APPEAL FOR PROHIBITION.

The Alcohol Habit a Tyrant Whose Power Ends Only at the Grave.

Sabbatarianism Denounced as a Drummer for Tippling Shops -The Evil Increasing Throughout the World.

Pelis Omeald in the September Forum The prous belief that the excess of every social evil tends to insure its abolition. seems almost to have been disproved by the history of the alcohol habit. When the yoke of despots and made deliverauce more desirable than life itself, despotism had reached the term of its power. When the rule of priests had made the hatred of shams burn hotter than the fire of he stake, no Jesuitical intrigues could prevent the triumph of protestant revolt. But though the evil of intemperance has long been recogmized as the blighting curse of modern civilization, the sorefelt need of relief seems thus far to have revealed no

After half a century of incessant labor, the champions of reform must admit the humiliating truth that the poison-traffic continues to increase in a ratio exceed ing that of our rapidly increasing population. In the United States the consumption of alcoholic liquors of all kinds . has increased 45 per cent in the past fif teen years. The consumption of lagerbeer has nearly doubled in twelve years. Since 1866 the capital invested in the breweries of Great Britain and Germany has increased at the average rate of 41 per cent a year, or more than twice as fast as the general average of the "constructive manufactures." In parts of Europe where the ebb of all other industries has enforced a degree of trugality unknown to the revival periods of mediseval asceticism, the liquor traffic still swells the tide of revenue and of disease. Remedy after remedy has been proposed, tested, and changed for another, doomed

to a similar failure. And yet the general tendency of those changes reveals an advance in the right direction. Philosophers have long thought it probable that the historians of the future will deal with the records of legislative reforms, rather than with the bulletins of battles and bombardments, and the value of such records in characterizing the spirit of the age is strikingly illustrated by the chronicle of temperance legislation. The necessity of controlling the grosser excesses of intemperance was always more or less recognized, but until lately the efforts to that purpose were directed to the suppression of the symptoms rather than to the removal of the cause. There was a time when the belief in the necessity of alcoholic stimulation would have proved a wholly unassailable axiom, even if legislators could have been induced to waste their time on such trifles as the preservation of health. It was the age of anti-naturalism, when the interests of mankind were systematically sac rificed to the interests of a dogma. It was the millenium of madness, when the promotion of sanitary habits was thought of far less importance than the enforcement of insane ceremonies, when the images of miracle-mongers lodged glided domes while the image of God rotted in a bovel, when the slaves of the church slaughtered one another for the golden streets of the New Jerusalem while the streets of their own cities reeked with filth, when men were tortured to death for whispering a doubt against the retensions of their spiritual taskmasters but were freely permitted to poison themselves and their neighbors with spirituous abominations, since "not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a In that golden age of anti-physical doctrines, temperance had no chance whatever. Cavaliers and commoners vied in "wassail," nay, the moral exemplars of Christendom outguzzled the thirstiest laymen.

The monastery of Weltenburg on the Danube operated the largest brewery of the German empire, and thousands of prelates owned both breweries and vineyards. Spiritual tyranny and spirituous icense went hand in hand. Yet, even then, communities had to legislate against the bestial abuse of that license; and there were voluntary friends of temperance, men of higher ideals, scholars philanthrophists, who abhorred drunken riots, though they loved their wine, and who recommended a self-denial which they found often more easy to preach than to prac-tice. Their motto was: "Moderation. Be temperate in all things. Keep the safe middle course."

A dangerous fallacy lurks in those pre-It may be safe to compromise conflicting duties, as charity and econ-omy, patriotism and domestic obligations; but where is the golden mean of virtue and vice? How keep a safe middle course on the slippery road to rain? After opentng the flood gates, not one man in a ihousand can stay the progress of a be-setting vice, and of all besetting vices the alcohol habit is the most inevitably progressive. An unnatural appetite has no natural limits. For weeks, sometimes for months, young topers have to strug gle against the protests of a better in-stinet, but the final surrender of that onitor marks the incipience of a morbid craving, which every gratification makes only more exorbitant. For by and by the jaded organism fails to respond to the spur, the stimulant palls, but the hankering for stimulation continues, and the toper has to satisfy his thirst either by increasing the quantum of his tipple or by resorting to stronger poison. After kinding the flames of alcoholism it is vain to urge the advantages of a moderate conflagration; one might as well recommend a moderate use of the privilege to ignite a barrel of gunpowder. We cannot tolerate the use of intoxicants and hope to prevent intoxication.

