HINTS FROM BEYOND

WARNINGS AND VISIONS THAT COME TO DREAMERS IN THE FLESH.

Napoleon's Belief in Dreams—The Significance of Kisses in the Spirit—Remarkable Stories of Scenes Reproduced on the Brains of Sleepers Thousands of Miles Away.

New York Graphic.

That Napoleon did really believe in dreams there can be little doubt, though he kept his opinions on the subject strictly to himself. That he was also superstitious and inclined toward lucky or unlucky days is certain, and that a book known all over the world, having circulated millions of copies as "Napoleon's Oracnlum," was once in his possession in manuscript is asserted positively by those who profess to know. It made its appearance in London immediately after the defeat of Waterloo in the hands of a German scholar, who said that he had obtained it at Leipsic, and who translated it from his own language into English and published it.

Dream books, as they are called, abound wherever books are made, and alway have as far back as we have any record, even the Chinese with their 40,000,000 or less years of recorded existence, claiming books interpreting dreams, to say nothing of coming down to later times of Egyptian, Roman, Grecian, and Scriptural eras. As long as there have been dream books in English little change has been made in them, though where the original text came from it would be hard to say. As a specimen of the whole race we quote one or two interpretations literally.

"To dream of kissing a pretty girl is indicative of good, and denotes that some unexpected friend will do you a great kindness. If you are in love it shows that your sweetheart is devoted to you, and you alone, and that you will be happy when you marry. To the tradesman it means the increase of business, through the aid of a woman, and consequent riches. For a woman to dream that she is kissed after resisting is good, and if she is being courted that she will speedilo marry the man that is courting her and be very happy. To dream that you kiss a married woman is bad, and prophetic of much sorrow, and that you will fail of success in all your present undertakings."

So much for kissing, now for death. "To dream you see this grim bundle of bones denotes happiness and long life and that you will either be speedily married or assist at a marriage. To dream that you are dead also denotes a speedy marriage, and that you will be successful in all your undertakings. To those who are already married it foretells the birth of children who will be good and dutiful, and be a great comfort to their parents. To dream that you see another person dead denotes ill usage from your friends. If you are in love your sweetheart will prove false; if you are in business swindlers will take you in, and if you are a farmer you will lose horses and be robbed."

And thus onward through almost every object in the encyclopedia the interpretations of dreams have given it a meaning. If all this be true—and who will doubt it for a moment—and also what the scientists say be equally true, that men can dream what they please by thoroughly charging their minds with it on going to sleep, then men have their destinies in their own hands, and must only dream those dreams which mean good, and not kiss a married woman in their sleep or see anybody dead but themselves.

And now comes to us from Medford, Mass., a most extraordinary case, which, though it occurred many years ago, most of the names mentioned are those of persons still living. The narrator of the dream, while withholding her own name, gives ample reference to others certifying to the truth of the story.

In 1845 the Rev. Caleb Stetson was pastor of the Unitarian church of Medford. He had a son, Frederick, who had been in a store in Boston, but, having failed in health, came home for rest and medical treatment, which latter he received from Dr. Bemis, of Medford, who advised a sea voyage as being the most likely thing to help him. The young man was pleased with the idea, and his father reluctantly made an agreement with some friends in Boston, Messrs. Theophilus and Nathaniel Walker, who were about to dispatch one of their vessels, the ship Sophia Walker, Captain John Codman, to Palermo, Italy, to take his son along.

As strange as it may seem that such a conclusion should have been arrived at for an invalid, it was determined that the young man should go out as a sailor, but at the same time it was agreed that, in case Fred desired it, at any time he should be made captain's clerk, and be transferred from the forecastle to the cabin, and under this arrangement he sailed from Boston in November, 1845, on board the above ship, which had also as a passenger a relative of the owners, the Rev. Charles Walker, going for his health. And now comes in the dreamer's story:

"We had heard frequently from Fred while he was at Palermo. He had stuck to his position as sailor on the trip out, but was coming home as captain's clerk. At this time, being the latter part of February, 1846, I was attacked with hemorrhage of the lungs, and for a long time lay at the point of death. During this time I never once thought of Fred Stetson or his coming.

