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Anderson Intelligencer.

BY E. B. MURRAY & CO. ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1877. VOL. XIII—NO. 17.

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FEMALE COLLEGE,
WILLIAMSTON, S. C.

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RATES, per Session of 20 weeks:—

Board, exclusive of Washing	$65 00
Regular Tuition	$10 00 to 20 00
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For further information, send for a new Catalogue.
Sept 13, 1877 9 1y

ADGER COLLEGE

THE Exercises of this Institution will be opened at WALHALLA, South Carolina, on THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6th, 1877, With a corps of competent professors.
TUITION IN ADVANCE—$20 in Collegiate; $10 in Preparatory, and $6 and $3 in the Primary Departments, per session of five months.
Board, including everything, except lights and washing, $10 per month, payable monthly in advance.
Location noted for health, pleasant climate and good water. For particulars address
J. J. NORTON, Chairman of Stockholders.
Aug 2, 1877 5

A New Life in the Land!

THE Exhibition in Anderson was one of the most remarkable events since the war. In point of numbers, talents and distinguished ability, nothing could have exceeded it. At every stage of its proceedings it was manifest that a new life is in the land.
The celebrated Dr. HEINITSH was there, and advocated Southern Medicines for Southern people. His Family Medicines are household remedies.
HEINITSH'S QUEEN'S DELIGHT purifies the blood.
HEINITSH'S BLOOD AND LIVER PILLS—For Liver Complaint, Sick Headache, Dull Feelings, Loss of Appetite.
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STANLEY'S COUGH SYRUP—Cures Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Catarrh.
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THE QUEEN'S DELIGHT is the greatest Pharmaceutical product ever discovered for all disorders and diseases which have their origin in the blood. Health may now be regained. Life prolonged. Beauty restored.
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FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.
PREPARED BY E. H. HEINITSH & SON, Columbia, S. C.
Aug 16, 1877 6 1y

THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR
AGENTS WANTED!

For this Comprehensive, Superbly Illustrated History of the present momentous struggle in the East. Its accurate Maps, Plans and many Elegant Engravings are a special feature. It gives a GRAPHIC HISTORY of each Country, with Historic and Descriptive Sketches of the primitive manners, picturesque customs and domestic life of the Contestants. Describes the

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With Invaluable Illustrated Aids and Superb Bindings. Nearly 100 Styles. Superior to all others and indispensable to every Family.
Particulars free. Address
JOHN E. POTTER & CO., Publishers, PHILADELPHIA.
Sept 13, 1877 9 1y

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
COUNTY OF ANDERSON.
IN THE COURT OF PROBATE.
John C. Horton, Plaintiff, against E. M. Holland, Martha Lawless, et al., Defendants.—Summons for Relief—Complaint not Served.
To the Defendant, Nancy L. Hall, Samantha J. Grant.
YOU are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, of which a copy is herewith served upon you, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscribers at their office at Anderson Court House, South Carolina, within twenty days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.
Dated October 6th, 1877.
MOORE & ALLEN, Plaintiff's Attorney.
THE Defendants in this action will take notice that the petition herein filed for the probating in due form of the last will and testament of John Holland, deceased.
MOORE & ALLEN, Sol. Pro. Pet.
Oct 11, 1877 13 6

Judgment of the Public!

During the past five years the public have carefully observed the wonderful cures accomplished from the use of VEGETINE. From its use many an afflicted sufferer has been restored to perfect health, after having expended a small fortune in procuring medical advice and obtaining poisonous mineral medicines.
Its medicinal properties are Alterative, Tonic, Solvent and Diuretic. There is no disease of the human system for which the VEGETINE cannot be used with perfect safety, as it does not contain any metallic or poisonous compound. It is composed exclusively of bark, roots and herbs; it is very pleasant to take; every child likes it. It is safe and reliable, as the following evidence will show:

Valuable Evidence.

The following unsolicited testimonial from Rev. O. T. Walker, D. D., formerly pastor of Bowdoin Square Church, Boston, and at present settled in Providence, R. I., must be deemed as reliable evidence. No one should fail to observe that this testimonial is the result of two years' experience with the use of VEGETINE in the Rev. Mr. Walker's family, who now pronounces it invaluable:
PROVIDENCE, R. I., 164 TRANSIT STREET.
H. R. STEVENS, Esq.:
I feel bound to express with my signature the high value I place upon your VEGETINE. My family have used it for the last two years. In nervous debility it is invaluable, and I recommend it to all who may need an invigorating, renovating tonic.
O. T. WALKER,
Formerly Pastor of Bowdoin Square Church, Boston.

A Walking Miracle.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:
Dear Sir—Though a stranger, I want to inform you what VEGETINE has done for me.
Last Christmas Scrofula made its appearance in my system—large running ulcers appearing on me as follows: One on each of my arms, one on my thigh, which extended to the seat, one on my head, which eat into the skull bone, one on my left leg, which became so bad that two physicians came to amputate the limb, though upon consultation concluded not to do so, as my whole body was so full of Scrofula; they deemed it advisable to cut the sore, which was painful beyond description, and there was a quart of matter run from this one sore.
The physicians all gave me up to die, and said they could do no more for me. Both of my legs were drawn up to my seat, and it was thought if I did get up again I would be a cripple for life.
When in this condition I saw VEGETINE advertised, and commenced taking it in March, and followed on with it until I had used sixteen bottles, and this morning I am going to plough corn, a well man. All my townsmen say it is a miracle to see me round walking and working.
In conclusion I will add, when I was enduring such great suffering, from that dreadful disease, Scrofula, I prayed to the Lord above to take me out of this world, but as VEGETINE has restored to me the blessings of health, I desire more than ever to live, that I may be of some service to my fellow-men, and I know of no better way to aid suffering humanity, than to inclose you this statement of my case, with an earnest hope that you will publish it, and it will afford me pleasure to reply to any communication which I may receive therefrom.
I am, sir, very respectfully,
WILLIAM PAYN.
Avery, Berrien Co., Mich., July 10, 1872.

