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THE CLARION.

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THE CLARION.

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...or special notices, to appear on local page ...charged 15 cents per line each insertion. ...Those are our only rates, and they will be ...adhered to.

...following beautiful poem was written ...Natchez Democrat by a friend of ...and Mrs. Thos. Grafton, and dedicated ...daughter, who died recently:

IN MEMORIAM

—OF—

"LITTLE MATTIE."

...like a beautiful dream of the morning, ...pelled by a gleam of the sunlight dawning, ...Like the mist on the summer sea, ...rising away o'er the distant lee.

...alone o'er the mystic river, ...rays of light o'er her barque doth quiver, ...hence from the "golden gates ajar," ...her away to that home afar.

...the "Gentle Shepherd's" fold, ...we all that's lovely ne'er grows old, ...father and mother and kindred dear, ...meet her again in that "upper sphere."

...to that land of Light and Love, ...in her Father's arms above, ...spirit will ever hover near, ...give thy wounded spirits cheer.

...we but pierce the misty veil, ...hides our loved from sight, ...inks their fairy forms we'd see, ...every gleam of light.

...thy little flock shall gather 'round, ...Mattie is missed from the old play ground ...thy tears shall fall like the summer's rain, ...member thy darling is free from pain.

...not for her now passed away, ...dear form hid from sight, ...the Comforter come with peace to dwell, ...thy lonely hearts to-night.

MAGNOLIA.

...erville, Ky., Nov. 23, 1883.

Booth and the Lord's Prayer.

[In an essay by Elihu Burritt on "Breathing a Living Soul into Dead Words."]

...he elder Booth was a man who threw ...his impersonations an amount of ...and soul which his originals could ...only have equalled. He did Richard ...to the life *and more*. He had made ...an passions, emotions and experiences his life's study. He could not ...act but *feel* rage, love, despair, hate, ...ition, fury, hope, and revenge, with ...epth and force that half amazed his ...tors. He could transmute himself ...the hero of his impersonation, and ...ould breathe a power into other ...s written words, which, perhaps, ...never surpassed. And what is rather ...arkable, when he was inclined to give ...trations of this faculty to private ...ies of friends, he nearly always se... some passages from Job, David, ...Isaiah, or other holy men of old. ...an aspiring young professor of ...rard University went to him by ...t to ask a little advice or instruc... in qualifying himself for an orator ...veteran tragedian opened the Bible ...read a few verses from Isaiah in a ...that made the Cambridge scholar ...ble with awe, as if the prophet had ...n from the dead and were uttering ...sublime visions in h isears. He was ...n residing in Baltimore, and a pious, ...nan, old gentleman of that city, ...ring of his wonderful power of elocution, one day invited him to dinner, although strongly deprecating the stage ...all theatrical performances. A large ...pany sat down to the table, and on ...arning to the drawing-room one of ...m requested Booth, as a special favor ...them all, to repeat the Lord's Prayer. ...signified his willingness to gratify ...m, and all eyes were fixed upon him. ...slowly and reverently arose from his ...air, trembling with the burden of two ...eat conceptions. He had to realize the ...racter, attributes, and presence of ...Almighty Being he was to address, ...was to transform himself into a ...or, sinning, stumbling, benighted, ...dy suppliant, offering homage, asking bread, pardon, light, and guidance. ...ys one of the company present: "It ...s wonderful to watch the play of emotions that convulsed his countenance. ...became deathly pale, and his eyes, ...ned tremblingly upward, were wet ...th tears. As yet he had not spoken. ...e silence could be felt; it had become ...solutely painful, until at last the spell ...s broken as if by an electric shock, ...his rich-toned voice, from white lips, ...liabled forth 'Our Father, which art ...heaven,' etc., with a pathos and fervid ...demnity that thrilled all hearts. He ...ished; the silence continued; not a ...oice was heard, nor a muscles moved ...his rapt audience, until from a remote corner of the room, a subdued sob ...s heard, and the old gentleman ...the host) stepped forward with ...reaming eyes and tottering frame, and ...ized Booth by the hand, 'Sir,' said he, ...broken accents, 'you have afforded ...e a pleasure for which my whole future ...fe will feel grateful. I am an old man, ...nd every day from boyhood to the present time, I thought I had repeated the ...Lord's Prayer; but I never heard it before, never! 'You are right,' replied ...Booth; 'to read that prayer as it should ...e read caused me the severest study ...nd labor for thirty years, and I am far ...rom being satisfied with my rendering ...of that wonderful production. Hardly ...one person in ten thousand comprehends ...how much beauty, tenderness, and ...grandeur can be condensed in a space ...so small, and in words so simple. That ...ever itself sufficiently illustrates the ...of the Bible, and stamps upon it ...l of divinity.' So great was the ...produced," says our informant, ...conversation was sustained but a ...he longer in subdued monosyllables, ...d almost entirely ceased; and ...er, at an early hour, the company ...e up and retired to their several ...with sad faces and full hearts."

