

The Cass

DOWAGIAC, CASS COUNTY, MICH.

VOLUME 1.

Republican,

Every Thursday,
Cass County, Michigan.

Editors and Proprietors,
at the Post Office.

Subscription,
one year, One Dollar, in advance. If
not delayed until the expiration of three
months, \$1.50 will be exacted.

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advance.

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fined strictly to their business, and all other ad-
vertisements not pertaining to their regular business,
to be paid for extra.

THE ABOVE TERMS WILL BE STRICTLY AD-
HERED TO.

JOHN W. WOOD, every description neatly ex-
ecuted with promptness, on the most favorable
terms. Orders solicited.

STATE AND COUNTY DIRECTORY.

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Lieutenant Governor—GEORGE A. COE.
Secretary of State—JOHN KINNEY.

Auditor General—WHITNEY JONES.
State Treasurer—SILAS M. HOLMES.
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COUNTY OFFICERS.

Treasurer—JEFFERSON OSBORN.
Clerk—E. B. WARDNER.
Register of Deeds—ARIEL E. PECK.

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Circuit Court Com'r.—JAS. M. SPENCER.
Surveyor—AMOS SMITH.
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Business Directory.

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D. H. WAGNER,
Justice of the Peace and Collecting Agent, Dowagiac,
Mich. Office on Front Street.

JAMES SULLIVAN,
Attorney and Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in
Chancery, Dowagiac, Mich. Office on Front
Street.

JAMES M. SPENCER,
Attorney and Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in
Chancery, Dowagiac, Mich. Special attention
given to collections throughout the Northwest.

HENRY H. COOLIDGE,
Attorney and Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in
Chancery, Edwardsburgh, Cass Co., Mich.

CHARLES W. CLISBEE,
Attorney and Counselor at Law, Solicitor in
Chancery, and Notary Public, Cassopolis, Cass
Co., Mich. Collections made, and the proceeds
promptly remitted.

D. E. R. ALLEN,
Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist. All work war-
ranted to give satisfaction. Office over Bro-
well's Hardware Store, Front Street, Dowagiac,
Mich.

G. J. JONES & CO.,
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes,
Crockery, Glassware, Hats and Caps. Front
Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

F. G. LARZELERE,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes,
Crockery, Hats and Caps, Glassware, Paints and
Oils, Hardware, Ac., Ac. Front Street, Dowagiac,
Mich.

H. E. ELLIS,
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Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

D. W. CLEMMER,
Dealer in Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oils, Var-
nishes, Perfumeries, Groceries, Ac. Front St.,
Dowagiac, Mich.

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Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy
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warranted. Front Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

C. M. ALWARD,
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School, Miscellaneous and Law Books, Blank
Books, Ac. All the leading daily, weekly and
monthly periodicals received regularly. Front
Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

IRA BROWNELL,
Dealer in Hardware, Tinware, Stoves, Agricultural
Implementations, Ac., Ac. Front Street, Dowagiac,
Mich.

H. M. GAVAN,
Dealer in Boots and Shoes, Leather and Findings.
Front Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

M. S. COBB,
Dealer in Boots and Shoes, Leather and Findings.
Front Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

A. TOWNSEND,
Dealer in Groceries and Provisions, Hats and
Shoes, Boots and Shoes, and Crockery, Front
Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

MISCELLANEOUS.

H. B. DENMAN,
Banking and Exchange Office, Dowagiac, Mich.
Buy and sell Exchange, Gold, Bank Notes, and
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Swamp Lands and Taxes, in all parts of the
State. Drafts on England, Ireland and Germany.
Prompt attention to collecting.

JOHN W. WOOD,
Amblyopic Artist. Likeness taken on short no-
tice, and warranted not to fade. Children's pic-
tures taken in one second. Operating in Bald-
win's Drugstore, Cor. of the Railroad Square,
near the library pole, Dowagiac, Mich. Also,
his Boots made to order.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
John Letts, Directly opposite the Passenger
Depot, Dowagiac, Mich.

