

Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.
IRONTON, MISSOURI

AN EVENING DREAM.

My sainted fair one, dreaming here to-night
I seem to see your shadow, sitting by my side
Shine in my room here, filled with shade and
light.
I see your rosy lips and all the grace
Of dark-brown hair and earnest eyes, half
bright.
And half demure, shines for a little
space.
As one who lies a-dreaming in a space
Of soft green woods, filled with the wind
and night,
And hath no wonder when the moon's fair
face
Shines in upon his dreams and makes them
bright.
I do not think it strange to see your face
Shine out amidst the shadows dark and
light;
For love flies farther than the lonely light
That flies through all the wingless ways of
space.
And love flies far beyond the wind and night,
And far beyond the dark seas, wherein
it grieves.
Is not hot both day and night?
Love sees beyond them all—the loving face.
Sweet angel mine, is all the fair day's grace
That maketh all things full of golden light
When all the time, that cometh for a space,
When all the earnest stars are soft and
bright.
And love looks up, and sees the loving face,
And knoweth not if it be day or night.
—Interior.

HER LIFE'S SECRET.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,
Author of "Strangely Won," "The Thornbush
Mystery," "The Mistletoe Marriage Ever
Was," "Cecil's Secret," "A Mer-
ciless Fox," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

"One could hardly expect less from the young lady's lover," she retorted, with a sneer. "So I lie! In addition to being rude to a lady, one would think that Mr. Farrington forgets that he is a gentleman. Perhaps this letter lies, too. I must really ask you to read it after that. Or will I read it to you? You will lose the charming orthography which I copied exact, but pray attend, dear Mrs. Oliphant: if so be as these few lines reaches you I write to say as how I've been told about the mummy in the bank and I kin swear to the child if you wants me so to do for I've never forgot her nor her mother which the mark will tell."

"Step there!" cried Launt, with a ring of command. "What letter is that? How did it come in your hands?"

"By accident," returned Miss Power, composedly. "And it came open, by accident, too. Oh, yes, it did, though you seem to doubt it—draw down from the rain and opened; it is probable that it was insecurely fastened in the first place. You wouldn't have read it, I suppose," with another sneer. "But I did, and found it so interesting that I took a copy. You may as well finish it, now that you've got the gist. There isn't much more, only a demand for money. As the writer pleasantly says: 'If you think it worth while to pay me some more I kin be silent as the grave or I kin blab.' Truly the way of the transgressor is hard, and my cousin's wife hasn't a patch of roses to walk in. That Mr. Quest, whom we had to dinner, knows her secret."

"Quest?" with a shock in his voice. "I happened"—with emphasis on the word—"to overhear her trying to bribe him not to betray it. I don't know whether she succeeded or not, but, supposing she did, it can't be pleasant to be under the thumb of a man like that."

"Miss Power, will you give me that letter?"

"So! The fine scruples of honor are giving way at last. I thought they would."

He gave no heed to the sneer. He walked away abruptly, his brain in a whirl, yet seeing as through a glass darkly, toward what all these disclosures which were coming to him tended. He held the copied letter, his eyes fixed upon it, without seeing the words. He had no definite idea of what he meant to do with it, some vague thought of confronting Mrs. Oliphant and demanding an explanation, or of applying to Quest, and then all at once he found himself reading the address, "Viola Hickett, no. 109 Myrtle lane, New York."

"What was that he had overheard Quest saying to Killuth as they left the dining-room?"

"If you take the morning train I'll be happy to bear you company. I've got to go back on a flying trip though I've just come from the city—hope to be here again by this time to-morrow."

It flashed over him like an inspiration that this flying trip was intended to pacify the demands of Mrs. Viola Hickett. What more likely, since Quest held Mrs. Oliphant's secret, that he should act as Mrs. Oliphant's agent in the matter.

He looked at his watch. Just eight, and the last beams from the sunset had faded in the silvery dusk. The last train from the village station left at 8:20. There was time to make it, no more. He drew out his note book and dashed off a hasty line.

