

THE DONALDSONVILLE CHIEF.

AN INDEPENDENT, WIDE-AWAKE HOME NEWSPAPER. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

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Amiable Human Genes.
A Wide-Awake Home Newspaper
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—BY—
L. E. BENTLEY, Editor and Proprietor.

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Meals at All Hours.
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—ALL KINDS OF—
MARBLE WORK
—AND—
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The heat of the city can be accommodated
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Special attention paid to the collection of
contingent claims.
Address: Hahnville, P. O., St. Charles, La.

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House, Sign and Ornamental
PAINTER,
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A. L. collections and other business promptly
attended to at reasonable percentages. For
character and reliability refer to Messrs. Chas.
A. Martin, Capt. R. E. Leamy and Christian
King of Ascension; P. E. Durand, Abram
Blair and S. J. Blanchard of Assumption;
Adolph Mouch and Oscar Lavoie of Iberville;
J. J. Oubleville and Antoine Sanchez of Baton
Rouge.

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M. BRADY & CO., dealers in Dry Goods,
Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Saddlery, Bug-
gies, etc., corner Mississippi and Lesauzet streets.
C. KLINE, corner Crescent Place and Hon-
drouse street, dealer in Dry Goods, Notions,
Hats and Shoes, Groceries, Provisions, Corn,
Oats, etc.

BERNARD LEMANN & BROTHER, dealers in
Western Provisions, Sausages and staple arti-
cles, Liquors, Hardware, Iron, Paints, Oils,
Carriage, Harness, Saddlery, Shoes and Tins-
ware, Furniture, Groceries, Wall Paper and House
Furnishing Goods, Mississippi street, corner
Crescent Place.

JOS. GONDHAN & SONS, dealers in Dry
Goods, Clothing, Notions, Hats, Groceries,
Wine, Liquors, Boots, Shoes, Hardware, Paints,
Oils, Saddlery, Crockery, Furniture and all
kinds of House Furnishing Goods, Rue St. Rose,
Mississippi street.

W. D. PARK, dealer in Staple and Fancy
Groceries, Provisions, Plantation and
Shedding Goods, Canned Goods, Lard,
Liquors, Bottled Beer, Ale, etc., Dry Goods
and Notions, corner of Mississippi and Chemi-
caches streets, opposite Rue Ferry.

HOTELS AND BOARDING-HOUSES.
ROBERT E. LEE HOTEL, Crescent Place.
It occupies the steamboat landing, the most
convenient location for tourists. First-class ac-
commodations at reasonable rates. Elegant bar,
billiard and pool room attached. J. J. La-
Farge, Proprietor.

PEREGRINE HOTEL AND BARBERO,
Mississippi street. First-rate accommo-
dations and reasonable prices. Finest Wines,
Liquors and Cigars. J. J. Bannard, Proprietor.
S. A. Ryan, Manager.

CITY HOTEL, P. Leferre, Proprietor, Rail-
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supplied with best liquors.

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Lager Beer, Best Wines and Liquors, Fine
Cigars, etc.

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S. S. INGRAM, successor to W. G. Wilkinson,
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Selling, Ball, Capsules, Toys, Smoking Material
and Fancy Articles in great variety.

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PAUL WUTKE, Tinsmith, Port Barrow, La.
Roofing gutters, stoppage, repairing and
all work pertaining to the tin trade.
Address: P. O. Box 11, Donaldsonville, La.

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RODIE & LANGBECKE, City Barber Shop,
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rectly opposite the post-office. Hair-cutting,
Shaving, Shampooing, Hair-dressing,
Dyeing of Hair or Whiskers, etc., in the best
style, at popular prices. Respectfully solicit
the patronage of the public.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
FREDERICK DUFFEL, Attorney at law and
Notary Public, office on Cheminches street
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below the Court-House, on Attakapas street.

CUNINGH, THE PAINTER, shop at Cheap
O'Connell's Store, corner Mississippi street and
Railroad Avenue. House, Sign and Ornamental
Painting, and before their branches. Work at
lowest prices.

