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W. L. MOODY & CO. COTTON FACTORS, GALVESTON, TEXAS. Parties wishing money in advance of shipments are requested to correspond with us. H. W. GRABER & CO., DEALERS IN Farm, Gin and Mill Machinery, BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES.

Dallas Opera House. Engagement for Two Nights and Tuesday Matinee, Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 5 and 6. Matinee Tuesday at 2 P. M. The Biggest and Best in the World. MCINTYRE & HEATH'S Grand Spectacular MINSTRELS.

SPORTING.

WHY THE PURITAN DID NOT CONTEST. BOSTON, Oct. 4.—An article, which I evidently inspired, in to-day's Herald gives the reason why the Puritan did not contest in the races for the Douglass, Bennett, Brenton's Reef and Cape May cups. It says it was originally intended to sail for the Douglass cup at least, but the coolness, envy and jealousy manifested by the New York managers of the races after the Puritan had beaten the Priscilla, together with the evident desire of some that the Genesta should win led to a reconsideration. The jealousy even extended to members of the Eastern Yacht Club, some of whom were among the first and most bitter to condemn the Puritan for the collision with the Genesta and called it an outrage. The article further says: "If the America's cup had been in the custody of the Eastern Yacht Club and Priscilla had sailed to Boston and had defeated the Puritan in trial races and then vanished the Genesta, the owners or committee of the Puritan would not have permitted to leave Boston without some recognition of the efforts to preserve the cup, and they rather than the owner of the defeated vessel and his party would have been honored by the club in whose custody the trophy was. The least that can be said of the action of the New York club is that it was very shabby and compared with what would have resulted here, very childish. The most fitting rebuke that the committee of the Puritan could give was to compel the New York Yacht Club to defend its own flag. Now that it has succeeded in doing this is shown by record. Even Gen. Butler, who is anything but thin-skinned, became so disgusted with the New York yachtmen that, instead of starting against the Genesta as he intended, he sent his America back to Boston."

THE CREEK COUNCIL.

It is to Assemble at Okmulgee To-day—Outline of Probable Legislative Action—Peace Existing Among the Tribal Factions. Special to The News. LITTLE ROCK, Oct. 4.—An Indian Territory special says: The Creek Council (or Legislature) will meet to-morrow (Monday) at Okmulgee, the capital of the Creek nation. This body is divided into two houses, viz: Kings and Warriors. The present session is expected to be the most important ever held in the Creek country. For the first time in years, the Nation is free from factional strife, the leaders of the different factions having apparently concluded to unite for the public welfare. All indications point to a harmonious meeting. Many matters of vital interest will receive attention, reforms in the government, particularly in the line of retirement, being foremost. Slight changes in the present form of government are likewise talked of. The commissioners appointed by President Cleveland to visit the Creeks and learn their views regarding the sale of portions of their land are expected in Okmulgee shortly, but as the Creeks have already decided not to sell, the Legislature will do nothing further in the matter other than confirm the wishes of the people. The message of Chief J. M. Perryman will be read in due form and will relate mainly to local affairs, together with such suggestions as may be deemed of general benefit.

THE IMPENDING CONFLICT.

No Room for Turkey North of the Bosphorus.

Russia Undoubtedly Urging the Revolt With an Eye on the Turkish Capital—England and the Powers Favorable to a Free State of Constantinople—Troops Massing. LONDON, Oct. 4.—If the Sultan gives way without fighting he will prove himself a wiser man than the Caliph of 1877, who waged in a bloody war and lost all the defensive barriers of the Turkish Empire in Europe for his pains. Another campaign would be tolerably sure to leave the Porte without an inch of territory north of the Bosphorus. The situation is thus defined by a member of the Government who was actively engaged in the military operations undertaken by England at the close of the Russo-Turkish war.

RUSSIA'S PARTICIPATION. "It is absolutely certain," he said, "that Russia is directing their movement. Her soldiers, nicknamed volunteers, are crossing into Roumania in shoals her officers; are already controlling the armies of Roumania and Bulgaria; her cavalry is at this instant actually on the march through Herzarabia for the scene of possible war. She has commenced supplying paper money to Bulgaria. She is mobilizing two powerful armies and is sending a good thing to expect the Sultan to give in his adhesion to such an arrangement without resistance. To do this would be to put an end to the supremacy of the caliphate and all that makes life dear to Mohammedans. A CONTINGENCY WHICH WOULD INVOLVE ENGLAND. There is one contingency likely to involve England, and that is a Russian occupation of Constantinople. This the English will never consent to. Russia can have all she wants short of Constantinople, so far as England is concerned. Turkey is an Asiatic power and a standing offer and menace to the peace of Europe. Let her cross over the straits and the Sultan will breathe easier. Gordon's idea of a free State of Constantinople meets a growing favor. England would willingly acquiesce in so obvious a solution of the Eastern European problem as this would be.

cent meeting of the Emperors at Kromsier. "Austria," he said, "admits Turkey's right to suppress the uprising in Eastern Roumelia, and is anxious to prevent any further changes on the Balkans Peninsula." Herr Tisza further stated that the conference of diplomatic representatives of the powers at Constantinople to consider the union of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia was convened at the urgent request of Turkey. Referring to the present position of Bosnia, the Premier stated that the hitherto unknown which was taken possession of in the name of Denmark and christened Christian Island. The explorers reached latitude 66° 8' North.

DENMARK. RETURN OF THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION. COPENHAGEN, Oct. 4.—The Danish arctic expedition has returned to this port, after an absence of twenty-nine months, the most of which time was spent in explorations on the eastern coast of Greenland. The commander of the expedition has prepared a special chart showing the surveys of a coast hitherto unknown which was taken possession of in the name of Denmark and christened Christian Island. The explorers reached latitude 66° 8' North.

BELGIUM. WITHDRAWAL FROM THE CONVENTION. BRUSSELS, Oct. 4.—Belgium has withdrawn her consent to participate in the coming Monetary Convention. The effect of this step in Germany, where a severe bimetallic struggle is impending, is anxiously awaited, both here and in Berlin.

HOLLAND. THE HAGUE. HAGUE, Oct. 4.—The Netherlands ministry has prepared a bill to increase the import duty upon corn.

DENISON. A Disturbing School-House Question—The Ceremony of Circumcision—A Lucky Fall. Fight With Rocks. Special to The News.

DENISON, Oct. 4.—A brisk fight is in progress concerning the schoolhouse cellar. Eleven physicians have condemned it as unfit for school purposes because insufficiently lighted, without ventilation and the walls dripping with moisture. The school committee persist in crowding 250 children into it, of whom six to a dozen go home every week with fever. The patrons are withdrawing from the school and are determined to oust the school committee, which is appointed by the Mayor, substituting therefor a school board of citizens who are not politicians. As now arranged the best school timber in the city is excluded from the directorship. The people demand that the school be divorced from politics, and placed as the law provides, under five trustees selected specially for that purpose. Matters are hot, and some of the council, having no arguments, are throwing mud. The people are interestingly watching the progress of the fight.

THE CEREMONY OF THE CIRCUMCISION OF LAWRENCE, son of Gabe Burgoover, was performed by Rabi Ruben of Dallas, at the residence of Mr. L. Eppstein, this morning. A large number of invited guests were present. George Braun, Esq., has a very large well deep, that he will have tested in a few days, to ascertain the quantity of water it will furnish. It is near the Missouri Pacific depot and may prove valuable for fire purposes.

THE TURKS WILL FIGHT. The Turks, to give them their due, are ready and willing enough to die in defense of their country and religion. With an empty treasury they continued to bring six hundred thousand brave, well armed men into the field in 1877 and gave Russia all the work she wanted, and her Roumanian and Bulgarian allies as well. She can do the same again and better, for the fighting, if there is to be any, will be at the very door almost of the Mohammedan capital, and the fanaticism of the Mohammedan race will be aroused. Our immediate object is to confine the area of the disturbance within its present limits, and put a stop to Russian and Austrian arguments before war breaks out in earnest.

THE ONLY SAFETY FOR CONSTANTINOPLE. A concert of action between Germany, Italy, France and Great Britain, seems the only thing possible to prevent a Russian march on Constantinople and an Austrian advance on Salonica. The Turkish proposal to restore the status quo in Bulgaria is too late. Who is to restore it? The Sultan is the man to do it if he can, and if any others want the mandate of Europe, England won't give it. Russia and Austria certainly will not, and does the Sultan suppose Germany, France and Italy are going to take upon themselves the responsibility? There will be no mandate, and Europe is not going to attempt to restore the status quo by force of arms, the only force united Roumelia and Bulgaria are likely to recognize.

CONSTANTINOPLE AS A FREE STATE. I am inclined to think Russia will be reasonable and agree to Constantinople being turned into a free State. That provided for, they may go ahead and drive the Turk out of Europe, bag and baggage, as soon as they like. We should probably occupy one of the islands along the coast for a naval base in the event of the success of the Ottoman power being transferred to Asia. We were pledged to defend Asiatic Turkey and intend to be as good as our word.

IMPENDING CONFLICT. There is some apprehension here as to the possibility of a collision between Austria and Russia, arising out of the conflicting ambitions of both countries in European Turkey. The Servians are receiving strong reinforcements from Austria and the garrisons in Bosnia and Herzegovina are being rapidly brought up to a war footing. The Montenegrins are again massing troops on the frontier and the rising in Albania is spreading. The war feeling among the Christian races in Eastern Europe has never before assumed such dimensions as the world now witnesses, and the slightest accident may act like the spark which fires a powder magazine and spreads destruction and ruin far and near.

SERVIA. KING MILAN EXECUTED. BELGRADE, Oct. 4.—King Milan, in opening the Shupchinka yesterday, declared that he would certainly consider the treaty of Berlin violated if the situation as it existed previous to the Bulgarian and Eastern Roumelian union was not restored. He further declared that Servia would seek other means of restoring the equilibrium of the Balkans if the great powers failed to do so.

HUNGARY. BOSNIA NOT WANTED. PESTH, Oct. 4.—Herr Tisza, the Hungarian Premier, replying to a question propounded by members of the Lower House of the Hungarian Diet Saturday, denied that the Roumelian revolt was arranged at the re-

ROBERT TOOMBS DYING.

Secession's Great Irreconcilable a Mental and Physical Wreck.

Living in Visions of the Buried Past, With no Realizing Sense of Matters of the Present—Some of His Peculiar Hallucinations. ATLANTA, Oct. 4.—A correspondent who has just returned from the bedside of Gen. Robert Toombs, in Washington, Ga., says he is dying, and it is thought he can at most live but a few weeks. His mind is seriously affected and is absolutely void as regards certain topics. His imagination carries him back twenty years, and he cannot be convinced that he is at home, but believes himself to be in either New York, Richmond, Montgomery or Boston, or traveling the old court circuit of the district which he covered forty years ago. He makes eloquent arguments before visionary bars, and during the week he entered into an elaborate discourse to prove that West Virginia was responsible for her share of Virginia's bonded debt. His memory is perfectly clear on points prior and relating to the war. He sometimes imagines himself in the army.

HE AWOKES ONE NIGHT during the week and asked to be raised from his bed, as the enemy were coming. He then related his charge at Antietam, and asked to be laid down again, as "the fight had finished." He has asked the question several times, "Who is it that is taking the trouble to move his furniture all over the United States, as he finds the same furniture in his room in every town in which he stops?" He knows his condition and wants to die. He has wanted to die ever since his wife's death three years ago. His only trouble is that he is afraid he will die before he returns to his home, and continually asks to be taken back. His physicians have given up all hope and say that his death may be looked for at any time. His heart is rapidly failing to perform its functions and does not carry blood to the head, which causes the mental aberration. He has paralysis of the sensory nerves of the left side and can hardly see. The citizens of the town sit up with him every night and look for the end at any time. He first realized his condition when in Atlanta three weeks ago, when he stated that his mind was going and that he was GOING HOME TO DIE.

THE NEWS FROM WACO.

District Court, With a Special Judge, to Open To-day—The Civil and Criminal Dockets Replete With Important Litigation—Railroad Train Record for a Month Past. Special to The News. WACO, Oct. 4.—To-morrow District Court convenes. A special judge will be elected, on account of the absence of Judge Raines, who, it is said, contemplates an early resignation. Upon whom his ermine will fall has not yet been determined. For special judge Eugene Williams, Esq., is mentioned, with D. C. Bolinger, Esq., as a formidable competitor. At this term of the court many cases of interest will be tried. The celebrated case of Shirley vs. the Houston and Texas Central Railway Co. will be called. This is an old case, filed in 1870, and is something like Miss Flight's case in Bleak House—judgment will be rendered on the day of judgment. Shirley himself is beginning to look old and anxious. Among other litigants may be noticed the bent form of Simon Mussina, assignee of eleven cities of land donated by the State of Coahuila to Gen. Tomas de la Vega, the little old fellow in green we used to see figuring in the picture as being captured by "the gallant Capt. May" in war with Mexico. La Vega has been repeatedly before the court but the indefatigable Simon always manages to crawl back in somehow. This litigation and that of Williams for the Kabajo eleven cities have greatly retarded the settlement of the case. The cases seem to afford opportunities for learned judges to split legal hairs upon the broken heads of the settlers. There will be other entertaining cases arising out of the parts of McLennan County. The cases seem to afford opportunities for learned judges to split legal hairs upon the broken heads of the settlers. There will be other entertaining cases arising out of the parts of McLennan County. The cases seem to afford opportunities for learned judges to split legal hairs upon the broken heads of the settlers. There will be other entertaining cases arising out of the parts of McLennan County.

