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IT WAS A SUCCESS

And A Pleasant Affair.

The D. O. C. Ball Tuesday Night Was Certainly a Social Gathering and It Was for a Noble Cause.

The good ladies who have organized themselves into a society as the Daughters of the Confederacy certainly have cause to be elated over the success they have met with in their efforts to render assistance to the old, the disabled, the homeless and dependent soldiers who fought and suffered on the battle fields of the grandest, the proudest, the freest and most enlightened nation on earth.

This little band of noble, benevolent women cannot have too much praise heaped upon them. Many of them know little of the cruelties and hardships of war. The civil war to them is a matter of history. It was a war of American patriots—a war of kinsman against kinsman, of patriot against patriot. One side was right. The other side believed it was right, and millions of money and hundreds of thousands of lives were sacrificed before the men who fought for the Lost Cause were convinced that they were wrong. But they were convinced and now they are loyal, patriotic citizens. They love their country and its institutions. Thousands of these men are now old, feeble and poor. For these brave men homes have been established in many States and we have one of these homes in grand old Missouri. This home is maintained by the work of a noble band of ladies who are ever ready to extend the hand of charity to the deserving poor.

For the benefit of the Confederate Home at Higginville the Daughters of the Confederacy in this county had an entertainment at the Riverview Hotel in this city last Tuesday night. The entertainment was a reception and ball, tickets to which were sold at two dollars each. The entertainment proved to be the social event of the season and about seventy-five dollars will go to the Confederate Home from the money taken in. The ladies who had charge of the entertainment are surely deserving of much praise for the hard work they did, and the old soldiers at the Home will not be slow in expressing their gratitude for the assistance they receive from these ladies.

Pension Office Proceedings.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 29.—Two radical changes in the procedure of the Pension Office have been made. All claims for increase, save in the extraordinary cases, hereafter will be sent direct to the Medical Division of the bureau, without having to be passed upon by the Board of Review, as has been the custom for years. This action is taken on the ground that the bulk of increase cases involve only medical action, and that much routine detail in going through other channels of review will be saved. An other step in the simplification and quicker adjudication of claims is that hereafter cases before the Board of Review will not be passed upon by three or four examiners. This has been a long-continued practice, but Commissioner Murphy has fixed the number of examiners who must review each claimant at two.

This, he thinks, will minimize errors and delays, and be of benefit to the service. Both new rules are in line with a decision to abolish useless detail in pension adjudication.

Hard Times of '57.

Senator Davis, of Minnesota, says that the country has never experienced such hard times as in 1857. "Money was not only scarce, but there was no money in circulation—none to be had anywhere. Along the Chippewa, Black, Mississippi and other rivers sawlogs were legal tender. In fact, everything that possessed any sort of value passed as token money." Up in Northern Wisconsin copper was mined, and copper cents were minted and issued by private individuals. The general storekeepers issued their own scrip, and it passed for money. I have seen a 10c postage stamp incased in mica passing for money many a time. We had every kind of token money except wampum. We didn't quite get that far back to the primitive method and medium of exchange.

Marshall Hall's

Ready method in drowning, as to what to do and how to do it, will be found in Dr. Kaufmann's Medical Work; fine colored plates from life. Send three 2-cent stamps, to pay postage to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston Mass., and receive a copy free.

JUSTICE IN ALABAMA.

Why a Prisoner Was Declared Not Guilty.

A Jacksonville broker, while traveling in the Alabama mountains, was invited by a friend, a local judge, to attend a trial of a "cracker" for shooting a dandy, and, the prisoner having no money to hire a lawyer, the judge appointed the broker to defend him, alleging that if the broker was not a lawyer, "he was an idiot because he wasn't one"—a judgement amply supported by the conduct of the case, says the Argonaut. The broker cross-examined the witnesses briefly, sending in now and then a discomfiting trajectory. When he came to make a speech he said: "Gentlemen of the jury, I have taken great pains to show you that my client was a respectable citizen. Ten witnesses have asserted—on oath, mind you—that he stands high in his community." The defendant was six feet three inches tall and the jury smiled. "He stood high in his community and that is sufficient. Now for the law. We find in the thirtieth verse of the sixteenth chapter of 'Chitty on Pleadings'—Chitty, gentlemen was one of the bravest generals in the Confederate army—this well established principle of law." Here the broker adjusts his glasses, holds the book far off, elevates his chin and reads: "No respectable white man can be guilty of crime." That, gentlemen, is enough. I leave the case in your hands." Each juror changed his quid, looked at his neighbor, nodded, and, without leaving their seats, they rendered a loud and emphatic verdict of "Not guilty," and then joined in three cheers for the defendant and his lawyer.