"On the 10th of March, just after midnight, Mrs. Sarah Butters, of Medford, who had been watching with me, gave place to my husband. I had taken the composing draught left by the doctor and was probably asleep, although I did not think so at the time, when this scene passed before me. I saw a vessel in the midst of a terrible storm. Then I saw a lad clinging to the mast, whom I instantly knew as Fred Stetson, and in a moment I saw him washed overboard and go down in the dark waters. I heard the cries on board the ship distinctly, but it was too late; the ship plunged on, and the young man was lost. I gave a terrible shriek, and my husband rushed to my side exclaiming, my countenance of horror and pallor terrifying him almost beyond speech, 'What is it?' What is the matter?' 'Oh! it is awful. I can't tell.' I gasped as soon as I could speak, and once more I seemed to dream. I was on board the Sophia Walker, the storm was over, it was the Sabbath, and the Rev. Mr. Walker was preaching a sermon founded upon the late event. Another instant a change, and I was in my own chamber a convalescent. A messenger had arrived with a letter from Capt. Codman, announcing Frederick's death. I read every word of the letter, and then followed a last scene.

"The Sophia Walker had arrived, and I was on board. I saw Fred's father and Capt. Codman standing beside the young man's open chest, the tears of the father falling fast while the latter told of Fred's good and manly conduct.

"From this, all of which could not have taken one minute, I was awakened by my husband's voice as he held a spoon to my lips. My first question was as to what day it was (the 10th of March), the second what hour (a little after midnight), and a request to know what disturbed me. I simply replied, in an agitated and exhausted way, that Frederick Stetson was drowned, and then fell off in an easy sleep. In the morning I related all the circumstances, which my husband wrote down from my lips.

"Two weeks afterward the Sophia Walker arrived in Boston. In the meantime, though, that it might not reach the Stetson family, the same day it was told to Dr. Daniel Swan, my physician; to Mrs. Butters, and to a woman who had lived in my family many years. In the course of a week, under the seal of secrecy, several others were told the story. The day after the arrival of the ship my husband received a letter from Capt. Codman in almost the very words I had repeated to him, the purport of which was, after relating the particulars precisely as I had, to ask him to go to the Stetsons and break to them the sad news, which of course he did.

"It is hardly necessary to say that every event shown in my vision occurred precisely as I had related it, and to this day there are a hundred people living in Medford, Dorchester, and Lexington who can testify to the facts."

Since writing the above the writer has heard the name of the dreamer, and has permission to publish it. She is Mrs. Harretto W. Baker, and still resides with her husband in Dorchester, Mass., while Mr. Stetson lives in Lexington and Mrs. Butters in the town of Medford. Mrs. Baker makes no effort to explain the matter, but simply relates the facts and gives the proofs.

While there may be very strong doubts whether sleep, accompanied by bad dreams, is refreshing or healthful, all scientists agree on sleep being absolutely necessary in itself to a proper physical condition of the body. No person can enjoy good health of body or of mind without regular sleep, and by regular we mean a certain number of hours out of the twenty-four, all authorities agreeing that eight is the proper quantity. It is a poor boast for any one to declare that they want but an average of three or four hours a day, and that they can thrive on them. It is a mistake; they cannot; and though youth and health are wonderfully recuperative there will come a time when lost vitality becomes irreparable. We do absolutely believe that, though pleasant dreams may not be within the reach of a dreamer, unpleasant ones may be avoided in a great degree by attention to cleanliness and diet. The eaters of heavy suppers cannot expect to dream pleasant dreams, nor can those who never trouble the bath tub or even the sponge ablution in hot weather. Here is another case of dreaming for which the correspondent of the Associated Press at Wheeling, W. Va., is responsible, and occurred lately:

"A curious incident occurred in Barbour county several days ago. Mrs. Jacob Campbell, a young married lady, mysteriously disappeared. She had gone out presumably for a walk in the evening by herself and failed to return. The county was scoured, but no trace of her was found. Her brother-in-law for three nights previous to her disappearance had dreamed that he had seen her body in a deep hole near the bank. This was searched, but nothing discovered. Yesterday a boy fishing came across the body in the spot described. It was wedged in among a lot of roots several feet below the surface. Her family assert that it was a case of suicide, and that she was demented."

