

Morning Telegram.

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PARIS seems to have succeeded in suppressing the reports of the progress of the cholera, if not the disease itself. It is easier to doctor the reports than the patients.

THE account of the death of Frederick D. Klemm, given in our telegraph columns, gives an interesting picture of Carl Schurz's early experience before he became an American organ-grinder.

MR. RUSKIN it is said has discovered that Athena, the Goddess of Wisdom, wore "bangs." Mr. Ruskin may generally be depended upon to be on the off side in an argument on great social questions.

FATHER KELLY, of Detroit, refused to baptize a child as John Cleveland, ruling that Cleveland is not a Christian name. He says Catholics have a patron saint and a guardian angel, and he thinks Cleveland would make a rather poor saint.

THE New York Tribune says: "We wish to repeat that the Tribune's candidate for Speaker of the next House of Representatives is the Hon. Samuel Sullivan Cox, of New York. The House has made many a worse man Speaker." This is about as good a joke as "Sun-Set" himself ever perpetrated.

WITH all our boasted growth the population of Nevada is said to be steadily diminishing. The Carson Tribune estimates that there are now not more than 12,000 voters in the State. In 1880 the total vote was 16,611. Only one county has 3,000 voters, and of all the others only three have a voting population in excess of 1,000 each.

SOME Brooklyn admirer of Cleveland recently sent him, as a present, a thrifty Newfoundland pup, but his pupship has been returned to the donor with thanks. If Grover will be wise enough to send a majority of the other class of pups, who are seeking so persistently for office, home as promptly as he did the dog he will save himself much trouble and do the country a favor.

THE silly talk about an attempt to return Senator Conklin to the United States Senate has apparently been expended. The gentlemen more prominently mentioned for the Senatorship are Hons. Frank Hiseock, Levi P. Morton, Wm. M. Everts, Chancey M. Depew, ex-Gov. Cornell, and E. G. Lapham, the present incumbent. Appearances indicate that Mr. Hiseock and Mr. Morton are at present leading and about neck and neck in the race.

IN an article on "Noted Walkers and Talkers" the New York Tribune of Monday says: "Governor-elect Alger, of Michigan, is a great walker, and usually steps off the distance from Fifth avenue to Wall street when he is in this city, his companion frequently being President J. F. Joy, of the Michigan Central Railroad." The suggestion that this makes to the punster fiend is that it was with joy, without doubt, that Gen. Alger walked over Gov. Begole.

WHILE the masses of the people have been worrying about politics and reading about wars and rumors of wars, the medical scientists have been studying out a most valuable means of preventing suffering. From the few experiments already made with hydrochlorate of cocaine it is evident that this new local anesthetic promises to be one of the most welcome discoveries of the age. By its use catarracts have been removed and other minor surgical operations successfully performed without the least sense of pain and without the loss of consciousness on the part of the patient. When the use of this agent shall become general, the only painful part of a surgical operation will be the paying the doctor who uses a remedy costing perhaps \$500 an ounce.

CLEVELAND AND THE SOUTH.

THE part which the South shall be allowed to take in the coming administration is a feature which will be watched with great interest. The Democrats claim that an era of good feeling will be inaugurated, that there will be peace and satisfaction in the South. If this means that business confidence will be restored in the South, that the people of the South will be willing to clasp hands with those of the North, and work for the welfare of the whole Union, that they will recognize the authority of the Federal Government and the laws of the civil service, that they will grant the negroes their constitutional rights and give full effect to the emancipation proclamation, then the promised peace, and the promised era of good feeling will be desirable. But if it means, as it appears to mean, that the lion of the South and the lamb of the North will be down together, but with the lamb inside the lion, in other words that if the South

is to be allowed to have her own undisturbed way she will be entirely satisfied and peaceful, such prospect is devoutly to be deplored. The South is profuse in its promises. The Atlanta Constitution says that whatever influence the South may exert on the next administration, "will be dictated solely by a genuine interest in the welfare of the whole country." The Charleston News and Courier says that "the dividing line between North and South is blotted out," and that "race problems and apprehensions will disappear." The Vicksburg Commercial Herald says "the South does not expect or wish unduly to influence any branch of the government, and is eager to be at work in the cotton, the rice, the tobacco and the sugar fields." All these things sound well, but they have an ancient echo. They remind us of similar sayings heard twenty and thirty years ago when we were told that things would all be serene in the South if the Northern abolitionists would only stop their inflammatory talk, and that there would be no trouble if the South were allowed to go in peace. A wayward boy will not show his temper if he is allowed to have his own way, but wholesome restraint may have the effect of making a respectable man of him. Mr. Cleveland will have it in his power to do the South valuable service by exercising the restraining power of the Federal authority.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Philadelphia Press: Hendricks says God gave the Democrats their victory. Carl Schurz regards this as a deliberate slight.

