

The Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee met at the Arlington Hotel, in this city, and organized for the coming campaign. Senator Pendleton, Chairman of the Democratic joint caucus, presided, and Representative Cost, Secretary of the joint caucus, acted.

Secretary of the meeting. Thirty states and four Territories are represented on the Campaign Committee, these being the States and Territories which send a Democratic Senator or representative to Congress. Thirty-one members were present. The following Executive Committee was selected: On the part of the Senate, Senators Garland, Kenna, and Gorman; on the part of the House, Representatives Paige, Rosecrans, Stockslager, Stevens, and Murphy. It was decided that this Executive Committee should be empowered to select members for the Campaign Committee for the States and Territories not represented either in the Senate or House by Democrat. These States and Territories are Colorado, Kansas, Maine, Minnesota, Nebraska, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Vermont, and Dakota, Idaho, New Mexico, and Washington. No other business was transacted by the Campaign Committee. The Executive Committee met on the afternoon of the Campaign Committee, and organized by electing Senator Gorman Chairman, and Representative Cost Secretary. Senator Kenna and Representatives Stevens and Stockslager were appointed a sub-committee on finance, and Senator Garland and Representatives Murphy and Paige a sub-committee on campaign documents, the Chairman being an ex-officio member of both sub-committees. The committee had an informal talk over the arrangements to be made for the campaign, but did not enter into a discussion of the question of party policy. Revenue-reform Democrats appear to be in the minority on the Executive Committee. Senator Gorman and Senator Kenna are both "tariff" Democrats, and Representatives Paige and Stevens. Representatives Stockslager and Murphy are Carlisle men, and with Senator Garland represent the tariff-reform element on the committee. Representative Rosecrans voted for Carlisle for Speaker, but is an "incidental Protectionist," and endorses the tariff platform. The Secretary of the committee in a "tariff" Democrat. The main committee is composed of the younger element of the party. The following is a full list of the Campaign Committee as at present organized:

Alabama—H. A. Herbert.
Arkansas—E. H. Garland.
California—W. S. Bourns.
Connecticut—W. W. Weston.
Delaware—O. B. Lore.
Georgia—A. H. Colquitt.
Illinois—R. W. Townsend.
Iowa—J. H. Murphy.
Kentucky—James F. Clay.
Louisiana—N. C. Blanchard.
Maryland—A. P. Gorman.
Massachusetts—H. F. Lovering.
Michigan—N. B. Eldredge.
Mississippi—H. L. Muldrow.
Missouri—A. M. Pockery.
New Jersey—W. C. Aldrich.
New York—R. P. Stevens.
North Carolina—Clarendon Dowd.
Ohio—D. R. Fuige.
Oregon—J. H. Slater.
Pennsylvania—William Mutchler.
South Carolina—Samuel Dibble.
Tennessee—J. G. Harris.
Texas—R. Q. Mills.
Virginia—John S. Barbour.
West Virginia—John E. Kenna.
Wisconsin—P. V. Deuster.
Florida—R. H. M. Davison.
Arizona—G. H. Oury.
Montana—M. Maginnis.
Wyoming—M. E. Post.
Utah—J. F. Calne.

Labor and Capital Unite Under Republicanism.

We have endeavored to show in a former issue that the united system of labor caused by the overthrow of the institution of slavery, together with unrestricted free trade between the States and Territories of the United States, would necessarily distribute our manufacturing industries over a much greater extent of our territory than heretofore, and that the manufacturing centers of many of those industries, and notably that of iron and the cheaper qualities of cotton, would shift from their present localities into those localities where the raw material used by them was cheaper and more accessible, and that manufacturing, like farming, would flourish most where the greatest results could be obtained at the least cost.

It seems plain to us that as these changes take place the tendency of prices will be downward until the point is reached where our chief products of manufacture, like our farm products, at the present time, will be able to enter the foreign markets in competition with the world. The necessity of finding an outlet for our surplus products of manufacture is now severely felt. The serious disturbance in our labor centers resulting from overproduction and the results of suspending until the surplus can be disposed of, is one of the crying evils of the day, and thousands of laborers are now out of employment, waiting the time when the home consumption shall take up the surplus so that they may have work to do, but if no surplus had the world for a market then it would be seldom, if ever, that there would be an overproduction under the present condition of things, both capital and labor are sufferers, at when manufacturing and farming are carried on under the same conditions, and the same favors and no more attended to each, then the industrial interests of the whole country will move in space and in harmony. It is natural for the present manufacturing centers to hold on to the monopoly they have heretofore enjoyed as long as possible, and the high tariffs of the last twenty years have enabled them to do up to the present time, but at a great cost to the consumer. While capital is timid about entering the new fields of the West and South, a high tariff could keep out foreign competition, and thus Johnstown could continue to freight on ore from the Iron Mountains of Missouri and from Lake Superior to

