The People's Vindicator.

THE WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE IS THE SUPREME LAW.

A DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER, ESTABLISHED 1874.

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Poet's Corner.

True Nobility.

What is noble to inherit? To inherit
Wealth, estate and proud degree?
There must be some higher merit,
Higher yet than these for me.
Something greater far must enter
Into life's majestic span,
Fitted to create and center
True nobility in man?

What is noble? 'Tis the finer
Portions of our mind and heart,
Linked to something still diviner
Than mere language can impart.
Ever prompting, ever seeing
Some improvement yet to plan
To uplift our fellow being,
And, like man, to feel for man?

What is noble? Is the saber
Nobler than the humble spade?
There's a dignity in labor
Finer than e'er pomp arrayed.
He who seeks the world's improvement
Aids the world in aiding mind;
Every great commanding movement
Serves not one, but all mankind!

The Golden Sunset.

The golden sea its miror spreads
Beneath the golden skies,
And but a narrow strip between
Of land and shadow lies.

The cloud-like rocks, the rock-like cloud,
Dissolved in glory float,
And midway in the radiant flood
Hangs silently the boat.

The sea is but another sky,
The sky a sea as well,
And which is earth, and which the heavens
The eye can scarcely tell.

So when for us life's evening hour
Soft fading shall descend,
May glory born of earth and heaven
The earth and heaven blend.

Flooded with peace the spirit float,
With silent rapture glow,
Till where earth ends and heaven begins,
The soul shall scarcely know.

Interesting Miscellany

Dallas, Texas, men seem to have adopted a less-expensive and surer way of divorcing themselves from their wives than by resorting to the courts, by either cutting their throats or shooting them. Within a year there have been three wife murders in that place, two of whom had their throats cut, and the other shot.

Cost of Newspapers.—It need not be said that about three fourths of the public seem to think that a newspaper is printed just for the fun of the thing, and that hardly any expense is attendant upon issuing a family journal. Acting upon this supposition, puffs *at libitum* are requested for this, that and the other enterprises and charities, the parties deriving the benefit therefrom proposing to quit all scores with a fifteen cent ticket to the festival or a cheap cigar. There is no business that demands a greater outlay of capital and eats up money faster, or that shows less returns for the capital invested than the newspaper business, and the sooner the public become thoroughly conversant with this fact the better it will be for all parties concerned.

Taste.—What comfort it is to poor women, who yet like to look well, to remember that it is not so much what is worn as how it is worn that produces the general effect of being well dressed. The material may be splendid, but if ill-cut or ill-adjusted the women appears no better for it. A linen dress made with taste is more becoming than a silk out of the mode or awkwardly put on; and the simplest ribbons, tied by one who knows just how to do it, will be more elegant than the costliest scarf in the arrangement of which taste has not been consulted. We have seen a girl who earned five dollars a week and dressed herself on it, produce a better effect of toilette than another whose father paid her bills without question. The same money may as often be spent on what is ugly and common-looking as on what is delicate and elegant. There is a choice in everything, from a calico to a velvet.

Anecdote of Dean Swift.—Dean Swift, standing one morning at the window of his study, observed a decent old woman offer a paper to one of his servants, which the fellow at first refused, in an insolent and surly manner. The woman, however, pressed, her suit with all the energy of distress, and in the end prevailed. The Dean whose very soul was compassion, saw, felt, and was determined to alleviate her misery. He waited most anxiously for the servant to bring the paper; but, to his surprise and indignation, an hour elapsed, and the man did not present it. The Dean again looked out. The day was cold and wet, and the wretched petitioner still retained her situation, with many an eloquent and anxious look at the house. The benevolent divine lost all patience, and was going to ring the bell, when he observed the servant cross the street, and return the paper with the utmost *sang-froid* and indifference. The Dean could bear no longer; he threw up the sash and loudly demanded what the paper contained. "It is a petition, please your reverence," replied the woman. "Bring it up, rascal!" cried the enraged Dean. The servant, surprised and petrified, obeyed. With Swift, to know distress was to pity it; to pity, to relieve. The poor woman was instantly made happy, and the servant almost as instantly turned out of doors, with the following written testimonial of his conduct: "The bearer lived two years in my service, in which time he was frequently drunk, and neglectful of his duty; which, conceiving him to be honest, I excused; but of late detecting him in a flagrant instance of cruelty, I discharged him." Such were the consequences of this paper that for seven years the fellow was an itinerant beggar, after which the Dean forgave him: and in consequence of another paper equally singular he was hired by Mr. Pope, with whom he lived till death removed him.

