ABILENE REFLECTOR

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STROTHER BROS.

THE BEST SHIP AFLOAT.

Of all the ships afloat
On Atlantic or Pacific,
Or far within the tropics
On the Indian ocean's breast,
With white sails all a-gleaming,
With brilliant colors streaming,
There's no ship
Like Friendship,
The staunchest, and the best!

When tempests hover nigh,
And the sea is lashed to fury,
When loudly roar the breakers,
And above the sea-gulls swarm;
When skies are overclouded,
And sunshine is enshrouded,
There's no ship
Like Friendship,
To battle with the storm!

A welcome sight is she
Wherever we may meet her,
With canvas spread out finely,
With pennon bright and blue;
To none she is a stranger,
And in the hour of danger
There's no ship
Like Friendship
To lead us safely through!

From port to port she sails,
The bearer of dispatches
From Love, the mighty monarch
Her outfit all complete;
And though little skiff or clipper
May in a race outstrip her,
There's no ship
Like Friendship
In all the royal fleet!

Of all the ships afloat
On Atlantic or Pacific,
Or far within the tropics
On the Indian ocean's breast,
With white sails all a-gleaming,
With brilliant colors streaming,
There's no ship
Like Friendship,
The staunchest, and the best.

—*Josephine Pollard, in N. Y. Ledger.*

A SERVICE OF SONG.

The girls had gone to town. Grandma sat in the open sitting-room door, sewing. Grandfather stood in the cool shade at the long work bench at the end of the kitchen, making a new single-tree for the light wagon. They could not see each other. I doubt if they heard, or at any rate observed, each other's voices, but I could plainly see and hear each one, and I forgot my book, listening to them and trying to guess their thoughts from their disjointed, changing, abrupt fragments of song. And the occasional flutter of the leaves stirred by a wandering breath of wind, the shadows dimpling the second growth of red clover, the straying note of a restless bird, the long, dusty road, stretching far away past the woods to the "high prairie," the flash of a butterfly's wings—how it all harmonized with the broken songs that fell almost unconsciously at times from the old lips, while "the singers were over the business of the house," and in all that hour of peace, while "the whole earth is at rest, and is quiet, they break forth into singing."

A flash of bright beautiful blue from the willows and a kingfisher, with his lonesome cry, skimmed a pool in the slough with a plash and sped away. The old man's eyes followed the flight of the bird, and then rested a moment on the wandering stream, loitering away to the woods on the Schnebly farm, and the strong voice sang to old "Exhortation:"

"Our life is a dream;
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay;
The arrow is flown;
The moment is gone——"

"O, may we all remember well
The night of death draws near,"

came from grandma's lips, and she hadn't opened them before in half an hour until the clock struck four. Her voice died away, while I listened for more, for her old hymns as she sang them were always known unto us "as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice and can play well on an instrument." I heard the old clock give its hectic cough, as if in illustration of the hymn. Grandma wearily turned the work in her hands, and the measures of "Brown" swelled out in

"Jerusalem my happy home,
Name ever dear to me;
When shall my labors have an end——"

A broken thread broke the song, and when the busy needle resumed its flight, the dear old singer had passed to the closing line of the next stanza:

"And streets of shining gold."

I knew how the busy brain and the tired hands longed for rest, and I wondered if she wasn't thinking of all the years of weariness and toil, and of a certain mortgage that with its black wings of threatening and terror had been hovering above the farm for years like a hawk. I didn't have a very clear comprehension of a mortgage, I am afraid, but I knew that times had been easier and money more plentiful since it had been lifted, and I was pretty certain that streets paved with gold would scare away the biggest blanket mortgage that ever covered an improved quarter.

The click of a falling frame and the beseeching "cheeps" of half a dozen terrified chicks caught in my latest improved quail trap, set where no quail was ever known to come. Grandfather stepped away from the bench to relieve the unharmed captives, for I never moved, fearing a demand for explanation, and in a moment the plaintive minor strains of quaint old "Hyacinth" sang out:

"I delivered thee when bound,
And when wounded, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness——"

"O, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight;
Sweet fields arrayed in living green——"

and at the sound of Grandma's voice I turned my face, and saw the wrinkled hands dropped in her lap as she sat looking out on the long pasture, over the green rolling field where we sowed the first crop of Hungarian, the fringing woods and the wide meadows all flooded in glorious sunshine—how could she sing anything else? Triumphant as the psalm of the long rolling surf, the beautiful voice sang on for a moment, and then the old hands picked up the work, and the melody drifted into the sad sweetness of "Naomi," and the voice of the singing went on:

"When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er."

