The Pulaski Citizen.

Look at the date beside your name. If your time is out renew.

THE CITIZEN.
McCORD & SMITH, - Proprietors.
Office Northeast Corner of the Square up-stairs
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
Two Dollars per Annum, always in Advance
ADVERTISING RATES:
One Dollar per Inch for the first, and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion.
Special Rates for regular Standing Advertisers.

VOL. 27. PULASKI, TENN., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1885. NO. 37.

Postage Not Stated.

I WAS tall, overgrown, awkward, and sixteen, with a pervading consciousness that my hands and feet were very large, and the added misery, in case of the former members, that they were always red, and I never knew what to do with them in company. I was making a visit at grandmother's, delightful, old fashioned country home, when one morning the dear old lady called me to her.

"Here is something for you, Jim," she said, "an invitation to a children's party at Mr. Edwards'."

"Children's party," I repeated, probably with a shade of scorn in my voice, as indicating that I was no longer to be placed in that category.

"Not children, exactly," corrected grandma, with a smile at my masculine dignity. "Young people, I should have said. Mrs. Edwards' daughter Florence is fourteen, and all the boys—young men, I should say," with a twinkle of amusement, "will be there."

I had sundry misgivings that I should not enjoy the party at all, being as yet much afraid of girls, though beginning to admire them as mysterious and fascinating beings, I accepted the invitation, as I found that all the boys I knew were going, and the party was to be quite a "swell" affair for the village.

When the evening came it found me with the rest seated in a large parlor, very unhappy because of my feet and hands, which would by no means arrange themselves in any graceful or becoming manner, and extremely bashful, but full of admiration for a lovely black-eyed girl whom I knew to be Tom Byrne's sister.

She sat some distance from me, but she had given me a sweet smile when I first came in, and now from time to time cast glances at me which increased at once my bliss and my confusion.

Various games were suggested and played, but they were of a quiet character, such as "twenty questions," "proverbs," etc., so that I had no opportunity of approaching any nearer to Mabel, who showed herself very brilliant in her questions and answers during the progress of these intellectual amusements. Then somebody suggested that we should play postoffice.

"Postoffice! What is that? How do you play it?" I whispered to Tom Byrnes, my nearest neighbor.

"Don't you know how to play postoffice?" he asked, with a scorn of my ignorance. "Oh, well, I suppose you city fellows don't know nothing."

"I never heard of this before," I said meekly.

"Well, I'll tell you how it is; a girl asks for a letter for some boy, and then you ask her how much postage, and if she says one cent, you must kiss her once."

"Oh," said I.

"Yes," replied Tom; "and you kiss her twice for two cents and three times for three cents. It's quite fun if it's a pretty girl," he added.

"I suppose so," I replied, vaguely.

"But I forgot to tell you, if she says, 'postage not stated,' then you kiss her as often as you like. Hush! they are going to begin."

To be sure, one of the oldest boys was appointed postmaster, and one girl after another went out into the entry, each presently knocking at the door asking for a letter, whereon the boy called for sheepishly followed her into the hall, and to judge from the sounds of screaming and scuffling which generally followed, paid his postage under considerable difficulty.

I watched the game in a state of bewildered alarm. What if a girl should call on me? But no one did, and I was half disappointed, half relieved, that I was exempt, when it was Mabel Byrnes turn to go out.

She left the room with a lovely blush on her face. The door was solemnly closed upon her, and then after a brief pause there was a faint knock. The postmaster opened the door a few inches.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"There is a letter here."

"For whom?"

"For Mr. James Hill."

"How much to pay?"

"Postage not stated," was the faint reply.

They all laughed loudly and looked at me, for that was my name. The blood rushed in crimson floods to my face. I got on my feet some how, and with my heart torn between a wild desire to go into the hall and a wish to sink utterly away from human kind, I stumbled out of the room.