feed her furnaces, although it cost her \$20 to make a ton of pig iron, for it eventually came out of the pocket of the consumer. But when capital produces the same kind of iron, at the point where the ore has to be mined, at a cost of about one-half that sum, and no tariff can be interposed, then Johnstown must set up her furnaces in the iron belt or turn capital to some other kind of industry; and eventually Johnstown will insist that the duty be taken off of pig iron that the industries may obtain the raw material at prices that will enable them to manufacture the higher classes of iron and steel so as to compete with foreign manufacturers in the same line. It will require the foreign competition to keep the prices steady. It is time that the close of the war in many lines of manufactures the tendency of the prices has been downward; but this has been from other causes than the influence of high tariff that have prevailed, and in spite of their existence. It is very certain that the reduction of prices would have been much greater if the rate of "customs" had been less; but the important fact before us at this time is that natural causes will work a cure to the evils under which we have been and still are suffering in spite of our vicious system of class legislation, and when that cure has been accomplished the whole country will be prosperous.—*Indianapolis Sentinel*.

MR. MORRISON'S TARIFF BILL

Views of the Leading Republicans Advocate of Free Trade Operations.

Mr. Morrison's bill is an honest, simple, practical attempt to relieve the people of burdens which rest on every industry, every trade, every household and individual in the land. It is not a theorist's bill; it is not in effect, though it may be in interest, a political bill, and it cannot be made one except by the mistaken conduct of party leaders. It does not receive the support of the Democrats as a party, nor reflect their views or policy or tendencies. It is bitterly opposed by a powerful faction in the party, and cannot now be claimed as a Democratic measure. It does represent substantially the views of a large part, if not of the great majority, of the Republican party. It starts from the Morrill tariff. It stops short of the avowed intention of the last Republican Congress. It is purposely framed to meet the position to which the Republicans are committed. There is no reason why it should not receive the support of conservative Republicans except that it comes from a Democratic source, and that fact would, by such support, be deprived of all political significance or effect. Regarding the principle and expressed intention of the bill—and if it be found, on examination, not to conform to these, it can be made to do so—it is the plainest dictate of duty and policy to adopt it.

If, on the other hand, the Republicans oppose it utterly, or if they offer in place of it some such foolish device as the abolition of the sugar duty, they must suffer the penalty of conspicuous folly and bad faith. They will then force the Democrats into the position of moderate and practical reform, and assume for themselves the indefensible position of indiscriminate support of high taxes for the benefit of a few favored interests. No sane man can doubt what the choice of the taxpaying voters would be between parties holding these respective positions. It is idle now to talk of making the issue between free trade Democracy and Republican protection. The Morrison bill is for free trade, and the opposition to it is not, in any decent sense, the support of protection. The bill is, in effect, a moderate and conservative attempt to deal with the actual and pressing needs of the business of the country. By treating it fairly and intelligently the Republican party can serve the country with no harm to their own party and no decided advantage to their opponents. By blind adherence to the tariff as it is, exorbitant and oppressive, partial and unjust, they can do themselves great injury and greatly help their opponents.—*New York Times*.

OSTRACIZED BY HIS RACE.

A Richmond Negro Almost Left to Die Alone Because He Voted Against Mahone.

Lazarus Bullfinch, a colored man, recently died here. He voted with the Democrats in the last election, and afterward was entirely ostracized by members of his race. They refused to speak to him or to let him visit their houses. Bullfinch was a very quiet negro, not participating actively in politics, but he simply expressed his determination to vote with the great body of the representative white people, who, he said, gave his race employment, and were indeed the best friends of the colored man. The negroes had been worked up to a pitch of frenzy by the reports industriously circulated among them by the Mahone agents to the effect that the triumph of the Democracy meant the re-enslavement of the colored race. While the more intelligent blacks disbelieved such reports, the ignorant mass were stirred up, and cast a solid vote for the Mahone ticket.

Bullfinch stood out against his race, however, and quietly voted the Democratic ticket. Since that time to the day of his death he became a pariah among his race. He had no companions. His nearest relations had nothing to do with him. Two weeks ago he was taken sick, and a few of his colored friends attended him. The most of the negroes, however, would have nothing to do with him, and he died on Friday. His funeral took place to-day, and was conducted by Rev. Dr. Hatcher, a leading white minister of the Baptist Church, and was attended almost entirely by white people.—*Richmond (Va.) telegram*.

