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G. W. ARMISTEAD,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Hearth and Home.

The parental HEARTH, that rallying place of the affections. It was the policy of the good old gentleman to make his children feel that HOME was the happiest place in the world; and I value this delicious home-feeling as one of the choicest gifts a parent an bestow.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

The Hidden Sorrow.

It was a bitter cold day; the streets of New York were alive with a dense mass of crowding humanity, overcoated, muffled and veiled, as became those who joyously braved the penetrating wind and sharp atmosphere, in the merry-making time between the death of the old and the birth of the New Year.

Notwithstanding the frosty weather, the Empire City was never in gayer mood, and up and down and across the thronged thoroughfares, stylish turnouts dashed swiftly by to the twinking music of silver-tongued bells and low, happy laughter speeding away to the open roads and snow-clad country, lying white and still beyond the hurry and turmoil of the great city.

Though so cold without, it was warm enough in the elegant room where we were sitting—my cousin Althea, her half-sister, Mrs. Irene Chester, and I. My cousin Althea was not young—past thirty, in fact; but she was the most beautiful woman I ever saw, and as she sat in the large crimson damask chair by the window, dreamily looking out at the hurrying passers-by, I thought I had never seen any one so charmingly, irresistibly lovely. Her lustrous black eyes, clear olive complexion and glossy wealth of purple-black hair were so perfectly perfect that one did not know which to admire the most, and her voice and smile were as sweet and winning as her form was graceful and her face matchlessly beautiful.

Howard Tremaine loved her as few men loved their wives; and Althea, as everybody knew, idolized her husband, and yet somewhere there was a hidden sorrow, the nature of which I could not for my life divine. I had seen its shadow more than once, but the substance kept itself well out of view, and, but for the sad, anxious, restless look that often of late crept into Althea's great, soleful eyes, I'd not have thought sorrow could exist in her luxurious home, much less fix itself permanently there.

We were going to the opera in the evening. Mr. Chester was to attend us in the absence of Howard, who had gone away two or three hours before with three or four friends, who had, very much to his wife's regret, called for him to accompany them on a little half-hour or so sleigh ride out on the Bloomingdale road.

As the short winter afternoon wore on, Althea grew every moment more and more uneasy; her faith in the "little half-hour or so," never having been very strong, died utterly, long before the sun's last cold, golden rays faded in the west, and when Mrs. Chester rang for lights, and carelessly remarked that it was time to dress, she was noticeably ill at ease, and would do nothing but walk to and fro between the window and the warm, rosy fire-light in that nervous, listening, expectant way, which is painfully suggestive of secret dread and anxiety, too deep and wretched for words.

Whatever Howard Tremaine touched turned to gold, and all that money could buy his wife possessed. Her wardrobe, jewels, house and carriage were among the most superb in New York, yet her closet evidently had its skeleton, and to-night, more than ever before, it seemed determined to rattle its dry bones in our very ears, and make itself felt and seen in every nook and corner of the millionaire's sumptuous home, in spite of all Althea could do to keep the unpleasant thing out of sight.

For the twentieth time, she walked to the window, and, with a half-suppressed sigh on her lips, stood watching the sleighs fly past, so long that Mrs. Chester exclaimed, rather petulantly:

"Nonsense, Althea! Why is it that you always will be worrying about Howard? He is not a baby, and is no doubt quite as capable of finding his way home alone as most men are. Mr. Tremaine knows that we are going to the opera this evening, and he will be sure to drop in before the end of the first act, you may depend. And now we must dress, if we wish to hear the opening air in 'Faust,' which I certainly do, however it may be with you."

Mrs. Chester was one of those positive characters who immediately act upon what they say, and in less than an hour we were on our way to the opera.

The house, when we entered, was literally racked with a most brilliant and fashionable audience, but Althea seemed to move like one in a dream, and took not the slightest notice of anything or anybody around her.

I could not make it out at all, and hardly dared to look at her for very sympathy. Her magnificent dress of violet velvet and creamy old lace became her perfectly, and never did a queen carry herself more royally, or seem more unconscious of her grandeur and beauty.

Diamonds—a fortune's worth of them—flashed on arms, neck and bosom, and gleamed like drops of liquid light amid the rich abundance of her dusky hair; but she was not happy.

There was much too heavy a sorrow lying unrestfully at her heart for that—too much of a nameless dread and anxiety to allow enjoyment of any sort.

At the end of the second act a gentleman made his way to our box, and asked, in the usual conventional manner, after the customary greetings were gone through with, how we liked the music.

