THE STATE COMMITTEE

CONGRATULATES THE DEMOCRATS OF TENNESSEE

Upon the Splendid Prospect of Success That Is to Crown Their Efforts,

BUT URGES THEM TO CONTINUE TO WORK

Until the Polls Close on the 4th of November Next—A Rousing, Cheering Circular.

To the Democrats of Tennessee:

NASHVILLE, TENN., October 23.—As the present canvass is drawing to a close, I am directed by your State Committee to congratulate you and the entire party on the splendid outlook for the most triumphant party success we have achieved for many years, and to urge upon you, from this time forward, to use extra exertions and renewed vigilance in the discharge of your duties as the committeeman of your district, satisfied that it will afford you pleasure to work actively in the cause, and be a source of pride hereafter to be known as one of the workers in this memorable campaign who left no act undone that could in any way benefit any part of his ticket.

To the shame of Democracy, two years ago our party, through the negligence of its voters in not attending the election, was saved from defeat by only a small majority, and whether or not this humiliation shall occur again depends upon the activity of District Committeemen more than all other agencies combined. I therefore beg of you as a loyal party man desiring to promote the best interests of your country, to see that every Democrat in your district has a chance to cast a ballot in the interest of Democracy and the people in the approaching election, and if there is any danger of anyone being denied this high privilege, from age, infirmity or other cause, arrange special means to bring him to the polls. With such organization as herein indicated, and heretofore suggested to your County Chairman, this can all be easily done, but in no other way. I earnestly advise that you consult frequently with your County Chairman and carry out promptly and strictly his counsel and directions as to all these matters. While preparing for the final contest, you should remember with pride that you are working for worthy, honest, upright and able candidates, who represent in their principles constitutional liberty, the equal rights of all men before the law, home rule as against radical centralization, and honest economical government as against Republican extravagance, corruption and fraud.

Your party, for some sixty years in control of the government, was found true to every trust. Debauchery, extravagance and corruption found no lodging place in its councils.

The names of its statesmen made great by their wisdom in discerning, and their watchful care in promoting and protecting by wise legislation the interest of the whole people, illumine the brightest pages of American history.

The country grew and the people all enjoyed equal rights and privileges under the law, with no favored classes as under radical rule, were prosperous, contented and happy. "The laborer was worthy his hire," and his wages, with no burdensome tariff taxation was sufficient for his wants and advancement, and the strikes of starving workmen and the lockouts of monopolistic corporations were unknown in the land.

The rails of your merchant marine, protected by our gallant little navy, carrying the products of the farm and factory, whitened every ocean.

Governed with honesty and strict economy, with the burdens of tariff taxation brought to the lowest point that would meet the expenses of the government, the advancement of the nation during the closing years of Democratic rule, in all the avenues of trade and development, but more especially in all branches of manufacturing, as shown by census tables, was, by a large per cent., more rapid than at any other period of our history. Through the statesmanship of your party and the valor of our soldiery under its command, our enormous public domain (except frozen Alaska), the richest in the world, the grandest heritage ever bestowed by any party on its people, was acquired, and so long as Democracy remained in power was held to furnish homes for the homeless, as the common property of all.

With the record of its statesmanship and fostering care of the interest of the people, fresh and bright on the pages of history, the Democratic party surrendered the reins of power to the Republicans, who, elated with success and unrestrained by the constitution or the law, through the conduct of their rulers (for I believe the rank and file of their party to be honest), made a history, which, when read, is but a sickening detail of rings, deceit, debauchery, extravagance, corruption and fraud.

With satanic deceit they denounce the penitentiary lease. They inaugurated the system, squandered nearly a half million of the public money in running it; their present mayor of of Chattanooga, elected by his party with a full knowledge of the facts, recommended it, and their candidate for Governor, Col. A. A. Taylor, in 1875 voted for it. Add to this the refusal of the Republican Senate of the United States to take action on various bills passed by the Democratic House, prohibiting the employment of convict labor and the use of materials, the product of such labor, on any of the public works or buildings of the government, and you have the hypocrisy of their declaration clearly established. While in power during the dark days of reconstruction, they brought the State to the verge of bankruptcy by the issuance of millions of bogus bonds. In the Legislature of 1875, A. A. Taylor by resolution denounced these bonds as fraudulent and void.

