

Correspondence.

Pension Frauds—Importers of Sugars Playing a New Game—The Paris Exposition of 1878—The Corrupt District Ring.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 24, 1877.

Editors Deseret News:

The *National Republican*, which has often challenged the admiration of the most foxey politician by the facility with which it changes its political complexion, arguing to-day from the extreme standpoint of the most incorrigible radical, to-morrow in its editorial columns cleaving to the Bourbon wing of democracy as though its first and only love, has, in its new career as a Simon-pure reformer, occasionally stumbled into a mare's nest, whose contents are at once uncovered and exposed by its enterprising management. Opinions seem divided as to the merits of Kane's letter published yesterday by it. Whether his allegations prove well founded or otherwise, it is a tardy expression of suspicions long entertained relative to the affairs of the Pension Office, and to those of other bureaus of the Interior department. Its reflections upon Mr. Schurz's seeming neglect to investigate charges of such a specific character, probably led that gentleman to explain to its reporter that the numerous investigations now on foot in his department accounted for the delay, but he promises that the charges shall be probed to the bottom and the guilty brought to justice. The gist of Kane's indictment is to the effect that Genl. Baker, when Commissioner of Pensions, ordered to be paid a claim for back pension, amounting to \$7,725, knowing it to be fraudulent, and that he received as a bribe for such favorable action, one-fourth of the sum paid. It is further charged that the present Commissioner, Bentley, knew of Baker's guilt, and has so manipulated the affairs of his office as to cover it up and shield the criminal; that other officials under him, who were also familiar with it, and had taken steps to have him punished, have been persecuted, and finally discharged (including himself), and their places filled with those who could be depended on to hold their tongues.

Demerara importers of sugars to this country, have been playing a nice little game on our revenue officials, by coloring their beet sugar so as to resemble inferior grades, thus escaping the payment of a heavy duty, and giving them a decided advantage over more honest shippers of saccharine productions. Baltimore and New York dealers boldly defend the practice, contending that the high tariffs practically excluded foreign sugars, without recourse is had to the dodge of the Demerara sugar-bollers. It isn't likely that our Louisiana cane producers will be able to appreciate the relevancy of such arguments, and a remedy will probably be speedily found and applied.

Certainly the seeming indifference of our Government is in very shabby contrast with the generous provisions of the French Government, which enabled its citizens to contribute so effectively to the success of the Centennial Exposition. There are many American citizens anxious to exhibit their productions at Paris, next year, and undoubtedly many will find a way to do so, whether aided by the Government or not; but there may be facilities and concessions it could have secured for them, that will not be granted to individuals; hence they will labor under great disadvantages, that exhibitions under the fostering care of their governments will not feel. We are warned that the space allotted to us will soon be forfeited unless definitely accepted; and it is hoped Congress may, upon its organization, do what it can to repair past neglect.

The summary dismissal of Forsythe, City Surveyor for the past twenty-five years, with the exception of two or three, has startled every incumbent of a municipal office. Rumors of wholesale changes are rife, and ins and outs are busy bringing up their backers. It is believed that the archives of Forsythe's office will furnish us many unhappy reminders of the corrupt reign of the District ring, which were left behind in his sudden exit.

We can't understand why it was so awful dark in Egypt when there was so many Israelites there.

Vacant Land—Buildings—Mill Wanted.

DESERET, Millard Co.,
August, 27, 1877.

Editors Deseret News:

We are now about half done harvesting our grain, every one seems to be well satisfied with the yield of crops and some think it cannot be beat in the Territory.

We have a very extensive farming country here, considerable vacant land yet to be taken up, and as we have generally taken up 160 acres each, land can be purchased at reasonable figures near our city location. Persons wishing a home will do well to visit Deseret before locating elsewhere. We have good land, a good climate, and plenty of water for irrigation without attention of nights and Sundays.

The dam at present is owned by individuals and we are paying one dollar per acre for the land we farm, with the understanding that the tax is to be reduced as fast as the county becomes developed so as to only make a reasonable percentage on the means invested.

We have a church organization, with Joseph S. Black for bishop, and I should judge by the way he takes hold he means business.

