

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY. IN THE REGISTER BUILDING. Corner Ferry and First Streets. OLL. VAN CLEVELAND, PROPRIETOR.

TERMS IN ADVANCE. No copy one year, \$2 50. Single copies, Ten cents.

FRIDAY, JUNE 11, 1880. The Ill-Fated Brothers. BY WILLIAM COMSTOCK.

Some sixty years ago, when only fifty summers and winters had passed over my head, I was going home to dinner one afternoon, and had arrived as far as the corner of Front and Roosevelt streets when I paused on seeing a considerable crowd collected in front of M. & Co.'s store.

Above the heads of the bystanders loomed that of a big cartman whom I had often seen in that vicinity, and ever and anon he lifted a rattle as if threatening some person with severe chastisement.

I pressed forward to take a look at the victim, but that was not accomplished till I had got inside the ring, for the individual who had incurred the wrath of the gigantic cartman was a small negro boy—a mere child; and there he stood, trembling like a leaf, and almost white with terror, as he momentarily expected the scourge to descend upon his head and shoulders.

The surrounding throng laughed and jeered; they were highly entertained by the terror of the little black boy. A number of sacks filled with cinnamon were placed on the sidewalk; they had just been landed from an East India ship that lay at the wharf near by.

The boys finding little holes in these sacks through which the cinnamon projected, had improved the occasion by supplying themselves gratis. When the big cartman pounced upon them they scattered, and all escaped except the little black boy, and of him the cartman had thought proper to make an example.

As he stood there cowering and friendless, I placed myself at his side, saying, "Don't be frightened, little fellow, he dare not hurt you."

Down came the rattle upon one of my legs, and the delighted crowd gloried in finding a new subject for their mirth, while an enormous fat woman still further contributed to their merriment by placing herself in front of me, glaring in my face, and demanding in the shrillest of tones: "Are you a nigger white-washed, that you take a nigger's part?"

The little negro, taking advantage of this diversion in his favor, glided through the crowd, and putting all his legs to the ground, got off clear. The blow which I received from the cartman's rattle was no great thing, but the insult was something, and as I looked up at him resentfully, he said, "Oh, I don't care who your father is—I don't care who your father is."

Of course not; what should be care for fathers, mothers, uncles or aunts? Was he not the favorite cartman of the wealthy houses of M. & Co.? Had he not a good, round salary and a permanent situation? Thus established for life, could he not afford to be perfectly independent of everybody except his wealthy employers?

Three years from that time I went my first voyage to sea. On my return home at the end of three years and four months, among the first news that I heard was that the big cartman called Dobbins had hung himself.

"How is that?" I asked. "Why, you see," was the reply; "he had long been in the service of M. & Co., and when they failed, nobody else cared to employ him. The consequence was that he became miserably poor, and finally, he has hung himself in despair."

That was sad news, and, as it was a disagreeable subject of contemplation, I banished it from my memory in the belief that the fate of Big Dobbins would soon be forgotten. I was mistaken. Being absent in Valparaiso, three or four years afterward, I entered the navy, and signed the papers on board the U. S. ship B., which lay in the harbor.

After writing my name, and holding a brief conference with the First Lieutenant, I was passing along the gun deck when an object that met my view caused me to start.

Was I dreaming? There stood before me a gigantic seaman, with a scowl in his hand, with the form and features of Big Dobbins. It not only seemed to be the man him-

self, but he also fixed an evil eye upon my countenance as if he recognized me.

"Who is that man?" I demanded of a seaman, as soon as I had passed forward.

"What—that boatswain's mate yonder? Why, that's Big Dobbins, and—"

"Big Dobbins!" cried I. "Can it be possible that I was misinformed, or was he cut down before life was extinct?"

"Cut down!" exclaimed the sailor, staring in his turn; and then after a moment's reflection, he added: "Oh, I know what you are thinking of now: he had a brother that drove a cart in New York who hung himself."

"But this is the exact likeness of his brother. I could not tell them apart; and he looked at me as though he knew me."

"Well," replied the mariner, "I would not advise you to cultivate his acquaintance. There may be worse men in the world than Big Dobbins; but if so they've never crossed my lance. When he flogs a man he strikes with all his might; you'd think he was going to cut you in two. He does this to curry favor with the officers, and every man on board hates him. He never dares to go on shore with any of the crew. If he should go ashore, and the boys had caught him away from the ship, he'd stand no more chance than a cat in a ratpit without claws."

