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Home Circle.

"Home is the Sacred Refuge of Our Life."
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THE RED BULLET.

In the country of the great Apache nation, the savage lords of North Mexico, by the clear, swift waters of the Gila river and within the shadows of the wooded sides of the bold-peaked, crooked White Mountain range a small band of daring white skinned adventurers were encamped.

Few white men had set foot within that valley; fewer still had lived to tell of it; and yet the little band—six all told—lounged as carelessly by the river, smoking their pipes, as if they were in civilization's centre, instead of being intruders upon the domain of the bravest race of savages that tread the soil of North America.

Could it be possible that they knew not their danger? Were they not aware that the red Apache braves guarded their hunting grounds with all the jealousy of the Eastern monarch watching over his hundred wives? Had they not seen the thin columns of smoke stealing upward on the clear mountain air from hill-top to hill-top, marking their progress as they penetrated farther and farther into the wilderness? Did they not know that smoke columns told every red-skin within sight that a foe was advancing, and warn the savage braves to prepare for blood and slaughter?

Yes! the adventurers knew their dangers only too well. Cool and hardy mountain men they were, well used to the customs of the Indians and not apt to run heedlessly into danger. They knew the risk and boldly took the chances. A golden vision led them onward, and blindly they followed.

There was rough Ben Todd, little Montana Mike, swarthy Dick Peters, the Kentuckian; old burly Mountain Ned, the trapper; lage, bearded John Onderdonk, from 'Frisco, and slender, handsome Spanish Charley.

"How much farther?" asked Mountain Ned thoughtfully, glancing up at the mountain peak that frowned down upon the little camp.

"One more day's march and we will strike the mine," Spanish Charley replied.

"Are you quite sure that there is no mistake about the location?" the man asked, his face grave and his whole manner giving proof of great anxiety.

"Not a doubt of it," the young man replied gaily. "From two different parties I have received descriptions of the place, and I think you will own that I have exhibited a pretty good knowledge of the country so far."

"Yes; but we are running an awful risk," the old trapper observed soberly. "The Indians are hovering around as thicker than 'skeeters in a blackberry patch. The first thing we know they will try to lift our hair."

"Did the Indians tell you of this mine?" demanded the Kentuckian abruptly.

"Well, perhaps you remember that I had a little Injun wife about a year back," Spanish Charley said with a laugh. "She was a pretty little thing. I picked her out of the Gila one day when her pony upset her into the drink; and, to make a long story short, she took a notion to your humble servant and left her tribe to live with me. She came of good blood, too; her father was the old head chief of the White Mountain Apaches. She told me about this rich placer by the bend of the Gila, and how the warriors of her tribe dug out the red metal to make bullets for their guns. It must be rich stuff and pretty pure, too; for she always said that it was more red than yellow and that her people always termed the slugs 'red bullets'."

"What ever became of her?" asked Montana Mike suddenly.

Spanish Charley appeared confused and hesitated for a moment.

"Well, to come to the right of the matter," he said slowly, "I got to running after a pretty Greaser girl, and she found it out. We had some hot words one night when I came home late from a fandango, and I jest gave her a couple of cracks so as to let her know who was boss of the shanty. Would you believe, gentlemen, that she got so riled about it she went right off and drowned herself in the Gila?"

Then an awkward silence fell upon the party for a few moments.

"That was rough," the old mountain man observed at last.

"And didn't none of 'em try to square the account?" the 'Frisco sharp, John Onderdonk, asked.

"You bet!" responded the bereaved husband tersely. "One copper-colored imp lay for me and plugged me with a slug—a reg'lar red bullet, too; thar she is;" and Charley drew the rudely moulded and now flattened slug from his pocket. "The wound didn't amount to much, but the will was good enough—leastways it was good enough for me, and most too good."

"And who else told you of this mine?" asked rough Ben Todd, an old and experienced miner.

"A drunken buck that I ran across at Maricopa Wells. He was wonderfully free spoken for an Indian."

"And did he describe it the same as the girl?" asked the old trapper.

"To an iota," Charley replied.

"Hush! To cover!" the Kentuckian cried. "There are Indians yonder!"

The whites at once took shelter in the little clump of timber that grew upon the island's centre. Then from the clump of timber at the foot of the mountain range a single Indian advanced, while the underbrush seemed alive with dusky faces. Straight to the bank of the river came the brave, his arms extended, showing that he was weaponless, except a broad-bladed knife that he held in his right hand.

