A Study of Ingalls.

The timidity of capital was well exemplified in the exaltation of Ingalls, of Kansas, to be President pro tempore of the republican Senate. The sting of Ingalls was so poisonous and his temper was so bad that the rich men sought safety from his venom in the disgrace of his uplifting. It was a shameful act, worthy of the body that has passed the Blair bill to promote mendicancy; worthy of the so-called statesmen who have one after another berated the President for demanding a reduction of taxation.

Yet this blatant Senator, when put in a high place where dignity might come and sit alongside his demerit, chafed in the garments of respectability. Because he was silent half a session, his name was eagerly written the Jacobin bulletins as a possibility for Presidential nomination. The very colleagues who smarted from stings that the wasp had forgotten, mingled in the hymn of adoration. High on his gorgeous throne great Ingalls sate, "the proud Parnassian sneer, the conscious simper and the jealous leer, mix on his look." It would not do. The hog that the Hebrew scorns will ever wallow in the mire; the dog the Mussulman despises must return to its vomit. So this man of virus, breaking from the restrictions of his place as the arbiter of order in the Senate, poured forth a tirade in which the blasphemy of patriotism, the slander of immortal heroes, and the scandal of the chosen leader of the people struggled in rivalry to gain the utter disappropriation of mankind. That tirade will remain ever memorable. By that act the man with the reptile's tongue leaped to such immortality as reptiles may secure—like to the asp that Cleopatra put to her dark bosom.

It was the 7th of March, and the *Congressional Record*, at page 1,864, preserves the oration. He began with this compliment to the five million voters who carried the election of 1884: "The nomination and election of Grover Cleveland have made the pretensions of any American citizen to the Presidency respectable. There is no man in this country whose ignorance is so profound, whose obscurity is impenetrable, and whose antecedents are so degraded, that he may not justifiably aspire to a Presidential nomination—by the democratic party."

Then followed the arraignment of the Southern Senators. "But we voted for Hancock," explained Morgan. "So you did!" screamed Ingalls. "You voted for Greeley. You voted for Cleveland. You have been engaged in illicit intercourse with all the degraded elements of the North for the last twenty-five years. We know why Hancock was nominated. We know why McClellan—that other ally of the Confederacy—was nominated!"—and thus the inflamed villain strode on, athwart a dough-faced silence and a cheering of pension sharks in the galleries. At last a Senator rose—Blackburn. Would it not, he asked, have been more courageous if the speaker had made the charge—that McClellan and Hancock were allies of the Confederacy—before both of those soldiers with unblemished swords were dead? And Ingalls, grinning in his seat, and tingling with the pleasure of the atrocious things he had said, cried out:

"I did, often."

Such is the record. A storm of indignation has rolled over this broad land. The soldier who lay wounded with bleeding Hancock in that weak spot for freedom which ran between Cemetery Ridge and Little Round Top has felt a sort of frenzy that a dastard should sit in the chair of the Senate and speak of that Hancock as one of the degraded elements of the North. The joy of the moment has departed from Ingalls. The blow-snake has crawled in his hole and now is as full of fear as he was of fury on the 7th of March. "The Democracy and their allies," he writes, "have grossly misrepresented me. Every man of intelligence knows that my allusions to Hancock and McClellan were not as soldiers, but as Democratic candidates for the Presidency."

The precise language touching McClellan was: "We know why that other ally of the Confederacy, George B. McClellan, was nominated, who had just declared the war was a failure, after he had been trying for two years to make it so."

"As candidates," says Ingalls now, in his cry of fear, "McClellan and Hancock were allies of the Confederacy, as Cleveland is, and as every democrat must be who aspires to that office, because he must be elected by the 153 votes of the Solid South, which is as much an aggressive and potential force in our politics as it was in 1880."

This villain, cornered, reveals his entire political code. He who calls Hancock a traitor would have men believe himself a patriot. Were he not lying, the distinction he attempts to make were contemptible. Cannot every true lover of his country discern the true character of this wretch—if not in his speech, then in the lie he tells concerning his meaning at as to McClellan? There has never been a time since the war when half the voters of this Union were not democrats. Without his foremost lieutenants, who were democrats—all of them—Lincoln could not have saved the Union. Even in its darkest days, when half the states were provinces, pillaged by such coyotes as Ingalls, Governor Seymour polled 2,700,000 votes against 3,000,000 for Grant, another democrat.

