# GLOBE-REPUBLIC.

DAILY AND WEEKLY.

PUBLISHED BY

KINNEY, NICHOLS & CO.,

PROPRIETORS.

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Cor. Walnut Alley.

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WEEKLY GLOBE-REPUBLIC.

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KINNEY NICHOLS & CO.,

Springfield, Ohio.



NOTICE TO EASTERN ADVERTISERS.

MR. H. C. SNYDER, 23 Park Row, New York, is the GLOBE-REPUBLIC'S special representative, to whom all Eastern advertising business, of whatever nature, must be referred.


*WEDNESDAY EVENING, FEB. 18.*

## REPUBLICAN

### DELEGATE ELECTION AND CONVENTIONS.

To the Republican Electors of the City of Springfield and Springfield Township.

You are hereby notified that meetings will be held in each of the voting-precincts of the city of Springfield and Springfield township on

**Tuesday, February 24, 1885,**

for the selection of delegates to attend certain conventions to be held on

**Wednesday, February 25, 1885,**

at Black's Opera House, for the nomination of candidates for the various offices of said city and township to be filled at the ensuing April election.

The following will be the manner of selecting the said delegates:

There shall be elected, separately by ballot, from among those present at said meetings, a committee of ten (10), who shall then and there select from the Republican voters of their precinct twice the number of names said precinct shall be entitled to under the call of the Central Committee for said convention.

The names of those selected shall be placed in a box, and the same shall be drawn out, one by one, until the required number of delegates shall be chosen; and the number so drawn shall be the delegates to said conventions.

Said precinct meetings will be held in the city between the hours of 7 and 8 p. m., and in Springfield township at 2 p. m., at the usual voting-places, or in such other localities as the Central Committeemen of the various precincts may provide.

The basis of representation in said conventions shall be one delegate for every fifteen votes cast for James G. Blaine for President at the November election, 1884, and one delegate for every fraction of eight or more.

All Republicans who voted for said James G. Blaine for such office at said election, unless prevented from so doing by unavoidable absence, sickness, or minority, and who will support the nominees of said conventions shall be entitled to vote at said meetings.

The various voting-precincts in said city and township shall be entitled, respectively, to the following numbers of delegates, viz.:

1st Ward, 17; 2d Ward, 28; 3d Ward—precinct A 32, precinct B 19; 4th Ward, 24; 5th Ward—precinct A 48, precinct B 9; 6th Ward—precinct A 23, precinct B 27; 7th Ward—precinct A 7, precinct B 21; 8th Ward—precinct A 20, precinct B 8; 9th Ward, 18; Springfield township, 24.

The delegates from said city and township shall meet in township convention promptly at 7 p. m. for the nomination of township officers; and the said city convention shall meet at 7:30 p. m. for the nomination of city officers.

By order of the Republican Central Committee. JOHN W. PARSONS, chairman.
JAMES P. GOODWIN, sec'y.

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It spells itself in the U. S. treasury now the New-Orleans Imposition.

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The New-York Tribune discusses the question, "How to Stop the Coinage." The way to stop it is to quit buying bullion and close the mints. If that would not stop it, it would be hard to tell what would.

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No vote yet for senator by the Illinois legislature—exsept the usual daily vote A 1 by the speaker for Morrison. Over fifty members are yet absent, several of them snowed in on railroad trains out along the great prairies.

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Our contributor "Against Color-Line Balloting" puts his points rather well. Yet there can be nothing more than a sentimental harm resulting from the employment of two boxes. It will do no practical injury, and will be satisfying to the boys.

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Mr. Cleveland has declared his intention of announcing his cabinet to the public before the end of this week. This will give the Great Omitted a little time to cool off their burning hearts by the 4th of March, and give the Great Newspapers space to r'ar round and snort their awful opinions.

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Republicans argued and voted against the Grant bill because, as they said, it was a trap to catch the president with. It is just such a bill as the Fitz-John-Porter bill was, which Arthur vetoed on constitutional grounds. There is another bill pending, which obviates these objections, and that is the one which will be passed, if any is.

