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WHAT PATRICK FORD'S CAPTAIN HAS TO SAY OF HIS RECORD IN THE WAR.

Boston, October 2, 1888. MR. JOHN RYAN, JR., Waddington, N. Y.: Dear Friend and Comrade.—In reply to your inquiry respecting the false and malicious charges made against the army record of Mr. Patrick Ford, I have to say that I was his captain (Company A, Ninth Regiment Massachusetts) during the war of the Rebellion, and I think I ought to be a fairly competent witness of what he truly was, as well as a judge of what his unscrupulous enemies falsely say he was in that matter. I have to say that Mr. Patrick Ford was a good soldier in the war, and of his fidelity to his country and his loyalty to its flag the certificate of his honorable discharge and the ready and cheerful testimony of his surviving comrades, officers and men, bear ample evidence. The meanest kind of a lie is a lie that steals and puts on the semblance of truth. Patrick Ford, in January, 1863, with some others of my company, fell a prisoner of war into the hands of the enemy. His parole is at the War Department at Washington. He was reported among the missing, and an error on the muster roll did him an injustice, which error, as soon as it was discovered, was promptly corrected. This error, which is the root basis on which it is attempted to rest the injurious charge against Mr. Ford, his calumniators (ignoring the correction) put in circulation as a campaign lie, knowing it to be a lie. Enclosed is a copy of a card which answers your purpose. It is an answer to all that his defamers say of him as well. Very truly yours, JAMES F. MCGONIGLE, Late Captain Co. A, 9th Mass. Vol. WHAT THE SURVIVING OFFICERS OF THE VETERAN NINTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT HAVE TO SAY. Boston, September 25, 1888. Respecting a malicious report, evidently put in circulation for campaign purposes, and whose object is to throw discredit on the military record of Mr. Patrick Ford, we, the surviving officers of the Ninth Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers, wish to say that Mr. Ford was a member of that honored military organization in the war for the Union, and served as a true and faithful soldier. We are impelled to bear this testimony not merely in justice to a brave and worthy comrade, but also to express our contempt for the base methods of the dastardly maligners of Mr. Ford, for whom we all (however much we may differ among ourselves on political questions) entertain the warmest regards as a true-hearted and honorable man; and we cordially wish him all the success and all the honors that his virtues, his abilities, his devotion to principle, as exemplified in his splendid services to the land of his birth as well as his fidelity to the land of his adoption, so justly have won for him. PATRICK T. MANLEY, Colonel 9th Mass. Vols. DANIEL G. MACNAMARA, Major. CHRIS. PLUMKETT, Captain. JAMES F. MCGONIGLE, Captain Co. A.

tween the two great political parties in this country is plainly discerned and duly appreciated by our Canadian neighbors. The Montreal Gazette says: "Canadian people have a deep and special interest in the Presidential contest in the United States. Mr. Cleveland's success meaning passage of the Mills bill, and the passage of the Mills bill meaning a free trade market in the United States for our lumber, wood, iron ore, salt, and some other products, Canadians will watch with deep interest the progress of the campaign and the final outcome."

We have received from the author a neat little pamphlet copy of a paper on "Canadian Mines and Reciprocity," read before the Commercial Union Club, by Mr. T. D. Ledyard, of Toronto. Mr. Ledyard says: "Our Canadian Bessemer ores are so favorably situated that they could be delivered to Pittsburgh and many furnaces in Pennsylvania much cheaper than other ores of the same quality if there was no duty."

DOZENS of our Republican contemporaries remark that the enemy is on the run. Well, it does look so, but don't let's be too sure about this business. Let's follow General Grant's maxim—lick 'em so they'll stay licked. Besides, it isn't safe to trust appearances. Every Republican should work from now until the polls close on the night of November 6, as if the success of the ticket and the platform depended upon his individual efforts.

What Ails You? Do you have obstructions of the nasal passages, discharges from the head and throat, sometimes profuse; acid and watery, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody, putrid and offensive; dull, heavy headache most of the time, with occasional "splitting headaches"; are your eyes weak, watery, or inflamed; is there ringing in the ears, with more or less deafness; do you have to hack, cough and gag, in your efforts to clear your throat in the morning; do you expectorate offensive matter, scabs from ulcers, perhaps tinged with blood; is your voice changed and is there a "nasal twang" to it; is your breath offensive; are your senses of taste and smell impaired? If you have all or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common and dangerous of maladies—chronic nasal catarrh. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, which is sold by druggists at only 50 cents, will cure it. The manufacturers of this wonderful remedy offer, in good faith, \$500 for a case of this disease which they cannot cure.

