THE MORRISTOWN GAZETTE.

BY JOHN E. HELMS. "It is not in the power of Mortals to command Success: But we'll do more——We'll Deserve it." $2 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 10. MORRISTOWN, TENN., WEDNESDAY, MAY 10, 1876. NUMBER 10.

New Advertisements.

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THE OLD, RELIABLE AND "PERMANENT
Barber,

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Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
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And everything usually kept in a
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April 5—3m

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WITH
Samuel Bevan & Co.
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Dry Goods and Notions,
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April 5—3m

H. G. MARSH,
—WITH—
MOOREHEAD & BROOKS,
—Jobbers of—
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April 5—3m

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Porter always in attendance at trains to carry baggage to the House free of charge.

TONSORIAL.

By Mack Fulton,
At the Virginia House,
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☞ I solicit the public patronage, and would say that I can give satisfaction either in a clean, neat shave, hair-cut, hair-dress, clean shampoo, or an elegant whisker or moustache dye. Terms moderate.

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SHOE MAKER,
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THE CENTRAL HOUSE,
IS SITUATED A FEW STEPS, either way, from the Custom House, Post Office, Banks, Wholesale and Retail Stores, and Market. Beautiful front yard, with luxuriant shade trees. Rooms and Table, equal to the best in the city, to say the least. June 3, '75.

ALL RAIL SHORT LINE
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Memphis and Charleston Railroad
TO TEXAS,
AND ALL POINTS WEST.

SUPERIOR INDUCEMENTS and satisfactory arrangements made for Emigrants. No change of cars. Fare as low as by any other route. Call on, or address,
W. T. BELL,
Passenger Ag't, Knoxville; J. M. CROW, Pass. Ag't, Cleveland; S. C. WEAVER, Pass. Ag't, Chattanooga; W. J. ROSS, Genl. Supt., M. S. JAY, Genl. Pass. & Ticket Agent.

Pictures!

All persons desirous of having Photographs
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should apply at once to the undersigned, for I am prepared to enlarge and beautify any Picture, however faded, and give it a fresh appearance.
Ambrotypes and Daguerreotypes,
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Natural and Lifelike.

Pictures enlarged to any size desired. I WARRANT all work, as to quality and prices. Call on me at my Studio on Main street, or address me at this place.
AMBROSE G. STUART,
Morristown, Tennessee.
Jan 12, '75—12m

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Transacts a General Banking Business.

Deals in Foreign and Domestic Exchange. Sells Drafts on all the principal cities in Europe. Buys and sells Uncurrent Money, Gold and Silver, Warrants and city Scrip.
Interest paid on Deposits of
$1 AND UPWARDS.
May 26 n12—1y

SEND 25c. to G. P. ROWELL & CO., New York, for Pamphlet of 100 pages, containing lists of 3000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising. vol10no1—1y

$12 A DAY at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO, Augusta, Maine. vol10no1—1y

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $1 free. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. vol 10 no 1—1y

The Morristown Gazette.

FROM WHITESBURG.

THE VEXATIONS OF EAST TENNESSEE TRAVELERS—COMPLIMENTARY TO THE GAZETTE—PERSONAL.

WHITESBURG, Tenn., May 3, '76.

To the Editor of the Morristown Gazette:

Is there not a law (or, at least, a request,) upon the public records for road masters to put up sign boards at crossings of all public roads? If not, I have no doubt but those who have recently tried a trip through and over the beautiful hills and vales of East Tennessee would be willing to freely contribute a mite to a general fund to point out the ways by boards. It would save the strange traveler so much anxiety, and the people so much annoyance by frequent inquiries. How often do we hear the question, "how far, and how shall I go, to ——," and as often answers like this, "Keep the plainest road;" and the poor traveler does not go far until he comes up with several roads branching out, and six lawyers could not tell which was plainest. Again: "Go out to the end of the lane and take that way" (motioning the wrong way,) "and you can't help missing the way." These are a few of the many funny and perplexing occurrences that arise in the experience of a poor, tried, weary, anxious traveler. Let us have a revival on the sign board question all over the country. A little expense, a little effort, will save much trouble.

