GOV. THAYER FIRES HOT SHOT

He Meets the Voters of Omaha and Defends Himself.

YOUNG SMYTH CAME FORWARD.

The Embryo Politician This Morning Wishes He Had Remained Backward—The Speech and the Incidents Thereof.

The Governor's Meeting.

The announcement that Governor John M. Thayer was to speak on the political issues of the present campaign was the means of drawing a large and representative body of citizens to the council chamber last night. Just as the sombreness of night began to envelop the city, individuals imbued with political patriotism might be seen propelling themselves in the direction of the exposition building, and when the hour of speechmaking arrived every inch of standing room and other available space in the hall was preempted. In fact, hundreds were compelled to retrace their steps on account of the throngs that crowded the aisles and doorways.

At precisely 8 o'clock Major T. S. Clarkson and John L. Webster, together with the remaining members of the escort committee, entered the hall, followed by Governor Thayer. As soon as the audience caught sight of the chief executive of the state, the cheering and applause resounded throughout the hallway and was almost deafening. Governor Thayer was escorted to the platform, where he was seated. The Omaha Guards band rendered a series of national airs, after which a Mr. Garrotte rendered a vocal parody on the "Old Oaken Bucket."

At this point Major Clarkson, in a brief speech, reviewed the issues of the campaign in Douglas county. He stated that the citizens present would have the pleasure of listening to the voice of a man that came to Omaha to speak in his own defense. He reviewed the record of Governor Thayer as a soldier, and stated that he (Thayer) was at a post of duty in defending the union when his antagonizers were reaping rewards from his life-strained efforts. He concluded by introducing Governor Thayer, who spoke as follows:

This is a national issue, and one that calls for the exercise of good judgment. I am here to-night upon an issue that is well known to most of you. I propose to-night to unfold a gigantic conspiracy that found its birth in Omaha and in the city of Washington. I have been assailed by members of the element giving birth to this conspiracy, and I intend to give you my views in return. I propose to show up the record of John A. McShane, my opponent, but I will not indulge in personalities. I invited Mr. McShane to meet me before the people, but he ignored my personal letters in two different instances. The action of John A. McShane in this respect bespeaks the most ignoble tenor of cowardice. In the Herald, McShane's paper, I have been assailed, and I hold McShane responsible for its utterances. My fellow citizens, I am in the fight and propose to stand at my post of duty. I have resided here for thirty-four years; and I am willing that my career, my character and my official record be held up before the most scrutinizing eye in the democratic ranks. I was here protecting firesides in years gone by from the ravages of the Indians. I carried our emblem—the stars and stripes—under a rebel cannonade at Donalson, and afterward at Shiloh. Where my opposers were at that time I know not.

At this juncture he held up a piece of parchment upon which was printed a series of implied questions and charges concerning the manner in which the convict labor bill was formulated and the indiscreet way in which it was approved by him as governor. Pointing out into the sea of faces he inquired, "Is Mr. C. J. Smyth in the audience?"

"He is," came a voice from the rear of the chamber.

"Come forward."

C. J. Smyth made his way to the stand and read a series of questions and charges while silence reigned throughout the spacious hall. As soon as he completed reading the charges the governor said:

"I will give Mr. Smyth the credit of being a versatile liar. These charges are false and malicious."

Smyth—"Hold on, I can prove that they are true."

Governor Thayer—By whom?

Smyth—By Senator Moore, of Lancaster county. I can prove that you requested him to vote for the bill.

Governor Thayer—You are a liar, sir, and you take the sacred right of this opportunity to exercise your untruthfulness.

Smyth—With all due respect to your position and your age, I cannot refrain from denouncing you as a falsifier, and when you say that my statements are untrue you utter a statement that to you, sir, is known to be a lie in its broadest sense.

The Governor—I reflect with an eye of pity upon the attitude taken by this man Smyth. He is here as an instrument of John McShane and a tool for a political clique. I have too much respect for him to express myself on his record, for it would throw light upon certain matters connected with his career that would be lamentable. A shyster in politics and a knave in office you find in him. My advice to you, Mr. Smyth, is to stand back from the scrutinizing eye of justice which in your case, sir, is suppressed.

The house was in an uproar and it was difficult for the chairman to restore order. Mr. Smyth then took a seat and the governor concluded, saying:

I approved that bill for the reason that it was the means of saving to this state nearly $100,000. The obtaining of a contract of this tenor necessitates a vast expenditure of money by the contractor, and for this reason the contract was awarded under the existing system. Why did not Mr. Smyth raise his voice against the men who voted for it, at the time? He was a member of the legislature that passed the bill; two of his colleagues—members of the Knights of Labor—voted for it; twenty-one democratic members of the house voted for it, and still I am held up to public ridicule because I approved of the bill. I will say that Mr. Smyth may feel somewhat disappointed in my not giving him a position on my staff as per his request, and in fact I know of no other reason why he should father such statements.