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There is a great deal of information in this squib from Pickaway (Allen O. Myers) in yesterday's Enquirer; but we deduce from the tone that Myers's liver is functioning against Littler.

"Judge Littler, of Springfield, has got a bill through the house to abolish the marshal of that city, and now he has another pending to increase the salary of mayor to $2,500. The Judge expects to be the next mayor of Springfield. The Judge is the only honest, pure, and disinterested member of the legislature."

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Of the vote on the Grant-retiring bill 65 were from the late Southern Confederacy. Of these 65, 52 were given against the bill, and 13 for it. Most of the 52 Southern voters against the bill had been in the rebel army—as, for example, 4 brigadier-generals, 11 colonels, 1 lieutenant-colonel, 1 major, 5 captains, 2 lieutenants, several privates perhaps, and so on. There were 103 votes against it, and only 4 of these were cast by Republicans. The bill lacked 16 of the two-thirds necessary to pass it.

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The cabinet-makers of the press admit that they are all at sea. They find they will have to wait to see. See?

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Congressman-elect John Little is the latest candidate mentioned to lead the Republicans in the coming gubernatorial fight in Ohio. The 7,638 majority he received in the Eighth district is an indication of his popularity at home.—Philadelphia Press.

This paragraph is copied into home papers as judicious advertising. But when it is considered that James G. Blaine received 9,244 majority in the same Eighth District in the same year, and that Mr. Little ran behind the state ticket in his own county by over a hundred votes, although two or three hundred Democrats are said to have voted for him there, this sort of home advertising does not appear so judicious.

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A Justice Schuhl, in Texas, has introduced colored jurors into his court. There is a row about it, and certain white jurors have decided that they will never, never, never sit in the jury-box with a negro. But Hon. James B. Simpson, a leading Democrat, defends Justice Schuhl in a card in the Dallas Herald, and advocates the rights of the colored man to the jury-box. He uses this surprising language:

"Our courts do not realize, and our fashionable churches have conveniently forgotten, that slavery has been blown hellward from the cannon's mouth, and that a new duty that can not be shirked or evaded has come upon the South since the accession of Democracy to power."

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The Springfield GLOBE-REPUBLIC, a strong Republican organ, says it does "not believe, as some seem to, that the next election is going to be any picnic," and it opposes the nomination of Mr. Foraker because it is fearful that "there are not votes enough to elect him."—Toledo Bee.

The closing statement of the foregoing is somewhat warped away from the perpendicular of truth. We do not oppose the nomination of Mr. Foraker. We are neither opposing nor advocating the nomination of anybody. We are simply endeavoring, as a newspaper, to ascertain and report the present state of Republican sentiment on the subject of prospective nominations. The popular drift is toward the renomination of Foraker, without a doubt; but there are objections to it. Sentimental, and fanciful, and false they may be; but sentiment, and fancy, and falsehood frequently play an important part on election-day. These objections ought to be considered and the probable effect of them estimated beforehand. All the opposing the GLOBE-REPUBLIC is doing is merely to put forward these objections for debate and deliberation. That is, we are trying to give "the under dog in the fight" a chance to have his yelp heard.

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### BUSINESS AND FUN.

It is often said, and it is quite true, that "Business is Business" (when it is) and that "Fun" of the right sort is Fun, and that Business ought always to be business, squarely and honestly, and that Fun ought to be genuine and hearty. But there seems to be an impression which is almost if not quite universal that the two institutions are inimical: that Business ought to be earnest and solemn, with no Fun in it, and that there ought to be no Business in Fun, except, perhaps, on the stage. But, really, there is no reason why there should not be a good deal of fun in business. It business is honest and straight and of a wholesome nature, there ought to be a good deal of satisfaction and some merriment in conducting it. Business of this sort is beneficial to community and the man who conducts it is, therefore a public benefactor. If this is true, and it is, why should the man who conducts it go mourning and growling all his days? Business at best is somewhat trying and wearing, but if carried on in a solemn, cheerless way it is always especially hard upon the nervous system. Cheerfulness and humor—good spirits—brighten up business, afford needed relaxation and lubricate the details, so that what, in other circumstances, would be dry if not annoying, is really enjoyable.

