Honor in His Own Land.

Says Comley in his recently-issued work, The History of New York State, "The day has passed when the benefactors of humanity were allowed to live in ignominious poverty—their sacrifices, their labors, unrecompensed. To-day, the benefactors of the people—the men who devote their lives and energies to the interests of humanity—these are the men whom the world delights to honor, and whom it rewards with princely fortunes. As an earnest worker for the welfare of his fellow-men, Dr. R. V. Pierce has won their warmest sympathy and esteem. While seeking to be their servant only, he has become a prince among them. Yet the immense fortune lavished upon him by a generous people he hoards not, but invests in the erection and establishment of institutions directly contributive to the public good, the people thus realizing, in their liberal patronage, a new meaning of that beautiful Oriental custom of casting bread upon the waters. Noted in both public and private life for his unswerving integrity and all those sterling virtues that ennoble manhood, Dr. Pierce ranks high among those few men, whose names the Empire State is justly proud to inscribe upon her roll of honor. Ambitious, yet moved by an ambition strictly amenable to the most discriminating and well-balanced judgment, his future career promises to be one of unparalleled activity and usefulness, ably supplementing the work he has already accomplished, by a life at once noble in effort, enviable in its grand results." While Dr. Pierce's genius and energy have won for him so enviable a position on the records of a Nation, having been elected Senator by an overwhelming majority, his justly-celebrated Household Remedies have earned for him a yet more desirable place in the hearts of a grateful people. His Golden Medical Discovery and Favorite Prescription have brought health and happiness to ten thousand households.

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THE MILAN EXCHANGE.

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MILAN, - - TENNESSEE.

HER SPHERE.

No outward sign her angelhood revealed,
Save that her eyes were wondrous mild and fair—
The aureole round her forehead was concealed
By the pale glory of her shining hair.

She bore the yoke and wore the name of wife
To one who made her tenderness and grace
A mere convenience of his narrow life,
And put a seraph in a servant's place.

She cheered his meager hearth—she blessed and warmed
His poverty, and met its harsh demands
With meek unvarying patience, and performed
Its menial tasks with stained and battered hands.

She nursed his children through their helpless years—
Gave them her strength, her youth, her beauty's prime,
Bore for them sore privation, toil and tears,
Which made her old and tired before her time.

And when fierce fever smote him with its blight
Her calm, consoling presence charmed his pain;
Through long and thankless watches day and night,
Her fluttering fingers cooled his face like rain;

With soft magnetic touch, and murmurs sweet,
She brought him sleep, and stilled his fretful moan,
And taught his flying pulses to repeat
The mild and moderate measures of her own.

She had an artist's quick perceptive eyes
For all the beautiful; a poet's heart
For every changing phase of earth and skies,
And all things fair in nature and in art.

She looked with all a woman's keen delight
On jewels rich and dainty drapery,
Rare fabrics and soft hues—she happy right
Of those more favored but less fair than she;

On pallid pearls, which glimmer cool and white,
Dimming proud foreheads with their purity;
On silks which gleam and ripple in the light,
And shift and shimmer like the summer sea;

On gems like drops by sudden sunlight kissed,
When fall the last large brilliants of the rain;
On laces delicate as frozen mist
Embroidering a winter window pane;

Yet, near the throng of worldly butterflies,
Who thronged her path, she walked in homely brown;
With costliest splendor flaunting in her eyes,
She went her dull way in a gingham gown.

Hedged in by alien hearts, unloved, alone,
With heavier shoulders bowed beneath their load,
She trod the path that Fate had made her own,
Nor met one kindred spirit on the road.

Slowly the years rolled onward; and at last,
When the bruised reed was broken, and her soul
Knew its sad term of earthly bondage past,
And felt its nearness to the heavenly goal,

Then a strange gladness filled the tender eyes,
Which gazed afar beyond all grief and sin,
And seemed to see the gates of Paradise
Unclosed for her feet to enter in.

Vainly the master she had served so long
Clasped her worn hands, and, with remorseful tone,
Cried, "Stay, oh, stay! Forgive my bitter wrong;
Let me atone for all those dreary years!"

Alas for heedless hearts and blinded sense!
With what faint welcome and what meager fare,
What mean subjections and small recompense,
We entertain our angels unaware!

TWO HAIR RINGS.

A Story With Neither Beginning or End.

FRAGMENT I.—TOLD ON THE TRAIN.

