☞All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

SIXTY-FOUR.

Years so many! Sixty-four,
All come knocking at my door.
First, the tiny baby years,
Ripe with smiles and ripe with tears.

Then the buoyant, childish ones,
Rejoicing in the summer suns,
Heeding not the winter's cold
While wrapt in love's protecting fold.

And now the youthful maiden years,
Timid joys and trembling fears,
Hoping for a future bright,
Without the gloom of sorrow's night.

Then come the years of woman's life,
Sometimes peace and sometimes strife,
Fond caressing, trials borne,
Sad nights following brightest morn.

Mother's cares and wifely love,
Blessed by God in Heaven above,
Lisping prayers and baby smiles,
Shielding one from Satan's wiles.

And last, the years of ripe old age,
Gazing down on memory's page
At deeds and thoughts of other years,
With joys all passed and dried up tears.

Thus, thus they gather all around,
Years so many to me bound;
They are now but sixty-four—
Will any more knock at my door?

—*N. Y. Graphic.*

DAVE SUMMERS.

His Own Story of a Romance and Its Ending.

[Written for This Paper.]

CHAPTER I.

DAR ain't no frolic in whut I'm gwine ter tell. I know dat some folks thinks dat er nigger's life is made up o' laziniss an' skylarkin,' but dat belief,' 'specially in my case, ain't de truf. O, I had my fun w'en I wuz er youngster. Bless you, dar want er pusson in de neighborhood dat hankered atter mischief mo' den Dave Summers did, but 'stead o' ole age bringin' dat peace an' rest which, eben in de libely time o' youth, sensible pussons looks forward ter, dar come trouble o' de blackest sort.

W'en I wuz erbout fifty years ole, de notion got inter my head dat I aughter preach. I doan know how it got dar—sholy not becaze I had been thinkin' erbout it—fur de fust thing I know'd er bout it wuz wakin' up one mawnin' wid de idee. I talked wid some o' my frien's an' da said, "Dave, dat is er call, an' you better not be progickin' wid it. De speret wants yer ter fling yer voice inter de gospul work an' you better not make er Jonah o' yerse'f by tryin' ter run erway."

"But how's I gwine ter preach?" I axed. "It's bout ez much ez I ken do ter read."

"De Lawd ain't axed yer ter read," one o' my frien's says, "He axes yer ter preach; ef you ken read er little, you ken l'arn how ter read mo'."

I went erway, mighty troubled in my mine. My wife had been dead fur sebrel years an' not habin' any chillun I libed by myse'f in a cabin on er big plan'ation. I shet myself up an' prayed. De naixt mawnin' my load 'peared ter be heavier. Dar want nothin' left fur me, so I says: "I will preach. I will get somebody ter l'arn me how, ter read mo' an' I will preach de gospul de bes' I knows how." Den I thought o' my load but it wuz gone. It want long till I stood up in de pulpit. Dar wuz sebrel smart men in de church, an' it 'peared ter muze 'em might'ly ter yere er ignunt er man ez I wuz talk erbout heaben an' de souls o' men. Ah, Lawd! ignunce ken fling ez much light on some subjecs ez de greates' 'arthly wisdom kan. I went at my work in earnes', not tryin' ter git up er great 'citement, but 'deavorin' ter show de folks de right way ter live in dis worl so da would be better prepared fur de life ter come; an' ef dar ober wuz er man dat wuz hones' an' true ter his caliin' I blebes dat I wuz de pusson.

'Mong de members o' my flock wuz er mighty likely 'oman named Frances. I wuz fust drawed toward her by her singin', an' one time when de sweetness o' her music died away, I looked at her an' 'knowledged ter myse'f dat I loved her. At fust she sung

"LET DIS TEM'TATION PASS ERWAY."

