

The National Republican.

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Advertisements: NATIONAL—"The Merry Duchess," "Paddy's—Haverly's Mistake," "DIME—Merrill and evening performance, CONQUEST—American Tour Campaign."

Auction Sales: TO-DAY. By WALTER B. WILLIAMS & Co.—The private collection of paintings of Mr. D. Galt, of Philadelphia, Nov. 12, 13, and 14, at 3 p. m., at 1093 D St. By DISCOUNTS THRO—At 1 p. m., at their auction rooms, sale of five insurance stocks.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1883.

INTELLIGENCE REACHES US FROM RICHMOND that a readjuster committee will wait upon the national republican committee at its meeting next month and formally ask for recognition and friendly counsel.

"SKYLARKERS" will be discouraged to learn that a boy engaged in that pleasureable pursuit was shot in the abdomen in Georgetown Saturday night by a companion "skylarker." The victim died yesterday.

THE HARBORS OF DANVILLE will appoint a committee of forty of their number to explain the massacre of innocent negroes on Nov. 3. Meantime the public will content itself with the facts as it now understands them.

SENATOR MARONE repudiates the interview published in The Times wherein he is represented as having made complaints against the administration. He looks upon the bourbon success in Virginia as a most disastrous victory for the party.

THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN lays before its readers this morning some information about Luther, the great reformer. It is not in the nature of fresh news, but it will prove interesting nevertheless. Luther and his work formed the theme of pulpit discourses in half the Christian pulpits of the world yesterday.

SWINDLING pension claim agents may not approve of Secretary Teller's letter to Attorney General Brewster, but it will strike the ex-soldiers and the general public as a very proper sort of a document. He pledges himself to furnish the department of justice with expert assistance in preparing cases against dishonest agents.

SENATOR MILLER, of California, appeals in vigorous English to the secretary of state and the secretary of the treasury to see to it that the provisions of the law against coalitions are more rigidly obeyed. He raises his voice for the protection of the industrial classes of the Pacific from the degradation of competition with Chinese cheap labor.

MR. CARLISLE is confident that he will be the next speaker of the house, though he declines to go into particulars and specify the grounds upon which he bases his premises. Mr. Randall also declines to specify. Ditto, Mr. Cox. Mr. Blackburn believes that it is foreordained that Mr. Carlisle will win, whether he wins or not. This will be cheering to Mr. C.

THERE are queer happenings in Baltimore. Mr. Wyman, the millionaire who died last spring, left nothing but disjointed memoranda for a will. His wife, who had died some time before, had three proteges, unmarried ladies, whom she wished Mr. Wyman at his death to provide for. To two he gave \$60,000 each. The other one had boxed his ears for trying to kiss her, so he only left her \$40,000. Moral.

THE bourbons are going to tender Hon John S. Harbour, their chairman of the Virginia campaign committee, a serenade this evening, and congratulate him upon the success of his schemes for the intimidation of negro voters. Allusions may possibly be made to the screaming farce at Danville the Saturday before the election, which resulted in the humorous slaughter of a half a score of defenseless colored men.

LATEST advices fix the amount of money spent by the Virginia bourbons in their recent campaign at \$500,000. The desperate bourbons are getting ready to carry their programme through to the end by unseating enough readjuster members elect of the legislature to give them a two-thirds majority, in order that they may override the governor's veto and undo the laws that have been enacted looking to a settlement of the debt question. Their madness knows no bounds.

THE "special cable dispatches" which have of late illuminated the first pages of certain Sunday papers in this city and Philadelphia were conspicuously absent yesterday, and those papers which have made so much ado about their pretended enterprise refrained from wearing the public with their boasts about it. There was a reason for this sudden abandonment of alleged enterprise. In the suit of "The Central News" vs. Judy in London last week, it was developed that these alleged cable dispatches were manufactured by the agents of the "Central News" in New York and London and sold or given away to such papers as could be induced to print them. The evidence showed that thirty words were cable from one side to the other, and these thirty were expanded, by the aid of books of reference, old newspapers, and lively "free-lance" writers, into two columns of matter. "The Central News," which is a weak attendant of the equally weak United Press association, thereby made itself the benefactor of such papers as were unable or unwilling to buy genuine news, though quite ready to undertake to make their readers think they were spending thousands for

cable news which they did not want, while it was perfectly apparent they were not spending cents for the telegraphic news which they did want. Frauds of this kind are sure to be exposed sooner or later, and until the "central news" can arrange to have a consular in China killed, or the marquis of Lansdowne blown up soon after sending out their sensational reports of such events, the papers which publish their two column romances, even when furnished at the low rate of nothing per column, will be sure to suffer by it.