Well, "it's hard times," but—I must have the GAZETTE. I fell back on G. K., while he took it; but he exchanged a good, solid, local home paper for something frothy—the effervescence of the North-east. Did I say a solid paper? Yes, and I'll repeat it, then add that it is a worthy paper, and I cant help but admire it, though I don't fully approbate its sentiments on all questions. Yet here goes for a twelve months engagement, just as it is.

Our worthy and energetic fellow-citizen, Capt. James Wright, is raising and shipping a beautiful variety of black marble. His quarry is near this place.

Stuart & Ayatt are building a mill to saw variegated marble into slabs.

Little George Roberson, the son of a widow, was caught between the bumpers of the train, and got both feet badly crushed. OBSERVED.

LETTER FROM TEXAS.

A JEFFERSON COUNTY MAN'S TRIP TO TEXAS AND WHAT HE HAS TO SAY OF IT.

DALLAS, TEXAS, April 30, 1876.

To the Editor of the Morristown Gazette:

Having emigrated to the Lone Star State from my native State, East Tennessee, and having promised a great many friends to write them, I thought I would give them a general letter through your paper.

I left Rutledge on the 24th of April. Had quite a pleasant trip to the city of Knoxville, cheered along the road by the crowing of roosters, and the occasional gobble of a certain old turkey, the only one on the train. Left Knoxville Wednesday morning, and reached Chattanooga for breakfast, where I met an East Tennessean whom his friends supposed to be dead. But he is still alive, and says that he is neither dead nor sleeping. Nothing of interest transpired on my trip more than our engine ran off the track on the Memphis and Little Rock road, the road being in a desperate condition at this time, but the managers speak of repairing it soon. Arkansas, along the line of road, is one vast wilderness and swamp, and looks as though a man would necessarily have to boat it through. I don't suppose any of my East Tennessee friends would like to emigrate to that locality, for even the frogs were packing up to leave, for fear of the chills and musquitoes, the latter being very numerous and of large statue—so large they will eat a full-grown steer, and then fly up in a tree and pick their teeth with their horns.

From Texarkana, Texas, to Will's Point, the land looks thin, but seems to be very fine for cotton, corn and oats. After you leave Will's Point you strike one of the most beautiful prairies that I have ever beheld; just as far as your eyes will reach the prairie extends, and a smoothe as needs be, and covered over with grass, looks as though the Lord had seen fit to carpet the whole thing most beautifully. I saw a great many horses and cattle on the prairie, all fat and sleek, as though they were stall-fed. Corn, cotton, beans, etc., are up, and have been worked from one to two times, and look fine. Oats are headed out.

This, in my estimation, is the country for emigrants. Land is good, climate mild, health fine and everything looks lovely, though some complain of hard times even here. But hard times here are better than in East Tennessee, and they don't care to throw you out the coin for change. I don't want to say anything that would be calculated to induce any one to come here on my say so, for they might become dissatisfied. I have met with some parties who are leaving Texas because they say they can do no good here. The reason is, they came here expecting to have only to shake the first bush they came to and gather dollars to last a life time. Such is not the case here nor elsewhere. I am informed that a man can get very good wages in the country. The emigration is very large now. A great many from all the States are coming in. As I have not been here very long I am not as competent to give positive information as old residenters. Should any want further information, I will try to give it hereafter.

Very respectfully, R. B. G.

Said a Brooklyn wife to her husband the other day, "If you fail to produce me the money for a new spring hat in three days you will be the most astonished man that ever lived in this world." When he awoke the next morning he found his wife in the dressing-room exercising with dumb bells. The money was "produced" that night.

THE OTHER SIDE—LETTER FROM MAJ. STRINGFIELD.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 2, 1876.

