

The National Republican.

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Advertisements: NATIONAL.—Lawrence Barrett. FORD.—Mrs. Langtry. DIME MUSEUM.—Matinee and evening performance. CONQUEST.—Hindoo Aunting Dancers.

Auction Sales: BY THOMAS DOWLING.—On Dec. 19, 20, and 21, catalogue sale of oriental carpets, rug, &c. BY M. FOLEY.—On Dec. 17 and 18, at 1232 Pennsylvania avenue, sale of forfeited pledges.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1883.

The country may soon expect Mr. Carl Schurz to take the road once more. He is the most distinguished tramp in this country.

The democrats propose to move with exceeding caution. They will probably assent on every motion to adjourn over Sunday before they proceed far.

Our democratic neighbor is somewhat slower than usual in trotting out its republican candidate for president. Can it be possible that the Past has jilted its old love and is now hunting up a new one.

Curston statesmen who attempted to give some significance to the selection of Senator Sabin as chairman of the national committee, and Chicago as the place of holding the convention, have made an utter failure.

The citizens living on Fourteenth street will no doubt be thankful now that their handsome street is to be relieved of telegraph poles and wires. This is a step in the right direction, and the commissioners should follow it up.

MR. TOWNSEND, of Illinois, wants the members to snuggle together as much as possible, and yesterday he introduced a resolution directing that the necessary carpentering and desk consolidation be done during the holidays.

The patent bottled moonshine which the Washington Gas company furnishes to its patrons has steadily deteriorated during the past week until householders complain that it is necessary to light a candle to see how to turn off a burner. Hurry up the electric incandescence.

REPRESENTATIVE HORN, of Michigan, does not intend that the great effort to secure justice to O'Donnell shall lead the people to less sight of the recent horrible butchery at Danville, Va. His resolution is timely and wise, and to the point. No wonder it made the democrats squirm.

The testimony of Montgomery's uncle in the Emma Bond outrage case yesterday, in which conversations had with the prisoner were detailed, showed strongly against him. Montgomery, it will be remembered, was the man whom Miss Bond identified as the one whom she saw in the left.

The burning of the Standard theater in New York was a serious calamity. It was a cozy little building, and had been the scene of many brilliant performances. Messrs. Brooks & Dickson, who occupied it, will doubtless secure another one in a few days, and their new play continues its successful run.

This project to make a vigorous republican campaign next year in the states of West Virginia, Tennessee, North Carolina, and Florida is a most commendable one, and no local Desanders, whose affection for the official trough outweighs their desire for the success of the party, should be allowed to impede the progress of the movement.

MR. HORN'S resolution for investigating the Danville murders could not be voted upon, because Mr. Morrison objected. Mr. Horn will attempt on Monday to have his resolution passed under a suspension of the rules. He has purposely made the language of the resolution almost identical with that of the O'Donnell resolution, which was unanimously passed last Monday. He says that he wants to know whether the United States congress takes more interest in the fate of a man convicted of murder in a foreign land than it does in the punishment of murderers at home.

The disturbance at the primary elections in New Orleans yesterday, in which two men lost their lives and several others were seriously wounded, was a most disgraceful affair, and one which can only happen in a southern city. In that section, the whites usually go armed on election days, and at the first provocation, no matter how slight, some one pulls out a revolver and shoots. This is the signal for others, and then there is indiscriminate firing, and somebody gets hurt. If the hot-headed southerners would leave their pistols at home when they go to the polls fewer disturbances would occur and fewer lives lost.

One of the great historic events connected with the struggle for independence occurred very near to the regular holiday season, and its centennial anniversary can be celebrated by the whole nation without cost or inconvenience. Gen. Washington appeared before congress (then in session at Annapolis on Dec. 23, 1783), and handed back his commission as commander in chief of the continental army. Mr. Hoblitzel yesterday introduced a resolution in the house requesting the President to issue a proclamation directing the attention of the country to this centennial anniversary, and suggesting that due recognition thereof be made when the people assemble for public worship in their churches on Sunday, the twenty-third instant; also that the twenty-

fourth be observed as a national holiday. The resolution was referred to a special committee of five, and the house awaits its report.

A Government Telegraph. Mr. Gardner G. Hubbard is the acknowledged champion of a government telegraph. He has been so recognized for many years, and has contributed in a large degree to the agitation of the subject. His plan is the creation of a company by congress which shall construct and operate lines of telegraph under government supervision and control, and be permitted to declare dividends to its stockholders not exceeding 10 per cent. Mr. Hubbard had a bill introduced in congress several years ago to create such a company, he himself being one of the incorporators. The government was not asked to guarantee dividends of 10 per cent., but simply to permit them.

