THE CLARION.

Vol. XLVI. JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1883. No. 48.

THE CLARION.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One Year	$1 50
Six Months	1 00
Three Months	2 00

Remittances should be made by postoffice order or else can be obtained, or by registered letter. When entrusted to the mails in the ordinary way the publishers will not be responsible for loss. It is our custom to send each subscriber a notice when his time expires, and shall feel obliged for prompt attention.

THE CLARION, and either of the journals named below will be sent one year for the sum stated:

Weekly Union Times-Democrat, (Weekly)	$2 50
Louisville-Courier-Journal, (Weekly)	2 50
New York Weekly Herald	2 50
New York Weekly Sun	2 50
American Agriculturist, N. Y.	2 50
Harper's Monthly	4 00
Harper's Weekly	4 75
Harper's Bazar, (Weekly)	4 75
Harper's Young People, (Weekly)	2 75
Youth's Companion, Boston, (Weekly)	2 50
Kentucky Weekly Herald	2 50
Christian Advocate, Methodist, (Meridian)	3 00
Medical Record, (Clinton)	3 00

Advertising Rates.*

Space.	1 w.	2 w.	3 w.	4 w.	2 m.	3 m.	6 m.	12 m.
Inch	$1 00	$1 75	$2 50	$3 00	$5 00	$7 00	$12 00	$20 00
"	2 00	3 00	4 00	5 00	8 00	11 00	20 00	30 00
"	3 00	4 50	6 00	7 50	12 00	16 00	30 00	40 00
"	4 00	6 00	8 00	10 00	15 00	20 00	35 00	50 00
"	5 00	8 00	10 00	12 50	20 00	30 00	45 00	65 00
"	6 00	10 00	12 00	15 00	25 00	35 00	50 00	80 00
"	7 00	12 00	14 00	17 50	30 00	40 00	60 00	90 00
Col.	12 00	17 50	25 00	35 00	50 00	65 00	90 00	140 00
Page	20 00	35 00	50 00	65 00	80 00	100	150	250

*Transient advertising is due after first insertion, unless otherwise specially agreed. On all contracts of $10 and more, a discount of ten per cent. will be allowed if paid in advance.

Local notices will be inserted at the rate prescribed by law: 12½c per word, first insertion; 5c per word each additional insertion, and 75 cents for each insertion of publication.

Advertisers who wish cuts inserted for a longer period than one month, must send them of solid metal.

Reading or special notices, to appear on local page, will be charged 15 cents per line each insertion.

These are our only rates, and they will be strictly adhered to.

THE BRIGHT SMILE AT THE DOOR.

When day has almost vanished,
And brightly sets the sun;
When six o'clock is striking,
And all the work is done;
I fondly wander homeward,
My bosom brimming o'er
With joy when I discover
The bright smile at the door.

At work what always cheers me,
What makes my spirit light,
When birds sing in the morning,
When stars are out at night?
What gilds half my visions
And makes my soul explore
Unnumbered happy valleys?
The bright smile at the door.

Oh, where's the charm so certain
To lead the wanderer home,
To guide his erring footsteps
Wherever he may roam;
That leads him ever homeward
From every foreign shore?
A memory e'er alluring—
The bright smile at the door.

A gay and loving welcome
May cheer the poorest meal,
A little word of kindness
The sting from grief may steal.
And life to me is fairer
And sweeter than before,
Since I have learned to look for
The bright smile at the door.

Oh, wives, where'er your dwelling
However poor it seem,
You'll make of it a palace
More fair than man can dream,
If only you'll remember
How much a man sets store
By love's reward of labor—
The bright smile at the door.

Our New York Correspondence.

II.

DOCTORS HALL AND TALMAGE.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon we retired to 5th Avenue (Presbyterian) church, to hear Dr. John Hall, who perhaps occupies the most enviable position in New York City. He allows nobody to say "Dr. Hall's church." The building cost a million and a quarter of dollars, and is a magnificent structure. The people enter quietly. There are unmistakable marks of culture and reverence. The ushers move noiselessly about, and treat all strangers. There is no provision for stenographers. There are no jokes, no sensational methods. "All things are done decently and in order." A prelude by the organ-loft leads the singing. A glance at the pastor secures for him your confidence. You are at once impressed with his intelligence, honesty, and sincerity. He is a man of massive frame and mind. He takes a strong hold of "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," as we understand it. He is Scotch-Irish. You are not surprised. You always hear an excellent sermon, often a great one. You worship God. You are made to realize that "the Lord is in his holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before him." You go away not thinking so much about Dr. John Hall, as filled with the thought, I am a great sinner, but Christ is a great Saviour. The pastor is bold, fearless, but tender, fatherly, sympathetic.

