

## THE BAD BOY.

"Come in," said the grocery man to the bad boy, as the youth stood on the steps in an uncertain sort of a way, as though he did not know whether he would be welcome or not. "I tell you, boy, I pity you. I understand your pa has got to drinking again. It is too bad. I can't think of anything that humiliates a boy and makes him so ashamed as to have a father that is in the habit of hoisting in too much benzine. A boy feels as though every one was down on him, and I don't wonder that such boys often turn out bad. What started your pa to drinking again?"

"Oh, my thinks it was losing money on the Chicago races. You see, pa is great on pointers. He don't usually bet unless he has got a sure thing, but when he gets what they call a pointer, that is, somebody tells him a certain horse is sure to win, because the other horses are to be pulled back, he thinks a job has been put up, and if he thinks he is inside the ring he will bet. He says it does not do any harm to bet, if you win, and he argues that a man who wins lots of money can do a great deal of good with it. But he had to walk home from the Chicago races all the same, and he has been steaming ever since. Pa can't stand adversity. But I guess we have got him all right now. He is the scariest man you ever saw," and the boy took a can-opener and began to cut the zinc under the stove, just to see if it would work as well on zinc as on tin.

"What, you haven't been dissecting him again, have you?" said the grocery man, as he pulled a stool up beside the boy to hear the news. "How did you bring him to his senses?"

"Well, ma tried having the minister talk to pa, but pa talked Bible, about taking a little wine for the stomach's sake, and gave illustrations about Noah getting in, so the minister couldn't bring him up, and then ma had some of the sisters come and talk to him, but he broke them all up by talking about what an appetite they had for champagne punch when they were out in camp last summer, and they couldn't have any effect on him, and some said she guessed I would have to exercise my ingenuity on pa again. Ma has an idea that I have got some sense yet, so I told her that if she would do just as I said, me and my chum would scare pa so he would swear off. She said she would, and we went to work. First I took pa's spectacles down to the optician Saturday night, and had the glasses taken out and a pair put in their place that would magnify, and I took them home and put them in pa's spectacle case. Then I got a suit of clothes from my chum's uncle's trunk, about half the size of pa's clothes. My chum's uncle is a very small man, and pa is corpulent. I got a plaid hat three sizes smaller than pa's hat, and took the name out of pa's hat and put it in the small hat. I got a shirt about half big enough for pa, and put his initials on the thing under the bosom, and got a number fourteen collar. Pa wears seventeen. Pa had promised to brace up and go to church Sunday morning, and ma put these small clothes where pa could put them on. I told ma, when pa woke up, to tell him he looked awfully bloated, and excite his curiosity, and then send for me."

"You didn't play such a trick as that on a poor old man, did you?" said the grocery man, as a smile came over his face.

"You bet. Desperate diseases require desperate remedies. Well, ma told pa he looked awfully bloated, and that his dissipation was killing him, as well as all the rest of the family. Pa said, he guessed he wasn't bloated very much, but he got up and put on his spectacles and looked at himself in the glass. You'd a idea to see him look at himself. His face looked as big as two faces, through the glasses, and his nose was a sight. Pa looked scared, and then he held up his hand and looked at that. His hand looked like a ham. Just then I came in, and I turned pale, with some chalk on my face, and I began to cry, and I said, 'Oh, pa, what ails you? You are so swelled up I hardly knew you.' Pa looked sick to his stomach, and then he tried to get on the pants. Oh, my, it was all I could do to keep from laughing to see him pull them pants on. He could just get his legs in, and when I got a shoe horn and gave it to him, he was mad. He said it was a mean boy that would give his pa a shoe-horn to put on pants with. The pants wouldn't come around pa into ten inches, and pa said he must have eat something that disagreed with him, and he laid it to watermelon. Ma stuffed her handkerchief in her mouth to keep from laughing, when she see pa look at himself. The legs of the pants were so tight pa couldn't hardly breathe, and he turned pale, and said, 'Hennery, your pa is a mighty sick man,' and then ma and me both laughed, and he said we wanted him to die so we could spend his life insurance in riotous living. But when pa put on that condensed shirt, ma she laid down on the lounge and fairly fell, and I laughed till my side ached. Pa got it over his head, and got his hands in the sleeves, and couldn't get it either way, and he couldn't see us laugh, but he could hear us, and he said, 'It's darned funny, aint it, to have a parent swelled up this way. If I bust you will both be sorry.' Well, ma took hold of one side of the shirt, and I took hold of the other, and we pulled it on, and when pa's head came up through the collar, his face was fairly blue. Ma told him she was afraid he would have a stroke of apoplexy before he got his clothes on, and I guess pa thought so too. He tried to get the collar on, but it wouldn't go half way around his neck, and he looked it. The glass and cried, he looked so. He sat down in a chair and panted, he was so out of breath, and the shirt and pants ripped, and pa said there was no use living if he was going to be a rival to fat woman in the side-show. Just then I put the plaid hat on pa's head, and it was so small it was going to roll off, when pa tried to fit it on his head, and then he took it off and looked inside of it, to see if it was his hat, and when he found his name it, he said, 'Take it away. My head is all wrong, too.' They he told me to go for the doctor mighty quick. I got the doctor and told him what we were trying

## DORSEY AGAIN.

He Repeats the Story that Two High Offices Were Bought by Monopolists.

