The Sunday Herald
AND
Weekly National Intelligencer.

Entered at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., as Second-class Matter.

Editorial and Publication Offices, No. 409 Tenth Street Northwest.

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T. B. KALBFUS.....Publisher

WASHINGTON:::::::::::::::JULY 5, 1885.

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The claim made by the Democrats in recent canvasses that it was high time to have a look at the books has been abundantly sustained. In every Department and in almost every bureau of the Government irregularities are coming to light. Secretary Manning is overhauling the Internal Revenue Bureau, reorganizing the Bureau of Engraving and Printing and reducing this charity hospital to business principles, and he is breaking up the ring which has filched the fifty millions or so from the Treasury by undervaluing their importations. The Agricultural Department has been overhauled with results disastrous to the reputations of Turveydrop Loring and his subordinates. The land-grabbers have been checked, and on every hand evidences of recklessness and extravagance are coming to light. The last Bureau to be heard from is the Coast Survey, the accounts of which are under suspicion and investigation by the Auditor. The wholesome feeling now is that all these investigations will be honest ones, that the innocent will be vindicated, while the guilty will not be whitewashed. For such is Democratic reform.

The Grand Army of the Republic never did an act which will so much commend it to the good opinion of the country as when at Portland it voted by a large majority against the project to pension all the Union survivors of the Civil War. There are many objections to this scheme besides the enormous burden it would put upon the Treasury. The only true principle upon which military pensions can be granted is that they are in the nature of compensation for actual disability incurred in the line of duty in the service. No person has a claim to pension on account of a mere enlistment, or on account of service, however honorable or distinguished. The proposition to pension all the surviving veterans is obnoxious for another reason. It would put upon a roll which ought to be one of honor a vast number of men who were soldiers only in name, who never faced danger or heard a shot fired in battle. If the benefit proposed could be confined to those who actually fought the rebellion little could be said against it, but every scarred veteran of the fighting armies that saved the Union must resent the idea that the pension he earned shall be shared with the horde of beats, bummers, and bounty jumpers that were borne upon the rolls of the Union armies.

Some of our contemporaries comment upon foreign affairs with a most limited knowledge of the geography of the countries about which they write. Thus the editor of the *Post*, speaking of the reported revolution in Afghan Turkestan, says that "Khanabad "is not on the maps." Readers of this editorial will be not a little curious to know what maps in the *Post* office are called "the maps," since Khana-i-bad is plainly marked on all the maps we have seen, while it is described in the geographies and encyclopædias as the summer residence of the chiefs of the province of Kunduz. The is situated on the river of the same name, a tributary of the Kunduz or Surkhab River, which is a considerable tributary of the Oxus. This journal long ago pointed out that Afghan Turkestan would be the scene of Russian intrigue, a prediction which has been fully verified.

Nothing is more certain than that the foreign relations of England have been very much improved by the advent of a Conservative Ministry. This is apparent from the tone of the European press. The prospect for peace has been sensibly bettered by the change, though the Central Asian question is now in a chronic state of extreme tension. With the frontier granted Russia by Mr. Gladstone, the position of the Ameer is rendered permanently insecure and the only safety for India is to be armed at all points. Yet Russia is less likely to desire war when English influence preponderates at Constantinople, so that her fleets can sweep the Black Sea, and when the cabinets of London, Berlin, and Vienna are in accord. The permanent interests of the Powers are now the same as they were when Beaconsfield and Salisbury, in concert with Prince Bismarck, settled the Eastern question. The natural alliances of Europe are Germany, England, and Austria against Russia and France. Not aggressively, but to curb their pretensions and maintain peace. The greed of France in the Mediterranean and the East brings her into constant antagonism with England. She is now intriguing in Morocco and making things unpleasant for her former ally in Egypt, while her enterprises in Cochin China threaten England's commercial supremacy in the far East. Russia, again, is a dangerous neighbor for Germany, while her ambition to possess Constantinople and her aspirations to the hegemony of the Slavonic races threaten the very existence of the Hapsburg Empire.

There is a reason for believing that very recently Prince Bismarck's policy was to have Russia exhausted in a war with England, and that it was the intention to localize that conflict and prevent Turkey from being drawn in by keeping the Dardanelles closed. But Prince Bismarck and Lord Salisbury are friendly and understand each other's views, and nothing is now more probable than a re-establishment of the concert between England and the central Powers which was established at the Congress of Berlin and insanely destroyed by Mr. Gladstone. Whatever may be the result of Mr. Gladstone's fresh appeal to the proletariat, England cannot fail to be the gainer for having the conduct of her foreign affairs transferred for a time from his hands to those of the Marquis of Salisbury.

IF the Metropolitan Tramway Company is allowed to retain its stables at the end of the P-street Bridge and detain car-loads of passengers there while horses are changed it ought to be compelled to keep the place clean. The stench there is now almost unbearable.

