## FLEET-FOOTED IROQUOIS.

### A Chat With the Man Who Raised the Derby Winner.

Gath's Phil. Special to Cincinnati Enquirer.

Being in Philadelphia by family necessity this week, I was not much interested in any news till Charley Mann, a well-known sporting gentleman, said to me on Chestnut street:

"Well, our horse has won it. There must be a big time in New York to-day."

I thought he meant Conkling had won the senate.

"Conkling elected!" I exclaimed.

"I don't know anything about Conkling," he replied, "but Iroquois, the American horse, has won the English Derby, and if you will turn the corner I will introduce you to the man who raised him."

He introduced me to a tall, gray-haired, cropped, big red-faced, easy-talking old man, Mr. Aristides Welch, of Chestnut Hill, near Philadelphia. Mr. Welch reminded me somewhat of Simon Cameron by his easy affability, love of political gossip, hospitality and foundness of communication. He is probably 67 years old, and was born in the Cumberland valley of Pennsylvania, at Shippensburg, near the birthplace of James Buchanan, and was, I believe, a paymaster in the army a while. He has been a sporting man, and is a raiser of fancy stock, and has a large acquaintance with public men.

"Mr. Welch," said I, "how much did you get for Iroquois?"

"I sold him with all my yearlings, about twenty in number, two years ago to the Lorillard brothers, they paying about $1,000 apiece. It was the last crop out of my great breeding stallion Leamington. Alas!" exclaimed Mr. Welch, "there are no Leamingtons now. But I have got Alarm, that I think is a fine sire, too. Leamington is dead. Charter Foster, the sporting editor, was with the brothers Lorillard, and I said to him: 'Tell George Lorillard to buy that thin brown colt, as he is the best in the whole lot.' Foster was not quick enough about it, and I said to Pierre Lorillard soon after: 'I will give you $3,000 for Iroquois.' He said he would keep him."

"How did you get Maggie B. B., Mr. Welch?"

"I paid $1,800 for her to Littell, a sporting man, who bought her from the grandson of Henry Clay. He raised her and named her for Maggie B. Beck, the daughter of Senator Beck, of Kentucky, who was a beautiful girl and in love with young Clay, as he with her. But he was a little too convivial, and her parents persuaded her to marry the nephew of Corcoran, the Washington banker, and she died while a bride. Maggie ran in several races, and before she run down I got her and bred her to Leamington. Leamington was an imported English race horse that had won several races and been broken down on the turf. I forget, now," said Mr. Welch, with an evasive look, "just what I gave for Leamington, but I want to tell you a point well to be made in this race. The English will be claiming that Iroquois is of full English stock, whereas the sire of Iroquois' dam was Boston, an American horse, forty years ago. Boston was the greatest racer of his time, and won a $20,000 purse from Fashion, the other great racer. Like ourselves, the cross was between America and English racing stock."

"Well, Mr. Welch, did you send out to Kentucky and get blue grass to feed Iroquois on?"

"No; we have plenty of blue grass in Pennsylvania, and the same limestone. I fed him on good oats and chopped food, and let him get water and grass on my farm. Limestone is necessary to make a racer. England is nearly all lime or chalk. You require high, bracing, yet temperate climate and elevation to make good stock. For years I bred trotting stock, and had Lady Thorne, the greatest trotter of her day, which brought $20,000. Harold, the fine young racer, was of Maggie B. B., by Leamington, too. The price on my place for serving Leamington to mares was $350 apiece. A hundred guineas is often obtained in England."

"Are you surprised at the result of the race, Mr. Welch?"

"Well, I did not expect Iroquois to win it because of his trainer. Lorillard got a drunken Englishman named Brown to train his animals, and he has been drunk for a year in the stables. Recently Lorillard has had Puryear, of South Carolina, an American, to train for him, and there has been an improvement. Lorillard himself, I have understood, only backed Iroquois for a place, although the betting against the horse a few weeks ago was one hundred to one. I don't expect the Americans will ever win the Derby again."

"Why not?"

"Because this race is an exceptional chance for us. You see we have to get boys to ride out of the gutter, so to speak. Over there a jockey like Archer, who rode Iroquois, goes to the track in his own coupe. Lorillard got this Archer to ride for him, and having the best horse and the best rider too, had the two coincidences of a century. Archer receives a retainer from one man of $10,000 a year, for the privilege of calling on him if desired. Another man pays him $5,000 a year for the second call. After that he is paid $1,000 to $1,500 for a mount in addition to the retainers. He only fell to Lorillard this year by not being called upon. Iroquois was beaten a little while ago by the same horse, Peregrine, which he beat to-day, because his rider started him off American fashion, full speed at the beginning, and he couldn't keep the pace up to the end. They start quietly in England, and do all the tall running in the last third or half a mile. Peregrine at Newmarket beat Iroquois a neck only. This time Archer rode Iroquois, and beat Peregrine by half a length. What I mean to say is that we will pay no such prices for accomplished riders. Those superior English jockeys are smart. This boy Archer was the very one who cinched Parole out of his victory a year ago by erecting the point on which Parole was ruled out."

