The Democrat.

Published Every Monday, at

WESTON, LEWIS COUNTY, W. VA,

JAMES W. WOFFINDIN,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Three Months	$ .50
Six Months	1.00
One Year	2.00

☞INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.☜

The Democrat.

IT'S THE TRUTH THAT HURTS.

VOL. VI. WESTON, W. VA., MONDAY, AUGUST 26, 1872. NO. 8.

Jerry 'an' Me.

No matter how the chances are,
Nor when the winds may blow,
My Jerry there has left the sea
With all its luck an' woe;
For who would try the sea at all,
Must try it luck or no.

They told him—Lor', men take no care
How words they speak may fall—
They told him blunt, he was too old,
Too slow with oar and trawl,
An' this is how he left the sea
An' luck an' woe an' all.

Take any man on sea or land
Out of his beaten way,
If he is young 't will do, but then,
If he is old an' gray,
A month will be a year to him,
Be all to him you may.

He sits by me, but most he walks
The door-yard for a deck,
An' scans the boat a-goin' out
Till she becomes a speck,
Then turns away, his face as wet
As it she were a wreck.

The men who haul the net an' line
Are never rich; an' you,
My Johnny here—a grown-up man—
Is man an' baby too,
An' we have naught for rainy days,
An' rainy days are due.

My Jerry, diffident, abroad
Is restless as a brook,
An' when he left the boat an' all,
Home had an empty look;
But I will win him by an' by
To like the window-nook.

I cannot bring him back again,
The days when we were wed,
But he shall never know—my man—
The lack o' love or bread,
While I can cast a stitch or fill
A needleful o' thread.

God pity me, I'd most forgot
How many yet there be,
Whose goodmen full as old as mine
Are somewhere on the sea,
Who hear the breakin' bar an' think
O' Jerry home an'—me?

JOHN RANDALL'S WIFE.

"Will you let me have it, John?"

"No, Georgy, I can't."

John Randall uttered his refusal of his wife's request very decidedly, as if he felt the request was unreasonable; and yet there was an undercurrent of grieved impatience in his voice, and a look of perplexity and self dissatisfaction in his eyes. He wanted to see his wife rise from the breakfast table, and thereby signify her acquiescence in his decision, before he went off for his morning walk to the mill.

Georgy, however, did not rise. Her looks did not express acquiescence. She was a pretty woman—very pretty; tall, slight, very fair, with large, clear, steady eyes and profuse brown hair. Besides her beauty, she had an air of delicate, graceful composure rather peculiar, and a voice that suggested alto flute notes. For all this she was simply the wife of a master machinist in the great Haliburton Print Works of Millville, and mistress of one of the small, white factory tenements, whose long, orderly rows constituted Millville proper.

But Georgie did not belong to the factory element, although she had married into it. She had been brought up by a relative, upon whom she had been left dependent, and whom she called Aunt Appleton.

Aunt Appleton lived at the other end of Appleton—the west end—among the Haliburtons, the Dilloways, and the Verses.

Perhaps, under the circumstances, Georgy might have looked a little higher than John Randall. But then John was as good as gold—strong, steady, manly, true.

Aunt Appleton had the sense to rejoice at the reception of her pretty protege, and the generosity to give her a liberal outfit—her furniture, a complete wardrobe, a nice wedding.

It had been very agreeable to Georgy to have these things. She was fastidious to the core. She enjoyed advantages of position—her good clothes, her prestige among the other wives of the other officials in the print works. She was fastidious—perhaps a little to fastidious for her place.

John Randall had reached his last button—a somewhat shiny button on a somewhat shiny coat. He had neither time nor pretext for lingering. At this last moment his wife raised her eyes, clearly, unflinchingly, to his face.

"Why not?" she asked, in her own sweet voice.

It is never pleasant for a man to be called to an account—about money (and of course it was money, and money only Georgy wanted) by a woman, and that woman his wife. John's face flushed a little; a hot retort pricked the very tip of his tongue, but he did not utter it. He was a very patient man, naturally; and then he had that deep, pure love for his pretty wife which overreaches all slight shocks:

"I have exceeded my salary every month since we were married, Georgy," he said. "The first of January will be here in a few weeks, and I shall not be able to meet all my bills that are due. I don't feel that we ought to trifle away a penny of money. I don't believe you do, either."

"I shall say no more about it," she returned. "I ought to wear a new pair of gloves to call on Paul's bride, but if you can't give them to me I must do without them."