Mr. Chester, who had been comfortably dozing in his chair the whole time, declared he was never more charmed—an innocent fabrication which none of us cared to question.

"And where did you leave Mr. Tremaine?" inquired Mrs. Chester, in some surprise. "He was with you, I think, Mr. Richland?"

"Yes, and I left him with the others at Delmonico's. I don't care for that sort of thing, you know," lowering his voice, and glancing furtively at Mrs. Tremaine. "It makes one feel so confoundedly wretched the next day."

Althea was a well-schooled woman of the world, and full and unflinchingly she met his meaning glance.

She was very pale, and the hand that held her bouquet trembled slightly, but otherwise she was her own calm, proud, lovely self, and neither Mr. Richland nor any one else could see beneath the mask.

I can't tell just how the evening passed. I only know I was intensely glad when it was all over with, and we were at home again.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester went at once to their apartments, but I lingered a moment in the parlor with Althea, who seemed in no hurry to go to her room, though it was late and the whole house as still as death.

But as she did not appear inclined to talk, I kissed her, said good-night, and went up to my chamber, leaving he there alone, like another Ariadne, sad and heart-broken, in the midst of princely splendor and untold wealth.

I had barely left the room before the jingle of bells and the clatter of flying hoofs in the now almost silent street arrested my footsteps.

A sleigh dashed past, and stopped at the door, as if driven by a whirlwind.

The night was intensely cold, but the tired horses were smoking, and their quivering flanks white with frost and foam.

Not caring to see more, I dropped the curtain, and turned to look at Althea. She stood like a statue in the middle of the room, one hand pressed hard against her breast, and the other holding close about her the rich white opera-cloak she still wore, with its soft, snowy fringes and swansdown trimmings, shimmering in the faint, uncertain firelight like a silken cloud, for only one dim gas-jet was burning in the deserted parlor when we entered it, and even this Althea had turned down so low that it was now no more than a glimpse of light.

Unsteady steps sounded on the stairs, then came the sound of a muffled fall, and something like a half-uttered oath, mingled with the low cry of unutterable anguish that burst involuntarily from Althea's pale lips.

"I knew how it would be!" she moaned; "I knew how these unfeeling creatures he calls his friends would bring him home."

And swiftly and noiselessly as a spirit, unmindful of her elegant toilet, and the strangely beautiful picture she made, Althea hurried to the assistance of her helplessly intoxicated husband.

It was not the first time she had waited his coming in a pale agony of fear and dread, not the first time she had heard that dull, soul-sickening fall, not the first time she had glided down the great oaken staircase to find her husband—handsome Howard Tremaine—lying prone upon the floor, a sight to stir the pity of the coldest heart, and cause the very angels in heaven to weep.

I could have cried aloud in my unutterable surprise and grief, and on my knees have begged him for God's sakes to desist from further breaking the heart of the wife who loved him so dearly—aye, so dearly!

I saw her through a rush of blinding tears help him somehow to regain his feet, and even in his pitiable weakness he looked like a fallen god; the noble head, the clear cut features, the something indescribable that stamped him a man of wealth and intellectual force, was still apparent, though so completely had the the man been gotten the better of by the demon that lurks in the wine cup.

And she—Althea—the look in her eyes I'll never forget to my dying day. She did not say a word, a kind of dumb despair seemed to settle upon her countenance—a despair that paled her cheek to the hue of ashes, and chilled the very life-blood in her veins.

I had seen enough, heaven knows, of Althea's hidden sorrow, and stole away to my room, wishing I could believe the whole miserable scene but a troubled dream, that would vanish with the coming of the morrow's sun.

Howard did not make his appearance at breakfast the next morning.

Althea explained, in a tone of apology, that Mr. Tremaine came in late, and—"was tired."

Mrs. Chester did not guess that anything was wrong, and really thought Howard ill, and advised Althea to send for the family physician.

Althea, however, did not follow her sister's advice, but sat all day beside the sofa where her husband lay, suffering miserably from the combined tortures of headache and remorse.

Toward evening, he began to "feel better," and good resolutions commenced to slip themselves into his mind, as is often the case when one's head and conscience have been for some little time on the rack.

