

Stirring Address of Ex-Senator James R.
Doolittle at the Iroquois Club
Banquet, Chicago.

We know not the number of the hundred thousand you speak of I do not suppose there are a thousand—I doubt if there are five hundred—Democrats to be found in the whole service of the Government. There are as many Democrats in the country as there are Republicans, and we think a great many more. Why then should such a state of things exist, that not one single Democrat is to be found in the whole service of the Government? Now, my friends, ought to stop here, ought to have stopped before, but allow me to say one or two words more and then I am done. There is another principle in this canvass—this coming campaign—that I can

at writing dictionaries, but when it comes to making speeches I don't know that I have to ask any odds of my illustrious predecessor from Massachusetts!" —*Chicago Daily News.*

THE *Albany Journal* makes an unwitting confession when it advises its Republican friends that it is "better to spend \$10 in March or April in interesting Republicans in their party than \$1,000 in buying torches, fireworks, and Democrats in October."

A Large Section of Western Ohio Swept by a Destructive Cyclone.

□ A dispatch from Jamestown, Green County, says: A terrible cyclone struck Jamestown about 5 o'clock Sunday evening. Two-thirds of the town was completely ruined. Six persons were killed, namely: Miss Stella Jones, aged 15, of Esculapia Springs, Ky.; Mrs. Ann Carpenter, Letitia Jenkins, daughter of G. K. Jenkins; Miss Kate Boteler; Mrs. Stewart, a colored woman; a son of James Pauls. Several were badly wounded. Hundreds of people were turned out of their homes. No estimate of the damage is possible now.

[Dayton (Ohio) Telegram.]

A very destructive cyclone visited this section on Sunday afternoon, and the high-born of Miami, Carrollton, Franklin, Woodford, Ridgewood, Xenia, Jamestown, Washington Court House, and at other points the damage was appalling. The cyclone was first observed in the vicinity of Carrollton and Woodford, where it seems to have begun. One reliable eye-witness says that he observed one cloud coming from the northwest and another from the south. At a point near Xenia the two clouds met, and a great white cloud as light as smoke, which descended to the earth and rose in undulations like a whirlwind. From Woodford and Carrollton the course of the cyclone was easterly, and the damage done was very great. The violence was not spent in the east when it reached that section.

The town of Alexandria, six miles south of here, is badly damaged, and one lady writes that she is unable to find a family to take refuge in a shed, and one child was carried five hundred yards, but not badly injured. Sawmills, barns, and smaller buildings were destroyed, while further south the destruction was more general. The estimate is that at least four hundred farm residences, to say nothing of out-buildings, are completely ruined.

Official Statistics of Its Operation.
[Washington Telegram.]
Mr. Nims, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics,

per cent.
Clothing Wool—3.8 per cent.
Combing Wool—1.7 per cent.
Carpet Wool—6.0 per cent.
Manufactures of Wool—4.4 per cent.
Manufactures of Cotton—Increase, 1.92 per cent.
Manufactures of Silk—Reduction, 3.82 per cent.
Earthen and China Ware—Increase, 13.11 per cent.
Glass and Glassware—Increase, 1.03 per cent.
Spirits and Wines—Increase, 18.28 per cent.
The report, which is a document of seventy-two pages, embraces a somewhat elaborate statement in regard to the changes in the import rates caused by the tariff act of March 3, 1883, and by the fall in the import prices of commodities. It contains also a considerable amount of statistics in regard to the quantities of the production of sugar, iron, wool, manufactures of silk, and spirits, and wines in the United States. The report treats with some particularity of the production in the United States of three great classes of wool known to our tariff laws—namely: clothing wool, combing wool, and carpet wool, and the extent to which these three kinds of wool are manufactured from the worsted and woolen goods, hats, carpets, and other art cles.

THREE-FOURTHS of the officers in the German army wear corsets.

WIGGINS claims to have predicted the London earthquake, and he says there will be another about May 20.

CHIEF BUSHYHEAD, of the Cherokee Nation, has been afflicted with a severe attack of scarlet fever, but is now recovering.

THE Bank of England has just opened a reading and eating room for its clerks.

"What you doing that money up in a paper for," said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came in with a two-dollar bill, and wrapped it up in a half sheet of note paper, and asked for an envelope. "That's some April fool business I'll bet \$5."

