

Jacksonville

Republican

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1881.

WHOLE NO. 2329.

VOLUME XLII.

THE REPUBLICAN.

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L. W. GRANT.

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THE MOUNTAIN SONG.

I am the herdsman here on high;
Beneath me see the cattle lie;
Upon me shines the sun's bright beams;
His last glow reddening o'er my gleams,
I am the mountain herdsman.

Here streams are cradled at their birth;
I drink them fresh from Mother Earth;
O'er rocks they rush in wildest leap;
I catch them ere they touch the steep,
I am the mountain herdsman.

The snow peaks are my loved domain;
Here gather mist and cloud and rain;
Here winds from North and South howl strong
Yet high above resounds my song,
I am the mountain herdsman.

When jagged lightning pierce the sky,
I stand in Heaven's own blue sky high,
And cry to them with swelling breast,
"Oh, leave my Father's house at rest!"
I am the mountain herdsman.

When Watch-dogs shine from peaks afar,
And alarm wakes us to war,
Down the steep sides I speed along,
Swing from my sword and sing my song,
I am the mountain herdsman.

THE DANGER OF FLIRTING.

Pollie was pretty, and she knew it. She was nurse-girl at Squire Ridgeway's, but she knew it just as well as if she had been a queen. She knew others thought so, too, and though she was engaged—or "all the same was engaged"—to Leonard Hopper, she could not keep from flirting with anyone who showed the least desire to flirt with her.

And Leonard Hopper did not like it, and they quarreled and parted, and made it up again—not once but a hundred times.

The flirting with the young men he knew was bad enough, but there was something worse.

Whenever Polly took the baby—Squire Ridgeway's little granddaughter, and the pride of the family—up to the park to walk, she used to go into the pretty arbor that overlooked the lake, and there, after a while, to be joined by a young man, such an elegant gentleman, Pollie thought, who paid her such compliments.

Nobody knew about this but the cook. It was cook who told me the story, and over and over again cook declared that she ought to be ashamed of herself, and that Leonard was worth twenty of that fellow.

But Edgar Montmorency was so elegant, so charming!

"And it is well to keep two strings to your bow, cook," said Pollie. "Leonard is so cross sometimes."

Thus matters stood when 4th of July came near. Squire Ridgeway and his family were gone out of town, and cook and Pollie kept house.

Generally only one left the house at a time, but the Fourth was a special day. Pollie and cook were both going out, and Pollie was to take the key in her pocket and be home first.

OTTER HUNTING.

By seven o'clock the hunters were ordered to run the hounds up the stream, and they accordingly made commencement, Sandy Rose keeping the north side with a dozen of hounds, his brother Eben, the celebrated piper and composer of Highland music, taking the remainder of the pack up the south side of the river. What is worth noticing is that there were no introductions given. The noble duke was received with a raising of caps by the nobility and gentry present, and every day one was left at liberty to pick up a companion for the day or not, as he chose. At first we had a pleasant stroll along the river-banks and by the side of grass meadows, when we were suddenly aroused from our dreams by what turned out to be a false alarm.

A hare had just got aroused and made a break as the hounds approached her lair, when Falstaff made a spring after, her giving loud tongue, which the other hounds took up. Well knowing what was up the huntsman was soon in pursuit, and made terrific lunges at the dogs with his heavy whip, which consisted of thongs of leather plaited together and attached to a stick. Falstaff's conscience pricked him hard for what he well knew to be a gross breach of decorum, and he kept out of the huntsman's reach as well as he could. He was, however, at last got round, when he had to undergo a severe punishment. The keeper led it on him just as a villager in the country uses his flail to thrash out his barley or oats, and the poor brute made the wicket in resonant with his pitiful cries. That dogs learn wisdom from example can hardly be doubted, and in this case they appear to know very well the offense and the punishment attached to its commission, as they slunk away out of sight while their comrade was suffering his not unmerited chastisement. Our young cockney friend seemed to suffer considerably from the punishment, and he was in pursuit of the hare, and as it halloped away they innocently enough inquired if the animal in question was an otter?

The English country folks tell some very amusing tales of the London swell, when he gets out into the fields for a shoot for the first time. One is worthy of recapitulation. The young gentleman from Pimlico had never seen a hare, and so eager was he to get a shot at one that he would not wait for the gamekeeper's return. He got directions from his hostess to look for a brown haired animal with long ears, which he would find in an adjoining park, and sure he soon found an animal answering the description given him. He returned to the manor house and with great glee related the tale of his first shot, but the entertainer's feelings were by no means agreeable when what was thought to be a hare turned out to be a donkey which was kept purposely for yielding milk to an elderly invalid in the family.

The hounds kept on their course along the stream and as it amusing themselves sniffed at every twig of a tree dipping into the water. They inspected every stone by the river side, and seemed to take most exact reckoning of every mark on the sand or mud beside pools. After we had marched along for an hour or so Jock, who was in front, swam to a stone in the center of the river which just peered above the level of the water. On reaching it and applying his olfactory he made a discovery which created some little attention, and he gave notice of the same by holding his head inclined upward and bellowing in a fensome manner. The hound discovered by noticing some droppings which had not been washed away by the stream or rain that an otter had visited that spot within a short period—probably within a couple of days. The lapse of time can be pretty well guessed at by the loudness of the hound's growl, and the frequency of its repetition. As it was the incident of his life and mettle into our heels and made us ready to look out for squalls, which we were now pretty sure would be coming, although perhaps after a ten mile run.

