rotten by constant exposure to air and water that they fell to pieces at the touch. Attracted by a shining substance near hyan examination proved it to be a fine gold chain to which was attached a small lady's watch. With trembling hands Mr. Morgan touched the spring of the case and without difficulty deciphered the inscription upon the inside: "To Lela, from her loving father, Christmas, 1880." The blow was a terrible one, but all doubt as to the fate of his daughter was at an end. Obtaining the assistance of a passing burro train the poor remains of what was once a beautiful mortality were gathered carefully and taken back to the station, a rude box prepared and the remains deposited in a rude grave near the edge of the forest in the midst of a bank of columbines, fit emblems of the transcendent beauty of the frail and erring form which once endowed the crumbling dust beneath with life and motion.

It is the business of everyone having a cold to treat it promptly and properly until it is got rid of—intelligent experience fortunately presenting a curative in Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, thoroughly adapted to remove speedily all coughs and colds—allay any exciting inflammation of the Throat or Lungs, and remove the distressing symptoms of Asthma or Pleurisy.

The PUBLIC LEDGER Job Printing Office and Bindery is now located at 17 Union street and ready for all business offering.

LOTTERY.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $75,000

Tickets only $5. Shares in proportion.

Louisiana State Lottery Company

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard

J. A. Early

Commissioners.

Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes—with a capital of $1,000,000—to which reserve fund of $850,000 has since been added

By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted December 2d, A.D., 1879.

The only Lottery ever voted on and indorsed by the people of any State.

It never scales or postpones.

Its Grand Single Number Drawings will take place monthly.

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE!

FIRST GRAND DRAWING, CLASS A, at New Orleans, Tuesday, January 15, 1884—104th Monthly Drawing.

Capital Prize, $75,000.

100,000 Tickets at Five Dollars Each. Fractions, in Fifths in proportion.

LIST OF PRIZES:

1 Capital Prize		$75,000
1 Capital Prize		25,000
1 Capital Prize		10,000
2 Prizes of $5,000		10,000
5 Prizes of 2000		10,000
10 Prizes of 1000		10,000
20 Prizes of 500		10,000
100 Prizes of 100		10,000
200 Prizes of 50		10,000
500 Prizes of 25		12,500
9 Approximation Prizes of $750		6,750
9 Approximation Prizes of 500		4,500
9 Approximation Prizes of 250		2,250
1967 Prizes, amounting to		$265,000

Application for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans.

For further information, write clearly, giving full address. Make P. O. Money Orders payable and address Registered Letters to

New Orleans National Bank,

New Orleans, La.

POSTAL NOTES and ordinary letters by Mail or Express (all sums of $5 and upwards) by Express at our expense) to

M. A. DAUPHIN,

New Orleans, La.

or M. A. DAUPHIN,

607 Seventh St., Washington, D. C.

Or at 6 West Court street, Memphis, Tenn.

Chancery Sale of REAL ESTATE.

No. 4555, R—Chancery Court of Shelby county—The State of Tennessee, for its own use etc vs Thos Fleming, et al.

By virtue of an interlocutory decree for sale, entered in the above cause on the 14th day of May, 1883, M B 30, p 506, I will sell, at public auction, to the highest bidder, in front of the Clerk and Master's office, courthouse of Shelby county, Memphis, Tennessee, on

Saturday, February 2, 1884,

within legal hours, the following described property, situated in city of Memphis, Shelby county, Tenn., to-wit:

Lot No. 3, east side of Borland avenue, six 170 feet, fronting 50 feet on Borland avenue, and running back between parallel lines 170 feet to a 15 foot alley. Sold for taxes due by and as property of Margaret and Frank Langtry.

Terms of Sale—On a credit of seven (7) months, note with good security required; lien retained, redemption barred.

This December 28, 1883.

ROBERT J. BLACK, C. & M.

By Geo Mellory, D C & M.

Wm. R. Smith & F. H. Heikkell and C. W. Heikkell, S. J. Shepherd, sol's. 12

S. C. TOOF & CO

Have greatly increased their machinery for

LITHOGRAPHING.

