A NOISY FAREWELL.

President Harrison and Party Leave Washington For a Sunday Out,

AMID ROAR OF CANNON.

They Take Packages of Fishing Tackle and the Babies, But

NO ONE KNOWS WHERE THEY'RE GOING.

Anxiety to See No Office-seekers for a Few Hours Drives the President From the Capital—The White House Cleaned for the Summer Season—Personnel of the President's Family of Servants—Hon. John Dalzell Gets in a Few Words for His Friends—Assistant Postmaster General Clarkson Does a Big Half Week's Work.

With much pomp and noise of booming cannon, President Harrison and party, including the two precious White House babies, left Washington yesterday for a Sunday out on the water, away from office seekers and other capital pests. The White House has been thoroughly cleaned for the summer season. Hon. John Dalzell took in Washington yesterday, casually talking over the chances of some of the local applicants for offices, as he did so.

(SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.)

WASHINGTON, May 11.—The departure of President Harrison's party this morning was an imposing affair. The United States steamer Despatch was pressed into service, the same pretty little steamer used so often by Mr. Arthur, while President Arthur was wont to be whirled along the avenue and down the navy yard boulevard, and alongside the steamer in great style, behind four spanking bays and coachman and footman in gorgeous livery, President Harrison was content to-day with two horses, but he permitted a tremendous salute of cannon to be fired, which was regularly forbidden by Mr. Arthur. As for Mr. Cleveland, he never could be persuaded to employ Government property for his private pleasure, except that legally allotted to him.

Democrats are commenting freely this evening on the noise and pomp of the departure of the morning, but the average Washington citizen likes to see such things, as they furnish additional local attractions, and so the incident is generally treated with indifference or heartily commended.

The Presidental Party.

It was about 10:30 o'clock when three carriages drove through the gates of the navy yard and down to the wharf where the United States steamer Despatch was moored. In the first carriage were the President, Mrs. Harrison, two nursemaids and as many babies. In the second vehicle Secretary Windom rode alone, and the rather dingy rig which brought up the tail end of the procession was occupied by Secretary Rusk.

All morning the officers and sailors of the boat had been busy preparing for the arrival of the party. The brass rail of the upper deck shone like burnished gold in the sun, the decks were swabbed white and clean, and every rope was neatly coiled in its proper place. As the carriages drove leisurely down to the water's side, the officers and men fell into their places, and as the President stepped out a big gun upon the hill boomed a salute. The horses pranced, Baby McKee chuckled and the President smiled. Then he

Took the Baby in His Arms

and helped Mrs. Harrison from the carriage. He walked over the gangway, holding the child by the hand, and, while the President's flag was run up to the top-gallant, every man in sight raised his hat.

Secretary Windom was the next to go on board, and then Uncle Jerry Rusk, who had been critically looking the boat over, stepped cautiously on the gangplank.

The guns continued to boom, the hawsers were slipped, and the boat glided out into the stream. A balmy breeze was blowing over from the Virginia hills, and the company took off their hats and the wind blew through the rigging. Secretary Tracy, who had up to this time been invisible, appeared on deck. He had for an hour been in the captain's cabin.

In the Presidental luggage there were several packages which looked as though they might contain fishing tackle, but if they did it was well concealed.

Nobody Knows Where They Went.

Just what the destination of the party was no one would say, but it was hinted that the steamer might be sailed down to some quiet haven, secure from cyclones and office-seekers, where salt water breezes blow, and anchored there, where the party could be put ashore amid sylvan shades and enjoy the sermons of the trees and brooks and stones in the Almighty's first temples, rather than in the heated pews of the Church of the Covenant.

As the President wouldn't start for the Centennial until midnight chimes had announced the end of Sunday, it is very certain he will not permit the Despatch to sail home with him on Sunday, and so the office-seekers will be forced to wait in impatient perspiration until Tuesday before renewing their onset.

Secretary Halford did not accompany the party, but started for Atlanta instead, to meet Mrs. Halford, who is on her way home from Florida.

Minister Lincoln was one of the few callers before the early departure of the President. He bade goodby to all his friends and took his way to the New York train. He will sail for England next Wednesday.

Fixing the White House for Summer.

Hardly had the President vacated the White House ere a body of workmen invaded the Cabinet room and library and proceeded to pull up carpets and remove curtains, preparatory to the summer season, and instead of heavy brussels and Turkish portieres, when the President returns he will find cool mattings on the floors and light hangings at the windows of his office.

Despite the announcement of the President's departure, crowds of tourists thronged the East room to-day, many of them being intent upon shaking hands with the President, and they were astonished to learn that he was not in the city.

WITHOUT WARRANT OF LAW.

Twenty Cadets Who Failed to Pass Cannot Have Another Trial.

(SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.)