Closing Up the Banks.

The November elections very clearly demonstrated the fact that there are republicans enough in this country for one party, but not enough for two parties. Whenever factional quarrels and side issues are put aside and a united contest made victory is assured. The democrats have been counting much on the divisions in the republican party, and democratic hopes of success in 1884 have been based largely on the idea that the republicans would not be able to unite. The recapture of the great states of New York, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts, which last year returned majorities for the opposition, mainly on account of the divisions in the ranks of the republican party, has taken from the democracy almost the last ray of hope. The republican party is a party of principle and intelligence. Its members are reading and thinking men who do not blindly follow leaders. Differences are intelligently discussed and, when possible, adjusted. Because of this intelligence, when a great national contest comes, and it is a question between the republican party and its history of great deeds done, and its pledged devotion to all that will protect and advance the best interests of the government, as against the democratic party, with its damning past, its notoriously bad methods of the present, and its uncertain position on all questions in which is involved the future prosperity of the country, the republican party will be found united. The ambitions of no one man, the prejudices of no faction, will stand in the way of perfect and complete harmony. From this time on it should be the duty of all republicans to plan and work to the end that the party will go into the next great contest with solidly united ranks. Such a course means victory.

Tar and Feathers as a Democratic Argument.

Mr. F. A. Burr, correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, immediately after the Danville riot, wrote a truthful account of the atrocious affair to that journal. In commenting on his letter and the Press editorial reference to the same the Richmond papers manifest a spirit scarcely less commendable than that which originated and carried to a bloody end the riot at Danville. The Richmond Dispatch, in commenting on the editorial article in the Press, said: "This is, of course, both hot and rot, and would affect the pass without notice were it not supported by a most outrageous telegram from Richmond from a staff correspondent of the Press." The telegram bristles with falsehoods. "The only pity is that the father of all such 'staff correspondents'—i. e., the father of liars—protects them when any trouble occurs. As a class they have been as great a curse to the south as Mahometism has been to Virginia."

The Richmond State copied the above, adding to it as follows: "We heartily endorse the Dispatch in its severe but just punishment of this miscreant. The wretched creature's malicious slander of the south is fast being forgotten by the forbearance with which he has long been treated. There could be no better evidence of the law abiding spirit of our people than the fact that they have not tarred and feathered Frank Burr."

The average southern bourbon is always quick to denounce as a "miscreant" any person who disagrees with him politically, and "tar and feathers" is promptly suggested for the journalist who dares send the paper he represents a truthful account of the most cruel political massacre that has occurred since the Chisholm affair in Mississippi.

The District Commissioners and the Lotteries.

The New York Times is just now grieving its hypocritical soul over the fact that lottery advertisements appear in the columns of THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN. In an editorial reference to the letter of the district commissioners to the postmaster general the Times takes occasion to lay the whole lot of wickedness at Mr. Hatton's door. Mr. Hatton has no more control over the business management of THE REPUBLICAN than Mr. George Jones has over the editorial columns of the New York Times, which have been daily filled the past two months with attacks on Mahometism, while it is a well known fact that Mr. Jones sent a check for \$500 in 1881 to the managers of the Mahomet campaign.