"Althea, he said, drawing her lovely face down to his and kissing the sweet mouth, that trembled beneath his lips in a way that betokened the near approach of tears—"Althea, I saw a look in your eyes last night which I cannot quite forget, and which I hope never to see again; and I promise you, here and now, that I will never as long I live, touch a drop of wine again, its the devil's own and neverfailing wellspring of sin and misery, and my wife, God bless her! is not to have her happiness clouded and her heart broken by the folly and madness that lie in a bottle of green seal. There! do you believe me, darling? or do you believe me incapable of successfully resisting the sparkling temptation that has proved the ruin, the utter and absolute ruin, of unnumbered millions, and blighted and embittered the lives of more wo men than I dare to think of?"

"I believe you Howard," she sobbed; "I *must* believe you; for, to do otherwise, would kill me. If there was to be no end—nothing to look forward to but *this*—how could I endure to live? Oh, if you will but keep your promise, I will be so happy—so happy, Howard.

She fell, sobbing into his arms, and through the fast-falling tears that filled her eyes, the glad smiles were coming and going like sunshine through an April shower.

Three years have passed since that day, but Howard has never broken his vow, and I feel quite certain now that he never will.

A Feathered Infant.

At last the *rara avis* has been found: "the most marvelous phenomenon which has ever been since the world has been discovered." We quote from the *Vigie de Crerbourg*, France, which is responsible for the authenticity of the following details concerning the living infant wonder at present domiciled at Cherebourg, but shortly to be despatched to Paris in order to be presented to the French Academy of Medicine. The phenomenon is a baby aged six months, named Augustine Lavir, the nape of whose neck has the singular gift of producing an uninterrupted succession of feathers. Twenty-three have already sprouted, reaching maturity, and fallen off, to be carefully stored up by the infant's father, a workman, whose fortune may be considered made if the surprising story turns out correct. The manner in which the feathers grow is thus described: A pimple forms on the nape of the neck, quite close to the roots of the hair. At the expiration of a certain time the pimple blossoms into a feather, the child, at the moment when it appears, seeming to experience uneasiness. The feather which is curved and gilded, attains, when fully grown, from ten to twelve centimetres in length. When it falls a few drops of whitish color issue from the pimple, which then heals, leaving no trace of its existence for a while until another appears, enclosing the germ of another feather. A curious circumstance, says the *Vigie*, is that the feather remains six days on the infant's neck when fully grown before falling, and that its successor takes as many days to sprout as its predecessor to reach maturity. The father of the phenomenal child intends bringing it to Paris in order to ask science to investigate the cause of this freak of nature, which, if it really exists is certainly one of the strangest one has heard of recently.

THE ELECTION LESSON.

Its Deep Significance to the Tennessee Democracy.

Our Peril to be Averted Only by Harmony and United Action.

A Timely Warning by the State Democratic Executive Committee.

HEADQUARTERS DEM. STATE EX. COM.,
NASHVILLE, Oct. 13, 1880.

To the Democrats of Tennessee:

The reverse of yesterday should cause you to pause and consider your own condition and welfare. Flushed with their victories and taking advantage of a divided democracy, the Republicans of Tennessee confidently proclaim the capture of our State government, by the election of Judge Hawkins and a Republican Legislature. Democrats of Tennessee, certainly, have not forgotten the baneful effects of the Brownlow dynasty, with its attendant evils, of profligacy, corruption, disfranchisement, and State militia, and the cordial support given that dynasty by a Republican national administration backed by Federal bayonets at the polls, and the reconstruction acts and the maintenance of carpet-bag rule throughout the South. While the National Democracy will continue the noble fight begun, with an enthusiasm and heroism unparalleled in the political history of the country, can it be that Tennessee Democrats will longer hesitate in the united and cordial support of their party and its nominees? Will not our brothers who left us on the 13th of last August forget their imaginary grievances, bury their prejudices, return to the fold and unite with all good Democrats in electing a ticket that will insure us an honest and economical administration of our State affairs, the settlement of our differences of State policies, the maintenance of home rule, an honest judiciary, a free ballot and low taxes! We are confronted with an enthusiastic and well organized enemy. No longer can it be doubted that either Judge Wright or Judge Hawkins will be elected Governor of Tennessee on the 2d. day of November next. Then, the Executive Committee of the State on behalf of the Democracy, urge the olive branch and hand of reconciliation be offered and accepted; tant all Democrats, from this day until the close of the polls in November, exert themselves in fighting our common enemy. Inspiration will be given our brethren elsewhere to fight a great battle, and success will surely crown our efforts in both State and National affairs.