And still another nearer home, for which the New York *Sun* is responsible:

"John Langdon, of the sixth ward, New Brunswick, dreamed that his wife had died. In the morning he related his dream to her, and went to his work. His thoughts, however, dwelt constantly on his dream, and had such an effect on him that he quit work and went home, where he found his wife sick. On Friday she died."

He had no business to tell her his dream.

And here is a case strongly vouched for that came from a small place called Danbury, in Georgia. At this town lives one John Frank, a tolerably prosperous shopkeeper, well known in the vicinity. Several times he had dreamed of finding a large sum in gold and jewelry, but as his dreams did not give him a locality to search he did not attempt to follow them up. One day, recently, after a storm, Frank was walking on a little frequented road and noticed a short way off from it a tree of medium size which had been blown down by the storm. He glanced toward the roots and saw something shining, which, on examination, he found to be jewelry, diamonds, rubies, and pearls, and also a lot of American gold coin, in all valued at about $20,000. The theory is that they were buried by somebody during the war of the rebellion, who either died suddenly, was killed, or who, in the lapse of time, forgot the location of their deposit, and so the trace was lost.

Oh! lands of dreams! Oh, beautiful land, which borders the unknown shore—
Whose realms are filled with the loved and lost, whom we meet on the earth no more.
Land where the weary and worn may rest, where the king and the serf lie down;
Where the serf may walk in realms as fair as he who weareth the crown.
With the loving and loved of our youth we stray, along by the golden streams,
And reck not of wealth, or care, or loss, in that beautiful land of dreams.

THE POTOMAC CLUB.

An Exciting Eight-oared Race and a Dance in the Evening.

The usual semi-monthly reception to their lady friends, by the members of the Potomac Boat club, took place last night at the club house, and was preceded by a neat and spirited race. An eight-oared race between the club boats had been arranged a day or two ago to be rowed for a set of silk badges, and the honor of bestowing a sum of money which had been raised among the members for the boat house janitor in recognition of especially faithful work this season. The crew were as follow: Warden, (cox.); Fisher, Cornwell, McKinney, C. R. Zappone, Durand, Carusi, J. H. Doyle, and Doty. T. C. Trescott, (cox.); Doxon, Kearney, Stuart, Secher, Smallwood, Wm. Wheeler, Dougherty, and A. Zappone. The race was from the Three Sisters down past the bridge to the club house, a little over a mile. At the word "go," Warden's crew began at once so sharply by that a full length was gained at starting, but Trescott's men got away well and forced the race with every stroke to the end, but never regained the starting loss, so that at the finish Warden's crew was actually the winner, only by the exact length it started with. The purse for the janitor, which Warden's crew will thus present, was at first intended to buy a barrel of flour, but has grown so handsomely that it would purchase a number of barrels. After the race the music came, and soon a hundred or more couples were gayly enjoying the dance on the cool piazza of the club.

Fire in a Stable.

At 2 o'clock this morning a fire was discovered in the stable of Dr. Charles Stott, in the rear of his house on Iowa circle. The alarm was sent to the fire alarm office, but it was not sent out, the wires failing to work. The fire originated in the hay loft of the stable, which is of brick. The cause is not known. The stock and carriages were safely taken out, but the woodwork and hay were destroyed. The stable is valued at $1,800, and the damage is about $600.

Another of the Julia Baker Crew.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Aug. 29.—At an early hour this morning the schooner Julia Baker was moored along side of Warner & Merritt's wharf, and no sooner had she been made fast than two New York detectives and one or two others in government employ went aboard and took forcible possession of Theodore Kraison, the Norwegian boy who was of Capt. Lewis's last crew and the only one of the crew not detained at Key West.

