

THE BAD BOY.

"Here, condemn you, you will pay for that cat," said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came in the store all broke up, the morning after the Fourth of July.

"What cat?" said the boy, as he leaned against the zinc ice box to cool his back, which had been having trouble with a bunch of fire crackers in his pistol pocket. "We haven't ordered any cat from here. Who ordered any cat sent to our house? We get our sausage at the market," and the boy rubbed some cold cream on his nose and eyebrows, where the skin was off. "Yes, that is all right enough," said the grocery man, "but somebody who knew where the cat slept, in the box of sawdust back of the store, filled it full of fire crackers Wednesday forenoon, when I was out to see the procession, and never notified the cat, and touched them off, and the cat went through the roof of the shed, and she hasn't got hair enough left on her to put in the box. Now you didn't show up all the forenoon, and I went and asked your ma where you was, and she said you had been setting up four nights straight along with a sick boy in the Third ward, and you was sleeping all the forenoon the Fourth of July. If that is so, that lets you out on the cat, but it don't stand to reason. Own up, now, was you asleep all the forenoon of the Fourth, while other boys were celebrating, or did you scorch my cat?" and the grocery man looked at the boy as though he would believe every word he said, if he was bad.

"Well," said the bad boy, as he yawned as though he had been up all night, "I am innocent of sitting up with your cat, but I plead guilty to sitting up with Duffy. You see, I am bad, and it don't make any difference where I am, and Duffy thumped me once when we were playing marbles, and I said I would get even with him some time. His ma washes for us, and when she told me that her boy was sick with fever, and had nobody to stay with him while she was away, I thought it would be a good way to get even with Duffy when he was weak, and I went down there to his shanty and gave him his medicine, and read to him all day, and he cried, 'cause he knew I ought to have maulled him, and that night I sat up with him while his ma did the ironing, and Duffy was so glad that I went down every day, and stayed there every night, and fired medicine down him, and let his ma sleep, and Duffy got mashed on me, and he says I will be an angel when I die. Last night made five nights I have sat up with him, and he has got so he can eat beef tea and crackers. My girl went back on me 'cause she said I was sitting up with some other girl. She said that Duffy's story was too thin, but Duffy's ma was washing at my girl's house and she proved what I said, and I was all right again. I slept all the forenoon the Fourth, and then stayed with Duffy till 4 o'clock, and got a furlough and took my girl to the Soldier's Home. I had rather set up with Duffy, though."

"Oh, get out! You can't make me believe you had rather stay in a sick room and set up with a boy, than to take a girl to the Fourth of July," said the grocery man, as he took a brush and wiped the saw dust off some bottles of peppermints that he was taking out of a box. "You didn't have any trouble with the girl, did you?"

"No, not with her," said the boy, as he looked into the little round zinc mirror to see if his eyebrows were beginning to grow. "But her pa is so unreasonable. I think a man ought to know better than to kick a boy right where he has had a pack of fire-crackers explode in his pocket. You see, when I brought the girl back home she was a wreck. Don't you never take a girl to the Fourth of July. Take the advice of a boy who has had experience. We hadn't more than got to the Soldier's Home grounds before some boys who were playing tag grabbed hold of my girl's crushed-strawberry polonaise and ripped it off. That made her mad, and she wanted me to take offense at it, and I tried to reason with the boys and they both jumped on me, and I see the only way to get out of it honorably was to get real spry, and I got out. Then we sat down under a tree to eat lunch, and my girl swallowed a pickle the wrong way, and I pounded her on the back, the way ma does me when I choke, and she yelled, and a policeman grabbed me and shook me, and asked what I was hurting that poor girl for, and told me if I did it again he would arrest me. Everything went wrong. After dark somebody fired a Roman candle into my girl's hat and set it on fire, and I grabbed the hat and stamped on it, and spoiled her hair that her ma had bought her. By gosh, I thought her hair was curly, but when the wig was off her own hair was as straight as could be. But she was purty, all the same. We got under another tree to get away from the smell of burned hair, and a boy set off a nigger-chaser, and it ran right at my girl's feet, and burned her stockings, and a woman put the fire out for her, while I looked for the boy that fired the nigger-chaser, but I didn't want to find him. She was pretty near a wreck by that time, though she had all her dress left except the polonaise, and we went and sat under a tree in a quiet place, and I put my arm around her and told her never to mind the accidents, 'cause it would be dark when we got home, and just then a spark dropped down through the tree and fell in my pistol pocket, right next to her, where my bunch of fire-crackers was, and they began to go off. Well, I never saw such a sight as she was. Her dress was one of these mosquito-bar, cheese-cloth dresses, and it burned just like punk. I had presence of mind enough to roll her on the grass and put out the fire, but in doing that I neglected my own conflagration, and when I got her out, my coat-tail and trowsers were a total loss. My, but she looked like a goose that has been picked, and I looked like a fireman that has fell through a hatchway. My girl wanted to go home, and her pa was sitting on the front steps, and he wouldn't accept her, looking that way. He said he had placed in my possession a whole girl, clothed and in her right mind, and I had brought back a burnt

