The Carbon Advocate.

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LEHIGHTON, PA.:

SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1882.

Editorial Mentions.

PROVISIONS are higher'n a kite.

ONE WEEK from next Wednesday the democracy will state convention.

GUITEAU'S LIFE RACE ends in twelve days and a few laps—when he will lapse.

THERE is a vivid and refreshing probability that ulsters will be the most comfortable garment for next 4th of July.

"WILL Guiteau weaken?" asks an exchange. If the rope don't weaken, we'll answer that question 1st of July.

RADICALISM is like all other fatal epidemics—its mighty spreading. Even the inhabitants of the moon must now have "rings" round their planet.

SHOULD THAT REPUBLICAN ASSASSIN become a raving maniac before the 30th, it would make a nice mix for the hangman and U. S. marshal.

IT'S now a close race between the wives of the butcher, the potato-grower, and the plumber, which one shall wear the boss sealskin cloak of the future.

THE new summer-resort hotels on the dreary sand-wastes of Jersey not being quite ready to receive guests at $8 a day accounts for the backwardness of the season.

THE PRINTER-MAN no longer wonders at the high prices of his white paper when he reflects that all of the straw crop is consumed in the 1882 summer hat-brim.

THE ONLY MAN, nowadays, who feels perfectly unconcerned and independent regarding the high-price of provisions is either in jail, the penitentiary or the graveyard.

FOURTH OF JULY should make the Heathen-Chinee celestially happy—he is the sole patentee of that infernal nuisance, the burn-breeding, fire-kindling "snap-cracker."

THE second convention of the Cameron stalwarts meets next Wednesday, the 21st. And then there will be gnashing of teeth and howls of anguish in the republican camp.

A PHILADELPHIAN advised his son to aim high in life, and he had went out and shot a cow. Beef was about the highest thing he could find to aim at.—Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.

If the boy had been in this borough he would have shot a barrel of new potatoes—they can "high" beef mor'n-a-mile.

EX-VICE PRESIDENT WHEELER begs to be excused from serving on that unfortunate tariff commission. No wonder; the average republican office-aspirant is very loth to sharpen his political axe on the tariff grind-stone.

THE POWERFUL PECULIARITIES of gunpowder, the eccentricities of the diabolical fireworks, and the comicalities of the patriotic "rip-gizzard," will be duly announced under the "accident" head of the dailies two weeks from next Thursday morning.

AT A RECENT BANQUET, given the brave Lieutenant Danenhower of Arctic fame, in Philadelphia, where wild game, rare fish, choice meats and rich deserts were served, the most costly luxury upon the tables were fried Irish potatoes at $12.00 a barrel, freight added.

AND NOW Mr. Phelps from Missouri don't want his name connected with the tariff commission. Tack on a hundred appointments and half a chance to steal $500,000 and boss the job, and try it on Don Cameron, Mr. President. He'd resign a soft thing like that—oh, yes!

THE TWO HORNS of the radical party in this State are becoming more clean defined every day, with the odds in favor of the independent "gorer." We may hope now that the old adage that "when rogues fall out honest men get their dues," may prove a truism in this State this year.

THE POLITICAL SLATES are too numerous to mention. Every newspaper correspondent, every office-holder and every office-seeker has a little slate of his own for the coming Pennsylvania campaign. There will be some tall scratching out if not many slates in total collapse when the democratic convention sounds the slogan on the 28th.

GUITEAU has given up all hope except in the President. So far from "giving away mentally," "becoming a raving maniac," etc., as many have predicted, his mind appears clearer and stronger as the day of his execution approaches, which is amply evidenced by the consummate skill and audacity he displays in managing the efforts being made for his reprieve.

TO DAY IS THE ANNIVERSARY of the battle of Bunker Hill, the first bona-fide conflict between the Continental and the British troops during the Revolution. It is strictly in conflict with the provisions of the federal constitution for anybody outside of Boston and vicinity to celebrate this day; but we may, we trust, allude to the fact that such a scrimmage took place near the Hub, without offending the æsthetic Boston "culchaw."

A FRENCH NATURALIST says that a June bug is proportionally as strong as a locomotive. In that case the strength of a bed-bug, we presume, can only be compared to limburger cheese, and that of a Jersey sand-flea to the intense strength of Cape May butter. If that French savant wants to find strength in insect life let him investigate for one night at a Jersey sea side hotel.

