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Democratic Principles.
Assuring the equality of all men before the law, we hold that it is the duty of the government in its dealing with the people to make out equal and exact justice to all citizens of whatever nativity, race, color or persuasion—religious or political. This form adopted at Chicago, July, 1884.

"In the administration of a government pledged to do equal and exact justice to all men, there should be no pretext for assisting, touching, the protection of the freedmen in their rights or their security in the enjoyment of their privileges under the constitution and its amendments.

"All discussion as to their fitness for the place accorded them as American citizens is idle and unprofitable, except as it suggests a necessity for their improvement.

"The fact that they are citizens entitles them to all the rights due to its relation and charges them with all its duties, obligations and responsibilities."
—From Inaugural Address of President Cleveland.

KAL:
"As the foundation of our liberties is the equality of the rights of citizens, I submit that existing legal discriminations, on account of color, are not based on character or conduct, and have no relation to moral worth and fitness for civic usefulness, but are rather relics of prejudice which had its origin in slavery. I recommend their total repeal."—Annual Message of Governor Hoadly, 1885.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, That section one of said act to protect all citizens in their civil and legal rights, be amended as follows:
Sec. 1. That all persons within the jurisdiction of said State shall be entitled to the full and equal enjoyment of the accommodations, advantages, facilities and privileges of inns, restaurants, eating-houses, barber-shops, public conveyances on land or water, and in all other places of public accommodation and amusement, subject only to the conditions and limitations established by law, and applicable alike to all citizens.

Sec. 2. That any person who shall violate any of the provisions of the foregoing section by denying to any citizen, except for reasons applicable alike to all in its true spirit:
"HOGHED" JOHN'S GUN—THAT GENTLEMAN AGAIN ON THE WARPATH
LAST NIGHT.
The ubiquitous "hoghead" John Venable again came to the front last night in his old-time role as a shooter. This time his victim is Dominic alias "Chief" Podesta, aged twenty-two, who lives at Water and Walnut. The quarrel in which the shooting occurred was about a saloon near Hoghead's establishment, No. 15 Gilmore Landing.

Sec. 3. That no citizen of the State of Ohio, possessing all other qualifications which are or may be prescribed by law, shall be disqualified to serve as grand or petit juror in any court of said State, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude; and any officer or other person charged with any duty in the selection or summoning of jurors, who shall exclude or refuse to summon any citizen for the cause aforesaid, shall, on conviction thereof, be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and be fined not more than one hundred dollars, or imprisoned not more than thirty days, or both.
—Chief of Rights Bill Passed by the Democratic Legislature.

John Venable Alias Hog-head John.
The Republicans, just now, are parading as martyrs, the notorious individual whose name heads the column.

They are doing this because they know that the colored column of the party is wavering in its allegiance and that unless something is done and done speedily, they will desert and leave it to the sure defeat that will follow. The public editors and stumpers are exhorting the language of invective in their abuse of Lieutenant Mullen, who is real and only offense was obedience to the orders of his superior officer. They abuse Mullen, but are careful to say little or nothing of John. His character and antecedents they know will bear inspection. The old Republican managers who harbor about the Lincoln Club know how often he has been there to sell the votes of his lodgers, and they know that the citizenship of all of them was of the most doubtful character.

John Venable himself testified that there were but three beds in his place, and one of those was occupied by himself and his wife, and yet twenty-six men were found there on the midnight preceding the October election.

Venable testified that three men had been lodging with him for four or five years, sleeping on planks, each man having a plank, and that at times he would have from sixty to one hundred men thus lodging.

Judge Sage decided in a case preceding that of Mullen, that such bar-room lodgers are not citizens, and directed the conviction for illegal voting.

A man who had voted upon such a foundation.
Venable is just at the Ohio end of the Covington bridge, and a convenient place for the assemblage of illegal voters who had come into the State from Kentucky. An empty room adjoining had been opened by him, and the board had been openly made on the streets of Cincinnati, that a throng of colored Kentuckians were to be brought to the city and voted.

Venable himself, gave the pointer upon which he was arrested. He offered to poll these votes for the Democrats, if they would pay him. An active Democrat, whom Venable was intimating for an introduction to the Executive Committee, asked him: "How many men will you have?"

"About two hundred," said he.
"Are those men voters?"
"Pay me well and I'll make them voters."

Failing to get the desired introduction, he carried his wares to his usual market, the Lincoln Club. There he needed no introduction.
After the election he said, openly: "Then votes could have been polled for the Democratic party if they had given me any encouragement."

The following paragraphs from the Times Star, a radical Republican paper, will help to show the character of the man in his true light:
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Last night Podesta, accompanied by a man named McHugh, went into Venable's place and asked him about the vacant saloon. A row occurred and Podesta and his companion ran into the street. Venable's wife handed him a large pistol and he followed. As soon as he reached the sidewalk he discharged the weapon, the charge, buckshot, striking Podesta in the right hand and left shoulder.