Trudging along over rocks and stones, having to wade streams, and now again having a tumble into pools, the trail became at length more distinct, and at every indication the hounds became more eager for the attack. After passing Broochan Bridge they broke along in a hard trot and we had to keep pace with them—no easy task on a hot Summer morning. Among the fancy a chase like this is called a drag, and we were once engaged on one for ten long weary miles ere we came close to our prey. By and by we arrived at broken water, and from the movement of the pack—from their continuing to run first up and then down the stream—as well as from their frequent crossing and recrossing it knew that our otter was in the immediate vicinity. Owing, however, to the heavy underwood overhanging the banks, great difficulty was experienced in finding out the exact spot in which he was hiding. Bankum, a rare and trusty bitch, eventually made the discovery, and on examining the ground the much desired game was found ensconced in a cairn of loose stones, part of which dipped into the river. As the hounds could not near their prey, Falstaff a remarkably fine specimen of the Dandie Dinmont breed, was set in "to draw."

The terror had not been many minutes at his critical job when his loud squealing indicated that he had received quite a warm reception. As however, the aperture between the blocks of stones was so small no assistance could be sent to the aid of little Fincher, and so he had to conquer his hard mouthed opponent or yield, which he would not do as long as a drop of blood remained in his body. The contest between the two having lasted more than an hour, victory at last declared itself in favor of the Dandie, which by the way was cheaply purchased, as the otter, in self defence, had inflicted a deep wound on his opponent's shoulder, and cut a piece clean off the tip of his tail.

The other then had no alternative left but to make a bolt right through the entire pack of hounds which were swimming about in front of his den. This he accomplished without much difficulty, as the water was not less than thirty feet deep at this spot. Had the water been shallow, this would have been utterly impossible, but as it was the hunted animal, with that cunning implanted in it by nature for self defence, sprang quite under the furious animals, and only reappeared at the surface a hundred yards or so away. The seats, having observed his nose on the surface of the stream under the lee of a boulder, cried at the top of their voice:

"Tally Ho! Tally Ho!" which well known call was answered by the whole pack swimming for the point indicated. Not waiting for the attack, the otter made for down stream just when the hounds made the big stone. This movement of his the hounds discovered by air bubbles reaching the surface. A pursuit then followed down the river until the ford was reached, when it was conjectured the hounds would be able to grapple with their antagonist. Yet another stroke of policy was, for the moment, successfully resorted to, for just as the pack were rapidly swimming down to the ford their wily enemy, diving low down, swam under them, and once more evaded their zeal and skill. Such manœuvring and counter manœuvring showed real generalship, although it might not guarantee ultimate success.

By the time we were writing our Cockney friends had got quite overcome with hunger and fatigue. "If," they said, "we could only get a mug of Bass' be'a or a pot'a we should try to survive." As it was, there was not a farm house or cottage within five miles, and they were in a sad plight. Soon, however, an Irishman, peddling crockery-ware, came past, and they offered him "a sov," equal to \$5, if he would carry them—if even in a heap—to Balstrady, which he was very far from being loath to do, as the sight of the yellow tickled his fancy amazingly. And that was the last seen of the Cockney sportsmen.

After spending the whole afternoon in chasing the game, we were, about 5 o'clock in the evening, successful in driving him to a grassy bank into a hole, under which he took refuge. The terriers could not prove of any use, as the drain would not allow them to get behind their foe. Crappach-More then plied his pick and spade vigorously, so that after three quarters of an hour's hard work the otter's tail was seen. The toil endured by this Highlander who had carried his burden over, not under, twenty miles of rough country on such a day of heat, and then set to work as vigorously as if he had just got out of bed in the morning, was truly astonishing, and certainly no one present could have attempted such labor but himself.

The otter then made another bolt for the river, but this time he was not so successful, as one of the hounds seized him by the hip. Turning round with his head, the otter made the hound speedily relinquish his hold. Others, however, having come up, there was a terrible worry, partly on land and partly in the water, which soon got discolored with the purple tide of the combatants. The otter mashed the jaw of one of the hounds, and in the awful fight one of them was drowned. The huntsman could have finished the combat at once by a thrust with his spear, but this it is contended would have been unesportsmanlike. Twenty to one was very heavy odds against the otter, and it is no reflection on his courage to record that he was literally worried to death.

The carcass was then rescued from the hounds and carried off on the top of Christie's spear. It was subsequently dispatched to a bird stuffer to be preserved as a trophy of the chase.

It was only after the exciting contest was over that he began to recollect that we had no refreshment since early morning. After a walk of some miles we reached the hestery of Barnnough, where our conveyance was in waiting, and when we were regaled with strong ale, bread and cheese, qualified with a slight sensation. It was after ten o'clock before we got back to our homes; and after such a fatiguing day's sport it is unnecessary to say that we were soon fixed in the arms of Morpheus.