"Am called to the city. Will be back to-morrow. Make my excuses, and ask Killuth to stay over until my return."

He tore out the leaf and folded it, writing Madam Farrington's name on the back, then hurried away, meeting Alexia opportunely as he nears the gate, and charging her with the delivery of the note.

"And I wonder what's taking you in that tremendous hurry," the young lady mused, as she watched his retreating form. "Called to the city—humph! Queer that I saw nothing of the messenger if he got a dispatch. It's my opinion, Mr. Launt Farrington, that you manufactured that call."

She was turning away when a patch of white on the grass arrested her eye.

Alexia Power's spidery scrawl, and not a base forgery as I at first supposed! And it was that which took Launt Farrington away! Oh, Aunt Rose, I told you how it would be if you ever let that vicious old maid set foot in the house."

It was ten o'clock the next morning. Breakfast was over, and Alexia had watched her opportunity to be alone with her aunt. She did not believe in hastening unpleasant tidings, and had kept this back rather than break the night's rest of Mrs. Oliphant.

"It will worry Aunt Rose, and she worries enough without it," she had said to herself.

She was fond of her Aunt Rose, yet if people have secrets, and go around like Deathheads at a feast, and get mysterious questions, what are you to expect? But Alexia's curiosity did not find much to report upon after all.

After her first startled look, that first gasping cry, Mrs. Oliphant was still. She asked no questions of her niece. Launt had seen this letter and had gone to the city—that was enough.

She kept her room until luncheon. When she came down every one looked at her in amazement. The bright glow of her abundant hair had been washed away; snow-white as the hair of eighty it crowned her head, yet strange to say, she looked more youthful, more fair than she had done before.

"I have put away that sham forever," she said in answer to their surprise; "that and all other shams."

The cloud which had hung over her was gone for that day. She was bright, gracious, attentive to her guests, yet never far away from her husband and Dana.

The day was intolerably hot. Madam Farrington and Miss Power both withdrew to refresh themselves with a mid-afternoon nap. Lex and Dana sought a shady nook in the garden. Mr. Killuth and Mr. Oliphant occupied cane rockers on the verandah, and the mistress of the drawing-room disappeared to be seen no more until the dinner hour.

And meanwhile Launt Farrington had followed that first irresistible impulse which came to him. In the early morning he made his way to the address, which he remembered, of Mrs. Viola Hickett. In a squalid neighborhood, in a rickety tenement, in a dingy sky-parlor of the same, where the morning sunshine pierced through grimy panes, he found the one-time nurse, a sharp-featured woman of forty or more years.

He began without prelude:

"You were once, I think, in the employ of Mrs. Oliphant?"

"No, sir, I wasn't never in the employ of Mrs. Oliphant."

The flat contradiction staggered him for one instant; but there was something sullen in the woman's tone, something not quite sincere in the yellow gleam of her cat-like eyes—greedy eyes, they looked to be—and he changed his method accordingly.

"I have come to inquire into the circumstances of her adoption of the child. I will pay liberally for any important information which you may be able to give me. I have seen the letter you wrote her recently; I know, in spite of all you may say, that you can tell me what I wish to learn."

A change, baffled and disappointed, crossed the woman's face.

"You've seen it," she said, slowly. "Then I reckon she don't 'low to pay my attention to me. There'd ought to be an answer yesterday, and it didn't come. What do you want to know, an' what'll you give for knowin' it?"

A sick loathing of himself and the part he was taking went over Launt, but there was no turning back now. A bargain was made, one which brought satisfaction to Mrs. Hickett's sordid soul.

"He's another sort from the mean screw what was here before," she told herself. "He got it all out of me for ten dollars—ten miserable dollars afore he ever breathed about the fortin or that they'd come back."

"Tell me all you know," Launt commanded. "Tell me, first, who was that child?"

