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MEMPHIS APPEAL

SUNDAY, : : : : MARCH 11, 1883

THE VALUE OF USEFUL LIVES.

The American youth, in selecting models for imitation, should study the lives of such men as Alexander H. Stephens and Peter Cooper. The former died a week ago, and his death was regarded as a national calamity. The American people, relentless as they are called in the pursuit of wealth, stopped at the threshold of his grave and, with uncovered head, paid reverence to the memory of a citizen whose useful life had won universal esteem. The world's criticism of him as a politician was swallowed up in its regard for him as a man. The State of Georgia was profoundly grieved. Nearly every family felt that it had lost a cherished idol. The people flocked to the capital of the State to attend the funeral ceremonies. This feeling of love and affection was inspired by the value of the useful life which Alexander H. Stephens led. He had ample opportunities for becoming immensely rich, but he contributed his earnings to charitable purposes and died comparatively poor. It is said that he has educated 122 poor boys and girls during the past thirty years. Peter Cooper is still living, but when he takes up his abode in the silent land of the sleepers, the American people will also honor his memory. He worked in his early youth to accumulate money; but the motive which nerved his arm and gave activity to his brain was in the hope that by labor he might accomplish good and lighten the burdens of others who, like himself, had to commence an unequal conflict with the world. With the years he worked to the goal of his lofty ambition, until full fruition came. Now, in almost every State in this Union, there are men and women made happier because Peter Cooper lived. Because of these benefactions, it was proposed to erect a statue within the Cooper Institute, so that the venerable philanthropist can see, while living, the honors that are to be paid his memory when dead. But the good man would not permit it. He has no fear as to his fame. He knows that his name will never die; that he has so used his wealth that posterity will do justice to his memory. Cooper has faith in the gratitude of his countrymen, and in this he is not mistaken, for some good genius hovered over his rude cradle, and, all unconscious to him, pressed the signet of immortality upon his brow, and his name will live long after the Cooper Institute shall have crumbled into its original nothingness. For fifty years he has been molding living statues in his honor that are imperishable. His body will soon be in ruins; but his name and fame will grow brighter as the years roll on. On the other hand, contrast the wasted lives of the rich men of the present day with the useful careers of Stephens and Cooper. It is said that there are a dozen rich men in the United States whose aggregate wealth will amount to $1,000,000,000. But what are these millionaires doing to alleviate the sufferings of humanity? Absolutely nothing. The only posthumous fame they will leave behind them will be the rattling of the clods that fall upon their coffins. Think of a man with millions of dollars resting his enjoyment in this world and his memory after death upon having a fine house, a choice stud of horses, and costly paintings which are valued because the world extols them! Not a word these rich men ever uttered will lovingly survive them. Their few acts of charity will be remembered only to perpetuate their niggardly parsimony. They never gladden the hearts of the poor, never lift up the arms of bright boys and girls, never build schoolhouses, hospitals and churches. There is nothing before them but the grave and oblivion. A foreign telegram in the APPEAL of yesterday announced that the remains of John Howard Payne had started for home. Somewhere on this beautiful Sabbath morning, out on the stormy Atlantic, a ship is plunging over the wild waves within which there is a casket holding the dust of one who died thirty years ago, and which is being brought home to receive honored burial in the soil of his native land. He was so poor that he first found sepulture through the charity of loving friends. Now his bones are being returned to his own country, and when a thousand years shall have advanced and receded he will still be lovingly remembered, because once in his loneliness and tenderness he set his thoughts to words, and those words are now being sung by men and women in every nation on earth, and always will be. The rich men of America, with all their money, cannot buy for themselves the sacredness which clings to the moldering bones of the man who wrote "Home, Sweet Home." They cannot achieve immortality by worshiping at the muse's shrine, but their names will live in song and story, if, like Alexander Stephens and Peter Cooper, they will use their opportunities in alleviating the sufferings of humanity.

THE GREAT ECLIPSE.