The farmers of the country, if they would act individually or organize themselves into forestry clubs, could, in a very little while, awaken a widespread interest in tree planting. The advantage of such clubs are highly appreciated in the treeless regions of the West and Northwest. Many of them have been organized, and through their efforts millions of trees have been set out, with an already manifest effect upon the water courses and the humidity of the atmosphere.

THE LITTLE NEWSBOY.

"You see that fat, comfortable-looking woman," I said to a brother journalist who was punishing a cold supper with me lately, "that laundress who just went out after bringing my clothes home from the week?"

"Your definition is a very good one," replied Dall. "She looks fat, comfortable and, I should judge, she weighed 180 pounds. Is she a widow?"

"Yes,"

"Well, she's a bonnie-looking, healthy kindly-looking woman, but I hope you are not Bohemian enough to have any idea of marrying her," replied my friend Dall.

I laughed long and heartily, and then as the memories of my first meeting with my honest old laundress came into my mind, I became silent and thoughtful. The further my memory went back in connection with good Mrs. Merriam, the more it was hedged with thorns. At last Dall, seeing me musing, said:

"Old boy, your grog is untasted and you're thinking about something painful. I'm sorry if I made a joke that hurt you—let us change the subject. Are you going to see the small-yells race on Saturday?"

"My dear Dall," I answered, "most emphatically shall I refrain from witnessing the lilliputian plungers cavort around our bay on Saturday, and I have to remark, in addition, that there is no necessity to change the subject. But, if you will hoist up your interminable erudite appendages on to the table, and get outside of that grog and blow a cloud, I will tell you the washerwoman's story."

"One act or three?" asked Dall, "because I have to report a meeting of Pecksniff's at 8 p. m., who are going to try the sexton on a charge of heresy—guilty of taking snuff and sneezing during the benediction I believe."

Dall is nothing if not absurd; but he put his legs upon the table and retorted:

"Fire away, old six-foot-of-misery, and make it short," and I did. But Dall is incorrigible, and just as I was beginning: "About four years ago—" he interrupted with—

"Say, drink your toddy. I know this yarn is an infernal lie, but if you swallow about three ounces of alcohol, I have noticed, you always talk so much more pleasantly."

So I emptied my glass and commenced.

About four years ago, when I was on the local staff of the —, I was standing clattering with the herculean cashier, when a tiny little boy, very much emaciated, came in and bought ten papers at the regular newsboys' rates.

He must have disposed of them very quickly, for he came in again and again; until I calculated that he must have disposed of at least fifty papers.

PHI TAKE THE WHOLE.

A man had purchased some wool of Mr. Sheaf, a leading merchant of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, which had been weighed and paid for, and Mr. Sheaf had gone to the desk to get change for a note. Happening to turn his head while there, he saw in the glass which swung so as to reflect the shop, a stout arm reach up and take from the shelf a heavy white oak cheese. Instead of appearing suddenly and rebuking him for his theft, as another would, the crafty old gentleman gave the thief his change as if nothing had happened, and then under pretence of lifting the bag to lay it on the horse for him, took hold of it and exclaimed:

"Why, bless me, I must have reckoned the weight wrong."

"Oh, no," replied the other, "you may be sure you have not, for I counted with you."

"Well, well, we won't dispute the matter, it is easily tried," said Mr. S., putting the bag into the scales again.

"There," said he, "I told you so—I knew I was right—I made a mistake of nearly twenty pounds; however, if you don't want the whole you needn't have it—I'll take part of it out."

"No, no," said the other, staying the hands of Mr. S., on their way to the strings of the bag, "I guess I'll take the whole."

And this he did, paying for his dishonesty by receiving the skin milk cheese at the rate of forty-four cents a pound, the price of the wool.

Major Sanger, who is known in military slang as a "bantam," was returning one day recently from Bismarck to Fort Lincoln which is across the river, and the ambulance in which he was riding was delayed by a team and wagon driven by one of the class known as mule-whackers in this country. The driver of the ambulance and the mule-whacker got into wroly altercation, and Major Sanger got very indignant at what he believed to be impertinent language and unwarranted interference in his journey. He jumped from the ambulance, Tom Thumb in size but a Goliath in fury, and exclaimed:

"Get that wagon out of the way."

The mule-whacker looked at him quizzically and asked:

"Who the devil are you?"

"I am Major Sanger, of the army, sir, and I want you to get that wagon out of the way."

The mule-whacker ejected a mouthful of tobacco into the road and remarked:

"Do you know what I will do with you, Major Sanger, of the army, sir, if you don't make less noise with your mouth."

WHAT WILL YOU DO?

"What will you do?" inquired the major, looking as large and fierce as possible.

"I'll set a mouse trap and catch you, Major Sanger, of the army, sir, and give you to my puppy to play with."

THE MULE-WHACKER.

