Anderson Intelligencer.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

FROM A DOMESTIC POINT OF VIEW.

Pantipsic Correspondence of the Springfield Republican.

I never until this fall realized the debt we owe the press, and I never appreciated the advantages of living in a country that elects its own rulers. My husband is a Democrat, and my father, who boards with us, is a Republican. On the 7th of November I took down my last winter cloak. The cloak cost $25, but it was short, and of course I couldn't wear it this season. It didn't seem as if I could wear my double Paisley shawl all winter, but I thought of the sufferings of the poor, our heavy church debt, and of the many obligations William had to meet the 1st of January, and I concluded I wouldn't say a word about it. I might be a dowdy, but I would go calmly forward, up the church aisle, supported by the smiles of an approving conscience.

When William came home that night he said New York had gone for Tilden; and there was a glow upon his brow and a light within his eye I hadn't seen there for years. The biscuits were light as a feather, and said I:

"William, what do you think I had better do about a cloak this winter? You know they don't wear short cloaks. I suppose you don't feel as if you could afford a new one?"

"See about it," said William, scraping the last drop of peach juice from his preserve plate. That's a dreadfully vulgar habit, and I've told William so over and over again, and I do wonder that, being a genuine, elegant Democrat, he will persist in it.

The next morning when I passed through the sitting-room, William sat shivering over a closed register, in his stocking feet, his hair uncombed, but he cried out from the top of his paper, "Democratic victories everywhere!"—"The country gone *en masse* for Tilden!" "Intense excitement and rejoicing!" We had waffles and maple molasses for breakfast, and I made the coffee myself. William had made one earnest dab at his head with the hair-brush, but had evidently missed. Father called for toast, and said he had neuralgic pains streaking all down the left side of his face. William read aloud soothing morsels from the Democratic paper, such as "Indiana gives Tilden 10,000 majority!"

"What do you think this morning about my having a new cloak, William?"

"Of course you can have a new cloak, if you need one. 'Full returns not yet received from Oregon, Nevada, Florida and Louisiana, but they are undoubtedly ours!'"

"Um!" said father.

I felt a good deal of anxiety about family prayers. William isn't a professor. Father leads devotions, and I was afraid he would be too supplicatory, but he prayed mostly for the heathen—Jews, and such like—but didn't refer to the Democrats, and only once—just after the heathen—alluded to our suffering country.

When William came up to dinner, he said returns of Democratic majorities were pouring in from all quarters, and said I:

"William, I've been thinking the matter over, and I do believe it would be the best economy to buy a fur cloak. Everybody is wearing fur. It might cost more at first, but it would be cheapest in the end; fur is so durable."

"How much will it cost?"

"Mrs. Col. Tucker's seal-skin sacque was $200 last winter, but I don't feel as if in our circumstances we can afford that. Furs are cheaper than last fall, and I think I could get a good, desirable article, not so rich as some, but still good enough for people in our circumstances, for $150."

"Um!" said father.

William had taken out a bank check and was reflecting, when in whisked the president of the Democratic club, and said Florida and South Carolina had gone for Tilden, and William was wanted down to the club room to see about the illumination. He filled out the check, and I went immediately down street and selected the cloak.

That evening a shade of anxiety, a scarcely perceptible tinge of melancholy, had settled on William's countenance, while father's neuralgia was better. William asked if I'd done anything about my cloak, and said if I hadn't he should suggest waiting a while, furs might be cheaper. He said, when I asked him about it, that the illumination had been postponed.

The next morning I heard the boys in the street screaming that Hayes was elected, and when I went down father was sitting on the front stairs coatless, and with his vest on one shoulder, while William balanced himself on the edge of the hat-stand. Both patriots were stocking-footed. They had just taken in the morning papers. Very little conversation was made at the breakfast-table, but father was extremely polite to William, and said he didn't know when he had eaten buckwheat cakes that tasted so much as they did when he was a boy.

At noon, William didn't stay to dessert, but father, having eaten his own pudding, drew William's untasted plate to himself.

The tears were welling to my eyes, and father kindly inquired why I wept.

"I've been thinking my old hat fixed over won't look at all suitable with my new cloak, but William is so blue, I can't bear to ask him for more money."

"Mercy on me!" said father, "don't cry over a bunnit! Go down and get just what you want, and then bring the bill to me."

My hat was to be of seal-brown. "Two feathers or three?" asked the milliner. I thought of the hundreds out of employment, of the destitution and want the winter would behold, of the vanity and pride of dress, but while I hesitated a newsboy, just out with the afternoon papers, yelled: "Florida and Louisiana both sure for Hayes!" I knew how father would feel, and said: "O, three, certainly!"