If it will relieve the mind of the Times, however, THE REPUBLICAN has no hesitancy in saying that, in its opinion, the letter of the district commissioners was an extremely silly document. The postmaster general probably knows the law quite as well as the triumvirate who are charged with the government of this district. If in the opinion of the commissioners more law is needed for the suppression of the lottery business in this district and for the protection of government clerks, over whom the commissioners seem to have assumed special charge, they should, as the governing officers of the district, ask congress to pass such a law, and not attempt to throw the responsibility on the head of the postoffice department. Just why the commissioners should be so exercised about the disposition department clerks make of their money THE REPUBLICAN cannot imagine. Why did they stop with department clerks and the lottery business. Why did they not include senators, members of congress, district commissioners, department officers and employes, and grain gambling and stock jobbing, pool selling, and all other kinds of doubtful business in which chance is involved and in which men are likely to invest money with but slight chance of return? The average department clerk is quite as intelligent as the average district commissioner, and they no more require the protection of the law than any other class of men.

In conclusion, and for the benefit of the New York Times, THE REPUBLICAN will say that the postmaster general knows quite as

well as it is possible for the Times to know whether any officer in his department has thrown the slightest obstruction in the way of any policy which he desires to carry out. The district commissioners might ask congress to pass a law that would prevent the New York Times making an ass of itself.

Foreign Fortune Hunters.

We would earnestly and affectionately urge Miss Rebecca Williams, of Baltimore, to take the advice of Rip Van Winkle in regard to Mr. Herbert, M. P.—give him a cold potato and let him go. It seems, however, as if warnings against the dangers of American girls marrying foreigners are more futile the more they are needed. In this case a young lady well connected—she is a cousin of Col. Bonaparte's mother, who was Miss Susan Williams, of Baltimore—with a fortune in her own right, ought to be on her guard against foreigners of all nationalities; for in spite of the superlative stuff they talk about the beauty and attractiveness of American women, foreigners are perfectly well able to withstand them unless they can line their pockets with the American girl's money. It is true a rich girl is liable to become a prey to an American fortune hunter; but, girls, take THE REPUBLICAN'S word for it, an American fortune hunter is better than a foreign fortune hunter. The American man will at least treat you decently, and the standard of what is called a good husband is so much higher in this country than in Europe that you will stand a better chance of happiness with the American. The wretchedness of a great proportion of these marriages is from the very fact that what foreigners call being a good husband is what American women would call being a regular brute. The American girl naturally looks for the liberty in money matters, the dignified position in her own house which she has seen her mother enjoy. She won't get this from any but an American man. One radical point of difference is noticeable between American men and all foreigners, especially Englishmen. Not only does an American woman handle much more of her husband's income than what is merely necessary for her own personal expenses, but the tendency in American households is rather to shift responsibilities upon the mistress. The man whose wife will audit the household accounts, who will engage the servants, keep an eye on the coal man, the gas man, the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker congratulates himself; the man whose wife leaves all this to her husband is regarded as an object of commiseration. But an Englishman would as soon think of giving up the magna charta or the bill of rights as to allow the smallest job of this household authority to pass from his own hands. Either he must do it himself, or if he is a man of wealth, another man, accountable to the master, must do it. He does not mind the trouble; he is a tyrant at heart; he knows no more of that excessive respect for the privileges of women, which is the characteristic of American men, than he does about building a railway to the moon. It would be breaking his moral and mental backbone to allow that household supremacy which American women naturally expect. On the whole, if Mr. Herbert, M. P., never puts in an appearance, Miss Williams may be congratulated. In the six weeks during which time the doctors say she must not move she will have time to think over Mr. Herbert, M. P., his divorce, and other unpleasant particulars about him, and she will be wise if she concludes to let Mr. Herbert, M. P., slide.

In three weeks congress will meet, and yet our democratic neighbor has not said whether it favors Randall, the protectionist, or Carlisle, the free trader, for speaker.

The Northern Democratic Press is busily engaged explaining away the democratic riot at Danville which resulted in the killing of seven defenseless negroes.

MR. DANA is hunting for some one who will help him let go the Holman boomlet. THE REPUBLICAN suggests that he apply to Mr. Tilden.

If bullets are to be used in making the south solid, ballots will be used to make the north solid. Only a difference of methods.

The inventor of the shotgun never dreamed how much he was contributing to the democratic party.

The November frosts proved very chilly for a large number of democratic presidential booms.

AMUSEMENTS.