WASHINGTON, May 11.—To-day's mail from the Navy Department included letters calculated to cause disappointment to 20 naval cadets who, after applying themselves to study at the Naval Academy for several years, now find themselves denied the privilege of completing the course. These cadets failed to pass the examination in the fourth class, last winter, and the department granted them leaves of absence with permission to try again and to join the fourth class, which is to be examined this month.

The Attorney General has informed the Secretary of the Navy that this action was without warrant of law, and that the cadets cannot be reinstated without the approval of the Academic Board. The board has withheld its approval, and Secretary Tracy's letter gives each of the 20 cadets an opportunity to resign.

WHITE HOUSE CLEANED.

The Presidental Residence Prepared for the Summer Solstice—Personnel of the Servants' Quarters—Germans Evidently Preferred by the Harrisons—Prejudice Against Male Servants.

(SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.)

WASHINGTON, May 11.—Since returning from New York, Mrs. Harrison has superintendded the taking up of all the carpets in the private portion of the house, and cool matting covers the floors instead. The curtains and hangings are down and all the woolens are packed away, beyond the reach of the destroying moth.

Nothing would so greatly delight Mrs. Harrison's sense of good housekeeping as to be able to personally supervise the annual house cleaning at the White House. As she is to live there for the next four winters, she would like to give it the careful spring attention her houses have always received at her hands. Like Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Harrison doesn't require the services of a housekeeper in the White House. She has a very trusty German maid whom she brought with her from Indianapolis, and with her assistance the housekeeping is done very satisfactorily to all concerned.

Present White House Servants.

The present White House steward is Hugo Zieman, a German whom the President brought with him from the Hotel Richelieu, in Chicago. He is not only a competent servant, but a very shrewd, bright fellow, who makes himself quite popular about town. Mr. Phister, the florist, who has been in the house since Mrs. Hayes' time, is retained. Mrs. Harrison has her own taste about the arrangement of flowers, and often designs the flowers that are sent with her compliments. Such was the case with the white fern veiled pillow that was sent from the White House for the funeral of Mr. Justice Stanley Matthews, with the inscription in purple, "Say not good night, but in some lairer clime bid me good morning."

The lady of the White House also designed the slipper that she sent to Admiral and Mrs. Porter on the eve of their golden wedding celebration, and that was very much admired.

She Prefers Women Servants.

Still another domestic who has been in the White House for several years is Dan, a colored man, who was in the service of both General Arthur and President Cleveland. Mrs. Harrison thinks Dan is suitable enough for a bachelor establishment, but is scarcely so where there are ladies and children. Mrs. Harrison prefers women servants about her, but has made no changes so far.

The greater portion of Mrs. Harrison's time is still employed with the miscellaneous correspondence that is poured in upon her every day. Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Lord devote several hours every day to opening and reading these unavailing missives—for the wife of the President has absolutely nothing whatever to do with the apportioning of officers, the granting of pensions, or the establishing of postoffices. As for the progressive charity chains, the number of such letters is legion, and Mrs. Harrison never hesitates to break the sequence. If she responded ever so slightly to half the calls made upon her for direct financial bounties, the lady of the White House would be hopelessly bankrupt within a month.

ANYTHING WILL DO.

Southern Office Seekers Not Very Particular—When Knocked Out of One Office Any Other One Handy Will Please Them—Satisfied With Little.

(SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.)

WASHINGTON, May 11.—The President is brought face to face daily with elements in human nature which he would ignore if it were possible. From no quarter is he beset by so many perplexities as from the South, for in no other section are there so many persons claiming reward for services. In some instances he has been imposed upon most shamelessly by men who make the loudest professions of personal fealty to himself. Members of the Chicago convention have gone to him with little stories of what they did in his interest at the critical moment, when the slightest examination shows that they never supported him until everybody else did. A delegate who first voted for Blaine and then yielded to the golden blandishments of Alger is an applicant for a consulate. He thinks that the President is deceived by his professions, but his story is known and no office will be get. This man is the editor of a small Republican sheet in a remote corner of the South. His case is not solitary. Among the Southern States none had higher expectations in the beginning than North Carolina, and at present none is so thoroughly discomfited. The Brazilian Mission, the Consul Generalships at London and Liverpool, the Consulate at Manchester—these are a few of the offices asked for a little while ago. Nothing has yet been obtained, and nothing except a place or two in the consular service is now looked for.

The disillusion is complete and paralyzing. Ex-Congressman Oliver H. Dockery, who was the party's candidate for Governor last year, and who had no doubt two months ago that he would get something decidedly rich in the service abroad, now says that he will be perfectly satisfied with a place for his son, who was formerly Consul at Stettin.

Mr. Nichols, late candidate for the office of Government Printer, is another ex-Congressman from the Turpentine State, who roosts less than he did. He denies that he is an applicant for anything, and says that the President knows how powerful his backing is, and if he has anything for him will give it to him without his asking for it. It is understood that Nichols will take a subordinate place in the Government Printing Office if he can get it.

LOOKING OUT FOR FRIENDS.

