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Boston, November 26, 1882. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. Gentlemen:—For years I have been a great sufferer from Dyspepsia and could get no relief (having tried everything which was recommended) until, acting on the advice of a friend, who had been benefited by BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, I used a bottle, with most surprising results. Previous to taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, everything I ate distressed me, and I suffered greatly from a burning sensation in the stomach, which was unbearable. Since taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, all my troubles are at an end. Can eat any time without any disagreeable results. I am practically another person. Mrs. W. J. FEENEY, 30 Maverick St., Boston.

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THE MISSING MASON.

The Man Who was a Good Enough Mason For Weed.

Miss Welby Tells What Her Father Knew About a Famous Ghost.

Snatching a Corpse Bald-Headed.

Miss Bertha Welby, the well known actress, contributes one more to the numerous strains concerning the much disputed fate of William Morgan, and Thurlow Weed's review of it. Miss Welby is a daughter of Henry O. Reilly, who at the time was editor of the York Advertiser, and was an associate of Thurlow Weed. The other day she related to a reporter her father's explanation of the origin of the Morgan difficulty as follows:

"The way he related it to me, as near as I can recollect, is like this: Morgan, after his announcement at Batavia, that he was going to expose all the secrets of the Masonic fraternity, suddenly and mysteriously disappeared, and at a time, too, when the Masonic and anti-Masonic factions began to assume political importance. Nothing definite was ever heard about the missing man. About a year after that the remains of a man were found on the shore of Lake Ontario. One day father was sitting in the office quietly meditating, when he received a rather unexpected card from Dr. John Elwood, the leading physician of Rochester and a prominent Mason, who told him in a rather excited manner, that he believed Weed and his followers were hatching mischief for them. He said that Weed had just dined with him, and had dwelt at some length during their conversation upon the finding of the body at Oak Orchard, saying that it was the general belief that it was that of the missing William Morgan. He wanted father to know all about it, as he thought an attempt would be made to create political capital out of the finding of the mysterious remains.

"Morgan, the last time he was seen by his friends, was bald-headed, and no side-whiskers, and was known to have some peculiar marks upon his body. The man found had a heavy head of black hair and side-whiskers. At the inquest, however, which was controlled by the same party, it was declared the dead man was William Morgan. His remains were interred. That evening Weed met Dr. Elwood at the Eagle Hotel in Rochester, and asked him for a description of Morgan. The doctor had known him very well, and imprudently complied with his request.

"Hearing of the result of this inquest, father and his friends determined upon an investigation. In company with Ebenezer Griffin, Dr. Elwood, and a number of leading Masons, they went to Oak Orchard by stage coach. Weed and a number of his friends were also present. The body was removed from the grave and an examination of it made. To the astonishment of all but Weed and his adherents, it was found that the top of the dead man's head had been shaved, and his face arranged in exact imitation of the description of Morgan given by Dr. Elwood. Several witnesses were summoned, and it was proven, beyond a doubt, that the remains were those of Timothy Monroe, a fisherman. During all this time, the body had been under control of Weed and his partisans, and the manner in which they had mutilated it was well calculated to deceive. But the wife's testimony was conclusive.

"When the result was reached, Mr. Griffin turned to Weed and asked, in a rather taunting tone, 'What will you do for a Morgan, now?' Turning around quickly, Weed said, 'This is a good enough Morgan for us until for the election.' Father at once caught him up and took him to task for his expression. He then tried to wriggle out of it, claiming that he said, 'That is a good enough Morgan until you bring back the one your party carried away.' Then followed the bitter attacks and counter attacks in father's and Weed's papers. On more than one occasion each had the other arrested for libel, but their party friends always came to their rescue and released them. Father afterward engaged in connection with his daily newspaper enterprise at Rochester, in the telegraph, railroad and canal business, and was at the head of the largest corporations of that day. He was a friend of Morse, and built the first line of telegraph over which a message was sent. He accumulated a large fortune, but lost it nearly all through disastrous business reverses.

"In there any truth in the claim made by Weed that he repaid your father for his bitterness toward him by obtaining a position for him in the custom house?" "Yes, under the circumstances, Weed was very rich and he thought he must soon die. About seven years ago he sent for father to come and settle at his residence on Twelfth street on urgent business. Father went, and found Weed confined to his bed, propped up with pillows. He told father that he had heard of his reverses, and said that he would like to do something for him in reparation for the bitter wrongs he had done him when they were both young men, and asked him if he would accept a position in the custom house that he would procure for him. The proffered position father took. The two men were friends from that time on. In about two years Weed again sent for some time, Weed told him he was very anxious to publish his autobiography, which had been written by his daughter, at his dictation, but said he would not do so until father had promised not to interfere with it. He implored him to destroy the records of the Morgan trouble, which father had prepared in great detail. Among them were papers that placed Weed in a most disagreeable light. He knew that when he could not get father's promise to suppress these, his contemplated book would be bitterly assailed and the old fight renewed. Father refused to grant his request and he then offered him a sum of money for his papers.

