

## THE BAD BOY.

"Hello!" said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came in with a black eye, leading a hungry-looking dog that was walking on three legs and had one leg tied up with a red silk handkerchief. "What is this—a part of your amateur theater? Now, you get out of here with that dog, mighty quick. A boy that hurts dogs, so they have to have their legs tied up, is no friend of mine," and the grocer man took up a broom to drive the dog out doors.

"There, you calm yourself," says the boy to the grocery man, as the dog got behind the boy and looked up at the grocery man as though he was not afraid as long as the bad boy was around. "Set up the crackers and cheese and sausage and pickles and everything this dog wants to eat. He is a friend of mine. That dog is my guest, and those are my splints on his broken leg, and that is my handkerchief that my girl gave me, wound around it, and you touch that dog, except in the way of kindness, and down comes your house," and the boy doubled up his fists as though he meant business.

"Poor doggie," said the grocery man, as he cut off a piece of sausage and offered it to the dog, which was declined with thanks, expressed by the wagging tail. "Where did you steal him?"

"I didn't steal him, and he is no cannibal. He won't eat your sausage," and the boy put up his elbow as though to ward off an imaginary blow. "You see, this dog was following off a pet dog that belonged to a woman, and she tried to shoo him away, but he wouldn't shoo. This dog did not know that he was a low-born, miserable dog, and had no right to move in the society of an aristocratic pet dog, and he followed right along. He thought this was a free country, and one dog was as good as another, and he followed that woman and her pet dog right into the dog yard. The pet dog encouraged this dog, and he went in the yard, and when the woman got up on the steps she threw a velocipede at this dog, and broke his leg, and then she took up her pet and went in the house, so she wouldn't hear this dog howl. She is a nice woman, and I see her go to meet every Sunday with a lot of morocco books in her hands, and once I pumped the organ in the church where she goes and she was so pious I thought she was an angel. But angels don't break dogs' legs. I'll bet when she goes up to the gate and sees St. Peter open the book, and look for the charges against her, she will tremble as though she had fits. And when St. Peter runs his finger down the ledger, and stops at the dog column, and turns and looks at her over his spectacles, and says, 'Madam, how about your stabbing a poor dog with a velocipede, and breaking its leg?' she will claim it was an accident. But she can't fool Pete. He is on to everybody's racket, and if they get in there they have got to have a clear record."

"Say, look-a-here," said the grocery man, as he looked at the boy in astonishment as he unwound the handkerchief to dress the dog's broken leg, while the dog looked up in the boy's face with an expression of thankfulness and confidence that he was an able practitioner in dog bone-setting, "what kind of talk is that? You talk of heaven as though its books were kept like the books of a grocery, and you speak too familiarly of St. Peter."

"Well, I don't mean any disrespect," said the boy, as he fixed a splint on the dog's leg, and tied it with a string, while the dog licked his hand, "but I learned in Sunday-school that up there they watched even the sparrow's fall, and they wouldn't be apt to get left on a dog bigger than a whole flock of sparrows, especially when the dog's fall was accompanied with such a noise as a velocipede makes when it falls down stairs. No, sir, a woman who throws a velocipede at a poor, homeless dog, and breaks its leg, may carry a carload of prayer-books, and she may attend all the socials, but, according to what I have been told, if she goes sailing up to the gate of the New Jerusalem, as though she owned the whole place, and expects to be ushered into a private box she will get left. The man in the box office will tell her she is not on the list, and that there is a variety show down below, where the devil is a star, and fallen angels are dancing the can-can with sheet-iron tights, on brimstone lakes, and she can probably crawl under the canvas, but she can't get in among the angelic hosts until she can satisfactorily explain that dog story that is told on her. Possibly I have got a raw way of expressing myself, but I had rather take my chances, if I should apply for admission up there, with this lame dog under my arm, than to take her with a pug that hasn't got any legs broke. A lame dog and a clear conscience beats a pet dog, when your conscience feels nervous. Now I am going to lay this dog in the barrel of dried apples, where your cat sleeps, and give him a little rest, and I'll give you four minutes to tell me all you know, and you will have three minutes on your hands with nothing to say. Unbutton your lip and give your tale a vacation."

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"Well, you have got gall. However, I don't know but you are right about that woman that hurt the dog. Still, it may have been her way of petting a strange dog. We should try to look upon the charitable side of people's eccentricities. But say, I want to ask you if you have seen anything of my man that delivers groceries. Saturday night I sent him over to your house to deliver some things, about 10 o'clock, and he has not showed up since. What do you think has become of him?"