fur my soul, an' I worshiped wid her, but atter w'ile she sung ter my heart an' I worshiped her. I tried ter think o' my ole wife lyin' in de shade o' de sycamo' trees, an' in my mine I could see de rail pen round her grave, but de naixt minit de grave an' de trees would be gone an' in dar place would stan' a likely 'oman, smilin' at me. I went ter my ole wife's grave an' drapped down on my knees an' prayed. De broad sycamo' leaves waved and specks o' moonlight come siftin' down like de flyin' chaff o' new outs dat ketches de light o' de fresh bo'n day. Er mawkin' bird sung in er tree close by, but way ober on er hill, er night hawk cried. I thought how me an' my old wife had wucked in the fiel', side by side, an' de bird seemed ter sing sweeter, but den, twixt me an' de grave dar hung er bright smile. I tried ter rub it out wid my han', but dar it hung, an' through its brightness I seed de worm-eat head board o' de grave. "O, Lawd," I prayed, "let dis tem'tation pass erway. Let dy sarvent in his old age hab de stren'th ter turn fum de high-strung follies o' de young man." I riz up, wid de damp, dead grass clingin' ter my knees. De lights gunter shine fum de church close by, an' de sad an' swellin' song o' de congergation peared ter lay er trimblin' han' on my heart. Why did I on er sudden lean ergin er tree? Becaze I heard her voice. I went inter de church an' ez I walked wid bowed head toward de pulpit I heard somebody whisper: "He's been in de woods ter pray." I did not look up but I knowed who it wuz dat whispered, for my heart felt de toch o' de tremblin' han'. I preached dat night de best I could, an' it seemed dat I made my hearers feel some o' my own sadness, fur w'en I called fur de stricken in heart ter come up ter de mou'ners' bench mo' come forward den had ober come be fo' under de' fluence o' my callin'. We stayed late in de church dat night. Nearly all de mou'ners, habin' wuck ter do de naixt day, had dun left de house w'en I noticed one po' feller whose heart, it 'peared like, wuz almos' broke. He lay flat on de flo' an' groaned like he suffered great pain. I went ter him, raised him up an' hil' his head on my knee. De congergation thinned out, one by one. I leaned over an' talked ter de po' man. Lookin' up I seed dat Frances wuz kneelin' wid us.

"Lady—sister Frances," I said, "it's time dat you wuz goin' home. De can'les is all burned away an' de lamps is goin' out."

"I will stay an' help you pour de ba'm on dis po' sinner," she replied.

"I didn' say no mo'; but w'en, mo' den er hour atterwards de sinner got up ter go I says ter her:

"Sister Frances, if you ain't got no 'jections, I'll walk home wid you."

She smiled—de same smile dat I had seed twixt me an' de worm eat head boa'd o' de grave—an' said dat she would be pleased fur me ter 'company her. I doan know whut I said ter her ez we walked erlong, but I know dat w'en we got ter de little gate in front o' de cabin' w'ar her folks libed, she wuz leanin' on my arm. De moon had gone down, an' de flutterin' in de trees in de yard told me dat de mawnin' birds wuz fixin' ter begin dar twitterin'.

"Brudder Summers," said de lady ez I wuz erbout ter bid her good-bye, "dar 'pears ter be suthin' on yo' mine."

"Not only on my mine, Sister Frances, but dar is suthin' on my heart."

I wuz goin' ter turn erway atter dis, but she put her han' on my arm—de same tremblin' han' dat had teched my heart—an' said:

"Tell me 'bout yo' troubles. Tell me whut is lyin' on yo' heart."

"Er tremblin han', lady."

"Does you know dat it is er han'?"

"Yas, fur I ken see it in de light o' er bright smile."

"Is de han' cold?"

"No, lady."

"Is it ez wa'm ez mine?" she said, ez she put her han' in my own fever-like grasp. De naixt minit my arms wuz around her. De mawnin' birds twittered in de trees, light gunter wink encross de bottoms, an' dar, ez de gold o' de day wuz chasin' de fleetin' silver o' de dawn, I axed her ter be my wife.

CHAPTER II.

We wuz married. I tuck her ter my cabin an' er bright light fell on my hearthstone. She wanted ter he'p me in my wuck o' 'swadin' folks ter do right. "I know," she said, "dat folks all er round us will be makin' mo' money den we is, but money doan water de flowers o' de heart, nur broaden de 'joyment dat comes ter de soul." I lubed her deeper atter she said dat, fur I seed dat her natur want vain nur her heart set upon de flesh pots o' de world.