John Randall's brain was fine enough to understand that this was not the acquiescence he wanted. He would like to indulge her, but there was the fact that, if he begun it, he should be always behind-hand, always poor.

This was his fact. Georgy had hers, also—that she was always to be denied and disappointed. She didn't mind so much wearing the old gloves on this occasion; that which troubled her, which was wedging itself painfully into her convictions, was that she would have to give up all the little luxuries and elegancies that she so craved; that her future was to be a plain matter-of-fact routine, deprived of those gratifications in whose absence she felt a sort of moral starvation.

"It don't seem as if you ought to be disappointed, Georgy," said the husband, finally. "You know just what my salary is, and just how far it will go. We used to talk about saving something every year, so that I might better myself one of these days. I don't like to deny you."

"Never mind," she said, rising.

She was one of those women who say too little rather than to much.

John went off to his work. Bridget, the girl-of-all-work, came in to clear the table. Georgy dusted the parlor, and made the pudding, fed the canary, and then placed the sewing machine in the window, facing the dull, leaden light of the November day, and sat down to stitch wristbands. She had been married more than a year, and was making her first shirt for John. She was very thoughtful,—a dogged pain on her face all the while.

"Perhaps I shall stay to Aunt Appleton's to tea," she said to her husband at the dinner-table. "If I do you will come for me, won't you?"

He reflected a moment.

"I told you last night, Georgy, that I should have to be from home an hour or two this evening. There is to be a meeting of the officials of the mill at half-past seven. I should be too tired to dress and go up to your aunt's afterwards."

"I have forgotten," she said quietly; so quietly that he thought she did not care.

When he was gone she went to her bedroom to arrange her toilet for the call. She had a genius for dress; and, despite the mended gloves, she looked as stylish as she did pretty.

Just as she approached her aunt's gate old Mrs. Haliburton, in her velvets and steelest of steel-colored silks, was being handed from her carriage by her son. The Haliburtons were the owners of the mill in which John Randall was employed. Stephen the only son, had just returned from a five year's residence abroad. These two facts caused Georgy to scrutinize the mother and son somewhat closely; and doing so, Stephen Haliburton raised his hat to her.

"A pretty face," he remarked, carelessly, to his mother. "I suppose it is some one I have known or should know."

Old Mrs. Haliburton, with her keen eyes and beak nose glanced sharply back toward Georgy, whom she had not perceived, and nodded.

"It is that young person whom Jane Appleton brought up. She is married now to one of our men, I believe."

Georgy found Paul Appleton and his bride holding a sort of formal reception. The rooms—where her own wedding had been solemnized a year before—were quite filled with guests. A very dainty and graceful bride was the new Mrs. Paul, in her lavender trim and point lace shawl. Georgy tried not to feel the least tinge of envy as she looked at her.

Aunt Appleton had always sense of gratitude towards her protege for having forborne to fascinate either of her own marriageable boys, and this gratitude cropped out in active kindness under the exultation she felt over Paul's match.

Georgy moved easily about the well-furnished rooms; somewhat she seemed just fitted for such surroundings. The subdued, well-bred manners, the faint perfumes, the refined faces, and the rich dresses, were like a stimulant to her. She needed such quickening to be fully herself. Her composed, delicate beauty unfolded to perfection in this atmosphere.

She had been talking to one and another, taking in shapes and trimmings with her quick artist's eye, and in a pause was just reflecting upon the hang of the new curtains when a voice said near her:

"I seem not to be able to recall you at all, Mrs. Randall. Yet I must have known you before I went away. My mother has just told me your name, and I have come to reclaim acquaintance if you will permit me."

"I remember you perfectly, Mr. Haliburton," Georgy returned quietly. "I was hardly grown up when you left us, five years ago."

"Five years! Ah, true enough! Won't you take this chair? What a lovely lily! Why, it is not real?"

"No; these wax flowers are very like nature, though—almost a plagiarism; don't you think so, Mr. Haliburton?"

"Why, yes. It must be quite difficult to make them. I dare say they bring a good price."

Under her serene smile a quick thought went through Georgy Randalls's mind. She began to examine the gentleman before her with interest.

Stephen Haliburton was a gentleman by habit, and a man of the world by a force of circumstances. But nature intended him for a diligent, painstaking, persevering man of business.