Immediately after the shooting Lieutenant "Wit" Sergeant Burke took Venable's place for the purpose of arresting him. He had the door barricaded and had several of his men inside with them.
Finally Officer Corcoran, of the Merchant's Police, came and persuaded the colored autocrat to come down and surrender. This is not the first time the arrogant scoundrel has made use of the same tactics and he should be set down upon.
Some day he will kill somebody.

THE SURE WINNERS.

The County Democratic Ticket.
SEMPARS.
J. C. HOPPLE,
M. F. WILSON,
JOHN BRARREARS,
ROBERT KUEHNERT.

REPRESENTATIVES.
A. P. BUTTERFIELD,
C. A. ZIMMERMAN,
CHAS. A. HOWE,
F. A. JOHNSON,
C. CRANE.

T. A. GREVEY,
WM. BOWEN,
EDW. MURPHY,
JAMES MALONY,
STEPHEN SAND.

FOR JUDGE OF COMMON PLEAS.
A. B. HUSTON.
FOR COUNTY CLERK.
DANIEL J. DALTON.

FOR TREASURER.
FRANK RATTERMAN.
FOR RECORDER.
JOHN HARGRETT.

FOR PROSECUTOR.
WM. H. PUGH.
FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.
BARNEY KUHLE.

We call attention to the Democratic County Ticket, which commends itself both by the men composing it and the manner of their nomination, to the discerning citizen of Hamilton County of all races and all political affiliations.

The man who votes that ticket votes for economy and reform with a big E and a big R.

Layrer Jackson was mistaken. The Democrats did make a better ticket than the Republicans—immeasurably better.

Colored Office Builders.
Rev. Benjamin Arnett, who expects to represent Greene County in the Legislature next winter, plays the part of "vend man" in the Republican minstrel show, being as he expresses it, "an old coon."

This "old coon" has been addressing a meeting of colored voters at Springfield and according to the Telegram he was wonderfully facetious.
Among other funny things, he spoke of the hundreds of colored men who have received office at the hands of the Republicans and contrasted those hundreds with the few scores yet appointed by the Democrats.

He forgot that those hundreds of colored office-holders are still retained in their positions through the mercy of President Cleveland, who said:
"The colored employes of the Government shall be treated precisely as the whites are treated. If they attend to their duty they will not be disturbed."

If he recalls that they are held because the Civil Service law forbids their removal, let him remember that Senator Pendleton, the father of Civil Service, is a Democrat.
Let him reflect, too, that ever since the colored people have been voting, now some fifteen years, they have been the vassal of the Republican party, and that a few petty offices out of more than a hundred thousand, is no great reward for this party loyalty.

Let him be assured that when the bars are down and colored men are found voting more freely with the Democrats than now there will be no cause to complain of a lack of political recognition extended to colored Democrats.

Hoadly and Forker and Colored Schools.

If there is one thing more than another that the majority of the colored people of Ohio desire, it is that distinctions on account of color shall be banished from the public schools of the State.
The apathy of the Republicans of the State in regard to all the civil rights of the colored people has for many years so disheartened them that they did not even petition Republican Legislatures for the redress of their grievances, knowing that petitioning would be in vain.

Geo. Williams' bill allowing the intermarriage of the races was buried in committee, and he, the champion bill passer, that could put a bill through

both houses in forty minutes by the clock, was not able to resuscitate it from its parliamentary tomb.

But with the advent of the Democracy came hope. Men who had grown gray reviling the Democratic party thronging the halls of the Democratic Legislature asking the repeal of proscriptive laws, and especially of section 4008 of the school law. How reads the record of the two candidates on this question?
Judge Forker's only record is that of an attorney opposing the admission of a colored girl to the schools of her native city.

To be sure they say this was done as an attorney, and is no indication of his real sentiments on the subject.

But suppose that some one had proposed to John Jolliffe or to Salmon P. Chase to plead a slave-holder's case against a slave. Does any one doubt what the answer would have been? Would they not have drawn themselves up to the attitude of their great manhood and said: "If thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?"

But Forker took the price and for that price defended the wrong.
Contrast this with Governor Hoadly's manly utterance on that point: "I admit that existing legal discriminations on account of color are not based on character or conduct, and have no relation to moral worth and fitness for civic usefulness, but are rather relics of prejudice which had its origin in slavery."
"I RECOMMEND THE TOTAL REPEAL."

Judge Forker and the Colored Student.

In future times Rev. R. G. Mortimer can not slap himself on the breast and point with pride to his political record, at least not to that part in which his first appears as the accuser of Judge Forker and afterwards as his defender.

Now, it is a fact that two years ago, while the question of inviting Judge Forker to address the conference of African Methodist ministers, then in session, was being debated, Mr. Mortimer did oppose the motion, giving as a reason that the Judge had left Delaware College because of the admission of a colored student, and that he (Mortimer) was that colored student.

More than this, in a private letter, written to parties in this city, he resented the charge, but said he did not wish to gain unnecessary prominence in the campaign then progressing.

Moved by this apparent delicacy of a minister who in the past had dragged his holy robes in the mire of politics, the letter was withheld from publication.
But now comes the reverend gentleman, two years after his former utterance, and declares that to say, that Judge Forker left college on his account is a "lie," and this he applies to those who now or in the past have circulated the story.