SECRETARY MANNING has proved a firm friend to civil service reform in the appointment of Mr. Kellar to a clerkship. In promoting Capt. MacGregor to be chief of the Customs Division he also made an appointment purely based on merit and true civil service reform. No member of the Cabinet is making a more solid record.

THE humors of the courts of law can hardly show a greater joke than the case of that Ohio man who sued and recovered damages from two of his neighbors for libel because they accused him of horse-stealing, and long after his reputation had received the substantial salve of several thousand dollars himself confessed that he did steal the horse. Now what becomes of the damages?

THE many public announcements of Miss Cleveland's forthcoming book have excited public anticipation to see what sort of an author is the lady who presides at the Executive Mansion. Through the courtesy of Rev. Dr. Chester, Washington correspondent of the *Christian at Work*, we are enabled this week to present our readers with a fanciful essay by Miss Cleveland, which will give our readers an idea of her style and mode of thought.

THE word "gentleman" is going to have a chance to recuperate from the effects of protracted overuse. It is decidedly dying out. Even in advertisements one begins to notice that there are such beings as men. "Ladies" die harder. It requires a bold spirit to advertise any sort of necessity for women, but it is to be hoped that in time even such a sweeping innovation as "women's underwear" may be brought about. In the mean time, however, one can still hear both the much-abused titles used with funny effect by people who cling to the ideas of elegance in speech which they entertained a few years ago. One estimable woman—for principle's sake we call her so—expressed her sorrow, after a recent charitable visit to the jail, to see "such nice "gentlemen" there. She referred to some of the victims of the recent fraudulent voucher trials, and the case was rather complicated, for no doubt before their trial they had been considered gentlemen, and "once a gentleman always a gentleman." Still when we hear prisoners in the jail spoken of by that title the outside masses will doubtless prefer to be called men.

SOME of our citizens thought the Pennsylvania soldiers who came to the inauguration behaved rather badly, though when one considers the numbers who were here on that occasion, the wonder is that there were not more examples of disorder of the venial sort to which the skylarking performances of the Pennsylvania soldiers belonged.

Philadelphia is now having some experience with militia from other States who are holding an encampment in Fairmount Park. The other day a party of them were guilty of an act of pure ruffianism, in tossing in a blanket a woman who had gone into the camp. It is to be hoped the tossers will in this case be taught by the criminal courts that there is a wide difference between frolicsomeness and brutality.

This National Soldier's Encampment in Fairmount Park appears to be a speculation of some men, not Philadelphians, who have induced militia companies from all over the country to attend, but have failed to obtain the co-operation of the local military organizations. It is a pity that such a scheme should have got started without being under the proper auspices, but no one can blame the Pennsylvania militia for refusing to have anything to do with the encampment since they had nothing to do with initiating the project, and it was undertaken without any promise of their co-operation. The visiting organizations appear to have been brought to Philadelphia by false pretenses in which the citizens and officials of the city and State took no part.

THUS is the time of year when the victim of hydrophobia begins to furnish more and more of tragic material for newspaper paragraphs. These go the rounds of the papers so often and the dreadful details of all cases are so much alike that most people skip them with the half-unconscious indifference with which we learn to treat the woman buried alive and all the other horrors that seem too horrid to be true in the daily press. If, however, one had a taste for collecting information on such a subject, and should apply to that newly-established bureau of scrap-book material in New York for all the cases of hydrophobia, or a closely allied topic, all the items relative to people bitten by dogs that appear in the papers, we have no doubt that the result of his inquiries would astonish even the most firm believer in the dangerous character of the canine population. It is a curious and not an ungratifying feature of these cases that the "pet" dogs who suddenly develop a vicious taste for mangled human flesh are quite as apt to indulge it in the persons of their masters as any one else. This is eminently proper and quite in the line of logic followed by Mary's lamb, "because Mary loved the lamb, you know." The man who appreciates the society of a dog most keenly must recognize the justice of the dog's appreciating him, even from an edible point of view. There is something rather hard about a case where a person who has never endangered his own or his neighbor's life or peace of mind by keeping a dog is set upon and killed by one, but when a man or woman whose taste runs to pets of this description is savagely attacked by his own fondled and admired animal the disinterested spectator of judicial mind can regard the matter with a grin of satisfaction. And yet the highest taste, or rather fashion, in these matters runs more and more in the direction of danger. The more vicious the dog the more "swell" the owner, provided the viciousness be of the breed and unadulterated, and we even read of a Fifth-avenue belle, sauntering out for a walk, leading no longer a harmless pug or a mere black-and-tan absurdity, but a full-blooded British bull-dog. Let us hope that when the bull-dog wishes to chew somebody up he will show a mutual admiration and chew the fair anglomaniac.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A book which combines interest with instruction, and which is well worth reading by boys who think of entering the Navy as apprentices, as well as by their parents and friends, is "Boy Life in the United States Navy," by a naval officer, (Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.) It is difficult to write a book of boy's adventures without falling into what is popularly called sensational writing; that is, the description of improbable incidents to arouse and excite the imagination without any purpose beyond that result. The writer of the present volume, while making an intensely interesting story, has avoided this danger, and his narrative gives a not overdrawn description of the life of a boy on a vessel in the United States Navy. Joe Bently is the son of a Maine farmer, with a strong distaste for the life to which he has been brought up and an equally strong love for the sea. His desire to become a sailor has always been repressed by his father, who, though loving his son, has no sympathy with him in this one respect. Mr. Bently at last gives his consent, and Joe enlists as an apprentice in the Navy. The story of his journey, his examination, his experiences on board ship, and his adventures while lying in foreign ports, is very graphically told, and the boy who reads it gets a clear and actual idea of what a boy must go through on board a man-of-war before he can graduate as an "able-bodied seaman." The writer shows a thorough acquaintance with everything on board ship, even to the minutest details. The book ends with the promotion of Joe, and a promise to continue his adventures in another volume.