Sure enough, I remembered, it was only Wednesday and it seemed to the busy ones yet a long time to the restfulness of the farm Sabbath. A moving shadow at the work bench drew my eyes, and as grandfather drew the tape line to find the middle of the hickory piece he was shaping, he sang to Scottish "Avon,"

"Teach me the measure of my days,
Thou maker of my frame,
I would survey——"

There was a fault somewhere, and silence indicated it, for grandfather never sang in moments of perplexity. He would talk to himself then as though he was or were, as the case, or rather number may be, twins, but he never sang. And with closed eyes I waited and knew the measurement was perfected when he went on:

"A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust——"

A search for the drawing knife stopped his song, and as a cloud drifted over the sun and soothed all the land with shadow, grandma sang in the plaintive strains of "China":

"Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ the mighty Maker died
For man, the creature's sin."

While like a triumphant echo from the work bench end of the choir came ringing the glorious strains of "St. Martins," thrilling and inspiring as a blast of trumpets, cheering as a bugle call, grand in its tone of unshaken confidence:

"Beneath the shadow of Thy throne,
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure."

But the cloud drifted away and the sunburst of light blazed over the earth again, and in stately measure "Dundee" swelled in its half note step from the bench:

"A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt."

It may have been the majestic old tune, or it may have been, I rather think it was, the cooing wood dove, mourning in the tall old elm down by the horse well, that made grandma sing:

"Return, oh, holy dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn——"

Rock, rock, rock, the old straight back rocker finished the verse without words, and in a moment the whirling flight of my pigeons sweeping from the barn roof over to the cool woods changed grandma's song to joyous "Amsterdam:"

"Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Toward Heaven, thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove,
Rise, my soul, and haste away——"

But grandpa, with lusty arm and clanging hammer, beating on the iron rings that bound the ends of the single-tree, sang aloud, with terrible voice, that direful old revival hymn that used to melt with sudden fear the trembling souls of impenitent youth:

"Say, have you an arm like God,
That you His will oppose?
Fear you not that iron rod
With which He breaks His foes?"

And like a soothing balm to his avenging chant that seemed to echo the dread thunders of Sinai, came the mourning notes of the wood dove, and dear old grandma's sweet "Aletta":

"Weeping soul, no longer mourn,
Jesus all thy griefs hath borne;
View Him bleeding on the tree,
Pouring out His life for thee;
There thy every sin He bore,
Weeping soul, lament no more."

A distant strain of song from the men in the field with Uncle John caught the old man's ear, and he straightened himself a moment, to rest or to listen. He looked at the reapers, then down at the mulberry trees by the spring in the pasture, across at the long ranks of corn, at the golden field of oats, waiting impatiently for the reapers and sang:

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wistful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie."

While like a benediction came chanting into his song the mourning dove and grandma's "Zion,"

"Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have the friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved."

DOXOLOGY.

A rattle of wheels down the carriage drive, a chorus of pleasant voices and rippling laughter, a cataract of talk, of band box and package and sample and price list, and news of the friends in Peoria who is dead and who is married, who they saw and what he said—the girls have returned from town, the service of song is over and his last hymn mingling with the joyous laughter and merry chatter of his girls, as he drove the horses over to the barn, I heard grandfather softly singing to "Ortonville."

"Way should the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?"

—*Robt. J. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

For Sale.

A citizen in the western part of the city who has a house for sale says that he has learned more of human nature in the last three months than during all his life before. Nine people out of ten who come to look at his $10,000 house haven't ten dollars to buy with. The same proportion are deliberate liars. Nineteen out of twenty want every room changed about. Ten out of twelve go all through the house and then object to the street. Not one single woman out of the scores who have called at the house had any other idea than to satisfy a temporary curiosity. One woman had every room in the house measured to see if her carpets would fit and then suddenly discovered that the house was a whole block from the street cars. Another sat for two hours and planned how she would fix every room, and then left the place in a huff because there wasn't a Methodist Church on the next corner. A third was about to leave two hundred dollars to bind the bargain until next day, when it suddenly occurred to her that her sister out in Pontiac might not like the location. Out of sixty or seventy men who have called every single one liked the location, thought the property cheap, and would return next day. The citizen finally got tired of such conduct, and now when any one calls he asks:

"Do you wish to look at the house or the furniture?"

"O, the house, of course."

"Well, this house stands on the north side of the street. It is on block fourteen, lot forty-two. The house is of wood. It is forty rods to a church and eighty to a school house. Street cars do not pass the door. Circus processions never come this way. Now, then, have you any idea of buying?"

