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THE WINCHESTER JOURNAL

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UNIONSPORT Woolen Mills! We take this method to inform the public that we have prepared to do all kinds of Woolen manufacturing on short notice and in good style.

ROLL CARDING. Having engaged the services of a No. 1 Roll center, we are prepared to roll all kinds of wool in this line.

SPINNING. We are prepared to do all kinds of Manufacture in this line, and shall warrant our work to be executed by any of our best operatives.

Manufacturing. We are prepared to do all kinds of Manufacture in this line, and shall warrant our work to be executed by any of our best operatives.

50,000 lbs Wool Wanted. We have the highest price for all kinds of wool, and shall warrant our work to be executed by any of our best operatives.

Poetical. DARRY AND JOAN.

A FAVORITE BALLAD. When Darry saw the setting sun, He swung his scythe and homeward ran, His shadow long and dark and long, His work is done, I'll go to bed.

"The evening was coming on, and a fog was fast settling on field and river, so that we could not see far before us, when in turning a corner of the road, I don't know how it happened, but I always think young Talbot was reaching to get the reins, as he asked me many times to drive; but he that as it may, I saw a man in front of us with two children, the three horses swerved, there was a loud shriek, the coach seemed to jump over an impediment, and then the frightened horses seemed to fly for their lives. We might have got into town safely, but just in our way was a narrow old bridge, and there the road curved a little. I had lost all power by this time over the horses, and in turning over the bridge, down the coach came with a crash.

"When I came to myself, I found the night had gone, and it was noon next day; I was in bed, and the first face I saw was that of my wife, for we lived near there then. She looked anxious, and I could see the marks of tears on her face. 'What's the matter?' I cried, and tried to leap out of bed; but I was held down, and gently told what had happened—how the horses had taken fright and overturned the coach.

"There was not so much damage done as might have been expected; young Talbot had gone on home with a broken arm; the rest of the passengers had proceeded with coach, shaken and bruised, but with no bones broken. But there was something more I wished to know—who was that I saw in the road with two children, whose shriek I had heard, and still could hear ringing in my ears; that news they tried to put off till another time; but it would not do, I was determined to know. And I soon knew too much. It seemed a man, with whom I was well acquainted, had been taking his family a walk in the cool of the evening. He was a man respected by all who knew him. And in a moment we were upon him, as we turned the road, and giving him only time to scream, he lay in the dust—bruised—bleeding—dead!

"It was but the work of a minute to dress and hasten down-stairs, determined to see the family of the poor man. His cottage was not far from my home, and I was soon there; but what a sight! The blinds were drawn down in every window, but the bright sun was shining outside, and the early flowers were stubbing the garden, which led up to the door. I entered the house. There, hushed into stillness by so great a calamity, were the six children whom I had defrauded of a parent. As I entered, each eye was turned upon me; they looked more in sorrow than in anger, but their wax cheeks blanched by a sudden sorrow, made the strong man quail.

"In the chamber above, the dead man lay, calm and white; he was washed and layed out ready for the coroner's duty. His wife sat upon a chair by the bedside weeping and rocking herself backwards and forwards; all you could hear were her sobs, and now and then, 'John, my poor John! And I had been the cause of all this; had I been sober—but drink, that cursed drink!

"I was not at the coroner's inquest, for that and many months went by before I knew anything, or any one; summer had melted into autumn, and the snows of winter had found me insensible to anything going on in the world. I had received a severe blow on the head in the overturning of the coach, and that, with the great quantity of rum to one who drank but little, added to the self-condemnation which I heaped upon myself when I saw the mourner and her helpless little ones, had been too much for my brain. But how had I got out of my bed after such a severe fall? Why will a strong determined will—which would almost in such circumstances trample upon impossibilities. But one had carefully tended me during that long time, and often had she (my wife) to bear with me, when in the silent watches of the night, I had heaped curse upon curse upon my own head, for he was not a man who would have told all his troubles in the market-place. There was no one nearer to them than those who were at the back of the coach, and seeing that the open face and fearless eye of the gentleman who sat beside him, told of heart within which could part feel another's sorrows, he went on—'It's many years ago—I drove the Liverpool coach then, not a short stage like this—there was no rail then, and we did almost as we liked them, carrying sometimes very great people, and sometimes just the reverse; you see.