To Let,
NEW YORK, opposite American Hotel,
on the premises.

JAMES PATTON.

Trinitas.

BY JOHN A. WHITTIER.

At morn I prayed: "I fain would see
How Three are One, and One is Three;
Read the dark riddle unto me."

I wandered forth; the sun and air
I saw bestowed with equal care
On good and evil, foul and fair.

No partial favor dropped the rain;
Alike the righteous and profane
Rejoiced above their heading grain.

And my heart murmured: "Is it meet
That blindfold nature's Cans should treat
With equal hand the rare and wheat?"

A presence melted through my mood,
A warmth, a light, a sense of good,
Like sunshine through a winter wood.

I saw that presence, mailed complete,
In her white innocence, pause to greet
A fallen sinner in the street.

"Beware!" I said, "In this I see
No gain to her, but loss to thee;
Who touches pitch, defiled must be."

I passed the haunts of shame and sin,
And a voice whispered: "Who therein
Shall those lost souls to Heaven's peace win?"

"Who there shall hope and strength dispense,
And lift the ladder up from thence,
Whose rounds are prayers of penitence?"

I said: "No higher life they knew;
These earth-torn souls to have it so,
Who stoop to raise them, sink as low."

That night with painful care I read
What Hippo's saint and Calvin said—
The living seeking to the dead!

In vain I turned in woe's quest,
Old pages, where (God grace them rest)
The poor creed-mongers dreamed and guessed.

And still I prayed: "Lord! let me see
How Three are One, and One is Three;
Read the dark riddle unto me!"

Then something whispered: "Dost thou pray
For what thou hast? This very day,
The Holy Three have crossed thy way."

"Did not the gifts of sun and air
To good and ill alike, declare
The all-compassionate Father's care?"

"In the white soul that stooped to see
The lost one from her evil ways,
Thou sawst at the Christ, whom angels praise!"

"A bodiless Divinity,
The still, small Spirit that spake to thee
Was the Holy Spirit's mystery!"

"Oh, blind of sight, of faith how small!
Father and Son and Holy Call—
This day thou hast denied them all!"

"Revealed in love and sacrifice,
The Holiest passed before thine eyes,
One and the same, a three-fold guise."

His Christ in the soul to evil done,
His Voice in the soul—and three are One!"

I shut my grave in Aquinas last,
The monkish guess in ages past,
The schoolman's creed of cold and cast.

And my heart answered: "Lord, I see
How Three are One, and One is Three;
Thy riddle hath been read to me!"

A Case of Jealousy—Discharged—Cured.

Fred. Kennedy is my best friend.

We were in college together, and deep in
one another's confidence. He studied
law, and commenced practice in
the city; I read medicine, and opened
an office in the country. But Fred got
in love and forgot me, until about three
months after his marriage, when I
received a letter from him which
troubled me very much. It was full of
vague hints of sorrow, and anger, and
despair. He wanted to see me. He
must see and tell me what he could not
write. It was a week before I could
leave a patient dangerously ill; but one
afternoon, after three nights of watch-
ing, I threw myself and my carpet bag
into the cars, for the city. I slept all
the way, only disturbed by two punches
in the ribs and an equal number in my
ticket, and at eight o'clock found my-
self ringing the bell at the door of Fred's
pretty residence on — street.

A trim servant girl answered to my
summons. I knew by her looks that
she had heard of me, and suspected
who I was. Mr. Kennedy was at home
she said, and was in the parlor, the
door of which she swung open to me,
after I had laid aside my overcoat. I
entered the door, but the parlor seemed
to be empty. I looked about the walls,
but the only thing which fastened my
attention was the exquisite portrait of
a beautiful woman, almost enveloped
in the misty bridal veil—a very marvel
of painting—through which shone out
the most golden ringlets, and a face of
sweet beauty and rare intelligence. It
seemed strange that the parlor should
be lighted so brilliantly and without an
occupant; and I advanced toward the
portrait without noticing that a deep
easy chair, its back toward me, was
planted before it. I soon perceived
that it was occupied for an embroidered
slipper peeped out from one side, toying
lightly with the air, as if the heart of
the one who wore it were absorbed in
happy contemplation.