If he was not a great or a very good man, it was because he had so much time, so much money, so much flattery. He was spoiled by his opportunities, yet he needed only the right influence to elevate him beyond himself. He was thirty years old now—he was past the age when a man disdains to be led by a woman. But Stephen Haliburton had never disdained it. He had always been led by the keen-eyed, beak-nose woman in steel silk, who, as Georgy talked with the heir, sat hold ing her wine-cup up to the firelight not far off.

The heir seemed to like Mrs. Randall's talk; perhaps because there was so little of it. In return he was rather unreserved—gossiping about his plans and his prospects. He said that he was glad to get home. He meant to settle down at Millville now; look after his factories and the operatives, and introduce some improvements. He wanted a better class of work—more tasteful designs; he hadn't seen a pretty print from the factory. Didn't Mrs. Randall agree with him?"

Yes: she agreed with him. It was a strange basis for parlor gossip—oils, chemicals, designs for calicoes. He was surprised to find how much she knew about it; and she—she was a little surprised herself. The most delicate pink began to flush her cheeks, the irises of her eyes grew into great black flakes, full of luster. All at once, at last, she turned a casual glance without the window.

"Why," she said, with a slight start, "it is almost dark. And I believe it is raining. I must go at once."

She stepped towards the window. Great plashing drops were falling upon the flagstones. The dull November daylight was almost gone.

Mr. Haliburton rose also.

"Did you walk?" he inquired. "Let us take you home. My mother will be going soon."

The little stir attracted Mrs. Appleton, who—most of the guests having gone—was devoting herself to Mrs. Haliburton.

"Stay to tea, Georgy," she suggested. "John knows you are here—does he not?"

"Yes; but it is raining. I think I had better not stop."

"I have been asking Mrs. Randall to take a seat with us, mother," interposed Stephen Haliburton.

"Ah, yes!" said the lady, with contracted nostrils and prolonged lip again. "I shall be happy."

And then the keen eye overlooked Georgy, as if to ask if there were any just cause fwhy the Haliburton carriage, the Halliburton horses, and it might be the Haliburton heir, should traverse the length of Millville to take home this young person, who had married one of the Haliburton employees.

Georgy stood unmoved, a little concerned as to whether her last dress and bonnet should walk or ride, not at all concerned as to her own disposal.

The factory bell had done ringing, and John Randall was in sight of home just as the carriage of his employer stopped at the door, and his wife stepped from it. He did not, however, overhear her say to Stephen Haliburton, "If you call to-morrow afternoon, I will show you what I mean."

"Had you a pleasant afternoon?" the husband asked, by-and-by, as they sat at the tea-table.

"Very pleasant," she said, thoughtfully.

"It was very polite in Mrs. Haliburton to bring you home."

"Yes, I should have spoiled my dress."

It was always with a little effort that John Randall could get his wife to talk, and she seemed peculiarly silent to-night, and absent as well as silent.

Her eyes were brighter, too, than common—her face a little flushed. He was too generous, too unselfish a man to begrudge her even a happiness in which he had no part; but something in her abstraction filled him with uneasiness. The uneasiness was not decreased when, reaching home a little before the usual hour the following afternoon, he met Stephen Haliburton just leaving the house, nor when he found Georgy with the same brightened eyes and hightened color as the night before.

That was the beginning of John Randall's trouble.

It was not so much common jealousy—a man's instinct of revolt at another man's admiration of his handsome wife—as it was a fear—a desperate, deathlike fear—that Georgy needed something he could not give to make her happy. He could never give her any luxuries. He could never say such things as he fancied Stephen Haliburton must be able to say to woman. But he loved her so! O heavens! he loved her so! How could he endure that anything should come between them?

"I won't wrong her and tease her with suspicions," he said to himself, in the depth of the night. "I'll just fight my way the best I can against it. I'll keep on steady. Perhaps she'll see it right by-and-by."

Poor fellow! he did not realize how his own determination implied the dreary thought that her heart was turned from him. He raised himself on his arms to look on her as she slept; and all through what followed he retained the pure, calm face, as it pressed the pillow, whitened by the moonlight that glinted the frost on the window-panes and flooded the room.

She seemed colder to him after this, and he kept silent.

He knew that she met Haliburton a her aunt's; he knew that when she went to the seaside the ensuing summer, for a week's visit to Mrs. Paul Appleton, there he was also. He knew that she seemed to be living a life apart from him; and once—that was when the iron entered his soul, when he went into her little desk, a present he had made her during their engagement—for a sheet of note paper, and found it locked and asked her carelessly enough for the key, she flushed and said she would get the paper for him.