MEXICAN VIEWS ON SILVER.

Effect of American Silver Coinage on Railways of the Neighbor Republic—Dear Bought Experience of the Mexican Roads and the Remedy. CITY OF MEXICO, Oct. 4, via Galveston.—The Mexican Financier to-day says: The silver question is one which has a direct bearing on the net earnings of all foreign owned railways in this country. If the United States government, by its persistent coinage of inferior silver dollars, helps to bring on further depreciation of that metal, owners of Mexican railways abroad must accept with what philosophy they may the reduction of net receipts on the part of their respective companies. The eighty-five cent bland dollar, which is the United States standard dollar, has in one way been of use in Mexico, for it has given the Mexican dollar an undisputed market in Asia. The Mexican peso is the standard in Asiatic commerce, and seems likely to remain so for some time to come. The recent experience of the Mexican Central Railway with bad washouts will result in putting the damaged section in a much better condition than formerly. It will be the President's policy to spend enough money in substantial repairs to prevent the recurrence of such damaging delays another season. The recent floods have shown all railways what their weak points are. The most fortunate road has been that which, owing to the excellent condition of its roadbed, escaped unharmed.

RENEWAL OF TROUBLE IN MONTREAL.

MONTREAL, Oct. 4.—There were rumors to-day of a serious outbreak. This evening placards were posted at Mile End, reading: "Down With Tyranny." The Mayor again called out the volunteer forces, and published in the evening papers a card asking all law abiding citizens to endeavor to prevent a collision with the authorities. The precautions seem to have had the desired effect and everything is quiet. The Victoria Rifles are on duty to-night at the new hospital. "B" battery, of Quebec, has been ordered to be ready for service at Montreal at a moment's notice. To-night, at the exhibition building, a private in the Victoria Rifles, named Samuels, was accidentally shot by another guard, and wounded seriously in the groin. He was taken to the hospital. Samuels is a prominent dentist here.

THE EPIDEMIC IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, Oct. 4.—There were six new cases of smallpox in this city last night. The week previous the cases numbered three. The first case of smallpox, brought direct from Montreal, was discovered to-day by Dr. Agan. The victim was Pierre Du-bourne, a French Canadian, residing at 41 Bleeker street. He is a musician, 24 years of age, and has been in Montreal for several years. He left Canada two weeks ago, but the disease did not show itself until yesterday. Du-bourne was removed to the Riverside Hospital. The house in Bleeker street in which he was found was thoroughly fumigated, and the inmates, who are all adults, were vaccinated.

RATTLESNAKES AND HONEY.

To the Snake Eater of the Globe—Democrat. FAYETTEVILLE, Ark., Oct. 3, 1885.—A most remarkable snake story comes from one of the neighborhoods in the mountainous regions of this (Washington) county. Yet it comes from such responsible source that its authenticity can not be questioned. Near St. Paul, a neighborhood postoffice in this region, some twenty-five miles from the city, where the wolf is yet sometimes heard to howl and the resident farmer can occasionally have a venison steak, two young farmers named Young and Stewart were out hunting a few days ago and discovered bees

passing out and in through a hole about forty feet from the ground in a large black oak tree, which was some four feet in diameter. Of course they thought that they had made a rich discovery. They were not then prepared to out the tree and started for home. On their way Young bought Stewart's interest in the find, paying \$1 cash for it. Next day Young invited several friends to help him out the tree and share the precious treasure. He continued to supply with axes and buckets they proceeded to the woods and cut down the tree. After it had fell crashing to the ground Young ran with a handful of leaves and stopped the hole through which the bees were flying out of the hole. He did so, and immediately a rattlesnake came crawling out of the hole, coiled himself by the side of the fallen tree, raised his flat head, distended his mouth, shut out his tongue and gave out that paralyzing sound with his rattles which, when once heard, is never forgotten. He was soon dispatched however, and the work of discovery went on. They then chopped into the log a split, one long block and there found coiled up in the hollow of the log two other rattlers, which were promptly killed. What promised to be a delicious feast was spoiled by the fine mass of dry comb so thoroughly had the honey been eaten out by the snakes. The tree was perfectly covered at the stump, and the snakes to reach the hollow had to climb forty feet which is claimed to be a new performance with rattlesnakes, or at least an unobserved characteristic among them heretofore in this part of the country.

INDIANAPOLIS.

INDIANAPOLIS, Oct. 4.—Isaac Reynolds and wife were arrested by the police while in the act of molding counterfeit half-dollars and five cent pieces. In connection with his crime, he said: "The d—d Democrats being in power now, I have to make a living some way." Reynolds has served a two year sentence in the Southern Penitentiary for counterfeiting.

WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Oct. 5.—For the West Gulf States: Slightly warmer, fair weather, southerly winds, lower barometer.

COUNTERFEITER CAUGHT.

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WEATHER.

INDICATIONS FOR TO-DAY. WASHINGTON, D. C. Oct. 5.—For the West Gulf States: Slightly warmer, fair weather, southerly winds, lower barometer.

UTICA, N. Y., Oct. 4.—The Sunday Tribune publishes the following standing of the New York State League clubs to-day:

Table with 4 columns: Clubs, Won, Lost, Percent. Binghamton... 35 36 49.3; Oswego... 31 43 41.9; Rochester... 28 47 37.1; Stars (Syracuse)... 42 31 57.4; Utica... 37 33 49.3.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 4.—Cincinnati 1, St. Louis 5. SCULLING RACE POSTPONED. MATVILLE, N. Y., Oct. 4.—The three-mile sculling race between Griffin, of Buffalo, and Ritz, of Wheeling, which was to have taken place on Chautauque Lake Saturday, was postponed until Monday, on account of rough water.

RECORD BEATEN. NEW YORK, Oct. 4.—In the annual fall games of the Olympic Athletic Clubs to-day William Barry, Queen's College, Cork, Ireland, threw a 16-pound hammer 114 feet, which beats the American professional record 13 feet 10 inches, and the amateur 17 feet 2 inches. In the half-mile handicap S. N. Myers, Manhattan Athletic Club, covered the distance in 1:55.24, breaking the record 1-5 of a second.

TENNIS TROPHIES. WILMINGTON, Del., Oct. 4.—In the tennis tournament for the championship of the Southern States E. Porter, Morris-town, class of 1883, at the University, and C. Belmont Davis, class of 1887, at Lehigh University, secured the honor in the contest doubles, and Davis took the championship in the contest in singles. The playing was fine.

A PEDESTRIAN MATCH. BELLOWS FALLS, Vt., Oct. 4.—Fitzgerald, New Hampshire's professional pedestrian, and Cadigan, Vermont's champion, closed a twenty-six hours' match here last evening. Fitzgerald covered ninety-six miles and Cadigan eighty-eight.

The Parnell Fund. CHICAGO, Oct. 4.—A largely attended meeting was held to-night at the armory of Battery D for the purpose of raising funds to aid Parnell in his canvass for the election of Home Rule candidates to Parliament. Michael Keely, president of the Parnell Aid Society, occupied the chair, and among the 250 vice presidents selected from a large leading Irish citizens of Chicago. Speeches were made by one of the Home and Prendergast, Hon. John F. Finerty, Alexander Sullivan and others, and resolutions of congratulation to the people of Ireland for their triumphant progress toward self-government were adopted. A large sum was subscribed to the object of the meeting.

New Coal Mine. LOCUST GAP, Pa., Oct. 4.—Preparations are under way at Locust Spring colliery, owned and operated by the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company, for the sinking of a shaft which will open up a large coal bed. When the improvements are completed the mine will be one of the most valuable owned by the company, and will give employment to many additional hands.

Sort of an Obscure Item. NEW HAVEN, Oct. 4.—John A. Pruyn, of Albany, the young man who was to have been married to Miss Harwood, was in town to-day, and occupied a seat in Trinity Church here this afternoon. More was expected on the early trains to-morrow morning. Dr. Harwood did not preach to-day.

A Swoop on Senegambian Sports. NEW YORK, Oct. 4.—At about 9 o'clock Saturday evening several squads of policemen in citizen dress, under command of Captain Brogan of the fifteenth precinct, made an extensive raid upon the gambling houses and poker shops in the neighborhood of Bleeker and Thompson streets. These dens are patronized almost exclusively by the colored sporting fraternity, with a sprinkling of white gamblers, and have been running full blast for several months past. The raid was so quiet and unexpected that the police had all the avenues of escape guarded and an entrance effected before an alarm could be given and the gamblers and inmates were arrested to a man, not one escaping. The most important capture was made at Bob May's rooms, in the rear of the cigar store at 151 Bleeker street, where the police bagged over fifty players, together with faro and red and black layouts, almost a thousand ivory chips and considerable cash. The entire paraphernalia of the policy and envelope games were scooped in. The regiment of crooks and gamblers were marched to the Mercer street station, where they will remain under lock and key until Monday, when they will be brought up for trial at Jefferson Market police court.

The Cause of the Roumelian Revolt. PITTSBURG, Oct. 4.—Rev. Dr. E. A. Long, formerly of this city, and who has been for the past twenty-eight years a resident of Constantinople and Bulgaria, and a large portion of that time prominently connected with Roberts' College in Constantinople, is traveling through this country in the interest of the college. The doctor has made a thorough study of affairs as they exist in that country, and states that the cause which led to the present Roumelian outbreak may be attributed to the earnest desire of Eastern Roumelian to free itself from the yoke of bondage.

A Missing Man Materializes. BOSTON, Oct. 4.—Charles Rollin Brainerd, the lawyer who mysteriously disappeared nearly a year ago, and who was believed to have committed suicide, returned home today. He was stricken with pneumonia in Washington and when he recovered his reason he found himself in the city of Mexico.

Cross Train Wrecked. CINCINNATI, Oct. 4.—A private dispatch was received here to-day stating that John Robinson's circus train had been wrecked near Fergus Falls, Minn., killing James Wilson and three other members of the company. No particulars.

Labour Convention. CINCINNATI, Oct. 4.—The Socialist Labour party hold a national convention here to-morrow morning. Many delegates are in the city, and were entertained at the Bellevue Hotel this afternoon. More are expected on the early trains to-morrow morning.

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STATE SPECIAL SIFTINGS.

A Car of Thirty Emigrants Arrive at Waco.

WACO, Oct. 4.—Business has been lively in Waco the past week. Cotton has been coming in rapidly, and merchants who have been doing a credit business report collections good.

Religious Items of Interest at Corsicana—Ward Granted a New Trial at Decatur—Small Fire at Clarksville—Knights of Labor Organize at Mesquite.

CORSICANA, Oct. 3.—Dr. Wharley, who has been recently called to the pastorage of the First Presbyterian Church of this city, arrived with his family yesterday from Virginia, and preached his first sermon as pastor at that church to-day.

DECATUR, Oct. 4.—The early sown wheat is looking remarkable well for this season of the year.

CLARKSVILLE, Oct. 4.—A negro named the Pryor this evening accidentally shot himself, while hunting, three miles from the city. He was wounded in the fleshy part of his left arm, but the injuries cannot be characterized as dangerous.

MESQUITE, Oct. 4.—A good looking gentleman from Fort Worth organized a Lodge of Knights of Labor here last night. The members are quite reticent on the subject, but it is thought the attendance was very good.

WACO, Oct. 4.—A colony of forty-five immigrants from Georgia and Alabama passed through here to-night on the Texas and St. Louis train.

ARLINGTON, Oct. 4.—Quite a brisk northern prevailed Saturday night, and fears of frost were entertained by a few local prophets, but Sunday's sun dispersed the clouds and the day has been very pleasant and agreeable.

LIBERTY, Oct. 4.—Mrs. Lizzie Perryman, wife of Mr. S. R. Perryman, died last night after a lingering illness.

JACKSONVILLE, Oct. 4.—The hardware store of Tilly & Settles was burglarized last night, two fine shotguns, one pistol and several other articles of small value being taken.

PITTSBURG, Oct. 4.—The 1500 window-glass workers of this district who have been on a strike since Sept. 1, have, at a late hour to-night, effected a compromise with their employers and will resume work at once at a 10 per cent. reduction from their former wages.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Oct. 4.—Cason Graham, the man who was arrested here last night with some \$25,000 of the money of Spencer, Trask & Co. of New York, on his person, has returned the money and will return to New York with the officers.

MARINE MISHAP. NEW HAVEN, Oct. 4.—The schooner Mary A. Hood, of Philadelphia, Somers master, bound for Boston, sprung a leak in the South Sea yesterday and put into this harbor.

KILLED COMING FROM THE RAFFLE. SYRACUSE, Oct. 4.—As John Reardon was returning from a raffle at 3 o'clock this afternoon he was run over by the cars and instantly killed. His body was horribly mangled.

THE GRANT FUND. SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE GLOBE DEMOCRAT. NEW YORK, Sept. 30.—The Mail and Express recently published the statement that Mrs. Grant had not received the semi-annual interest, due Aug. 1, on the \$250,000 Grant fund, but the statement was denied on Tuesday by George Jones, of the New York Times, one of the trustees of the fund, who said that the report was absolutely without foundation.

HONEY CROCK. HONEY CROCK, Oct. 4.—Last evening, while Mr. L. N. Cole, cashier of the First National Bank, was driving his new Kentucky thoroughbred about a mile from town, in passing a wagon he became entangled in the reins and his horse became unmanageable, dashed off, throwing Mr. Cole from the buggy and carrying Miss Lulu Wortham about thirty feet before she jumped out. No bones were broken.