"Well, by gum, that accounts for it. Saturday night, about 10 o'clock, we heard somebody in the back-yard, around the kitchen-door, just as we were going to bed, and pa was afraid it was a burglar after the church money he collected last Sunday. He had got to turn it over the next day, to pay the minister's expenses on his vacation, and it made him nervous to have it around. I peeked out of the window and saw the man, and I told pa, and pa got a revolver and began shooting through the wire screen to the kitchen window, and I saw the man drop the basket and begin to climb over

the fence real sudden, and I went out and began to groan, as though somebody was dying in the alley, and I brought in the basket with the mackerel and green corn, and told pa that from the groaning out there I guessed he had killed the grocery delivery man, and I wanted pa to go out and help me hunt for the body, but he said he was going to take the midnight train to go out West on some business, and pa lit out, I guess your man was scared and went one way and pa was scared and went the other. Won't they be astonished when they meet each other on the other side of the world? Pa will shoot him again when they meet, if he gives pa any sass. Pa says when he gets mad he had just as soon eat as to kill a man."

"Well, I guess my man has gone off to a Sunday picnic or something, and will come back when he gets sober, but how are your theatricals getting along?" asked the grocery man.

"Oh, that scheme is all busted," said the boy. "At least until the minister gets back from his vacation. The congregation has noticed a red spot on his hand for some time, and the ladies said what he needed was rest. They said if that spot was allowed to go on it might develop into a pimple, and the minister might die of blood poison, superinduced by overwork, and they took up a collection, and he has gone. The night they bid him good by, the spot on his hand was a subject of much comment. The winnem sighed, and said it was lucky they noticed the spot on his hand before it had sapped his young life away. Pa said Job had more than 400 boils worse than that, and he never took a vacation, and then ma dried pa up. She told pa he had never suffered from blood poison, and pa said he could never eat boils for the market and never squeal. Ma see the only way to shut pa up was to let him go home with the choir singer. So she bounced him off with her, and he didn't get home till seven o'clock, but ma was up and made him go West after peppering your burglar. Well, I must go home now, 'cause I run the family since pa lit out. Say, send some of your most expensive canned fruit and things over to the house. Darn the expense!" And the boy took the lame dog under his arm and went out. —Peck's Sun.

### Necessity of Cremating Yellow Fever Corpses.

One of the most horrible discoveries of modern science is surely that of Dr. Domingo Freire, of Rio de Janeiro. That Judge had been seriously afflicted with yellow fever, and Dr. Freire, in his inquiries into the causes of the epidemic, came upon the dreadful fact that the soil of the cemeteries in which the victims of the outbreak were buried was positively alive with microbic organisms exactly identical with those found in the vomitings, blood, etc., of those who had died in the hospitals of yellow fever. From a foot under ground he gathered a sample of the earth overlying the remains of a person who had been buried about a year before, and though it showed nothing remarkable in appearance or smell, it was found under the microscope to be thickly charged with these abominable disease germs. Many of the organisms were making spontaneous movements. In fact, therefore, the cemeteries are so many nurseries of yellow fever; for every year the rain washes the soil and the fever seed with which it is so closely sown into the water courses, and distributes them over the town and neighborhood.

Says the doctor, "If each course is the bearer of millions of millions of organisms that are specific of ill, imagine what a cemetery must be in which new foci are forming around each body. In the silence of death these worlds of organisms, invisible to the unassisted eye, are laboring incessantly and unperceived to fill more graves with more bodies destined for their food and for the fatal perpetuation of their species." How terribly fatal these organisms are, indeed, may be understood from the fact that the blood of a yellow fever patient injected into a rabbit killed the animal in an hour, that the rabbit's blood injected into a guinea pig killed it, and that the guinea pig's blood injected into another rabbit killed it also, so that the chain of destruction may apparently be endless, for each victim on post-mortem examination was found to have all its blood swarming with malignant germs. Surely the cremation of all yellow fever corpses becomes, in the light of Dr. Freire's discovery, a public necessity. —St. James Gazette."

### Obsequious Jones.

Jones, who is reading the morning paper: "I declare, poor Smith is dead. I'll have to go to his funeral."

"You don't have to go, do you?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"Yes, I have to go to Smith's funeral, for he did as much for me. He was kind enough to attend my funeral, and I shall always be grateful to him for it."

"What staff is that? How could he attend your funeral?"

"It's the simplest thing in the world. Last summer, I didn't die precisely, but another man named Jones did. Smith thought it was my funeral, and went to it. Now, Smith has died, and I am going to get even with him."

"But, perhaps, this Smith who has died is not the Smith you know."

"That's all the better. I hope it is some other Smith that I don't know."

"Why so?"

"Because I am not so busy now, and have plenty of time this afternoon to attend funerals. I'll have it off my mind, and when my friend Smith really does die, I'll not be bothered tramping a mile and a half out to the cemetery." —Texas *Siftings*.