The door was closed behind me and I found myself almost in darkness, as the hall was but dimly lighed. I paused a moment and then I heard the faint sound of quick breathing; another heart was beating as violently as my own For once in my life I knew what to do with my arms. I caught hold of her. The darkness gave me courage and I held her in a close grasp and pressed my lips to her cheek in three or four rapid, half-frightened kisses before she could free herself from my embrace.

"There, there, Mr. Hill," she said, with a merry laugh, "don't be bashful, again. I am sure you're bold enough now."

"Have I paid my postage?" I stammered.

"Indeed, yes; enough and to spare. Come, let us go back to the parlor."

She led me in, a willing prisoner, and the rest of the evening I was her bond slave; her partner in all games, her companion in the dance, (wherein I excelled and the country boys gloried in my accomplishment) at last, crowning delight of the evening, her escort home.

That was all. The next day I returned to my home in the city, and Mabel Byrnes became only a memory; stronger at first, fainter as time went on, but sweet always. When I saw other girls I compared them mentally with the picture my imagination painted of Mabel, and they never seemed half so fair and sweet as she.

But then I did not see many other girls. My bashfulness, instead of diminishing, seemed rather to increass as the years went by. I avoided society and was so much of a recluse from ladies that my mother was quite worried lest I should become a confirmed bachelor. Perhaps one reason why I retained my diffidence was that my pursuits were among books and not among people. I had made the science of geology my study, and at twenty-seven found myself in a comfortable position as assistant professor in one of our best colleges, the salary of which, with my own income added, making me so far at ease that I resolved to devote my summer vacation to a tour in Europe.

CHAPTER II.

Equipped with bag and hammer, August found me making a pedrestrian tour of Switzerland, with a special view to the study of its glacial system and lithology. I avoided the well traveled ways, thus escaping the society of other tourists, and I was therefore utterly amazed when one evening, as I drew near the little house which was my temporary abiding place, a tall form, strode toward me out of the darkness, and a hearty voice cried—

"Jim! Jim Hill!"

"What is it?" I replied, with a half nervous start.

"Ah, I thought it was my old friend. Have you forgotton Tom Byrne?"

Of course not, for I had met him occasionally since we were boys, and I was heartily glad to see my former comrade, always one of the best of companions.

"I saw your name on the book at the inn," he exclaimed; "and was sure it must be you. At any rate I thought I would start out and meet you."

"But how came you here in this out-of-the-way corner of the world?" I inquired.

"Because it is out of the way. Mabel and I are making a trip in search of the picturesque. You know she is quite an artist."

So Mabel was with him. My heart gave a curious thump, and for a moment I could hardly make a sensible reply.

"Yes," he went on; "she is so devoted to her art that it seems to quite absorb her life. She has not thought of marriage, and does not care in the least for the ordinary run of society. She will be glad to see you, though," he added consolingly, "as you are a man of science."

We walked back together to the little inn, and presently I was shaking hands with a beautiful and stately woman, whose dark eyes flashed with the strange intensity and fire that I had never seen in any other eyes but those of Mabel Byrne.

She greeted me very cordially, and after we three had taken an evening meal together there followed a delightful evening in the little parlor that Tom and his sister had secured.

For once in my life I felt at ease in a lady's society. In the first place there was Tom to keep me in countenance by a predominance of my own sex in the company, then Mabel did not expect me to talk of airy nothings, that light foam of the social whirlpool which I never yet had been able to skim. She spoke first of my scientific pursuits; she showed so much knowledge of the subject that I found myself talking with earnestness and enthusiasm of the formation of the country, and especially of the glacial system and the curious marks of its action borne by the specimens I had collected.

She, in her turn, contributed to the evening's interest by telling me of her work, and showing her sketches, which were really of artistic merit. There was no school girl weakness in her handling of the brush, but a force and poetic thought that had won her already honorable recognition in the world of art.

"And you have never heard of Mabel's painting till now?" asked Tom.

"No," I confessed. "You know I have been quite absorbed in my special studies."

"Yes, and you have not seen Mabel for ever so long, have you?"

"No," I replied, "not since that summer ten years ago, when I was at my grandmother's."