In the evening at 7:30 you sally forth again, in quest of the Brooklyn Tabernacle. As we had passed over the wonderful bridge in the morning, we of course took the ferry at night, the better to see the bridge. Its many electric lights set it off to great advantage. Set away up in mid air, it looks like some bird object, the creation of Aladdin's lamp rather than a genuine product of Western civilization. The rush to and fro of lighted cars, the dancing lights on the water, and the murmur of the busy throng, most of them bound for the Brooklyn (Presbyterian) tabernacle, dazzle and bewilder the senses of the beholder. To get there, you have only to "follow the crowd." Its seating capacity is about five thousand. We were a little late and found the sidewalks crowded with those who could get no seats, and were coming away. We pressed in and found barely standing-room. What a sea of faces! such a mass of humanity! and whither tending? The sermon was sound, hortatory, practical, based upon Ezekiel 18:31, "Make you a new heart and a new spirit: for why will ye die, O house of Israel?" Talmage began by saying that it looked as if the Lord expected man to make himself a new heart and a new spirit, to regenerate himself; but that this was not the trend of scripture (see Ezek. 11:19 and 36:26). That it was like a farmer saying to his man, "Have you a field of wheat here, of buckwheat there, over yonder a patch of corn, relying upon God to send the sunshine and the rain. And so here in this exhortation, 'tis repentance. Make you a new heart and a new spirit—the Lord will send the sunshine of his favor and send the rain of his grace. He said it was a great mistake for us to think that certain men rejected Christianity without having reasons for their course; that from their standpoint, not from his, they had strong reasons; that men who could convince a jury with reasons and carry a judge along with them, had *their* reasons for rejecting the Christian religion. Some few of these reasons he enumerated and proceeded to refute. He urged them to an immediate settling of these questions. He wanted them to get out of the fog of skepticism. Some years ago the Avesta ran into the Artic, off the banks of Newfoundland. Why? It was because of the fog. He multiplied his illustrations under this head. It was a stirring, imminent thing. Time is rapidly slipping by. Sixty persons will pass this point whilst I walk here, said he, in one end of this rostrum to the other. His description of time and celerity was very forcible. His action rapid, his utterance free, his gesticulation violent. He is tremendously in earnest. He bawls with discordant voice and rages around. He throws himself to and fro and charges all over that great stage. No danger of tripping on a footstool. Not a vestige of a pulpit. Only a small table back, to hold Bible and hymn book. Not even a vase of flowers to kick over, or his long foot would be sure to find it. There is nothing clerical about his dress or manner. He stirs the people. At the gospel meeting after the benediction one hundred persons stood up to ask an interest in the prayers of God's people. He had prayer offered down below and then in the gallery. A hymn was sung. He called them all to the front of the pulpit. Prayer, singing, exhortation, conversation by himself and others officers of the church and by christian ladies. Nearly all who came forward professed; a meeting of session followed, and, we suppose they were admitted at once to membership.

The singing in the church service is led by a cornet. The voice of that great assembly is "as the voice of many waters." There is also a male quartet. The grand organ has an attachment of bells—very striking.

We are too much of a hedgehog to criticise. We went there to worship God (and to hear Talmage.) These is an advantage in different ways of presenting the gospel. Many one gets with his own excuse. And so as to the different branches of the Christian church. We pay real reverence and devotion in Catholicism; conservatism, aesthetic culture, and a true respect for thought in Episcopacy; warmth and life in Methodism; [illegible] in Presbyterianism; [illegible] in Congregationalism; [illegible] in Baptist churches; and so on without doubt, [illegible] and by

grace, without a flurry over the "higher criticism;" honesty and tenacity among the old Seceders; the leveling spirit of of democracy among the Disciples; the dew of the Reformation upon the Lutherans; a firm belief in election by the Anti-missionary Baptists; and the via media and sociable manner among the Cumberlands. We have left nothing good for the Presbyterians, knowing that you and we have formed an opinion and must consequently stand, aside.

OCCASIONAL.

A PEACEMAKER.

Old Jasper Trently sat alone in his library one chilly October evening. In fact he was generally alone, and his solitary life, though of his own choosing, was fast changing into a gloomy, morose man.

All around him were evidences of wealth; velvet carpets, silken draperies, statuary and rare paintings, and a library of well bound volumes, worth of themselves a small fortune; but there was an aching void in his crusty, old heart, that even these things failed to fill.

Over the mantle hung a portrait, a handsome, boyish face, with frank, blue eyes, and a sensitive, smiling mouth. The poise of the head betokened pride and self-will, and the square chin looked very resolute, but the eyes were kind and true, and these lent a charm to the whole countenance.

Old Jasper looked up at the handsome smiling face and sighed. He would have the portrait hung there where he could see it every day, even though its original was banished from his sight forever.

And sometimes when he felt the resentment dying out of his heart and his pride giving away to kinder feelings, he would turn away from the picture, lest in his softer mood the tender lips and pleading eyes make him yield the forgiveness for which the man was too proud to ask.