UNDERTAKER.
SCHNEIDER'S Undertaker's Establishment,
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rectly opposite the post-office. All kinds of burial cases,
from the pine coffin to the metallic or rosewood case.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.
R. YRISHKI, Apothecary and Druggist, No.
107 Mississippi street, between St. Patrick and St.
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MILLINERY.
MRS. M. H. MILLER, Milliner, Mississippi street,
between Lesauzet and St. Patrick. Latest
styles of Bonnets, Hats, French Flowers, etc.;
also, all kinds of Ladies Underwear.

SODA WATER MANUFACTORY.
SODA WATER MANUFACTORY, J. H. Helms,
Proprietor, No. 11 Mississippi street, Soda,
Mineral, Seltzer and all kinds of aerated waters
manufactured and sold at lowest prices.

BLACKSMITHS & WHEELWRIGHTS.
P. SCHULTER, Blacksmith, Wheelwright,
Horse-Shoer, Carriage, Wagon and Cart
maker and repairer, Railroad Avenue, between
Mississippi and Iberville streets.

COFFEE STAND.
FAVORITE COFFEE AND EATING STAND,
lower end of Donaldsonville Market-house,
Albert (lowest) proprietor. Hot Coffee, Lemon
Cakes, Pies, etc., at all hours. A lunch for 25
cents, a good meal for 15, a regular gorge for 30.

CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR.
W. W. DARTON, Civil Engineer and Sur-
veyor—Parish, Surveyor of Ascension. Will
attend promptly to work in all branches
of his profession, such as surveying, mapping,
leveling for canals, bridges, rice lines, estimating
cost and supervising construction of same.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE.
THE CHIEF OFFICE, Crescent Place, opposite
the Market-House, is supplied with a fine
assortment of type and runs out all kinds of
plain and fancy work in the best style of New
Orleans press. No better and cheaper work is
done anywhere in the State.

JOHN P. FORCHA,
Cistern Maker,
Railroad Avenue, opposite the Post-office
Donaldsonville, La.
All work guaranteed and satisfaction war-
ranted. Prices lower than the lowest.

MRS. I. PALMER,
DRESSMAKER,
Railroad Avenue, near Claiborne street,
Donaldsonville, La.
Plain and fancy sewing of all kinds done in
the most perfect manner. A trial solicited and
satisfaction guaranteed.

R. H. DUNN,
Carpenter and Builder,
Shop on Iberville street, near the corner of
Honnas,
Donaldsonville, La.
Orders received through the Post-office will
meet with prompt attention.

HUBERT TREILLE,
COLLECTOR,
Canvasser & General Agent,
For Ascension, Assumption and adjacent
parishes,
Donaldsonville, La.
A. L. collections and other business promptly
attended to at reasonable percentages. For
character and reliability refer to Messrs. Chas.
A. Martin, Capt. R. E. Leamy and Christian
King of Ascension; P. E. Durand, Abram
Blair and S. J. Blanchard of Assumption;
Adolph Mouch and Oscar Lavoie of Iberville;
J. J. Oubleville and Antoine Sanchez of Baton
Rouge.

BROTHER BARTHOLOMEW.

Brother Bartholomew, working time,
Would fall into musing and drop his tools:
Brother Bartholomew cared for thyme
More than for those of the schools;
For gain or losing, for weal or woe,
God made him a root, loosing the soil.

At matins he sat, the books on his knees,
And his thoughts were wandering far, I wis;
The words he learned in his school days,
While he had no prayer to do but this:
Watching through arched windows high
Of a home in heaven, for the morning sky.

At complin hour, in the chapel dim,
He went to his stall and knelt with the rest;
And off, on the wings of the evening hymn,
Work his heart out to the night, a fair
breast.

And when the stars shone bright,
Flamed bright as the tongue at Pentecost.
"A foolish rhymer and nothing more;
The idle fallow a coil can hold."
So judged the worthy pastor,
Prior of ancient Mithraswood.

Yet somehow, with diaphan content,
Stirred not the curia's banishment.
Merrily Bartholomew went his way,
And patiently waited in his sunny cell;
His pen fast traveled from day to day,
His books were covered, the walls were well.

"He was better a pious monk instead
Of a home in heaven," the Prior said.
Bartholomew died, an unrepentant man,
His spirit went free from the world that had
And after, they took from the dark and dust
Of shelves and corners many a volume.
That came from Britain to far Cathay
How a bard had risen—and passed away.