Time passed on. I saw many men flogged, both with the cats and the colt. Those that were flogged with the cats told me that, after a few blows had been given, the back felt as if melted lead was poured upon it; and yet they said they preferred the cats to the colt. The latter is a single rope about as thick as a man's finger. Generally no more than six blows were given with the colt, the victim being compelled to take off his jacket only. The cats have nine strings, which do no more than take off the skin, and leave the back raw and bloody; but the colt is said to bruise, as well as cut the flesh. Experienced hands would, when possible, put on a backer. Hearing their names called by a boatswain's mate, and expecting to get flogged with the colt, they would hastily get a friend to shove several thicknesses of cloth under their shirts. The backer deadened the blows, and thus makes the punishment more endurable.

One day I went down on the berth-deck to get something out of my bag. The place was solitary, except the master-at-arms in the other end of the ship—there seemed to be nobody on the berth-deck but myself. While I was leisurely overhauling my bag, I heard a strange smothered sound, as if some one in great distress, and this sound was followed by the shrill cry of "murder!" which rang through all the rigging and startled every one on the gun-deck. I turned hastily, and saw two men—both of them noted pugilists—beating Big Dobbins in the most furious manner.

These two men had seen the giant descend from the gun-deck to the berth-deck; they had quietly slipped down after him, seized his jacket by the collar, drawn it over his head and face, and then given it to him right and left with their fists.

As soon as Dobbins yelled murder, half a dozen Midshipmen came running to the rescue, while the two assailants darted up the ladder to the gun-deck, but they were not quick enough to escape recognition by the foremost Midshipmen. Their names were immediately called by a boatswain's mate, the ruffles were placed on their wrists, and they were consigned to the big to wait trial by a court-martial. The offense was a serious one; attacking your superior officers is called mutiny in the navy.

These two men were tried and sentenced to receive 100 lashes each, on the bare back, with the cat-o'-nine tails.

As for Big Dobbins, both eyes were blacked, and his face was swelled to twice its usual size. The two culprits bore their punishment without flinching or complaining, and, two days afterward, Big Dobbins, on going to his chest, found it full of coal tar. All his clothes were completely ruined. No one knew who committed this dastardly act, but every one could guess. Poor Dobbins sat down by his open chest, surveying the ruin of all his little property, the picture of despair.

From that hour Big Dobbins never smiled. Indeed, he was not a smiling man. One would almost as soon have expected the features of the stone image in front of St. Paul's to relax into a smile as that doleful countenance which surmounted the shoulders of Big Dobbins.

In a few days Dobbins was missed. No one could tell what had become of Dobbins. Had he deserted? "Yes,"

was the general answer. Finding himself persecuted by the crew, and hated alike by the crew and officers, it was thought he had left us all in disgust.

Another boatswain's mate took his place on the gun-deck, but Dobbins had left a great hole in the air which his successor but partially filled.

"But a few days had passed when some of us were out in the launch getting up a cage. At a little distance from us we perceived there was something on the surface of the water which attracted the notice of the birds, who kept diving down, rising in the air, and then alighting again, till quite a swarm of them were gathered there. The men took little notice of it; but, when we had finished our work, the Midshipman in command of the boat gave orders to head for the place where the birds were flocking in such great numbers.

As we approached the spot the birds rose from the water, giving us a clear view of the object which was floating on the surface. It was the blue, swollen corpse of Big Dobbins. The body was much decayed, and taking it into the boat was no pleasant job. As we dragged the huge carcass over the side of the launch the flesh tore, and huge chunks of it came off in our hands.

The body was taken on board the frigate, wrapped in the American flag, and deposited on the tarboard side of the gun-deck, where, when living the deceased had been accustomed to pursue his daily walk.

No one went to view the remains. There was no Marc Antony to mourn the death of the Cæsar. He was soon buried on the island of San Lorenzo, at the mouth of the harbor of Callao, where more than a dozen of our crew were already sleeping in their sandy graves.

Whether Dobbins committed suicide or fell overboard accidentally will never be known. Some of the crew whispered their suspicions that he had been gagged during the night and thrown overboard. At any rate it is very strange that the sentinel on duty at the gangway never perceived his plunge into the water. Perhaps he did perceive it, and kept his own counsel, for Big Dobbins had no friends on board that frigate.

The Fairbault (Minn.) Democrat tells the following fish—we mean horse and cat story: "An amusing scene took place on Eighth street a day or two since, when a gentleman, while on his way to the barn to turn his horse loose for a short time, picked up a pet cat and put her in a fish basket, hanging her on a clothes-line pole about seven feet from the ground. When the horse was loosed, he walked over to the pole, and seeing the cat in the basket, put his nose up to investigate, and the cat put out her paw and gave the intruding nose a lively scratch. The horse immediately turned around, looked back over his shoulder as though to take aim and measure the distance, kicked, and cat, basket and all shot up to be air like a rocket. The horse watched the success of his shot, then gave a low whinny of delight, and walked away to feed.