"He wants a talk," the trapper exclaimed. "We're in a reg'lar hornet's nest, and we must fool him if we can."

"The Indian halted at the edge of the water. He was a tall young brave, muscular and powerful.

"Will the white brave, Spanish Charley, step out and fight the brother of the Indian girl he killed?" cried the chief in excellent English.

Spanish Charley started and turned pale.

"The Apaches make a fair offer," the Indian continued. "They do not wish to shed the blood of their white brothers. They have nothing worth taking, and the Apache lodges are full of white scalps now. Let Spanish Charley step out, and if he kills the Apache chief in fair fight he is free to depart with his braves."

"If you are afeard, Charley, I'll take the Indian for ye," the Kentuckian remarked.

The taunt stung the guilty man, and he started to his feet.

"No living man ever saw Spanish Charley show the white feather yet!" he cried boastfully. "I'll cut the heart out of this big red dog inside of five minutes and send him to join his proud-back sister. Come on; I'm ready for you!" he cried, stepping down to the water's edge, knife in hand.

The Indian pointed to a sandy bar about two hundred yards down the stream.

"Let the white chief meet the Apache brave there," the warrior said.

Spanish Charley nodded his head and, throwing off his outer garments, plunged at once into the water. The Indian followed his example. The redskin was not encumbered with clothing, being naked to the waist.

The combatants reached the island at the same time, and as Spanish Charley emerged from the water at one side the Indian's tall form came up on the other. Knife in hand the foemen glared upon each other. With the cautious movements of two angry tigers they circled around, each striving to obtain the advantage.

Suddenly the Indian made a spring forward. The white assumed the defensive to parry the expected blow, but it was but a feint upon the part of the Apache; for as Charley raised his arm to parry he uncovered his chest, and the Indian, improving the opportunity, launched his heavy knife full at the heart of the white, throwing the weapon with all the skill of the Eastern juggler.

Through Spanish Charley's white flesh the keen blade cut its way until it split his heart. With a hollow groan the unfortunate man threw up his arms and sank to the ground dead, all in a heap. A shrill cry of triumph came from the throat of the Apache, as he sprang forward and tore the warm and reeking scalp from the head of his fallen foe.

Again the note of triumph rang on the air, as the brave stood erect and dangled the curly locks, Spanish Charley's pride, in the air, and from the covert of the hills a hundred red throats echoed the cry of triumph.

And then, all in a moment, the shout of joy changed into a wail of horror. The rifle of Montana Mike spoke, and its ball drilled a round red hole in the temple of the victor.

"He was my pard, boys!" cried the Irishman in answer to his comrades' remonstrances.

The whites expected a terrible fight for life, but, contrary to their expectations, the savages did not attack. The Apaches thirsted for revenge, but feared the death-dealing rifles, and besides no booty could be got.

When nightfall came the whites withdrew from the Island and fled down the river, hotly pursued by the Apaches; but they made Fort Goodwin in safety.

To this day Montana Mike exhibits the red bullet, and tells the terrible story of the redskin's vengance.

A rich old gentleman who recently died in New Hampshire left $50,000 to the church of which he had been a member. The church was not in debt, and as it has a pretty good house of worship, is not particularly in need of the money. The effect has already been to paralyze the liberality of the church members, and to make them think that as the church is so wealthy, there is no need of their contributions.

Mr. and Mrs. George Washington Bassett, of Hanover county, Va., celebrated their golden wedding lately. Mr. Bassett is a grand-nephew of Martha Washington, and Mrs. Bassett is a grand-niece of Gen. Washington. They are probably the oldest living relatives of the Father of his Country, and are aged respectively seventy-six and sixty-nine years.

It is stated that William C. Bryant is not only the oldest of living poets, and in their front rank, but also is the richest, his fortune being estimated at $500,000.

[Correspondence of the Cincinnati Enquirer.]

THE RAILROAD BUSINESS OVERDONE.

At Long Branch last night, with a railroad man of fair authority, I remarked:

"Pullman has three residences that I know of—here and in Chicago and at the Thousand Isles of the St. Lawrence."

"He will want to get them all together on one small lot before many years pass," said the auditor.