The "degraded elements" of the north sleep under white stones on the hill back of Gettysburg. Their warfare is over, though that of Ingalls has just begun. Yet if public sentiment were now so bitter as during that dreadful era when the heroes of Gettysburg saved the cities of New York and Philadelphia from sack, as scurvy a fellow as Ingalls, their detractor, would be hurried out of the Senate and dungeoned in a fortress.

There is not a loyal head in the head of such a malicious demagogue. It is not a partisan matter. It is, therefore, a friendly to say to the republican party, and to say it with the words of Junius, that it cannot afford to take the infection which an impudent knave would be glad to spread, even though the party should perish of the disease he had given it.—*Chicago Herald.*

Work now in progress at the naval gun shops in the Washington Navy Yard employs nearly 400 men. Four 10 in. steel breech-loading rifled guns for the monitor Miantonomoh and ten 6 in. steel breach-loading rifled guns for general service are under construction. There is also a large amount of work going on in the fitting up of tubes, hoops, etc., for other guns. In addition to the gun work there are in progress four turret mounts for the Miantonomoh's 10 in. guns and four central pivot carriages for 6 in. guns. In the foundry there are 1,000 cast iron shells for 6 in. guns. Work on a secondary battery for the Chicago has been discontinued for the present.

The industrial school of Tuskegee, Ala., has 400 students. The curriculum includes saw mill work, carpentry, brickmaking, etc. In Tulane University, La., there has lately been opened a similar school.

TWO WOMEN OF IOWA.

Mrs. Carrie Lane Chapman and Miss Harriet Allen.

Two women of Iowa seem to be attracting attention just now, Miss Harriet Allen and Mrs. Carrie Lane Chapman. They are both highly educated and mentally strong women. Miss Allen has recently been elected to a professorship in the medical department of the University of Michigan, and Mrs. Chapman is engaged in organizing what she calls the American party.

Miss Harriet Allen was born in Waterloo, Ia., in 1858, and is therefore 30 years old. She was first graduate at the head of her class from the Waterloo public schools and the academy of sisters, and then, after four years study at Vassar college, was graduated from that institution with high honors. Then followed a tour in Europe, during which Miss Allen perfected her knowledge of foreign languages, and on her return a course in the Chicago Homeopathic college and a post graduate course in the New York Allopathic school. She practiced medicine for two years in Waterloo, Ia., and again visited Europe in company with a patient. Miss Allen received the notice of her election to the professorship at Ann Arbor while on a trip to California.

MRS. CHAPMAN. MISS ALLEN.

Mrs. Chapman is of English parentage and was born in Wisconsin in 1860, but went with her parents to Iowa when 7 years of age. At 18 she entered the state agricultural school at Ames, Ia., and, studying and teaching at the same time, was graduated in 1880 at the head of her class. Her subsequent callings were teacher in the public schools and journalist. She married Mr. Leo Chapman, editor of The Mason City Republican, who on account of ill health in 1885 went to California and assumed the position of local editor on The San Francisco Chronicle. He sent for his wife, but was soon after taken suddenly ill and died. Mrs. Chapman readily found employment on The Chronicle, and at the same time lectured on the Pacific coast. While in California she conceived the idea of the necessity of an American party, and a year ago returned, and since then has been occupying herself with the work of establishing such an organization. Whether the new party will make its own national nominations, or content itself with acting directly in the matter of state issues and joining forces with some other party in national elections, does not yet seem to be decided.

THE LATE JOSEPH W. DREXEL.

He Was a Famous Man in Finance, Philanthrophy, Etc.

In the death of Mr. Joseph W. Drexel, the New York banker, who recently died in that city, the arts and science lost a liberal patron. He inherited great wealth, which he increased by good management, but was not so exclusively engrossed in business as to prevent his giving attention to other matters, especially the fine arts.

Mr. Drexel was the son of F. M. Drexel, the founder of the celebrated Philadelphia banking house. The father was a native of the Austrian Tyrol, and in early life a student of the fine arts and a painter. He came to America in 1817, and twenty years later established the firm of Drexel & Co. The remarkable success in business of one of ideal tastes which followed the establishment of this house is somewhat singular. The house became one of the largest of its kind in the United States, and established important branches at different times.

JOSEPH W. DREXEL.