"Certainly. We must move next week."

"Very well. Please deposit two dollars for my trouble in showing you over."

"Two dollars! I'd like to see myself! Why, your house is the poorest one for sale in all Detroit, and I'd not live in it rent free."

"But you came here to buy?"

"No, I didn't. I happened to be passing, saw your sign, and I thought I might as well tramp over your premises as to go down town. Good morning, sir! You'd better insure your house and set fire to it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—According to Japanese custom, age is counted from the first day of the January succeeding birth. At that date a child is one year old, whether born the previous January, at midsummer, or on the 31st of December.

—An Eastern insurance company has refused to insure houses in which spherical fish globes or water bottles are kept. They act as sun glasses, and three fires are recorded from this cause last winter.

A Clever Dog.

A handsome Scotch colly dog in the office of Dr. J. C. Corlies, in Market and Mulberry Streets, Newark, has been trained by his owner, R. B. Williams, Dr. Corlies's young clerk, to do things which prove him to be an animal of unusual intelligence. He spells words, distinguishes colors, and performs arithmetical calculations; or else he and his owner are among the most clever of living practicers of legerdemain. Yesterday a reporter of the *Sun* called, with a friend, at Dr. Corlies's office to see the dog. The friend's mission was to assist the reporter in detecting any possible collusion between Mr. Williams and Boz. The latter was found to be a beautiful animal, with a white and tawny coat, a large head, and dark intelligent eyes. He is twenty-two inches high and is ten months old.

"Dr. Corlies gave Boz to me when he was three weeks old," said Mr. Williams. "It would take me a day to tell you how I taught him to spell and figure. It will be easier for me to show you the results. Boz, get on the sofa."

The colly jumped upon a lounge and remained there while his owner set several blocks in a row on the floor. Each block was painted a different color.

"Now call for your colors," said Mr. Williams.

The reporter asked Boz to pick out green, and the dog walked slowly along the row of blocks until he came to the color called for, when he lifted the block by a leather strap on the top of it and set it one side. In like manner Boz correctly selected red, white, yellow and black. The reporter observed that when making his choice of colors, and later, of letters and figures, the dog faced his owner. The visitors therefore watched the latter to ascertain if he gave Boz any signals, but were unable to detect any communication between the two. Several times when the dog was doing his work Mr. Williams turned his face away from the blocks and looked out of a window.

"Boz, match this book," said Mr. Williams, pointing to a pink-covered telephone list.

The dog promptly picked up the pink block. Finally, only a dark-blue block remained on the floor. Mr. Williams called for light-blue. Boz walked several times around the block and without disturbing it, returned to his master to signify by a bark that there was no light-blue block. Blocks with letters on them were next placed on the floor, and the reporter asked the dog to spell Tan. Boz picked up T and then got A and N. The other visitor called for the first letter of the word white, and the dog presented the letter W. Next he spelled his own name, and then, being asked for the first letter of what he is, picked up D.

"Who is the biggest fraud in the room?" inquired Mr. Williams.

Boz set U before him. When only K and C remained, the reporter asked for the first letter of the word corn, to ascertain whether Boz approved of phonetic spelling. The dog ignored K and picked up C.

"This gold collar on his neck Boz won," said Mr. Williams. "Mr. Edward Cox, of New York, said the dog couldn't pick out colors unless these blocks were used. So he tried Boz with pieces of leather, and the dog did just as well. Mr. Cox also asked for the initial of his first name and for all the letters of his last name. The dog succeeded in this, too, and Mr. Cox was so much pleased that he got the collar and gave it to Boz. Now test his memory. Call for several colors at once."

The color blocks having been put back on the floor, the reporter said: "Boz I want green, pink, red, blue, yellow, black and white." As he called them, the reporter wrote down the names of the colors. Mr. Williams asked for the names and wrote them down for himself. After a minute had been consumed, he said:

"Now, Boz, give the gentleman the colors in the order in which he called for them."

The reporter could not remember them without the aid of his paper, but Boz picked up each block in its order. As in all the tests, the dog faced his master, while the visitors were behind the dog, and facing Mr. Williams.

"I suspect that you guided him," said the reporter to Mr. Williams. "Else why did you ask for a list of the colors beforhand? I would have told you whether the dog succeeded or failed."

Mr. Williams explained that he wanted to know during the progress of the experiment how Boz was getting on with it.