"Why, do you think the railroads will throw off on him?"

"Yes; their diminishing business will not permit of any such incubus. It is hard times with all railroads. They are just beginning to meet questions of moment bluntly, and this Mr. Gowen, President of the Reading Railroad, goes to the core of the question when he says that too much competition has made it well-nigh impossible to earn dividends. That had already been said by Mr. Devereux, of the Columbus and Cleveland Railroad. The open lakes and six lines of rail to the West give too much outlet to the crops. Before the war we had single tracks on every railroad; now Vanderbilt has four, Scott three or four, Garrett two or three, and the Erie, and Chesapeake and Ohio are also in the field, with the Grand Trunk flanking all around to the North. Low rates are a necessity of such abundance of communications. Passengers in America now pay the cheapest fares in the world. Ten dollars for excursion tickets from New York to Cincinnati and back. The closest economy must follow such prices. The Pullman cars are very heavy, and mash up the road beds; they bring no revenue to the hauling company, which must also keep them in repair. They cost from $17,000 to $50,000 apiece, and weigh from twenty-five to fifty tons, while ordinary cars weigh only twenty tons. The Erie Railroad ran one Pullman car which cost $250,000—the Orange County by name. Every scratch of that cabinet work cost your pocketbook to repair it. Now, the bulk of the Pullman cars will require to be rebuilt very soon; they run about eight years, and then, such is their condition, they must be wholly rebuilt. There are between two thousand and four thousand of them, perhaps. The capital of the company is, say, $12,000,000. When that construction account is made up, and the railroad companies proceed to fret about repairing other people's cars and carrying extravagant 'riders' the heyday will be over."

A SHARP LONDON THIEF.—A rustic individual came to London by train to witness the reception of the Prince of Wales. A man who had come in the same third-class carriage with him admonished this rustic when they were parting just outside the London station that he should be very careful of his money, as many thieves would be in the crowd. "Oh," said the rustic, "nobody'll get my money; I have only one pound, and I mean to keep that in my mouth." This remark was overheard by one of the small but clever street boys, who watched his opportunity, and when the honest countryman had got a few hundred yards on his way suddenly scattered a few pennies on the ground before him and began to pick them up again, crying to the rustic as he did so: "You gimme that sovrin!" The rustic looked bewildered. "You gimme that sovrin!" shouted the small boy. "I seen you pick it up and put it in your mouth." A crowd began to collect and asked the boy what was the matter. "Why," cried the litte rogue, "I was goin' along with one pun sixpence in my hand, carryin' it to my mother, and somebody run agin me and knocked it all on the ground, and this man took up the sovrin an' I seen him put it in his mouth." The astonished rustic attempted to explain, but his voice was thick; something plainly to be seen, was in his mouth, and an honest British public forced him to disgorge. The poor rustic was glad to get off without his pound and with whole bones; the boy went off with the gold in his pocket, and the honest British public distributed itself, each member thereof satisfied that a scoundrel had been defeated in his attempt to rob a small boy engaged in filially supporting his aged mother.

SHE MEANS TO BE LOVED FOR HERSELF ALONE.—There is a young lady in Corktown who has been engaged five times since New Year's, but who is now free once more. She is an heiress in a small way, her father having a snug sum and owning considerable property in Eighth Ward. Her suitors have always been prosperous young men, as she will not have any other wooers save those who can show signs of capability and worldly wealth. But she has an ambition to be loved for herself alone, and puts all of her intended husbands to the test in this wise: She takes an opportunity of confiding to them, with injunctions of perfect secresy, that her father has lost a great deal of money, and has been obliged to mortgage his dwelling house and furniture. The latter, however, she represents is not mortgaged for more than one-half of its worth; so she asks as a favor that her intended advance a sum of money on a second chattel mortgage. The effect of this ruse, so far, is that each young man has promised to advance the money, and broken the promise, and acted in such a manner that the engagement is broken also.—*Detroit Evening News.*

Mrs. Grundy, speaking of the Saratoga races, says betting and pool-buying seem to be more prevalent among the female sex now than she has ever known them before, thousands of dollars changing hands among the fashionables on the grand stand.

THE LONDON HOTELS.

What an Americanized Englishman Thinks of Them.

