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SOMERSET, PA.

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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XLI. NO. 10. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24, 1892. WHOLE NO. 2143

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WHO KNOWS.

Who knows we have not lived before
In forms that felt delight and pain?
If death is not the open door
Through which we pass to life again?

The fruitful seed beneath the sod
In infant bud and bloom may rise;
But by the eternal laws of God
It is not quickened till it dies.

The leaves that tremble on the tree,
Fall 'neath the stroke of autumn storms:
But by some mighty mystery,
With spring return in other forms.

As currents of the surging sea,
From undiscovered sources flow,
So what we were and yet may be
In this brief life we may not know.

But oft some unexpected gleams
Of past and unremembered years
Break through the doorway of our dreams,
And some familiar face appears,

A gentle spirit lost awhile,
Amid the change from death to birth,
Whose beaming eye and loving smile
Recall some former scenes of earth.

And thus unconscious of the tie—
The mystic link which love creates—
Perhaps we see our own who die
In newer forms and other states.

Perhaps with every cycle passed
In all the ages yet to be,
Our loved will come to us at last
As parted waters find the sea.

Not wholly clad as they were seen
When death unbound their robes of clay;
But with seraphic face and mien,
And souls that cannot pass away.

IN THE INTERESTS OF SCIENCE.

Though I had known George Martin a long time, he had only lately initiated me into the mysteries of his life. I knew well that he had been guilty of many kinds of excesses and indiscretions in his youth, nevertheless, I was not a little astonished to hear that he had once sunk so low as burglary. Without further remark here I relate the chief episode out of the remarkable career of this strange man:

"Yes," said he, "I had a hard time of it in those days and finally I became a—burglar. When Robert Schmiedlein proposed to me that we should break into the somewhat retired house of two doctors, Dr. Engler and Dr. Langner, I thoughtlessly agreed. Both doctors were well know on account of their scientific researches, and one of them especially for his eccentric manner.

"Well the night fixed for the carrying out of our design arrived, and we went to work with the greatest confidence, for all the circumstance were favorably for a burglary. It was pitch dark, neither moon nor stars visible, and in addition a strong west wind was blowing, which was very welcome to us, as it promised to drown every sound, however slight.

"It was toward two in the morning as we, assuming all was safe, began by filing through a chain which fastened a ladder to the wall. The ladder we placed under a window in the first story on the left side of the house. In less than five minutes we had opened the window, and hearing nothing, Schmiedlein climbed through it and I followed him. After carefully reclosing the venetians we ventured to light a lantern, and then discovered that we were in a kind of lumber room, the door of which was locked.

"After picking the lock we determined first to explore the rooms on the ground floor, thinking we should thus run less risk of waking the inhabitants of the house.

"To our no little astonishment we perceived, as we crept down stairs, a light shining under the door of one of the rooms at the back of the building.

"At first we were both for beating a hasty retreat. Schmiedlein soon recovered himself and proposed we should force our way into the room, bind and gag every occupant and then obtain by threats all desirable information.

"I agreeing, we approached the door. While carefully throwing the light round I noticed, seven feet from the door, a wire which appeared to pass through the door we were approaching, and on pointing it out to my campanion, he thought it would be connected with some bell.

"I replied in a whisper that we should try and avoid any alarm by cutting the wire, and as I could just reach it with my hands I would hold it firm whilst Schmiedlein cut it between my hands, and thus prevent it jerking back and ringing the bell.

"Setting the lantern on the floor, I seized the wire, whilst Schmiedlein drew a pair of pinchers out of his pocket. But the moment I touched it I felt a frightful shock, which quivered through and through me, so that I fell all of a heap, tearing the wire down with me. I remember hearing the loud ringing of a bell, whilst Schmiedlein—whom, moreover, I have never seen since—disappeared like lightning into the darkness and escaped, very likely by the way he had come.

"On falling down I struck my head violently against the opposite wall and became unconscious, whilst the electric bell—at that time a novelty—rang unceasingly.

"Regaining my senses, I found myself bound and helpless, which, after all, did not surprise me, as I concluded I had been caught where I fell. It soon struck me, however, that there were some peculiar circumstances connected with my captivity.