Smyth—You promised me a position on your staff, provided I would throw my support in a direction dictated by you. But, sir, I promptly refused to countenance your contract, and I stand here to prove it.

Governor Thayer—That is not so, and I care not under what roof I pronounce its falsity. But I am not here to quarrel with Mr. Smyth or anybody else. I am here for a nobler purpose.

Continuing he said: The convict labor issue is one that has been magnified by the democrats of this state since the present issues came up. To tell the truth I signed the bill to prevent the formation of a ring—a prison ring as McShane's paper would term it. Had I vetoed the bill it would have resulted in the formation of a ring, and I turn to the condition of other states to bear me out in this statement. You have a ring in Omaha, and one of no little magnitude. How have some of these fellows, that now pose before you, made their millions of wealth? How, I ask you? Does not the circumstance intimate very plainly that an element possessing long fingers was at work? Yes, the question is openly answered by the existing ring in Omaha to-day.

Now, let me turn to the record of McShane. I stated that I would unearth a conspiracy. It is this. A plan has been formed to capture the next democratic United States senator from Nebraska by the democrats. It is important to them. It would give them a close claim to a majority in the United States senate, and should Cleveland be elected, he would have full sway and unlimited power, politically; and should Harrison be elected, his actions would be shackled by the opposition of a democratic body which is an important factor. Now, without reflecting upon the high tribunals of this government I can not express myself in the language which the circumstances demand. Here we have Lamar on the supreme bench of the United States, a man to act upon our destiny, who in 1861 left the congressional chambers and took up a stand in arms to crush the constitution of a government he had sworn to protect. I must turn to McShane's record. In his letter of acceptance he states that he is in favor of the high license law. So am I. But when that law came up for passage John A. McShane voted against it. His position on the railroad laws in his letter of acceptance is very curious. He approves the matter of the reduction of railroad rates, but when an act came up before the house of which he was a member in that light, John McShane voted "No." [Applause]. He now extends a pitiable bow to the old soldier, he is wanting votes. I wanted McShane on the platform beside me on this occasion so that I could present his record to his face. He dare not face the fusilade he knows is in store for him. He voted against the bill regulating the payment by railroads of a stipulated amount to individuals maimed in their employ. He voted "no" on a memorial sent to congress to the effect that all soldiers having been in the service of the government bearing an honorable discharge after reaching the age of fifty years, should be placed on the pension list. But mind you he now asks the soldier's support. While in the civil war I was brought in contact with the colored soldier. I had three companies under my command of that class of soldiers. They were brave and stood by our flag, and when I returned to this state after the war was over, I stood right here in this city and declared that if the colored man was good enough to fight by my side, he was also good enough to vote by my side. The democrats endeavored to create the impression that because I refused to recognize a requisition for a man—a citizen of Nebraska—from the governor of Louisana because his victim was colored, that I disliked the colored man. Now I want to say right here that I will protect any citizen, white or black, and I do not think I would even have released Morrisey or my friend Smyth should they have been on the desired list. [Laughter.] But McShane's record comes up before me like a dream. I cannot refrain from reflecting upon the career of a man who so wantonly and indiscreetly abuses his and our people. He cries out against the Pinkertons. So do I. I opposed the placing of police powers in the hands of such men, but it was not within my jurisdiction. I consulted the general manager of the Burlington and endeavored to have him abandon that source of protection, but without avail. That was the extent of my power as governor.

In concluding his remarks the governor dwelt to a considerable extent on political aspects generally, and charged the democrats with conducting a boodle campaign.

John L. Webster was next presented to the audience. He ridiculed Cleveland's position on the tariff and commented to a considerable extent upon the military career of Governor Thayer. He reviewed Lord Sackville-West's letter and linked with it the doctrine of J. Sterling Morton and the Cobden club.

A Pompeian Home.

Woman's World: It was most frequently in the upper part of the house that the ladies of the family had their sleeping apartments, though these were sometimes arranged round the peristyle or second of the two open courts on the ground floor; the first and largest being the atrium, a large court with splendid mosaic pavement, rich frescoes, and many statues and columns. An open space in the roof let in the air and light and a shallow marble tank beneath collected the rain water, and was generally also furnished with a small jet of spring water, flowing from the beak of a bronze goose held by a beautiful boy, or some other similar statuette. This part of the mansion and the rooms adjoining it were more especially set apart for the master, who, when a person of consequence and wealth, as we may suppose the husband of our lady to be, received every morning crowds of friends, clients, and hangers-on of every description. The rooms allotted to the gentlemen of the family were ranged on each side of the atrium, small for the most part, and only receiving light and air from the doorway; the bed often rested on a niche built in the wall, or on a bedstead of wood with bronze corners. But even these small and comparatively dark rooms were adorned with wall decorations of the most graceful description, and in the most tasteful and brilliant colors. Beyond the atrium, and between it and the peristyle, was the reception room for state occasions; here were kept the statues or busts of the ancestors, and the family archives and pompous inscriptions on the walls often testified to the fame and glory of the house. Near this apartment was the library, where connoisseurship and dilettantism in matters appertaining to the fine arts were displayed; for the Pompeians expended fabulous sums in the purchase of antiquities found in the early Greek graves and elsewhere, and in bronze figures and other works. No doubt some traits of the excessive luxury which prevailed in Rome during the latter days of the empire reached the distant walls of commercial Pompeii; and, as in Rome the villas and palaces of the aristocracy became the depository of collections, so the houses of the wealthy who choose Pompeii for their country residence or seaside resort, also contained numberless precious artistic works, and the love of beauty displayed even in the humblest dwelling proves that an æsthetic taste was universally spread among the inhabitants.