We had fifty-one rebaptisms into the united order on the 18th inst., add expect more next fast day. The school trustees are busily engaged getting the material together to build a school house. We have organized a co-operative mercantile company, and the board of directors are making arrangements to build a house and start a store this fall.

Our greatest inconvenience is the want of a good grist mill; we would be glad if some good citizen would come here and build one, there would be plenty of work.

We have a Sunday school with good attendance. We have a very interesting literary paper published once a month called the *Deseret Advocate*.

I remain, fraternally,
WM. W. DAMRON.

The Mexican Troubles—The Outrage by Spain—Rumors of Conspiracies.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
August 17, 1877.

Editors Deseret News:

The latest advices from the Rio Grande show that a large Mexican force is concentrating at Camargo with the evident purpose of resisting any attempt to capture the raiders who recently invaded Rio Grande City, liberated two Mexican desperadoes from jail, recrossed the river with the rescued and are now harbored in that town or vicinity. Nothing has come of Major Price's demand for their return, nor from Gov. Hubbard's for their extradition. Cattle-stealing raids are of alarming frequency, almost every week a new one being reported. Gen. Ord at once referred the case of the Camargo raiders here for instructions; but until the return of the President and cabinet the matter must remain in abeyance. The efforts of that officer to induce the border authorities to suppress their thieves, through diplomacy rather than an appeal to arms, appears to have only met with lying assurances that they were doing so, or with the most contemptuous expressions of indifference; and it is a fact, that at no time since the much wanted change from the timid foreign policy of Fish to the vigorous one to be inaugurated by Evarts, has the prospect of a Mexican war appeared more threatening than now, should we dare assert our rights; and the feeling is prevalent that Mr. Evarts would be quite as much respected if he were to talk less and act a little more energetically in making good his threats.

Another outrage very similar to those perpetrated on the *Ellen Rip-pah* and *Rising Sun*, is reported, this time, in the case of the schooner *Edward Lee*. Of course there are two sides to the stories in the case of each of these three vessels, but it is so like Spanish naval officers to fire upon unarmed vessels, and to insult and maltreat men whose weakness makes it an entirely safe proceeding, that no one finds any difficulty in believing the statements of their officers. Mr. Evarts has been a long time investigating these cases, and it is not known that the Spanish Government has ever expressed a single regret for the bullying propensities of its officers.

Moore appears to have made the swindling operations in the Norfolk Custom House so notorious that an investigation has been ordered. It is alleged that there is a good deal of consternation among the members of certain little rings of subordinates, in the Treasury included in his charges, and as it is uncertain how wide a range his revelations may take, the panic is said to be particularly noticeable in the detective and special agent branches.

Rumors of wide-spread conspiracies to rob the government, extending to New York, New England, Chicago, St. Louis and other points, stumbled upon by the Schurz Commission which has been for three months, secretly investigating the bureaus of the Interior Department, continue to circulate with many airs of the probability of their truth. It is generally conceded that Mr. Galpin, chief clerk of the Indian office has been badly damaged, and he cries out as though he was badly hurt. The Secretary assures all implicated that they shall be afforded every facility for defence in due time.

K.

How Chicago Got a Public Library.

The New York *Sun* publishes the following correspondence from Saratoga, containing a conversation between Eli Perkins and ex-Mayor Hoyne, of Chicago, which, if correct, exhibits that quality usually ascribed to the genus Yankee, and commonly called "smartness," in a remarkable degree:

"You know," continued Mr. Hoyne, "that Chicago never had a public library before the fire."

"Then it wasn't burned up?"

"No; but people outside generally think it was, and we let 'em think so."

"What for?" I asked.

"Well, directly after the great fire, the Mayor of Chicago—Jo Medill—got a letter from Tom Hughes, author of 'Tom Brown at Oxford.' The letter was full of sympathy at our great loss, and in the letter Mr. Hughes said Disraeli and he had collected from English authors and other sources 10,000 books, and had already sent them on to Chicago to re-establish our Public Library, which he took for granted had been burned."

"What did Medill do?"

"Why, he did not know what to do. Medill is an exact man, you know, and he thought we'd have to write back and confess that we never had a public library, and thus lose the books. In his dilemma he came to me and asked me what to do."