"Not a darn sympathize," said the grocery man, as he picked up the cheese-knife and raised it over his head as though he wanted to cut a slice of cheese off a Confederate soldier. "No, sir, I won't give a nickel. Serves them right if they suffer and starve. What did they want to raise a row for? They were whipped, and now they must submit to their defeat, and live the best way they can. Catch me giving money to rebels! No; never! You are a fool." "You are a heartless old cuss, that's what you are. You never was a soldier, or you would have some little charity concealed about your carcass. The Union soldiers are giving cheerful aid toward helping their old old opponents, and it comes with a bad grace for a stay-at-home coward like you to go back on soldiers. Union officers shake hands with Confederate officers, and the Government gives offices to them, and when they come up North everybody is glad to see them, and when our people go South in the winter everybody treats them splendid, and they forget all about the terrible war, but there is a chance to do something kind for the old crippled and sick private soldiers of the Confederate army, who have hearts and souls and everything but money, and you refuse to give a nickel, eh?"

"Yes, I refuse," said the grocery man, as he went off down the counter to get away from the boy. "I don't want nothing to do with men who tried to break up this Union. Condemn them, they shot a brother-in-law of mine in the back, and for a year after the war he couldn't sit down, except on his knees. When I think of what that man suffered for want of rest it makes me wild, and when I think of the Government refusing my brother-in-law a pension on the flimsy ground that he was running away from the enemy in the field, my blood boils. He had to leave his wife and children at Gettysburg, because he had left his knapsack with his writing materials in, about a mile back, and he wanted to write a letter to his parents. By gum! I won't give a cent."

"Those who were shot in the back, and their friends, are the most bitter against the Confederates," said the baby-boys, sarcastically. "The Union soldiers who were shot in the breast, or had an arm or a leg shot off while at the front, and who fell with their faces toward the boys in gray, are the ones who appreciate bravery, and they don't kick on chipping in a little to help their old enemies, who are friends now, out of a tight place. You would treat our misguided neighbors—Yorke than England treats the Zulus. You are worse than a cannibal. You don't seem to appreciate the fact that these Confederate soldiers are white; that they are brothers, belonging to the same country that we do, and that they are our countrymen."

speaking the same language, and ready to fight for our Union at the drop of the hat if ever occasion requires. You would see them starve, and not raise a helping hand. You would not see a dead starve if he came to your door and plead mutely for food, and yet you will see a Confederate soldier, who for three years fought because he thought he was right, and went to his desolate home with a bullet in him, suffer for the necessities of life, and you refuse to help him. Can't you realize that his children are as dear to him as yours are to you, and that it breaks his heart to see their pitiful faces pinched with hunger, and that their voices asking for bread from the father who is unable to earn it for them, sound to him like a death knell? Can't you imagine that the Confederate soldier feels crushed to know the need

at the price of a sack of flour, when millions of dollars are squandered every day, in foolishness, by rich people who are no better than he is? I should think, if you could picture to yourself an old veteran Confederates in rags, with children around them, climbing on their knees, and looking up into their bronzed or pale faces with wondering eyes, asking by their looks why it is that they have no homes, no food, and precious little clothes, if you have a soul in you, you would reach down in your pocket and find something that you would be glad to give to them. Try and realize that those men are human, and as good as we average, up North here, that their children are handsome and loving, and need educating, and need words of cheer instead of curses, and think how rich our people are at the North, and how poor they are, and how much good a few dollars, that we would not miss, will do them, and how far a little money would go towards making them

money would go toward making them comfortable, and making them feel that though our people were hard fighters, and shot from the shoulder, the recoil of the guns did not callous the hearts of the victors. How much better you would feel if you knew the \$5 you are going to give me, to put in this letter with my \$2, would reach a Confederate soldier who was so dependent as to almost wish he were dead, and change his countenance from despair to smiling hope, and cause him to thank his God and your God that the darkest hour is always just before day, and day had dawned, and his babies would now

laugh on a full stomach, while the soldier papa and the patient Southern mamma would cry for joy, and say God bless our Northern brother and shield him from all harm. What do you think about this scheme, any way?" and the boy took an envelope in a business way and began directing it to the Confederate Grand Army at Richmond, while his tongue was run out on one side just like a boy when writing a letter.

"Now look a-here, you dry up this kind of talk or you will have me beller-ing," said the grocery man, as he wiped his eyes on the sleeve of his shirt. "Here, don't send that letter by mail. Send it by express, and put in \$10 for me, and put on a postscript and tell the boss Confederate soldier that the \$2 comes from the best-hearted boy in Wisconsin, while the \$10 is from the almighty condemned fool that ever abused a white man behind his back. That oration of yours settles me, boy. You can teach me more sense in ten minutes than all the ministers can in a year. Shake, you young villain," and the grocery man came from behind the counter and hugged the bad boy as though he were a girl.