With ten blocks with figures on them, the intelligent colly performed sums in addition and substraction, multiplied two by four, and then, getting into fractions, gave the product of twice two-and-a-half. He answered a question as to the number of days in the week, and counted five by producing five blocks. He was told to pick up 4, then 1 and afterwards 9, and was again equal to the demand. The reporter asked for 55, when there was only one 5 on the floor. Boz barked to say that he could not comply with the request. Eight newspapers were laid on the floor, with their names in sight. Boz led off by producing the *Sun* in response to a call for it, and then presented the *Telegram, Police Gazette*, the Newark *News*, and the others as he was requested.

Mr. Williams called the dog's attention to the clock, and asked him what the time was. It was 3:20. Boz was slow in responding, apparently being tired, and had to be punished. "You've wasted time," said the owner, "and I want to know what time it is now."

Boz picked up 3, 2 and 1. It was 3:21 o'clock.

"If I gave you eight cents and took away eight how many would you have left?" asked Mr. Williams.

Boz picked up an 0.

"I have eighteen quarts of oats for my horse's three meals to-day," the owner continued. "How many quarts shall he have for each meal?"

The dog carried a 6 to Mr. Williams.

"How many meals a day did I say the horse was to have?"

A 3 was promptly placed beside the 6 by Boz.

Boz was directed to say his prayers. He leaped into a chair, placed his fore paws on its back, and laid his nose on his paws. His owner talked to him, but not until he heard "Amen" did the dog raise his head and leave the chair.

The reporter departed with the opinion that Boz is an exceptionally intelligent dog, but with the conviction also that in his education Mr. Williams is not pursuing the line followed by Sir John Lubbock.

To determine whether the owner guided the dog either with his hands or eyes, one of the visitors, at a subsequent visit made by them, requested Mr. Williams to put his hands in his pockets and to look steadily at the ceiling. The latter did as he was requested, and the visitor then said:

"Boz, get blue, white, yellow and pink."

The dog got the blocks, in the order named, and while he was doing it Mr. Williams did not speak or in anyway change his position, his eyes being directed toward the ceiling and his hands being out of sight.

"If the dog were intelligent enough to be guided through the whole alphabet by my eyes, or some mysterious language of the hand," said Mr. Williams, "he certainly could read letters and distinguish colors. You have seen him do surprising things, yet he is only a puppy—younger, in fact, than most dogs are when their education begins. In time I will teach him much more than he knows now."—*N. Y. Sun.*

An Old Hoarder.

If Goldsmith had made a tour through the village of New England, fifty or sixty years ago, he would have found more subjects for his delicate humor than greeted him in

"Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain."

A writer, indulging in reminiscences of his boyhood, passed in a village of the Bay State, sketches an "original," whom he knew as the most fascinating of men and the most penurious of hoarders.

"Old Storer," as he was called, used to dress in a snuff-brown coat, a white, indented hat, patched breeches and thrice-darned hose. Ignorant of the forms of life, he was never abashed, and showed an address that a cultured gentleman might have envied.

He had but one ambition—to hoard money. Only one occupation interested him—the search for new sources of wealth. These made him steady in action and gave unity to his life.

In early life he worked on the large farm of a rich widow, many years his senior. He determined to obtain those broad acres and, therefore, courted the widow. She listened to his honeyed words, and became susceptible to his soft, graceful address.

Now and then, during the progress of the courtship, doubts of the sincerity of the young man's love would obtrude themselves. One evening, while they were walking in the fields, she hinted her suspicions that the attachment was not wholly disinterested.

"Tell me truly, do you really love me? I fear you don't."

"Not love you, my dear!" replied Storer, suddenly inspired with truth, "I love the very ground you tread upon!"

In a few weeks Storer's art gratified his ambition. He received the widow's hand and her lands. Not long after the marriage Storer began talking of "the live stock that saddled the estate," and wished that he could get rid of his wife.

He once sent her to church on a racehorse, rightly anticipating that she would be thrown. Contrary to his expectations, however, she was not killed.

In his old age, Storer would now and then break out into a freak of liberality. He gave a clock to the town. That gift was the theme of his self-gratulation.

Frequently when he saw a stranger passing the steeple in which it was placed, he would stop him, with the inquiry:

"Can you tell me, sir, what is the purport of that inscription on yonder clock?"

"Presented to the town by Joseph Storer, Esq.," replied the stranger, reading the inscription.

"Ah, yes! yes!" the old man would reply, chuckling to himself. "I remember now. Munificent donation that, sir! Great public benefactor, that 'Squire Storer!"

"Who is he, sir?"