—The place to buy groceries cheap and sell country produce high is at R. A. Stanley & Co's., corner Fifth and Ohio streets. 6-14-w2t

## CUPID CONQUERED

### And Chained Up Two Couples in Hymen's Harness at the Christian Church Last Night.

Into the daily papers had leaped the announcement yesterday that a double wedding would be celebrated at the Christian church last evening, and the immense throngs of young people, who gathered there to witness the same, attested the fact that they would suffer themselves to be crowded closer, remain patient longer, and sweat in greater profusion to see and hear of the doings of Cupid than of those of Jesus Christ.

Every seat in the building was occupied, the side rooms were filled, every aisle was packed, the windows were full and many remained outside vainly attempting to obtain admission, and the number of pairs of bright eyes, carried by young ladies, some soft melting brown hue, some of laughing black, some of cheery blue, all glancing merrily from under the prows of new spring hats indicated that a qualitative analysis of their thoughts would read: Parts of love ninety-nine and a fraction; of religion, but a slight trace.

Rev Duncan read as his text, "Wives, submit yourselves to your husbands," at the reading of which a complacent grin walked out and sat down on the faces of the young men present, while some rueful countenances loomed up on the part of the young ladies.

The pastor talked from the above text for half an hour, claiming that unless wives obeyed their husbands the family would not be prospered, and that, in fact, there would be no true marriage without such obedience.

"What?" exclaimed the clergyman, "would you think of a woman who, after marriage, would still desire to retain her maiden name?" She might as well desire that as to retain her will without obedience to her husband after marriage. There is no proper marriage unless the wife merges her name and will into that of the husband. Lady, if you can't do that, let him alone, don't marry. I don't know how a young man of the present day talks to the young lady he loves. When I courted I said to the lady, "If you can't marry my profession, my business as well as me, don't say yes." Woe to the family, and especially woe to the husband of that family of which the wife is continually saying to her husband, "I wish you were not a preacher or a physician, or real estate agent, or whatever profession he is engaged in." Let your interests and feelings be identical in all such things.

It is the duty of the wife to try to so live and to so adorn herself as to please her husband the same as before marriage. Sad, indeed, is the fortune of that family, the wife of which does not take the same care in adorning her hair and person after as before marriage.

It is the duty of the husband to love his wife and defend her person and her good name even to laying down his life for her.

All honors which are the professions of the husband are equally honors belonging to the wife. All misfortunes suffered by the husbad should be borne partially by the wife.

No more pleasant spectacle could be imagined that the prominence and honors which were shown to his wife by Mr. Garfield while and after being inaugurated as president of the United States.

Many a wife has been won by bold, earnest effort on the part of a suitor. Timidity in love affairs is at a discount.

It is strange that men can see the beauty and happiness of an earthly but not of a divine marriage, of which Christ is the bridegroom. He is worthy of your affections. In some instances it may have some effect in bringing about a marriage to let a woman know that she by marriage comes into possession of a home. By your marriage with Christ you are given a home in heaven. A home that has never been disgraced, and which is eternal. He led, my hearers by the hands of Christ and give your hearts to him.

An invitation on the part of the pastor to to repentant hearers to come forward and donate their hearts and lives to Christ followed, after which a song was sung and everybody began looking at the church entrance, eagerly awaiting the victims for the hymeneal altar.

Soon the wedding party entered, ushered in by Mr. J. N. Dalby and Mr. Porter, following whom came Dr. W. P. King, dressed in faultless style, pushing a white vest and tie, and seeming the impersonation of feeling at home. On his arm was his estimable wife, arrayed in an exquisite costume. Next came Will Campbell, on whose face 349 blushes (by actual count) had stuck up their tents, bearing on his arm Miss James, a handsome lady, wearing a tasty toilet. Next came one of the grooms expectant, Mr. Chas. Simmons, clad in clergyman's cloth, white gloves, boquet and placid countenance. On his arm was his lovely bride, Miss Kate Breeden, wearing an elegant toilet of gray silk. Mr. Frank Kidwell, another groom intendant, next appeared, togged in regulation black cloth, white glove, and a dainty buttonhole boquet. Frank's countenance wore that sort of a business like look which indicated that the face owner appreciated the fact that there is some responsibility in the ordeal through which he was about to pass, but that he feels equal to the emergency. On his arm appeared his bride, Miss Lou Edwards, a beautiful young lady, who looked charming in a costume of cardinal satin.