The epithet is his own, and if he thus chooses to stigmatize his own declarations, we have no disposition to interfere.

Either Judge Forker did or he did not leave college on account of the entrance of a colored student, and that student Rev. R. G. Mortimer. Mr. Mortimer is the authority for both the statements, and we are left to look to the circumstances of the case to decide which the truth and which is the "lie."

We incline to give credence to the first statement, for the reason that Mr. Mortimer was then two years younger and comparatively unsophisticated in politics. Then two years ago, the Republican leaders of Ohio thought the colored voters of the State were as securely their's as the cattle upon a thousand hills are the Lord's. They paid no attention to the charge made by Mr. Mortimer. Now that they know the damage it has done to their candidate, they, and by methods, which politicians know so well how to use, have induced Mr. Mortimer to declare that a statement which he minister, made, in a conference of ministers and under the eye of a reverend Bishop was a "lie."

"The Silent South."
The talented Gen. Canale, who so nobly defended the civil rights of the colored people of the South, in his eloquent and humane article "The Freedman's Case in Equity," has another article in the September number of the Century, which, while not so fervent in tone, is more argumentative and entirely convincing. One paragraph reads thus:

"The reason why the negro vote is a divided vote in the North to-day, and in the South, shows more signs of dividing than ever before is, that the Republican party has grown fat and lazy concerning civil rights, while Democratic Legislatures and Governors, North, East and West, have been passing anti-signing civil rights bills, routing out of the laws and of popular sentiment this heresy of domination by fixed class and race, and throwing to the winds all 'legal discriminations' on account of color, which are not based on character or conduct and have no relation to moral, worth and fitness for civic usefulness, but are rather of prejudice, which had its origin in slavery."

"It is but little over a year since the Democrats joined the Republicans in 'the Legislature of Connecticut in making liable to fine and imprisonment 'every person who subjects or causes 'to be subjected any other person to the 'deprivation of any rights, privileges or 'immunities secured or protected by the 'Constitution of the State or of the 'United States, on account of such person being an alien or by reason of his 'color or race.'"

"The time is still shorter since a Democratic majority in the Legislature of 'New Jersey passed a bill of civil rights, 'which, as its own text says, applicable 'alike to citizens of every race and 'color.'"

"In Indiana, while these pages 'are being written, Democrats are 'endeavoring to pass a civil rights 'bill. In May, last year, 'the Legislature at Albany passed a 'bill removing the last remaining civil 'disabilities from the colored people of 'the city of New York by a unanimous 'vote, three-fifths being present, and 'the Governor who signed the act, is 'now President of the United States.'"

"From Georgia, where, we are told 'the freedmen shall never enjoy the 'policy indicated in the Civil Rights 'bill,' pass across its eastern boundary 'and lo we are in a State under Southern Democratic rule, where the blacks 'are in the majority, yet which is not 'afraid to leave on the printed page, 'from the days of reconstruction a 'Civil Rights bill, not nearly so comprehensive 'as this, but fully as stringent,' says its leading daily journal, 'any that Congress ever placed upon 'the statute books, and attending whose 'enforcement there is no friction or unpleasantness.' This is South Carolina."

A Word of Advice to Mr. Beatty.
Mr. Powhatan Beatty, the supercilious janitor of the Lincoln Club House, is poorly informed. Governor Hoadly will secure in Cincinnati what Beatty allows him in the whole State.

Mr. Beatty's horizon is too narrow for him to be taken as authority in the matter of votes for either candidate.

He need not whoop so loudly, he will not be fired, even though Little Breeces Beatty and the immaculate Harlan are beaten, as they surely will be.

Mr. Beatty is a Shakespearean reader and can appreciate the lines,
"Croker of Norfolk be not too bold,
For Dickon, thy master, is bought and sold."
For "Dickon" read "Beatty."

We further commend the following lines to Mr. Beatty, which contains a fine moral and are not bad as a declaration of the justice of the cause.

"Let not this weak and unknowing band
Presume thy bolts to throw,
Nor dash dampness round the land,
If he takes this as a declamation,
He should emphasize 'weak' and 'unknowing' in his title lines,
'Croker of Norfolk' be not too bold,
For Dickon, thy master, is bought and sold."
He will be more moderate in his aspersions of the political motives of men, who, to say the least of it, are his equals, mentally and morally.

A LAUGHABLE STORY.

How a gentleman, Learning the Trivial Details of Another's Domestic Concerns.

A laughable story was yesterday told by an elderly gentleman living in the city. While out spending the evening he was introduced to a strange gentleman and after a few minutes' conversation remarks on both sides the strange gentleman inquired about the welfare of his son. The relator felt surprised that his new acquaintance should know he had a son, but answered rather briefly.

"How glad you are at Harvard next spring, I believe," added the new acquaintance.

The gentleman thought he must have been talking to some of the other guests about his son, and they continued the conversation about him and the college.

"There was a brief pause, and then the new acquaintance said: 'I'm sorry I've not met your wife this evening, so that I could see your family complete.'

"The gentleman felt that the stranger was getting a little too anxious to know himself familiar, and so slipped in a casual remark that he had been feeling out of sorts for a few days.