To the Editor of the Morristown Gazette:

In a recent issue of your paper I notice an article, clipped from a Washington City paper, stating that I had "insulted a gentleman, and was knocked down," etc. Other papers have asserted that I *swore*, and one or two that I "*took a drink*," etc. At first I determined to pay no attention to the slander, feeling that an open, and not uneventful life of *over thirty years* among the generous people East Tennessee, West Virginia and Western North Carolina, would of itself be a sufficient denial of the charge. But upon a little further reflection I think best to put a quietus to the matter by making in this manner a *flat denial* of the charge. I *did* have a personal difficulty here with a gentleman named Wintersmith, of Kentucky. It grew out of a misunderstanding of *my duty* and *his privileges*, etc. I simply did duty—carried out orders; he was hasty—rushed to conclusions, and—a fight—and *I did not run, or retreat;* I was *pushed over a table*, but *not* "knocked down." The gentleman in question soon saw his mistake in the matter. He has since, several times through friends, and *twice* in person, made ample apologies, and we are now *good friends*. Among the several hundred newspaper reporters here, of course some sensation was made, and as a great majority are not disposed to treat a *Southern* man fairly, but want to cast as much obloquy as possible upon all those connected in any way with the present House of Representatives, *this* little affair was sent abroad as another instance of a "doorkeeper insulting a gentleman."

The matter is now all over; "all quiet alon the Potomac." As this is my *first* difficulty away from home, I hope it will be my *last*. Any papers that have noticed this matter will confer a favor by publishing this, as a whole, or in part.

Yours truly, W. W. STRINGFIELD.

Naval Constructor Hanscom and Others Charged with Frauds.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., May 1.—The *Chronicle* of this morning prints a column of charges against the Chief Naval Constructor, Isaiah Hanscom, John O., his son, and J. E. Delmontague, for frauds perpetrated on the government in the purchase of timber for use at Mare Island, amounting to a disaster of a million dollars in the four years, detailing many cases in which contracts were put through at prices a hundred per cent. in advance of the market rates, and in some instances in which Isaiah Hanscom made the purchases by telegraph, directing the bills to be sent him direct for approval without passing through Spalding's office.

Hon. John M. Bright and Secretary Bristow.

Mr. Bright, of Tennessee, a member of the committee on expenditures of the Treasury Department, and Secretary Bristow, who was before the committee, had a little scene to-day, which for a time caused some commotion. Mr. Bright, although not the chairman of the committee, seemed to conduct the investigation. He asked certain questions to-day which Mr. Bristow objected to, because they seemed to intimate that he (Bristow) had prevaricated. After the committee had taken a recess, Mr. Bright approached the Secretary and said, (extending his hand,) "Of course you know, Mr. Secretary, that as one of the committee, I had a right to ask certain questions, and there was nothing personal in the matter?" Mr. Bristow declined the proffered hand, and remarked substantially that what had occurred should be of record, and he did not propose to treat members of the committee except as individuals, and he claimed no immunity, as he recognized himself only as an individual on trial. It was subsequently explained that there was an old quarrel between the two gentlemen and that the conversation had not so much reference to the testimony taken to-day and the questions asked as to the quarrel.

Cutting Out Vicksburg.

VICKSBURG, April 26.—For a long time steamboatmen have predicted that sooner or later the river would find its way through the cut-off on the peninsula just south of the old site of De Soto, opposite this city. At two o'clock to-day the peninsula yielded to the force of the current, and quickly an immense flow of water rushed through the cut, which caved in heavily at both sides. The new channel, will shorten river navigation by about thirty miles, and leave Vicksburg out in the cold.

Winslow and the Other Forgers to be Released.

LONDON, May 2.—The British Government have informed the American Legation that it will release Winslow to-morrow, and that the other two prisoners, Gray, of New York, and Brent, of Louisville, whose extradition is also claimed, will be released when their terms have expired. Although this notification has been given, the Government has not formally replied to the American argument, owing to the absence of Lord Derby, caused by the recent death of his mother.