JOHN W. CHILDRESS, JR.
R. N. HOOD,
W. P. ROBERTSON,
JOHN A. McKINNEY,
JOHN McGRATH,
T. M. McCONNEL,
J. J. TURNER,
T. D. GREGORY,
G. W. DARDEN,
T. F. PERKINS,
S. A. CHAMPION,
Spl. HILL,
W. H. CARROLL.

Temperance.

ADDRESS OF THE TEMPERANCE CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION OF DAVIDSON COUNTY TO THE PEOPLE OF TENNESSEE.

For the purpose of bringing the friends of Temperance into harmonious co-operation throughout the State, the "Temperance Cooperative Association of Davidson County" would call attention to the following resolutions adopted by that body on the 2nd inst:

WHEREAS, We learn that there is organized opposition to the law known as the four mile law:

Resolved, That all the friends of temperance and education through this organization, to organize like associations in every county in the State for the purpose of opposing the repeal of the four mile law.

Resolved, That we will not vote for any man for Governor or Legislator who is in favor of the repeal of a law that has been of more benefit to the cause of education and to the morals of the State than any law ever made by the law making powers.

Resolved, That we urge upon the friends of temperance throughout the State the necessity of investigating closely how candidates for legislative honors stand upon this question.

R. A. REAGAN, *Chairman*,
R. L. HAYES,
JAS. A HERMAN, *Com'tee*.

The danger threatening the peace and good order of the State, by the repeal of the Four mile Law and the necessity for vigilance and prompt action on the part of the temperance people everywhere, may be seen from the following article, which appeared in the *Cumberland Presbyterian* of a late date:

THE LIQUOR QUESTION IN TENNESSEE.

Sooner or later the people of Tennessee will have a square issue on the liquor question. We believe prohibition the only true and safe ground for temperance people. Men may not be able yet to reach this advanced ground, but in our judgment the sooner they reach it the better. A good proportion of the people of the State are already on it, and a fair proposition would receive a large vote. The liquor forces see the drift, and are organizing their forces to defeat it. A late number of the *Tennessee Good Templar* contains the following circular by the liquor dealers of Nashville, which seems intended as confidential and not for publication:

"NASHVILLE, August, 1880.

"Dear Sir:—We beg to call attention to the importance of co-operation among Liquor Dealers throughout the State, to secure, if possible, such representation in the next Legislature as will not be hostile to their interests. The indications are that a determined effort will be made to secure the passage of Local Option and prohibition Laws, and to repeat in the State the folly and failure of sumptuary legislation which has in the past, wherever tried, been productive of no substantial or moral good, but has only harassed the many and destroyed their material interests without benefit to the few for whose reformation the laws were passed. If you will give your attention to it, you can elect men to the Legislature who are not in favor of fanatical experiments to interfere with a traffic in which is invested so much capital and which is the chief source of revenue to our State. We suggest that you consult with Liquor Dealers and friends in your county, and endeavor to send fair men to the next General assembly, who are practical and reasonable and not disposed to set on foot a code of laws to make criminals of yourselves and others engaged in the liquor traffic, and destroy the business in the absurd and ever failing attempt to eradicate the evils of drunkenness by law.

"Respectfully,

"LIQUOR DEALERS ASS'N OF NASHVILLE.

"This communication is confidential and for your own advisement, and is not intended for publication."

The simple proposition is that liquor dealers see to it that men of their sort be sent to the Legislature who will favor their interests and traffic. They speak of it as the chief source of crime, poverty, misery, and taxation. This was demonstrated by indisputable figures by Judge Humphreys before a committee of the last Legislature. Fifteen cents will place a copy of his demonstration in the hands of any candidate or member of the next Legislature.

If the traffic is the good thing they would have us believe, why are the dealers so opposed to the proposition to allow the people to decide whether they want it or not? Would it be an unfair or an unreasonable thing for the representatives of the people to respect the petitions of so many thousands as were presented to our last Legitlature. Have not the people a right to a voice in so grave a matter as well as these liquor dealers who propose to select the men and see that they are elected to fasten upon the State a traffic that produces more crime, poverty, and taxation than anything else?

The license system favors the liquor interests, and dealers ask nothing better. It gives protection to an evil that is destructive to every interest, and in the eyes of the law put on a level with honorable pursuits. But the liquor dealer gives no equivalent for the money of his patrons as does the Merchant, the grocer, and mechanic. The more the saloon is patronized the poorer the patrons become, and thousands every year go down to drunkards graves, impoverished and ruined by these liquor dealers, who wish to decide for the people as to who shall be put in office over us. Are the sober, Christian citizens of Tennessee and other States ready for this?