AND NOW is the opportune time when the fashionable wife and mother must needs shut up her comfortable home in the city and trapse off to some mosquito-poisoned, flea-inflicted seaside or sulphur water resort, where herself, three children and a servant-girl can get two 6x9 bed-rooms on the fifth floor for about $150 a week. There's nothing like belonging to the upper crust if you want to pass an ecstatic summer.

EX-SECRETARY OF NAVY SECOR ROBESON was badly worsted a few days since by Representative Blount in regard to naval affairs, Mr. B. coming back on Robeson with his own annual report while secretary of Uncle Sam's hulks and radical vote-making navy-yards. The truth of the Spanish philosopher's fervid remark: "O, that mine enemy would write a book, that I might confound him!" was fully exemplified by this discussion, in which Robeson was decidedly floored.

COLFAX now pops smiling to the surface to decline a nomination for office which there was not the most remote possibility of ever being tendered him. The gall displayed by the Indiana smiler is only equalled by his power of lying out of what he and the public know to be true. But it takes more than Oakes Ames' memorandum book and a steal of a few millions to put to shame such pious republican frauds as ex-Vice President Colfax.

DO POLITICS PAY? Yes, we think so, and we believe ex-Senator and ex-Secretary of State James G. Blaine, will agree with us if he possesses one tenth part of the $10,000,000 fortune which is accredited to him. In no other vocation could he have made so much.

THE SCRANTON EVENING NEWS, a new daily evening venture in the coaly city, has reached our table. It is a very neat, newsy and locally-spicy sheet, and we trust it can make its daily trips profitable to the public and its publisher, Mr. J. C. Coon, who has the experience necessary to pilot it.

MORE TROUBLE in Ireland and another assassination. If England can't govern that lone little island, she had better let out the job to Don Cameron and his parasites. We can miss them with a good deal of pleasure and no inconsiderable profit. Their advent in Ireland would soon end all strife in that unhappy land, for they would steal the Irish people so poor that there wouldn't be the faintest symptom of a "fight" left in the pugnacious Patricks.

BLAINE very wisely declines the nomination for congressman-at-large from the Pine Tree State. He knows Maine politics well enough to realize that his nomination for any office where the entire vote of the State could be polled for or against him would cause a solid fusion of the democratic and greenback elements—a coalition which would not only annihilate his congressional aspirations but everlastingly kill dead that presidential bee now buzzing in the Blaine bonnet.

WITH POTATOES at $1.00 a bushel, beef 30 cents a pound and flour $10.00 a barrel, how much better off is the working-man in these days of so-called "republican prosperity," than he was in the panic times of radical failure, repudiation and business stagnation in 1873-4-5-6-7-8-9? How long will it take the workingman to realize that American republicanism is synonymous with European despotism, and that every day of radical rule brings him nearer the level of Russian serfdom?

THE summer heat begins to have its effect on our Congressional representatives. Their minds naturally turn from affairs of State to the delights of the seaside, the pleasures of fashionable resorts or to the comforts of the country. Congress has not been idle, and jobbers have not been inactive, but nothing has been accomplished that can benefit the great nation, these high priced representatives of the people spend their time and public money in serving.

THE labor lockout at Pittsburg remains much the same as last week. At Cincinatti and some other smaller iron-working places compromises have been arranged, through the intervention of President Jewell of the Iron and Steel-makers' association, and the old employes resume work. The situation at Cleveland bodes trouble. The companies have put Bohemians and other imported laborers at work in place of the strikers. Violence and bloodshed have been the result—the new men are stoned and in spite of strong guards of police driven from the streets. The various iron mills are strongly barricaded and guarded by armed men, as the strikers threaten to destroy the works.

AN IRATE FEMALE SUFFRAGIST writes to an exchange and propounds the absurd conundrum: "Now, was there anything ever made like this creature—this animal—MAN?" We should say, decidedly not much; and if the fair querist had ever had the felicity of being solidly married, she wouldn't go skipping around the editorial room with such an abominable aspersion upon our much maligned sex. Besides, this man-creature is the most attractive animal extant, unless we except Jumbo and Susan B. Anthony. In short, in the whole range of history—natural, sacred and profane (including "Burnham's History of the Hen Fever)—there is nothing to be found so exactly perfect as the man-animal—a good, solid much-married man—a country editor, I'm'ust'ace.