"Yes, sir, it's a queer thing about that ring, as there's a mate to som'eres. I dun'no as I ever told any one how I come by that ring, which the way of it was a little peculiar, but I don't mind telling you if you'd like to hear it.

"All right, then, sir; put your feet up onto that box o' mine if you can ride any comfortabler—that-a-way. Thankee, sir, I don't care if I do, seein's you offer it. You carry better cigars nor mine, I suppose, but then you see, sir, mine is to sell an' yours is fer your own smoking, won'erful difference that makes—you bet.

"Well, as you see, sir, my bizness is a riding up an' down the line sellin' newspapers, weekly an' monthly 'pubs,' 'yaller backs' and sich. 'Make much at it?' Well, yes, a goodish pile in the long run, but not very much at a time, sir. Well, an' so in the course of my route, you know, I see a sight o' different people—course nothin' naturaler you'll say—but what I mean is, I see the diff'rance *in* 'em. Now a good many reg'lars we have, goin' up an' down, an' fer all I hardly ever speak to any of 'em, nor them to me, 'cept in the way of makin' change or sich like. Still I believe I could tell you as much about the nature of them fellers as their own families could, p'raps more. That comes o' takin' notice. Hows'ever that hain't the story of this here ring, tho' bearin' on it.

"The first time ever I laid eyes on this yere ring was about—lemme see—yeep—about seven years ago. I was new on the line then an' took a powerful sight of notice o' what was goin' on, tho' p'raps I take jest as much now, on'y in a different way.

"It was in the fall o' the year, jest about this time, mebbe a little earlier, mebbe a little later; any way the droppin' leaves was thick on the track where fer miles it runs through that stretch o' woods as we'll come to presently, an' I recollek of standin' on the rear platform watchin' them a flutterin', red an' brown an' gold colored some of 'em, an' the draft of our Flyin Forty ketchen' 'em an' tumblin' 'em over an' over, till, 'way in the back distance with the sun a shinin' on 'em they looked like red-hot coals a bobbin' along after us, tryin' to ketch up fer to have it out 'ith us fer disturbin 'em. Queerish kind of a fancy that, too, come to think of it, but that's the way they looked to me, any way.

"There's a little shanty about midway in them woods—we'll come to 'em soon now, an' you can see for yourself—as the train hands call 'Stump Station,' cos there haint nothing there sides the shanty but stumps. Sometimes the shingle-weavers and bark-peelers as camp out way back in the woods come out there to board the train, or to git provision, which is expressed up to them from the city, an' sometimes in the shootin' season a city feller or two come up to hunt, gits off there, but it haint no reg'lar station, an' nobody stays there an' so it's very seldom we stop.

"But this time I'm telling you of, and while I was standin' out there on the platform tryin' to calculate how long it would be at the rate I was makin' money (times was better then) before I could say some words I had in my mind to say, as soon as I was well enough fixed, to a certain little dark-eyed gal, as I was sure was waitin' patient and expectin' of me to say 'em. Don't mind tellin' you this now, you see, sir, cos that came out all right long ago, an' I've never had cause to be sorry for saying them words, but kinder think they was the most sensible ones I ever said. Well, as I was a standing there, out comes a young feller as had come up with us from Philadelphia. He was a nobby-looking feller, dressed out all regular in shootin' coat, peaked hat, high-top boots, dogs an' guns, an' big camper in the baggage-car, quiet and civil, a reg'lar blooded gentleman you'd say at first sight, an' he was very good-lookin' with his wide-open blue eyes, and brown, curly hair and beard, but still I didn't quite like 'im; not but what he was pleasant an' decent enough to me, but whenever he spoke his upper-lip had a fashion of lifting up kind o' scary like, an' when he laughed, which he did of a kind easy, it was a reg'lar out an' out snarl, an' looked jist like one of them ere dogs you've mebbe seen with their upper teeth stickin' out over the gums, so they can't bite, no ways, but they're ready on a snarl. But I had my notions that this feller could bite too, as well as snarl, if it so pleased him, and I says to myself, thinking of him, 'You'll bear watching, you will,' an' kep' a eye on him accordin'.

"Well, sir, that gent wore on the little finger of his left hand this same identical hair ring. It took my notice while a-talkin' to him, though being made out o' two kinds o' hair, an' one sort I'd swear was off his own curly pate. So, by and by, talkin' o' one thing an' another, I works around to rings, an' finally made bold to say to him—

"'That's a curus kind of a ring for a gent to wear, sir.'