FORD'S OPERA HOUSE. J. H. Haverly's United American Spectacular Consolidated European Mastodon minstrels—Phebus, what a title! will commence an engagement at Ford's opera house this evening. The company includes such well-known performers as Hugh Dougherty, J. Carroll Johnson, Billy Richardson, Dan Thompson, Harry Hogan, Robert Hooley, Charles W. Seaman, Walter Hawkins, Bobby Newcomb and Johnson and Powers, which insures plenty of fun and good music. The afterpiece will be a new burlesque called "The Princess of Madagascar," in which the entire company will appear.

NATIONAL THEATRE.

The new comic opera, entitled "The Merry Duchess," will be presented for the first time in Washington at the National theatre to-night. The company which will produce it is said to be a good one, and the opera has met with good success in other cities.

The Opera House That Vanderbilt.

This is the Opera House that Vanderbilt. This is the box, so full of scorn, that stood in the Opera House that Vanderbilt. This is the Valet, all shaven and shorn, who stood behind the box that looked with scorn on the people in the pit so lowly born who patronized the Opera House that Vanderbilt. This is the reporter, somewhat given to "corn," who spoke to the Valet all shaven and shorn, with reference to the elegant raiment worn by the folks in the box that looked with scorn on the people in the pit so lowly born who patronized the Opera House that Vanderbilt. This is the Sun to the Reporter's father, administered by the Valet all shaven and shorn, who stood by the box that looked with scorn on the people in the pit who wished they'd never been born when they thought how thoroughly they had been forewarned by patronizing the Opera House that Vanderbilt.

THE MAN ON THE AVENUE.

Small Talk About Men and Measures.

The astute democratic statesman held the floor at the Ebbitt house last evening, and discoursed on the speakership question in these words: "The southern democrats, with the assistance of their western brethren, are turning the bourbon blunders in Virginia to their credit very neatly in the speakership contest. When the press of the north began to cry out against the bourbon intolerance, as exemplified in the Virginia campaign, Randall's backers declared that it would not do to elect a southern man speaker in the present excited state of feeling in the north. Carlisle's friends have turned the tables on Randall by admitting that it will not do to let the question of bourbon intolerance be made a prominent issue in the presidential campaign and by supplementing this confession by the assertion that the only way the danger can be averted is to agitate the tariff question in congress next winter and inaugurate a bold system of revenue reform. They boldly claim that the election of Randall will result in a calamitous revival of the sectional issue, a sharp division of the south and the north, and the disastrous defeat of the democratic electoral ticket. As a choice between the two evils—tariff agitation and sectionalism—they infinitely prefer the former as the lesser. The Ohio democrats are pledged to revenue reform, and Ohio is the only state where the party has won a substantial victory. Randall alone of all the conspicuous democratic leaders is for a cowardly dodging of tariff agitation. Intelligent democrats do not want the eyes of the people of the north directed toward the south yet awhile, and they will willingly take almost any risk to divert attention in another direction. The easiest, best, and bravest course will be to make tariff reform the overshadowing issue, and to lose no time in getting about it."

In his Broadway notes yesterday morning "Gath" says: "Mr. Tilden's latest visitors describe him as withering away, the skin getting down to the bones, the eyelids almost involuntary, the face hanging rather than holding together, the left hand a dry stick, the right hand feeling tremulously for the side of the head, the knees seeking each other, the voice an overlying whisper, and the talk a monologue of self congratulatory in reply to cruel flattery. He says not a word in opposition to assurances that he is everywhere wanted for president, except to whisper: 'I am sound. My physician has examined all my vital organs—my heart, liver, lungs, and my mental organization. He says I am perfectly well except my stomach. I reformed New York, and was elected president. I did not see fit to take the office by violence. I would have reformed the federal government. I was overworked in my administration. Excitement is good for me.' All this in a whisper no two men can hear at once. *Res sentis incandescens gloria!*"

No wonder Mr. Hendricks wants the "old ticket" renominated. Some years ago Tom Ryan, of Indianapolis, was one of the best known men in Hoosierdom and quite a power in democratic politics, state and local. Genial, witty, and a prince of good fellows, he was deservedly a favorite with all circles and classes, while his large wealth enabled him to give free rein to an open-handed generosity that was as unstinted as it was unaffected. In an evil day Tom and a circle of choice spirits, among whom was "Pap" Alvord, the shrewd old-time chairman of the democratic state central committee of Indiana, and Dick Bright, the present popular sergeant-at-arms of the senate, concluded to pool their shovels, and give the unsophisticated bulls and bears of the Chicago board of trade a lesson in financiers by "cornering" the oat market. The Chicago animals took so kindly to this benevolent little scheme that when the experiment was brought to a conclusion they were picking their teeth and crying for more entertainment in the same line, while dispersed from half to three-quarters of a million dollars kindly left with them by their late Hoosier teachers.