HANNIBAL HAMLIN, while in the Senate, spent four or five hours every day in writing letters, and it was his boast that he answered every letter he received. It was painful to see him write. He squeezed his pen as though it was money, and his hand, arm, and body were all so unnaturally distorted that it seemed a shame that he did not employ a secretary, but he worked away, hour by hour, until he had got done with his mail.

### THE TREASURY RING.

John Sherman's Legacy—How Some of the Department Clerks Trew Rich. [Cor. of the Chicago Express.]

The Treasury Department has grown to be by far the greatest machine of the Government. Particularly within the last twenty years it has spread out by the addition of new bureaus and divisions. One result of this growth has been that the safeguards imposed by law for the management of its business have been largely broken down. Authority has been taken from officers in whom it is vested and lodged in clerks who are not known to the law. This was due almost entirely to a desire among the Secretaries after the war to get into their own hands the supreme control of the business of the department. It has been kept up ever since by the interested efforts of those who have profited by these arrangements. Perhaps as glaring an instance of this as any is in the office of the Solicitor of the Treasury.

This officer belongs to the department of Justice, but is appointed by the President and stationed at the treasury. He is by law the legal adviser of that department, and is intrusted with the management of all its law business. He has charge of the collection of direct taxes; the detection and punishment of fraud in the revenue are left to him; he makes rules for the observance of Collectors of Customs, District Attorneys and Marshals; he instructs District Attorneys, Marshals and Clerks of Courts in all cases in which the United States is a party, except those arising from the Internal Revenue laws; all litigation concerning national banks is under his direction; the Secretary's office. These he offered to prove at any time. It was a document which contained more truth than poetry, "Secretary Folger read it over. He was tempted to act upon it, but the same influence which had grown up under Sherman and continued under Windom proved too strong to be combated by Folger. He was roused, however, by the revelations which were made to him, and ever since he has shown a marked suspicion of the officials who constitute what is known as the treasury ring. He has been too sick and too uncertain of his own tenure, however, to go further."

These abuses are not confined to one bureau. Other important functions have been absorbed by degrees in unknown and irresponsible divisions. Clerks on small salaries are growing rich. Important questions are decided in corners, and the plain provisions of law are habitually disregarded. It will take a brave and thorough-going Secretary to correct these things, but it will have to be done sooner or later. When it is begun in earnest there will be a lively shaking up of dry bones among the subordinates, who, in the neglect of their superiors, have been allowed to assume important trusts and obtain control of great stakes. The letter of Judge Raynor has never been made public. It would show a startling state of affairs. The existence of a treasury ring is well established. The investigation forced from John Sherman proved that, while they were hushed up when things became too warm, The Murch inquiry will have the same result. What is needed is an inquiry to the bottom of things, and then some of the fortunes made by ill-paid clerks would be understood.

Secretary Folger accepted the offer. It was entirely without warrant of law. Recently the Jouett case, of Chicago, came up. Three whisky-bond sureties owe the Government \$80,000. They offered \$4,500 in compromise. A responsible firm in that city wrote to the Secretary showing that the claim was worth more than that, and offered \$10,000 for it. Their letter was sent to the Navigation Division. The Solicitor did not see it. And so things go on day after day.

The present Solicitor is Kenneth Raynor. He is an old-time North Carolina Whig, who was in Congress as long ago as when Martin Van Buren was President. Judge Raynor is a well-preserved old gentleman, who has killed his man in his day, is inclined to forget to button up his capacious shirt-front, and calls upon the Deity oftener than strict morals prescribe. But he is a good lawyer, and, more than that, a perfectly honest man. He took the Solicitorship in 1877, on Hayes' distinct promise of a Court of Claims Judgment. But this is not the only one of Hayes' unredeemed drafts on futurity which has not been paid. When Judge Folger came in he went to work honestly to remedy some of the evils which had grown up in the treasury. He asked different heads of divisions to furnish him with information regarding abuses. He particularly requested Judge Raynor to submit a statement. This the Judge did. It covered nearly 100 pages of manuscript. He did not confine himself to the mere legal aspects of the case, but indulged in some rather-pointed statements regarding some of the men and methods in the Secretary's office. These he offered to prove at any time. It was a document which contained more truth than poetry, "Secretary Folger read it over. He was tempted to act upon it, but the same influence which had grown up under Sherman and continued under Windom proved too strong to be combated by Folger. He was roused, however, by the revelations which were made to him, and ever since he has shown a marked suspicion of the officials who constitute what is known as the treasury ring. He has been too sick and too uncertain of his own tenure, however, to go further."

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Dorsey Proposed as a Candidate.

That stalwart Republican journal, the Denver *Tribune*, proposes that Stephen W. Dorsey, of Arkansas, Colorado, Judge Wylie's court and New Mexico, "should be taken up by the Democrats as a candidate for Vice President.