Mr. J. W. Drexel was born in Philadelphia in 1833. His education was received at the Philadelphia high school, and he traveled abroad afterward. He took an active part in the banking business inherited by himself and his brother till 1876, when he retired. The æsthetic tastes of the father descended to the son. He was a practical musician and skilled as a performer on the violin. He held the office of commissioner of education, president of the New York Philharmonic society, trustee of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the National Academy of Science, and was a director of the Metropolitan Opera house. Among his philanthropic interests is a 200 acre farm near New York, where persons without work are lodged and fed and clothed and taught agriculture until they are provided with places. Mr. Drexel was looked upon by his friends as a level minded, liberal, scholarly man, and his death is a great loss to the interest of the fine arts in America.

The Late Rev. J. W. Pratt.

The Rev. John Wood Pratt, of the Presbyterian church, who died recently at Louisville, was born in St. Mary's, Ga., May 12, 1827, and was graduated from the University of Alabama at the age of 17. He soon after entered the theological seminary at Princeton, N. J., and was ordained a minister in the Presbyterian church in 1849. He became pastor of a church at Marion, Ala., but was soon afterwards appointed professor of rhetoric and logic in the University of Alabama, where he continued till 1865.

The close of the war found the institution dismantled. Dr. Pratt was induced to go to Brooklyn, and became principal of a school. From there he was called to the pastorate of a church at Lexington, Va., the seat of the Washington and Lee university. Here he remained till 1874. Upon the opening of Central University of Kentucky (a Presbyterian institution), at Richmond, Ky., Dr. Pratt was elected its president. He presided over the institution for five years, and was for three years of the time pastor of a church at Richmond.

REV. J. W. PRATT.

Upon resigning from the university, Dr. Pratt for a time occupied the pulpit of the Second Presbyterian church in Cincinnati, and then preached on Sunday afternoons in the large Music hall of that city. His discourses were very largely attended. In 1881 he was called to the pastorate of the Second church in Louisville, but in the next year received a paralytic shock. His death was from a third attack of this disease.

"I am losing flesh," as the butcher said when he saw a man robbing his cart.

MME. DISS DEBAR.

Her Wonderful Claims and Lawyer Marsh's Marvelous Faith Therein.

Mme. Diss Debar and her wonderful control over Luther G. Marsh, a well known metropolitan lawyer, are the talk of New York just now.

Mme. Diss Debar has occasionally come to the front in the big city for a number of years.

Her first appearance in New York, so far as the writer of this article knows, was in 1870, when, as Dr. Ferdinand Seeger says, she appeared at the Hahnemann hospital, where she claimed to be suffering from a hemorrhage. It was found that she only had a bleeding tooth, and she was discharged, though not till she had set fire to a mattress, knifed one or two of the doctors and performed sundry other curious feats.

Among the medical students she met at the Hahnemann hospital was a young Frenchman named Massant. She was for a time an inmate of an insane asylum, and afterward married Massant.

Some four years ago Mme. Diss Debar, then a large and richly dressed woman, sporting an enormous diamond cluster at the fastening of her collar, appeared at the bar of Jefferson Market police court and asked Justice Kilbreth for a warrant for Mrs. Florence G. Mayo, landlady of the Imperial hotel at No. 3 East Fourteenth street. "I am Editha Diss Debar," she said, "and live in the house with this woman, and she is acting strangely. She has a boy, and, I believe, she intends to kill him." The warrant was issued, and next morning the landlady was brought in and told this curious story:

LAWYER MARSH—MME. DISS DEBAR.

"That woman came to my house in great poverty, and I fed and dressed her. Why, she has on a pair of my stockings right now. Her first husband, she said, was a nobleman, and her 9-year-old girl has a string of titles a yard long. Her second husband was an artist. In a little while she had such power over everything about the house that we all got afraid of her. Chairs and tables tipped over and moved about at her will. There were rappings all over the house; lights appeared suddenly in the dark rooms and went out when any one moved toward them. One time she ordered a china dish, and it flew across the room, struck the wall with such force as to dent it and fell to the floor without breaking."

These marvels scared the boarders away, and Mrs. Mayo proposed that Mrs. Diss Debar advertise as a clairvoyant, and a notice was put in the papers inviting people to call and consult the noted "Mme. Cagliostro from Persia." The business paid fairly well, but the "gifted seeress" refused to divide. By this time, says Mrs. Mayo, she was so completely under the control of the strange woman that she could do nothing against "Cagliostro's" will. Then this mild, pleasant spoken and apparently sensible lady went on to testify to most astonishing things she had witnessed and begged to be released; so the court dissolved the connection and the gifted woman went her way. Her next appearance was to secure the arrest of a servant girl for mutilating a very valuable old painting. The picture proved to be actually worth $20. She had given Mrs. Mayo as security for board an oil painting which she said she selected from the gallery of her father, King Ludwig, and that it was worth $3,000. Mrs. Mayo succeeded in selling it for $30.