The wedding couples and attendants above referred to formed a semi-circle in front of the pulpit.

The pastor, addressing the parties, spoke of the sacredness of the marriage tie, its duties, privileges and joys.

Then, asking them the usual questions, he pronounced them husbands and wives, and introduced them to the audience, the brides by the names of their husbands. The parties then filed out of the church, and the benediction was given to the congregation which slowly dispersed.

The wedded couples are all well known and have hosts of friends in this city. Mr. Simmons has for years been in the undertaking business here, and Mr. Kidwell for ten years has been yardmaster of the K. & T. yards. The BAZOO extends congratulations.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. A marvelous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria Canker mouth and Head Ache. With each bottle there is an ingenious nasal Injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50c. Sold by your druggist.

## TOURISTS.

### The "Fete Champetre" at the Park Last Night.

The Sedalia boys of the Missouri Commercial Travelers' association gave a "Fete Champetre" at Siebers' park last night. It was an affair of much merit and an entertainment which reflected credit upon the organization of Missouri Commercial Travelers' association.

The evening was beautiful, the transportation to the park was all that could be desired and the appointments at the park all that could be wished for by the most fastidious.

The Sedalia Rifles and Queen City Guards gave drills which were good, and highly praised by those who were witnesses.

Later, the grand march was commenced, after which dancing was indulged in until an early hour this morning.

The Sedalia string band never gave better music and promptings than last night.

Siebers' were equal to the occasion, and satisfied everybody—the inner as well as the outer man.

The entertainment was intended by the association to be socially a success. In this they were more than satisfied with the results, and besides this it was financially successful.

Long live the memory of the Fete Champetre of June 13, 1881, and of the Missouri Commercial Travelers' association.

### How Will You Have It?

Do you play the guitar?
No, I don't play the guitar;
I have a catarrh
In my head; but my sistah
With the red-a burn hair,
She plays the guitar
Quite la-le-dah.
Have a cigar?

—Hawkeye.

Do you dance the alestian?
No, I do not dance the alestian,
But I have a relation
With a fine education,
Who lives on a plantation
Near a signal station,
Who dances the alestian.
Take a vacation?

## J. VOLNEY RYAN.

### Doings of this Notorious Fraud in Other Parts of the Country.

The Western Insurance Review, a journal devoted to the interest of insurance, published at St. Louis, has this to say of J. Volney Ryan, the "local board" organizer, now in our county jail awaiting the action of the grand jury:

"Probably no one scamp of the long list that have figured in the role of confidence men during the last ten years among the insurance fraternity ever had a better claim to proficiency in crookedness than the man whose name heads this brief article. Some three months ago he started out to solicit insurance for the agency of Dr. Copes, of New Orleans, who represents both life and fire. By some hocuspocus he got hold of some policies of fire insurance. The first of his crookedness of which we have an account was in Hope, Arkansas, and the victim was a Mr. Shannon, a merchant, who received one of his bogus fire policies, and paid him $250 in the shape of a draft, which he had cashed by some party, and struck for St. Louis. Here he made arrangements with the New York Life, and went out to Rolla, Missouri, and wrote up quite a large amount of insurance, and had it not been that he was so closely watched he would have probably made a haul; but on the first evidence of crookedness he walked the plank. The last performance, for which he is now held in jail at Sedalia, Missouri, and is to be tried at the next term of criminal court, is for obtaining money under false pretenses. One of his coolest tricks—he established an office in this city and called upon the several insurance representatives, announcing that he had opened a broker's office to do fire and life business. He obtained from some of the offices—among others the Connecticut Mutual Life—some of their blanks, and went up to Sedalia, where he organized a local board after the style of the Life Association, promising to loan the money received and all that was wanted besides, and anything else the members might want. He succeeded in capturing some of the leading men of Sedalia, and after fixing things to please everybody, he had some binding receipts printed, on the strength of which he collected all the premiums, returned to St. Louis and presented the applications to the general agent of the Connecticut Mutual Life, who knew nothing of his operations and had no suspicions that he had collected the premiums or obtained his business by the old dodge of local board. Some of the victims chanced to be in St. Louis at the same time on business, and the agent here meeting them, the story was told, and as a result, Mr. J. Volney Ryan, known in New Orleans we believe, as J. B. Rhine, and in all parts of the country, where he has been a first-class swindler, shown up in the Review years ago for his swindles. He was sent to jail to await the action of the grand jury, on the second of June, and it is the earnest desire of the editor of the Review, as well as his many victims throughout the west and south who are readers of the Review, that he may get what he justly deserves.

We have neither time nor space to go into details at this writing. We shall take pleasure, in our next, to tell some of his performances as they have and may be unearthed.