The lessons of experience, if not physiology, gradually taught the friends of temperance to relinquish that hope. A strong party of the Reform league declared in favor of total abstinence from alcoholic beverages, and devised plans for the effective propaganda of their tenets. They doubted the expediency of coercion in "a matter of private habits," but shrank from no sacrifice in braving the odium of personal intoler ance, in advocating their principles in public lectures, in printing and distrib-uting millions of eloquent pamphlets. Their own habits were generally distinguished by a strict conformity to their principles. They hoped to cure the alco-hol habit by illustrating in theory and practice the advantages of uncomprom-ising abstinence. Their motto was "Re-

A good deal of learning has lately been paraded in demonstrating the legal neand vices, between direct and indirect offenses against the statutes of the mora But the recognized interests of public welfare have always been pursued across the boundaries of such distinctions or, more properly speaking, the varying definitions of good and evil have ever biased the prevailing theories as to the proper sphere of legislation. When the eternal welfare of millions was supposed to depend on their conformity to certain mysterious dogmas, and the degredation

consequences a lesser evil. Thousands of of the body was thought to be rather conlucive to spiritual advantages, it sees rum-shop by the very men who are loudperfectly logical to give a health-destroyest in denouncing the enormity of their sin; and who would perpetuate that sin to the end of time rather than open to its victims a gate of escape by relaxing the rigor of their own views. With our pauper-graves full of suicides whom the ng habit free rein and curb the freedom of conscience. These theories have since been greatly modified; but that modern moralists hesitate to cocree rum sell-ers and hasten of to cocree gamblers and the venders of unclean literature means, after all, nothing else but that doctrine of anti-naturalism had robbed of all the light that shone on earth for them, with our cities full of pale-faced they are still inclined to consider intem-perance, on the whole, a lesser evil than a passion for gaming or lastivious novels. Is that bias a relic of the times when the children, we may well doubt our right to pity the times when prelates purchased tempiations of the sexual instinct were dreaded more than those of the poison-vice? Judging from secular standards their luxuries at the expense of starving we should be inclined to think that alco-bol is doing more mischief in a single year than obscene literature has ever

done in a century. And while gamesters may be indemnified by an occasional

gain, there is no doubt that the passion

of the toper involves an inevitable loss of

time, money, and reputation, as well as

the loss of self-respect, and thus destroys

the basis on which the ad-

instinct founds his plan of salvation.

The power of moral resistence is weak-ened with every repetition of the poison

bed-ridden consumptive with appeals to

resume his place at the head of an afflicted

young man, "and then you may proceed. I am sensible that an induigence in this

habit will lead to loss of property, to loss of reputation and domestic happiness.

to premature death, and to the irretriev-

able loss of my immortal soul; and now

all this conviction resting firmly on my

mind and flashing over my conscience like lightning, if I still continue to drink do you suppose anything you can say

will deter me from the practice?"

Taught by the logic of such experiences, the friends of reform have at last

recognized the truth that the 'temperate use' of alcohol is but the first stage of a

progressive and shame-proof disease, and that moderation and repudiation failing, we must adopt the motto of "Eradication." We must direct our blows against the roots of the upas-tree; and there is no

doubt that the sharpest, if not cheapest, tool would be the general enforcement

of prohibition. The penalties of a severe

proscriptive law would sap the basis of the poison-traffic by making its risks

outweigh its profits, especially the profits

of catering to an ever-decreasing de-mand. For the very means used to evade those risks would also diminish the perils of tempta-tion to thousands of young

thousands

men of that class owing their ruin less to

innate depravity than to the evil influence

of an obtrasive example. The army of topers would die out for the want of re-

cruits wherever the causes of intemper-

ance are limited to the temptation of the

rum shop, with its garish splendor and

its sham promise of pleasures. But the tempter comes in more subtle disguises.

The elixirs of death are sold as panaceas. "Brandy doctors," as Benjamin Rush

used to call them, abuse the confidence of their patients by inoculating them with the seeds of a life-blighting vice.

Thousands of topers owe their fall to a prescription of "tonle bitters." In many

of our smaller cities drug stores, rather than coffee houses and beer gardens, are

the preparatory schools of the rum shop.

Dr. N. S. Davis, ex-President of the American Medical Association, confesses

to having found "no case of disease, and

medicine which might not be dispensed with and other agents substituted."

Ten years ago the six hundred delegates

of the International Medical Congress, convened at Philadelphia, were

induced to admit that "alcohol is not

shown to have a definite food value by

any of the usual methods of chemical

that of a cardiac stimulant, and often admits of substitution." Then why, for

mankind's sake, not confine ourselves to

such substitutes? Have the experiments of Homeopathy not abundantly proved that diseases of sorts can be cured, not only as well,

but more easily and more permanently, without the use of any drastic stimulants

whatever! Is it not mere mockery to

prohibit the sate of small beer, and per-

mit any enterprising distiller to deluge

the country with poison by selling his brandy as a "digestive tonic," and clude the inconveniences of the Sunday law by

consigning his liquor to a drug-store?

But while these treacherous feeders of

the alcohol habit are being assailed with even more trenchant blows, temperance

people as a class seem to agnore an evil

in which history and moral philosophy have unearthed the very tap root of intemperance, viz: the life-blighting tyranny of Sabbatarianism. Savages and wanton country boys, now and then may taste a glass of fire-water

experiments, but in our centers of civili-

zation six out of ten topers use alcohol

for exactly the same purpose that the life-weary toilers of the east use opium—as

an anodyne to lighten the burden of hopeless misery. In a primitive state of society nature herself provides abundant

opportunities of recreation. Wealth re-

stores those opportunities. Our privil-

eged citixens can leave the city weeks to

propitiate nature by a pilgrimage to the sanctuaries of the wilderness, and restore

their health by the care and out-door sports of their nature-abiding ancestors; but those privileges are denied to the very classes most sorely in need

of their blessings, and by suppressing all popular pastimes on the day when

a vast plurality of our workingmen find

their only leisure for recreation, we force them to seek relief in the narcotics

of the rum shop and drown their misery in the Lethe of intoxication. They drink

o get drunk; they take refuge in the de

lirium of the poision fever as in a dream to escape the soul sickening round about of six days of drudgery followed by a seventh day of un-

satisfied longings. Heat the furnace-fires, shut and rivet the valves, and pray

for the safety of the boiler; but do not

hope to prevent the explosions of vice

after shutting the gates of mercy on the

panting toilers of a factory town, by closing their libraries, closing their parks,

preventing their escape by stopping ex-

cursion boats and pienic trains, and then

convening a prayer meeting to avert the

well-known consequences.