One notion about trading—another name for business—is that two parties come together to squeeze each other until each has extracted all the juice from the other; to cut, and chisel, and cheat. This, as a matter of course, is serious, solemn business—there is no fun in this for the man who gets the worst of it, and none for the man who knows that he has cheated his neighbor.

Indeed, there ought to be more in business than mere money-getting, than the idea of the accumulation of wealth, by methods that show no care for the welfare of community or the rights of individuals! Such business may be successful after a sort; the men who conduct it may get rich, but they will have mighty little fun—and that not of the right sort—and, therefore, will have little genuine satisfaction. That is to say, business of that sort may be remunerative, in one sense (*cents*) but really does not pay.

The men who are honest, and generous, and are willing that other people should be allowed to live and prosper while they live; who are cheerful and jolly, and who make honest trading a source of enjoyment; who greet their customers as friends, and treat them and hold them as such; these are the men who make money and enjoy themselves at one and the same time. They keep their hearts pure and warm and their minds clear and brisk, and preserve, intact and in good working order, their nervous systems; and—other things being equal—lengthen out their lives until they reach a green, vigorous and enjoyable old age. This is the sort of life that pays—it pays the man who leads it and all the people with whom he comes in contact and has to do, and no other kind of business life does pay. The power to create and the capacity to appreciate fun are the gifts of God, and should be made available by all men who wish to make the most of this life, if not to make easier the pathway to a better life hereafter. And this is a point for preachers and doctors, as well as for merchants and other tradesmen.

## CONGRESS' SEEDS.

### HOW OUR STATESMEN DISPOSE OF DR. LORING'S CROPS.

**A Correspondent's Peep at the Seed-Distributing Industry of the National Capital—The Goods Which Go to the Grangers.**

[Washington Cor. New York Sun.]

Congress votes $100,000 annualy for seeds. Two-thirds of this sum goes back in seeds to the 400 senators and representives, and the commissioner of agriculture distributes the rest through other channels. Each congressman is allotted 50,000 papers of flower seeds to begin with. In addition, the members from tobacco districts have received in the past years 500 papers of imported tobacco seed each; the cotton-belt members have each had 200 quarts of cotton seed; the winter wheat men have had 200 quarts apiece of their sample grain; the spring wheat representatives have been equally favored, and the corn congressmen have been blessed in abundance with kernels of choice maize. All the congressmen received in July, about the time the nominating conventions were held, 1,000 papers of turnip seed each; and grass seed, three or four bushels to the member, was showered alike upon the just and unjust. Sorghum and sugar-beet seeds were sent also to favorable districts.

The peculiarities of statesmen are often indicated by the manner in which they dispose of Dr. Loring's crops. Some latitude of choice is allowed, and members who are well up in farming and gardening get their quota in the one or two grains or vegetables that are staple articles in their districts, and thus make themselves solid for years. There is Joe Blackburn, for instance, who moves over from the house to the senate on the 4th of March, whose enduring fame in Kentucky is in no small degree due to the fact that he takes out all his allowance in hemp seed, and induces the commissioner to give him several bushels over.

Ben Lefevre, who comes back to the house term with steadily increasing majorities, is particularly strong in turnip seed, although his gallant bachelor heart always prompts him to sow a few choice flower seeds in the gardens of his lady admirers. Blount, of Georgia, runs entirely to cotton seed, and is solid with his constituents. Sunset Cox of course distributes beautiful flower seeds to his constituents who have summer homes in the country. He gives part of his allowance to southern members. Hon. Jack Adams gives his in the same direction. Hon. Abram S. Hewitt takes whatever the commissioner gives him, and sends the packages to his New Jersey country seat.

