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AS FALL waxes old, the blows eave and the leaves blow, the dust leaves and the leaves dust.—*Boston Transcript.*

### A THANKSGIVING SHEAF.

Ingathered are the ripened fruits; the vintage joy is o'er;
The land beneath the winter sun hath rest from shore to shore;
And far or near to happy homes come sons and daughters back,
To find their childhood's mirth once more where love had never lack.
The matron with her silver hair, the grandsire bent and gray,
Renew their eager youth again upon Thanksgiving-day.
Around the board what faces shine! what voices full of cheer
Old stories tell, old jests recall, awaken memories dear!

CORNERING THE TURKEY.

Fed on the finest of meal,
Living, one might say, on clover.
The original wildness of heel
And toe keeps our turkey a rover.
Poor fellow! he's cornered at last;
To escape he no longer is able;
But Fate, who his horoscope cast,
Decreed him for king of the table;
And if he could hear himself praised
By the tongues of the gay and the witty,
He'd be satisfied, pleased, and amazed
That we deem him an object of pity.

ESTIMATING THE PUMPKIN.

A golden globe, it rounder grew
Through days of sun and nights of dew
Until September's cordial wine
Stole subtly through its parent vine;
Now, pledge of generous pumpkin pies,
It fitly takes the household prize,
By father's judgment singled out.
In-doors they'll bear it with a shout,
And mother's dainty art will find
The virtue stored within its rind;
A flavor touched with Paradise
Will harmonize its sweet and spice;
And not alone shall child and guest
Partake with rare Thanksgiving zest,
But to the poor a portion sent
Shall give their joy a new content.

A CHARITY DINNER.

Out in the cold from the cellar they creep—
They are used to the hardest living—
These waifs of the street in their poverty deep:
What do they know of Thanksgiving?
There's nothing of childish curve and bloom
In the maiden's sharpened feature,
But the light of love her eyes illume
As she feeds the starving creature,
Which looks to her with a grateful glance,
Almost as if it were human,
While beams in her gentle countenance
The tender nature of woman.
Poor little kitten, savage and wild!
Poor little, dear little homeless child!

Love is the link that binds us all; love is the heavenly balm
Which over fretting circumstances can pour a wondrous calm.
The narrow soul may shrink and pine though plenty heap the board;
The ample heart for smallest grace will praise the bounteous Lord.
Thanksgiving's essence lies in this, to scatter as we can,
The while our God we praise, His gifts to bless our fellow-man;
And none shall miss its meaning if with loving mind they try
To gladden some one else beneath the blue infolding sky.

## POLLY'S PIES.

**A Thanksgiving Story.**

The clock struck three; and like a punctual Fate, Polly, shovel in hand, flung wide the oven-door. For hours had that mystic laboratory been at work, unseen of mortal eye, and the fragrance, compounded of spice, of sugar, of crusted loaf and savory fowl, which now floated forth and filled the kitchen, told the result. Far through the house spread the delicious whiff, and a stir and bustle overhead announced that some one there recognized the signal, and knew that baking was done.

In and out traveled the busy shovel till the inner depth, where yet a red glow lingered, was reached, gave up its last treasure, and Polly, making a fan of her apron, stood before the table to inspect the result. There they were, ranged in order due, the loaves brown and white, the rolls, the crackling pork and beans, the "'lection cake," that difficult dainty, over whose precarious fortunes she had watched till midnight—the two-and-twenty pies, gold, brown, and cranberry red, toothsome mince and translucent apple, custard flecked with cinnamon, tarts open-mouthed and gaping for the friendly jam; and in the midst, its disk of yellow earthenware towering above the rest, the huge chicken pie, to whose composition had gone such wealth of cream, of celery, of fatted pullets, as is not often met with outside the limits of the Pursall farm. With something of the feelings of a General at the head of his battalion, Polly reviewed her forces, noting here and there a specially crisp edging, and in her own mind apportioning this and that to Uncle Nathan or Aunt Sapphira, and these to grace to-morrow's dinner; for "to-morrow" was New England's special day—that "great day of the feast"—in behalf of which Governor's are wont to make proclamation, and neighbors to vie in friendly zeal of housewifery and kind remembrance of those who have no portion of their own.

"Yes," said Polly, half aloud, "that will be the best for the Bulger children, I guess. The crust is a little too brown, but they won't mind that, and it's so big. Then old Aunt Pigett shall have this; and that one I'll send——"

An approaching footstep cut short the soliloquy, and, blushing rosy red, she caught up one special pie, and hurried it into the table drawer. Next moment her mother entered.

"Well, Polly, done?"

"Yes, mother. Come and look at them."