"A young lady, sir," announced the butler at the door, and the old man started from his reverie. Calls were not frequent at Trently Manor.

"I'll see her here," he said shortly.

She came in timidly, a small, slender girl with a pretty, oval face, and dark, wistful eyes. Jasper Trently glanced her over with a look of approval and motioned her to a seat.

"Your face looks familiar," he said, "yet I do not recollect having seen you before."

"I am Hilda Vinton," she answered, "Percy Vinton's daughter."

The old man started from his seat.

"Percy Vinton's daughter!" he exclaimed. "Is it possible? Well, yes, you have your father's features. What brings you here?"

His manner was not unkind, though he spoke so brusquely.

"I have been an orphan for a year," Hilda said, and her voice quivered. "They both died in France, and I was thrown on my own resources. Father never found the fortune he was expecting, you know."

"No, though we both started together in life. He was a dreamy man, never meant for real worth, though I remember his wild talk about the wealth he would have one day. Poor fellow! so he's dead?"

He stared at the glowing coals with dreamy eyes, and shook his bald head sadly. Then his mood changed and he leaned forward in his chair with flushed face.

"I tried to keep him steady," he said, excitedly, "but it was no use. He was like a rolling stone, here, there, and all over and precious little moss he ever gathered. When he planned that foolish expedition to Europe I was thoroughly vexed with him, but when he married a pretty French singer the first year without a cent to live on, I washed my hands of him altogether."

"She was a good wife," Hilda said, gently. Then, when the old man's excitement had subsided, she continued: "Father mentioned the quarrel, but before he died he told me what staunch friends you used to be, and though he hadn't heard from you for years, he had kept track of you and gave me your address. He told me if I was ever in trouble to come to you, and he was sure you would help me. I did my best for a while, but I was poor and unknown, and everything went wrong, so I made up my mind to take father's advice and——"

"And here you are," interrupted Jasper Trently. Poor Percy! Well, he was a good fellow, after all, though no man for business."

"I have been well educated," said Hilda, "and thought with your influence I might secure a good position as governess. I am willing to work hard, sir."

Jasper Trently surveyed her with kindly favor. He admired her spirit, and her face, so like her father's despite its foreign eyes and complexion, awakened the dormant affection for his old friend.

The little ormulu clock chimed ten.

"We'll talk it over to-morrow. You look tired, and doubtless need rest," he said, and rang for the housekeeper.

They met again early the next morning. The old man told Hilda his purpose at once.

"I need some one here; the place is lonely. If you will stay I will remunerate you well," he said.

His first thought had been to offer her a home there without duties or compensation, but he knew that she was too proud to accept a dependent position, and adroitly worded his proposal.

Hilda Vinton thanked him with tears of gratitude in her eyes.

"Are you sure that you need me, sir?" she asked. "I did not expect this."

"Yes, I need you. There is no one I would rather have than Percy Vinton's daughter."

So Hilda remained at Trently Manor. The days went by. Gradually there came a change of affairs in the lonely mansion. It lost its old gloominess; the silken curtains were parted to admit the sunlight, fresh flowers from the conservatory filled the empty vases, the old-fashioned piano was uncovered, and its tones, clear and sweet as in the olden time, echoed through the vast rooms, when Hilda's dainty fingers pressed the yellow keys.

Old Jasper grew cheerful and genial under the sunny influence, and life assured a brighter aspect to him. But he was not quite content.

Hilda found him one day leaning on the library mantel with his eyes on the portrait above. They wore a wistful expression, and his face looked sad and grave, almost regretful.

"Who is it, sir?" she asked, softly.

The old man frowned on her, then turned with sudden impulse.

"That's Charlie, my nephew Charlie," he said with emotion. "I have never spoken of him to you, my dear, but he is seldom out of my mind. We used to get along famously, but he was wild a bit, and self-willed, and one day we quarreled. I don't think either of us meant one word we said then, but we were both very angry, and the end of it was I ordered him from my house forever. He took me at my word, and I have never seen him since."

"You loved him, sir?" asked Hilda.

"As my own son," he answered, then with sudden bitterness, "But he did wrong. I was in the right, and he was too stubborn to yield. I told him I would never forgive him."

"Oh, I'm sure you will."

Hilda laid her hand on the old man's arm and looked at him with wistful eyes. They had grown to be very fond of each other, and the bright young girl held a deep place in the old man's affections.

"I'm sure you will, she repeated." "He was such a boy then, you know, and he has repented."

"How do you know?" old Jasper asked, fiercely. "He will never repent, I tell you."

"He looks too kind and true to harbor resentment long," said Hilda. "Won't you write to him, sir, and tell him he may come back?"

He shook his head slowly and his features grew hard and cold again. He was not ready to yield just yet, but Hilda hoped that on some future day he would grant her request and send for his wayward nephew.

Summer came and passed. It was October again, but Jasper Trently did not dread now the coming winter with its bleak days and long, weary nights.