The boy says he did not know the captain was dead, as he was off watch at the time. The first he heard of the affair was when he went for'ard to get something to eat. The watch was then carrying the captain's body out of the cabin. He believes Capt. Lewis was killed by Gomez and Walker.

The boy does not speak English very well. He was taken off to New York by the detectives, where he will be held to appear against Gomez.

A Scattering of Mail Matter.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Aug. 29.—A mail pouch filled with letters from New York for towns in the vicinity of Palmer, which had been left on a truck in the station at Palmer on Wednesday night was stolen. The contents were found yesterday on a hill opposite the village scattered about. Over 1,000 letters had been opened. There is no clew to the robbers, and the amount of valuable contents is not known. The postmaster has orders to deliver the letters as best he can.

Indictments Found for Polygamy.

PRESCOTT, ORIZ., The United States grand jury found seven indictments for polygamy, the first ever found in Arizona. Mormons and gentiles are greatly excited.

NAVAL EXERCISES.

Evolutions of the North Atlantic Squadron in the Presence of Distinguished Persons.

PROVIDENCE, Aug. 29.—The North Atlantic squadron went to sea to-day from Newport and the exercises were of the most interesting character. The Albatross took out Secretary Chandler and numerous distinguished persons, including Senators Hawley, Aldrich, and Mr. Butler, Mr. Kinsley, Mr. P. C. Hendricks, private secretary of Postmaster General Gresham; Mayor Franklin, Collector Cozzens, Postmaster and Mrs. Coggshall, the four last named of Newport; Capt. Selfridge, Capt. Yates, Commodore P. C. Johnson, Lieut. Com. Newell, Miss Foote, Capt. Shales, United States army, and other prominent people. Between 10 and 11 o'clock the squadron got under way and proceeded to a point southward and eastward from Point Judith.

The Albatross, with the secretary's party, went out an hour later, and the Despatch, with President Arthur, Postmaster General Gresham, Attorney General Brewster, Mr. Mills, and Mr. Tiffany, of New York, ran out soon after 1 o'clock. On the way out the wind blew moderately from south, southeast, and it was then seen that the Nantucket, Alarm, and Passaic were returning, the probability of a thick fog making them take precautionary measures for perfect safety.

As the monitors and ram passed the secretary's ship the men and boys stood at "attention" and uncovered, making an exceedingly pretty sight.

The weather was cloudy and the breeze rendered wraps and overcoats very comfortable. After steaming for over half an hour the squadron was sighted, and finally was reached below Point Judith, and formed in the following order: Tennessee, flagship Yantic, Saratoga, Alliance and Vandalia. Soon after the arrival the signal, "will fire in succession as we pass the targets," was given from the flagship and repeated to each of those in the rear of it. This meant that they would fire at the three targets, which had previously been dropped near by. They were about 1,700 yards from the vessels.

The Tennessee opened target practice at 1:35 and made some fair shots, one or two shots coming quite close to it. The Alliance's first shot went away over and so did the majority of those from the others, except from the Vandalia, the first of which burst quite near the target. The Vandalia's shots were the best of the squadron. After a slight pause the squadron then got in echelon, a position that would enable them to fire on an enemy in any direction except that of their own line. The last firing was done when the squadron was in echelon.

Orders were then issued from the flagship to make sail, an evolution which the men on the Yantic performed with alacrity. It had set sail first, Alliance second, Swatara third, Tennessee fourth, and Vandalia fifth. The signal to shorten sail was next given, and again the Yantic was first, with the Alliance second, Vandalia, Swatara, and Tennessee third, fourth, and fifth. The next was reefing topsail, in which the Yantic once more led the van, Alliance second, Vandalia third, Swatara fourth, Tennessee fifth. "Down top gallant and royal yards and top gallant masts," was next given, and again the Yantic excelled, the secretary and his party heartily clapping their hands, Alliance second, Tennessee third, Vandalia and Swatara being about the same time.