Wonderful verses, fair and fine,
Full of the old Greek legends,
The sea-like vision, half divine,
Fishes and mermaids in excess;
And every curia's stanza told
Of love and of labor manifold.

The King came out and stood beside
Bartholomew's paper-lined pier,
And turning to his words, he said,
"How worn and weary loth he appear—
The noble penman!"
"O careless worker!" the Prior said.

THE SIGNS OF BAD WEATHER.
The hollow winds began to blow;
The clouds low hung, the glass was low;
The sea fell down, the sky was grey,
And spiders from their cobwebs peeped,
And night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in a misty haze lay hid.
The birds sang sadly, the wind moaned,
The waves were deep, the ditches smelt;
The King came out and stood beside
Bartholomew's paper-lined pier,
And turning to his words, he said,
"How worn and weary loth he appear—
The noble penman!"
"O careless worker!" the Prior said.

OUR LETTER FROM BROADBRIM.

Newspaper Row—Interesting Retrospect
—New Revelations of Rascality—Gen.
Grant Contradicts a Sensational Rumor
—Terrible Accidents—Acquittal of Dick
Short—Other Criminal News—Herald
Transit and a Church Squabble in Brook-
lyn.
New York, May 16, 1885.

Editor Chief:
Opposite the Park, on the corner of Beek-
man street, a mighty building is being
reared on the site of the old World office,
the building of which was destroyed by fire
about two years ago. On the other end of
the block is the office of the New York
Times and sandwiched in between are ad-
vertising agencies for religious and scientific
papers, patent agencies, etc., etc. It
may be called the centre of that busy hive
which is sending forth its messages and
messengers day and night to all quarters
of the world. Near at hand and towering
the sky are the offices of the New York
Tribune and Sun; within pistol shot to the
south are the offices of the World, the Mail
and Express and Evening Post, the Herald,
the Telegram and others; but the block
occupied by the World, as I said at
first, is the center of this whirlpool, the
waters of which never rest night or day.
Here the newboys center, and from here
swift wagons dash, followed by hundreds
of clamorous young Araks, when the morn-
ing and evening papers are issued. On
this block, forty years ago, sheltered by tall
elms and maples, stood the church of Rev.
Gardner Spring, a giant in Israel, whose
pulpit eloquence is still remembered with
grace and thankfulness by thousands.
Around the church lay the honored dead,
whose graves antedated the Revolution. It
was a quiet place and the home of a great
and aristocratic congregation, which num-
bered in its vestrymen, trustees and deacons,
some of the oldest and bloodiest of Man-
hattan. Even in those days, this grave old
church found itself in strange company;
scarcely fifty yards away was Tammany
Hall—and whatever faults the Tammany
Hall-of-day may have, it is the yink of
ascendancy compared with the Tammany
Hall of 1840 or 1845. The Empire Club was
then in its glory and prize fighters and soap-
locked fire ladders ruid the city with a
rod of iron. In front of the church was Clinton
Hall, a famous meeting-place in those days
for all sorts of free-thinking people. It
was here that Lloyd Garrison and Wendell
Phillips thundered against slavery, and
around its doors came bowling thousands,
thirsting for their blood because they dared
to speak for freedom. Close by Clinton
Hall was the old Park Theatre, the great
fashionable amusement centre of the city
—whose stage had echoed with the tread of
George Frederick Cook, Edmund Keen
and Justus Bruns Ooth. A grand old
manager was William Simpson, a favorite
with the elite of New York, whose most
honored representatives could be found
every evening around the hospitable
table of William Windust, whose beautiful
tomb is one of the glories of Greenwood.
The World and Times were not yet born;
the Tribune, founded a short time before,
had then only a local reputation and its
great editor was more noted for his whims
and his cranks than for the ability which
afterwards distinguished him. New York
then had a population of about 300,000, and
was about one-half the size of the present
city of Brooklyn. To realize the change
which has taken place, one feels as if he
was looking back a thousand years instead
of forty. Cornelius Vanderbilt was then a
successful steamboatman, nothing more,
and few suspected that he was worth more
than one or two hundred thousand dollars.
Russell Sage was unknown in finance; Mr.
Gould had not yet invented his monas-
ter's boy; James Fisk was a bare-footed farm-
er's boy in Vermont; Stewart, the great
dry goods king, had a single store on Broad-
way, of no very great pretensions; the Pa-
cific railroad was only a dim vision in the
brain of Mr. Whitney, who died, like the
project of gold, in sight of the promised
land, but never realized his dream. Grant
was a West Point cadet, and Bulwer, Lieut-
enant in the armies of the United States,
Douglas was just coming into public
notice and Lincoln was only a country
lawyer in Illinois with a limited local
reputation. The Senate of the United
States still echoed with the majestic thun-
der of Webster, the persuasive eloquence of
Clay, and John Quincy Adams having
served as President of the United States
considered it no degradation to represent
old Massachusetts as a member of the
lower house.