Commander Schley's and Professor Soley's story of the "Rescue of Greely" has met a very favorable reception in England, where it has been republished by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. The London *Standard*, which gave a long review from advanced sheets, said: "The brief, sailor-like, admirably written, and well illustrated pages of Capt. Schley are concerned with data which are startling in their unsensational novelty. * * * Admirable work, both in meteorology and geography, was accomplished with resources infinitely less than those at the disposal of some of their predecessors. Altogether, a more tragic tale it is impossible to imagine * * * the narrative of Capt. Schley and his literary colleague is extremely interesting."

"Col. Enderby's Wife," by Lucas Malet, is a novel of much power and intrinsic merit. The author, who writes under the pseudonym of Lucas Malet, is known to be Mrs. Harrison, a daughter of Charles Kingsley. Certainly the author has inherited or developed a good share of the gifts which her father possessed. The strength of the book consists in its dramatic power not less than its minute portraiture of character; it shows the evidences of a strong mind and a pen of the greatest facility. In every way it is a notable book. An American edition is published by the Messrs. Appleton.

Col. Frank A. Burr, the well-known journalist, is engaged upon a review of the military and civic career of Gen. Grant. With the assistance of a great number of the intimate friends of Gen. Grant it is the intention of the author to produce a volume entirely different from anything hitherto printed or published. The work will contain more of interesting reminiscences and anecdotes than of laborious biographical material. No one is better suited to carry out an idea of this kind, and the volume is sure to be eminently readable as well as valuable.

The July number of *The Book Buyer* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons) is out, and it gives a lover of literature pleasure to note the fullness, fairness, and accuracy with which this little monthly keeps him informed of what is going on in the world of books. It is admirably edited and improves steadily.

An English edition of Mr. Keenan's novel, "Trajan," is published by the Cassell Company, London.

THE AMERICAN LINDSAYS.

Some Genealogical Facts About a Scotch Earldom.

WASHINGTON, June 30, 1885.

MR. EDITOR: In the "Foreign Notes" of your last Sunday's issue, June 28, I read an interesting account of the proposed meeting at Holyrood of all the peers of Scotland to elect a new representative peer in place of Lord Selkirk, recently deceased, and that the candidate was likely to be Lord Lindsay of the Byres, a nobleman whose honors were revived in his favor only about fifteen or sixteen years ago, and who represents a younger branch of the great house of Crawford, whose late head was better known by his former title of Lord Lindsay than as Earl of Crawford and Balcarres. The name of Lindsay recalls to mind that we have in our midst *another* branch of this distinguished Scottish family, whose early ancestor emigrated to America over two hundred years ago and settled on the banks of the Potomac in Northumberland County, and became one of the pioneer clergymen of the Virginia Colony. I allude to the representative of the celebrated family of the Lindsays of the Mount, an offshoot of the Lindsays of the Byres through the female side and of the Lindsays of Crawford through the male side, deducing their descent from Agnes Lindsay, heiress of the Mount, the great-niece of the famous Poet and Lion King of Scotland, Sir David Lindsay, (made familiar to all by Sir Walter Scott,) and David Lindsay, First Earl of Crawford, created in 1398, and creation making the present head of the house of Crawford to be called the Premier Earl of Scotland; see all Peerages. The father of the present Earl, in his works, "The Lives of the Lindsays," published in 1849 and 1858, vol. 1, page 281, in speaking of the Lindsays of the Mount, mentions the gentleman I refer to as their present representative, and further: "Were their descent *legally* substantiated, and all intermediated heirs extinguished, he would be entitled to the chieftaincy of the Lindsays, and successions to the family honors, on failure of the male issue of the body of James Lindsay, Fifth Earl of Balcarres." This gentleman was the late Maj. George F. Lindsay, of the Marine Corps. His widow and a son and daughter are residents of our city. If you can spare the space there are others besides myself who would be pleased to see this in your excellent paper. I am very respectfully yours, GENEALOGIST.

THE WRONG COON.