Reliable Evidence.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:
Dear Sir—I will most cheerfully add my testimony to the great number you have already received in favor of your great and good medicine, VEGETINE, for I do not think enough can be said in its praise, for I was troubled over 30 years with that dreadful disease, Catarrh, and had such bad coughing spells that it would seem as though I could never breathe any more, and VEGETINE has cured me; and I do feel to thank God all the time that there is so good a medicine as VEGETINE, and I also think it one of the best medicines for coughs and weak sinking feelings at the stomach, and advise everybody to take the VEGETINE, for I can assure them it is one of the best medicines that ever was.
MRS. L. GORE,
Corner Magazine and Walnut Streets, Cambridge, Mass.

Prepared by H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.
VEGETINE IS SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

PROMPTLY!
TO THE FRONT!

THERE are some who have not come forward promptly, and others who do not think will be behind hand with their engagements; but we desire to state to all that we must have what is due us, in order to carry on our business. We now earnestly request all our customers, who are indebted to us, to come forward and pay up. If we cannot get the money that is due us by the 1st of December next, we will place our Notes and Accounts in the hands of an Officer for collection.
We have on hand a good stock of Buggies and Wagons. Our work cannot be excelled, and our prices are as low as any other market. We are constantly manufacturing Vehicles of all kinds, and can supply you with whatever you want in our line.
All kinds of Repair Work done in the best manner, and at reasonable prices. We will give great Bargains for the cash.
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Oct 4, 1877 12 3m

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Anderson, S. C.
BUISTS' NEW CROP TURNIP SEED,
MASONS' FRUIT JARS,
DRUGS, MEDICINES,
CHEMICALS, &c.
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,
DYE STUFFS, PERFUMERY,
LAMPS,
WINDOW GLASS,
And DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES,
Cheap for Cash.
July 19, 1877 1

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LONG & GILLILAND,
103 Main Street, Columbia, S. C.,
BOOK BINDERS, STATIONERS,
Blank Book Manufacturers,
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STAPLE & FANCY STATIONERY,
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GENERAL NEWSDEALERS,
Orders for Music promptly filled.
Oct 4, 1877 12 1y

ESTABLISHED 1874.
GEO. B. EDWARDS,
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PROMPT attention given to sale of Cotton, Corn, Peas, Rice and Produce of all kinds.
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Agent at Charleston for State Line Ocean Steamships between New York, Glasgow, Liverpool, London and all parts of Europe.
REFERENCES—Bank of Charleston, Jas. Adger & Co., G. T. Lowndes & Co., Charleston, S. C.
Oct 4, 1877 12 3m

Marble Work.

THE undersigned hereby gives notice to all persons wishing Marble Work that he can furnish them or their orders much cheaper than they can procure the same work done elsewhere. I do my own work, and you can't be beat. Thus I sell work for which you pay $200 elsewhere for $175, and all other work in the same proportion. Shop opposite Tolly's furniture store.
SAMUEL MURPHY.
Sept 13, 1877 9 12

$777 is not easily earned in these times, but it can be made in three months by any one of either sex, in any part of the country who is willing to work steadily at the employment that we furnish. $66 per week in your own town. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. We have agents who are making over $20 per day. All who engage at once can make money fast. At the present time money cannot be made so easily and rapidly at any other business. It costs nothing to try the business. Terms and $5 Outfit free. Address at once, H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.
July 26, 1877 2m

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

A Grandfather's Story.

About sixty years ago I was in Paris for the first time in my life. Bonaparte still lingered at St. Helena, and the adventurers, good, bad and indifferent in character, who had served in his armies, had not yet lost all hope of the return of their idol, and, consequently, had not yet thought it worth while to settle down into thorough peace and quietness.

Young Paul Ferrand, whom I frequently met at the cafe, and who had served as a captain at Waterloo, was sure that the Little Corporal would come back again soon. "You have not yet beaten him," he would tell me laughing. "You sent him to Elba, but he returned; you have sent him to St. Helena, and he will return again. We shall see."

Ferrand was an exceedingly nice fellow; and, although he professed to cherish an unquenchable hatred for England and everything English, he had, by some means or other, become attached to Alice Rae, a young English lady of my acquaintance, and who had been living with her mother since the conclusion of peace at Paris, not far from the abode of the ex-captain. And he was always very friendly with me, too. He would, it is true, abuse my countrymen most unmercifully, but he was always particularly good natured; and, whenever he found himself saying a little too much, he would arrest himself and apologize so heartily that I never could be angry with him. I was alone in the French capital, and had few friends there except Mrs. Rae, her daughter Alice and Paul; and so it happened that I passed a good deal of my time in the society of these three. The mother, a woman still in the prime of life, and the widow of a king's messenger, was a connection of mine by marriage, and that fact gave me a good excuse for offering my services as escort whenever she and her pretty daughter thought fit to go to the theatre or the opera. At such times Paul always had a seat in the stalls, and between the acts he would come up to my box, to the delight of Alice, who was in love with him, and to the no small satisfaction of Mrs. Rae, who herself had quite a maternal affection for the young Frenchman, and did not in the least discourage his attentions to her daughter. If there were no formal engagement between the two, it was at least perfectly understood by all parties that as soon as Paul should get an appointment, for which at the time he was a candidate, he was to marry Alice; and I, though only a few years her senior, was to give her away.

