The Democrat.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 27 1889.

An exchange refers to the fact that under the school laws of Pennsylvania the authority of a teacher in directing the conduct of the pupil in his or her charge begins when the child departs from its home for school and only ends when it returns again to that abode.

THE VALUE OF HUMAN LIFE.

The Medical Classics in putting a money value on human life, has been at some trouble in ascertaining what it is worth. Going back to the times of American slavery it finds that a fairly good negro field hand was valued at about $1,000, and a skilled mechanic was worth from $2,000 to $2,500. Dr. Tarr says in England an agricultural laborer, at the age of twenty-five, is worth, over and above what it costs to clothe, shelter and feed him, $1,191, and taking men, women and children he puts the average value of each at $771; while Edwin Chadwick places it at $830.

Now we don't go much upon the correctness of any of these estimates since our flood, as we have seen specimens of the tramp type, who with all their accumulation of that which constitutes real estate, would not sell for a nickel a piece.

DISGUSTING FLUNKYISM.

The flunkeyism in monarchial countries seems to be one of the necessary consequences of royalty, but why it should prevail to the extent it does in a Democratic country is one of the unaccountable peculiarities of the public press. Items concerning President Harrison's domestic affairs are wired all over the nation with as much particularity as are those respecting a disaster by water or rail. If he should go to church on Sunday, dispatches fly over the wires telling to what church he went and who officiated in the pulpit, and if a communion day the manner of how he partook of the bread and wine is detailed. Last Sunday morning the Sunday papers generally had an account of Blaine and Dickins eating supper with the President at Deer Park on Saturday evening, with the customary reference to baby McKee. A Washington City paper properly characterizes it as deified flunkeyism.

VIEWS OF HON. CHAUNCEY F. BLACK.

Ex-Lieutenant Governor Chauncey F. Black, unbosomed himself to a Philadelphia reporter Thursday, and his remarks were particularly clear and to the point. From his emphatic expressions we take it that Mr. Black intends to be the champion of that select democratic politicians and political wire-pullers, Hon. William A. Wallace, provided that gentleman enters the gubernatorial race.

It is manifest to those who keep the political horoscope in view, that William A., astute politician and political wire-puller, is setting up his "pins" timely in the day to the end that he may occupy the chair of State if it is in the cards.

William, like Jerry Rusco, is "sly, sly, deviish sly."

Mr. Black fought the last campaign which he was a candidate, with indomitable courage and very scant success. Principally because the Democratic forces throughout the State were badly demoralized. In an interview in intimates of he is shrewd enough to see the trickery and politicians and adds: "Mr. Wallace and I agreed, in public declarations in 1886, that no one morally fit for the great office of Governor would degrade it by personally soliciting delegates."

The ex-Lieutenant Governor went on to say: "I have no idea that there will be any surrender or any step backward by the party in 1890. We will go to the people on his same issues and principles upon which we stood in the campaign of 1886. Upon those we could—after the unfortunate experience of the interval with the Republican machine—hardly fail to be supported by a decided portion of the best non-partisan majority, by an enlightened movement, only increased by the course of both the Republican legislature and Republican Governor, and by the growing sentiment of the people in favor of the separate submission of the Constitution—which, later, as you will remember, the Republicans in 1886 snubbed fatefully to do by an adjournment of the entire State constitutional law."

"In these judgments I do not the opinions of the Democratic press and can with it nearly in the air. They were confirmed by the Convention which nominated Pattison to relieve the Treasury, and they will be confirmed this year. The candidate for Governor will be one who can lead, drive from with pluck for all a fight against great odds. He will be one who is equally the award of all the good people of opposing Conventions and Democrats, generally. With such a candidate and the support of Democratic editors and speakers in every county, we can carry the State by a good majority."

IS BACON AUTHOR?

Many things are said to be proved by history, and as frequently new discoveries are made which prove that "truth of history" is not constant. But this age has put the world completely to shame by its discoveries. It is well known that the importance of history of history do not give the same conclusions to the same story, and that conflicting statements make things they describe not only uncertain in their details, but doubtful as their main facts. Ancient histories, such as those of Greece, Rome and Egypt, were written by men of lively imaginations—written in the true oriental style that dealt largely in hyperboles. Some of it, in fact a good deal of it, by writers like Xenophon, who is rightly styled "the father of lies."