We must not forget that the ease and luxury of the wealthy classes rested on the background of slavery, so that our Pompeian lady left all the more serious work of the household to her women-slaves, many of whom were no doubt confidential and trusted servants. Music was a favorite amusement among the ladies; they were by no means ignorant of literature, and took an interest in public life, being emancipated from the severe control of the earlier Roman period. But in the joyous life under the southern sunny clime, even the slaves shared in the ease and gaiety of their mistresses, playing and singing before them, or in their leisure hours, playing the old, old game of chuckstones, or knuckle-bones, with the actual knuckle-bones of the sheep they had probably consumed at dinner, as we see them depicted in a drawing in red chalk in the museum at Naples. Other diversions they found in household pets, among which were quails, rock-pigeons (the colored varieties and fancy breeds were unknown), peacocks, parrots, guinea-fowls, "that beautiful bird speckled all over with pearls of tears," swans, and geese, of all of which we find life-like representations among the fresco paintings. But it is worthy of remark that cats were then unknown as domestic animals, the figure of one mangling a quail, introduced into the mural decorations, being evidently the wild variety by its special characteristics. This explains the fact that no skeletons of these animals were exhumed from the buried city.

Relieved.

Boston Courier: "Are you up stairs, Nellie?" shouted a husband, who on returning from business found that, contrary to custom, his wife was not waiting to receive him.

"Misses went out this morning, sir," said a servant, coming up from the regions below, "and she hasn't returned since."

"Gracious heavens!" he exclaimed to himself, "she can't have run away and left me. I have given her no cause."

"She went down town to match a ribbon, sir," added the servant.

"Ah!" he murmured to himself, immensely relieved. "Gone shopping. It's all right. She'll return after all the stores are closed."

Love's Revision.

Philadelphia Record: Sweet girl: "Why do you wish the wedding postponed, Arthur?" Arthur: "My darling, the expected addition to my salary has not been made, and I have only $600 a year." "Never mind, dear, we'll get along. Remember the old adage: 'When love comes in at the door, poverty flies out the window.'"

WATTERSON ON THE TARIFF.

The Louisville Editor Discourses to a Chicago Audience.

THURMAN IN WEST VIRGINIA.

The Old Roman Tendered an Enthusiastic Reception at Wheeling—Butler Speaks at Detroit—Other Political.

Watterson at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Oct. 29.—Seven thousand people crowded in Battery D to-night to listen to a speech by Hon. Henry Watterson on the issues of the day. The distinguished Kentuckian spoke under the auspices of the Iroquois club, and was introduced by Gen. Newberry, recently appointed postmaster of Chicago. Mr. Watterson spoke as follows:

Fellow democrats and fellow citizens: If I should happen to touch upon the tariff in the course of what I am about to say to you, I hope you wont be shocked. The truth is, that in that tariff matter, it was a long time between drinks, now wasn't it? They used to to tell a story down in Atlanta which grew to be so personal that in sheer desperation I began telling it myself. It was all about a certain Georgia major who submitted to every manner of insult from his guests on account of hospitality, until the luckless visitor, having exhausted all other methods of affront, attempted to discuss the tariff, when he was promptly pitched out of the window.

The times have changed since then. Anyhow, I am going to risk your pitching me out of the window to-night. I find in this morning's Chicago Tribune a leading editorial which undertakes to establish two things—first, that the bloody-minded rebels of the south, who are still upon the war path, are seeking to break up the industries of the country, in order that they may get cheap goods and cheap labor, and second, that I am personally engaged in this conspiracy. I confess that I am unable to understand how the south can get cheap goods without the north's getting them, and the east's getting them, and the west's getting them. My old friend, Joseph Medill, has made that so plain that I need not elaborate it. As to cheap labor Judge Kelley, of Philadelphia, is on record as a witness to the fact—if statistics did not abundantly show it—that the south is paying higher wages to its work people than are paid in any other part of the world. As to my own designs upon the industries of the country, let me say that they are strictly honorable and have been given with resonance and publicity, which take them at least out of the category of conspiracy. I believe that the government has no right to tax one man for the benefit of another man; that its powers of taxation are limited to levying the collection of money enough for its own support, and, therefore, I am in favor of reaching as soon as we can the strictly revenue standard of the constitution—a tariff exclusively for public purposes, a tariff for revenue only.

Mr. Watterson then took up the tariff question in detail and spoke at considerable length.