"Yes," said the new acquaintance, "that's the way with me when my wife goes away. Every time she goes the house seems to go wrong without her."

"By this time the gentleman was continuing the conversation only by saying 'yes' and 'no'."

"Aren't you going to invite me round to see you when she comes home from Florida next week?" asked the new acquaintance.

The gentleman looked at him in no good humor, but seeing a smile on his face which turned into outright laughter, he saw that something was wrong in his own self-said.

"Look here, how the mischief did you come to know so much about my affairs?"

"You told me yourself," laughed the other. The matter was soon explained.

The gentleman had been riding on an Eighth street car the day before talking to a friend. The other, then a stranger, had been on the same car in a seat close to him, and overheard the conversation.

When they were introduced a day later the stranger recognized him at once, and without propounding the questions. They took a good laugh together.—*Philadelphia North American.*

KAISER WILHELM.

How the Aged Emperor Spends His Autumn Months.

A correspondent, writing from Gastein, says: This village is near Salzburg, a town in Austria famous for its old fortress-castle and a quaint cemetery on the mountain-side, in which are buried seven women, wives of a very wicked man who murdered them one after the other, by tickling their feet till they died.

The Emperor William comes every year to stay, usually about three weeks. His visit is always looked forward to with much impatience on account of his politeness and kindness of the aged monarch are well-established facts.

The Emperor's daily life here is very simple. He is no longer strong enough to make long walks, and the roads to all the heights are exceedingly fatiguing, but he takes his accustomed promenade along the Kaiser promenade regularly as far as to the Kotscha Thal, where there is a little inn with a nice garden looking on to the snowy mountains that divide Bavaria from Austria.

He has his bath in the Kaiser's Schloss, where he lives, and where every day seven gentlemen receive invitations to dinner.

The Emperor is kind and agreeable to everybody, and the Austrian ladies are particularly overjoyed at his friendly ways, as they are not accustomed to such concessions in their court circles, but His Majesty has very few intimate friends. One of these is the Countess Lehendorff-Steinart, who lives with her daughters in the Villa Soltau.

The Countess is sure to send a band to invite around them all the chief elements of society at Gastein that are fit for his imperial presence, and in return for their kindness he goes and takes tea at the villa three or four times every week. The young ladies also get up private theatrics to amuse the old gentleman. A little ante-room divided from the parlor by a wide glass door is fitted up as the stage, and the roles are played by officers of the Emperor's suite and ladies from society hereabouts.—*Paris News.*

—Over a year ago a sailor belonging to an English vessel at Port Royal, Jamaica, disappeared, and a few days afterwards a shark was caught with his talons on his stomach. It was sent to his life as an inconceivable witness of his horrible end, and she mourned over it until he dropped in to see her the other day. He had deserted, he explained, and lost his bed overboard in getting that to go ashore.—*Richmond.*

Jerusalem.

The Deeds Which It Stamped Upon the Holy City.

Even the Consular reports are tinged with sadness when they come to speak of Jerusalem. Its glories forever gone; its splendors forever faded, the ancient city of Palestine, the olive-crowned hills, dead to the world and dying to herself. Infinite sorrow broods in her narrow, dirty streets.

Poverty hovers at midnight among her people. The scavenger, the thief, the dog and plunderer, are the accompaniments of the night, and the tropical moon whitens a city which might as well sit amid the plashing waves of the Levant as on the sun-kissed hills of Palestine.

Favorable conditions of trade. Idlers for with the merchant life they plan to pilfer. Sickness and distress are uppermost, and the deserted old buildings stand in solemn silence like ghosts.

The south winds blow reverently over the departed grandeur of Jerusalem.

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A UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

The Efforts Making by Philologists to Institute a Common Medium for the Exchange of Ideas.

During the summer a congress of philologists met in Vienna to see what steps should be taken to institute a universal language common to all men. Doubtless this will come about in time, and naturally.

The present English language is an amalgamation or fusion of some of the various languages of Europe. The same fusion took place in France, Spain and Germany. All over Europe the people use a mixture of languages—that is, the German and French, for instance, are yearly assimilating English words, while we are incorporating German and French words in our ordinary speech.

In Russia all words are English or Dutch. For the Great West was instrumental in importing these words into the Russian language, as it was easier to do this than invent new Russian words.

The inventor of a flying machine, if he does not fly, is a failure. The inventor of a language, if he does not get a common medium for the exchange of ideas, is a failure.

"Good gracious," said the hen, when she discovered the parlous state in her nest, "I shall be a bricklayer next."

At what age does a man get bald. That is the question which puzzles the hairdresser. It is a question which puzzles the man himself.

The Red School House Shoe. If you wish to purchase a pair of shoes, you should buy a pair of Red School House shoes.

WOMAN'S GAIT BOTTON. A new invention for the convenience of women.

CATARRH. A new method of treating this disease.

COLD IN THE HEAD AND HAY FEVER. A new method of treating these ailments.

THE DRUGGIST'S GUIDE. A new guide for druggists.

WHOLESALE PRICES. A new list of wholesale prices.