One night the opera-house was crowded more than usual. A great singer was to appear, and a new work by a renowned composer was to be performed. But Paul Ferrand, sitting in the stalls, seemed scarcely to listen to the music or to notice the acting, and much more often were his eyes turned in the direction of my box than in that of the stage. Alice and her mother were with me, and, as the curtain fell at the conclusion of the first act, Paul came up to us. He was in high spirits, for he had heard that the Minister had decided to give him the coveted post, and he expected to hear in a few days that his appointment had been signed by the King. We congratulated him, and, as he left us to return to his seat, I whispered to him: "You'll be a happy man in a month or two now, Paul." He smiled and shut the door.

We watched him as he threaded his way to his place. It was in the center of the second row from the orchestra, and he had left his opera-glasses on the chair in order to preserve his right to it; but during his absence a tall, military-looking man had appropriated it, and had coolly put the glasses on one side. Paul approached the stranger with the utmost politeness, and, I suppose, for naturally I could not hear, requested him to move. The interloper did not deign to answer, but sneeringly looked up at Ferrand, as though to ask what he meant by his intrusion. Paul pointed to the opera-glasses; but the stranger neither replied nor moved, but continued to appear as though he did not hear. I saw that matters were assuming a dangerous complexion, for in the new comer I recognized Victor Larouquire, an ex-Bonapartist officer like Paul, a notorious bully, and one of the most celebrated duelists in France. But what could I do? I could only sit still, much against my will, and witness the inevitable consequences. I thought Alice would faint when Laroquire in the calmest way rose before the crowded assemblage and struck Paul in the face with his glove; but she recovered herself, and, like a statue, watched her lover pick up his opera-glasses, bow to his insulter, and without a word leave the building. There were some exclamations from the audience; but the duelist again rose, and with a theatrical air gazed round, mockingly imitated Paul's parting bow, and resumed his seat. This was too much for poor Alice. She could not remain any longer; she must go home; and so, with some difficulty, I got her and her mother to my carriage, told the coachman to drive them home, and myself walked quickly to Paul's lodgings.

He had arrived before me, and was already writing when I entered the room. "Of course," he said, as he saw me, and came towards me with both hands outstretched, "you, my dear friend, will assist me. It is impossible to do anything but fight. Even Alice could not make me alter my conviction upon that point, the insult was so public."

"Suppose you leave the country?" I suggested.

"Then I should have to give up the appointment, and Alice, too. No, my dear fellow, I am a Frenchman, and I must fight; and you must arrange matters for me. If he shoots me, it cannot be helped; if I shoot him, I shall have shot the biggest scoundrel in Paris. I beg you to call upon Laroquire to-night. I have already discovered his address. Here it is."

"But must you really fight? It is suicide to fight with a professional duelist."

"Ah," said he, shaking his head, "I am afraid it is suicide; but I must fight, so please don't try and persuade me that I need not. And I will fight, too, as soon as possible. You can arrange everything for to-morrow morning. I must have the matter over. In a day or two I might be a coward."

By his looks he implored me to go to Laroquire; and, constituted as French society was at that time, I had no other course open to me than to do as he wished.

"If Monsieur comes from M. Paul Ferrand," said a man-servant when I inquired whether I could see his master, "M. Laroquire has sent to say that he has not yet left the opera. He has, however, sent this penciled note, which I am to give to the gentleman who comes from M. Ferrand."

I tore up the missive. It contained two cards, one bearing the name of the duelist, and the second that of M. Ferrand Delarae, Rue Vivienne 18. Certainly it was an off-hand way of acquainting me with the name and whereabouts of Laroquire's second; but as I wished to pick no quarrel, I walked on to the Rue Vivienne, and in a few minutes was ushered into the presence of M. Delarae himself. This worthy was a young man, aged about 23, and dressed in the very extreme of fashion. His ruffles were immaculate, and most symetrically arranged; his lace handkerchief was steeped in essences; his gloves, which lay on the table—for he had only just returned, at Laroquire's request, from the opera—were small and delicate; his fingers were covered with valuable rings, and the bunch of gold seals depending from his fob was unusually heavy and brilliant. He did not strike me as appearing particularly war-like; but nevertheless, after formally saluting me, he at once touched upon the subject of my visit; and, before I had been ten minutes in his company, had arranged to meet Ferrand and myself at a certain spot, dear to duelists of the time, at an early hour next morning, and to bring Laroquire with him.

"I don't think we shall need a surgeon," he said to me, affably, at parting; "but, if you please, you can bring one. In his last affair, my principal shot his man through the temples, and he died immediately. I sincerely hope, Monsieur, that your friend is as clever."

"Confound the fellow!" I said to myself, as I left the house, and sought the residence of my own medical man. "I am afraid poor Ferrand is not such a consummate murderer as Laroquiere."