THE MOONLIGHT SONATA.

BEETHOVEN AND THE BEAUTIFUL COUNTESS JULIA.

A few miles from Naples, in a beautiful, secluded valley, stands the summer palace of the Count Paulo Guicciardi. Evidently there has been spared neither pains nor money to make it a luxuriant and unrivaled resort for the wealthy and ancient family who possess it. To-night the spacious and elegant salons are brilliantly lighted. The forms of many people promenading up and down can be vaguely distinguised through the half open windows, and the mingled hum of conversation floats out on the balmy, midsummer air and dies languidly away in the distance. It is the grand soiree given by the count in honor of the distinguished Beethoven, who has been a welcome and honored guest during the past few weeks. Yet to-morrow he leaves for the more uncongenial clime of his own native Germany, at the earnest solicitation of his noble host. The reason is quite apparent. A mutual and passionate love has sprung up between the lovely Countess Julia and himself—almost at first sight; consequently he must be banished, as the difference in their rank and fortune renders marriage out of the question. As a still more effective step, she is betrothed to the Duc de Montpensier, the French Embassador. And it is he with whom she so listlessly promenades to-night. Beethoven is the reluctant center of an admiring audience, and he seems like a half-tamed lion at bay, growling now and then a disdainful reply, and tossing his royal head in defiance. His eye roves over the multitude as if in search of something lost. Suddenly he strides forward, and in another moment confronts the duke and his affianced. "Countess," he says, in a low, distinct tone, "you promised me the pleasure of a boat-ride before I left Italy. The evening is inviting, the gondola is ready—let us go." She blushed deeply and stammers a few apologetic words in the ear of her escort, who hesitatingly relinquishes her to Beethoven, sullenly following them with his eyes as they glide out of the room into the open air, into the loveliest of scenes perfumed by the rarest of flowers. The night is perfect. Overhead the moon, attired in her full regal splendor, sails majestically in the liquid azure. On either side the silver-crested mountains rise mysteriously and rear their shaggy, uncouth heads to receive the carresses of their radiant queen. The twinkle of the stars, the ripple of the lake and the sighing of the breeze are in complete harmonay. Earth, ocean and heaven are reconciled. The music of the spheres is no longer a mere expression, but a mighty symphony, lulling the restless zeitgeist into a peaceful, dreamless repose. Beethoven leads his beloved slowly along a narrow, hidden path, over which the trees form a nearly perfect arch. Both maintain a somber silence until a little grotto is reached, situated directly on the borders of a beautiful lake. He places her on the low stone bench and throws himself down at her feet. Fastening her large dreamy eyes full upon his upturned face, she murmurs: "Ah, Luigi!"—thus the liquid, musical Italian softens the harsh, guttural Ludwig—"why do you make our parting so cruelly hard to bear? Why must you mingle the sweet with the bitter? Why cause us to endure the pangs of purgatory with paradise still in our view?" The hitherto unmoved and impressionless face of her companion suddenly becomes vivid and intense with suppressed passion. "Why," he exclaims fiercely, "why do you ask me why? Must we drain this proffered cup of bitterness to the very dregs? Why not hurl it back into the faces of those who offer it? What care we for the world and its gilded glamour of hollowness and hypocrisy?" Then in a softer and more subdued tone: "Julia, I have provided means for our escape—let us fly. In a few hours we can be safely concealed in yonder mountains, where even the all powerful arm of your father cannot reach us. After the first hot scent of pursuit has grown cold we can sail for America, and pass the remainder of our lives devoted to love and music." His flushed and eager face quivering with passionate expectancy, is turned to her, and his great lustrous eyes flash their lurid fires into hers, magnetizing her being with a mysterious yet overwhelming force. For one brief moment she allows herself to be drawn into the wild enthusiasm of her lover, but quickly recovers herself and mournfully replies: "Ah, my poor Luigi, it cannot, cannot be. I am betrothed to the Duke, not for the sole purpose of preventing my union with you, as you suppose, but that my father may redeem the fortune and estates—nay, even honor—of his family. The instant my marriage takes place the Duke stands pledged for a large sum to my father. So you see