"Jolly times we had, too," said Tom, reflectively. "Remember that party at Mrs. Edwards'?"

A sudden rush of blood to my face utterly confused me. I stammered a reply, and Tom, to my relief, went on with some rambling reminiscences. It was some seconds before I dared to look at Mabel. Surely she was blushing, too.

The next morning we all went on a trip up the slope of mountains. Mabel in a short gray suit, alpine hat and stout boots; Tom carrying her drawing materials. Thus we made this and many other delightful expeditions.

Life took on new colors for me. There was a radiance and glory about it that I had never dreamed of before. Every day I found fresh reasons for admiring my beautiful companion, and our walks up the rough mountains and through the deep valleys were to me like enchanted journeys. In this lovely country with this most glorious woman by my side, I was indeed as one transfigured by the light of the grand passion that took possession of my soul.

At first I knew not what had befallen me. I only thought that my pleasure in Mabel's society sprang from a similarity in tastes and pursuits and the charm of her conversation; but gradually I woke to the overwhelming fact that I loved her with the one great love of life, that seemed to me now to date from the days of long ago, to have been always with me, and to stretch out into the future to make it transcendentally glorious, or a long despair.

But as soon as I had learned my own secret, my former bashfulness came back upon me with ten fold intensity, and I found myself often embarrassed in her presence, while at the thought of telling her my heart's story, I was so greatly overwhelmed that utterance would, I was sure, be an impossibility.

And Mabel? Her eyes were very kind to me. They turned to me with a softened luster that thrilled me with hope; and yet, if I attempted even a compliment, I blushed, floundered, and all was lost.

One evening we were talking of all manner of subjects, grave and gay, and so strayed to marriage in general, and especially the matrimonial lot of our old friends.

"You remember Boyd, don't you, Hill?" ask Tom.

"Tall, bashful fellow, like me?" I added.

"Yes," replied Tom, laughing. "He married Miss Cutting, our former school teacher. I always supposed she proposed to him."

"Sensible girl!" I exclaimed. "I think it is positively a woman's duty sometimes to help a man out. You remember that book of the late Dr. Horace Bushnell, published some years ago, called 'A reform against nature?' In it he denounced the woman's rights movement, but maintained that every woman ought to have the right to propose marriage to the man she liked. I think he was scientifically correct."

I spoke with great eagerness, looking always at Tom; but at the last words my glance turned to Mabel; her eyes were fixed on mine, and the look I met there sent the blood to my heart with such a swift, tumultuous rush that I grew faint with confusion, and presently went out of the room and to bed—though not to sleep

The next afternoon I went out in the afternoon by myself for a scramble through a damp and very rough gorge, where Tom and Mabel did not care to accompany me. I was half glad to be alone, for I was nervous over my audacity of the night before; yet at the thought of Mabel's kindly eyes, so overwhelmed with blinding happiness, that I had to look many times at a bit of rock before I could see the strie that donated glacial action.

It was late sunset when I reached the inn. I made my way without pause to Mabel's parlor, led by a power beyond my control. The room was quite dusky and she was alone. As I entered she came toward me with a quantity of letters and papers in her hands.

"These came while you were away," she said.

Mechanically I took the papers. Among them was a large package on which I dimly concerned the word "due," followed by an illegible stamp.

"You have paid something on this," I said; "how much was it?" looking up.

"Postage not stated," replied Mabel.

Promptly, smiling, she uttered the words. Then her dark eyes softened and faltered. The papers and letters were scattered over the floor, I caught her in my arms with all the audacity that had been mine once before in my boyish days. Only now, as I pressed passionate kisses on her brow and lips, I found voice at last to utter the yearning that was consuming my heart, and that found a responsive echo in hers.—Lillie B. Blake.

She Will be His Mother-in-law.