"Nature will have her revenge, and when the most ordinary and harmless recreations are forbidden as sinful, is apt to seek compensation in indifigences which no moralist would be willing to condone. The charge brought against the Novatians in the early days of the church en, with equal provided.

"Sir," said Johnson, "I am a great friend of public amusement, for they keep people from vice."—Boswell p. 171.

And there cannot be a shadow of a doubt that the enemies of public amuse

ments have for centuries promoted the vice of the poison habit by making its

for the sheer mischievious love or

analysis or physiological investigation

and that "its use as a medicine is

dose, and we might as well besiege

And, unhappily, it involves

of benith.

After waging a fifty years' war as the champions of salvation against the ene-mies of mankind, the evidence of experience forces us to the bitter confesion that we have strengthened the hands of those enemies. We must accuse ourselves of baving deserved failure, but the candor, even of self reproach, is better than self delusion, for if we persist in shutting our eyes to the significance of our mistake, our adversaries will not be slow in taking advantage of our blindness. In the name of the trusting supporters who defray the expenses of our campaigns and have a right to vote a further waste of their resources, let us be honest, let us confess that we cannot win the battle on the present plan. Let us change the battle ground to the open fields, let us found temperance gardens with play-grounds, free music and hygienic resfamily. Dr. Isaac Jennings mention the case of a young man of great promise whom a clerical friend attempted to dissuade from habits of intemperance. "Here me first a few words," said the taurants; let us have a free gymnasium in every village and every city park; let us devote at least a portion of our leis-ure day to health-giving sports, and neutralize the allurements of the rum shop by making harmless pleasures more attractive than the riots of vice.

THE NATION'S LIBRARY.

A Big Concern and Who Manages It Omniscient Spofford.

A Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star writes: One of the busiest persons in Washington these hot summer days is Ainsworth R. Spofford, the librarian of congress. While other people are disporting themselves by mountain or seaside he is busy with his plans for the new library building. And while other people are happy in their relief from work he is more happy in this opportunity to devote himself to this work. It has been the pet project of his existence for many years. There had been bill after bill in congress for the erection of a library building, and Mr. Spofford has been waiting for these many years to see the accomplishment of his hopes. Now that the proposition has actually become a fact and the land for the site has been purchased, he cheerfully relinquishes his summer vacation for the work he has so long hoped to see accom-

Mr. Spofford is a wonderful man. Talk of walking encyclopedias, he is an en-cyclopedia of encyclopedias, and a walking one, too. No matter what you want to know, if it is to be found out in books, you have only to go to Mr. Spofford and he will put you in a way to find it. He is one of the busiest men in Washington, but never too busy to answer a question relating to information to be had from books. Approach him on any other sub ject than the one connected with his life study, and his replies are brief, often in monosyllables, showing that he takes no interest in the subject. Turn the conversation to books or a kindred topic, and he is all attention. He has studied the library buildings of the world, and the no emergency arising from accident, that could not be treated more success-fully without any form of fermented or distilled liquors than with." Dr. James building which is to be constructed under his supervision will be a model, so far as it may, with the rather limited sum which congress tardily and grudgingly gave for the preservation of the splendid library which Mr. Spofford has had in keeping and which has so largely accumulated in R. Nichols, editor of the Boston "Journal of Chemistry," records his conviction that "the banishment of alcohol would not deprive us of a single one of the in-dispensable agents which modern civil-ization demands." "In no instance," he adds, "of disease in any form, is it a

the past twenty-two years.

The library of congress, to which Mr. Spofford was appointed librarian by President Lincoln in 1863, then consisted of per-haps 75,000 volumes. Now it contains 750,-000 volumes of books and pamphlets. Then its quarters were considered commodious and capacious; now they are crowded with piles and boxes of books that can not be used because there is not room for their distribution, and many rooms in the basement of the capitol are filled with volumes which cannot be given accommodations in the library itself. Then the salary of the librarian and his assistants was \$6,000 or \$7,000 a year; now their total salaries amount to nearly \$40,000 a year. Then the library was surpassed by many in different parts of the world; now there are but four in the entire world which outrank it. At the rate of increase which has been the rule for many years past, Mr. Spafford will have a round million of books and pamphlets to store away in his new library building when it is completed. The rate of increase in the number of works in the library in the past year has been very rapid. By law every person who copyrights a book must send two copies to the library. Besides this congress gives from \$50,000 to \$75,000 a year for the purchase of books for it, and under the careful management of Mr. Spofford this gives a rapid increase in the number of its works. The library now is increasing at the rate of nearly lifty thousand volumes a year. The collection is a wonderful one. It comprises books in ten different languages, and on many important subjects it has a volume of every work published. Many of the works upon the shelves are especially valuable for their antiquity, while in all new publications, both in this country and elsewhere, it keeps fully up to the times.