Mr. Jenning's last London letter to the New York *World* pictures some of the miseries American sojourners in the English metropolis have to endure on account of the poor hotels to be found there. Such a thing as a good and cheap hotel, he tells us, does not exist in London, and it is doubtful if a good hotel can be found there at any price. How it is that London, which is visited by so many thousands of strangers every day, should be so badly supplied with accommodations for travelers Mr. Jennings is unable to make out. But that it is about the worst of all the large cities of the world for a stranger to get into thousands who have suffered from the exactions of London hotel and lodging-house keepers can sorrowfully attest. The worst of it is that in none of these hotels do you get the same comforts that are accessible to everybody in American hotels. Four-pence for a dip or two of ink is too high a price. A bit of ice as big as a walnut, which almost melts away before you could capture it and put it in the tumbler, costs three-pence. You cannot wink without being charged for it. There is seldom a reading-room for the convenience of guests; in the coffee-room there is one copy of the *Times* taken, and if you ask for it the waiter invariable tells you it is "in 'and." If you call for soda water it is given you nearly warm. The resources of the table are extremely limited. At breakfast the waiter will offer you "'am and heggs," and the wretched creature will go on doing so, with an unblushing countenance, day after day, for weeks together. Ask him what soup there is for dinner, and he will reply, "Hox tail;" nor has it ever entered into his mind that human ingenuity has at length succeeded in concocting one or two other descriptions of soup quite fit for human food. Suggest anything new to him, and he looks upon you with unconcealed disgust, as if you were a hairy man just escaped from the jungles. If you have a sponge-bath in your room, it is charged for extra. The water is so hard that you cannot wash yourself with it. And whatever may be the charges for attendance in the bill, the chambermaid, boots and waiter will all waylay you for more as you depart, and frightful will be their looks and very disparaging their remarks if you send them empty away.

GROWTH IN CERTAIN FISHES.—Mr. Mitchell, in a communication to *Nature*, presents some remarkable facts in regard to the rapidity of growth of fishes. Referring to a species of carp, called by the natives katlah, he states that this is a species which does not breed in fresh water, but that the natives are in the habit of introducing the fry into ponds, etc., where they thrive very satisfactorily. According to his account a tank of sixty-five feet long, fifty-eight feet broad, and thirteen feet deep, was dug within the premises at Garden Reach, in May, 1875, and a number of the katlah fry, from half an inch to an inch in length, were introduced about the end of July. On the twenty-second of September the tank was swept with nets to catch one or two fish of the pike species that had been accidentally introduced with the others. In the net were taken several dozens of carp referred to, one of which weighed fourteen ounces and was eleven inches in length. Others were only a few ounces lighter. The food supplied to these fish consisted, in addition to the natural vegetation of the pond, of the refuse of rice and other substances thrown into the ponds by the natives.

AN INDIAN TOILET.—No dandy of civilization is more dainty in regard to his "make up" than a young warrior or "buck," as he is called on the plains, whether in preparing for the war-path, a big feast, or an important council.

The work of the toilet of an Indian warrior is always performed by the squaw, who takes great pride in adorning the person of her own particular "brave" in the highest style of savage art. Generally the first stage of the proceeding is the painting of the warrior's face. This is an affair of the greatest importance. In winter, black appears to be the favorite color; in summer, reds and yellows are regarded as the fashionable tints. Paint serves a double purpose in an Indian toilet; while it adorns the face, it covers up the accumulated dirt, and saves the disagreeable necessity of washing. As a rule, Indians have an instinctive dislike to water, either as a beverage or for washing, and thus their faces are covered with alternate layers or crusts of dirt and paint. They say the paint preserves the skin, and keeps it from peeling off. The colors are kept in receptacles of horn, curiously carved and otherwise decorated, and they are always hung ready for use, in every tent or lodge. The manner of decoration varies, of course, with individual taste. For the mere purpose of preserving the skin, a general wash of black in winter and vermillion in summer will serve; but on extraordinary occasions the face is generally streaked with dashes of different colors, which is supposed to have a very different effect.

Victor Hugo must have made a fine fortune by his writings. It is stated that he has, among other investments, eight hundred shares in the National Bank of Belgium, which are worth 2,850 francs per share; so that here we have a sum of over $83,000 to start with, and it is understood that he has other property.

A game of pitch and toss—A life on the ocean wave.

An eclipse of the sun—Cut off without a penny.

PRESCOTT'S CAPTURE.