"He looked at it, twisted it around careless like, turned kind o' red and laughed a little—snarl still showing out plain—an' says—

"'Yes, rather neat thing; do you fancy it?'

"'Don't understand you, sir,' I says. 'What might you mean?'

"'I mean,' says he, 'if you like it you may have it; I'm rather tired of it myself,' and with that he pulls it off an' hands it over.

"'Much obleeged to you, sir,' says I; 'but I wasn't meanin' to ask for it, not by no means.'

"'Oh,' he says, 'it's of no consequence; if I hadn't give it to you I'd a give it to some one else,' and with that he turns about and walks into the car, and I puts the ring on my finger, thinkin' it would make a pretty keepsake to give my little gal—and when we came to Stump Station my gentleman gets out, dogs and guns and baggage and snarl and all, an' that's the last I ever see of *him*.

"About two weeks after that time there was a very pretty young lady got on the train at Elm Station, just out of Philadelphia, you know. She didn't have nobody with her, and seemed kind o' timid like and skeery; never movin' hardly out of her first posish, 'cept when the train stopped at some station, tho' being a through express we didn't stop at many—but when we did I noticed she allus pulled her thick black veil down over her pretty face and kinder turned her head into one corner o' the seat, lettin' on to be asleep, an' when any body came in or went past her seat—which some of 'em as haven't traveled much is allays a doin', you know, sir, walkin' up and down restless, an' goin' for drinks and changin' seats continually—whenever they did that I could see her give little jumps and look kinder quick and frightened like, an' the blood all rushin' up into her cheeks, makin' them look prettier yet, and then she'd git pale as death the next minit, and kinder push her hair back off her temples with one little white hand, like it was too heavy and hurt her; and 'most all the while she kept twistin' a little hair ring she wore on her finger, aroun' and aroun', and a putting it up to her lips once an' ag'in, when she thought nobody was a looking. I'd a give my hull stock of 'yaller backs' and prize packages to a' been in that ring's place jist once; tho' of course the like of me had no business to be even watchin' her from behind the stove as I were, it bein' fitter for me to have been thinkin' of my own Janey awaitin' for them words.

"The moment I see that ring I jerks mine off an' slips it into my vest pocket. The moment I see that ring I ses to myself. 'There's a mate to mine,' an' says I to myself, 'Jack, my boy, you keep right on takin' notice, it being my opinion ther's something up;' an' I ses to myself, 'I hope that there snarly chap hain't been a-bitin' nobody, as he'll feel sorry fer it when he comes to die'—an' then I kept on a takin' notice, might clost.

"Well, we kept a goin' on, some gittin' off here and there, and more gittin' on, an' by an' bye gittin' off ag'in, till along in the afternoon there was only three or four passengers in the car, which they were mostly 'samples,' or traveling agents, as allays takes off their boots an' goes to sleep soon's they strike a seat. But this here young lady she never moved out of her first seat—just set an' set, and got to lookin' tireder and pitifuler like, every mile. I dropped a *Leslie* into her seat once and forgot to take it up ag'in on purpose, but she never looked at it; and so, tho' I was as sorry fer her as could be, an' knew she'd had no lunch, cos she'd never got out when the train stopped, an' she hadn't a snitch nor sign of satchel or luggage of any kind—still I was dub'us about offerin' to do any thing, knowin' she was a real lady and I was on'y a train agent, and a orkard hand at sayin' them kind o' things at best, an' she being all alone *and* a travelin' might take it ill. But at last comin' in an' out, an' seein' her sittin' there, lookin' so awful lonesome and tired, and dark lines a comin' under her big dark eyes, lookin' like she would cry but dasn't—and by Hickory I'm glad she didn't, cos that would a upset me quicker'n wink, being one o' the things I can't stand no way, to see a woman cry. So seein' she would never make no more of herself, I jist give myself a poke in the ribs to kinder rile my courage, and I goes up to her seat like I was after the *Leilie*, and says, 'Miss, excoose me mum,' ses I, 'but you *do* look quite done up, if you'll excoose me mum,' ses I, 'and I've got a sister of my own mum, if you'll excoose the liberty mum,' ses I, 'an' I'd humbly like to be of some service to you mum, if you'd please to menshin' in what way mum,' ses I.