"I didn't do anything for several nights, but I couldn't get the little beggar out of my mind, and one night I cornered him. He came up and asked me to buy a paper, and before he could run off after getting his five cents, I said:

"Say, sonny! come and get a cup of coffee and something to eat; you look hungry."

The little midget looked at me with his bright, sunken eyes for a moment, and said:

"Say, sir, you belong to the newspapers, and I've often seen you look kind at me, but I don't want no coffee nor nuffen, only I can't sell no papers to-night, and if ye'd like to gimme the price of the coffee, I can use it better."

"How better?" I asked. "Mother!" gulped the boy. "Bet he was a fraud!" said Dall. Fraud? Well, let me tell you. I got that boy to tell me where his mother lived, and she gave the whole business. She was getting well of typhoid fever, more by luck than through science, and she had wanted for nothing from the day she sickened until the night I saw her white as a ghost and thin as a shadow, on a pallet bed in an alley of Jackson street."

"And you—what did you do?" queried Dall.

"Well, I had \$30 for my landlady, and all I know is that she didn't get it, and called me a bilk for a whole week."

"And the mother and the little newsboy?" asked Dall.

"The mother—well, you saw her just now—looks pretty plump and hearty, don't she? Takes in washing, and is doing first-rate."

"Where's her husband—dead?" "No; I forgot about that. He is in San Quentin for life. He killed H— don't you remember?" "Yes, I do; but the little newsboy?" "I can't bear to talk about that yet. He went to sleep in my arms three weeks ago, and lay in them for hours before it was all over."

About an hour before the end came, he said: "Mother won't wait. I shall ask Him to help her as soon as I see Him—and—no—no—to bless you. Good bye, mother, good-bye—"

Why Dall, you're erying, as I am a living sinner. Get out of this, you old lumbag, and go and report your Pecksniff meeting, and take a pinch of snuff with the sexton."

But my eyes were not exactly dry, either.

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THE INNER MAN.

TO A GOOD COOK.

Although, dear maid, thy hearty cheer
Would tempt a staid soul to woo thee,
'Tis not alone that thou art fair
That warms my loyal heart unto thee.

The brightness of thy azure eye,
The honeyed sweetness of thy kisses,
At Time's command, alas! will fly,
Mute in the wake of other blisses.

But when thy dear eyes dim have grown,
Thy golden locks with silver sprinkled;
When age hath dulled thy voice's tone,
And care that snowy brow hath wrinkled.

Still love for thee my heart shall fill;
The rose smells not less sweet for crumpling;
And age shall and thee able still
To make me steak and kidney dumpling.

HOW HE LOVED HER.

JOHN ESMOND had just come home to the Cliffs, and found another man in his place. It was pretty hard. There were plenty of bawling, rosy-cheeked girls in the neighborhood, but not another Goldie. The pet name which had been given Captain Grant's daughter in childhood still clung to her. Plenty of girls with bright eyes and ready smiles, but not another so dainty, sweet and winsome.

Why couldn't Fawdon Darrell have taken Mollie-Dare, or Kate Knox, or Belle Buxton, instead of stealing his Darling, Goldie Grant?

John Esmond had asked himself this question until he was sick at heart. He wondered if he ought to have spoken to Goldie before he went away; but she was so young—only sixteen—and he had not expected that his one year's absence would lengthen into two. But this had been the case, and he had returned to find Goldie fairer and taller, with a new richness in her bloom and added depth to her sweet eyes. And at her side Fawdon Darrell. To be sure she had given him her hand, had smiled, but he felt a reserve in her that was new.

"She does not care for me, and she loves him," was the swift, silent bitter thought.

He watched her all the evening, his heart breaking, it seemed to him. With the gold waves of her soft hair—her round, young figure, her silken blue dress—she was a picture indeed.

In his passion worship of her he was filled with amazement. He stood beside her piano, take up one of her fair curls and roll it about his finger.

Goldie's face was turned from him. He did not see her start, or the sudden flush of color to her cheek.

"Have things come so far as that? Is she promised to him?" he muttered.

He soon took his leave, going out disconsolately into the dark from the lighted parlors of Cliff Cottage.

But Fawdon Darrell, in his determination to mislead John Esmond, had gone too far. He saw it in Goldie's eyes when he bade her good-night.

"Your favorite, Duke, has just been sharp shod, and my new sleigh came home last night. Will you try them both to-morrow?" he said, insinuatingly.

"Thank you! I shall not be able to," replied Goldie, reservedly.

He might have read his lesson from her compressed lips and averted eyes, but Fawdon Darrell was not easily persuaded to do anything he did not want to do.

"Shall I see you at Mrs. Graham's New Year's party?" he asked.

"I do not think you will. I do not intend to go," answered Goldie.

And Mr. Darrell took his leave without an invitation to call again. Not but what he would come to Cliff Cottage when inclination suited him without it.

Goldie knew that very well; but she was deeply resentful of his familiarity, and she had never committed an indiscretion in her life. And then she was longing so to get away and cry about it all.

John Esmond had come home and greeted her like any common acquaintance. She had been very silly, of course; but she had waited so long watching the ship news, and hoping she would write to her. And now he had come back from under the Florida sun, bronzed and bearded; he was handsomer and nobler than ever.