He was lonely no longer. Hilda became a constant companion, brightened his life with her sunny presence and whiling away the hours that grew once so tedious.

Sitting one evening as twilight fell on the old piano, she began the ballad of "Robin Adair." With the first note old Jasper started up and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Don't, don't," he exclaimed, pressingly. "That was always Charlie's favorite. Don't sing it."

Hilda had never seen him so moved. She thought it was a pity to cross his mood so completely, but she was sorry enough without dreaming that by a single word she had wrought the mischief. She had touched a chord of memory which had been long silent, and it was not in human nature that the old man listened pealingly, while the old man listened and did not silence her.

"Oh, sir, please forgive him; I know he is sorry. It will be best for you both. Won't you forgive him?"

"But I was right," persisted the old man.

"Yes, I know; but he was so young and thoughtless. I don't think he deserves such severe punishment."

"Well, perhaps not."

"Then you forgive him, and take it all back?"

"Well, yes, I'll forgive him."

Old Jasper spoke reluctantly, but Hilda knew that he would not retract his words.

"And you will write and tell him so?" she added.

A change came over the old man's face; it grew sad and thoughtful.

"Alas! I don't know where he is now," he answered; "but I will try to find him."

Hilda rose from the piano and knelt at his side.

"Mr. Trently," she said, slowly, "I too must ask forgiveness. Would you grant it when I tell you I have deceived you?"

"Deceived me? I cannot understand."

Briefly she related her story.

"Before father died we met your nephew, Charlie Trently. Father welcomed him at once, for your sake, and he visited us very often. Then, when I was left alone I had no other friend, so I turned to him and—and a few months later we were married."

She looked up timidly at old Jasper's face, but it was non-committal and he maintained a grim silence.

"I did it for Charlie's sake," she went on. "He was willing to return to you, but he said it would be useless, so I came, and—and—oh, Mr. Trently, can you ever forgive me?"

For a moment the old man sat silent and motionless, then, to her surprise, he bent and kissed her forehead.

"You have done me a great favor, my dear," he said, gently, and thought of the past years, lonely and profitless, before this young girl came. With those in mind he could not resent her deception; then, too, he was touched by her devotion and perseverance.

Charlie came a few days later, and the old feud was forgotten.

During the years that followed it would be difficult to find a happier trio than old Jasper Trently, of Trently Manor, his newhew Charlie, and the idol of both loyal hearts, sweet, womanly Hilda, the little peacemaker.

PRAYING FOR PAPA.

HOW GOD ANSWERED A LITTLE "GIRL MOST AS QUICK AS THE TELEPHONE."

A few nights ago a well-known citizen of this town, says the Detroit Post and Tribune, who has been walking for some time in the downward path, came out of his home and started down town for a night of carousal with some old companions whom he had promised to meet. His young wife had besought him with imploring eyes to spend the evening with her, and had reminded him of the time when evenings passed in her company were all too short. His little daughter had clung about his knees and coaxed in her pretty, willful way for "papa" to tell her some bed-time stories; but habit was stronger than love for wife and child, and he eluded their tender questioning by the special sophistries the father of evil advances at such times from his credit fund, and went his way. But, when he was blocks distant from his home he found that in changing his coat he had forgotten to remove his wallet, and he could not go out on a drinking bout without money, even though he knew that his family needed it, that his wife was economizing each day more and more, in order to make up his deficits, and he hurried back and crept softly past the windows of the little home, in order that he might steal in and obtain it without running the gauntlet of either questions or caresses. But something stayed his feet; there was a fire in the grate within—for the night was chill—and lit up the little parlor and brought out in startling effects the pictures on the wall. But these were as nothing to the picture on the hearth. There, in the soft glow of the firelight, knelt his little child at her mother's feet, its small hands clasped in prayer, its fair head bowed; and as its rosy lips uttered each word with childish distinctness the father listened, spell-bound to the spot:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Sweet petition! The man himself who stood there with bearded lips shut tightly together had said that prayer once at his mother's knee. Where was that mother now? The sunset gates had long ago unbarred to let her pass through. But the child had not finished; he heard her "God bless mamma, papa and my own self;" then there was a pause, and she lifted her troubled blue eyes to her mother's face.

"God bless papa," prompted the mother, softly.

"God bless papa," lisped the little one.

"And—please send him home sober." He could not hear the mother as she said this, but the child followed in a clear, inspired tone:

"God—bless papa—and please—send him—home—sober. Amen." Mother and child sprang to their feet in alarm when the door opened so suddenly, but they were not afraid when they saw who it was, returned so soon; but that night, when little Mamie was being tucked up in bed after such a romp with papa, she said, in the sleepiest and most contented of voices:

"Mamma, God answers most as quick as the telephone, doesn't He?"

"Nearer My God, to Thee."