"She looked up in a way as I can't tell you of, sir, if I was to ever so hard, an' she ses: 'You're very kind indeed,' she ses, 'and I thank you very much,' she ses, 'but I require nothing—nothing,' an' then she looked away agin, out o' the winder, and I see her mouth twitch an' her soft eyes flashin' with tears, and I thinks to myself, 'Jack, here's a lovely good young woman as far above you as the skies, and as has trouble, and here you are a helpin' to pile it onto her; you ought to be kicked offin' the train; why don't you clear off and quit a botherin' of her—' and so I did, makin' her the best bow of respect I knew how, and raisin' a lump on my eye-brow a doin' it through inadvertently comin' down too far an' hittin' my fore'id on the seat-back.

"The next station we stopped at, was a 'wood and water,' where we gen'aly stayed about ten minutes; there was a *restaurant* there, an' so I runs in and gets a slapping big cup o' tea, and four 'am sanwidges, telling the boss I'd bring back the chiny next trip, an' as we was well acquainted that was all right, and so, I walks into the car with 'em, tho' a shakin' all over, and I says, 'I hope you won't think me a villin, mum, but I think if you'd have the kindness to take a little of these here provision you'd likely feel better.'

"Well, I didn't think she would, but she took 'em, thanking me in the prettiest way—I can hear her yit—(she actually laughed a quiet little laugh when she see them four sanwidges which *was* a leetle overgrown I spose), and then she pulled out her pocket-book, as was chuck full, an' handed me a bill, and I darsn't refuse, tho' it went agin the grain to take pay for such a trifle o' kindness to such a sweet young lady, even if I was a little pinched, an' she not lacking, as I could well see by her general get-up.

"Well, sir, it got to be late in the afternoon, an' I was beginnin' to pack away my books an' things, gettin' ready to leave the train at the end o' my route, when we came in sight o' 'Stump Station;' the engineer (same one's on to-day), blowed his whistle an' the conductor (killed in the big accident last year, poor fellow—found with the bell-cord in his hand), he pulled the rope for to stop, and blessed if it were'nt for that there lovely young girl to get off. No one there to meet her—not a soul in sight, and by Hockey's, sir, if I ever felt moved to do something that I had no business to do, it was them sixty seconds we stopped to leave that angel all alone in them woods. One look from her would a took me off'n that train in a jiffy, an' the apples and newspapers might a gone to Jericho but what I'd a seen her safe to where she was bound, though wherever a gentle, timid young thing like her could wish to go in them lonely woods, two hundred miles from her home, was more'n I could make out. Hows'ever, railroad trains ain't no ways sentimental, sir, and it don't make no kind of difference to the Company what becomes or what don't become of the passengers, he-uns or she-un's, after they're set down, long's they've paid their fare. And so we dashed on, leavin' her standin' there, poor thing, an' the dead leaves falling all around her and she not minding them, but looking straight up the track and into the sun going down in the red haze at the end of it.

. . . . . .

"That were the first time I see her, and it were the last, an' of'en an' of'en I've thought it over since then, and though I never heard a word of inquiry nor nothin', still it's my opinion as something awful wrong happened near along that time. An' I've never took the ring off'n my finger since."

FRAGMENT II.—TOLD IN THE FARMHOUSE.

"'I loved him so! Oh! I did love him so!'"

"Them was her very words, sir, which she never changed 'em nor said nothin' else the whole time but them there. Not a sign nor a breath of a name—just 'him.' And she continaly agoing over it, and over it, and over it, till it made one skeery like to hear it, poor thing.

"Such a night, too, as it was when my man—that's my husband, I mean, sir, brought her in. In the fall—yes, sir, and it a rainin' and blowin' and dark as a ink-bottle. He found her to'rds night, he said, when he was on the road home here, which he had been over with a load of oats, sir, to the bark-peelers' camp, 15 miles if its a foot. She was wandering along the road, he said, and didn't know where she was goin', it seemed, nor how she got there, though she like as not got off one of the trains at the shanty near there, though they seldom stop, but that we'll never know, I suppose, in this world; and so he brought her home with him on that perishing night and handed her over to me.

"She was quite gone then, out of her head, it being my belief that she didn't know me from herself then, nor never after, poor, poor dear, an' so young.

"A man never can see a thing till it's poked right into his eyes and hollered into both ears; excuse me, sir, but no more he can't, and my man he 'lieved that poor creature was drunk or crazy. Drunk! Ah, sir, I think if the man who was the wicked cause of that poor, forsaken child being a mindless wanderer that night, could only ha' seen her as I seen her, when I took her into my own room and put her into my own bed, he would have took the shortest way out of the world that he sent her out of in misery and darknesss, and far from her own. She was a lady born, as could be easy seen by her hands, the prettiest I ever saw—so white and slender, though with nothing on them but this little hair ring, as you say you've seen the mate to, sir, and made of two kinds—one of 'em her own, I know being the color of gold amost, and the other—— Oh, I can't bear to think of what the creature that wore that lock of hair will have to answer for some day. And of all her clothes, which in spite o' the mud and dragglement, I could see was of the finest and delicatest; there was no name or mark of any sort on any. If she had a dropped out of the clouds she couldn't a been more unbeknown, by any sign or token anywhere about her.