In this canvass the Republicans, true to their history of inconsistency, nominate and support this same A. A. Taylor for Governor, while they denounce and abuse the Democrats because by a compromise of this debt, alike satisfactory to commonwealth and the bondholder, they removed this unjust burden from the shoulders of the people, restored confidence in the integrity of the State and brought its credit to the highest point ever known in its history. Posing as the friend of labor, they pass laws authorizing the hire of pauper labor from the old world to be brought in competition and to displace the free labor of America.

Under the false cry of protecting wages, they enact class legislation in the interest of monopoly, whereby, while the laboring classes, the great body of the people, are held in the bondage of poverty, the favored few, pets of Republican power, are enabled to accumulate fortunes, the mere computation of which dazes the mind.

Vanderbilt, with his $250,000,000, equal in value to nearly all the wealth of the whole State of Tennessee; Gould, with his $100,000,000; Sage, with his $50,000,000, and 100 others, not necessary to name, with yearly incomes of $1,000,000 each, are but a few of the many examples of how the labor of the many has been ground in the dust by the class legislation of the Republican party in the interest of their favored monopolists.

Claiming to be the friend of the poor man, they lay a high tariff tax on the necessaries of life and a low one on the luxuries used only by the rich.

They tax the silk goods of the rich only 50 per cent., while the woolen blanket is made to pay from 60 to 100 per cent.; pianos and guitars pay 25 per cent., while cotton cards and curry combs are taxed 45 per cent.; 30 per cent. pays the tax on fine fur robes, while woolen shawls are assessed 60 to 80 per cent. They let off statuary and diamonds at 10 per cent., and make it up on pocket knives at 50 per cent. The prop and pet of their party, grown rich under its fostering care for the few, can "drink and grow merry" on champagne taxed only 47 per cent., while the man who labors for him at a pittance a day must pay 148 per cent. on the castor oil that he gives to his sick child. They delight in this claim that they are the poor man's friend, and they are clearly determined to make their claim perpetual by keeping him always poor. In their national platform of 1884 they declared that they would correct these inequalities in the tariff tax, but when a bill was offered in the last Congress by a Democrat for that purpose, true to their instincts of oppressing the poor in the interest of the rich, they forgot their pledges, betrayed the people, and refused to grant the relief they had promised.

To catch the Irish vote they declared in their platform for home rule for Ireland, and established the sincerity of the declaration by advocating centralization from every stump in the State. Carry the centralizing theories of Col. A. A. Taylor to their legitimate conclusion, and the result would be that the administration of the affairs of Tennessee would be taken out of the hands of its people and placed under the control of the National Government, just as Ireland today is under the control of the British Parliament. Do the people wish to manage their own affairs, or would they prefer to follow the lead of Col. A. A. Taylor and turn over the control of our domestic institutions to the tender mercies of New England fanaticism?

Pretended advocates of honest elections, they have regularly resorted to every species of fraud known to the calendar of crime in order to maintain their hold on power by defeating, if necessary, the will of the people at the polls.

By a scratch of the pen of our so-called Gov. Brownlow, whole counties were disfranchised; by the edict of a rump Legislature the people of whole States were deprived of their citizenship. By the order of a brigadier general, legislatures legally elected and constituted were dissolved, and in many cases the places of the members were filled with usurping criminals. They degraded our army by using it to drive legal voters from the polls, and with their deputy marshals, armed with bulldog pistols, appointed in many instances because they were experienced in crime, they over awed the people on election day and made elections by the ballot a mockery.

By threats to some that their pensions would be stopped if they voted the Democratic ticket, and by promises to others that theirs would be allowed if they voted the Republican ticket, they, as shown by indisputable proof, systematically made the Pension Office in distributing the bounty of the nation to disabled soldiers resist in the dirty work of debauching the ballot box.

As a crowning infamy to these gross outrages on the elective franchise, they overturned the will of the people, and by fraud, corruption and threatened force perpetrated the crime of the ages in the inauguration of Rutherford B. Hayes as President, knowing that Samuel J. Tilden had been duly and legally elected, and then, with a shamelessness that passes belief, they rewarded ninety-six of the participants in the crime with high and responsible offices, at an aggregate annual salary of $242,170, or $968,680 for their full term of four years.

Deceitfully assuming to be the special advocates of purity and economy in the management of public affairs, they lowered the standard of official character by the appointment of unworthy political tools to high offices, and by their extravagance in the use of public money, they taught their unworthy agents and officers to be careless, wasteful and dishonest in handling the public funds. Under this loose rule a reign of fraud and corruption was inaugurated on every hand; culminating in the organization of rings for pillage and plunder in nearly every branch of the government.