After seeing the surgeon, to whom I briefly explained matters, I called upon Mrs. Rae. She was doing her best to comfort her daughter, who was in the greatest possible distress. "Are they going to fight?" she asked me.

"My dear Alice," I said, "they are. I have done my best to dissuade Paul; but he says, and I am obliged to agree, that he must fight. Let us hope for the best. He has a sure eye and a steady hand, and he has right on his side. The other man is a scoundrel. And you must remember that poor Paul is not an Englishman. If I were he, I would not fight, but, as it is, the matter cannot be overlooked, and indeed everything is arranged."

"You are to be with him?" said Mrs. Rae, looking as white as a sheet.

"Yes; they are to meet to-morrow morning, and by breakfast-time Alice's suspense will be over. She must bear up."

"You must prevent the duel," sobbed the half heart-broken girl. "Cannot Paul let the insult pass? But no; it was so public."

"You can only hope," I said. "I will see you in the morning; but now I must go back to him, and see that he gets some sleep."

"Tell him," cried Alice, "that if he is killed I shall die. Come here directly it is over. Come, even if he falls; you must tell me about it. I must hear everything." She buried her face in her hands; and I, escaping from the unhappy girl, hurried to Paul.

He was still writing, and his hair was in disorder, and his face pale when he turned toward me. "I am no coward, he said, "but I am saying good-bye to her, for I shall die to-morrow."

"My dear fellow," I exclaimed, "you will shoot Laroquiere, and be married next month. You must finish your writing at once and go to bed. I will sleep here to-night, for I must see that you turn out in time to-morrow morning.

He wrote for another half-hour, addressed the document to Alice Rae, placed a lock of his hair within it, and, after sealing it up, gave it to me.

"Give that to her," he said, "if Laroquiere kills me outright—and I know he will. If it were not for Alice, I declare that I should be quite glad to meet him. Now for bed."

He undressed, while I lay down on the sofa in the next room and lit a cigar, for I could not afford to sleep myself. Soon all was quiet, and I stole in to see Paul lying as quiet as a child, with a smile on his face. Probably, nay, assuredly, I passed a more uncomfortable night than he did. Only with the greatest possible difficulty could I keep awake, and the hours seemed to linger for ever. At last, however, daybreak dawned, and I called Ferrand, who woke refreshed and in comparatively good spirits. After a hurried breakfast we muffled ourselves up; I placed a flask of brandy, some powder and bullets and a brace of pistols in my pocket, and we sallied forth in the cold morning air. Scarcely any one was abroad except a few sleepy watchmen, who seemed to make very shrewd guesses at the object of our expedition; and through the silent streets we went for a mile or so, until we reached the meeting-place.

Laroquiere and Delarale were there before us, and my friend the surgeon, arrived immediately afterwards in his carriage, which waited near at hand. The pistols were produced and loaded. Laroquiere chose one, and I gave the other to Paul; and then the two men took up positions at a distance of twenty paces from each other, and waited for Delarale to give the signal to fire.

"Stay!" cried the bully, as his second stepped back; "let the young hound listen to this. I am not trifling with him. I shall shoot him only where he wishes, for I am generous, *parbleu!*"

"If I do not kill you," said Paul, quietly, "I prefer to die."

"Then I shoot him through the heart," coolly observed Laroquiere. "It will teach others not to challenge me."

There was something to me unspeakably horrible in the way in which these last words were pronounced. I shuddered and looked at Paul. He smiled at me, and at the same instant Delarale gave the signal.

There was but one report, for Ferrand's pistol flashed in the pan. The poor fellow turned round toward me with fixed eye and pale face, and, with the name of Alice on his lips, fell dead. Laroquiere turned on his heel and departed quickly in company with Delarale, while I aided the surgeon in his brief examination of Paul's body. Surely enough the bullet had passed through his heart. He must have died almost instantaneously, for he did not move after he fell, and the last smile with which he had looked at me was still upon his face. It was a melancholy business in every respect. I had to break the sad news to Alice and her mother; and the two ladies were so terribly overcome that I feared the shock would have some permanent effect on their health. For my part, I was obliged to hurry to England as soon as possible; and Laroquiere, I heard, also got away, and remained out of France until the affair had blown over.

I kept up a correspondence with Mrs. Rae, and was glad after a time to hear from her that Alice, though still terribly upset, had learned to look with a certain amount of philosophy upon her misfortune, and had to some extent recovered her usual health, if not her usual spirits. Meantime I settled down in London, and, unable to forget my Parisian habits, usually dined at one of the then much frequented taverns in Fleet street. The Cheshire Cheese, which was then in much the same state as it is now, was my favorite haunt; and there, as months passed by, I gradually picked up a few pleasant acquaintances, chief amongst whom was an extremely well-mannered young gentleman named Barton, a man of independent means, good family, and first-rate education.

One day, after he had been dining with me, the conversation turned upon continental manners, and particularly upon dueling. As an illustration of my abhorrence of the system, I told my companion about poor Paul's death, a matter in which Barton appeared much interested. He asked me a good many questions about the parties concerned, and, after expressing a remarkably strong opinion to the effect that Laroquiere was a blackguard, bid me good night. I went home to my rooms in the Temple; and next day, on visiting the Cheshire Cheese, found no Barton. He had left word with one of the waiters that urgent business had called him away, but that he hoped to see me on his return. Weeks passed, and then months, and still Barton did not come back; and I confess that I had begun to forget him altogether, when, one evening, he dropped into dinner as though he had not been absent for more than a day or two.