The Day at Indianapolis.

INDIANAPOLIS, Oct. 29.—There was a significant quietness about the political headquarters to-day and a good deal of quiet canvassing. Hon. John F. Finerty of Chicago addressed an audience of 5,000 to-night at Tomlinson's hall. He was tendered a most enthusiastic reception by the Irish republican and other local organizations. Four hundred survivors of the Seventieth regiment, Indiana volunteers, General Harrison's regiment, have signed an address, which will be published in the morning, congratulating themselves on the nomination of General Harrison, reciting in generous terms his treatment of them through the war, expressing their attachment for him as a soldier, and their gratification in zealously following his leadership to-day.

Mayor Denny to-day called together the chief marshals of the democratic and republican parades, set for Saturday night, also the chairmen of the democratic and republican county committees. They were in consultation a long time. Both parties refused to abandon their intended demonstration, and each have published a long list of officers for the occasion. It was finally agreed that each party should parade upon certain streets. To this end the mayor drew up a formal written agreement, giving the line of march and time for starting and disbanding each column, and both marshals have signed the agreement. The mayor hopes that this arrangement may avert any conflict, but is dissatisfied that both sides will not agree to abandon their demonstration. The chief marshals have pledged to take special efforts to prevent any trouble. Meantime both sides are redoubling their efforts to get out all their clubs and make a great showing.

General Harrison passed the day quietly at home, receiving the usual number of callers.

Ex-Senator Joseph E. McDonald, in an interview to-day, expressed the opinion that the letter of Minister West will help instead of hurt the democratic party, because its chief effect will be to show the desperation of the republican cause.

Speaker Carlisle was in the city this morning, en route to Anderson, where he spoke this afternoon, and returned to the city by the evening train. Regarding Lord Sackville's letter, Mr. Carlisle said: "The letter will have no effect;" adding, "There is nothing in his letter that can do us any damage." Carlisle speaks at Lebanon to-morrow, closing his canvass at Madison on November 2.

A citizens committee of one hundred, A. B. Conduitt, president, to-day issued several hundred large flaming red posters, which are being conspicuously displayed about the city, offering $100 reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of any illegal voter, or any officer of election who deposits a challenged ballot before it has been determined whether the person is entitled to vote. The posters recite at length the statutes bearing on the commission of election frauds, giving penalties, and closing by guaranteeing the payment of the reward to the informer on the day of conviction of each offender. These posters will be sent into every precinct in the state. Three committees and organizations created for the avowed purpose of securing an honest and fair election are thus far co-operating in their work. They have been provided by the democratic county and state committees with lists containing the names of a large number of suspected illegal voters.

Perhaps no speaker on either side has made more addresses or been over the state quite as thoroughly as Governor Gray. He speaks to-morrow at New Albany. In a brief conversation to-night on the political outlook in Indiana the governor said: "I am willing to stake my reputation on the statement that Indiana will go democratic, with no qualifying 'ifs' or reservations."

Thurman Resumes His Travels.

WHEELING, W. Va., Oct. 29.—Judge Thurman and his son, Allen W., left Columbus at 11:20 this morning, and until Zanesville was reached had a quiet time. At that place 500 men had come together to greet the "Old Roman," and when he appeared on the platform he was cheered lustily. He thanked them heartily for their greeting, but his remarks were cut short by a dog fight in the midst of the crowd. When the dogs had been driven away, and after a short time spent in handshaking, the judge made a short speech, in which he advised all democrats present to vote according to their own conscience, but adding that he should vote for that great and good man, Grover Cleveland. Cambridge turned out a crowd of 200 people, with whom the judge carried on a lively conversation. During the time the train stopped someone in the crowd asked: "Will that West letter have any influence on the election?"

"Oh, no; that fellow has not enough brains to hurt anything," laughingly replied the judge. "It was too transparent a trick to draw him into a scrape to have any influence with the people. It was simply a ridiculous campaign dodge."

At Barnesville fifty or more people were at the depot and gave the judge a greeting. He enjoyed a short talk with some old friends, but the stop was short and the train was hurried on to Bellaire, where between 100 and 200 people stood on the platform and cheered, while the reception committee from Wheeling entered the train and formally welcomed the judge to West Virginia.

From Benwood up to Wheeling the cheering people made themselves heard all along the way, and when the Wheeling depot was reached a crowd of most enthusiastic democrats gave a rousing welcome to the party, fireworks adding to the noise. Judge Thurman was at once driven to the Windsor hotel, where he will remain while in the city. To-morrow morning there will be a daylight parade, in the afternoon a number of speeches, and in the evening a torch-light procession and Judge Thurman's address at the rink.

Heading Off Roorbacks.