SHERMAN and Mahone's attempt to nominate Blaine by "stirring up" the Southern members was a flat failure. They are several years behind the age with their rabbish.

THE BAD BOY.

"Here, here," said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came in the back door hurriedly and bolted it, and hid behind a barrel, "what you coming in the back door for in that manner, like a pirate of the Spanish main? My other customers don't sneak in through the back door and hide behind things. What ails you?"

"Sh-h-h! If a man comes up from the street-car in about two minutes, with one coat tail torn off, and pieces of umbrella frame sticking out of himself like porcupine quills, his hat gone, and a scared complexion on his face, and asks if you have seen a chubby-faced little boy, you drive him out doors, 'cause he isn't responsible,' and the boy pulled a coffee sack down off a barrel to cover himself up.

"Who in the wild man you are expecting, and what have you done?" asked the grocery man.

"Sh-h-h! It's pa. And if he got out of the car without coming through the window, he is liable to show up here pretty quick. You see, pa has been trying to make us believe he could see just as well as he ever could, and he has quit wearing spectacles, and gets mad every time anybody suggests that he can't see very well. Ma says he is ashamed to have folks think he is getting old. Sometimes I come in the room and pa snaps his fingers and says 'Hello, Bruno, good dog,' thinking I am the dog, and when he finds out his mistake he laughs and says it was only a joke, and he says he can see as well as any man in this town. I told him some day some persons would play a joke on him and convince him that he was near-sighted, and he said they might try all the jokes they wanted to on him. Well pa is a awful polite to ladies, and for fear he will pass some lady that he knows, and not speak to her, he speaks to all of 'em. Some of 'em get cross to have a stranger speak to them, but pa has such an innocent, benevolent, vacant sort of a look when he smiles, that they go on, thinking he has escaped from some asylum. Well, he was in a street car, and on the other side of the car was an old maid, with a pug dog in her lap, curled up like a baby. I see pa was getting his eyes set on the woman and the dog, but I knew he couldn't make out whether it was a baby she had or not, so I whispered to pa that it was too bad to carry babies on street cars, poor little things. That was enough for pa. He bit like a bass. He began to look benevolent, and smiled at the lady just as though he lived next door to her, and she looked sort of cross, but pa could not see that, and he smiled again and leaned over toward her and pointed to the dog and asked: "How old is the little thing?" Well, I thought I should just melt and run right through the perforated seat of the car. The woman said it was only eleven months old, but she looked as though she didn't know as it was any of his business, any way. I tried to get pa to change the subject and talk with me, but when he gets to talking with a woman that settles it, and he told me to hush up and look out of the window at the scenery. Then pa smiled again and got one eye on the lady and one on the supposed baby, which she had wrapped a shawl around, and said: "Little one always been healthy, I suppose?" The woman snapped at that it had always been healthy enough, except when it was cutting teeth it had a sort of distemper. The other passengers began to look at pa and smile, and the lady was beginning to blush, and I could see distant mutterings of a cyclone, and I pulled pa's sleeve and told him I wouldn't talk to strangers that way if I was him, but pa punched me in the rib with his elbow, and told me to mind my own business, and I went to the end of the car near the door so as to get out quick in case of an alarm of fire. Pa returned to the assault, and it made me perspire. 'Is it a boy or girl?' said pa, and the lady's face colored up and she pulled the strap to stop the car. Just as the car stopped pa got up, and in his politest manner he said, as he held out his hands, 'let me help you with the baby.' Well, you'd a dide. You would have just laid right down in the straw, in the car and blotted. When the driver opened the door I flew out, and just then I looked in and the dog had got mad at pa when he put out his hands, and had grabbed pa's hand, and was chewing his mitten and growling, and the lady called pa an old wretch, and said he ought to be arrested for going around insulting unprotected females, and I saw her umbrella go up in the air and come down on pa's head, and pa yelled to somebody to take the dog off. The woman came out of the car on a gallop, holding the dog by the leg, and the dog had one of pa's buckskin mittens in its mouth, its teeth on, and pa looked so mad, as he told me to go to gehenna, that I got off the car and came here, and left him picking pieces of umbrella out of his necktie, and explaining to the other passengers that he knew the dog wasn't a baby all the time. Say, can you see how I was to blame about pa's misfortune?"