I coughed slightly, and in an instant
Fred. Kennedy was on his feet, and I
was in his arms. I never saw him so
extravagant in his demonstrations of
delight. He shook my hands a dozen
times, slapped my shoulders, caught me
by the arm and whirled me around the
room, poked the fire, and then laughed
as if he were insane.

"By George! Tom Conway, I am
glad to see you," said he at last, fairly
puffing with the demonstrations he had
made.

"I had begun to suspect something
of that kind," I replied, rubbing my
shoulder. "I think you must have been
cultivating your affections lately."

"Well, I have. What do you think
of that?" And he turned me around,
and pointed to the portrait.

"Exquisite!" I exclaimed.
"Magnificent, isn't it?"

"Mrs. Kennedy?"

"Mrs. Fred. Kennedy."
"Very pretty, but she painted."
"Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"Now, Fred," said I, seriously, "sit
down. You are too much excited. It
will be the death of you. I have come
down to see you professionally. Your
letter—"

"Letter?"

"It's a clear case of insanity," I
continued. "If I am favored with an
interview with the original Mrs. Ken-
nedy, I shall reprimand her for leaving
you alone. Your letter betrayed the
most distressing symptoms. I was
afraid that I should find you had com-
mitted suicide, but I see there has been
a retraction."

I said this in a bantering way, but I
noticed that Fred's countenance changed,
until its expression was one of
mingled vexation and pain.

"No more of that! 'thou lovest me,
Tom," he replied, and then added,
"after you have had supper I will tell
you all about it. Jane is a good
creature, and has gone to the sewing
circle. Those things bore me, and she
insisted upon my staying at home. We
shall have a good hair together before
her return."

Fred sat almost silent with me, in his
sung little dining room, when I did
justice to my appetite and his hospital-
ity; then we returned to the parlor,
and I gave myself up to slippers, a
cigar, and Fred's story.

"When I wrote you that letter," said
Fred, "I was a fool, but I was very
misericordious. You see, before I
was married, there was a young man
in the city, of the name of Benton.

He loved Jane; I found it out, and I
hated him. He was a quiet fellow,
with a dark soft eye, and a romantic
air, and I can't express the contempt I
felt for him. He seemed to me to be a
perfect milk-sop. It was before I was
engaged, and I used frequently to meet
him with Jane, at her father's house. I
saw that he was in love head and ears;
and what vexed me beyond everything
else was, that Jane always treated him
respectfully. After he had parted from
us on one occasion, and she had treated
him with the usual consideration, I was
determined to bring matters to an end.
I proposed before I left, and received the
assurance that I was the chosen man.

Well, Benton continued to call. I
do not think he knew of the new po-
sition of affairs, but it made no differ-
ence. I determined to cut him, and I
did. I met him in the street in broad
day, and cut him dead. Who should I
find that very night with Jane, but this
contemptible Benton. He had risen to
leave, with agony depicted upon every
feature of his face. I set it all at
naught—he had proposed and been re-
jected. All the devil there was in me
rejoiced. I have no doubt that I grin-
ned maliciously upon him as he passed
out. I could hardly have added a kick
to the repulse he had already received.

But Jane was distressed. She was
sorry for him. She wouldn't have it
happen for the world! She respected
Mr. Benton so much!

"Mr. Benton is a fool!" said I.
"Don't waste your precious sympathies
on such a creature as he!"

"Mr. Benton is a gentleman," replied
Jane, and then the poor girl turned
pale, the tears swam in her eyes, and
she hid her face in her handkerchief,
and sobbed hysterically.

I saw that I had been unjust—that I
had been mean and cowardly—that my
words and bearing had been contem-
ptible—that there was not the slightest
ground for my feelings, but I was too
proud to confess it, so I approached
and kissed her forehead, and asked her
to forget the matter.