But aside from ancient history much of the modern kind is full of uncertainties owing to a want of correct information sometimes, and to a particular bias of mind in other instances. The various attempts to write up scenes in our late rebellion furnish striking proofs of the uncertainties of even quite modern history. Those who read the series of papers published in the *Century Magazine*, and the numerous corrections, know how difficult it is to reconcile the conflicting statements of men who were eye witnesses and participants in many of the scenes described. But still later, take the many conflicting and absurd stories that were written by parties from Johnstown respecting our disaster. Many of those imaginary things will go into history, and in after years will be referred to as "historical facts," which we now all know to be mere fictions.

We do not wonder at the doubts and uncertainties that cluster around the authorship of the plays usually ascribed to Shakespeare. Though only dating back a few hundred years, the question now is who wrote them? If Shakespear, who was he anyhow? What literary advantages had he? Some writers say he was a man of no learning—of no recognized literary abilities, and, therefore, he could not have written them. Hence, the Baconian theory.

But on the other hand a distinguished writer comes forward with a volume of proofs to show that Bacon could not have been their author, as he was nothing more than "a mean, boot-licking courtier—a profligate, addicted to all the vices of his times—setting himself up for a wit and affecting authorship;" and in a word, what Pope calls him, "the meanest of mankind." This same writer, Rev. James Freeman Clarke, of Boston, lays before us a mass of evidence to prove that Shakespeare, was one of the most noted scholars of his age, and not only wrote all the plays bearing his name, but was the paid author of all the works ascribed to Bacon.

We only refer to this to show that a good deal of what is called history might come under the head of fiction; and that people who are everlastingly proving things by their array of historical facts, might prove them by some more plausible process.

PENSIONS AND PENSIONERS.

There are some things connected with the affairs of our general Government, whether they are in the hands of Democrats or Republicans, that get awfully mixed up occasionally, and which require a great deal of patience on the part of the public, and very many explanations by those who are conducting them. An instance of which is now furnished in the muddled affairs of the Pension Bureau. Since the retirement of Corporal Tanner much has been said on the alleged lameness, to put it mildly, in the way of rerutings of pensions were made, and arrearages allowed. The utter absence of any official announcement concerning the matter, other than the fact of the Corporal's enforced retirement, opens a wide door for guesses and speculation as to the true inwardness of that department.

In the face of the wide spread dissatisfaction prevailing in Grand Army circles over the displacement of Corporal Tanner, it is rather a delicate and ungracious act to criticise the operations of the Pension Bureau, lest the motive be construed into opposition to granting pensions to our scarred and maimed veterans. We yield to no one in advocacy of liberal pensions to needy and worthy soldiers their widows and orphans. The people all over this land not only owe them a debt of gratitude that never can be paid, but our Nation is indebted to them to the amount of millions that should be paid to them by liberal pensions.

But while all this is true, we cannot close our eyes to the fact that irregularities and want of scrutiny in the Pension Department have led to impositions, by which hundreds of thousands have been wrongly drawn out of the nation's treasury. Our conviction touching frauds of this nature have been more than confirmed by an article in a popular weekly of recent date, in which facts and figures tell a tale that ought to arouse the indignation of veterans all over the country. No greater outrage could be perpetrated than that of fraudulently drawing from a fund which rightly and properly should be held sacred to the interests of those made dependent by serving their country in the time of peril.

The list of pensioners now stands out of all proportion to the number of wounded, diseased and dependent soldiers and widows and orphans of soldiers. Up to the time, in point of fact six months before the close of the Harrison administration there were 325,000 pensioners on the government roll, who were supposed to be legitimate claimants—50,000 of them had been added during the previous year. In addition, there were 30,000 widows and other dependents of soldiers killed in battle, making the total run up to 415,000, each representing a soldier who was for the Union. Does it seem possible that the Union party, in fighting against an enemy of not more than 250,000, had to kill and disable by wounds and disease over 400,000? And all this be it remembered in the course of four years.