STATE OFFICER'S INAUGURATION

Provisions of the Constitution Fixing Date and Terms of Office.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Dec. 28.—Owing to conflicting accounts in the newspapers, Secretary of State Lesueur was asked to make statements upon certain points, which he did, as follows: 1. The Constitution provides that the General Assembly of Missouri shall meet on the first Wednesday after the 1st day of January next after the election of the members thereof. Consequently the Thirty-ninth General Assembly will meet in the two houses at noon Wednesday, January 6, 1897.

2. The terms of office of the Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Secretary of State, State Auditor, State Treasurer and Attorney General begin on the second Monday of January next after their election. The returns of election for above-named officers are sealed up and transmitted by the returning officer to the Speaker of the House of Representatives. The Constitution provides that immediately after the organization of the House, and before proceeding to other business, the Speaker shall open and publish these returns in the presence of a majority of each of the General Assembly, who shall for that purpose be assembled in the hall of the House of Representatives. It follows, therefore, that the above-named officers begin their terms on Monday, January 11, 1897. This may be with more or less ceremony. No inauguration proceedings are provided for by the Constitution or laws, but it is not uncommon for the Governor to deliver an inaugural address.

The Kennett and Osceola.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Dec. 29.—A certificate of incorporation was issued by Secretary of State Lesueur to the Kennett and Osceola Railroad Company; capital stock, \$200,000. The company will have its principal office in the City of Cape Girardeau, and is organized for the purpose of constructing and operating a line of standard gauge railway from Kennett, Dunklin County, to a point on the line between Arkansas and Missouri, to be determined hereafter. The length of the road will be twenty miles, and it will connect at Kennett with the St. Louis, Kennett and Southern road. The Directors for the first year are: Louis B. Houck, of Pemiscot county; Leo Doyle, E. F. Blomeyer, R. G. Ranney and R. B. Andrews, of Cape Girardeau.

Crazy as a Loon.

Fred Heinberg, the man who killed Gustav Ficht in St. Louis on December 23rd is as crazy as a loon. He showed signs of insanity the next day after he killed Ficht, and the jail guards having him in charge say he is now a raving maniac. Heinberg is well known in this city.

THE DRUMMER'S LATEST.

In the Theater He Had More Fun Than Was Intended.

The drummer always brings the latest trick. Here it is: "Take a spool of white basting cotton. Drop it into your inside coat pocket, and, threading a needle with it, pass it up through the shoulder of your coat. Leave the end an inch or so long on the outside of your coat and take off the needle. Four men out of five will try to pick that whole thread off your shoulder, and will pull on the spool until it actually does seem as though your clothes are all basting, and that they were unraveling not only your clothes, but yourself."

"I was to see Wilson Barrett in Claudian in Boston last week," said the traveling man. "It was in the most interesting and pathetic portion of the play. Everybody was rapt. I was sitting bolt upright, and didn't know or care to know a soul around me, when suddenly I felt some one tugging at the basting cotton that I myself had clean forgotten. I didn't say a word and did not move. Foot by foot it unrolled. Half glancing around, I saw a man—a total stranger—yanking at the thread. His face was scarlet. He had pulled out about 10 yards, and was now hauling in hand over hand. He didn't care to stop, because he had decorated my back and the whole aisle with basting cotton. He hardly dared to go ahead, for he didn't know what portion of my domestic interior economy he was trifling with. Rip! rip! went the thread. Hand over hand he yanked it in. The aisle was full of it. 'For heaven sake! will it never end?' said he above his breath.