I doan know wuder I preached better ur not, but I know dat wut I said gunter hab mo' 'fluence, an' dat folks gunter come fum fur erway plan'ations ter yere me. My wife's folks moved away, and w'en I axed her ef she didn't feel like she aughter go wid 'em, she smiled at wut she called my foolish joke, put her arms erround my naik an' said:

"Dave, w'en I goes erway fum you I'll be toted twixt men dat will walk slow."

Two years passed erway—two o' de happies' years o' my life. One day dar wuz some bills stuck up 'nouncin' dat Andrew Hennifen, er colored politician dat libed in town, would on de naixt Friday make er speech ter de folks. Er campaign wuz on han' an' gre't intrus' wuz felt in de outcome. W'en de day come de weather wuz so showery dat da couldn' hol' de meetin' out do's, so some o' de men come ter me an' axed me ef da mout meet in de church. I didn' much think dat it wuz de right sorter meetin' ter be hel' in de house o' de Lawd, but seein' dat da wuz all so anxious, I tole 'em dat da mout. Den da axed me ter go ober an' lissen ter de gre't speech wut de generman wuz gwine ter make. I didn' like de idee o' settin' in my own church and lissenin' ter de skussion o' de erfairs o' de worl'. Den Frances spoke up:

"W'y Dave," she said, "If we air gwine ter lib in de worl' we mus' take some intrus' in de erfairs o' de worl'. Ef de man hab got any thing wuth yearin, I doan see w'y we aughtenter go an' lissen ter him. Ef we finds dat wut he says ain't fit fur us, w'y den we ken come erway."

"Wut you says is true, Francis," I replied, "an' you mus' scuse me ef I is holdin' you back in any way. Er ole man loves wid jest ez much wa'mth ez er young man does, an' it is er pity dat he doan lub wid ez much jedgment.

"You musn't talk dat way, Dave," she said wid er laugh, "fur in lovin' me yo' jedgment ain't made no mistake."

Hennifen wuz er tall, yaller man, an' wuz much younger den I 'spected ter fine him. In his speech he used er good deal o' strong talk, an' called er lot o' folks dat wa'n't present, liars an' thieves. I didn't like dis, but er man dat set naixt ter me tole me dat it wuz all right, an' dat ef de speaker didn't do dater way de folks would think dat he wuz erfeerd ter 'nounce his principles. Atter de speakin' wuz over, de speaker come up ter me, hil out his han' an' said:

"Mr. Summers, I has often hearn o' you, sah, an' I takes dis 'tunity o' shakin' han's wid you."

W'en I had shuck han's wid him, he said:

"Is dis yo' daughter wid you?"

"My wife, soh," said I.

"Ah, I'se pleased ter meet de lady."

We walked on outen de house, an' Hennifen wuz so busy talkin' 'bout de gre't principles o' his party dat he didn't seem ter notice dat he wuz walkin' erway fum de croud wid us. Atter w'ile he stopped an' said dat he reckoned he better go back.

"Won't you walk on home wid us?" my wife said.

"I thanks you kindly; I bl'ebe I will," he answered. "I would like ter see de inside o' my 'stinguished 'quaintance's house," makin' er sideways motion wid his head at me, "an' 'sides dat I'se got er little bizness ter talk ober wid him."

"You will see er lowly household," said I, "fur I ain't been 'gaged in gederin' de shinin' goods o' de yeth, but at de do' you will see er vine dat is watered wid truth an' dat blooms in contentment."

"Dar ain't no reason why dar shouldn' be some o' de shinin' goods o' de yeth in yo' house," said he. "Da fack dat da is o' de yeth doan meck 'em none de less de Lawds, an' bein' shiny doan' meck 'em de property o' Satan."

I seed my wife look at him wi'd er quick glance, an' I knowed dat she 'proved o' wut he said. I seed mo' den dat—I seed wut until dat time had 'scaped me—I seed dat de man wuz good lookin'. I felt er pang o' oneasiness, an' I cleared my froat deep ez ef I would rasp de pang outen my bosom. W'en we got ter de house, he set down in er rockin' cheer an' made hisse'f look freer an' easier den I had eber felt in any house 'cep' my own. Frances went inter de little shed kitchin' dat j'ined de house an' cooked dinner. It struck me dat she tuck er heep o' pains, specially w'en she fotch out er table clof dat I didn't know she had. Atter dinner Mr. Hennifen, said dat he would git down ter bizness.