"Just Like Her Brother." A young gentleman somewhat numerous in social circles, took his sister, a wee miss, to see a family the other day in which he is a regular caller. The little girl made herself quite at home, and exhibited great fondness for one of the young ladies, hugging her heartily.

"How very affectionate she is," said the lady of the house. "Yes; just like her brother," responded the young lady, unthinkingly. Paterfamilias looked up sternly over his spectacles, the young man blushed, and there was consternation in the family circle.

What cut him to the heart, far more keenly than her coldness at the sociable, was to have her say in her note, responding to his demand for "his letters and photograph," that "Ma had traded off his letters for milk-pans, the last time the peddler came round, and the children had nailed up his photograph in their playhouse in the barn loft, and she couldn't get it down." He wished she had asked for it before.

You could very easily tell that times were better, if you had no other means of ascertaining, by the news of the labor strikes all over the country. When times are hard, the poor workmen labor patiently on half wages. When times are good they strike and don't work at all. It beats the fifteen puzzle to know whether they are better off in the hard or the soft times.

In another week Clara Vere de Vere will be seen taking the garden, with stockings on her hands, and a hat on her head large enough to make a cover for a wash-board.

It will never be played. "By gum!" Mr. and Mrs. Defoe sat before a cheerful fire in their home the other evening. There had been a long period of silence when Mr. Defoe suddenly exclaimed as above.

"What is it, dear?" she responded. "Say, we've got tired of playing games, and what do you say to private theatricals?"

"How?" "Why, we'll get three or four of the neighbors to join and we'll meet at each other's houses and have regular plays."

"That will be splendid!" she gasped. "Hanged if it won't! Wonder never thought of it before. Twenty dollars will get us all the scenery we want, and each one can furnish his own wardrobe. By gum! we've got the idea now!"

"What sort of a play could we play?" she asked, as he marched up and down with tragic step. "I have it—aha!" he exclaimed, as he stopped short. "Don't you remember I started to write a play about five years ago? I'll finish it and we'll bring it out. Now, let's see how the characters run. There is 'Count Dum-doff,' who is in love with 'Geraldine,' the fair. I'll be the 'Count,' of course, as he is the hero. He kills four men, rescues Geraldine from several dangers, and there is a good deal of kissing and love-making, and a happy marriage."

"And I'll be 'Geraldine,'" "You! Oh, you couldn't play that part. She must be young and vivacious. Let's see! I think I'll cast you for 'Hannah,' who keeps a bakery near a park in Paris."

"I'd like to see myself playing 'Hannah' in a bakery, I would!" she defiantly answered. "If you can play 'Dum-doff,' I know I can play 'Geraldine.'"

"Oh, no, you can't, my love. You are a little stiff in the knees, and how you'd look throwing yourself in my arms as the villainous pursuer. I shall cast that little 'Widow D.' for 'Geraldine.'"

"Then there'll be two 'Geraldines' of us! If you can play 'Dum-doff,' with your lame back and catarrh, I know I can play 'Geraldine' with this little lameness in my left knee."

"Now you listen to reason, Mrs. Defoe. You aren't built for a 'Geraldine'; you are too fat; your feet are too large; you haven't got the voice for it."

"And you'd make a pretty 'Count Dum-doff,' you would?" she fired back. "You want to get that crook out of your back, that bald head shingled over, your mouth repaired and your eyes touched up with a paint brush! I think I see you killing four villains—ha! ha! ha!"

"Woman! do not anger me!" he said in a deepened voice, as he rose up. "And don't you anger your 'Geraldine' either!"

"Geraldine! Why you don't know a sly-bonder from a fat!" "Dum-doff!" And you don't know a slye terrier from the big fiddle in the orchestra?"

"Tis well! We'll have no playing here!" "Then you needn't! When I play 'Hannah' in the bakery to let you hug and kiss the Widow D. or any other woman all over the stage, you'll be three or four 'Count Dum-doffs.'"

"I'll burn the play, jealous woman!" "If you don't, I will, vain man!" Then they sat down and resumed their former occupation of looking into the fire, and the disturbed cat went back to her rug and her dreams.