The library, while it is called the li-

brary of congress, is really the library of the people. Anybody who visits it may examine at his lessure any of the works upon its shelves, and, by depositing the value of any book may take it to his home and keep it for a considerable time. It is the Mecca of the historian and careful writer from all parts of the country. They travel here to study the works of reference upon its shelves, and any day you may see within its walls men and women of letters studying the valuable records which it contains

The library was founded in 1802 with some 3,000 volumes carefully selected in London. John Randolph was one of its earliest friends and supporters. Jefferson was also its friend, and when he found it necessary to part with his fine collection of books they were promptly purchased by congress and added to the library. It is said that Jefferson shed tears on parting with his library, which was for that time a very line one. Like other features of the great government it has had its reverses. It was destroyed by fire when the British invaded Washington in 1814. They took the books from the library, which was then in the capitol, as it is now, and piled them on the floor of the hall of representatives, set fire to them and then fired the great building. Thirty-seven years later a fire caused by a defective flue destroyed half the library, which consisted of some sixty thousand volumes,

The Earthquake Acquitted. New York Sun: J. Farrington, a cigar dealer of Manhattan avenue, Greenpoint,

accused Richard Jost yesterday of steal "When did my client commit the leged theft?" asked Counselor Roesch.
"Last Tuesday night."
"Did you see him take the cigars?"

"No, but I saw the boxes move, and he was behind them; I found a box in his pocket."

"Tuesday night," said the counselor; "that was the night of the earthquake. Maybe the earthquake caused them to move. And now, sir," he continued, "can you swear that the quake did not cause the boxes to move, and, sir—"
"Twenty-nine days in jail for Jost," in-

BILL'S ROMANCE. COLONEL

An Officer of the Mexican War and His Pretty Wife.

Rumors That Disturbed the Commu nity in Which He Lived-A Triple Tragedy.

The talk about war with Mexico, writes

an Atlanta Constitution correspondent,

recalls a romantic tragedy which grew

out of our struggle with that country forty years ago. When volunteers came marching home hundreds of handsome fellows among them brought Mexican wives with them. Among the fortunate ones was Colonel Bill. I never got at the straight of it, but it was said there was a mystery about the colonel's marriage. Some of his soldiers said that in one of his forays he had captured a Mexican village. He looted the place, picked out the prettiest senoits in it, the daughter of old Don Juan Gomez, a wealthy Castilian, and married her by force of arms, as it were. There was another story even worse than this. It was that the dashing colonel had carried off the beautiful wife of a Mexican. general, and despite her tears and protestations had made her submit to the farce of a marriage ceremony performed

by an army chaplain. These rumors, in various shapes, some times modified and sometimes embellished, were whispered in the society cir-cles of the city of M—— for years after the return of Colonel Bill. I heard something of the story when my boyish curi osity was excited by the somber gloom of a tall, dark mansion in a quiet quarter of the city. At the time I was not old enough to understand the full import of what I heard, but I understood enough to

make me shudder. Colonel Bill was seldom seen on the streets of M—. He passed much of his time on his plantation, a few miles out, and during the winter he spent weeks and months in distant cities. At first it was said that he took his wife with him on his travels, but as the years rolled on he gradually began to neglect her; and he would leave her for six months at a time shut up in the old mansion. The mystery of the place took a strong hold upon my youthful imagination, and I never passed the house without scanning it closely. But it was impossible to make any discoveries. The house stood in the center of spacious grounds, so filled up with trees and tropical shrubbery and flowers that it was difficult to see much from the street. In the rear was a gar-den surrounded by a high brick wall with grated openings, and through these one could see what was going on inside of the inclosure.

One day in passing I heard voices. looked through an opening in the wall and saw the most beautiful woman that my eyes had ever beheld. I knew at once that it was the colonel's wife. She was a young woman, tall and graceful, and her dark face was illuminated by a pair of glorious eyes that seemed to be shining through a mist of tears. This real creature was not alone. She was accompanied by a young girl who appeared to be her maid or companion. The two were conversing in a foreign tongue, and I could not understand a word. The music of their voices impressed me, and I gazed at them so steadily that their attention was attracted. The lady of the mansion looked at me with a sad smile, and made some remark to her companion.

they walked over to the other side of the garden, out of my sight.

Naturally I told what I had seen, and people badgered me to death with questions. I was asked to describe the beautiful Marian lade. tiful Mexican lady. "Did she wear any diamonds?" asked

I answered her that I thought I saw diamon's glittering on her throat, in her bair and on her hands. 'No coubt of it," said my questioner, "but the poor thing has very few of them

'How is that?" I asked.

"Why, don't you know? But of course you don't. Well, when she first came here she had a peck of diamonds. Even on her morning wrappers every button was a diamond."