A great commotion was created one day last week in one of the larger bureaus of the Treasury Department when an employee ran in and excitedly exclaimed that "that old coon around in the Secretary's office has been bounced at last." "What! Charley Coon?" simultaneously and eagerly asked about fifty interested hearers, who didn't know but what their turns would come next. "No," replied the alleged humorist, "the old darkey coon, who has been the messenger at the Secretary's door for the past fifteen years." The chat-women of the Treasury are still busily employed in washing up the gory remains of the alarmist, while the genial president of the Columbias still holds his own as Assistant Secretary, where long may he linger.

RANDOM NOTES.

The probable transfer to another post of M. Roustan, the French Minister, has been mentioned, with the remark added that he is not satisfied in America. The last is altogether likely. M. Roustan belongs to the forward school of French diplomatists, those who favor colonial expansion. M. Roustan was formerly accredited to the Bey of Tunis and intrigued so energetically that he brought about the annexation of Tunis to France. By conferees of the same way of thinking this was considered a great triumph for M. Roustan and French diplomacy. M. Ordega at Tangier tried to imitate M. Roustan's tactics and get up an embroilment with the Sultan of Morocco, hoping to extend French dominion in North Africa from Tripoli to the Atlantic Ocean, which would convert the Western Mediterranean into a French lake. In fact M. Ordega betrayed the classic truth that "Roustan's monument at Tunis was robbing him of sleep." But he overdid his intriguing, and having been caught in the work of inciting a subordinate chief to rebellion, had to be recalled. Very likely M. Roustan, inspired by his success in annexing Tunis, would like to take up the work which M. Ordega bungled, and try his hand at embroiling France with Sultan Muley Hassan. At all events he is of too ambitious a temper to relish a mission like that to the United States, where there is literally nothing to do, and neither wealth nor honors to be gained by diplomatic dexterity.

"So you have taken Father O'Sullivan away from us? and though glad to see him honored we are hardly grateful," said a lady of St. Peter's Parish to Archbishop Gibbons in Baltimore the other day.

"Yes, it was my doing. Father O'Sullivan was such an earnest temperance advocate and had such superior financial ability that we had to transfer him to a larger field of usefulness."

"I called upon the Postmaster General to-day," said a prominent Western Democratic Senator, "to see about one of the large post offices of our State. He sent out word that he was very busy looking over his mail, and so I didn't see him. These Cabinet Ministers are full of work, I see. Well, we Senators can wait their pleasure I suppose. We don't have much to do."

Gen. Sparks, Commissioner of the General Land Office, has had a complete list of all the cases where the public lands have been improperly fenced made out with a statement of the present status of affairs. In all of these cases the parties have been notified to remove the fences. In some instances they had consulted attorneys, who have held that a reasonable number of openings in the fence would be sufficient. In such cases the openings are guarded, and to all interests and purposes fences still exist. The total amount of land that has been appropriated in this way is between one and two million acres.

A very common way of stealing the public lands is for some man to hunt out a good water-hole or stream and to locate his pre-emption claim as to take this in. He can fence this, and then he practically has all that joins it for many miles around, for the land in much of the Western territory is worthless except where there is water. Then again it is a common thing for a cattle king to have his cowboys make entries of land along the streams and after a short time sell their claims to him. In one instance the land has been gobbled for forty miles on one side of the Arkansas River and for twenty-five miles on the other side.

There is one point about this land-grabbing that few people seem to understand. It is often remarked that the agents of the Department are a great expense to the Government. Not so. Whenever the agents are able to prove any unlawful land entries the money that has been paid by the parties remains in the Treasury and the land is ready to be sold over again. It is a fact, I believe, that the work of the land agents is self-sustaining, and the only difficulty seems to be that there are not enough of them.

The men who have done this illegal fencing in of the public domain have a side to their story which they try to tell with great force. They claim that the land is worthless except for the purposes of grazing, and that they, by taking possession of it and rearing large herds of cattle, are adding to the wealth of the country, doing something for themselves and for the people at large. Gen. Sparks does not accept this fallacious reasoning by any means. He holds that the honest settler is driven away by the fences and that they must all be removed.

Judge Thoman tells a good story of an old neighbor of his who keeps a saloon in Youngstown, Ohio. The last time the Judge was at home he took called upon him and delivered the following message:

"You know, Jedge, as how I was a speakin' to you about an office in Washington?"

"Yes, I remember," said the Judge, "but the fact of it is it is pretty hard to get in down there; there are a great many applicants, you know."

"Yes, I know that, Jedge; but I don't care what it is ye get me. Just swingin' a door is as good as anything. All I wants is to go down there and be an office-holder. It's the honor, ye know, and then I'll come back here and walk up Federal street and say to the fellows as went back on the Dimmicratic party last fall: 'Oh, ye d——d fools. See me. I voted for Mr. Cleveland, and here I am an office-holder, begorrah, at Washington. Now don't you feel smart over yer blowin' and sayin' to me come over and be on the winnin' side. It's just the honor, Jedge; that's all I care for."