But he kept true to the promise he made himself. He kept on "fighting his way against it as best he could," hoping, with a sick heart, that she "might see it right by-and-by."

The months wore away. The second year of their marriage was nearly completed. John had been very careful—as careful as Georgy herself—that there should be no outward or visible sign of misunderstanding or coldness between them. No suspicion had come to any that the second year of their married life had been less happy than the first. Nor had he ever omitted to give her any little indulgence within his power. He had prepared a surprise for her on the coming anniversary of their wedding during the year.

The anniversary fell upon Sunday; and so their little commemoration of the day must come the preceding evening. No allusion had been made to any celebration by either of them; but John felt sure, some way, that she could not let the time pass without some sign. For his own part, he had half resolved to attempt some explanation of their estrangement. Anything, he thought, would be better than this chilling reserve. With his mind divided between the anticipation of relief and jealous dread, he went to the counting house that Saturday night to receive his money. The Cashier looked up with a certain embarrassment at the approach.

"Ah, Mr. Randall—the accumulation you have left in my hands? To be sure! And, by the way, Mr. Haliburton spoke to me to mention to you that there were to be some changes made, and—and—but there he is himself, sir."

John Randall turned, with a feeling akin to desperation, to meet his employer. It had gone through him like a thunderbolt, as the cashier spoke, that he was to be displaced. Stephen Haliburton simply said, as John faced him. "I'll not detain you now, Mr. Randall. I shall call this evening to let you know of the changes I feel obliged to make."

And the owner bowed, and left him.

With the money in his nerveless hands, John Randall walked homeward like a man dazed. He was to lose his place. For what reason he could not conjecture. But to lose it was to lose reputation, courage—everything. He had never imagined such a possibility as that. The money that he carried—he should not dare to make a present of it to Georgy now. He might have to wait for other employment. It might be needed for their bare every-day bread, before he got work again. A chill like death struck to his soul.

Georgy, evidently, had not overlooked the recurrence of their wedding day. The cosy rooms of the cottage all wore a little air of festivity. Some slender vases held the gleanings of the flower-beds; chrysanthemums—blood-red, white and purple—verbenas, and scarlet geraniums.

She came to the door that night to meet him—one of her "company" dresses on, some knots of velvet fastening her collar, and seeming to give a glow and brightness to her white skin. He took her hand; she raised her face, and with a wild heart-bound he kissed it, as he had not for years before. She was coming back to him again! That was the thought that thrilled him. Her infatuation—if such it had been—was at an end; upon his new happiness, came the dreary recollection of his lost situation. He thrust the money in his pocket. By-and-by he would tell her all.

"You won't mind waiting supper for an hour, will you, John?" she asked, as she led him in. "I am going to give you something nice, by-and-by, and—I think Mr. Haliburton will be in."

John Randall's blood froze once more. It was not for him, then, that all these preparations were made. Georgy had never spoken Mr. Haliburton's name to him before. He could feel that she was embarrassed as she did so.

"I want you to dress, *John*," *she added*, coaxingly. "I have laid everything out for you."

It seemed to him that he would have turned upon her, but that he felt so broken by the thought of losing his place, and resented her gayety, her indifference, her secrecies—all that had made him so miserable through this long year. But he had not the spirit.

He went to dress as she had asked him. When he returned to the parlor Stephen Haliburton and his wife sat upon the sofa side by him. It was rare indeed to see Georgy's fair face so illuminated. Her cheeks were glowing, her eyes were sparkling.

As for Mr. Haliburton he was always the quiet gentleman, with no sense of being out of his place, no apparent suspicion of what was rankling in the heart of his employee.

What a nice little supper Georgy had ready. Yet nobody ate.

Finally the supper was over, and they went back to the parlor.

Georgy disappeared for a moment, and, returning, approached her husbands glancing shyly at the same time to her guest, whose face brightened beyond its wont as he caught her eye.

"We meant to make it all very formal John; but I see Mr. Haliburton thinks I might as well tell it at once in my own way."

She paused and a sober pallor overspread her husband's face.

"What was coming?" his eyes asked, with no faith that it was anything to lighten his secret burden.

Georgy nervously folded and unfolded a slip of paper which she held.