Council Bluff's Nonpariel: There is a young man in this city, a good looking young fellow, who has a sweet-heart out in the country a few miles, and he spends two evenings every week in her society. A few nights ago he stayed to the usual hour, and as he passed out the front door he discovered that it was cloudy and dark. He did not relish the idea of driving alone through the gloomy night, and hinted about a good deal to get an invitation to remain, but it was not forthcoming. But the young man was equal to the emergency. Going down the steps he artfully contrived to slip and fall gently to the ground. Thereupon he set up a tremendous groaning. The ruse worked admirably. The girl screamed, the men folks jumped out of bed and carried the young man tenderly into the house. His horse was put up and he was assisted to undress and deposited in the spare chamber. He had hard ly begun to chuckle over the success when the girl's mother put in an appearance, armed with a mustard plaster a foot square and ten-horse drawing power. This she immediatly proceeded to clap on the small of the young man's back, where he had incautiously located the damage to his frame. For two mortal hours that woman sat by the bed, and was not satisfied till she beheld with her own eye a blister an inch deep. The young man is now a reformed liar.

Rheumatism and Diet.

A sensible writer in an English magazine makes the following sensible remarks on the relation of diet to rheumatism, which are well worthy of consideration: Rheumatism is, as often as not, caused by over eating, and especially overindulgence in meat, which is certain to cause an excess of uric acid, and render the body liable, on exposure to wet or cold, to an attack. We know that old people are proverbially liable to rheumatism. The reasons for this are not far to seek. One is, that joints and ligaments are harder and stiffer, and very often contain deposit—urate of soda. Another is, that as a rule, people up in years eat more than is necessary to support life, under the mistaken notion that they want a deal of nourishment to keep them up. I say that, on the contrary, the wear and tear of tissue is trifling compared to what it is in earlier manhood, and that far less food is required. Therefore, if an elderly person would live long, and be free of aches and pains, and be calm in mind—for that is a great desideratum—he or she must live abstemiously, more or less.

A pound of poultry flesh may be produced as cheaply as a pound of pork, and it sells for twice the price in the market.

Nearly 200,000 pounds of grasshoppers have been killed in the several districts of Mexico troubled by the pests.

THE STATE UNIVERSITY.

Patent Reasons for Its Support By the People and Their Representatives.

Knoxville Journal.

Hon. Flournoy Rivers, who represents Giles county in the state legislature, writes as follows to the Nashville American, of August 16th:

Inasmuch as the 1st of September is almost at hand, at which date the fall terms of our schools and colleges usually commence, ought not the press of the state to begin to urge upon the senators and representatives the great importance of making their appointments of cadets at the state university at Knoxville? This school certainly deserves the countenance and support of Tennesseans. It is a state school, supported in great measure by the state. Our leflislative committees and boards of visitors tell us it is a good school, and it surely seems to me that it ought to be our pleasure no less than our duty to sustain it, to make it an institution of which we, as Tennesseans, can be proud.

Certainly the efforts of the management to bring the matter of this school home to the people of Tennessee, to have them take an active personal interest in their school and its boys, would be rendered much less arduous and vastly more productive, if senators and representatives would lead the way by taking care that at the next opening every one of our ninety-four counties has its full quota of cadets in attendance, and who is in position to agitate the matter and to influence legislators to action if it is not "the fourth estate?"

FLOURNOY RIVERS.

Pulaski, August 15.

Mr. Rivers' suggestions are excellent. It is almost a duty of the press of the state to spread abroad the educational advantages freely offered by the university. The time is surely coming when every citizen of Tennessee will feel a personal interest and pride in this noble institution.

The university's prospects, we are informed, have never been brighter than for the coming year. Indications are that there will be a good attendance from all parts of our own state, and that many students will be present from Kentucky, Arkansas, Texas and elsewhere.

At no institution in the south can a sounder, more practical education be had, at less cost than at the University of Tennessee. But whether the good it can do shall be far-reaching or limited depends, after all, upon the interest which members of the legislature take in the appointment of students.

The Public Schools.

For the CITIZEN.