that my hand is already sold to the highest bidder, and is not at my own disposal. My heart, however, has long been yours and shall ever be until death re-unites for eternity. Until then, farewell, my Beethoven. Return to your native land which is already clamorous for your presence. Let the world resound with your fame while I sink into nameless oblivion as the wife of a petty French nobleman. My spirit shall constantly commune with yours through the inspired medium of your music." Taking his pallid face between her hands she kissed him, while the glittering tears which rolled down her own colorless cheeks in the white moonlight, mingled freely with his. In a voice deep and tremulant with emotion he exclaims: "O blessed, blessed angel, thou hast baptized my soul with thy tears and henceforth it is consecrated to thee—thee alone. If aught shall tarnish the luster of our love in future life may heaven mercifully close mine ears to all human music and let naught but the love-throbs of thy heart at this hour thrill my memory." They stand, speechless, closely clasped in each other's arms for a few enraptured moments, when the Countess, sadly smiling through her tears, faintly whispers, "Farewell, my beloved. A most glorious destiny awaits thee. Devote thyself to music. It will quickly efface my image from thy heart, soon, alas, then, wilt forget me." "Never" he replied vehemently, "never. Each separate note which flows from my muse hereafter will be a love greeting to thee. My music shall be a complete history of my soul in its yearning for thee. Promise me, dearest soul, never to doubt me." She nodded her head in silent acquiescence, and after one more long, fervent embrace, one more clinging, passionate kiss, one more thrilling, deep-searching interchange of tearful eyes—they parted, and silence retraced their steps to the palace. The few short moments which formed such an eventful epoch in these two human lives, passed almost unnoticed in the gay crowd of revelers. Yet when Beethoven entered the room, his countenance wore such a weird, unearthly expression that it seemed to exert a strange and powerful influence upon the whole assembly. The most breathless silence prevailed as he mechanically moved toward the piano, which stood directly between two large windows. The moonlight streamed full upon him, and appeared to envelop his form with a pale ghastly radiance. His eyes were fixed upon vacancy, and seemed not to possess physical sight, but to be mere windows through which his soul gleamed vividly forth. When one dips his head at night under water there is an awful stillness round about him; into a similar supernatural stillness did the audience seem plunged when Beethoven magically touched the first few resonant chords. His lips moved almost imperceptibly in deep, sepulchral tones, as of one from another world. He exclaimed: "Oh, Music! thou who bringest the receding waves of eternity nearer to the weary heart of man as he stands upon the shore and longs to cross over, art thou the evening breeze of this life or the morning air of the next one?" Then in the key of C sharp minor—weirdest of all keys—an adagio floated forth, so calm, so mournful, so touchingly sweet, that it seemed as if the moonlight had melted into music, and was thus being molded by the masterful genius at the piano. Sadly the soft, gliding movement continues, carrying the heart irresistibly along in its fascinating undulations. Following this comes an allegretto, in which all the agony of parting is acted over again. So vividly is it depicted that the tender and over-strained nerves of the Countess give way, and she is carried in a deep swoon out of the room. Beethoven is too much absorbed in his soul-stirring theme, however, to take any notice of surrounding events. And in the ensuing trio the music sobs itself into a dreamful slumber. Dreamful? Aye, Into a sleep so benighmared that it seems a mad, frantic race between pursuing fiends and retreating soul. Betimes the fugitive finds some nook where cool waters bubble and purl, and it rapturously allows itself to enjoy the delicious fragrance and quiet coolness. But ever and anon the shriek of the demons, now below, now above, goad it onward until it falls into a bottomless abyss, too deep and awful even for the pursuing specters. Before the last hollow chords ceased to reverberate Beethoven vanished from the room and fled far into the night never to return. The beautiful Countess did not recover her health sufficiently to marry, and after a few years of invalid life she died; and shortly after her death Beethoven became afflicted with a deafness in which he took singular and gloomy satisfaction—why, it is scarcely necessary to mention.