"Coming home one beautiful spring day I had a good load, and beside me sat a young man—one of the Talbot family, and they are great folks in that part of the country. He was full of spirit, and had just come home from China, and was on his way to his father's hall. He had got all the booter's spirit for fun of the navy, where he served as an officer.

"Every place we stopped at he called for rum, some for himself and some for me, for I had not learned then to refuse, till at last we were both far from sober, though many would have considered we were but moderate. Things went on in this way till we got near Stafford; by this time we were singing and shouting, and what few people we passed on the road stood to stare as the four greys bounded along, bearing such a loud noise.

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check pilloved upon my shoulder. She was looking out into the distant country, we could see from our window; and yet did not seem to notice anything. She had not spoken for some time; but at last pulling my head closer to hers, she said: 'Promise me one thing—only one. I know all about how your troubles came; you told me over and over again when you were ill; promise me you will never taste of that glass again—you will promise?'

"I hastened to vow, but she placed her hand upon my lips, 'No oaths, no oaths,' she said, 'only promise me, and I am sure you will try to keep that promise.' And then she said, 'I shall be happy now.'

"I was rising in haste and terror when she spoke of dying, but she held my hand down to hers, and looking with a smile into my face I saw the eyes gently close, while the marble hue of death rose slowly from the chin, till it covered her face. A gleam of sunshine brightly shone into the room, and there faded as quickly—she was gone, and I was alone.

"You see, sir, if I refuse a glass of liquor when it is offered me, I have reasons for it."

A BOLD, TRUE VIEW. The Christian Union, in discussing "The Fifteenth Amendment," gives an able historical review of the causes that have brought it about. The article concludes: "The Fifteenth Amendment is the boldest avowal ever made of our faith in the safety in self-government. Give men a chance, educate the many side of character, leave them free, and they will frame better laws and better policies than can be made for them by thinkers, philosophers, or the wisest statesmen, acting as governing class. Upon one side of the continent are pouring Asiatic emigrants, on the other European, while already the African largely possesses the land. We have thrown our laws, our government, our policy, our wealth and our civilization under the power of their miscellaneous vote. It is a sublime declaration that Republicanism is not a sectarian government, but is the one rightful universal government! No government in this world is safe. But self government is the safest. Human nature is not wholly trustworthy, but is far safer when trusted than when doubted. Human nature is, after all, the one thing we have to build on. Like a field, it may raise weeds or it may produce wheat, according to the cultivation given. The American doctrine is: 'Trust Human nature, and then see that it is kept worthy of trust!'

For ourselves, we look forward to the future with confidence. Universal suffrage is logically consistent with our organic truth, congenial to human nature in political association, and as we firmly believe, safe, and fruitful in good.

MEN WANTED. The great want of this age is men. Men who are not for sale. Men who are honest, sound from centre to circumference, true to the heart's core. Men who will condemn wrong in friend or foe, in themselves as well as others. Men whose consciences are as steady as the needle to the pole; Men who will stand for the right if the heavens totter and the earth reels. Men who can tell the truth and look the world and the devil in the eyes. Men that neither flag nor flinch. Men who can have courage without shouting to it. Men in whom the courage of everlasting life runs still, deep and strong.—Men who do not cry nor cease their voices to be heard on the streets, but who will not fall nor be discouraged till judgment be set in the earth.

Men who know their message and tell it. Men who know their places and fill them. Men who know their own business. Men who will not let Men who are not too lazy to work, nor too proud to be poor. Men whose will to end what they have earned, and wear what they have paid for.