"She's the heires, as sure's you're alive," said Mrs. Hickett, confidently. "Mr. Rodney France's heires, the little girl what was born four months after he was hung."

It was out; the worst he could possibly fear was told. Rodney France's child! Mignon Almont's daughter! A groan, of anguish or of horror, rose to his lips, but he kept it back.

"I told you I never worked for Mrs. Oliphant, nor no more did I, but I was nurse-maid and kitchen-girl both in one for Mrs. France. It was at a place on the Hudson, and I'd worked for the two of 'em—him and her, you know—when they lived there afore. Her father brought her back there and left her after he'd been hung. The little girl was born there, and the doctor what 'tended to her is alive yet, and can be a witness if I'm not enough. I mind that he said sort of laughing once when he looked at the mark: 'I can swear to this little 'un fifty years from now if it's necessary to do so.'"

"I knowed all about Miss Rose Sangerford takin' the baby. They never told me about it, exactly, but Lor! people talk afore servants as if they was sticks. I knowed all about how she'd made it up with her beau to marry him if he'd let her adopt the child."

"Mrs. France went away as soon as they got it all fixed, and I kept the baby for the matter of a month or two, till the weddin' was over. Then I went down to New York, and fixed it with the German girl to take baby aboard ship and give her to Mrs. Oliphant, me a peardent to leave on the train, but really got down to the wharf in a cab to see that it was all done right."

"I never knowed anything more about them till a week ago, and then a lawyer chap come askin' lots more questions nor you have, and I found they were back with the baby growed up to be a young lady, and I've had a hard life of it, and thought maybe I'd get something by writin' to Miss Rose."

Mrs. Hickett stopped, with a cloud on her face. She felt that she had been over-reached by the "lawyer chap," cheated out of the full worth of the secret she held.

There was still one thing more on the young man's mind.

"What became of Mrs. France?"

"I never knowed, and I don't know now. But someway I rather think that the lawyer do. He had so much to say,

wanting to know if I minded now she looked, if I thought I'd know her if I see her now, if I ever thought she went away with the Oliphants, what she done, and what she said and how she acted, more'n I can mind to tell you. I asked him plump out if she were livin' yet, and he said to the best of his knowledge and belief she were. But he wouldn't say no more."

It was enough. Living or dead, it was all one to him. He went out into the garish sunshine with an intolerance for the brightness which filled the world. He had hours to wait, and he passed them in the streets, walking as if he wanted to get away from himself. When the afternoon train arrived at Shoreland, he alighted among the passengers, and as he was leaving the platform found himself face to face with Mrs. Oliphant.

Veiled, and plainly dressed, she had left the cottage unperceived and walked through the hot glare over the dusty road to the village station. She had seen Launt before, he caught sight of her, and one long, earnest look told her what she feared to know.

"I thought you would come by this train, Mr. Farrington. Can I see you for five minutes before you go? We will be quite alone if we walk down to the beach. There is no use asking if Mrs. Hickett spoke—I see that she did. I have only to ask, what do you intend to do?"

"What can I do—but break Dana's heart and mine. God help us both!"

"It is what I expected of you," she said, bitterly. "You would have died for her, you would have moved Heaven and earth to take her when we opposed your suit, and you leave her because the sins of the parents must be visited upon her, though they may not touch you. I have but one thing to ask, that you do not see her again. It would make your parting no easier; you could hardly fail to drop some hint of the reason prompting your acts; you could not satisfy her without it, and it is not necessary to tell you now how we have tried to shield her. The least you can do in reparation to her is what I ask."

Not to see Dana again! Not to explain his conduct! And yet—and yet—there was truth in what she said. How could he give any explanation short of the truth one which would not make him appear despicable in her eyes?

"I agree to what you require," he said, after a pause. "hard as it is, I promise to leave the cottage without seeing Dana, but I must have an interview with Mr. Oliphant and make my explanation to him."