"I sat perfectly still and ran the spool while he pulled. How I wanted to yell. I never saw anything half so funny. The whole section of the house got on to it. They didn't know whether to laugh at me or him, but sat and looked on amazed at the spectacle. At last the stranger gave one frantic rip and yanked out about 11 yards in one bunch, and as the cotton got twisted around his watch chain, over his eyeclasses, in his hair and filled his lap, I turned around and, prodding the spool from my pocket, said, 'I am sorry I misled you. You see I have about 124 yards left, but I presume that you don't care for any more to-night. I am honestly sorry, but I can't help smiling.'

"The man was a modest sort of gentleman in appearance. His face was as red as fire even to his ears. He looked at me and then at the spool. He changed color once or twice, and when the crowd caught on a big laugh went up."—American Commercial Traveler.

Woman Suffrage in Idaho.

A fourth mining camp State—Idaho—has adopted woman suffrage in order to put out its lean vote and make ignorant people think its population greater than it actually is. Last month Idaho cast 29,500 votes, or about what the Twelfth and Thirteenth Wards of this city did. At the next election, with the assistance of the women, Idaho will poll about 50,000 votes, and will brag of the fine showing made at the ballot-box. Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Idaho have woman suffrage now, and will be unable to get rid of it. There is nothing in their experience yet which is calculated to induce States outside the mining camps to broaden the suffrage. The follies of the male voters last month were not offset in the least by superior conservatism and good sense on the part of the women voters. —Chicago Tribune.

Gen. Grant Was Turned Around at Cairo.

After looking critically at a map of a locality it seemed to become photographed indelibly upon his brain and he could follow its features without referring to it again. Besides, he possessed an almost intuitive knowledge of topography and never became confused as to the points of the compass. He was a natural "Bushwhacker," and was never so much at home as when finding his way by the course of streams, the contour of the hills and the general features of the country. I asked him one day whether he had ever been deceived as to the compass. He said: "Only once—when I arrived at Cairo, Ill. The effect of that curious bend in the river turned me completely around, and when the sun came up the first morning after I got there it seemed to me that it rose directly in the West."—Gen. Horace Porter in the Century.

DECLINED THE CHECK.

Mr. Bryan Will Probably Call the Lecture Tour Off.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—The statement is made by J. J. Roche that Mr. Bryan will hardly make his announced lectures. Under the provisions of the contract Mr. Bryan was to receive \$50,000 for fifty lectures. A certified check for \$10,000 was to be handed to him after the first lecture. At Atlanta, when the first lecture ended, Mr. McBee the financial backer of the enterprise, produced the \$10,000 check as agreed upon. Mr. Bryan refused to accept it, and said that he probably would call the whole thing off.

The Real Cuban Question.

The controversy between the President and Congress as to the authority to recognize the independence of Cuba is interesting from a legal point of view, but the real Cuban question is one of fact rather than of constitutional interpretation. There can be no doubt about the feeling of the American people in favor of Cuba. They would be glad to see her succeed and to take a place among the nations of the earth. Furthermore, they are disposed to give her as much aid and comfort as is consistent with a proper regard for their own interests and for the dignity and honor of their own Government. But when it is proposed to recognize the independence of the island, their common sense tells them that such a proceeding, under the existing circumstances, would be premature and unreasonable, not to say ridiculous. The idea of independence implies the presence of a de facto government that can be dealt with in a direct and practical way. There is said to be a thing of that sort, but there is no evidence to support the assertion. So far as the functions that belong to a government are concerned, it is not exercising any of them. It has no local habitation, no definite instrumentalities, no means of communication with our nation or any other.

It is easy to say that the war has been going on for nearly two years, and that the insurgents have held their own against a superior force, thereby vindicating their right to be free; but this is a more or less loose way of describing the situation. In reality and by comparison, the contest has not assumed the proportions and full importance of a war. Not a single battle, properly speaking, has yet occurred. The fighting has all been of a desultory and guerrilla-like fashion, with small losses and insignificant military results, such as would have counted for nothing in any of the sure-enough wars of modern times. It is true that the insurgent leaders have averted defeat, but they have done so mainly by the kind of skill that prevents a general engagement. This strategy of avoidance is admirable in its way, and justifiable to a certain extent, but it is not sufficient of itself to make a war, as war is understood in history and in statesmanship. Surely the United States can not afford to recognize as an independent nation a country that has no perceptible government and that has not won one substantial victory. It is to be regretted that the insurgents are unable to give distinct and conclusive reasons for such action on our part, but so it is, and it is for them to make it different. They have our sympathy and our earnest desire for their ultimate triumph; but all the arguments for recognition at the present time are refuted by the fact that in the meaning of international law, as well as according to the testimony of the senses, there is nothing to recognize. —Globe-Democrat.