The cruelties of the British Maj.-Gen. Prescott, while in command on Rhode Island, are even yet the theme of many a traditional story told among the old people down that way. His capture, however, is a matter of history, and its manner romantic enough for any novelist.

The whole act was planned and carried into successful execution by Lieut.-Col. Barton, of Providence, whose descendants in that ever patriotic city yet glory in his heroism.

Prescott, well guarded with troops all around him, and almost within call, at the time had his headquarters at the house of a Quaker named Overton, about five miles from New York, on the Ferry road. The sound was full of English war vessels, which made the expedition much more hazardous.

Early on the night of July 10, 1777, Col. Barton left Providence with four swift rowing whale boats, manned with a select party of well tried men, and landed as near the house of Overton as he could.

Creeping carefully toward the house, close by the numerous campfires of the enemy, at nightfall Barton had the house surrounded.

A sentinel at the door hailed and demanded the countersign, but Barton sprang inside his guard, secured his musket, and the sentinel was bound and gagged before an alarm could be given.

Barton, with four men, one a large and powerful colored servant of his own, now entered the house. They found Mr. Overton only of all the household up, and reading the Bible.

"Old man, where does Gen. Prescott lodge? No harm to you if you speak truly, but tell or you die!" cried Barton.

Mr. Overton did not speak, but pointed to the ceiling overhead, indicating that his chamber was directly over them.

Leaving one man there as a guard, Barton sprang up stairs and, followed by his servant, approached Prescott's door and tried it. It was locked, and the servant, drawing back across the hall, made one rush at it with his head and sent it inward off its hinges.

Prescott, just awakened, sprang to get his watch from the mantel, supposing the intruders to be robbers; but Barton laid his hand on his shoulder, and, with his drawn sword at his breast, told him not to speak a loud word, or he would kill him instantly—he was his prisoner.

Prescott begged for time to dress, but Barton knew that every second was precious, and, throwing a cloak over the general, told him to march—he could dress while they crossed the sound in his boat.

The general's chief-of-staff, Maj. Barrington, hearing the noise, tried to escape, but fell into the hands of Barton's men, outside, and soon, with the sentinel and general bound and gagged, he was hurried off past their own troops to the boats.

Darkness and Providence favored the bold exploit, and at sunrise Barton was, with his prisoners, within the patriot lines.

Prescott was forwarded to the headquarters of Gen. Washington, where he was treated only too kindly, and soon after exchanged for General Lee.

The moment he got into power in his old command again, Prescott resumed his infamous barbarities.

HOW TO PLAY WHIST.—There are a few maxims for whist-playing which may be commended to those who are fond of the game. The moment you receive your cards declare they are abominably bad; thus, if you will, you can claim credit for your play, no matter what your opponents say. Hold your cards that they may not be seen by your adversary, and take every opportunity of looking over the hands of your enemies. Never lead from your strongest suit—it only weakens your hand. First play out the miserable little cards, which are simply eyesores to you, and ought never to have been dealt to you, and then, if you happen to have any court-cards or trumps, your adversaries will be completely puzzled to know what has become of them. Always keep your aces and kings and good trumps till the end, and when your partner, is astonished as your adversaries at seeing them all come out with a rush, says, "What on earth could have induced you to not to play those cards before?" give him a Lord Burleigh nod, and say, "Allow me to play my own game; I know what I'm about." That will probably irritate him, upon which you should remark, blandly, that you never lose your temper at whist. Always claim honors—the other side may forget—and pocket any stray cash lying on the table. With that, these hints must end for the present.

LOGS BY THE HUNDRED MILLION.—In the log pocket of the Boom Company, about two miles above the village of Menominee, Mich., may be seen a sight which, to the practical man, is worth traveling many miles to gaze upon. There are more than one hundred million feet of saw-logs piled in one immense mass an eighth of a mile in width, ten to thirty feet in depth, and three miles in length. The high water has kept crowding them down until they are piled fifteen feet high above the water's edge, and as much below it in many places. They are sticking up in every conceivable direction and shape, some of them on end, with the lower part several feet above the level of the water, and within a few of these you will step on the end of another, which standing straight, just protrudes over the top of the current. It seems as if they had been piled together much as the glaciers are formed, layer upon layer and log upon log, until they have reached their present position. One can imagine the tremendous force with which the immense mass would precipitate itself down the river if anything should give way, but fortunately everything is firm. Something of an idea of the value of the mass may be formed when it is known the logs are worth an average of nearly a dollar each.