TEHUACANA. TEHUACANA, Oct. 4.—The location of the Texas Cumberland Presbyterian at Corsicana was reconsidered. It will probably be located at this place.

SAN SABA. SAN SABA, Oct. 4.—The wind has been blowing from the north for forty-eight hours, and it is now quite cool.

SAFETY. SHERIFF HANTLEY arrested and lodged in jail a young man named John Gagsdale, on a charge of robbing a house eight miles from town, and also robbing a shop, of Fleming & Co., in town. Part of the stolen property was found in his possession.

FORT WORTH ON SUNDAY.

Sad Suicide of a Beautiful Young Lady of Seventeen.

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THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

A Soft Snap Feature of the Last Census.

LACK OF THE WIDE-AWAKE WEST—A DISBARRED BARRISTER "DOES UP" A COURT OF CLAIMS—POSTAL PROGRESSION AND POSSIBILITIES—GARLAND'S "GREAT GRAF."

SPECIAL TO THE NEWS. WASHINGTON, Oct. 4.—The "inter-decennial census was a soft snap for some of the Western States," said an official in the Interior Department to-day. Only five States complied with the provisions of the law, and they are as follows, with the amounts claimed as due from the government under the act: New Mexico \$483, Florida \$928, Colorado \$20,673, Nebraska \$34,759, Dakota \$35,506. New Mexico has paid half and the claims of the others are now passing the regular auditing channels in the Treasury.

THE JUDGES OF THE COURT OF COMMISSIONERS OF ALABAMA CLAIMS HAVE RETURNED TO THE CITY AND ARE READY TO OPEN COURT ON MONDAY NEXT. THEY ARE THE MADDEST TRIEVER ON THE BENCH, ON ACCOUNT OF THE ACTION OF THE COMPTROLLER OF THE TREASURY IN SUSPENDING THE ACCOUNTS OF A LARGE NUMBER OF THE EMPLOYEES OF THE COURT AS WELL AS THE COUNSEL OF THE UNITED STATES, GEN. CREWELL.

THE COURT DISBARRED MR. MANNING, AN ATTORNEY WHO HAD A LARGE NUMBER OF CLAIMS IN HAND, AND HE MADE AN EFFORT TO "GET EVEN" BY PREVAILING UPON THE COMPTROLLER TO SCRUTINIZE THE ACCOUNTS OF THE COURT. THE DISBARRED LAWYER SUCCEEDED IN HIS EFFORTS FAR BEYOND HIS WILDEST ANTICIPATIONS, AND COMPTROLLER DURHAM'S ACTION HAS AT ONCE PARALYZED THE COURT AND MADE IT FAMOUS.

WALKER BLAINE'S SALARY AS ASSOCIATE COUNSEL WAS OUT OF WITH MANY OTHERS, AND THERE IS A VERY SOUR ASPECT ABOUT THE MODERN APARTMENTS OF THE COURT IN AN OLD RESIDENCE SITUATED ON H. STREET.

POSTAL PROGRESSION AND POSSIBILITIES. A young lady in this city sent a two-cent postal card to her lover in Terre Del Fuogo and received an answer in due time, which led her to wonder at the far-reaching benefits of the postal system.

A UNITED STATES TWO-CENT POSTAL CARD NOW GOES TO ABOUT ALL THE CIVILIZED COUNTRIES OF THE GLOBE, UNDER THE PROVISIONS OF THE UNIVERSAL POSTAL UNION. THE PACKET POST WILL BE THE NEXT IMPROVEMENT, AND THE UNITED STATES IS BEHIND THE EUROPEAN NATIONS IN THIS.

IT IS A SYSTEM WHEREBY SMALL PACKAGES OF MERCHANDISE CAN BE TRANSMITTED THROUGH THE MAILS AND THE ONTOS DUTIES PAID THROUGH RED TAPE OR EXCESSIVE FEES. THE C. O. D. SYSTEM WILL ALSO BE ADOPTED SOME DAY IN OUR POSTAL SYSTEM, AN OLD OFFICIAL BELIEVES.

THIS WORLD CANNOT BE THE PARIS BON MARCHE SEND A PAIR OF THE VERY LATEST KID GLOVES TO A FASHIONABLE MISS IN DENVER FOR TEN CENTS POSTAGE, TEN CENTS CUSTOMS DUTY, AND SEVEN-FIVE CENTS FOR PURCHASE PRICE.

THE CIVIL SERVICE REFORMERS. STERLING IS THE SORT OF MAN TO PERVERT HIS OFFICIAL AUTHORITY THUS TO THE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF IMPROPER OBJECTS. THIS IS A GRAVE CHARGE, AND SECRETARY MANNING, IN THE INTEREST OF THE PUBLIC, HAS ADMINISTERED COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION.

BUT THE CHIEF OBJECTION MADE TO STERLING IS THAT HE IS NOT A FIT PERSON FOR THE POST TO WHICH HE WAS APPOINTED, BEING, IT IS ALLEGED, A WARD BOSS, WHOSE "POLITICAL" INFLUENCES IN BROOKLYN HAVE BEEN ACQUIRED MAINLY FROM HIS PROPRIETORSHIP OF A BARROOM, AND THE LARGE ACQUAINTANCE AMONG THIRSTY VOTERS OBTAINED IN THE COURSE OF A LONG EXPERIENCE IN DEALING OUT DRINKS TO CUSTOMERS.

HE IS THE LOWEST SENSE OF THAT BAD WORD, AND WAS APPOINTED TO AN OFFICE FOR WHICH HE IS NOT QUALIFIED, MERELY, IT IS ALLEGED, TO ADVANCE THE SCHEMES OF OTHER POLITICIANS. THE EIGHTY-SEVEN NUMBER OF HIS PAPER WAS CONTROLLED, AND IF DISPOSED TO DO SO, CAN EMPLOY THEM IN HIS PERSONAL PROFIT IN CARRYING PRIMARIES AND IN DOING OTHER DIRTY TRICKS AND POLITICAL WORK.

ACCORDING TO THE REPRESENTATIONS OF THE LOCAL CIVIL SERVICE REFORMERS, STERLING IS THE SORT OF MAN TO PERVERT HIS OFFICIAL AUTHORITY THUS TO THE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF IMPROPER OBJECTS. THIS IS A GRAVE CHARGE, AND SECRETARY MANNING, IN THE INTEREST OF THE PUBLIC, HAS ADMINISTERED COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION.

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ACCORDING

SERMON ON SUPPLICATION

Mr. Beecher Preaches on Paul's Great Prayer.

The Higher Life of the Soul Pictured by the Eloquent Divine—Virtue, Patience, Faith and Love Intrinsicly Beautiful—Canon Farrar.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 4.—A large congregation was in attendance upon the services at Plymouth Church to-day. Mr. Beecher preached from the third chapter of Ephesians. He said:

I wish to call your attention this morning to what I think may probably be called the great prayer—Paul's great prayer. You find it in the third chapter of Ephesians, fourteenth to the twenty-fifth verses: "For this cause I bow my knees unto Thee, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named; that He would grant us according to the riches of His glory to be strengthened with might by His spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all the saints the breadth and length and depth and height and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that ye may be filled with the fullness of God and bow unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think according to the power which worketh in us. Unto Him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen."

PAUL'S PRAYER CONTRASTED.

Contrast this with the Lord's Prayer, simple and tranquil as it is, and yet how deep! The tranquil nature of Christ, a token of immense elevation, a sign of divinity! They that live lower down in the convolutions of time are of necessity struggling for higher and higher birth. There can be no material struggle in the true divine nature. Paul's prayer, like Paul himself, is full of emotion—high, sublime emotion. This is rather a description of his habit of prayer than the record of any one thing he ever prayed. The world was lost to his thought in such moods as these. He had risen above the earth and his thoughts moved in the serene twilight where God dwells. Following his own longings and lovings, he poured forth his supplication for his beloved, and in them we may form some conception of what are the moods of guardian angels and their imploration for their earthly wards. This is what it bows his knees for: "That He would grant us, according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened with might by His spirit in the inner man."

NOT A PRAYER FOR HELP.

It is not a prayer for help or prosperity, not outward comforts. Lawful as they are they were forgotten in the supreme importance of these higher elements, elements of reason, of conscience, of love, of faith, of joy, of hope, the radiant elements of the soul. It is a feeble text to say that man is made in the image of God, and therefore capable of understanding him; for God we understand is a God that has been reproduced in ourselves, not in regard to physical attributes, but in regard to moral quality. And the way we are taught to understand God is that He comes to us and works out in us goodness, and then we begin to understand Divine goodness; He works in us patience, and then we begin to understand what Divine patience is; He works in us joy, and then we begin to understand what Divine joy is; He works in us love, and then we have the revelation in us of Divine nature.

THE UN-UNDERSTANDABLE.

No man could ever think out God. He is unthinkable. No man ever can find out the lives of divine being, the latitude and longitude. No man ever could mark out the circuit and only of the divine nature by the perception of the perceptive faculties, nor by the reasoning power of the intellectual faculties. It is not by philosophical investigation that man ever comes to the knowledge of God. Any system by which man attempts to limit and define and accurately set off here and there, of necessity is bungling. Great men and geniuses have wrought upon this idea for thousands of years, but they were wrong. They fail to understand in the beginning that the way of understanding God is the way of our interior life, and that we come to the knowledge of God through having the divine elements created in us, and the elements fighting, snarling, suspicious, jealous theologian who runs, bound-like, after every heretic, can understand the devil very well, but he cannot understand God.

THE MEEK AND LOWLY.

The men who are not known in the world, the humble men, the untaught men, but such as are filled with the divine nature, rich in the inner man, they are the theologians, only they cannot teach, but they understand because they feel; and we feel God before ever we understand Him; and he that is not within himself the divine elements stands outside and only just in the proportion in which Christ has come to us by an indwelling spirit and wrought out in us something of Himself. That something of Christ in us is the hope of glory not only, but it is the truest ideal that we ever have in regard to our God. His outward existence, what might be called the divine attributes, those are comprehensible, it may be, by our ordinary and mundane reason; but that which is the glory of God, as the disposition is the glory of man, that which is in reality the interior God as it were, no man can come to except he uses the lens of experience; and that experience is to be wrought in him by the all power of Christ and the spirit of God.

WORKING ON PAY.

We should banish the idea that we are working on pay, and that God has said to us: "If you will deny the flesh and develop the spirit I will make it worth your while. Come, let us reason together. I have got a splendid mansion in the heavens, and if you will work for Me on earth, I will give you as over against it, when you die you shall go to heaven. Now, it is very well for every man to live for immortality, but there is a great deal between commercial compensation in that way and the acquisition of a higher feeling. I rejoice in hoping and believing that my name is written in the Lamb's book of life, but it is not because I am going to heaven that I try to develop virtue, patience, faith and love, because they are intrinsically beautiful and because in doing so I shall please God. I would ask to lead a pure life and a spiritual life, if there were no God. If there were no life hereafter, for the intrinsic excellence and worthiness of these things. The higher life of the soul is the real life, and it is a life of all power, and an enlarged development, accepted by faith, it dominates over every other, and sin itself is suppressed and trodden under foot. The power of Jesus Christ in the human soul sets the man free from the whole power of materialism in the outward body, and we can do all things, Christ strengthening us.

CANON FARRAR IN BALTIMORE.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 4.—Half an hour before the service began this morning at St. Paul's Church the large auditorium was crowded to the doors. Canon Farrar of England, who delivered the sermon, took for his text the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke, embracing the three parables of the lost sheep, the lost piece of silver and the prodigal son. The archdeacon dwelt upon the stories of these parables to show that the love of God in Christ is the lost and wandering fold. He said that the whole race of man was the lost sheep until

Jesus found it. Among all the bright stars of the firmament, the atom would be the ruined habitation of a fallen race, and to that atom, fallen now, he came because God is love; that all who believe may have eternal life. The righteous as well as the unrighteous shall be saved, as well as the infidel, need God.

SERMON AT NIGHT.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 4.—This evening the Archdeacon preached at St. Peter's Protestant Episcopal Church. At least 3000 people crowded within the walls of the church, and in many cases the scrambling for seats and standing room in the aisles was scarcely in keeping with church etiquette. Archdeacon Farrar mildly rebuked those of the immense congregation who came to hear him merely out of curiosity. He warned them that he was not a flowery orator, and that if he came to hear anything more than an ordinary sermon they would be disappointed. Archdeacon Verzey, the companion of Canon Farrar in his visit to America, delivered a sermon this morning at St. Peter's Church, taking his text from Luke xii, 16-20, the parable of the rich man. This evening the same gentlemen preached at St. Paul's Church.

CONSERVATING A CHURCH.

HARTFORD, Conn., Oct. 4.—The only consecrated Catholic Church in the Connecticut diocese is that of St. Patrick's of Hartford. The ceremony was performed this morning. According to the rule of the Catholic Church before a church edifice can be consecrated it must be entirely free from debt and never thereafter can any indebted be placed on it. The consecrator was Most Rev. J. J. Williams of Boston. At 7 o'clock a procession of the archbishops, bishops and priests marched three times around the church in solemn procession. The same ceremony was performed in the interior. Then the relics and twelve crosses in the aisles of the church were blessed. This completed the ceremony of consecration. A solemn high mass was celebrated at 10:30 o'clock, with Rev. S. McMahon, Bishop of Hartford, celebrant. The sermon was preached by Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia. An excellent organ, and in addition to the organ and harp accompaniment of Miss Lottie Berkle, of New Haven, furnished the musical programme, which was elaborate. The ceremonies were completed at 12:30 o'clock. Rev. Bishop O'Laughlin, of Brooklyn, as celebrant.