"I was nearly undressed, and lay on a cold slab of slate which was about the height of a table from the ground, and only a piece of linen protected my body from immediate contact with the stone. Straight above me hung a large lamp, whose polished reflector spread a bright light far around, and when I, as far as possible, looked round, I perceived several shelves with bottles, flasks and chemical apparatus of all kinds upon them. In one corner of the room stood a complete human skeleton, and various odds and ends of human bodies hung here and there upon the walls. I then knew I was lying on the operating—or dissecting—table of a doctor, a discovery which naturally troubled me greatly; at the same time I perceived that my mouth also was firmly gagged.

"What did it all mean? Had some accident befallen me, that a surgical operation was necessary for my recovery? But I remembered nothing of the kind, and also felt no pain; nevertheless here I lay, stripped and helpless, on this terrible tablegagged and bound which indicated something extraordinary.

"It astonished me not a little that there should be such an operation room in such a house, until I remembered that Dr. Langner, as a district physician, had to carry out the post mortem examinations for the circuit, and that in the small provincial town no other room was available for such a purpose. I felt too miserable, however, to think anything more about it. But I soon noticed, after another vain effort to free myself, that I was not alone in the room, for I heard the rustling of paper, and then some one said in quiet measured tones:

"'Yes, Langner, I am quite convinced that this man is particularly suited for the carrying out of my highly important experiment. How long have I been wishing to make the attempt—at last, to-night, I shall be able to produce the proof of my theory.'

"'That would indeed be a high triumph of human skill,' I heard a second voice reply; 'but consider, dear doctor, if that man there were to expire under our hands—what then?'

"'Impossible!' was the quick reply. 'It is bound to succeed, and even if it did not, he will die a glorious death in the interests of science; while if we were to let him go, he would sooner or later fall into the hands of the hangman.'

"I could not even see the two men, yet their conversation was, doubtless, about me; and, hearing it, I shuddered from head to foot. They were proposing some dangerous operation on me; not for my benefit, but in the interests of medical science!

"At any rate, I thought they won't undertake such a thing without my sanction; and what, after all, was their intention? It must be something terrible, for they had already mentioned the possibility of my succumbing. I should soon know the fearful truth, for, after a short pause, they continued:

"'It has long been acknowledge that the true source of life lies in the blood. What I wish to prove, dear Langner, is this. Nobody need die from pure blood, and yet such cases occur only too often, while we must all the time be in possession of means to renew this highly important sap of life, and thus avoid a fatal result. We read of a few, but only a few, cases of a man who for some reason or other has lost so much blood that his death appeared inevitable, if some other noble hearted man had not offered his own blood, in order to let it flow from his veins into the veins of the dying man. As you are aware, this proceeding has always had the desired effect. I consider it, however, a great mistake to deprive a fellow being of necessary blood, for the one thereby only gains life and strength at the cost of another, who offers himself for an always dangerous sacrifice.'

"'Yes, I do not think that right either,' replied Dr. Langner. 'And, moreover, how seldom is a man found at the critical moment, ready to submit himself at once to such a dangerous loss of blood.'

"'That is very natural; no one lightly undertakes such a thing,' continued the other. 'So much greater will be our triumph if the operation succeeds. I hope to show you, dear colleague, that although we are thinking of taking that man's blood, even to the last drop, in a few hours we shall set him on his feet again.'

"'Just so! I do not see why we should not succeed: At any rate, in the interest of science we should prove in a practical manner the correctness of our theory.'

"'And this proof, dear friend, we will undertake without delay. Let me just repeat my instructions, for we cannot go to work to carefully too preserve the life of this man. I will open a vein in his thigh and measure exactly the quantity of blood which flows out, at the same time watching the beating of the heart. Under ordinary circumstances nothing could possibly save him; but just before the extinction of the last spark of life, we will insert the warm blood of a living rabbit into his veins, as we have already arranged. If my theory is right, the pulsation of the heart will then gradually increase in strength and rapidity. At the same time it is important to protect his limbs from cold and stiffness, which will naturally take place with the loss of all arterial blood.'

"The conversation of the two doctors overwhelmed me with deadly terror. I could scarcely believe I was really awake and not the victim of some cruel nightmare.

"The fact remained, however, that I lay helpless on the dissecting table, that a threatening skeleton stood in the corner of the room, and, above all, that terrible conversation which I had to listen to in silence filled me with a fear such as I had never before experienced. Involuntarily the thought forced itself upon me that I was at the mercy of two infatuated doctors, to whose mad theory I should here fall the victim.

"I said to myself that no doctor with a sound mind would propose such a frightful and murderous experiment upon a living man.