On board the Tennessee there was a good deal of excitement among the boatswain and his crew, all lending a hand (and voices too) in the effort to make a record for the flagship. Just then everyone was amused by the peculiar salutes sent out from the whistles of Mr. Bennett's Namouna, and which were replied to by the Tennessee. The signal "furl topsails" was next, and was performed as to speed in the order following: Yantic, Alliance, Vandalia, Tennessee, and Swatara.

This was the end of the exercises, and every spectator appeared to be very highly satisfied at what had been shown. The exercises were most successful. The Despatch then went over to Narragansett Pier and the Albatross, with the squadron, returned to Newport, coming to anchor about 4:30 p. m.

A STEAMER CAPSIZED.

From Ten to Fifteen Persons Drowned—The Bodies of Three Recovered.

EVANSVILLE, IND., Aug. 29.—The transfer steamer Belmont was capsized by a hurricane this forenoon at Stanley's landing, three miles above Henderson, and from ten to fifteen persons were drowned. The vessel was turned completely over. She was going to Henderson with a barge, on which was a train containing passengers of the Louisville and Nashville railroad. The boat separated from the barge. All on the latter were saved, and all on the boat except four or five were lost. Among the lost are Capt. John Smith, E. C. Roach & Son, prominent merchants of Evansville; Miss Laura Lyon and sister, Sallie Bryant, a teacher here, and her mother, Mrs. Bryant; Mrs. Woodtree, of Henderson, and a lady and a babe. The bodies of the last three have been recovered. The unknown woman had a satchel, in which was a card with "Miss Hattie Murray, Brookfield, Ala.," inscribed on it. The boat is a total loss. There is $15,000 marine insurance. The telegraph and telephone wires to Henderson are broken.

Messrs. Sexton and Redmond in New York.

NEW YORK, Aug. 29.—The reception of the New York municipal council of the Irish National league to Messrs. Thomas Sexton, M. P. for Sligo, and William K. Redmond, M. P. for Wexford, came off to-night. It was marred somewhat by the inclement weather, which prevented a large attendance.

A banner over the platform bore the inscription: "Parnell, Anti-Repression; Davitt, Justice to All, and Dillon, Trial by Jury."

Letters of regret were read from Gov. Abbott, of New Jersey; Gov. Hoadly, of Ohio; Roswell P. Flower, Congressman William E. Robinson, Gov. Cleveland, Ex-United States Senator Francis Kernan, Alexander Sullivan, and Patrick Egan.

The appearance of Messrs. Sexton and Redmond was greeted with applause, and both made addresses, as did also Mrs. Parnell.

Yellow Fever in New York.

NEW YORK, Aug. 29.—A fatal case of yellow fever has been reported at the New York hospital. The victim is a stranger, entirely unknown in this city, who was picked up unconscious in the street on Wednesday morning, and was taken to the Chambers street hospital. Thence he was transferred to the New York hospital, where he was pronounced to be in the last stages of yellow fever. That evening he died without having recovered consciousness. Nothing was found upon his person to indicate his identity, or to give a clew as to where he had come from. The report of the death was sent to sanitary headquarters yesterday, and the body was at once taken to the Blackwell's Island dead house. Efforts to learn who the dead man was proved unsuccessful. His dress leads to the belief that he is a sailor. An autopsy was made to-day and the body was buried.

The Law and Order League.

CHICAGO, Aug. 29.—The National Law and Order league, in session at Lake Bluff, to-day listened to addresses by Rev. J. H. Barrows and Andrew Paxton, both of Chicago, in opposition to prohibition. Speeches were also made by L. Edwin Dudley, of Boston, and Judge Nourse, of Iowa. The following officers were elected: Ex-Gov. John D. Long, of Massachusetts, president; L. Edwin Dudley, of Boston, secretary; Elbert B. Monroe, of Connecticut, treasurer, and Andrew Paxton, of Chicago, general agent. Vice presidents were also elected.