Mrs. James Jones Dead.

Mrs. James Jones, wife of James Jones, died at her home on Spanish street in this city Wednesday night. Mrs. Jones had been confined to her bed with consumption several months and her death was not unexpected. Mrs. Jones was a highly respected lady. She was a good woman and a host of friends will regret to learn that she is dead. The grief-stricken husband has the sympathy of the community.

The Election Contest.

Since the third voting precinct in this city furnished data for the election contest it is proper for a newspaper to furnish its readers with the names of the judges of election in that precinct. They were: George G. Kimmel, Ben H. Adams, August Stuffergen, Joseph Fuerth, Henry Seimers and Thomas Alford. Thomas Alford and Henry Seimers were the counting judges.

A Cracker Idyl.

"Dad!"

Arbustine Bragg's voice trembled slightly and a faint flush came to her nut brown cheek as she spoke. She was a shy young girl of 19 years and just ten times that number of pounds.

"What say, Arbustine?" replied her pap briefly. Arbustine slowly stirred the fat in the kettle of soft soap she was "billin'" and glanced shyly toward her dad from the depths of her pink calico sunbonnet. A live coal popped out from under the kettle and fell on her bare brown toes. She kicked it away while her cherry lips softly murmured "Dang it all!" Then she said: "Dad, Hank Moon was over yhar ag'in las' night. He wants me to go to the moonshiners' picnic with 'im."

"Does, hey?" "Yes—an' that ain't all, dad." "It hain't? Well, spit out the rest, an' don't be so blamed meekin' 'bout it."

"He wants me to marry 'im." "I reckoned as much, Arbustine Bagg," said her father coldly. "But he shan't hev ye! Ye hear me, he shan't hev ye! No gal o' mine shell marry a Moon!"

"Dad," said Arbustine, "do you know what Hank done at the shootin' match over at Hind's Cross Roads a Monday?"

"No." "He shot twenty-nine pigeons out o' thirty."

"Humph." "An' his bull pup licked ev'ry other dawg thar."

"Ye don't mean it?" "An' Hank licked both o' the Jackson boys with one hand tied behind 'im, an' he won a fine pipe for jumpin' 5 feet higher'n any other man at the shootin' match."

"Lawd-a-mighty, Arbustine, how I hev misjudged Hank! Marry 'im? Of course ye shell marry 'im, an' that right airy; an' ye shell hev a good feather bed an' the little red heifer to start out with. You and Hank kin hev my blessin' at any time!"—New York Herald.

Had I Played the Game Before.

Three young men were seated at a table in a Market street restaurant. One of them drew from his pocket and laid upon the table a silver dollar. Beside it he placed a visiting card, with a round hole about a half inch in diameter pierced through its center. Said he: "See the fat, white dollar? See the little hole in the card? Bet you the cigars I can push the big dollar through the little hole." "I'll go you," said one of his companions; "but, remember, you are to push that dollar through that hole without enlarging the hole?" "That's what," responded the proposer of the feat. Laying the dollar flat on the table, he held the card on edge just behind it. Then he produced a pencil which he shoved through the hole in the card until it touched the edge of the coin. "Pushing the dollar through the hole, see?" "Here comes Jonesey," said the loser. "Lend me your dollar and your funny card and I'll get revenge. Oh, I won't do a thing to Jonesey!" A lengthy, cadaverous young fellow, with a vacuous expression, drifted into the vacant place at the table. "Jonesey," said the loser of the cigars, "here's a big dollar and here's a little round hole in a card. Bet you I can put the dollar through the hole just as it is—loser to pay all four of our checks." "Done," said Jonesey. The other proceeded to repeat the action of the first trickster. "Hold on," drawled Jonesey, languidly, "your contract is to 'put' the dollar through the hole. I didn't you couldn't push it through the perforation. You see, dear boy, I've been up against the game hitherto." —Philadelphia Record.