"The two doctors now approached the dissecting table and looked calmly into my face; then, smiling, took off their coats and tucked up their sleeves. I struggled to get free, as only a desperate man under such extraordinary circumstances could have struggled. In vain. Their long acquired experience knew how to render me completely helpless, and, to their satisfaction, I could not even make a sound.

"Dr. Engler now turned to a side table, and I saw him open a chest of surgical instruments and take out a lancet with which he returned to me. He at once removed the covering from my right thigh, and although I lay bound to the table in such a way that I could not see my limbs, I was able to watch the doctors busied with their preparations.

"Directly after removing the cloth I felt a prick in the side of my leg and at once felt the warm blood rush forth and trickle down my leg. The conviction that he had opened the principal vein in the thigh would have sufficed to shake the strongest nerves.

"There is no danger," said Dr. Engler, looking into my staring, protruding eyes with terrible calmness. 'You will not die, my good man. I have only opened an artery in your thigh, and you will experience all the sensations of bleeding to death. You will get weaker and weaker, and finally, perhaps, lose all consciousness, but we shall not let you die. No, no! You must live, and astonish the scientific world! my great discovery!'

"I naturally could say nothing in reply, and no words can adequately express what I felt at that moment. I could, in one breath, have wept, implored, cursed and raved.

"Meanwhile I felt my life's blood flowing and could hear it drop into a vessel standing under the end of the table. Every moment the doctor laid his hand on my heart, at the same time making remarks which only increased my horror.

"After he had put his hand on me for at least the twentieth time, and felt the beating of the heart, he said to his assistant:

"'Are you ready with your preparations, Langner? He has now lost an enormous quantity of blood, and the pulsation is getting weaker and weaker. See, he is already losing consciousness,' and with these words he took the gag out of my mouth."

"A feeling of deadly weakness, as well as of infinite misery, laid hold of me when the physician uttered these words, and on my attempting to speak I found that scarcely a whisperign murmur passed my lips. Shadowy phantoms and strange colors flitted before my eyes, and I believe myself to be already in a state past all human aid.

"What happened in the next few minutes I do not know, for I had fainted. When I reopened my eyes I noticed I no longer lay on the dissecting table, but was sitting in an armchair in a comfortable room, near which stood the two doctors looking at me.

"Near me was a flask of wine, several smelling salts, a few basins of cold water, some sponges and a galvanic battery. It was now bright daylight and the two doctors smiled as they looked at me.

"When I remembered the terrible experiment, I shuddered with horror, and tried to rise. I felt too weak, however, and sank back helpless into the chair. Then the circuit physician, in a friendly but firm voice, addressed me:

"Compose yourself, young man. You imagined you were slowly bleeding to death; nevertheless be assured that you have not lost a single drop of blood. You have undergone no operation whatever, but have simply been the victim of your imagination. We knew very well you heard every word of our conversation, a conversation which was only intended to deceive you as much as possible. What I maintain was, that a man's body will always completely lie under the influence of what he himself firmly believes, whilst my colleague, on the other hand, held the opinion that the body can never be hurt by anything which only exists in the imagination. This has long been an open question between us, which after your capture, we at once determined to decide. So we surrounded you with objects of a nature to influence your imagination, aided further by our conversation; and, finally, your conviction, that we would really carry out the operation of which you heard us speak, completed the deception.

"You have now the satisfaction of knowing that you are as safe and sound as ever you were. At the same time we assure you that you really showed all the symptoms of a man bleeding to death, a proof that the body can sometimes suffer from the most absurd unreality that the mind can imagine."

"Astonishment joy and doubt at finding myself neither dead or dying struggled within me, and then rage at having been subjected to such an awful and heartless experiment by the two doctors, overcame me. I was quickly interrupted by Dr. Engler, however, on trying, to give free scope to my indignation.

"We had not exactly any right to undertake such an experiment with you," he said: "but we thought you would pardon us if we delivered you from certain punishment, instead of having to undergo a painful trial and a long imprisonment for burglary. You are certainly at liberty to complain about us; but consider, my good fellow, if such a step is in your interest. I do not think so. On the other hand, we are quite willing to make you a fitting compensation for all the agony you have suffered.'

"Under the circumstances," continued George Martin, "I considered it wise to accept their proposal, although I have not to this day forgiven the two men for so treating me.

"The doctors kept their promise. They made me a very handsome present and troubled themselves about me in other ways, so that since that time I have been a more fortunate, and I hope a better man. Still, I have never forgotten the hour when I lay on the dissecting table—the unexpecting victim of a terrible experiment—in the interest of science, as Dr. Engler explained."