"'Squire Storer? Why, a gentleman living near by, sir. A man of great wealth, sir. Munificent donation that, sir!"

And the old man would go off, happy in the thought that another stranger had heard of his generosity.

As he had no children and disliked his relatives, the suggestion was made to him that the medical college in the town would be an appropriate legatee. He approved the suggestion, and often intimated that he would make his will in favor of the college.

He was taken sick. His physician, seeing that it was the old man's last illness, urged him to make his will. But he could not endure the thought of letting go his grasp upon the gold he had hoarded.

"Tell me," he said, the day before he died, "when you think I am going to die, and *we will write fast.*"

He died without a will, and his hated relatives inherited all the property.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Tin Can's Mission.

The empty tin can at last has a mission, and a profitable one at that. Emptied of its contents of peaches or tomatoes, discarded and thrown out at the kitchen gate, it may soon be sent in at the front door or find an honored place in the best room in the house. Thousands of these cans are gathered in Philadelphia every week and made into shining sheets and used to decorate or cover large traveling trunks, and thus get a promotion from the back yard to the boudoir. On the outskirts of the city, within a short time, a number of factories for the conversion of these old bulleted and battered cans and other tin refuse from the ash heaps have sprung up; and the business is a growing one. One of considerable size is on Moyamensing Avenue, below Mifflin Street, where a large force of men is kept busy day in and day out. The cans are collected in various ways, but principally from the city's ash heaps and the hotels and large boarding-houses. At the factory the soldered seams are subjected to an intense heat in such a way that the solder is allowed to run into a receptacle, and is carefully saved and sold, the profit from this source alone almost paying for the expense of gathering and handling of the cans. The tops and bottoms of the cans are melted and turned into window sash weights. The labels an the tin plates are easily taken off, after having been thoroughly soaked in water and the plates themselves rolled out flat by machinery. As the inside of the plates are not much discolored by the contents of the can they present a clean surface and make excellent covers for trunks, the seams being hidden by the trunk braces, either of wood or sheet iron. Other uses are also made of the tin plates, and there is considerable profit in the business. The process is quite simple, and very little capital is required. One concern in this city rolled out 40,000 of these plates in less than two months, and the industry promises to be largely developed both here and elsewhere.—*Philadelphia Record.*

—William Hyatt and John Bush, of Marion, O., were eating supper alone when a thunderbolt struck their house. They still sat erect, though both were dead. Not a scar was found upon them.—*Cleveland Leader.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Charles Neeman, a Cleveland saloon-keeper, committed suicide because he was unable to pay his license.

—The black poodle is again becoming fashionable in England. These animals, to be correct style, must have their hair shaved into knots and knobs, and be rendered generally hideous.

—Melville testified recently before the Jeannette Committee that cannibalism was thought of when the explorers seemed on the verge of starvation, but it was determined that under no emergency should it be permitted.—*Washington Star.*

—It is said of a trimming-store clerk in Denver, that on seeing a party of ladies approaching him on the street he dashed into an alley and hid until they had passed. He had forgotten his cane and could not think of meeting the party in such a state.—*Denver Tribune.*

—Eddie Schalk, of Waterbury, Conn., twelve years old, who was seized three months ago with a craze for Western adventure, has returned to his home The boy rode and tramped to Indiana a distance of nine hundred miles, beating his way on trains and begging his food.—*Hartford Post.*

—A foot tourist in Eastern Montana found a finger-board marked "Six miles to Miles City." He traveled eight days and nine nights in the direction indicated before he reached that town, and found that the sign had been carried off by a party of Indians and stuck up where he saw it.—*Chicago Herald.*

—An Easter egg was made by a Parisian house for a present to a very wealthy Spanish lady, at a cost of $4,000. It was formed of white enamel; on the inside was engraved the gospel for Easter Day, and by some ingenious mechanicism, a little bird lodged in this dainty cage sang twelve airs from as many popular operas.