On the sixth of May next there will be an eclipse of the sun of very special interest. The total part of an eclipse usually lasts about two minutes, this will continue six minutes. The opportunity is a golden one. There will be time to notice with a completeness hitherto, since our instruments were perfected, impossible, that wondrous envelope of the sun, the chromosphere with which, and its adjuncts, physicists are eager to become more perfectly acquainted. Questions of great moment await solution, and the unusual duration of this eclipse will give a long coveted opportunity. The sun is all in all to us. We are dependent upon it, and our world is a mere adjunct and satellite to that grand center of our system. What the sun is; why its surface is continually changing and in commotion; why the atmosphere of that body is composed of what we may call, a steam of iron and copper and other metals, that form, when condensed, the rain that falls upon the globe of the sun; what are the spots, and what causes them to form, and many other problems the scientists are panting for opportunity to solve, and six minutes instead of two promises much. Another problem, which it is hoped an eclipse of the duration of this one may solve, has long puzzled astronomers. It is this: A number of planets circulate around the sun. The first, the nearest to the sun at present known, is the planet Mercury. Some astronomers, observing the sun with good telescopes, declare they have seen a little black bead crossing the face of the sun at times. This little black bead can easily be understood by those who witnessed the crossing of the sun by the planet Venus some weeks ago. But this dark body was not Venus, nor was it Mercury; they were in other parts of their orbits; therefore the black bead was a planet that is situated nearer the sun than Mercury. Those who say they have seen this inter-planet are of sufficient authority, taken together, to make astronomers think there may be such a planet; but the observations, in number, in minuteness and in accuracy, have not been sufficient to satisfy scientific minds that there is an inter-planet. There may be—with a totality of eclipse of six minutes there is good reason to expect that, if such a planet exists, it will be seen. At other times, if there is such a planet, it cannot be seen on account of its nearness to the sun burying it, so to speak, in the sun's light. The possibility alone of making this discovery certain gives unusual interest to the approaching eclipse. The full six minutes gives room for strong hopes; but—ah! there is a but in this case as in so many others. The "but" here is a rather singular one. This six minutes gives precious time, but—by a strange fatality—there is scarcely earth space to see it in. The path along which the eclipse can be seen passes over the sea, except a narrow strip of land in the South Pacific ocean. Solid ground in South America and in Australia is just missed, most unfortunately; also nearly all the Pacific islands. One of them, however, is within the line of the eclipse; a coral reef among the Flint and Caroline islands in the spot, and there an American expedition is to be stationed. The party leaves New York this month for Panama, thence to Callao, Peru; thence to the Caroline Island, 10° south latitude, and 105° west longitude. The spot is a mere reef. In 1874 the whole collection of the dots of islands had only thirty inhabitants, one of whom was a stray Englishman of the Robinson Crusoe stripe. After the eclipse the party will return to the Hawaiian Islands and San Francisco, making 12,000 miles by sea and 3000 by land. Of the party one is to look for the inter-planet, another to make spectroscopic observations of the solar corons, another observes the contacts and so on, and there will be a photographist from London. About the 1st of June next it is expected we shall hear what success the party have had, and it is quite possible that discoveries may be made, the importance of which will thrill the whole civilized world with wonder and interest.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING.

Probably many readers of the APPEAL may have noticed that for some time past nothing has been heard of electric lighting. We have given the first electric news we could find, and that referred to a new electric railway in England, to the noted Staffa. Whether the road is a success we have not been able, at present, to discover. The question of electric lighting seems to be in an obscure state, and considering the power of the electric light this is a singular fact. Electric lighting as against gas, how does it stand? As far as can be judged gas seems to have the best of it after all the high-sounding of gas shares there has been. This is humiliating for the electric folks when we remember all the high pretentions they have set up, but as the case stands, our old Memphis friend Edison does not appear, so far, to justify the expectations he aroused. His incandescent lights have been put in over a large district in the business part of New York, including Wall street, but the New York papers have nothing to say about the result. The last account we saw of them stated that the dynamos, all put upon the same premises, would not run as wanted unless they run in pulsations adjusted to each other. This contingency not having been foreseen had not been provided for, and much confusion was the result. An article in Willford's New York *Microcosm* gives some intelligence from which we gather what follows. It was at first announced that Edison's discoveries would supersede gas, and many in alarm sold their gas shares at a loss, while Edison's electric-light shares went up to a high figure. But all this is reversed now. The platinum wires tried for incandescent lights failed, by a lucky hit carbon proved a substitute for a mild sort of light with nothing of the bright sparkle of gas. Whole buildings and even blocks are now lighted up by the incandescent lamp, but is it a financial success as against gas? The authority we quote hears that it is not, but probably costs double as much as gas. As no full report has yet been issued this opinion cannot be verified. According to statements made in London even the arc light, the cheapest the electricians have yet furnished, is much more expensive than gas light of the same power. These things, and the dying away of the noisy claims that were made for the electric light but a little time ago, are not in conformity with the views that have been given out. The brilliancy and managableness of the electric light make it very valuable for many purposes, so as to insure its use even at a greater expense than gaslight. This is a discouraging account where such strong expectations had been held out. These expectations may be fulfilled, but they are not at present. It is well, however, that the reader should remember that we have no knowledge of how vast the resources of electricity may be. The subtile element, whatever its nature, is everywhere in and around us. We appear only live in it as fishes live in the sea, and means of collecting it and controlling it, and making it subservient to the wants of man, such as we have at present no idea of, are yet possible. We cannot, therefore, give up the thought of electrical lighting. It is only in the experimental state, and is apparently susceptible of infinite improvement and keen brains and industrious hands are at work on it. One material point, however, at present is that gas holds its own well against electricity, and appears likely to do so for some time to come.

POLITICAL NOTES.

PROVIDENCE *Sunday Star*: "Not a single State Legislature has yet struggled with the toy pistol."