"You must not." The sudden intensity of that declaration startled him. "You must say nothing whatever to him. Such explanations as are to be made, I will make. Believe me, it is not to spare myself I ask this, but to spare my husband."

There was unutterable mournfulness in her voice as she pronounced those last words, and a suspicion awoke in Launt's mind. What if she were deceiving him after all? What if, to shield some sin of her own youth, she were ruthlessly sacrificing Dana and himself?

"Mrs. Oliphant," he spoke abruptly. "You are enough like Dana to be her own mother. Miss Powers says you are her mother. I am not good at reading mysteries, yet I can not fail to see that there is something in all this which you have concealed from your husband. What is it? I have the right to ask, for nothing short of Dana being that woman's daughter—noting short of the blood she caused to flow—shall stand between us."

She flung back her veil and faced him; for the first time he saw the snowy hair which the thick veil had concealed.

"You are right. There is something which I have concealed from my husband, but it is not what you think. He would tell you what I do if you were to go to him, that I am Dana's mother. Yes, Mr. Farrington, I am—I was, not Rose Sangerford, but Mignon France, Dana's mother."

CHAPTER XVII.
SEVENTEEN YEARS BEFORE.

"Good-bye, Rose! Good-bye, my darling, for two long, long weeks. Do you know, at this last moment, I am more than half sorry that in going upon this expedition to the interior, I have arranged to leave you behind me? You are looking pale; you are drooping under this fervid sun, and unless some of your bloom comes back by the time I do, I shall be tempted to leave the railway interests of Cuba in the lurch, and carry my Northern rose back to her clime."

The world was seventeen years younger when these words were spoken, and Power Oliphant was taking his first leave for any projected time of his young wife. A party of gentlemen, "hooded and spurred," were waiting him in the court-yard, the pretty Spanish hostess of the old Spanish house where he was leaving his wife, was looking down upon them from the vine-wreathed balcony, and a black nurse with a chubby infant in her arms was loitering in the back-ground.

"Good-bye, my Rose! Take care of yourself and the little ones."

The last word was spoken, the last kiss given, and no presence came to either that this was to be an eternal parting. Power turned in the saddle to wave his hand to her as the little cavalcade moved away, and a tender light came into the soft eyes which followed him.

"It has been no hard task to learn to love him," thought she. Then the heavy gate closed after the party, the clatter of hoofs died away on the macadamized road, and Rose lingered by the splashing fountain to watch baby taking her morning airing among the flowers.

"Bring her to me, nurse." The command was long coming that day. Now that Power has gone, a dull stupor which she had fought against these past few hours seemed chaining her, body and mind. She shivered a little in the soft morning air, but she lifted the year-old child and carried her up the flight of marble steps to the verandah, and on into the pleasant, airy chamber where the senora was reclining on a bamboo rocker, the smoke of a cigarette curling about her head.

"Why should you burden yourself with the little one?" asked the latter, reprovingly. "Let Nita take her. You will wear yourself out with the exertion

you make, and that is never wise when there is fever in the air."

"They have it under command in the lower town, Power tells me. You, being a native, have no fear of it, I suppose?"

"Not fear it? Holy mother! If it comes into the upper town I shall fly, fly, fly," responded the senora, fervently. "Let us pray that it stop where it is."

It had given very little apprehension thus far, being confined to the lower districts and among the shipping, but a few burning days changed the aspect. The fever overleaped the narrow bounds which held it, and spread rapidly in all parts of the city, and one of the first to go down under the devastating scourge was poor Rose Oliphant.

There was sudden panic in the household. Senora Alvarez was as good as her word, for no sooner did she know what had befallen her guest than she made her hurried preparations for departure.

"The Holy Virgin protect us now! Amarillo, you will remain with the Senora Oliphant. Conrad, you will take a message to our own good doctor, and let the padre also know. He will not take it amiss though she is not of our faith."