"Well, I'll keep an eye open for you," replied the Judge.

"By the way, Jedge, what do they pay down there for swingin' doors?"

"Oh, about $700."

"Oh, Lor', I can't live on that."

"But I thought it was the honor you were after?"

"So it is, begorrah. I reckon the old woman can run the saloon here, and $700 would board me, wouldn't it, Jedge? You may go ahead and git me the job of swingin' a door."

This matter of offensive partisanship and filing charges is getting more sublimely ludicrous every day. An Ohio Representative showed me a ridiculous production, which, he said, Mr. Hay concluded need not be put on file, but which he said was sufficient to bounce the Republican postmaster. It is set forth that the P. M. in question had on the day last fall called out from his front door in a loud voice to the crowd assembled in front of his store: "If you want to vote for a gentleman and a statesman, vote for James G. Blaine; if you want to vote for 250 pounds of bull-beef, a No. 18 collar, a No. 5 hat, vote for Grover Cleveland."

"Don't you think it is very big business," said this Representative, "when a great Democratic Administration gets down to such kind of business as that? And yet that's about the only way we can get at it under the present rules."

Senator Vest, of Missouri, was seen one day last week in Assistant Postmaster General Hay's room writing for dear life. "There," he said, handing the paper over to Mr. Fowler, the chief clerk, "how's that. I want to size this Administration up. I'll write some charges myself, and I want to see whether this office will move or not."

"This looks like a good paper," said Mr. Fowler.

"All right. Will you please see that it is acted upon?"

"I will submit it to Mr. Hay."

"Good morning," said the Senator, as he strode out of the office.

Dr. Cravens, of Toledo, Ohio, who was here last week to examine Niehaus' Statue of Garfield that the State of Ohio is to place in one of the niches assigned to Ohio in the Capital, was well acquainted with the late President. He says that he decided to be governed very largely in his opinion of the statue by the first impression that was made upon him. He accordingly stationed himself at what he considered a proper angle of vision and watched intently the unveiling. He was captivated by the work. The pose of the head, the features, even the detail of the clothing, he says, are very lifelike indeed.

There are many popular delusions extant right here in Washington, and even in regard to certain customs at the White House. For instance, it has been stated several times that the cards of visitors to the President are all saved and filed away. In speaking of this the other day Charlie Loehler, the doorkeeper of the President's room, said:

"Those statements always make me laugh. Why we would soon need to have a room to keep them in. I keep the cards for a day or two for my own convenience and then throw them into the waste-basket. I never take a card from the Vice President or any Senator or Representative whom I know."

It is an interesting thing to note from day to day the curious inscriptions that one and another caller will put on their cards and expect them to be talismanic. The plain card with nothing but the name engraved upon it, with a statement to the doorkeeper that the person has business with the President, is the most certain to admit. The man who, in the vain hope of seeing the Chief Executive, puts some written excuse upon his card, is pretty certain to be barred out. For instance, this is quite a common thing for a stranger who is not quite certain of his ground to write:

"Wants simply to see the President for a moment."

Mr. Loehler is pretty apt to ask such a gentleman or lady if he or she will not please see the President at his reception in the East Room at 1 o'clock.

One old fellow from Tennessee the other day was certain that the following written under his card was going to let him in:

"Wants simply to pay respects."

"See the President at his reception this afternoon," was Mr. Loehler's reply. "He is now engaged with gentlemen on business. That is the time when he sees all those who desire to pay respects."

One thing must be said of President Cleveland, he has a most happy faculty, and it is growing with him of making all who come go away feeling exceedingly well. He seems to be quite confidential, and what he says pleases, as a general thing. This is certainly a faculty that is not possessed in a marked degree by some members of his Cabinet.

There is very little question but Governor Hoadly will be offered a renomination in Ohio. I have talked during the week with a large number of prominent Democrats from that State, and they all seem to think he is the man to lead to victory. He is certainly the strongest Democrat by far in that State. The Republicans have committed the unmitigated folly of raising the old war issues and of putting up Capt. Foraker, the man whom Hoadly so easily beat the last time. The Republicans have committed the same blunder that the Democrats used to during the war sometimes. Their platform is against everything and in favor of nothing. People in this day do not desire to be fed on such political husks.

Will Mr. Hoadly take the nomination? It is announced with much assurance that he will. Representative LeFevre says so, Representative W. D. Hill says so, Hon. Dan. McConville says so, Hon. George L. Converse says so, Gen. T. E. Powell and Hon. F. H. Marriot, of Delaware, Ohio, says so, State Senator Elliott, of Hamilton, Ohio, says so, Hon. Sim Donovan, of Columbus, says so, Hon. George W. Houk, of Dayton, says so.