For two or three days there was a look, not so much of pure melancholy as of gloom, wrath and vengeance commingled in William's countenance, and he sprinkled pepper upon his beef-steak fearfully. Father said he awaited the action of the Louisiana returning board with confidence in their integrity, and sipped his tea with a spoon. I never knew father sip his tea with a spoon before in my life.

By and by it was reported that electors' names had been omitted from Republican votes in Louisiana, and father said there was a chill in these November days that struck to the very marrow, and William said he intended to arrange his business so that he could spend two or three weeks of winter in some southern clime—say in Georgia or Louisiana. That afternoon I went shopping, and at tea-time laid on the flesh four or five samples of seal-brown merino.

"William," said I, "which of these do you call the best piece of goods?"

His opinion coincided with mine. I held two bits off at a distance. "Ever so many women that I know have had dresses off that piece," said I. I laid the bits down a-sighed. Then I held them off again, as I said: "How dreadful it is to be poor!"

"If you want a dress so badly, get it, Mary Ann," said William.

"I really don't know as in our circumstances I ought, William."

"If there's anything I hate to see it is a shabbily dressed woman; get it." So, in order to satisfy William, I had to get the merino.

Since that time Hayes has been sometimes elected and sometimes Tilden. All disguises have fallen off in our family, and, though my father and William treat each other with forced politeness, such words as "corruption," "nigger," "bulldozed," have become familiar language in what I once hoped would be a refined, Christian household.

"William," said I, as I rung for more baked potatoes one morning, "I never allow myself to read the Beecher scandal much as I wanted to—and if it was worse than this I'm glad I didn't."

One day when Louisiana went for Hayes father promised me a new parlor carpet. If the question isn't settled before January, I think I can easily get the house re-furnished, and perhaps have a new china set and a silver dessert service. I'm so sorry the centennial is closed, for I know I could just as well spend another fortnight in Philadelphia, and I do believe I could have that lovely pink coral set I wanted so badly.

Dear *Republican*, I don't understand politics, but I am so glad I live under a Republican form of government, and I do feel sure, if any one makes good resolutions, and tries to be economical, and really means to be a good wife and daughter a way will open out of difficulties.

Sincerely yours,
MARY ANN.

THE LOST KEY.

"My dear Philip, have you seen my porte-monnaie?"

Mr. Walter's brow contracted slightly at the words, and he drew away the hand which had been caressing his wife's pretty hair.

"Is that porte-monnaie lost again?"

"Now Philip," said the little woman, with a word of pretty penitence in the lengthened monosyllable, "don't scold! Upon my word, it's the first time I've mislaid it this whole morning."

"It is too provoking, Jane," said the husband, pushing back the books on the table before him with a movement denoting intense irritation. "Will you never break yourself of this careless habit, my love?"

Jane was silent, looking down like a naughty child who had been chidden.

"You don't know what an annoyance these heedless habits are to a methodical man like myself, dear," he added, in a gentler tone, as the coral lip began to tremble and the eye to suffuse. "Do try to be more thoughtful, for my sake! Here is your lost treasure," he added, quietly drawing a tiny case of pearl and gold from his pocket. "I found it lying on the stairs, and thought it a most excellent opportunity for giving my careless little wife a lesson."

Jane clapped her hands at the sight of the restored treasure, and danced out of the room in girlish glee.

"A perfect child," murmured the husband, looking after her with a smile and a sigh blending unconsciously into one another. "Well, if I don't make haste I shall be too late for that engagement in the city. Let me see—the notes are in my iron safe, I believe. Nothing like locking up things and keeping the keys yourself. If Jane only followed my example—"

Mr. Walter paused abruptly, seeking in his various pockets, with nervous haste, for something which seemed not to be forthcoming.

"Very strange," muttered he, biting his lip. "I always put it in that waistcoat pocket. Possibly I may have laid it on the table amongst those papers."

The aforesaid papers rustled hither and thither, like animated snow flakes, as Mr. Walter hurriedly sought amongst their confused masses, but it was all in vain.

"I can't have lost it!" he exclaimed, in dire perplexity. "And every one of those notes are locked up in the safe, with no earthly chance of ever getting at them! But I am certain the key can't be lost! I never lose anything! It won't do to wait many minutes; I'll just put on a clean shirt and run down town. Hang the key!"