"I can't see as you are to blame," said the grocery man, as he dipped a quart of cranberries out of the barrel behind which the boy was hid; "your pa is one of those men that knows it all and don't allow anybody to tell him anything. If he had listened to your advice he would have kept out of trouble. I think some men ought to have a boy for a guardian. But, say! How would you like to have some fun? I have got a big pile of potatoes in the cellar, and they are beginning to sprout. Let's you and I go down cellar and pull off our coats and just have a glorious old time picking those potatoes over and pulling off the sprouts. Hurrah! Come on," and the grocery man laughed and ran his thumb into the boy's ribs and started for the cellar.

"No, not any fun for Henney," said the boy, as he looked out to see if his pa was in sight. "I think too much fun is not good for boys. If you want your

potatoes looked over you will have to hire somebody to do it. Sprouting potatoes is work, and you can't make it pass for fun, unless you strike some fool boy that don't know you are playing on him. You old hypocrites think boys are fools. Ever since I turned grindstone for a man once all the afternoon for fun, and got so tired I couldn't walk, I have decided to pick out my own fun. When a man unfolds a scheme to me to have fun, and I see it is a put up job to get me to work for nothing and call it fun, I pass," and the boy went out to see if his pa got off the car.—*Peck's Sun*.

TOBACCO PAPER PULP.

A Peculiar Kind of Cigars.

A correspondent from New York writes: While seeking information among retail tobacconists, a peculiar preparation of tobacco used for the manufacture of a certain inferior class of cigarettes in Havana was spoken of, and with some difficulty it was learned that a German merchant, who is not in that line of trade, had a box of peculiar cigars sent to him some time ago from Germany as a sample, with a purpose of inducing him to undertake putting them on this market.

"Take a cigar," he said, hospitably, offering a box half full of the "weeds," and lighting one of them himself. "Yes, I did have some such cigars sent me awhile ago, but I declined to have anything to do with them, as there was no profit in them. They could not pay duty and compete with the class of cigars they would be expected to run against here. Peculiar manufacture?" Yes, rather. The richest, oiliest, rankest tobacco brought from some of the West Indian Islands is first put through a process exactly like that of making paper pulp. While it is in that state chemistry's aid is invoked to entirely change its character. The elements that render it rank and offensive are eliminated from it; other essential oils and ethers are added to it. It can be made to exactly counterfeit any tobacco in the world, even the finest from the Vuelta de Abajo.

"When it is just right, it is run out in a film, that gradually grows in thickness to a sheet, just as paper is made. Upon this sheet certain acids are lightly sprinkled in minute drops here and there, to simulate upon the perfected sheet the little spots and blotches that you see in the genuine tobacco leaf. The color has already been attended to and regulated so that it will come out just right for any shade of cigar, from a Claro to an Oscuro, but now other essential oils are touched to the sheet in the most delicate way, to give the rich, oily gloss of sub-cutaneous color, so to speak, that will be observed on the finest dark leaf. Finally the sheet goes between powerful steel rollers, upon the carefully matched surface of which are deeply engraved exact reproductions in the most delicate detail of markings of genuine tobacco leaves. When those leaves are cut out of the sheet, it requires the skill of an expert to determine that they are not real. The remnants go back into the vat, and the leaves are, according to their quality, made into cigars or chopped up into filling for cigarettes. By the way, how do you like that cigar you are smoking now?"

"Very well." "Good flavor? Burns well? Holds well its fine white ash?" "To all your queries—yes."

"Well, that is one of the cigars I have described to you the making of. Take this knife, and cut it open. Examine its wrappings and the filler carefully. I am not surprised to hear you say that it looks like natural leaf, and that you can trace the lines of the veins and fine stems in it. Of course you can. But tear a bit in two and look at its edge with this magnifying glass. Do you observe that its fibers are irregularly disposed of criss-cross, just like this bit of paper that I tear and put under the glass? A natural leaf does not have this kind of arrangement. There are in the country any more of these cigars than the few I have left. I do not think that there are. But I know that great quantities of them are sold all over Europe, and that the exports to South America are quite large. People there smoke them in preference to the genuine and good real leaf cigars, grown and made in their own countries. Well, perhaps they don't know how the imported ones are made. A dealer need not feel it compulsory upon him to tell, and there's a great deal of virtue in a label to the average smoker."

Perfectly dreadful.

"Oh, I say, Chawley, that was a chawming cweechnay you downed with at Mrs. Bullion's t'other eye."

"No, Hawy, she was not chawming; she is vulgah cweechnay."

"Wy, weally, you don't say so, Chawley."

"Yaas; she asked me if I liked conundwums, and I told her that I had tried them in Paree, but I didn't like them as well as fewid fwogs. And then she larfed—actually larfed. Just think of a society gyurl larfing."

"Puffie dwedful, wasn't it?"