Hon. John Dalzell Attending to Appointments in His District.

(SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.)

WASHINGTON, May 11.—Hon. John Dalzell, who has been in New York on legal business, took in Washington to-day on his way to Pittsburg, for which place he departed this evening. He called on the Postmaster General, and had a somewhat prolonged conversation with him in regard to fourth-class postmasters in his district, and from there called upon Commissioner Tanner, at the Pension Office, for a brief consultation touching the appointment of a Pension Board for the Pittsburg district.

It is probable that within a day or two Drs. J. O. Phillips, Wilson and Seip will be appointed, though one authority quotes the name of Dr. Crawford instead of Dr. Wilson.

KEEPING UP HIS LICK.

Assistant Postmaster General Clarkson's Good Half Week.

(SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.)

WASHINGTON, April 11.—Colonel Clarkson ground out 203 new postmasters from his little mill to-day, making 560 for the week, which is nearly as good a record as any former week, considering that the General was on duty only three days. Following are those appointed for Pennsylvania to-day:

Frank Thomas, Argus; Charles Pote, Baker's Summit; W. H. Jackson, Beaumont; Thomas M. Archer, Crooked Creek; Mortimer Welfley, Elk Lick; C. Oberly, Wohnsdorf.

—A bright and handsome girl, smoking cigarettes in the smoking car of a Hartford express, attracted a good deal of attention the other day. Connecticut travelers are not accustomed to such sights.

FOUR MINERS KILLED.

An Explosion of Fire Damp in a Coal Shaft Near Chartiers.

Owing to communication being cut off by Friday evening's storm, it was impossible to get any definite information about the explosion of fire damp in the mines of the Block Coal Company on the Tom's Run Railroad, near Chartiers. Four men were killed outright and several others injured. The four miners were Hungarians and had been warned not to go down the shaft. The air fans had not been working since May 1, and the danger signals indicating that the mine was full of escaping gas, were up.

The work of rescuing the bodies progressed very slowly on account of the heavy gas, which was overpowering. One of the men was found near the bottom of the shaft. The head, and one leg was entirely blown off and the body badly disfigured. The others will probably not be discovered for several days.

Coroner McDowell and his chief clerk, Grant Miller, went to the scene yesterday afternoon and started the inquest on the four bodies. The evidence given by John Adamson, the watchman, was to the effect that the deceased had been employed in the mines, but owing to a strike had been idle for two weeks. They had secured work in Ohio, and on Friday they told Mr. Adamson they were going into the mine for their tools. They went into the mine at 2 o'clock and at 7 in the evening they had not returned. Upon entering the mine and discovering fire damp he came out again and notified the superintendent. The latter joined him in the search for the unfortunate victims. At 7 o'clock yesterday morning the bodies were found. They were terribly mangled, burned and jarred. They presented a fearful sight.

The four men killed were: Martin Tershock, aged 47, married and leaves two children; Michael Marrowzitch, aged 32, married and leaves three children; John Adlershitz, aged 27, single; Mark Szbulener, aged 22, single.

THE LAW ON BETTING.

The Massachusetts Supreme Court Decides a Case of Interest to Gamblers.

BOSTON, May 11.—Gambling men are interested in the decision to-day of the Supreme Court in the case of Stephen F. Jones against M. Cavanaugh. The defendant was a pool seller on November 22, 1886, at the race course in North Attleboro, where a foot race was to take place between two men named Little and Doalon. The pools were sold at auction by the defendant, and the plaintiff purchased ten pools for $750, at prices ranging from $35 to $88, paying to defendant's clerk the money and receiving the pools, which were on Donlon to win against Little. Plaintiff at the trial put in evidence tending to show that the race was declared off by the referee. Defendant claimed and put in evidence tending to show that the race was won by Little, and was so declared by the referee. No part of the money was paid back, and no demand was ever made upon the defendant.

The Superior Court ruled that betting upon a foot race between two persons was a gaming contract, and that the plaintiff, to recover, must show that he bet his money on the race; that he lost the bet, and that the defendant, acting by himself or his agents, was the winner; also that, in order to recover outside the statute, plaintiff must make a demand before bringing his suit. The Court ordered a verdict for the defendant, and plaintiff excepted.

The Supreme Court holds that the ruling of the Superior Court was correct, and that a demand was necessary. The Court says:

Upon the facts stated we are of the opinion that the defendant was a stakeholder and an agent for a particular purpose; that the money which made up the several pools was not received by him as his own, but to be held and paid out for others, and that if he could not pay, as was expected, because the race was not run, he had no other duty in relation to it than to keep it safely for those who were entitled to it. The ruling that outside of the statute the action could not be maintained without a previous demand was correct.

PRICE MAY SUCCEED BARNUM.

Ex-Senator McDonald Doesn't Think an Indiana Man Will be Chosen.

(SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.)