HE MADE HIMSELF FREE AND EASY.

"Mr. Summers, you is too smart er man ter be wastin' yo, substance" wuz de way he started out. I didn't say nothin'. He went on; "You hab got de 'bility ter make yo'se'f mighty useful ter yo' country. De 'fluence dat you has 'stablished ober yo' feller man ken be turned ter rich ercount. De bes' people in dis county wants ter 'leck Hillson fur sheriff. Dis ken only be done by good men puttin' dar shoulders ter de wheel. I is Hillson's right han' man, an' I'se got de 'thority for sayin' dat if you'll turn in an' make speeches fur him dat he will pay you well."

My wife looked at me. "Mr. Hennifen," said I, "wut you say may be de truf, but I is makin' speeches fur de Lawd."

"Yes, but makin' speeches fur de Lawd, Mr. Summers, needen't keep you from speakin' in faber o' Hillson."

"Dave," said my wife, "Mr. Hennifen is sholy right, an' mo'n dat, ef dar's er man in dis neighborhood dat needs money, you is de man. De folks dat lissuns ter you preach neber seems ter know dat wa needs things in dis house."

"Frances," I replied, Mr. Hillson ain't er man o' my choice. He has been mixed up in ugly erfairs, an' I kain't make no speeches fur him; so, let de subjeck drap right whar it is."

Hennifen 'sisted on sayin' mo,' but I tole him it want no use. He didn't stay long atter dis, but sayin' dat he would see me ergin, went erway.

"Does you alluz 'spect ter lib in poverty?" my wife axed.

"I doan 'spect ter meck speeches in faber o' er dishones' man," I answered.

Hennifen come back inter de neighborhood de naixt week an' called at my house but I want at home. W'en I axed Frances wut he had ter say, she said dat he didn't stay but er few minits an' didn't say much o' anythin'. Er few days atterwards I hearn dat he wuz in de neighborhood ergin', workin' wid de voters, but he didn't come ter my house an' I didn't hunt him.

Nearly er munt must hab passed w'en one day I wuz called on ter preach de funul o' er man ober in ernuder 'munity. I didn't git back till late in de night. De house wuz dark, an' ez I went up ter de do' I tangled my foot in de vine, stumbled an tore it up by de roots. I went in an' lit de candle. Frances want dar. I called her—stepped to de do' an' called her 'till de echo o' my voice brought back wid it de cry o' er night bird. I went ober ter er neighbors house. De women folks gunter cry ez soon ez da seed me. I axed ef da had seen Frances.

"O, Bruder Summers, she's dun gone wid dat yaller raskel. He fotch er buggy an' tuck her erway."

I went down ter de sycamor' trees w'a'r my old wife wuz buried, an' got down on my knees. Dar want no bright smile twixt me an' de grave.

CHAPTER III.

De women folks fotch flowers nearly ever' day an' put 'em in my house, an' de men folks tuck off dar hats wen da come w'ar I wuz. I kep' on makin' speeches fur de Lawd, an' men dat wuz once noisy in church wuz now quiet.

De 'leckshun time come on, and I kotch up my old gray hoss an' rid up ter town. I went ter all de votin' places but didn't see nobody dat I knowed. I heard one man say: "Wonder wut dat cuis lookin' ole man is er pokin' roun' yere fur." Den somebody answered: "Dars er yaller man dodgin' round yere some whar dat mout fling some light on dat question." Ever' time I hearn o' any p'litical ter-do any whar, I rid dar, but didn't see nobody dat I knowed.

Winter time come, de col'est winter dat I eber felt. One Sunday dar come er heavy snow, an' dat night it turned so col' dat I could hardly keep wa'm by de fire. De win' blowed hard. 'Suthin' flapped ergin de winder. I hil de candle an' dar seed de great starin' eyes o' er night bird. I turned erway an' had jes sot down by de fire w'en I hearn er noise at de do'; I lissened, an' den I hearn er groan. My heart felt de tech o' er cold han' an' I knowed dat Frances had come back. I opened de do'; she lay on de groun' wid her face turned up. I tuck her in my arms an' laid her on de bed.