I met Benton in the street frequently
after this and was wretched enough to
rejoice in his woe-begotten appearance.
I was stirred to this partly by the fact
that he had once been treated with the
most considerate cordiality. The fact
was, I loved Jane almost madly, and
somehow I could not bear to have any
other man to think of her.

Cards were distributed for the wed-
ding, and one was sent to Mr. Benton.
But this gratified my malice! It seemed
cruel to invite a man to witness the
consummation of the ruin of his hopes;
so I was pleased! I doubted whether
he would come, but he was there, so
calm and gentlemanly that I could not
help feeling how mean I was in his
presence, and, of course, did not
help the matter. I was now more
offended with him than ever. I could
almost have quarreled with my wife
even on the wedding night, because she
treated him with such marked atten-
tions. I determined at any rate that I
would cure her of her liking for him,
and was almost maddened to hear her
express the hope that he would not
forget her when she should become
settled in her new home.

A few weeks passed away, and he
called at my house—at my house! And
Jane very coolly informed me of it.
"I hope you had a pleasant time
with the gentleman," I said dryly. I
saw the fire flash in Jane's eyes as she
replied, "Mr. Benton is always pleas-
ant." There was an emphasis on the
word always that offended me. I will
not tell more of that foolish story.

Enough that I was thoroughly discon-
fited, and came out of it feeling Benton
the more, as I was more convinced
that he was a better man than myself.
I could not bring myself to command
my wife not to see him, without a sin-
gle reason, so I took my satisfaction in
behaving like a bear, and making her
miserable for a week.

Some days had passed away, when
one evening a party of merry friends
came in, and Jane's bridal array became
the subject of conversation. A lady of

the party expressed a desire to see
article of ornament belonging to
bridal dress. Jane endeavored
change the conversation. I saw
she was troubled, but I repeated
lady's request. She replied that the
article was not at home. I inquired of
her whom she had lent it to. She re-
plied that she had lent it; and her
lips trembled, and her cheek burned, as
she said it. The ladies saw that some-
thing was wrong, and immediately
turned attention from the subject.

But I was aroused. In my excited
and suspicious state of mind, I fan-
cied a hundred things, and somehow
they all associated on Benton. I de-
termined to ascertain where that article
had gone. First, I took a walk
my wife's absence from home each
afternoon, to ascertain that there was
not a single article of her bridal attire
in the house. I knew that the whole
would make a formidable package,
which she could never, or would never
have carried away. Who did carry it?
Somebody, probably, who belonged in
the house. I called the girl whom you
met at the door, and asked her whether
she had carried from the house lately a
package or handbox belonging to Mrs.
Kennedy. She colored deeply, and
acknowledged that she had. I inquired
as to where she had carried it. She
was very humble, and deprecated my
displeasure, but very positively refused
to tell me. I coaxed her, undertook to
bribe her, and then threatened her, but
all to no purpose. Now if I were to
cut her in pieces she would not tell me.
My suspicions were thoroughly aroused,
and I believed from the bottom of
my soul that the detestable Benton
was somehow connected with the
matter. It now became me to put on a
smooth and affectionate exterior, for I
knew a secret to fathom. I received
Jane on her return, with the old fond-
ness, and we passed an evening full of
happiness for her. Where to begin, in
my investigations, I could not tell. I
was afraid that the servant would tell
Jane of our conversation; but, as she
thoroughly loved her mistress, she
promised that if I made no difficulty
about it, she would not tell her.

I had no resource now but to watch.
The next day, instead of going to my
office, I took a cigar in the reading
room of the — Hotel, and seated
myself by a window that gave me a
view of my residence, I kept my eye
on the door. I had sat there perhaps
half an hour, when Jane's most inti-
mate lady friend (Miss Kate Stephens)
went tripping down the street and en-
tered the house. A few minutes passed
when she and Jane emerged;
both were cloaked and bonneted. I
slipped out and followed them, at a
distance, through half a dozen streets,
until at last they turned in at an open
doorway. I marked the number and
then went to my office. I was in a
fever of excitement. That was evi-
dently no place for ladies to call. That
door opened into a little blind-looking
stairway. There was no name on the
door.