His Majesty, the Bull and the Tramps.

NEW YORK, May 2.—A dispatch from Promontory Station, Utah, May 1, says: Dom Pedro is detained here by a singular accident. A freight train is off the track one half mile west of Blue Creek. A bull standing on the track overturned an engine and eleven cars, which are completely wrecked. Two tramps who were stealing a ride, were killed, and the fireman and a brakeman severely injured. The imperial party endure the delay with philosophical equanimity and are making the best of what accommodations this station affords. All are well.

Why Bristow will not do for the Republican Candidate.

Cincinnati Times.

The party lines are drawn almost as closely this year as in 1860. The Republican party will demand a candidate whose record in this fierce struggle of the past will convince the people beyond all shadow of doubt that the great cause for which we have done and suffered so much is safe in his hands. This requirement places Mr. Bristow utterly out of the question—if he had ever been in it. A Southern born man, with dangerously pleasant relations with the Bourbon Democracy, with no political record, and no political experience, there is no more possibility of his being taken for a Republican leader in this campaign than there is of the Roman Church taking an unknown Protestant for their next Pope.

These are the reasons why Blaine and Conkling, enemies though they be, would unite against Bristow; and the same reasons will apply to all the really Republican delegates in the Convention. Mr. Bristow's support will be from those who have been enemies of the party since 1872.

The Khedive of Egypt is forty-five, and has only four wives.

BASCUM ON FREEDOM.

He Deprecates the Encroachments Made on Republican Privileges by the Democratic Party.

To the Editor of the Morristown Gazette:

COUSIN JOHN: I am becoming perfectly disgusted with this Government of ours—or rather some of the people. The more I see of it the worse I like it. Talk about a free and republican form of Government! I would like to see where the freedom comes in. The fact is, a man is allowed no privileges here at all, worth living for, and if the Democrats were to get full power and control of this Government once, some man would get a rope tied around his neck and be throwed out in the wind, where it was over his head, and drown, and all this, perhaps, for nothing more than exercising what he might consider the privileges of a free country! What privileges do we enjoy, anyway? They make a poor man pay a dollar a year for keeping a dog, which is considered a *life*-guard, while a rich man can keep a double-breasted *watch*-guard, worth five times as much as the dog, without paying a cent. The Democrats done this, too. They pretended that they passed this law to protect the sheep. This is certainly a very strange way to protect sheep. Why didn't they pass a law making it a capital offense for a dog to kill a sheep in the first degree; and that the penalty for the same should be death. And for killing a sheep in the second degree, manslaughter, punishable by imprisonment for life; or for an assault and battery upon a defenseless or unarmed sheep, fine and imprisonment. Or, why not let the sheep protect themselves? Most of sheep are as big as any common sized dog, and if they were only well trained in pugilistic exercises while young, as they ought to be, one sheep could whip two dogs. The fact is, we have no privileges as we once had.

Cast your eye up toward Washington City, the capital of our Nation. See the performances of that Democratic Investigating Committee, and you will discover at once that a man has but few privileges in this country. No matter what a man does, or how sly he is about it, if there happens to be something a little *crooked* about it, they are sure to find it out on him; and when *they* find it out the balance of mankind soon knows it; but more especially is this the case if he happens to be a Republican office-holder—the very man of all others who should be allowed all the privileges of a Republican Government. A man can't even have the privilege of disposing of a trading post on the frontiers without being exposed. If one of the chief moguls of our nation happens to clip the coupons from a few thousand gallons of whisky, it is soon reported all over the country that he has been dealing in crooked whisky. What does that amount to? Who ever saw any straight whisky? It's made crooked. The very worm it runs through as it is being manufactured is as crooked as a new-ground corn row, and it will even make a man walk crooked, if it is ever so good.

Why, Cousin John, it has got so that even the President of the United States can't vote himself a little back pay without being accused of defrauding his Government. Whose Government is this? Ain't it the President's? And if so, don't all the money and the people too belong to him? And hasn't he a right to use that money and the people as he may see fit? And don't he, though?