When we consider the worth of these schools to a very large proportion our people, we are surprised that they excite so little interest, that every energy, in fact, is not bent to make them all they should be for the three-fourths of the children of the state who are dependent upon them for all the education they receive. They are the common school, college and university, all in one, *multum in parvo*, and very little at that for that large number. These schools should be thoroughly adapted to the great and important work they are required to perform—the qualification of the masses for citizenship and practical life. How anxious, indeed, should be the enquiry, how shall they be conducted to secure from them the broadest practical results? We repeat our surprise that there should be any indifference to a matter of such vital importance, for the life-long interests of our young are involved.

It should be the special care of those engaged in agriculture to secure for these schools the greatest efficiency. They are fixtures in the rural districts; they are, in truth, the farmers' inheritance that needs to be guarded with the greatest care. They are demanded by the exigencies of higher civilization; have grown out of the necessities of the masses—paradoxical as the idea may seem to those who deprecate their establishment and are ever ready to deny the right of the state to tax for their support. Yet they have been established in the discharge of an imperative duty, in accordance with the demand for the widest diffusion of the benefits of education, and a repeal of the law has never been contemplated for one moment, for that, in the light of a world-wide policy, would be a step backward. The fault is not so much in the policy as in the defects of the system employed in them, and the indifference, the supineness of those to whom these schools are all important. They are our right, our property, our investments and our profits will depend upon ourselves, and most surely the highest considerations of interest, the very dearest interest too, should prompt the best possible effort to adapt them to our educational wants. The law itself should have faithful execution, the school intelligent directors, thoroughly competent teachers and a system that will best promote the practical education that our necessities have made so important in this age. We are fast realizing the pressing need of a broader and a more varied intelligence for the farmer than has heretofore seemed necessary, and yet we are grading, by our indifference, our schools, emphatically ours, downward, and our children downward in the intellectual scale, and relatively lower than we imagine, because other classes, having the advantage of the higher schools and colleges, are moving upward and will occupy the higher places, where cultivated brains are in higher demand, and will leave to us a wide field for the "brawn" that is so essential to the "hewer of wood," &c.

The truth is indeed forcing itself upon the farmer that he needs something more than "brawn," however. The earth no longer smiles with a harvest when tickled with a hoe; the tickling must now be directed by the sharpest intelligence.

He is likewise, by virtue of his sovereignty an important factor in another field of duty, for which there is need for free, independent, intelligent thought, for which he must be educated, as well as for more successful farming, and in the public school, because no other is within his reach. He cannot afford, therefore, to be indifferent to what is taught, or to the character of the education possible in these schools. Nor can he, in this connection, afford to be indifferent to the character and qualification of the teacher, who should be competent, progressive and gentlemanly. He should practice all the virtues of a true and noble manhood, lest vice and immorality be dignified in the eyes of the pupil.

The mind of the young farmer needs an awakening and a discipline it does not receive in the public school. We cannot afford to remain blind to this fact. Our system of free schools is fastened upon us and the state will continue to tax us for their support, as it indeed has the right to do; it will be wise in us to demand their thorough adaptation to our needs. The farmer's son, though confined to the public school, should be literally a "gentleman and a schoolar" when his common school education is finished, and will be if his mind is properly prepared for the self-education which must now begin, and he is taught, as he should be, to be polite, truthful, self reliant, courageous, gentlemanly. We may confidently expect these results where the system is wisely adapted to the end of all public school education, and the work of educating our children for the practical duties of life is intrusted to teachers worthy their high vocation.

We are entitled to our full share in the benefits of government; let us not be content with less, or with educational inequalities that foster an aristocracy of intelligence on the one hand and tends to make "hewers of wood and drawers of water" of the masses on the other. We do not aim to reflect on the worth of our teachers, for they are all we have demanded, but the state exercises the right to tax us to support the common schools, our limited means places the higher schools beyond our reach, so let us enforce our right to have these schools educate us in the truest sense, in the broadest sense within the province of the state, if you please, and erect for our teachers a standard, requiring the highest educational and moral excellence, within the necessities of a system that can only educate, as we have said, for citizenship and practical life.