FAMINE IN AMERICA.

The startling and almost incredible news is flashed to us from Virginia that an entire county in that State has been so grievously famine-stricken that actual deaths from starvation have occurred. This is an appalling and shameful confession for Americans to make—that here in the very heart of the corn and wheat producing section of the Atlantic seaboard thousands of families have been left to die of hunger! Says a special to the Philadelphia Times, dated Danville, Va., June 12:

The famine is in Patrick county. There is no food at all in the county. Corn and meal and flour cannot be obtained for love or money. The crops last fall were almost a complete failure. Not a drop of rain fell from early in April until October. The ground became dry as powder. The corn withered and died. Almost everything green was burned up by the hot rays of the sun, and the farmers saved but little from their fields of wheat. This little lasted them by strict economy through the winter but it has long since given out. For some time past the people have been living on the scanty supplies that have been forwarded from Danville and Richmond. But these were not sufficient to go half around, and now several thousand working persons are not only actually suffering for want of food but starvation and death stares them in the face. Indeed, there have been a number of deaths already, directly traceable to the lack of food. * * * * The famine is widespread and general. It affects not only the poor, but has reached the homes of the well-to-do. There are many families in Patrick county who are in very comfortable circumstances so far as money goes, but money does not help them now. There is no food to be bought unless ordered and brought from some distant point. * * Patrick county is situated in the extreme southern border of the state, in the Blue Ridge mountains. A great portion of it is hard to reach. The roads are bad, running over the mountains the best way they can, and they are so steep, rough and rocky that to supply the starving thousands is no easy task, as supplies have to be transported by wagon from Burnt Chimneys, the nearest railway station, to Patrick court-house—some 15 miles. Help must be had at once.

The same noble generosity which was so lavishly extended to the fever-stricken South some years ago, will probably be as spontaneously and promptly exhibited now in the relief of our distressed fellow-countrymen in Virginia. It really seems an impossibility that a wide-spread and deadly famine could occur at this time in America—the granary of the world. But such is the incontrovertible fact, and the remedy should be immediately applied by a generous response to the piteous appeal for aid.

IS A FINANCIAL CRASH AT HAND?

The Warning of a Man of Experience—A Startling Prospect.

The subjoined letter to the New York Sun but echoes the apprehensions which many have felt would be the inevitable result of the reckless, break-neck speed and devil-take-the-hindmost manner actuating the policy of every department of our national government for the past twenty years. The writer, "B. C.," evidently knows whereof he speaks, and he sounds an alarm which it might be well for our business men to heed and prepare themselves for any emergency. While we may hardly believe that with our present industrial pursuits at the full tide of seemingly successful operation, our agricultural area constantly increasing, our natural resources being steadily developed, and our nation at peace both at home and abroad, that a general panic permeating and paralyzing every industry of the land, as did those of 1857 and 1873, can be so imminent as "B. C." infers in his able paper. Yet, when we consider on the other hand, that with our unsettled and unsatisfactory system of currency, our vacillating and improvident financial policy, our enormous debt and profligate extravagance in every department of government, both state and national, and the enormous capital embarked in thw most visionary and impracticable enterprises, it is apparent to every calm and careful reasoner that a financial crash might occur as suddenly as did the panic of '73 follow the bursting of the Jay Cooke bubble. We commend, heartily, the letter to the careful perusal of every voter. Addressing the editor of the Sun, the writer says:

Your leading article in to-day's (10th) Sun, entitled "High Prices and General Dissatisfaction," sounds the note of warning of what is coming. An experience of over thirty years as a merchant, whose firm was engaged in business with all parts of the world, leads me to the strong conviction that the financial community is rapidly approaching a crisis, which, if the causes leading to it are not very speedily arrested, will culminate in a panic, the like of which has never been witnessed in this country. The panic of 1837 occurred when I was a mere lad, but I well remember the dire effects it produced. The chief cause of that panic was the great fire of 1835 when most of the banks, merchants, insurance companies, etc., were irretrievably ruined. Rash speculations followed in real estate, and such wild enterprises as the "morus multicaulis," which nearly every man, woman and child engaged in planting.