NEW YORK, Oct. 29.—[Special Telegram to THE BEE.]—The committee on schemes of the national democratic committee was in session to-day. It is said that some new ideas were hatched that will be given to the public late this week. Although it was an executive session, some of the schemes discussed managed to get out. It is said that the pet scheme is to get out a circular on Saturday or Sunday, too late to be successfully denied in every quarter where it will be circulated, stating that the reward offered for the man or men who would prove that Harrison said $1 a day was enough for workingmen had been paid. They will show that the money had been paid after being duly awarded by an authorized tribunal. The whole thing, of course, will be a democratic concoction, and Gould, who makes an affidavit that he heard General Harrison say something about $1 a day, will be given the reward offered by the Indianapolis Journal. Everything will be bogus, but it is said that they hope to circulate it so judiciously that voters will have no time to inform themselves as to its truth or falsity before election. It will have no effect whatever, because the working people know already that the assertion credited to Harrison is a bold and malicious invention. The other scheme discussed is more dangerous than the $1 a day lie. It is said that the committee intends to trump up some charge on which to arrest Chairman Quay, of the republican national committee. It is a desperate game, but the chances of democratic success are becoming so small that they are willing to risk a great deal to try and turn the tide. Chairman Quay was busy at headquarters to-day and as calm as if he had never heard of the democratic national committee, much less of the rumor that he was to be arrested. He did not care to say anything. A reporter learned that the democratic scheme was known by Senator Quay, and that he did not lose any sleep last night over it. The democrats are said to think that the arrest of the chairman of the republican committee will have some effect, and materially aid their party. Half a dozen other schemes may be invented before the election, to try and retrieve the waning fortunes of the democratic party, but they will not work.

Ben Butler at Detroit.

DETROIT, Oct. 29.—General Benjamin F. Butler spoke to the largest political gathering of the campaign at the Detroit rink to-night. The large building was completely packed, while several thousand people got no nearer than outside the doors. The general was in poor voice, and it was with difficulty that he made himself heard. He began by saying that he was an old man, and that his political days are over. He had been a greenbacker and was proud of it. There no longer existed any necessity for the greenback party, as they had secured all they wanted. It made no difference to him, he said, who was president, a president could not do much harm anyway, but he preferred to see Harrison elected, because he believed in protection for capital and labor. General Butler then proceeded to an elaborate discussion of the tariff and the Mills bill. Referring to the Sackville-West letter, he said it made no difference whether the Murchison letter was a forgery or not, as that of the British minister was not.

Murchison Still Masked.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Oct. 29.—The identity of the mysterious Charles F. Murchison, writer of the Pomona letter to Minister Sackville West, is still a secret. There is no truth in the story telegraphed from here that W. A. Bell, a lawyer of Pomona, is the real writer of the letter. This is given on the authority of Colonel H. G. Otis, editor of the Times of this city, who has been in the secret from the first and who stated to an Associated Press representative that the story was absolutely untrue. When asked when the name would be given to the public Colonel Otis replied that he could not answer except to say that it will be made public when the necessities of the case require it. The Associated Press representative obtained from him an emphatic denial that he was the author of the letter.

POMONA, Cal., Oct. 29.—Four detectives have been here a few days searching for clues to the identity of the Murchison letter. Chairman Barnum has sent word from the national democratic committee to spare no expense, and especially ascertain if Patrick Egan had anything to do with the authorship of the letter.

"Well, I Did It."

WILMINGTON, Del., Oct. 29.—To a reporter of the Morning News Secretary Bayard said to-day in regard to the letter of Lord Sackville West: "It was written a month ago, and they have had possession of it three weeks. Under other circumstances it would be of no importance. I first heard of it when Mr. Blaine used it in his New York speech. I gave it no attention, as I knew that everything was fuel to Blaine's fire. It was a stupid thing to do, and when the minister showed me the original letter I expressed surprise that he should have replied to it under the circumstances. He replied: 'Well, I did it.'"

A Big Political Blunder.

NEW YORK, Oct. 39.—Another local political sensation was started this afternoon by the Evening Sun. By a state law all public offices are ordered closed after 12 o'clock, noon, on Saturday. Notwithstanding this law, the registration offices were kept open last Saturday all day and over 33,000 persons registered. As it is impossible to separate who registered before noon from those who registered later, the Sun states that the entire list may have to be thrown out. The Sun interviewed fifty of the leading lawyers in the city, and states that they all held that registration is a public office and within the scope of the Saturday half-holiday law.

Mountain and Mite.

Chicago Mail: A woman large enough to make a side show was the complainant in a case against her husband before Justice Woodman at Chicago.

"And this is the man who licked her," said Lieutenant Beck, as the husband came into the dock in front of the justice.

He was very short, very thin and half paralyzed. The right hand he was unable to raise, so he raised his left to make oath, and one foot dragged on the ground as he hobbled along on a crutch.

"So you don't think he hit me, eh?" she exclaimed. "Well, here's the proof of it. Here's the proof of it."

And she exposed her throat, showing three little scars.

"There's where he stuck the fork into me—and he shoved it in deep. Then he hit me on the arm; then he pushed me down and hit me with his fist. He don't support me. Sometimes I do washing, but mother does the work and pays the bills. Oh, he's an awful man, and beats me and beats me."