Mr. Walter hastened up to his dressing room to complete the details of his toilet, ere he left the house; but his trials were not yet destined to terminate. He was a methodical man, therefore his wardrobe was carefully locked; he always kept things in one place, therefore the keys were snugly reposing in one corner of the inaccessible iron safe.

He rushed frantically back to the library, hoping faintly that the key might be on the mantlepiece, where he had not yet searched. No, it was not there; but a treacherous ink-stand was, the contents whereof, by one unlucky sweep of the elbow, descended in an ebon cataract over his shirt-front—the shirt-front upon which alone he had depended!

"Well, here is a catastrophe!" he murmured, gloomily stanching the ink flow with his pocket handkerchief. "However, I can button my coat over for the present. Let me see—there is that money I promised to pay Smithson to-day, and now—"

He stopped short; a cold dew of dismay breaking on his forehead—the money-drawer was a fixture of the wretched iron safe!

Penniless and shirtless, what more desperate state of affairs could his worst enemy desire for him? There was a lower deep yet, however—would he not be characterless, likewise, if his wife should, by any inopportune chance, discover that he, the model of rule and order, had lost his key! So thought Mr. Walter, as he went off to a day of perplexities and mortifications in the city.

"If ever I tease Jane again about losing things," he muttered inwardly, as he entered the room on returning home, "I hope to be drowned with a hundred-weight of keys about my neck! It's certainly a judgment upon me!"

He unbuttoned his coat as he spoke, forgetful of the ink-stains of the morning. Jane uttered a faint scream, and shrank back, exclaiming, "My dear Philip, what is the matter with your shirt?"

"The matter! Oh!" said he, coloring and laughing. "I remember now—I spilt a little ink over it this morning It don't signify much."

"Do let me get you out another, my dear!"

"No, no," said he, eagerly detaining her; "it isn't at all worth while. Do sit down, my love, and be easy."

But Jane started away to carry her baby up to the nursery. Just as she reached the door, something jingled softly in the pocket of her little silk apron—she stopped in the passage.

"Oh! by the way, Philip, here is the key to your iron safe. I found it on the dining-room table this afternoon; and," she added, with an arch sparkle in her roguish eyes, "I thought it would be an excellent opportunity for giving my husband a lesson!"

She laid the key in his hand, and ran out of the room, as he recoiled involuntarily from the sound of his own pedantic words. As he contemplated the gleaming words of the little steel mischief maker in mingled delight and mortification, the echo of Jane's merry laughter on the stairs reached his ear like a chime of silver bells.

He laughed too—he couldn't help it!

Mrs. Jane Walter was a discreet little female. She never alluded to the subject of the keys again, and her husband was never after known to reproach her for carelessness.

— The human heart is like a pickle jar—you will get nothing out of it if you shake it in a hurry.

— Diphtheria is a sort of garroting disease. It takes a fellow by the throat and chokes a doctor's bill out of him.

— Two brothers by the name of Pigg have petitioned the St. Louis court for a change of their name to Peake. They find it impossible to get married, as no lady will consent to become a Pigg, and have all the neighbors asking her, "How is Mr. Pigg and the little Piggs?" And more than this, they are annoyed by bad boys singing under their window, "Big pig, little pig, root hog or die."

PROPHECIES RECALLED.

The Plot to Count in Hayes Understood Before the Election.

The conspiracy to deprive the people of this nation of the right to choose their President was foreshadowed by prominent Republicans even before the earliest voter had thrown his ballot on the morning of the 7th of November. The predictions of Mr. Blaine, Newton Booth, Murat Halstead, and others, have been verified so fully by the course of events up to this time, that we naturally recur to their language for light on the further development of the plot.

Three weeks before election day the following prophecy issued forth from the St. Louis jail, where the Republican editor of the *Globe-Democrat* was then confined for whiskey-thieving:

"No man elected by the process resorted to by the Democrats of South Carolina will ever be allowed to take his seat as President of the United States. This is our deliberate judgment."

Two weeks before election day James G. Blaine, in a speech at Buffalo, predicted Tilden's election in case New York went Democratic, and then, turning to his Republican auditors, asked, "Will you allow him to be inaugurated in that event?"

Two weeks before election day Senator Newton Booth, of California, in the course of a talk with a reporter of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, said:

"In the way matters stand at present, in case the final declaration of the choice for President depended upon the acceptance of the vote of one or more of the Southern States to which troops had been sent, the House would inevitably refuse to allow it to be counted in, and an appeal to force would be necessary in order to settle the matter.

"Reporter—What do you mean by force?