There can be but one plausible way of accounting for this long list of pensioners. It is the natural work of the horde of men called pension agents, whose ingenuity in manipulating claims is only equaled by their greed. It is not too much to say that by their wiles and machinations they in many instances induced old soldiers to believe and swear that their ailments and infirmities, peculiar to advanced age, were the result of injuries received while in the Government service.

On this subject a New York veteran, Edward G. Shirley, of the N. Y. 96th., in a letter, dated Albany, N. Y., August 30, 1889, says. "After three years and a half service in helping to put down the rebellion, I returned home with a depleted pocket book, and with health, never very rugged, consequently the worse for exposure and privations, and applied myself to business in order to make a living, believing the Government did for me all it agreed to, and if I had been so disabled as not to make a living would have granted me a pension. While some who are quite able to make a living, are gratified in receiving a pension check every three months, I have far greater gratification because I do not get it. Fortunately there are thousands of veterans who served all through the war, who do not go around wearing a big badge, and who do not claim positions or money for services rendered as patriots during the rebellion—feeling they only did their duty."

During the last presidential campaign Republican stump orators shouted themselves hoarse to impress on workingmen the benefits labor would derive from a Republican Administration. Certain manufacturers went so far as to inform their employes if a Democratic President was elected they would be compelled to close their establishments. This is all changed now. Their great love for the working man is on the wane. Several large manufactories have gone by the board, notwithstanding they were protected by a very high tariff. The latest case comes from North Adams, Massachusetts. The shoe manufacturers have had trouble with their employes. In order to clinch the labor problem they therein to hire Chinamen to do the work, and it is declared if the Celestials are brought in a riot and massacre will ensue immediately. Nice food for reflection for the workingman.

Ephraim Blaine is soon to marry Miss McCormick the millionaire heiress of the man who invented the reaper. An anxious public will await with undisguised curiosity to see whether he and his cranky mamma will pursue the same course of treatment toward the young bride, that she and her other son did to Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr. As there are "millions in it," however, mamma may order a bonne pathic course in infinitesimal doses.

Dr. Beale's Foresight Proves Correct.

Sometime after the flood a lady came here in search of her husband. She gave her name as Mrs. Catherine Hart. She was without money, and owing to this fact, and also the fact that she could not tell whether her husband had been at work in Johnstown before the flood or not, she was considered by quite a number of people as an adventurer. In her extremity she applied to Rev. Dr. Beale. Relating her story to the gentleman he was rather favorably impressed with the woman and promised her all the aid possible. As is well known the doctor had, and has at the present time, a valuable book, his own personal property, which contains a description of all the bodies received at the different morgues. The woman gave a description of her husband's clothing, and when the morgue book was referred to, the number of a body, which was interred in the big trench in Grand View, was found and corresponded with her description. The good doctor enlisted the sympathy of some friends, and enough money was secured to enable Mrs. Hart to have the remains disinterred. The task seemed like a fruitless one, as the trench contained so many bodies, but it was undertaken, and strange to relate, the first body taken out was that of her husband.

The remains were reinterred and the lady left town. She came back again last Saturday, and will remove her husband's body to their former home.

Why They Took Him Home.

From Freeman's Journal.

He was a delicate little chap, and he had not much appetite. He was also a plain man child and crazy to get into a boy's suit. They got him one and told him if he did not eat he would not fit his clothes. He ate, he forced himself to eat; he was so afraid they would take them away again. His mother took him with her to visit some friends. There was a beautiful, modest, charming innocent young lady. The party was at dinner, and the delicate little man was sitting there gorging and listening. The innocent young lady was in love at something. I suppose some interesting young man had squeezed her hand or said something very tender, or done something very silly, and she was not eating any. Presently they asked her gently to eat a bit of appetite. Then the delicate little man looked across the table and said:

"You'd better eat something or your pants won't fit you."

They took him home.

Sun Democrat Enters.

The *National Democrat* is the name of a new paper just published at Washington, D. C. Colonel Hudson proprietor. It is a large sized page sheet, with full of choice matter, and bard smarty product. It will be a big thing on Hill's side of the Democratic in behalf of the country.