Mr. Owen Kellar, the clerk from Ohio over whom Appointment Clerk Higgins, Auditor Chenowith, Representative Warner, Civil Service Commissioner Eaton, etc., have been having a little racket during the past week, has had the satisfaction of seeing his name in nearly every paper in the country. He comes from Caldwell, the little inland country village where Private Dalzell has so long flourished. It is the poorest, scrubbiest, back-woodiest portion of the great State, the region in which the people still from necessity ride on horseback, and where Garfield used to say they bought their whiskey by the barrel and their coal-oil by the quart. But it is destined to be famous. Think of it, Private Dalzell and Clerk Kellar both from the same town!

As foreshadowed in this paper long ago, Mr. Malcoim Hay has had to give up work to look after his health. He hung on until his strength entirely failed, having a strong ambition to help make a success of the first Democratic administration for twenty-four years. Every one but himself saw that he was too ill a man for such hard work, and his physicians having told him peremptorily that his only chance of prolonging life was to have absolute rest in a favorable climate he handed in his resignation and will shortly go to Colorado for a year or longer. Mr. Hay says that the first use he will make of his new leisure shall be to see Washington. He has been so busy all the time of his stay here that he has had no chance to get acquainted with the sights and scenes of the capital of his country, and this he will take time to do before setting out for Colorado. One of Mr. Hay's first official acts upon taking office was to set a good example of public honesty to all salary grabbers. It is well known, after he was appointed he went South and remained two months. When he returned here to undertake his official duties the disbursing clerk handed him his salary for two months. Mr. Hay declined to receive the money, saying he had not earned it, and by his direction the amount of his salary for these two months of absence from his desk was covered into the Treasury.

A LOST SON RETURNED.

A Washington Boy's Romantic Start in Life.

Capt. A. B. Rogerson, of the office of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, last week drew a sort of human capital prize, so to speak, such as seldom falls to the lot of mankind. Indeed, it proves the old saying that "truth is stranger than fiction." It appears that about three years and half ago his eldest son, Fred, a bright boy of about sixteen, suddenly left his happy home, where he was surrounded with every ordinary comfort that kind and loving parents could contribute. Every effort was made to ascertain the whereabouts of the supposed runaway son, for the idea of the bright and cheerful boy having committed suicide was not entertained for a second. These efforts were in vain, as neither friends nor acquaintances could ever give any clue to his plans or the direction of his flight. Of course his family were much afflicted by his unaccountable disappearance and many were the conjectures as to the cause. He had never been in the habit of reading dime novels or sensational *week-lies*; nor had Buffalo William, at that time, ever brought his tame Indians here to show about "life in the wild West," which so charms the young masculine idea. He had always been of an ambitious nature, and this noble trait of character was about the only solace left to his grief-stricken parents—they felt they must hear from or see their boy again. Long, weary months of waiting grew into years, and finally cruel fate decreed that death should take away the patient, hopeful mother. This last blow was a terrible one to the devoted husband and father, but he manfully struggled on, and what happiness he got out of life was from his undivided attention to and care of his six surviving little sons. Now, mark the sequel. One day last week, as Mr. Rogerson was seated at his desk in his office, a telegram was handed him. A sister in another city had been very ill for a long time, so he felt sure the despatch contained the sad news of her death; but judge of the conflicting feelings of doubt, surprise, and joy when he read instead: "Father, meet me — o'clock P. M. June 30, Baltimore and Potomac depot. Your son, Fred Rogerson." The boy had telegraphed from Lexington, Ky., his last place of business, and arrived in Washington on time. He had left home simply to be independent, and "to make his fortune," as the family was growing so large. He had many experiences of ups and downs, but he had hardly spent an hour during his long absence, and had worked hard all the time in honorable pursuits. He had saved his hard-earned money until he had gathered quite a little "fortune," with which he has now returned to help his father take care of and educate the large family of his little brothers, and he not yet twenty years of age. The one sad feature of the whole extraordinary case was the shock he received on learning for the first time of his mother's death.

CAPT. BLAKE'S CHANGE.

Apropos of poor John McCullough's lamentable mental condition, Capt. Blake, of the Corcoran, an old and intimate friend of his, tells this little anecdote: The gallant Captain last fall was taking a few weeks' recreation from his arduous duties of daily ploughing the historical waters of old Potomac to and from his Country's Father's grave, and while stopping at the St. James Hotel, New York, ran across McCullough. A feeling of intense thirst simultaneously came over the old friends, and the Commander immediately suggested an adjournment to the "cafe" for a libation. Poor John was almost overcome at meeting his old friend, and of course he immediately began telling him of his troubles, claiming that he could never act better in his life than then, and as for his mind being weak, why that was simply ridiculous. At the same time, when the change of forty cents out of Blake's dollar for the lemonades was placed on the bar, the poor actor quietly took it and put it in his own pocket. Of course nothing could have induced Blake to call attention to the error, but he was forced to conclude that his life-long friend, notwithstanding his emphatic protestations to the contrary, was obviously a little "off."

FOREIGN NOTES.

The Austrian government has refused to authorize the establishment of private cremation societies, on the ground that they might encourage crime. The decree states that murders are often detected by the exhumation of bodies and that, even if bodies were to be examined before cremation, there would be no time to apply in every case those delicate chemical tests which are used where poisoning is suspected.