This little affair, coupled with some unfortunate endorsements for falling friends, brought Ryan to bankruptcy, and times grew pretty tough for him. After struggling along until every resource was exhausted, he took Horace Greeley's advice and went west, bringing up after various adventures at Tucson, Ariz. Here he made a stand, determined to do or die, and after some months, during which he lodged on the clay floor of an old "dobe" hut, rented to him at a charitable rate by a wrinkled old "greaser" dame, he "caught on" to an agency for a California canned goods house, built up a good trade among the miners, and began to prosper.

It was about this time that he was afforded one of those opportunities that now and then form the splendid prizes in the great mining lottery where there are so many heart breaking blanks. Mining claims in Arizona and New Mexico are as plentiful as mosquitoes in New Jersey, and the man who is versed in the ways of the country pays but little attention to the numerous claims to be had at assorted prices from every old miner and prospector; but now and then among this chaff good grain shows up for the discriminating prospector to recognize, secure, and make a fortune from. Some prospectors had been at work in a copper claim that had attracted Tom's attention, and the results attained convinced him that they were on the eve of a great strike. So he opened negotiations with them, and made a bargain for the claim at the price of \$8,000. He did not possess \$8,000 cents at the time, but contracted for three months time to raise the money. In Tom at once wrote to an old friend who was in a position to give him the required lift, describing the mine and his reasons for thinking there was a great fortune in it, and asked him to put in \$1,000 and get seven others of his old-time friends, whom he named, to each do the same, and send the sum to him, with the understanding that he was to have an equal share and the management of the property. His friend did not respond. In the meantime Boston parties inspecting the claim offered \$40,000 for it if Ryan should prove unable to pay for it before his option expired. Ryan wrote again and again without avail, and tried in every way possible to inspire his friends with his faith in the claim, but finally had to endure the intolerable disappointment of seeing the three months go by and his option expire without being able to carry out his contract. The Boston men promptly paid over their \$40,000 and took the good thing in. To-day it is the celebrated Copper Queen mine, capitalized for \$1,000,000, and not a share to be had for love or money. Ryan is now a resident of Kansas City, in prosperous circumstances, but in order to evoke from him an outburst of eloquent wrath, profanity, and grief, intermingled in rich profusion, it is only necessary to ask him how it was that he failed to acquire the copper mine out in Arizona.

The Grand Army in Utah.

George C. Douglas, department commander of the department of Utah, Grand Army of the Republic, has issued his "general order No. 1," in which he states that the depart-

ment was formed Oct. 8 at Salt Lake City, and that he was then elected commander. He says in detail every command to be obeyed, honorably discharged soldiers, sailors, and marines into the posts of the grand army. He declares that the institution is not political in character, tells what its purposes are, and makes the following appointments to his department: Francis M. Bishop, of Salt Lake City, assistant adjutant general; Charles S. Warren, of Butte City, Mont., assistant quartermaster general, and A. C. Smith, of Ogden, inspector. The department embraces Utah, Idaho, and Montana.

MURDERING A MARSHAL.

The Death of a Noted Desperado Graphically Related.

Salida, in Chaffee county, has of late sprung into notoriety as a live town—one full of "life," and possessing the glory of being "dead." It has gained this unenviable reputation because of the numerous shooting and cutting affrays and a hanging bench which have occurred there. The last event of a tragic nature in the place occurred four days ago, in a dance hall, resulting in the death of the marshal of the town, Baxter Stingley. It was a colored homicide, and Frank Reed, a noted desperado, was the murderer. The facts have never yet been given to the public. They are interesting because they form a supplemental chapter to the lynching of Ed Watkins by cowboys some time ago. Reed was at one time employed by Watkins, his recklessness and daring making him a valuable acquisition to the corps of herders. He was feared by all the Watkins cowboys, and his power as a leader. Like nearly all others of his nature and disposition he was accused of cattle stealing, and as a conclusive proof of his guilt was found, the grand jury, at the first opportunity, found a true bill against him, and he became a fugitive from justice.