A MANIAC BRIDE.—One of the saddest records we have ever made in these columns is the following:

About two weeks since, a gentleman from this county, who is one of our most prominent business men, was united in marriage with a charming and accomplished young lady from one of the cities of the bay. The couple went to San Jose to spend a few days of that usually blissful period, the first of married life. The union took place on Sunday, and early Thursday morning the bridegroom was awakened by hearing his young bride at prayers. Suddenly her praying was changed to singing, and this was followed by loud laughter, until the awful fear took hold of the gentleman's mind that his beloved wife had lost her reason. Thinking that a change and the quiet of a country home would be beneficial, the couple started at once for home. The lady's malady grew steadily worse during the journey, and no benefit was derived at their new home, and a few days since it was found necessary to take her back to her parental associations, in the hope that a mother's care would prove the panacea. The spectacle, as the party passed down the road, was one of the most pitiful and saddest that could be imagined. The bride of a week had become a raving maniac, wild and violent, requiring the main strength of several persons to hold her. Her husband's grief was terrible beyond expression.—*Marine Journal.*

GERMAN, POLISH AND HUNGARIAN BEAUTIES.—German girls are often charmingly pretty, with dazzling complexion, abundant, beautiful hair, and clear lovely eyes, but the splendid matron, the sound, healthy, well developed woman, who has lost no grain of beauty, and gained a certain magnificent maturity—such as we see daily with daughters who might well be her younger sisters—of such women the Fatherland has few specimens to show. The Polish ladies have a special, vivid, delicate, spirited, haunting loveliness, with grace, distinction, and elegance in their limbs and features that is all their own; you cannot call them fragile, but they are of so fine a fibre and so delicate a coloring that they only just escape that appellation. Hungarian women are of a more robust and substantial build, with dark hair and complexion, fine, flashing eyes, and pronounced type; and who that remembers the women of Linz and Vienna will refuse them a first prize? They have the most delicately articulated joints of any people in the world. The junctions of hand and wrist, of foot and ankle, of the neck with the back and shoulders, is what our neighbor would call "adorable." But, alas, that it should be so; the full, gracious figure—types at once of strength and elegance—the supple, slender waists, the dainty little wrists and hands, become all too soon hopelessly fat from persistent idleness and luxury of the nerveless, unoccupied lives of these graceful ladies.

ADULTERATING SILKS.—Years ago dyers discovered the bad art of adding largely to the weight of silk in coloring it. At first this was confined to making good a portion of the loss of weight which takes place when gummy substances or other impurities are removed from raw silk. The removal of these reduces the weight in some instances as much as one fourth. If we may believe recent assertions in French journals, the resources of modern chemistry have enabled unscrupulous European dyers to increase the weight of their silk out of all proportion by removing the gum. By adding salts of iron and tin—among the latter the cyanides, which are deadly poisons—they have lately increased the weight of silk goods 100, 200, and even three hundred per cent. This exceeds by two or three times the worst instances of the fraud hitherto on record. Of course this extreme debasement is only practicable with black silks. Thus treated, they have luster and apparent body as well as weight; but the unfortunate wearer of the goods is surprised at the rapidity with which they go to pieces. A few years ago two or three cases of spontaneous combustion occured in Paris with these weighted silks, the chemicals having changed the goods to a sort of tinder. The practice has not been unknown among the manufacturers of silks in this country; but many of the leading houses have abandoned it and pride themselves on the pure dye of American silks, which now surpass those made abroad in permanency and brilliance of color as well as in strength for wear.

FIRST USE OF CHLORINE.—The field near Nottingham, England, where chlorine was first applied to the bleaching of linens, is still called "Bedlam," a name which probably indicates the opinion the neighbors had of Mr. Robert Hall, the experimenter. His trials were made in 1785 only eleven years after the discovery of the element by Scheele. He received a bottle of chlorine water made in Germany, from a friend who pointed out the bleaching the cork had suffered, and forthwith began to test the value of the new agent in the bleach yard of his brother-in-law, Mr. White. Tatters were his first results, for the chlorine, being used in too strong solution, destroyed the fabric, but he gradually improved his methods. The direct use of the gas was, however, overshadowed by Tennant's discovery of chloride of lime in 1798.