"Senator Booth—Physical force—war. * * * I think it is remarkably fortunate for the country that we have a Republican President, who is also commander-in-chief of the army, so that in the event of any serious complication, the government has at its head a man who will see it protected. There are a good many reasons why the Democrats should not be suffered to gain control of the government."

Two weeks before election Mr. Murat Halstead, editor of the strongest Republican newspaper in the West, and a close personal friend of Mr. Hayes, ventured on prophetic ground. His language was so remarkable that we printed it at the time, and we reproduce it here:

"If New York should happen to go Democratic, the probability is that there would be a disposition on the part of the Republicans to throw out the vote of those Southern States which were carried for Tilden by the intimidation of the blacks. I have heard the suggestion made that it would be moral perjury in Vice President Ferry and President Grant if they should consent to allow the electoral vote of States to be cast for the restoration of the Southern Confederacy, when they knew that a majority of the people of those States had been practically disfranchised, and when they had in their hands the legal proof of that fact.

"Now, if the Presidential election should turn upon the votes say of Mississippi, South Carolina, Florida or Louisiana, it would be impossible to avoid a desperate dispute between the two Legislative houses of the government. The way is already prepared, by the declarations of Republican Senators, for Mr. Ferry, acting Vice President, to assume the entire responsibility of counting the electoral votes. The House will not, of course, consent to this. The next thing is the position of President Grant. He is the commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States. The very practical question would arise whether he would sustain Mr. Ferry in the Senate. I imagine that the weight of inference is that he would. Perhaps he would do it by proclamation. That is what in the Spanish-American republics are called *pronunciamientos*. The situation will be exceedingly difficult, if not hazardous. Trouble would come upon us in a more dangerous shape than it did sixteen years ago. There is a sort of Mexican miasma in the political atmosphere."

At the time of their utterance these vaticinations were generally regarded as the voicings of demagogy or of folly. In the light of subsequent events they show that two months ago the leaders of the office-holding party had already determined upon a desperate programme in case of defeat at the polls. Whatever the result of the election, they were not to be disturbed in the enjoyment of place and power. To retain place and power, they were prepared to resort, if necessary, to Mexican methods.

It will be seen that the programme of the conspirators, as indicated by Senator Booth, and more explicitly by Mr. Halstead, has been carried out thus far to the letter. After all questions of fact, of legality, of constitutionality, of policy, and of moral right have been exhausted, and the issue is narrowed down to a question of troops. Senator Booth expressed his satisfaction that the military power was in the hands of a man who would not hesitate to employ it. The conspirators counted upon this even before the election. From the very first the success of the audacious scheme has depended upon his Mexican habits of thought, his carelessness of civil law, his dogged fidelity to the interests of friends and favorites. Grant is the mainstay of the conspiracy.—*New York Sun.*

THE LOCAL NEWSPAPER.—Wm. F. Switzler, one of the oldest and most respected of Missouri editors, has presented the following sensible view of the value of local newspapers in sustaining patriotism, fostering a love of our national institutions, and preserving the people from corruption and the despotism to which it opens the way:

"The invention of the electric telegraph and the substitution of the fast daily mails by railroad for the slow and less frequent lines by stage coach, not to mention the multiplication of industries corresponding in ratio with our increased population, having largely localized the country press and augmented its usefulness and efficacy. These powerful agencies have made the weekly country newspaper the organ and mouth-piece of the county or district in which it is published; a reflex of the opinions and an exponent and defender of the rights and interests of the people among whom it is specially circulated. It is theoretically and ought to be practically, an honest and sleepless sentinel on the watch tower of their liberties, and a guardian of their special interests, industries and activities whatever they be.

"As local self-government is essential not only to the peace and prosperity of the whole country, but likewise to the happiness and the highest civilization of each of its parts, so the local country press is indispensable to the proper development and defense of the interests of the respective communities which in the aggregate make up the nation. And as the abolition of local government would result in universal anarchy and disaster, and in the inauguration of the iron sway of collossal monopolies and centralized despotism, so the extinguishment of the country press would open the floodgates of a resistless torrent from the fountains of population, wealth and power.

"I am, therefore, firmly persuaded that the perpetuity of our free institutions in the spirit and form designed by our ancestors—institutions founded on the great central truth of equal rights to all and exclusive privileges to none—depends in no small degree upon the vigorous existence and fidelity of the country press."

A Sign of the Times.