A Mohammedan Love Story.

Mahmoud Pasha, says a foreign letter, was sent very early in life to Paris. Receiving there a liberal education, he formed ideas and opinions uncongenial to his countryman. Among them was his desire for only one wife, and his determination to contract a marriage of love. A difficult matter this for a Turk, who is not allowed to make the acquaintance of any eligible young ladies before marriage. However, Mahmoud accomplished his purpose in a way we might hesitate to approve of. He bought a very interesting and youthful Circassian slave; after a year of quiet domestic happiness, finding her of a lovable and teachable character, he determined to marry her. She soon after gave birth to a child, and her rights to be considered his first and, as he declared, his only wife, were unquestionable.

It was soon after the birth of her child that Mahmoud Pasha engaged, my Swiss friend as his wife's companion and instructress, for though most amiable, the gentle Circassian was wholly ignorant of even the commonest French phrases. In a few months the young mother's health appeared to decline; the best doctors were consulted; they feared consumption. Every art that wealth and tenderness could bestow was tried, and for a long time the foe was kept at bay.

Summer weather came. The young wife's health seemed thoroughly re-established. The happiness of the young couple was now complete, when a thunderbolt, launched by the paternal hand of the Sultan himself, destroyed it completely and forever. Mahmoud Pasha was wealthy and in the prime of youth; he was nearly related to the Sultan, and the latter proposed conferring upon him the highest honor and favor—namely, the hand of one of his daughters in marriage. Useless to declare that he was already married, or that a second wife was in his eyes de trop. In such circumstance to hear was to obey. Etiquette demanded the degradation of the Circassian slave, her removal from the handsome residence of Mahmoud, and the installation of the princess of the palace into the mystical chamber of her predecessor. Mahmoud tried the only resistance in his power, and took a sudden journey to Paris, where he remained many months, hoping the hated alliance might be forgotten, or some accident might come to his aid. Futile hope! He was ceremonially recalled, and some honorary post assigned him. Everything was arranged in a generous and becoming manner. His cold-ness was overlooked, his bride was nobly dowered, and Mahmoud, like many a wiser and better man, submitted to the inevitable. "Kismet." The last time my Swiss friend visited his palace, she learned that the Circassian lived in retirement, not far from the dwelling of her happier rival. Unknown to his wife, Mamoud continued to visit her in secret, though at long intervals and with great precaution. Upon seeing her my friend was shocked at the ravages that grief and disease had already made upon her person. The hectic flush and dreaded cough had returned. Unconscious or careless of her danger, she was daily wasting away, but would hear of no remedies. Not a complaint as to her position ever passed her lips, and she spoke of the pasha as one to whom she owed everything, and to whom everything was due. It would be well if I could conclude this touching story with some account of her last days, but as I am writing truth, and truth alone, I unwillingly admit that I am unable to give any further clue to her fate.

Some Points About Deadwood.

From an Interview with Col. Pat Donan.

"Deadwood must be a remarkable place; give me a few points about it."