The next thing for me to ascertain
was the name and character of the
persons occupying the rooms above. I
went to my dinner as usual, and played
the careless and happy to the best of
my ability. My wife was in a gay
mood, and seemed almost heartily
charming and brilliant. I kissed her,
and bade her good evening, pleading
business as my excuse for leaving her
alone. My steps almost involuntarily
took the direction of the morning walk.
I was moving briskly along when I
discovered a familiar figure before me.
I knew it was Benton the moment I
fixed my eyes upon it. Impulsively
took his pace, keeping at a safe dis-
tance, and followed street over street
by the same path upon which I had
followed my wife. As we approached the
suspected door, I fairly held my breath.
My blood curdled, and every hair on
my head seemed to rise with apprehen-
sion. I was not mistaken. He mounted
the steps, and turning on his heel,
coolly paused to pick his teeth as I
ground mine together, and passed by.

I could not yet bring myself to the
humiliation of doubting my wife's truth
to me. The fact that her friend ac-
companied her certainly did not tend
to this conclusion; but the conscien-
siousness that she still retained a warm re-
spect for Benton, and that she had met
him in an obscure room for any purpose,
distracted me. But I had prudence
enough to determine to wait for the
denouement, and in the meantime to
maintain a strict surveillance of both
parties as was possible without endan-
gering detection.

Three days passed away and nothing
occurred to prove that the visit had
been repeated. In the meantime Jane
was as happy as a lark. I watched her
sometimes while she sat at her needle
work, and frequently saw a peculiar
smile on her face. On one of these
occasions I abruptly asked her what
she was thinking of, and though I im-
portuned her with some degree of se-
verity, I could get no satisfactory
reply.

The matter very soon began to wear
upon my spirits. I was frightened by
my haggard aspect whenever I looked
in a mirror. Jane noticed the fact, and
became extremely anxious for me. Her
affectionate attentions were more assid-
uous than ever, and I was made asham-
ed of my suspicions, for I could not
doubt the genuineness of her solicitous
apprehensions. Still the facts would
recur, and I passed many a sleepless
night in revolving them.

One day while sitting in my office,
my perplexing thoughts overcame me,
and I penned the letter which you re-

ceived, and I kept along through the
street, until, almost, I so directed my
steps, as to take the street, which contained
the secret that was tormenting me. I
selected the door at the distance of a
block; and my heart sank within me as
I saw a gentleman taking leave of a
lady upon the steps. They could have
been—they were—no other than my
wife and the miserable Benton. There
was no lady with her. I could see that
they were laughing merrily.

I had a sudden impulse to
step forward, and my hand
was raised to it as I approached the
spot. But Jane did not see me, and
tripped off in the opposite direction.
Benton remained in the doorway, and
with an eye fixed madly upon him, I
approached him. He did not shrink
from my look, but returned it with
smile that puzzled me. I know
what it was, but there was something
in the mild, pleasant eye of the man,
and in his untroubled and unsuspect-
ing look, that disarmed me. The nearer
I approached him, the more disconcerted
I became, but as I had evidently aimed
at him in my progress, I felt that I
could not avoid him; and I determined
moreover that I could and would be-
replied.

"Well, now
what to do with
Benton. I cannot offer him more
him anything. I tell
been thinking about, and
me how it strikes you. You
for a fellow I am. I shall tear my
all to pieces in a few years, and I have
brought myself to this. Before I die, I
will make a solemn request to Jane to
marry Benton for a second husband."

At this moment Mrs. Fred. Kennedy
appeared, her cheeks flushed to vermillion
with the effect of the cold evening
wind. I did not wonder at the ennobling
influence of such a pure beauty as her's
upon Benton's sensitive mind. Fred.
introduced me, and somehow we all
found ourselves before the portrait at
once.

"I've told Tom all about it," said
Fred, to Tom.