"Where have you been?" I asked, after I had heartily shaken hands with him.

"I have been to Paris," he said. "On arriving there I found out a little more than you told me about Laroquiere, and, when I had thoroughly convinced myself that he was the blackguard you painted him, I arranged for a series of lessons at a pistol gallery. Every day for a month I went and shot for an hour or two, until I was so perfect as to be able to hit a small coin every time at a distance of twenty paces. After satisfying myself as to my proficiency, I took a box at the opera, it may have been the same box that you used to have. Laroquiere was pointed out to me. He sat in the stalls, and between the acts he left his seat in order to speak to a lady in another part of the house. I descended as quickly as possible, and took his place. He returned, and asked me in an overbearing tone to move. I refused. He persisted. I struck him. He sent me a challenge, and we met upon the same spot, curiously enough, where he had killed your friend, Ferrand. Before the signal was given, I said: 'M. Laroquiere, listen to me. I am not here to trifle with you; but I am as generous as you were with Paul Ferrand. I will shoot you only where you wish.' He turned deadly pale. 'We will see,' he said, 'whether I shall not make you a second Ferrand!' 'Then I will shoot you,' I returned, as you shot him—through the heart. It will teach other bullies not to challenge me.' Whether he was so upset as to be incapable of aiming or not, I cannot say; but, my dear fellow, I shot him as dead as a dog, right through the heart, and avenged your friend, at the same time ridding Paris of its biggest villain. It was a case of diamond cut diamond."

"Well done, Barton!" I exclaimed.

"Wait," he said, "and let me finish the drama. We managed to keep the matter very quiet, and before leaving France I was able to call on Mrs. Rae, who is now at Boulogne, for I had a letter of introduction to her from a Parisian acquaintance. When I saw her first she knew nothing of the affair, but at last I broke the intelligence to her and her daughter. I found Alice to be a pretty girl, somewhat spoilt by her long mourning, and very much inclined to listen to me; but, my dear fellow, after three weeks of hard persuasion, she gave in, and now she and her mother are coming over next week. I believe you were to give Alice away. When she arrives you shall have a capital opportunity."

"And," I added, shaking my friend's hand warmly, "I shall be delighted to do so."

A FEARFUL RISK FOR GIRLS.—The pastor of a church in one of our large cities said to me, not long ago: "I have officiated at forty weddings since I came here, and in every case, save one, I felt that the bride was running an awful risk. Young men of bad habits and fast tendencies never marry girls of their own sort, but demand a wife above suspicion. So, pure, sweet women, kept from the touch of evil through the years of their girlhood, give themselves, with all their costly dower of womanhood, into the keeping of men who, in base associations, have learned to undervalue all that belongs to them, and then find no repentance in the sad after years. There is but one way out of this that I can see, and that is for you—the young women of the country—to require in associations and marriage, purity for purity, sobriety for sobriety, and honor for honor.

"There is no reason why the young men of this Christian land should not be just as virtuous as its women, and if the loss of society and love be the price they are forced to pay for vice, they will not pay it. I admit with sadness that not all our young women are capable of this high standard for themselves or others, but I believe there are enough earnest, thoughtful girls in the society of our country to work wonders if faithfully aroused. Dear girls, will you help us, in the name of Christ? Will you, first of all, be true to yourselves and God; so pure in your inner and outer life that you shall have a right to ask that the young man with whom you marry shall be the same? The awful gulf of dishonor is close beside your feet, and in it, fathers, brothers, lovers, and sons are going down. Will you help us in our great work?"

— An Irish lady called on a photographer to have a cabinet portrait taken. When the artist removed the plate he told her she need not sit any longer. On coming out from the dark room he found her still bolt-upright in the chair, with that look of petrified despair on her face peculiar to the photographic pose. "You needn't sit there any longer," said the frightened artist. "What's that?" she hoarsely whispered, without changing a muscle. "I say you needn't sit there now—I have finished," he explained. "Ain't I to pay you a dollar?" she interrogated, in the same gurgling tone, with her eyes strained on the mark. "Yes." "Well, thin, do ye mane to say I'm to give ye a dollar for only five minits in the cheer? Begorra, I'll have a full tin minits fur the money, an' that's little enough in all conscience!" And she had it.

— The late Mrs. Jane W—— was equally remarkable for kindness of heart and absence of mind. One day she was accosted by a beggar, whose stout and healthy appearance startled her into a momentary doubt of the needfulness of charity in this instance. "Why," exclaimed the good old lady, "you look well able to work." "Yes," replied the supplicant, "but I have been deaf and dumb these seven years." "Poor man, what a heavy affliction!" exclaimed Mrs. W——, at the same time giving him relief with a liberal hand. On returning home, she mentioned the fact, remarking, "What a dreadful thing it is to be deprived of such precious faculties!" "But how," asked her sister, "did you know that the poor man had been deaf and dumb for seven years?" "Why," was the quiet and unconscious answer, "he told me so."

— The difference between going in and going out of office is this—they are sworn in, but go out swearing.

PRESIDENT ELECT TILDEN.

His Great Speech to the Young Men's Democratic Club.

From the New York Sun.