"And where are they now?" I queried in open-mouthed wonder. "That horrid old Colonel Bill has taken them. The colonel is a very bad man. I can't tell a little boy like you how bad he is. Now, the colonel is always need-ing money for gambling and racing and his other pleasures, and whenever he is in a tight place for a few hundreds he just takes a handful of his wife's dia-monds and that is the last of them."

Such brutal meanness enraged me no a little, and I secretly resolved when I got big enough to give Colonel Bill a genteel thrashing.

In the course of time I caught more than one glimpse of the colonel when he was going to his plantation or returning. He rode a fine horse, and generally dashed along without looking either to the right or to the left. He was a very handsome man of about fifty, but his face was stern and repellant. Selfish ness, cruelty and even murder lursed in that face. Although I had fully made up my mind to call Colonel Bill to a bloody account sometime in the distant future, the sight of him was so hateful to me that I made it a point to get out of the way when I saw him coming. In the meantime I made inquiries about the charming Mexican. People raved over her beauty, but very few had ever seen her. She had never gone into society, and had never been at home to visitors. From the servants little or nothing could be learned. They were afraid of their master and devoted to their mistress Still, it was generally agreed that Colonel Bill was horribly cold and cruel to his wife. He was jealous, too, an absurd thing, as the poor lady never went anywhere, I was told that some two or three years after the couple had settled in M— they were visited by old Don Juan Gomez. The don did not have a bit of use for the wicked colonel, and wanted to kill him, but he yielded to his daughter's entreaties, and before he left shelled out diamonds and doubleons in the most bewildering profusion. Then he sadly went back to his hacienda in Mexico. after exacting a promise from his son-in-iaw to behave himself. So the story ran, and I could not learn how much of it was true and how much false.

One evening just after dusk, I had oc-casion to pass the house in which I felt such a deep interest. A fine-looking man evidently a foreigner, was on the opposite side of the street, looking at the place. He called me over, and in very good English, asked me who lived there. I told him, he thanked me and walked off. I slackened my pace and kept the stranger in view. When he came to the garden wall he paused and looked up and down the street. and down the street. Seeing nobody, he climbed over the projecting bricks at the corner, and vaulted over into the garden like a cat. I was so dumfounded by the proceeding that I struck for home and

by a great effort kept my mouth shut. The next morning the whole city rang with the intelligence of a crime almost without parallel or precedent. When I heard the details I felt a sense of guilty responsibility. Colonel Bill, his wife and and a gentleman had all been murdered the night before. the night before. The servants could throw no light upon the affair. When they retired at a late hour they left Colonel Bill and his wife in the library. In the morning the housemand entered the library and found the three

dead bodies. Each had been stabbed to the heart, and a bloody dagger was found on the floor. In the colonel's hand was a pistol, but it had not been discharged. The bodies of the colonel and his wife lay close together on one side of the room, while the stranger's was on the other side.

Then I made a clean breast of it all. I

had to attend the inquest and when I saw the face of the dead stranger I recognized the man who had questioned me the even ing before and jumped over the garden wall. The lawyers and the authorities were greatly puzzled. There was not the slightest clew to the strange man's iden-Finally the theory that he was either the former hisband or lover of the colonel's wite, and that he had killed the two in a fit of jealous re venge, and then committed suicide Some contended that Colonel Bill had killed the wife and the man and then killed himself, but the undischarged pistol in his hand was against this theory. Efforts were made to trace old Don Juan Gomez, but without result. It was be-lieved that if he could have been found he would have been able to explain some things. As it was, the tragedy had to re-main a mystery. There were no further developments, and other events drove the matter from the public mind.

How A Pitcher's Arm Gives Out.

Detroit Journal; Lon Twitchell, the promising but crippled young pitcher whom the Detroits are holding in re-serve, was taken to Dr. George S. Rich-ards yesterday afternoon by President Marsh, to learn what was the matter with

Twitchell's arm. Twitchell has a right arm that any lady might be proud to possess. It is fair and exceedingly shapely. Besides the beauty that the young man keeps modestly hidden in his coat sleeve there is an abundance of well developed muscle which is perfect in appearance, but de-fective in one little particular spot. There is an important muscle on the under side of the arm, above the elbow, which should be attached to that joint, but is not, and that's what's the matter with Twitchell,

The muscle was detached, Twitchell says, in the game which he pitched for Detroit at Cincinnati early last spring. "That is where I did it," said he, "for af-ter I had pitched one of my hardest and best balls I felt something in my arm give way. That has knocked me out for the whole season.

Twitchell has been resting at Detroit and his Onio home ever since, exercising a little daily and waiting for his arm to get well, though he did not know until yesterday just what was the matter with it. Dr Richards, besides being a promi-nent surgeon, is a gray-haired and baldheaded base ball enthusiast, and an au-thority on pitchers and their troubles, and well up on base ball generally. The doctor advised Twitchell to do nothing

for three or four weeks.

"Do not." he said, lift even a wall of water. That muscle is detached, and it won't heal if you use it. Every night before you go to bed sprinkle it for five minutes with ice water and then rub it thoroughly dry. That will do you more good than a pailfull of prescriptions or ill the electricity there is in a dynamo. You may be able to pitch again in three or four weeks, and you may not, but certain it is that if you continue to use that arm you'll never be worth a base hit as a pitcher. If you had not used your arm since it was hurt you would have been all

Twitchell's arm does not trouble him only when he pitches what he calls his best and speedlest ball. It is a sort of a jump ball, and is very difficult to follow. He throws all other balls without

The Earthquake in Georgia.

