

DORSEY'S DISCLOSURES.

Representative Belford, of Colorado, says Dorsey's Facts Are Not Distorted.

Confirmatory Evidence of Their Truthfulness from Several Republican Congressmen—More Interesting Reading.

(From the Chicago Daily News, Rep.)

The revelations that ex-Senator Dorsey has made through the *Sun* have formed the principal topic of conversation among politicians through the West. A curious feature of the conversation that groups of politicians indulge in is the corroborative evidence that some one of them is sure to bring out respecting one or more of the facts. Knowing that so far as their own knowledge goes the statements are accurate, they can not help expressing a belief that the whole is true. The charges are being widely circulated in Ohio and Iowa, and the Republican voter waits in vain for any trustworthy denial of them. On the contrary, the assertions of men who ought to know, that they are true, send them home and clinch them.

Representative Belford, of Colorado, has not hesitated to express his opinion that Dorsey's facts are not distorted, though Judge Belford regrets that he saw fit to make them public at this time. Judge Belford is in possession of some facts that came under his own observation that confirm some things that Dorsey has said. "It throws no discredit on Dorsey's statements," said Judge Belford, "to attack him. That is the policy of the lawyer, who, being beaten, goes out and swears at the Judge. There are, I fear, too many men who know, in part, at least, that he has told some truths. I know what I am speaking about when I say that Dorsey was one of Garfield's most trusted counsellors, and his advice was sought by Garfield during the canvass and between the election and inauguration of Garfield. As to the causes that led to the rupture between Garfield and Conkling, I am quite familiar with them. I went to Mentor in the winter of 1881 to urge Garfield to appoint ex-Gov. Routh, of Colorado, a member of his Cabinet. It was so well known that Garfield sought Dorsey's advice in making up his Cabinet that it was thought necessary to win Dorsey's support for Gov. Routh. With a friend, prominent politician, I went to New York and saw Dorsey. There letters from Garfield to Dorsey were shown my friend which satisfied him that Dorsey was very near to Garfield. We were, therefore, delighted when Dorsey agreed to go to Mentor and support Gov. Routh. While I was at Mentor Gen. Garfield requested me on my return to Washington, to see Mr. Conkling, and to learn why he seemed, even then, disaffected. Gen. Garfield wanted me to write fully to him the result of that interview. On my return Senator Teller arranged an interview with Senator Conkling. We had a conversation that lasted more than an hour. When it was finished I wrote up what was said, showed the manuscript to Mr. Conkling, and have the note now. I cannot make that public now, but it is a full recital of the causes of difference. This talk satisfied me, and could not fail to satisfy any fair man, that Mr. Conkling had been sinned against, and, further, it is entirely consistent with what Dorsey's statement in the *Sun* has to say on these matters.

"I have," continued Judge Belford, "indirect evidence that other portions are true. A very prominent member of Congress, and one who was a very intimate friend of Gen. Garfield, told me that he said to Gen. Garfield that all his real friends thought that he had made a very great blunder in appointing Robertson. To this Garfield replied with his usual evasiveness when addressing an intimate: 'Old fellow, that's true, but I am going to get out of this trouble into which I was really forced. I will keep Robertson in the Custom House one year, and then will send him to Europe to some first-class mission. I regret his mutual misunderstanding between Conkling and myself, and I propose to adjust it as soon as possible. There have been mistakes on both sides, and I am anxious to have them corrected.'

"There are politicians who assert this story of the manner in which Garfield was, as he expressed it, forced to appoint Robertson to be true. When the interview between Conkling, Arthur and Garfield was arranged by Wayne MacVeagh for the Sunday night before Robertson's appointment was made, Garfield had no intention of making any immediate changes in the Custom House at New York. He told Mr. Conkling, at their interview, that he certainly would make no change without first consulting the Senators from New York. On the next day some minor appointment went in, and Blaine, who had been confined to his house by an attack of rheumatism, sent a letter to Garfield, saying that either Robertson must be appointed at once or he would resign from the Cabinet. He added that he waited an answer. This was a little too much even for Garfield. He took no notice of Blaine's note. Blaine, seeing that he could not bully Garfield by threatening to resign, went to the White House that evening and had a long talk with Garfield. While they were at it the telegram came from New York, threatening exposure of the Stanley Matthews barge, unless Robertson's name was sent in the next day. That had more effect than Blaine's threat. Ex-Gov. Van Zandt, of Rhode Island, could substantiate this statement if he cared."