Although the hour set for the serenade, which the Young Men's Democratic Club were to tender to Gov. Samuel J. Tilden, was 9 o'clock, still there had assembled in Gramercy place two hours before that time a multitude that stood there patiently awaiting the appearance of the man whom they wished to congratulate upon his safe return from Europe and to honor as the rightfully elected President of the United States. There were no signs, except of brilliantly lighted windows in Gov. Tilden's house, and still the multitude waited patiently and grew larger.

At 8½ the street was blocked with a dense mass of people that stretched nearly to Fourth avenue on the west, and far toward Third avenue on the east. In Gramercy Park several brilliant calcium lights had been placed, many of the houses in the square began to show brilliantly-lighted windows, and the whole front of Gramercy Park Hotel was illuminated.

In Gov. Tilden's parlors were, besides the members of his household, a number of ladies and other family friends. Ex-Mayor Wickham had arrived early. Soon after him Augustus Schell and John T. Agnew came, and speedily the parlors were thronged with prominent Democrats, among them being Henry L. Clinton, Allen C. Beach, Judge Ackert, Col. Harrison, Charles MacLean, Henry Havemeyer, Edward Cooper, Parke Godwin, James Mackin, J. K. Fay, Austin Flint, Jr., Judge Kilbreth, Wm. A. Fowler, F. F. Marbury, Peter B. Olney, Wm. C. Whitney, Chas. D. Ingersoll, F. L. Stetson, Vincent C. King and W. S. Andrews.

Soon after the committee of the Young Men's Democratic Club called at the house, and Dodworth's Band from their station in Gramercy Park began the serenade. At this time the multitude had curved around the west and east side of the square, and filled every inch of standing room far beyond hearing distance. The enthusiasm was hardly restrained. Now and then a cheer would go up for the rightful President of the United States.

Gov. Robinson was in the city, and it was expected that he would introduce his predecessor, but he was advised that the brilliancy of the calcium light would greatly affect his eyes, their weakness requiring, on the part of the Governor, very great care. He regretted deeply that he was prevented from doing what he very much desired to do. Had Mayor Ely arrived sooner he would have been asked to introduce Mr. Tilden. Augustus Schell was asked to do so by the committee of the club.

After the band had played several pieces, Gov. Tilden appeared on the front step with President Van Wyck of the Young Men's Club. As he appeared in the doorway a great shout went up from the multitude, whose enthusiasm had already been too long restrained. Cheer followed cheer, and the people seemed not to tire of cheering the man whom they elected President. He stood there in plain sight of all, gracefully bowing. It was only by decided intimations from the members of the club, who flanked Mr. Tilden on the steps, that the people were restrained. Then President Van Wyck, in behalf of the Young Men's Democratic Club, finally welcomed Mr. Tilden home. When Mr. Van Wyck spoke the name, the people took it up, and again cheered, "Our President." Mr. Van Wyck, in closing, introduced Augustus Schell. Mr. Schell said: "Fellow-citizens: We meet to-night to welcome on his return home our distinguished fellow-citizen, who has been absent from us for a short time. [Three cheers for President Tilden.] We cannot do that without reminding you of a fact which has become history. Samuel J. Tilden [cheers] was elected by the people of these United States to be President. [Cheers] He has been deprived of that great office and the people have been deprived of his services in the discharge of his duty by fraud. [Cheers, and cries, 'They won't do it again!'] It was a fraud which will not be condoned, which we cannot condone. We have passed it by for the present, but, as he has assured you, it must not be repeated. I have now the honor to introduce to you the Hon. Samuel J. Tilden. [Great cheering.]

There was no mistaking the sentiment of the multitude as Mr. Schell said this. It was approved by cheers and exclamations. "Three cheers for President Tilden," shouted one man way back by the Park fence, and he did not have to wait to put them. Three times three were given.

Mr. Tilden then addressed the assemblage as follows:

GENTLEMEN OF THE YOUNG MEN'S DEMOCRATIC CLUB: I thank you for your kindly welcome. My summer excursion now just closed had for its object a season of physical activity, in the open air, in a moderate climate, and amid scenes interesting by their associations with our literature, with our jurisprudence and with the origin and growth of representative institutions. It has repaired as much as three months could the waste of six years consecrated to an effort for governmental reform in the city, State and nation. I do not forget that in 1871 you joined in the work, and have never since been wanting to it. I am glad here to-night to mingle my congratulations with yours on what has been done, on the good auguries for the future, and, above all, on the resolute purpose of the young men of our country that the Republic shall be completely restored and re-established according to its original ideals. [Applause.]

The contrast which strikes the American eye between the British isles and our own country in the supply of food and especially cereals ought to be the basis of profitable exchanges and inestimable mutual benefactions. The wants of our British cousins—already enormous—will rapidly increase. They grow, not only with population but by an incessant diversion of labor toward the most profitable employments. Our means of supply are boundless. We have immense areas of fertile soils—cheap—peculiarly fitted for the use of agricultural machinery, and connected with the centres of foreign commerce by great rivers, by vast inland seas, and by 75,000 miles of railway. We have a sun in our heavens which, in the season of agricultural growth, pours down daily floods of light and warmth, making the earth prolific, giving abundance and variety of fruits, assuring the wheat crop, yielding cotton in its zone, and ripening corn everywhere, even to the verge of the farthest north. I predict a great increase in the consumption of our corn by Great Britain over the 60,000,000 bushels which it reached last year. It is the most natural and spontaneous of our cereal products. Our present crop ought to be 1,500,000,000 bushels against 300,000,000 of wheat. It is but little inferior to wheat in nutritive power. It costs less than one-half on the sea-board, and much less than one-half on the farm. It can be cooked, by those who consent to learn how, into many delicious forms of human food. Why should not the British workmen have cheaper food? Why should not our farmers have a great market? Why should not our carriers have the transportation?