WORSE THAN WHISKY

AN ARTESIAN WELL IN TEXAS THE WATER OF WHICH MAKES YOU DRUNK.

Discovery of a Wonderful Natural Fluid—Negroes Made to Dance and White Folks Affected Strangely—Some Laughable Scenes and Laughable Scenes.

A discovery of immense scientific interest has recently been made near Wharton, Texas, a discovery which it is thought will add a hitherto unknown element to the sixty-five already familiar to the chemist. Mr. Chudleigh Mason, a prominent cotton planter, living about five miles from town, while boring an artesian well on his place struck water a few days ago at a depth of 215 feet. A powerful stream was thrown up with a loud report and a slight trembling of the surrounding earth. Mr. Mason, in order to test the quality of the water, drank a glass of it, and the negro workmen also crowded about and drank freely of the water, which was found to be very cold and good, though possessed of a slight unfamiliar flavor, which was, however, not disagreeable.

Within a quarter of an hour, or even less, after drinking the water, Mr. Mason began to feel strange twitchings in the muscles of the face, and his workmen also commenced to complain of the same sensation. This twitching soon extended to the arms and legs, increasing all the while in violence, until at last the negroes cast themselves down, crying that they had been conjured, and rolled about on the ground shrieking aloud and writhing with hideous contortions of the face and body. As the jerking and jumping of the muscles of the limbs grew more and more violent, all hands sprang up and joined in a wild, uncontrollable dance, or rather hopping up and down like so many disturbed frogs.

Mr. Mason, describing his sensation, says that he was conscious of a feeling of great exhilaration and an increased acuteness of every sense. The sight of the leaping negroes, who were too frightened to realize that they were suffering only from fear, and their cries and shrieks provoked him to bursts of laughter that sounded almost maniacal. Mrs. Mason, seeing her husband's extraordinary behavior, became alarmed and, running out, attempted to hold him, down but, though he endeavored to join in her by clinging with all his strength to a post, it was found impossible to restrain him.

The dance was kept up, says a Philadelphia *Times* correspondent, until sheer exhaustion caused the involuntary participants to fall prostrate to the earth, where they lay and writhed for some minutes, after which they fell into a sleep sleep. This sleep was the heavy, dreamless slumber that follows intoxication, and lasted for several hours, but left them with clear heads and nerves unconscious beyond a soreness of the back and limbs, and a pain in the face resembling neuralgia, which, however, soon passed away.

Mr. Mason sent a jug of the water to Houston to have it analyzed, but the chemists of that city profess themselves at a complete loss to account for one of the elements entering into the composition of the water, and give as their unanimous opinion that it may be added to the number of known elements as a sixty-sixth. This element imparts to the water a beautiful bright blue tinge of a mouthful water, and gives it a taste more like that of fresh cider than anything else. When the water is heated this element passes off in a colorless gas of a most agreeable odor, resembling the perfume of tuberose, only more penetrating and pungent, and so powerful that a pitcher of the water simmering over a stove for an hour will render a whole house fragrant for hours. Taken from the well and left to stand, however, the water loses its beautiful blue color and thickens to the consistency of turpentine, with a faint greenish tinge, and will, when drunk or inhaled, produce violent nausea and vomiting, accompanied by a swimming in the head and a failure of the right and bearing, which lasts for hours.

The negroes about here christened the well "Devil's Water," and regard it with superstitious awe, and, with one exception, cannot be persuaded upon to even approach it. The exception is an old darkey familiarly known as Uncle Dennis, who is actually becoming a confirmed drunkard on the water, to which he indulges in a daily spree in spite of all attempts to keep him from drinking it. He claims that he feels younger and spryer after each bout. Many of the users of the water daily from all parts of the county, and even from adjacent cities, to run the well here the ravenously to taste the water to judge of its peculiar qualities for themselves, and to curious to observe the different ways in which it affects individuals; for, while the trembling of the nerves and muscles and the uncontrollable propensity to dance are common to all, the effects on the minds of different persons is of curious variety.