Don't let that cold of yours run on. You think it is a light thing. But it may run into catarrh. Or into pneumonia. Or consumption. Catarrh is disgusting. Pneumonia is dangerous. Consumption is death itself. The breathing apparatus must be kept healthy and clear of all obstructions and offensive matter. Otherwise there is trouble ahead. All the diseases of these parts, head, nose, throat, bronchial tubes and lungs, can be delightfully and entirely cured by the use of Boschee's German Syrup. If you don't know this already, thousands and thousands of people can tell you they have been cured by it and know how it is, themselves. Bottle only 75 cents. Ask any druggist.

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Neat Laundry Work. All parties desirous of having the neatest and cheapest laundry work done, should leave it at this office Tuesday night and it can be secured again Friday evening. The Council Bluffs steam laundry, where the work is done, has put in all the latest improved machinery, and their work cannot be surpassed. The finest polish. W. A. DERRICK, Agt.

The standard remedy for liver complaint is West's Liver Pills; they never disappoint you. 30 pills 25c. At Warrick's drug store.

A Valuable Gold Mine. The richest mine in Australia, and perhaps in the world, is the Mt. Morgan, of Rockhampton, Queensland. Its value has been variously estimated at from £12,000,000 to £200,000,000, but it is a fact that one of the Rothschilds offered £40,000,000 for the mine, but the offer was refused. The gold, as taken from the mine, is 99 fine, or almost pure.—San Francisco Examiner.

GOOD GUIDANCE. Man is his own star, and the soul that can render an honest and a perfect man. Commands all light, all influence, all fate. Nothing to him falls early or too late. Our acts on angels are, or good or ill. Our fatal shadows that walk by us still. —Beaumont and Fletcher.

LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY.

The geographers and natural historians of this country will no doubt be pleased to learn that a most profound scholar in these branches of study has been recently discovered in a little hamlet on the Hudson. The extent and profundity of this prodigy's researches are of so startling and novel a character that it has been deemed advisable to give the partial results to the world through the medium of the press. As the subjects under consideration are so far reaching in their scope, it will be necessary to confine this chapter to the Eastern hemisphere, with special attention to Turkey in Europe, and more especially to Constantinople in Turkey.

It will be necessary to state at the outset that this remarkable geographer and natural historian is a freckled, hatless and shoeless boy known as Michael Finn, Jr., heir apparent to the Finn estate on Cooney Island. This estate is 50 by 100 feet in size. The buildings are in the Irish style of architecture and consist of a plain, unpainted, one-story structure, vulgarly known as a shanty, and a pig sty. There is a large and aggressive mortgage upon the property, which Michael Finn, Sr., has been unable to lift, because of rheumatism, hard winters and the prevalence of saloons in the vicinity.

But the probable foreclosure of the mortgage and the consequent loss of his inheritance does not affect the junior Finn in the least. He has been taught by the schoolmaster in the little red school house under the hill to rely upon himself. It must be confessed, however, that little Mike is not a brilliant scholar in rudimentary English. Still he can spell Constantinople, which he did in the following manner the other day when his mother had company and after she had encouraged him with "Now, Mickey, take yer thumb out iv yer mouth an' spell that haythin name for yer auntie, that's a good by." Bashfully hanging his head little Mike began:

"C-o-n, there's yer Con. S-t-a-n, there's yer stan; there's yer Constan. T-i, there's yer ti; there's yer Constanti. N-o, there's yer no; there's yer Constantino. P-u-l, there's yer pul; there's Constantinopol!"

Then his mother flushed with pride, and his aunt alluded to his performance in the following laudatory manner:

"Luk a that now! Faix, Mrs. Finn, yer by has a great head. So he has. Musha, but this education is a quare thing. An' where is this place yer were spellin', Mickey?"