Congressman Warner, of Ohio, says that there were so many things in Dorsey's story that he knew to be true, that he had to accept it all. He says that Jewell himself told him that Dorsey's finance committee had raised an immense sum, of which he (Jewell) knew nothing for three months, and that they had kept him in ignorance because

it was proposed to spend the money in a manner which he would not tolerate. While he was busy raising money from manufacturers to make the fight on the tariff, this committee of New York bankers were raising immense amounts and spending them improperly. Jewell condemned to Warner in the severest terms the manner in which the money was used.

Ex-Congressman Sapp, of Iowa, said briefly that there were statements that Dorsey had made that he thought were true, and he regretted the fact and the publishing of it.

Delegate Pettigrew, of Dakota, said that he knew that many of the statements Dorsey had made were true. He said that the publication was injuring the party in the extreme West.

Corporal Tanner, who was seen in Denver at the Grand Army Reunion, said that he believed that Dorsey, in the main, had told the truth.

Political Notes.

TURN the rascals out.

THE Republican party must go.

NO DEMOCRAT can afford to indorse monopoly.

The Michigan Prohibitionists propose to beat the Republican party in that State if it takes every dollar of their substance to do it.

It is said that the real reason of Conkling's unpopularity among members of his own party proceeds from his unimpeachable honesty. The most popular Republicans are those who are somewhat unscrupulous and who "do dirt" for the success of "the grand old party." They stood by Dorsey as long as they dared.—*Indianapolis Sentinel*

COLEFAX, a gentleman of Indiana, formerly in public life, is a cheerful comforter of his party. Returning from New York, he expressed his firm belief that the Democrats will not have a majority of more than 25,000 this fall, which, he argues, conclusive evidence that the Republicans will carry the State next year.—*Chicago Herald*.

THE idea that Blaine is "out of politics" and couldn't be dragged into the Presidential arena with a cable and windlass is one that judicious people will hardly adopt without better evidence than his engagement in writing a book and declining to have his name used. Mr. Blaine will be heard from with a sunstroke or some other dramatic episode when the ball fairly opens.

GEN. N. M. CURTIS, who acted as Republican scapegoat last year and bore away the sins of his party in collecting political assessments contrary to law, has been rewarded for the sacrifice he made in permitting his friends to pay his fine. He has been nominated to the New York Assembly by the grateful Republicans in his district; and will undoubtedly make his campaign upon the platform of reform and no assessments.

It has been very much the fashion for Republicans, both in and out of Massachusetts, to belittle Butler and speak disparagingly of him. The Massachusetts Republicans, however, have abandoned it. Instead of belittling Butler they come very much nearer overrating him. They are paying him the highest compliment a political party can pay an opponent. Instead of seeking a candidate who will represent any particular idea or policy, or one who has been conspicuous for party loyalty and zeal, they are asking for the one that can beat Butler. No other qualification is worthy of or receives the slightest consideration. This is a high tribute to Ben from the men who have so persistently reviled him.—*Detroit Free Press*.

The main issue in the next Presidential election will be whether we shall have a Democratic, honest, economical administration of the Government. Can there be any doubt of the result in a contest waged on such grounds? Let us look at the figures. Gen. Hancock would have been elected if he had received the thirty-five votes of New York. He obtained only seventeen in the North. The rest of his 185 came from the South. There is not the slightest reason for supposing that any State, North or South, that supported Hancock in 1880, will fail to vote for the Democratic candidate in 1884. If we add the thirty-six votes of New York to the Hancock votes, this would determine the struggle in favor of the Democratic nominee. The six votes of Connecticut and the fifteen of Indiana would carry the Democratic majority up to a handsome figure. Some doubtful States may also fall into line and make the triumph of honesty over profligacy especially memorable in the history of the country. The Republican party must go!—*New York Sun*.