THE stage direction for the tired members at the close of the session of Congress should have been: Slow music—quick curtain.

THE motto of the *Georgia Major* is: "Never in war, always at peace, and anxious to be in the pockets of his countrymen." "Old Sid" is the editor of the *Major*.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR will make a trip to Florida at no distant day, and may possibly stop over a day in the Savannah. The exact date of his departure has not been positively determined upon.

EXPERIENCE and observation convince the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* that the people were never more jealous and never more alive to their interests and institutions than now, and never more willing to place the power, genius and capacity to defend them than now.

THE Montgomery *Advertiser* says: "It was most probably Mr. Stephens's highest ambition to close his career as a senator of the United States, an office of which he had been wrongfully deprived in 1866. But to our mind it was no less fitting that the 'Great Commoner' of Georgia should die as he did, the governor of his native State."

NEXT to Sessinghaus, who received $15,000 for failing to get into Congress, the most fortunate man in politics is the unknown nephew of Keifer, who is now drawing a congressman's pay as stenographer for the Congress which adjourned on the day he was appointed. Mr. Keifer's lessons in statesmanship were learned at the feet of Robeson.

MORE nominations were sent in by Mr. Arthur during this session than at any short session since the war. There were 872 nominations. The President has been getting in his work in spite of the complaints of his slowness. According to the prevailing idea the President has been lolling away the time in idleness and devoting his hours to fishing and shooting, but instead of going slow he has made more political appointments than any other president ever did in the same space of time since the war.

MR. STEPHENS had a dog named Rio, which was a great favorite with the old commoner. Rio was a dog of remarkable intelligence and sagacity. He could play curious tricks, such as shutting the door and fetching canes and umbrellas. While his master was in Congress Rio remained with Judge Linton Stephens. The dog seemed to know when his master ought to return home, and when the time came he would go to the depot and run through the coaches attached to every train. Rio finally went blind, and he was most faithfully nursed by his master.

SENATOR EDMUNDS, of Vermont, is now acting vice-president of the United States. If by any calamity President Arthur should be taken away or rendered incapable of performing the duties of his great office, the succession would fall on one eminently qualified for the position. Like the President, Mr. Edmunds is a native of the Green Mountain State. His unimpassioned statesmanship, coupled with a tireless energy, has won for him the front rank in the Senate, which body he entered in April, 1866, as the successor of Solomon Foot. His present term of office will expire with the present presidential term.

MR. THOMAN, the Democratic member of the Civil Service Commission, having accepted the place, that body will now be able to organize and get to work at an early day. No man has yet been found to accept the position of chief examiner, but this vacancy can no doubt be filled by the time the commission is fairly organized and has adopted the rules by which it will be governed. When the members of the next Congress go down to Washington, they will find themselves relieved of the embarrassment of making daily tramps to the various departments in order to secure places for needy and clamorous workers at home, so that they will have much more leisure to devote to that study of elementary principles of government which many of them so much need.

THE New York *Evening Post*, reviewing the recent elections in that State, says: "The November tidal wave has not wholly spent its force, judging from the results of some of the local elections in this State recently. In Albany the Democratic candidate for mayor was elected by an increased vote, and the Oneida County Board of Supervisors is Democratic by fifteen majority. In Rochester the Democrats elect the mayor and hold their own in the board of supervisors. In Erie county the Democrats have gained five towns and the Republicans three—a net gain of two for the former. In Columbia county fourteen Democratic and seven Republican supervisors are chosen. Last year there were eleven Democrats and eleven Republicans. In Newberg the Democrats elected most of their candidates. In Elmira the Democrats lost 420 in the mayoralty canvass, but secured a majority of aldermen and supervisors. In Owego the Republicans elected the mayor and the Democrats a majority of the Common Council and of the county supervisors. Upon the whole, the results of these local elections must be added to many other signs that the Republican party will scarcely recover its lost ground by the mere reaction to which some of its leaders have been trusting. The reaction does not seem to be settling as yet, and if the Republicans wish to succeed, they must furnish the voters with substantial ground for reconsidering the judgment which was so emphatically expressed at the polls year.'

QUEER PEOPLE

And Their Queer Freaks—Strange and Unaccountable Disappearances—The Follies of Clergymen.

Vain Search for an Heiress—Miss Clegg's Romance—From Darkness to Darkness.

The world contains many queer people, who are constantly doing queer and unaccountable things. A few of the more recent instances are grouped below, forming a chapter of life that is singular and amusing, as we know it to be exceptional.

A London Mystery.

A sad story of a life was found among the reports of recent inquests in London. Seventeen years ago a baby was found on the steps of a workhouse. There the child was kept three years till it was time to send her to Haswell School, and from school the girl passed into employment as a domestic servant. She was, her masters say, cheerful and happy. But a few days ago she suddenly disappeared from the house, and next day her lifeless body was found in a pond close by. There was nothing to show, nothing to suggest the reason for suicide. No one can tell of whom she was born; no one knows the manner of her death. From darkness to darkness, with a little space of happy life between.