The latest expression of Mr. Hubbard's views in favor of a government telegraph is in the North American Review for December. His familiarity with the subject is unquestioned, and it may be assumed that he made as strong a presentation of the case as it would admit of. Yet it is by no means a strong presentation, and in some respects is conspicuously weak. A single admission is fatal to his entire argument. After stating that the entire telegraph business of the United States is practically monopolized by one company, Mr. Hubbard says: "This business is well and promptly conducted. Though complaints are often made of the service, and sometimes with justice, a pretty extensive use of the telegraphs of England and the European continent during the last four years has convinced me that telegrams are sent more rapidly, and with fewer errors, here than abroad. As a telegraph for business, where dispatch is essential and the price is of little account, the Western Union system is unrivaled." This admission practically gives away the whole case, for the main use and object of a telegraph system is the rapid transmission and prompt delivery of messages with the fewest possible errors. In these regards Mr. Hubbard admits that the telegraph system in this country excels any other.

But he makes the point that the telegraph should be cheapened so as to bring it within the reach of all the people. To this it may be answered there is no reason to believe that all the people desire to use it nor that the government could cheapen it to the extent indicated. Mr. Hubbard answers both of these points. He assumes, further, that the telegraph is used for social messages in Europe to a far greater extent than it is in this country. He says "eighty per cent. of the messages in this country are on business matters," leaving 20 per cent. of social messages, and that the proportion of social messages in other countries is much greater. This is an assumption. There are no statistics nor returns on this point, but there is every reason to believe that the truth is precisely the reverse of Mr. Hubbard's statement. Those who are in the best position to know believe that the telegraph is used for social and domestic messages in this country much more than in Europe, and that the proportion of that class of messages is decidedly greater here than abroad.

The strongest point made by Mr. Hubbard in favor of a government telegraph is that it should be made a means of social correspondence. He admits that business messages are sent with greater promptness and accuracy in this country than in any other, but insists that the social needs of the people demand lower rates. Would it be worth while to establish a government telegraph for that? Would it be wise for congress to embark on a new, untried, and perhaps dangerous, line of legislation simply to encourage the exchange of unbusinesslike messages among romantic young people, or to enable John Smith to inform his mother-in-law by wire that his wife had twins? The great need of the country is a well-conducted business telegraph. Our social interests are not suffering.

Protection Protects the Farmer. In their onslaught upon the tariff free trade democrats profess to have the interests of the farmers of the west and south at heart, and in fact, the burden of their complaint is that protection levies an unjust tax upon agriculture. Mr. J. R. Dodge, statistician of the agricultural department, has brought the hard logic of the census figures to bear on his question, and in a pamphlet recently published he not only demonstrates the utter fallacy of the free-trade theory, but he shows by statistics, which cannot lie, that farmers are greatly benefited by the protective system. The building up of manufactures greatly increases the value of land. Home markets for farm products give the highest prosperity to agricultural communities, and the census returns prove with unerring certainty that the value of land increases as the number of agricultural laborers, when compared with the whole population, diminishes. Virginia, for instance, is an agricultural state, and so is Pennsylvania; but in 1850, according to the census reports, a fraction over 51 per cent. of the people of Virginia having occupations were engaged in agriculture, while in Pennsylvania a little over 20 per cent. of the working population are farmers and farm laborers. In Virginia the average value of farm land per acre is \$10.89 annually, \$49.30. Ohio's proportion of agricultural workers is within a small fraction of 40 per cent., and her farm lands are worth on an average \$45.97. Kentucky has over 61 per cent. of farmers and farm laborers, and her lands, some of which are among the best in the world, are worth but \$13.92.

The same sharp contrast runs through all the states. Wherever there are manufactures and states of agricultural workers diminishes, and the value of the land and its products go up. There can be no great prosperity unless there is varied industry. Only one man in five of those who work in the state of New York is an agriculturist, and the average value of land is \$44.41. New Jersey is full of manufactures and has among the great cities of New York and Philadelphia, which team with all manner of mechanical industries. Although much of the land in New Jersey is naturally very poor the average value is \$26.16 per acre, the highest of any in the union. All of which is due to diversified industry and the influence of home markets. When we come to look at the average annual value of the production for each person engaged in agricultural labor the contrast is even more striking. In Pennsylvania it is \$431; in Virginia, \$190; in Ohio, \$394; in Kentucky, \$199, and so on through the whole list of manufacturing and non-manufacturing states. Says Mr. Dodge: "Three brothers in Alabama, laboring through the year, get as much for their aggregate produce as one farmer receives in Pennsylvania, simply because that farmer has a brother engaged in manufacture and another in mining. It is because in one case there is a market for one product only thousands of miles away; in the other, there are markets at every door."

UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER. The Virginia Farmers Get Squarely on the Readjuster Platform—A Great Victory for the Cause.

Richardson Dismick (Dorchester). At last land is in sight. The people of Virginia now are said to be practically unanimous in their determination to settle the state debt upon the basis of the Readjuster bill, and, being unanimous, they will accomplish their object. The resolutions introduced yesterday into the two houses of the general assembly will be voted for by all the democrats in those bodies, and, it is presumed, by the Readjusters, and, being pledged made to the voters of Virginia in its platform of the Lynchburg convention will be re-demanded, and thus the real readjusters of the coalition party will be forced to give up their opportunity to aid in a readjustment which they have for years advocated, and at the same time furnish this aid without deserting a measure originated in and by their own party. The democrats merely ask their co-operation in the effort to make the Readjuster bill a final settlement of all the questions which have grown out of the state debt.

But if any conditionist in the legislature—or, as to that matter, all of them—should undertake to defeat the will of the people as expressed in 1879, in 1881, and in 1883, it will not prevent the democrats from securing a final settlement of the debt. It will only give the conditionist a more credit of that settlement, and leave the conditionist without a reason for their refusal to relieve the state of an incubus.

No 6 per cent. of the debt has yet been funded under the Readjuster bill, says Gov. Cameron. Why not? Because the conditionist either requires the democrats to undo the work of the readjusters, or the supreme court of the United States to do it. The conditionist says that the people do not understand the nature of our political institutions. They do not comprehend the complex nature of our governments, national, state, and local. They do not understand the resolutions under consideration that no state will ever be compelled by the national authorities to pay a debt which she funds not to pay. If, however, they fail to learn the lesson which the legislature would teach them, they can not fail to profit by the decisions which the supreme court of the United States is likely soon to render in all the cases it will be called upon to decide in which the public debts of Virginia figure.

We need not say that we applaud the democrats of the legislature for their straightforward, many recognition of the obligation laid upon them by the voters of Virginia at the Lynchburg convention. We have never ceased to counsel them to do this good work. The people will stand by such men. When a thing is to be done let it be done without flinching.

Gov. Cameron will do well to get a hand in closing up this matter. His annual message contains recommendations which argue that he is as fixed in his purpose as are the people in theirs to make the Readjuster bill a success.

Kind Words About Gen. Sabin. Chairman Sabin is very well known in Connecticut. He is a distinguished officer, and made his first appearance in politics as a delegate to the republican convention in this state which first nominated Marshall Jewell for governor. Had he remained in the state, he would undoubtedly had become prominent in the republican ranks. He called him to Minnesota and there he had rapidly come to the front as an energetic, practical business man and succeeded to Senator Windom's seat after the death of the latter. He was a warm personal supporter of the senator. He was a warm personal friend of Gov. Jewell and was highly esteemed by him as a representative young republican and business man. He will meet the expectations of the party in his new position as leader of its business organization.

His Deep Laid Plot. Mr. Beecher is in favor of absolute free trade, and looks to the democratic party, under the leadership of Mr. Carl Schurz, and when we see that Mr. Beecher never was a friendly to the democratic party, and if it should wreck itself on this issue would no doubt console himself for the failure of his free trade scheme by the defeat of his ancient enemy and widowed ally.

Small Talk About Men and Measures. "That man comes from the euphonious town of the west," remarked the scribe who knows everybody, and he pointed to a chunky, hunky little man, whose clothes haven't fitted him for many years. "Where is his town, and why do you call it euphonious?" "The place is in Laramie county, Wyoming territory, and it is not only euphonious, but classic and romantic. That man comes from Raw Hide Butte, Wyoming."

Speaking of the Fitz-John Porter case, a western man reasons by analogy as follows: "Fighting Joe Hooker is dead, and his faults are a part of history. His faults were glowing, but he was too deliberately obedient to the sound of cannon and never let his back upon a foe until he was fairly beaten, either by rebels or by his caution. Joe Hooker never needed the favor of congressional whitewash, because, though erring, he was brave, honest, and patriotic. If Fitz-John Porter had been such a patriot there would be no need of the long-sought whitewash."