Such was the strange story of my friend. His death, when recently took place, released me from the promise of secrecy given to him about an event, which he could never recall, even after a lapse of thirty years, without a feeling of unabated horror.—*Strand Magazine.*

Reasoning Power of Ants.

One morning a gentleman of many scientific attainments sat quietly and alone at his breakfast. Presently he noticed that some large black ants were making free with the contents of the sugar bowl. He drove them away, but they soon returned, seemingly unwilling to leave their sweetened feast. Again they were dispersed, only to return in increased numbers. There was a lamp hook directly above the centre of the table, and, to try their ingenuity, the gentleman suspended the sugar bowl to the hook with a cord, allowing it to swing clear of the table about an inch.

First the sagacious little creatures tried to reach it by standing on each other's backs. After repeated efforts, all of which were failures, they went away and it was supposed that they had given up in despair. Within a surprising short time, however, they were seen descending the cord by dozens and dropping themselves into the sugar bowl. They had scaled the wall, traversed the ceiling and discovered another road to the treasure.—*St. Louis Republic.*

"I'm not going to settle here," said the newcomer. "Why, the first two men I met looked as though they were starving to death."

"They are our best advertisements, sir. The men you saw were the local doctor and undertaker."

Nobody knows better how the Christian ought to carry himself than the hypocrite.

Woes of a Bridegroom.

"There are discomforts connected with getting married that few people know anything about, except the bridegrooms," remarked a young New Yorker who had recently gone through the experience.

"I did not suppose the honeymoon period had any drawbacks," ventured the bachelor.

"Well, it has some curious incidentals that I never dreamed of. After the public announcements of the date of my wedding—they appeared in most of the city papers—I began to receive a steady stream of circulars. There were circulars from haberdashers, shoe store, and florists, and two applications from real estate agents to show flats, and three days before my wedding arrived a printed slip, ostensibly a cutting from a newspaper. This was truly a curiosity.

"It was headed '——to Marry,' as though all New York were agog at my approaching ceremony, and then under the important line 'by telegraph' followed a fulsome account of myself. My brief and uneventful career was padded up to heroic size; every phase of it that could appeal to vanity was dwelt upon, and just as some most agreable remarks were being made about my personal appearance, 'the article' had been clipped, and I was informed by an accompanying circular that I could obtain copies of the paper, one or any number, by sending two dollars to a certain box at the New York postoffice.

"Of course I ignored this tricky scheme though as a devise for bleeding the vain it was most interesting, but on my return to New York, after the affair was all over my real woes began. The legitimate press associations kindly informed me that there were fourteen notices of my marriage, and that I could have them all for a consideration.

"I devoted my first hour after returning to business to this class of applicants. When a visitor was announced he turned out to be an insurance agent, and for five days I talked insurance, read insurance, dreamed insurance. The elevator brought agents in person, the mail brought their letters. I even received two telegrams on the subject. From one company alone came four different canvassers. My business was interrupted and my patience was exhausted. Late on the sixth day of this plague, when I was in no mood for trifling, the door of my outer office opened, and a small man with red whiskers and spectacles came slowly in.

"'It's no use to come in any farther,' I called to him. 'I know your company. There have been four other men ahead of you, so it's no use. There's an elevator in the hall. You can ride down in it free, my friend, but if you say insurance around here I'll give you a chance to go down the stair free—ride down to'——

"I stopped to draw breath, and the redheaded man said:

"'You was married last month?'

"'I was. Now, ask my age,' I suggested, and compute my chances of life.'

"'Well, you married my niece,' continued the redheaded man. 'I've just been calling at your house, and she sent me down to surprise you. I reckon it's the other way, and now I'll go out and take that free elevator.'

"I tried to apologize and explain," added the unfortunate bridegroom sadly, "but it was no use; he went."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Judge's Charge.