Equal to the Emergency.

Miss Middy Morgan, the live-stock reporter of the *New York Times*, happened to be left in charge of a cottage in a New Jersey village, where she was visiting. To her appeared two villainous-looking tramps. "Well, have you anything for us, old woman?" asked one of the fellows. "Oh, yes," was the answer; "just wait and I'll bring it down." Miss Morgan went quickly up stairs and in half a minute returned with a seven-shooter firmly grasped in her right hand. "This is what I have for you," said she. "How do you like it?" The tramps did not wait to answer the question, but got out as fast as their legs could carry them.

A Large Head.

"I guess my son will develop into a first-class reporter," remarked a man to the editor of the paper on which the youth had been serving a month on probation, "immense brain that boy's got, large head—large head!"

"Yes, yes," said the editor who was cognizant of the young man's drinking propensities, "large head, always swelled!"—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly*.

THE BAD BOY.

"Well, well," remarked the grocery man as the boy came into the store and sat up on the edge of the counter, "you look up well for a boy with theague, I thought you couldn't get out of bed, you haven't been around for nearly a week."

"Oh, the ague's played out. I guess they run out of quinine in this town while I was sick. Any how they fired nearly a barrel of it down my neck," replied the boy, helping himself to an apple.

"I heard your father was arrested last Saturday. What's the trouble?" asked the grocery man as he closed a new gate at the end of the counter he had made to keep the boy away from the sugar bin.

"Well, he did come near being run in, sure, and I guess he would if it hadn't been for me. You see my has been sick ever since she went into the deacon's cellar to draw cider and met that skunk, so she told pa if he would get a couple of good fat hens, she would try and make a pot-pie for Sunday, as she felt her health failing, and if her appetite didn't improve soon she would go hence, whatever that means. So that evening pa started out after hens. He was too late to get dressed ones, so he got two live ones from the market and started home. Me and my chum were layin' for him, and when he got about half way home it commenced to rain and he started on a run so as to not get wet. We followed and met a policeman and told him we saw a man steal two hens, and pointed pa out as the man. The policeman started after him and yelled at him to halt, but pa did not hear him. Pretty soon pa saw some one was chasing him, and thought it was a robber, so he ran all the harder. Then the policeman pulled out his revolver and fired in the air to scare pa, just as one of the hens got her wings loose and flopped it in pa's eye. Pa dropped with a groan and said: 'I'm shot. Tell my wife I died happy.' Then a crowd got around him and was a-going to hang the policeman, but he swore the shot came across the street for he saw two men run, and said he didn't carry a revolver anyway, and the crowd might search him. But I saw him throw it over in a yard and me and my chum got it the next morning. When pa found he wasn't dead, he called for a stretcher to be carried home to die with his family. While some of the crowd went for the stretcher, the rest began to examine him to see where the bullet went in, and when they couldn't find it, he got up and offered to lick any man that said he was shot. Just then another policeman came up and said he recognized pa as 'Chicago Bill,' a notorious safe-rober and that a reward was offered for him. Pa said he was an honest man and agreed to go back to the market with the chickens and be identified. They found only one of the chickens, but the market man knew pa and fixed it, and then the policeman began to beg pa's pardon and pa gave him \$5 to keep still about it. When pa got home he told me how he had helped catch a safe-blower and when he got his share of the reward she could have a new seal-skin sacque."

"Your father'll kill you some day. But what about that fuss at the social at the deacon's night before last?" asked the groceryman, as he picked the fly-specks off a lot of maple-sugar he was putting away for "new maple-sugar" next spring. "I heard the whole church was mad at each other over a grab-bag, and the Presiding Elder had all he could do to quiet things down."