STABBED HIS BROTHER.

Serious Result of a Fraternal Quarrel Over a Small Boy.

The extreme southern point of Washington glories in the name of Buzzard Point, and the point is inhabited by negroes employed in the soap factory near by and their families. David and Frederick Adams, aged 61 and 56 years, respectively, live on the point and do odd jobs about. David has a family, including two grandchildren, while Frederick is a butcher. The latter does not like children, and David's cause him considerable annoyance. Yesterday afternoon, about 1:30 o'clock, Frederick was working near his house at an ash pile, and the two mischievous grandchildren of David approached him, and began to annoy him. He told them to go home, and slapped one of them.

The boy yelled loudly for his "pap," who was working a short distance off. David came to the rescue of his progeny, and asked Frederick why he had slapped "Liss." Frederick replied that the boys were annoying him, and according to his statement David said, "Don't youse whoop that boy," and struck him with a stone. Frederick dodged, but David struck him again twice and cursed him. David then went away, and Frederick went to the soap factory and got his knife, a ham-handled weapon about four inches long, wrapped with white paper. David returned at the same time, and the brothers renewed the quarrel, the infant cause looking on with satisfaction. David struck Frederick again, when the latter drew the knife and lunged it into David's side. He then ran away. David was picked up and carried to his house and Dr. Crook summoned. The latter found a wound four inches wide and four inches deep in the right side, just below the right nippel. The knife had penetrated his lung.

The police ambulance was sent for and David was removed to Providence hospital. His wounds are pronounced serious, and he was in a very precarious condition late last night.

Frederick was arrested and locked up at the first precinct station house. He is a tall, rawboned individual, with bushy hair, and is very ignorant. He gave the above account of the affray, and says he "specs he's not very old."

CHASED BY A MAD MULE.

A Horrible Hydrophobia Epidemic Raging in Alabama.

EUFAULA, ALA., Aug. 29.—The people in this neighborhood are in a state of tremendous excitement over the wholesale spread of hydrophobia on the plantation of Punch Doughtie. Thirty-two people, all colored, are suffering with the dreadful disease, and three of them desperately sick. Mr. Doughtie says that one of his dogs went mad on July 24, and bit a number of dogs and mules, all of which subsequently went mad. A few days ago he rode out, at the request of a field hand, to inspect the condition of one of his mules, which was acting strangely. On reaching the pasture where a dozen mules were, the animal Mr. Doughtie was riding neighed, which attracted the attention of the other animals, and the sick one particularly, which immediately rushed on the mule and rider, and seized the saddle of the animal with his teeth.

Mr. Doughtie dismounted and succeeded in loosening the mad mule's hold, but no sooner was this done than the infuriated beast turned upon his owner, who fled for his life, pursued by the mule. There was a desperate race of a quarter of a mile through undergrowth, and Mr. Doughtie only saved himself by dodging around saplings. A small stretch of clearing intervened between the woods and the house, and the terrified man took a life-and-death chance on making it. Before leaving the woods the mule had bitten out a piece of Mr. Doughtie's coat, and, while manœuvring around the tree, the animal bit himself savagely in several places, tearing out a mouthful of flesh each time. The race for the house was a close one, and just as Mr. Doughtie reached the top of the fence the mule overtook him on a dead run, but instead of reaching his victim struck his head against a fence post in a wild rush and was knocked senseless. The mule was afterward killed by Mr. Doughtie.

It is now reported that the whole herd of mules are affected. Many of them have leaped the fence and will, doubtless, spread the disease among other animals in the neighborhood. The community is at a loss how to arrest the disease.

OCEAN GROVE.

Impressive Closing Ceremonies of the Great Campmeeting.