FRIGHTFUL CASE OF A COLORED MAN. A new case report.

R. U. AWARE. A new advertisement.

NO ROPE TO CUT OFF HORSES' MANES. A new advertisement.

A CLEAR SKIN. A new advertisement.

EDUCATIONAL. A new advertisement.

TELEGRAPHY. A new advertisement.

Dr. Radway's Ready Relief. The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use.

DR. RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent. Builds up the broken-down constitution, purifies the blood, and restores health.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS. For the cure of all the diseases of the bowels, bladder, and urinary organs.

DR. EHRET, JR. & CO. MANUFACTURERS OF BLACK DIAMOND PHOSPHATE ROOFING.

THE RED SCHOOL HOUSE SHOE. A new advertisement.

WOMAN'S GAIT BOTTON. A new advertisement.

CATARRH. A new advertisement.

COLD IN THE HEAD AND HAY FEVER. A new advertisement.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.
All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the writer, and the address, so that we may be able to return them if necessary. We are not responsible for the return of letters. Write only on one side of the paper. Do not use ink. Do not use red ink. Do not use blue ink. Do not use green ink. Do not use purple ink. Do not use black ink. Do not use any other color. Do not use any other material. Do not use any other method. Do not use any other device. Do not use any other instrument. Do not use any other tool. Do not use any other implement. Do not use any other article. Do not use any other object. Do not use any other thing. Do not use any other matter. Do not use any other substance. Do not use any other element. Do not use any other compound. Do not use any other mixture. Do not use any other solution. Do not use any other liquid. Do not use any other gas. Do not use any other solid. Do not use any other material. Do not use any other object. Do not use any other thing. Do not use any other matter. Do not use any other substance. Do not use any other element. Do not use any other compound. Do not use any other mixture. Do not use any other solution. Do not use any other liquid. Do not use any other gas. Do not use any other solid.

TWILIGHT IN THE WOODS.
The hour for praise has come again
Within these arches of oak and pine,
And all the forest is a fane
Where Nature sings her vesper hymn,
With birds and insects and the breeze,
To join their glad solemnities.
From all the ending of the day
The locust flutes her leaves for praise:
The bees that cheer him all day long
The homeward wail the evening song.
The oak is at his organs,
The stream with whispered chanting runs;
The lily lurch and make their bow,
Do tell their beads like veiled nun,
With hushing veils for rosaries,
The flowers with and simple little eye
And lift to Heaven appealing cries,
Sweet eyes all dimmed with holy tears.
To-morrow's sun will kiss away;
Thus the sad spirit wails with fears,
When darkness shadows the doubtful way,
Succumbs to weariness and pain,
To smile when sunlight comes again,
Now stirs the blast, and from each tree
Responds a murmured hymn,
Then silence—till the next hour
Is broken by the tranquil thrush,
The presencer for these solitudes,
Beneath hermit's of the wood,
"Peace!" speaks the lily bird, "Be still,
Thou art loving and the wood is still,
His pupil is an ancient tree,
Draped with gold leaves decorately,
Then comes his most parting word:
"O holy, holy, holy Lord!
Follow, with tones of yearning love,
The benediction of thy word,
After, the service comes to end,
And on his homeward way I go,
One who will tell thee of my love,
Or, ere bright, o'er the Holy Cross,
The words are 'twas a long time ago,
Of chastened rapture crown his soul."
—Dinah Dandridge, in N. Y. Independent.

AN INVISIBLE POINTER.

Induction From a Telephone Line Turns Up a Big Crook.

"Paddy, the Gentleman"—Strange Story From a Detective's Life—Tracked from the Extreme South to the Tropical South.

"'Tis a bad looking scar, isn't it? Yes, it was a close shave, but I pulled through all right, after a long siege. It was a history, too; do you want to hear it?"

These words were uttered by Billy Fox, an old time-worn veteran in the detective business, as he pushed aside his iron-gray beard, so he showed his face, a long red nose that extended down the middle of his forehead, and under his ear. He was sitting in the office of the Superintendent of Police, awaiting orders in a mysterious robbery that had come to light that morning.

"His listeners were the writer, I then a news reporter for a leading paper, and several old attaches of the office. Always willing to hear any thing that would give him an insight into the police business, the writer urged him to proceed at once, saying: "Why, certainly, I always wondered where you received that scar; was it during the war?"

"No," replied the detective, "it has been but five years since 'Paddy the Gentleman' presented me with this little memento. Ah, he was a keen one!" and the veteran winked and smiled mysteriously. "He was the smartest man in his business. But to resume, I caught Paddy in a big job—robbing a bank; only one out of a dozen, though, and he's now doing time in the State Penitentiary of Louisiana. The man in whom I got a pointer as to the gentleman's work will compel me to go back a number of years to the robbery. When I was first put on the detective force I was filled with burning desire to get to the bottom of that line that would startle the world. I wanted to be a Vidocq, a Jonathan Wilde or a Pinkerton. I had often read stories of telegraph operators listening to messages and thereby discovering thrilling information, by using which they made their way to fortune. I resolved to acquire the art, hoping that a time would come when I could have a chance to put it into practice. Accordingly I set to work, and for months I constantly listened and pounced alertly on an old man in the little station near where I lived in the suburbs. The operator, Jack Halliwell, was a friend of mine, and taught me all the little tricks in the business. After a month of practice I became an expert, and one day, when I was listening, Jack while he went out on a lark, for Jack was poor of pined. He's dead now, poor fellow—died at his post—struck by lightning and killed instantly.