"Dave—Dave, won't you forgib me?"

I stood lookin' at her. "O won't you furgib me? De Lawd has pardoned me an' I has come back ter ax you—you——"

"Yas," I said, "yas, po' child. Go ter sleep in peace."

She looked at me an' tried ter smile, but de light wuz gone an' dar want no smile twixt me an' de grave.

We laid her under de sycamo' trees, but not w'ar my ole wife was buried.

I kep' on goin' ter p'litical meetins', an some folks wondered why er ole man dat neber voted tuck such intrust in sich erfairs.

"STOP, ER I'LL KILL YOU."

One day I wuz ridin' 'long er road near w'ar er number o' convicts wuz at work. I seed er man dat I knowed cross de road in front o' me. I turned toward him. He flung up er gun an' cried out:

"Stop er I'll kill you. Been er huntin' me long ernuff."

I didn't stop, an' he fired at me, an' den, flingin' down de gun, he clim de fence an' gunter run encross er fiel'. Er mighty yelpin' noise made de a'r ring, an' lookin' erway ter de right, I seed er lot o' blood houn's dat da kep' fur chasin' de convicts. Da wuz atter de man. Somebody yelled ter 'em ter stop, but da didn'. I got offen my hoss, an' wid seb'ral men followed de dogs. We heard de man holler—we seed him tryin' ter fight off de dogs. "Mussyful God!" I hearn him cry, an' den his voice wuz swallowed up by de howlin' o' de dogs. Wen we come up ter w'ar de dogs wuz, I seed er man tore all ter pieces, an' I seed er dog, atter lookin' at me, bury his teeth in er yaller face.

Dat night ez I riz up fum my ole wife's grave, de dead, damp grass clung ter my knees.

OPIE P. READ.

—As soon as fermentation begins in manure some of its substance is given off in gas, but if this fermentation goes on in the soil it will be slow, and the products of the decay can be used by crops, not to speak of the advantage to the soil from the fermentation, which decomposes the inert nitrogen compounds in the humus and disintegrates other insoluble matters. After all, then, it may be better practice to turn under manure while fresh than to wait for the well-rotted manure so generally praised. —*Western Plowman.*

—If fruits of any kind are to be set out, see that the supply be purchased and the ground picked out and prepared, the stakes set, so that when the time shall come for transplanting there need be no delay. With many spring is considered the best time for setting out fruit, and if this plan be intended, so far as possible, the work should be done early, so that the trees or plants will be able to make a good start to grow before hot, dry weather shall have set in.

—It is not every great man's experience that his palmiest days were when he was in the hands of his friends.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

THE PARTY LASH.

The Shameless Way in Which the Brigadiers Boss Northern Democrats.

Those Democrats in the House who for more than a week contended, with the united body of the Republicans, for the bill to refund the direct tax paid by some of the States under the act of 1861 made a most shameless surrender. The caucus was employed to accomplish the practical defeat of a measure which was opposed at no time by more than one-fourth of the membership of the House, which had been reported from a Democratic committee, and which was made up for consideration under rules unanimously agreed upon by the Committee on Rules and adopted by an overwhelming majority of the House.

As the matter stands at this moment the Direct-Tax Refunding bill is dead, although we are told that an understanding was reached in the Democratic caucus that a date for its consideration next December should be fixed. If, however, those who have been opposing it should renew their opposition to any resolution to fix such date, it would be pretty certain to meet with ultimate defeat. Mr. Randall understood this when he sought to introduce a resolution making the bill a special order for December. It would have been another way of breaking the deal-lock, but it would have left a substantial promise for the future which does not now really exist. The obstructionists have gained a complete victory, and a handful of Southern members have been able to bring the House to terms and defeat a measure which every loyal State was in favor of.

The hand of the Administration is plainly exposed in the method of settlement. The obstructionists were sustained from the beginning by the sympathy of the President and the Speaker. With so many of the Democrats from the States formerly in rebellion opposed to the bill and those in general from the loyal States supporting it, the President did not want the measure to reach him for either approval or veto. It became evident that this could not be prevented by the defeat of the bill in the ordinary way, because it could not be defeated on a vote in the House. The caucus was employed and the Administration power was strong enough to drive the Northern Democrats over to the substantial assistance of the Southern Democrats, and the bill goes over at least until December, by which time the Presidential election will be over.