Hon. John H. Ketcham is perhaps the most able seed distributor in the house. In the long years he has been here he has never made the mistake of sending turnip seed to the Poughkeepsie asthetes or flower seeds to horney-handed wood-choppers, acts which often fill a congressman's soul with bitter thoughts in after years. Ketchman knows the tastes of his constituents better than they know them themselves, and not a seed grows by the wayside or among thorns.

Frederick Nick Mueller never sends any grass seed to Battery park. He gives his order to brother congressmen who have ground to put the seed in. Hon. Samuel J. Randall has all his seeds sent in a bundle to Bryn Mawr, and attends to their distribution when he gets home. Speaker Carlisle is not so methodical. Whenever a constituent asks him for seeds he sends the letter to Commissioner Loring, and asks him to attend to the request. He is careless about getting his full allowance.

The champion seed distributors of the house are Taylor of Tennessee, and Jones of Texas, with Lanham of Texas a good third. These congressmen represent big and growing districts, with innumerable wants. They are omnivorous. They exhaust their own allotments of seeds early, and then get as many assignments of orders from other congressmen as they can. A literary congressman who wants to swap seeds for documents is a great find for a seed congressman. The average congressman sends from ten to three hundred names of seed constituents to the commissioner. Occasionally the lists reach 1,000 names, and there have been members who have sent in 5,000 names, with the request to send one paper of seed each!

Hon. Thomas Porterhouse Ochiltree was a great seed-hunter before he was a congressman, but having once been elected, he neglected his constituents in this particular strangely. In reply to the last notification that seeds were awaiting his order he replied: "My constituents don't go much on seeds, but they are mighty fond of partridges. You may send a few coops around to my rooms." Dr. Loring is looking up the law on the subject to see if he can comply with the requisition. Col. Ochiltree says if a member can have cologne and suspenders charged to his stationery account, he sees no reason why partridges can not be enumerated under the head of turnips and Jerusalem artichokes.

The senators draw their seeds with as much punctuality as representatives. Warner Miller does not send out small sapplings that will grow into wood-pulp trees, as has been supposed. He has a very complete list of half-breeds, to whom Dr. Loring franks choice flower and vegetable seeds. Mr. E. G. Lapham sends his crop chiefly to agricultural societies. Nevada Jones has a constituency that grows nothing but quartz rock. He gives away his seeds to his swarms of friends. Edmunds is as formal and mysterious in the seed business as he is in everything else. Nobody ever sees his list of beneficiaries. He does not send it to the department, but orders the seeds sent to his room in bulk. He then goes into executive session with himself, and before coming out makes a solemn oath never to divulge what has happened.

### PHIL SHERIDAN IN PUBLIC.

**How the General Looks in These Piping Times of Peace.**

[Washington Cor. New York World.]

I saw the general of the army, P. H. Sheridan, come into the Ebbitt house the other evening to make a call. He stopped a moment in the rotunda to talk to some friends. A group of military officers immediately gathered around him. A stranger would never have selected him as their commander-in-chief. A more unmilitary-looking man never lived, in civilian's dress. He needs his uniform. Most of the officers about him were in civilian's dress also, but there was hardly one of them who did not wear some outward sign of his military character.

Sheridan is very short, and each year seems to add to the rotundity of his pudgy figure. When I saw him in the lobby he wore upon the back of his round, bullet head a very slim, high, old-fashioned silk hat of a style that was very popular about the time of the close of the war. It was about two sizes too small. His short, iron-gray hair stood out from under the rim of his hat at nearly right angles with it. His red, weather-beaten face does not show any new lines of advancing age, but his grizzly, iron-gray mustache and imperial are whitening very fast. He wore a short, light, yellow-gray overcoat which had only five buttons, and they were nearly ready to fly off from the undue strain of Sheridan's round figure. The coat, like the hat, appeared to have been long outgrown. The trousers were a gray plaid and fitted very snugly to the general's fat legs. His boots were thick-soled and unblacked. He wore no gloves.