Policemen Hunting Beer Caught in a Trap.

A party of police started from Portland, Me., to meet a train on the Eastern railroad, which was reported to be bringing a car-load of beer. They went as far as the station at Cape Elizabeth, met the train and boarded the car containing the contraband liquor. They forgot, however, to leave a rear-guard outside. Then the train began to move, carrying the police along, and did not come to a halt until they had crossed the borders of New Hampshire and reached the station of Portsmouth. Here the police were beyond their jurisdiction. They had no power to interfere with the beer, and when released from their imprisonment could only look with the best grace possible for some means to return to Portland. They had to wait until the following evening before getting a chance to return, and arrived at home in a very crestfallen condition.

She Sailed Into the Arms of Her Lover.

An interesting chapter in an humble romance in real life was completed when the steamship British Crown reached her moorings on Monday, at Philadelphia. Among the passengers was Fannie Reilly, an attractive young girl of twenty years, who, despite the agonies incident to a first trip across the ocean, seemed to be fairly overburdened with happiness all the way from Liverpool. The cause of it was developed the moment she put her foot on the dock and eagerly embraced a fine-looking young fellow named Henry Burtly, who had been anxiously awaiting the approach of the vessel and who returned her embraces with interest. They were betrothed two years ago in England, and she had followed him at his request to help him make his fortune in the land of his adoption. They were quietly married soon after the arrival of the steamer and went at once to their new home at Falls of the Schuylkill.

The Man Who Swallowed a Spoon.

The waiter Goldstein, who swallowed a spoon four months ago in Paris, and on whom Dr. Felicet performed the operation of gastrotomy, is dead. The operation was most successful. The spoon was taken out at the opening in the stomach stitched up again with silver wire. He was put on a rigorous diet of rum and soup, and was favorably progressing toward what was confidently expected would prove a complete recovery. Unhappily, however, some three weeks ago he was seized with a violent craving for more solid food, and profiting by the absence of the person who was placed in charge of him, he managed to get hold of a loaf of bread and a large piece of cheese, which he ate greedily. As was to be expected, inflammation speedily declared itself, the intestines became undone, and the wound reopened. It was stitched up again; but after a little time peritonitis supervened, and he died on Sunday last at the hospital of St. Louis.

Zereda Garrison's Condition.

The rumor was set afloat on Saturday in St. Louis in some mysterious manner that Zereda Garrison had escaped from the private retreat in which her friends placed her several weeks ago. An emphatic denial is given by members of the young lady's family. At the time of her commitment every precaution was taken to prevent anything of this kind, and an explicit understanding was had by those in control of the institution that no intimation of her condition should be given the relatives if she eluded surveillance. There is a telegraph office within 100 yards of the asylum, and the news would reach the family long before it did the public. A letter written by the mother of Miss Zereda, who is with her, was received yesterday in which it was stated that the young lady was in good spirits and seemed to be regaining her mental poise. Mrs. Garrison further wrote that neither her nor her daughter would in any likelihood return to St. Louis again. Miss Zereda is represented as content to remain in the institution, and there is no immediate prospect that she will leave there. When she was placed in the retreat it was with the intention that she should remain there two years.

Married "Freaks."

"There have been no more marriages among freaks announced lately," said a gentleman connected with the show business in Pittsburg; "but as far as I am advised, all of the married ones are living in the enjoyment of excellent health and spirits. The fat women seem to hold their own in the matter of flesh, and the skeletons are gaining in the same commodity. There's Hannah Battersby, the largest fat woman in the world. She weighed 320 pounds when she was married, and her husband weighed sixty-five pounds. The husband has just doubled in weight during his years of married life. Their daughter has grown up into an attractive young lady. Walter Stewart, the armless and legless man, who was joined in matrimony to the daughter of John O'Brien, the wealthy circus man, has prospered finely in his domestic relations, and Isaac W. Sprague, the living skeleton, is the father of three large, healthy-looking children. He has been thrice married, the girls weight used to be forty-two pounds. Captain and Mrs. Bates, the giant and gianteess, have prospered in the accumulation of this world's goods, and own an elegant stock farm out West. Their home is very often freaks take to their opposites in this matter of getting married, but this is one of the cases where two of a kind took a notion for each other."

Vain Search for an Heiress.