This wrong is likely to have a dangerous and far-reaching influence. It is noticed that no matter how unjustifiable their purpose in the present House and under the present Administration a few Southern Democrats can accomplish the defeat of any legislation, and particularly such as may prove an unpleasant reminder of the rebellion. If the bill in question had been one to refund money to the rebelious States, instead of one to return money paid by loyal States to maintain the Government, the South would have supported it. What excuse are the Northern Democrats who surrendered to the South going to give for their betrayal of their State.—*Philadelphia Press.*

AMERICANS ABROAD.

The Absolute Pusillanimity of Bayard's Foreign Policy.

The United States Government has again been made the laughing-stock of the world. The war vessel Enterprise was sent to Tangier to demand the release of an imprisoned Moor, claiming to be entitled to our protection. The commander, however, had orders not to proceed to hostilities, and the semi-savage Bey, as soon as he learned this fact, treated the demand for his release with contempt and ridicule.

The special correspondent of the New York *World* at Tangier, in detailing this state of affairs, further says that he has been in many parts of the world, but never until now has he acquiesced in the saying of so many American travelers that, when abroad it is better to be under British protection. This fact has been the shame of the Americans in every part of the world. There is no spot where the British ensign is not looked upon with fear or respect, while the stars and stripes are flouted. To declare one's self an American citizen is, in many parts of the earth, to announce yourself as the prey of whomever may desire to oppress or despoil you.

This has been our traditional foreign policy ever since the days of our weakness and National infancy. It should be changed. The name of being a British subject is a protection any where in the world. There is no man so poor and obscure that if he can make his claim good to being entitled to the protection of Great Britain, she will defend him to the uttermost, even if she has to go to war to do it. It is a part of England's national policy. Had the Tangier case been that of an Englishman instead of an American, and a British man-of-war been sent to demand his release, the town would promptly have been shelled had he not been given up forthwith.

It is a burning shame that the United States does not take this self-respecting stand. An American citizen's right should be maintained in any part of the habitable globe. As it is, knowing the absolute pusillanimity of our foreign policy, the American who desires to travel outside of continental Europe, as a rule puts himself under British protection. When James G. Blaine was Secretary of State, he took some steps which seemed to indicate that he proposed that the United States should assert her power and dignity in extending proper protection to her citizens, both native and naturalized, in foreign countries, but he was met with a storm of objurgation because of his "jingoism," as the Democratic mudslingers misnamed his patriotic intent. But all the same, we need exactly that kind of a policy, and the sooner we have it the better.—*Toledo Blade.*

☞The Democratic House committee gave the Dependent Pension bill a black eye, by amending it so as to give the veterans a per diem allowance not worth the shoe-leather they would use in going to the disbursing office to secure it.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

A PARTY OF GIANTS.

Why Republicans Have Reason to Be Satisfied with Their Party.

The Republican party is like the pine forests of the Yosemite valley, crowded with giants. The falling out of one or another still leaves full ranks of sturdy and heroic growth. The stuff of which it is made, the forces of nature and circumstances that created it, the hereditary results of free-soil Democracy and the protective-tariff Whig, a compound of liberality, audacity and justice, kin in its construction and sustenance, have made it what is.

This was a shabby Nation when James Buchanan stepped out of the Presidential chair, regarded with contempt abroad and commanding no respect at home. It was a Republican policy that re-made us a Nation, extorted the world's regard for its heroic sacrifices for a principle, and made it respected for its affluence and financial honor. Is this the party all once to dwarf itself, and to slow and stagnate the pulses of its growth? Is it its nature to changed in the twinkling of a mugwump eye? Call the roll! Where will you find such names as follow in this loyal old guard?—"Blaine" (out on furlough), "Evarts" (here and on duty), "Allison" (all Iowa behind him responds "aye"), "Hiscock," "Ingalls" (here), "Depew" (here, and at the front). Indiana responds for Harrison, Ohio for Sherman and Foraker. Illinois rolls out Lincoln and Farwell. Minnesota, with a voice like a blizzard, shouts: "Washburne." All down the front come the responsive "ayes" from the long, long line of tried and veteran grenadiers.