"This is for you, John:" and she held it shyly towards him. "My anniversary gift. I have been working for Mr. Haliburton, too, this year. And I have thirty guineas here—the price of the designs I have made from the calicoes."

"Georgy!"

"You never suspected it? I did not want you to till I knew whether I could succeed."

John Randall had no voice in which to word his amazement or his gratitude for his restored faith, which, though his wife did not suspect it was by far his most precious anniversary gift. She went on:—"I could always use my pencil nimbly, you know, John. And it had occurred to me one day why I couldn't do something with it for profit. I spoke to Mr. Haliburton, and he was so kind—you must thank him, John—he took so much trouble with my crude attempts; he did so much to encourage me. And now I am fairly in the way of work. I shall work better, to know that you know of it. I want to design for carpets by-and-by, as for prints; that pays so well—a percentage on the sale."

She stopped short' suddenly conscious of how much she was saying.

"I have a surprise, also, for you, Mr. Randall," added Stephen Haliburton, quietly. "I hope it, to, will prove agreeable. The universal testimony of the mill officials, as to your efficiency and trustiness, make me feel that I am not showing you a proper appreciation, and I desire to give you a somewhat more responsible position, with an increase of salary!"

The very glory of heaven seemed to be opening a way to John Randall out of all his trouble.

"I am too happy. Mr. Haliburton to talk much," he said in his straightforward way. "I have been depressed lately—the sudden removal of all causes for low spirits—"

He stopped short. The big tears rolled down his cheeks. Stephen Haliburton alone perceived what Georgy never suspected, that her secret had made her husband jealous. He grasped John's hand.

"My dear fellow, it's too bad! I feared it a little once or twice. Of course I could not hint it to Mrs. Randall."

"What, John?" What Mr. Haliburton?"

"Nothing, Georgy, that you will ever know." They were alone together, by-and-by, with their new-formed happiness. Perhaps Georgy equally believed that there was no more need for mystification.

"What ever made you think of it, Georgy?" her husband asked.

"Why, John, it was that day about the gloves. I set myself considering why you should have all the toil, and all the indulgence. I pondered how I could made or save something.

"I am happier than I ever thought I could be again, dear."

"Do you know, I have fancied you were unhappy lately, John, because you thought I was longing for things you could not give me? I could hardly wait for to-night to come to tell you all."

"My darling!"

And he folded his arms about her, with his face on her shoulder; and in the brightness and silence of the room, with its odor of flowers and glows of leaves, they felt their way through the coming future, safe confident, out of the reach of any bitter trouble, since they loved and trusted one another.

UNITED STATES CENSUS.—The census bureau makes public some valuable statistics in reference to coal mining in the United States for the year ending June 1, 1870. At that date the number of coal mining establishments in the Union was 1,650; hands employed underground, 64,440; above ground, 29,365; total, 92,805. Capital, $86,087,251; wages paid, $43,947,118. Number of tons of bituminous coal mined, 16,071,448; value, $32,505,424; number of tons of anthracite mined, 15,770,171; value, $38,787,-493. Total tonage of coal mined, 31,-843,119; value, $71,240,716.

HORSES FEET.—A veterinary observer writes to *The Prairie Farmer* that it is a mistaken notion that a horse is better for having large feet. He looks upon large feet either in horse or man as an indication that all the bones of the animal are soft and porous.

Gen. Farnsworth Speaks.

In his letter on the campaign, Gen. Farnsworth, a known Republican, who is out for Greeley and Brown, says:

The advocates of the election of Gen. Grant object to Mr. Greeley because he is supported by Democrats and former Rebels. But he was, like Grant, nominated by Republicans. The Democrats and Rebels didn't put him in the field—had nothing to do with naming him as a candidate, and they would have supported almost any other capable Republican who was honestly and sincerely in favor of a needed reform in this Government, had he been brought out *by the Republican* Convention at Cincinnati instead of Mr. Greeley. To my mind the fact that the former Rebels of the South and the Democratic party support him is the most gratifying spectacle that has been presented since the war, for it shows that they accept the verdict of the war and are willing to abide by it and by its legitimate results, only asking in return honesty in the administration of the Government, and the same rights of self-government which the citizens of the Northern States enjoy. If the election of Mr. Greeley will bring peace, good order, and fraternal good will in the South, it is certainly a "consummation devoutly to be wished." I think it will. The most intelligent people of the South, and those most interested in the preservation of good order there, say it will. A large and intelligent portion of the Republican, and, the entire Democratic party of the North say it will have that effect. The present Administration has failed in this, and is there any promise in its continuance for another four years of a better result? It is now seven years since the termination of the war, and what do we see? The advocates of the election of Gen. Grant are fighting the battles over again, repeating the same old, state denunciations, and threatening to hang Jeff. Davis on a sour apple tree. In my opinion, it is high time we should give our attention to issues which concern the present and future welfare of the country.