FARMER

Mother.

Philosophers have analyzed, divines lectured, and poets sung of maternal love; but which of them has brought from its fountains to the heart of man, those nameless, numberless, impassioned sympathies which make the melody of a mother's tenderness?

No, there is nothing like it. In all after years we may set our hearts on what joy we will, but we shall never find anything on earth like the love of a mother.

Oh! man, canst thou read, through the tear that trembles in the mother's eye, the piercing grief of her soul, as, gazing upon the fond prattler, the thought obtrudes itself that all her pains, her sleep-dispelling solicitude, and above all, the strength and devotedness of her love, may be paid with ingratitude! When the veil of death has been drawn over a mother, how quick-sighted do we become to her merits, and how bitterly do we then remember every work or look or unkindness which may have escaped us! How careful should such thoughts render us in the fulfillment of those offices of affection which it may yet be in our power to perform; for who can tell how soon the moment may arrive when repentence cannot be followed by reparation.

Were the affections of the mother felt and cherished by her children with corresponding sympathy doubtless this earth would exhibit much more of heaven than at present. A dear mother is the first to fold and shield our puny frames; the last to desert our clay-cold forms; the rich, rejoicing, fresh, lovely and exuberant vine to twine in graceful fitness round the rugged oak of manhood, clinging the closer the louder the storm blows and the thunders roar.

How anxiously she observes the budding faculties, the expansion of mind, the increasing strength of body! If her son falls into poverty, a bankrupt in fortune, she is the first to soothe him.

The love of Hagar is shown in the old testament. In a wilderness, parched with thirst and panting from fatigue, she beholds her infant—her only companion—dying from want of nourishment. The water bottle was empty. Placing her boy beneath a shrub, and moving to some distance she cried, "Let me not see the death of my child! Let me not behold the severance of those ties which nature compels me to support and cherish," and she lifted up her voice and wept, but she was not left childless, "for God was with the lad."

There is no reason why this country should relax its precautionary measures against cholera. There is, perhaps, more probability of it reaching us next year than there was of its coming this summer. The plague has greatly increased rather than diminished in Europe this season. In Italy and France last year the deaths from cholera were about 20,000. Up to the beginning of last week, the number of deaths from the scourge officially reported thus far this summer, in Spain alone, was 72,347.—C.-J.

Nine acres of rock will be blown out of water October 1, in the mouth of New York harbor. Twenty-two miles of dynamite and rackarock cartridges will be simultaneously exploded.

Lord Charles Beresford says that the English navy is inferior to the French, and that $100,000,000 should be spent on it.

The Blair Educational Bill.

To the Citizen.

I enclose you a clipping from the Century Magazine, which I should like to see published, in the hope that somebody can explain why there is so little interest taken in this matter in the south:

The movement to give national aid to elementary education, which originated with the National Aid Association a few years ago, nearly reached a successful culmination in the Blair bill, passed by the senate, and now awaiting the assembling of the next congress. As a living issue of national importance and a measure of public safety, it ought to receive the general attention of the press. The larger journals and magazines have set a good example, but the network of local publications, through which the masses are best reached, have barely touched upon the subject. It has engaged the support of some of the greatest minds in this country, and literature on the subject is not wanting, but the means of distributing the data already available is sadly lacking.

Of course, the south will receive the most direct benefit if this appropriation is granted, because they have the most illiterates; but if ever our sister states need help, it is now. The war left the south so desperately poor that a tax equal to, and in many cases greater than, the northern school tax, barely keeps their schools open three months in the year; and to this fund the colored man, who receives over one-half the benefit, contributes next to nothing. It is no new idea that we owe the colored man an education He is with us to stay, and we have made him a citizen, and as such he is entitled to an education, whether he contributes one cent to the school fund or not. The duty is a national one, but the burden now rests on the shoulders of the south, and the appropriation merely proposes to distribute the load. The essence of the measure is contained in the proposition, shall we as a nation assume the burden, or shall we continue to shirk it on the south?