Few persons in this world are called upon to suffer more or be more embarrassed on many occasions and at the least opportune times than those afflicted with absentmindedness. There is no politician in this State who does not know Judge Austin A. Yates, of Schenectady, who never fails to attend county, district, state and national conventions, and who always has something good to say at all. Judge Yates is the most absentminded of men. He is the most forgetful of men, and the tricks that his infirmity have played upon him would fill a volume. Here is one:

He came down here not a great while ago and visted a theater where a most emotional, sensational and affecting melodrama was in progress. He had a friend with him, and he laid down a twenty dollar bill at the box office to purchase two tickets. The man behind the little hole tossed the pasteboards out and seventeen dollars in change. Intent on what he was going to see, the judge very naturally seized the tickets and went on his way rejoicing, leaving the balance of the twenty dollar bill behind. He and his friend had seats in the midst of a remarkably select company, the play was enjoyable, and the judge, who is nothing if not earnest, sat there spellbound. At last the villain in the play said to one of his partners in crime, and with a hard look—applicable to the stage:

"How much money does the wretch want?"

The word "money" brought the judge's thoughts back to the box office and to change he had left lying there. Forgetting where he was and thinking for the instant that the question had been applied to him, he slapped his knee and fairly shouted:

"Seventeen dollars, by the Lord Harry!"

The effect on the audience can be imagined, but never described, and nothing can induce that villain to recite lines wherein money appears, for with all an actor's superstition he imagines that the Judge's inopportune, although pat, remark has given him bad luck forever.—*New York Recorder.*

Old Ideas of Beauty.

An African beauty must have small eyes, thick lips, a large, flat nose and a skin beautifully black. In New Guinea the nose is perforated and a large piece of wood or bone inserted. On the northwest coast of America an incision more than two inches long is made in the lower lip, filled with a wooden plug.

In Guinea the lips are pierced with thorns, the head of the thorn being inside the mouth and the point resting on the chin.—*Jonson Miller Illustrated.*

Mrs. Brown—Isn't it a shame? Here's a base ball pitcher that gets $5,000 a year and there are plenty of clergymen that do not receive $600.

Mr. B.—But it is just possible, my dear, that the pitcher has a better delivery than any one of these clergymen.

Sam's Alternative.

A prompt action and a few seasonable words at the beginning of a young man's career often produce a lasting effect on his after life. Many years ago, when Samuel Phillips, of Andover, Mass., afterwards lieutenant-governor of the State, was a student of Harvard college, owing to some boyish freak he left the college and went home.

His father, a grave man, of sound mind strict judgment and few words, was greatly disturbed by the seeming lack of stability in his son's character. After learning the facts he deferred expressing any opinion until the next day.

At breakfast he said, addressing his wife:

"My dear, have you any cloth in the house that would be suitable for making Sam a frock and trousers?"

"Yes, indeed," she replied.

"Well, then," said the old gentleman, 'you may follow me, my son."

As they approached the common he ventured to ask: "What are you going to do with me, father?"

"Oh," replied the old gentleman, apparently aroused from a pleasant revery speaking in a cheerful tone, "I'm going to bind you apprentice to the blacksmith over yonder. You can take your choice, said Mr. Phillips, firmly, as he saw the look of consternation on his son's face. "Return to college and stay there or you must work."

"I had rather return," replied Samuel, meekly.

"Very well," said the old gentleman, turning toward home immediately.

His son did return to college, confessed his fault, applied himself to study, and became a much-respected man. And his father neve regretted the day when he offered Samuel such an unpleasant alternative, although he often admitted that he "might have been a little 'put to it' if Sam had elected to follow the blacksmith's trade."

"But he would have held to his word in any case.

The Best way to Die.

Most people regard death by a fall as one of the most agonizing forms of dying. This opinion is erroneous. The first fact to be considered is that the subjective feelings in the various kinds of fall are the same. There are people who have escaped death by a hair's breadth who reached the stage of unconsciousness and who are able to report what they felt. A scientific gentleman who has occupied himself with the interesting question for many years bases his observations on personal experience, and on a large number of cases which have occurred, not only in the mountains, but also in war, in industrial establishments and in railway accidents. The victim suffers no pain, nor paralyzing terror. He is perfectly aware of what is going on. The time seems long to him. In a few seconds he is able to think so much that that he can report for an entire hour on it. His thinking power is immensely increased. In almost all cases the past seems suddenly lighted up, as if by a flash of lightning. All phases of life pass before the mind's eye, nothing petty or unimportant disturbing the retrospect. Then gentle, soft tones sound in one's ears, and die away at last when unconsciousness sets in. One hears the fall of the body, but does not feel it.