They made a pleasant picture, that mother and daughter, as they stood side by side before the long ironing-table. Mrs. Pursall was tall and erect, the very model of a farmer's wife. Strong, sweet, with face unfurrowed by the wheels of that team, Care and Worry, who drive so heavily over female good looks in our country, and smile undimmed and bright, it was easy to vision forth the bonny bride who, thirty years before, had passed through that door on her wedding morning to be from thenceforth the joy and comfort of all within. And beside her stood the vision renewed in early youth, the same eyes of happy blue, the same dimpled cheeks, the same capable hands; for Mrs. Pursall was a noted housewife, and Polly inherited the gift in full measure. It was with a little heart-beat that she now watched her mother's critical survey, and the nod with which it concluded.

"First-rate, dear; I never saw better. And what a lot of them! Some are to send away, I suppose?"

"O, yes, indeed; it would take *us* a month to eat them all. See mother, these are the ones I picked out for ourselves—for to-morrow and Sunday, you know. And the others are for different folks—old Katy and Uncle Nat, and the Bulgers, and so on. Don't you think I was lucky in my loaf-cake?"

"Indeed you were, and it's a trying cake, too. Suppose you frost a couple of the loaves for to-morrow evening, and put the others away in the tin. You must be sure and wrap them up well. Did you ask anybody to come in the evening besides the Watsons and Jim?"

"No, ma'am—that is—yes," began Polly, flushing and fluttered. "I mean I didn't ask; but when Phil Ralston was here in the summer he said he should drop in if he could, and I told him we'd be happy to see him. That was what I meant, mother."

"O, well," replied Mrs. Pursall, too intent upon the pies to detect the weak points of this lucid explanation, "that was so long ago that very likely he's forgot all about it. But Philip is always welcome, anyhow."

Polly said nothing. In her secret soul she did not believe Phil had forgotten.

How distinctly she remembered about that promise! All through the short vacation, so vaguely alluded to as "in the summer," they had been together, Phil and she, gardening at the rate of a mignonette seed to twenty minutes' conversation; "botanizing" (heaven save the mark! Polly hardly knew the difference between a pistil and a pistol); dawdling at the gate under the pink sunset till the moon rose shy and silvery above the pink, and Mrs. Pursall's voice addressed them from an upper window on the subject of "damp;" "trapesing," to use the language of the same authority, in wet grass of evenings to search out glow-worms—all these and similar pursuits had made it a time of enchantment. Phil was an old playmate and neighbor; nobody thought much of their being together, but Polly thought a great deal. And the last day of all, when she supposed him gone, he had stolen away half an hour before train time, and surprised her in the cool well room, her sleeves rolled up, her slender waist enveloped in a white apron, making pies—all unconscious of his proximity. That last visit stood in bold relief from others; for, lingering there outside the window, words had been half said, half looked, which she could never forget, though, at the time half frightened, she had pretended not to understand them. And at last he took to teasing her about the pies, as she daintily rolled her paste, and jagged the narrow strips for edging. Wouldn't she make him one—all of his own—at Thanksgiving time, for instance, for he was coming home then? O, yes, he was sure she would, though she gave no promise; he should come in the evening for it. And then the time came for him to go. And leaning through the window—Polly colored now as she thought of it—he had softly kissed the little brown wrist and departed, his last words being, "If you love me, Polly, don't forget the pie." I am afraid it was too late for that "if."

For, dreadful as it seems, the Pollys of real life do not always wait, as the books say they should, until a decisive word has been spoken before yielding their hearts. Love comes unsought, unseen, as the sun comes, or the dew; eyes ask, and looks ask. Prudence tugs feebly at the bolt, but her strength is weakness; open flies the door, and Cupid takes possession for bliss or bale. Which, in our Polly's case, it was to be, remained to be shown. She feared nothing, poor child. Phil loved her, she was sure, and all the hopeful sky was bright with early dawn.

"If you love me." The words so lightly spoken hummed round her like a song, as she drew from its hiding-place Phil's pie. Such a pie! Crisp as frost, foam-white, except where heat had kissed it into brown, with edge so trimly, so exactly cut, and middle adorned with a wondrous twirl of paste embodying the initial "P."—a marvelous pie!—a pie to make the mouth water, and put an appetite under the ribs of Dyspepsia. Long and lovingly did Polly gaze on this *chef-d'œuvre* before committing it to the topmost shelf in the pantry, and then, rapidly restoring all to its pristine tidiness, she fled up-stairs; for there was a hat to be trimmed, and, housekeeper though she was, Polly was no less a girl—a girl of eighteen, and what was more, the prettiest girl of eighteen in Cohasset. Something was due to this eminent position.