"Shall I send him to the bridewell?" asked Justice Woodman.

"Oh, no, your honor, don't send him to the bridewell. Just make him leave me alone."

"Go on home, Tom, and behave yourself. Don't beat her, Tom, don't beat her," and the justice wrote "discharged" as Tom Sutton hobbled out of court, followed by his ponderous wife. They went to their bare rooms at No. 73 North Green street, where the county agent will send them food.

Still Hopeful.

Cincinnati Telegram: Stranger in Washington City: "What place is this?" Policeman: "This is the United States postoffice department building." Stranger: "Why are all those men standing about here?" Policeman: "They are awaiting appointments as pall-bearers in the dead letter office."

A TALK TO THE KNIGHTS.

Grand Lecturer Wheaton Speaks on the Aims of the Order.

Metz Hall was well filled last night with Knights of Labor and their friends, who gathered to hear Grand Lecturer Wheaten speak on the aims and principles of the Knights of Labor. The lecturer was introduced by W. J. Lavender, and asked for a fair and unprejudiced hearing such as he had met throughout the country. Prejudice is the barrier to every human progress, and is the creed of human owls who hoot out their antipathy to any new light, but though they hoot the light still burns. Society is divided into three classes, the upper crust, consisting of millionaires, of whom there were only two before the war and who now number 7,300; the monopolists, trusts, cornerers, tories, shoddyists and the poor people who still cling to the apron strings of monopoly, satisfied with the crumbs that fall from the rich men's tables: the lower crust, consisting of the haters of all law, government and progress; and the middle class, or those who build the steamers, the telegraph, the telephone, that farmed the soil that worked in the mines, in the printing house, the men that gave to the world all the civilization it ever enjoyed or ever will. Personally he did not think much of either the upper or lower crusts, and, like pie crust, he wished them to be as thin as possible. He wanted to see ignorance the exception and intelligence the rule, and so the Knights of Labor wished to see the 1,200,000 children now working in the mines and shops released from their slavery and sent to the schools provided for them. Reviewing the history of nations that had once been prosperous, but now were forgotten, he cited Egypt, which had everything to make it perpetual, but with the power vested in the hands of a few potentates, and the burdens were borne by the common people, which had passed away to a state of galvanized death. The Roman empire had shared the same fate, because, in it the patricians were few and the plebians many, and to the latter was allotted the task of bearing the burden, fighting the battles and paying the taxes. When the empire was about to fail the patricians made promises that were kept as Jay Gould keeps his at the present day. They promised to abolish cash, and granted the plebians the right to hold office, but they failed at last, because they instituted the system of landlordism, and then the empire reeled, trembled and fell. In France history repeated itself, but France had vitality enough to survive the terrors of the revolution. Ireland was going through the same ordeal, but under the leadership of Gladstone and Parnell, it was learning to fight its own battles, and ten years would see it freed from the curse of landlordism and of the damnable English rule. As in the nations of the past, so is it now. Monopoly well organized and well officered and with lobbyists in the halls of congress, had laws for their own benefit spread all over the archives of the nation, and not a dozen were framed for the benefit of the working classes. Of seventy-six senators sixty-six were lawyers, seven bankers and one was a farmer. Framed on the plan of the English house of lords their mission was to obstruct the measures calculated to ameliorate the condition of the working classes, and it was only natural, for the millionaire had nothing in common with them. As the monopolist has control of the congress, so he has of the state legislatures and of society. The accumulation of wealth in the hands of one tends to weaken the remainder for ninety-nine go empty handed, and when you permit them to form trusts, you rob the many to benefit the few. Between the years 1870 and 1880, the wealth of the nation increased $27,000,000,000, and of this amount the bankers and money lenders took $23,000,000,000, and the men who earned it $4,000,000,000. The power of the wealth as used against the workingmen was apparent when the coal barons raised the price of coal and lowered the wages of the miners, until the latter were earning an average of $12.30 per month, and when the money lenders and trust companies were annually foreclosing hundreds of mortgages and reducing the small farmer to the position of a tenant farmer.

The speaker then referred to the numerous objections raised against the Knights of Labor, and said they all emanated from the monopolists, who saw in its regulations the downfall of themselves. He asked those present not to condemn the order because of a few black sheep, and spoke against anarchy, which was imported at the same time as the pauper labor of the monopolists. No American citizen could be found in its ranks, and those who had crept into the order in early days were fast being weeded out. He then explained that the K. of L. demanded that its members should think for themselves, should object to the boycott and to strikes. The two owed their existence to the monopolist, because the first was brought about by placing an employe on the black list, and the second was the outcome of the lockout. The knights wanted equal wages for equal work, regardless of sex, for the degredation of woman meant the deterioration of the race. They objected to the importation of foreign contract labor, and T. V. Powderly had shown how it could be prevented, by making any foreigner wishing to find a home in America file his name with American consuls abroad, have his antecedents investigated, read the constitution until he understood what citizenship required, and then take out his first papers within ten days of arriving in this country. Five years later he would have to take out his final papers or return home. The banking should be done by the government direct, without the aid of the banks, and the railroad, telegraph and public improvements owned by the people that paid for them. Land should only be held by actual settlers who were American citizens, and not by foreign landlords.