"That don't amount to much," replied the boy. "There's always something turns up when the sociable season first starts in. You see, ma was appointed a committee to fix up a grab-bag. Me and my chum were digging bait that morning to go fishing, when pa came out and said, 'Henrey, I be ye you put up that chicken job on me, and I don't believe anything but hard work will reform you. I want you to spade up the ground under the currant bushes.' I asked him if he wanted a hump-backed, disfigured boy, made so by hard work. Pa said he would risk the hump, and told me to pitch in, and then went down town. My chum said he would help me, and me and him got the job done before 2 o'clock. When we got done I come in and found ma had finished the grab-bag, and had it all loaded, with the top fastened with a puckering-string, and hung on the back of a chair. Ma was upstairs getting her Sunday clothes on, to go to the sociable, so it didn't take me and my chum long to empty the bag and get first choice. Then I got our mouse trap and took it to the barn, and caught two nice big fat mice and put 'em in a collar-box with holes cut in it, to give 'em air, and dropped that in the bag. Then my chum remembered a big napping turtle he had in the swill-barrel, and me and him got that and wiped it all dry as we could, and tied it all up but its head, and put that in just as the deacon's hired man came to take the bag over to the socialbe. Me and my chum went down to his house and waited till the people got over to the socialbe and then we went over and got up a tree where we could see through the open window, and hear all that was going on. Pa stood over by the bag and shouted, 'Ten cents a grab; don't let anybody be backward in a good cause.' Three or four had put up their 10 cents and made a grab, when an old maid from Oshkosh, who had been to the springs for hysterics, got in her work on the collar-box. When she got the cover off, one of the mice that knew his business, jumped on her shoulder and crawled down her neck, and the other dropped down on the floor and started around to meet the other one. You'd a ide to seen her flop and show her stocking and scream. The deacon's folks thought it was another attack of hysterics, and pa and the deacon got her on the sofa and held her while they poured paregoric and cayenne pepper down her. When she got loose she screamed all the harder. Then one of the other women see the mouse and got up in a chair and shook her skirts and asked the new young minister to help her catch the mouse. The poor fellow looked as though he would like to, but he failed. Just

then the bottom of the chair broke and let her fall over on ma and tore her bangs all down. Ma called her a 'hateful thing' and told her she ought to be ashamed of herself. Finally they got things in order, but no one wanted to tackle the bag, and as here was where the profits come in pa braced up and said he'd like to know why everybody acted so 'spurious, he'd like to see a grab-bag that would give him the hysterics, and said 'women are always gettin' scared at nothin'.' He then put down 10 cents and jammed his hand way down in the bottom of the bag, but he didn't keep it there long. He give a jump and yanked his hand out, yelling 'Thunder!' Then he swung it over his head to shake it off, and brought it down on the deacon's head and smashed his specks. Then he swung it the other way, and struck the woman President of the sewing society in the stomach and knocked her down in the deacon's lap. After pa had hollered himself hoarse, and thumped half the people in the room, the turtle let go, and pa said he 'could lick the man that put that steel trap in the grab-bag.' Then pa and ma got mad, and everybody began to jaw, and they all went home. There's been a sort of coldness among the members ever since. I guess pa won't have a hump-backed boy, but I'll get even with him, you just see if I don't."

And the boy went out and took a sign, "Warranted Fresh," from the fruit stand, and hung it on to a blind horse that was hitched to a garbage wagon in front of the store.—*Peck's Sun*.

Ponies.

The most popular pony is the Canadian, which is rather large for a pony and small for a horse, but he is much stronger and harder, in proportion to size, than the larger animal of the horse kind. Exposure and inattention brings the horse down to the pony class, which not only affects the animal so subject at the time, but by long continuance, the dwarf size becomes characteristic in successive generations.

Along the coast of Virginia and North Carolina, the islands are used for breeding ponies. On Chincoteague island, which is not far from the Virginia and Maryland line, on the Atlantic coast, ponies have been bred for many years, many of them being nearly as small as the Shetlands, but not so shaggy. The ponies come into the world with no care from man afterward, except to be branded, and, as the island is nearly barren of vegetation, it is a matter of surprise how the animals can subsist, thrive, and multiply as rapidly as they do, and that too, in the face of the fact that during the existence of storms and severe cold they have no shelter.