The side and rear views of the general suggested a low-comedy man who had walked off the stage all made up for a funny part, but when you come to look at the general square in the face, its stern, solemn, composed lines were enough to make one forget his grotesque figure and careless dress. He is very popular in Washington, but he is not as popular as Gen. Sherman with the ladies. He is fonder of staying at home than he is of going about in society. He takes more pleasure in paying attention to his own wife than to other men's wives. Until he reforms in this particular he will never acquire what might be called great popularity in society. It will be ten years before Sheridan can be retired. As the time is so far ahead, it is not worth while to speculate as to his successor. When he goes out, the rank of lieutenant general will go with him. The highest rank after this will be that of major general.

**Use for a Valet.**

**The "real nice" New Yorker of to-day keeps a valet, and cruel critics say that the principal use of a valet is in the line of putting his master to bed when he cannot locate that comfortable quarter himself.**


MEDICAL.

# Cuticura

**Mrs. Smith's Case, and What the Rev. Mr. McKinstry Has to Say About It.**

TO THE PUBLIC: I have been a fearful sufferer for fifteen years, most of the time with what has been called Eczema or Salt Rheum, Psoriasis and Lepra, and the like, and have always been told that there was no cure for me, and have been so discouraged that *I had as soon die as live.* I have been so badly afflicted sometimes that there was not the smallest spot from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet that was not diseased and as red as crimson. It would commence in small white spots, which had a silvery appearance, but were not deep, but if I attempted to heal them, or soon after their first appearance, they would burn and run together until there was a complete dry, red scale, which would become so inflamed as to crack and look fiery and angry, and the burning sensation would be almost intolerable.

I was at times so lame that I could not scarcely get about, and could not dress myself without assistance. I have tried many remedies and have paid $100 in a single instance to a physician, but have ever obtained only temporary relief. Although helped for a time, I soon relapsed again to be as badly troubled as ever, and during the winter of 1881 and 1882 I suffered so much as to be entirely discouraged. Last June, however, I was advised by Elder and Mrs. L. C. McKinstry, who are well known in these regions, to try your CUTICURA REMEDIES; and I felt somehow a little courage, from their favorable opinion of them, to try their virtue. About the second week of July last I commenced taking the remedies, and within six weeks I began to see a permanent improvement, until now—Oct. 1—I am about as good as new, and my flesh is as the flesh of a child.

MRS. BENJ. SMITH.

I certify that the above statement of my wife is correct, and I join with her in expressing my gratitude for the great benefit she has received.

B. SMITH.

I certify that the above statement is correct. Mr. Smith is a prominent man in this community, where he lives. He is a well-known dealer in stock, and his statement, with that of his wife, is fully entitled to credit.

Done at Stanstead, Province of Quebec, this twenty-seventh day of October, 1882.

L. C. McKINSTRY,
Minister of the Gospel.

LATER.—I have seen Mrs. Smith recently and believe her to be thoroughly and permanently cured.

L. C. McKINSTRY,
Sec'y Advent Ch. Conf., P. Q., No. Vt. and No. N. H.

BOSTON, Sept. 9, 1884.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, and CUTICURA, and CUTICURA SOAP, the great skin cures and beautifiers, are sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50 cents; SOAP, 25 cents; RESOLVENT, $1.

**Potter Drug & Chemical Co., Boston.**

# CATARRH

**The Great Balsamic Distillation of Witch-Hazel, American Pine, Canadian Fir, Marigold, Clover Blossom, etc.,**

**CALLED SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE**

For the immediate Relief and Permanent Cure of every form of Catarrh, from a Simple Head Cold in Head to Loss of Smell, Taste and Hearing, Cough and Catarrhal Consumption. Complete treatment, consisting of one bottle Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent and Improved Inhaler, in one package, may now be had of all druggists for $1. Ask for Sandford's Radical Cure.

**Complete Treatment, with Inhaler, $1.**

"The only absolute specific we know of."—Med. Times.