For Free Distribution.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 28, 1896. To the Public:—I have 84 thousand of field, flower and garden seeds, and 9 hundred Agricultural Reports for gratuitous distribution. Parties desiring a package of the seeds, or a copy of the reports, or both, can get them by sending me their names and address at once.

Yours very truly,
N. A. MOZLEY.

Notice to Stock Holders.

Notice is hereby given that the annual election of seven Directors of the First National Bank of Cape Girardeau, will be held at the office of the bank the second Tuesday in January, 1897. Polls open from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. L. S. JOSEPH, Cashier, Cape Girardeau, Mo., Dec. 10, 1896.

THE TILDEN WILL.

A Great Lawyer Made a Sad Mess of His Good Intentions.

That is a very melancholy announcement which Judge Beekman has found himself obliged to make, that the plans of the late Samuel J. Tilden for the benefit of his fellow-citizens are completely frustrated and nullified by his failure to make proper provision for executing them. The proposed little libraries at Yonkers and New Lebanon go the way of the proposed great library for New York. A fragment has indeed been saved from the estate for larger purpose, but it has been obtained through a private arrangement with the only one of Mr. Tilden's heirs-at-law who has shown the least disposition to respect his undoubted intentions and carry out his will. It is at least satisfactory that this exceptional heiress should still be, as Mr. Tilden intended that she should be, the chief beneficiary of his fortune.

The moral that even a lawyer can not trust himself to draw his own will is a trite one, and is said to have been illustrated in the case of a Lord Chancellor whose will was found invalid. What makes the failure of Mr. Tilden's good intentions so particularly pitiful is that the plan which is wrecked was the cherished purpose almost of a life time, and also that no private injustice was done in his enrichment of the public. It was sufficiently shown when the litigation arose that the claim of those heirs-at-law who disputed the will was exclusively legal and technical. The testator had no real heirs except the public. If his will could have been carried out, it would have furnished a fresh illustration of the truth of Bacon's saying: "Certain is the best works and of the greatest merit for the public have proceeded from the unmarried or childless man, who, both in affection and means, have married and endowed the public." That was eminently true of Mr. Tilden. He did "marry the public" during his lifetime, expending upon it the "affection" which men more happily situated bestowed upon their families. Politics was to him a pleasure, or a passion, but never a means of livelihood, nor, directly or indirectly, of money getting. He thus "married the public" while he was alive, and he attempted to endow it after his death. Could he have foreseen the failure of this attempt, the close of his life would have been greatly embittered.

But there is another sentence of Bacon's which might have been commended to Mr. Tilden in his lifetime, and which may be commended to such of his survivors as cherish a like purpose with his: "Defer not charities till death; for, certainly, if a man weigh it rightly, he that doth so is rather liberal of another man's than of his own." It was impossible for Mr. Tilden to spend the income of his fortune, or a great proportion of it, so as to conduce to his own happiness, and, as we have seen, there was nobody who had any better claim upon the principal than the public. If he had himself carried out the scheme of his own benevolence he would have been remembered by his beneficiaries as gratefully as Peter Cooper is remembered, who did that wise thing, who carried out his own will, and saw with his own eyes the fruition of his good purposes. If the Tilden library had been built and equipped by Samuel J. Tilden, the investment would have been safe and beyond the reach of greedy heirs. —New York Times.

Calendars and Coupons.

So many beautiful calendars and entertaining novelties have been issued by the proprietors of Hood's Sarsaparilla, that we are hardly surprised to receive this season not only one of the very prettiest designs in calendars, but with it coupons which entitle the recipient to attractive novelties. Every one who gets a Hood's Sarsaparilla calendar for 1897 secures something that will prove interesting and valuable as well as a beautiful specimen of the lithographer's art. The calendar is accompanied this season by an amusing little book on "The Weather." Ask your druggist for Hood's Coupon Calendar, or send 6 cents in stamps for one to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale at W. C. Haman's.