The history of the Credit Mobilier frauds, the Boss Shepherd ring frauds, the Degolyar pavement frauds, the safe burglary frauds, the whisky ring frauds, the Belknap frauds, the Robeson naval frauds, the medical naval frauds, the Indian Bureau frauds, the star route frauds, and the frauds committed in the farcial trial of the star route thieves, has been so often written that the only repetition it needs is to say that millions on millions of the nation's money, wrung from the tax payers by the most oppressive taxation ever imposed on a free people were stolen from the Treasury by the dishonest public servants placed in high positions by this "God and morality party."

The Republican officials having control of the government became trustees, charged with the duty of guarding and protecting the rights of the people in the public lands, but instead of protecting their rights, they betrayed the trust, and pursuing in this, as in the discharge of other public duties, a course of wasteful prodigality and reckless disregard of the rights of others, they granted without consideration to favored railroad corporations tracts of public domain so immense in the aggregate that the mind fails to grasp their extent.

Two hundred millions of acres of the people's land given by the Republican party to the favored friends tell but a part of the tale. Fifty million acres of this land, forfeited by the roads, have been restored to the people through the efforts of a Democratic Congress, and acts have been passed by the Democratic Congress to restore nearly 50,000,000 more; but the Republican Senate, true to the history of their party in promoting the interests of the rich at the expense of the poor refuse to return the land to its rightful owners.

By class legislation they have crippled the commerce of the nation, driven our merchant marine from the seas and closed the markets of the world against us, and while nature may reward the toil of the farmer with a bountiful yield of all the products of the field and farm, having no market for the returns of his industry, he finds the road to prosperity and advancement closed against him.

When the Republicans took charge of the affairs of the government, our gallant little navy was the pride of our people, and the public money with untinted hand was used to maintain and improve it. With reckless waste, and frauds too gross for language to fitly describe, in the short space of a few years they spent $400,000,000, an amount more than sufficient to have built the finest navy in the world, but instead of this, they left a navy so poor in all its equipments as to be a disgrace to the nation and bring us in contempt with all other nations of the earth.

After twenty-four years of this reckless rule the banner of Republicanism went down in defeat and Democracy again resumed the reins of power, and already the results of honesty and the faithful discharge of public duty are seen and felt on every hand. The appointees to public place are servants of the people and not as heretofore the tools of schemers and rings.

Strict economy, followed by the saving, as shown by the records, in a few short months of many millions of money to the people, is the rule in every department of the nation.

Confidence in the honesty and integrity of free government is being restored, and when the class legislation enacted by the Republican party in the interest of the favored few shall have been repealed so that all men may have in the race of life equal chances before the law, an age of prosperity to the whole people will be ushered in greater than ever before known in the country's history. Very truly yours,

T. M. McCONNELL, Chairman.

THE PILGRIM.

I.

The way is dark, my Father! cloud on cloud
Is gathering quickly o'er my head; and loud
The thunders roll above me. See I stand
Like one bewildered. Father take my hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
Thy child.

II.

The day goes fast, my Father! and the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees ghostly visions. Fear, a spectral band,
Encompass me. O, Father, take my hand,
And from the night,
Lead up to light
Thy child.

III.

The way is long, my Father, and my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal;
While yet I journey through this weary land,
Keep me from wandering, Father, take my hand,
Quickly and straight
Lead to heaven's gate
Thy child.

IV.

The path is rough, my Father! many a thorn
Has pierced me, and my weary feet, all torn
And bleeding, mark the way. Yet Thy command
Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand,
Then, safe and blest,
Lead me up to rest
Thy child.

V.

The throng is great, my Father! many a doubt
And fear and danger compass me about,
And foes oppress me sore. I cannot stand
Or go alone. O, Father, take my hand,
And through the throng
Lead safely along
Thy child.

VI.

The cross is heavy, Father! I have borne
So long, and still do bear it. Let my worn
And fainting spirit rise to that blessed land
Where crowns are given. Father, take my hand,
And reaching down,
Lead to the crown
Thy child.

VII.

The day is dark, my child, but leads to light;
I would not always have thee walk by sight;
My dealings, now, thou can'st not understand;
I meant it so; but I will take thy hand
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
My child.

VIII.