"Well, sir, I watched her through it all, and cared for her like one of my own—which I am a grandmother, sir, and was then, though not looking it I dessay, being married very young. She never knew it though. She never got her reason at all, and not even the little babe's cry—it was a girl and looked no more like her than I did—not even its cry—as came from a strong pair 'o lungs, I insure you—could seem to bring any thing back to her, but just that one moan, so mournful and weary like, while she kept turning her great blue eyes this way and that, lookin' and lookin', though with no meaning in them at all, just that awful wild stare as if she was seeing straight through the wall and a hundred miles away. And so a tossing and turning and never resting, but all through the night till morning, and still through the day till night again, and never changing, only getting weaker and weaker, she never left off twisting her hands and crying: 'I *loved* him so; oh, I *did* love him so!'

"The little babe was just a week and one day old when she said it for the last time in the world, and she had never seen it to know it.

"We buried her out under that old beech, and not knowing what else to put on it, we just wrote on the board, as you can see for yourself, the date of when she came and them words of hers.

"'And the little one?' That's her in the garden out there, seven years old this month. She'll bear our name and never know as long as I'm alive—nor after I'm gone, I hope—but what it's her own by right.

"'Yes; it's a queer and very sad story, sir, that's so—an awful story, and it makes me feel very sober when I think of it, as I often do when I'm alone, and I never go into that room when I'm alone in the dark—we've never used it sin' seven year ago—but what I seem to hear that poor, dear child's heart-broken and dyin' wail—

"'I *loved* him so. Oh! I *did* love him so.'"

A Snake Attacks a Man in a Buggy.

Mr. Walters and his wife were returning to the city, says the Dallas (Ga.) *Commercial*, in a two horse buggy from a trip into the country. About seven miles from town, on the Mansfield Road, they passed a snake that was lying on the side of the road, the great size of which attracted their attention. After passing the reptile, Mr. Walters concluded he would turn back and kill it. He turned the team around, drove back to a point opposite the snake, drew his pistol and fired at it, but without effect. The horses, not being used to the report of fire-arms, became restless and hard to control, which caused the attention of Mr. Walters to be diverted from the snake, which ran rapidly to the buggy, up the wheels, and on the dash-board before the occupants were aware of it. The snake, when it was within a foot of the occupants of the carriage, coiled the lower part of its body, threw its neck into a graceful curve, drew back its head, and was just in the act of launching its deadly fangs into Mr. Walters, when he fired the second shot. This, though missing, had the effect to cause the shake to lower itself on the tongue of the carriage. Mr. Walters then fired two more shots, one of which took effect, and caused the reptile to fall from the carriage to the ground, and Walters dispatched it with a stone. The reptile was measured, and found to be over six feet long, and was thicker than a man's wrist.

—The proposed new School of Music at Baireuth, of which Richard Wagner is the chief promoter, will not be opened this year for want of funds.