—The smelling-bottle craze has been a very fashionable one with young girls in Washington in the past few months It is a costly fashion. One belle now has her second bottle presented within three months, each of which cost sixty dollars. The first was crushed under her carriage wheels in coming from a party one night, and its gold with her initials on it alone escaped destruction. Another young lady carries one at least a foot in length, and being of very thick cut glass, it is particularly ponderous. A bottle of this kind, even of moderate size, costs forty dollars.—*Washington Star.*

—Probably the meanest man on record lives in Rochester, N. Y. He recently bought a pound of beef, and on the strength of the purchase induced the butcher to give him a generous supply of "dog meat." He directed his wife to prepare a part of the "dog meat" for dinner, save the remainder for the next day, and carry the pound of beef back to the butcher with the explanation that she herself had previously bought at another place all the meat the family could use. The dutiful wife did as she was commanded, and the meanest man got his money back.—*Rochester Express.*

—Not long ago a speech of one of the most prominent members of Congress was in type and in possession of the occupants of the reporters' gallery several days before it was delivered, and all through this speech in cold type, before the congressional audience knew that the speech was to be made, were the words "applause," "laughter" and "great laughter" inserted at what the author of the speech supposed were appropriate places. His judgment was good, for in most instances, so far as the speech was delivered, he had rightly guessed at the humor of his audience.—*Chicago Times.*

—In the broker's office: "I understand that I can subscribe here for stock in the Meager Railroad," said a stranger, whom the hayseed in his hair and the mud upon his brogans indicated as belonging to the country "Yes, sir," replied the broker. "Let's see; this is a safe investment?" "Perfectly safe." "And you have had twice the entire amount offered by leading capitalists?" "Yes, sir." "But the projectors chose to give the people an opportunity to make a good thing?" "That's it, exactly." "Well," remarked the country inquirer, "I guess I'll be generous, too. I ain't no hog. I'm willing to give somebody else a chance. So long." And out he went, accompanied by a chuckle in his throat and a twinkling in his eye.—*Boston Transcript.*

Arthur Tells a Story.

There was an unusual number of visitors to "pay respects" at the White House yesterday. I happened to see some few who went in a little in advance of the crowd. They were taken in by twos or in small groups by friends and introduced to the President, who had gotten through with the business of the morning and gave to the strangers a pleasant greeting. He made an agreeable impression upon all, and there was one party, who were evidently from a small town in New York, once the boyhood home of the President. He at once referred to his life in this country village, telling them how long his father had preached there, then of his own experience as a school teacher, giving the exact spot where he taught and the name of the family with whom he boarded.

And then he told what I had never heard before, that General Garfield had, two years later, taught in the same place, boarded with the same family and occupied the same room. He said he had talked about this with General Garfield years after, and they had compared notes and laughed over the amusing incidents which befel them both as country school teachers. I thought the President enjoyed talking about his early days and was quite as pleased to recall them as his visitors were to see that he had treasured up such memories of humble beginnings. *Washington Capital.*

A Cure for Drunkenness.

There is a prescription in use in England for the cure of drunkenness by which thousands are said to have been enabled to recover themselves. The recipe came into notoriety by the efforts of Mr. John Vine Hall, commander of the Great Eastern steamship. He had fallen into such habitual drunkenness that his most earnest efforts to reclaim himself proved unavailing. At last he sought the advice of an eminent physician, which he followed faithfully for several months, that at the end of that time he had lost all desire for liquor, although he had been for many years led captive by a most debasing appetite. The recipe which he afterwards published, and by which so many other drunkards have been assisted to reform, is as follows: Sulphate of iron, twenty grains; magnesia, forty grains; peppermint, forty-four drams; spirits of nutmeg, four drams. Dose, one tablespoonful twice a day.—*Toledo Globe*

HE WAS WITH GRANT.

"I was with Grant," the cripple said.
Said the Patriot; "Say no more.
My heart goes out—it yearns, in fact—
For men who've dabbled in gore."

"I was with Grant," he feebly said.
"Nay, nay," was the response. "No more;
You have fought your country's battles well,
And now you are old and poor.

"Come sit thee down in this quiet nook,
And we'll wrestle a couple of beers;
As your mem'ry awakes you'll tell me o'er
A tale of those dreadful years—

"How you fought and marched with the gallant chief
From Belmont's bloody shore
Down to that Appomattox field
Now famous evermore."

The stranger sipped of the foaming meed,
In his eye a glistening tear;
His trembling lip of his anguish told,
But he rallied under the beer.

"I was with Grant," he grimly said;
"But 'twas not in the Civil War.
I was with him down in the street called Wall,
When he cleaned 'em both near and far.

"I happened to be a depositor.
And I fell in the foremost rank.
I was with Grant, and likewise Ward,
In the explosion of their bank."

Then spake the Patriot never a word,
But he beat with his cane full sore
This fraud who financiered with Grant
Some years behind the war. —*N. Y. World.*

Kellogg "Acquitted."