But I find myself wandering away from
Gardner's Spring's old church. The con-
gregation dropped off by twos and threes,
the drift of fashion swept up town, and at
last it was resolved to sell the old church
and follow the modern fashion. The property
was sold and the remains taken rever-
ently from the graves and some of them
found their way to Greenwood, then a rural
suburb of the city of Brooklyn.

After the New York Times became an es-
tablished success, the Times Company
bought a portion of the property. When
the Times undertook the gigantic job of
breaking up the Tweed ring, the company
was served with a notice that if they did
not desist in their attacks, they would be
driven from their property and ruined.
There was some force in the threat, as
they packed the juries with their creatures,
and the judges high and low were their
night assassins; hired bullies crowded the streets
at night assailing and maiming decent citi-
zens without remorse from the leather-
heads, as the old police were called. But
the Times fought the battle through to the
end, and the Tweed ring only lives in men's
memory now in connection with the crim-
inal calendar and the increased city debt.

Looking at the gigantic building now going
up on the site of the old World office, I said
to myself, we are no longer what we were,
and as another evidence of the change look
at the New York World. A couple of years
ago it was in the last stages of collapse; to-
day it is one of the great newspapers of the
land whose *imperial dominion* is worth
\$100,000 to the Bartholdi pedestal.

OUR NEW ORLEANS LETTER.

Louisiana Appointments Made and to be
Made—Our Political Kilkenny Club—The
Exposition Extension Movement—Retire-
ment of Director General Burke—The
Military Drill—Industrial Notes—Reve-
ner Reformers Organizing, etc.
New Orleans, May 19, 1885.

Editor Chief:
The dispatches say that Hon. E. John
Ellis, ex-Congressman from the Second
District, intimated two candidates in front
of heads of departments, delivered
two very eloquent speeches over them
and took his departure. But the ap-
pointments have not been made. Pub-
lished interviews with Senator Gibson and
Congressman Quid indicate that somebody
has picked P. L. Bonny for Postmaster
and Mr. G. Montague for the Mint, but the
President has not appointed them yet. So
the names are bandied about and the per-
sistent adhere to the topmost branches
of the Democratic tree. Mr. Walker Fearn,
who had the good sense to marry a cousin
of Gen. U. S. Grant, found no difficulty what-
ever in getting a place among the Greeks.
Judge Sey of Shreveport, backed by a
united Democratic delegation, got the
mission to Bolivia. The Naval Office, held
by Kerochian, completes the list of appointees
under the new administration to fair offices.
For the remainder, the factions are emitting
up high antics, and the replies of James D.
Hendon to Gen. Floyd King, indicate that
each side has something to tell on the other,
and it is a sort of Kilkenny cat row.