The day goes fast, my child; but is the night
Darker to me than day? In me is light;
Keep close to me, and every spectral band
Of fears shall vanish! I will take thy hand,
And through the night
Lead up to light
My child.

IX.

The way is long, my child! but it shall be
Not one step longer than is best for thee;
And thou shalt know at last, when thou shalt stand
Close to the gate, how I did take thy hand,
And quick and straight
Lead to heaven's gate
My child.

X.

The path is rough, my child! but, oh! how sweet
Will be the rest for the weary pilgrim's feet,
When thou shalt reach the borders of that land
To which I lead thee as I take thy hand,
And safe and blest
With me shall rest
My child.

XI.

The throng is great, my child! but at thy side
Thy Father walks; then be not terrified,
For I am with thee; will thy foes command
To let thee freely pass; will take thy hand,
And through the throng
Lead safe along
My child.

XII.

The cross is heavy, child; yet there is One
Who bore a heavier for thee; my Son—
My well beloved; with Him bear thine, and stand
With Him, at last, and from thy Father's hand,
Thy cross laid down,
Receive thy crown,
My child.

Jay Gould and Party at St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, MO., October 23.—Jay Gould and party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. George Gould, A. L. Hopkins, Col. R. C. Clowry and Capt. Schackford, arrived in St. Louis last night, and are quartered at the Southern Hotel. Mr. Gould says that his tour of inspection of his Western railroad property has shown him that the lines are all in a most excellent condition, financially and physically. As to the matters of new construction, he said that the projected roads would be rapidly pushed to completion, and that the coming year would doubtless witness the commencement of a new road or two. The party will leave for the East tomorrow.

Killed a Burglar.

IONIA, MICH., October 23.—Thursday night Edward Cole and two companions tried to break into Victor Jewell's house five miles north of here. Jewell ordered the men away but they paid no heed to his warning and he fired, killing Cole. Jewell delivered himself into the Sheriff's hands yesterday.

A Second Dividend Declared.

WASHINGTON, October 23.—The Comptroller of the Currency has declared a second dividend of 10 per cent., making in all 40 per cent. in favor of the creditors of the Logan National Bank of West Liberty, O.; and a sixth dividend of 5 per cent., making in all 95 per cent in favor of the creditors of the First National Bank of Monmouth, Ill.

THE FUTURE OF OUR GIRLS

A DREARY OUTLOOK FOR THEM EVERYWHERE.

The Perplexing Problems of Most Parents—If They Must Marry, Whom Shall They Espouse.

Joe Howard in the Boston *Globe*: Of the 25,000,000 of children in this country, it is fair to assume that 15,000,000 are girls between the ages of one day and 18 years. What to do with children is one of the most perplexing problems known to the ordinary parent, but that is sinking into comparative insignificance in the presence of the momentous question, What is to be done with our girls? While in Chicago a few days since, I was informed by Carter Harrison, the driving and impetuous Mayor of the city, that the women and shop girls of that city were indebted to a socialistic Alderman for an ordinance directing and compelling the shopkeepers of the city to provide seats for their female employes. A crying evil is that which we see, and to a certain extent participate in every day of our lives, that which compels women, old and young, and girls of tender age to stand upon their wearied feet from early morn until the evening shades, when the doors are closed to trade and traffic.

But physical rest is, after all, a small part of the desideratum.

Our girls are in a precarious position, and stand upon places far from secure.

The flippant answer which naturally arises to the lips of ninety-eight out of every 100 readers of the question, "What is to be done with our girls?" is "Marry them."

"Well, now, let us look at that for a minute. The girl of today must marry the boy of today."

What will he be in ten years from now? I do not refer to the city boy alone, but to the boy of the country, the average lad of the day. How does he compare with his sturdy father or his manlier grandfather? What are his habits? First and foremost an excessive indulgence in tobacco. The cigarette fiend looms upon us from every corner. He makes offensive the platform of every street car. He stenches the foyer and corridors of every theater; he promenades impertinently along the streets of the city, poisoning every foot of God's public air. Do you mean to tell me, as a serious man, the father of a daughter, that you would cheerfully yield her to the embrace of a man whose nerves are shattered, whose muscles are flabby, whose morals are undertoned, whose eyes lack lustre, whose blood is thinned, and who knows better than you, be he young or old who reads this letter, that the vile stuff these boys tamper with so continually is a deadly poison, working subtly, slowly, surely, but working to a ruin they can never hope to overcome or eradicate.