William Pitt Kellogg is at present a Congressman from Louisiana and formerly was Governor and United States Senator. He has just been found guilty of receiving $50,000 from a Star-route contractor named J. B. Price, and acquitted. The paradox of the assertion is only apparent. The payment of the money and the payment of it to Kellogg, for his influence in getting a contract, were not only proved, but admitted; the offense was demonstrated and confessed. But because the transaction took place five years ago, it was held to be barred by the statute of limitations. The court, thereupon, directed the acquittal of Kellogg.

It may be asked, how did the Law Department of the Federal Administration come to arraign this man on a defective indictment? It will never be possible to say whether this was by accident or design. The indictment put the date of the reception of the bribe at June 16, 1879. It was shown that at the date named Kellogg cashed the drafts given to him as bribery money—and that was not quite five years ago. But it was also shown that he received the drafts about three months before he cashed them. The court held that the reception of the drafts was the date of the criminal, not the time when they were turned into money. The Administration lawyers declare that they did not know the drafts were three months old when cashed; but the informer Price, on whom they relied for conviction, swore on the stand that he told the Government counsel that very fact.

It is a miserable business. Kellogg has been acquitted because his crime has "aged;" the indictments against Price have been nolled, because he turned informer, albeit a useless informer, and all the remaining charges against Brady have been canceled, because, since the nolleing of the indictments against himself, Price declares he will not be a witness any more. An even month before the Chicago Convention, the Arthur Administration presents the last of the Star-routers with a complete acquittal. The further announcement is that Kellogg and the rest of the Louisiana delegation to the Republican National Convention have declared for Arthur.

Such incompetency and corruption combined ought to insure the Administration with its party, but so far it has only gained it delegates. A more condemning commentary on political Republicanism than these facts make could not be made. As for Kellogg, there is nothing in his previous career which conducts with the offense just admitted by him, and only by a habit and history of such offenses has he been able to keep his place in the organized crime, which goes by the name of Republicanism in Louisiana.—*Albany Argus.*

An Appeal to the People.

After all, this very defeat of the Morrison bill, which the protectionists are so mawkishly exulting over, may and, we believe, will prove the worst thing for them that could have happened. It does *not* settle the question for a year, nor for a day, nor even for an hour. It unsettles it more than ever. Nor does it remove the question from the realm of politics. On the contrary, it plants it there to stay till it shall have been definitely and satisfactorily disposed of.

Nothing in the way of tariff reform is to be expected from the present Congress. The House has abdicated its right by rejecting the Morrison bill, and the Senate has imitated the evil example by defeating the free-ship feature of the Shipping bill. But this is clearly not the end of the matter. It must and will be taken to a higher court; it will be appealed to the people before whom all great questions must come first or last; and when it comes before them it will receive thorough and exhaustive treatment. Instead of being emasculated as a political issue between the parties by the defeat in the House it will be found that that defeat has imparted to it a more vigorous virility, and a more intense significance; and that, so far from cutting no figure in the approaching Presidential canvass, it will be the only issue, and will cut the only figure in that canvass.

First and foremost, it must go from Washington to Chicago; and next from Chicago to the country. The Republican Convention will declare for protection, or refuse to declare against it. The Democratic Convention will do the very opposite; it will demand, in clear, unequivocal and unmistakable words, a reduction of duties in the direction of free trade. There is not a shadow of doubt about this. The National Democratic Convention, will be a very different body from the House of Representatives. The latter contains one hundred and ninety-six Democrats and one hundred and eighteen Republicans; the former will be composed entirely of Democrats. It is true, there will be some protectionist Democrats in it, but they will stand alone; they will not be reinforced and supported, on the final test, by one hundred and eighteen Republicans, as they were in the House vote. They will do what they can, of course, to defeat an authoritative National Democratic declaration in favor of tariff reduction; but they will fail. The Convention will recognize its bounden, unavoidable duty as a low-tariff party—a duty which it can not shirk without dishonor, which would invite disaster, by boldly and clearly reavowing the principle of the Morrison bill. This will make up the issue, and on the two parties will go before the people. We have no fears about the result.—*St. Louis Republican.*

—Two new Cunarders are now being built with the object of beating all previous records in crossing the Atlantic.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Revolt of the Negro Voters.