One man will dance for two mornings, and may be a quiet, peaceable, law-abiding citizen, and the next morning he will be a quarrelsome, fighting, whole people of them, varies from the following pleasantly that he had made the acquaintance of twenty minutes in his money. The effect is also quite marked in the manner, a feeling of exhilaration and lightness pervading the whole system, and the mind takes on an easiness and cheerfulness that is quite remarkable.

By the action of Professor Dewsnap, one of the ablest chemists of Houston, a hermetically sealed jar of this wonderful liquor has been forwarded to the Society of Chemists and Pharmacists in New York for their careful analysis, which process, when completed, he is confident will confirm his opinion of the value and uniqueness of the discovery.

A CHIVALROUS BANDIT.

He Sacrifices His Liberty in Order to Succor a Suffering Woman.

From the Prescott (Ariz.) Journal.

How strangely the good and bad intermingle in the breast of man is strikingly shown by the train of circumstances attending the re-capture of Smith, the train robber, who is now awaiting trial in the County Jail. In March last he, in company with three others, robbed the Eastern bound Atlantic and Pacific Express at Canyon Diablo, and a month afterwards, after one of the longest chases on record, the party was captured by Sheriff O'Neil and posse in Utah. While on the return trip to Arizona Smith effected his escape by jumping from a car window on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, while the train was rapidly descending the Raton Mountains in New Mexico.

He at once struck out for Texas, taking horses wherever the opportunity presented and riding them as long as they were able to carry him. On the afternoon of the sixth day, while in the Panhandle, near Vernon, Smith discovered a woman aimlessly wandering over the prairie, and recognizing the fact that she must be lost or in trouble, he rode up and accosted her. She informed him that she had been lost for two days, during which time she had gone without food. Knowing that in her exhausted condition she could not possibly survive much longer without assistance, Smith, the escaped train-robber, fleeing as though he was to escape death, and still carrying on each leg the broken shackles, bethought him of a windmill he had passed some eight miles back, and putting the woman on his horse, conducted her to it.

He left her, and riding along the wire fence that inclosed the windmill for five or six miles, until he discovered the camp of the men employed to keep it in repair, he informed them of the woman's condition. They at once saddled, and, although the night was nearly gone, started at once for the windmill, and found the woman—a young school teacher—weak, but still alive, and at once brought her to a place where she was cared for. At daybreak the Sheriff and posse in pursuit of Smith met the same men, and, learning from their account and description in which direction the fugitive had gone, pursued him.

Before high noon they had overtaken him, and found, for from under, with less than twenty-four hours before, has turned from his way to succor an unfortunate woman, was shot from his saddle while resisting an arrest which he might have prevented by sending the delay and observation so recalled. The story is good enough to have a moral, but doubtless Smith, who is now in the county jail awaiting trial for his life on account of it, fails to discover it.

Nature Tonics of Quinine.

From the Boston Globe.

One day I was taken with chills and headache, signs that my old enemy, malaria, was on hand. My spirits low was sunny, and I was looking forward to a reunion, sleepless night. In desperation I packed a few calos and slowly ate it, and then went to bed, with warm feet and an extra comforter, when, presto! I was asleep in five minutes, and awoke in the morning free from malaria and ready for the day's duties.

Our kennedy but strong friend will be appreciated in time as a medicine, and if agriculturists would turn their attention to raising a model calos, with the strong sense taken out, that taints the breath so unpleasantly, families will be putting their "pills" in the cellar by the barrel, and the doctors would take to snow farming. The calos acts as a calmative and diuretic, and may help to break up a cold or lessen the nervousness. Said a doctor: "I always keep a barrel of calos in my cellar during the fall. We sure from cramped feet a week, and whenever of the family is troubled with a cold and cause sore throat. If this vegetable were generally taken, there would be no diphtheria, dysentery, gout, kidney or stomach trouble.

"But then you! the young men and women are afraid to eat calos. The young men want to go to ball, to go to sleigh ride, or to school, and I would get a bad of drinking."

Nature's Remedy.

From the Boston Globe.

When the time comes to be very ill, the sick [illegible] Nature's remedy, the calos. Nature's remedy is the best, and the calos is Nature's remedy. Nature's remedy is the best, and the calos is Nature's remedy. Nature's remedy is the best, and the calos is Nature's remedy