OCEAN GROVE, N. J., Aug. 29.—The several early morning meetings were well attended to-day, this being the last day of the great campmeeting here. The closing service opened at the auditorium at 9 o'clock and lasted till noon. The vast structure was crowded to its utmost capacity, and nearly 3,000 persons stood outside. Nearly 100 clergymen were seated on the platform. Rev. Dr. E. H. Stokes, the president of the Ocean Grove campmeeting, presided at the love feast, where several hundreds attested their faith in God. The closing service was the celebration of the Lord's supper. The altar was crowded for over two hours by those who partook. It was a very impressive meeting, and although it began to rain heavily, those who stood on the edge of the crowd outside held their ground until Dr. Stokes announced the close of the meeting. The last ceremony was the formation of long lines of individuals who passed up to the preachers' stand and shook hands with Dr. Stokes and his fellow ministers, singing hymns as the marched. This closed one of the most remarkable religious gatherings ever seen in this country.

West End Republicans.

The West End Blaine and Logan club held an interesting meeting at Catholic hall, on Eighteenth street, last night. Letters were received and read from Hon. B. Rush Plumley, of Texas; Chairman Elkins, of New Mexico, and others, accepting the honorary membership of the club, to which they were elected. Mr. G. W. Stewart offered a resolution appointing a committee of three to confer with the old First Ward club relative to a consolidation of the two clubs, which was unanimously adopted.

Col Gibbs, of Tennessee, made a strong speech, as did Capt. H. C. Pittley, of Delaware. A resolution indorsing the nomination of Hon. Hart B. Holton for congress in the fifth Maryland district was unanimously adopted. Col. Geo. T. Graham and Mr. W. H. Bruce addressed the club.

Georgetown Democrats.

A large meeting of the Georgetown Democratic club of which Capt. James Goddard is president, and J. H. Gordon vice president, and Mr. Hugh Devine, secretary, was held last evening at Goddard's hall. After the regular business of the club had been transacted the assemblage was addressed by Messrs. William Dickson, E. D. Wright, Robt. Bruce, Hon. Charles S. Moore, and Col. S. A. Cox. The gentlemen present were very enthusiastic and demonstrated by their actions their interest in the pending canvass, and pledged a representation of 500 men at the grand ratification meeting to be held Sept. 11. A fine Cleveland and Hendricks flag forty feet long was displayed which is to be raised this evening on a pole 161 feet high.

East Washington Democrats.

The East Washington Cleveland and Hendricks club at its meeting last night resolved to accept the invitation of the Stigo, Md., democratic club to participate in the rally there to-day. The ratification committee reported satisfactory progress in preparation for the meeting here Sept. 11. The *Sunday Democrat* was indorsed and recommended as the district organ of the party. Speeches were made by Messrs. Howard, Clagett, and Robertson.

MR. LANGTRY.

The Husband of the Actress Finds a Champion—Vulgar Gebhard.

New York Letter to Detroit Times.