INDIANAPOLIS, May 11.—The names of the Hons. Joseph E. McDonald and S. P. Sherin, present Secretary, for the chairmanship of the National Democratic Committee having been suggested, considerable interest has been aroused here. Mr. McDonald says: "I have had no communication with any of the members of the National Committee, and if I have been considered in connection with the chairmanship I am not aware of it. It would be contrary to custom and precedent to go outside of the committee membership for a chairman, and I do not believe it will be done. It is my opinion that the Chairman will be Mr. Brice, of Ohio, or Mr. Gorman, of Maryland, if either of them will accept the position. If they will not, and an Indiana man is wanted, I believe that Mr. Sherin, the member of the committee from this State, and at present Assistant Secretary, is most likely to be chosen. If they go outside the committee, which is improbable, I do not believe that I would be chosen, but if I should be elected I would decline to accept the position."

The leading Democratic politicians do not seem to think there is any probability of either Mr. McDonald or Mr. Sherin to be chosen to fill the position. James H. Rice was asked what he thought about the matter. "I do not think an Indiana man is likely to be chosen," he replied. "The successor of Mr. Barnum is almost certain to be Mr. Brice." The Evansville *Courier* bitterly opposes McDonald, and advocates the claims of Mr. Sherin, and asserts that he is the greatest organizer among Indiana Democrats.

A FATAL ELOPEMENT.

The Attempt of a Negro to Run Off With a Young White Girl.

LOUISVILLE, May 11.—At Winchester, yesterday, Milton Richmond, a burly negro, started to elope with Lydia Strong, the 16-year-old granddaughter of Judge Ed. Strong. Strong, with a band of friends, pursued. When they overtook Richmond he fired upon them, sending a bullet through Strong's hand. The party returned the fire, killing Richmond instantly. The girl escaped unhurt.

When they returned home her father, Pearl Strong, who had been absent, had got back. At the sight of his daughter he fired at her, and, missing his aim, tried to shoot himself. He only inflicted a bad flesh wound, when his pistol was taken away.

A Glassworker's Quarrel.

Frank Smith yesterday entered suit before Alderman Shafer, of the Southside, against George Lang, charging him with aggravated assault and battery. The parties are glassworkers, and the prosecutor claims that Lang assaulted him with a blunt instrument, knocking him down, and then kicked him when he was down. The defendant was arrested and committed for a hearing on Monday.

An Italian Free For All.

A free fight among Italians occurred on Bedford avenue last night. One Daconia, who now lives in Turtle Creek, formerly boarded with Malena on the Hill. He went for his trunk last evening, but Malena, it is said, wouldn't give it up. The fight followed. Frane, Rose and Malena are in jail. Daconia has a sore head.

A Shepherd in Trouble.

(SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.)

RALEIGH, N. C., May 11.—Rev. Father J. J. Boyle, of the Church of the Sacred Heart, of this city, has been arrested on a serious charge preferred by the organist of the church. He is a young man and has been dissipating for some weeks past. He is a native of Pennsylvania.

THE SAMOAN SNARL.

One of Germany's Proposals Causes Some Serious Objections.

A PREMIER TO RULE THE ISLANDS

Is a Part of the Plan Advanced by Count Herbert Bismarck.

STRIKES SPREADING OVER THE LAND.

The Young Emperor Sides With the Miners Against Their Employers.

The Samoan conference is endeavoring to adopt a plan for the government of the islands. Bismarck wants a premier appointed alternately by each of the powers represented, with Germany to have first turn. The other delegates do not favor this plan. The great strikes in the mining and other industries are causing much anxiety.

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BERLIN, May 11.—The Samoan conference held a plenary sitting to-day, beginning at 2:30 and concluding at 4:45 o'clock. In their report the committee on the government of Samoa agreed upon a Constitutional Council, composed of native chiefs elected by the natives, the Council to be dominated by a ministry in which each treaty power shall have one representative.

A difference has arisen over Germany's proposal that the powers appoint a premier who shall be vested with office for several years. The proposal appeared to imply that the German nominee should first hold office and be succeeded by an American and then by an English premier. The committee also disagreed on the formation of a legislature. The discussion of the conference had no definite result.

THE IMPORTANT POINT.

Count Herbert Bismarck indicated that the premier project was of less importance than a proper Constitutional council. The delegates discussed harmoniously the details of the Consular regulations and the question of the improvement of the harbor of Apia. The committee was instructed to resume consideration of the points in dispute. The termination of the conference now seems remote, owing to the mass of details on which the committee is ordered to report.

The miners' strike is assuming great dimensions, there being fresh accessions of strikers every day. It is now estimated that there are 100,000 hands out of work throughout the Rhenish, Westphalia districts. The Emperor returned to this city hurriedly on Wednesday to consult with Prince Bismarck, who presided at a special council. The Emperor is deeply concerned over the strike movements now pervading the country, and does not conceal his sympathy with the workmen, although he is determined to suppress disorder.