## COLE CAMP ITEMS.

COLE CAMP, June 13.

—A supposed mad dog entered the school house last Friday evening and caused a big excitement by trying to bite one of the scholars. A gentleman, who happened to be near, heard the screams of the frightened youngsters, put an end to to the existence of the canine, by shooting its head nearly off with a double-barreled shot gun.

—This city is in a fever of excitement over the finding, by Master Willie Siebe, while hunting on Saturday last, of a newly born infant, in the brush near town. On finding the child, Mr. Siebe took it to the residence of his brother-in-law, Mr. Thos. Springs, where it was dressed and is now being cared for. In the meantime, every effort is being made to find the parents of the youngster, who is pronounced by those who ought to know, to be only two days old. OLD BENTON.

### Drowned While Bathing.

Geo. Tyrrell was drowned in the Missouri river last night at nine o'clock. There were eight or ten boys at the ferry landing, when George Tyrrell accidentally stepped beyond his depth, and before he could gain assistance the boy was drowned. Several attempts were made to recover the body but all were in vain. The deceased was the son of Mr. Tyrrell, who is the machinist in the Dollmayer foundry. The boy was about twelve years old.—Jefferson City Tribune.

## $100 AND COSTS.

### Is What a Jury Fined Jacob Muhrer in 'Squire Fisher's Court This Morning.

The case of the state vs. Jacob Muhrer came up for trial in 'Squire Fisher's court this morning. The defendant was charged with malicious trespassing, in taking down the doors and windows of his own house, which was occupied by Mrs. Mary Groves and her eleven children. It seems from the evidence in the case that Muhrer wanted to get possession of his premises, and had several times asked Mrs. Groves to vacate. This she refused to do, and, for the purpose of forcing her to vacate, he went to the house and took all the doors and windows out, thus leaving Mrs. Groves, who is in a delicate condition, and her eleven children exposed to the weather.

The state was represented by Col. W. W. S. Snoddy and Mr. Grey, while the defense was looked after by Mr. G. F. Longan. The defense asked for a jury trial, which was granted. After hearing the evidence and being out a short time the jury brought in a verdict finding the defendant guilty and fined him $100 for his pastime.

The defendant, through his attorney, filed a notice of appeal to Judge Roland, of the criminal court, and gave a bond for his appearance before that tribunal at the next term held in this county.

### Released by the Governor.

Governor Crittenden, before his departure for New York, signed a pardon for Celia Treece, which was yesterday delivered to the warden of the penitentiary. At a special term of the Newton circuit court held in May, 1876, Celia Treece was indicted and found guilty of killing her little niece, Bertha Lynch, a daughter of one Jesse Lynch, also tried and found guilty of the same crime by a separate trial at the same term of court. The defense set up was insanity, and the facts relating to the commission of the crime as set forth in the petition asking for the pardon are as follows:

"The killing seemed to be the result of a religious hallucination of the mind. Lynch was teaching the doctrine that he could bring the dead to life, and Celia was one of his proselytes to that dangerous belief. There was no concealment or denial of the killing, but they seemed to think they were doing what they foolishly believed was their religious duty." The petitioners further say: "We believe that the young woman, Celia Treece, was under the influence of Lynch's peculiar views, and that she participated in the crime because she believed that he was appointed by a higher power to do as he did.

The petition bears the signatures of Judge Cravens, before whom she was tried, also that of the prosecuting attorney, sheriff and other officers of the court.

Lynch, being insane was released from the "pen" about two years ago by Gov. Phelps and turned over to his friends to be taken to an asylum. The woman has completely recovered from her hallucination, and during her imprisonment has borne herself well, being kindly natured and of mild manners. She is poorly educated, and of that simple-minded class who could easily be led to take up in the strange doctrines like those set forth by Lynch.

### Ousting Applegate.

The contested election case from Chariton county of Wm. C. Applegate, appellant, vs. Jas. A. Eagan, respondent, was decided in the supreme court at Jefferson City yesterday. The opinion of the court affirms the judgment of the circuit court, and gives Eagan the office, ousting Applegate who has retained it since the election. Applegate claimed Eagan's tickets were fraudulent because above the clauses for and against township organization and swine running at large he had printed the line. "Erase the clause you do not favor." The court holds that this line does not vitiate the ticket, which contained two distinct propositions, one relating to officers and the other to the adoption or rejection of the law relating to township organization and to swine running at large. The statute relied on to declare the ticket fraudulent referred only to officers, as the line objected to referred to the adoption of certain laws, and while the directory was not calculated to mislead or deceive the voter, but on the contrary tended to better inform and enable him to cast his vote intelligently, it did not make fraudulent or violate the ticket.