The Republican party has in fact a regiment of Major-Generals, either one fit to wear the stars on the epulets he has so worthily won. Not one of these is a novice. Experience has imbued each with foresighted American ideas. No people here or elsewhere, now or heretofore, no party present or past, has or has had such affluent material of statesmanship for the selection of a leader. Any selection it may make will be a competent one. Any choice will be a wise choice.—*Judge.*

PUBLIC DISTRUST.

How the Democratic Administration Has Nullified Its Promises.

The Secretary of State, Mr. Bayard, is charged with fanatical zeal for a British policy in commercial and fishery matters. The charge is not explained to the satisfaction of the people.

The Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Fairchild, is charged with a weak and vacillating course in relieving business from financial stringency, but no explanation that satisfies the people is made.

The Postmaster-General is charged with open disregard of an act of Congress looking to an increase of mail facilities and with appointing incompetent subordinates. But he makes no explanation that is satisfactory to the people.

The Attorney-General, Mr. Garland, has been smirched by a notorious telephone scandal, but makes no explanation satisfactory to the people.

The members of the Cabinet are all well aware that President Cleveland has been charged with deliberate violation of his reform pledges, and that he has not vouchsafed an explanation. His conduct, perhaps, excuses others.

Public office creates public distrust when it becomes any thing else than a public trust.—*Albany (N. Y.) Journal.*

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

☞The boys who wore the blue do not ask for charity, they demand justice.—*St. Louis Picket Guard.*

☞Mr. Cleveland is exceedingly fond of "cherry bounce." He will get a taste of another kind of bounce in less than a year from now.—*Chicago Journal.*

☞If there is any thing on earth that would drive a decent man out of the Democratic party it is the coming in of these Republican Mugwumps.—*Nashville American (Dem.)*

☞The Chicago postmaster has forbidden his subordinates to talk to reporters. This is doubtless done to prevent them from making an innocent exposure of their ignorance.—*Philadelphia Press.*

☞At present all the circumstances point to the existence of a deliberate bargain by which it is expected to secure the President's renomination, to pass the most shameless river and harbor bill ever offered, and to get through the House a tariff bill in accord with the President's policy.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

☞Gideon J. Tucker, a veteran laborer in the Democratic vineyard, rises to remark that since General Jackson's time but one Democratic President (Van Buren) has been nominated for a second term, and that he was defeated. That is putting the case with great force and precision.—*Chicago Journal.*

☞The Democratic Congressmen are between the devil and the deep sea as regards the Mills free-trade bill. Cleveland and his minions are hounding them down in the effort to compel its support, while their constituents are asking them to vote against it, and threatening them with defeat at the polls if they dare aid its passage.—*Toledo Blade.*

☞The melancholy mugwump—where is he now? Having deserted a party he could not boss for one he can not shame, he stands alone in the gloom of his self-sought solitude, having neither the frankness to turn back nor the courage to go forward. There is nothing left for him but to sit on the fence and watch the procession march past.—*Philadelphia Press.*

☞Governor Foraker says that he will head the Ohio delegation at Chicago, and as between himself and Mr. Sherman, he does not see how they can go contrary to his wishes. He is enthusiastic in his support of Sherman, and says, if it were not for being considered boastful he should say that the Ohio Senator is sure to receive the nomination. After this Governor Foraker ought to be given the credit for sincerity and loyalty to Ohio's choice, John Sherman.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Dried shark fins are sold in every Chinese provision store in New York, and are esteemed such a delicacy that they bring nearly four dollars per pound.

—A tramp denouncing the crusade against the dime novel, said that if a dime was as novel a thing to the others as it was to him, it wouldn't be done. —*Texas Siftings.*

—A lady of Greensboro, Ga., in one night killed eighty-nine snails which had crawled into her kitchen. It wasn't a good night for snails—at least not for those that she found.