The remarks of the speaker were interspersed with many anecdotes that kept his audience in good humor until the close, and no one left the hall throughout.

AMUSEMENTS.

Those inimitable comedians, Robson and Crane, were greeted at Boyd's opera house last night by a audience worthy of their distinguished merit and reputation, and which most warmly appreciated the latest and most meritorious of work Bronson Howard, "The Henrietta." This purely American comedy, with its keen satire, its effusive humor, its realistic situations, and its fidelity to nature, is one of the strongest dramatic productions of recent times, and must long continue to be one of the most attractive when presented with the excellence in every detail of last night's performance. The theme of the story has to do with the successful speculations of Nicholas Vanalstyne, who has become enormously wealthy and the monarch of Wall street. He has most extended investments, the chief of which is the Henrietta Railroad and Mining company, which he has made so popular that everybody is anxious to invest in it. His son, Nicholas Vanalstyne, jr., is his confidential man, with a large latitude in managing his affairs. The son has an ambition to himself become the master of Wall street, and he combines with his father's most inveterate enemy in speculation to accomplish that end, their scheme being to depreciate the stock of the Henrietta and reap the harvest. This is nearly accomplished when another son, Bertie, a simple fellow who knows nothing of business, and upon whom his father has settled $500,000, hearing of the disaster, hands his father's broker a check for $400,000 and saves his fortune. Nicholas, jr., overcome by the change, dies of heart disease, and the discovery by the father of his treachery and his subsequent death, furnish a scene pathetic, impassioned and tragic. The under plot is rich with the merriest sort of comedy, essentially fresh in character, and which flows continually. As Nicholas Vanalstyne, the rugged and successful old speculator, with a heart hard for those who are against him, but full of gentleness and kindness for others, proud of his financial abilities, and filled with a spirit of good humor, Mr. Crane has a part in which he is at his best. He seems stronger than ever in that art which renders his comedy contagious and at once puts an audience en rapport with him, even though there are peculiarities and mannerisms that have long been familiar. Mr. Robson as Bertie Vanalstyne, something of a dude with few ideas beyond his club, and yet not without true manly qualities, has never essayed any character that gave better opportunities for his marked and original peculiarities, and to say this is sufficient assurance that he is extremely funny. It is a creation that no other comedian we know of could portray with the effect that Robson gives it, and in his hands it is complete and perfect. There is not a weak character in this admirable comedy, and all of them are in excellent hands. The Nicholas Vanalstyne, jr., of Mr. Kent is in most respects a portraiture of sterling excellence, while the Dr. Wainright of Mr. Losee, the Lord Arthur Trelauney of Mr. Stoddard, the Rev. Dr. Murray Hilton of Mr. Woodward, the Musgrave of Mr. Carpenter and the Watson Flint of Mr. Bergman, are all impersonated most acceptably. The ladies of the company can also without exception be cordially praised, the Agnes Lockwood of Miss Jessie Storey, in love with Bertie, being especially quiet, neat and winsome, while special mention is also due to the Mrs. Cornelia Opdyke of Ellie Wilton. Miss Raud and Miss Waldron left nothing to be desired in their respective roles. One of the handsomest sets seen on the opera house stage this season is the drawing room of Nicholas Vanalstyne in the second act. The management desire the announcement made that at the remaining performances the curtain will go up at about 8 o'clock.

Bound to be a Cowboy.

A sixteen-year-old damsel named Mary Abbott, living on a ranch near Stockton, Cal., says the Globe-Democrat, has just been rounded up in her efforts to become a cowboy. For the last six months she has been the terror of the neighborhood by her escapades, and now she has been sent to an insane asylum. She is a victim of yellow-covered literature, and says she wants to be a cowboy. The family came to California four years ago from Illinois, and the mother says Mary declared her intention to become a cowboy while en route to California. She has not attended school in this state, preferring to read trash at home. He first break was made in May last, when one night she saddle a pony, bought provisions and a camping outfit and started for the mountains. She camped out one night and was caught by a deputy sheriff and returned home. Friday she started out again, first going to her father's barn, armed with two pistols. She remained there for several hours, and when discovered fired one shot at her pursuers. A roving person ventured into the barn, hoping to quiet the wild girl, but she poked a pistol into his face and the party retired.

Mary soon ran out of the barn and made for the brush along the Mokeiumne river. A crowd started after her, some armed with guns, but no one ventured near her. Constable Clark took up the chase. He was told she threatened to shoot any one who followed her, but he went into the brush and she took to her heels. Clark fired two shots over her head and she sprang into wild blackberry bushes, which stopped her. The officer ran up and in a scuffle she fell, and he held the struggling girl until assistance arrived, when Mary was handcuffed and taken into custody, and yesterday she was examined here on a charge of insanity, but there was no evidence to show she was crazy. She is a tall, stout girl, evidently lacking in mental force, but bent on wild adventure, persisting in her intention to leave home at the first opportunity. Her imprisonment has no effect on her. She says she will go anywhere except to her home. For the present Mary will be confined in a private asylum here at the request of her parents.