From the above article, it will be seen that there is organized effort on foot to elect men to the Legislasure, who may be so far forgetful of the true and vital interests of the State, as to attempt the repeal of the law, which has brought sweet peace, hope and comfort to thousands of hearthstones; which has done so much to lift the dire and appalling scourge of intemperance from the face of this beautiful land; and which is cherished in the hearts of the people, as the most precious boon that legislation has ever secured to them.

Those who desire to see this benign law hold its place on the statute books of Tennessee are hereby conjured, in the name of suffering humanity everywhere, to organize thoroughly, and co-operate with us in this great work. Address.

T. J. JACKSON, *Cor. Sec'y*
Room 7, Porter Block, Nashville, Tenn

Humorous.

The man who can live on himself, like Dr. Tanner, needs no rich relations.

When in passing a stately mansion the only thing out of order is the front gate, it is evident that there is a marriageable daughter in the house.

Milton was asked if he intended to instruct his daughter in the different languages; to which he replied: "No, sir! one tongue is sufficient for a woman."

There is a great deal of modesty in this world which will gaze at almost anything, provided it can be seen through a crack. A visit to Long Branch will prove this.

When a man wants to make his enemy unhappy he poisons his enemy's dog, but a woman chooses a very different way to make her enemy unhappy. She buys some new clothes that her enemy can't afford, and sits in front of her enemy at church.

Two ladies met one day recently, when the following conversation ensued: "Why, do you know what I heard about you?" "I have no idea." "I heard that when your husband was sick and not expected to live, you went to a picnic." "It's a vile slander; it was only an excursion."

The latest gush—Conversation on piazza, West End hotel, Long Branch: Fashionable young man to another young man, not fashionable: "Is this chair taken?" Ordinary young man: "No, you can have it." F. Y. M.: "Thank you awfully." O. Y. M.: "You are dreadfully welcome."

A minister stopped at a house one day, and sought to improve the time by giving an eight-year-old boy an instructive lesson in morality. "My boy," said the minister, "I have lived forty-five years, and have never used tobacco in any form, nor told a lie, nor uttered an oath, nor played truant." "Yer ain't had no fun at all, have ye?"

A Dutchman, in one of the counties of Pennsylvania, wanted a minister to preach at his child's funeral, and wasn't unreasonably particular as to who came. "Shon," he said, "go and call the circus preacher to come, and if he can't, den get the locust preacher, and if the locust preacher can't come, why, den get the extortioner" (exhorter).

A lovelorn swain broke a wishbone with his "heart's queen," up in New Hampshire not long since "Neow, what d'you wish, Sally?" demanded Jonathan, with a tender grin of expectation. "I wish I was hansum," replied the fair damsel—"hansum as end be." "Gewhitakers! what a wish," replied Jonathan, "when you're hansum 'nuff neow." But I'll tell you what I wished, Sally. I wished you was locked up in my arms and the key lost!"

Guibollard had been a father just five minutes. His servant entered with a letter in his hand.

"What is that?"

"A letter."

"For whom?"

"For you."

"How is it addressed!"

"To. M. Guibollard."

"How do you know, sir, that it is not for my son?"

The only place the wife of a Congressman can fairly trust him—and we write this in behalf of virtuous innocence—is the Washington Club, at the National capital. The Washington Club is composed almost entirely of heads of families, sober, steady, quiet business men, who meet in elegant rooms for a little relaxation from their cares. The club is always opened of an evening with prayer, and then these pious gentlemen sit around and read good books, or discuss light, doctrinal points, such as "Transubstantiation," "Infant Baptism," "Can a man marry his aunt?" or "Is it moral or in any sense in accordance with revealed religion, for a man to kill his mother-in-law?"

It was in a Memphis street-car the other day. That blessed baby had been howling for nine blocks, until everybody else in the car had escaped except a bald-headed old gentleman, who rubbed the top of his dome of thought, scowled, stamped, fumed, and gave other evidences of being annoyed.

"I hope the baby don't disturb you, sir," said the mother, pleasantly.

"No, madam, it does not," he said, savagely gritting his teeth.

"I am so glad. I was afraid it did—little tootsy, wootsy, yum, yum, yum!"

"No madam, it don't disturb me," he said, still more savagely. "Little tootsy fiddlesticks only disturbs people in the adjoining county. It made a chattering idiot of me five blocks ago," and, springing through the car window, he gave a maniacal howl and disappeared around the corner.