"Another county heard from," said the bad boy, as he put the \$12 in the envelope and started down to the express office. "It's a cold day when Henney can't get in his work for charity," and he went off whistling "Away Down South in Dixie," while the grocery man looked out the window at him with a big smile, and began humming an old Southern tune that he had almost forgotten.—*Peck's Sun.*

Some weeks ago mention was made in the *Santa Barbara Independent*, of a strange arrival from Japan, in the shape of a beautiful flower of the orchid, one of those plants called by the Spaniards of South America "Beautiful things without foundation." This individual was received by Dr. Lorenzo G. Yates, and was added to his collection, now embracing between twenty and thirty specimens from different parts of the world, among them being natives of India, Mexico, Brazil, Central America, and Florida. They form, probably, one of the most interesting botanical collections on the coast, and were they to be bought in the floral markets of the East or Europe, where the tulip craze is being repeated, with the substitution of the orchid as the favorite, the cost would be appalling. As it is, the Doctor has gathered them from scientific correspondents that he has acquired through his exchanges of shells and geological specimens. The peculiarity of the orchid is its grotesque and beautiful flower, and its manner of growth. Only a single plant of the race can be denominated useful, and to use the words of an authority on the orchid, the application applies only by courtesy, since the vanilla is valued for its delicate aroma and rich flavor, both merely luxurious additions to enjoyment rather than the supply of a real need. The beauties of the orchid are without number. In color they are said to present—and being the only flower so doing—red, blue, and yellow among the different kinds, thus exceeding the queen of flowers, the rose, which, alone of all hues, is denied the privilege of reflecting the blue of the skies above it. But with the orchid all colors are shown. Pure white is found in some, like the beautiful *Esperito Santo* or Holy Spirit plant of Mexico, which is likened to a dove poised on outspread wings. "Tyrian days and seeming to flash with gold and jewels," is the striking appearance of others, as described by one admirer of the plant.

Many of these plants simulate animal forms, some with striking effect. One of the most singular is the *Cynoches ventricosum*, which is in the shape of a swan.

A plant in Dr. Yates' possession blossomed a few months ago. Its blossoms looked like a 'row of little birds just alighted on a limb. It is produced from a single seed, and the hundred flowers, at the time of blossoming. The oddities of orchids are beyond expression. They have strong individual preferences regarding manner of growth, and a human dislike of removal. An orchid which is flowering freely will, if moved ever so gently, at once cease to produce its bloom. As a rule they are of slow growth and long life. Sometimes new

grown and long life. Sometimes new flower-stems are produced annually, but the plant itself may live a hundred years. Many amusing stories are told of orchid life and habits. Some varieties will only grow upside down; some must be cultivated suspended in the air; but all thrive best in a house by themselves, being a natural vegetable aristocracy, who decline to identify themselves with common growth of woods and gardens. If a portion of the conservatory be partitioned off for these exclusive guests, they will perhaps admit to their high-born company a few choice exotic ferns. As more is learned of these fanciful plants, the list is becoming longer of orchids adapted for parlor culture, and we foresee the time when the most elegant rooms will not fail to show among their most valued ornaments a few of the grotesque or lovely shapes of the great family of orchids.—*Floral World.*

Both in shape and hue the Rose of Sharon is an exquisite flower. Its blossoms are bell-shaped, and of many mingled hues and dyes. But its history is legendary and romantic in the highest degree. In the East, throughout Syria, Judea, and Arabia, it is regarded with the profoundest reverence. The leaves that encircle the round blossoms dry and close together when the season of blossoms is over, and the stalk, withering completely away at last from the bush on which it grew, having dried in the shape of a ball, which is carried by the breeze to great distances. In this way it is borne over the wastes and sandy deserts, and at last, touching some moist place, it clings to the soil, where it immediately takes fresh root and springs to life and beauty again. For this reason the Orientals have adopted it as the emblem of resurrection.

WE cannot understand what we have never experienced; we need pain, were it only to teach us sympathy.

NEW ALBANY is trying to raise funds for a public library.

public library.

THE old settlers of Knox County and vicinity will give their twelfth annual reunion at Vincennes on May 29.

TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE DOLLARS has been subscribed by citizens of Vincennes for securing a competent manager and a baseball nine.

COL. JAMES TULLIS, special agent for the Government in Utah Territory, has decided not to return to that Territory, but will make Lafayette his home as heretofore.

THE Shelbyville Light Infantry, having received orders to go into camp during the week of Fourth of July, are forced to abandon their contemplated celebration on that day.

The large barn owned by Lewis Barngrover, on his farm near Fairland, was set on fire about midnight and totally destroyed, with all its contents, including two horses, one cow, and considerable hay. Loss, \$1,000; insurance, \$200.