WILLIAM'S POSITION.

After Cabinet councils on Wednesday and Thursday, the Emperor approved a report advising that the influence of the Government be directed to induce employers to come to terms with the men. The Cabinet's anxiety for a speedy settlement of the miners' strike is heightened by the growing dangers of industrial strikes in populous centers.

The Berlin masons and carpenters and several other trades are out, claiming 66 pfennigs an hour, with a working day of nine hours. At Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Crefeldt, Nuremburg and Dusseldorf the strikers hold out under much suffering.

An important distinction between the agitation in the mining and in other industries is that the former is in the meantime not associated with the Socialists, while the latter are closely related to them. The dread in Government circles is that the miners will be easily drawn within the circle of the Belgian Socialist miner's societies. Already Anarchists from the Charleroi and Mons miners promise the Bochum and Essen men assistance.

AID FROM ENGLAND.

The report of the English unions offering succor is untrue. But the strikers' committee has signed a joint appeal to the miners of Great Britain, which it is expected will elicit at least an expression of moral support. The authorities freely permit meetings of the strikers, at which a notable feature hitherto has been the denial of all solidality with the Socialists. Small groups paraded the Bochum with red flags, but were treated with indifference.

The general attitude of the strikers, apart from their claims, evokes much sympathy. Public opinion concerning their claims also sides with the men. Since 1887 the coal trade has been immensely prosperous. The production and sales have increased over 75 per cent. The values of mining shares have rapidly risen, while the wages of the men remain at an average of 2s 6d per day.

Their request to obtain an advance of 3d per day, working eight hours, finds unanimous approval, except from the more abject organs of the employers. A number of mine owners signify their willingness to grant the demands.

A PUBLIC EXPRESSION.

Failing an early assent by Krupp and the larger companies, the Emperor will receive a deputation of colliers, probably publicly, to express his sympathy. The men are aware of his sentiments. At the termination of their meetings they shout, "Hoch Kaiser." It is not unlikely that he will visit the strike districts if the trouble continues to spread.

The Reichstag has read for the second time the aged workmen's insurance bill, adopting the measure substanially in the form approved by the committee. The promptitude of the passage due to the absence of many opposing deputies. The Wohlgemuth incident will probably result in an admission by the foreign official that the action of the Swiss officials, although irregular, was justified. The inquiry instituted by the Berne authorities shows that the arrest of Wohlgemuth was regular.

Advices from East Africa say that Captain Wissmann will make another attack on Bushire on Monday next. He hopes to cause a decisive rout of the rebels. Dr. Peters has chartered the steamer Meera, and is preparing to leave Zanzibar. Captain Wissmann has instructions from Berlin to prevent Dr. Peters from venturing into the interior.

A Hearty Welcome for Home Rulers.

SYDNEY, N. S. W., May 11.—Messrs. Dealy, Deasy and Esmond, the Irish Home Rule advocates, have arrived here. They were given an enthusiastic reception. All of them addressed the crowd which gathered to welcome them.

Ten Thousand Weavers on Strike.

PARIS, May 11.—Ten thousand weavers employed in the cotton factories at Thizey, Department of the Rhone, have gone on strike. Fears are entertained that the strike will extend to Lyons.

Great Luck of a Gunner.

LONDON, May 11.—A gunner named Herbert Skinner, of the Marine artillary, has had a windfall of £530,000 and a large property in Herford.

Count Tolstoi's Successor.

ST. PETERSBURG, May 11.—M. Durnovo, Director of Charities, will succeed the late Count Tolstoi as Minister of the Interior.

A Pennsylvanian Murdered in Oklahoma.

READING, Pa., May 11.—News was received here to-day that Dr. J. M. Brause, aged 33, leading physician of Shartlesville, this county, who left a few weeks ago for Oklahoma to locate, had been murdered in that Territory. His body was found rifled of $2,000 in money and valuables.

THROUGH THEIR WORK.

The Young Men's Christian Association Convention Comes to an End—Governor Beaver Delivers a Speech—A Subscription From Pittsburg.

PHILADELPHIA, May 11.—The last day's session of the International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association was begun by Rev. Wilbur F. Watkins, who led the usual devotional exercises, which were concluded with the verses from the hymn, "To the Work." The Secretary read the list of subscriptions since yesterday for the prosecution of the work of the international committee. They included the gift of a friend in Pittsburg, $100; Minnesota State Committee, $25.

A resolution was presented looking to provision of support of aged or disabled Y. M. C. A. workers. Various topics were discussed by Dr. D. F. Kelly, of Montreal, and Russell Sturgis, of Boston. Governor Beaver spoke in the evening on the topic: "Non-English speaking young men, the responsibilities of the association to them and how they can be met." He began by saying:

Twenty years ago I entered upon this work at the first State convention. When I went to that convention I left a baby in his mother's arms, and they tell me he's been making a speech here to-day. I think it is almost time I was on the retired list. The American people take to foreigners very readily. Many of these non-English speaking young men have much to unlearn. Their customs, thoughts and manners of life have been vastly different. I say to young men, that you must Americanize these young foreigners. It is a responsibility you must not shirk.