Then what right has a Democratic Investigating Committee to say anything about back or double-back salaries? or crooked whisky? or anything else? Or, in other words, what right have Democrats to investigate these things? What right have they to hold office? What right have the people to vote for them? None at all! This is a Republican Government, and this whole thing of investigation is a humbug, gotten up to deprive Republican office-holders from enjoying the rights and privileges of a free and Republican people—a privilege they fought four long years to obtain.

A pretty pass, indeed, when Republican office-holders can't sell a few ships and appropriate the proceeds thereof to their own use, or dodge the revenue on whisky, or take a little extra pay for home missions, without being censured by Democrats. No good and true Republican will object to a thing of this sort, for he knows what is right, and that if the Government is deprived of these little privileges, our Republican form of government ceases at once. Deprive us not of the blessed privileges of a Republican form of government; and, in the language of the poet, "Let no guilty man escape." BASCUM.

An up-town man, who believes in self-improvement, suggested to his wife recently that they should argue some question frankly and freely every evening, and try to learn more of each other. The question for the first night happened to be whether a woman could be expected to get along without a spring hat, and he took the affirmative; but when he was last seen he had climbed up into the hayloft and was pulling the ladder up after him.

"Say, missus, your skirt is comin' down. It looks bad, an' if you'll jis step inside dis door way I'll pin it up for you," said a colored woman to a lady in Louisville the other day. After thanking the old woman for her kindness, the lady went on her way, and soon after discovered that her pocket-book had been stolen.

It is late now before the breakfast dishes are washed. There is so much advice to be given, with regard to the garden, and it is so warm that two women can stand at one butcher cart for fifteen minutes without endangering themselves.

LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION.

An Authenticated Story that Booth Attempted to Take His Life at the Second Inauguration.

Washington Special to the N. Y. Tribune.

An interesting incident, which foreshadowed the tragic fate of President Lincoln, but which has never before found its way into print, is vouched for by a number of pesons, still in Washington, and who were witnesses of it. On the day when Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated the second time, in 1865, and just as he had passed from the rotunda of the Capitol to the platform at the east portico, where his inaugural was to be delivered, a man who was recognized by several persons to be John Wilkes Booth, pushed hurriedly through the passage leading from the Senate Chamber to the rotunda, and in an excited and determined manner broke through the line of policemen which kept the crowd back from the procession, and made desperate efforts to reach the eastern door of the Capitol. He was discovered by a member of the Capitol Police—Mr. J. W. Westfall, of New York—who on several occasions before, as well as since, has given evidence of his faithfulness and efficiency. He seized the excited stranger, and, after a severe struggle, during which Major B. B. French, then Commissioner of Public Buildings, at the suggestion of Mr. Westfall, caused the door to be closed and aid to be furnished, succeeded in forcing him back into the crowd. Booth had already been noticed by at least two persons who knew him passing rapidly from the direction of the Senate Chamber toward the rotunda, and some idea of his determination to reach the inaugural platform may be formed from the fact that he broke away from the man who first seized him. Mr. Westfall, and but for the closing of the door would probably have accomplished his purpose, whatever it was.

Those who stopped Booth on that day, and who in all probability preserved the President's life, were not aware who the excited stranger was, but the importance of their action can hardly be overestimated. It will be remembered that at that time the great work of Lincoln's life had not been accomplished. The war wast still going on. By this act of Mr. Westfall's, the President's life was probably spared for a time, at least, and he was permitted to see the dawn of peace. After the assasination of the President, and when it became known that Wilkes Booth's attempt to reach the inaugural platform had been thwarted by Mr. Westfall, the latter was promptly promoted to be a lieutenant of the Capitol Police force, a position which was created for him by the Hon. B. B. French, then Commissioner of Public Buildings and Grounds, and a devoted friend of Mr. Lincoln, as a mark of his appreciation of the great service which Mr. Westfall had rendered the country. This position he held until the meeting of the XLIVth Congress, since which he has been discharged.