This question staggered Mickey for a minute. He scratched his head in a thoughtful manner, called mentally his limited stock of geographical knowledge, and replied at a hazard:

"In Asy!" "Ah, ha, is that so?" replied his aunt. "An' tell me, Mickey, is that anywhere near Ireland?"

"Naw," replied the boy, briding with a consciousness of the meanness of his information. "Is's right forinst Africa, where th' black nagurs'll ate ye. Only in Con-stanti-no-pul th' nagurs'yaller an' there's more dogs there than hairs on me billy goat's back."

"Ow, ow," exclaimed his aunt, raising her hands in surprise. "An' f'wath does that do wid th' dogs?" "Makes sassidge iv 'em!" "Oh, ih' f'wath. But, tell me, Mickey, is it pork sassidge or bolony sassidge?" Again little Mike was nonplused. After a little recollection, however, he replied:

"Well, I dunno, surely, but I'm afther thinkin' it must be bolony sassidge, for how could they make pork sassidge out iv a dog?" "Thrus fur ye, Mickey. I didn't think o' that. But what else is there 'sides dogs?"

"Well, there's alleigators in th' river Nile, beyant th' city, wid mouths on them like th' kitchen dure. These animals is as long as a fence, an' they comes up on th' shore an' lays there wid thair mouths open till the little children crawls in. Thin the alleigators swallows the children's clothes an' they lock any salt either, so they do, an' smacks their lips fur more."

"Ah, th' little dears! God help them. An' Mickey, does thin animals ate many o' th' children?" "Coorse they does," replied this student of natural history. "They ates all they can get, an' picks their teeth wid th' end iv their tails, which is sharp as needles just fur that purpose."

"An' don't the children squeal?" "Shure they does; but th' squallin comes too late."

"An' where's the p'liceman wid thair clubs?" "P'licemen?" scornfully replied Mickey. "Shure th' haythins don't hav' any use fur sich m'n. Musha, they don't care a hap'oth fur childe 'ceptin' they're bye. So it's only th' gurruls th' alleigators ates."

"Och, millia murder, th' haythin blagards! Oh, th' nagur thaves. An' so I'm thinkin' th' mothers an' fathers 'ud be sittin' forinst the dures watchin' thin animals swallow th' gurruls, an' they lock 'em on an' winkin' at the alleigators. Dear, dear! Well, if I had wan iv thin Con-stanti-no-plus here, do ye know f'wath I'd do wid him, Mickey? Do ye know f'wath I'd do wid me two hands, avie? Well, I'll tell ye f'wath I'd do, begob; I'd hold his head bechune me two knees, like a head o' cabbage, I'd mind, an' I'd bate in his skull wid me fist, so I would, an' more power t' me arrum till I'd do it!"

"Aye, sure they do, but it's mighty hard killin' thim. Ye see, they has scales on thim like a shad, on y'a big a shove plate an' as hard, so a bullet 'ud scut off their backs like a marble off th' roof. So, f'wath d'ye think they do but shoot thim from th' inside?"

Mrs. Finn looked up from the stocking she was knitting, shook her head warningly at her son, and said in a tone of quiet reproach: "Now, Mickey, dear, don't be tellin' yer auntie anny lies!"

"Deed I don't hav' t' be tellin' her lies, mother," said little Mike indignantly. "But I'll got th' book an' show her th' picture where th' women is feedin' the alleigators."

Mickey disappeared in great haste in the bedroom and reappeared in a short time with a tattered old time geography. He turned over the leaves rapidly in his haste to establish his reputation for truthfulness, and at last in triumph displayed a picture representing the women of Hindostan offering up their children to the crocodiles in the river Ganges.

Both the woman examined the picture minutely and uttered exclamations of surprise. Sustained and soothed by these evidences of unquestioning belief, Mickey proceeded to relate how the "alleigators" were captured. Said he:

"Ye see that alleigator wid his mouth open? Well, whin wan o' thim haythins wants a pair o' cowhide boots t' kape his feet out o' th' wet, he takes an old toad-matny can an' fills it full o' blastin' powder. Thin he puts a bit o' fuse t' the can an' fire it out t' the big mouth that's out in the wather standin' open like a cellar dure. Thin the baythin'll put his fingers in his ears, an' there'll be a bang like thunder, an' th' wather'll shoot up like a fountain. If ye were walkin' along th' shore, in about two minutes, auntie, wid yer hands in yer pockets an' smokin' yer pipe, ye'd see the dead alleigator comin' up t' th' top o' th' wather, an' a hole in his back as ye cud put a barrel in."