Sir Charles Crauford writes to the *Pall Mall Gazette* strongly favoring the proposed tunnel under the Irish Channel. He thinks the work would be almost wholly through rock requiring little masonry, that it could be done in about eight years, and that the traffic through it would be enormous. He thinks the shorter tunnel under the Mull of Cantyre not practicable, because to reach it would involve a great deviation in a difficult country, and he strongly favors the longer tunnel, but more direct route from Port Patrick to Donaghadee.

Hobart Pasha, who was struck off the navy list, thereby losing flag rank, because during the Russo-Turkish war he refused to retire from the Sultan's naval service, is about to be reinstated, only the final approval of Her Majesty in council being wanting. Hobart Pasha is not, however, the only means the first victim to admiralty favor, similar experiences having befallen the late Earl of Dundonald, Sir Charles Napier, and Sir George Sartorius. Hobart Pasha will be heartily welcomed back by all naval officers.—*London World.*

London *Figaro* gives some particulars about Princess Beatrice's boots and shoes: "Although the trousseau of the Princess Beatrice will not be nearly so elaborate as that of Lady Erm ntrude Malet, she will be provided with a small army of boots and shoes. There are seaside or yachting shoes, made of Russian leather; light shoes embroidered in gold with the rose, shamrock, and thistle; mountaineering boots studded with nails; riding boots lined with white Astrakan, and traveling boots lined with seal-skin. The trousseau, it is understood, will be useful as well as ornamental, and if there will be no stint there will be no extravagance."

A correspondent states that the manœuvres of the German navy are this year to be conducted on a grander scale than was ever before attempted. About twenty large vessels and a corresponding number of torpedo-boats will be concentrated off Wilhelmshaven, where the principal operations are to take place. A squadron assembled at Kiel in the first week of August will execute naval evolutions in the Baltic. Fifteen torpedo-boats will also be concentrated at Kiel. The corvettes Hansa and Bismarck, and the cruiser corvette Moltke, the gunnery training-ship Mars, and the ironclad Friedrich Karl, of the North Sea Station, will be added to the squadron. The ironclad Konig Wilhelm will probably join the fleet off Wilhelmshaven.

A standard rose, said to have been planted by Charlemagne, is one of the great curiosities of the ancient city of Hildesheim, in Hanover. This rose-bush is gnarled and rugged, as becomes its extreme age, and in same places the principal stem is as thick as a man's body. It grows at the eastern side of the apse of the cathedral, and this year the venerable and venerated object has put forth several new and thrifty shoots. Fears have been entertained for a long time past that after its life of a thousand years the plant was losing its vitality. But now it is taking a new lease of life, and there is joy in Hildesheim. The chance relic hunter is strictly forbidden to give away a cutting, and its flowers, the very sweetest of their kind, are jealously guarded from vandal hands.

If our own finances, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, are to be regarded as in disorder—which they certainly are—owing to a deficit of fifteen millions, which has yet to be dealt with, what is to be said of those of France, with her twenty-odd millions of deficit, which she is making no preparations to meet by fresh taxation? The growth of the French debt is indeed something appalling. When M. Leon Say was Finance Minister he consolidated a large floating debt, and the total of the consolidated debt then stood at £880,000,000, 29 per cent. more than our own. Since then—in only three years—another floating debt has sprung up, which by the end of the present year is likely to attain £60,000,000. Already one-third of the ordinary budget, which stands at the enormous figure of £120,000,000, is required for the service of the regular debt. What is to be done? Few people as yet realize how fast old Europe, with its most civilized countries in the van, is careering toward the abyss of bankruptcy.

The remains of a large Roman villa fitted with extensive baths have been recently discovered at Eining, near Abensburg—supposed to be the ancient Abusina—a town in Bavaria on the Abens river, near the Danube. The tepidarium has been found in very perfect condition, together with many curious and interesting architectural details. But what is perhaps of more interest still, the skeleton of a woman has been found, having by her side a jug, a glass urn, and tear-bottles—the last usual offerings to the dead. In addition to this there was the apparatus of her toilet, including hair-pins, pearl necklace, and bracelets. Some sculpture was also brought to light, though in a very broken state; but one piece, a woman's head in marble, was very well executed indeed. A "votive" was also found, with an inscription of four lines, dedicated as an offering in honor of "Dea Fortuna Augusta Faustina." A large number of Roman weapons, coins, spoons, rings, and fibulæ, and many other articles, with Roman bricks, tiles, and stamps, in considerable numbers, were also discovered among the foundations of this interesting villa.

POLITICAL POINTS.