It is a startling testimony of the extent to which some years of Radical ascendancy have debauched the minds of the people of the United States, that it has ever been claimed, much less insisted on, that a Returning Board can lawfully exist. The fundamental principle of republican government is that the will of the people is the supreme arbiter of what measures of public policy shall be carried on and what men shall conduct those measures. This will, it is a further principle, is to be manifested by the votes of the people, and all that any governmental power can rightfully do is to such votes, is to decide as to the day on which they shall be cast and the machinery by which the voice of the votes shall be made known. Of themselves 1,000 pieces of paper in a box are, of course, nothing but so many pieces of paper; they cannot declare the general conclusion at which all the votes have arrived, although each particular ballot unmistakably manifests its wish. Hence the unavoidable necessity of one set of officials to count all the votes in each box, and of another set to compute the general result of all the boxes. Out of this necessity arises the opportunity of Returning Boards, the animating principle of which is, that the ballots are to be counted not as cast, but as the Board thinks they ought to have been cast. Such an assumption is so absolutely destructive of the basis on which republican government exists that it is amazing the idea should ever have been tolerated for an instant in a country professing to possess free institutions. To say, as in Florida for instance, that three men are to be the final arbiters of each election is really to erect a government of the triumvirate, as fully as a polity of that sort once existed in Rome. And to repose a like power in five men, as in Louisiana, or in half a dozen, as in this State, is simply to vary the form, without changing the substance, of the oppression.

The true idea of republican government may, in fact, be illustrated by a device which is said to have been proposed for use in legislative assemblies, as follows: Over the Speaker's chair is a dial, and connected therewith are wires, operated on the principle of the telegraph, running to each member's seat. When the member votes *aye*, he presses the knob *aye* on his desk, or if he vote *no*, the knob *no*, and a corresponding result appears instantaneously on the dial at the Speaker's desk. This photographs the will of the assembly on the pending proposition, and affords no opportunity for a corrupt or blundering clerk to announce a wrong result. In popular elections, of course, this idea could hardly be operated, but the illustration will serve to show what republican government really means. The ballot should be as free as air when being cast, and as ineffaceable as adamant when cast.

These principles are so elementary that it is astonishing, we repeat, that a single voice has been raised throughout the United States in favor of such a right as that claimed by Returning Boards—the right, namely, to re-arrange the vote to suit themselves. This is such palpable knavery, such gross, open, declared swindling, that it could never have found an advocate unless some great corrupting cause had first broken down the barriers between the conception of right and wrong, of honesty and dishonesty, of good government and despotism. It will stand in American history as a most shameful page that *such* a question was actually litigated in two of our State courts. It is as if some gory ruffian were seriously to contend that murder was no crime, and insist upon the court, at the bar whereof he was arraigned, passing on the point. It is a crime, forsooth, to steal a hog, a fowl, a yard of cloth, but no offence to rob men of their participation in their own government, as manifested in their votes.

The Supreme Court of South Carolina, and the Supreme Court of Florida, following it, has pronounced any such claim absolutely groundless, and refused with a proper contempt to permit such a frontless defiance of law to clothe its nakedness with one single legal rag; and in so doing has spoken the plainest dictate of common honesty, common right and common sense. A Returning Board is like a pirate, *hostis humani generis*, the enemy of mankind, and it is a reflection upon the capacity of Americans for self-government that the claims of such buccaneers have ever been made the theme of a legal controversy. This could never have happened if a long prevalence of Radical rule had not, to some degree, sapped the foundations of the public honesty. No man, says the proverb, becomes a villain all at once, and there would not have been anywhere in the United States such a sign of turpitude as a defence or palliation of these scoundrel Boards, if a preliminary process of prostitution had not been carried on by the brigands who lead the Republican party.—*Charleston Journal of Commerce.*

OUR REVENGE.—Hon. B. H. Hill concluded a congratulatory address to his neighbors in Athens the other day as follows:

My Southern countrymen, the opportunity for our revenge has come at last, and let it be thorough and complete. But how shall we take revenge upon our enemies? Not by invading their country nor burning their houses, nor insulting their women! Not by placing disabilities upon their great men, nor by disfranchising their people! Not by placing them under the rule of ignorance and crime, reconstructing their States, and using the army to protect their robbers! No, no! We will do none of these things! We shall take revenge by giving them what their own Republican leaders have been unable and unwilling to give them—honest, peaceful, constitutional government. We will labor for our whole country and oppose no part of it. We will breed no carpet-baggers, disperse no legislatures, and deprive no invalid soldiers of their pensions. We shall guard sacredly the public credit, and pay faithfully the public debt. We shall make every foot of our soil sacred to freemen, and every freeman proud that he is an American citizen. Finally, we shall now build again our desolate South, and make it brighter, happier and more prosperous than ever before. Our children shall love it as the dearest land under the sun—once deceived and often wronged, but always honorable and brave and forgiving.