So, shut into her room, she sat adjusting the killing little feather on the new "turban," turning now and then to survey the effect in a morsel of looking-glass, and by-and-by, as the drifted gold began to gather round the sunset, a sound came on the wind—the distant shriek of a locomotive. The train had arrived at "The Junction," four miles away. Far above the woods she could see the dim blue smoke. Down went the new hat, and a lovely smile parted her lips. That shriek meant—Phil; and I question if Beethoven's finest sonata could at that moment have seemed more musical—so true it is that at times we listen with an inward ear to which all sounds are melodious if they suggest the thing we love.

Phil was come. The thought awoke with her next morning, and lent its spring to the many small businesses which ushered in the day. It was for him she rubbed the crimson apples till they shone, heaped the grape clusters so tastefully, and crowned the vases with chrysanthemums and gay leaves. The candles she inserted in the tall, plated branches should brighten the room when he entered, the noble hickory logs should warm, the polished andirons please his eye. She lent her whole heart to the icing—Phil liked loaf cake. And if ever the spirit of Lady Mary Wortley's sentiment was carried out—if ever a room ceased to be a room, a dinner a dinner—it was now, when, transmuted by tender alchemy, the old farmhouse took on higher meaning, and Mrs. Pursall's nuts and apples became indeed the "refreshment provided for a beloved one."

All things in order at last, a merry party set off for church. Father, mother, brother James, his wife and child—first installment of the family gathering—and in the midst Polly. The sun shone; crisp leaves rustled under foot; in all Cohasset was no blither face than that crowned by the new turban, as our little maid took her seat in the gallery front row as one of the village choir. How everything seemed to smile! She loved the world; she loved the Governor for arranging this delightful day—this day which made so many people happy; which brought Phil home.

It was early. The melodeon was playing a low, droning voluntary; the green curtains were half drawn—plenty of chance for the choir to peep and to whisper, a thing all choirs like to do.

"I say, Polly, where *did* you get that feather?" asked her neighbor. "I only wish somebody would give me one. It's just elegant!"

"Mother bought it," said Polly, her eye on the door.

"Who *are* you looking for? Your ma? There she is now. What a good-looking woman James' wife is, isn't she?"

"I suppose you've heard the news, Polly?" broke in another whisper from behind. "The news about Phil Ralston?"

"No. What do you mean?" with sudden interest.

"He came up last night, you know; and what do you think he brought with him but a wife! The old folks didn't know a word about it. Wasn't it a fine Thanksgiving surprise?"

"How did you hear?" asked Polly, faintly.

"Steve saw them—our Steve, you know. He came in the same train, and there was Phil getting out with his wife, and the old 'Squire meeting them, and looking so surprised, and Phil, said he, 'Father, I've got a new daughter to introduce to you.' And then some more in a low voice, which Steve couldn't hear; and the 'Squire he 'most cried, and he shook hands, and said, 'You're welcome, my dear.' That was all Steve saw, for he had to come away; but Uncle Reuben was up to the 'Squire's in the evening about a load of hay, and Phil's wife came in, and the 'Squire introduced her. 'My son's wife,' he said, and he looked real pleased, for all he hadn't been told beforehand. Gracious! there they are! Look, Polly, just coming in!"

For a moment all swam before Polly's eyes. Then the mist cleared again, and she saw 'Squire Ralston's white head passing up the aisle, followed by his sister, a dear old woman who lived with him and kept his house; then Phil, and by his side a lady. With unnatural fire in her blue eyes she scanned the stranger, noting the clear olive cheek, the graceful undulating walk, the gait, which, even to her inexperienced vision, seemed something rich and foreign. That, then, was Phil's wife, the woman he preferred to all others! And with sudden power of hatred Polly felt that she hated her. All the sweet, even pulses of her nature seemed turned into bitterness and fire.

"She looks old for Phil, doesn't she?" whispered the other girl.

She did, but how beautiful! And still, as the service went on, what a mockery it all seemed—the prayer in which she did not join, the sermon which spoke of people as thankful and happy! She rose with the others, she bent her head, and all the time something jangled in her ears the one phrase, "Phil is married! Phil is married!" till it seemed as if she could not bear it. Long afterward, when she was happy again, that wretched morning would come back to her as visions of fever to returning health; little things she was unconscious of noticing—a late canker-worm walking up Mary Jane Oaks' bonnet-string; the scrap of newspaper left on Deacon Bunker's face from his morning shaving, and on which could be plainly read, "Lost and Strays," with the after clue of "heifer" just below. She remembered the exact position in which Phil stood as he held the hymn-book open for his—wife! Once he half turned and glanced at the gallery. That was too much; Polly drew tight the green curtain, and looked no more.

"You're pale to-day," whispered the friendly gossip in the rear, "or else your hat isn't becoming."