Sarah Flower, the writer of this touching hymn, was worthy of the name, for Sarah signifies a princess, and sweeter fragrance has rarely exuded from any flower in the garden. The gifted girl married Mr. William B. Adams, an English civil engineer, of superior abilities. She was of a frail constitution, and, amid many bodily sufferings, she kept her pen at work upon various poetical productions. At what time she caught the inspiration to compose that one immortal hymn which is now sung around the globe, we have never learned. Probably it was some season of peculiar trial, when the bruised spirit emitted the odor of a child-like submission to a chastening Father. It must have oozed from a bleeding heart. Her hymn first appeared in a volume of sacred lyrics by Mr. Fox, in England, about the year 1841. The authoress did not live to catch the fame it was to bring, for she died in 1849, aged twenty-four years. She was buried near Marlow, in Essex. Presently the hymn began to work its way into various collections of songs of worship. It was married to the tune of "Bethany," and everybody caught the strain. In noon-day gatherings for prayer it soon became so familiar that if anybody "struck up" the whole audience joined in.

Strained Puns.

Grain merchants seldom indulge in short stories; they prefer cereals, as wheat told you some time ago. It's barley possible you made an oat of it.—New York News.

The young woman who was courted by an old millionaire, but loved another fellow, said the old man's entire fortune, as far as she was concerned, was not worth assent.—Merchant Traveler.

The various phases of the tender passion have thus been exemplified: A ship is foolishly in love when she is attached to a buoy; she is prudently in love when she leaves the buoy for the pier; she places her affection beneath when she is anchoring after a heavys well, and she is desperately in love when she is tender to a man-of-war.—The Judge.

Six things are requisite to create "a happy home." Integrity must be the architect and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection and lighted up by cheerfulness; and industry must be the ventilator, removing the stagnant and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day, while over all as a protecting glory and canopy, nothing will suffice except the glory of

CRANKS.

Many men and women have hobbies to which they are devoted, and which they mount and ride with a degree of enjoyment and energy and expenditure which is very astonishing to other people, who regard them either from the prancing altitude of their own hobbies, or from the more sedate vantage ground of habitual impassiveness and inertia. The hobby-rider may be a crank, and the crank usually keeps a pet hobby or two; but there is not one essential difference between them. The mere hobby-rider may be a peaceful, pleasant, genial, harmless person, riding his favorite steed for his own innocent enjoyment or some other good end. But the regular crank is usually a person upon whom some idea has seized, tormenting him with the belief of its overshadowing importance and driving him into an attitude of warfare with mankind in its assertion or defense. The regular crank usually has a strong element of the ugly and the disagreeable about him. To him, by reason of his own crankiness or crookedness, the world around him is all wrong, and he devotes himself to the task of setting it right by down-right aggressive measures. What differs from him and his views is crooked and wrong, and the rest of mankind is made up of knaves and fools of one sort or another, whom it is his mission to convert to honesty or reason. Here and there we meet with an animal crank, but he is abnormal and rare. The normal crank is intolerant, obstinate, and enveloped in an atmosphere of impenetrable self-conceit. Like the crank of mechanics he moves always on the same pivot and in the same direction, and whatever moves in any other way is simply wrong. In most communities there are professional cranks who acquire public reputation by their persistent revolutions in their respective orbits. They possess a singular faculty and affinity for every eccentric and extravagant cause that turns up. They are apt absorbers of the sensational, swallowing and digesting the crudest schemes or the wildest statements with a fatal ease, and promptly espousing every strange doctrine that rests or seems to rest upon their pet pessimistic conviction that "the world is very evil." The type of the social crank has no difficulty in believing anything, provided it inculcates some derogatory view of mankind. He runs after every reform movement, because it implies that something or somebody is wrong, and in every reform cause, good, bad or indifferent, the crank will be found on a front seat, among the wisest and the best, in his full war-paint, thirsting to sup upon some new mess of human depravity or to see some new victim of sensational reform scalped.

The Brothers of the Redan.