FANNY FERN'S ADVICE.—Mothers, consider it your religious duty to take out-door exercise, without fail, each day. Sweeping and trotting around the house will not take its place; the exhilaration of the open air and change of scene are absolutely necessary. Oh, I know all about Lucy's gown that "is not finished," and "Tommy's jacket," and even "his" coat thrown in your lap, as if to add the last ounce to the camel's back; still I say, up and out! Is it not more important that your children, in their tender years, should not be left motherless, and that they should not be born to that feeble constitution of body which will blight every earthly blessing? Let buttons and strings go; you will take hold of them with more vigor and patience when you do return bright and refreshed; and if every stitch be not finished at just such a moment (and it is discouraging not to be able to systematize in your labor, even with your best efforts,) still remember that "she who hath done what she could" is entitled to no mean praise. Your husband is undoubtedly "the best of men," though there are some malicious people who might say that that is not saying much for him! Still, he would never, to the end of time, dream what you were dying of; so accept my advice, and take the matter in hand yourself.

The Receipts and Disbursements of the Year.

The report of Mr. F. L. Cardozo, showing the receipts and disbursements by the State for the year ending October 31st, is as clear as it is unsatisfactory.

The receipts for the year are $1,411,245.71. This, with the balance brought forward from the previous year ($212,681.50) makes the entire revenue $1,623,927.71. The disbursements amount to $1,365,906.34, leaving a balance of $260,375.37. What this balance of nominal cash consists of, Mr. Cardozo does not say. It is presumed that it is not money, or anything readily convertible into money.

Of the current receipts of $1,411,245.71, the sum of $1,203,659.07 is the proceeds of the taxes of the year 1875-76, and $89,306.54 were received on account of taxes of previous years. The Phosphate royalty amounted to $49,926.08, of which amount $39,293 were paid by the Coosaw Company, $6,251.50 by the South Carolina Phosphate Company, and $3,539.35 by the Marine and River Company. From the Carolina National Bank $30,000 were borrowed, and from the Central National Bank $15,000. Both these amounts have been repaid. The income from taxes was, therefore, far below the estimates. Mr. Cardozo attributes the falling off to the tender and receipts of bills of the Bank of the State for taxes. The amount of these bills actually received is not mentioned, but we are confident that the poverty of the people, and their unwillingness to pay out money to be squandered or stolen, had a serious effect in reducing the revenue. A government which has not the respect or confidence of the people cannot collect taxes, whatever the amount, fully and promptly. The public expect protection and justice from the government they support, and when protection and justice are denied them, they will not pay, if they can avoid it.

The principal payments during the year were: Salaries $184,038, Lunatic Asylum $48,304, Penitentiary $44,692, Census expenses $46,687, Printing $78,187, Portraits of Lincoln and Sumner $1,000, Free Schools $208,489, Legislative expenses $114,525, Interest on public debt $141,762. It will be noted that the disbursements for Salaries, Public Printing and Legislative Expenses amount to $376,750; or one-third of the whole of the receipts from the State tax of 1875. And in addition to what has already been paid out, there are deficiencies, for the single fiscal year, amounting to $329,080. These deficiencies include $29,000 for the Lunatic Asylum, $27,610 for Legislative Expenses, $34,377 for the Penitentiary, $47,569 for Free Schools, $80,380 for Salaries, and $52,954 for Interest on the debt. The entire expenses of the State Government, paid and unpaid, (deducting the capital amount of money borrowed from the Banks and repaid) amount, therefore, to $1,320,006. This is about twice as much as the expenses ought to be, after making a liberal allowance for the free schools.

The few figures we have given, joined to the recollection of the excesses of former years, strengthen the conviction that, as a purely business proposition, it is unwise, in the highest degree, to pay one cent of taxes to the Chamberlain Government. In previous years the taxpayers had no solid ground to stand upon, for the Government which plundered them did represent a majority of the voting population of the State. The election of 1876 changed all that. The Chamberlain Government is a minority Government. It remains in office, not by virtue of the popular vote and the law, but by the grace of President Grant. No tax that it levies is lawful, or can be enforced by the Courts, and we say frankly that they who, with all the facts before them, pay taxes to the Chamberlain officials, are not only oblivious of their own interests, but are disloyal to the State. In a very short time the taxpayers can starve out the plundering cabal. The fate of the State is in the hands of the taxpayers; and a terrible retribution will visit them, if they now furnish to the pretended officials the money by which the public oppressors live and move and have their being.—*News and Courier.*

Farm Accounts.