The Louisville Commercial says: "It is always safe for a Democratic editor to abuse Governor Morton. In no other way can he better emphasize his devotion to his creed. In no other manner can he more highly commend himself to the leaders of his party. By no other device can he more certainly dispel any doubts as to his continued and eternal fidelity to the lost cause. Does the Democratic heart grow weary and faint, pitch into Morton. Does the Democratic spirit flag and falter, denounce Morton. Do signs of demoralization and death forebode the dissolution of the Democratic party, damn Morton. Are news scarce, topics few, politics dull, newspapers tame, Democrats disgusted, feel Morton a blizzard."

Many of our readers and business men will open their eyes when we tell them that the Chicago Tribune asks and gets twenty-two thousand five hundred and sixty-two dollars a column per year for advertising, and the business men of that city do not hesitate to pay the price. They calculate that every dollar they invest in judicious advertising, adds at least five dollars to their income. Certainly it is that those who have advertised the largest have met with the greatest success.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS. "What's in a name?"—letters of the alphabet.

Admitted to the New York bar—gin and milk. What an asthmatic artist can draw—a long breath. Dr. Hawkins, a blind chemist of Philadelphia, invented soda water in 1812.

Anna Dickinson's reported quarrel with her intended is styled a private rehearsal of "Breadeats ahead." William Cullen Bryant styles Trinity Church, New York, "that mistress of mighty revenues."

"Put yourself in his Place," dramatized by the author, is to be brought out by John Clarke and Edwin Booth. Agassiz intends visiting Fort Ancient, Warren county, Ohio, this summer to make scientific explorations.

A susceptible negro died of fright in Sardinia, Mississippi, from seeing the elephant. A Colorado editor plaintively pleads—"Gosh dang it! send us more girls." The San Francisco school norms are going to visit Gotham.

Out and in. Prince Bonaparte has been in liquor ever since he got out of prison. A young New Yorker has recently wedded his father's mother-in-law.

A New Orleans steamboat man has blown out his brains because his salary was too small. A St. Louis paper avers that a man's death was caused by "information of the brain." That isn't fatal this way.

Horse racing is dying out in Virginia, and the Richmond papers mourn the degeneracy of the times. Hartford or New Haven—which shall be the capital? is the question among the Connecticut legislators. Seventy cases of Chinamen's bones were lately shipped from San Francisco to the Flowerly Land.

A Connecticut inventor has patented an improvement on pennies for dead men's eyes. Root, Hogg and Dye were three names on a Wilmington hotel register, one day last week. A Chicago man was so mad at finding one of his employees in his store when he ought to have been dead, that he felt compelled to shoot him.

There is an infatuated native in India who has sat cross-legged on a pile of sharp stones for seven years, supposing it would improve his spiritual condition. A young man who didn't get any invitation to a party in Minnesota, somewhat interfered with the pleasure of the gathering by exploding a can of powder in the cellar.

A contemporary says: "The peculiar expression of George Washington's mouth, as represented in the new postage stamps, is only to be accounted for by the fact that the gum is placed on the back of his head." The Providence Journal appropriately says of the McFarland affair, "it were well, if the whole affair from beginning to end, could be blotted from recollection forever."

A New Haven druggist is having some artificial teeth made to replace his natural ones sent skyward by an explosion of his soda fountain. Mace and Heenan are to travel through the country, this summer, and show how it was done at New Orleans, under a canvas. An elegant tent has been prepared for them.

The Japanese have no back drawers to quarrel with. They travel in canvas. A cargo is a little building, like an inverted hen coop with the slats knocked off, in which a man sits like a wedge. In view of the fringes, cords and braids that are used to make up ladies' dresses now a days, would it not be proper to say the lady was "elegantly upholstered" rather than dressed?

Greely says he can't remember that it ever occurred to him "that it was desirable to prove the conductor of some other journal a knave, a fool, a hypocrite, or a ruffian." Very likely, but he has often made the assertion without proving it. "Jefferson, you say," was the remark of P. Green while complementing the portrait on a ten cent stamp. "Jefferson! That don't look no more like Joe Jefferson than it does like me!"