offering. He teaches in our Sunday school, and knows how to talk pious, but his boots are oily thick. I tried to explain that I was not responsible for the fire-works, and that he could bring in a bill against the Government, and I showed him how I was bereft of a coat-tail and some pants, but he wouldn't reason at all, and when his foot hit me I thought it was the resurrection, sure, and when I got over the fence, and had picked myself up I never stopped till I got to Duffy's and set up with him, cause I thought her pa was after me, and I thought he wouldn't enter a sick-room and maul a watcher at the bedside of an invalid. But that settles it with me about celebrating. I don't care if we did whip the British, after declaring independence, I don't want my pants burnt off. What is the declaration of independence good for to a girl who loses her polonaise, and has her hair burned off, and a nigger-chaser burning her stockings? No, sir, they may talk about the glorious Fourth of July, but will it bring back that blonde wig, or tell my coat? Hereafter I am a rebel, and I will go out in the woods the way does, and come home with a black eye, in a rational way."

"What, did your pa get a black eye, too? I hadn't heard about that," said the grocery man, giving the boy a handful of unbaked peanuts to draw him out. " Didn't get to fighting, did he?"

"No, pa don't fight. It is wrong, he says, to fight, unless you are sure you can whip the fellow, and pa always gets whipped, so he quit fighting. You see, one of the deacons in our church lives out on a farm, and all his folks were going out to spend the Fourth, and he had to do all the chores, so he invited pa and ma to come out to the farm and have a fine, quiet time, and they went. There is nothing pa likes better than to go out on a farm, and pretend he knows everything. When the farmer got pa and ma out there he set them to work, and ma shelled peas while pa went to dig potatoes for dinner. I think it was mean for the deacon to sent pa out in the corn field to dig potatoes, and after he had dug up a whole row of corn without finding any potatoes, to set the dog on pa, and tree him in an apple tree near the bee-hives, and then go and visit with ma and leaves pa in the tree with the dog barking at him. Pa said he never knew how mean a deacon could be, until he had sat on a limb of that apple tree all the afternoon. About time to do chores the farmer came and found pa, and called the dog off, and pa came down, and then the farmer played the meanest trick of all. He said city people didn't know how to milk cows, and pa said he wished he had as many dollars as he knew how to milk cows. He said his speechy was milking kicking cows, and the farmer gave pa a tin pail and a milking stool, and let down the bars and pointed out to pa 'the worst cow on the place.' Pa knew his reputation was at stake, when he was weak, and I went down there to his shanty and gave him his medicine, and read to him all day, and he cried, 'cause he knew I ought to have maulled him, and that night I sat up with him while his ma did the ironing, and Duffy was so glad that I went down every day, and stayed there every night, and fired medicine down him, and let his ma sleep, and Duffy got mashed on me, and he says I will be an angel when I die. Last night made five nights I have sat up with him, and he has got so he can eat beef tea and crackers. My girl went back on me 'cause she said I was sitting up with some other girl. She said that Duffy's story was too thin, but Duffy's ma was washing at my girl's house and she proved what I said, and I was all right again. I slept all the forenoon the Fourth, and then stayed with Duffy till 4 o'clock, and got a furlough and took my girl to the Soldier's Home. I had rather set up with Duffy, though."

