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"THE UNION, THE CONSTITUTION, AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS."

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TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

TRANSIENT.

One square, (10 lines,) one insertion	$1
One square, two insertions	[illegible]
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One column, changeable quarterly	$[illegible]
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INTERNAL REVENUE.

Important Decisions by the Commissioner.

Sales at Auction by Executors and Administrators.

OFFICE OF INTERNAL REVENUE,
WASHINGTON, DEC. 19, 1865.

Sir: Your letter of Dec. 9th is received. You state, "Trustees of personal and real estate apply to Probate Court for leave to sell real estate in order to change the investment of the funds. Are auction sales, made by a licensed auctioneer, for such trustees of said real estate, to be deemed sales made by a decree of court, and exempt under the proviso of Section 98, of the act of June 30th, 1864?"

I reply: That the proviso to Section 98 applies only to public sales made by judicial or executive officers *themselves*, or by guardians, executors or administrators *as such*, and not to sales made by licensed auctioneers for them.

The proviso, however, had no reference to Trustees simply as such, but might include persons acting as trustees, who were also guardians, executors or administrators.

All sales made by licensed auctioneers are subject to the tax of ½ of one per centum. Very respectfully,

(signed) D. C. WHITMAN,
Deputy Commissioner.

AMOS NOYES, ESQ., Assessor 5th Ward, Newburyport, Mass.

Traveling Agents or Employees of Licensed Manufacturers, and Dealers seeking orders, liable to Commercial Brokers' license.

OFFICE OF INTERNAL REVENUE,
WASHINGTON, NOV. 13, 1865.

Sir: Your letter of the 10th inst. has been received. You ask, "Does a person who travels about the country—a manufacturer or dealer, or the agent of a manufacturer or dealer, seeking orders for goods by the single piece, or more or less than one piece, but not in original or unbroken packages, require a license?"

I reply, that as far as *dealers* are concerned, the business done by the parties in relation to whose liability you inquire, is clearly that of Commercial Broker, as it consists in negotiating *sales*, or purchases of goods, wares, produce or merchandise, not otherwise provided for in the Act—Paragraph 14, Sec. 79, of the amended Act of June 30, 1864.

It is specially provided, under paragraph 2 of the same section, that license as a dealer shall not allow such person to act as Commercial Broker; much less would a dealer's license permit his employee to do the business of Commercial Broker.

As to sales of *manufactures* and their agents, it is provided in paragraph 32, Section 79 of the act, that "manufacturers and producers of *agricultural* tools and implements, garden seeds, stoves and hollow-ware, brooms, wooden-ware and powder, delivering and selling AT WHOLESALE any of said articles by themselves, or their authorized agents, at places other than the place of manufacture, shall not be required, for any sale thus made, to take out additional license therefor."

But there is no similar provision for sales of *other* manufactures except those mentioned, in the manner stated, without *additional license*.

Very respectfully,
D. C. WHITMAN,
Deputy Commissioner.

JOHN P. MCLEAR, ESQ., Assessor, Wilmington, Del.

Persons taking in remainder after life estate of Widow liable to Succession tax.

OFFICE OF INTERNAL REVENUE,
WASHINGTON, JAN. 24, 1866.

Sir: Yours of the 19th inst. is received. You write—"In case of a succession, where the widow of the predecessor is living, and entitled by the intestate laws of this commonwealth to the interest of one-third of the value of the real estate during her life, in lieu of dower, must the successor pay tax upon the full value of the real estate, or can the third of the valuation, upon which the widow receives the interest during her life, be deducted?"

I reply: That the life estate of the widow constitutes a succession, but the widow is exempt from tax. *When* the persons entitled to the remainder *come into* possession thereof, they will be liable to succession tax on the value thereof, but not till then.

Very respectfully,
D. C. WHITMAN,
Deputy Commissioner.

H. & J. LEAGER, Assessor, &c., Allentown, Pa.

Deduction of Expenses of Sales—Salary of Agents.

OFFICE OF INTERNAL REVENUE,
WASHINGTON, NOV. 16, 1865.