The next great panics which followed were in 1854, 1857 and 1873. Immediately preceding the greatest of all—that of 1857—the commercial and financial sky was as clear and serene as a June day; not a cloud to be seen—when, suddenly, the report that the Ohio Life and Trust Company had failed burst upon the community, striking terror and dismay over the whole country. Soon followed the suspension of all the banks, with the exception of the Chemical Bank, and most of the business firms succumbed. Despair reigned throughout the land. Everything was almost valueless.

What caused the panic was overtrading, which was the result of the reckless giving of credits. Any man with any kind of reference could buy goods on three, six, nine and twelve months' credit, giving his unendorsed notes for payment, and with which the large importing houses here would obtain from their bankers commercial credits on bankers in Europe, which brought more merchandise to our ports than was really wanted or could be paid for. Hence the overtrading and the final great crash.

The causes which produced the panic of 1873 were somewhat different. The reckless building of unneeded railroads and the rash speculations in real estate were the primary ones. For years both had only a nominal value.

Leaving this retrospect, what do we behold at the present moment?

First—An enormous expansion of the railroad system in the West, Southwest, South, and in Mexico, which is locking up millions upon millions of money, which for years to come will not pay interest on the investment made.

Second—Mining companies, hundreds of which have no actual reality, and exist only on paper. The desire to become suddenly rich and independent has induced thousands of our young men to embark in them, while mechanics and servants have in numberless instances been persuaded by selfish and unprincipled persons to draw their hard-earned savings from the banks and invest in these stocks, which will never realize them one cent.

Third—Reckless speculations on the Stock Board and a forced advance of prices, which not even the contrived plans of Jay Gould, William H. Vanderbilt, Russell Sage, Cyrus W. Field and other monied magnates could sustain.

Fourth—The short cotton and cereal crops.

Fifth—Imports largely exceeding exports.

Sixth—Unnecessarily heavy taxes, which are as a millstone around the necks of the people.

Seventh—The extravagance and corruption of the overgrown bloated and unwieldy republican party.

Eighth—A dull business, caused by the high prices, which have greatly restricted the demand for and consumption of all articles.

Ninth—Competition, which is causing many firms to go largely into business, and to incur the most enormous expenses. To do the volume of business which these expenses must necessitate, they are compelled to sell their goods at prices which do not really pay.

Lest it may be thought from the foregoing that I am a bear, interested in depreciating values, I desire to state that neither me nor my friends are interested in stocks or any other speculation to the extent of a single dollar.

Nevertheless, I solemnly believe that if the people of this country do not take immediate warning they will be overtaken by a cyclone in the shape of a financial and commercial panic, within two years at least, and possibly one, the disastrous extent of which is beyond all conjecture. B.C.

After they consider the nine points so cogently and succinctly made by "B. C.," we ask our merchants, our mechanics, our farmers, and our voters generally, to carefully weigh his arguments and determine whether we are sailing on a safe and smooth commercial sea, or are we approaching a financial maelstrom from which it will soon be impossible to escape.

HE CAN'T HELP IT.

A Philadelphia paper solemnly assures its readers in a solid two-column, Washington correspondent letter that "Don Cameron is now about to assume an aggressive warfare; that he means to remember his friends," &c., &c. Pray tell us when a Cameron of the Simon-pure, Pennsylvania ilk was anything but "aggressive?" Therein lies his only hope—the most aggressive vilification, calumny and fraud; the buying of votes; the debauchment of the political sentiments of workingmen; the sales of places of public trust to radical parasites;—these are what Prince Cameron and his henchmen openly and unblushingly use to defeat the manifest will of the majority in this State by retaining all the offices and official patronage to themselves. Cameron daren't be else but "aggressive;" with any other policy he would drop into political obloquy and oblivion as suddenly as did Colfax, Belknap, Butler, Grant, Hayes, Schurz, Conkling and Blaine. Just so long as Cameron hopes to retain office and power, just so long must he continue to be thus unscrupulously and mercilessly aggressive. Poor man, he can't help it—anything else would be suicide on his part.