"Poor Warren is dead. He was a good soldier, a splendid officer, and a true patriot. He did not, as Fitz Porter, intentionally disobey orders, but he was too deliberate and slow in their execution. Sheridan sent him from the field in disgrace just as he was disengaging himself from his fallen horse on the field of successful battle. Had Sheridan been dealing with such a man as Porter, who willfully disobeyed orders, the rising sun of another day would have shone upon the gleaming muskets of his executioners."

It is said that Gen. William W. Belknap is being named for congress by his friends in Iowa. To an old-time friend the general has said: "I don't see why those people would let me alone. I have no desire for a return to public life. Many people are bitterly opposed to me just as my friends at home are intensely admiring and kind. I have told them again and again that I could not represent them, yet they urge my name forward upon every occasion. It does me good, and makes me feel very grateful to know that the people who have known me all my life have so much respect for me, but I must decline their proffered honor."

It is nevertheless asserted that his friends intend to put the handsome general into the house of representatives in spite of his protests. The Washington correspondent of a western paper says: Senator Vance, of North Carolina, spent an hour in my office this morning in general conversation. He is not only a good democrat, but an excellent story teller. One of his best is concerning an old colored preacher in Raleigh, who collects his salary from the devout of his own race without the aid of deacons. Meeting one of his congregation recently he hailed him with: "Good morning, Brother Bony. Has you any new gift to gib de Lawd, dis mawin?" "Yes, parson, sartia I has. Heahs a dol-lah." And he pulled out an old greasy pocketbook, from which he fished a greaser greentack and reached it toward the expectant parson. Drawing it back again, he said: "Does you expect to see de Lawd yo' self, parson?" "Course I does," said the preacher. "When will yer run across Him, d'yo think?" "Oh, sometime in de sweet bimby," responded his reverence.

"Well den," said Bony, "I see jes keep dis greentack twell de sweet bimby an' haud it to He myself, an' de showed it away."

Mr. Symmes, of Louisville, the son of John Cleave Symmes, of Symmes's Hole, of the north pole fame, has written to Capt. George E. Tyson, the well-known Arctic explorer, stating that he intends fitting out an expedition to look next May or June for the Arctic, via Robeson channel, and asks Capt. Tyson to take command of the expedition. It will be remembered that Symmes, sr., had a theory that beyond the 90° of north latitude a depression or hole existed, extending southward toward the equator, where a race of giants exists amid a foliage of coconuts and other palms and an exuberance of tropical fruits. Mr. Symmes writes that he is promised a sufficient subscription in the west to defray all the expenses of the proposed expedition, and Capt. Tyson has said that he is willing to command such an expedition, but that he frankly expresses his lack of faith in the theory.

Gen. Clark, the clerk of the house of representatives, has been struggling with a dry but highly important problem, and his friends fear that he will not be able to make a satisfactory solution. He has in his office twenty-one appointments, to divide among thirty-eight states, and he has been called upon by one candidate for each state. Ex-Congressman Jones, of New Hampshire, came down here a short time since and sent a letter to Gen. Clark asking that one of his particular friends be retained in the service of the house. The general responded that he could not comply with the request, whereas the ex-congressman waxed very witty, and said some things about the ingratitude of the democratic party, which he would doubtless have kept to himself had an election been imminent. Mr. Jones is one of the wealthiest men in New England, and he has always contributed very liberally to carry close districts in the south, but he has gone home now to put new hoops on his back, and he will send his money to one of the candidates for the first canvasser for campaign money that appears in the inner office at Portsmouth. Several large signs, "Beware of the dog," have also been shipped to his address.

"I was elected to the Texas state senate in 1870," said the Missouri statesman, "but I never took my seat. They counted me out. They threw out one entire county where I had 1,100 majority. I canvassed that county for six weeks. I had to swim a river to get into the county in the first place, but there never was a county canvasser as I canvassed that one. I was riding along the road one day, and saw a widow and two or three of her children picking cotton in a field near the road. I got off my horse, tied him, and went over and asked the widow if I couldn't help her pick cotton. She said I could. I picked cotton for her three days. A lot of the neighbors came around, and I guess every widow in that county got up a cotton picking week. I picked cotton around there for three weeks. I got 1,100 majority in that county, but they didn't count 'em for me. I got through picking cotton, and was riding off to a little settlement up the road when Col. Miller came along. That was the first time I ever saw the colonel. He had a sombrero hat as big as a cart wheel. One side of it was planned up. He had two revolvers and a bowie knife in a belt on the outside of his coat. We went up to the village and made a few drinks together, and then the colonel insisted that I should partake of his hospitality and go out to his home to stay over night. 'It's only six miles out,' he said, 'but there's a cut off, which it ain't more'n two miles. We'll take the cut off!'