"An' what thin, Mickey," said his aunt, who had become so much interested in the marvelous tale that her pipe had gone out.

"Well, thin," resumed little Mike, "they tows him ashore wid a tow line an' they pries out his teeth wid a crowbar an' makes knife handles iv thim; they pulls out his backbone t' make hochandles, an' shoe brushes out iv his eyewinkers an' boots iv his skhin."

"Dear, dear, luk a that now! That's what ye I am when ye're educated. Sorra a bit o' mo' I've heard th' loikes afore. An' p'wath kin' o' f'arin' d'ye call all that, Mickey?" "That's geogrophy," replied the scholar. "An' yer f'arin' other things beside that, me by?"

"Av coorse I am. Ain't I in th' 'rithmetic class?" "Well, dear, tell us somethin' about that quare thing?" "Hav' ye two nickels in your pocket?" "I hav'," was the reply, as she laid them upon the table. Mickey picked one of the pieces up and slipped it into his pocket.

"Ye had two nickels awhile ago, an' I took wan awa', didn't I?" "Ye did; an' ye can jist gi' me it back agin', too." "Ye've got wan nickel, an' I've got wan, auntie. Wan from wan laves wan, don't it?" "Av coorse it do. Well?" "That's 'rithmetic.'"—Ernest Jarrold in New York Evening Sun.

Chinese Modes of Punishment. The Chinese are, to say the least, quite ingenious in their modes of punishment. Bastinating a prisoner is as frequent in China as in Turkey; twisting the ears is common, the culprit being held securely by two men, who are instructed to give pain by a particular method of twisting the cartilages of the ear. The rack is often made use of. The instrument is composed of a thick, long plank, having a contrivance at one end to secure the hands and at the other a sort of double wooden vise, formed of three stout uprights, two of which are movable, but steadied by a block fastened on each side; the ankles being placed in the machine, a cord is passed round the uprights and held fast by two men; the chief tormentor then generally introduces a wedge into the intervals, alternately changing sides. This causes the lower ends to draw towards the central upright, which is fixed into the plank, and thereby compresses the ankles of the wretched sufferer to his heart's content, frequently crushing the bones to a jelly. Frequently a prisoner's eyes are burned by putting a small quantity of unslacked lime into pieces of cotton cloth and closely applying them to the organs of sight.

The wooden collar is looked upon as one of the most disgraceful punishments. The collar is formed of heavy pieces of wood closed together and having a hole in the center, which fits the neck of the offender, and when the collar is put on he can never use his own feet nor put his hand to his mouth. By night and day he carries his load. The weight of the collars varies from 60 to 200 pounds, and frequently the wearer of one of them dies from exhaustion. Three months is the usual time which an offender is sentenced to wear the collar. Hamstringing a malefactor was formerly practiced, when he attempted an escape. The usual capital punishments in China are strangling and beheading, but the refinement of cruelty is reached when a culprit is chained near a cook's shop, the savory smell of the smoking viands constantly saluting his nostrils, while he is slowly permitted to starve to death. Tantalus never knew such tantalizing punishment.—Boston Herald.

Leech and His Palette.

On the occasion of a visit which I paid with Millais to his studio, while Leech was consulting about the painting of his enlarged designs in oil color, a conversation took place between the two which is not without its interest in illustrating the fanciful element in Leech's character. The palette being produced, it had upon it some dry patches of pigment systematically arranged, and now dry from the last day's painting. "Why, what's the good of preservin' morsels of old paint like these? All of them together, when new, would not cost fourpence!" said the impulsive painter.

Leech pleaded, "I know, my dear fellow, but, 'pon my honor, it's not out of stinginess; it is only because I haven't the heart to scrape up into a mess the beautiful little buds and blossoms of sweet color. Often, it is true, they get dry, as now, and they have to be thrown away, but then they have lost their preciousness independently of my choice, and I have no set reason. I could not help feeling real pain if I wasted them while they were alive, as they seem to be when fresh. It seems foolish, I know, to be asked, 'but I can't help the children, I really can't.'"—Holman Hunt in

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