### They Postponed the Hanging.

The supreme court, which met at Jefferson city yesterday, granted a stay of execution in the case of the State vs. John W. Patterson, the Henry county murderer, until the 21st day of July.

### Out of Work,

and sick with my kidneys for years, wrote Mr. Alexander Ferris, of Chenango, Forks, N. Y., recently. He used Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. Now he says, "I cheerfully recommend it to all persons suffering in the same way."

### Lynching at Rockport.

St. Joe News.

The German Reimheimer, who shot and robbed A. Angel, near Irish grove, in Atchison county on the evening of June 5, and stole one of Angel's horses and escaped, was since captured at Clarinda, Ia., and brought back to Rockport for trial, was taken from the jail at Rockport Saturday night between twelve and one o'clock by about twenty-five unknown men and taken a mile and a half from town and hanged. Sheriff Gray reached Phelps Sunday morning on his return from Jefferson City, where he had been to get a requision from the governor, and made all the haste possible to get to Rockport to prevent violence, but unfortunately he was too late. Angel will probably recover.

HUMAN HAIR.

How to Preserve and Beautify It.

Many persons abuse this delicate and beautiful ornament by burning it with alcoholic washes and plastering it with grease, which has no affinity for the skin, and is not absorbed. BURNETT'S COCOAINE, a compound Cocoanut Oil, etc., is unrivaled as a dressing for the hair—is readily absorbed, and is peculiarly adapted to its various conditions, preventing its falling off and promoting its healthy growth.

Housekeepers should insist upon obtaining BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS, *for they are the best.*

### Married.

On June 12th, by 'Squire Clark, Robert Williams and Miss Matilda Seddon, both of this county.

## THE FAMOUS OUTLAW.

### The Latest in Regard to Missouri's Bandit, Jessie James.

A special dispatch from Osceola, Missouri, to the Kansas City Journal of yesterday, has the following in regard to Jesse James.

Some weeks since in conversation in Appleton City, Bruce Younger, a first cousin of the celebrated Younger brothers, and a young man who has often been arrested in different counties in Missouri and other states, for complicity in the crimes of the Younger and James bands of outlaws, but against whom no charges could be proven stated that he had seen and conversed with, Jesse James, who was reported to have been killed by George Shepherd, and that he was at that time in the

HOUSE OF A FRIEND

in this (St. Clair) county. Owing to the fact that Bruce was slightly intoxicated at the time, no attention was paid to his words, but in a few days thereafter he stated the same thing to another prominent resident of the county, and one high in official circles. This latter report following on the heels of the first caused your correspondent to investigate the matter. After interviewing several citizens of the county he proceeded to interview a prominent resident, and one who also stands high in the affections of the Younger brothers, being none other than Mr. Snuffer, who has also at sundry times figured by his prominence in shielding the Younger boys from harm. I do not state this latter because of any animosity I have for Mr. Snuffer. On the contrary, when I consider that he and the Younger boys grew up together,

ALMOST LIKE BROTHERS,

I can but praise him in his attempt to act a brotherly part and shield the famous outlaws from the justice of the law. Mr. Snuffer was very reticent, but a few well plied questions caused him to acknowledge that he had seen Jessie James within the past ten days, and that he passed through this county on his way to Texas. He owns a ranch in the latter state that is well stocked with cattle, sheep and horses.

Through all the ingenuity of the reporter he could not find out what county of the state the ranch is located. It is somewhere on the Mexican border, on the Rio Grande river. Beyond this I could learn nothing definite.

Mr. Snuffer is considered a truthful and

RELIABLE MAN,

in other matters, and not given to bragging of any of the acts of the Missouri banditti. He tries to silence and put down all rumors of whatsoever character derogatory to either the James or Youngers, and the reporter is disposed to accept his statement as true, and concludes that Jessie James was never killed by Shepherd, though it may be that he was shot and badly wounded.

—Buy the Improved Howe Scales—acknowledged the best made. Borden, Selleck & Co. General Agents, Chicago, Ill.

## THE REVISED TESTAMENT

### Brother Gardner Finds No Essential Changes in the Edition.

Detroit Free Press.

"I take pleasere an' satisfaction," said the president, as he held up a parcel, "in informin' you a worthy citizen of Detroit, who does not care to have his name menshun'd, has presented this revised edishun of the Bible to de Lime Kiln club. We do not open our meetins wid pray'r, nor do we close by singing the doxology, but neberdeless, I am sush dis gift will be highly appreshiated by all. Dar has bin considerable talk in dis club about the revised edishun. Some of you has got de ideah dat purgatory has all been wiped out and heaben enlarged twice eber, and I heard odders assert dat it did'nt forbid lyin', stealin' an' passin' off bad money. My friends, you are badly mistaken. Hell is just as hot as eber, an' heaben hasn't got any mo' room. In lookin' ober some of de changes las' night I selected out a few paragraphs which had a general ba'arin. Fur instance, it am just as wicked to steal watermillyons as it was las' y'ar or de y'ar befores, an' de skeercer de bigger de wickedness.