Loyalty to Grant Alone Stood in the Way of Conkling's Nomination at Chicago.

If Any One Denies It, Dorsey Says He Will Prove He Was Offered a Cabinet Position.

The New York *Sun* prints a lengthy interview with ex-Senator Dorsey, held at his home in Mountain Spring Ranch, New Mexico. He says he was surprised at the publication of his so-called "Revelations," recently published, and that he neither wrote nor inspired the article. He is always ready to be responsible for whatever he says, and when he goes into print, he adds, he will do so over his own name. Furthermore, he wished to deny the article in question because there was so much in it complimentary to himself that it looked as if he himself had been responsible for the praise. Mr. Dorsey did not object to the article on account of any errors in it. After having it read to him, he had come to the conclusion that it was true. In the course of his talk, the *Sun's* correspondent, in speaking of the Chicago Republican Convention, Mr. Dorsey says George Conkling may have been nominated had he so much as lifted his finger. The whole Grant vote could have been transferred to him, and there were prominent gentlemen representing States opposed to Grant who went to Dorsey and to Arthur and promised to go with them if they would drop Grant and take up Conkling. Dorsey told Conkling that his nomination could be consummated if he would allow them to make the combination, but Conkling said he was sent to vote for Grant and he would do so.

### THE FIFTH AVENUE CONFERENCE.

In speaking of the Fifth-avenue conference Mr. Dorsey said: "The minor details of that meeting are of no great consequence. It is the single bottom fact that should be known. It seemed to me after I had been put in charge of the committee, that the outlook pointed to some trouble in New York. Hayes had given the Republicans of that State a terrible dose of the croton oil of power. It was not thought by Mr. Conkling nor by Gen. Arthur that it was worth while for them to meet and propose a platform of a third party that they should have their services recognized, when cause had for four years been thrown to their party friends but no meat to turn the wheels so that the mud should stick to them. In plain English, the Stalwart Republicans of New York believed that if they had to do the heavy work of the campaign there ought to be a positive pledge and promise of recognition for what they did. Nobody was so loud-mouthed and persistent in this matter as the man who is now President. Mr. Conkling took no part whatever in these discussions on this matter. Arthur and George Bliss were the running mates of that splendid defalcation. I had all I could do to perfect the arrangements for the meeting. It seemed to me that champagne and idioy were the ruling spirits among some New York politicians. Late hours and moral and intellectual debauchery were telling their story in the varnished faces of some of these leaders. But I finally persuaded Garfield to come to New York to meet these Stalwarts, and their executive committee. These men now whether I am overstating it or not. At that conference were Morton and Arthur, Thomas C. Platt, John H. Stark, and a very wealthy New York gentleman not prominent in politics, whose name I will not now mention. Gov. Cornell was also there. I was present for the reason that they met in my room, and for the further reason that Garfield desired that I should be."

"What was the purpose of the conference?"

"I do not desire to reflect upon the living or dead, but history is history, and it may be of service to the country to tell it. Therefore I say that the sole purpose of that meeting was to induce the Republicans of New York to believe that they were not to be cheated as they had been before."

"The great party had come to that, then?"

"Well, that was the object of the meeting."

"Was there any agreement made there to which Gen. Garfield, as the candidate, became a party?"

"Why, certainly," said the ex-Senator, "It was agreed point blank and promised as the price of the support of these New York Republicans that Levi P. Morton was to be made Secretary of the Treasury in the event of Garfield's election. There can be no possible question of denial of that. The persons whom I have already named above must bear witness to the truth of this statement. Senator Plumbe, of Kansas, can bear witness, and from Garfield's talk with me I know it to be a convenient way of answering me to say that I do not say what I do not know. I tell you that Mr. Morton was piedged in the presence of these gentlemen the Treasury portfolio, and that I was violated, and I don't care three figs for any contradiction. The fact remains, and I don't think any friend of Garfield will attempt to deny it that Swaine seems to be swift now in denials. Perhaps he would like to have me tell the story of his avarice and pretensions. I will not do it just now. I don't care to dig up a spring when I'm getting at a tree."