Mrs. Kennedy gave him a look of
wounded reproach, and then said to me
in a way which spoke volumes, "You
know Fred."

Fred. has become a humble man, and
will not put on the airs of Benton's
happiness to a very indefinite future.
Besides his family has been increased
to that degree that it would be doubt-
ful whether the artist would be willing
to take the bereaved Mrs. Kennedy with
the "incumbrances." Still, I have no
doubt that Fred's imaginary sacrifice
has served its purposes in restoring in
some degree his self respect.—Spring-
field Rep.

A Scene in Church in Kentucky.

At a church meeting in one of the
"fashionable orthodox churches" in
Anderson county, Ky., last week, a
clergyman asked for and obtained a
letter of dismission for himself and some
of the members of his family. He then
said that if any of the brethren had
anything to say about him to "declare
it, or ever after hold their peace,"
he would sooner hug a dagger to
his heart than yield for a moment to
your insolence. Even now, you can
only enter my room on my conditions.
Stand here for a moment and I will call
you insolent.

"Take your own course," I doggedly
replied.

He passed up the stairs, and I, to
avoid suspicion, looked up at the sky.
It was one of those calm winter days
that show a heaven as pure and blue as
if a storm had never stained it. I had
scarcely hardly ten seconds when Mr.
Benton descended a few steps, and
spoke my name. I followed him up
the stairs, through a dim passage, into
the room whence he had just descended,
filled with a light as soft and pure as if
from the glorious day without had been
refined by passing through some rare
medium. In my state of mind I could
hardly comprehend the objects before
me at a glance. But I knew that I was
in an artist's studio. Benton was silent,
but my eye selected at once the prom-
inent painting in the apartment. It
looked, and was struck with a fit of
shivering. It was the portrait of my
bride—my darling Jane. I was dumb.
I could not have spoken had it been to
save my life.

I have no idea how long I had stood
there, when Mr. Benton approached me,
and took my unresisting hand. "Mr.
Kennedy," said he, with a choking sound
in his throat, "I knew of no proper way
for me to contribute to the happiness of
one whom I have loved as I can never
love another, except by doing a pleas-
ure to the man whom she has honored
with her love. I thought it would be
pleasant to you to have a portrait of
your wife as she appeared in her bridal
attire, and at my solicitation she has
been here a number of times to sit for
her picture. Her friend, Miss Stevens,
has been here with her, and your serv-
ant had just passed from sight when
you came up, with the package contain-
ing her dress. If I have done wrong,
forgive me; but I thought it would
make you all so happy!"

As he closed these words, uttered
with honest emotion, every one of which
went like a dagger to my heart, I found

myself weeping, and my hand
was raised to it as I approached the
spot. But Jane did not see me, and
tripped off in the opposite direction.
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with an eye fixed madly upon him, I
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know Fred."

Fred. has become a humble man, and
will not put on the airs of Benton's
happiness to a very indefinite future.
Besides his family has been increased
to that degree that it would be doubt-
ful whether the artist would be willing
to take the bereaved Mrs. Kennedy with
the "incumbrances." Still, I have no
doubt that Fred's imaginary sacrifice
has served its purposes in restoring in
some degree his self respect.—Spring-
field Rep.

A Scene in Church in Kentucky.

At a church meeting in one of the
"fashionable orthodox churches" in
Anderson county, Ky., last week, a
clergyman asked for and obtained a
letter of dismission for himself and some
of the members of his family. He then
said that if any of the brethren had
anything to say about him to "declare
it, or ever after hold their peace,"
he would sooner hug a dagger to
his heart than yield for a moment to
your insolence. Even now, you can
only enter my room on my conditions.
Stand here for a moment and I will call
you insolent.

"Take your own course," I doggedly
replied.

He passed up the stairs, and I, to
avoid suspicion, looked up at the sky.
It was one of those calm winter days
that show a heaven as pure and blue as
if a storm had never stained it. I had
scarcely hardly ten seconds when Mr