A Sapphire that Weighs a Pound. The London Telegraph says that Berlin has just learned to its astonishment and gratification, from a report of the Polytechnic Society's latest meeting, that within its walls reposes a treasure of almost fabulous wealth, the very existence of which has been hitherto unsuspected. A member of the above named society is the enviable owner of the largest sapphire in the world—a stone weighing nearly fifteen ounces. Pure sapphires of good color hold so high a rank in the gem market that, were this gigantic jewel of the first water, it would be worth no less a sum than £3,200,000. It is, however, not absolutely free from impurities, a fact which materially diminishes its practical value, but enormous bills for it, made at different times by German Princes and wealthy mineralogists, have been invariably rejected by its proprietor, who has constituted it an heirloom, and confided it, in deposit, to the custody of the State judicial authorities. A sapphire weighing nearly a pound may fairly claim to rank as among the wonders of the world. It would be interesting to learn how so extraordinary a gem came into the possession of a Prussian savant who exhibited it to the wonder-stricken gaze of his fellow polytechnicians the other evening.

Does drunkenness afford a sufficient ground on which a wife can demand a judicial separation from her husband? This question has been considered by French lawyers and decided in the affirmative. The petitioner, shortly after her marriage, discovered that her husband was a confirmed drunkard. The plea of habitual drunkenness was decided by the tribunal before whom it came in the first instance, to be inadmissible; but the Court of Appeals at Paris has overruled this view and established a principle new to French jurisprudence, that a husband who is an habitual drunkard has no power to compel his wife to live with him.

Think thrice before you drink twice.

Forced politeness—bowing to necessity. David Davis is getting so heavy that report says that it makes him tired to sleep.

Boucault is in London. His wife is going. They used to prefer different continents. The Philadelphia Bulletin suggests that telephone messages be called "hell-ograms." It is a play on the word bello! and not on—

A western minister put to flight a crowd of carbozene loafers on a recent Sunday by sending the deacon out with the contribution box.

A boot heel is only about an inch high, and yet, when a man is driving for a train, and that portion of his boot flies off, he suddenly feels as though he had been dropped out of a window.

Woman may have thousands of estimable virtues, but failing to map on her mind the mysterious architecture of a new style hat, which floats past her window on a neighbor's head, is not one of them.

A Connecticut man invented a dentist's chair that could be adjusted to 4,691 different positions, and a boy who occupied it one day five minutes broke it in trying to get himself in a satisfactory position.

When a hole works into an umbrella it always seems to locate itself in a vital spot, and then it co-operates with the umbrella itself in a wild and generally successful endeavor to drop a quart of rain down your neck every time you use it.

France has a society for the encouragement of poetry. A great deal of the poetry written now-a-days is so poor that it needs encouragement, and it is for that purpose that a poetical department has been organized in the Congressional Record.

"Fancy Farmer" asks: "How do you keep weeds out of your garden?" Bless your soul we don't! We tried having a hand-organ play in a forest to them, but as they still kept on growing we concluded that it was best to go fishing and let them grow.

"You get up all kinds of brick here, don't you?" inquired a man at one of our leading brickyards. "Yes, about all. What do you want?" The man edged toward the front of the yard as he replied, "Cambries would do," and then cambrie at his head in every direction as he took his flight.

Young man to photographer: "Are my pictures done?" Artist: "Let's see," (carefully scanning the young man's face and then the photographs he holds in his hand), "whats the name?" Young man (in astonishment), "Jones sir." Artist (having discovered the name on them): "Oh, yes; these are yours."

Yes, said Mrs. Goodington, sadly, "he was indulging in sequestering exercise. His horse got frightened at something or other and reared; recoiled him to the sidewalk. When they took him up they found a bad fracture in his leg, and it had to be amputated to save his life." And the old lady didn't say another word for at least fifteen minutes. She was thinking as she afterwards said of the "dreadful sight, in the confirmatory."

There are men in this world, and women, too, who take a special delight in a bit of gossip. They chew upon it as lovingly as a ruminating animal chews its cud, and seem to obtain an enormous amount of nourishment from it. If a kindly thing is said, they are listless and uninterested; but the moment a piece of scandal creeps the air, they snuff the morning breeze and begin to enjoy themselves. A vile story is as bracing to them as oxygen to the lung of an honest man. While you are present they are as polite as if they had swallowed a dancing master, but when your back is turned they suddenly remember some very disagreeable thing that somebody told them on the authority of some one else, who heard it directly from some one else. A short memory for good things and a long memory for evil things is their peculiarity. Such people have large appetites and there is a great deal of food for them in this wicked world. It, as Sydney Smith said of Talleyrand, they had no teeth, no root to their mouths, no uvula, no larynx, no trachea, no epiglottis, no anything they would nevertheless gurgled scandal and make society miserable.