Occasionally we the art after Jack died, but gradually I came to the old thought of it. Then came the introduction of the telephone—you know what a fiasco it created. Near me, within a few blocks, at least, lived old Dr. Schmidt, a learned professor in a German college before he came to this country. Well, the Doctor became infatuated with the new invention, and

nothing would do but he must rig up a line between our houses, "just for experiment," he said. Well, he was right; a moment I spent talking to the Doctor, over the headset about every-day matters, and sometimes discussing an improvement which the worthy Doctor would add.

During all this I noticed a peculiar clicking sound in the telephones, which sometimes sounded high above the voice. To me it appeared as though the line was attached to a railroad telegraph wire, because by listening at a certain angle I could make out the words, "Secured 10 on time," "Hold No. 66 at Jones' siding until further orders."

I was puzzled to know where the sounds came from, and once I almost scared myself to death by thinking it was Jack Halliwell telegraphing from the other shore, and I went to the Professor and laid my thoughts before him, and in a small way added my fears of a spiritualistic agency. The doctor broke into a hearty laugh, which mystified me, until he explained the electric spook business.

By reason of induction, a principle of electricity in which the telephone itself is sounded, the long wire becoming an enormous ear which collects all electric soundings in its route and delivers them to the listening telephone. Induction is a serious drawback to the proper working of lines, especially on a wet day, when the sounds are multiplied and magnified and create a terrible noise.

The cause was now plain; over every road was strung the wire leading from the station to the main office in the city.

Often times on coming home in the evening I would take the telephone and listen to messages clicking away sorrow and gladness, and death and life. It told tales of fearful crime, of joyous weddings, of bloody battles, of quiet peace and religion and brilliant statesmanship and States; while I, like a child, sat silent and heard all. Many a message that I heard brought sorrow to rich as well as humble homes, and many a heart was made glad by the few words that went flashing over the wire. Yes, indeed, I—, but I am going to stop here. It is to tell you how I got the pointer on Paddy the Gentleman.

I had just received a note from the Chief, stating that a vacation of a month had been granted to me and I was at liberty from that day henceforth.

I was greatly worried over a band of burglars who had been working Eastern banks with great success and who had come West. The leader of the gang was no other than my friend, "the Gentleman," who had been identified as one of the burglars by his description, but who had made good his escape, going, it is said, to New Orleans. I knew the bird well, knew his fondness for drink and his vanity, and I found himself when in good feathers, but kept a sharp eye on the depots, but Paddy didn't come my way, and between you and me, I was thankful that he didn't.

That evening I set down under the telephone to read the evening paper. The first item I read was: "NEW ORLEANS, La.—The Hibernal Bank has been robbed to the tune of \$200,000 in bonds by a man who was identified as the counter until the closing of the bank, and then fled away with the money. The police are investigating."

As I sat thinking who the sneak was the bell suddenly gave a tinkle and a few sharp rings followed, the tube up and heard very distinctly the words: "— N. Y., N. Y., followed by — N. Y., N. Y. in a moment N. Y. was repeated three times and conversation ceased. From the initials I knew it was New Orleans, and I was sure that and that connection had been established.

The message came very clearly, and read as follows: "NEW ORLEANS, La. J. McGory, Hester street, New York: Come at once. Work almost done. Have secured twenty men. Answer." PETER MURDOCK.

"207 Poydras street, New Orleans," was the address of the market quotations and I hung up the tube. Sitting down I turned the message over and over in my mind, but could arrive at no conclusion. As I was about to retire, two hours afterwards, I felt that I must have heard the telephone. I went across the room and listened, when to my surprise I got the returning answer of Mr. Rosenthal, as follows: "— N. Y., N. Y., followed by — N. Y., N. Y. in a moment N. Y. was repeated three times and conversation ceased. From the initials I knew it was New Orleans, and I was sure that and that connection had been established.

street office in New York the following brief message: "Who is Leopold Rosenthal? Answer quickly." "WILLIAM FOX."

In three hours I received his answer: "207 Poydras street, New Orleans. Has done time for robbing Louisiana banks and burglar. Been looking straight since his release. Do not let him out of your hands. If I had been shot I couldn't have started more visibly. The whole scheme flashed through my mind like a stroke of lightning.

"'Work almost done!' meant the bonds stolen, but not disposed of. 'Secured twenty men!' meant \$20,000. But what did Peter Murdock mean? 'P. M. P. M. P.' 'Why, that's Paddy Manly,' gasped I. 'I've got 'em! I've got 'em!'"

"I believe you have," remarked the operator, looking up from his paper. "You've got 'em bad."