WILLIAM PAGE.

An Interesting Sketch of a Pioneer American Artist.

Post-Dispatch Special. New York, Oct. 2.—As announced in the Post-Dispatch yesterday, one of the foremost of early American artists, William Page, a contemporary of Thomas Cole, Washington Allston and Asher B. Durand, died Wednesday night at his home near Richmond, where he had lived for the past six or seven years in great retirement, aged seventy-four years. The news of his death will awake many long slumbering memories in the older studios of this city, and many will be the reminiscences which will be brought forth and discussed in clubs and council rooms among the remaining few of the dead artist's associates, many of them painters whose names have become household words. For William Page was truly one of the pioneers of American art, a painter whose force, or originality and artistic sympathy, feeling and appreciation, gave to his canvases a strength and quality which did not fail to influence his associates and followers. He gave his attention also to other forms of art. A rare lover of poetry, he devoted much time to its study. James Russell Lowell dedicated a volume of his books to him, and said to the poet: "The greatest painters of this day, I do not doubt that Lowell's pen will again be stirred at the news of Page's death." An enthusiastic Shakespearean scholar, he could repeat every one of his plays by heart, and nothing pleased him better than to pour them forth to some sympathetic ear. He was, in truth, a many-sided man, and one who influenced his time. He was born in Albany, N. Y., in 1811, and removed to New York in 1829. He gave early signs of artistic talent and won a premium, when only eleven years old, from the American Institute for a drawing of India ink. Evidently the spirit of the law in Frederick Depeyster's office, he soon abandoned it and began the study of art in the National Academy Schools under Prof. Morse. He devoted his attention at first to the study of painting, and in 1828 and 1829 painted several portraits in Albany, which were favorably received. After a short sojourn in New York he went to Boston, where he painted several portraits, and in 1831, he had been elected an ACADEMICIAN. Much of his time abroad was spent in Venice, where he became an ardent student of Titian, and the influence of the old master was thereafter strongly visible in all his canvases. During his stay in Venice he painted his celebrated "Venus," which probably excited more controversy and discussion than any nude subject had before done. For this painting his wife, a very handsome woman, who afterwards left the artist, and married Peter B. Sweeney of Tweed ring notoriety, was supposed to have been the model. The figure is nearly life size, glowing in color and painted with a devotion to realism that astounded even the French artists. When sent in 1839 to the Paris Salon, it was the subject of many journals. The discussion of the nude in art which this canvas gave rise to spread across the Atlantic, and was an absorbing topic for many months in the art world of this country. Another of his portraits painted abroad was one of Mrs. Crawford, the wife of the sculptor, now Mrs. Perry, which received the highest prize for its admirable pose and coloring and life-like truthfulness of the subject. Other works executed abroad included "Moses and Aaron on Mount Hor," "The Flight in Egypt," and "The Infant Bacchus." Returning to America he painted many portraits, producing many fine works. Among these was a portrait of Mrs. Rider, which was notable for the fine face, form and rendering of her white satin dress. He was especially happy in his use of gray and blues. He painted, now, portraits also of Gov. Marcy (which now hangs in the City Hall), of Henry Ward Beecher, Robert B. Martin and of William H. Hunt. In 1870 he was elected president of the National Academy of Design, holding the position for two years. His "Antique Timbrel Player" was shown in the Academy of Design in 1871, and also his famous "Farragut in the Shrouds of the Frigate Hartford," which called forth a long, wordy and well remembered contest in 1872. This was purchased by a committee, presented to the Emperor of Russia and now hangs in the Royal gallery at St. Petersburg. In 1877 Page's works in this country were collected and exhibited. One of his best known works was a head of Christ painted and exhibited in 1876, which he declared to be the result of the closest study of the only authentic portraits of Christ and of the conception of the oldest masters, with his own ideal, and the result of mature reflection and years of experience. Notwithstanding this painting was deemed unsatisfactory by the majority of the critics, lacking in inspiration, and with too little of the godlike and too much of the human period. It found a warm defender in Theodore Tilton, its owner. Up to the time when stricken with paralysis, seven years ago, he retired to his Staten Island house, the work he engaged in was that of Shakespeare. He died from an attack of kidney disease. The funeral, which will be private, will be held on Sunday next. There is

CONSIDERABLE SCANDAL.

connected with his later domestic relations. His present wife, it is said, was married to him in a peculiar manner, and it is alleged that she held aloof from him for some years. One of these Mrs. Watson, wife of the treasurer of the Jersey Central

Railroad, has in her gallery in this city the most valuable of his paintings. A contest for the property and paintings will ensue, it is reported. In the contest, it is said, Wood Perry and Seymour J. Guy, who were intimate friends of the dead artist, are out of town. Francis A. Silva said yesterday: "I knew Page and I liked him. He was a man of great energy and a very capable and original painter. He lived his life at a time when an artist and an organ-grinder were about equally appreciated, and I think more honor is due the man who climbs the organ-grinder's wheel than the man who sings." P. W. Hubbard was much affected by the news of Page's death. "I remember him so well," he said. "Often when in his studio he has sat himself on the floor and, leaning on my knee, repeated some sonnet after sonnet of Shakespeare with a force, enthusiasm and poetic feeling I have never seen equaled. In no sense was he an organ-grinder. He has left his stamp upon American art." Daniel Huntington, president of the National Academy, spoke in equal laudatory terms of Page. "His name," he said, "stands with the foremost of our country's artists, and the feeling of admiration and appreciation were wonderful. The council of the Academy will probably take appropriate action at their meeting on Monday, Oct. 12."

An Errand of Mercy.

Martin L. Kinney, in Two Bits. In the year 1870 I settled on a claim six miles from the railroad station and as far from any human habitation. Our house faced the east, and from the front door could be seen, in the distance, a little shanty standing on a knoll. It was the only one visible from our house and I used to look at it a great deal, but never knew who lived there until one day, as I was sitting in the back door feeding some chickens, Mr. Phill, a neighbor and acquaintance who lived ten miles from us, drove up and said: "Miss Grace, I happened to be driving by that house of hers to the east this morning and an old lady ran out and hailed me. She said she had come out here with her son hoping the chickens would benefit his health. He has consumption, you know. But it seems he has grown steadily worse and now lies at the point of death. She is all alone with him and is out of provisions, with no money and no friends, and she has dried apples. I thought perhaps you'd go over and help her a little, and take some sort of food along. She gave me some money and asked me to get some things for her. I thought I'd go over and help her. I went on talking and giving me directions. I didn't stop to listen but hurried him off, telling him I'd start as soon as possible; so I got ready and started for the place. My first Indian pony, Grit, was a treasure. I strapped all I could on her back and put the rest in a basket which I carried on my arm. The picture painted in my fancy of the old lady's face, and the thought of the direction of the shanty, and I thought no more of the road till Grit stopped. I looked up expecting to see the shanty. Imagine my feelings when I saw the old lady's little hoots were entirely buried in the thick, sticky mud, and what was worse, they were still sinking, and that very rapidly. It occurred to me that if I did not get out we might get through; so off I jumped. "Horrible! My feet were sinking, too! What should I do? Grit was up to her knees in mud now and I was up to my ankles. I got out of the mud and ran to the side of the house. I saw a man standing outside help. So I must help myself. "Grit," said I, "we must get out of this. Click, click, get up, click, click!" Brave Grit struggled, but the harder she tried the more she sank. She turned toward Grit. All I could see now of the brave little pony was her head; I turned away. I could not bear to see her buried alive. My feet sunk—kept sinking—deeper, deeper, deeper. I knew I could not stand any longer. Come, my brave. Courage! I raised my head, and with my whole strength called, "Help! help!"

"What was my joy and surprise when I heard that answer? It came from the man I called upon and strained my eyes in every direction. At last I saw a man on horse-back. Joy! I waved my handkerchief frantically and called with my whole strength. On he came, he stopped at me. Suddenly a terrible fear flashed across my mind. Suppose he should get into the slough. I made a trumpet of my hands and shouted: "Go around the slough and strike the mud with the direction to take, for he could not see the outline of the slough from where he was. The awful mud had now closed in on my knees. While he was going around the slough I saw the mud strike the mud. Oh, how hard it is sometimes to wait! At last he stood on the bank above me. But how was he to get to me? I was some distance from the edge, and if he came near he would be stuck in the mud. He was equal to the occasion, it seemed, for he dismounted and said: "Be very patient till I can reach you." He then returned, he saddled his horse, taking a knife from his pocket, cut off the flaps, and placing his foot on one he cut two little slits, one each side of his foot; then he laid the same with the other. Then he took off his boots and slipped them through the holes in the flaps of his saddle. This done he laid them down and put on his horse what was left of the saddle; and on his feet what was left of the boots. He then stepped on very rapidly and so very neatly that I could do nothing but watch him. But when it was done I ventured to look at him. He was a stranger, a young man of fine physique, with a high forehead and a great eye. He had not stopped. He went to work tearing up great handfuls of the tall meadow grass that grew all around the slough. This he piled up so as to make a foot from the edge of the slough to where I was stuck; and just about a foot from me he made a great pile which he tramped down until it was flat and solid. Then he returned, he saddled his horse, taking a knife from his pocket, cut off the flaps, and drawing off his boots strapped on his saddle-flaps thus making a large surface for his feet. Then he came down to me and standing on the pile which he had made he took a great step and I saw his arms and with a mighty yell I was out. Oh, the joy of such a delivery! I sat down on the bank and waited till he had ridden over to the old lady's with the basket of provisions, and then he walked by my side until he reached home.

A Tragic Life.

Ten years ago Charles Sheridan was known as one of the brightest boys in the St. James Cathedral school in Brooklyn. In a luckless moment he fell in with a reckless gang and became dissolute. His life story, though covering but a brief period, is one that points a moral worth remembering. He forsook the reputable companions of his school days and entered upon a career of viciousness. He became a burglar and dragged his brother into crime. Both were sent to the penitentiary and their portraits placed in the rogues' gallery. A short time since Charles was discharged from confinement and took as his associate a wretched woman, who soon became ill. They lived in a miserable basement and suffered from abject poverty. Friday night he entered his room, partially intoxicated, and found two men lying on the floor in the arms of the woman with whom he lived. One of the men, Thomas Farrell by name, resisted Sheridan and received a fatal knife thrust in the heart. The other man, to have been near me, a respectable young woman next Friday. It is seldom that so brief a life contains so many elements of horror and so much cause for grief and remorse.

PRESIDENTIAL PROBABILITIES.

The Candidates for Governor of New York Contrast—One or the Other to Lead in the National Struggle in 1888.

Atlanta Constitution. Two young men are running for Governor of the State of New York. Ira Davenport, the Republican candidate, is forty-four years old, and David B. Hill is three years younger. One was born in the then little town of Hornellsville, and the other in the neighboring and still smaller town of Havana. Both were country boys, both within a few miles of each other; but at that point the mutuality of circumstances and careers ceased, although they continued to reside and still reside in adjoining counties in Western New York.

The story of divergence is quickly told: one was born rich, and the other poor. The boy born rich took to Republicanism as naturally as a duck to water, while Dave Hill, born poor, struggled on and gladly accepted the party of the people. The reader who thinks these distinctions strained or demagogical has but to study the politics of any Eastern or Middle State during the past quarter of a century to ascertain that they are just and natural.

Davenport's father was not rich, however, when he moved to Hornellsville from one of the Hudson River counties, but he was a born trader, and he carried with him a stock of goods. This was in 1815. The country was wild, very new. There were Indians all about, and the elder Davenport kept a general store over thirty years, buying first the skins of beaver, mink, bear, and other animals of the forest, and later on bartering goods for such produce as the soil would yield, or exchanging them for the money brought back by numerous lumbermen who guided gaffs down the river streams. The country was very rich, as the times and places were, and immediately invested his gains in lands of the country. Then came the era of railroads, and the lands rose rapidly in value, often tenfold. The elder Davenport was more than the purchase price. The old storekeeper and trader, about whose frugality and economy a thousand stories are told, died, leaving two boys who were at once rounded up and dressed. This was about twenty-five years ago.

Ira, the younger of the two, was then of age. His practical old father, instead of giving him a classical education, put him under the tuition of a neighbor who had a general store in Hornellsville, and there he stayed close up to the death of his father, dealing out all sorts of goods, from calico and brown sugar to cut nails and Perry Davis' Kidney Cure. The father's habit of training up a business man in the old-fashioned way was frustrated, however, by the father's death. Young Ira kept his share of the property carefully invested in the purchase of lands, and he had a large amount of trouble, and took to travel, leisurely ways and club life in New York. The Gulf League Club, a member of the Union League Club, and the excellent but old trader of Hornellsville, his father, can be better imagined than described.