One of the most startling instances of Masonic recognition that ever came to my knowledge is the following, which I have from a friend lately returned from a visit to England, who heard it told at a Masonic festival at Glasgow. The man who told it was Sir A. Allison, who knew whereof he spoke. In the Crimean war, at the assault on the Redan, September 8th, 1855—on that day the grand assault of the allied forces was made upon both the Malakoff and the Redan Towers—and it is doubtful if a more severe and terrible conflict ever took place between man and man. At the assault on the Redan an English officer—Captain Douglas Moore—led a small body of men to the capture of a heavy gun placed in the recess of the fortress. They were met by a withering fire of musketry from the Russians, and as they came upon the platform, where the gun was fixed, they were struck by a storm of leaden death that literally swept everything before it. A large body of Russian infantry had been sheltered by an intervening curtain, and having poured in their tempest of fire and leaden ball, they rushed on with charged bayonets. Moore had been left absolutely alone in that spot. Every man he had led to the gun had fallen, and he had received a bullet in the left shoulder, but he was upon his feet. There was but a single instant between him and death. A score of gleaming bayonets were leveled against him, each aimed to pierce him through and through. It was an awful moment—not awful with fear, but the scene, the occasion, the dead and dying all about him—and now he could only await the coming of a death which it would seem no power could avert. At that instant he caught sight of a glittering jewel—a Masonic charm—dangling upon the watch chain of the officer who commanded the Russian host. Without a thought, upon the impulse of the moment, Moore gave utterance to a quick, earnest wail—he was a widow's son for the instant—and, as he cried out, he sprang aside and put forth his hand. The Russian caught it—like a flash a strong grip was exchanged. With a loud shout the Russian commandant struck up the bayonets of his soldiers, and quickly thereafter led the Englishman out from danger, and found for him a place of rest and a skillful nurse to care for his wound; and from that time until Moore was exchanged and sent on his homeward way rejoicing, he was treated with true Masonic care and kindness.—Ex.

Women who Work.

A recent issue of the Boston Journal contains the following paragraph:

"A Southern lady who is earning her living in New York, writes home that her condition is far better than it would be in the South. She is well paid for her work, and is not socially ostracised, as she would be in her own section."

We cannot imagine what section of the South this deluded lady hails from. The idea of social ostracism resulting from a woman earning her own living! It would be laughable but for the fact that it is so serious a slander on our people. We haven't a doubt but that even the well-informed editor of the Boston Journal, to say nothing of his thousands of less intelligent readers, accepts such twaddle as gospel truth.

Far from women, who work for their living, being on that account rejected by society here in the South, they are all the more honored. Right here in Vicksburg, where there is so much refinement, and where the social lines have ever been as distinctly drawn as anywhere in the South, there are a number of ladies who earn their bread and withal are treated with the same consideration as though they were blessed with affluence and lived in idleness. In fact, the question of a woman's working for a living, is never once considered in connection with her social position. That depends upon other, and far different, circumstances.

It is at the North and not at the South, where work is reckoned to a woman's detriment in this connection." Go where you will and enter the highest circles at the North, and you will nowhere find, the woman who makes an honest living received as she is in the same circles here at the South. This is another error that we ask our Northern friends to make haste to disabuse their minds of.

We doubt very much whether "the Southern lady in New York," above referred to, ever had any social recognition at the South, even in the days when she did not have to earn her living.—Planter's Journal.

How to Put on a Postage Stamp.

At the postoffice department the other day, says a Washington correspondent, I noticed an employe busy affixing stamps to envelopes. Every time he moistened the right hand corner of the envelope and then placed the stamp upon it. I asked him if there was any advantage in wetting the envelope instead of the stamp, and he said: "You notice that I moisten the envelope first; well, I do that because it is the right way. It is impossible to moisten a stamp with the tongue unless a small proportion of the gum adheres to it. Now, this gum is by no means injurious, but the department do not advertise it as a healthy food, so the only way left is the right way, and that is to moisten the envelope first."

Mr. Hunter Sharp, a Columbus boy, has been presented with a handsome cane by Gen. Jubal A. Early, as a token of his appreciation of the former's brave attack upon a couple of insolent negroes on a railway train in Virginia some time since.—Columbus Dispatch.

WAIFS OF WIT.

The chord of sympathy is often best expressed by a cord of wood.

A man lately applied at a butcher's shop for a "liver pad."

A man who had a scolding wife, being asked what he did for a living, replied that he "kept a hot-house."

How can I expand my chest?" asked a stingy fellow of a physician. "By carrying a large heart in it," was the reply.

When you fret and fume at the petty ills of life, remember that the wheels which go round without creaking last longest.

It is easy to be philanthropic over other people's misfortunes. Any one can stand the toothache in another fellow's jaw.

It rather annoys a woman, after she has had a child christened some romantic Indian name, to learn taat the name translated means "old boots."

"Bill," said Tom to his friend, whose wife he disliked, "your wife is an ugly woman." "Well," replied Bill, "that's her privilege." "Yes," replied Tom; "but she abuses the privilege."

Can you tell why a watch is the image of modesty? We will save time by telling you why. It always holds its hands before its face, and however good its works may be it is always running itself down.

Woman, who has been looking over blankets in a Main street store; "Well, I didn't mean to buy. Am just looking for a friend." Clerk politely: Don't think you'll find your friend among the blankets. We've looked 'em all through."

A "easiety" gusher, in telling where she was going for the summer said: "I'm going to Newport, and I'm going to take my maid, my nurse, my two dogs, my children, and—and, oh yes, my husband."

The colored brethren are down on one of the city papers because, when one of the reporters spoke of a certain meeting as a "swell crowd," the paper had it printed a "smell crowd."

"My dear," said a sentimental wife, "home, you know, is the dearest spot on earth." "Well, yes," said the practical husband, "it does cost about twice as much as any other spot."