This roused her pride. Bad as it was to be miserable, it was worse to be pitied. She bit her lips till they were red, and (taking advantage of the last prayer, I am sorry to say) inflicted upon her cheeks a series of furtive pinches, which restored their bloom. Coming down stairs with the rest, she saw, she was sure, Phil lingered as if to speak. Cruel, insulting—she *would* not see! Leaning on James' arm, chatting, laughing, all bloom and animation, she brushed past. "Polly," he half exclaimed, then paused. Backs are sometimes expressive as faces. Polly's said distinctly as back could: "Don't speak to me." Phil looked after them a moment; then, suppressing a low whistle, he plunged his hands into his pockets, and took the opposite direction. But soon, relenting, he was sorry to have done so. "She didn't see me," he said to himself; "that was it. Well, I'll go over this evening, at all events, and find out what it means."

"O, what a miserable day it was! All the little, carefully prepared-for pleasures were as so many goads and stings to poor Polly The turnkey choked, the children's merriment stunned her. And there was all the relations to be seen to—Aunt Elmira and Uncle Jacob. Cousin Jane with her family, and the new baby. But for all her heartache the little maid was true to herself. Only Mrs. Pursall, with mother's instinct, divined that something was the matter. To the rest Polly was her usual self, prettier than usual, if anything gayer, with that deep flush on her cheeks, and the saucy tongue which barbed with inward misery, had a smart answer ready for all and each.

At last the long dinner ended, amidst praises loud and high. The fire was replenished, the candles lit, evening and a general romp set in. Amidst the bustle Polly could slip away for a moment unperceived. She has "found a thing to do," as Mr. Browning says.

Climbing a chair in the dark pantry, she felt about. Yes, there it was. Just so she had meant to come and lift it down for Phil! With tight-set lips she carried the dish through the hall to the back door, where Jowler, a faithful beast of nondescript breed, was wont to lie on a convenient door mat.

"Jowler, Jowler—poor fellow," she said, "here's something for you," and she held out to him Phil's pie!

Never was dog awakened by daintier morsel! It was not a very heroic vengeance that, but somehow it suited Polly's feelings, and there was a certain tragic quality in her manner as she stood looking on at the demolishment which would have struck an uninterested spectator as infinitely comic. As the last crumb vanished, however—the last twirl of the "P"—a different mood asserted itself. She put her head in childish fashion against the door, and, with the empty pie-plate in her hand, began to cry—a silent, miserable crying, with a little dumb moan running through it like a child's.

It was just then that somebody passing up the walk came upon her—somebody who, in his haste, had come "cross corners," and leaped the garden fence in his way. A tall, brown-haired fellow, with merry, kind eyes, in which wonderment shone as he took in this astonishing spectacle.

"Halloo!" he began; "why it's—bless my soul! Polly! Why, Polly—what is the matter, dear?"

At the sound of the voice Polly started, as if stung. She gave a little scream, then, recollecting herself, would have dashed past him into the house, but a strong hand held her back.

"What *is* the meaning of this?" said Phil. "You here, and crying, on Thanksgiving night—the night when we were going to be so happy! Tell me what it is, Polly darling? Can't I help you? Aren't you glad to see me?"

"Philip Ralston!" said Polly, too furious to weigh her words, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Why?"

"Why? You ask me that? Because"—suddenly remembering what she implied—"because—you have no right to speak to me—to anybody—in that way any more, now that you are married!"

"Eh!" ejaculated Philip; "and who says I am married?"

Polly, with dilating eyes, perused his face. She could not speak.

"I'm not married," went on Phil, "whoever says so. And I can't imagine how such a thing got about. And that you should—" He stopped.

"The lady in church?" gasped Polly.

"Well! what about her?" said Phil, sharply. "That was Will's wife—my brother Will, you know, or, rather, you don't know, for you were a little girl when he went to South America. It seems that he ran away with a beauty and heiress, and the letter he wrote never reached us; and the first thing I knew they were in New York, and poor Will miserably knocked up by the voyage and a pistol-ball one of her relations sent after him. So I didn't let father know, for fear of worrying him; and when Will got better we all came up together. That's the story, Polly; but I did think you trusted me a little."

"O, I did, I do," sobbing; "and I was miserable, Phil."

"So this was the cause of Polly's tears," went on teasing Phil, availing himself, man-like, of the opportunity; "and that was the reason she turned her back this morning. Then Polly does care for me a little—a very little?"

"A *very* little," responded Polly, with a faint gleam of mischief from under her wet lashes.

"Enough to put some confidence in my word when I assure her that I shall never marry—never—unless somebody I know, somebody who has proved very faithless, and hurt me not a little to-day, should learn to believe me, and like me well enough"—squeezing a little brown hand as he spoke—"to take me for a husband herself? What do you say, dear?" for the pretty rosy face had vanished into the sleeve of his coat, and for all questioning no answer could be won but a little, sweet, half gurgling, half sobbing, "Forgive me, Phil."