Sir: Your letter of the 10th inst. is received, in which you state that manufacturers of grave-stones and monuments in your district send agents through the country to solicit orders, paying their expenses and a monthly salary therefor, amounting to some twenty per cent. on the sales, and claim to deduct the whole of such outlay as "other expenses of sale," and you request to be informed what deduction should be allowed.

This office holds such agents' expenses and salaries as virtual commissions; and deduction for commissions, the law says, shall not exceed three per cent. The "other expenses of sale *bona fide* paid," on which the above mentioned manufacturers rely, cannot be allowed to apply as commissions. I enclose a circular, approved by this office, covering the whole subject of deductions. A deduction of three per cent. is all that can be allowed in the above cases.

Very respectfully,
D. C. WHITMAN,
Deputy Commissioner.

SAMUEL P. GARY, Oshkosh, Winnebago Co., Wis.

License required of persons making Sales for Guardians, Executors, &c.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF INTERNAL REVENUE,
WASHINGTON, JAN. 12th, 1866.

Sir: Your letter of January 5th is received. It reads as follows: "The proviso to Section 98 exempts from duty Auction Sales made by judicial or executive officers by virtue of a judgment or decree of any court, and public sales made by guardians, executors, or administrators. Is a license required of persons who may be employed by the officers aforesaid to make such sales?"

I reply: That the proviso to Section 98 refers only to the tax of ½ of one per centum as provided in said section, and has no reference to the license [illegible] consequently persons employed by [illegible] officers mentioned in said proviso, to make sales for them, would be liable to license the same as if they made sales for other parties; that is, if they make it *their business* or *any part thereof*, to offer property for sale to the highest or best bidder, they should take out an auctioneer's license.—(Sec. 79, Par. 30.)

But *if they do not make it their business*, to offer property for sale in the manner of an auctioneer, but do such acts only *occasionally*, without holding themselves out as ready to do such business whenever an opportunity offers, no license should be required. Very respectfully,

D. C. WHITMAN,
Deputy Commissioner.

To R. H. SWIFT, ESQ., Assessor 4th District, Brookville, Ind.

License of Produce Broker whose sales exceed $10,000.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF INTERNAL REVENUE,
WASHINGTON, DEC. 15th, 1865.

Sir: Yours without date, has been received. You ask, "What license is required of a Produce Broker whose annual sales exceed $10,000?"

I reply that a Produce Broker, under his license as such, may *purchase* to any amount, but if his *sales* exceed in amount annually $10,000, he becomes liable as a Commercial Broker.

Very respectfully,
D. C. WHITMAN,
Deputy Commissioner.

To R. H. SWIFT, ESQ., Assessor 4th District, Brookville, Ind.

Traveling Agents for Manufacturers of Gravestones.

OFFICE OF INTERNAL REVENUE,
WASHINGTON, NOV. 13, 1865.

Sir: Your letter of November 4th, inquiring whether Agents for Manufacturers of gravestones who go about the country soliciting orders for such stones, are to be regarded as Commercial Brokers, is received.

I reply, that agents doing business as specified in your letter are clearly included in Paragraph 14, Section 79, and are liable to license as Commercial Brokers.

Very respectfully,
D. C. WHITMAN,
Deputy Commissioner.

SAMUEL P. GARY, ESQ., Assessor 5th District, Oshkosh, Wis.

Carriages Taxable on Entire Value.

* * * You wish to know whether you may not be allowed, in making your monthly returns, to deduct from the value of your product the cost of wheels, axles, springs, &c., on which the duty has been paid, and which you use in the manufacture of carriages.

In answer, I have to say, that the general principle of the Excise Law is, that each particular manufacture is taxed for its value, though articles used in its production are in themselves manufactures on which the duty has been previously paid. Carriages are liable to duty on their entire value, though wheels, axles, springs, &c., used in their production, have previously paid tax.

Jan. 30, 1866.

Future Housekeepers.

We sometimes catch ourselves wondering how many of the young ladies whom we meet with are to perform the part of housekeepers, when the young men who now eye them so admiringly have persuaded them to become wives. We listen to those young ladies of whom we speak, and hear them not only acknowledging, but boasting, of their ignorance of all household duties, as if nothing would so lower them in the estimation of their friends, as the confession of an ability to bake bread and pies, or cook a piece of meat, or a disposition to engage in any useful employment.