The way ministers are found guilty of kissing other women but their own wives, proves that you may roll a man under the wheels of theology for years, yet you can't squeeze all human nature out of him.

General Hagood desires to be the Democratic Governor of South Carolina. A London cockney would pronounce him a good man for the place, but the colored votes of that State never drop their heads and will probably express an opposite opinion.

They Hated Him After All. Jack was not a bad boy, but he was a terrible mischievous one, and his parents really felt relief at the thought that he was to start for boarding school the next day. His father thought of it when he found that Jack had used his razor to whittle a kite stick. He thought so again when he discovered that Jack's ball had gone through the parlor window. Jack's mother thought so when she found muddy footprints all over the parlor carpet and a great scar on the piano leg. They both thought so when their chat at the supper table was interrupted by whistling and the upsetting of the milk pitcher, and they told Jack so, when, after having driven his father almost wild, who was trying to read the evening paper, by getting up a fight between the dog and cat, he sat down on his mother's new bonnet she had just been fixing, and utterly ruined it. Early the next morning Jack was packed off. Oh! what a relief from noise and trouble it was. His father's rage remained undisturbed; no sound of breaking glass was heard; the parlor carpet was unstained by mud. But somehow, the house didn't seem very cheerful to its occupants. It was a long day. Tea was served. There was no whistling and upsetting of dishes to interrupt the conversation, but the talk didn't seem to run so smoothly after all. And when it came to reading the evening paper and fixing up another bonnet, the dog and cat slept serenely on the hearth-rug, and no disturbance interrupted the proceedings. That's the difference between having a boy in the house and having him away, and the gentleman put down his paper and remarked as much to his wife, when he noticed a quivering about her mouth and two big drops on her cheeks, and there was a kind of mistiness about his eyes that betokened him about seeing. "Yes," she answered; "it is nice—and quiet; uh, uh, uh, uh!" and he got up and went to the window and looked out and blew his nose for twelve minutes steadily.

Progress in Telephones. The Scientific American describes some experiments it has been making with telephones. One of these was to place two of the well known Blake transmitters near Mr. Beecher's desk in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. Connecting wires ran from this point in all directions as far as Yonkers and Elizabeth, and a large number of telephones were placed in circuit. On Sunday April 25, the second trial, the result was strikingly successful. From the opening note of the organ prelude to the last word of the preacher's voice at the close of the service, everything was delivered to the ears of the listening telephoner in the most perfect manner, the tones that came over the wires being so full, round, clear and distinct, it almost seemed to the hearers in New York, Yonkers and Elizabeth as if they were stationed within the church itself, directly in front of the speaker. The delivery of music was equally perfect, every note of the organ and of the individuals of the choir being fully brought out.

In consequence of the successful result of these experiments, says the Scientific American, several new improvements have been suggested for trial, and there seems to be every probability that in a short time some new and very effective instruments will be in use, by which all who desire may carry the sounds of church services into their dwellings, and may also enjoy the best lectures, musical and other entertainments with the utmost satisfaction in their homes. Heretofore, in listening to the telephones it has required effort and strain of the ear on the part of the listener. But this experiment shows that all sounds may be delivered in full and easy tones, readily heard, with all the natural characteristics, modulations and inflections of the human voice.

The Eastern Oregon Republican says: "An emigrant from the Willamette valley, whose name we did not learn, bound for the Yellowstone country, undertook to ford Grand Ronde river at the head of Beaver creek. The water, however, proved too deep and swift and he came out the loser of one horse and everything that was contained in his wagon. The man claims, among other things, to have lost \$8,000 in gold coin, which he says was in a trunk in the wagon."

Last Friday while two prisoners at the penitentiary were making a fence each having hold of a rail at the ends, and upon throwing it down, the light end rebounded, striking one of the prisoners, a young man named Romer, in the temple, knocking him down. He was taken to the prison, where he lay in an unconscious state until the next morning, when he died.

A post office has been established at Texas City, with Mr. Silcott as P. M. The saw mill is being put up as fast as possible, and all of the machinery has arrived. The lumber for a hotel is on the ground. Two general merchandise stores are to be placed at this point.

The average school-boy will go in swimming this month not so much because he likes it, as because it is dangerous and offers death as an attraction.

A man who is too lazy to work in his garden will think nothing of walking six miles to see a circus performance. Somebody nominates a Chicago.

Victor Hugo came we smile. People frequent the same when the touched on the...

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