"Without deigning an answer I hurried back to my house, packed my valise, hastily kissed my wife good-bye, and returned to the station to take the 11:30 train South. I purchased a ticket to New Orleans from the ticket agent, and paced restlessly up and down the platform until the train came thundering along from the city. I boarded it, secured a sleeping-berth and turned in as usual.

"I will make a grand stroke this time," thought I before going to sleep. "Won't the old man (meaning our Chief) be surprised when he reads of Billy Fox turning up a big case in New Orleans?" I carried a note in my pocket to New Orleans to the Mayor and St. Charles streets, from the window of which I could see No. 207 Poydras street—Mr. Murdock's lodgings.

That night while on the Canal street promenade I suddenly detected a man with whom I got acquainted in New York, and secured his assistance in the case. From him I learned that the bonds were \$1,000 four per cent., and were registered. No time was to be lost. "Evidently the Gentleman" (for was satisfied that Paddy was the man) I wanted would skip as soon as Rosen that arrived. All that night I watched the Poydras street house, and not until noon the next day did I see a man emerge. He was attired in a neatly fitting suit and wore a dark beard. As he passed beneath my window I saw that it was Paddy, it could be no one else, for who could walk like the "Gentleman"? Hastily going down stairs, I caught up to and passed him, taking a long look at the beard, which I found to be false.

The old proverb of "False in one false in all" reverted to me. If it wasn't my man he was somebody else, and would bear watching. Learning was the only thing arriving train, I let my friend Patrick take himself and waited for Thursday, as the trip from New York would take that long, and besides it was better to wait, as "Sheeny Mike" would probably bring more stolen goods with him.

The next day, opposing, and preparations must be made to receive our distinguished visitor from New York, and I began on a vigorous plan of operations. Going over to No. 207 Poydras street I engaged a room from Mr. Marie Leboeuf, as the fat lady was called, and had her to my heart by paying for it two weeks in advance.

The room was on the second floor, just at the head of the stairs, while the gentleman occupied a front room on the same level.

Necessarily he would get in or out without attracting my attention. The eventful day arrived and was nearly over, when the evening Northern express brought a little man with such a large nose and mouth that he looked as though God had picked out a man's nose and mouth to put them on a boy. He was met by my fellow-jogger with careful politeness and led toward a carriage, and, going out another door, I secured a fast team and was driven to my room as rapidly as possible. Scarcely had the hack turned round the corner before another vehicle drew up at the door and the occupants came up-stairs. The light being extinguished I could see them go into the front room and lock the door, and I cautiously crept to the door and "key-holed" the pair.

"Had you got dem safe and sound, Paddy?" I heard the visitor ask.

"Safe as death; how's the others?" was the first question. "I've got 'em; 't has brought dem vid me for better security, ma ter; dey are in this salve." "Well, to-morrow we must secure an Havana steamer and go to port, where we can stow our crock stuff and then to Europe, where the Hibernal bonds can be easily disposed of."

look up their positions at the front and rear doors of the Poydras-street house, with myself and brother detective went up stairs.

"Knocking at the front door, it was opened by the Israelite, who asked: "Vot you vont, mine friends?" "Does a gentleman named Manly live here?" asked I.

"What do you vant with him?" asked that individual, who stood headless with a razor in hand with which he had been shaving.

"I have a note for him," said I. "Which is the gentleman?" "The door is here. I don't know him," answered he.

"Do you know a chap called 'Paddy the Gentleman'?" Or perhaps "Sheeny Mike" is among your acquaintances?" quietly said I. Both the robbers stood as though made of stone, which opportunity I seized to draw my revolver and cry "Hands up, Paddy; I want you!"

"Curse you, take me!" howled that individual, as he sprang toward me. Suddenly I felt a keen dart of pain about the neck, and I received a sharp blow which I pulled the trigger. A report, followed by a sound of a fall and the crashing of glass, was heard, and then all was dark. I remembered no more till I woke up in my room with the New Orleans detective sitting at my side. Paddy had given me the alarm with the razor that barely escaped cutting the carotid artery. After hearing the shot, my friend, the detective, had lain in and found me lying across the wall. He immediately received a scalp wound, enough to deprive him of consciousness. The crashing of glass I heard was caused by the "sheeny's" leap to the sidewalk, where the police nabbed him. He came off lucky, only a sprained wrist. The stolen bonds were found intact in the "sheeny's" trunk.

In the little valise was nearly \$75,000 in different kinds of \$1000 securities. A week afterward Manly pleaded guilty in the Second Recorder's Court, and was bound over to the Court of Correction. A report went to Baton Rouge for fifteen years. A New York fly came for "Sheeny Mike," and he went back to his little cell in Auburn to work out a ten-year "stretch."

I received the reward of \$100,000, which I gave to some home as soon as I grew strong. Many mysterious cases have been worked on in our line, and many a stranger clew has been the means of detection of guilty people, but I never heard of a fellow jumping out and saying "I am keeping electricity." —Cincinnati Enquirer.

TASMANIA.

Some Interesting Statistics of the Colony.