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"Well, how had Garfield fooled you?"

"When Key was Postmaster General and Tyner his Assistant, Garfield promised to me his influence with the Committee on Appropriation, of which he had been Chairman, to have extra appropriations made. He made this promise to Tyner and ex-Gov. Shepherd, and myself, declaring that he would not only vote for the appropriations, but defend them in the House. He found it convenient, however, to go to Hiram College to deliver a lecture, and went no further in the direction of keeping his promise than pairing off. He fooled me once, and I didn't trust him."

BRADY CONFESSES.

More of the Rascality of 1880—Two Dollars for the November Indiana Campaign and Five for October.

Thomas J. Brady in the Brooklyn Eagle. "I was very reluctant to enter into the business of raising money from the star-route men for the purpose of carrying Indiana. I had no faith in Gen. Garfield, because he had already fooled me once. I was doing my best to make up a good star-route service for the benefit of the people of the far West, and hot for the benefit of myself or Dorsey, or anybody else. The raising of the \$40,000 campaign money could not have been the result of any conspiracy between Dorsey and myself, for at that time we were on unfriendly terms. He wanted to have De Witt Clinton Wheeler put into my place, but he finally subsidized, and I raised the money, and we spent it. I promised to take care of Delaware and the adjoining counties in Indiana, because Delaware is my native place, and I wanted to make Delaware the banner county of the State. We had really as much of a fight here in November as in October, because it was necessary to follow up the victory. Where a \$2 bill sufficed in the former month a \$5 note had to be expended in October, and as Dorsey says, they were crisp and new, and seemed like a shower from heaven to our people."

"How did you come to fall out with Dorsey?"

"I didn't fall out with him. I think the Dorsey routes were 114 in number, and I found that some of them were useless. I thought that the money expended in their support should be spent in some other direction, and that made Dorsey angry. We are friends now, but he was not my friend then."

"How do you know that Garfield approved of the raising of the \$40,000 which Dorsey says you received?"

"Dorsey went to Gen. Arthur and he was willing to give written authority for the collection of the money, but the authority should come from Garfield. This was communicated to Garfield, who thereupon wrote the Jay Hubbard letter. I didn't think I needed any better authority, and I raised the money at once. As a matter of personal pride I spent \$5,000 out of my own pocket in Delaware county."

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Gov. Foster Testifies.

The present Governor of Ohio and proprietor of Foraker is an experienced person whose judgment on any question of practical politics has weight.

The attempt to disparage the services rendered by Dorsey to Garfield in Indiana in October, 1880, we invite the attention to an interview with Gov. Foster, printed in the *National Republican*, of Washington, on Saturday:

Mr. Foster testifies that Gen. Garfield fell under such deep obligations to Dorsey that he wanted him in the Cabinet.

"I have every reason to believe," says Foster, "that he would have been invited into the Cabinet but for charges preferred against him by Republicans of the very highest standing and influence." "I have heard the President say repeatedly," continues Foster, "that he wished these men felt differently toward Dorsey, and so let him show to Dorsey that his services were appreciated." This bears directly upon Swain's recent declaration that Garfield, months before his inauguration, distrusted Dorsey, denouncing him as a 'scaly character' and expressing his opinion that there was 'a screw loose in his moral make-up.' Garfield wanted Dorsey in the Cabinet. How far he went in the manifestation of desire perhaps Gov. Foster does not know. Perhaps he does know.

Mr. Foster seems to be very sure, however, that Dorsey did not exaggerate the value of his services to Garfield in the preliminary campaign in Indiana. "I know there is such an impression abroad," he says, "but I never heard Dorsey brag about his work in Indiana. It is true that Gen. Garfield was greatly pleased with Dorsey for the work he had done in Indiana, but I do not know that Dorsey exaggerated the nature of his services." This, again, bears directly upon the absurd statement of certain of Garfield's friends that Dorsey's presence at Indianapolis was, if anything, detrimental to the success of the Republican party in the October canvass.

Of the bargain which put Mr. Stanley Matthews on the bench of the Supreme Court, Gov. Foster says that he has no knowledge whatever. He professes to regard the story as 'a cold-blooded calumny.' Matthews had already been appointed once by Hayes. His appointment was an 'inherent obligation' from the fraudulent administration.