Up to the present time no information has been gained, notwithstanding the vigilance of the search which is being made, which can lead to the discovery of the young woman alleged to be the daughter of an English baronet, who had been abducted when a mere infant by her parents nearly twenty years ago at Kingston. Numbers of persons remember the circumstance of an elegantly-dressed female instant being found on the doorsteps of Mr. Thomas Carey, Sussex parade; also the baptism of the infant and her removal to Rathdown Union workhouse. Laughlinstown, the vigilant search has been made through the old admission books and other records of the workhouse, and one entry was found referring to the period when the child was deserted. It records the admission of a female infant who had been deserted in Kingston; but strange to say, there is another entry which says that this infant was taken out of the workhouse shortly after her admission, by some woman who then resided on Green street. It is said that this entry cannot refer to the missing heiress of £10,000 a year and an enormous amount of accumulated money. It is stated that as much as £2000 is offered for trustworthy information that will lead to the discovery of the lost heiress, and it seems that the story of the desertion of her child at Kingston was of her own mother when on her deathbed, a short time since.

A Tattooed Lady.

Miss Irene Woodward, a handsome young lady of medium stature, who, if met on the street in ordinary costume, would attract only the passing attention usually given to a pretty woman. She is nineteen years old, accomplished, refined and of winning and modest manners, but these attractions lose might not count for much if it were noticed that under her street costume she concealed a quantity of tattooing that for extent and heavy rivals even the gorgeous Indian-ink ranges with which the dark skin of Capt. Costentenus, the Greek, is adorned. She is now on exhibition at Sackett's Dime Museum on South Fifth street. She appears on a platform in dotice and trunk of embroidered cardinal satin trimmed with white lace; the arms, lower limbs and neck are displayed, and as they are covered with pictures and emblems in blue and red, all joined by delicate tracery, the sight is an unusually beautiful one. There are 270 distinct pictures on Miss Woodward's body and limbs, all the subjects being American and of the kind affected by sailors. Her father, she says, was an English sailor who began the tattooing when she was six years old and finished it by the time she reached twelve. Her brother who died last year in Denver was tattooed in the same way. She has been on exhibition now a year, and recently in New York created a furore among fashionable ladies who came to her to have tattooing done. Costentenus is now in England. Miss Woodward is the only tattooed lady in this country.

A Curious Funeral.

The death and burial of F. G. Stebbins, for twenty years editor of the Cuba (N. Y.) *Patriot*, have caused a sensation in Western New York. Stebbins was an "Ingersollite." For years he has been dying of consumption, and for months he brooded over his approaching death. He was impressed by the refusal of Charles R. Thorne, jr., the actor, to have any religious services held over his body, and prior to his death he exacted from his family the promise that no minister of whatever denomination should be allowed to hold a religious service. He was a member of a lodge of Knights of Honor, and asked that the ceremony should be conducted by the lodge. He desired the Knights, in following his body to the grave, to sing "Marching Through Georgia," repeating the song when the earth fell upon his coffin. On leaving the cemetery they were to sing "Good-Bye, My Lover, Good-Bye." Stebbins died last Friday, the funeral taking place on Monday. Twenty-eight Knights in full regalia attended the funeral. They sang the songs requested both in going and coming, and created a sensation in the quiet town, the citizens of which did not understand how such songs could be tolerated at a funeral. The mourners did not seem to mind the strangeness of the obsequies. Too scene at the grave, when the earth clattered on the box and the Knights started up the war song, was impressive. As the last words died away the *cortege* moved on, and when outside the cemetery the sentimental song was taken up and sung with spirit. Stebbins two years ago was appointed United States consul to one of the Philippine Islands.

Unaccountable Disappearances.

The London Medical Society, of New York, William H. Davies, on Thursday last, read a paper on "Mysterious Disappearances and Presumption of Death in Insurance Cases." "It sometimes happens," he said, "that a man disappears completely from the world, without leaving any ground for conjecture. Two cases recently occurred in this city. In one a man left one dwelling in the evening to go to another. His failure to reach his intended destination, and within an hour the police were on his track. In the other a man left his home to take the train for Boston. No clew has ever been found to the mystery of his disappearance. Both were happy in their domestic relations, wealthy, free from any cause of anxiety, and never suspected of insanity. Neither had a large sum of money in their pockets at the time, and both left ample funds in their own control. The police of many cities had been called upon, but the search was fruitless. One of the most remarkable cases occurred in London many years ago, where a man in comfortable circumstances left his home and was not heard from. Seventeen years afterward the widow received a request for an appointment with a stranger. Both her children were dead and she had removed to another part of London. The man who had wrote to her was her husband. He had lived under an assumed name in London from the time of his disappearance in a house from which he could look into the windows of his wife's rooms, and had been aware of the passage of laws regarding his estate owing to his peculiar disappearance. He was sane and lived happily with his wife afterward, but would never explain the cause of his conduct. By the laws of England and America a man who was absent from his country several years without tidings being received could no longer be presumed to be alive. Some years ago insurance policies contained a clause that no presumption of death should arise from disappearance until the policy should have been continued in force by the payment of premiums throughout the time during which the man could be absent from his accounting to the company's table of mortality. This appeared to be the fairest rule, as it gives to both parties what they had a right to expect when the policy was issued. Gen. G. W. Palmer, of the Chattanooga *Times*, was called on a few months ago by an Englishman to search for the passenger list of a vessel which left England in 1792, and in which the man's great-grandfather had sailed. The gentleman had been heard from, and fourteen years after his appearance the courts administered on his estate. The name was found and the man was called home to inherit the wealth accumulated a large estate and left it to later heirs. The action of both English and American courts was overthrown, and both estates were administered according to law."