Goldie had not been so happy in two years as just in that little moment when he held her hand that evening, and he soon went away from her side and talked to her father about Pensacola and the Everglades. It was so sweet, and yet so sad, to hear his voice again.

She lay curled up, a little blue heap, on the foot of her white bed, sobbing and thinking, till past midnight. And then she crept, a pale, heart broken little ghost, among its snowy folds, and shivered wretchedly asleep.

Six weeks, and John Esmond never came near Cliff Cottage. Goldie made it pretty clear to Fawdon Darrell during that time that he was not wanted there. But the young man was not thin-skinned, and Goldie Grant was an heiress in a small way. He had deliberately determined to keep off other suitors and marry her.

"That Esmond used to be deuced sweet on her, but I've got the inside track on him now, and I mean to keep it," he said to himself.

He was a selfish, brutal fellow, but had a knowledge of good breeding, which kept him aloof in good society, and prevented his being intolerable. His favorite taste was for hunting, and his chances were utterly lost with Gol-

die, when, at the beginning of their acquaintance, she saw him beat his favorite setter, Fanny, until the animal fell senseless from a blow on the head. This had been more than a year ago, and Goldie had only politely tolerated him since. But, as I have said, Mr. Darrell was not thin-skinned, and Captain Grant favored his suit. The Darrells were a good family, and the Captain had a weakness for family.

"Nice people—nice people, Goldie," he was wont to say. "Fawdon's brother is the smartest lawyer in the county, and Mrs. Dudley, his sister, was presented at court when abroad. And they are rich. I want to leave you well provided for when I die."

"Then don't ask me to marry Fawdon Darrell, dear papa," Goldie responded, a little sadly.

She knew that her father was mistaken in his estimate of these worldly and selfish people. His honesty and simplicity did not fathom their brilliant hardness. She had heard, too, that Fawdon lived largely upon the bounty of his brother-in-law, Dr. Dudley. In short, the possibility of her ever marrying Fawdon Darrell was long ago settled when John Esmond came there.

In one matter Goldie and John Esmond were similarly agreed. She thought she was the most wretched person in the world, and he believed he was.

One self March day settled it all. Esmond had met Goldie one day in the village, and she had spoken to him as sweetly and civilly as if her heart had not nearly leaped out of her breast at sight of him.

"We are having some very nice archery practice on the old ground where we used to play croquet, you know. Come and see us."

And John Esmond, condemning himself for the folly of it, had accepted the invitation. He had ordered his horse brought round, and was going to drive out to Cliff Cottage.

The frost was already out. The ground, the road hard, thirt of coming; in the air that which may turn into life-giving to love, but it stirred John Esmond's heart in his breast to exquisite pain. He set his will resolutely to smother it, however, and, teaching up his horse, bounded lightly over the hard road.

Then he stopped for a moment to speak to an old day laborer, who, in his youth, had been John's father's granger, but, as it chanced, only was greeted by a drop of bitterness.

"How are you, Timothy?"

"Is it yourself, Master John?"

"A fine-looking lad ye are, sure! A' so yer 'av' been down South? Well, an' a' good year for fruit-farming. Wish I'd gone there when I was young; but I'm too old to make any changes now. An' ye left some fine orange groves a-growing up for ye, I'll be bound. Yes, yes, you'll be a rich man some day, Master John. Well, may the Lord prosper ye! Which way was ye going? Toward the Cliffs? An' young Mr. Darrell has been before ye this tree hours," with a grin.

Esmond was so angry with himself that he winced. Of course Darrell was there, since he believed that he knew what his habits were. The probability was that he should meet so frequent a visitor. Yet his brow darkened and he turned his horse sharply.

The car was not accustomed to the sharp twisting of the bit and he did not like it. He backed, got it between his teeth and began to run away.

It was a delicate piece of make, for he was not frightened. A spirit of resentment, lawlessness and recklessness had entered into the beast, and he immediately proceeded to do all the mischief in his power.

Having dashed the buggy against a pile stone, without, however making a perfect wreck of it, he then tore away down the flinty road.

In the moment of the first furious leaps, John Esmond found that he was comparatively powerless. The horse was running in a straight direction, at in his anxiety he remembered that he was heading straight for the cliffs, which terminated high above a rocky cauldron of boiling sea. If he went over it must be almost certain death.

"I will let him go a mile. He'll soon cool with such running," John thought grimly, as the foam flew in his face from the mouth of the leaping horse.

"When we got to the cottage, I can throw force enough on the line to turn him into the yard door."

Fortunately, the front of Cliff Cottage stood open to the road, the smooth stretch of springing lawn grass being dotted only by an occasional flower bed. He saw it plainly as they tore down the last rise.

They were a few swift strides from the spot of refuge, and John had already braced himself for the struggle, when he saw—Darrell, standing with his back toward him, looking down at the process in a dower bed.

John Esmond's brain whirled. Should he turn the furious horse upon this man? Had he not a right—a perfect right—to save himself?