The citizens of New Orleans, deeply
concerned about their financial future, started
a movement to extend the Exposition.
They are no doubt wise in making this
effort, because the general business outlook
is not of the best, and the coming and
going of visitors has bolstered them up in a
large degree to date. After about six good
working days the Commissioners reported
\$95,000 of subscriptions, with promises of
more, and it was concluded that the plan
was feasible and to go ahead. The railroad
companies will probably contribute \$100,000
more, and the citizens' canvass will be
kept up until the estimate of \$270,000 is
reached. The work of canvassing the show
and its merits has developed more progres-
sive spirit than New Orleans is usually
credited with. After June 1st it is proposed
to make some change in the management.
After receipt of the President's order al-
l arrangements will also be made to run
steam trains from Canal street to the Ex-
position grounds. The new asphalt mac-
adam will be in good order to and beyond.
There is a disposition to profit by what-
ever blunders were committed since the
opening; and the general discussion and
appreciation of the scheme is beneficial to
the community at home and abroad. Mr.
Barke's resignation as Director General
was occasioned by the demands of health
and public and private business affairs.
The kind notices of this event must be
extremely gratifying to him. Everything
is left in excellent condition for his suc-
cessor. Last Saturday the creditors were
paid fifty per cent. of the claims and put
in a good humor. There is no reason to
anticipate otherwise than that all will be
paid at the close.

The presence of the military was wel-
come to the militia of the city, who are
enthusiastic on drill contests and parades.
You have read the scores, but you have no
idea of the excitement that pervaded the
assembled thousands who came to see, hear,
and for the most part lose their money in
the great contest. The man who loses the
most can grow the loudest, and the judges
are criticised for their criticisms in all
manner of ways. It was a sore thing to
this class and possibly some of the creek
companies shared it to some extent, but
all the good humor they keep out of their
countenances will be more than made up
by the pride of the Texans and of the St.
Mary boys over on the Teche.

There are a large number of workmen
out of employment, and the prospect for
them is not of the brightest at the present.
There seems to be too many people in the
city for the amount of work that can be
distributed among them. This is due partly
to the general causes which have produced
depression all over the country, and partly
to the fact that industries are not varied
enough to allow the shifting of labor from
one to another as occasion may require.
All are cotton or sugar handlers, carpen-
ters or barrel makers. The growth of New
Orleans would be accelerated by the estab-
lishment of several industries, just as the
commerce would grow if a government
subsidy should be granted for several
years. Every foreign nation has built up
its merchant marine by the use of lavish
subsidies. Private enterprise must occasion-
ally be backed by government money to
clear otherwise insurmountable obstacles to
the extension of commerce. In this con-
nection it may be noted that Revenue Re-
formers a week or so ago organized here
for the spread of their doctrines. The
special organ talks about free ships, and
that in line with the cry of "free sugar,"
which most of them don't want. More
anon,
GENERAL OBSERVER.

"Santa Fé de Bogota," that wonderful
city nine thousand feet high in the air, so
that it forms "a temperate zone on the
very verge of the equator," is the subject
of an interesting paper, with a panorama
of illustrations, in the June *Hesperis*. The
city is in the bed of an old mountain lake,
called the *Sabana* of Bogota, sixty by thirty
miles, and around it tower still seen
mountains even from the altitude of the
city. Humboldt said of this South Ameri-
can city that it stands upon its own grave,
his thoughts looking to the probabilities of its
ultimate destruction by an engulfing earth-
quake. Among the products of this strange
place is the "alligator pear," a fruit pro-
duced "the masterpiece of nature," "fit
for demigods." The description of the
place and its people will be a surprise to
Anglo-Saxon Americans.

Prickly Ash Bitters is not an appetizing
beverage, but a pleasant and invigorating
tonic, acting directly on the Liver, Kid-
neys, Stomach and Bowels.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

The Army of Office Seekers Undiminished
—How Secretary Lamm Kevades the Hungry
Crew—Sidelights from "Way Back"
—Profile of a Minister—President's Health
—WASHINGTON, D. C., May 19, 1885.

Editor Chief:
It may truly be said of Washington that
the office seekers we have always with us.
At present the office seeking crowds seem
greater at the Interior and Post-office De-
partments. The Secretary of the Interior
takes a rest now and then by excusing him-
self and slipping out quietly for a little
walk. While the office seekers miss them-
selves in the hall before his door and wait
his return he strolls down the Avenue and
shakes off care. I looked in there one day
last week, and among the crowd was a tall
fellow about thirty, with a face expressive
of god-wardly desperation. He was one
of the coldest days, but the fever of
impatience expectation kept him warmer
than his clothes. His sea-blue trousers,
the worse for wear, refused to meet the low
shoes, and the breach showed a finger
length of pale blue and white hose. His
tint coat, once black, had become rusty
and brown to match the trousers. As time
wore on he grew a little wild and resorted
to every little art in his power to get an
interview with the Secretary.