Atlanta Constitution: One lady in Jackson county threw open the front door and fired a gun, and was walking the floor with another gun in hand when her husband came home. A gentleman walked the floor with pistol in hand, looking for burglars.

orted in Griffin that a leading counsellor in the prohibition contest rushed from his house into the middle of the road in a single nether garment and yelled to his wife to come out, as the whiskey men were blowing the house up with dynamite.

The jury in the Gilbert Davis case, in Eastman, were in their room in the court house, unable to agree, and, it is said, there was no probability of their arriving at a verdict. After the earthquake was over they agreed in about three minutes. A rather strange incident occurred with colored woman in Barnesville. Anthony, who is in the employ of Mr. T. C. Banks as a cook, was preparing to milk the cow. She had roped the cow and the end of the rope which she held had an iron ring tied to it. formed a loop and caught on the wo-man's finger, as the cow, in fright, at-tempted to get away. The pulling by the cow caused the thumb to be cut off, or rather so near off that the thumb had to be amputated.

The earthquake came near breaking up an inquest on Hutchinson's Island. Capt. Dixon had crossed over to the island investigate the death of Cyrus Campbell, on old negro, who was found dead in a eabin there at noon. The death was sudden, and no one was present, so the coroner concluded to summon a jury. After swearing them they were all told to take seats in the cabin. David More, a darky, was the only witness. He be-gan giving his evidence, and had gotten about down to the time when Campbell was last seen, when the cabin com-menced to rattle. There she goes again," the witness said. His eyes grew double the ordinary size and he started for the door, leaving his evidence half finished. The juror nearest the door waited about half a second, and he gave a leap out. The other jurors gave one glance at the corpse and they saw it move. That was enough for them, and they went out in a bunch, leaving the coroner and the corpse to finish the in-

Public Office a Public Trust. Chicago Tribune: "Do you believe a public office is a public trust?" inquired a seedy-looking man who went into a saloon on the West Side and addressed the barkeeper with protentous solemnity the other evening. "I certainly do," said the dispenser of

cocktails.

"I am glad to find you in accord with the principles held by the official head of the great political body to which I belong," rejoined the seedy party, ap-proaching the bar. "I am one of the Highway Commissioners of the fownship where I live, and have held the office for cleven years. Being unexpectedly detained in the city this evening, and find-ing myself short for ready cash, I have en obliged to fall back upon my long official career as a basis for some trifling business accommodations. As you have just said, a public officer is entitled to public trust, and I would therefore ask for about three tingers of old rye on trust. On my return home I will immediately

The Highway Commissioner was fired out of the saloon in less time than it takes to empty a Bulgarian throne, and another historic utterance of the administration had gone into innocuous desuctude.

Aeronauts in the Water

A large balloon, recently constructed in the imperial technical manufactory at St. Petersburg for the purpose of con-ducting a series of experiments bearing on the use of ballons for military objects, was dispatched from St. Petersburg for Cronstandt. The upper currents of air were to strong to allow of the aeronauts effecting a descent at Croastadt and they were carried on toward Oranienbaum, but the wind rising they were swept out | narrow escape.

to sea, and at last the balloon fell into sea nineteen miles from Cape Karavaldia, in the midst of a violent storm of wind and rain. The three occupants of the car would certainly have been lost and the accident not been sighted by an English vessel. The captain at once put about and rescued them from their peril-ous position and took them safely to

A BOLD AMERICAN GIRL.

Cornstadt.

She Burlesques Liszt to His Face, and Breaks the Piano Stool and Strings.

Boston Herald Liszt was a strange compound of strength and weakness, but is weaknesses harmed no one but him-An article on this subject, quoted om a Paris Journal, may interest your readers, and gives one a very amusing idea of Liszt's life in Rome during the pontificate of Pius IX.: "The familiar card of the Princess X. made one day a sudden sensation in social circles. It ran thus: "Come and take an ice with me to morrow evening."

We shall hear Liszt. Liszt was the god of the hour. Gossip was busy with his friendship for Mrne. de W. It was said that the lady had exacted from the celebrated manist the legitimate ratifcation of their affection; that Liszt, averse to marriage, had interposed be ween his friend and nimself the obstacle of his sacred engagement to take boly orders. All wondered at the sudden in vestment of the artist with clerical vest-ments, and curiosity not entirely divested of malice, was excited. 'We shall hear Not one of the bidden guests failed to

accept the summons of the Princess X.
Old Roman patricians, the foreign
colony, English, Americans, the corps
diplomatique, officers of the pontificial
army, many prelates and even cardinals, gathered in her salon, happy for the promised attraction, and promising themselves the pleasure of hearing the illustrious plants and new abbe. Liszt appeared. The long black robe became his tall, thin figure. He wore it without embarrassmeut, with that weary and haughty expression which never really left him. He received with dignity the homage of the lovely ladies, saluting them majestically, scarcely deigning to open his lips, and producing upon the spectators, especially the young and timid, a feeling of awe. They found the atmosphere of the room imbued with his presence. The more courageous brought him champagne and lemon ice, but their hands trembled while doing it. One whispered as if in church. One feared to disturb the repose of the lion. The evening advanced, and still the mas-ter had not approached the grand Erard which stood open for him. The Princess X. at last decided to solicit him to play. The guests breathlessiy awaited hoped-for pleasure; they placed themselves in the most favorable positions for hearing. The discrete murmur of con-versation stopped altogether. It was an hour of ectasy. But Liszt had nerve; he refused to take his place at the piano. The princess insisted; she reminded him that he had played at the Colonna palace. Why should be not play here?