But he made no effort, for he heard a cry—a piteous, appealing cry—and, as he sped so frantically by, caught a glimpse and sweet white face at

an open window. On, on he went to his death.

The horse leaped high in the air as he went up the last steep ascent. The fierce salt wind blew in John's nostrils; the sea thundered in his ears.

"She loves him," he thought, "and I would not bring suffering on her. He is safe, while I—"

The horse gave a shrill shriek as they went over; but John Esmond's lips were tightly shut.

As the buggy overturned at the edge, the instinct of a diver—for he had been a skilled swimmer from his boyhood—made him place his hands palm to palm and extend them before him, while his feet unconsciously repulsed the carriage by a quick motion. Goldie and Darrell from the cottage, saw all disappear together.

He never knew who came to his rescue. A rush, a crash, a darkness, and then, for a long month, the days and nights were all as one to John Esmond. But when at last, consciousness came, he found Goldie and her father attending him.

"The crisis is past; he will recover with care," said the physician.

A warm white chamber was about him; Goldie's cheek was so near him he could have kissed her had he strength.

By-and-by he had strength, and then he drew the tender cheek to his lips.

"You would not be so kind, Goldie, if you did not love me."

"No," she sobbed, creeping worn and weak, to his breast; "if you had died, I should have died, too, John."

He told her all.

"I wish Fawdon Darrell no harm, but I could not have spared you," she said.

"And you know now how I love you," he responded.

Major Sanger, known in military slang as Bismarck to Fort Mifflin, which is across the river, and the ambulance in which he was riding was delayed by a team and wagon driven by one of the class known as mule-whackers in this country. The driver of the ambulance and the mule-whacker got into wordy altercation, and Major Sanger got very indignant at what he believed to be impertinent language and unwarranted interference in his journey. He jumped from the ambulance, Tom Thumb in size but a Goliath in fury, and exclaimed:

"Get that wagon out of the way!"

The mule-whacker looked at him quizzically and asked:

"Who the devil are you?"

"I am Major Sanger, of the army, sir, and I want you to get that wagon out of the way."

The mule-whacker ejected a mouthful of tobacco into the road and remarked:

"Do you know what I will do with you, Major Sanger, of the army, sir, if you don't make less noise with your mouth?"

"What will you do?" inquired the major, looking as large and fierce as possible.

"I'll set a mouse trap and catch you, Major Sanger, of the army, sir, and give you to my puppy to play with."

John Ploughman's Proverbs.

Never offer a looking-glass to a blind man.

If a man is so proud that he will not see his faults, he will only quarrel with you for pointing them out to him.

Many preachers are good tailors spoiled, and capital shoemakers turned out of their proper calling.

It is not wise to aim at impossibilities; it is a waste of powder to fire at the man in the moon.

Give your money to fools sooner than let rogues wheedle you out of it.

Men willingly pour water into a full tub, and give feasts to those who are not hungry, because they look to have as good or better in return.

To see plum pudding in the moon is a far more cheerful habit than croaking at everything like a two-legged frog.

Never say die until you are dead, and then it's no use so long at all.

He pulls a long rope who waits for another's death.

He that waits for dead men's shoes may long go barefoot.

Men who strike in their anger generally miss the mark.

No man's lot is fully known till he is dead.

All the world will beat the man whom fortune buffets.

When a man's coat is threadbare it is an easy thing to pick a hole in it.

The Late President.

The affairs relating to the estate of the late President will shortly be turned over to Trustees that will be appointed. All expenses incurred during the sickness of the President will be regarded as debts of the estate, and the bills will be called for by the Trustees. If Congress so desires, a schedule of the bills will be furnished for any action that they may see fit to take. If any appropriation is made covering the expense incurred, the estate will be relieved from the payment. The Trustees will proceed on the theory that this is a perfectly correct one, that these expenses are private debts, and not an indebtedness of the Government. What part Congress may see fit to assume is, of course, not known. Mr. J. Stanley Brown says that he has no idea what the entire expenses of the sickness of the President will amount to. So far no bills have been presented, and probably they will not be until the Trustees call for them. He says that he left Mr. Garfield in good health, and making preparations to superintend the education of her children.

Cards in November.

When Mr. Topnoody came home the other night he noticed that his wife was so unusually polite and nice that he wondered if he hadn't got into the wrong house. After supper she called him off upstairs and said:

"Mr. Topnoody, I have a serious matter to present to you this evening, and at the same time one not unmixed with joy."

"Great Caesar!" replied Mr. T., "what's the matter? Have I forgotten anything?"

"No, not that, Topnoody."

"Well, then, be quick, and tell me what's come unfastened!"

"Why, Topnoody, you see our eldest daughter is just twenty now, and she told me that Mr. Jones the rich merchant's son, had asked her to be his wife, and you know they love each other and want us to agree to it. What do you say, Mr. Topnoody?" and his wife looked pleased all over at the fine prospect.

"But Topnoody was grave."

"I see, Mrs. Topnoody, but after all your experience in the married life with me, and your evident sorrows of house-keeping and all that, I am surprised that you should be willing to let your daughter get in the same box."