Much good advice has been given to farmers about keeping accounts. It is easy to exhort, to urge the doing of a right action, but not so easy to tell how to do it. Keeping accounts on the farm is a very different matter from the same thing behind the counter or at the desk. Take the most expert book-keeper from his desk in the counting-room and place him on the farm, to keep its accounts, and he would succeed no better than the farmer would in the counting-room. It is comparatively an easy matter to make the necessary entries on a bill of goods sold or bought, money borrowed or loaned, notes discounted, and other business transactions of like nature; but when you come to keeping accounts with fields, crops and stock, the difficulties are largely increased.

All intelligent farmers will readily acknowledge the importance of keeping accounts, and yet very few of them do it, or if they do, it is confined to actual business transactions alone, involving money paid out and received. The reasons for this universal neglect is simply the want of a plain, practical system, especially adapted to the farm. If such a system were devised and taught in our rural schools as thorough as some other branches of less practical importance, the next generation of farmers would show a decided improvement in this respect.

We know by personal experience that unless the business of keeping accounts is made a daily duty, it will not be properly done. The actual business transactions on the farm, the buying and selling, paying out money and receiving it, come at irregular intervals, and are not calculated to foster regularity of habit at all. For this reason it is better to keep accounts in the form of a diary, in which all transactions of the day are recorded, together with weather records, occupations, remarks, etc. We were lately shown a record of this kind that had been kept for five years past, all in one book. The pages were ruled off by perpendicular lines into columns for day of week and month, weather records, occupations of the day, cash paid out, cash received, stock of grain, etc., sold, notes given, notes paid, and general remarks. Two open pages of thirty-two lines each, embraced the diary of a month. The aspects of the weather were given in one column, as clear, rain, snow, frost, etc., and the state of the barometer and thermometer in another column. It was a simple, practical, and very satisfactory method of keeping accounts, and we would commend it to every farmer who has not adopted a more comprehensive system. The daily entries can be made in ten minutes' time, each evening, and at the end of the year you have a brief but very satisfactory history of what has occurred on the farm. Of course we only indicate the general nature of this method. Each farmer can vary it to suit his own circumstances. If a farmer desires to keep accounts with fields and stock, let him have a separate book for each. Such a system every farmer can readily understand and put into practice, and we urge them to begin now.—*Ohio Farmer.*

— A promising youth of only seven summers, who had been accused of not always telling the truth, cross examined his father. "Father, did you use to lie when you were a boy?" "No, my son," said the paternal, who evidently did not recall the past with any distinctness. "Nor mother, either?" persisted the young lawyer. "No!—but why?" "Oh, because I don't see how two people who never told a lie could have a boy that tells as many as I do."

— Hope is the best part of our riches to our pocket, it we have not the hope of heaven in our souls?

A Guarded Statement of the Programme for Declaring the Vote.

WASHINGTON, December 25.

No public officer has been more persistently and more fruitlessly interviewed than Senator Ferry, President pro tem. of the Senate. The last reported conversation with him was published in a Baltimore paper this morning, and Senator Ferry, after reading it, has taken occasion to deny its statements seriatim, and pronounces it all made up. In conversation with a friend this morning, Senator Ferry defined his position upon some disputed points, and, while not constituting an interview, the conversation may be accepted as giving his views. It will be remembered that in receipting for the sealed envelopes brought to him, Senator Ferry has adopted a new form, designating them as envelopes claiming to contain the Electoral vote.

In receipting for the packages received by mail, he has taken a similar course, describing the envelope and its marks in his receipt. All these envelopes purporting to contain electoral votes he proposed to take to the place of meeting for the two Houses, and there to open them without exception, treating all, so far as their opening by the President of the Senate in the presence of the two Houses is concerned, in precisely the same manner. This ends a tolerably constant rumor that only certain envelopes would be opened by the President of the Senate, and insures that, instead of 369 votes coming before the two Houses for verification, 391 will be handed to the tellers, of which 206 will be counted for Tilden and Hendricks and 197 for Hayes and Wheeler. What his action will be in the matter Mr. Ferry declines to say till the committee of conference have reached a decision or disagreed irrevocably.