Mr. Hedden may turn out to be the creature neither of Mr. Thompson nor of any other man, and even if he should prove to be somebody's creature he may, at the same time, prove to be a thoroughly honest and efficient administrator of the most important office in the Treasury outside of the Cabinet. At any rate, he is entitled to a fair trial, and as his predecessor's term had fully expired there can be no question raised when his name comes before the Senate for confirmation.—*Philadelphia Telegraph (Rep.)*

"On the whole," says the Boston *Advertiser* (Rep.), "the President appears to have done well in these important New York appointments, which were rightly regarded as a severe test of his quality. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and the test of officials is the character of their service. But there is nothing in the previous records of these men or the circumstances of their appointment to raise a doubt that they will be faithful, efficient, and honorable, and will manage their trusts upon the best business, which are the best political principles."

The complaint against the President is not that he insists on carrying out the civil service law, but that he insists on applying the spirit of the law to the offices outside of its jurisdiction. It is probable that the course the President is pursuing is the only one that would help to make civil service reform a success. It is certain that if he backs down from the stand he has taken civil service reform will receive a blow from which it will not quickly recover. He must maintain the position he has taken or assume the responsibility of giving civil service reform its death blow. Under existing circumstances would the failure of civil service reform strengthen or weaken the Democratic party?—*Savannah (Ga.) News, (Dem.)*

In speaking of the carrying out of President Cleveland's reform pledges, the New Orleans *Picayune* (Dem.) says: "This policy may not please the machine politicians, and may annoy for a time a few extremists, but it will inevitably win with the people, and in the long run will establish the Democracy firmly in power. Such a policy is of course so opposed to the spoils system of the Ring Democracy of Louisiana, where the last stage of political debauchery has been reached in both State and city governments, that it is not a matter of surprise that its representative at Washington, Mr. Eustis, raised his hands in horror at a Democratic President who would not turn over to him and his followers the whole Federal patronage of Louisiana at one swoop. Like Flanagan, of Texas, he cried, 'What are we here for?' But Mr. Cleveland has fully demonstrated his firmness of purpose, and that he will be supported heartily by his party in his efforts to purify the politics of the country and eliminate the spoils system from national affairs scarcely admits of a doubt."

Speaking of the new Collector of Customs at New York, the *Evening Post* says: "The outburst of hostile criticism which the appointment has provoked is very instructive as showing the higher level to which the President has lifted all kinds of appointments. The public expectation is higher than it has been for years. Take for example the men who have been chosen for collectorships within recent years and compare them with Mr. Hedden. There was 'Tom' Murphy, Grant's choice; what were his qualifications? After him came Chester A. Arthur, who was put in there solely because of his shrewdness as a politician. Then came Gen. Merritt, who was not even a resident of the city, was not even a business man, but a professional politician from the interior of the State. He was removed by Blaine and Garfield to make room for Judge Robertson, who was also a professional politician, and who had earned the place by his services in splitting the New York delegation to the Chicago Convention, thus defeating the third-term scheme, and making Garfield's nomination possible. There was no pretence of reform in any of these appointments, and there was no especial fitness in any of the candidates. President Cleveland's choice is better and more fit than any of them, and it would have been at once accepted as such had not he taught the public to expect from him the best possible. Sharp critics will do well to recall their harsh judgment of Mr. Manning at the time of his selection for the Treasury portfolio, and compare it with their present opinions of his course."

COULISSE CHAT.

Mrs. Langtry plays tennis, and has recently had a milk-maid's frock made to wear at the sport.

Lawrence Barrett will visit Newport during the summer, and will be the guest of Edwin Booth.

Herndon Morsell has received a flattering offer from J. C. Duff, of the Standard Theatre, New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Herndon Morsell will come this week to Washington, where they will spend several weeks visiting the parents of Mr. Morsell.

Mr. Terriss's performance of *Squire Thornhill*, in "Olivia," with the Lyceum company, is spoken of as one of the best things he has ever done.

Sidney Rosenfeld has been restrained from publishing or selling any part of the opera of the "Black Hussar." The action to continue is being argued again.

The Spanish people have begun to praise Minnie Palmer, "the representative American actress," again. No wonder they think we're funny—we Americans.

Denmark has a new law which provides that a drunken person shall be taken home in a carriage at the expense of the man who sold the drunkard his last glass.

Lawrence Barrett gave 200 performances during his season just closed, without an accident of any kind, and never once varying from his original announcements.

Miss Rosina Vokes and company will appear in "The Farvem," "A Midsummer Night," and other works, one of which is a comedy written especially for the actress by Sir Charles Young.

Mark Twain, (Samuel L. Clemens,) assisted by Mrs. George Warner, has dramatized his story of Edward VI, "The Prince and Pauper," and the piece, it is said, will be presented to the public next season.

Lawrence Barrett will produce next season an old English comedy, "The Wonder," which was one of Garrick's favorite plays, and the one in which that great actor made his farewell appearance on the stage.

Sadie Martinot appears to have made a hit in operetta at the New York Casino. "A creature of most charming simplicity, lightness, and grace" is her *Naum*, according to the *Evening Post's* critic, although a close reflection from Theo.

Lawrence Barrett, whose next season begins at St. Paul, Minn., August 31, will revive during its course "