Ira Davenport's introduction to active politics was wholly accidental. Eight years ago in the course of a life of ease he happened to be at Saratoga when a State Convention of the Republican party was in session. There were present about a dozen delegates from Hornellsville in the smallest district, and the dozen were much more exercised over a future standard-bearer in their senatorial district than over the places of the State ticket. They met Ira Davenport, who had just returned from the city, and all knew on account of his wealth, and he proved so unexpectedly genial over the popping of corks that it was then and there determined to ask him to lead the forlorn hope of the district. The district had long been good for about 3000 Republican majority, but George B. Bradley, a Democrat, and now a Judge of the Supreme Court of the State, had carried it once and was elected. "Things look black," said the Republican side of the house; but as Ira Davenport had nothing else to do and nothing to lose by running, he accepted the nomination, supplied the needed amount of money, and was elected. He was elected, and in 1881 was elected Comptroller, but when he came up for re-election in 1883 he was defeated by over 15,000 votes. But it was an eventful year for Republicans. Last year he was elected to Congress. Before he could take his seat he was nominated for Governor.

Even the best friends of the genial and generous Hornellsville boy will not claim that such a success in politics was due to his great capacity for public affairs, or his skill in the difficult art of handling men. Mr. Davenport is not a politician at all, and probably retains his former contempt for politicians. But he is a rich man, a bachelor, and power in his amusement. He buys it as he does a seat in a theater. The Republicans need money this year. They cannot assess the federal office-holders; the great extent of a great extent of the Mugwumps, and so they have put two rich young men—Davenport and Wadsworth—in their ticket, with enough of the old soldier element thrown in to disguise its real nature. It is said to say that Davenport and Wadsworth will between them contribute a round hundred thousand dollars to the State campaign fund. As there is no one else to assess, these two young men of inherited wealth are said to be the only ones who will insure even an approach to success the bills will be heavy, for the State is imperial in all its methods.

Fitted against the Union League Club and the great extent of a great extent of the Democratic candidate, he is neither rich nor Jove like. He is no more a Daniel Webster than his opponent. It is not a Websterian year in New York. But Hill is a Republican. He attended the public schools of his native town, and then went to Elmira, a near at hand city, to study law. It was a time of study and work with him, for there was no fun to draw upon in the current of the day. David Bennett Hill has achieved is due to his own right arm and his own clear brain. From the outset in Elmira he mingled politics with law, but so gently that he was not his so great his capacity for work, that he was successful in both trades. He soon became a good jury lawyer, often trying capital cases, and when he was twenty-five years old he was sent to the Legislature. In 1881 he carried his ward, which had become strongly Republican, and became an Alderman of his adopted city, and next year he was elected Mayor. It was a good year for him. When the State convention met in 1883 Grover Cleveland, Mayor of Buffalo, was nominated for Governor and David B. Hill, Mayor of Elmira, for Lieutenant Governor. It was also a tidal year. Mr. Cleveland's majority was immense, but Dave Hill's was immense. It was four thousand larger than Mr. Cleveland's.

Why is it bachelors are so much preferred in New York politics? Did Mr. Tilden set the precedent? Not only is the President a bachelor, but so are both Mr. Davenport and Mr. Hill. Neither a full purse nor an empty one seems to have much to do with it, for Tilden and Davenport are rich, and Hill is said to be levelled a man, no matter what his position in the campaign, who could accurately and intelligently tell how New York would go. As a rule the man who held the vote in the latest canvass was wisest of the truth. Hill certainly has the best chance. In the first place he is an excellent politician. If there is a better one in the State it is Samuel J. Tilden. Davenport is surrounded by good advisers, but he is himself a man of political trade alongside of his opponent. Then, again, Hill is in favor among the workmen of the State. He steadily favored the measure forbidding the employment of such competitors with the iron industry. He is the choice of Tammany and of Boss McLaughlin and the Brooklyn Democracy. He believes that Democrats should fill the offices from which they have been ousted, and that a certain number of them should be retained. But they say the Mugwumps led by the

New York Times will oppose him. So some of them may, in truth, however, the Mugwumps rarely go to the polls, and there are many free traders among them who will not accept the high tariff platform of the Republican party. And there are others who take so much pride in Mr. Cleveland's name that they will not this year return to the Republican party.

Two issues enter largely into every canvass in New York—two issues that are not referred to in either platform. The first is the temperance question. The Republicans have ignored it. Mr. Davenport is not an ideal Prohibitionist, and there will be a strong temperance ticket in the field. It will win from 20,000 to 30,000 Republican votes. The other question deeply interests the Irish people. They have established separate schools in nearly every town in the State, or else they desire to establish such schools. They hold that the teachings of Holy Church should be begun in the child. They demand therefore a share of the school money for the support of their schools; and there are some cities that they refuse to constitute themselves a balance of power between the two parties until they want. The Irish problem in New York is a difficult one from a Democratic standpoint, but if any Democrat can secure the old-time Irish Democratic vote in that State, that Democrat is Mr. David B. Hill. Beyond all doubt the Irish voters of New York will decide the contest. No one knows what they will do.

Whether they know it or not—they seem to be aware of the fact—the voters of New York are president-making again. If Ira Davenport is elected by 20,000 majority, not the cold and aged voters, but the red-headed rooters of 1885, will be the Republican nominee for President in 1888. There will be nothing surer in our politics. And if Mr. Hill is elected, and Mr. Cleveland stands sure, as is his custom in other matters, by an iron term record, who will be more available on the Democratic side than the ex-Alderman of Elmira? The gubernatorial term of three years will just fill the interval.

She Became a Mormon.

New York Sun. "I don't say as I approve of Mormonism," observed the old man as he chewed away at a fresh quid, "but I owe one of them 'ere Mormon elders a debt of gratitude I kin never pay." "How's that?" asked one of the group. "Waal, I don't mind tellin' ye the circumstance to while away the time. 'Long 'bout twenty years ago, when I had some shape to me, a widdler up in the Chenango Valley got stuck on me. I was washed on her. It was a sort of mutual fire insurance company. Two hours after I first set eyes on her she squeeze my hand. I responded by hugging her waist. She called me her deary. I called her my dovey. Dang my buttons if we wasn't engaged in less'n five hours!" "Was she nice?"

"Um! She was an angel! For about four weeks I was the happiest man in York State. It seemed as if I'd roved air half the time. Bimeby a darn shadder got up and humped itself across my azure sky." "What was it?"

"Why, I discovered that the widdler had her faults. She had a temper like an old meat ax; she smoked a pipe; she walked in her sleep; she believed in dreams. We had a little bit, same as lovers, and she picked up an old scythe and cut me half a mile. Then I began to cleave off." "Wanted to break eh?"

"The wust way. She begged my pardon, and called me deary, and allowed that I was the noblest Roman who ever lived in York State. The silver cord was busted. Then she sued me for breach of promise—damages \$10,000."

"That was tough." "I was over it like a yoke o' cattle drawn in hay. The day the suit was to be called I drove down to the depot to take the train for the county seat, and I found her there. She come right up an' shook hands as if nothing had happened, and when we went into the cars she says, says she: 'John Henry, 'tain't your money I'm after, but it's you I want.' 'But you can't have me, Lucy Ann,' I answers. 'Mebbe not, but you had no right to promise me.'"

"Waal, purty soon I looked down the car, and I spies a Mormon elder. I knowed he was 'ere, I'd seen him in Attica. He was a missionary, sent out to gather in the harvest. The harvest had been mighty slim, and he looked as glum as a grasshopper left behind the drove. I goes over to him and softly says: 'Elder, what of the cause?' 'Tis a glorious one,' he answers. 'And the converts?'"

"A mighty scarce." "Say, elder, do you want to make \$100 and a first-class convert at the same time? I axed him. 'If it ar the Lord's will,' he solemnly answers. 'Waal, I sent him over to talk to Lucy Ann, and in fifteen minutes she whistles to me. I goes over and they was squeezing hands and lookin' everlastin' bliss into each other's eyes. 'John Henry,' says she, 'a widdler woman may want money, but she wants a second husband wuss. Let's dicker.' 'How much to squelch the suit, Lucy?' 'Gimme two hundred.' In twenty minutes I had it all fixed, and in three days she headed west with the elder."

"Ever hear of her afterward?" "Slightly. About a year ago I met the elder over in the Mohawk valley. He wouldn't speak to me." "Whence this disdain?" says I. As I drive him into a fence corner. "Aha!" sighed he, "but you were too good. She broke my jaw, busted my harem, and kicked so much of the stuff out of Brigham Young's Bible that we can't find 'nuff Scripture to hold a prayer meetin' on. Go away, desiznin' villain, go 'way.' 'And I went.'"

A Barber's Love.

Chicago Tribune. Chris Finsold is a light-haired German employed in the Palmer House barbershop. Two years ago he met Henrietta Wagner, a plump little chambermaid in the same hostelry. For some time he loved her in silence. At last he bought a ring and sent it to Henrietta, with a note to the effect that Barkis was willin'. Henrietta recognized the depth of his affection, but the shallowness of his purse was an insuperable obstacle. She kept the ring, but refused the barber. After this Finsold became melancholy, his hand shook so that he could not shave, and twice he forgot to say: "I think you'd better have a shampoo, sir." That ended his career as a barber. He followed his crucifer from room to room, and made her morning rounds and reproached her with her hardness of heart. He made love to her in the elevator, wooed her on the streets and proposed to her in the street cars, and yesterday Henrietta had him arrested for disorderly conduct.

"Ach, Gott, Stude, das is so, velle I luf do gurl as I shall die! Venn I sleep I vant do gurl, and venn I ton't sleep I vant do gurl." "If I let you go will you behave yourself?" asked the court. "Shudge, venn you sent me to shall right away, now I gamot siton intin' do gurl." "Wah, keep on loving her, but try to behave yourself. Dismissed."

James Melvin's Muscular Tortures.

From the Boston Herald. The stiffening began in my arms, but I did not give up work until I found it impossible to raise my arms to my head, and could hardly dress myself without assistance. Then came in rapid succession came crutches and bed. After the stiffening of my arms the muscles of my legs began contracting, until they were shut up like a pocket knife, the heels resting against my hips. This condition of things continued for some months.

One day, while being moved upon my bed, my right hip slipped out of joint, the effect being to throw my knees over to the right side of my body and to draw my right arm to the left side. About a year later muscular contraction caused by left hip to slip out, bringing my knees where they are now, on my right side. I was unable to get up, pressed closely against my right side and hip. It was impossible to replace the hips, and amputation, which was at one time thought of to relieve me, was given up by my physician.

The muscles of my face and throat are in good condition and are the only ones in my whole body which I can move. My jaws, as you see, are firmly fixed, and my teeth and liquids through an aperture formed by the loss of several teeth. To give you an idea of the resistless force of the muscular contraction I will tell you that when my legs were being moved, and I had turned on my weight suspended over a pulley by cords, and so arranged as to resist the force which was being exerted. But it was of no avail whatever, and my heels are so firmly pressed into my hip and side that my hair will exert all her strength to pull them away from my body sufficiently to insert a single thickness of cloth. My hands lie upon my breast—I have not seen them for seven years, and probably never shall again.

My head is, as you see, turned nearly one-quarter around to the left. When I first became conscious that it was being drawn out of its proper position I had a stout clamp put on the back of my head, and I turned on the muscles had their way. Not alone have my muscles stiffened; my joints have become completely ossified, resulting in making my entire skeleton one solid bone. While this ossification was going on my sufferings were most intense. By means of a mechanical attachment to the bed, worked by a crank, I can be raised and lowered without disturbing the joints, although, however retaining the same horizontal position, it being impossible to raise my head above the level of my body. The bones of my neck and spinal column are united and inseparably into one, and are as rigid as a bar of iron. My ribs are all firmly united by their connecting tissues, the chest being simply an unmovable box of bone, incapable of expansion, all of my ribs being united to the sternum, and the muscles of the abdomen. Human ingenuity could hardly devise a more effective arrangement of the limbs as a means of torture. If turned on my left side I would be unable to get up, and if turned on my right side my right hip would rest on the back of my heels and my feet on the ends of my toes. Owing to the peculiar arrangement of my limbs I have for seven long years been unable to hold my position, and an instant having changed my position in the least, each day having seemed a year, each year a century. Formerly weighing 185 pounds, my present weight is not over eighty-five pounds.

Presidential Grub.

Century. "Among the most sagacious and purest of Gen. Grant's friends was J. Russell Jones, formerly of Galena, at that time United States Marshal for the Northern District of Illinois, and afterwards United States Attorney of the President. Mr. Jones, feeling a deep interest in Gen. Grant, and having many friends and neighbors under his command, had joined the army at Vicksburg and was there on the day when the general was in camp, hearing this and knowing his intimacy with Grant, sent for him shortly after his return to Chicago to come to Washington. Mr. Jones started immediately and traveled night and day. On his return to the railway station at Washington he was met by the President's servants and carriage, taken directly to the White House and at once shown into the President's room. After a hurried but cordial greeting, the President led the way to the library, closed the doors, and when he was sure that they were entirely alone, addressed him as follows: 'I have sent you, Mr. Jones, to know if that man Grant wants to be President.' Mr. Jones, somewhat astonished at the question and the circumstances under which it was asked, replied at once that he would not be a yes man; he queried the latter: 'Yes, said Mr. Jones, 'perfectly sure; I have just come from Vicksburg. I have seen Gen. Grant frequently and talked fully and freely with him about the subject. He has no political aspirations, and I know he has no political aspirations whatever and certainly none for the Presidency. His only desire is to see you elected and to do what he can under your orders to put down the rebellion and to bring peace to the country.' 'Ah, Mr. Jones,' said Lincoln, 'you have lifted a great weight off my mind, and done me an immense amount of good; for I felt that I had no one to whom I could turn. I have no more than I know how to do. Presidential grub grows until he has had it himself.'"