Phil did not prove obdurate. Before long the face came out of its hiding-place, and, leaning on his arm, Polly stood a happy moment to look at the rising moon, and taste the consciousness of bliss. Jowler stretched himself luxuriously, yawned, then leaping up, his paws on Polly's shoulder, he gave vent to one loud, solitary bark of benediction, perhaps, or, maybe, self-congratulation that this consummation devoutly to be wished did not happen sooner, to the detriment of his dinner. A moment, then Phil drew Polly into the shelter of the warmed and lighted hall, and the door was shut.

There is another "young Mrs. Ralston" now, whose pastry is said by the good housewives in the neighborhood to "beat all," and whose dainty ways are very like our Polly's; but she always assures her husband (whose name is Phil) that, if she should live half a century, she shall never, never make, or he ever taste, a pie one-half so perfect as that which he forfeited by coming ten minutes late one Thanksgiving evening. And he says— But no matter what he says.

### Hunting for a Word.

An anecdote of Moore, the Irish poet, shows how much pains a writer who does good work will take to put the right word in the right place. Moore was on a visit to a literary friend in France, and while there wrote a short poem.

One day while the guest was engaged in his literary labor, the two took a stroll into an adjacent wood, and the host soon perceived that his companion was given up to his own thoughts; he was silent and abstracted, noticing neither his friend and entertainer nor the surrounding beauties of the landscape.

By-and-by he began to gnaw the fingertips of his glove, pulling and twitching spasmodically, and when this had gone on for a long time his friend ventured to ask him what was the trouble.

"I'll tell you," said Moore. "I have left at home upon my table a poem in which is a word I do not like. The line is perfect save that one word, and that word is perfect save its inflection. Thus it is," and he repeated the line and asked his friend if he could help him.

It was a delicate point. The friend saw the need, saw where and how the present word jarred just the slightest possible bit upon the exquisite harmony of the cadence; but he could not supply the want.

The twain cudgeled their brains until they reached the house on their return without avail.

The rest of the day was spent as usual, as was the evening, save that ever and anon Moore would sink into a silent fit of pursuit of the absent word. And so the night, and the poet went to bed in a deep study.

The following morning was bright and beautiful, and Moore came down from his chamber with a bounding step, with a scrap of paper in his hand, and a glorious light in his genial countenance.

The word had come to him! He had awakened during the night, and the kind genius of inspiration had visited his pillow, and he had got up and torn a scrap from his note-book, and at the window, by the light of the moon, had made the thought secure.

"There," he said, when he had incorporated it into the text; "there it is—only a simple, single word, a word as common as a, b, c, and yet it cost me twelve hours of unflagging labor to find it and put it where it is. Who could believe it?"

### Where Women Never Go.

During eight hundred years no woman is known to have entered the grounds of the monastery of Camadoli, Italy, except once, when a princess of the house of Medici, who had a great desire to behold the place, disguised herself in men's clothing and was admitted. But so stricken with remorse was she on beholding the sacred spot that she hastened to the Pope to confess her fault, and, as a penance for it, was commanded to build a new cottage in the inclosure, which she did. The monastery is one of the few institutions of the kind suffered to remain in Italy. A recent visitor says that what are called cells are comfortable little dwellings. Each is surrounded by a wall, and has its garden twenty feet square. A little piazza, with the trunk of a tree planed and squared for a bench as its only furniture, runs along the side of the house. Entering the door, you find yourself in a brick paved vestibule, with an empty chamber where a spring of water is flowing into a basin on the left, and the living rooms on the right. These consist of a study just large enough for one person to sit down, a dining and sleeping room, with the bed built into the wall in the fashion of a ship's berth. A small table, two chairs and a cupboard complete the furnishing. Food is passed to the occupant through a hole in the wall, all being prepared in a common kitchen and brought to the hermits once a day. They never eat meat, and their portion of fish on all except fast days consists of six ounces of fresh or four of salt fish.

—The fish we lose weigh more than those we catch.—*Free Press.*

### The Next Electoral Count.

The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* directs timely attention to the designs of the Democratic managers in regard to the count of the next Electoral vote for President. He says that, in spite of the serious errors that have been made and are admitted by the Democrats, and in spite of the defeats they have encountered in all of the Northern States this fall, "there is still an air of confidence of ultimate success in obtaining possession of the Government in 1880." They are represented as consoling themselves for every set-back with the remark that "next time we have the counting of the Electoral vote."

The manner of counting the Electoral vote at the next election still remains to be determined. There is no law nor joint rule which provides for it. The situation is precisely the same as it was when the controversy arose over the last election, with the important difference that both Houses of Congress are now under control of the Democrats, whereas the Senate was Republican and the House Democratic in 1876. The division of the two Houses between the two contesting parties at that time led up to the appointment of a separate tribunal for scrutinizing the returns and to a predetermined agreement to abide by the decision of that tribunal. The absolute control of both Houses being now in the hands of one party, there is serious danger that some scheme for counting the Electoral vote will be adopted that will enable the partisan majority to count or reject to suit the necessities of their own candidate.