Society over this way is thrilled by the announcement that Mrs. Langtry is going to become an American citizeness, sue her husband for divorce, and come here to live permanently. The inference is that she means to get married to Mr. Gebhard. Mr. Langtry, so say the gossips, has at last consented that such a programme shall be carried out, up to the divorce part of it. He is not, of course, expected to know anything of the Gebhard item upon the programme. So much for gossip, which, as is quite often the case, knows nothing about it. Mr. Langtry would have been heartily glad if his wife had sought her freedom long ago. He has generally been held in rather light esteem by reason of the lady's curious conduct. As a matter of fact, there are points which ought to bring him some degree of sympathy. When Mrs. Langtry's beauty first became known, her husband, who was passionately devoted to her, had an income of about $10,000 a year. The flattery of the titled snobs who surrounded her quite turned the woman's head, and she began to fly beyond the husband's means. He was weak enough in his affection for her to let her go her own way, and she practically ruined him. But out of the wreck of his fortune he has pulled enough together to get along upon in comfort, and the story that she sends him $15 a week to live on is only another of the lies that are spread about to beget sympathy for the precious creature and contempt for her husband. Long, long ago Mr. Langtry became convinced that his wife was not behaving in a manner exactly wifely, and since then they have not been together. But all this time, while his name has been on every tongue, while all sorts of vile insinuations regarding her good name and his manhood have been rife, even under the exasperation of the miserable Gebhard business, he has remained silent and reserved, too proud to make a sign, too full of chivalry to strike at the woman he once called wife, and too manly to call attention to the ruin she has wrought in his fortune, his position, and his honor. We would have been glad if she had sought to be clear of him before now, though he would take no step toward that end on his own account. Freedom from a woman whose vanity, whose love of adulation, and whose utter disregard for anything but the gratification of her petty whims has estranged her from him in spirit would now be a very welcome thing. I happen to know these things are true. Mr. Langtry is an amiable but rather thick-headed Briton, with a good deal of strength of character, very much spirit, and a great amount of personal pride. So far as Mr. Gebhard is concerned, I fancy the divorce proceedings will be somewhat likely to cool his ardor. To be the partner of a woman like Mrs. Langtry in a national scandal is one thing; to marry her is quite another. Mr. Gebhard likes to be the hero of the clubs, where a notorious liason is a big thing. But to marry the other party is not so fine among club men, who in New York seem to rather like that which is dishonorable and to frown upon anything savoring of better stuff. It is dollars to cents that Mrs. Langtry never becomes Mrs. Gebhard. Meanwhile don't let any enthusiastic newspaper correspondents stuff you into believing he is a genteel, elegant young man. I see that one or two writers have lately started out on that lay. Gebhard is a vulgar, flashily-clothed, pimply, self-assertive, noisy dude. He never was anything else and he never can be. It isn't in him.

A GREAT MINING CAMP.

It Is Not Likely That Leadville Will Have a Rival Soon.

Denver Tribune-Republican.

Ambitious camps occasionally assert themselves rivals of Leadville, or rather that they will surpass Leadville in mineral product when their mines are properly developed. Now, some of these camps may accomplish this feat, but when this is done Colorado will have a product exceeding $40,000,000 per annum. With the majority of mining districts producing their usual output of the precious metals, or slightly increasing it, as is the promise everywhere, let's observe what the result will be if only one camp equals Leadville's production. Last year Leadville district yielded $15,538,446, and her average for the past five years has been over $14,250,000 per annum. Two such producers will give an aggregate product of nearly $30,000,000, and as the rest of the state can be conservatively counted upon for a little over $10,000,000, we have a grand total product of at least $40,000,000 yearly. If still another camp should come forward with a yield closely approximating that of Leadville the annual output would be quite $50,000,000. These pretensions of equaling Leadville's product appear silly and ludicrous, especially when we look at the machinery of every character necessary to mine and market a product representing $15,000,000 annually, and compare it with the facilities in operation in camps claiming a possible rivalry. Leadville is about six years old, and her average annual product has been nearly $12,000,000. No single county has yet produced annually one-quarter this sum, and yet many single districts have talked rivalry. Its all right for new camps to be ambitious, but modesty of comparison will not detract from the full measure of value to which they are entitled. Before claiming full rivalry, will it not be more fitting to exhibit figures for a quarter or half product and gradually approximate to a true commercial rating with the stupendous and steady output of Leadville? The moon sheds a wondrous light and so do the stars, and in comparison with them our boasted electric lights are pigmy. The moon, stars, and our electric lights, all combined, cannot rival the sun, even though it be obscured by storm clouds. We shall hail with delight a camp or camps which present figures of bullion output rivaling Leadville's, for that means great and permanent prosperity for Colorado, but in the interim let's have less idle boasting and more active development.

A Dinner to Lieut. Greely.

MONTREAL, Aug. 29.—Notwithstanding the fatigue of Lieut. Greely yesterday he passed a restful night. In order to give him a fitting reception, it has been arranged to give him a dinner at the Windsor hotel on Tuesday. The places at the hotel have been limited to fifty. The guests will include the principal members of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

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It is of the utmost importance that every voter intelligently and freely act according to his own personal conviction of what is right, and that his vote, when cast, be honestly counted. The most effectual means of securing these vital ends is to have the masses of the people properly instructed, so that every man man may understand his rights and dare to defend them.

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