Rapidly issuing her orders, the senora did not stay to see that they were put into execution, and where the mistress fled in direct coterritorial, what could you expect of the servants? When the physician arrived, he found the house deserted except by the sick woman, who was tossing and muttering in wild delirium. His first step after administering his medicines, was next to secure a nurse and install her in the sick-room—by no means an easy thing then to do.

"I can send you the very person," said a fellow practitioner of whom he was making inquiry. "A New Orleans crochete who has been nursing in the lower town ever since the fever broke out. I have been expecting her to go down with it—she seems pre-disposed to disease—but if she is about yet she will bring your patient through if any one can."

She was about, glad to exchange her laborious duties in the lower town for a single case in the higher quarter, and in the horror of the time which followed, in the hurry and excitement and press upon the medical men, Dr. Almeida found that he had an able assistant in the New Orleans nurse. The fifth day came. The comatose state had set in, but the sleep was quiet, the pulse weak but clear, the symptoms favorable for final recovery.

"Meet the change with stimulants and keep her quiet," directed the doctor. "I have an interest in the Senora Americano, and feel sorry—Madre de Dios! what is the matter with you?"

He had drawn aside the blind of the darkened room, and saw the face of the nurse clearly for the first time. It had a purplish flush, the eyes were set and glassy, the lips cracked and dry.

"May the saints protect us! It has got hold of you!" he exclaimed, with a groan.

"I have known it for two days, and I am not alarmed," replied the nurse, quite calmly. "I shall keep up until the crisis is over for her. I feel very well, and I shall not neglect my duty, believe me."

"But you will die. It is death, suicide, for you to be astir. To bed with you; to bed this instant. Ah, it is most unfortunate that I am assigned to another division; but I will report your case to my successor. I will see that you have care and attention if they are to be found."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

REPUBLICAN DISCLOSURES.

Seraps of Political History—Scandalous Events Laid Bare—How the Campaign of 1880 Was Run—Garfield's Duplicity.

Hon. Stephen W. Dorsey has given to the press his threatened expose of the methods adopted in the last National campaign to elect General Garfield to the Presidency. While much of the story is not new, having been already published, Mr. Dorsey gives it with an exactness of detail that makes it rather interesting reading, especially to such as believe that the late President was the personification of political honesty.

Mr. Dorsey begins his story with the assertion that whatever there may have been that was wrong in the Star-route contract system, the Republican managers in 1880 either knew or suspected it all, and were quite willing to avail themselves of all the advantages possible, and that General Garfield and the party managers many times expressed to Dorsey and Brady their deep gratitude for the money and aid they contributed.

CONGRESSIONAL INVESTIGATION.

When General Garfield was member Congress an investigation was ordered by Congress into the system of letting the Star-route contracts, and, at Brady's request, he made a thorough examination into the whole matter, the result being that he assured both Dorsey and Brady that he was satisfied the system could be defended. Garfield also promised them that when the special appropriation that Brady asked for should come before Congress he would both advocate and defend it, and he gave the most positive assurance that he would do all in his power to set them right. Later in the session, when the subject came before the House, Garfield not only did not use his influence, as he had promised, but on the final vote dodged responsibility by pairing, and left the city. It is believed by Dorsey that Garfield dodged the question from the first, that he had obtained information that he wished to use in the future, and did not desire to go on record by voting.

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

In the winter of 1880 a political club was organized in Philadelphia, the object of which was to defeat the nomination of both Grant and Blaine. It was engineered by Wharton Barker, and among the members was Wayne MacVeagh. At one of its meetings several names were suggested as Presidential candidates—Sherman, Edmunds, Hawley and Garfield—the latter's name being favorably received by all except MacVeagh, who declared Garfield's Credit Mobilier record and Duffley complications made the proposal of his name absurd. Early in the spring of 1880 Barker told Garfield the position of the club as to his candidacy and MacVeagh's opinion of it. Later Garfield met Randolph Tucker, of the House lobby, and, in response to his question, would be nominated at Chicago, replied: "I don't know. It's as likely to be me as anybody." Sherman heard of this, and, to counteract the scheme of Garfield, selected him to lead the Ohio delegation, in the belief that Garfield would not betray him. Garfield's manipulation of the Ohio delegation in his own interest was detected in the Convention by Conkling, Dorsey and others. Garfield was nominated, and, at his earnest personal solicitation, Dorsey was made Secretary of the National Committee.