OH, DO GIVE US SOMETHING that is akin to something tangible in this Star Route thievery business, good Mr. Government! Had a poor slip of a postal clerk took a package of stamps, or an unfortunate devil of a tramp passed a bogus half-dollar, they would have been pounding stone in some government bastile before the ink on the warrants for their arrest had fairly dried. Just give these wealthy radical robbers the poor man's shake, Mr. Most Glorious Government, and do the square thing thereby for once in your national history.

Our New York Letter.

Regular correspondence of ADVOCATE.

NEW YORK, June 14, 1882.

RESIGN OR DIE.

It is an old saying of politicians, that few die, and none resign, and a somewhat careful observation of the ways of the political world confirms one in the truth of the adage. But what is true of the place-holders under a complaisant government, where the labors are easy, and the burden light, by no means holds good in the case of the Executive Officers of our great railway corporations. No toiler in the mines or the fields or blacksmith at his anvil, or convict behind prison bars, draws such continuous and heavy drafts upon his vital, bodily and mental resources as many of those whom it is the fashion of the ignorant to picture as doing no harder work than setting in luxurious offices and drawing fat salaries. Thos. Scott was one of the ablest Executive officers that ever lived. His brain was large and clear; his constitution had been toughened by twisting the breaks on a freight car, and by the arduous manual labor which is required of a railroad employee, who mounts from the lowest round of the ladder to the highest by dint of faithful service; he had able lieutenants to do his bidding, he had money enough to purchase all the comfort and luxury to be found in life, but in spite of all, he worked himself to death in the service of corporations. He was President of dozens of railroads and other companies, the aggregate salaries amounting, it is said, to $175,000 per year. He worked unceasingly and at full speed. The labor he would not have required of any subordinate, or even of any locomotive on his road, he took upon himself. He stood the strain as long as he could have done, but he was fighting against nature, and got knocked down at last, as any, and every other man will do, who tries the same combat.

The lesson and the warning have not been lost upon A. J. Cassatt, a successor of Mr. Scott, as active Vice President of the Pennsylvania. He resigns to save his life, Scott died because he would not resign. But each of the two men have been an example of the intense, wearing, killing work, which he took upon himself as manager of a great railroad corporation. Perhaps both of them looked too much into details.

JAY GOULD'S WAY.

I met him Wednesday under the shadow of the Old Trinity church, as the chimes were ringing out the hour. The little man looked smaller than ever beside the tall steeple, and his high white hat did not add much to his stature. He's not going to die of intense overwork. He's of the shrewdest and craftiest of long-headed schemers, and he lays his plans far ahead and then works through lawyers, brokers, judges, courts and legislatures, until the end is brought about, and for patient and far reaching combinations, I don't believe his equal can be found in all this broad land. But he don't wear himself out, and don't look a year older than he did ten years ago when he was laying out a scheme for Jim Fisk to carry out. He delights in secret plans, in the consciousness of being the mysterious burglar of the street, in surprises that take away the breath of prudent financiers, and empty the pockets of half the operators of the street.

Gould has his pockets full of railroads and controls the policy of thousands of miles of iron highway. But he never bothers about details. He acquires a line of road; decides which of his enterprises it shall be made to especially help or hurt (for their is as much money to be made in knocking stocks down, as in hoisting them up) appoints a general manager, gives him general instructions, and then holds him responsible for the fiscal result. He deals at wholesale not at retail, and will never break down in trying to remember the details of the goods in his shop, nor in watching the porter and office boy.

A BROKEN HEARTED INVENTOR.