'Liszt, cold and immovable, answered briefly, 'I will not play!' "The Princess was desperate. Her guess had been brought here by a false hope. In the midst of the general silence colloquy became pain ui. A few charitable souls came to the rescue; a prelate interfered. The master was obstinate. The prettiest women deluged him with eloquent solicitations and sup-plicating looks. All efforts failed. The great spirit remained cold, and he declined in a tone cutting and incisive. seductions were powerless to move him.
"In the midst of the general dismay, a

young lady, excited and irritated like all the rest, rose and addressed in these terms the unfortunate mistress of the house, who sat upon thorns: Dear Princess, the master has refused us the great happiness his presence made us hope for. We cannot hear his divine harmonies! But, since our friends ex-pect music, I will, although very un-worthy, offer my modest assistance. I

will go to the piano." 'The stupegetion could not have been greater if one had seen the cupola of St. Peter's perform a fandango. The benumbed audience watched curiously the young woman. It was an American, very gay, very daring, very witty, well-known for her eccentricities, but a woman of mind and real talent, and so young and pretty that no one could find fault with She gracefully ungloved her hands, while the princess murmured her astonished thanks, seized the arm of the first cavaler who presented himself, and went and seated herself on the plano stool. This scene attracted a wondering attention. For a while everybody forgo Liszt for the beautiful eyes of her who took his place. With the precision of an artiste, but the mischief of a child, she preluded brilliantly. But the piece! Oh, the piece! It was a parody extra noisy of the most noisy composition of Liszt And what gave piquancy to the thing was that the executante imitated exactly the method of the master. The notes vibrated more and more under her furious at tacks; they growled angrily; the hands ran as if they mad over the electrified keys. Soon it was not only the finger but the fist which hammered the note, or perhaps the arm, and even the

struck the ivory in burlesque chords.
"The American lady was no longer seated-she played standing, her eyes raised to heaven, the head turned up, rolling her glances, either swooning or maddened, about the room, and shaking herself like an evil spirit. Finally her hair, shaken as if by a whirlwind, escaped from the comb and fell in a sheet about her shoulders. She interrupted her play, raising herself with a gesture toward her forehead, exactly like the master, then panting, exhausted, laid on with all her force the last hourse chord and let her self fall upon the piano stool, apparently half fainting. The tabouret broke with a groan, and at the same moment some of the strings of the piano cracked under this last pressure.

"Never shall I forget the effect of this joke, doubtful as it was or the whole. The guests forgot all decorum, they writhed with laughter, they held their sides, they went. The thing was so unexpected, she was so droll, that no one could check the gayety of this immense salon. The good princess could only follow the tide. And the master? He grew wan, green and red by turns, and picked nervously at the buttons of his new cassock. He threw a wandering glance upon the audience. No one dared to fix his gaze upon him, they were all well bred, but they laughed aloud, al-though without malice or any intention of being insulting or aggressive. Thus the abbe was enabled to gain the door and glide out without being perceived. The lesson was severe, I admit, but it has borne fruit. Since then one has rurely seen the abbe. Liszt protect bimself too much from his admirers. A gracious and well-timed prayer has rarely found him

No Elephant Lung Tester.

Chicago Tribune: A man who caras his living by traveling alou with a langtester was in Indianapois the other day. He was approached by a tall, well-fed personage, who handed him 5 cents and prepared to blow in his machine.

"Hold on-hold on a minute!" said the street faker, excitedly, as he scanned his customera moment and jerked the tube out of his hand, "ain't you Dan Voor-

"I am D. W. Voorhees," replied the tall man in some surprise.

"Then you can't touch this machine. I wouldn't have it burst for \$50. Here is your nickel. This ain't no elephant lung-

tester. And shouldering his machine the mar walked rapidly away, as if he had had a

OHIO SCOOPS THE COUNTRY.

A Youngstown News Hound Outwits : King and Takes the Pedro.

A Successful Trick on the Emperor of Brazil, and the Subsequent Interview-A Spanish Grand Bounce from the Train.

Detroit Free Press: In newspaper reporting the race is not always to the man who draws a fat salary, or the battle to him who travels with a stenographer. These remarks do not constitute the infreduction of a sermon directed against the sin of journalistic pride; they simply preface an anecdote, sad, simple, and all too true, which I believe has never yet appeared in print.