At the time of the Watkins lynching Reed appeared at Salida heavily armed and with the express determination of revengeing the death of his former employer. No one thought of interfering with him, and he was thought to capture him was made. He was feared because of his dangerous custom of using a revolver, and was held in great respect because of his mammoth proportions and his power as an athlete. He was, in a measure, the terror of the community. About four weeks ago a man named Jamison was wanted for some trivial offense, and Marshal Stingley, with a deputy, attempted to arrest him. They tracked the latter to a point outside of town, and suddenly came upon him. But he was not alone. They were dismayed to find him with Frank Reed. Quick work was necessary, and pulling out a revolver, Stingley covered Jamison and ordered him to hold up his hands. He did. Reed was not to be caught, though. Leveling his Henry rifle at the deputy he held the latter up, at the same time threatening to kill Stingley if he made any attempt either to shoot or kill Jamison. The latter saw his advantage. Stingley was unable to protect himself, as his back was turned to Reed. Jamison made his escape, and Reed drove the officers away.

Reed returned to Salida as if nothing had occurred, knowing full well that his character as a desperado would save him from arrest. He often met Stingley, and, though the latter made no demonstration, it was generally understood that he was only awaiting a good opportunity to be revengeed. A slight opportunity had the same effect upon him that a red flag has upon a mad bull. It enraged him and urged him on to take Reed a prisoner and send him up for cattle stealing, which means a long time in the penitentiary. The feud between the two men finally became so bitter that finally, at the suggestion of friends, they met and had a consultation. In order that there should be no bloodshed, they agreed that the murderer of the other peaceful, the men were disarm, they leaving their revolvers in a box car. The conference occurred about a week before the murder. It did not end as the friends of the murdered man had hoped. Stingley, who was an officer of the law, he would arrest Reed when he saw a chance, upon the cattle stealing indictment. He did not intend to spare him, no matter what his record was. Reed, who never arrested any man, was taken alive. When you come for me come with two revolvers in your hands, and have them cocked."

Stingley heeded the advice and used a little caution he might have escaped with his life. On the night of Oct. 28, as Marshal Stingley was entering a dance hall, he was stopped at the door by a gambler (John Hughes), who said: "Don't go in there, Stingley. Reed is there with two revolvers, and there'll be trouble." Without stopping to make an answer Stingley entered the place. The warning was intended for him as an accusation of cowardice. He determined to resent it by arresting Reed at once. The story of the shooting is best told by Mr. B. F. Garrison, an attorney of Salida, who was in the city yesterday, and who was present at the scene of the murder: "Stingley walked into the room and, spying Reed, strode up to him. Pulling out his revolver, he held it close to Reed's head and commanded him to hold up his hands and surrender himself. Reed, who was smiling on his lips, instantly did as he was commanded. Then Stingley made the mistake which cost him his life. Instead of calling upon some one in the room to disarm Reed, he tried to do the job himself. 'This was the opportunity Reed wanted for, so soon as the opportunity came within reach, he suddenly seized the revolver, wreathed it from the hand of the officer, and then, without losing a moment, fired three shots into his body.' He fell to the floor, and in less than five minutes was dead. Although there were no less than 150 men in the hall, not one lifted his hand in aid of Stingley. Instead a general commotion followed, and those who remained were frightened by a shot over their heads from Reed's pistol. The desperado and murderer had no difficulty in making his escape, and nothing has since been heard of him."

The excitement over the affair has not yet died out, and it is predicted that more bloodshed will follow. Deceased was a member of the Rocky Mountain Detective association, and only a short time before the tragedy was in Ogden, Cook to be extremely cautious in dealing with the rough characters of the community, as they were dangerous.

Frauds Upon Bounty Claimants.