New York Tribune: It would be interesting to know what Jefferson Davis whispered to a certain sour apple tree when he found that his party had been restored to power. It would also be interesting to hear the retort of the sour apple tree.

Philadelphia Times: Mr. Cleveland evidently has no desire to meet at table a thousand Philadelphia Democrats hungry for dinner and ravenous for office. He has, therefore, wisely declined to subject himself to this great test. Yet he will never thoroughly know what he has missed.

San Francisco Post: Blaine will never be politically dead until he is physically dead. He will be, while he lives, one of the foremost, if not the very foremost, statesmen in the United States. He is a tower of strength, and a reservoir of thought, and the light of his genius will illumine his country and his party as long as the lamp of life burns.

New York World: As a Cabinet-maker and joiner Mr. Watterson can hardly be called a success. As a matter of fact he is a complete failure as a political joiner, for his tendency is to separate the Democratic party. His last suggestion, that Mr. Pendleton be placed at the head of Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet, is not a happy one because Ohio will object.

Chicago Inter Ocean: Another step has been taken in the Sixth Senatorial fraud case. Mr. Brand by and with the advice and consent of his friends makes a proposition to Mr. Leman. He concedes that there were frauds in the second precinct of the Eighteenth Ward, and he proposes a recount of the ballots in the whole district. If Mr. Leman accepts this would his friends be expected to drop the prosecution of those guilty of fraud? What is there behind Mr. Brand's proposition?

TURNED PEDDLER.

How an Ohio Ex-Governor Was Ruined by Politics.

[Lexington (Ky.) Letter.] I saw ex-Governor Bishop, of Ohio, on the streets here a few days since with a sample case in his hand, trying to sell some cigars. It made me sorry that I was not in the cigar trade, for if I was and his goods came anywhere near suiting my customers, I should buy from him in preference to any one else. The sight was provocative of sadness in me, and I hurried by without stopping to speak to the old gentleman, for I could not change his condition, and did not wish my mind to dwell on it.

I say the sight provoked sadness in me, and so it did. Not because I think the occupation of a traveling salesman or drummer is in any way degrading, for it is an honest and legitimate calling, in which no one need be ashamed to engage. Nor was it because I thought there was any sacrifice of dignity on the part of Governor Bishop in engaging in it. It was creditable to him that he should have gone to work for himself rather than fold his hands and become a charge upon others, and I honor him for it.

But still I was sorry that he had to do it. I know what poverty is; I know what the constant strain of having to seek one's daily bread by his daily labor is, and I know how hard it is to feed the little mouths and clothe the little forms that are dependent on the father for every morsel and every shred. I have fought with these wild beasts at Ephesus, and still do battle with them daily after the manner of men, though mayhap it profiteth me nothing. But I look forward more or less hopefully to the time when in old age I can rest and let my days go out in peace undisturbed by carking cares about next week's market money. The time may never come, but I wish it would come to every man whose three-score years have passed.

R. M. Bishop has been a prominent man here as well as at his home at Cincinnati. As one of the leading men in his church he became President of the Board of Curators of Kentucky University, I believe from its organization. At all times he took a lively interest in its welfare and spared no pains or trouble to advance its interests. His has been a familiar figure here for many years, and he has had warm friends and ardent well-wishers on all sides among the people. His great wealth did not make him proud nor his official position tempt him to be haughty. While Governor of Ohio and President of our university he was still the same simple, unaffected Christian gentleman he would have been had his station been humble and his means limited. Misfortune came and he failed in business. I suppose he must have made an honest failure, else he would not to-day be traveling selling cigars by sample. It is honorable and commendable in the old gentleman to knock down to work, but I wish he had his fortune back, and if the prayers of one poor sinner for his success would avail he would not have long to wait until he did have it back.

A VALUABLE FRAUD.

The Unvarnished History of a Bogus Watch.

The Time-Keeper That Made the Fortune of a Denver Auctioneer—Worth More to Him Than a High-Priced Chronometer.

[Denver Opinion.]

"Did you know Frank Healey?" asked Tom Rowe of an opinion man the other day. "He was the smartest sport that ever crossed the Missouri coming West. He used to work the auction dodge in early days, but he did it under difficulties. The game, of course, was a bogus watch, but, unfortunately for him, he had only one, and he had to take more care of it than he would have given to a \$400 Geneva. That watch was sold on an average of four times a day for a year."

"How was that?" "Well, one of the cappers would come into the auction-shop with the watch. The auction-shop was a place on Blake street with two or three boxes of cotton socks, a half gross of spoiled neckties and a dozen cotton handkerchiefs. Healey's ostensible business was to sell these, but as soon as the capper would show up he was on deck. "Where did you get that watch?" he'd say.