"Father, in his anger, lost control of himself, and denounced him in his

own house. Weed, too, grew excited, and then showed himself in his true colors. He flung the lamp in father's face that he had borrowed him for no other purpose than to secure the suppression of those papers. Father left the house in a towering rage, and never saw Weed again. Weed is now dead, but that book has never yet been published. It never will as long as father is alive and those records in existence. At father's death they will come into my possession, and I will see that they are preserved. Father is now in very feeble health, and his days are advancing to a close. As to Weed's other statements about the confession of Whitney, he has absolutely nothing to sustain them but his own word. He always had a reputation of remembering things that never occurred. I think that is a case in point.

The interesting narrative given above is taken from the Cincinnati News. Miss Bertha Welby, who contributed the story, last week concluded a very successful engagement in this city. She was visited by the writer, who had a very interesting interview with her. Miss Welby said this was her first visit to the south, though she had been on the stage five years. She had been very favorably received and kindly treated. She was very agreeably surprised to find so many beautiful women. At Clarksville, where she expected to find only a small town, she was greeted by a large and highly cultivated audience. She had never before seen such fine types of the spirituelle face as in the South. She was sorry she had not had an opportunity of seeing the city, on account of the fact that she was in the country to see a friend, and hoped to be afforded such an opportunity soon. Being so in reference to her father, she said he was living in the city of New York at an advanced age.

THE COST OF ROYALTY.

British Salaries and Pensions—Mr. Eggar's Departure—Other London Topics.

Correspondence of the Star. LONDON, March 13.—I send you some supplemental notes to my last letter, which will be found neither uninteresting nor unimportant. It must be conceded that the British and Irish people pay a little "too dear for the whistle" of monarchial and oligarchical rule. The "Financial Reform Almanac," for this year contains a good deal of statistical information. The total amount annually received or expended on her majesty and other members of the Royal family is £803,382 (\$4,500,000). In this is included maintenance of palaces, expenditure in connection with royal yachts (£35,885) households of deceased sovereigns (£6,470), and many other such items. Looking through them, I should say that about £50,000 per annum would have to be expended were there no royal family to be provided for. The house of lords consists of 516 peers. In pay or pensions those noblemen receive £621,386 per annum. This, however, includes the amount received by peers of the royal family. The peers have between them 14,258,527 acres of land, with a rental of £11,880,308 of the gross, and the net is £878,000. Mr. Labouchere asked what the world was the good of the electors of the country returning a liberal government if, when in power, ministers acted in these just as badly as the conservatives? (Hear, hear.) The vast majority of the people of the country objected to these absurd expenses. When Prince Leopold and other royal personages traveled about the continent and the people's private affairs they ought not to call upon the British taxpayer. Prince Leopold ought to have paid the expenses of his journey out of the £25,000 which parliament allowed him. (Cheers.) Ministers, when questioned, simply pointed to precedents. Mr. Illingworth said if royal papers were to dip their hands into the national pocket in this way it was time the "workhouse test" was applied to them. "Oh, and Hear (hear.) I give the "hear, hear," and "cheers" as they occur in the report, to show that the objectors were not alone in their opinions. The motions to reduce the votes were negatived by majorities, but the fact that the objections are made openly in Parliament indicates a healthy public sentiment in England.

The above rumors for what they are worth. A Dea Moines Paper Sued for Libel. The Iowa State Leader says: "A short time since our morning contemporary, the Register, contained what purported to be an account of the exploits of Rev. E. Wilson, the colored pastor of the Olive Baptist church, of this city. In that article, if our recollection is correct, it was alleged that Wilson had been collecting money at Omaha, ostensibly for the church, and not accounting for it. The article contained several serious allegations based on the statements of an Omaha paper which the Register afterwards set right in an article of apology and retraction. Now it seems that Mr. Wilson, feeling that he has been refused that complete vindication at the hands of the paper which his wounded honor sought and having met with a rejection of an offer to settle for \$5,000, seeks redress in the courts and brings an action for \$10,000. Now this is a goodly sum; much more than Mr. Wilson would earn in the pursuit of his profession for several years. When he gets it he ought to put Olive church on a sound financial basis. It is reported that Judge Nourse will appear as counsel for the plaintiff. The judge figured in a libel suit against The Register several years ago but on that occasion he represented the defense."

A Life Saving Service. Mr. M. E. Allison, Hutchinson, Kan., saved his life by a simple trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which caused him to procure a large bottle that completely cured him, when Doctor's change of climate and everything else had failed. Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, and all Throat and Lung diseases, it is guaranteed to cure. Trial bottles free at C. F. Goodman's drug store. Large size, \$1. April 2-2004w lw

CAPITOL CLATTER.

The Capitol Receiving its 'Spring Cleaning.'

Mr. Kasson of Iowa.