Upon his death she married her present husband, Diss Debar. She had two children by each of her two husbands.

The madame is very fat and claims to be the daughter of Lola Montez and King Ludwig. She also claims to be possessed of various supernatural gifts, and says she lived under a mountain in Thibet with the adepts for a long time.

Lawyer Luther G. Marsh, a member of the New York park board, believes her claims implicitly, and has given her his handsome house in Madison avenue, where she is now staying, with Diss Debar and Mr. Marsh. She has produced, "by the aid of spirits," a large number of paintings of people, both famous and common, and Mr. Marsh has them displayed all over his house. He is so completely convinced that her alleged powers are genuine that he recently asked the New York editors to go to his house and investigate. They sent reporters, to his grief and Mme. Diss Debar's disgust, who actually treated the whole matter in a skeptical spirit. Besides the paintings the madame has furnished Mr. Marsh she has procured letters to him from divers great persons of other ages, all of whom tell him that the Diss Debar is no fraud and advise him to put implicit confidence in her.

Among the portraits shown the reporters at Lawyer Marsh's house is one of Demosthenes, looking as if he had been out all night with the boys; Socrates, with the hemlock agony on his face, and Aspasia, with an eye and mouth drawn as if Pericles had just got in late from the Areopagus and gone to bed with muddy boots on. Pythagorus looks sick. The large painting of Appius Claudius convinces the spectator that Virginia had a narrow escape indeed, but a fortunate one, when she was killed; and the portrait of Plato, done by Apellos at the special request of Mme. Diss Debar, is enough to make a reader of the Phaedo feel sick. And the infatuated lawyer, who is just as cute in a case as he ever was, swears that they were painted before his eyes by the spirits of great artists!

It now appears that Mme. Diss Debar was really born in Kentucky, and her maiden name was Ann O'Delia Salomon.

There will doubtless be more developments in the case.

A Cigar Dealer's Confession.

A retail dealer, who does a big business on Broadway, makes a candid confession: "Now," says he, "if I had to buy cigars I swear I'd quit smoking them. I would consider my health was at stake, not alone because all the big cigar manufactories are chemist's shops, but because hundreds of men who make cigars are uncleanly and diseased. I have worked in several of the big factories here and know what I am talking about." Then he gave the names of four or five cigar factories in which he had worked, all of them well known as turning out popular cigars, and related several specific instances of uncleanliness and disease.

"And do these factories adulterate their cigars, too?" the writer asked. "Yes, they adulterate till you can't rest. Much of the drugging isn't hurtful, but it shows that there is a demand for drugs more than there is for tobacco. Some of the drugs are narcotics in some shape, others simple flavors. One process is to take canary butts with some wine in them and pack them full with tobacco leaves, sprinkling the layers with urine. This process is supposed to give 'tone.'"—Herald of Health.

COUNTY NEWS.

Serena—Dayton.

Last Saturday was a busy day for the usually quiet town of Serena—some thirty men in there at one time. The occasion was that of a union caucus—think of it—democrats and republicans embracing each other with a feeling of brotherly love seldom if ever seen in the political arena; yet the phenomena is on record. The caucus was held in the "Supreme" court room of Serena, where Esq. Dondanville, Attorney Sed Hupp, Justice McKillay, Doc. Norton and an occasional Ottawa lawyer, have each distinguised themselves before gaping audiences and his honor on a three legged stool. (They have'nt got any "bench," it was taken out for an ice cream festival and never returned.) The ceiling and side walls of the old building have gone to decay, occasional bits of plaster still clinging to the lath, as though to remind one of its primitive grandeur and preserve the memory of the lamented architect and his hirelings. The base-boards are embroidered with rat holes, and when the hall is not otherwise occupied, scores of rats hold high carnival over the floor, and at night it is claimed that the ghosts of Serena's ancient petifoggers make night hideous with their attempts at unravelling the meshes of Blackstone.