THE CAMPAIGN.

The campaign opened depressingly for Garfield on account of Stalwart disaffection. Dorsey was hopeful, but Garfield despairing. Money came slowly. The Indiana campaign was approaching. Brady and Dorsey believed money was the important factor in that important campaign. Dorsey held that money could not be raised without a quid pro quo. Garfield consented, and the Fifth Avenue conference was arranged. The conference was held, and to conciliate the New York Stalwarts Garfield promised Levi P. Morton the Secretaryship of the Treasury. Duplicate memoranda of the bargain was made and preserved. This secured the support of the New York Stalwarts, but no money. Another agreement was made by which a syndicate of bankers were to control, for a small commission, the refunding of the Government five and six per cent. bonds, and in consideration of such a privilege they were to contribute funds to the campaign. Within a week they contributed \$500,000 to the campaign funds. Operations have since shown that millions were made by the syndicate for their part in the corrupt bargains made with Garfield. But Grant, Conkling and Cameron were yet lukewarm, and a visit for them was arranged at Menton, which resulted in Conkling and Grant taking the stump. In September Dorsey went to Indiana to organize the State, taking with him \$400,000 raised in New York, which found its way into local committees' hands in new two-dollar bills. The result was that the Democrats were snowed out, and Mr. Hubbell called one day on Brady and told him the Star-route contractors ought to contribute at least \$100,000 to the campaign fund. Brady said they were willing to do so if Hayes would so modify his order as to permit it. Hubbell saw Hayes upon the subject, but he refused to comply with Brady's suggestion. Brady was then asked if he would contribute if Garfield should request it. While he had little faith in Garfield, he finally consented to comply with such a request from Garfield and the "My Dear Hubbell" letter, that has since become famous, was written and Brady contributed to the funds of the campaign.

THE SUPREME COURT JUDGESHIP.

The leaders discovered that Jay Gould had contributed \$50,000 to the Democratic funds. He was applied to to help the Republicans but declined, saying he had no interest in a campaign headed by a man who denounced him on the floor of Congress as a corrupt man, which Garfield had done in the Black Friday investigations. Gould's remarks were reported to Garfield, who lost no time in making a suitable apology and explanation. This, in a measure, satisfied Gould, who then explained that he had no other interest in politics than to see the acts introduced into Congress by Mr. Thurman declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. Mr. Garfield wanted Gould assured that if it came to his lot to nominate a Justice of the Supreme Court he would take great care to see that no man with views antagonistic to those of Gould

should be nominated. The result of this bargain was that Mr. Gould contributed one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to the campaign funds. Gould's man was Stanley Matthews, and he was nominated and confirmed. Through these various bargains and sales an enormous campaign fund, amounting to two million dollars, was raised.

THE ROBERTSON IMBROGLIO.