WASHINGTON, April 1.—Mr. Kasson, of Iowa, is a delicate-faced man of high polish and much fastidiousness. He ought to have been a Duke or a Marquis or a Squire of high degree. He is a natural aristocrat, and his residence abroad for several years at the Court of Francis Joseph heightened all his aristocratic tendencies. He is a man of manner—not a man of men. President Arthur likes his manner. I don't think he cares for him as a man. And at the State Department Mr. Kasson is approved. Other people do not like him so well. The politicians call him Old Turkey, and mimic his little airs and graces. People in society are apt to speak of unfortunate marriage and of the fact that they were in the country together in a divorce at her request. Then he is in the neighborhood of 60 years of age and that makes one rather.

AN ANCIENT BEAR. Frank Hatton, of Iowa, the first assistant postmaster general, is the very opposite of Kasson. Hatton is young and smart and bold and bad. He has no airs and no graces and no particular manner except a barroom-hall-fellow-well-met-sort of manner. Neither has he any states in his own country to this extent, that the Senators and Representatives from Iowa prefer Kasson to him. Perhaps they don't like Hatton because he is too fresh. Perhaps he has been too successful. At any rate, they think Kasson would make a better Postmaster General than Hatton, and the latter will have to get his honor and his influence from outside. I don't think either of these Iowa statesmen has any chance of being elected. The probability at this particular moment seems to be that it will be given to a man from Indiana or Ohio. But the fact that the Frelinghuysen influence is counted for Kasson in the lively contest now in progress serves to remind me of a good story about Kasson, who would like to marry Miss Tillie Frelinghuysen. That was handed around with the tea and punch at the kettledrums this winter. Kasson, the story ran, was drinking tea at a certain prominent man's house at an informal "dram," and the clock struck 7. Thereupon Kasson remembered an important meeting of the ways and means committee, of which he was a member, at the Capitol that evening. Hastily withdrawing, he speeded, not to the Capitol, but to the Frelinghuysen mansion, where he was soon in conversation with the young lady he admired. Unfortunately, she did not admire him. About 10 o'clock a southern senator, who had heard Kasson's remark in the early part of the evening, brought home another daughter of the secretary of state. "Ah," he said to Kasson, when he entered the parlor, "Oh, yes," said the fair hostess; "Mr. Kasson has been here since half past 7 o'clock."

"Your committee must have adjourned early," continued the senator, provokingly. "Yes," said Kasson, looking at the fire-logs. "Fact is, I did not go. On the way up I remembered a question I wanted to ask the secretary of state, so I came here instead."

"Why 'I'll tell father at once,'" said the mischievous Miss Tillie; "I did not know you wanted to see him."

"No, no, never mind," said Kasson. "It will do in the morning quite as well."

THE CAPITOL looks like the packing room of a publishing house. Every room seems to be occupied by clerks and boxes. The clerks are toiling with the boxes, filling them up with manuscripts and documents, marking them with the names and addresses of senators and representatives, and shipping them to the homes of their owners. Some of the latter, notably the disgraced and disgruntled Koller, linger here because their leases have not expired or because they have not got that appointment they were looking for, or something of that sort. When they have got anything else to do they go up to the Capitol and boss the clerks. Sometimes their presence there prevents mistakes; sometimes, too, they are able to get documents they would otherwise lose, and to save manuscripts they would otherwise never see again.

IN THE OLD DAYS before the war the New England senators and members used to send their documents and manuscripts home by a packet line of swift-sailing vessels that ran between Alexandria (then a bustling little port just below Washington on the Potomac) and Boston. Daniel Webster was one of the best patrons of the freight department of this packet line. An old gentleman, who was then a spruce young clerk in the Alexandria office of the line, told me to-day that you would have supposed from his boxes that Webster was carrying off the Congressional Library at the end of every session. On one occasion he said a small box of a unique shape came down to the wharf with the usual load of big boxes. My friend, who had a sincere respect for the great Massachusetts chestnut, thought he could bring the little box from possible harm by putting it in a safe place in the office instead of leaving it in the warehouse, where the other boxes were, to await the sailing of the next packet. By some accident the little box was left behind when the next packet sailed. By-and-by the clerks in the office discovered a curious odor in the air. It was very disagreeable, and they made a desperate effort to find and destroy it. At last it was traced to the curious little box of valuables which the great expounder's admirer had laid away in a safe

corner. By this time the odor had become so offensive that the headman in the office insisted upon opening the box. With fear and trembling the friend of Webster took off the lid and the layer of paper with it. Underneath, where the valuables were supposed to be, was a mixed mass of ducks heads. Mallard, canvas-back, every family of ducks known in the south, had a representative in the ghastly pile of severed heads, which were just beginning to be "gamey." Mr. Webster was annoyed when he was told that his carefully collected ducks' heads had been detained and then refused passage; but he soon got another collection, and this time sent them by express. He wanted them, he said, to compare with the ducks' head of New England.

*Ten years ago the name of Lydia E. Pinkham was scarcely known outside of her native state. To-day it is a household word all over the continent and many who read the secular and religious journals have become familiar with the face that shines on them with a modest confidence, in which we read the truth that "Nothing ill can dwell in such a temple."



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