There is no doubt that the matter rests with Congress. The Constitutional provision is that "The President of the Senate shall, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the certificates, *and the votes shall then be counted.*" How they shall be counted is for Congress to determine, under the general authority of the Constitution to make all laws necessary for carrying out the mandates of the Constitution. That was what made the temporary Electoral law of 1877 constitutional and valid under which the Hayes votes were counted, and the same condition will enable the present Congress to determine how the next Electoral vote shall be counted.

That the present Congress is disposed to take a partisan advantage of the situation is evident from various circumstances. (1) The Democrats have not been willing to give any attention to propositions for reforming the plan for electing the President, though the uncertainty, confusion, and danger incident to the present system is generally admitted. (2) They are making desperate efforts to re-open certain contests for seats in Congress which have already been definitely awarded to Republicans, in order that they may substitute Democrats, and thus assure their partisan majority beyond peradventure. (3) The confidence with which they look forward to the count in spite of all their reverses is indicative of a purpose to manipulate it as they please. (4) A project for a law on this subject was brought forward in the extra session, which, if passed, will enable the Democratic majority in both Houses to count just such votes as they see fit to count, and reject any that they do not choose to count.

The purport of the proposed law is set forth in the two following sections:

SEC. 7. If there shall be a controversy in any State as to the appointment or eligibility of Electors, the same may be passed upon by its highest judicial tribunal, in accordance with its laws; the decision thereof shall be certified by such tribunal, and shall be by it transmitted sealed to the seat of Government of the United States, directed to the President of the Senate.

SEC. 8. Congress shall be in session on the second Monday in February succeeding every meeting of the Electors. The Senate and House of Representatives shall meet in the hall of the House of Representatives at one o'clock post meridian, on that day; the President of the Senate shall be their presiding officer. Two tellers shall be previously appointed on the part of the Senate, and two on the part of the House of Representatives. The President of the Senate shall then open all the certificates and papers purporting to be certificates of the Electoral votes; the votes shall then be counted by the two Houses of Congress in the alphabetical order of the States, as certified by the Electors, unless rejected by both Houses; but if in any State there be a controversy as to the appointment or eligibility of Electors, the decision thereof by its highest judicial tribunal shall be conclusive, and the vote shall be counted in accordance therewith, unless reversed by both Houses; and if there be more than one judicial decision, each purporting to be by the highest court of the same State, the decision held by both Houses to be that of the lawful tribunal shall be conclusive, unless reversed by both Houses.

Where there has been a controversy in any State as aforesaid, and no such certified decision has been transmitted, or when two or more such certified decisions have been transmitted, the contested votes from such State shall not be counted, unless both Houses concur therein. And if there be several Electoral certificates from any State, and no such judicial decision, the certificate held by both Houses to be executed by the proper authority shall be conclusive, unless rejected by both Houses.

This bill was reported in the regular way by the House Committee charged with considering the best method for ascertaining and declaring the result of the elections for President and Vice President; and it was probably due to the indisposition to enter upon general legislation and to the excitement over the vetoes that no action was taken. It will be observed that, though reported by a Democratic Committee and offered for the consideration of a Democratic Congress, this bill abandons altogether the theory of State-rights by vesting in Congress absolutely the power to pass final decision upon the Electors whom the several States have appointed, since the concurrence of the two Houses is made potential, even in setting aside the verdict of the highest State tribunal when it shall have been adjudicated between contested Electors. The Democrats will not go to the length of sacrificing their pet doctrine without a serious purpose to gain decided party advantage by so doing. Under the terms of the proposed law the Democratic majority in the two Houses of Congress would have the power to throw out the Electoral vote of New York or of Illinois if it should be cast for the Republican candidate.

In the Committee's report accompanying the proposed Electoral law, the extraordinary partisan power it confers is defended on the ground that "the concurrent action of the two Houses of Congress upon such a question, if not always absolutely right, will always represent the prevailing public opinion, and will, therefore, give general satisfaction." This might be true if the Electoral vote were to be counted by the Congress chosen at the same time the people vote for President; but it is obviously untrue, in view of the fact that the Electoral vote for the next President will be counted by the present Congress, which was elected last fall, or just two years previously to the vote for President which it is charged with counting. It is preposterous to say that, if the people give the Republican candidate for President a majority of the Electoral vote next year, the present Democratic Congress, elected two years before, will represent public opinion in *counting out* that candidate. What was intended by the Democratic committee to be its strongest argument in favor of the proposed partisan law is in reality a conclusive argument against its passage. It is to be feared, however, that the Democratic majority in Congress will not be governed by arguments in determining this matter.