People like to sing about reading their title clear to mansions in the skies, but they have no urgent desire to occupy those mansions and move out of an earthly home with a heavy mortgage on it.

A rival of a certain lawyer sought to humiliate him publicly by saying, "You blacked my father's boots once." "Yes," replied the lawyer unabashed, "and I did it well." And because of his habit of doing even mean things well, he rose to greater.

A blundering compositor, in setting up the toast, "Woman without her, man would be a savage," got the punctuation in the wrong place, which made it read, "Woman, without her man, would be a savage.

A South Carolina Baptist church contains in its old record the mention of a woman excluded from the church for "doing too much talking in the neighborhood." Such a rule universally applied whould thin out our churches very much.

A certain English general being on the point of death, opened his eyes, and seeing a consultation of four physicians, who were standing close by his bedside, faintly exclaimed: "Gentlemen, if you fire by platoons, it's all over with me!" and instantly expired.

"How are you and your wife coming on?" asked a Galveston man of a colored man. "She has run me off, boss." "What's the matter?" "I is to blame, boss. I gave her a splendid white silk dress, and den she got so proud she had no use for me. She 'owed I was too dark to match de dress."

Some one put a small mud-turtle about the size of a silver dollar, in a bed at a New Jersey hotel, and the stranger who was assigned to that room, on preparing to retire caught sight of it. He at once resumed his clothes, remarking: "I expected to have a pretty lively night of it, but if they're as big as that I don't propose to get in with 'em."

Dr. Hawks, an eloquent and popular New York divine, once asked the vestryman of his church to increase his salary because of his increased family expenses. "Don't trouble yourself," said the vestryman, "the Lord has said he will care for the young ravens when they cry." "I know that," said the clergyman, "but nothing is said about the young Hawks."

A traveling man, noticing a pretty girl alone in the car went over in her direction, and smilingly asked:

"Is this seat engaged, miss?"

"No, sir, but I am, and he is going to get on at the next station."

"Oh—ah—indeed—thanks—beg pardon—" and he picked up his feet, after stumbling over them, and went into the smoking-car to be alone awhile.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

What men want is not talent—it is purpose.

Study the past, if you would divine the future.

Trust that man in nothing who has not a conscience in everything.

If you intend to do a mean thing wait till to-morrow. If you are to do a noble thing, do it now.

To enjoy a good thing exclusively is very often to exclude yourself from the true enjoyment of it.

A single bad habit will mark an otherwise faultless character, as an ink-drop soileth the pure white page.

This is one of the best mottoes ever followed: Never trouble trouble until trouble troubles you.

Opportunities are very sensitive things; if you slight them on their first visit you seldom see them again.

The weak sinews become strong by their conflict with difficulties. Hope is born in the long night of watching and tears.

The highest education is that which not only provides food for the pupil's memory, but training for his judgment, discipline for his affections, guidance for his conduct, and objects for his faith.

It does not follow that you must do a mean thing to a man who does a mean thing to you. The old proverb runs: "Because the cur has bitten me shall I bite the cur?

It is no disgrace not to be able to do everything; but to undertake, or pretend to do, what you are not made for, is not only shameful, but extremely troublesome and vexatious.

We ought not to wait until we feel right before attempting to do right. We ought to say kind words and do kindly acts deliberately, even when we should not say and do them instinctively and impulsively.

Anything that makes the heart deeper, anything that makes the current of affection run fuller, anything that makes gratitude, and love, and honor, and truth and faith stronger, makes the man stronger.

If thou art rich, then show the greatness of thy fortune, or what is better, the greatness of thy soul, in the meekness of thy conversation; condescend to men of low estate, support the distressed and patronize the neglected. Be great.

Thanksgiving Day.

Philadelphia Ledger.]

"Thanksgiving Day," is also a family festival. But while parents and relatives are gratefully remembered, the proportion or gifts should be on this preliminary festival precisely the opposite in their character to the benefactions of Christmas and New Year. Two-thirds at least should go to those who really need them. The gifts should be the relief of actual necessity. There is a story told of a New England "Elder," who, in his family devotions, thanked Heaven for the creature comforts of his household, and prayed for the suffering poor. His young son suggested: "Father, I think the answer to your prayer is in our cellar." The father took the hint, and so may we all.

West Point, Miss.

RAILROADS, COMPRESSES AND COTTON-MILLS—HEAVY LAND PURCHASE.

Correspondence of the Appeal.]

West Point, November 13—Beecher says Mississippi is standing still, but if he had come our way we would have shown him one of the livest towns. Within the past year this place has undergone wonderful improvement. Last week the desired amount of stock was subscribed and a cotton compress company was incorporated. Immediate steps will be taken to remove a compress from Meridian, Miss., to this place.