The Inter-State conference of the colored people at Pittsburgh is full of political significance. We don't know that the leaders of the Republican party will be wise enough to read the meaning of this Pittsburgh Convention, and we are sure if they do they will be powerless to avert the dangers which it indicates as threatening the grand old party. It is unreasonable to suspect that the negroes will go on voting blindly, as directed by the Republican party, for all time to come, through a mere sentimental fancy that gratitude requires they should make themselves political vassals. Emancipation gave the negro political freedom, and it has only been a matter of time for him to assert his political independence. This Pittsburgh conference shows that the time for the second emancipation is fast approaching, perhaps, has already come. There have been expressions, not alone of discontent and dissatisfaction, but of turbulent indignation also, and these manifestations by the leaders may be taken for a fair reflection of the feeling of the colored masses. The adoption of a resolution declaring against an indorsement of the Republican party was practically an act of war, and it will be found impossible for the Republican party to frame the basis of a compromise. The colored people are tired of being mere voting cattle, and the only thing to satisfy them is a fair share of the offices; but this is the one thing they can not be given, since the great body of white Republican voters invariably and always bolt a negro nomination. Every Republican leader knows that, and is aware that the thing the colored leaders are asking would ruin the Republican party if given. It is already apparent that the weak endeavor to stem the torrent of this revolt by electing a few negroes as alternate delegates to the Republican National Convention has intensified instead of allaying the discontent. Little things like these counted for much in the first years of freedom, but the negro is no longer satisfied with the hollow honors that carry no substance of reward with them. He has been told he is just as good as a white man, but he has found the Republican party little disposed to act upon that political principle. There is nothing strange, therefore, if the negro has at last concluded that he will be more of a free man and get a great deal more personal benefit from his right of suffrage by putting his ballot where it will do the most good for himself, whether that hurts or helps the Republican party.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Another Rascal Saved.

When William Pitt Kellogg was placed at the bar to answer a criminal indictment we told the people to prepare for another farce.

Thursday Kellogg walked out of court a free man. The indictment was declared defective. A false date had been inserted, but the prosecution was barred by the Statue of Limitations.

The Administration has known of Kellogg's guilt for three years. It knew the charge involved Tom Brady. It delayed the prosecution purposely until the Statue of Limitations had expired. It further fortified the accused by flaws in the indictment.

The Republican Administration did not dare to punish Kellogg. He is a representative Republican leader. He had been fraudulently made Governor of Louisiana; fraudulently elected to the United States Senate; fraudulently kept there by Republican votes. He had been a partner in the fraud that seated Hayes. He holds the secrets of Republicanism in his keeping.

Send Kellogg to jail? As soon condemn to the penitentiary the whole Republican party.

The Government had the witness who paid Kellogg $20,000 for himself and Brady to have his Star-route contract raised so that he could rob the people of $50,000 or $60,000. It had the banker who had cashed the drafts. It had the proofs of payment. Its only way to protect Kellogg was to delay the indictment until the Statute of Limitations would debar the prosecution.

So Kellogg walked out of the court Thursday and escaped jail. But by what right did the Judge allow the jury to indulge in a legal fiction and returd the lying verdict of "not guilty?"

Kellogg was guilty! He was not acquitted. The indictment was quashed. He was saved by the Statute of Limitations!

Thus another Star-route rascal is saved, and the people are furnished with another illustration of the impossibility of punishing public crimes while the Republican party remains in power.

In such occurrences as these lies the foundation of popular disaffection with the Government. They are the hotbeds of communism. They force the belief that there is no equality of justice, but that one law prevails for the rich and influential and another for the poor. They bring all law into contempt and impress the people with the conviction that the courts are as corrupt as the politicians.—*N. Y. Sun*

POLITICAL POINTS.

——There will, of course, be no retreat or lowering of the flag of the Democracy. They will go into the approaching National campaign with the doctrine of revenue reform inscribed on their banners with all the emphasis of unabated earnestness, and those who battle with them will have to march under that sign and with that profession of opinion. This is no time for hesitancy, nor will there will there be wavering or doubting in the ranks.—*St. Louis Republican.*

——Our Washington correspondent intimates that the Republican leaders are looking into the future and preparing to make the party undertake a reform of the tarff. Well, if this is the case, they are wise, and it will be interesting to see whether the Democrats will allow themselves to be driven from what have hitherto been regarded as their hunting-grounds. One fact remains certain—sooner or later tariff reform must come, and whichever party undertakes it will deserve the public confidence.—*N. Y. Herald.*

——The outrageous navigation laws which have killed our commerce under pretense of protecting ship-builders and in the way of rehabilitation of our merchant marine, which is a more urgent necessity than the rehabilitation of the navy, and their revision is imperatively demanded by the ship-owners and merchants of the country. What we need are commerce promoters, not commerce destroyers, and it is plain that we must look to the Democratic party for them. The action of the two branches of Congress on marine matters is significant in this respect. The Senate spends its time helping the Robeson ring put up naval jobs, while the House passes bills to build up the merchant marine.—*Boston Globe.*