In March, 1881, Senator Conkling occupied the first and the Vice-President the second floor of a building on Fourteenth street, in Washington. Both of the New York Senators and the Vice-President were known to be out of sympathy with the Administration, and Mr. Garfield was anxious to conciliate them. Mr. MacVeagh, the Attorney-General, undertook to bring it about. A consultation was had between MacVeagh and James, and the New York members in Mr. Conkling's parlor, at which MacVeagh acted as Garfield's plenipotentiary. Mr. MacVeagh promised, in the name of the President, that Mr. Conkling should be consulted in making the New York appointments, but that friends of the President were not to be punished simply because they were enemies of Conkling. MacVeagh told Mr. Conkling he might depend upon the appointment of Stewart L. Woodford as District Attorney, for which the Senator did not care, and on the other appointments that were sent to the Senate the Monday following, with the exception of MacDougall for Marshal. Mr. Conkling at once protested against the refusal to reappoint MacDougall. MacVeagh was asked whether Robertson was to be appointed to the New York Custom-House, and gave the most positive assurance that no change should be made in that office, and that no important appointment should be made without a consultation. This announcement was satisfactory to Mr. Arthur and Postmaster-General James, but not to Mr. Conkling. It was four o'clock in the morning when the conference broke up, and Conkling, Arthur and James agreed to call on Garfield Sunday night. The agreement was kept, and Garfield was most profuse in his friendship, assuring Mr. Conkling there was nothing that he would not do to please the Stalwarts of New York. He insisted, however, that Robertson should not be pushed for his treachery at Chicago, and Conkling urged that he should not be rewarded for it. In this interview Garfield exhibited such a manifest liking for Robertson that Conkling feared he would be appointed to the Custom-House in New York, and denounced him again. Garfield apologetically retreated from his position, and began looking for another place for Robertson that would satisfy Whitehall Reid and other friends of Blaine in New York. Garfield suggested giving him the District-Attorneyship, to which Conkling objected. It was finally agreed that Garfield should reappoint MacDougall, and Conkling gave his promise not to oppose Robertson's confirmation to the District-Attorneyship.

The interview ended pleasantly, the President repeating the assurances MacVeagh had already given, that he would not make any change in the Custom-House until the three men then present had been consulted. He was so happy that he walked to the door of the White House with his guests, repeating the assurances of his friendship. James and Arthur were satisfied, but Conkling was not, and in answer to the suggestion that he did not think the President would keep his word, replied: "I trust that he will, but there is no perjury of which I think him incapable."

The next day (Monday) came the first nominations, and on the next, Robertson's. The President had broken his word. Neither the Vice-President nor Mr. Conkling had been notified of the intended appointment. The first notification that the Vice-President had was when he opened the envelope containing the nomination brought to him by the President's private Secretary, Mr. Dorsey says the violation of the agreement was owing to the fact that Mr. Blaine, through William E. Chandler, had engineered a movement in New York that prevented the nomination of General Grant, and that it was done through Robertson, who was the man who made Garfield's nomination possible. That the men who had helped Garfield get Gould's subscription in New York wrote and telegraphed urging him to give Robertson the reward he would have received had Blaine been nominated and elected, and he did it.

GARFIELD AND DORSEY.

With the rupture of friendly relations with Conkling and Arthur, James and MacVeagh plunged into the Star-route investigations. The news reached Dorsey at his ranch, and he hurried to Washington. Garfield heard him all through, and putting his arm around him, said: "Steve, old boy, don't worry; go back to your ranch." Dorsey departed satisfied; but he soon learned MacVeagh was working to secure his indictment, and he sought the capital again. In an interview with Dorsey the President told him not a step was taken without his knowledge, and furnished him with a copy of all the evidence against him. In the first report of the progress of the investigation the name of Dorsey and all allusions to his connection with the Star-route system had been stricken out. Dorsey and Brady both had a strong friend in the Administration.—N. Y. Sun.

—Among the recent marriage-licenses issued at Chicago were those to Wincenty Bakowski and Karzyna Birzyski, August Floerke and Berth Barzarskie, Jan Dawralowski and Josephine Mazkoiski. Still, despite these facts, there are those who marvel that divorces are so rife in that city. There can be no conjugal felicity in a household in which the head is addressed seven days in the week as Mrs. Dawralowski or Mrs. Bakowski.—Indianapolis Journal.

—New Yorkers guessed at the number of dollar bills required to balance a \$20 gold piece. Some guessed 350, the lowest guess, some 1,000, the highest estimate. It will surprise a good many to know that it took only 34.—Detroit Post.

—Charles Thomas was drowned in Quinipia River, at North Haven, Conn., while helping to pull a shad net ashore. His body was recovered in the net with twenty bushels of fish.