"No change has bin mad in regard to loafin' aroun' de streets. De loafer am considered just as mean and low as eber he was, an' I want to add my belief dat he will grow meaner in public estimeshun all de time.

"De Ten Commandments am all down heah widout change. Stealin' an' lyin' an' covetin' an' runnin' out nights am considered just as bad as eber.

"I can't fin' any paragraph in which men am excused from payin' deir honest debts and supportin' deir fam'lies.

"I can't fin' war a poo' man or a poo' man's wife, white or black, am 'spected to sling on any particular style.

"Dog-fights, chicken liftin', polyticks, playin' keards for money, an' hangin' aroun' fur drinks, an' all sich low bizness am considered meaner dan eber. Fact is, I can't find any change whateber which lets up on a man from bein' plumb up an' down squar' an' honest wid de world. Dey have changed de word 'Hell' to 'Hades,' but at de same time added to the strength of the brimstun and increased de size of de pit, an' we want to keep right on in de straight path if we would avoid it. Doan' let any white man make you believe dat we hes lost any gospel by dis revision, or dat Peter or Paul or Moses hab undergone any change ob sperrit regardin' de ways ob libin' respectably and dyin' honorably."

### Prejudice Killed.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery under the care of several of the best (and some of the worst) physicians, who gave her disease various names but no relief, and now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had poohed at for two years, before using it. We earnestly hope and pray that no one else will let their sick suffer as we did, on account of prejudice against so good a medicine as Hop Bitters." —The Parents.—Telegram.

### Vanderbilt's Bonds.

Washington Cor. Philadelphia Times.

It is of course absurd for anybody to attempt to tell how much any very rich man is worth. Probably Vanderbilt is the richest man in the world. One thing I do know, that he has at least fifty millions of dollars that he has no use for, and I don't know how much more. This amount he has in registered bonds, deposited in the Treasury vaults in this city. From them alone his income is over two million of dollars a year. How many coupon bonds of the government he has heaven only knows. Then count his railroads and other stocks and bonds, his real estate, etc., and the figures become bewildering. Flood, the bonanza king, told me once that he was worth fifty millions at least and that Mackay was worth still more. O'Brien, since dead, was supposed to be worth about the same, and also Fair, now Senator, but this was in the golden days of the Comstock, before the pockets petered out. Take the wealth of Vanderbilt and let it increase for ten or twenty years as fast as it has increased during the last decade, and what is there he cannot do? Jay Gould the same, Mackay the same and a dozen others. I am not much of a Communist, but I must say that I look with great apprehension at the rapid accumulation of these countless millions in the hands of a few men. But let them slide; they don't owe me anything and I am very glad I don't owe them. I don't care much for money myself. There are however, two things I would like to be rich for. One is so that I could have a pair of suspenders to every pair of pantaloons, and the other so that I could stay at home on rainy days—like to-day for example.

### Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold. A few doses invariably cure the worst cases of Cough, Croup, and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since it's first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which not other medicine can stand. If you have a Cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10c., 50c. and $1. If your Lungs are sore, Chest or Back Lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by your druggist.

### Three New York Journalists.

Joe Howard in Philadelphia Times.

I saw Carl Schurz, John Hay and Charles A. Dana to-day. Schurz was striding past Delmonico's with two young ladies, one a verry pretty and distingue damsel. Carl is very tall, very thin, very red. So is his nose, and his stomach seems concavo, instead of round and full. He has undertaken a hefty job in the Post. Old Tweed—por old man—used to say he could buy Bryant easier than any editor in New York. "All I have to do is to give Boggs a printing job, that fixes Bryant." But Tweed was an awful liar—was he or wasn't he? The job department of the Post has always been profitable. Mr. Schurz is an able, competent man on the stump, but he isn't worth his pretzel as a journalist. He doesn't age a bit. He is just as long, angular, carrotty and courtly as when I first met him in the wilds of St. Louis, years and years ago. John Hay is a brief, dapper little man, with restful eyes and a bifuscated little beard. I was sitting on a keg in front of Koster & Bial's when he came trotting along, like a collector with a bill. He is a well bred fellow and he butters his bread thick. I always liked him. His "Little Breeches" were quite the fashion once, but that ended him as a poet. The Tribune fellows find him blind, but severe. Brother Dana mellows as he ripens. He bowls along the street as an ocean wave sweeps up the beach. He hasn't changed a whit in ten years. When I was a schoolboy I heard him make republican speeches in Brooklyn in German and English. I worked for him a while in later years and never saw him out of temper once. Dana is a good friend, a bitter hater and one of the few editors who read exchanges. Standing on the steps of the Sun building was Isaac Wilberforce England, one of the chief proprietors and publishers of the Sun. England started as a roller boy in the Tribune, worked up to city editor, joined Dana in Chicago, went into the Sun with him and after a few months as city editor gave way to Amos Cummings and took hold of the publishing. England was made assignee of Frank Leslie's property and has brought it up from worse than bankruptcy to a net profit of $250,000 a year. He has gone into mining, but the figures he talks are so tremendously large that I hate to quote them. He, like his chief, grows mellow as he grows older. He knows a good man when he meets him and you never find him closeted with any of the commune gang, who shout in public but are mighty careful of their pennies in private.