These thousand democratic negroes are trying to crowd our white men into the clerkship of the national house.

A Good Beginning. Gen. Sheridan is making a brilliant beginning. The shrill whistles of the United States army have been lengthened four inches.

A Tight Squeeze. Atlanta Correspondent. These thousand democratic negroes are trying to crowd our white men into the clerkship of the national house.

THE MAN ON THE AVENUE. We did, and we had to swim a river to get to it. There was a cover over one old log house, but he was building a new one a little way off. There was a woman and some children in the house. I was curious to know what relation they were to the colonel, but I didn't ask any questions on account of the revolution. We had some supper and something to drink, and at around till about 9 o'clock, when the colonel said 'I'd better be wakin' to turn in. He said 'I'd better sleep in the new house, and he went over to show it to me. There was a cover over one corner of the new house only, and I crawled under the cover to get out of the wet. The colonel crawled under the cover too, and we slept there all night. The next morning, after I had taken care of my horse and got my breakfast, I asked the colonel what I should pay him. The colonel stretched himself up, and I thought he was insulted. 'Not a cent,' said he, 'but of ye want to give this yer woman a dollar an' a half, ye can. I paid her \$1.50, and then tried to electionize for little I had been trying to talk business all the time, but the colonel always changed the subject. When I got on my horse I told him I was a candidate for the state senate and asked him if I could count on his vote. 'See here, young fellow,' said he, 'I ain't voted since the wah, ah, ah, I ain't got to now. I won't vote for you nor for no other man.' That was a hard case, and they didn't count the votes 'after all.' One thing they tried to do against me was my age. They said I was too young. My opponent, who raised this baby cry against me, was 55 years old. I raised the graveyard cry against him."

Representative A. Herr Smith, of Pennsylvania, and his private secretary were looking over the congressman's mail a few days ago, when the secretary observed the words "concerned" in one of the letters. "You're expected to give something for a new brass band," he said to Mr. Smith. A more careful reading of the letter, however, proved that he was mistaken. The letter writer stated that he had just been elected financial secretary of the "Bethlehem Cornet Band" of Bethlehem, Pa. He reminded the congressman that of late years the newspapers had been filled with accounts of financial secretaries whose accounts had become involved and who had thereby got themselves into trouble. He was anxious to do right and dreaded being held up for the scorn of the world as an unfaithful officer. He would, therefore, respectfully urge his congressman to send him by return mail the most perfect model of official account keeping.

Mr. Smith left the matter entirely in the hands of his secretary, who procured copies of the official reports of Secretary Folger, Treasurer Wyman, and Register Bruce, which he forwarded to the financial secretary of the Rockville Cornet band, assuring him that they were examples of the manner in which the greatest financial accounts of the age were kept, and further assuring him that if he would carefully read them through and follow their methods he would have no trouble with the accounts of the Rockville Cornet band, and would be able at the close of his term of service to point with pride to an unstained record of official integrity.

"That man," said the Michigan congressman, "is Col. Prather, of St. Louis. He and a few other St. Louis politicians of the same mind have been here for a fortnight working up Bill Morrison's presidential boom. There are a good many free trade men, who are getting very restless, among the men who are just now finding out that a vote for Carlisle for speaker was a vote for McDonald for president."