Speaking from our own youthful recollections, we are free to say that taper fingers and lily hands are very pretty to look at with a young man's eyes, and sometimes we have known the artless innocence of practical knowledge displayed by a young miss to appear rather interesting than otherwise. But we have lived long enough to learn that life is full of rugged experiences, and that the most loving, romantic, and delicate people must live on cooked or otherwise prepared food, and the house be kept tidy by industrious hands. And for the practical purposes of married life, it is generally found that for a husband to sit and gaze at his wife's taper fingers and lily hands, or for a wife to sit and be looked at and admired, does not make the pot boil, or put the smallest piece of food therein.

☞ "Ah, John, you won't have me much longer; I shall never leave this bed alive."

"Please thyself, Betty, and thee will please me," returned John with equal equanimity.

"I have been a good wife to you, John," persisted the dying woman.

"Middlin', Betty, middlin'," responded the matter-of-fact husband.

☞ A wise man never sets his heart upon what he cannot have.

Hints to the Girls.

Did you ever see a lady
Look into a stranger's face,
In an omnibus or railcar,
As if saying, "sir, your place?"

Did you ever see a lady
Walk up to the church-pew door,
Lace and ribbons all demanding,
"Yield your pew!" and nothing more?

Did you ever see a lassie
Flirt into the old man's chair,
And, unheeding age and honor,
Let him stand—no matter where?

Never see a stage coach emptied
For some fidget in her pride,
And the weary man of business
Tumbled out to ride outside?

Never go to hear a lecture,
When some fashionable dear
Would come in and make a bustle
When you most desired to hear—

Routing half the congregation,
And disturbing all the rest,
As if she were all creation,
Being fashionably dressed?

Now, dear girls if you're so thankless,
So exacting and so free,
Time will come when gents will answer,
"Ma'am! this seat belongs to me."

Never, girls, disturb a lecture,
Church, or ball, where'er you go;
Still respect the rights of others,
This is "Woman's rights," you know.

Never ask a man abruptly
To resign his chosen place;
If 'tis offered, thank him kindly,
With a smile upon your face.

If the road is long and weary,
And he cannot find another,
Bid him share the comfort with you,
As you shared it with a brother.

ONLY A COUNTRY GIRL.

"You're mistaken; I would sooner die than marry a mere country girl."

"But, Fred., suppose her intelligent, moral, full of natural poetry, tender hearted, graceful, unspoiled by admiration, a guileless, simple loving creature."

"Oh," said Fred, laughing, "a choice collection of virtue and grace. Country beauties are always sweet, and so are country cows. No, I tell you if she was as lovely as an angel, with the best sense in the world, still if unskilled in music and literature, with no soul above churns and knitting needles, I would not marry her for a fortune."

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Helen Irving, but it was a very pianissimo laugh, way down in the very corner of her heart. Hidden by the trunk of a large tree, she sat reading within a few feet of the egotist.

In another moment the young lady came in sight. Fred's face crimsoned, and he whispered in visible trepidation.

"Do you think she heard me?"

"No," rejoined the other audibly—she shows no resentment; she has not even looked up from her book; you are safe; she could not have heard you; but what an angel she is."

Yes, Helen was an angel as far as outward beauty might merit the encomium. She sat half reclining on a rustic seat, striving to smooth out the dimples in her cheeks as she laid her book aside and began to twine a finished wreath of wild roses

Leaning on one white arm, the gnarled white oak tree a back ground, flowers strewed around her, peeping from her white dress, she sat quite at her ease, apparently unconscious that two handsome young gentlemen were so near her.

Approaching with a low bow, upon which his mirror had set the seal of faultless elegance, Frederick Lane took the liberty of asking if the young lady would inform him where Mr. Irving lived.

With an innocent smile the beauty looked up.

"Mr Irving, the only one living in the village, is my father," said she, rising in a charming and graceful manner. "The large house on high ground, half hidden by trees and thick shrubbery, that's where we live. I believe it was an academy once; that's a sort of select school, isn't it?" with the most natural simplicity, turning to Fred.