"The best we have found in a life-time of suffering."—Rev. Dr. Wiggin, Boston.

"After a long struggle with Catarrh the Radical Cure has conquered."—Rev. S. W. Monroe, Lewisburg, Pa.

"I have not found a case that it did not relieve at once."—Andrew Lee, Manchester, Mass

POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston.

**Collins' Voltaic Electric Plasters.**

For the relief and prevention, **the instant it is applied**, of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Coughs, Colds, Weak Back, Stomach, and Bowels, Shooting Pains, Numbness, Hysteria, Female Pains, Palpitation, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Bilious Fever, Malaria, and Epidemics, use **Collins' Plasters** (an **Electric Battery** combined with a **Porous Plaster**) and laugh at pain. 25c. everywhere.


### THE SEABOARD.

The waves are a joy to the sea-mew, the meads to the herd.
And a joy to the heart is a goal that it may not reach.
No sense that for ever the limits of sense engird,
No hearing of sight that is vassal to form or speech
Learns ever the secret that shadow and silence teach,
Hears ever the notes that or ever they swell subside,
Sees ever the light that lights not the loud world's tide,
Clasps ever the cause of the lifelong scheme's control
Where through we pursue, till the waters of life be dried,
The goal that is not, and ever again the goal.
Friend, what have we sought or seek we, whate'er betide,
Though the seaboard shift its mark from afar descried,
But aims whence ever anew shall arise the soul?
Love, thought, song, life, but show for a glimpse, and hide
The goal that is not, and ever again the goal.

### LEARNING THEIR BUSINESS.

**Apprenticeship in a New Form—What a Railroad Expects to Accomplish.**

[Engineering and Mining Journal.]

The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad company has taken a step toward the practical solution of the apprenticeship question. An order has been issued establishing a technological school at Mount Clare, Baltimore, "for the promotion of a higher course of instruction for the apprentices than now pursued," with the view of affording the young men in its employ opportunities for obtaining a liberal technical education far superior to those enjoyed by the employes of other railroads.

All apprentices are embraced under the following general designations, and graded into three classes; the first or junior class of apprentices, the second class or cadets, and the third or senior class of cadet officers. The company bears the expense of the education of the apprentices and cadets, and in consideration thereof expects the privilege of availing itself of their services, at fair salaries, for at least three years after graduation. From the day after their admission to the school the apprentices and cadets are to receive pay as follows: The apprentices, 70 cents per day in the first year, 80 cents in the second, 90 cents in the third, and $1 per day in the fourth year; the cadets $1 per day in the first year, $1.12½ in the second, and $1.25 per day in the third year; and cadet officers $1.50 per day in the first year, $1.75 in the second, and $2 per day in the third year.

In their appointment to the school, preference is to be given, other things being equal, to the sons of employes who have been killed or injured in the company's service, and free tuition is given to those only who are sons of employes having been in the service of the company for five consecutive years. They must pass a board of examiners as to proficiency in elementary studies and soundness of health, and are subject during the years of study to rigid discipline and frequent examinations. The exact scope of the school and the service for which its pupils are to be trained are not clearly defined; but it is evident from the long courses that the places to which they may aspire after their training are high indeed.

**Plot of a Chinese Play.**

[The Keynote.]

Chang Chow, a Yokohama interpreter, thus explained the plot of a Chinese play to an inquisitive Englishman who had witnessed its performance without arriving at any definite conclusion as to its meaning:

"Three piecee girl, velly pretty. Have got father plenty rich. Two catchee husbands, one no have got. Plenty lich man wantchee mally, wut she no wantche he. By um by, father talkee she much catchee one husband. She velly solly; no can tell who man takee she. She say she takee one ball, makee thlow; s'pose one man catchee, he belong my.

"One young man, son of big mandarin, allee same Zi Lung Chang, but he velly poor. He wantche her velly much, but he no have got money; father no likee he; when he come so much bobbely (row) he makee he lun away. By um by he chin-chin Joss (god), gettee he help catchee girle.