The Teeth of the Nation.

There are about 17,000 dentists in the United States, and they pack into the teeth of American people, says the Cleveland Herald, a ton of pure gold every year. About five times that weight of less precious metal, such as silver, platinum and tin goes the same way. It is estimated that this amount of metal is worth $1,990,000 and that if all the coin in the United States will the present dental methods are kept up, have been buried in the grave-yards by the time the twenty-first century rolls around. It is said that the demand for gold in dentistry is rapidly growing every year. This is accounted for in part by the fact that many people who false teeth insist on having them filled so that they may seem all the more natural. There are about 4,000,000 false teeth manufactured in this country every year. The business of dentistry is what it used to be, however, the prices have come down wonderfully since the days when the leading operators could afford to retire after a practice of eight or nine years. Still, there seems plenty of work to be done in the future ...ing that the decay of teeth is ...creasing. Two hundred years ago ...person in five had sound teeth. A hundred years ago but one person in twenty ...five had perfect teeth; and in this nineteenth century age of refined ease ...latest statistics show that but one ...one is eighty has perfect sound teeth. —Boston Transcript.

THE LOST RAILWAY TICKET.

A Traveler's Story.

"Is this seat engaged, sir?"

I glanced up from the paper I was reading, and met the smiling regard of a genial looking gentleman, apparently in the prime of life.

"It is not, sir."

"With your permission, then," and he seated himself beside me.

The train had already started, and presently the conductor made his appearance, collecting the tickets. Reaching us, he detached the appropriate coupons from our tickets, handing back the remainder with the usual checks.

"Pardon me," said my companion, "but I perceive that you place your ticket in your wallet."

"Yes."

"It is unwise, unsafe."

"Why do you consider it so?" I inquired with some curiosity, returning the wallet to my pocket.

"Suppose through carelessness, or we will say accident, your wallet is lost. Your pocket may be picked, for instance?"

"Yes."

"Your money and ticket are both gone. Probably you do not appreciate the manifold beauties of such a position; I do not think it possible except by experience."

"It would certainly be an undesirable situation; I can see that clearly enough. Pardon the question naturally suggested —were you ever so placed?"

"Once, only once."

"How was that?"

"You wish to profit by my experience? Well, I don't know that I mind telling you the story. It may serve to amuse you, if nothing more." And he continued as follows:

"It occurred quite a number of years ago, and over what road I was traveling at the time is of little consequence. I had taken the early morning express train, and being somewhat tired and altogether sleepy, and stretched myself upon the seat for as comfortable a nap as circumstances would admit. I slept soundly, for I could in those days sleep well almost anywhere, and did not awake until the conductor came for my ticket. The essential bit of pasteboard could not be found. I was positive I had purchased a ticket; indeed, I remembered distinctly having shown it to the baggage-clerk at the time of checking my trunk. The conductor grew impatient, passed to the end of the car, and returned to me. I had not found the ticket, but had made the discovery that my pocket book also was gone. I explained to the conductor that my pocket had been picked, and in proof of my story showed him my baggage-check. It was useless. If you have traveled much, you are aware that a virtuous conductor takes no man's word; in fact, all men have designs upon the company's dividends except himself. It was perfectly natural, therefore, that the faithful steward in question should say—'The check is all right; but how do I know that it belongs to you? I will take the money for your fare, or stop the train and put you off, as you choose.'"

"What could I do? Protestations amount to nothing, and my fellow-passengers, with the usual tendency of humanity to trample upon a fallen man, showed clearly by their looks and expression that they thought me a sneaking rogue, who would steal a passage if I could. They had paid their money; why should not I pay mine? Few men would ever see heaven if judgment were rendered by jury—except themselves.

My search for the lost ticket had brought to light about a dollar and eight cents. This, I told the conductor, was every cent I had about me. He said it was fifty cents short of the usual fare to Lauderdale City, but that he would pass me through for it rather than stop the train. I gave it to him. From Lauderdale, a city of much importance, I could write to my partner for money. It would certainly be as well as to tramp ten or a dozen of miles back to the city I had left, and when I would be no better off, being equally a stranger there.