Some statistics of accumulation, just secured from the office of the Government statisticians, show that the colony has made very substantial progress during the past ten years. The statistics prove that we are making very steady progress in the accumulation of wealth, although we are not advancing quite so rapidly as in the case of other colonies. The population is estimated to have increased from 114,762 in 1880 to 180,541 at the end of 1884, since which time there has also been an increase. Taking the last decade, we find that there is a very satisfactory increase in the population, no matter how we test the figures. For example, in 1875 the deposits in the five banks in the colony amounted to \$1,277,585 and in 1884 the amount was \$1,492,177, or nearly four times as much. It is very satisfactory to be able to test the condition of the working classes, we find an equally satisfactory state of affairs, for we have conclusive proof that people have been saving at a rate which, considering the difference in population, is not surpassed in any of the other colonies. Since 1876 the number of accounts opened in the savings banks was 11,028, while in 1884 the number had increased to 19,061. The total amount of the deposits has grown from \$289,222 in 1875 to \$414,503 at the end of the last year. Such a result as this must be taken as evidence of the general progress of the colony, which is also shown by the fact that during the decade the valuation of property has increased from \$604,371 to \$837,916. It is also very satisfactory to be able to state that the vital statistics for the past year demonstrate that the health of the people is as good as ever it was, and that there are no signs of this climate, famous for its healthfulness, deteriorating in any way. —Hobart Mercury.

—Worcester, Mass., claims to possess the commonest man in the person of a well-to-do resident who borrowed a pat of butter, and in due course returned another with a piece sliced off, explaining that he had been unable to do so as this must be taken as evidence of the general progress of the colony, which is also shown by the fact that during the decade the valuation of property has increased from \$604,371 to \$837,916. It is also very satisfactory to be able to state that the vital statistics for the past year demonstrate that the health of the people is as good as ever it was, and that there are no signs of this climate, famous for its healthfulness, deteriorating in any way. —Hobart Mercury.

—Dr. E. A. Meredith calls attention to the fact that "the common jalls in the State are so-day fifty years ago." He insists that the purpose is the repression of crime, and his point is that for the youth who are under criminal sentences the common jail is a school in which they receive an education compulsory. Indiscriminate intercourses he deems the great evil of our present jail system, and quotes numerous authorities to show that it is condemned everywhere by public opinion. —Philadelphia Press.

FULL OF FUN.

—Yes, Henry, horse-shoes are generally made out of wrought-iron, but they sometimes cast for all that.—The Judge.

—"What is the best thing for potatoes?" asked a rural subscriber. Up to the hour of going to press nothing has been found more satisfactory than potatoes.—N. Y. Independent.

—"This," remarked William the Fourth, "is the best safe ever made, through a thorn hedge into a ditch ten feet deep, 'tho' you might call capital punishment."—Chicago Times.

—"I wish you would renew this note. My father will indorse for me," said a Texas youth to Mose Schauberg. "You note has got no more sense than to indorse for such a son as you vas, vot 'sequire ish dot for me? Dot shows dot your vader was a block of the young chip."—Texas Siftings.

—"We recently saw an account of the different devices used by actors to keep from smiling on the stage," writes an editor. "One never-failing device for this is to catch one's sight of the manager stepping out the back way with all the box-office receipts. That is what they call a heroic remedy, we believe."—Puck.

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—Mr. Dusenberry—"You have gone to housekeeping, I hear. Nicely fixed, I suppose? Mr. Jenks—Yes. My wife is perfectly delighted. She reminds me of a ten-kettle, she sings so pleasantly." —Dusenberry—"You remind me of a ten-kettle, too, Jenks. In what way? Mr. Dusenberry—I never know when she is going to boil over." —Philadelphia Call.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

—There are between 5,000 and 6,000 Icelanders in this country. They live in Dakota and Montana.—Chicago Herald.

—A New Hampshire girl wanted to be married in a cave, but as there was no cave within fifty miles of home she finally consented to have the knot tied down cellar.

—A man became bankrupt with liabilities of seventy-five thousand dollars, and in the settlement of the estate, which yielded seventy-eight per cent. to the creditors, the costs of the administration amounted to less than three dollars. This happened away off in Smaland, Sweden.

—An autograph letter from Washington, dated Philadelphia, May 1, 1790, and addressed to the Earl of Buchan, intimating that the President was sending to him his portrait, painted by Mr. Robertson, of New York, was sold in London two weeks ago for \$150. It was included in the collection of the late Mr. F. Naylor, the sale of which realized about \$139,000.—N. Y. Tribune.

—The little girl who wanted "coppered teeth like Auntie's" will be interested to learn that a dozen sets of that sort of teeth are lost along the Atlantic seaboard every day. The bath-house keepers from Mount Desert to Virginia Beach say that it is a common thing for persons of both sexes to complain that the breaker knock out their "plates." No doubt, the sharks fairly doze on such a business.—N. Y. Herald.

—Next to the falls, one of the greatest attractions at Niagara is the new Maid of the Mist, which makes half-hourly trips up to and almost underneath the falls and, at times, is completely hidden from view by the spray. The new Maid makes very strong and staunch, and is handled with great skill. The trip is as novel as it is interesting, and the boat is making a great deal of money for its owner.—N. Y. Mail.

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