The apprehension of partisan chicanery in the counting of the next Electoral vote has undoubtedly a large influence in favor of the nomination of the "strong man" as Republican candidate for President. All the circumstances warrant the belief that the Democratic majority in Congress will go *just as far as they dare* to defeat the expression of the popular will, if that expression be opposed to the ambition of their party and to the success of their candidate. This conviction naturally prompts the selection of a candidate by the Republican party who, if clearly and fairly elected, will not submit to being cheated of his rights, and whose character and standing will in a measure deter the Democrats from making a bold misuse of a partisan majority, which they acquired at a former period and under false pretenses.—*Chicago Tribune.*

### Principles Before Candidates.

The most of the leading journals, if we may judge from their columns, the only question of importance as to the next Presidential campaign seems to be this: Who will be nominated? Possibly there is a tendency to overlook the fact that nine-tenths of the votes cast, at any National election, are cast with sole regard to the political principles involved.

The importance of recent elections lies mainly in the fact that they have done much to determine the principles upon which the contending parties shall appeal to the people at the next election. The Democrats have hoped to succeed by appealing to the people on the financial questions. But their defeat, in that quarter, has been decisive. The Greenback party has been extinguished, and the soft-money Democrats have been everywhere defeated, until it is doubtful whether any Democratic Convention or candidate will be rash enough to go before the people with any form of inflation. It is not to be supposed that there has been any change in the general tendency of the party. Neither has there been a material change in the temper of Republican voters. The victories of hard money have convinced managers of both parties that it is not safe and will not pay to favor inflation, and both will do whatever they can to win the confidence of hard-money voters.

Again, the Democrats hoped to succeed by appealing to public opinion against the election laws. Some journals in this neighborhood made this a speciality, and went into frequent hysterics about "Davenport and his iron cages." There is no sort of doubt that public opinion at the North heartily sustains all measures that have yet been adopted to secure fair and honest elections. The outcry of the Democrats on that point has cost them votes. It has advertised the fact that there was, and is yet, great need of sharp restraint to prevent Democratic frauds at the ballot-box. Inasmuch as a desire to prevent fraud is shared not only by all Republicans, but by many Democrats—for no voter can tell how soon his political freedom may depend upon his ability to resist at the ballot-box the managers of his own party—this dispute has drawn votes to the support of Republican candidates. It ought to be accepted as an axiom in politics that any party will lose votes which attempts to break down barriers erected to prevent illegal voting.

Still less can the Democrats afford to face another election as the party of nullification. All the "tall talk," all the hot words and loud threats, uttered by Democratic members of Congress, in respect to the Executive veto and the right way of meeting it, will be noted by capable historians as the main cause of the remarkable Democratic defeat in 1879. The party did not have sense enough to suppress its nullifiers or its revolutionists, and the natural result was that sober and sagacious men determined not to intrust power to a party so reckless. If the Democrats hope to succeed at all they must begin by driving out of their counsels men who flippantly threaten revolutionary measures in order to hear applause from a convocation of weak-headed and hot-tempered partisans.

The Democratic party goes forward to the next Presidential campaign without a single idea for which it has contended, and dares still to contend. There is talk of a vigorous campaign in Congress this winter on questions of taxation. Republicans may heartily hope that this blunder also will be committed by a party which can serve the country only by abolishing itself. The revenue laws of the United States are not perfect, but they compare creditably with the best ever framed under Democratic rule. The worst and most vicious changes in them, for ten years past, have been made mainly by Democratic votes.

But if the Democratic party has not a single principle for which it can contend with hope of success, what difference does it make whether it names one man or another as its candidate? The great tide of public opinion, which Democrats have discovered that nothing can resist, is moved scarcely at all by any liking or disliking for a candidate. Personal popularity is only the foam on the crest of the wave. The Democratic party may nominate any man it pleases, as long as it holds its present position with respect to the graver questions of public policy, and the Republican party will defeat it easily with either of several candidates.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

### The Electoral Question.

The dispute at the last Presidential election gave us warning enough that our laws were in an imperfect condition regarding the settlement of questions arising from irregular returns, cases of intimidation or fraud within the States, and other matters affecting the Presidential choice of the people. These defects have been noted before, and a wise and statesmanlike bill for their remedy been proposed by Senator Morton, which was lost in the stress of what is called practical legislation. The crisis, which was to be feared, found us unprepared, and an extra constitutional method had to be devised to meet the emergency. If there was any excuse for negligence before it came, there was certainly none afterward, and nothing but culpable neglect, or worse, criminal design, could be the reason for the failure of both parties in Congress to prepare promptly, discuss temperately, and agree dispassionately upon a proper and efficient measure that would obviate the difficulty in the future. It was not a difficult task in the way of legislation, and it was one that bore equally upon both parties. Nearly three years have passed and nothing has been done, and there is very little prospect that anything will be done the coming session; so that in case of another dispute we shall be as unprepared as ever, with passions possibly higher and the precedent of difficult and extra judicial proceedings more dangerous. The past failure and the future probability of partisan struggle and defeat, are distinctly to be charged upon the Democratic party, and what is worse, with very definite suspicions of ulterior purpose.