"Fshaw, Topnoody," answered his wife, "bracing up and getting mad. 'Don't be a fool. The cases are not similar. My daughter is marrying Mr. Jones, while I married a Topnoody. He should think you could see the difference at once without making such a foolish suggestion to me. Now, if I were—"

"Hold on," broke in Topnoody. "I grasp it; go and tell the girl to say just as often as she pleases, 'a Topnoody please. Jones is the reputation of the family.'" The cards will be dealt in November.

Vegetable Blacking.

The "Shoeblock Plant" is said to be the name popularly given to a species of Hibiscus growing in New South Wales, and remarkable for the showy appearance of its scarlet flowers. Growing freely in almost any kind of soil, the plant is frequently cultivated for the flowers, which, when dry, are used as a substitute for blacking. The flowers contain a large proportion of mucilaginous juice, which, when evenly applied, gives a glossy, varnish-like appearance, which is said perfectly to replace ordinary blacking, with the advantage that it is cleanly in use and can be applied in a few moments. Four or five flowers, with the anthers and pollen removed, are required for each boot, and a polishing brush may be applied afterward, if desired. A few plants of the Hibiscus rosa sinensis growing in the garden would remove one of the minor disadvantages of a day in the country, where the roads are dusty and Lee and Bixby are almost unknown. Chinese ladies use the juice of the flowers for dyeing their hair and eyebrows. In Java the flowers are really used for blacking shoes. The plant is a native of India, China and other parts of Asia. It would be interesting to ascertain, to what extent, if any, the Althoa, or Hibiscus Syriaca, and the Swamp Rose Mallow, another member of the Hibiscus family, possess the same property.

An Ancient Relic.

Mr. Brown, of Jamestown, New York, has an old swivel, of English make, bearing the British coat of arms, which is known to be over 100 years old, and which is a curiosity indeed. It is of bronze metal, fifteen inches long, two and a half inches in diameter at the breech, one and one-quarter at the muzzle, and has a history that is worthy of note. It was taken from the British frigate Serapis by the famous Captain John Paul Jones, of the American man-of-war Bon Homme Richard, in the famous naval engagement on September 23, 1779. John Paul Jones was the victor, capturing the British fleet of three vessels with their crews. This victory gave Capt. Jones great eclat throughout the world, and established the valor of American seamen. This swivel was among the arms captured. It bears the marks of hard usage, but is still sound. It was given to Mr. Brown by Mr. James King, of King's Landing, Ind., who received it in 1835 from the father of the rebel Gen. Buckner, to whom it had descended from his grandfather, who was a participant in the John Paul Jones fight on the American side. It will never hereafter shoot any but Union powder.

Lemonade.

We are assured that it is becoming the polite thing to set forth lemonade for the refreshment of callers at many of our fine residences. A very tasteful arrangement in the form of a miniature sideboard, or something of that nature, contains the glasses, the sugar and the supply of fragrant lemons; also hand-squeezing appliances for cutting and squeezing the lemon, etc. Each guest is tendered a glass freshly made, and the quality of the beverage equals the beauty of the arrangements for its compounding. We are glad this is becoming the proper thing to do, for it is the most sensible thing which has of late been reported as fashionable. The juice of the lemon is far more healthful than many drinks, and if the custom becomes prevalent, it will result in general bodily well-being. More than this, it will largely increase the local demand for lemons, and thus make profitable the plantations of the improved lemons which are now being made.

Good Rules.

There was once a man and woman who planned to go and spend a day at a friend's house, which was some miles distant from their own. So one pleasant morning they started out to make the visit, but they had not gone far before the woman remembered a bridge they had to cross which was very old and was said to be unsafe, and she began to worry about it.

"What shall we do about that bridge?" she said to her husband. "I shall never dare to go over it, and we can't get across the river in any other way."

"Oh," said the man, "I forgot that bridge! It is a bad place; suppose it should break through and we should fall into the water and get drowned?"

"Or even," said his wife, "suppose you should step on a rotten plank and break your leg, what would become of me and the baby?"

"I don't know," said the man, "what would become of any of us, for I could not work and we should all starve to death."

So they went on worrying and worrying, till they got to the bridge: when lo, and behold! they saw that since they had been there last a new bridge had been built, and they crossed over it in safety, and found that they might have saved themselves all their anxiety.

Now that is just what the proverb means. "Never waste your worry on what you think may possibly be going to happen." Don't think, "Oh, suppose it should rain to-morrow so that I can't go out!" or "What should I do if I should have a headache on the day of the party?" Hair you time the troubles we look for do not come, and it is never worth while to waste the hours in worrying.

Walking-Sticks.