He replied with another very graceful bow.

"Tell your father," said he, "that I shall do myself the honor to call upon him tomorrow. He will remember me, Frederick Lane, at your service."

"Yes, sir, I will tell him for you," said Helen, tucking her sleeve around her pretty arm, and making a rather formal courtesy. Then catching up her books, and gathering the scattered flowers, she hurried home.

"Now, father, mother, aunt and sis," exclaimed the merry girl, bounding into the room where the family were at supper, "so sure as you and I live, that Mr. Lane you talk so much about, is in the village. He will call here to morrow—the first specimen of a city beau, (as of course he will,) all sentiment, refinement, faultless in kids and spotless in dickey, important and self-assured as one of that kind can possibly be. Promise me, all of you, that you'll not lisp one word about music, reading and writing in his presence, because I have a plan. Father will not, I know, but if you, sis, will keep quiet and ask no questions, I will give you that work box you have coveted so long."

"Helen, you are not quite respectful," said her father

"Forgive me, dear father," and her arms were around his neck. "I always mean well, but I am thoughtless. There, all is right now," she added, kissing him lovingly on the temple.

"Come, sis, what say you?"

"Why, on that condition, I'll be as still as a mouse; but what's your reason?"

"Ah! that's my own," said Helen, dancing out of the room.

* * * * * * * * * *

Helen sat at an open window, through which rose bushes thrust their blushing buds, making both a sweet shade and fragrance. The canary, overhead, burst forth every moment in wild snatches of glorious music. Helen was at her work on long blue stockings, nearly finished, and her fingers flew like snow birds.

"You knit most admirably. Are you fond of it?"

"Yes, quite; I like it better than anything else—that is, I mean I can churn well."

"And do you read much?" Fred's glance had traveled from the corners of his eyes over every table, shelf and corner, in search of some books or papers, but not a page, nor a leaf, yellow or rare, repaid his search.

"Oh, yes," said Helen, with a satisfied air.

"What books? permit me to ask."

"I read the Bible a good deal," she said gravely.

"Is that all?"

"All, of course not; and what do we not find in the Bible? History, poetry, eloquence, romance—the most thrilling pathos—blushing, and recollecting herself, she added, with a manner as childish as it before had been dignified, as for the other books, let me see, I've got in my library—there's the primer, (counting on her fingers.) Second Class Reader, Robinson Crusoe, Nursery Tales, Mother's Magazine, and King William III. There, isn't that a good assortment?"

Fred smiled.

"Perhaps I don't know as much as those who have went to school more," she added as if disappointed at the mute rejoinder, but in making bread, and churning butter, and keeping house, I am not to be outdone."

The young man felt more in pity than in love, but his visits did not always so result. He began to feel a magnetic attraction and he mainly attributed it to Helen's beauty; but the truth is, her sweetness and artlessness of character, engaging manner and disposition quite won the city bred aristocratic Fred. Lane. There was a freshness about everything she said or did. She perplexed as well as delighted him.

Often as he was wondering how some homely expression would be received in good society, some beautiful sentiment would suddenly drop like a pearl from her lips, more remarkable for originality than for brilliancy.

"If I should fall into the snare," thought he, "I can educate her; it will be worth trying."

It was useless to combat his passion; so at last he fell at Helen's feet, figuratively speaking, and confessed his love for her.

"I care not, Helen, only be mine," was his invariable answer to her exclamation of unworthiness, "how she would appear in society."

They were married, had returned from their wedding tour, and yet at the expiration of their honeymoon, Fred. was more in love than ever. At a grand entertainment, given by the relatives of the bridegroom, Helen looked more beautiful.—Her husband did not insist that she should depart from simplicity, and indeed, without jewels, or laces, with that fresh white robe, simple sash of blue, and ornaments of fair moss rose, she was by far the most lovely creature in the room.

As she entered the great saloon, blazing with light, her heart failed her.

"Shall I love him as dearly," she asked herself, "if I find he is ashamed of me? I can not bear the thought; but should he overcome all conventional notions, then I have a husband to be honored, and then he shall be proud of his wife."