Let us remember that commercial exchanges must have some element of mutuality. Whoever obstructs the means of payment, obstructs also the facilities of sale. We must relax our barbarous revenue system so as not unnecessarily to retard the natural processes of trade. We must no longer legislate against the wants of humanity and the beneficence of God. [Applause.]

The election now impending involves the choice of the State officers who compose the administrative boards. Gov. Robinson's Administration has been characterized by incorruptible integrity, by wisdom and ability, and by unswerving fidelity to the reforms that have reduced the State taxes one-half; that are rapidly extinguishing the State debt; that have retrenched two and a half millions a year of the expenditures upon public works; and have purified our great official trusts. He needs and has a right to have the cordial co-operation of those officers, which, in the Government of the United States and other systems, form the Cabinet of the chief Executive. In my judgment the gentlemen in nomination will co-operate in the reform policy which I had the honor to inaugurate, and which Gov. Robinson is consummating. I think that their election and the changes that will take place from the constitutional amendments, adopted in 1876, will give him a more united support in the Canal Board than I was able to receive during my administration. I have the more satisfaction in avowing this conviction because I believe that any nominations that did not promise such co-operation would be disowned by the Democratic masses.

The election, although for State officers, has relations to national politics, to which I know you will expect me to allude. You are all quite aware of the results of the contest of 1876. [Voices: "We are sick of it;" "We know you got robbed."] No, I did not get robbed; the people got robbed. [Great applause.] I had, on one hand, a course of laborious service, in which health and even life might be imperilled; on the other hand, I had a period of relaxation here and abroad to recuperate from the exhaustion that in your service I had incurred, but to the people it was a robbery of the dearest rights of the American citizen. The condemnation by the people of the greatest political crime in our history, by which the result of the Presidential election of 1876 was set aside and reversed, is general and overwhelming. Her sister States might afford to have the voice of New York frittered away or its expression deferred. It could not change history; it could not alter the universal judgment of the civilized world; it could not avert the moral retribution that is impending. But New York herself cannot afford to have her voice unheard.

The Declaration of Independence, the Bills of Right, and the State Constitutions all contain assertions of the right of the people to govern themselves and to change their rulers at will. These declarations had ceased to have any meaning to the American mind. They seemed to be truisms which there was nobody to dispute. The contests known to us were contests between different portions of our people.

To comprehend the significance of those declarations, it is necessary to carry ourselves back to the examples of human experience in view of which our ancestors acted. They had seen the governmental machine and a small governmental class, sometimes with the aid of the army, able to rule arbitrarily over millions of unorganized, isolated atoms of human society. In forming the Government of United States they endeavored to take every precaution against the recurrence of such evils in this country. They kept down the standing army to a nominal amount. They intended to limit the functions of the Federal Government so as to prevent the growth, to dangerous dimensions, of an office-holding class and of corrupt influences. They preserved the State Governments as a counterpoise to act as centres of opinion and as organized means of resistance to revolutionary usurpation by the Federal Government. Jefferson, the leader of liberal opinion, in his first inaugural, recognized this theory. Hamilton, the representative of the extreme conservative sentiment, in the *Federalist*, expounded it with elaborate arguments. Madison, the father of the Constitution, enforced these conclusions.

The increase of power in the Federal Government during the last twenty years, the creation of a vast office-holding class, with its numerous dependents, and the growth of the means of corrupt influence, have well nigh destroyed the balance of our complex system. It was my judgment in 1876 that public opinion, demanding a change of administration, needed to embrace two-thirds of the people at the beginning of the canvass, in order to cast a majority of votes at the election.

If this tendency is not arrested, its inevitable result will be the practical destruction of our system. Let the Federal Government grasp power over the great corporations of our country and acquire the means of addressing their interests and their fears; let it take jurisdiction of riots which it is the duty of the State to suppress; let it find pretexts for increasing the army, and soon those in possession of the Government will have a power with which no opposition can successfully compete. The experience of France under the Third Napoleon shows that, with elective forms and universal suffrage, despotism can be established and maintained.

In the canvass of 1876 the Federal Government embarked in the contest with unscrupulous activity. A member of the Cabinet was the head of a partisan committee. Agents stood at the doors of the pay offices to exact contributions from official subordinates. The whole office-holding class were made to exhaust their power. Even the army, for the first time, to the disgust of the soldiers and many of the officers, was moved about the country as an electioneering instrument. All this was done under the eye of the beneficiary of it, who was making the air vocal with professions of civil service reform, to be begotten after he had himself exhausted all the immoral advantages of civil service abuses.

Public opinion in some States was overborne by corrupt influences and by fraud. But so strong was the desire for reform, that the Democratic candidates received 4,300,000 suffrages. This was a majority of the popular vote of about 300,000, and of 1,250,000 of the white citizens. It was a vote 750,000 larger than Gen. Grant received in 1872, and 1,300,000 larger than he received in 1868.