Miss Clegg's Romance.

Everybody in St. Louis, especially lovers of music, knows Miss Kate Clegg. She is a contralto singer of acknowledged artistic skill, and is a member of the church of the Messiah. She is of medium height, plump and pretty, with expressive eyes and a fine black, glossy locks. She is what might be termed a fine-looking girl. Her sister, Miss Julia Clegg, is also a fine singer, and the sisters both well known in musical circles. Now it seems that some one of Miss Kate's adorer whom she does not adore. The individual is a Mr. A. A. Ritzdorf, said to be a printer. Miss Clegg does not know him. He is an acquaintance of long standing, and for years he has been pestering the lady with unsolicited correspondence. Each letter he wrote contained a pledge of his love and affection, but she paid no attention to the hand and worded intelligently. Ritzdorf, who is said to be mentally affected, is deeply in love with the contralto singer, and he threatens to become a nuisance unless she marries him. It appears that Ritzdorf was first smitten with the tender passion by hearing Miss Clegg sing, and ever since he has annoyed her with his love letters. At last the young lady is really frightened, and has complained to crank, applied to Prosecuting Attorney Claiborne for a warrant against Ritzdorf. When the tender character of the annoying letters was made known to Judge Dyman the official in question gallantly mourned that the writing of these letters did not constitute an offense under the statutes. The young lady then applied to Judge Lawrence Campbell. He also admitted his inability to place Ritzdorf under arrest, but he has detailed a detective to hunt the persistent lover up, and have him brought before him. During the hard-to-be-understood Miss Clegg and her friends made a number of complaints against Ritzdorf. Dislike to publicity, however, on the part of the lady prevented any prosecution being undertaken. Now, however, it is probable something will be done, and if there is any redress under the law Ritzdorf will have to answer for his constant persecution of the lady who has been the victim of his obnoxious love.

The Follies of Clergymen.

The New York *Times*, in an editorial on this subject, says: "In President Eliot's opinion, the dearth of great men in the clerical profession is due to the beneficiary vice, if we may so name it. Plots men enough are hatched in the secluded groves of scholarships. The seminaries are filled with indigent young men, whose meat, drink, clothes, lodging, books and fire-wood are furnished at the expense of others. Year after year, in mendicancy, their professional career is continue in mediocrity and close within it fruit. There is no manliness in this. Clergymen are generally dependent creatures, and their ministrations are profitless to their flocks. This is how President Eliot accounts for the low average of ability among ministers, and he earnestly recommends that young men of means limit their mistaken bounty. In truth, there does seem to be something the matter with the ministers. There have been of late on the part of some of them a series of exhibitions of conceits of worldliness, of straying in dangerous paths, and of mental perverseness which are shocking to the virtuous lay mind. These manifestations spring from the abuse of the beneficiary endowments, from the abuse of training, or from the habit of cloistered seclusion from the world, the remedy should be found and applied at once, for it will never do for us to have our religious guides going on in this way.

The conducters of the *Religious Advocate* have published a confession and apology for their share in puffing the Methodist mine swindle which will pain the spiritual and provoke the derision of the worldly. They lay the blame on the shoulders of the Rev. Dr. Spence, president of the Wesleyan "University," in East Tennessee, who persuaded them that the stock of the mine was actually got them to get down on their knees and to advise their patrons to go in —not "on the ground floor." The contemptible thing about this speculation is the swindling promises made to induce people to pay and persuading was the holy desire to get 15,000 shares of the mine—which was unblushingly "wild-cat"—as an endowment for President Spence's "University," the owners of the mine agreed to set aside 10 shares in return for the services of Dr. Spence. This disgraceful business is not a whit worse for a religious paper than for a secular journal. The people who are swindled are the victims, and as green as the grass they feed on in these days accept the statements of a religious sheet in such matters as more trustworthy than those of a paper making no pretensions to piety.

Another sordid clergyman turns up in some letters seized in the mails addressed to the Wall street sharpers. The parson says he is the pastor of the Presbyterian church in his own town, and he informs the stock swindler that a fortunate "turn" or two in his favor would serve as a bait by which some of his people might be induced to buy close and avariciously," might be induced to invest several thousand dollars. This is a very cunning letter. It may be a trick of a fellow who is playing Presbyterian clergymen in order to dupe the sharpers and lure him into making one or two favorable "turns." But it has a sermon-like air and is probably genuine.