There are some sharp dodges resorted to by the hungry office-seekers who rush to Washington to secure a billet under Uncle Sam. An instance of this character was related yesterday by one who had suffered. Said the gentleman, who shall be nameless: "I had never served out my term as judge in the territory of blank, and came to Washington to look after my resignation. Hayes was in the presidential chair, and as I had made a good record and had plenty of influence I felt perfectly sure of my prize. I got myself up in good shape and called at the white house, where I was kindly received and assured that my name would be sent to the senate the next day. In fact my papers were handed to a clerk in my presence, with instructions to prepare them for that purpose next morning. I thanked the president, and the conversation drifted to the condition of things in the territory. I recounted the hard work I had had to keep down unlawful liquor traffic in certain portions, and when I saw this impressed Mr. Hayes, I raised the pot at once and took high moral ground on the temperance question, asserting that no man who drank whisky or was in the habit of becoming intoxicated should be permitted to hold a judicial position. The president shook me warmly by the hand and insisted on introducing me to Mr. Hayes. When I left I would have bet a thousand dollars that I had everything fixed beyond all doubt. When I got to Willard's I met an old acquaintance who had been an applicant for the judgeship when I was first appointed. I recounted the result of my visit to the president, and as I felt much elated, I gave myself dead away, and told him how I had made an enviable reputation with his excellency as a straightforward teetotaler. We had a cocktail or two, and as he was leaving, my old opponent said, 'Judge, come up to Wornley's and take dinner with me.' I accepted his invitation, and when we sat down to the table I was at peace with all the world. We drank champagne with each course, and by the time we got to coffee I felt like I owned every corner lot in Washington, and was talking loud enough to be heard all over the dining room. Finally my entertainer, who had just returned from Europe proposed a sort of 'shandy' of champagne and burgundy, which he said was a new drink and just the like water, and when I left the hotel he had not gone a half block before I was as limber as a dishrag. 'Wait here a minute,' said my host, and leaning me against a telegraph pole he disappeared. After waiting ten minutes I concluded to go hunt him, but when I attempted to walk I found myself flopping about the sidewalk and banging up against every one I met. Then a tall policeman grabbed and lugged me off to the station house, where I gave my name and protested with drunken energy against being locked up. An hour later a friend came for me and carried me to my hotel. I awoke the next day about noon with a head on me that bulged out over my shoulders. 'After bracing up with the hair of the hound and getting breakfast, I came out on

the street and bought an afternoon paper. Keeping my eyes down the congressional proceedings I was knocked all in a heap by the statement that my old opponent's name had been that day sent to the senate to succeed me as judge of the blank territory. The crafty cuss had gone straight to the white house and told old Hayes that he saw me on the streets as drunk as a blind owl, and to bear out his assertion showed him my name among the police items in a morning paper."

"Hard luck? Well, I should imagine. What'll you irrigate with?" "I elected Anson G. McCook the first time he went to congress," said Tom Coakley. "I ran against him on the greenback ticket, and polled 300 votes. Everyone of them would have gone to the democratic nominee if I hadn't been running, and McCook would have been beaten, for he didn't get more than 300 majority."

Coakley is at present the doorkeeper at the main entrance of the hall of the state assembly, and several times since he held the position the gravity of that neighborhood has been disturbed. The other day somebody who was wanted to see a great many congressmen all at once brought him about twenty cards in a bunch. Coakley looked at the cards and then he looked at the man. "See here," said he, "can't you ever tumble to yourself? Suppose you distribute this exercise around a little. Shufle 'em once more and deal a hand to the other doorkeepers. I don't want the card."

Yesterday an engaged individual inquired of Coakley whether Winter Smith was Coakley has had a dozen years' experience with New York politicians, and "sized up" the inquirer as an applicant for a place under the doorkeeper. "Winter Smith's down in the cellar putting in a ton of coal," said he. The stranger looked at Coakley to see if it was a joke, but there was no smile on Coakley's face. "Winter Smith does something like that every day just for exercise," he added; and the stranger went away with a dazed face.