The step from an extreme degree of corrupt abuses in the elections to a subversion of the elective system itself is natural. No sooner was the election over than the whole power of the office-holding class, led by a Cabinet Minister, was exerted to procure, and did procure, from the State canvassers of two States illegal and fraudulent certificates, which were made a pretext for a false count of the electoral votes. To enable these officers to exercise the immoral courage necessary to the parts assigned to them, and to relieve them from the timidity which God has implanted in the human bosom as a limit to criminal audacity, detachments of the army were sent to afford them shelter.

The expedients by which the votes of the electors chosen by the people of these two States were rejected, and the votes of the electors having the illegal and fraudulent certificates were counted, and the menace of usurpation by the President of the Senate of dictatorial power over all the questions in controversy, and the menace of the enforcement of his pretended authority by the army and navy, the terrorism of the business classes, and the kindred measures by which the false count was consummated, are known.

The result is the establishment of a precedent destructive of our whole elective system. The temptation to those in possession of the Government to perpetuate their own power by similar methods will always exist, and if the example shall be sanctioned by success, the succession of government in this country will come to be determined by fraud or force, as it has been in almost every other country; and the experience will be reproduced here which has led to the general adoption of the hereditary system in order to avoid confusion and civil war.

The magnitude of a political crime must be measured by its natural and necessary consequences. Our great Republic has been the only example in the world of a regular and orderly transfer of governmental succession by the elective system. To destroy the habit of traditionary respect for the will of the people, as declared through the electoral forms, and to exhibit our institutions as a failure, is the greatest possible wrong to our own country. It is also a heavy blow to the hopes of patriots struggling to establish self-government in other countries. It is a greater crime against mankind than the usurpation of Dec. 2, 1851, depicted by the illustrious pen of Victor Hugo. The American people will not condone it under any pretext or for any purpose.

Young men! in the order of nature we who have guarded the sacred traditions of our free government will soon leave that work to you. Within the life of most who hear me our Republic will embrace a hundred millions of people. Whether its institutions shall be preserved in substance and in spirit, as well as in barren forms, and will continue to be a blessing to the toiling millions here and a good example to mankind, now everywhere seeking a larger share in the management of their own affairs, will depend on you.

I avail myself of the occasion to thank you and to thank all in our State and country who have accorded to me their support, not personal to myself, but for the cause I have represented, and which has embraced the largest and holiest interests of humanity.

Mr. Tilden's speech was received with equal enthusiasm, especially when he referred to the damning fraud.

"You have been robbed," said a voice.

Mr. Tilden drew himself up and said, in tones which will not be forgotten soon by those who heard him, "I have not been robbed. The American people have been robbed."

For a moment there was silence, and then his full meaning was comprehended, and a response came from the crowd that was most earnest.

After the speech an informal reception was held by Gov. Tilden in his parlors.

A LOW VOICE IN WOMAN.—The following paragraph which has been going the rounds of the press, will commend itself to many whose sensibility has been often exasperated at the theatre, on the cars, in the streets, in short in every public place by the loud, aggressive voice of the young woman of the day:

"Yes, we agree with that old poet who said that a low, soft voice was an 'excellent thing in woman.' Indeed, we feel inclined to go much further than he has on the subject and call it one of her crowning charms. No matter what other attractions she may have; she may be as fair as the Trojan Helen and as learned as the famous Hypatia of olden times; she may have all accomplishments considered requisite at the present day, and every advantage that wealth can produce, and yet if she lacks a low, sweet voice, she can never be really fascinating. How often the spell of beauty is rudely broken by course loud talking. How often you are drawn to a plain unassuming woman, whose soft silvery tones render her positively attractive. Besides we fancy we can judge of the character by the voice; the blank, smooth, fawning tones seem to betoken deceit and hypocrisy as invariably as the musical subdued voice tells of genuine refinement. In the social circle, how pleasant it is to hear a woman talk in that low key which always characterizes the true lady. In the sanctuary of home how such a voice soothes the fretful children and cheers the weary husband. How sweet its cadence floats through the sick chamber and around the dying bed; with that solemn melody does it breathe a prayer for the departing soul. Ah, yes, a low, soft voice, is certainly 'an excellent thing in woman.'"

— Glaiborne F. Jackson, a native of Kentucky, was once Governor of the State of Missouri. He joined the Southern Confederacy, and died during his term at a farm house opposite the city of Little Rock, among strangers, with no kind hand of affection near to soothe his pain and rob his death bed of its anguish. The most remarkable fact connected with the history of his life is perhaps the statement that he married five sisters in one of the most respectable, wealthy and distinguished families in the State; that as soon as one wife would die he would go and marry her sister, in seasonable time, of course. Some of them were widows when he married them. In connection with the marriages there was a standing joke told at the expense of the Governor, which is that when he went to ask the old gentleman's consent to marry the last one the venerable father is reported to have said, "Yes, Claib, you can have her. You have got them all. For goodness sake don't ask me for the old woman."

— The story about Mr. Evarts' daughter Minnie and her donkey that felt lonesome, which is going the rounds of the press, is not correctly told. He sent the donkey up to Windsor to be used in carrying things between his country seat at Runnymeade and the town, and his daughter Minnie, then six, was particularly impressed with the animal's voice, and remarked to her governess that when she heard the donkey bray it made her think the animal was very sad, and she thought it must be home sick. After some moments' reflection, evidently sympathizing with the unhappiness of the animal, the child continued: "Well, perhaps when papa comes up the donkey won't be so lonesome."

— An Irishman having been told that the price of bread had been lowered, exclaimed: "That is the first time I ever rejoiced at the fall of my best friend."