To break off a branch for defensive purposes, as Crusoe did on finding himself on an unknown island, would be one of the first acts of primitive man. A rude support of this kind would soon be followed by the pilgrim's staff, familiar to us in pictures of patriarchs; and from these early stages down to the gold-headed cane of our modern dandy, what a variety of walking-sticks have been produced, according to the fancy and fashion of the time. When, in 1701, footmen attending gentlemen were forbidden to carry swords, those quarrelsome weapons were usually replaced by a porter's staff, "with a large silver handle," as it was then described. Thirty years later, gentlemen of fashion began to discard their swords, and to carry large oak sticks with great heads and ugly faces carved thereon. Before very long a competition arose between long and short walking-sticks, some gentlemen liking them as long as leaping poles, as a satirist of the day tells us, while others preferred a yard of varnished cane "scraped taper, bound at the end with a wax thread, and tipped at the other with a neat turned ivory band as big as a silver penny."

Swiss Cooking.

The Swiss in the matter of the kitchen are like the Bourbons. They have learned nothing and forgotten nothing. Their cooking is detestable; not only inartistic, but unwholesome. I had a outlet for breakfast the other day that would have made a cannibal shudder. It looked like the raw aubergine and was as hard as lead and tough as the heart of a mother-in-law. On the other hand I had a couple of fried trout the length of my middle finger, which were excellent. And the merry Swiss boy had me, for he charged two francs for the luxury. I, however, refused to pay for the outfit, so altogether it was a morning of surprises on both sides. What they have got good are butter, eggs, milk, fish from the lakes, cheese, honey, and wine. But you cannot go on eating "butter, eggs and a pound of cheese" forever. They seem to think that gaping at a mountain or glacier ought to satisfy the appetite.

That is all very well in early youth; but in middle age one is apt to prefer the piquant to the picturesque. Their railways are very comfortable and the officials more than civil.

Timber and Irons.

It is predicted that if the destruction of timber around the great lakes goes on as it has for the past ten years, 1890 will see an advance in the price of timber of 100 per cent, and a consequent rise in rents of 50 per cent. Dearer timber is probably close at hand, although the supplies in Washington Territory may prevent this; but it is a great mistake to suppose that there will be any iron in even half the proportion that timber will. Year by year an equal space of house room takes proportionally less timber, partly because less is used in frame houses, and in part because more houses are built of brick and stone and iron. The experience of Great Britain shows how little rents are dependent on timber. The real factor in housing is not material. Crowding a population into cities raises rents, unless the available space for houses is increased, and the living radius of a city was never larger than to-day.

Garfield's Diary.

One of the habits of the President for many years was the writing of a private diary, and he has left a number of volumes, which are about six by eight inches in size. He did most of the writing in these hours, though when very busy he dictated the entries to the secretary. The last entry he made himself the night before he was shot. Under the date of July 1st is written, "Brown returned to-day," and after a few more notes were the last words, "Cousin Coritela died to-day. Retired at 12 o'clock." It will be remembered that Private Secretary Brown returned from Europe the night before the President was shot. The cousin Cordelia spoken of was Mrs. Arnold, who was fatally injured by the accident in which his uncle, Thomas Garfield, was killed near Cleveland. Marshal Henry says the late President has left several boxes full of papers and documents, which will probably be examined some day and edited for publication.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Our vices are like our nails. Even as we cut them, they grow again. Those who trample on the helpless are likely to cringe to the powerful. Piety is a good thing to have. Christian charity is very much better. Never excuse a wrong action by saying some one else does the same thing. If evil be said of thee, and if thou be correct it; if it be a lie, laugh at it. Who never walks save where honest men's tracks, makes no discoveries. Avoid a slander as you would a poison. Activity may commit some injury, but indolence is sure to do no good. We owe a large part of our happiness to our mistakes. He is wise who never acts without reason, and never against it. To win, work and wait—but work a good deal more than you wait. What is called impudence is generally either ignorance or forgetfulness. I have lived to thank God that all my prayers have been answered. We must learn to comprehend the essence of art from admiration of excellence. Extreme self-love will set a man's house on fire, though it were but to roast their eggs. Let friendship cross gently to you, but if it rush to it, it may soon run itself out of breath. Love is more pleasing than matrimony, just as romance is more entertaining than history. The vanity of human life is like a river, constantly passing and constantly constant. Eloquence is the power to translate a thought into language perfectly intelligible to the person to whom you speak. There are some persons on whom their faults sit well, and others who are made ungraceful by their good qualities. The sphere of Christian duty is not there nor yonder, but here, just where you are. Curiosity is a thing that makes us look over other people's affairs and over look our own. How absurd to be afraid of death when we are in the habit of rehearsing it every night. God is great, and therefore he will be sought; he is good, therefore he will be found. It is one of the worst errors to suppose that there is any other path of safety except that of duty. All nature is vast symbolism; every material fact has sheathed within it a spiritual truth. Adversity is the trial of principle. Without it a man hardly knows whether he is honest or not. Don't be anxious until you are compelled to be; many a man worries about a ghost that never appears. One year of a noble and generous life is worth a century of cowardly years, and self-care and over-solicitude. Whoever entertains you with the faults of others, designs to serve you in a similar manner. Seeking and blundering are so far good that it is by seeking and blundering that we learn. We hope to grow old, yet we fear old age; that is, we are willing to live and afraid to die. Religion is good for nothing one day in the week, unless it is also good for all the seven days. Opportunities are very sensitive things; if you