Cows for Milk.

The *Irish Farmer's Gazette*, on the subject of handling and milking cows, remarks:

"Regularity in the milking is of as much importance as regularity in feeding. In a state of nature, the cow is relieved of its milk a great many times a day. A calf allowed to remain with its mother will help itself seven or eight times through the day. Under such circumstances the udder of the cow will remain small, and if allowed to retain the milk secreted during the twelve hours, feverish symptoms are likely to be produced. The practice of milking cows more than twice in twenty-four hours causes the capacity of the udder to be greatly increased, and probably helps in maintaining the lacteal section long after pregnancy has taken place. When, however, by an artificial system, the cow has been enabled to retain her milk without inconvenience for twelve hours or so, she ought to be milked regularly every day at the same hour. When the time for milking arrives, the udder usually becomes distended to its utmost capacity, and if the milk is not speedily removed, the animal suffers considerable pain. Cases of fever, the result of allowing animals too long unmilked, are, indeed, by no means of unfrequent occurrence. It is especially necessary to attend to this point for some days after the animal has brought forth its young, for during that period very little irritation of the lacteal organs is likely to bring on that most fatal of all maladies, fever. If milking be too long delayed, nature will try and help the poor animal. An absorption of the milk into the blood will, to some extent take place, and that which remains in the udder will become deteriorated. With neglect to milk a cow at the regular times, the secretion of the fluid is permanently checked; and there are many cases where by such neglect an animal has become dry in less than a month.

Profits in Little Things.

Southern farmers have thought that no crop but cotton could be turned into money. They have, therefore, paid little or no attention to the minor products of the farm, such as apples, peaches and other products, eggs, butter, honey, chickens, hides, tallow, etc., and even wheat, barley, oats and other crops of similar importance have been neglected. The last season has somewhat changed this opinion in a majority of farmers. In Arkansas county the Patrons made an arrangement last spring with a certain merchant, to take in payment for merchandise anything marketable that the farmers might bring. Money was scarce and another crop uncertain, while many little articles, of the nature above stated, were either wasted or unnecessarily consumed, that in larger cities, to which there was ready access, would find an eager sale. The result of this arrangement was, in the first six or seven months of the year 1875, there had been shipped and sold from this county about $20,000 worth of products not before deemed worthy of sale. But for this happy forethought of the Patrons, many farmers could not have sustained themselves through the spring; they would have had nothing to live on while they made a crop, the merchants being unable to credit them, and then they having no money to pay for what they needed. This should teach a lesson to all who neglect the seeming trifles of a farm. Everything should be utilized. Merchants should buy every product of the farm, whether there is money in it or not; the goods which they generally give in exchange will pay profit enough. Thus will his sales be increased and the country become more prosperous.

The Presidential Outlook.

Nashville Banner.

Speaking of the nominations by the respective parties, it looks as if it would be Tilden or some compromise candidate on the one side, and Bristow or Blaine on the other. It would not be so very surprising if Tilden and Bristow, the two representative reforms of the time, should lead the party clans after the St. Louis and Cincinnati Conventions shall have adjourned. A nomination is one thing, an election quite another. We are speaking now of the chances for the nomination.

Before the late New York Democratic State Convention, the New York *Herald* wasn't disposed to think much of Tilden's chances; after the convention it changed its tone materially, as witness the following: "As things look now Governor Tilden is very far ahead of all his Democratic competitors. The assured support of the great State of New York puts him on a high vantage ground from which he is not likely to be dislodged. He will probably be supported by the unanimous delegations of all the New England States, of the neighboring States of New Jersey, of a majority of the Southern States, of all the Pacific States, and of the State of Illinois, unless it should be taken from him by Judge Davis."

The aversion to Tilden by the Western Democracy on account of his financial views may possibly cause his defeat at St. Louis; in that case, a compromise candidate will probably be the result.