Prices as Low as any House North or East.

Non-resident Notice.

No. 4201—In the Chancery Court of Shelby county, Tenn.—Wm H Wood vs. Ellen James et al.

IT appearing from affidavit in this cause that the defendants, Iris C Ryder and her husband, Elliott Ryder, are residents of the State of Indiana and non-residents of the State of Tennessee.

It is therefore ordered that they make their appearance herein, at the courthouse of Shelby county, in Memphis, Tenn., on or before the first Monday in February, 1884, and plead, answer or demur to complainant's bill, and amended bill or the same will be taken for confessed as to them and set for hearing ex-parte; and that a copy of this order be published once a week for four successive weeks in the Public Ledger.

This 27th day of December, 1883.

A copy—Attest:

R. J. BLACK, Clerk and Master.

By J. M. Bradley, Deputy Clerk and Master.

W. K. Poston, J. W. Hume and H. H. Hill, sols for compl'ts. 101 105 111 117

Non-Resident Notice.

No. 4550.—In the Chancery Court of Shelby county, Tenn.—The State of Tennessee for its own use, etc., vs P G Meath et al.

IT appearing from bill which is sworn to in this cause that the defendants, David Pointer and Bessie Pointer, are residents of the State of Louisiana, that Leavitt Pointer is a resident of the State of Texas, that Ellen Brady and her husband, — Brady, are residents of the State of Pennsylvania, that Preston Roberts is a resident of the State of Missouri; that M T Tate and J H Tate are residents of the State of California; that T O Bridgforth and wife, Caroline B Bridgforth, J L Hines and wife, Francis H Hines, are residents of the State of Mississippi; that John W Bridgforth and wife, Sallie Bridgforth; are residents of the State of Alabama; that Charles J Buchanan, Fannie Murrah, Mollie Murrah, Edwin Simpson, Robert Simpson and Samuel Simpson, are residents of the State of Mississippi; and all non-residents of the State of Tennessee; that the places of residence of Theresa Farrell and James Farrell are unknown and cannot be ascertained after diligent inquiry, and that the names and places of residence of the heirs of Walter B Morris, and of Elizabeth W Anderson, and of Christian Teufel are unknown, and cannot be ascertained after diligent inquiry, and that they are made defendants to this bill to enforce tax liens on lot 91, block 28, Georgia street, and lot 40, block 25, south side of Calhoun street, on account of their interest in said property.

It is therefore ordered that they make their appearance herein, at the courthouse of Shelby county, in Memphis, Tenn., on or before the first Monday in February, 1884, and plead, answer or demur to complainant bill and petitions filed herein, or the same will be taken for confessed as to them and set for hearing ex-parte, and that a copy of this order be published once a week, for four successive weeks, in the Public Ledger.

This 27th day of December, 1883.

A copy—Attest:

R J BLACK, Clerk and Master.

By J M Bradley, D. C. & M.

F H and C W Heikkell, sols for complainant. 99 105 111 117

Non-Resident Notice.

No 1050.—In the Chancery Court of Shelby county, Tennessee—The State of Tennessee for its own use, etc., vs P G Meath et al.

IT appearing from bill which is sworn to in this cause that the defendants, David Taylor Betts is a resident of the state of Alabama; that J W T Falkner and W C Falkner are residents of the State of Mississippi; that Damilla Wheeler and Joseph Wheeler are residents of the State of Alabama, and all non residents of the state of Tennessee; and that the names and places of residence of the heirs of Fred n Palmer and of Rene Thweat and of George G Hogan, who are made defendants hereto on account of their interest in lot 8 block 41, east side of Ninth street, Fort Pickering, lot 2 block 41 east side Ninth street, and lot 41 Meath subdivision, are unknown and cannot be ascertained after diligent inquiry. And it further appearing from the sheriff's return herein that P G Meath, Catherine Meath, Patrick Slogan, Rosa Thomas, Armour Thomas, Mrs Anna Thomas, Catherine Welsh, Charles Rob