After singing by Mr. Sankey and benediction the convention was closed.

IMPORTING CHOLERA GERMS.

A Cargo of Rags From Plague-Stricken Towns in Japan.

PHILADELPHIA, May 11.—One of the largest consignments of old rags that has ever arrived at this port was brought here yesterday by the bark Belle of Oregon from Yokohama, Japan, consigned ostensibly to the Union Bank of London, but the cargo will be transferred to the proper owners on payment of the amounts due on the bills of lading. These rags were gathered from some of the most sickly and plague-ridden interior towns and villages of Japan, where cholera and other contagious diseases have raged with great virulence. In many instances the graves in the cemeteries were opened in order that the grave-clothes might be shipped away to supply the foreign demand for rags.

The cargo brought on here on the Belle of Oregon consists of 3,330 bales of rags, all tightly bound, which in a measure prevents the escape of the seeds of disease if any lurks within the bales. Nine hundred tons of sulphur were stowed beneath the rags to keep the vessel in proper trim.

The Board of Health will decide whether the Consul's certificate from the port from which the vessel sailed shall be sufficient evidence of the absence of contagion, or whether the entire cargo shall be subject to disinfection here. In the meantime the vessel remains anchored in the river.

A STRANGE STORY.

Desperate Encounter Between a Man and a Rabid Buzzard.

PADUCAH, KY., May 11.—Mr. Owen Woolfolk, employed as engineer on the ferryboat V. Owen, relates a strange story of a desperate encounter with a mad buzzard in Illinois, opposite this city.

Mr. Woolfolk says he was accompanied by Squire Sidener, and was driving along the road between Springtown and the ferry landing Wednesday afternoon, when a buzzard swooped down and made a vicious attack on the mule which was drawing their buggy. The animal kicked and plunged, and it was with difficulty it was restrained from running away. Leaving the animal, the bird turned its attention to the occupants of the buggy, making repeated assaults, and it was only by vigorous applications of the whip and an old sack that they were enabled to defend themselves and finally kill the mad bird.

There have been a number of rabid dogs killed in that vicinity during the last few weeks, and it is supposed the bird contracted hydrophobia by eating the flesh of the dead animals.

CHAIRMAN PALMER'S DENIAL.

He Says His Only Work is to Carry the Prohibitory Amendment.

PHILADELPHIA, May 11.—Chairman Palmer, of the Prohibition State Committee, denies that his party had any intention of circulating through the State a charge that the brewers and the Republican leaders had made a combination to defeat the Constitutional amendment, accompanied by a pledge of 100,000 Republicans that they will not vote the party ticket if prohibition shall be defeated. These are statements made by the *Voice*, the Prohibition organ.

"Our business just now," said Chairman Palmer, "is to carry the amendment, which we expect to do unless we are cheated to death in Philadelphia, and this we expect to counteract by the last act passed at Harrisburg punishing bribery at the election."

IS THE SEWER SMALL?

Complaints Growing Out of the Flood in the East End.

During the storm night before last the water poured in upon the dynamos at the East End electric light station, giving the management great trouble in keeping up illumination. A regular lake, two squares in area, was created by the rain in the neighborhood of Beatty and Broad street.

The Beatty street sewer is said by some of the residents to be half as large as it should be, while the big Four Mile Run sewer will be much too small. There is considerable indignation out there about the matter.

PERHAPS HE WANTED A DRINK.

Joseph Lazend Arrested While Trying to Jump off the Sixth Street Bridge.

Joseph Lazend, an employe of the Westinghouse Air Brake Works, Allegheny, was arrested and lodged in the Allegheny lockup, shortly before 1 o'clock this morning, charged with disorderly conduct.

Lazend was discovered on the Sixth street bridge by the gatekeeper in an intoxicated condition, and was attempting to climb over the rail, with the apparent purpose of throwing himself in the river. He had very little money on his person when arrested.

France as a Wheat Grower.

WASHINGTON, May 11.—Walter T. Griffin, commercial agent at Limoges, calls attention to the fact that France stands second to the United States as a wheat growing country. France being discouraged with the vine, is devoting more and attention to the production of her own food supply.

SPECIAL SALE OF SMYRNA RUGS.

The Best Qualities at Half the Prices the Peddlers Ask.

Many people have no idea what Smyrna rugs are worth. If they knew that the prices charged by the street peddlers are more than double what we ask that extortion would soon cease.

1,000 Smyrna rugs at $2, worth $3; peddlers charge $4 50 for these.

4,000 at $2 50, worth $4; peddlers ask and get $5 and $6 for these.

5,000 full size at $3 75, worth $6; peddlers ask and get $8 and $9 for these.