The *Herald* has been trying very vigorously for some time to boost Roscoe Conkling into prominence as a Republican candidate. It is beginning to weaken, however, and falls to blaming the Administration for its lukewarm zeal in the New York Senator's behalf. "It is," says our New York contemporary, "incumbent on the President to support Mr. Conkling with boldness and skill if he wishes the action of his party at Cincinnati to be an indorsement of his own administration. He ought to take counsel with an astute manager like Senator Cameron, who also favors Conkling, and and to find means of supporting his favorite with skill and energy and of commanding the outspoken support of all his friends. Otherwise there is danger that some candidate like Bristow, who has no more tenderness to the administration than a Democrat, or a candidate like Blaine, who stands ready to stab the President under the fifth rib, will carry off the prize at Cincinnati and make the action if the Convention a condemnation and repudiation of the administration of Gen. Grant."

The *Herald* is inclined to think, though, that the Administration, while giving Conkling a quiet support, "is not acting with the decisive vigor due to the occasion," and so it fears some other candidate will step in and secure the nomination. In this the *Heard's* fears are well founded, and all the signs of the time indicate Bristow or Blaine as the successful man, with the chances in favor of Bristow.

After the nomination, what? We will let the *Herald* speak on that point, since it does not assume to be a partisan of either side, premising, however, that there is a good deal of plausibility in its prognostications:

Never since the war have the Democratic prospects been so bright as at present. The Republican party is divided and disorganized; its leaders are backbiting and destroying one another in a bitter personal war of jealousy and ambition; the hideous exposures of corruption made by the Congressional committees are causing a revolt of the moral sentiment of the people against the authors of these disgraces; and the liberal Republicans threaten an independent nomination, which would weaken the regular party in proportion to its success. The Democratic chances are, therefore, excellent, with wise and discreet management on the part of the Democratic leaders.

A pleasant scene was presented on Tuesday in the quaint old town of Guilford, Conn. It had been arranged that the young ladies of the town should meet on its common for the purpose of clearing its surface of the dead leaves, &c., of the past year. At 8 a. m., at the ringing of all the church bells, about one hundred and seventy-five young ladies came together in suitable attire for the work. They wore on their heads immense splinter hats tied down with blue ribbon, while their dresses were of various colors to suit the taste of the wearer. The handles of their rakes were tied with red, white and blue, and with these in their hands they made a most grotesque but pleasing appearance as they "raked together" on that charming "old green." It was decreed by these young maidens that no one of the other sex should trespass on their ground. A small fine was the penalty. One daring spirit in attempting to run the gauntlet, was driven from the field. When the clock struck 12, our young ladies marched in procession to Congress Hall to partake of a well-earned lunch. True to the instincts of a century since, no music was tolerated but that of a drum and fife. The tune to which they marched was that of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." At 2 p. m. a "Centennial oak" was planted on the green, with suitable ceremonies.

Mrs. Cady Stanton relates that when Senator Christiancy married his wife out of the Treasury Department, Washington fashionables hung byck fron the newly made bride. Mrs. Secretary Fish, however, called immediately, and said she would rather recognize a girl who earned $1,000 a year honestly and honorably than recognize a woman who made $10,000 by intrigue and dishonor.

The Champion Liar.

One evening when the winter blasts moaned sadly across the street corners, and the captains of the ferry boats wore anxious looks, seven or eight vessel owners and "laid up" lake captains sat around a cheerful base-burner in a saloon near the river. After the usual amount of growling about the weather, one of them told a story. There might have been an ounce of truth in it, but the crowd felt certain that the ounce was offset by twenty-four pounds of the "awfulest kind" of lying. Therefore a second man told a story to beat it, and then a third man beat the second. When the fourth man started out he said: "Gentlemen, I have also seen tough times. When I was sailing the schooner Fortune, forty years ago, two of us were swept overboard in a storm on Lake Erie one black night. A hatch cover went with us, and it so happened that we both clutched it. It was not large enough to support two. I was captain—he a sailor; I had a family—he had none. I shouted to him to quit his hold, and when he would not, I reached over, clutched his throat and held on till his fingers loosened, and he went to the bottom of the lake! It was twenty miles off Point Betsy, and with a shrill, wild shriek, which yet lingers in my ears, the poor wretch went to his death! May the Lord forgive me!"