In the Forty-fifth Congress a bill was reported and passed by the Senate for the regulation of the Electoral count. It was not partisan, and was supported by Mr. Edmunds and Mr. Bayard, two of the ablest, most candid and judicial minded representatives of both parties. It provided that cases of Electoral dispute should be settled within the States themselves by such tribunals as they had or should provide, and that such decisions should be binding upon the two Houses of Congress. Such a principle should have been acceptable to the Democratic doctrines of State rights, and if not agreeable to the Republican theories, was acknowledged by them as a reasonable and practical arrangement, such as was possible in the condition of the Federal compact and the autonomy of the States. It was opposed by Senator Thurman and the bulk of the Democratic members, and passed by the Republican majority in the Senate. In the last session of the Forty-fifth Congress the bill went to the House, and was defeated by the substitution of a bill offered by Mr. Southard, of Ohio, a Democratic member, which provided that the decision by any State tribunal might be overruled by a vote of both Houses of Congress, and that, in case of two tribunals giving opposite decisions, Congress might decide which one was competent. The bill failed to pass, and was revived during the extra session. It is now upon the calendar, and it is probable that the partisan majority will endeavor to force its passage. It is opposed, not only by the strong Republican minority, but cannot be supported by Democrats like Mr. Bayard and his associates, who have already put themselves on record against its principles and in favor of the exactly opposite Senate bill. If it is put through under the party lash, and the honorable States rights Democrats are obliged to surrender their principles, it cannot be accepted by a Republican Executive, being so manifestly for a party purpose, and the whole matter falls to the ground, leaving us in doubt, confusion and perplexity again.

The meaning of this conduct on the part of the Democratic party is obvious enough. It proposes to count in its next candidates for President and Vice-President, if it can. It not only proposes to take advantage of Electoral disputes in States, but to invite them. Nothing short of an overwhelming preponderance of the Electoral vote in favor of the Republican candidates will prevent an effort being made to force a decision in favor of the Democratic party. Among the unwritten and intangible expressions of partisan determination, which are sometimes not the less real for not being acknowledged, it is intimated that a majority of twenty Electoral votes will not be more than sufficient to seat the Republican candidates without dispute. This bitterness and recklessness of determination is not only from unscrupulous partisanship, but in some sincere and mistaken Democrats assumes the attitude of justifiable reprisal for what they consider the unjust defeat of Tilden and Hendricks at the last election.

Such an attempt on the part of the Democratic majority in Congress to overide the will of the people would not be confined to the reckless and flagitious element altogether, which might be defeated within its own limits but will include the strength of the party, governed in a measure by a sense of justifiable retaliation. If the decision is a close one—and the condition of the solid South renders that a probability—we may reckon on the united action of the party majority to force a decision in their favor, and a wide margin may not obviate trouble and difficulty. We are not borrowing trouble, but anticipating an almost inevitable danger. Neither do we give up the ship, or fear that the people will not be able to exercise a coercive power to carry out their will, but at best any dispute must be an injury, and even a repetition of the former method of settling the question cannot be regarded with favor. It is but a make shift when a settled regulation is needed, and it leaves a legacy of bitterness and a precedent for uncertainty of the worst influence in the present condition of things, and in the inevitable failure of Congress, it will be necessary for the people to take the matter into their own hands and make such an emphatic decision that there can be no question of doubt or dispute.—*Providence Journal.*

### His "Recommend."

Some time since a Detroit merchant was in want of a clerk, and he advertised the fact. Among the numerous applicants who sent in recommendations was a young man who had shortly before received a letter from the old man Blank, to the effect that any further visits to his house on the part of the young man could not be permitted, and that "Mary's" future husband was already selected. In his haste and excitement he forwarded this note in place of a recommendation from a mercantile house, and on discovering his mistake, he called upon the merchant to secure the missive.

"Ah!" said the merchant, as the young man entered, "you can begin here to-morrow. I was about to write you."

"That—that letter——" began the young man, but the merchant interrupted:

"Best recommend in the world. Old Blank and I have been enemies for forty-six years. Any one he is down on I always employ, in order to aggravate him. Come right along. I'll give you a position in the front of the store, where the old curmudgeon must see you every time he passes, and if you want to make up faces at him I'll pay all costs!"

Thus are we able to furnish another illustration that sunshine may come out of the depths of despair.—*Free Press.*

TRAVELERS have noticed that their appetites are best at stations where there is least to eat