A revenal scandal has been disporting himself in Philadelphia. At the Lutheran Conference in Philadelphia on Tuesday, the Rev. Dr. William M. Raven, president of the Gettysburg theological seminary of the church, delivered a fierce philippic against the growing and corrupting influence which could be reformed only by destroying it. He was silly enough to admit that he knew nothing about these letters himself, but he was incensed because the "universal testimony of heathen and Christian writers." When Socialists talk in this loose and reckless way it is commonly said that their liquor has got into their language. Ministers ought to leave to the Bradlaugh and Hartmanns of society the monopoly of this kind of eloquence. Like the puffing of "wild-cat" mines and appeals to the cupidity of Wall street, such wild-cat irrational speeches are unworthy of the cloth. People dislike to see clergymen stoop to such follies.

The largest workshop of the body is the liver, whose office it is to withdraw the bile from the blood; when this important organ does not act the skin assumes a yellow appearance, and generally a sick or clutchy sete in, with chilly sensations, and cold hands and feet, accompanied with loss of appetite. The system becomes clogged, the machinery does not work well, and the mind and body are disordered, the afflicted becoming crosy and fretful, finding fault with everything around them. To any person in this condition Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills are recommended; for their stimulating action the liver soon recovers its healthy tone and is enabled to perform its proper functions. Costiveness is cured, and all the aggravating symptoms of biliousness removed.

Pig-Iron Advanced at Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, March 10.—The principal coke furnaces of Alabama and Tennessee, which, through their offices here, supply most of the pig-iron used in Cincinnati and tributary markets in the West, to-day advanced prices on all grades of pig-iron from fifty cents to $1 per ton above the figures of the past three weeks.

A REVOLTING CRIME

A Nameless Outrage Perpetrated Upon a Profligate and Destitute Man by a Masked Mob.

Horrible Murder of Two Aged Women—A Base Slander Refuted—Mrs. Wiley's Country-Seat.

LANCASTER, O., March 10.—Intelligence was brought here that Clear Creek township was the theater of a most revolting outrage. Twelve men, wearing black masks, visited the home of a well-known local politician and stock man, and enticing him to the door, gave him a most unmerciful beating. He was carried on the shoulders of three of the gang to a neighboring woods, where he was blindfolded and securely bound, and the horrible operation of castration performed. The job was done with the skill of a practiced surgeon, it is said, but the man is reported dying this evening. His name is suppressed until the truth of the affair can be substantiated. The victim of the outrage bears the reputation among his neighbors of that of a most profligate and licentious man, a man who has carried on his disgraceful intrigues openly and shamelessly, and has been repeatedly warned to leave the country on penalty of death. It is said he has never been married, but has had a mistress or two, either residing at his own house or close by, and that his department has been unbearable to all respectable people about him.

COUNT TOLSTOI'S SHOT.

ANOTHER ILLUSTRATION OF THE MORALS IN RUSSIAN HIGH LIFE.

LONDON, March 10.—The District Criminal Court of Samara, says the *Standard*, recently disposed of a case which is of interest, not only as presenting another illustration of the life and morals of the upper ranks of Russian society, but because the accused, Count N. A. Tolstoi, is a brother of the Russian Minister of the Interior. The crime with which he was charged was an attempt to murder. The count, a wealthy landed proprietor, who was universally esteemed for his excellent personal qualities, was supposed to be very happy in his domestic relations; but about a couple of years ago his wife, a lady already passed the middle years of life, formed a liaison with a poor nobleman, M. de Bostrom. Count Tolstoi spared no pains to induce the countess to abandon the illicit connection and return to a sense of her duty. On the 1st of September last accident confronted the husband once more with the faithless wife and her seducer. As Count Tolstoi was traveling in the train from Orenburg to Sevtanyi, two passengers entered the carriage in which he was sitting at Besenichuk, an intermediate station. They were the countess and M. de Bostrom. The count once more endeavored to persuade his wife to return home, but his remonstrances were received with derision and contempt. Stung to madness, he drew a revolver and was about to fire at Bostrom when the countess seized his arm, and the bullet lodged, sitting in a chair with a Japanese screen for a background.

EMMA ABBOTT has had a strange experience. Two women have been arrested and released and nearly hugged to death by lunatics; at least, they are supposed to be lunatics who would hug little Emma against her wishes.

MRS. MARKOWFAT had just finished reading an account of a Michigan girl who had dropped dead upon receiving a letter announcing the death, among others, of Hiliades quietly asked: "Mother, can you suppose he knew it was coming?"

THE Italians have a prayer which reads: "I pray that I may never get married. But if I marry, I pray that I may be married to a lady who is deceived. I pray that I may not know of it. But if I know it, I pray that I may be able to laugh at the whole affair."

A WOMAN in Akron, O., bothered the central telephone office for an hour and a half trying to get her husband to come home to dinner and carve a piece of mess. When she was put in communication with the office all she had to say was: "Baby's got a tooth through."