Serena is strictly a prohibition town; no saloons, no drug stores, no sly winks and motioning up an alley—not an inhabitant of the town ever bathed his lips in anything save the pure, sparkling water, yet strange to say, scarcely a day passes but an express train or freight leaves several kegs of beer in Serena. Not a man there knows anything about it. It is the most innocent looking town on record.

Charles Hong has de horned all his cattle, and the experiment works to a charm; and many others in that vicinity will do likewise.

Arnstein, the dry goods man, is preparing for a large trade.

DAYTON.

This town is picking up; the tile factory has resumed, the flour mill is run to its fullest capacity and a meat market is talked of, one that will be permanent.

J Timmons, proprietor of the hotel, is one of the most attentive men in his line. He will entertain any or all fishing parties applying at his door in a satisfactory way and his charges are light and there is an abundance for the hungry.

The Green boys are making maple sugar in their camp about a mile from town.

Messrs. W H Vannetten, Herb Donavan, Henry Huett, Albert Butters, and Fred Green, each, are putting on considerable style, driving high-bred roadsters. The boys realise the lack of a good road to exhibit them, and later in the season they propose to test their merits with some of Ottawa's thousand-dollar teams.

O W Trumbo, wants the name of the FREE TRADER placed at the head of every page. He says some one is sure to get his paper and read every word in it before he sees it, and then leave it turned inside out, and when he goes for it among fifteen or twenty other weekly papers, he has to stop and turn them all right side out in order to find the desired paper.

A F Donavan & Son are doing a lively business in the line of horse collars. They make a superb collar. W. D. W.

Notings in Norway.

As we write our village is exceptionally quiet owing to the attraction the voting has over our citizens at Sheridan. Every voter has gone thence with resolution to assist his best man to get there as best he can.

C. J. Borchsenius has purchased a fine horse and some say it is a bargain.

The family of Mr. Wm. E. Williamson have the sympathy of friends in their sad bereavement on losing their little child. We believe diptheria was the cause as there has been considerable about here.

This township seems to imagine that tile is much more preferable than to gravel our roads, so the money that is taken to tile on one side of the road would, in most instances, pay for the road graded and well graveled—so some of the farmers say. Well however it may be, we should be greatly pleased to have a substantial road to withstand all conditions of weather

Our school opened the 2nd with our new teacher, and the many faces that put in an appearance that bright morning we trust will find it to their pleasure and benefitial good to be present to the close of the term.

Our mail is now received daily, and matter of difficulty heretofore in question are new adjusted and we trust postal affairs will be kept aright in the future.

Easter has passed and with it one of the pleasantest of all occasions as well as an exceedingly pleasant day

Electioneering is carried to its hight with enthusiasm, and those who are the most anxious may fall short of getting there, but, however it may be, we trust the right men may officiate, as it is good government wanted and not so much to give the honor.

The following Republican ticket was the one successfully elected: For supervisor, James Jennings; town clerk, John A. Inam; for assesser, Peter C Nelson; for collector, Peter Swenson; road commissioner, A. T. Dall. INCOGNITO.

Birthday Party.

A happy company of ladies and gentlemen assembled on Thursday evening, March 29th, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Huss of Lowell, it being their son Ezra's twenty first birthday. Ezra is a very promising young man and is respected by all who know him. The evening was spent in dancing and supper was served at the usual hour. The party did not disband untill a late hour, when they all departed for their homes well pleased with the evening which they had spent. We all join in wishing Ezra many more happy birthday surprises. * † *

From Earlville.

The freight trains on the Q. are neither noted for their fleetness nor their abundance.

Chas. Shelters, who was in danger of dying from blood poisoning from the effects of a barb wire scratch, is now out of danger.

Vicinity Notes.

The Local Democrat Club of Joliet, is now fully organized, with a full complement of officers

A farmer named Hans Jensen, living near Dwight, jumped from a train and was killed, on Thursday last. The train passed near his house, and he thought to reach home earlier than by going to Dwight and returning home by team.

Farmers are getting ready for spring business, and the man with the sand patch in which to polish his ploughs is in extacy.

Ed. McKiney says that he wouldn't have cared about the fine for shooting in the limits, if he had only killed that measly dog of Ed. Snow's

Tell you ma'am washing can't be done well unless the soap is right. I've been washing these 30 years and tried all kinds, and there's none like Santa-Claus Soap for taking dirt & stains out of the clothes without rotting them, and it don't make the hands rough and sore as many soaps do. It's made by N. K. Fairbank & Co. Chicago & all grocers sell it.

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