Mr. Greeley is a true type of the self-educated, self-made American Republican. With Chase, Sumner, and Hale, and Julian, and many other apostles of the Anti-Slavery cause, who are now, I am glad to see, in favor of his election, he helped to form the Republican party. From these men I received almost my first lessons in politics, and I have less distrust of my own judgment in this matter from the fact that I am still in their company. Mr. Greeley is thoroughly familiar with the history of our country, political, industrial, educational, and legislative. He has been successful in his own business. His education and profession did not instill any of the elements of aristocracy. They were essentially Republican in their influence. He is confessedly the chief journalist in America, and it does seem to me that that profession is quite as good a preparatory school for the Presidency, especially in time of peace, as an education at a military academy and the profession of arms. Who would not prefer the counsel or advice of Horace Greeley upon a political question to that of any one of the great military chiefs of the country? Who is a more competent judge of the statesmen and statesmanship of the country than he? I will not compare. The friends of the present Administration, it seems to me, are indiscreet in challenging comparisons. There are many reasons why there should be a change of Administration. I have been a member of Congress 13 years, and truth compels me to say that during that period the most wasteful and extravagant use of the public money, and the least accountability of those who have disbursed, have been during the present Administration. There can and will be no genuine Civil Service Reform under this Administration. The feeble apparent efforts which have been made in that direction are a standing joke in Washington among the chief friends of the Administration, and have only increased the methods of "how not to do it." Indeed, when they declare that the Administration is in favor of this much-needed reform, it is done with a wink of one eye at the grimness of the joke. There should be a change of Administration in order to arrest the tendency of Federalism and centralization, whither this one is rapidly hastening.

Greeley in New Hampshire.

At Lancaster, N. H., during his visit, Mr. Greeley was called upon for a speech and said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: It has never before been my happiness to visit this beautiful village, and yet a native of this State. I have often remembered the day when, more than half a century ago, I left in pursuit of opportunity and possible fortune elsewhere. The years that I have passed away from it have been full of important and remarkable events, and with some of them my name has been somewhat connected, as possible it may be in the future with other events. I can only say that from the beginning to the end I have tried to pursue that course which seemed to me consistent with eternal justice, and therefore calculated to advance the prosperity of my country and its people. Erring often, doubtless—for human wisdom is at best short-sighted sometimes harsh when it would have been wiser and juster to have been temperate and kind—I can only say that from the time when I first entered upon the discussion of public affairs to this hour, I have not much regarded party, considering party always simply a mean to an end ten times more important to the well being and the upright conduct of our government, of our people. Always acting upon that conviction, I have sometimes alienated friends on this side and friends on that side, now here and now there; but this was indispensable to an independent and honest political conviction. No man has ever yet pursued a thoughtful, observent, manly and independent course without something offending and alienating friends here and there. He must do it if he is to be entirely and rightly faithful to his highest convictions. Well, friends, there is much said about aspiration and ambition in this country of ours, and it is well that they should be aspiring and it is not ill that our countrymen should be ambitions. The grand result, the forwardment of mankind, is created by the agitators, by the men who stand out, by the men who dare to be wiser to-day than their fathers were day before yesterday. (Applause.) I can only say for that class, the class of whom I am a representative, the class who are said to be agitators, this: That many times when a man is accused of absorbing ambition he has been thinking, not of the plaudits of the multitude, not of the chances or the prospects of personal elevation.