—"I hear that General Lightfoot is going to run for Governor," said the Judge. "Glad he's going to run for something," said the Major, with feeling, "he run from everything all through the war."—*Burdette.*

—A St. Louis man says that he once had a chance to buy the patent for the Nicholson pavement for $1,000. A year after he declined the offer the holder of the patent collected $100,000 in royalties from the city of St. Louis.

—The Bank of New York has a check yellowed by fire which was drawn by Aaron Burr, August 14, 1784, and also another check drawn by Talleyrand and Gulian Verplanck. It is now nearly 104 years since the bank was established.

—An English justice discharged a housemaid who pleaded guilty to stealing a cloak, a muff, a fur boa and a handkerchief belonging to her mistress. The judge said that she was only "wearing" the clothes, and that was "a thing that servants did every day."

—A novel way to move a house was adopted at the railroad depot at Orlando, Fla., the other day. The house was slipped upon the railroad track, an engine was backed up and hitched on, and the house pulled along, sliding on the tracks.

—A profound scientist of the nineteenth century living in Boston had a smoking chimney in his house. After he had spent $400 for various devices to cure it a ragged tramp came along and suggested that he build it six inches higher which was done and the evil eradicated.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The appearance of the sea serpent of Nahant in 1823 is made a matter of record in the new history of that peninsula. The snake was seen by a Johnson (of course) whose sobriety and veracity is subscribed to by six prominent gentlemen who had summer residences on Nahant in that year.

—In Nebraska, where glandered horses are exterminated by order of authorities, the State pays the owner for the value of the animal. It is said quite a profitable business (?) is carried on by parties who take over the State line lots of diseased horses from Dakota, Iowa and other localities for the purpose of the bounty.

—Passenger (to stranger)—"Minister of the Gospel, I imagine, sir?" Stranger—"Yes, sir. I have been a minister of the Gospel for forty-two years, but I expect to retire soon." Passenger—"That is a sensible move, sir. I think when a man has made money enough in his business he ought to get out of it and enjoy himself."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Considerable numbers of colored people are emigrating to California from the Southern States. One party of twenty-four men and women lately arrived at San Francisco en route to join a colored colony in Shasta County. Another party of 110 laborers, mostly men, have gone to Fresno to work in the raisin vineyards, and 150 more are to follow.

—Song birds being very scarce in Oregon, a number of German citizens of Portland propose to import from the fatherland a number of nightingales, skylarks, bulfinches, chaffinches, goldfinches, greenfinches, black and gray thrushes, linnets, starlings, and other singing birds, in all between 600 and 700, which will be turned loose on their arrival. A fund of over $1,000 has been raised to further the project.

CHINESE ASPECTS.

A Glance at Art and Landscape Among the Celestials.

There are said to be something like fifty thousand characters in the written language of the Chinese. I am sure it would take them all to fully describe the queer sights and strange customs we witnessed in Peking during the few days we rested there, at the cheerful United States Legation, before making our final start for the Great Wall.

The anomalous impression I received of the exterior of the town in my memorable ride, was intensified as I came to know something of the interior life of Peking. My sister and I felt like two Chinese Alices in Oriental Wonderland when we came to visit some of the people who live in those strange, inhospitable looking houses, their own homes, for it seemed as if all the pictures we had ever seen on Chinese porcelain had come to life and the figures were now stepping out of their slippery state to greet us.

I had never known before that the twisted tree is contorted objects and queer architecture painted on Chinese punch bowls and platters are not droll caricatures, but the Chinese representations of Chinese art ideas in the actual every day scenes of Chinese life. The grotesque figures which they paint on fans, or screens, are all well known historical characters; heroes of fiction, or deified saints and philosophers, and each one carries to the Chinese mind its peculiar traditional or romantic association.

There is very little picturesque scenery in China, and the few hills, streams and valleys which lovers of natural beauty have discovered, have done duty in decoration for hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years. But these outlines, made familiar by repetition, have a different meaning when the fact is explained that the skillful Chinese landscape gardeners have made innumerable miniature copies of these few bits of scenery in the court yards which are inclosed by the inner walls of all the houses of the better sort. These courts, a few feet in extent, oblong or square, are laid out in little mountain ranges, showing caverns and lakes, trails and ravines, on every side. —*Wide Awake.*

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