How she watched him as he presented her to one and another.

"Simple," whispered a magnificent girl, resplendent with diamonds, as she curled her lips and passed by. The observation escaped neither Helen nor her husband. She looked at him. He smiled a lover's smile, and only drew her closely to his side. Many in that brilliant gathering pitied poor Fred. and wondered why he had martyred himself on the shrine of ignorant rusticity.

But he! O. Joy! he seemed only to love her the more as she clung to his arm so timidly; his noble face expressed the pride he truly felt; he looked as if he would have swept back the scorners with one motion of his hand, had they ventured one wave too high on the shore of his pride. He seemed to excuse every look, every word, not in strict conformity to etiquette; and Helen's heart beat high, and tears came to her eyes, when she felt how noble a heart she had won.

The young bride stood near her husband talking in a low tone, when a new comer appeared. She was a beautiful slightly formed creature, with haughty features. Ill concealed scorn lurked in the brilliant eyes whenever she glanced towards Helen. Once she held sway over the heart of Fred., and hearing whom he had married, she fancied her time had come.

"Do you suppose she knows anything?" whispered a low voice near her.

Helen's eyes sparkled, her face flushed indignantly. She turned to her husband. He was gone, speaking at a little distance with a friend.

"Do you play, Mrs. Lane?" she asked. There was a mocking tone in her voice.

"A little," answered Helen, her cheeks blushing.

"And sing?"

"A little," was the half reply.

"Then do us a favor," exclaimed Miss Somers, looking askance at her companions.

"Come, I, myself, will lead to the instrument."

Hark! whose masterly touch! Instantly was the half spoken word arrested, the cold ear and haughty head were turned in listening surprise. Such melody! Such correct intonations! Such breadth, depth, and vigorous touch! Who is she! She plays like an angel!

And again hark! A voice rolls—a flood of melody; clear, powerful and passing sweet; astonishment gains many a fair cheek a deep scarlet. There is a deep silence unbroken, and the silver strains float up:

"Ayel care I not for cold neglect,
Though tears unbidden start,
And scorn is but a bitter word,
Save when it breaks the heart.
If one be true,
If one be true,
The world may careless be,
Since I may only keep my love,
And tell my grief to thee."

"Glorious voice!" said Fred. to his friend, who, with the rest, had paused to listen.

"Who can she——"

The words were suddenly arrested on his lips. She turned from the piano, and the unknown was his wife!

"I congratulate you, Fred.," said the young man at his side, but he spoke to marble. The color had left his cheek. He walked slowly toward her.

If he was speechless with amazement, so was not she. A rich bloom mantled her cheek, triumph made her eyes sparkle as they never did before; they flashed like diamonds. A crowd gathered to compliment her. In a graceful acknowledgment she blended wit and humor.

"How well she talks; who would have thought it!" "He has found a treasure," was whispered all around the room.

Meanwhile, Frederick Lane stood like one enchanted, while his little rustic wife quoted books with perfect abandon, admired this one, condemned that.

A sedate looking student lost himself in a Latin quotation; Helen smilingly finished it, and she received a look of eloquent thanks. Bon mots, repartee, language rich, fancy and imagery, fell from her beautiful lips, as if they had received a touch from some fairy hand.

Still Frederick walked by her side like one in a dream, pressed his hand over his bewildered eyes to be sure of his senses when he saw her bending, a breathing vision of loveliness, over the harp, her full arm leaning on its golden strings, heard again that rich voice, now plaintive with some tender memory, rise and fall in sweet and sorrowful cadence.

"Tell me," said he, when alone, "what does this mean?" I feel like one awakened from a dream."

"Only a country girl," said Helen; then falling into her husband's arms, she exclaimed, "forgive me; I am that little rustic that you would sooner die than wed. Are you sorry you married me?"

"Sorry, my glorious wife. But, Helen, you could not deceive. Did I not understand you had never ——"

"Been at an academy," she broke in; "never took a music lesson, never was taught to sing, all very true, and yet I am all you see me here to-night, myself my own teacher; with labor and diligence, I hope I am worthy to be the wife of one so good and exalted as I find my husband to be."