Mr. CLAIRBORNE WILLIAMS, a wealthy farmer residing five miles northeast of Taylorsville, died after an illness of ten days, of lung fever. Deceased was one of the oldest citizens of Bartholomew County, and was respected by a wide circle of friends.

WHILE Sherman Day was going home, he was assaulted by two highwaymen, seven miles north of Monticello, and brutally beaten into insensibility by clubs. The thieves secured nothing, but left Day seriously hurt.

ELDER JOHN L. SMITH has brought suit to secure a one-fifth share in the property known as the Stockwell Collegiate Institute, an institution of learning located at Stockwell, Tippecanoe County. The property now belongs to De Pauw University.

HUGH McCLAVY, a boy living one mile south of Nashville, was driving a yoke of cattle hitched to a log wagon, one evening recently, when they became scared going down-hill, and ran away. The oxen knocked him down and the wagon ran across his breast, causing his death in a few hours.

The city schools of Frankfort celebrated Arbor day with interesting ceremonies. Trees were planted to the memory of John G. Whittier, J. W. Riley, Gen. Lew Wallace, Miss L. M. Alcott, of the living; and to the memory of Alice and Phoebe Cary, Longfellow, Bryant and other poets.

AFTER a lingering illness of a few weeks, Mr. E. G. Bowman, aged sixty-seven, died at Madison, of heart disease and dropsy. Deceased went there in 1832, from his native home in Hampshire County, Massachusetts, and had been in business ever since, until recently, when he began ailing.

The family of Biljah Eskridge, comprising himself, wife, and daughter, residents of Washington, have been almost at the point of death from vegetable poison. They cooked the tops of a rhubarb plant as greens, and shortly after eating were seized with violent sickness, which prostrated them. Mr. and Mrs. Eskridge are in a fair way to recover, but the daughter is still very ill.

The old, dilapidated graveyard located at Clarksville is fast ebbing away. In this yard the graves of Indians are numerous, and during the high water fully one-half of the graves were washed away, and portions of skulls, thigh bones, and femur strewn promiscuously along the bank of the river greatly attract the attention of all who pass by them.

Mr. W. C. DePAUW, of New Albany, has received, through the mail, from Indianapolis, the check for \$500 drawn to the order of the New Albany Rail-Mill Company stolen from the residence of Mr. Albert Trinler, of New Albany, on the night of the 25th of March, when his house was entered by burglars. The check, inclosed in an envelope, was dropped into one of the street letter-boxes at Indianapolis.

THE wife of a well-known citizen of Adams County gave birth to a child that had but one arm, that being the right one. On the left shoulder, where the arm should be, there is a perfectly developed head, the neck being also perfectly developed, but where the head should be is something that resembles an arm minus the hand. All other parts of the body were perfectly developed. The child died about three hours after birth. The parents were offered a large sum of money for the body, which they refused, and a close watch is being kept over the grave to prevent its being robbed.

NEAR 12 o'clock at night Fout T. Hines and wife, of Evansville, who had just retired, heard a knock at the door. Hines asked who was there, and received an answer that it was a poor old traveler who wanted some matches. Hines replied he had no matches for him, and ordered him to leave. Mr. Hines then arose and took out two pistols, giving one to his wife. He went to the front room. While there his wife arose and went into the kitchen. On going back to the bed-room Mr. Hines heard a noise in the kitchen, and opening the door he saw the form of a person supposing it was their midnight visitor. He looked a second time to be positive, and, feeling certain it was a burglar, he fired, wounding Mrs. Hines threw up her hands and exclaimed, "Oh, I'm shot!" A physician found her in a critical condition, but thinks she will recover.

Mrs. POSEY, a colored woman living in North Vincennes, is the owner of a sow that recently gave birth to a litter of pigs, producing a freak of nature seldom seen among swine. Out of seven perfectly formed pigs was a monstrosity, or "double pig," or "two of a kind," linked by the shoulder by a solid mass of flesh, which extends to the rear part showing two pigs in one, a male and a female, both well developed. From the middle of the body forward the union is complete, excepting from the top of the head to the tip of the nose. However, there are two perfect eyes, the ears being united at the base. It has eight legs and two distinct appendages. There is but one under-jaw and an imperfect union of heads, which are equally proportioned only from above the eyes.

RICHARD PRESTON, the pickpocket, known to fame as "Windy Dick," who is now confined at Lafayette, considers himself one of the most expert thieves in the country. He claims to be able to make, without effort \$2,000 per month at the business.

A NEW ALBANY lady, who has been renting her elegant residence on Main street, recently got possession and moved in. She was compelled to pay \$125 plumber's bill before she could occupy it.

A JEWISH cemetery is to be established in Logansport.