Cyrus W. Field's Peculiarities.

Brooklyn Union. There is an old story about Mr. Field that has been long a puzzle according to his friends or portion. If the person occupies a high rank will give him his whole hand, and if he is a person in the middle station he will give him three fingers, perhaps, and if he is a poor man he will give him one finger. It is a fact that Mr. Field has a great habit of shaking hands with one finger, and he seems to regret allowing that to be used for shaking purposes. A thing that has given him a great deal of trouble as anything else in Wall street is his dozing propensity. When he enters an office he bangs the door with might and main, and while in gathers strength to enter it again, and then goes out. The number of one office which he frequents, as I am told, required repairing from his banging four times within a year.

Most people have an idea that Mr. Field is a Croesus. He is not an extremely wealthy man for a Wall street figure. On paper Jay Gould is worth from \$80,000,000 to \$70,000,000, and Russell Sage from \$25,000,000 to \$30,000,000. Some estimates put Mr. Field's at about \$5,000,000. It is said that he will probably attain the extent of it. The average person, no doubt, thinks Mr. Field is as wealthy as Mr. Sage, and some think he is almost as wealthy as Mr. Gould

The Morning News

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MONDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1885. PARTITION OF "NO MAN'S LAND." In behalf of the veterans of Texas Gov. Roberts was willing, under certain conditions, to open the Greer County reservation to the location of their certificates.

sisted upon was that the veterans should retain an interest in their scrip. As the reservation was opened without an act specially authorizing it and presumptively to benefit the veterans alone, and as the public has been led to infer that there was an even symmetrical division of the lands, does not the record of the partition excite sufficient curiosity in the mind of some other disinterested friend of the veterans to investigate the subject and disclose by what arithmetical rule the dividends in this partnership were ascertained?

NORTH TEXAS—SOUTH TEXAS.

The above terms are in common use to designate the sections of the State indicated. They are convenient and intelligent and not confined to Texas alone. There is no sectional suggestion in the words, nor any hidden meaning calculated to disparage one part of the State or another.

WHY DON'T some of the Republican platforms devote some attention to Rhode Island? It takes twice as many votes in any State of the South to elect a Congressman as it does in Rhode Island.

THE TEXAS farmer sells his cotton for silver to the local dealer. But the ultimate price of that cotton is fixed in New York, and it is fixed on a gold basis, and by men who take care that full account is taken of the relative value of gold and silver.

THE rice growers protested against the treasury decision to admit broken rice under the regular rate of duty, and made out a fair case, but the protectionist Philadelphia Press has no sympathy for them, as it remembers that some of them have advocated reduced duties on manufactured articles.

THE situation of the Sick Man of the East is most trying. If he does not bestir himself to put down the revolutions in his turbulent provinces there will soon be an end of European Turkey, and if he does show fight he is almost sure to be whipped, and not only driven beyond the Bosphorus but perhaps out of his capital city of Constantinople.

tion of the Dardanelles must be free to the world. The suggestion made by Gen. Gordon, long since, that Constantinople be constituted a free State, is referred to as the speediest and most satisfactory solution of the difficulties that now beset the Porte and the powers.

WHY DON'T some of the Republican platforms devote some attention to Rhode Island? It takes twice as many votes in any State of the South to elect a Congressman as it does in Rhode Island.

HABITUAL drunkenness, instead of being tolerated as a mitigation of crime, should be treated as an aggravating circumstance. A man who can control his appetite and will not be capable of any crime and should be caught up at the first opportunity and severely dealt with.

THE NEW YORK Times fears that the Edmunds law will not suppress polygamy, and says: It will be the duty of Congress next winter to carefully study this subject and to devise additional laws for the removal of this great evil.

THE ALBANY Journal notes that neither Gov. Hill nor Mr. Faulkner, in their congratulatory responses, said anything about President Cleveland's administration. This was doubtless on the civil service idea that, as they are engaged in a State and not a national contest, the business in hand should claim exclusive attention, or else it was an oversight.

THE prospect in New Hampshire is that \$10,000,000 worth of property will be in need of home insurance by Dec. 1. Let New Hampshire persevere. The country needs legislative experiments. Candidate States for vivisection will please step up. Some have tried the Maine law, others are trying railroad experiments.

CAMBLERS are busy in St. Paul, the Pioneer Press says, with the tacit permission of the authorities, and it longs to put a stop to their trade, as they swindle the "poor men, the wage earners and ignorant laborers." Certain ways have been tried a long time and the "poor man" is made to believe that unfair games are suppressed.

MR. GLADSTONE'S throat is so sore he can't make a speech. If there is to be a special session of the Legislature some means should be adopted to introduce the disease in Texas.

REGISTRATION certificates cost \$1 in Cincinnati, 50 cents higher than the price of votes in Indiana.

MR. CHARLES DILKE and Mrs. Mark Pattison were married Friday. Mr. Dilke is chiefly known as the man who created a scandal, and Mrs. Pattison is known as the relict of a deceased husband.

A CAREFUL review of our exchanges show that the old-Stage pistol goes off as often as the Texas weapon.

LEWIS WYKOFF says "Life is a joke to the Japanese." A nation that can joke with their mothers-in-law must fly into ecstasies every time Minister Hubbard reels off in a humorous flight of oratory.

LIGHTNING recently melted an umbrella carried by an Oregonian politician without striking him. It is evidently not one of the elect of Grover.

THE wedding of Sir Charles Dilke and Mrs. Pattison has been accomplished. With the lady it is a case of natural selection the merits of which only concern herself. It is a pretty strong feat for a widow in India to throw herself into the arms of a lover in England just to prove that he is not off color.

A CORRESPONDENT from Walnut Springs, Bosque County, addresses THE NEWS as follows: Please answer whether Bosnia and Prussia fought in 1866; also state the standing army of the German and Russian Empires—the number of each.

THE military establishment of Germany in time of peace was, by the law of 1871, which remained in force to 1881, deter-

mined to be 422,344 men, including 280,821 cavalry and 141,523 artillery. Its war force is 1,249,265 men and 2616 guns. Since the law referred to became dead by limitation there has been a slight increase made in the strength of the cavalry branch of the service.

MINISTER PHILIPS recently issued a circular to the people of the United States against the swindle of prosecuting claims for imaginary estates in England waiting for American heirs. That game can be worked not merely by London frauds, but by their confederates and imitators in the United States.

THE Bland dollar must go. It goes already for 88 cents.—Ohio State Journal. Before it goes too far we would like to ask: Have you any to sell at that price?—Inter Ocean.

IT IS WORTH more than 15 cents on the dollar to hold the absolute power of government to prohibit, then use its own monopoly for all it is worth. A government bond may be no better than a mortgage, but the privilege attached to the government bond, of getting a quantity of notes by depositing it, sends the bond to a premium.

MADAME JUDIC, the French actress who comes to America this season, is a widow. It is said when her husband was alive she darned his socks at night when she returned from her work on the stage. This point is made to show that Mr. Judic was not an editor. Had he followed that high profession her time would have been consumed in patching the southern part of his pants.

THE SULTAN is putting his navy on a war footing. As a consequence his harem nymphs use less sugar in their coffee. He has to economize somewhere.

THE APACHES are on the war path and their friends ascribe it to hunger. The Apache's appetite is always too strong for the amount of rations given him.

W. U. WOOD, a Missouri journalist, suicided. Before he did so he wrote a two-column article describing his feelings as he approached his end. He probably regretted that he couldn't stay to get his pay for the article.

THE Democratic party has had many trials, but it is relieved of the heavy business of trying to excuse Halstead for writing his '63 letters.

CALIFORNIA has two stage robbers. They have hitherto limited themselves to robbing passengers. If they get into the mail sacks they will read every letter in them, even if the penitentiary yawns within a mile of them. They will be caught.

THE friends of Mr. Halstead offer all kinds of excuses for the letter of '63. They say he is "omnivorous, carnivorous, obstinate by nature and perverse by choice," that he is "unguarded, transparent, imprudent, intolerant," and that he was the victim of his too exuberant rhetoric and too impulsive genius.

ALL our prominent men have the dengue. The cause of this sickness among them is entirely ascribed to the fact that the majority of Texas voters have the dengue.

MR. GLADSTONE'S throat is so sore he can't make a speech. If there is to be a special session of the Legislature some means should be adopted to introduce the disease in Texas.

IT defeat overtakes the Democratic party in New York it must be remembered that the administration refused to have anything to do with the election. If that party triumphs the administration has been allowed indorsed by the victors. The administration is not exactly on the fence, but it has its apron spread to catch any good things that may fall.

SOME of the admirers of President Cleveland declare that he knows the record of every applicant for office. "It is impossible, friends. He can't know personally two thirds of the members of his party."

THE present silver dollar may not be worth a dollar, but the average man is willing to take it at that price if people will quit punching holes in it.

A MAN in Ohio has three hands and his neighbors envy him. He can vote with two hands and have one to hold out behind him.

IN the nature of progression, the half-breed is a whole-breed-and-a-quarter-extra stalwart.

THE wires this morning bring the sad, though not unlooked-for intelligence of the approaching dissolution of the last of the triumvirate of statesmen whose forensic achievements in the stirring political scenes enacted during the two decades preceding the birth of the Southern Confederacy, placed Georgia in the fore-front of distinction as the mother of great men.

THE Free Lunch. New Orleans Picayune. The man who can give a free lunch of soup, beef, fish, vegetables, butter and bread to a customer who pays 15 cents for a glass of liquor, could afford to give a much finer lunch for 15 cents without the liquor, as a reasonable matter of business; but no temperance man has the nerve to try it, and clerks are learning to be drunkards on account of the lunch. The temperance idea of a lunch for 15 cents is a glass of sour milk and water and a hardware sandwich. This does not seduce the stomach, and the liquor man wins.

STATE PRESS.

What the Papers of Texas are Talking About. J. W. Lipscomb's name no longer flies at the editorial head of the Luling Wasp. He leaves his paper in a healthy, if not in a flourishing condition, saying:

The Wasp has no indebtedness, as all it owes in its business is a string, a few pairs of legs, and a pair of wings when it gets in a hurry.

The grass has very little time to grow under the feet of a live newspaper man.

The Laredo Times rises to reply: THE GALVESTON NEWS asks if protectionism is a myth. In regard to the baneful results everywhere visible upon American industry, and most of which are traceable to the tariff laws, the answer must be that protection is anything but a myth.

The Presidio News says the Governor's visit to that place was rumored to have a political aim, but it incidentally negatives the report when it says his excellency did not call on the editor. A man in quest of popularity always pays his respects to the newspaper. An editor stands on the portal of the temple of fame like Saint Peter at the gate.

The El Paso Times says: The land question is the vital question of Texas to-day. It is a business question and must be treated on a business basis.

The land question is the vital question of Texas to-day. It is a business question and must be treated on a business basis. The amount of unoccupied lands in the State is startling, and will be still more so in the near future.

This may be true, but so far as El Paso County is concerned, one would think it has already borrowed about as much money from the State as it is able to pay.

Coursing the hare is an aristocratic sport in the old world, but it is within the reach of nearly all in Texas—that is where jack rabbits abound and people keep grayhounds.

Some of it is practiced on the mainland in Galveston County, and the Sherman News says:

The boys and young men of East Sherman have become addicted with a peculiar mania of late and that craze is jack rabbit hunting by moonlight. The hill just south of Austin college abounds with such animals (the rabbits, not the young men and boys), and it is not uncommon to see a number of them to be captured in one night's run.

Charles Roberts passes in his last "copy" and retires from the tripod of the Sherman News. The paper will be continued under the management of J. C. Lee.

The Standard says: The influence of the press is exerted by bringing the ideas of the writer to the notice of the reader, and if they suit him he is apt to appropriate them as his own.

The Standard must have heard the speech of some politician who professes to give his own views when repeating a lot of stuff culled from the papers.

Temple Houston is coming into prominence as a probable candidate for Governor from the southwest, not because he is "the son of his father, whose memory all Texas reverence," but because he is identified with and understands the wants of the people of this portion of the State, and has successfully exposed the greatest humbug in the whole Legislature ever foisted upon the State.

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The sentiment is growing throughout the country and among the warmest friends of our service reform, that the present so-called civil service doctrine is a hollow mockery—a hideous humbug. The Caller believes in appointing Democrats to office. Let it be home rule. Appoint Democrats to fill the federal offices who are citizens of the places where those offices are located.

The editors of the Caller, Messrs. W. P. Caruthers and E. T. Merriman, are making it one of the very best weeklies in the State. Both the editorial and local columns are filled with interesting matter.

The condenser of the Laredo Times reduces it to this: Henry Squirtless has gone back on Kentucky whisky, sir!

The Texas Farm and Ranch says: Our school lands were set aside for the children of Texas, and yet the vast acres set aside for education, as a fund to relieve taxpayers, has been used, and grazed and monopolized, and the Government has stood by inactive, except apparently in the effort to prevent a return of revenues from their use. Free grass monopoly must come to an end. The hard-fisted masses must name and elect men to protect public interests. Personal government must end.

The Laredo Times says it has been misconstructed by another paper, and explains as follows: The Times assumed that the Democratic party would in its next convention declare against legislation of a summary nature, consistently with its ancient record, and that prohibition would necessarily have to either join forces with some other political organization or crystallize into a party in either of which events Democrats would be precluded by the duties of fealty to their own party from supporting the candidates of the Prohibitionists.