It will be remembered that Mr. Whymper, who had a severe succession of falls once in the Alps, without losing his consciousness, declares emphatically, that as he bounded from one rock to another he felt absolutely no pain. *Death's Magazine* declares that the same thing happens on the battlefield: the entrance of the bullet into the body is not felt, and it is not till he feels the blood flowing or a limb paralyzed that the soldier knows he is wounded. Persons who have had several limbs broken by a fall do not know which limbs are affected till they try to rise. At the moment of a fall the whole intellectual activity is increased to an extraordinary degree. There is not a trace of anxiety. One considers quickly what will happen. This is by no means the consequence of "presence of mind," it is rather the product of absolute necessity. A solemn composure takes possession of the victim. Death by fall is a beautiful one. Great thoughts fill the victim's soul; they fall painlessly into a great blue sky.

How Chinamen Are Shaved.

The Chinese of San Francisco shave nearly every day. A queer little razor it is that they use, too. It is in no respect like our razor, except in the matter of the keenness of its edge. It is wee bit of a blade, nicely curved into a semi-circle. With this tool the Chinee barber scrapes the almost hirsuteless face of his customer and then shaves him down the ears and around the neck to the first bone of the spinal column. The rounded point of the razor is also inserted in the Celestial ear, and every ambitious hair that dares to show itself in the auricular lobe is clipped before it proceeds very far. The Chinaman, you know, is scrupulously cleanly about his ears. A growth of hair in them is considered a mark of low birth or of carelessness or ungentlemanly habits.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Different Names for the Same Things.

Among the peculiarities of so called pure English, nothing is more singular than the difference between the names given to footwear. In America a boot is something that comes nearly up to the knee, while in England anything above a low cut shoe is invariably described as a boot. The same peculiarity exists in regard to hose. In England the only two words used are stockings and socks, the difference being entirely in the length of the leg, and the word half hose being purely American. In the trade in this country there are three distinctions—the stocking, a sock and half hose. There is no ribbed top to the American sock, and there are other technical differences which are unheard of in the old country.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

To secure regular attendance at Divine service a Presbyterian church in Lancaster decided to give a medal to each person who attended all the services throughout the year. Last year the sexton was the only person who won a medal.

Bre'r Dana's Smile.

From the Philadelphia Enquirer.

There is a constant smile pervading the features of Bre'r Dana, of the *New York Sun*. We violate no confidence in saying that this is not because he anticipates the election of his bosom friend, Grover Cleveland, in November. Bre'r Dana is so much of a philosopher that we believe he will lose no sleep when Cleveland is defeated. The cheerfulness noted is because the great editor has perpetrated his greatest joke with unusual success.

Ever since the nomination at Chicago the *Sun* has fairly bristled with editorials headed "No Force Bill—No Negro Domination," which have warned the nation in most extravagant language that the people must be saved from the misrule and ruination of the harmless colored people of the South. The Democratic candidate is assailed, the Democratic platform is riddled, but at the same time the *Sun* urges Democrats to vote the ticket to save the helpless people of the South from the horrors of a negro massacre, until one would suppose this was Hayti or San Domingo during her bloodiest days.

And Bre'r Dana laughs and his New York readers laugh with him. They know there is about as much danger from the colored people down South as there is that the nation will be invaded and destroyed by the tiny band of Samoans that dwell in the South Seas. But down South it was thought that some political capital might be made on this subject and two Democratic Senators from the South joined in a letter asking Bre'r Dana to write a political handbook on the subject. On the receipt of this Bre'r Dana almost had a caniption fit. It was too good. Did he accept? Not he. He could not let so good an opportunity pass by and so he declined on account of "professional engagements" and wrote back suggesting that Senator Hill be asked to write the book.

Will Senator Hill accept? Well, we think he will about the time that Grover Cleveland asks him to undertake the work. Will Grover Cleveland do this? Well, well, but this is too much. Really this dog day humor of Bre'r Dana's is getting dangerous to oversensitive natures.

And the work of the *Sun* in saving the South from negro domination will go no, but the hand book by Bre'r Dana will not appear. We feel sure that the *Sun* will continue its work regardless of the effect on the Democratic party. Down in Alabama they are crying for an election bill just now to save them from the despotism of a few political bosses. In Mississippi there are only eight thousand legal voters among the colored people, owing to the new constitution. In Louisiana the Democrats are talking of indorsing Republican candidates for Congress on account of the tariff, and in Tennessee the Alliance people are making it unpleasant for the Democracy. In fact the Democracy isn't worried about the much-heralded negro domination at all, but it is exercised over the Alliance vote to such an extent that it is considered a good idea to hoist the "Force bill" bugaboo to scare the wavering Democrats into line.

We do not