"Why, take 'em—don't send any thing back—not a book!"

"But we have no library to re-establish," said Medill.

"But we can establish one quick."

"How?"

"Why, just put this car load of books in my cistern—"

"Now don't be a d—d fool, Hoyne! Put the books in a cistern? why the water?"

"No, you don't understand. I've got a big, dry cistern. Put 'em all in there, nail down the top—say nothing to nobody—don't let old Storey hear of it, and I'll run down to Springfield to-day, tell the boys how we're fixed, and rush the library charter through, and up I'll come with it—I the President, you know, and you the Secretary—and we'll write Tom Hughes and Disraeli an awful official letter accepting the books and thanking everybody in England."

"Did you do it?" I asked.

"Of course we did! The charter went through the Legislature like a train of cars, and in three days, the train having broken down at Grand Crossing, I walked into Chicago the head and front of the great Chicago library, and showed the charter all covered with red seals and tape to Medill."

"And the books —?"

"Well, we answered Tom Hughes's letter, and then we lay low and let the books stay in the cistern for six months, till we got ready to move in the matter and build a library."

"And it is all established now?"

"Yes; and the best library out of New York; a magnificent library! A great many English books have the authors' autographs in front. We have Disraeli's autograph copy of *Lothair* and other works. Chas.

Reade's full list of autograph books. Hood's books, Huxley's, Tyndall's, Tennyson's, 300 English patent books, and even Queen Victoria's life of Prince Albert, with her own autograph on the fly leaf—and all because we Chicago fellows know when to be d—d fools and when to show good horse sense."

ELI PERKINS.

Tabby's Curiosity Satisfied.

The Virginia City (Nev.) *Enterprise* tells this affecting story:

"Charles Kaiser, who has the only hive of bees in town, says that when he first got his swarm his old cat's curiosity was much excited in regard to the doings of the little insects, the like of which she had never before seen. At first she watched their comings and goings from a distance. She then flattened herself upon the ground, and crept along toward the hive, with tail horizontal and quivering. It was clearly evident that she thought the bees some new kind of game. Finally, she took up a position at the entrance to the hive, and when a bee came in or started out, made a dab at it with her paws. This went on for a time without attracting the special attention of the inhabitants of the hive. Presently, however, old Tabby struck and crushed a bee on the edge of the opening to the hive. The smell of the crushed bee alarmed and enraged the whole swarm. Bees by the score poured forth, and darted into the fur of the astonished cat. Tabby rolled herself in the grass, spitting, sputtering, biting, clawing, and squalling as a cat never squalled before. She appeared a mere ball of fur and bees as she rolled and rumbled about. She was at length hauled away from the hive with a garden rake, at the cost of several severe stings to her rescuer. Even after she had been taken to a distant part of the grounds the bees stuck to Tabby's fur, and about once in two minutes she would utter an unearthly 'yowl,' and bounce a full yard in the air. On coming down she would try to scratch an ear, when a sting on the back would cause her to turn a succession of back somersaults and give vent to a running fire of squalls. Like the parrot that was left alone with the monkey, old Tabby had a dreadful time. Two or three days after this adventure, Tabby was caught by her owner, who took her by the neck and threw her down near the beehive. No sooner did she strike the ground than she gave a fearful squall, and at a single bound reached the top of a fence full six feet in height. There she clung for a moment, with a tail as big as a rolling pin, when with another bound and squall she was out of sight, and did not again put in an appearance for over a week."

THE SAGACITY OF WILD GESE.

—The large flocks of wild geese which are constantly passing over the town are frequently shot at, but they generally fly at too high an altitude to be reached by the leaden missiles. Sometimes, however, the shots take effect. The other day we were watching a flock flying southward, when the report of a gun was heard and we observed one of the geese begin to fall slowly. The others perceiving that their comrade was wounded, uttered shrill cries of distress, and about a dozen of them flew under the wounded bird, huddling together so that their backs formed a sort of bed upon which the wounded one rested. They buoyed it up for some time, the others meanwhile looking on and manifesting their concern by uttering loud discordant shrieks. Finding that their companion was unable to longer accompany them in their flight, they abandoned him to his fate, and he fell to the earth, and into the arms of an expectant Chinaman.—*Anaheim* (Cal.) *Gazette*.