The supposition that long-continued exposure and neglect will ultimately destroy all that may remain of a breed is not verified in this case, for, despite their hardships, the ponies, when broken to harness, will outlast the best of horses, go longer without food and water, seldom become sick, and live to a good old age. In strength they cannot equal the average horses, as size is against them, but in proportion to their weight they are superior for drawing a load over a long distance in a short period. They never seem to tire, and never founder.

They demonstrate, however, that if we neglect our stock we deteriorate them in other ways. Size will be reduced, and more difficulty is encountered in training and domesticating animals that have been abandoned to their own resources. And then, who knows how many poor creatures actually perish on these exposed islands before the stronger and more robust become capable of undergoing the trying ordeal necessary for perpetuating its species. The "survival of the fittest" alone was the result, and no doubt many years elapsed before the herds became numerous. But the ponies were not dwarfed in vain, for small as they are, they are useful in many ways, and always become favorites, no matter in whose possession they fall. They have passed through the critical stages, and are now distinct as a breed.—*Farm, Field and Fireside*.

Unconscious Genius.

Genius is often unconscious of its power. Perhaps it is always so at the beginning of its career. Shakespeare did not take the trouble of collecting his plays; he had little thought of their making him famous.

Thomas Ball, the Boston sculptor, began his career as a painter, with no thought of modeling forms. But one day, his unconscious genius made it difficult for him to make his rest less toward his art and dissatisfied with his work. He had been painting a picture, and it so wearied him that he scraped it all out. He shut himself up in his studio for two or three days, indisposed to see any one or to do anything.

Suddenly, he was seized by an impulse to model something. He went to a sculptor's studio near by, got a lump of clay, and began. After trying several things he made a miniature bust of Jenny Lind, then the star of the music-loving world. The little bust made a great hit, and from that day Ball knew that his vocation had found him.

Yes, sah!

Yes, sah. We quite agree with you, sah, that there is a sort of delicious frankness, sah, about the following that will be appreciated beyond the bounds of West Virginia:

Some five or six years ago a political party orator delivered an address for his party at Winfield, Putnam county, W. Va. When in the zenith of his oration he was stopped by a powerful voice among the listeners.

"Look here, sah. May I ask you a question?"

"Yes, sah; you may, sah."

"Well, sah; I want to know, sah, if you are not the man, sah, that I had down har in jail, sah, for hog-stealing, sah?"

"Yes, sah, I am, sah," came the response; "but I got clar, sah."—*Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine*.

It is said that dwarfs die of premature old age and giants of exhaustion.

OFFICIAL PAP.

A Glance Into the Blue Book in Which Are Printed the Names of Government Employees.

The Ohio Man Still Holding His Own in the Various Departments.

(Washington Telegram to Chicago Times.)

There is a work published biennially by the Government of the United States which contains little else than names, and there is ten times more effort made by people to get their names into this book than there is to get their names into the book of life. It is the *United States Official Register*, commonly called the "blue book." A few years ago one moderate-sized volume answered the purpose. In 1879 the work reached the dimensions of two thin volumes; the edition of 1881 consists of two volumes, each containing nearly 900 pages. The index alone fills 33 pages, the names being arranged in four columns on a page. One of these two volumes is devoted exclusively to the postal service, though the employees of the *Post Office* are provided for in the other volume. The register contains the name of every person employed by the Government, his or her birth-place, residence, when appointed and salary.

No DEMOCRATIC accident occurred at Schenectady, a village about six miles from Jasper, in which three prominent young men lost their lives. A well was being sunk near the town, and, as it was necessary to drill and blast through rock, the usual process of blasting was resorted to. After an interval of several days, the work was resumed, and John Fitter went down the well with the blasting material and was immediately suffocated by "damp." Not hearing from him, another young man, named Henry Stenles, went down and was also suffocated almost instantly. Then Agate Schnell, son of ex-Commissioner Schnell, went down with a rope tied around him to rescue his companions, but was overcome at once. He managed to signal to draw him up, which was done, but he had inhaled the poisonous air and soon died.

HENRY KRAUESBAUER shot and killed Isaac Lyons in Nettle Creek township, Randolph county. Krauesbauer is a single man about 30 years of age, and resides with Mary Kenyon, a widow about 70 years of age,