Reader, wouldn't you and I like to be there just now and hear her story, the laughing between smiles, her pretty face and dimples, as she tells how she banished the piano, books, harp, portfolio, music, all in an empty room by themselves, and locking the door, leaving them to seclusion and dust, while the young country girl, without any deep laid scheme, succeeded in convincing the well bred city gentleman that he could marry a charming rustic, if her fingers were more familiar with the churn and knitting needles, than the piano and books.

Dr. Hall on Failing Eyesight.

When the sight is beginning to fail, the eyes should be favored as much as possible. This can be done—

1. By sitting in such a position as will allow the light to fall upon the page, or sewing, obliquely over the shoulder.

2. By not using the eyes for such purposes by any artificial light, or before sunrise, or after sunset.

3. By avoiding the special use of the eyes in the morning before breakfast.

4. By resting them for half a moment or while reading, or sewing, or looking at small objects; by looking at things at a distance, or in the sky; relief is immediate by so doing.

5. Never pick any collected matter from the eyelashes or corners of the eyes with the finger nails; rather moisten it with the saliva, and rub it away with the nail of the finger.

6. Frequently pass the balls of the fingers over the closed eyelids towards the nose; this carries off an excess of water into the nose itself by means of the little canal which leads into the nostrils from each inner corner of the eye, which canal tends to close up, in consequence of the slightest inflammation which attends weakness of the eyes.

7. Keep your feet always dry and warm so as to keep any excess of blood from the other end of the body.

8. Use eye-glasses at first, carried in the vest pocket, attached to a guard, for they are instantly adjusted to the eye with a very little trouble; whereas, if common spectacles are used, such a process is required to get them ready, that to save the trouble the eyes are often strained to answer the purpose.

9. Wash the eyes abundantly every morning. If cold water be used, let it be flapped against the closed eye with the fingers of the right hand, not striking hard against the balls of the eye. But it would seem a better plan to open the eye in pure blood warm water, because warm water is more penetrating than cold; it dissolves more readily any hardened matter that may be about the lids, and is more soothing and more natural.

*10. The moment the eyes feel tired, the very moment you are conscious of an effort to read or sew, lay aside the book or needle and take a walk for an hour, or employ yourself in some active exercise not requiring the close use of the eyes.

WANTING CHANGE.—Rest is a very fine medicine. It beats sarsaparilla. Let your stomachs rest, ye dyspeptics. Let your brains rest, ye wearied and worried men of business. Rest your limbs, children of toil. You can't? Cut off all superfluities of appetite and fashion, and see if you can't.

☞ A man would not be alone even in Paradise.

Mr. Nasby Suggests a Plan for the Rebuilding of the Democracy.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS, (which is in the State of Kentucky,) Jan. 27, 1866.

Halleloogy! Halleloogy! Halleloogy! I see a lite! It beams onto me! It penetrates me! It fills me! Gay to the world!

I hev diskivered the cause of the decline of the Dimocrisy. I seed it yesterday.—I wuz a wonderin on the neighboring hills, a musin on to the de[illegible] of humanity ez exemplified in the [illegible] the grocery keeper at the Corners, [illegible] unanimously refoozed to give me further credit for corn whisky, wich is the article they use in this country to pizon themselves with. He assoored me that he had the utmost regard for my many [illegible], but he diskivered that the one he [illegible] the most I hedn't so many uv, to wit: that uv payin for my likker. Therefore the account mite be considered closed. Then, for the first time in my life, I bleeved in total depravity.

While musin in a melankoly mood on the dark cloud wich fell across my pathway, and the fall uv the Dimocratic party, I came onto a party uv men borin for ile. Then the trooth flashed over me—their operations showed me the way to success, the shoor path to triumph.

"When," said I to myself, "when men seek gain, they bore for it. They go down—never up. Even so with the Dimocrisy. We dug downward, downward, downward, through all the strata uv society. We went through the groceries—the next stratum was the most ignorant uv the furriners—then we struck the poor whites uv the South—then below them the heft uv the people uv Noo Gersy—then Southern Illinoy and Indiana—then Pike County, Missouri—and so on. We never went upwards for converts, cause twant no use—when a man wanted to jine us, he alluz hed to come down. We got lots uv converts.