A fashionable tailor of Pittsburg has been sued for obtaining money under false pretences, failing to make a suit of clothes fit. "A Pennsylvania bachelor" thus gets after lovely women: "I impeach her in the name of the great white of the ocean, whose bones are torn aunder to enable her to keep straight. I impeach her in the name of the pea-cock, whose strut without his permission she has stealthily and without honor assumed. I impeach her in the name of the horse, whose tail she has perverted from its use to the making of wavy tresses to decorate the back of the head and neck. I impeach her in the name of the kangaroo, whose beautiful figure she, in taking upon herself the Grecian bend, has brought into ill-favor and disrepute."

THE INDIANAPOLIS FAIR. OFFICE OF INDIANAPOLIS A. G. L. MEEN'S, AND HORT. ASSOCIATION, INDIANAPOLIS, May 16.

Mr. Editor: Dear Sir—If not intruding upon your valuable space, I desire to call your attention to the fact that the citizens of Indianapolis have organized a joint stock association under the name of the Indianapolis Agricultural, Mechanical and Horticultural Association, having in view the better promotion of all the industrial arts, but more especially Indiana agriculture, stock growing, and manufactures. By the recent discoveries of valuable coal fields in Western and Southern Indiana a great impetus has been given to the manufacture of iron and kindred pursuits in our State, whereby many mills and blast furnaces have been put into practical operation, with capital mostly from without the State, attracted hither by our vast natural resources. Valuable ore of various sorts exist in nearly every county; glass works are being started, one at Greencastle, and one in this city—in addition to the present works, which are now in successful and paying working order. The material being found in abundant quantities in a peculiar sandstone abounding in Putnam, Washington, Madison and other counties in the State, which stone, not being valuable for other purposes, is another nature's products, seems not to have been "made in vain." I need not in this letter, refer to other classes of manufactures growing out of the natural advantages belonging specially to our State, which are being almost daily brought to light by the energy and industry of Prof. E. T. Cox, State Geologist. All men of observation must be aware of the fact that Indiana is rapidly advancing in manufactures, and, ere long, will be regarded as one of the foremost manufacturing States. Greater attention should be given to manufactures in wood, such as carriages, wagon works, furniture, and especially to plows, reapers and mowers. While very few of the articles in these classes are being made in our State, we are furnishing an enormous quantity of the raw material in these departments for Eastern factories, they returning the same to Indiana as their sale ground. Thus our people are paying freight both ways, with the profit of manufacture added. Not only this, but we raise the grain and provisions with which the workmen in the east subsist, paying, in effect, another freight, whereas, by home manufactures, we pay none, using the products of our fields in a home market, and shipping abroad our raw material manufactured.

Great good has been accomplished heretofore by county and district agricultural societies, but they are rapidly giving way to joint stock associations, managed by private means independent of State, county or municipal aid. The former are falling by the old adage, "What's everybody's business is no one's." Joint stock associations, though close corporations, are nevertheless organized and conducted for the public good, and tend more to public advancement, for the reason that a few men manage their affairs for the "love they bear" to the enterprise, without the *petty and narrow* of large official salaries. They can and often pay larger premiums. The difference in the managing expense between the two modes of organization, and the future prospects of stockholders' gain, induces and justifies the excess of premiums and vigor of the management in favor of the latter over the old practices.

Our Indianapolis Association is composed of more than one hundred of the best men, pecuniarily and socially, in the country. Among them we have the leading bankers and manufacturers. The stock owned by any one individual is limited to ten shares of twenty-five dollars each. The capital stock of the association is twenty-five thousand dollars, but may and doubtless will be increased to one hundred thousand dollars, with a view to more fully accomplish the end sought to be attained, viz: a complete development of Indiana's resources, and especially the natural advantages of the capital as a railroad center. As a State Capital Indianapolis stands second to none in the Union as a commercial and manufacturing point, though destitute of water navigation advantages (so-called) yet by the energy of her citizens, and her geographical advantages, is to-day the greatest railway center in the world. Twelve distinct railway lines enter her Union Depot, reaching or penetrating eighty of the ninety-two counties in Indiana, thus connecting with nearly every important railway line in the Union, so that the innate advantages of our city as a central point for the holding of exhibitions like the one contemplated by this Indianapolis Joint Stock Association are such as to reasonably assure the highest hopes.