1,000 sofa rugs at $6, worth $9; you'd have to mortgage your property to pay a peddler for one of these.

See them in our show window.

EDWARD GROETZINGER,
627 and 629 Penn avenue.

A WILD INDIAN RAID.

Cheyenne Braves Make a Descent Upon the City of Guthrie, but

ARE PACIFIED BY A BRASS BAND.

Major Bynon, Late of Pittsburg, Repels a Savage Attack.

RED SCALPERS SKINNED BY GAMBLERS.

Eupania, the Ideal Indian Maiden, Found After a Search of Years.

The Indians have descended upon Guthrie, the city of a night. Their intentions were doubtless good, as they did nothing worse than buck the tiger in his lair, and were devoured by that insatiable animal. The charms of music affected them wonderfully. An ex-Pittsburger meets one of the savages, and slight misunderstanding occurs, but no blood is shed.

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.)

GUTHRIE, I. T., May 10.—The five civilized tribes of Indian Territory are the Cherokees, Choctaws, Creeks, Chickasaws and Seminoles. They inhabit the eastern portion of the Indian Territory. The Comanches, Apaches, Arapahoes, Cheyennes, Osages and Sacs and Foxes are the uncivilized tribes; they inhabit the western portion of the territory.

The Cheyennes are classed among the wildest of the tribes. They live in teepes, wear blankets, paint their faces, and resort to all of the aboriginal customs of their forefathers. The contrast presented between the tribes of the West and those of the East is singularly interesting. The Cherokees and their neighbors are civilized almost to refinement and govern themselves; while their western brothers are almost as barbarous in their customs as were their fathers of the aboriginal days; they are wards of Uncle Sam, and live on reservations like the Indians of the far West. The Philosophical conclusions of this contrast must be, that, as a civilizer, Texas is not the success that Arkansas is.

A party of Cheyennes paid Guthrie a visit the other day. They had "saved up" for several weeks (so I was told by the interpreter who was with them) and had resolved to visit the magic city in the East—the city of white tents, that looked like a gigantic encampment of "Uncle Sam's boys" (the soldiers.)

AN INDIAN RAID.

Now comes the distasteful part of my writing. I would rather not tell how the noble red man excoriated the dead cattle that crowed the line of the Santa Fe Railroad, and how they sold the skins for $2 apiece—but it is my duty to be faithful to detail. After the noble redskins had swooped down upon the carcasses of the ill-fated cows, after they had divested them of their cuticle, they bore their booty homeward in triumph. With the proceeds of the sale of the hides they made this excursion to the tented city—the wonderful place that had grown up from the prairies in a single night!

As they marched up Main street, with proud step, and in single file, the carpenters ceased their hammering upon the wooden houses; the gamblers stopped in the midst of their games, and the shopkeepers came to their doors to witness the novel sight of the Cheyennes, in the pomp and splendor of their barbaric costumes. The rogues knew that they were the cynosure of all eyes. They had "dressed up" for the occasion, and had come down to Guthrie prepared to "cut a swell;" and the funniest thing about the whole affair was this: After the five braves had marched, in proud array, and single file, up Main street, as far as gamblers row, they sent one of their number back to get a squaw, a boy, a girl, a papoose and three dogs. The whole party then squat themselves under the shade of the Delmonico Hotel tent. They squandered 15 cents each of their "skin money" for lemonade and gingercakes. They had come to have a royal good time; and they were going to have it, no matter what it cost.

THEY VIEW THE ELEPHANT.

After they had rested in the shade for some time, at a signal from one of the braves, they rose from the ground and set out upon their sight-seeing perambulations.

I have heard it said that the Indian manifests not the slightest curiosity at the most unusual of occurrences; that if a railroad train, the first he ever saw, was to dash into his presence, and stop before him, panting and snorting and whistling, he would regard it with stolid indifference. This may be true, for the Indian's taste is very capricious. And yet I am sure that if he were to perceive a German band, arrayed in red coats and brass buttons, tooting upon brass horns, and beating upon a splendid, big bass drum, that he would immediately be filled with admiration and amazement.

There used to be an old Indian around Carson City Nev., whose fascination for the music of the Silver Cornet Band amounted to a mania. He would follow it around for hours at a time. Storekeepers could engage him to carry an advertising banner in the procession free of charge—such was his infatuation for the music of the cornet band. One day the "boys" played a joke on the poor red skin "Jim." He stood one day at a street corner in Carson City, arrayed in a pair of red flannel drawers, which he had just received from Wun Lung Gone, the Chinese laundryman, in exchange for a pipe. The "boys" had two banners printed, with the following inscriptions upon them respectively:

The Chinese rat-eater must go!

The noble red man is a noble fraud. Throw him out of the Piute reservation!

The poor red-skin and his almond-eyed brother paraded the streets, side by side, bearing aloft their banners, both of them in blissful ignorance of their ludicrous situation and both of them infatuated with the music of the Silver Cornet Band.