## A COMEDY OF ERRORS.

### The Singular Adventures of Frank Thomas in Search of a Policeman,

### And the More Singular Experiences of a Policeman in Search of the Thief.

Post-Dispatch.

The burglary of Mr. Frank Thomas' house, 2618 Lafayette avenue, did not amount to much as a robbery, but as a Comedy of Errors it was simply immense. Mr. Thomas has a girl working for him named Emma Weber, but known to the police as Emma Smith. She is young and gushing, and has been expending the full force of her budding affections upon one Henry Yaeger, who has courted her more for a mercenary end than out of ideal love. He has called on Emma every evening since her advent into the family, and upon each occasion he has gone away with some souvenir or effections offering in the shape of a pair of surpenders of Mr. Thomas', or a breastpin of the madam's, just as a slight token of his Emma's esteem. The drain of small articles of value became noticeable at last, and Mr. Thomas made up his mind to dam the current of love's young dream, consequently he took to sitting up nights to compass this end. Last night there was a light in the kitchen and shortly after Henry emerged with a basket of chattles on his arm and made for the front gate. He had no basket when he came in, and so Mr. Thomas pursued. He explains that he had to unlock 478 doors between his bedroom and the street, which naturally gave Henry the start. As soon as he reached the sidewalk he commenced warbling on a police whistle, and the first thing he knew he was collared and shaken by a burly man in blue who wanted to know what the lurid hades he was making a steam calliope of himself for and disturbing the neighborhood. Mr. Thomas intermitted his melody only long enough to take a good grip on the policeman's collar, whom he mistook for the peculating Romeo, and the two men indulged in a fantastic rarequette by the moon's pale beams to the piercing strains of the whistle. Call raps began to sound on neighboring beats, and in a pause of the dance Mr. Thomas observed the star on his partner's breast.

"Why, you're a policeman!" said he, breathlessly.

"Yes, I'm Officer Gaffrey; who are you?"

"I'm Frank Thomas. I thought you were the man that's been robbing me."

"Was it a tall coot in his shirt-sleeves, with a basket?"

"Yes."

Without waiting to hear more, Gaffrey, who is one of the fleetest footed boys on the force, threw off his coat and started down Lafayette avenue on a dead run. In the meantime the police all through the neighborhood had been aroused, and Officer Hess hastening to the theatre of war, saw a white-shirted man racking along towards him at a two-forty gait. Officer Hess is as prompt as he is quick and he jumped into the shadow of a tree box and waited; the runner passed and Hess leaped upon him like the wild puma on the industrious armadillo, and over and over both men rolled upon the sidewalk with clinched teeth and fixed determination to collar the other fellow if it broke a trace. When Thomas came up and saw the two policemen doing a Graco-Roman business he leaned up against the tree box and laughed until he got a stich in the side, but finally succeeded in explaining the situation to the men. The ballance of the story is soon told. Gaffrey started off again and made the collar on Yeager who showed fight and was soon quited. Gaffrey explained to a reporter this morning that he has not had such a time since he had the measles. Both Yeager and his lady love are in the calaboose at the Four courts and Thomas will prosecute.

### Trying to Jump Niagara.

Buffalo Special to Chicago Times.