This will not answer. Mr. Dorsey still remains a Republican, and the Democrats will not have him. Yet we will say there is one reason why we should prefer him as a candidate before many other members of the Republican party. He is not a hypocrite. He had no hand in that shameful episode of our history, the fraudulent administration. He neither aided in stealing the Presidency in 1876, nor did he cover himself with disgrace by taking office under the fraud. The worst offenses alleged against him are small in comparison to that.

But it is impossible that Mr. Dorsey should ever be a Democratic candidate. We do not like his style. We cannot tolerate his methods. The Republicans like them. They believe in them. After the election of 1880 they gave Dorsey a splendid banquet in this city to celebrate his success in achieving the election of Garfield and Arthur. At that banquet Gen. Arthur presided, and yet all the litigation arising out of broken banks, wrecked or ruined in quick succession all over the country, is left entirely in the charge of a clerk in the office of the Comptroller of the Currency. The suits are mainly conducted by special counsel hired by him, instead of the District Attorneys. They are never sent to the Solicitor's office.

But the most glaring perversion of the law governing the Solicitor regards compromise cases. All compromises must be recommended by the District Attorney, indorsed by the Solicitor, and then decided by the Secretary. Very few people understand the proportions which his business reaches. In almost all cases of customs frauds, of delinquent bondsmen, and numberless instances where judgments have been obtained for the Government, a compromise is sought. All kinds of political influence are brought to bear. Members of Congress consider the gaining of a compromise as a great service done to constituents. Where so much depends in a financial way upon the decision, great firmness and strength are required. But here again the Solicitor is ignored. His recommendations are not acted upon directly by the Secretary, but are referred by him to the Navigation Division. Here opinions are written which often entirely oppose those given by the Solicitor. Sometimes they are substituted therefor, and followed in preference. Take the famous Rothschild case. That firm owed \$18,000 to the Government as a penalty for smuggling. It was well able to pay. The courts had decided for the Government. The sum of \$4,000 was offered in compromise; the Solicitor recommended that it be not accepted. It was sent to the Navigation Division, a favorable report ren-

### THE PRESIDENT.

Gen. Stager Varies the Monotony of Camp by Introducing the Great American Game.

Senator Vest Undertakes to Shoe a Mule and Now Uses a Cushioned Saddle.

Camp Lewis Forks (Montana) Dispatch to Chicago Times.]

Camp was broken up at a later hour than usual this morning, owing to the disturbances from the storm and from the packers last night. Though the tents had been badly torn by the gale they were repaired without much trouble. The trail was difficult, owing to the fallen timber which lay across the path, and to the windings in and out through canons and across streams which had to be forded. The members of the party agreed that the grand Tetons were to be the object of the excursion, and the stage was set for the long journey.

The Presidential postoffices of Indiana number eighty-seven. In the first-class are included all the offices where the salary is at least \$3,000; in the second-class the pay runs from \$2,000 to \$3,000, and the third-class from \$1,000 to \$2,000. Indiana has five offices of the first class—Indianapolis, Evansville, Fort Wayne, Lafayette, and Terre Haute. In the second class there are twenty offices, an increase in this grade of two, the fortunate promotions being Goshen and Marion; the third class numbers sixty-two. There have been several promotions to the Presidential grade since the last adjustment. They are as follows: Fowler, \$1,200; Hartford City, \$1,100; North Manchester, \$1,300; North Vernon, \$1,200, and Winamac, \$1,100. The largest single increase in these offices after reaching the Presidential rank was in the case of North Manchester, which records a gain of \$300.

The largest single increase of salary is in the case of South Bend, where \$600 is reported. Then follows Goshen, with \$500, and Marion, with \$300. Both Decatur and Greensburg secure an advance of \$200. The only reduction of salary is at Notre Dame, which loses \$100.

The following statement shows the standing of the Presidential offices in Indiana, together with the salary allowed, as based upon the receipts of the office:

Office.	Class.	Salary.
Anderson.	1.	\$2,000
Anderson.	3.	1,400
Atica.	3.	1,500
Auburn.	3.	1,400
Aurora.	3.	1,900
Bedford.	3.	1,400
Bellington.	3.	1,800
Bluffton.	3.	1,700
Brazil.	3.	1,600
Butler.	3.	1,100
Cambridge City.	3.	1,400
Cambridge City.	3.	1,100
Concordville.	3.	2,000
Covington.	3.	1,900
Crawfordsville.	2.	2,200
Crown Point.	3.	1,200
Crown Point.	3.	1,700
Decatur.	3.	1,500
Delphi.	3.	1,600
Edinburgh.	3.	2,600
El		