OLD-MAN-WHO-ETC.

Among the Indians of Utah and Nevada I have often noticed how matters of a trifling nature would enchain their attention and fill them with delight, while on the other hand matters that would seem to be full of real interest they would treat with contempt.

There used to be an old Pi Ute Indian, who, as often as Saturday afternoon rolled around, would pay us a visit in our Government headquarters at Salt Lake City, and, after gravely shaking hands with each of us, would stalk majestically away, without even saying a word to anyone. His name, as near as I can remember, was P-h-um-g-h-um-r-o-n-g-h-m, or words to that effect. Mr. Paddock, one of our clerks, said that he (Paddock) was thoroughly conversant with the Pi Ute language. In fact, he used to teach it in the public schools down at Carson City. I believe Paddock lied to me. He said that you must spell the name out with hyphens between each syllable, like links in a string of bologna sausage; and that it meant "Old-man-who-nurses-papoose-while-nice-squaw-chops-wood-for-fire-to-warm-injin." I give you this for what it is worth. Paddock is a very nice man in his way, but he will lie. I think he got his inspiration for this particular lie from the "Samanthiana-who-played-the-piano-while-her-mother-wrestled-with-dirty-clothes," that the funny papers used to write about.

Major Bynon, of Pittsburg, was connected with our office and had been from the Smoky City but a few weeks. He had never seen an Indian. He was nearly dead to see one. One day, in walked Mr. *P-h-um-g-h-um-r-o-n-g-h-um*. All in the world he had on was part of a pair of breeches; a paper collar (tied with a red string) and an old battered plug hat. In his fragment of pants he carried a knife that looked to Mr. Bynon like a scythe. He also had a big horse pistol in his belt.

BYNON AND THE INDIAN.

He went up to Bynon and stretched out his hand. Bynon put a quarter into it. The Indian was not prepared for this piece of good luck, but he pocketed the money and again held out his hand. Bynon was astonished. He put a dime in the Indian's hand. Mr. Injun pocketed the dime with great inward satisfaction, and again reached forth his hand.

Mr. Bynon got nervous and said: "Go away, Indian—me got no more mon for you—go away, Injun." We told Bynon to shake hands with him, which he did, after which Mr. Indian took his departure. He also took Mr. Bynon's pipe.

Mr. Bynon lamented the loss of his pipe, but was willing that he should keep it if he would only stay away. He acknowledged that he was a little bit afraid of "the painted devil," as he called him.

Now, a clerk in our office, O'Reilly, by name, was something of a Shakespearean scholar, so he said:

Mr. Bynon, remember, "'Tis but the eye of childhood that fears a painted devil."

One of the Cheyennes that visited Guthrie the other day belongs to the "elite." He was

AN IMPORTANT FUNCTIONARY

among his tribe. His head was shaved on each side, leaving a narrow strip in the middle, which was cut pompadour. That is, it was roached like a mule's mane, and stood up like "quills upon the fretful porcupine." He had wide silver bands around his arms. His face was painted—had great rings in his ears, wore a gaudy blanket and doeskin leggings, and was altogether a delightful Indian. He looked just like the ones we used to see on the yellow covers of "Jack Harkaway Among the Indians" and "Red-Handed Mike, the Terror of the Wild Commanches."

The Indians are inveterate gamblers. Show me an Indian that does not gamble and I will show you one that has no money. But even this will not always deter him, for he will gamble his pony away, or his squaw. Redfield's roulette table is deeply indebted to these Cheyenne Indians for their visit to Guthrie the other day. Mr. Redfield secured every cent of their skin money. In fact it was a "skin game."

The Indians meandered sadly away from Mr. Redfield's place of business, but soon forgot the loss of their skin money, for they had in some way secured one of those little paper wind-mills that small boys delight to attach to the end of a stick, and run against the wind with. The little Indian boy run with it, and was delighted. So was the father. The father took it and run with it. So did his sister. They were just tickled to death with it. And right here I must tell you something about that Indian girl.

POCAHONTAS FOUND AT LAST.

I have lived in the far West, where the red man roams over the plains, for the best part of my life, and during all of this time I have been searching for an ideal "Indian maiden." I wanted to find a dark-eyed beauty, with a wealth of black hair hanging down her back. I wanted her to be graceful, and I wanted her to wear a short dress, with beads all over it, and I wanted to see the "finely molded brown arms that I have read about so often in Mr. J. Fennimore Cooper's novels.

I wanted another Pocahontas. After searching for six years, during which time I could only run across pigeon-toed flat-nosed, disgusting looking squaws. I came to the conclusion that there was no such thing as an Indian maiden. I began to believe that the story about the beautiful Pocahontas was all a myth. I had nearly arrived at that doubting state of mind, when I would just as leave have believed that America was never discovered at all, when I found this willow-like, graceful, dark-eyed Cheyenne