Very often his mental eye has been fixed on some cottage in the land of his boyhood, where sits an aged mother, widowed, perhaps, gray, wrinkled and tottering, dividing her attention between that book wherein are gathered all her hopes of blissful immortality and those journals of records *wherein* she reads the story of her son's efforts, possible achievements, and hopes for the day when he may return and find her still living to greet and honor him as no shouts of an applauding multitude ever can do. So I say that tens of thousands who are misjudged of looking for grand opportunities for themselves or advancements for themselves, are thinking only of some spot where fond affection keeps watch over its loved one's career, and hopes that it may be, if not distinguished, at least useful to the country. Friends and neighbors, I am in the decline of life. I have passed my sixtieth year. Many of the preceding years have been years of agitations and trouble and despondency sometimes, or rather of the failure of the sunlight of hope. These years have made their impress upon me. I am older than I was when our late terrible trial began much older in feeling and in years; but, old as I am, I have an ear still. I think not deaf to the call of duty; I have a heart which I trust does not fail to beat responsive to the impulses of patriotism; therefore I am glad to see this company of people here to-night. Many of them doubtless disagree with me in the present or have disagreed with me in the past, or may disagree with me in the future, for we cannot read the future but I trust the most of them believe that whatever I have done, unwisely it may be, harshly it may be, I have done in faith and love for the best good of my country and her people. In that I trust. Friends of my native State, I greet you in that trust. I hope you will follow me in the future as you have followed me in the past. Judge me kindly if you may. If sometimes you are obliged to condemn me, judge me kindly, and believe that whatever of human error or imperfection I may have exhibited in the past, and may exhibit in the present, I still rejoice that here, in my native State, I am appreciated—that if my lot should bear me back to this, my native State, to spend here my latest years—if such future should befall me, I shall spend them among those who have looked upon me, many of them kindly, from boyhood, and will be glad at least to welcome me among them whenever I have a little time to spend here, and rejoice with me that through my efforts and their efforts or in spite of my efforts or their efforts, our country is great, prosperous and free, and our people, I may say are destined in the future to mark out a magnificent destiny, which shall be a guiding light for the nations of men through all coming time.

B. Gratz Brown's Acceptance.

The Evening Dispatch publishes the correspondence between J. R. Doolittle and B. Gratz Brown respecting the nomination of the latter for Vice-President by the Baltimore Convention. The letter of Mr. Brown is as follows:

Gentlemen of the Committee: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication advising me that I had been unanimously nominated as candidate for the Vice-Presidency of the United States at Baltimore. For this mark of confidence on the part of so large a representative body of my fellow-citizens, I cannot too deeply express my gratitude. The distinction is one which I *feel* to be in a great measure undeserved, where so many more suitable could have been found; and yet, should your action be confirmed, I shall endeavor to discharge the duties of that high place with fidelity to your trust, with devotion to the public interest, and with inflexible resolution to prove not unworthy of such choice

The fact that it deposes also upon the declaration of principles affirmed by the Liberal Republicans at Cincinnati and proclaimed without amendment by the Democratic Party at Baltimore, gives assurance that in this combined expression there is sought only the deliverance of the nation from a present great peril to its peace and liberties. To that end all minor considerations have been subordinated, and an illustration presented to the country of unselfish patriotism rather than any stickling for party advantage, which should convince all of the perfect sincerity of this movement.

It has involved no surrender on either part of any former convictions. It has not been negotiated or bargained. Its origin was from the people. Though differing in the past on some issues of great magnitude, yet, now that they are settled, there is hearty concurrence between us all upon the vital questions agitating the public mind. What conduct of national affairs that involves, your Convention has well set forth in its platform, and its true accord with the Democratic ideas that guided our earlier administrations is the best guarantee that it will restore equal rights, tranquil development, and constitutional rule.

Permit me also, gentlemen, through you to express my thanks to the great masses of your party who have since ratified the action with such signal unanimity, and to say to them that in accepting this, their nomination, I do so believing there is nothing in honor or in conscience that should prevent the most cordial co-operation henceforth in behalf of the politics presented. In conclusion, it is proper to state that a severe illness has intervened since the reception of your communication, which has delayed this reply until my recovery and return home.

With very great respect, yours truly,

B. GRATZ BROWN.

Sir Roundell Palmer's fee of $150,000 for attending to the interests of Great Britain at the Geneva Conference is said to be the largest single fee ever paid to a British lawyer. There have been several instances in the United States where $100,000 have been paid, Clarkson N. Potter having received that fee in a railroad case, and General Sickles a similar sum for ousting the Gould dynasty from Erie.

Facts and Fancies.

More than forty raftsmen have been drowned in the Wisconsin River the present season.

A Lumpkin (Ga.) watermelon has been found to weigh seventy-three and a quarter pounds.

Burdock, milkweed, thistles, and every other rank-growing plant should be cut down and burned before the seed ripens.

A Washington lady protested against the digging of a gas-pipe trench in front of her house, "because it looked so much like a grave."