"In due time I found myself at Lauderdale; went to the best hotel, telegraphed for mony, and wrote an explanatory letter to my partner. This business attended to, I sailed out to see what sort of a place Lauderdale City might be. There was nothing for me to do but to amuse myself as best I could until the money should come, and I determined to make the most of my involuntary holiday. As I strolled leisurely up the main street, a newsboy darted out of a paper office, crying, 'Daily Banner; extra edition; all about the murder; great accident on the E—— road, etc. Have an extra?'"

"I took the sheet and thrust my hand in my pocket for the money, without a moment's thought. You may imagine my feelings when compelled to return that two-penny bit of paper to the boy, with the muttered excuse that I 'had no change,' and the utterly contemptuous expression of the boy's face as he received it. I immediately stepped into the office of the Daily Banner, and wrote a paragraph descriptive of the recent mishap, taking care to make it as amusing as possible. When completed, I handed it to the clerk. He read it, laughed, and took it into the private office. Coming back in a few minutes after, he told the book-keeper to give me fifty cents. It was not much, but it was more than I expected. Well, I continued my walk until I finally reached the end of the street, which terminates at the end of the street, which terminates at the S— river, here spanned by a long, covered bridge. I crossed the bridge, and was surprised to see on the opposite side that I would be required to pay toll. A young girl came to the door of the little toll-office as I stepped up to it, and inquired how much I should pay, drawing forth my solitary shinplaster. 'O,' she said, with a smile and a slight blush, 'we do not charge ministers anything.'"

It was not a bad joke, but I suppressed the laugh that rose to my lips, and thanking her for the consideration shown to the clergy, I turned about and retraced my steps to the hotel, not without some slight twinges of conscience for allowing the mistake to pass, and taking advantage of it. The remainder of the day was spent very quietly, as was also the evening which followed.

My first duty next morning was to seek some knight of the razor. I had noticed a pleasant little shop at no great distance from the hotel, in my walk the previous day, and thinking that I should do no better by looking further, I repaired to that. There was in attendance only a boy about twelve years old, who stated that his father, the proprietor of the shop, had gone to a neighboring city, and would not return before noon.

Without any hesitation I requested the loan of a razor, and proceeded to operate on myself. While thus occupied, the customers began to present themselves, expressing great dissatisfaction upon learning how matters stood. Now, although I am a proud man, I am not, thank God, cursed with that species of vanity which prevents a man from doing certain kinds of honest work simply because they are "not genteel." So I was an opportunity offered for me to earn the price of my breakfast. I took advantage of it, and told the first man that entered after I had completed shaving myself, that I would shave him. I did so. Others coming in, I shaved them also. In fact, I did quite a brisk business for a couple of hours; and if the unfortunate individuals who came under my hand had any doubt about my fitness for the business, they certainly expressed none. At the expiration of this time, I began to think that I had done sufficient, and feeling rather hungry, having had no breakfast, I divided the proceeds with the boy, and prepared to return to my hotel. But I was not done yet. As I was brushing my hat, a young dandified specimen of humanity came in, and resolving that he should be the last, I went to work upon him.

When he came to pay me, I was, to say the least, somewhat surprised to see him deliberately produce my own pocket book, the one I had lost. Standing upon no ceremony, I snatched it from his hand, and demanded, in no gentle tone, how it came into his possession? Without stopping to reply, other than by a volley of imprecations as he reached the door, he tumbled rather than ran down the stairs into the street. Waiting for neither hat nor coat, I followed; the pocket book in my hand. We measured off considerable ground in a short space of time. On, on it was an exciting chase. Men, boys, dogs, joined in pursuit; the cries of "stop thief," and the like, growing louder and increasing. What an uproar there was. Suddenly came a flash of light, sharp and vivid for an instant, then utter darkness. A policeman, mistaking me for the thief, had gantly tapped me upon the head, as their custom is, and with the usual result; thief escaped, and I, the victim, was apprehended. To my assertions that I was the owner of the pocket book in question, the reply was a derisive laugh, and the remark that "a man who had stolen a watch would lie like the devil about it." Suffice it to say that I was locked up, and that the next morning I was fined $50 and costs for disorderly conduct. Fortunately, I had the money about me to pay the fine, and was soon free. Of course, I lost the train, and was obliged to remain another day in the city. When I reached my destination, I found my partner had received my letter and telegram, and was very much alarmed at my long silence. He had supposed I was robbed, and was preparing to come on to my assistance when my letter came to relieve him of the anxiety he had felt on my account.

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