"Yes; and then she asked me if I knew why Fweddle Simpson was a fount in of humor, and when I said no she said it was because he was always having."

"Oh, Chawley, how could you? Take me to a soda-fountain. I feel faint and need a stimulant."—*Essex County (Mass.) Statesman*.

A COMPARISON of the cotton product of South Carolina for the most prosperous ante-revolution year, 1860, with that of 1883 is shown to be so much the more favorable to the latter year as to seem almost incredible. The crop last year was larger than in 1860 by 114,815 bales, and in the manufacture of cotton products the increase had been from \$718,000 to \$7,963,000.

The cedars of Alaska are better and infinitely more inexhaustible than the famed cedars of Lebanon.

KICKED THE BUCKET.

The Suicide of Frank Rande, the Most Infamous Desperado of the West.

Using His Water Pail for a Scaffold, He Hangs Himself in a Cell at the Joliet Penitentiary.

When the keeper of the solitary in the Illinois Penitentiary, at Joliet, opened the cell in which the murderous convict, Frank Rande, was confined, on the morning of the 7th inst., he was surprised to find the iron-grated door covered with the clothing of Rande. Unlocking the grated door he found some little effort was required to open it, but when he had effected an entrance the cause was plain, for, suspended from the grating by the neck was the lifeless and almost naked body of the noted desperado. He had made the most careful preparations for committing suicide, evidently intending that nothing should prevent him from accomplishing his purpose. He had removed all his clothing except his drawers and stockings, and after tearing his undershirt in strips had bound them from his head and his suspenders a good strong enough for his purpose. He then fastened his coat and vest to the bars of the door in order to protect his naked body from the chilly wind, and after laying his trousers on the floor at the bottom of the door, he placed his water-bucket thereon in order to have something on which to stand while fastening the rope at the upper bars of the door. These preparations being complete he had only to fasten the rope properly around his neck and kick the bucket away from him and in a few minutes all was over. When found his body was cold, yet it presented a natural appearance for it had been raised on the floor, the hands hung down the sides, the eyes were wide open, and the head was turned a little to one side. A Coroner's jury was summoned, and it took but a short time for them to resolve upon a verdict of wilful suicide by hanging. Warden McClaughrey went to Rande's cell the previous evening and immediately on entering it the convict greeted him with much excitement, and insisted that the Warden should send for ex-Sheriff Hitchcock, of Peoria, and State's Attorney Tunnicliffe, of Galesburg, saying, "When you three are together, will you something wonderful?" To this question the Warden made no reply, and just as he was leaving the cell Hände begged him to take him out and hang him, "but I cannot do that," replied the Warden, "but I never fear, you will be hanged soon enough."

In a drawer belonging to the work-bench of Rande, in the harness-shop among other things was found the cover of an old memorandum book, on the inside of which was written, in the handwriting of the dead desperado, a number of entries, the first of which is dated July 4, 1877, some six months prior to his arrest. Among the entries were the following, all dated July 4, 1877: "I have removed all my clothing except my drawers and stockings, and after tearing my undershirt in strips have bound them from my head and my suspenders a good strong enough for my purpose. I have made the most careful preparations for committing suicide, evidently intending that nothing should prevent me from accomplishing my purpose. I have removed all my clothing except my drawers and stockings, and after tearing my undershirt in strips have bound them from my head and my suspenders a good strong enough for my purpose. I have made the most careful preparations for committing suicide, evidently intending that nothing should prevent me from accomplishing my purpose. I have removed all my clothing except my drawers and stockings, and after tearing my undershirt in strips have bound them from my head and my suspenders a good strong enough for my purpose. I have made the most careful preparations for committing suicide, evidently intending that nothing should prevent me from accomplishing my purpose. I have removed all my clothing except my drawers and stockings, and after tearing my undershirt in strips have bound them from my head and my suspenders a good strong enough for my purpose. I have made the most careful preparations for committing suicide, evidently intending that nothing should prevent me from accomplishing my purpose. I have removed all my clothing except my drawers and stockings, and after tearing my undershirt in strips have bound them from my head and my suspenders a good strong enough for my purpose. I have made the most careful preparations for committing suicide, evidently intending that nothing should prevent me from accomplishing my purpose. I have removed all my clothing except my drawers and stockings, and after tearing my undershirt in strips have bound them from my head and my suspenders a good strong enough for my purpose. I have made the most careful preparations for committing suicide, evidently intending that nothing should prevent me from accomplishing my purpose. I have removed all my clothing except my drawers and stockings, and after tearing my undershirt in strips have bound them from my head and my suspenders a good strong enough for my purpose. I have made the most