AMUSEMENTS. THE KILGORE CONCERT. The reappearance of Miss Clara Louise Kellogg before our concert-goers after an absence of two years was a feature which attracted a brilliant and cultured audience at Lincoln hall last evening. Miss Kellogg's place in art was well defined many years ago, and since after season she has held in spite of all competition and criticism to the contrary. Her singing is still characterized by that twenty of shading and delicacy of treatment that we have so often commended before, but the fact is that the prima donna's voice was not in the best of condition last evening. Her first number was the "Involuntari" from Verdi's "Ermioni," and later she sang Tosti's "Good Bye" with excellent effect. We know that Miss Kellogg had a cold, not only because her voice showed it, but just before her second appearance the audience plainly heard her stating such to be the fact, although she was in the waiting room and out of sight. Then she "tried on her voice," so to speak, with a few trills and runs and shortly afterward made her appearance. She coughed, shook her head in a deprecating manner, and then blew her nose after the most conventional fashion. Then she shook her head again and sang the Tosti selection much better than she did anything else during the evening. There is difference between affection and art, and Miss Kellogg is certainly old enough to realize that, but, judging by her performance, she evidently has not made much headway in that direction. Miss Alta Pense sang Donizetti's "O Mio Fernando," La Villi's "Meeting and Parting," and two ballads, with a simplicity and directness that was like a breath of mountain air compared with Miss Kellogg's exotic contributions. Miss Pense is not as great an artist as Miss Kellogg, but she knows how to sing honestly and well. Miss Teresa Carraro was the pianist of the evening, and played, among other selections, Liszt's "Benedicte Hongroise," No. 6; Herz's "Si Oiseau d'Italie," and Rubenstein's "La Fausse Note." For fire, brilliancy, and vivacity, Mme. Carraro has but few equals before the American public to-day, and her appearance last evening only confirmed our opinion that in the essentials she claims our heartfelt admiration. Mr. J. F. Rhodes played for the violin numbers Vieuxtemps' "Ballad of Polonoise" and Sarasate's "Spanish Dance." He is not a great player, nor even a very good one, when measured by the highest standard, but he performs passably well, and has learned to good advantage several of the platform tricks which catch the applause of the average audience. Sig. Ferranti, who years and years ago was a very good buff singer, is the only remaining person whom we have not mentioned who appeared last evening. His voice is but a reminiscence of the past, and those who mourned with us over the remains will appreciate this fact. He sang several numbers badly enough, and then attempted his act to such an extent that he had mangled and ruined the pretty ballad "I Know a Maiden Fair to See," with such an avalanche of senility and silliness that the patient gave way to disgust. Mr. Adolph Glose played the piano forte accompaniments in most excellent taste.

NATIONAL THEATER. Mr. Lawrence Barrett played Shylock and David Garrick last evening at the National Theater for the first time during his present engagement. Mr. Barrett's impersonations of the historic and historic figures are well known to require an extended mention. The chief characteristic as pittoresquely portrayed by this actor is a careful shading of the race avenger and a stronger reliance upon the revengeful attributes of the character. His assumption has grown rounder and more perfect than when he last made his appearance here, and it is just to say that he does not suffer by comparison with either Edwin Booth or any of his contemporaries now performing on the American stage. Mr. Otis Skinner's Gratiano and Mr. A. T. Riddick's Launcelot were two impersonations of much more than ordinary merit. The second portion of the programme was devoted to "David Garrick," with Mr. Barrett in the title role. In it he presents the same fire and dash, coupled with moments of infinite tenderness and sadness, which have often been alluded to in the column. Mr. James and Miss Watling were two excellent comedians and capable artists, were especially pleasing in the roles of Squire Chivey and Ada Ingot.

At the matinee to-day Mr. Barrett will appear as Lancelotti in "Francesca da Rimini," and to-night he will make his last appearance as Cassius in "Julius Caesar."

Well-Earned Commendation. Senator Ingalls put the truth to his colleagues when he defended the interior department on Monday against Senator Hill's attack. A secretary of the interior, Mr. Teller, has well-earned commendation. The success of his administration surprises even his friends.

How the Critics Do. The Herald yesterday severely criticized Signor Stagno's singing the night before, although Stagno is one of the best vocalists in the world. The critics on Mr. Bennett's newspaper make and unmake the reputations of artists.

CURRENT GOSSIP.

BY ON A BICYCLE. She pushes back her bonnet brown, A rustic glance to raise, Her blue-black lovelocks slipping down To veil the bashful gaze. In her hair she wears a crown A-dreaming on the painted town; Half bold and wholly shy She lifts her head—her face stays straight. As I go by.

Across the laurel-bordered rise The hills as blue as steel— The shadow of the ivy-covered skies Is white against my wheel. Again the look of swift surprise, "The graceful arm, the rosy eye, The gesture, frank and shy— A stranger's glance of lost appeal." As I go by.

The Scientific American makes a desperate effort to prove that wind power is cheap. In the very face of the fact that the extra cost of the Pennsylvania legislature will cost over \$500,000.

A DETROIT man on a visit to St. Louis lost \$10,000 in cash, and rewarded the finder with a 50 cent piece. In justice to Detroit it should be stated that the man really thought it was 25 cents.

The schooner Polly, built in 1874 and now undergoing repairs at the yard of Messrs. H. & C. of the oldest vessel of the United States merchant service now afloat. Her condition warrants the hope that Polly may live to see her one hundredth birthday.

MISS JENNIE FLOOD, it appears, has made up her mind that she will not repeat the misdeeds of any broken-down English peer or German baron. She will bestow her hand, heart, and her father's ducats on some worthy American young man.