Inspired by these advantages, our Association has determined to hold out all reasonable inducements (not without a reward) to all fruit growers, farmers, mechanics, stock growers, artisans, and others, to visit our State next, and have offered a well arranged premium list, amounting to more than \$15,000 in cash, gold, silver and bronze medals. The medals are estimated at their cost, not including diplomas. Among the inducements presented to those herein above stated, I desire to call the attention of your readers to a few leading premiums in the several

class, which will serve as an index to the whole list of prizes offered: Best collection of fruit of all kinds, silver medal and \$75. Second best collection of fruit of all kinds, silver medal and \$50. Best collection of apples, \$50. Best collection of green house plants, silver medal and \$50. Best collection of fruits exhibited by any county Society, \$20. Fastest trotting stallion, \$150. Fastest pacing horse or mare, \$250. Fastest trotting horse or mare, \$1,000. Second fastest trotting horse or mare, \$500. Third fastest trotting horse or mare, \$100. Several other one hundred dollar premiums are offered in the live stock and geological departments.

Appropriate premiums of like importance are offered in mechanical, fine art and miscellaneous departments. The State Board of Agriculture have kindly permitted our Association the use of their Fair Grounds, "Camp Morton," from the 1st of September to the 10th; thus our Fair will be held on "Camp Morton," commencing September 5 and continuing to the 10th. Parties exhibiting of our Fair can, with little expense, remain over, leaving their stock on pastures in the neighborhood, and machinery and other articles upon the Fair Grounds until the State Fair, which commences October 5. I am assured by Joseph Poole, Esq., Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, that this arrangement can be made, thus being mutual advantage to both organizations, as well as to all exhibitors. For Premium lists, posters, or other particulars, address the undersigned, Board of trade rooms, Indianapolis, Indiana. W. H. LOOMIS, Assistant Secretary.

A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT. The following is so beautifully and pathetically, and could only have been dictated by a heart that has experienced all the bitterness that is herein expressed. Who the author is, we know not, but suspect it is an extract from some book. If anybody can read it without moisture in their eyes and stones in their throats, they are worthy of marble. Hush! she is dying! The sunlight streams through the pale glass window, the room is fragrant with southern flowers—large milk-white African lilies; a Nightingale would stop to worship, eye less anxious and careless with their glossy leaves. Through the open casement steals the faint musical tingle of playing fountain; the light tempered pleasantly by iron chains, of embroidered satins, kindles up the gorgeous old paintings with a halo bright as the rainbow. It is as if fresher sunshine were falling earthward on the bower of beauty.

The canary sings in his glided cage—his canary, and the mocking bird raised his clear notes higher on the perfumed air. Why do you clench your hands until the nails draw the rich rose blood through the thin quivering skin? Why do you grind your teeth together and hiss between them that one word, hush! It's a beautiful home I am sure, and that lady with hand upon her bosom is fair as any dream vision painter. Surely nothing could be purer than that broad, high brow; nothing brighter than those curls.

And she loves you, too! Ah yes, any one can read that in the deep, violet eyes raised so tenderly to your own. And that is it; your young wife loves you. She linked to yours the existence of an angel, when she knelt beside you at the marriage altar and placed her hand in yours. For twelve golden summer months an angel has walked or sat at your side, or slept on your bosom. You know it! No mortal woman ever made your heart bow before a purer joy than hers.

Not earthly embrace ever filled your soul with the glory beyond the stars; not earthly smile ever shone so unchangingly about all inhuman things we earthlings know, as fair as any dream vision painter. Surely nothing could be purer than that broad, high brow; nothing brighter than those curls.

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