"Then the fellow would work 'the last of an ill-spent fortune' racket. "It was given me by my father just before I left the States," he'd say, 'and it cost \$125.'"

"Is it gold? Do you warrant it?"

"That's what! It's good stuff."

"Then the watch would go up, and after being bid on for awhile would be knocked down to some duffer for about fifty dollars. The fellow would pull out his buckskin bag, weigh out the dust, and then start. Just on the outside he'd meet capper number two.

"What have you got there?" he'd ask.

"The sucker would show his snap.

"I don't think that's good," capper number two would say; "but let us take it to a jewelry store and see." And together they'd go and find out the watch wasn't worth fifty cents.

"Then capper number two would loom. 'See here,' he'd say; 'this is a swindle, but you can play back. Take it to the auction shop and sell it over again. There was a lot of fellows bidding on it when you left. You can get your money back, and may-be more.' So back they'd go and run through the same business. The sucker would say the watch was given him by his father, and that it cost \$250 in gold, and that he was broke and wanted to put it up.

"Do you warrant it?" Healey would ask.

"Yes, he'd say. So up he'd go. One of the boys would bid a dollar, and another a dollar and a quarter, and they'd run it up to about two dollars. Then he'd be knocked down. If the sucker kicked they'd tell him that he had warranted the watch and wouldn't be allowed to scandalize it by saying it was brass. He would generally see the point and skip. Healey has sold that watch five times in one day and took his ten per cent. commission on it, but, at the same time, it caused a good deal of anxiety."

"How was that?"

"Well, as I said, it was the only one in the Territory, and it had to be looked after. Suppose some fool had carried it off, what would the boys have done for another? It would have taken three months to bring one from the States, and there would have been no business in all that time. They never breathed easily until the watch turned up again. It was worth a genuine one a dozen times over. I used to watch that game with a good deal of interest whenever I had any leisure time on my hands. I got pretty nearly as anxious about the watch as the fellows who lived off it. But it always managed to turn up finally in some way."

"What became of it at last?"

"I think they put it in the corner-stone of the first church built in Denver. They had got a gross from the outside, and didn't have to waste money buying the old one back."

EATING WITH CHOP-STICKS.

Two Chinese En Route to New Orleans Create a Sensation.

Two happy Celestials passed through Atlanta yesterday en route to New Orleans. They are "decorative artists," and are going to the Crescent City to arrange and decorate the space allowed to the Chinese Empire in the great World's Fair. The men are in the employment of the Chinese Government and are said to be two of the finest decorative workers in the world. They have spent many years in Europe working at their trade, and when selected by their Empire to decorate its space at the Exposition they were in England, from whence they came direct to America. They were accompanied by an interpreter, they being unable to speak the English language to any extent—by whom they were shown every attention. They travel in first-class style, having an entire section in a sleeper. Soon after they left their train in the union passenger depot the gentleman who was with them entered the restaurant and asked Mr. Durand to prepare dinner for them.

"They want," the gentleman said, "plenty of rice, lots of good tea and some rare meat. That's all. But I must be to suit them."

He then told Mr. Durand how to prepare the rice and in a short while the two Celestials sat opposite each other over a tremendous bowl of rice. It looked hot and dry, but they ate it with a relish. Knives and forks had been laid beside their plates, but these they never touched. From their pockets each took a set of "chop sticks" and with both hands shoveled rice into their mouths at an alarming rate. They drank their tea without sugar or cream, and ate beef almost raw. The plate of rice, nearly one pound and a half, was entirely consumed. One drank six cups of tea and the other four. After dinner they drew from their pockets large brass pipes which they filled with English tobacco strongly flavored with opium. The pipe was a curious looking arrangement, and before filling it with tobacco they poured some water into the bowl through which the smoke went. One of them was rather talkative, but his two s's at the end of every word made his conversation hard to understand. He insisted upon the curious mob around him smoking his pipe, but his request was declined except by Mr. Henry Durand, Mr. Frank Lester, Mr. Mack Sharp, Mr. James Lynch and Mr. John Ward. One of them had a half dozen gold medals awarded for his work.

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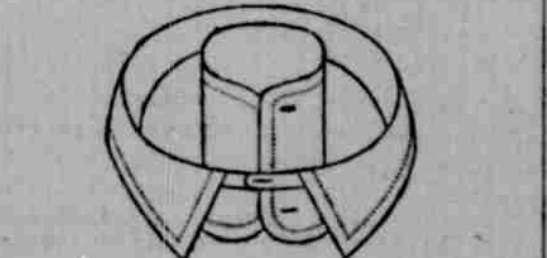
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" " " " (Open Toe)	2.00
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