It was ten years ago, more or less, that his majesty Dom Pedro, emperor of Brail, developed a desire to see the Yankee lephant and set out, with all the dignity and pomp befitting his royal station, to make the grand tour of the United States. He had carefully read the papers of the land of the freedom, and was doubly armed against the dangers. No fellow traveler on the ears could hope to get a rise from him, by dealing him four kings and an see in a friendly game of euchre; the man with an express package or a lettery prize awaiting him, was as clay in Pedro's hands, and if a passer on the street chanced to find a glove with a ring in it, Pedro gently tapped his nose and remarked that he was not in the market for jewelry. One further and unjust prejudice had the emperor; he learned and shunned the innocent reporter, with all the terror that marks the bachelor's flight from the mite so-He would not be interviewed and so that settled it, and as he was sur-rounded by grooms of the bedchamber. royal rat catchers, nobles of the closet and imperial body guardsmen, six feet by two in size, with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, he was in a position to bring the average newsgatherer to his

own view of the case.

The best and sharpest New York reporters were put on the assignment. They secured places as waiters, but he had his own table servants; they "hired out" as chambermaids, but the grooms of the im-perial bedchambers were not to be ousted from office; they engaged themselves as cabmen, policemen, barkeepers and threw themselves in the path of royalty

at every turn, but all in vain.

At last came the time when Pedro cointed his royal nose toward the receding star of empire and left New York. He journeyed by special train, accompanied by his suite and watched over by his faithful guards. Attached to the train was a carload of gilt-edged correspondents, not one of whom had ever been within reach of the royal boot. The train came west via the Erie and the Atlantic & Great Western, now the New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio roads, and Youngstown the emperor met his fate.

The city editor of the Youngstown

News was then a man named Fassett. He had represented his paper at Columbus, and had hit so hard at certain statesmen as to come within an ace of osing the privileges of the chambers. He had a scent for news that was something wonderful; a fecundity of production appalling; and he wrote a hand of which, it is true, as was said of Horace Greeley's, that no editor or compositor could handle it and be a Christian. I have edited column after column of it. He dressed like a reduced old clo'man, working off his dead stock, and his hair and beard suggested a haystack as his habitual couch. With it all, he was a good reporter, a good fellow, and every one, save the vicims of his terrible pen, thoroughly liked

It chanced that Todd, the war governor of Ohio and a citizen of Youngstown, had been the representative of the United States at the court of Dom Pedro, and that the emperor held him in the highest esteem. Now, Fassett happened to possess one of Todd's visiting cards, and a brilliant idea striking him, he wrote his name across the back, ran out to the junction and awaited the train. it came he mounted the platform of the imperial car and endeavored to enter but was halted by two crossed muskets. Then he handed the card to one of the soldiers, with Todd's name exposed. After a short consultation in choice Rio Janeiroese the captain of the guard was summoned, took the card, disappeared, returned, the muskets were raised, and fassett was obsequiously ushered into

Dom Pedro was standing in the middle of the car with a smile of welcome his face. As he saw his celler it faded into a look of puzzled surprise.
'I thought it was Mr. Todd,' he said.
"No," said Fassett; 'I am'-

"A friend of his, no doubt: be seated." So the two sat side by side. The emerior asked Fassett what tribe he longed to, and, finding he was not an Indian, the conversation turned to matters Brazilian—the resources, railroads, parties, religion and prospects of the country—the very pink of a perfect interview. So it went on for an hour, as the train sped toward Cleveland, and might have continued to the journey's end, had not the emperor fired a lot of statistics at Fassett, which the latter was afraid he should forget. Just then Dom Pedro turned his back for an instant, and, in an evil moment, Fassett tried to take the figures down on his cuff, and was detected by a sudden movement of his companion. The anger of the emperor was something terrible.

'Are you a reporter?' he asked say agely. "Yes, your majesty," was the quiet,un-abashed answer. "My name is Fassett. am city editor of the Youngstown News. Here is my business card. I intended to tell you at first, but you took the words out of my mouth and I didn't like to con-

"Miguei," shouted his majesty. "Stopez el trancano et firez ce traddetore! It was done. Fassett was dropped be een stations, but he caught on to the platform of the press car and there he was a lion. Joe Howard offered him \$500 and Howard Carroll a staff position to deplicate his matter but he was adamant, and so the Youngstown Neww "scooped" the country A few years later the people of the Mahoning district arose n their might and made Fassett a state

Painful Incidents at a Faneral. Pall Mail Gazette: The following pro-

seedings are alleged to have taken place I the interment of a man named Young, at Minster, near Ramsgate. The remains of the deceased were conveyed to Minster Wesleyan chapel, where part of the service was read. The funeral then proceeded to the churchyard, where it was found that the grave was too sm The gravedigger set to work to enlarge it, and subsequently the coffin was low-ered, but jammed before it reached the bottom. A further scene then occurred. The coffin was then tagged up, and event ually the gravedegger, in cotting away the side of the grave, came four of souther coffin, said to contain the remains of the wife of the man being buried. The spade went through the coffin and cut away a portion of the remains, which was thrown at the fact of the mourners a daughter of the deceased being among them. After some time the grave was sufficiently enlarged, and the funeral proceeded.

A prisoner in the Elicton, Onio, jail, charged with murder, spends his time counting the letters, words, verses and chapters in the bilde. The claims to have made a complete count, and is veryly