Luna Island, at Niagara Falls, was the place on which a terrible tragedy came near being enacted this afternoon. A young woman arrived by the Central Railway from New York and registered at a hotel as Mrs. Brown, New York. She was handsome, well dressed and very quiet in her demeanor. This afternoon she visited Luna Island, which is almost on the brink of the American Falls, and past which the river rushes with a velocity beyond comprehension. At the time mentioned Edward Furlong and W. B. Perry, of Boston, saw her leaning over the railing, intently watching the moving waters. A moment later she threw her umbrella into the water, and as quick as a flash it was swept over the falls and into the awful abyss. Apparently satisfied with the conditions, the lady stooped and slipped under the railing, and stood for a moment on the very edge of the hungry river. Then, taking a seemingly farewell look at Goat Island and the village in the distance, she hastily thrust something into her bosom, and, stooping, firmly grasped her skirts for a fatal plunge. The men named divined the intentions of the woman, and rushing precipitately to the spot, arrived in time to catch her skirts as she was dropping into the water, and she was hauled out. When she realized that she was foiled, she uttered a shriek and exclaimed: "For God's sake, let me go!" With great difficulty she was gotten back to the Spencer House, but not until she had been driven to Three Sisters and posted by a hackman about the depth of water and swiftness of the current. She was entreated to explain who she was, but without avail. By means of threats to telegraph the police in New York she finally said that she was brought up in the Ursaline Convent at East Morrisania, N. Y. The object thrust into her bosom just before her attempted suicide was a wedding ring. She said she had married her guardian, had had some trouble with him about some property and wanted to die. Later she wrote a telegram to Mother De Sales, of the convent named, saying: "I can not go back until I hear from my husband," and signed it "Amanda." The people in charge of the poor woman changed the wording of the telegram, giving the details of the case. Two hours' time brought an answer from Mother De Sales, asking for the woman's detention by all means. She is now closely watched, and will not be allowed to make another attempt on her life.

### Haunted Me.

A workingman says: "Debt, poverty and suffering haunted me for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring, which did no good. I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I procured Hop Bitters and commenced their use, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have been sick a day since; and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost."—Christian Advocate.

### Brothers Meet for the First Time.

While at Cleveland the other day we met a man named C. Dinkle, who resided at McLeansburg, Ill. He had come to Cleveland the day before to meet a brother. Sixteen years ago Dinkle left his home in Germany and came to America. He settled in Southern Illinois, began farming and butchering. He prospered, married, and has ever since been doing a thriving business. A few weeks after leaving his home in the old country a brother was ushered into the world, who was given the name of Andrew. The latter, a few months ago, expressed a desire to come to this country and labor with his elder brother for a home and a fortune. Arrangements were made for his coming, and the Illinois brother agreed to meet him at Cleveland last Friday. They had never seen each other. When the train from New York pulled in, as may be supposed, the brothers were anxious, and with nobody to point the other out how were they to know each other? The elder one took a stand near the platform of the cars, and as the hundreds of passengers stepped down, his eyes riveted themselves upon the countenance of each. Finally they rested upon a neatly dressed, stout-built, beardless boy, and at about the same instant the latter's eyes met the waiting brother's. Without a word spoken by either, they made a rush for each other and clasped in a vigorous embrace. It was some time before either could speak, but when their tongues did become loose they rattled away at a wonderful rapid rate. The next train bore them to their home in the West.—Beaver (Pa.) Tribune.

—By the timely use of Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, the nerves gain their vigor, and the brain becomes clear and powerful. Indigestion and habitual costiveness almost always arise from weakness of the nerves and muscles of the stomach and bowels. In such cases Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites has proved itself the greatest services by inducing healthy peristaltic action of the intestines. The evacuations soon become copious and healthy, without producing the effect of purgative medicines.

### Women in the Pulpit.

New York Times.

For nearly six months the Rev. Miss Smith was really successful. That is to say, people came to hear her preach and said that she used beautiful language. Young men of her congregation worked slippers for her and gave her "switches" put up in gilt-edge boxes labelled "for my pastor." What was still better, several converts were made, so that when the first Sunday in April arrived three young men and one colored woman were ready for baptism.

Now, the creed of the eighth-day Baptists teaches that baptism, in order to be valid, must be administered in a running stream. The Jehosaphat's Falls creek was terribly cold in April, and yet it was the only creek in which converts could be baptized. Miss Smith did not shrink from her duty. She made a baptism robe for herself, consisting of a blue flannel gown, with thirty pounds of shot sewed in the rim of the skirt to keep it down. Under this skirt she wore water-proof garments, and thus protected, as she supposed, she fearlessly entered the stream, and wading out to where it was waste deep called on the colored woman to come and be baptized.

Miss Smith found that the water was made none the warmer by her water-proof garments, and she was nearly frozen by the time the colored woman reached her side. Moreover, she was badly frightened, for the current was so strong that it threatened to sweep her away. Still, all might have been well had not the colored convert shown a great unwillingness to be dipped. In fact, that backsliding person begged to be released, and to have her baptism postponed until warm weather. Indignant at such conduct, Miss Smith attempted to force her convert under the water, and in doing so lost her footing and disappeared with a dismal shriek. She was rescued in a half-drowned condition by a Methodist spectator, and the following week resigned her pulpit, and, marrying her Methodist rescuer, departed for Minnesota. She is now convinced that women cannot be efficient Baptist ministers, and has jumped to the extreme conclusion that immersion is a practice unsuited to ladies, and of doubtful utility even in warm weather and in the case of strong men.

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