A direct remedy lies in a thorough discussion of the subject by the thousands of newspapers and journals scattered throughout the land. We at the north are geographically too far removed to appreciate the necessity of extending this aid; but once let it be fully understood, the north will arise as a unit and demand that a measure so just be speedily carried into effect. But the benefits conferred will not be on the colored man alone. The framers of the Blair bill anticipated the objections of the selfish few, who for the sake of a few pence would let ignorance inhabit and till the fairest fields of this country. The appropriation will be impartial to each state, in proportion to the illiteracy within her limits, without regard to race.

Major R. Bingham, in his masterly paper entitled "The New South" (published by the Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C., in the proceedings of the meeting in February, 1884, of the superintendent's department National Education Association, and in the proceedings of the National Education Association, which met at Madison, Wisconsin, in July, 1884), has set forth the needs of our sister states far more forcibly and appropriately than I can, for he speaks whereof he knows. Widespread circulation of the sentiments contained in his paper, coming as they do from a prominent southern educator, would do much; and as the day draws near when this cause shall live or die, I hope to see the press of our land, mustered under the banner of justice, prepare our people to give the Blair bill, or some similar measure, when passed by our next congress, a cordial reception.

I understand that the measure was defeated in the house because it was opposed by a majority of the southern representatives. I believe the explanation is that it is unconstitutional. It seems to me that it is the most remarkable exhibition of tenderness of conscience that I ever heard of. A conscience that is capable of making such hair-splitting distinctions must be a valuable possession. The states have received aid from the national government before in behalf of education without protest. The government is responsible for enfranchising the negro and it ought to be responsible for his education, or, at least, ought to help the states in the matter. When the senate and a majority of the congressmen of the northern states come forward with offers of this simple act of justice, the southern congressmen are seized with qualms of unparalleled squeamishness and cry "states rights," "unconstitutional," etc. As there is a difference of opinion on the subject, how would it do to send men to represent us who regard it as constitutional and are willing to vote for it? I don't think they would be hard to find. Will somebody enlighten AN IGNORAMUS?

The Boy Who Tried.

Forward: Many years ago a boy lived in the west of England. He was poor. One day, during the play hour, he did not go forth with the other lads to sport, but sat down under a tree by a little brook. He put his head upon his hand and began thinking. What about? He said to himself, "How strange it is! All this land used to belong to our family. Yonder fields and that house and all the houses round were once ours. Now we don't own any of this land, and the houses are not ours any longer. Oh, if I could but get all this property back!" He then whispered two words, "I'll try." He went back to school that afternoon to begin to try. He was soon removed to a superior school, where he did the same. By and by he entered the army, and eventually went to England as an officer. His abilities, but still more his energy and determination, secured promotion. He became a man of mark. At length he rose to the highest post which a person could occupy in that land—he was made governor-general. In twenty years he came back to England and bought all the property which had once belonged to his family. The poor West of England boy had become the renowned Warren Hastings.

Dr. Morrow bought Col. Cherry's interest in the firm of Cherry & Morrow for $225,000. Dr. Morrow was a poor man a few years ago but since his retirement from the treasurer's office he has shown remarkable financial ability and has accumulated rapidly.

Columbia District, Tennessee Conference FOURTH ROUND OF QUARTERLY MEETINGS.—Diana, July 25, 26; Richland, July 28; Pisgah, Aug. 1, 2; Olivet, Aug. 4; Bee Spring, Aug. 8, 9; Blanch, Aug. 13; Elkmont, Aug. 14; Elkton, Aug. 15, 16; Forrest Grove, Aug. 19, Culleoka, Aug. 22, 23; Pleasant Valley, Aug. 25: Bigbyville, Aug. 26; Pulaski, Aug. 29, 30; Swan, Sept. 5, 6; Prospect, Sept. 10; Lynnville, Sept. 12, 13; Trinity, Sept. 19, 20; Columpia, Sept. 26, 27; Mt. Pleasant, Oct. 3, 4.

T. J. DUNCAN.