The report of Second Auditor Ferris, and its considerations by Attorney General Brewster, have led to another branch of investigations connected with the swindling of soldiers by claim agents. The district attorney has discovered that a number of soldiers here have issued circulars soliciting claims for additional bounty, and asking and accepting fees in advance for a pretended prosecution of this class of claims. The fraud arises from the fact that the time for filing these claims expired under the law June 30, 1880. Since that time the second auditor has not received them. The practice of the firms now found to be engaged in this business has been to accept these cases, take the fees, and stock the applications away in their offices. If those who have placed claims for additional bounty since July 1, 1880, will send the particulars and the amount paid in fees to District Attorney Corbitt here it will materially assist the pending legal investigation.

Resignation Withdrawn.

Lieut. John C. Irvine, U. S. N., has been allowed to withdraw his resignation, and is under orders to accompany the Alert on her cruise to China.

Like an Onion in a Charcoal Wagon.

We have endeavored in another column to collate the beautifully diversified opinions of the New York press touching the acting of Mr. Heury Irving, but here is a little gem printed on the other side of the Atlantic, in the Evening Telegraph, which is as rare—which deserves to be set in a golden casket all by itself: "This expression of metaphysics is so perfect on Mr. Irving's face that you could hear a pin drop in a charcoal wagon!"

CURRENT GOSSIP.

HERBERT SPENCER'S works are appearing in Japanese. THERE are 90,000 gypsies in Hungary, and no fortunes worth telling. SENECA could folks don't nether tan, why do most 'ob de ladies carry parasols. MEN who have no use for the Gospel are often willing to help send it to the heathen. THE New York clubs are famous all over the world. More especially those in the hands of the police. YOU can't keep sin out of de house by bolting de do' wid good resolutions. De debil 'll bust off dem bolts. ABOUT 30,000 francs have at last been subscribed for the statue of Hector Berlioz, which is to be erected in Paris.

THE young grandfather on record lives in Trinidad, Tex. His name is Reese Butler, and he is thirty years old. THE underground railway system, which will soon encircle London, is being built at a cost of \$15,000,000 per mile. THE silence which reigns in a corn field will provide with scarce crows—it is not a case of an effect without a cause?

FACTS are not dead! marrow of oddition. 'Taint not a man 'doin' learn dat makes him 'ignorant, but wot he forgets. AN excited organ of the cremationists declares that the Undertakers' union has been running the thing into the ground long enough.

HAMLET would never have said, "Something is rotten in the state of Denmark" if he had ordered his eggs poached instead of soft boiled. A TROUT caught in Lake Memphremagog, at a depth of 230 feet, and weighing eleven and a half pounds, is on exhibition at Burlington, Vt. WILD geese are flocking by thousands upon the grain fields in Butte county, California, and the farmers are anticipating the usual loss in consequence.

IT is better to be Frank James than to be Governor of Missouri under James. The governor is frequently restricted by law and public opinion. Mr. James is not.—New Orleans Picayune. THERE are some particular people in Michigan. A young lady, ordering Shakespeare's works for a Detroit school, said she wanted the Shakespeare works written by Shakespeare himself.

THE New York hangman is charged with dragging his prisoners so that the gallows has no terrors for them. A man should know when he is hung or it won't do him much good.—J. F. Quind.

THE governor and people of Coahuila, Mexico, have offered to place \$150,000 in the hands of the Baptists who will establish five churches at given points in that country and furnish \$50.00 for running expenses. THE Wisconsin State Medical society, during its recent annual session, passed a resolution virtually declaring consumption to be an infectious disease, and urging the necessity of the proper isolation and disinfection of those suffering from it.

FOUR Providence concerns sent cotton factory goods of the value of \$100,000 to Shanghai, China, during September. These include 20,000 spindles—10,000 American and 10,000 English—and the two kinds are to be run against each other to test the comparative values.

QUININE is said to be decreasing in demand at the west, a prominent Chicago firm reporting that weekly sales are a fifth of those a few years ago, a circumstance due to the disappearance of malaria, as farms are drained and land cultivated. Malaria is certainly increasing in New England.—Boston Traveler.