Twenty paces behind Gould I met an old man whom I have known for years as a mechanical engineer and draftsman. He was not brisk as the millionaire, nor did he walk his way as confidentially. On the contrary, he was gray and bent, and with a weary, pleading, protesting look in the eyes that looked out from under shaggy brows. Knowing that he had produced some really good and valuable inventions, I asked after them. It would have been an unfortunate question for me if I had been in a hurry. I had touched him on the raw, and he told me with bitter indignation of the difficulty—almost the impossibility—of getting any railway appliances examined, tested or introduced, no matter how good it might be, nor how much better and cheaper than existing articles in use. From a locomotive to a coupling pin, every railroad company received its supplies through some official who is more interested in the profits of its manufacture and sale to the railroads, than he was in getting the best article for the use of the latter. Sometimes it was the Superintendent, sometimes the master mechanics, sometimes the President, sometimes half a dozen of the officials together. Difficulties, delays, objections, obstacles, were met here, there and everywhere, and while the absolute merit and economy of the inventions had been conceded by every expert consulted, it had been a heart-breaking, soul-tiring effort to get any single railroad time to adopt it, and the old man was going to his grave exhausted in pocket and strength. It was a tale such as the Chancery Court could tell, and brought to my mind an illustrated incident told me a few days ago. A leading railway counsel said he had an acquaintance who had a device of apparently exceptional merit for railway purposes. He got my friend to introduce him to a controlling official of a large corporation, and the two had a conference of half an hour, unheard by my informant, who was waiting to see the official upon other business. After the departure of the inventor the official said in an off hand way to the counsellor, "What do you suppose that man Jones was talking about all the time? Why the —— fool kept telling me of the merits and advantages of the thing, and never said a word about shares."

LAND AND CATTLE KINGS.

Up in New England, in the days when I utilized by first jack-knife, by cutting my name on the school house door, a man who had a farm of 200 acres was well off, while the owner of the one broad spreading thousand acre farm was the autocrat of all that part of the state, and a man to be looked upon, as one of Dickens' characters says, "With h'admiration amounting to havoc." Talking with two men yesterday who do sheep and cattle raising in a small way, out in New Mexico, I was reminded of their boyish days and fancies. The Hon. J. B. Catron—a youngish man, with large, broad western frame, and the general look of a well-to-do country merchant—owns one ranche of twenty miles square, on which he has a few thousand sheep, and has another tract of 600,000 acres, and the Denver & Rio Grande RR., runs for thirty miles on his land. His companion Wilson Waddingham—who is said to have made a million and a quarter of dollars out of one mining investment, and who looks not more than 45—has a tract of nearly 700,000 acres in Eastern New Mexico, where he has 12,000 cattle, and uncounted sheep. And these are but samples of the Cattle Kings and land proprietors who are coining money from the grasses of what we used to designate in the school boy days to which I have alluded as "The Great American Desert" where no blade of grass would grow and no creature live.

THE WEEK IN NEW YORK.

The North American Silk Exchange is having its first exhibition. The object of the society being the encouragement of silk worm culture in the U. S.....The Young Women's Christian Association will open their sea side cottage at Long Branch, for working women.....Since 1859 Mr. Robert Bonner, of the New York *Ledger* has invested $381,000 in fast horses.....A postal clerk has been arrested on a charge of cruelty to his children. It is alleged that his five children had no food for five days. He is in receipt of a good salary.....The Society for the Prevention af Crime has, in a recent raid, captured upward of $5,000 worth of gambling implements. Plenty more such work to do.

Our Washington Letter.

FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 10, 1882.

There was considerable fun in the House yesterday over the item in the deficiency bill appropriating $32,000, the amount of the deficiency for the entertainment of guests at the Yorktown celebration. Mr. Cobb, of Indiana, sent to the clerk's desk and had read a liquor bill, amounting to $6,600, for liquor consumed on the trip down. Mr. Dingley, of Maine, got up and had read a newspaper extract, which had characterized the trip down as a grand drunk, and he was opposed to paying the bill. Mr. Springer, of Illinois, remarked that it appeared by the bill that $4,000 worth of champagne had been drank, and only $400 of whiskey, the balance of the whiskey being returned. He characterized the trip as a big drunk. This remark brought Mr. Martin, of Delaware, to his feet, who denounced the statement of Mr. Springer, and said that he (Martin) was a member of that commission that went down the river, and that no one was drunk on that occasion. Mr. Springer was asked if he was there, but he proved an alibi by stating that he was in California at the time, and had not an opportunity to enjoy the blow out. Mr. Robeson, of New Jersey, advocated the passage of the section, and was followed by Mr. Blount, of Georgia, who said these articles had been furnished in good faith by merchants, and that they should be paid for. The amendment to strike out the section was lost, and it was passed by a viva voce vote. I believe there is such an expression as "ginning up," intended to indicate the process of personal replenishment from time to time with intoxicating liquors. When one recollects that of these seven thousand dollars nearly four thousand were expended in champagne alone; that three hundred and forty dollars was expended in whiskey, and two hundred and twenty five in brandy, it will be seen that neither entertainers nor entertained had any foolish qualms of conscience, whatever other qualms they may had afterward. Three bartenders and two boys were kept busy for five days supplying these little refreshments to jaded patriots. But whether the nerves of the patriotism required stimulation need not be explained. Perhaps a list of those who most enjoyed the fun would not be so very uninteresting.