There was a regular sliding scale which the heft uv Dimocrats who wuznt born in the party hev slid down, to wit:

Quarter dollar smiles.
15 cent nips.
10 cent drinks.
5 cent sucks.
A flat flask concealed.
A bottle openly.
Dimocrisy.

We lost our hold for two reasons. First the poor likker we hev now kills off our voters too fast, and the tax on whisky forced two-thirds uv our people to quit suckin, and ez soon ez they begun to git on their feet they jined the Ablishnists.—Secondly, our leaders spozed ther wuz no lower stratum to dig into, and giv up in disgust.

But I hev diskivered that lower stratum—hev found it, and when the idee flashed over my Websterian intelleck I shouted Halleloogy. The nigger is the lower stratum, and if we bore down to it, and work it thoroughly, we hev at least a twenty years' lease uv power.

We must cultivate the nigger. He must hev the suffrage!! It is a burnin shame that this Nineteenth Sentry, in the full blaze uv intelligence, livin under a Deklarashn which declares all men "free and skal," that a large body uv men shood be denied the glorious privilege uv bein taken up to the poles and voted. Is not the Afrikin a man? Is he not taxed ez we are, and more than most uv the Democrisy, for many uv em own property; is he not amenable to all the laws even ez we are? Then why, I triumphantly ask, is he not entitled to vote? Ah! why? indeed!

"But this is Ablishnism!" methinks I hear an obtoose Dimocrat observe in horror—"and why give them votes, who will use em agin us?"

My gentle friend will they use their ballot agin us? Ef I know myself I think not. Kin they read? Kin they write?—Aint the bulk uv em rather degraded and low than otherwise? Methinks. Aint that the kind uv stock we want, and the kind wich hez alluz set us up? Readin hez alluz bin agin us—every skool master is a engine uv Ablishnism—every noospaper is a cuss. Gineral Wise uv Virginia, when he thanked God there wuzn't a noospaper in his deestrick, hed reason to, for do yoo spose a readin constituoency wood hev ever kept sich a blatherskite ez him in Congress, year after year?

Then agin, the Constooshnal Amendment will pass, givin representashen to voters alone. The Democratic States will hev more members uv Congress and more electoral votes than afore the war, and them States we kin depend on.

But my skeem is still more comprehensive. Them niggers ain't needed in the South. We'll send em North. A few thousand will overballance the Ablishn majority in Noo Gersey; fifty thousand will bring Ohio back to the fold, the same number will do for Noo York and Pennsylvany, and the country is saved—we will be able to elect the President. Thus the pit the Ablishnist dug for us he'll fall into hisself—the club he cut for us will break his own head.

Honey hez kum out uv the carcass, good hez perceded from Nazareth. The nigger smells sweeter to me now than Nite bloom in Serious; he is more preshus to me than gold or silver or preshus stones. He is the way, and I shel walk in it. He shel lift me into a Post orfis. We must give our Afrikin brother—for is he not a man and a brother?—not only the suffrage, but he must hev land, and the Democracy must give it to him. I want Garrit Davis to instantly interdoose a bill into the Senit giving each family a quarter section up land, a pair uv mules and a cook stove, and each female African sister two flarin calico dresses and a red bonnet. I want him to advocate the bill in a speech uv not more than two hours, so that it will stand some chance uv passin. On second thought I guess some other man had better interdoose the bill, as the Senit hez got into sich a habit uv votin down everything he proposes that they'd slather this without considering it, on jineral principles.

Then we've gat em. Work ez hard ez they may at it, it'll take twenty years afore the Ablishnists kin edjukate em up to the standard uv votin their thikit, and even that time won't do it, if we kin git the tax taken off uv whiskey so that we kin afford to use it ex in the happy days of yore.