There is more truth than poetry in the following line from an advertisement: "Babies after having taken one bottle of my soothing syrup will never cry any more."

The following notice is posted conspicuously in a newspaper office out West: "Shut the door, and as soon as you have done talking business, serve your mouth in the same way."

Six hundred Communist prisoners, who, since their conviction have been in the military prison on the island of Aix, sailed on the transport Garonne for New Caledonia, where they are to serve out their sentences.

The man who does not sport a swallow-tailed coat in a watering-place ballroom stands a poor chance of dancing with the *elite*, while a drummer on a salary of ten dollars a week, if his coat-tails are bifurcated and he can waltz, mingles with the good and the beautiful as he chooses.

Fifty of the leading shoe manufacturers in Lynn have pledged themselves not to employ any one controlled by Crispin associations. The Crispins, in retaliation, have voted to withdraw all the money standing to their credit in the Lynn savings banks—about $1,500,000—which, they claim, is largely controlled by the manufacturers in their business.

One State has done something to prevent people from being killed for fun. Michigan has passed a law making it a misdemeanor, punishable by fine and imprisonment, to aim a firearm at any person, whether it be loaded or not, and if harm comes of such an act, the perpetrator is responsible criminally and pecuniarily. This is a salutary statute, and should be adopted in every State. Then the joke of aiming guns at people's heads would lose its point.

A WARNING.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "There are few persons exposed at present to greater temptations than hairdressers. Such is the demand for hair from those who are deficient in the article that not only will a rich crop of hair fetch an enormous price, but even stray locks have their market value. Under these circumstances it behoves ladies blessed with fine heads of hair to keep their wits about them when they enter a hairdresser's shop, otherwise they may find on leaving it that some of their abundance has been surreptitiously abstracted to relieve the wants of the necessitous. Recently a hairdresser in Birmingham was charged before the stipendiary magistrate in that town with an assault. It appeared from the evidence of the complainant, a girl of fourteen, that she went to the defendant's shop and asked to have her hair 'thinned and shampooed.' The defendant said it would not pay him to shampoo her hair, but he agreed to thin it. On leaving the premises she felt 'a conviction' that the work had not been done properly, and on examination of her head by her relatives it was discovered that, instead of the hair being 'thinned,' several patches had been cut off evidently with a view to their future use for the manufacture of chignons or 'French curls.' The hair was ultimately given up to the father of the girl; each tress was about an each in thickness, and one in particular had been 'tied at the top with an elastic.' The magistrate, in giving his decision, spoke in very strong terms of the hairdresser's conduct, and fined him £5, including costs, or in default two month's imprisonment at hard labor.

DRINKING WATER.—Drinking wine is a habit, so is drinking spirits, ale, cider coffee and water. The last is thought a necessity; but to drink much is a habit. Some people drink little not because their constitutions require less than others; it is their habit. Those people never perspire so much as those who drink more. The more that is drunk, the more water passes away, or the system would suffer. As it is, the strain effects it. The skin, the kidneys, bowels, lungs, all are drawn upon. The result is, as may be natrally expected, exhaustion. For this reason, the man who drinks much water, particularly during the Summer and in the hottest weather, is less able to endure fatigue. the water is of no benefit to him—that is, the excess. It must pass away, and this requires an effort of the system, which is the sweating process. Had he not used the excess of water, he would not have perspired so; it would not have been there for the system to expel. It is a habit to drink water so much; a false thirst is created. We should drink only what is needed. The habit of drinking more will soon be overcome, and the person will feel much stronger and more capable of bearing fatigue. In Winter, little fluid is needed beyond what our food furnishes; in Summer some more, but not much.

THE COMET.—For the benefit of those of our readers who may have been alarmed by the report that the earth would be destroyed in a short time, through collision with a comet, it may be proper to say that a very great difference of opinion exists upon the subject among the best-known astronomers of the age, a circumstance, which of itself, should have a reassuring effect upon the minds of the timid. The conclusions of the Italian astronomer, Donati, are most comforting. He is of opinion that the fears of the savants have been grounded upon the return to perihelion of Biela's comet during the month of August. However he does not share with them in the belief that there is to be a collision with the earth, for the reason that it will at no time approach nearer than one hundred and ten millions of geographical miles.

The Belgian Government has prohibited the importation of cattle from Germany and Russia owing to the prevalence of the rinderpest in those countries.