For several months past the energetic editor of the Leader has been agitating the cotton-factory question: If the West Point business men set their hearts on a cotton factory it will surely come, for no community is blessed with men of better judgment and greater daring than ours. One of our late causes for rejoicing is the reduction of rates on the Mobile and Ohio railroad. This road heretofore exhibited a retrouse nose to us when we raised our voices in righteous indignation at its high-handed extortion. We fought the unreasonable charges manfully, one season hauling our cotton ten miles to Waverly, and shipping it to Mobile by the Tombigbee river. It was a very wet winter, and somehow the boats didn't run by railroad time, and we returned to our persecutor, who had been laughing at us during our efforts to circumnavigate her. "Well," you say, "it was magnanimous in the Mobile & Ohio to finally reduce rates." No, indeed: a railroad without competition is meaner than a North Carolina tramp. And all the world knows that it was a North Carolina tramp that ate a hearty meal at a certain lady's house, and going out the front door he espied a foot-mat which he took back to the lady and sold for a quarter. It was the Nashville, Aberdeen and Canton road that changed the Mobile and Ohio's ideas. This road will be completed from Canton to Aberdeen by the 1st of December. The people hereabout think it will never be completed to Nashville, by the present survey. The opinion prevails that the hills of North Alabama will be a stumbling block to railroads for years to come.

The cotton-yards here are very full. Most of the fields in this vicinity have been picked bare; for the long dry autumn afforded ample time to the husbandman to gather his crop. There seems to be plenty of corn, but the potato, pea and turnip crops were not as good as usual. Hog-raising is yearly receiving more attention, but there is still much trouble by light-fingered colored gentry. In this and adjoining counties there were more hogs raised this year than since the surrender.

Sixty thousand acres of land in Clay county are about be handed over to the English syndicate. All of a sudden we discover that the syndicate is not English, and everybody is disappointed. Southern people are English-struck about as bad as their Yankee cousins. The land company was wise. It got all the real estate it wanted given up most respectfully. Had it come out in true American colors in the beginning, what insinuations, what a storm of questions the good people would have hurled at it. But that magic word, English, was too high and mighty and mysterious for ordinary folks to dream of asking particulars. Yes, the land will soon be sold. Then for a change in our agricultural arrangements.

I wander from the fair city of West Point, but it is only natural to seek the fields and woodlands in this sweet autumn sunshine.

There is little transpiring in social circles. Misses Stockard and Fulks have just arrived from Clarksville, Tenn. All the summer visitors have left. We can bear off the blue ribbon for sensible young married couples. Not so long ago one of the nicest young ladies was wedded to a promising young business man. The day after the ceremony she was cooking in the neatestand coziest of kitchens, and he was hard at work at his usual occupation.

THOMAS.

Cotton Prizes at the Vicksburg Exposition.

Special to the Vicksburg Herald.]

LOUISVILLE, Nov. 19.—The following awards on cotton at the Southern Exposition, were made public last night:

For best bale long staple cotton (excepting Sea Island) $1,000, to J. B. Allen, of Port Gibson, Claiborne county, Miss.; for second best bale, $500, to W. B. Garrison, of Warren, Bradley county, Ark.; third best bale, $250, to S. H. Parisot of Vicksburg, Miss.

For best bale, short staple coton, $1,000, to A. M.Cooper, of Panola countv, Miss.; for second best bale, $500 to W. B. Garrison of Bradley county, Ark.; for third best bale, $250, to T. T. Bryant, of Panola county Miss.

Best exhibit of Sea Island cotton, $500, to Garret Swinsey, of Bronsey, Fla.; second best exhibit, $250, to Ephram M. Clark, of James Island S. C.

The other awards are: best five bales (Sea Island excepted) $500, to T. T. Bryant, of Panola county, Miss.; second, $250, to S. H. Green, of Marshall, Harrison county, Texas; best twenty stalks, $100, to J. R. Allen, of Wrightsville, Pulaski county, Ark.; second, $50, to W. S. Hamilton, of Prentiss, county Miss.

The State exhibits are: best bale Alabama cotton, $200, to Tandy W. Toney, of Eufaula; best bale Tennessee cotton, $200, to Miss J. C. Brown of Henderson county.

Best bale Mississippi cotton, $200, to J. D. Chandler, of Cliftonville, Noxubee county; best bale of Louisiana cotton, $200, to H. J. Gibson, of Waterproof, Tensas parish; best bale Georgia cotton, $200, to J. F. Miller, of Milledgeville; best bale of Arkansas cotton, $200, to B. F. Beard; best bale South Carolina cotton, $200, to O. A. Wylie, of Richburg, Chester county; best bale of Texas cotton, $200, to W. H. H. Moore, of Bowie county.

Let it be Repealed.

We mean the present iniquitous election law. The Supreme Court of the State has decided it to be constitutional, but it is decidedly impolitic. It was the outgrowth of a reckless partisanship and its whole design, judging from its results, was to defeat the