Probably he was a "chronic" visitor,
for the messengers were very discouraging
in their replies to his entreaties. Finally
he caught a glimpse of S. S. Cox, who didn't
want to see him, and rushing forward he
seized the Minister of Turkey by the hand
and began to tell him his story. But Mr.
Cox was in a hurry to see the Assistant
Secretary, and soon made his escape. As
you see himself from the friendly group of
the tall office hunter the latter called after
him in a confidential whisper, "Let me see
you when you come out. Got labor from
New York this morning, and lots to tell
you."

The hall where office seekers wait to see
if they can see the Secretary of the Interior,
is without exception the dreariest, dimmest,
most depressing place imaginable. It is a
sort of tomb in atmosphere. There are
a few seats, but only enough to accom-
modate the messengers who guard the Sec-
retary's door. So the crowds walk about
and knock elbows, and stare and look
wretched as possible. When the Secretary
signifies his intention of "receiving," the
door is opened and the crowd rush into his
room like a flock of sheep. Adjoining this
is a private room, into which he takes vis-
itors in squads. But never then out
with fresh arrivals. When human en-
durance can endure no more he goes off
for one of his strolls to enjoy the beauty of
the city.

There were recently at the same time at
the Arlington Hotel two gentlemen who
were prominent in Washington as far back
as 1847—Robert O. Winthrop, who was that
year elected Speaker of the United States
House of Representatives, and Mr. Brad-
bury, who began that year his service
as a United States Senator from Maine.
When just before the Washington Monu-
ment was dedicated last February ex-Senator
Hamlin was looking up at the Capitol
those who were in the United States Senate
at the time the corner-stones of that
structure was laid he found that he and his
colleague, Mr. Bradbury, were the only two
from any State who had served together in
the Senate at that time who were still
living. He was greatly pleased
with President Cleveland, but expressed a
feeling that he would wear himself out before
the end of his term.

Some person of a statistical turn of mind
might find some occupation in estimating
how many tons of pieces from the capstone
of the Washington Monument have been
decorated and preserved as relics. Quite a
new industry has been developed since the
monument was completed in painting and
selling these little bits of marble. Judg-
ing from the vast numbers of them in the
stores and private houses, the supply is
inexhaustible, and of course each person
who keeps one of these stones will be pre-
pared to asseverate most positively in fu-
ture years that it was a ship from the cap-
stone itself. In connection with the sale
of these relics of the Monument an enter-
prising man has inaugurated a system of
furnishing an affidavit testifying to the
genuineness of this and that particular
chip.

Up to last Friday the presidential stable
south of the Executive Mansion, sheltered
eight head of horses, two belonging to
President Cleveland, four to ex-President
Arthur, two the property of young Allan
Arthur. Last week Mr. Arthur authorized
a friend in this city to ship the two wheel-
horses of the four-in-hand team to New
York for service in his private carriage.
Allan's Black Hawk Hamiltonian team,
which he drove to a \$400 Brewster buggy
and in which the West End bellies delighted
to ride, is also for sale. The Arthur horses
are now quartered in a livery stable on G
street, and the Cleveland team are the sole
occupants of the presidential stable.

ALERT.

The forecasts of the weather bureau of
Craze out of every hundred, the percentage
having steadily risen from eighty-one in
1881 to eighty-three in 1882 and to eighty-
seven in 1883. Out of 189 alarm signals
sent to the ports, 125 were fully verified,
twenty-four were fairly correct, thirty-seven
were incorrect, and only two gales were
not foreseen.

A tadpole, the larva of a frog, has a tail
and no legs, gills instead of lungs, a heart
precisely like that of a fish, a horny beak
for eating vegetable food, and a spiral in-
testine to digest it. With the approach of
maturity the hind legs appear, then the
front pair; the beak falls off; the tail and
gills waste away; the lungs are created; the
digestive apparatus is changed to suit the
animal diet; the heart becomes regular in
rate; the addition of another artery, the
aorta, is made; the liver and blood ves-
sels vanish, being absorbed into the main
artery and a new set is substituted.