Gayly I went home to lay the foundashun uv the new temple uv Dimocrisy. I slept that nite atween two niggers, and hev bin shakin hands and enquirin after the health uv the families uv all I hev met. Its rather hard for an orthodox Democrat—such sudden shifts is rather wrenchin on the conshence, but what wu shall The Dimocrat who has follered the party closely for thirty years, ought not to balk at sich a triflin change ez this, pertiklerly when it promises sich glorious results.

"There's a lite about to gleem,
There's a fount about to stream,
Wait a little longer!"

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Lait Paster uv the Church uv the Noo Dispensashun.

Should Women Work?

A true understanding of social economy will not permit woman to be subjected to any work that robs of physical charm and moral serenity. That thousands of women are compelled to labor that unsexes them—that checks the symmetrical growth of their bodies and the harmonious development of their natures—is to them the fatal necessity of an imperfect and progressive society. But the whole effort of workers and thinkers is to emancipate the laboring classes, or to protect them from the wretched consequences of over-work. The emancipation of man from the injustice of other than self-imposed work is prior to that of woman, simply because woman cannot be emancipated before man enjoys a free activity. Considering the fact that the end of living is not work, but perfection, or beauty, and believing that women, in a society as fully organized as our own, help men best when they are most engaging and beautiful, we must write that Mrs. Stowe has made a false application of the theory of work. It is wrong not only from the æsthetic point of view, but also from the moral point of view; women need love, men need beauty. The passion of love in women and man's passion for beauty are the two great and irresistible antagonists in the social world. Man's desire for beauty is as unquenchable and beneficent as woman's need of love, and the prime cause of unfaithfulness of men is disgust for the disfigured and overworked, the ungraceful and unattractive matrons whom they call wives. When a wife ceases to be that charming, sympathetic and beautiful being to whom her husband gave the first caress of his eyes and the homage of his heart, she ceases to excite admiration, and she ceases to be that intoxication and delight which keep men, exposed to the sirens of life, faithful to their first choice. It is when the wife ceases to be beautiful in the eyes of her husband that she ceases to exert an influence other than the torpid influence of habits, and it is that a man's eyes wander and his thoughts linger about other women, to gratify his God-implanted love of the beautiful. Whatever destroys beauty induces coarse if not lax morals, makes a domestic servant, or at best a housekeeper, of a wife, and robs the wife of her happiness. The drudgery of household cares, a false domestic economy, which day after day takes vitality from the wife, makes her hands muscular instead of soft and flexible, and when evening comes, leaves her too wearied to communicate any vivacity and variety to her conversation; and her jaded husband sits facing her, inert and yet restless. It is then that an elegant and charming woman—a fascinating woman—would arouse that man, renew his life, redouble his strength, and give zest to his hours of rest, and it is then that the wife, sacrificed to "woman's duties"—that is to say, to household cares—is incapable of refreshing her husband, and, with ever-multiplying lines on her face, with ever-vanishing bloom, with fast-fading beauty, is sacred and honored only because she is a mother.

Picking Over Apples.

The short paragraph in the *Observer* of December 7, headed "Pick over your Apples," will probably cause the destruction of thousands of bushels of apples, and was probably written by a "theorist."

Fifteen years ago, I opened May 1, a box of apples, all sound. Being a little dusty, I concluded to 'pick them over,' which was accordingly done. One week after, more than one half were rotten. The rotting commenced within twenty-four hours after being picked over.

From that time until now, it has been my uniform practice to put my apples in barrels or deep boxes, and never disturb them until I want to use them. I am never troubled with rotten apples. Of course every apple has its season. You cannot expect fall apples to keep until spring, nor summer apples to remain sound until winter. Experience has taught me never to pick over apples for the rotten ones. Let both remain together until time for use. When you find apples rotting that have not been disturbed, use them at once. Picking and wiping will not save them.

The article referred to will do so much mischief that I could not refrain from giving my experience.—[Cor. New York Observer.

☞ What is the difference between stabbing a man and killing a hog? One is assaulting with intent to kill, the other is killing with intent to salt.

☞ When a man marries a widow he is bound to give up smoking and chewing.—If she gives up her weeds for him, he should, of course, give up the weed for her.

☞ Ladies will sooner pardon want of sense than want of manners.

☞ A man cannot leave his experience or wisdom to his heirs.