The Times remarks: The Mexican Catholics of Chihuahua are kicking vigorously against the colonization of that country by the Mormons, and there will be few to deny that they have ample cause to kick.

The Columbus Citizen says: The Austin Daily Minute, an afternoon paper lately established, has ceased to reverberate.

That is the way papers now decrease. They used to revive after spells of suspended animation, but they now die all over like the pig in the poem, and do not leave even an echo.

The Cleburne Telegram calls "silver good enough" and says: A very large majority of the people of the whole country are in favor of the continued and even free coinage of silver. The gold dollar has gone above par. Let there be a sound gold coinage.

Germany demonetized silver because gold was then the chief elemental and it was hoped the government would thereby make a good speculation. The Bank of England once suspended silver payment and adopted gold because the latter was cheaper. Thus governments and banks have not hesitated to demonetize the dearer metal in order to pay their debts more easily when the occasion offered. Germany and the Bank of England did this to make money out of it. Suppose the people of the United States adopt the plan now? They have a perfect right to pay their debt in the cheaper metal. Then if the two metals must be equalized, let the gold standard be reduced.

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The Greenvale Banner says: Prohibition did not prohibit the Prohibitionists from nominating candidates for Governor in New York, Ohio and New Jersey.

The Tyler Courier says: Let the press of Texas put an end to variety shows in this State by exposing them. The Greenvale Banner remarks:

"Variety show" is only another name for a house of prostitution. For the papers to expose them would be to advertise them and increase their power for evil. The way to break them up is for officers to enforce the law against them. The newspapers may assist in the cause by upholding officers who do their duty.

The Georgetown Sun says: We are totally opposed to the existence of a prohibition party. Prohibition should be regarded as a social, local, police measure, and wherever it is submitted to a vote people should vote for or against it, without regard to distinctions of parties.

The Sun is in favor of enforcing prohibition by means of the local option law in precincts where a majority of the people favor it, but it does not believe other precincts should attempt to force it on those in which a majority are opposed to it. The Sun says:

Whatever may be thought elsewhere of the effect of the saloon business on the welfare of particular localities or counties, we are decidedly of the opinion that the best interests of our community require that the business should be prohibited from our precinct. Institutions of learning have been established in our midst for both young men and young ladies. It is of great importance that no conditions should exist here which would oppose the progress of these institutions, or be detrimental to the welfare of those sent to attend them.

The Weimar Gimlet says: It seems to be rapidly becoming a fashion of the day to stab a prominent citizen in the back by coloring up a report on him. It is not really said. Such misrepresentations must proceed from either a knave or a fool.

The Cosmopolitan reports the opening ball of the season at Brownsville and describes the costumes of the ladies like a genuine society reporter.

The editor of the Whitney Messenger puts a brother editor on pedestal: Col. John Levin of the Brenham Banner is the fairest and most truthful paragrapher of the State press. We have known him personally for eight years, and it is but characteristic of his nature. He is an honest, honorable man.

The types made the State Press "rich" instead of "noble" in the temple of fame the other day; and now the retiring editor of the Austin Statesman, whose name ought to be well known to every newspaper man in the State, is called Col. Jno. Cardwell by the Port Worth Mail. That is rich, truly.

The Alexander Free Lance speaks of Person Cranfill as "a bold, bad man." He is bold but not bad. He is not afraid of anything but whisky. That "sizzes" on him like holy water on Satan, and throws him into spasms as water does one suffering from hydrophobia.

The Marlin Ball has his say on the liquor question. The Ball thinks: High license may work well in large cities, where it has the effect of wiping out all the low doggeries, but in small towns it would throw the retail liquor sale into the hands of one or two men, causing a tendency toward monopoly. We are in favor of so regulating the sale of whisky that the saloon where it is sold shall be deprived of its many attractions and allurements.

The great cry of the Prohibitionists is against the saloon and its evil influences, and when that is removed we think we will be satisfied. The passage of a law forbidding the playing of games, music, etc., in saloons would prove a good law. Gaudy furniture, fixtures, and everything that goes to make up a gilded palace should be allowed, and when that is done the saloon is robbed of all its attractions to the public. They can simply go there and get a drink of whisky with no other inducement to keep them there.

"Drink and away," the inscription over the spring that was beset by dangerous wild beasts, seems to be the Ball's motto for saloons. The Gatesville Advance would place over them Dante's "All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

A new opening to a disguised advertisement, which appears in a number of Texas papers reads: Journalists should always seek to give good advice to the public, and that that concerns the health and welfare of a community cannot fail to be of interest to the editor of the paper that circulates throughout his community, and among his friends and patrons.

It is thus "the ministers of darkness tell us truths to woo us to our hurt." Nat Q. Henderson, of the Georgetown Record, threatens to rival Sam Jones and Sam Small, if not Major Penn and DeWitt Talmage as a preacher. His last Sunday's sermon would bring down a camp meeting. He talks as if just before the golden shore he almost can discover and is sure to get there. Nat should turn sure enough preacher. He belongs to the class that is said to furnish the greatest saints. His hardest trial would be to add to righteousness temperance, but there is no telling what faith may accomplish.

A Mining Camp in '49. From the Mining Camp. The mines put all men on force upon a level. Clothes, money, manners, family connections, letters and titles are before counted for so little. The whole community was given substantially an even start in the race. Gold was so abundant, and its sources seemed for a time so inexhaustible that the power of the great wealth was momentarily annihilated. Social and financial inequalities between man and man were together swept out of sight.

Each stranger was welcomed and told to take a pan and pickaxe and go to work for himself. The richest miner in the camp was seldom able to hire a servant; those who had been glad to serve others were digging in their own claims. The wisest greenhorn was as likely to find a pocket of silver in the gulch as was the wisest of professors of geology; and on the other hand the best claim on the river might suddenly "give out" and never again yield a drop of gold. A poorest man might yield a nugget of a hundred gold dust for the asking from a more successful neighbor to give him another start and help him "hunt for bodacious." No one was ever allowed to suffer; the treasure vaults of the Sierra were too near and so easy to exhaust. "To a little camp of 1848"—so an old miner writes me—"a lad of sixteen came one day, covered with hunger and penniless. There were thirty robust and cheerful miners at work in the ravine, and the lad sat on the bank watching them a while in silence, his face telling the sad story of his fortune. He stood up and said to the miner who spoke to his fellows, saying: 'Boys, I'll work for an hour for that chap if you will.' At the end of the hour \$100 worth of gold dust was laid in the youth's handkerchief. The miners then gave him a list of tools and necessities. You go, they said, 'and buy these and come back. We'll have a good claim staked out for you. Then you've got to paddle for yourself.' This genuine and unconventional was the hospitality of the miners' camp.



A Rich Hill Edict.

Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 25.—The Rich Hill girls held a meeting recently and adopted the following platform: The man who takes the red, red wine, Can never glue his lips to mine, Who man who chews the navy plug, Will in our party get no bug, Who smokes or drinks or cuts a deck, Shall never, never bite my neck, Don't you monkey with the cards, Or we can never more be pard, The man who guzzles lager beer, Can never, never chew my ear, Drink nothing stronger than red pop, Or in your lap I'll never stop, If caught but water you ever taste, Just keep your arm from off my waist, If you drink wine or other slop, You can never hear my corset pop, The man who strikes the cigarette, Can never squeeze me, you can bet.

The Ghost of the Arena.

Maria T. H. Middlemore. "I am a native of Leon. My father was a 'contrabandista,' and smuggled mules into France over remote and secret passes of the Pyrenees. We were very proud of our sleek, handsome, smooth mules. We made large sums of money, but we also ran great risks of detection and imprisonment. I hated the business, so once when we were crossing one of the passes I ran away. For days I wandered about until I reached a large city full of white, clean buildings, which they told me was San Sebastian. I asked if there was a 'corrida de toros' (bull ring) there, and on being told there was I made my way to the place, saw the manager, and told him my story, and my desire to be a bull fighter.

"At one time there used to be a good school for training bull fighters. After various preliminaries I was admitted, and found some twenty or thirty other young men who were going through their training for 'chulos.' The great favorite of the school was a young 'espada' named Fernando Nunez, as handsome and as graceful a creature as the dear God ever made. He was always pleasant, always kindly, and had a cheerful greeting and smile for each of us, and was the idol of the whole school. He was very young, perhaps the youngest 'espada' that was ever seen in the arena.

"The bull-ring of San Sebastian stands, or used to stand, on a long sandy stretch of plain on the other side of the railway line. It was a large wooden amphitheater, and the pens for the bulls were quite apart, but connected with the arena by a long, dark passage, through which the bulls were driven into the ring. For three or four hours every day we practiced jumping and vaulting in the arena, playing with the lasso and bulls with tipped horns.

"There was to be a great bull-fight on the feast of San Sebastian, and Nunez was to try his skill there, for the third time, in the capacity of 'espada.' He was considered by the authorities the 'rising star' as a bull fighter, and almost equal to Montes in point of courage, daring and dexterity. He was always very kind to me, and rather picked me out from my comrades to be his constant companion. I was much flattered, of course, by this distinction. Perhaps I showed my elation too, for my old bull fighter (who had served many years in the arena, and had retired from public life only to be master in the school at San Sebastian) said to me one day:

"Mi hijo, you will not misunderstand me if I give you a word of warning, will you?" "I shall only be too grateful to you," I replied, wondering what I had been doing to incur a censure in my work.

"Do not go so much with Nunez. He is fascinating and very charming, and so far as I know as good as he is handsome. But his absence is better than his company. You remember the old proverb, 'Ninas y viros son mal a guardar?' and he is as enticing as wine."

"But he is so good and pleasant that he can not have sold himself to the devil," I said. "Of what are you accusing him?" "I am not accusing him of anything," replied the old man, crossing himself devoutly, "but—and here he put his mouth close to my ear—"he is a doomed man."

"A doomed man," I cried, "but why? Who could wish the poor fellow ill? He is so kind and gay!" "No one," he wishes him ill, I am sure," said the old man eagerly. "But the ghost of the arena follows him like a shadow by day and by night, and I am sure that he is a doomed man. I have been in this business for years, and have seen many things, but I have never known one to live who was followed by the ghost. Montes was doomed by it, so was Cuachares, so were many others. I could name; but this poor young fellow—low—? The old man broke down with tears in his eyes.

"But what sort of creature is this ghost?" I asked. "Does it follow the company?" "Oh, surely," he replied, "it follows Rodriguez. It only follows certain people who are to die. You will see a double shadow of the same shape and size as he, walking beside him by day and by night—and—and—after a few days he will be gone, and the ghost stands before the arena door with a drawn sword, and accompanies the doomed man everywhere."

"I cannot believe it," I cried; "my hair on my head was standing on end with fright, and my body was wet with a clammy cold. 'Just wait and see,' said old Rodriguez sadly, 'I shall not go and see him killed, because I could not bear to see him killed, for I love him.' And he turned and left me."

"I turned the matter over in my mind, and came to the conclusion that Rodriguez was getting silly, and that I had better mention nothing of what he had told me to any one. "The days passed, and Nunez was still the gayest of us all; as happy and gentle as unselfish and thoughtful for others as usual, and more beloved than ever. My fears and terrors for him had almost ceased, when one day I happened to go with Nunez to the arena to watch him practice with a bull. I sat on the barrier and watched the performance, applauding his agility, his grace and general ease of composure.

tract near the arena, a glistered like gold and the building rose strangely out of place in that peaceful quarter. "My mind had been easier for a day or two. The shadow had ceased to follow my friend, and I was beginning to believe that Rodriguez had imposed his imbecile fears upon me by way of a joke.

"When we came to the door of the arena Nunez entered first and I stood looking at the double shadow of us, as though I had distinctly saw a white figure with a drawn sword between me and him, which turned and walked with him shoulder to shoulder. It was the double!

"I accompanied him everywhere—in the arena, in the pens of the bull-ring, in the keeper's quarters—everywhere. When we sat down to have a glass of wine with the keeper the shadow sat down beside Nunez, when we left to return to the school the double escorted us, shoulder to shoulder with Nunez, and these shadows were reflected by the moonlight on the ground.

"I could bear it no longer, and when at the church door the shadow left as usual, I followed it, and I had seen, and I had the fears and dread I had for him in the coming bull fight, and besought him to give it up at whatever cost.

"He turned a little pale as he listened. Then he laughed merrily, and laying his hand on my shoulder, he said: "My dear fellow I thank you for the warning. But I have no fear of the ghost. I shall not die before my time, ghost or no ghost; and if I am to die I will not shirk my duty. I will die in harness. But I do your superstition."

"He evidently thought no more about the warning, for on the next day he was in the cheerfully laughing and chatting gayly to everyone. "The day for the bull fight broke clear and bright, not a cloud was to be seen in the sky. As the hour drew near Nunez and I went to the school, and I started out for a long walk.

"I can not go to see him killed," said the old man; and I felt very much of the same mind. "As we were leaving the house we met Nunez in his beautiful embroidered dress, drinking 'courage' (as the bull fighters call the absinthe which is given to them before they go into the arena) with his comrades.

"Come and wish me luck, both of you," Nunez said gayly to us, and we complied with inward misgivings; for both of us wished most devoutly that all was over and that Nunez had been back among his comrades. "And," he continued to me as we drank with all the honors, 'give me that white pink in your buttonhole, Alvarez; and if anything happens to me that ghost will give it back to you,' he cried laughing.