Several important meetings of leading lawyers from various sections of the country have recently been held at the offices of Louis Bagger & Co., in this city, the chief object of which has been to protect against bill 6,018, which has passed the House. This bill provides that no action for damages or proceeding in equity shall be sustained, nor shall the party be liable under sections 4,919 and 4,921 for the use of patented articles when it appears that the defendant purchased in open market. It is claimed that this bill takes away almost the entire protection granted by patent to property, and its import legalizes theft. The meetings, with slight alterations, approved of Senate bill 238, which provides in suits for alleged use or infringement in patent cases when it appears that the defendant purchased in good faith for his private use or for a firm engaged in the sale, they shall not be held liable. The principals or manufacturers are to be held liable.

The report of the judiciary committee of the House upon the Northern Pacific railroad land grants takes the ground that under the limitations of the granting act "the sole right which remains in the United States at the present time is the right by its Congress to do any and all acts which may be needful and necessary to insure the speedy completion of the road. "After a careful review of the condition of the road, and what it has accomplished, the committee reach the conclusion that it would not be advisable to give its land grants to another company to sell them and apply the proceeds to the completion of the road; that the early completion of the road will be readily accomplished by a policy of non-interference on the part of the government and they therefore recommend that no further legislation is necessary or advisable.

In the Criminal Court, before Judge Wylie this morning Mr. Reed, counsel for Guiteau appeared and read a lengthy petition, in which he prayed for a correct record of the trial. District Attorney Corkhill said the motion had been made before the Court, in General term. This Mr. Reed indignantly denied. After some further remarks Judge Wylie said he was compelled to deny this motion. He did not question the power of the Court to correct its record, but it was not for him, sitting in another term and having no personal knowledge of the record to undertake to amend it. A general verdict was based upon the good courts in the indictment, the Court, in passing sentence, shutting its eyes to the vicious counts.

The receipts at the Patent office from January 1 to June 1, 1882, amount to $428,805.65. This is an increase over the corresponding five months of the previous year of $64,623.59, and over the first five months of 1880 of $90,660.85. The number of applications for patents filed in the same period of this year was 15,244 an increase over 1881, of 2,107, and over 1880 of 3,369. The management of the patent office by Mr. Marble, the present commissioner, has never been surpassed, and to him and his genial and able assistants the prosperity of this branch of the Interior Department is largely due. Mr. Bacon the Finance clerk, who has spent the greater part of his life in this office, and who is kindly remembered by every inventor visiting Washington for advice, deserves special mention at your hands. This is no puff, but simply a well merited praise.

How it was Done.

"How do you manage," said a lady to her friend, "to appear so happy and good natured all the time?" "I always have Parker's Ginger Tonic handy," was the reply, "and thus easily keep myself and family in good health. When I am well I always feel good natured."

NEW GOODS! NEW BARGAINS!

Good Goods! Extra Bargains!

IN DRESS GOODS and BROCATEL SILKS!

Dress Ginghams - 10 cents, worth 12½ and 15 cents.

Cottonades - - - - - 19 cents, worth 25 cents.

Men's Percale Laundried Shirts, with 2 Collars, for 75 cents, worth $1.25 everywhere. **Men's Scarfs for 35c.**, worth 50c. Some sizes in **Janvin's Black Kid Gloves at 35c.** A nice line of **Black Silk Chenille and Bugle Fringes** at two-thirds their usual price. **PRINTS** at 4½, 5, 6, 7 and 8c. **Bleached and Unbleached Muslin from 5c.** per yard upward. My line of

Carpets, Matting and Oil Cloths

is complete and the **Prices are Low as the Lowest**; remember I have all grades from the Cheapest to the Best. And now a word about the

BLACK CASHMERES!

This line of Goods I take especial interest in, and I will **challenge and defy anyone** to excel me in this line either in **Price** or **Quality**. I know they are **Excelled by any Nowhere.**

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