With his chair tilted against the wall, a lanky, sunflowerish chap had been nodding his head right and left, as if sleeping. As the captain's narrative was concluded, the stranger rose up and solemnly said:

"I am that man!"

The crowd looked at him in astonishment, and he continued:

"I landed on Point Betsy next morning in time for breakfast, and I swore a solemn oath that I'd lick you for choking me, if I had to wait a hundred years to do it!"

"You can't be the man," replied the captain, looking suspiciously at the fellow's big fists; "it was forty years ago."

"I know it was, and for forty years I have been aching to lick you out of your boots!"

The captain had lied, but he didn't want to own it, and he said:

"That sailor's name was Dick Rick."

"Kerrect!" bowed the stranger, "that's my name!"

"But he was taller than you."

"Being in the water so long that night, I shrunk just a foot!" was the cool rejoinder.

"Well, I know you can't be the man," replied the captain.

"I am the man, and now I am going to maul you to pulp! No man can choke me and then brag about it!"

He sailed in and upset the captain, but was then set upon by the whole crowd. He got into the eye of the wind and hung there for a time, but presently he paid off a little, got the wind on his quarter, and went at it to lick ten times his weight in old liars. He was a very ambitious man, and those who could get out doors got out, and those who couldn't offered him a gallon of whisky to come to anchor. He furled his sails on this understanding, and as he set his glass down for the third drink he wiped his bleeding ear and remarked:

"When a man tries to sacrifice me in order to save himself, he don't know who he's fooling with!"

He was the biggest liar of them all, but he made the most out of it.

Hands That Were Equal.

From the Toledo Commercial.

It occurred last night. Perkins discarded one and drew, Tomlins did the same. Both looked at their hands disappointedly, and then gazed sadly at each other. The chips represented twenty-five cents each. "Go you one on what I've got," said Perk, contemptuously. "Raise you a couple on this lay out," said Tomlins with a sneer. "Might as well see your couple and go you five more," said Perkins in a reckless, don't care sort of way. "Won't be bluffed if I do have hard luck," said Tomlins; "raise you ten." "That touches bottom," said Perk, wearily. "I call. What have you got?" "Well, my reckless friend," said Tomlins with a smile, "I happen to have an ace-high flush," drawled Perk, with an uneasy affectation of nonchalance. Then they compared and each had ace, king, ten, nine and four—Tomlins of spades, Perkins of diamonds. "Don't happen once in a thousand years," exclaimed the former. "Not in a million," sighed the latter.

A Romance of the War.

The Indianapolis *Herald* says: Sixteen years ago a wealthy Indianapolis gentleman had a daughter who was the pet of the household and a society belle. A young man, son of another prominent citizen, wooed the daughter, and failing to find favor in the eyes of her father, projected and carried to a successful issue an elopement. The young couple were married and located in Texas. At the outbreak of the war the young husband enlisted in a Confederate regiment, and the wife, disguised in male attire, enlisted in the same regiment, and followed her husband to the field. During one of the engagements in which the regiment participated the wife was wounded by a Minie bullet, and the husband, still ignorant of her disguise, helped to carry her from the field. In dressing the wound the sex of the dashing trooper was discovered and she was discharged from the regiment and came North. The husband was killed in a succeeding engagement. Her relatives never forgave the marriage, and refused to recognize the wife when she returned. The father still lives in a neighboring county, and is counted one of the wealthiest citizens, while the woman, now poor and broken in health, lives in a miserable little house in an unfrequented alley in this city.