Simon-Pure Politics.

The dearest right of a free citizen
Is the right to an honest, economic government.

THE ADJOURNMENT OF CONGRESS.

The session of Congress, which closed on the 15th inst., has been one of the most eventful in the annals of our nation. This Congress was peculiarly distinguished from all of its predecessors in that the two political parties had each a majority, the Republican party having a majority in the Senate, and Democrats in the House. This was a decided drawback to the schemes of retrenchment instituted by the Democracy, but in spite of this the Democratic party has forced from the Republican Senate a reduction of $30,000,000 in the appropriations for this year as compared with those for the year before. Nor is this all that has been done. The democratic house of representatives has unearthed a mass of corruption and a system of frauds upon the government which are almost incredible. The house instituted a series of investigations which have revealed the fact that nearly enough money has been stolen from the government during the eight years of Gen. Grant's rule to pay off every dollar of the indebtedness of the United States.

In addition to this the democracy has begun a system of reform which must, if continued, result in a vast reduction in the annual expenses of the government, and carry us back to the days when internal revenue collectors were unknown, and when our people could distil their fruit and sell their tobacco without being dogged at every turn by spies, informers and thieves.

A DISGRACEFUL CONGRESSMAN.

The rough-shod manner in which the dusky Hyman was beaten, and what was more surprising, his easy and ready acquiescence in his defeat, may find a solution in what we now hear from Washington, under the caption with which we head this article. A special from Washington to the Atlanta *Constitution* says: "John A. Hyman, the negro Congressman from North Carolina, is a natural member of the Republican party. He will, however, probably retire soon from Congress and become a candidate for the North Carolina penitentiary. He has realized so far about $20,000 out of his salary alone. He has victimized nearly all traders and business men in Washington, Baltimore, and cities of his own State. His plan was to purchase goods and property of every discription, and make payments in orders on the sergeant-at-arms of the House when there was nothing due there. A small army of traders have besieged the office of the sergeant-at-arms during the session, armed with these orders for payment, and were promptly notified that they were worthless. In one instance, after giving an order for a large amount, and getting value received, he came immediately to the sergeant-at-arms and notified him to pay no attention to it. He even attempted to square his board bills in this way. He has overdrawn his pay to time five hundred dollars. Things are coming to a focus, however, and music will be furnished for Hyman to dance on." The question now arises, did not the leading Republicans of this District known of this disgraceful conduct of Hyman, and have they not endeavored to conceal it from the public?—*Messenger.*

WHAT THE DEMOCRATIC HOUSE HAS DONE.—Mr. Randall, in his speech, gave the following figures of the aggregate of the twelve great appropriation bills: The estimate of the departments for the year were $203,099,025. The bills as reported by the committee on appropriations, $137,233,155; the bills as passed by the House, $138,755,340; the bills as passed by the Senate, 158,260,598; the bills as enacted into law, $147,716,074; as against appropriations for last year of $177,663,327; being a reduction of $29,944,253. Thirty millions is no small saving in these times. It is nearly a million to the State.

WHAT DOES MR. BOUTWELL MEAN?—In the report which Mr. Boutwell has presented to the Senate in regard to Mississippi affairs, he gives as a remedy for disorders in the South the following recommendation from his committee: "States in anarchy, or wherein the affairs are controlled by bodies of armed men should be denied representation in Congress." Another recommendation is that "if these disorders increase, or even continue, and if mild measures shall prove inaffectual," the United States will be required to "remand the State to a Territorial condition." Does this sweeping proposition, for which there is no just cause, mean more than is seen on the face? May it not also mean that the electoral votes of Mississippi and other States are to be thrown out in counting the Presidential ballots, on the pretext that the Southern States "are controlled by political organizations composed largely of armed men, whose common purpose is to deprive the negroes of the free exercise of the right of suffrage, and to establish and maintain the supremacy of the white line democracy," as the report says? If the administration leaders dream of such an interference they will be rudely awakened. But the Boutwell report seems to squint toward such arbitrary interference, and there are Senators enough who would gladly perpetrate this outrage if they dared.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Franklin county is safe for the democrats this year. The county nominations of the republicans are severely denounced inside of that party, and there are grave charges against some of the county officers.