But that is one path our boys pursue, only.

Let us follow them into the realm of "John Barleycorn." We find that athleticism amongst a certain class of our young man, but no athlete, however muscular, has yet been found who could successfully cope in a series of wrestling matches with John Barleycorn; yet with what dexterity, with what accustomed ease, our young boys take their matutinal cocktail, their noonday whisky, their evening "pick me up," their champagne, their cordial, so that we see it every day of our lives, we see it every hour of the day.

Come with me to Brown's chophouse, a celebrated place, (and the mention of it can do Brown no good, for he has been dead these three years,) on Twenty-seventh street.

Who are these in bright array, this innumerable throng ordering pigs feet, oysters, woodcock, game of every name, chops, Welsh rarebits? What is it they are drinking? Champagne, Burgundy, whisky, brandy, all manner of mixed fluids. Who are they, I repeat? Well, they are boys to whom you expect to marry your daughters. The fire in their eyes is artificial, the flush in their cheek is born of the drink in their stomachs.

Take one of them by the hand, grip it, and he will almost scream with pain. Take him by the nape of his neck, push him away, he will stagger to and fro like a drunken man. Virility? They haven't any. Stamina? They don't know the meaning of the word.

Ask them a question in relation to politics, foreign or domestic. They will look at you amazed, light a cigarette and puff its noxious fumes into the air, and slink away with their poor little hands stuck in their pockets.

This is one element, one reason against the remark of "to whom we shall marry our daughters." There are other reasons, moral, physical, why marriage is not the one thing needful or the great desired end for girls well born or well bred.

What, then, are we to do with them?

It is gratifying to note that among the progressions of the day—in fact, of the age—is the labor of women, and in various realms of occupation, for self support and, therefore, self respect. Those which occur to us at the moment are, first, stenography; second, type writing; third, telegraphy; fourth, teaching; fifth, the last and worst of all, stores.

The physical requirements of an active, conscientious stenographer, typewriter and telegrapher are such as to tax the average woman's strength. Her head, her back, are liable to ache. Sitting in a cramped position causes her pains in the chest. No snow storm is ever pleasant to go out in, and exposure to the rains, and under a burning sun is likely to give her a thousand and one ills to which her particular kind of flesh is heir to, and that makes trouble in the office.

In my judgment the highest work performed by men or women is the teaching the young. Everything in the future depends upon the teaching in the present. The man or woman competent to take a child, to impress upon his mind what he should know, to mold his morals so that his feet will naturally tend to planes that are high and in paths that are noble, is fit to stand among kings and dine with queens. Yet the drudgery of the work can never be exaggerated in words. The pay is poor, the compensation, so far as reputation is concerned, is next to nothing, and the great sordidness of the world shows itself in no place so conspicuously as when it deals with the teachers of its children. Well, if it is not a good idea for our girls to take these various roads to success, or to become teachers, what ought they do? Go into stores as shop girls and parade themselves as "salesladies," little thinking of the ridicule they bring upon themselves by calling themselves names, which, if applied to their brothers and masculine friends, would be to heap contempt upon them? Who ever heard of a "salesforeman" or "salesgentleman?" Why not say "saleswoman" as well as "salesman?" It seems to me that one glance at the girls standing behind the counters of our great retail stores ought to satisfy any person that it is the last ditch into which they could get by any possible tumble. In these places the work has nothing stimulating about it. It stirs no latent energy, it acts in no sense as a tonic to the brain. It is physique wearing, patience exhausting. The average pay of these poor girls is $3 per week. Out of that they must pay their board, clothe themselves—and clothe themselves respectably, too—pay their car fare, the doctor's bills and for what little pleasure they get in the way of amusement. Now, I do not intend to preach morality, but I simply open the door and ask you to look in yourself at the 10,000 girls in this great city whose average compensation is $3.50 per week, with an enforced vacation in many of the larges stores of from six to eight weeks' duration, during which they get no pay whatever, and then tell me whether this is a school for virtue, whether this is a promenade on which can be safely placed the tender feet of girls too young to understand the meaning of the snares that encircle them, but old enough to wish to dress as well as their companions, and weak enough to follow any example, however pernicious, that they may get on.