MAMMA (to Maud, who has been with her brother to the play), Did you like it, Maud? Was there no love in the piece, then?" Maud—"Love. Oh dear no, mamma. How could there be? The actresses weren't married and they left arm, you know!"—*Punch.*

In spite of British law in India a case of suttee is reported. The victim was a widow, at Utarna, in Jeypore, the victim being the widow of a Brahmin. The ceremony of immolation of the sacrifice, who were sons and brothers, is said to have been sentenced to imprisonment.

THREE hundred Irish girls have started from the Green Isle for Nashua, to work in the New Hampshire mills. The changes to the Granite State, and thence possibly to the Land of matrimony, will be more exciting to the New Englanders than a trip to the Emerald Isle.

THE *Sunday Argus*, of Louisville, Ky., perpetrates this weighty jest: "Does your Helen remind you of Helen of Troy?" she asked sweetly, as we sat in the shadow of the Parthenon of 160 pounds. "No, not precisely; you remind me of Diogenes of Antioch-on-the-Orontes."

BLANCHE ROOSEVELT'S delightful and highly cultured sister, Miss Fanny Tucker, was married in New York last week to Mr. Fred Folger to a translator of German novels, and does her work so well that she is always in demand by the publishers. She is a remarkable woman.

WOMEN do something in the newspaper field. Miss Mary L. Booth is editor of *Harper's Bazar*. Miss Nellie Hutchinson writes all many sketches and pretty poems, writes the notes of the New York Tribune. Mrs. Helen Campbell writes for the Boston *Globe*, and over 300 women are employed on the staff of western papers, and about thirty are editors-in-chief.

THE "divided skirt" is regarded by all progressive advocates of dress reform as a "condition precedent to any material improvement in female attire." At a meeting of the Rational Dress Society lately it was decided that no reform dress must be found," and the new dress must be the "divided skirt." Dr. Mary Walker will soon be in high feather and fashion.

AN English society paper says that Mrs. Hicks Lord is shortly to be married to a wealthy nobleman of England. Who is the lucky "42,000,000 herself, and has survived three husbands, the last being Mr. Hicks, the celebrated O'Conor, an eminent lawyer. It is not known whether she is now marrying for love or in the interest of some money speculation."

MANY a woman has wedded a man for whom she felt no warmer sentiment than respect, whose heart was entirely devoted to her, and continues roughly shown and generously unconscious until, and a strong arm and tender heart in the hour of sickness and sorrow, and who has found, after some years of companionship, that he is a partner in the most exalted sense of the word.

JOHNNY and Tommy were playing out in a street where there was much fast driving, and where they had been forbidden to go. "Tommy," said Johnny, "there comes a spanking team." "Where?" replied Tommy. "Right across the street. Now, I'll bet you five marbles I can hit the better cut sticks and get out of this," which they did, and laughed and talked about it for days, the petty offices the people have at their disposal.

This postal, the ladies claim, was left with other mail matter in the kitchen on the evening of Nov. 27. When Mr. Williamson returned Sunday morning he was very loth to believe that "Mose" Felton's ghost had been playing any such pranks, and made a thorough investigation of the premises, looking for clues, but the ladies protested that no money or valuables had been missed, and while they were discussing the matter loud rapping was heard in the back room (the door was closed, the blood stained letters defaced the wall, and Mr. Williamson and his sister hastening to the haunted chamber, found the postal card Mrs. Ashby had written, hung by a piece of thread from the curtain-string, burned so badly as to obliterate some of the writing, and with it a small gold-plated pencil, such as is worn on watch-chains sometimes, with no leather guard. The ladies requested their brother to take the pencil and postal down, but he refused and called the lady next door, a Miss Scott, who took down the postal, and all repaired to the room below again, when the rapping again began. Williamson then suggested to his sister, Mrs. Ashby, that she take the pencil, which they claim belongs to no one about the house, and write a message and leave it in the room for Mose's spirit, and see if it would satisfy him. Accordingly Mrs. Scott procured a piece of paper, and Mrs. Ashby wrote, as near as she can remember: "If you are Mose Felton, tell me what you want. Write on this paper if you are disappeased," and signed her name to it. Young Williamson rolled this message to the "disembodied spirit" in another piece of paper and placed it on the curtain-string from reference. The ladies then retired. Last night the family did not retire at all, and rappings were heard at intervals during the entire night. Monday morning about 11 o'clock rappings was heard in the front room up-stairs, and upon repairing thither Mr. Williamson found the following message:

LIMA—Death to you by W. S. in July. Be prepared. I shall return over the river. M. E. F.

Although the ghost has been a trouble-some one, it cannot be denied it is very accommodating. The inference the family draw is that Mrs. W. S. Ashby is being warned of violent death at the hands of her husband.

A Wonderful Young Medium.

A Shelbyville, Ind., dispatch to the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* says that among a number of spirit mediums recently developed in that town is a five-year-old boy, named Carrollton. Around this child spe lal interest centers, and his reported