"Joss he come; girle makee thlow ball; Joss catchee; makee give to poor young man.

"Father velly mad; say what for you watche he; he no have got money; you no can mally. She say I takee man who can catchee ball, he belong my. My no talkee lie pidgin, s'pose he wantche, have got ball can do.

"Father velly mad, lun her away, no give her money. Poor young man mally her. By um by poor man catchee plenty money, empler make he his generel, allee sam Gen. Grant.

"The father plenty solly, makee chin-chin Joss, and do more better next time."

## MEXICO'S CAVALRY.

### THEIR DINGY ACCOUTERMENTS AND ROUGH-AND-READY STEEDS.

**Personal Appearance of the Men—Uniform and Foot-Gear—Food of Rider and Horse—Thirty Cents Per Diem—Liberty.**

[Paso del Nort Cor. Globe-Democrat.]

The soldier holds almost as bad a position in the social scale as the actor does in China, where his rank is lowest of all other professions—a pretty fair test of the culture of the people. The same is true of this land of "God and Liberty" from which I write.

Some companies of the Eleventh Mexican cavalry are stationed here, and I have an ample opportunity of studying the soldiers of the republic at will. They are all shades of color, from almost white to a dirty black. In nearly all the Indian blood can be distinctly traced, and in many the type is so strongly marked as to dwarf all others. The uniform is not handsome. It consists of a kind of heavy blouse made of coarse black cloth, with red facings, and pants of the same material, and fatigue caps similar to our own. The men are not measured for their uniforms nor anything else. There are three sizes of uniforms, and one of the three must fit. If it does not it does not matter, as the officers seem utterly indifferent to the personal appearance of their men. In foot gear the poor fellows are worse off than in anything else. The government serves out brogans, but I notice many brave defenders wearing old moccasins in a state of dilapidation that would excite the contempt of a Papago Indian. It is chilly just now in the mornings and I observe that many of the soldiers have colds in their heads, which is very unfortunate for them, as up to date the republic has omitted to supply them with pocket handkerchiefs.

The Mexican cavalry horse cannot by any stretch of fancy be called a noble steed. He is not a Tartar of the Ukraine breed, nor of any particular breed to speak of. He is mustang—broncho at that. His coat is rough, and judging from its appearance I would argue that the stable call is seldom sounded in the Eleventh cavalry. In barrack his ration of hay is small and his allowance of corn frequently a negative quantity, which mathematicians demonstrate is less than nothing. In the field he lives off the face of the country, and how he continues to live where an American horse would starve is an equine mystery. But it is the capacity of both man and horse to live on little and bear hardship that makes the Mexican cavalry better Indian fighters than our own. The Mexican cavalry horse has little impediment to carry. A light hair lariat that cannot be eaten by coyotes, supplies the place of our heavy picquet rope and pin, he has neither side lines nor hobbles, a poncho supplies the place of blankets, and nearly all the weight on the horse is that of the rider, his ammunition and his simple field ration. As the horse can live on anything that a burro can, the long wagon or mule train is unnecessary. No one save those who have seen the Mexican horse on service can imagine the little he will live on and the long marches he will make. Almost as sure footed as a mule, he will climb the steepest mountain-side, and finds refreshment and nourishment in the tough and wiry gramma grass.

Mexican rations are not fixed by the government, and being his own commissary he has no complaints to lodge against the department of subsistence. He gets 30 cents per diem and he finds himself as well as his slender pay will admit. In the field he lives on pinola (toasted corn ground to fine flour), corne seca (jerked meat), pinoche (a kind of candy made from dirty brown sugar), with, as a luxury, a few tortillas thrown in by his sweetheart or wife. Strange as it may seem, there are men in the Mexican army who on 30 cents a day manage to "support" a wife and an odd babe or two.