Mr. Ferry's language upon the subject is sufficiently significant to deserve quotation as an informal expression of his views: "I hope the two committees will come to some plan. If the two Houses agree, nobody will have any objection to make. That will settle the matter. It is not a question that I want to decide. It is not an enviable position for any man to take. He is certain, however to decides it, to be hated by half the republic. But if the two Houses fail to agree I shall appear at their place of meeting with all the envelopes and do my duty under the constitution. I shall have no hesitation whatever in doing my whole duty. I shall shirk no responsibility." What Mr. Ferry considers his additional duty under the Constitution in the verification of the votes and their count he did not this morning say. He has not yet said, and, except to his immediate political friends, a clear-headed, reticent politician on the eve of a re-election to the Senate is not likely to say till February 14; but that he considers that he has a duty to perform beyond the mere opening, in case the Houses fail to adopt some plan before their joint meeting, no listener to his conversation this morning, whose use as a conversation with a friend he permitted, could have any doubt, judging from his phrase and from the evident and earnest desire that the two Houses should deliver him of the responsibility of deciding the question before they met in joint session. Mr. Ferry said also that the Senate committee is not made up to favor a reference to the Supreme Court. He was anxious simply to get a strong committee of lawyers from the judiciary committee and the committee on privileges and elections. He claims the credit of having insisted upon the even division of the committee.—*Special Dispatch to the New York World.*

HOUSEHOLD ALTARS.—In the olden time the father of the household was its prophet and priest. The father of the present fast age can hardly find time to make the acquaintance of his own children, to say nothing of decent and devout attention to the proprieties and sanctities of family religion.

It is a sad fact, that in many households, nominally Christian, there is no family altar, and no household recognition of God. The Bible is an unopened book, and there is no open acknowledgment of the allegiance to God, the Father in Heaven. A godless, prayerless household is a terrible spectacle, especially when there is an outward profession of better things. The evils are magnified many fold where there are young children. What can compensate for the sweet and tender influences of well conducted family worship on the minds and hearts of the little ones? Parents who omit it not only provoke the wrath of the Lord, but neglect the best and most natural means of religious education, and thus put in fearful jeopardy the souls of their children. It was not an idle superstition that bade the simple-minded, devout Norwegian girl to flee from the house where she had engaged service, because there was no "prayers in the house." A prayerless soul is a fearful anomaly. But a home where children are born and nurtured and reared, where loved ones sicken, and suffer and die, where in the eyes of the children the father should be a type of the "Our Father in Heaven," and the mother the ideal of all that is tender and affectionate and devout, where all the precious memories should be garnered like hidden treasures, and where all holy and pure influences and associations should pervade the very air—with no open Bible and no voice of song, prayer or praise—what shall we say of that home? One can hardly conceive it possible that such a home could exist in a Christian land. No wonder that the curse of the Lord hangs in dark relief over the families that call not on His name.

HIGHEST MONUMENT IN THE WORLD.—The new cast-iron spire of the cathedral at Rouen has just been completed. The Semaine Religieuse of that diocese publishes the following particulars relative to the comparative heights of the principal monuments of the globe as contrasted with the new work: The dome of St. Peter's at Rome raises its cross to 452 feet above the ground. Strasburg, the highest cathedral in all France, reaches, with its celebrated clock tower, 465 feet; Amiens, 439 feet; Chartres, 399 feet; Notre Dame, at Paris, has only 222 feet. The Paris Pantheon, considered one of the boldest edifices, does not exceed 308 feet, the cross included. On another side, the highest pyramid, that of Cheops, measures 478 feet according to some travelers, 465 feet according to others; and this latter calculation is the one generally adopted. The pyramid of Cheparem has 430 feet, that of Mycerinus 177 feet. Among more modern edifices that of St. Peter's Church, over-topped that of Milan, 375 feet; the Hotel de Ville, of Brussels, 352 feet; the Square Tower of Asinelli, Italy, 351 feet; the dome of the Invalides, Paris, 344 feet; St. Sophia, at Constantinople, only rises to 190 feet; the Leaning Tower of Pisa, to 187 feet; the Arc de Triomphe, Paris, to 144 feet; the Pantheon of Agrippa, to 141 feet; the Observatory of Paris, to 88 feet. The dome of the capitol at Washington, including its statue reaches 307 feet in height; Trinity Church steeple, New York, to 184. From these figures, which are given in round numbers, it will be seen that the spire of Rouen, which has a height of 492 feet, is the most elevated monument in the world. The old one, commenced in 1544, on the plains of Robert Becquet, destroyed by the fire of September 15, 1822, and which was justly considered one of the boldest and most perfect works in existence, had a height of 433 feet; it was, therefore, 59 feet less than the present spire.—*American Architect and Building News.*

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In fact, VEGETINE is the best remedy yet discovered for the above diseases, and is the only reliable BLOOD PURIFIER yet placed before the public.

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