Some of our contemporaries find a sufficient explanation of the shameful appointment of Mr. Jay Gould's attorney to the bench of the Supreme Court in his previous nomination by Hayes, and in Hayes' desire to recompense the man who had helped him to steal the Presidency. Those facts do not meet the charge. The politicians who managed Garfield were in no mood to pay debts of gratitude bequeathed by the dead fraud. Hayes unexpectedly had the opportunity to reward Matthews on his own account and at the same time pay in advance the obligations of the incoming administration. His nomination failed, and Garfield immediately paid the debt himself.—

Victor Hugo has always prided himself on his aristocratic ancestors, but a French writer who has been looking the matter up finds that his grandfather was a joiner, and that before him the Hugos, as far as can be ascertained, were ordinary farmers.—*New York Sun.*

A DEATH TRAP.

Eight Men Killed by the Fall of a Blast Furnace Near Syracuse, New York.

The Unfortunates Buried Beneath Sixty Tons' Weight of Brick and Iron.

(Dispatch from Syracuse, N. Y.)

A terrible accident occurred at the Onondaga Iron Company's blast furnace a mile west of this city, in Geddes. For several weeks the furnace has been unused, it being out of repair. Joseph Dawson, with a gang of men, has been engaged for several days in removing the inner and fire-bricks from the arch, leaving only the outer course standing. The foreman considered this course entirely secure. Without the slightest warning the arch caved in, burying the workmen beneath it in a mass of bricks, mortar, soot and ashes. An alarm was at once given, and the men at the mill set at work with a will to remove the victims. In less than an hour eight bodies were taken from the ruins. Several hundred people were at the scene. Sons, daughters, and wives wept frantically as the bodies were removed. People gathered in knots in the village of Geddes and hurried to the scene of the casualty. Business was almost entirely suspended in the village, and the place looked as if struck by lightning. The gang of eight men were lining the inside of the furnace, which is sixteen feet in diameter and sixty feet high. A small scaffold was across the furnace at height of eight feet from the ground. It was built by Mr. G. C. Chapman of the company, that was well known that the lining of the upper part was in a dangerous condition, and that he warned the men before they went in. The fellow-workmen of the dead men said that it was not known that the lining was in a dangerous state. Without warning the lining of the upper part gave way, and sixty tons of brick fell upon the men. The sound of the falling mass was muffled by the iron walls and there was no crash. A great cloud of dust blew out from the doors of the furnace, filling the space around it.

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Men who were near the furnace were blinded by the clouds of dust, and it was several minutes before they could grope their way inside the furnace. With hoes and shovels they began work, and after digging near half an hour and removing out a mass of bricks about four feet deep, they found the bodies. They were crushed and broken. Their faces were covered with dust, which had settled into the cuts and wounds made by the falling blocks and their heads and ears were filled with the yellow powder. While the men were busy digging out the debris they were frequently impounded by their friends to leave the place at once, as they were working in imminent danger every minute. They paid no heed, but worked on with a will. More bricks were liable to fall at any moment. The fall of one brick from such a height would kill a man outright.

The news of the tragedy spread from the blast furnace to the homes of the men who were killed. Women and children ran and screamed in terror to the furnaces. The limp, shattered bodies were carried out by men whose faces were stern and set and laid on the bare ground. Sobs filled the air as like so many sacks, the bodies were lifted into wagons and driven through the village. At the little cottages women stood with aprons to their eyes, and even the little children stopped playing. The excitement among the employees and many outside laboring men was intense. The workmen who were near the furnace were blinded by the clouds of dust, and it was several minutes before they could grope their way inside the furnace. With hoes and shovels they began work, and after digging near half an hour and removing out a mass of bricks about four feet deep, they found the bodies. They were crushed and broken. Their faces were covered with dust, which had settled into the cuts and wounds made by the falling blocks and their heads and ears were filled with the yellow powder. While the men were busy digging out the debris they were frequently impounded by their friends to leave the place at once, as they were working in imminent danger every minute. They paid no heed, but worked on with a will. More bricks were liable to fall at any moment. The fall of one brick from such a height would kill a man outright.

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