The pinola is meat and drink. Mixed with water it makes a nourishing beverage, having a slight acid flavor which makes it very agreeable in the heat of a semi-tropic sun. The pinoche and tortillas may be looked upon as a rough attempt at pastry and dessert. In barracks this hard fare is varied by a little chile con carne, an article which, I see by a recent order of the secretary of war, has been, in my opinion, unwisely omitted from the subsistence stores of the American army. On the Mexican frontier, as in all warm climates, the stomach needs a stimulant much better supplied by chile con carne than by the "cow-boys' cordial with a bite," sold in and around our military reservations.

The lot of the Mexican soldier, like that of Gilbert's policeman, "is not a happy one." In the vast majority of cases he is a criminal serving out a term of imprisonment in the army. The uniform he wears brings with it the ignominy of the striped suit of the penitentiary. Liberty he has none, except in cases of exceptionally good conduct and he is guarded by his non-commissioned officers and his more lucky comrades during the few hours that he is allowed to exercise or make his poor little purchases on the plaza.

**A Parson Explains How Musquitoes Stop the New Orleans Street Cars.**

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

Parson Heckman, of Dallas, who enjoys the reputation of being somewhat florid in his language has returned from a brief trip to New Orleans.

"How did you enjoy yourself at the New Orleans exposition?" asked George Steckstees.

The exposition is grand. Everybody ought to go and see it. I liked it very much. The saloons are superb, and the eating is the best I ever had. I just lived on gumbo soup while I was there, but there is one drawback."

"What is that?"

"The musquitoes! They are the worst I ever saw. You get into all kinds of trouble until you get used to them. They even stop the street cars," replied Parson Heckman.

"Now look here. That is coming it just a little too strong. I've heard of grasshoppers being so numerous as to stop railroad trains, but I draw the line at grasshoppers. Nobody, not even if he is a clergyman, can make me believe that musquitoes can stop the street cars."

"They do it all the same. You see the musquitoes attack people on the streets. The pedestrians, of course, are compelled to defend themselves. They strike at the musquitoes with their hands or try to shook them away with handkerchiefs, or they would be eaten up. The people on the sidewalks are kept so busy with their handkerchiefs and making motions with their hands, that the drivers are deceived, and stop the cars every few yards, thinking that the poor people on the sidewalks are hailing the cars to get on board. A conductor is bounced if he doesn't stop a car as soon as he is signaled. It took a car I was in half an hour to make one block. Most of the passengers got out and walked. That's the way the mosquitoes stop the cars. Of course, I didn't mean that the musquitoes lifted the cars off the track."

**The Major's Request.**

[Inter Ocean "Curbstone Crayons."]

"Speaking of the rebels," said a Thirty-fifth Indiana veteran, "reminds me of Maj. Igo's experience with John Morgan. Igo on one occasion was captured with all his wagons, and soon established friendly relations with Morgan, his captor. After they had taken a drink from the major's canteen, Morgan asked Igo if there was any favor he could do him personally. Igo said there was. If Morgan would order his men to burn up the wagon containing his quartermaster's accounts he would confer on him a great favor.

"He went on to explain that the fellows at Washington were bothering him about his rentals, and they were so mixed up he couldn't understand them himself nor make anybody else understand them. If Morgan would burn the whole durned business up he could see a way out. But he would like to have it done quick, because it would be just his luck to have Wilder or Stewart come swooping down in an hour or two and recapture every durned old paper.

"Morgan, to my certain knowledge, laughed at this, and intimated that the tangled accounts should be offered up in a bonfire at the first stop. But before that step was made the Federal cavalry came down on the train like a whirlwind and recaptured all the wagons, and with them a good many officers and men. Igo rejoiced greatly over this, but he always had a grudge against Morgan for not burning the wagon when he had the chance."


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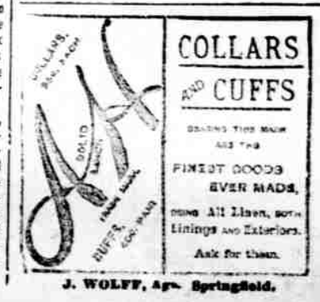


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