A philosopher remarks that every face is a history or a prophecy.

A Lock Haven woman pretended to faint away in a crowd, in order to hear the comments of the men. One of the men yelled out, "Oh, what an enormous foot!" and the lady came to and tried to kick him.

He was a beginner in newspaper work, and the editor, wanting to have some good Sunday reading, told him to fix up a column of "Serious Thoughts." The first serious thought evolved by the young writer was: "There is at times over a ton of power in the leg of a mule." This was followed by the equally serious thought that the same peculiarity was shared by the editor.

A Neat Capture.

Deputy Sheriff Harris received information last week that William Clifton and Thomas McKenna, escaped jail birds, from San Joaquin county, had passed through this city and gone out on the line of the railroad toward Yuma, and in company with Sheriff Stone, of Ventura County who was in search of another criminal, set out after the fugitives. They left this city on Friday last, and at Banning's station learned that a man answering the description of Clifton was working at the head of San Geronimo Cañon, under the assumed name of George Talbot, and that McKenna had left there some time before, going toward San Jacinto. Procuring horses the officers rode to the place where the men were at work, and found them just sitting down to dinner. Acting on a previously conceived plan, Harris entered the shanty and asked for a drink of water, which he procured from a bucket at the opposite side of the room, while sheriff Stone stood at the entrance of the door, the three men being between them. Mr. Harris then asked for Mr. Edmondson, the foreman, and told that gentleman that Mr. Stone had a letter for one of his men, whose name he believed was Talbot. Clifton, alias Talbot, here came forward and took the letter from Sheriff Stone, tore it open, and read the following interesting item:

STOCKTON, August 8, 1877.

William Clifton alias George Talbot—Be kind enough to throw up your hands and you will not be hurt. Very truly, etc.,

THOS. CUNNINGHAM,
Sheriff San Joaquin Co.
By Emil Harris detective.

Clifton turned deadly pale on reading the above, looked swiftly around, and seeing the two officers with drawn revolvers, gracefully threw up his hands, much to the astonishment of his two companions, who for the first time were informed of his true character.—*Los Angeles Star*, August 15.

RETALIATION.—Not long since a gentleman traveling by rail from a neighboring city to Boston, purchased a glass of soda at a refreshment stand in a way station, and gave the attendant a quarter. The latter apparently purposely delayed making change, and his customer was obliged to hurry on board the train with a feeling of having been cheated, and consequently "cut" fifteen cents. He concentrated his wits upon the idea of getting even with the refreshment vender, and at last devised a plan which succeeded admirably, as will be seen. At the next stopping place he rushed to the window of the telegraph office and dictated a message to be sent to the soda water man and paid for by the recipient. It was as follows: "Do you still sell foam at twenty-five cents a glass?" At every station where there was a chance he repeated this message. Upon reaching Boston, having thus revenged himself five times, he glided out of the depot and off about his business with a quiet smile of satisfaction irradiating his placid features that was refreshing to look upon. As for the soda water man, that night after shutting up he drew up a little balance sheet on the flyleaf of his diary as follows: Expenses of telegraphy, \$1 25; extra profits on soda, 15 cents; out, \$1 10.

THE BOOR AND THE BANK.—When the first branch bank was opened, at Bloomsfontein in the Orange Free State, a boor, who, after the manner of his kind, had hoarded up all his savings at home with a view to buying land, presented himself to the manager, and said, "I hear you take care of people's money. How much do you want for taking care of mine?" "We don't want anything," was the answer; "and moreover, if you leave it with us for a fixed time, we'll give you interest on it." "What," said the boor—"you offer to pay me for taking care of my money? You must be a set of scoundrels!" And he walked off, buttoning up his breeches pocket.

Near Fredonia, Iowa, on Tuesday of last week, a young man named John Wisler slipped foremost into the cylinder of a threshing machine. One leg was literally torn from his body, and the whole of one side of the body terribly mangled. He died the following morning.