"You may well call it remarkable; it is a municipal miracle. Just think of a town only three years old, with 3000 inhabitants, able to lose $4,000,000 by a fire, as Deadwood did last September; and while her whole population, men, women and children, were perched around upon the bleak mountain sides, shivering in their night clothes, above a wide waste of ashes and blackened ruins, spunky enough to telegraph back to the world in reply to the offers of aid which were pouring in from every direction: "Deadwood in ashes declines all outside assistance and stands ready to contribute to the needs of sufferers elsewhere!' None but a people confident of the illimitable riches of their region would ever have dared send such a message. The whole city was swept away, all the winter's supplies were gone, 2000 people were houseless and almost naked, but their spirit was unbroken. Before daylight dawned upon the ash-heaps that alone remained of all their possessions, they were raking away the embers, bargaining for lumber and brick and hiring laborers to rebuild. For four months the town was a hive of human busy bees, carpenters and bricklayers worked in relays day and night, and to-day the place is far better and more beautifully built than before the fire. We have stores that carry stocks of $100,000 and upwards, banks whose business amounts to $500,000 a month, fine churches, hotels, theatres, waterworks, and four fully newspapers, all taking the Associated Press line known as dispatches. New houses are going up, new mines being discovered and opened and new enterprises inaugurated every day."

"And all this, you say, in a place that only has 3000 inhabitants!"

"Oh, that only includes the population of Deadwood proper, while in reality we have six or eight little towns—Deadwood, South Deadwood, Cleveland, Chinatown, Elizabethtown, Fountain City, Gayville, Anchor, Golden Gate, Central and Lead, all united and forming virtually but one city, with perhaps 15,000 inhabitants. Lead City and Central, the farthest extremes, are about three miles each from Deadwood. Lead City is where the great Homestake mines are, and Central is the site of the Father DeSmet mines."

Newspaper Laws and Regulations.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered wishing to continue their subscriptions.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their periodicals, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearges are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their periodicals from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled their bills and ordered them discontinued.

4. If subscribers move to another place without informing the publishers and the papers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

5. The courts have decided that "refusing to take the periodicals from the office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud."

6. Any person who receives a newspaper and makes use of it, whether he has ordered it or not, is held in law to be subscriber.

7. If subscribers pay in advance, they are bound to give notice to the publisher at the end of their time, if they do not wish to continue taking it; otherwise the publisher is authorized to continue sending it on, and the subscriber will be responsible until an express notice, with payment of all arrears, is sent to the publisher.

JOTTINGS.

The Cincinnati Gazette thinks David Davis could carry Rhode Island. "Perhaps he could. But why doesn't he take somebody of his size?"

"Why is Hymen always represented as bearing a torch?" asks the Boston Post. That's easy enough. It's a hint as to who shall build the fires.

Adversity sometimes brings out the strong points in a man's character, but in the long run it doesn't pay. We move that adversity be abolished.

The British Medical Journal says that garlic will cure more ills and ailments than any five drugs which can be named. Go to the onion and be wise.

The reason that some men love their dogs better than their wives, is probably because their dogs have not yet lost all respect for them.

The oldest daughter of a fashionable American family in Paris has revived an ancient New England custom by eloping with her father's coachman.

A Household Need.

A book on the Liver, its diseases and their treatment sent free, including questions upon Liver Complaints, Torpid Liver, Jaundice, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Malaria, etc. Address Dr. Wilcox, 163 Broadway, New York City, N. Y. jan16-6w

Ventriloquial Gallantry.

Brodeau, a learned critic of the sixteenth century, gives a curious account of the conversation performed by a ventriloquist who was *valet de chambre* to Francis I. The fellow, whose name was Louis Brabant, had fallen in love with a young, handsome and rich heiress, but was rejected by the parents as an unsuitable match for their daughter on account of the lowness of his circumstances. The young lady's father dying, he paid a visit of condolence to the widow, who was totally ignorant of his irregular talents. Suddenly on the first appearance, in open day, in the house, and in the presence of several persons who were assembled, the voice of her husband accosted her in a whisper, that of her dead husband, and seemed to proceed from some place, exclaiming, "Give my daughter in marriage to Louis Brabant; he is a man of great fortune and of an honorable character. I now endure the most insupportable torments of purgatory for having refused her to him. If you obey this admonition I shall be delivered from this place of punishment. You will at the same time provide a worthy husband for your daughter, and procure everlasting repose to the soul of your poor husband."