Now, all this leads up to the question—Where shall they go? What shall they do? It seems to me that outside of the factories, where children are little better than slaves, there are fields of labor in which the unquestionable intellect and marvelous adaptiveness (physical) of woman might be utilized. I am not very familiar with spinning and the varied cognate employment connected with it, but I believe that there is a realm in which women could do an immense amount of work, and for which they would receive pay—they would hate to take "wages," I suppose—commensurate with their achievements. Household service, menial service, of necessity, occupy the time and attention of thousands. So far as cities are concerned, that class of work is monopolized almost entirely of foreigners, but throughout the great country, on New England farms, on Western ranches, there are opportunities where self respecting and self reliant girls could find congenial employment. The great picture dealers of this city tell me that they sell with wonderful rapidity, and at most gratifying prices, crayon sketches and water color pictures, done by men or women, so long as the subjects are unique and sympathetic. Women's intuitions are quicker, their sentiments are finer, and so they ought to be better able to select subjects which, being pleasant to them, would be agreeable to purchasers. A portion of our city churches have women organists. Some of our largest concerns have women accountants. The best proof reader I ever knew was a woman.

Women in a newspaper office, as a rule, are a nuisance. The reason of this is twofold: First, they insist in terms and in manner upon being treated as women. They want their copy judged more leniently; they want their little episodes of forgetfulness passed over very lightly, not because they were ill, but because they are women. The ordinary woman writer seizes almost intuitively upon fashions as her topic, as though dress and its idiosyncrasies were the chief thought of their readers, and therefore of themselves. They are unwilling to be directed. They are often petty and small in their comprehension of affairs. They are, as a matter of course, obviously precluded from certain phases of newspaper work, but in the composing room I have always found them as serviceable as a man, and in the proof room, as I say, the best reader I ever knew was a woman.

Literature, the world around, seems to be a fair field for women if they would be content to enter before the mast and work their way up, irrespective of their sex, or of any special domestic trouble that may be annoying to them. In other words, if they wish to stand shoulder to shoulder with their brothers, receive a man's pay for a man's work, they should be content also to take the risks and to expect the hazards, precisely as their brothers are compelled to; so that, after all, it seems to me the first thing our girls should be taught is the necessity of self reliance for their own support, the necessity of a training to some special end, and then go ahead with the understanding that their work is a life's work, into which matrimony, if it comes at all, comes as a divertant, and an aid, and a help.

THE TRAVELER AT SUNSET.

The shadows grow and deepen round me,
I feel the dew-fall in the air;
The mueezin of the darkening thicket
I hear the night thrush call to prayer.

The evening wind is sad with farewells,
And loving hands unclasp from mine;
Alone I go to meet the darkness
Across an awful boundary line.

As from the lighted hearths behind me
I pass with slow, reluctant feet,
What waits me in the land of strangeness?
What face shall smile, what voice shall greet?

What space shall awe, what brightness blind me?
What thunder roll of music stun?
What vast processions sweep before me
Of shapes unknown beneath the sun?

I shrink from unaccustomed glory,
I dread the myriad voiced strain;
Give me the unforgotten faces,
And let my lost ones speak again.

He will not chide my mortal yearning
Who is our Brother and our Friend,
In whose full life, divine and human,
The heavenly and the earthly blend.

Mine be the joy of soul communion,
The sense of spiritual strength renewed,
The reverence for the pure and holy,
The dear delight of doing good.

No fitting ear is mine to listen
An endless anthem's rise and fall;
No curious eye is mine to measure
The pearl gate and the jasper wall.

For love must needs be more than knowledge;
What matter if I never know
Why Aldebaran's star is ruddy,
Or colder Sirius white as snow?

Forgive my human words O Father!
I go Thy larger truth to prove;
Thy mercy shall transcend my longing;
I seek but love, and Thou art Love!

I go to find my lost and mourned for
Safe in Thy sheltering goodness still,
And all that hope and faith foreshadow
Made perfect in Thy holy will.

—*Whittier, in the Independent.*

Accidentally Shot.

NASHVILLE, MICH., October 23.—A young man named Vickers, living seven miles south of here, yesterday accidentally discharged his gun, the load going through the heart of Mrs. Effingham, his mother-in-law, killing her instantly.

Business Booming at Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, PA., October 23.—This city is experiencing an industrial revival just now which is growing greater every day. From talks with half a hundred leading manufacturers of iron, steel, glass and coke today, it was developed that the mills, factories and ovens are running to their fullest capacity, and in many instances orders are ahead for months of steady work.

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