Billiards, Whist and Chess.

Atlanta Constitution: The writer was particularly anxious to get Professor Proctor's views touching the relative value of these three games, and he cheerfully gave them, in the following words:

"The game of billiards stands first in some respects, in this, that it affords physical and mental exercise at once. There is not much strain on the mind, however, and I never knew a billiard expert to be the possessor of a great intellect. He must possess a peculiarly organized mind, but he may know nothing of mathematics and yet may solve, with lightning rapidity, intricate problems in geometry—practical problems. A quick and true eye, good nerves, and a steady hand, all practiced and disciplined, enable him to make the shots with mathematical precision. As I said, a great billiard player may be a man of little mentality. As a rule billiard champions are men of a low order of intellect. I have tried billiards and I know I could never reach the highest rank, because I am wanting in one of the requisities.

"Whist may be classed among the scientific games, yet it is not devoid of chance. It affords more pleasure to its votaries than any other game I know. The element of chance gives the excitement. To play a correct game of whist requires brains, or I should, perhaps, say memory. The greatest man living, if he possesses a defective memory, can never become a good whist player. I believe I have mastered whist, and, not to seem egotistical, I hold myself to be a player of the highest rank. I play whist oftener than any other game, for the reason that it is not hard work and is just exciting enough to afford me the sort of diversion I need.

"Chess is the greatest of all games. I confess I have never succeeded in mastering it; have never fathomed its depths. It is a delightful pastime and cannot be commended too highly as a mental disciplinarian; but if one wishes to enjoy it he must not attempt to become a great player. Nine times out of ten he would meet disappointment, for only a few men achieve greatness in chess. It is not likely that Paul Murphy will be duplicated in the present century. Chess is a purely scientific game, wholly devoid of the element of chance. The brain must exercise itself in playing this game. Jeanisch, the distinguished Russian mathematician, gave it as his opinion that chess is more intricate than the integral calculus. Buckle, the historian, held the same opinion. It is doubtful whether the game will ever be improved."

A Horse's Memory.

Boston Transcript: Many years ago Mr. Abram Dodge of Ipswich, Mass., owned a beautiful horse which was the pet of the family. He was admired by all who knew his playfulness and good qualifications. In the summer it was Mr. Dodge's habit occasionally to have a frolic with his horse in his barnyard, then let him out alone and he would go to the river, which was about one-third of a mile distant, where he would bathe, then go to a common and roll on the grass, then start for home; his stable was renovated for him while he was gone and his breakfast put in his crib. If he met his master he would show some coltish pranks, run for the stable, pull out the wooden pin that fastened the door with his teeth, and rush to his manger to find his food. One night the horse was stolen from the stable. After the expiration of sixteen years Mr. Dodge was at the tavern when a man drove a horse up to the door. Mr. Dodge at once recognized his horse and told the driver his reason for believing it to be his; the man told his story, of whom he bought the horse, and that he had owned him for several years. It was finally agreed that if the horse would, on being taken to his old stable, go through the habit of bathing, running on the grass, and pulling the pin from the stable door, as above described, Mr. Dodge should have him. When the horse was let out into his old yard he viewed the premises for a moment, then started for his old bath tub, then for his green towel on the common, then to his old stable, pulled the wooden pin, and won for himself a good meal and his old master his favorite horse. These facts are vouched for by reliable residents of the beautiful, picturesque old town, and show conclusively the long memory of our noble animal.

Prohibition and Crime in Iowa.

The New York Times: Judge Phelps, First district, said that outside of the enormous expense entailed upon the district by fruitless efforts to convict violators, he saw no appreciable difference in crime and criminal expenses. He favored repeal. Its penalties were severe, its destruction of property, particularly expensive breweries, so unjust that he favored local option and high license. The result now is no license and free whisky. Judge Henry, Third district, thought the law had done "some good." Judge Wakefield, Fourth district, would not advise repeal of the law, although he thought there ought to be license in cities of the first and second classes. He refers to the depreciation of rents and real estate caused by the driving out of the saloons and the existence of the "hole-in-the-wall" business. Judge Wilkinson, Fifth district, thinks there ought to be a better law. The present has broken up dram shops, but has caused the sale of a more vile and injurious article of liquor, some of which is sold in drug shops. He gave it as his opinion that "the impure character of the liquors now sold in this state results in more injury to the people than would result from the indiscriminate sale of pure liquors." Judge Fairall, Eighth district, finds that the law has made no difference in criminal business. He unhesitatingly favors repeal of the law because it will restore millions of money invested in brewing and wine-raising property which has been confiscated to avoid the burden of taxation which will result in its enforcement; to stay the tide of emigration; and to check the evils inflicted under the pharm