The widow could not for a moment resist this direct command, which had not the least appearance of proceeding from Brabant, whose countenance betrayed no visible change, and whose lips were close and motionless during the delivery of it. Accordingly she consented immediately to give her daughter for her son-in-law. Louis Brabant, however, was in a very low condition, and the formalities attending the marriage contract rendered necessary for him to exhibit some sum of riches, and not to give the lie direct. He accordingly set to work upon a fresh subject, the husband, an old and rich banker at Orleans, who had accumulated immense wealth by usury and extortion, and was known to be himself conscious of consequence on account of the manner in which he had [illegible].

Having contrived [illegible] acquaintance with the [illegible] one day, while they were [illegible] in the usurer's [illegible] carefully turned the conversation to religious subjects, on which occasion, in the character of the tormenta of hell, [illegible] and the pains of purgatory, the voice of the deceased husband was heard, which to the astonished banker seemed to be that of his deceased father complaining [illegible] the former sum of his extortions in purgatory, and [illegible] to deliver him [illegible] by putting into the hands of Louis Brabant, then with him, a [illegible] for the redemption of [illegible] in slavery with the Turks. [illegible] him at the same [illegible] punishment. If [illegible] method to expiate [illegible] sins. Louis Brabant [illegible] to the degree of astonishment on [illegible] sion; and further [illegible] deception by acknowledging [illegible] devoted himself to the performance of the charitable desire imposed on him by the ghost.

An old usurer is naturally [illegible] clous. Accordingly the [illegible] made a [illegible] with the ghost's [illegible] the next day; and to [illegible] upon him utterly absolute, [illegible] into the open fields, [illegible] and a house or a tree, or even a [illegible] or a pit, was in sight, [illegible] ing any supposed [illegible] extraordinary caution [illegible] ventriloquist to assist at the [illegible] of his art. Whenever [illegible] conducted him, at every [illegible] were uttered on all [illegible] complaints and groans [illegible] his father, but of his [illegible] tions, imploring him [illegible] of every Saint in the calendar [illegible] mercy on his own soul, and [illegible] effectually succeeding, [illegible] the intentions of his [illegible] panions. Corvin could not [illegible] sist what he conceived to be [illegible] from heaven, and determined [illegible] his guest home with him [illegible] him down 10,000 crowns, [illegible] the honest ventriloquist, [illegible] to Paris and married his [illegible]

Old Dr. Johnson [illegible] Seventy-five years ago [illegible] what is now called [illegible] dyne Liniment, the [illegible] cess of which in the cure [illegible] of the head, throat and [illegible] ly astonishing. No family should be without it.

Thousands of dollars [illegible] annually saved to farmers [illegible] give freely of [illegible] Condition Powders to [illegible] cattle, sheep, hogs, and [illegible] prevent disease, and [illegible] growth. Would [illegible] put up in large [illegible] worthless.

Charles the Simple once [illegible] to his fool, Jean, that he [illegible] they had better change [illegible] Jean did not look well pleased at the proposal. Charles [illegible] were not content at [illegible] king. "Oh, content myself," the reply; "but I should [illegible] ingly ashamed at having [illegible] a fool."

When you see a woman [illegible] herself on one foot, [illegible] her wildly out behind her, and [illegible] snoop up in her hand a [illegible] don't be alarmed. She isn't going to have a fit. She is about to adopt a twelve-inch gaiter.

They charge fifteen cents [illegible] of buttermilk at Key West. [illegible] a sort of offset they [illegible] four dozen sausages and tell them to send a dray after his [illegible]

Probably no man in [illegible] the hollowness of [illegible] ambition as the man [illegible] a temperance [illegible] into his mouth, under the [illegible] that it is ice-cream.

Whisky is all [illegible] few [illegible] tation, and when a [illegible] down on a [illegible] spot of [illegible] that [illegible]

Chase-Quinine [illegible] and fever. For sale by R. J. [illegible] New Orleans.