"The whole company shuddered in spite of themselves. For though they pretended not to believe in superstitions his words sounded like tempting providence or bravado to the devil. "Rodriguez and I went on our walk, and returned to the school about 7. The first thing that greeted our eyes was the body of Nunez being carried into the church near the school door. The ghost had made good his warning, and the brave lad met his fate, cut off from life in the prime of manhood. His comrades, silent and pale, were wringing their hands in agony. "Oh that we had been there!" were the words of all.

"I would not go to bed alone that night, but turned in with old Rodriguez; and in the dead of night we were awakened by a rattle of footsteps, and we saw a white, ghostly figure with a drawn sword stop at the bedside, drop something on the coverlet and depart as solemnly as it had entered.

"In the morning on the coverlet lay my pink, white the day before, now faded and scarlet."

Sample of Chicago Justice. Inter Ocean. Some lawyers who practice in Police and Justice Courts never lose a case. It is sometimes whispered they "stand in" with the judge, and that to some of them the Court is under obligations. It was said openly by a defeated lawyer that the influence his legal opponent possessed in securing an appointment was of greater service to him than his knowledge of the law or the merits there happened to be in his side of the case.

The treatment to which some of these lawyers subject witnesses is reprehensible. Their manner of examining deponents could hardly be tolerated by courts who were true agents in trials. Nothing so much degrades a so-called lawyer in a Police Court or "Justice shop" as to get a woman for the first witness on the other side. He browbeats, bullies and intimidates the defenseless female to such an extent that it is easy to see her contradict herself in her testimony.

"What's your name?" he yells. "Mrs. Jones." "Oh, it is, eh? You haven't got a front name? Perhaps you have good reason to be ashamed of it."

"I have no reason to be ashamed of my full name, sir. It is Mrs. Sarah Jones." "Don't talk to me—don't speak to me," she says. "I have no reason to be ashamed of my name, too."

"My name is Mrs. Sarah Jones." "Sarah Jones, eh? Sarah Jones." "Yes, Sarah Jones," says the poor woman, with emphasis. "Don't contradict me, Sarah Jones. Don't dare do it, Sarah Jones. What right have you to be called Mrs. Jones, I'd like to know? Give me the privilege of calling yourself Mrs. Jones, eh? No minister or priest, I'll be bound. Where is Mr. Jones, eh? I mean your Mr. Jones; is he in the court room?"

THE SEWING MACHINE.

Interesting Facts Concerning Its Invention and Development.—How Singer Started After Howe's Failure. Pittsburg Letter. As historical facts are growing more interesting each year concerning the prime movers of the great sewing machine industry, I wish to give you what I know about the king of the sewing machine business, I. M. Singer. It is said that Elias Howe never made a machine that would sew perfectly, but that Mr. Singer did. All authorities give Howe credit for the invention, and the country blacksmith did well toward that end, no doubt; but he got his idea from a defective machine made by Walter Hunt, of New York, in 1822. Hunt invented the paper collar also. He demonstrated the fact that a machine could take a stitch, but he could go no farther, and Howe patented the model and got an offer from a London firm of corset makers, who gave him two years in which to perfect his machine and adapt it to their business. They fitted up a machine shop and paid him for his time, but it was a failure, and he returned to America disconsolate.

The problem was solved thus: About forty years ago a man named Regan owned a wood-carving establishment on Fifth avenue, this city (Pittsburg). Among his workmen was I. M. Singer, who was an expert in making wooden letters for signs. Many of these old letters are still to be found in the rubbish of Pittsburg garrets. Mr. Singer in those days was "hard up" in the fullest sense of that term, and was somewhat of a bohemian in habits and taste. He left this city and tramped to New York, where he obtained work in a similar line, and was engaged in perfecting a machine for sawing out wooden letters—a sort of scroll-saw. At any rate Mr. Singer helped him to complete it. The inventor went to Mr. Clark, a noted lawyer on matters of law, to get his scroll-saw patented. He took Mr. Singer along to better explain to the lawyer the working, specifications and plans of the scroll-saw invention.

While there, Mr. Singer spoke incidentally of the failure of Elias Howe to perfect his sewing machine in London. Singer listened attentively, and it is said asked many questions concerning the difficulty. "By George," exclaimed Singer, "I can make that thing work."

"There is a fortune for you if you do," said Mr. Clark. "I can do it. I have the idea now," enthusiastically declared Singer. Then it is reported how he looked down at his shoes, with the soles loose, and his clothes in tatters and rags. He wilted (so to speak) and exclaimed: "I am thinking of what I haven't money enough to buy a screw."

"I will tell you what I will do," said Mr. Clark. "I'll fit you up with everything you need to work with, and live upon, and give you two months to make it go. If you are successful I will get all necessary patents and take half for my investment."

"It's a go," said Singer. Instead of a month he had his machine working, using the eye-pointed needle and shuttle invented by Hunt, but with an addition it made a continuous stitch. There was one defect, however. His machine failed to draw up the threads and left each one with a loop on both sides of the fabric. Upon this he worked night and day until the last day of his time came. He worked at it until noon and then started for his dinner. A thought struck him, and he backed through the streets he started on a run for his shop. He seized a little piece of wire, gave it several bends, and inserted it in the machine. This was the little "spiral" called a "take-up," which today is found in one form or another in every machine. It was a success!

By the time Elias Howe got back from England he found three machines in America that would sew; all were based on his patent—the Singer, the Wheeler & Wilson and the Grover & Baker. He found that Singer had sold 4,000 machines. He brought suit and succeeded in getting judgment for \$80,000 royalty on those sold, and further established a royalty of \$20 on each machine sold by any of the three firms.

After this Howe got a man named Taylor to work on a machine, and he finally succeeded in inventing an entirely new one, which bore Howe's name.

About this time rumors reached the other firms that models made by Hunt and antedating Howe's were in existence, and they secured them from Baker, Singer, etc. They held a consultation and sent for Mr. Howe and showed him the model and their proofs that Hunt invented it long before his patent was applied for. Howe was broken up badly and made a bad bargain. They left the office and happened to meet his lawyer on the street. To him he confided the whole matter. "I will fix that," said the lawyer and they started back.

"Now, gentlemen," he said, addressing the sewing machine proprietors, "you are simply killing the goose that lays the golden egg. You let this thing get known and refuse to pay Mr. Howe his royalty, and you will ruin the business. I will take a consultation of \$25. Inside of a year there will be a hundred sewing machines in the world, all of them using the patent you now hold." They saw the point. A compromise was effected, by which the price of Howe's machine, instead of \$20, two dollars also went into a general fund to fight other companies into submission to their control. This was the famous "Baker fund," which made millions upon millions of dollars, and furnished much cause for denunciation on the part of many well-meaning people.

The Howe machine then was really the Taylor machine, which I have said was a Pittsburger, made the first machine that would sew. He died worth \$15,000,000, to say nothing of the millions he squandered.

Mme. Judie's Dresses. New York Mirror. "Has there been large advance sales?" said Maurice Grau, in answer to Mirror representative's question the other day. "Well, I should think there had been. There's the diagram. Over 300 seats sold in the orchestra out of 512. Doesn't that augur well for a successful season? At \$50 for each seat it means a total sum of \$15,000 obtained within ten days, or since Sept. 12. On the first day there was \$10,000 worth sold. As it now stands the first twelve rows of the orchestra are sold solid, and nearly the entire first row of the balcony. Besides this, four hundred and thirty seats were sold at \$25 each, which leaves but one lower and four upper still to sell."

"Will Mme. Judie wear anything extraordinarily pretty in the way of dresses?" "Yes, indeed," she has had some very elegant dresses made for her by Mme. Rodriguez of Paris. One of them, an ivory white costume, will take the New York ladies by storm. It is made with a petticoat of satin, puffed, trimmed and gathered at the waist with rich tulle, a casquin and triangular panels of rich embroidered china crepe. Then a puffed tulle fichu is prolonged into traces and are crossed at the back like a vest.

"Another costume is flounced up to the waist with pink and white mousseline de soie pleatings. The bodice is low and has pointed paniers. Triangular drapery of white watered silk, striped with satin lines of pink and moss-green, grace the back. The costume is completed by a chemise and short sleeves of pink lisse drawn up with narrow ribbon. The costume for La Grande Duchesse is a most striking one. It has a petticoat of gold lace with a sweeping train of exquisitely embroidered yellow satin.

In the last act of 'Divorcens' Mme. Judie will wear an exceptionally handsome costume, which I wish I could describe to you as fully as I would like. It will be of yellow satin, and over the shoulders, the throat and the bust, with just enough of color in it to be called biscuit-tinted. The waist is a sort of cold golden bronze satin, worked with pink and yellow ornaments, making a most beautiful effect. This will open in front, and the vest

will be of lace, crossed over from one side to the other. In the second act of 'La Mascotte,' where the lucky little maiden is at court. Mme. Judie will wear a Modiste robe of the palest pink material, brocaded with gold, and with a background of water-green satin. Added to this will be a high collar and a stomacher, the latter a mass of elegant white and pink beads. With the diamonds that will naturally go with a costume of this sort, the effect will be grand.

"For 'La Femme a Papa' will be worn a pink satin costume, rather plain, but very elegant. The train will be long and very narrow, of two breadths of the pink satin damask, on which will be a breadth of garnet-colored plush, lined with primrose and bordered with pink feather trimming. The dress will be arranged in bouillons and pleatings and will be fringed with olive shaped drops in gold bobbins, over which will hang pointed aprons of dull gold and silver lace work, embroidered in colored silks.

"Mme. Judie is expected within a day or two now," concluded Mr. Grau, "and the moment she arrives she will go to the Hoffman house, where she will remain while in this city. The success of the first engagement is assured and, although a return is not fully decided, it is most probable that she will again be seen here after her tour through the country."

A Distinguished Thief. Mr. J. A. W. Fernow, the druggist, who was robbed of \$50 by his clerk a few nights since, has been unsuccessful in his efforts to either secure the money or arrest the thief. He has, however, been enabled to identify the thief as the principal in several other slippery transactions. Last July a German preacher living on the Olive street road, Rev. Fawn, had \$859 stolen, and from the description of the thief as given by his wife, he and Mr. Fernow's clerk are one and the same. Some time since this same young man called on Judge Finkelnburg, the lawyer, and produced a letter purporting to be from the father of the young man, who said he was an old school mate of Mr. Finkelnburg, and advised his son to call on the attorney in case he needed assistance. He said he was out of work and money, and had no friends nearer than New York, and he had enough money to take him back there he could get his old place again.

Although Mr. Finkelnburg was positive that he had not known any such man, he thought that the letter referred to an older brother of his, and so gave the boy \$10. In a few days the fellow returned and begged so piteously that, though Mr. Finkelnburg accused him of having deceived him in regard to the use of the \$10, he gave him \$5 more. Since that time he has not heard of him. While a clerk at Mr. Fernow's, the thief met an old German acquaintance, who is still in the city, and judging that he could give some information as to the identity of the man, a reporter called on him and learned that the thief is a son of an old and highly respected German Baron. His true name is Victor Ridder, son of Herr Max von Ridder, formerly of Minister, Elff, and who now lives Fenwick, Rhein Provinz, Prussia. Mr. Fernow intends corresponding with the family of your Ridder and will send a batch of papers containing the alleged crookedness of the son.

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TOWN LOT SALE AT PECOS CITY, THE COUNTY SEAT OF REEVES COUNTY, TEXAS. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1885.

PECOS CITY, THE VALLEY OF THE PECOS. The county seat of Reeves County, Texas. It is located on the Texas and Pacific Railway, where it crosses the Pecos river, 483 miles west of Dallas and 400 miles west of Fort Worth.

Table with 3 columns: REEVES COUNTY, HORSES, CATTLE, SHEEP. Total: 20,000 horses, 275,000 cattle, 121,500 sheep.

TERMS OF SALE: Purchases not exceeding \$100, all cash. Purchases exceeding \$100 and less than \$200, one-half cash, balance in one year.

HALF FARE! Round trip excursion tickets, at one fare, will be sold from all stations in Texas on the Texas and Pacific, International and Great Northern, and Missouri Pacific railways.

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COMMERCIAL. DALLAS, Oct. 3.—The close of the week had some effect, as usual, in lessening the ordinary bulk of trade.

RECEIPTS TO-DAY. Cotton closed steady, middling being quoted at 8.90. Receipts to date, 3,500 bales.

THE GENERAL COTTON MARKET. APPLS.—Western \$3.50 @ 3.75 per bushel. AXLE GREASE.—60c @ 65c.

NEW YORK DAILY REPORT. NEW YORK, Oct. 3.—Stocks advanced 4 1/2 per cent on the further short coverings and the belief that yesterday's failures would result in a more natural and healthy market.

PECOS CITY, TEXAS. The county seat of Reeves County, Texas. It is located on the Texas and Pacific Railway, where it crosses the Pecos river, 483 miles west of Dallas and 400 miles west of Fort Worth.

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W. H. ABRAMS, Land Commissioner, J. A. H. HOSACK, Auctioneer. Texas and Pacific Railway.

Two Bares. Chicago News. There's the man who lets you shake his limpy hand— He's a bore.

There's the fellow with conundrums quite antique— He's a bore. There's the man who asks you "What?" whenever you speak— He's a bore.

There's the punster with his everlasting pun— He's a bore. And the man who makes alliterative "fun"— He's a bore.

There's the man who lets you shake his limpy hand— He's a bore. And the man who leans against you when you stand— He's a bore.

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