HERE is a remarkable statement made by an Oregon exchange: "A brakeman on the Oregon Short line fell from the car recently. Upon examination it was ascertained that, notwithstanding four weeks of the car had passed over him, no bones were broken. The man is now at Pocatello doing well."

EFFORTS are being made by the Catholics of Denver, Col., to make that city the seat of the largest Jesuit college in America. Twenty-five thousand dollars have already been subscribed toward a fund for the erection of a necessary building and much more is promised under certain conditions.

It is a long march from El Obeld to Khar-toum, and another from Khar-toum to Cairo. The two make a stretch more than any prophet, whether true or false, has ever made in four months. Neither the Khar-toum nor Cairo Egyptians need be in any hurry, therefore, to remove their household furniture—if they have any.

MR. A. AVERY, SR., of Bibb county, Alabama, has a hat that he assures people is 110 years old, having been worn by his grandfather in 1773. It is of very fine material and well preserved. Mr. Avery's family have two other relics of ancient date: One is a watch which was used by his grandfather in the revolutionary war, and the other a chest over 120 years old.

TAYLOR, the wizard, got a \$900 house in Paso del Norte, and then, saying that he would show an assemblage a trick that would open their eyes, turned to the crowd and said: "The assemblage," he brought out a large box and said: "I will now shut myself in this box; the trick is to find me." Five minutes later everybody knew that Taylor was not in the box, and he was the recipient of the evening and a coat belonging to an employe of the theater.

HERB KRUPP, the great German gun maker, whose works are said to have turned out 25,000 cannon, is described as a tall and rather stout man, with sloping shoulders, a long neck, and full white hair. He is delicate, nervous, and intellectual, and looks like a clergyman. His only son and heir, Fritz Krupp, who will need to an estate estimated at \$40,000,000, is an intensely ambitious man, and is thoroughly familiar with his father's business.

A MAN of extraordinary honesty has turned up in the Central depot at Fond du Lac, Wis., recently. He approached Mr. Fonda, the ticket agent, with the statement that his name was John Nicholson, of Gray, Heinecke county, and asked that a short time ago he had traveling on the cars from Hudson to Fond du Lac paying fare. He now wanted to square up with the company, and asked, "What is the cost of a ticket?" Mr. Fonda replied: "One dollar and fifty cents," which was promptly paid.

It is stated with some positiveness that William H. Vanderbilt is the richest private citizen in the world. Possibly he is, but he does not own the stock of the steamship line between the ports of the earth. There are plenty that even well-informed people hardly ever hear of. Only a little ago a man named Fong, who was hardly known outside of his own country except as a banker. This was Lord Overstone, who left a fortune of \$60,000,000.

A NEW law governing the ringing of churchbells in every parish of France provides that whenever a bell is rung in every department by an ordinance issued by the bishop and the prefect, the ministers des cultes settling on appeal any point of difference between them. The mayor and the priest will each have a say to the effect of the ordinance, and the chance to be a reactionary, will not be able to prevent the ringing of the parish bell for the festivals of the republic.

A NOVEL way of aiding the needy has just been put into operation in Baltimore. It is the "Billie" bill, a name which, who are willing to work on saw cut wood for 50 cents. At present the place is far too small and arrangements are making to enlarge it. Strange to say, not one tramp has yet put in an appearance. The billie bill is a name which is used in that city who have been thrown out of regular employment. One of the applicants on Tuesday was an old, gray-haired man, fully 80 years of age, who said that he had been assigned labor, and went off rejoicing with his hat and boots.

The winter carnival at Montreal begins on the fourth of February, and arrangements have already been made with the railroad companies to run special trains at reduced rates. New toboggan runs will be opened, a much more beautiful and elaborate ice palace than that which was so much admired last year will be erected, the snow shoe clubs are arranging to hold grand union torchlight processions, moonlight tramps, and games of all sorts, and the city will be thronged by the curling clubs, aboriginal games by the Indians, skating masquerades, tandem drives, horse racing on the river, carnival ball, and various other attractions.

JAMES BRADDOCK makes notes and headings of his travels, and with great care writes down and commits to memory all the important passages. Gladstone merely jots down notes and figures, and for expression trusts entirely to the moment. The late Lord Derby, the Duke of Debathe, wrote down every word, and committed his speeches to memory. In one of his letters he says that all his principal speeches cost him two sleepless nights—none in thinking what he would say and the other in putting his thoughts into words. He said it better. Thiers was equally precise, O'Connell and Gambetta spoke always on the inspiration of the moment.

WITHIN the past