M. HEDDEBAULT has discovered a method of preparing soluble wool from tissues in which wool and cotton are combined. When subjected to a current of superheated steam under a pressure of five atmospheres, the wool melts and falls to the bottom of the pan, leaving the cotton, linen, and other vegetable.

MISS BERTHA CROWLEY should take the field as a professional dreamer. She dreamed three nights in succession that an uncle had died in Texas, so she wrote the old gentleman to find out the facts. The letter fell into the hands of his lawyers, who notified her last week that he had fallen heir to \$50,000 by her uncle's death.

A CONNECTICUT man has a third arm growing out of his back. O, of course, if he has no way to attend to it back when it aches or itches, the best way is to have another arm. They are killing off the women so rapidly in Connecticut that men will be compelled to grow extra arms or both up against the side of the house to scratch.

VERY few people ever heard of and fewer ever saw a humped backed hen. Yet a hen that had been stolen in Massachusetts was identified by the hump on her back. There must have been a great responsibility resting on that hen's shoulders to have humped its back. It probably happened when the hen was overworked during an egg famine.

MARY CHURCHILL has returned to St. Louis with her father, who discovered her employed in an insane asylum at Indianapolis. Mary has been "mysteriously" absent since the first of August. It is a sad reflection on St. Louis that Mary should prefer to live in an insane asylum than in that city. It makes Chicago smile to think of it.—Felt's News.

A DRIVING belt made for an eastern cotton mill is a monster power transmitter. It is 225 feet in length, double, making 45 feet of leather three feet wide, or 1,374 square feet. When it is remembered that only about twelve square feet of the ordinary hide can be used in making belting, it may be calculated that the hide of cattle would be required to produce this one belt.

THE great Napoleon married a widow. Scarcely a widow became a court favorite. Rousseau went crazy after a widow, and Gibbon, the historian, made himself ridiculous over one. Disraeli married a widow, and three of the most distinguished widows in Europe to-day are the Empress Eugenie, of the French; Queen Isabella, of the Spanish, and Queen Victoria, of the English.

A MISSOURI man has recovered \$5,000 from the Western Union Telegraph company for injury. He was riding a mule and the animal got tangled in telegraph wires which were down, throwing the man to the ground and injuring him severely. The Missouri man has bought another mule, and is riding around telegraph lines recklessly, hoping to find another place where the wires are down.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, "Buffalo Bill" Cody, Sir William McCormac, who is Queen Victoria's doctor, "Tom" Sully, an old trapper; Capt. Bogardus, the crack wing shot "Boney" Earnest, the wealthy ranchman, of Rawlins, W. T., and Dr. Carver, the marksman, are about to meet in Chicago to hunt the wild wabangoodie and the grizzly bear in the Rockies. Tom Ochiltree had intended to accompany the party in the capacity of sacred historian, but his congressional duties will keep him in Washington.

THE men working on a new bridge near Verdi, Nev., had a rock that weighed about two tons on the derrick the other day, and were raising it over the trestlework when a special train came along. The engineer saw it too late to stop, and ran into the rigging. Fortunately, the ropes did not break, although the headlight was broken and a smokestack torn loose. The engine pushed the arm around and the rock swung clear. If the rope had broken, the rock would have crushed down through the trestle and the whole train would have gone into the river.

THE Princess Victoria, second daughter of the crown prince of Germany, is about to marry into a famous house. Prince Leopold, of Anhalt, the bridegroom elect, descends from Albert the Bear, and less remotely from that "old Dessauer" with whom readers of Carlyle's Frederick are so well acquainted. Leopold, prince of Anhalt-Dessau, and field marshal in the armies of Frederick William and Frederick II, was no common man. He invented the iron corset, the party in the equal step in fact, he is the inventor of modern military tactics. * * * The soldierly of every civilized country still receives from this man, on parade fields and battle fields, its word of command: out of his rough head proceeded the essential of all that the successful general in every various language daily repeat and enforce. "The old Dessauer" further distinguished himself by marrying an apothecary's daughter—first with the left hand, and afterward (when, as the reward of brilliant military achievement, he had succeeded in getting her unshowered) in complete fashion. From this union is derived the reigning line of Anhalt.