"How about your promise to allow a syndicate of New York bankers to control the running of the bonds?"

"Well, there isn't any doubt about the practical truth of that statement. I know by that arrangement we pulled the pin feathers out of one man in New York who had been getting rich at the Government crib, and who refused to contribute anything. He's a prominent banker, not far from Wall street."

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"Now, Senator, is it true that a trade was made with Garfield by Jay Gould and C. P. Huntington for the appointment of Stanley Matthews for Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, and that the consideration was the payment of a very large sum into the treasury of the National Committee?"

"Well, as to that, I will say that Garfield being dead and the men left behind being many of them liars, I hardly care to trench upon the grass-plot of a grave or upon the eager ear of falsehood, still I think it just to be just. I think it wise to be truthful. Men are living who can defend the dead if they care to do so. I can say, then, positively, that the trade mentioned by the *Sun* is true in all its material features. I say categorically that Garfield promised the two greatest monopolists in New York—Jay Gould and C. P. Huntington—that Stanley Matthews should go at the earliest opportunity, upon the Supreme Bench, and he agreed, if the vacancy occurred before he was inaugurated that he would see to it that Hayes made the appointment. The interested parties who seemed anxious to control the Supreme Bench promised the Garfield campaign for \$100,000. They paid their money and got their man."

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sand dollars was kept for Indiana and the rest went to Ohio. I want to say right here that I never received or paid out a penny during the whole campaign. At the commencement I had wit enough to remember the eunuchs of criticism.

### ELECTION FUNDS.

The conversation between Mr. Dorsey and his interviewer then passed on to the Indiana and New York so-called election fund. "You say a large sum was raised and brought to you. The necessary implication is that this was partially obtained from Jay Gould and C. P. Huntington in consideration of the appointment of Matthews."

"Well, you must draw your own inferences. I think on the whole that Mr. Gould, Mr. Huntington, and a prominent citizen of New York could answer your question better than I can. As I never sold an office, nor bought a Cabinet Minister, nor paid a price for election to public office, I cannot answer so well. Well, let that go. There was spent in Indiana about \$400,000, not a nickel of which came into my hands. The Republican organization there was as good as it could be, and the credit of it is due to John C. New and Col. W. W. Dudley. What I did was simply supplementary to their work. All of this money was paid out by Mr. Stearns and Mr. Dillon."

### ARTHUR'S LETTER.

Speaking of "Dear Hubbell's" letter, Mr. Dorsey said, among other things: "Why do you not write and afford me the fund to secure the election of the ticket. We left no stone unturned. We wanted money, and we got it. I will say right here that all of the men with whom I have come in contact in public life, Gen. Arthur is one of the most obtuse. I do not think he has been faithful to his friends. He is trusted least by those who know best, and if it were proper to go into the details of the private life of a public man—well, Gen. Arthur's old friends in New York can sufficiently decolor his past record."

### ZARIN AND MACVEAGH.

In regard to Garfield's alleged dissatisfaction with Postmaster General James and Attorney General MacVeagh, Mr. Dorsey says: "Garfield, after a good deal of bumbling, had determined upon the early removal of both. If he had not been shot the day he was within a week other parties would have taken MacVeagh's and James' portfolios. I think he had determined to appoint Gen. Beaver of Pennsylvania Attorney General, and would have been glad to appoint Tom Platt, of New York."

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Mr. Dorsey's attention was then called to Gov. Foster's recent denial that Garfield ever offered Dorsey a Cabinet place. Mr. Dorsey said: "What I can say is that Gen. Garfield, or anybody else, said that Gen. Garfield only offered me a Cabinet place to make me 'feel good,' and with the expectation that I would decline it, they simply state what is untrue. Gen. Garfield urged me in the strongest terms over and over again to accept a place in the Cabinet. When I declined it, as I did repeatedly, and, as my letters now probably held by Swaine, will show, Garfield was amazed. I say that he urged with all sincerity that I come into the Cabinet. I say that I declined. If anybody cares to deny that now, we will give them proof."

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### Political Notes.

THE NEW YORK TIMES is of the opinion that the Republican party is afflicted with the glanders. The only remedy for glanders when it attacks a horse is to kill the animal and cleanse the stable. The Republican party will have to take that sort of medicine.

SOME of the iron men of Pennsylvania who profess to be unable to pay fair wages to their employees have found thousands of dollars to put into the hands of William Mahone, to be used

in his effort to preserve the solidity of the colored vote in Virginia.—Washington *Post*.

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## A PERSIAN PAGEANT.

How the Shah Received the First Diplomatic Representative of This Country.

His Name Is Benjamin and He Was Presented with Grand Ceremonies.