Bill Ragsdale, the Leper Governor of Molokai.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* says: Our Honolulu exchanges announce in brief the death of Wm. P. Ragsdale, Governor of the leper settlement on the Island of Molokai, Sandwich Islands. The decease of so noted and remarkable a man in the prime of life deserves a more extended obituary. "Bill Ragsdale," as he was popularly known, was a Hawaiian by birth, his mother having been a native and his father an American. By profession he was a lawyer, speaking English as fluently as Hawaiian, and the most noted orator of the Hawaiian kingdom, whites and natives included, and among the latter there are many conspicuous orators. The manner in which Ragsdale discovered that he had the leprosy, as told by himself, is most interesting, and especially from a scientific point of view. The deceased resided for a number of years on the Island of Hawaii, and had an office at Hilo, capital of the island. One night he was studying up a law case in which he was deeply interested, when the chimney from his lamp fell on the table. Although the chimney was hot as fire, "Bill," in his excitement, picked it up and set it in its place without experiencing the least inconvenience, such as would naturally result to a really sound person handling a red-hot lamp-chimney. He reflected for a moment, looked at his hand, but could not discover the least sign that it had been burned. He then took off and put on the chimney repeatedly, and with the same result. This experience convinced him that he was among the afflicted, and he lost no time in communicating with the authorities. An examination was made and medical authority declared that he was afflicted with leprosy. Dr. Trousseau, for years a physician at Honolulu but now a resident of the island of Hawaii, made the principal examination. Up to this time no person on the islands ever dreamed that Bill Ragsdale had the leprosy, and some doubted even after the examination if he was so afflicted. Bill, however, was personally convinced that he was so afflicted. The police did not arrest him, however, owing to his exalted position, as was common with those suspected of being lepers, so he voluntarily delivered himself up as a victim of the terrible disease. He was then sent to Molokai and installed as Governor of the leper settlement, which position he held for a number of years up to the time of his death last month. Soon after his isolation from the world and his friends the disease made itself more apparent, and there were none so incredulous as to believe that he was not forever afflicted with the leprosy. During his administration of affairs he was as successful as he was popular. There were and are about 800 lepers on the settlement, but by his tact and kindheartedness Ragsdale made the most extraordinary and saddest community on the face of the earth as cheerful and happy as the unfortunates could be. By his advice the Government made many reforms, and the lepers recognized him as a father. One of the most peculiar and startling phases connected with this episode is the fact that Mr. Ragsdale, who was a married man with a family, took up with a young native woman on the settlement of Molokai who fell in love with him. She was remarkably handsome, of splendid physique, and had already buried two husbands or lovers—for both terms are substantially the same with the Hawaiians free from missionary influence. Both her husbands, as we will call them, died of leprosy, yet the wife, as she must be termed, was never afflicted with it. She fell in love with Ragsdale, and they continued to live in the most perfect harmony, the wife not having the least fear of being subject to the frightful affliction of her husband. She still survives him, and is in perfect health, or at least was so not long ago. It may be here remarked that there are some seventy-five individuals on the leper settlement who are not afflicted with leprosy. These have voluntary exiled themselves on account of the love and affection they have for their friends who are lepers. They mingle freely among the sorrow-stricken, eating out of the same calabash of poi, and drinking from the same cup, chatting and talking together on the same mat, and even sleeping together. Still with this promiscuous intercourse some of the healthy persons, indeed the majority of them, never catch the leprosy. In a word, they have no fear at all of it. Who the successor of the deceased leper Governor will be is not known. It was believed at one time that, Peter Kao, a cousin or uncle to Queen Emma, would be governor, but by influence this leprous chief has been allowed to leave the settlement and is now a resident of Honolulu. Peter had a nice cottage at Molokai, and, as becoming his rank, had servants to wait on him. During his sojourn there he enjoyed life as well as could be expected, and had the good will of the lepers at large. Now that he is free, and Ragsdale is dead, it will be difficult to find the proper man to fulfill so delicate a duty. The Hawaiian authorities have many faults and shortcomings, but the humanity they exhibit toward the lepers, in providing and caring for them, is greatly to their credit. The settlement is under the taboo; that is, no human being is allowed to enter the dreadful locality without a special permit from the Board of Health at Honolulu. It is very difficult to get a permit, so that not one foreigner in a thousand ever can visit the leper world of Molokai.

A Duel that Did Not Come Off.

Another famous duel did not come off about ten days ago at Sand Bar Ferry, near Augusta. The failure of the fight, however, can not be laid to the charge of Dr. D. R. Fluker, the challenger, who, when pursuing the even tenor of his way, carries the saddle-bags in and around the Georgia town of Irwinton. Among his patients was a widow, who gave him a horse in payment of his fee; and among the male inhabitants of Irwinton was a lawyer, who claimed this horse in satisfaction of a judgment which he held against the son of the doctor's patient. The dispute grew into a quarrel, and the quarrel gave birth to blows. The man of quills and legal cap issued a note to the man of squills, charging him with cowardice and all wickedness; to which the man of squills replied by an invitation to meet at Sand Bar Ferry, where the painful controversy might be settled with Happholdt pistols and other surgical instruments. As the time for the meeting approached, the Augusta hotels were overrun by a queer incursion of men from Irwinton, Toomsboro', and Sandersville; but the challenged man was not among them. At the appointed hour, sharp, Dr. Fluker embarked upon the flat-boat at Sand Bar Ferry, and eagerly searched the horizon for his expected foe; but no foe was visible upon the troubled tide of the Augusta River, nor upon its sloping banks, nor yet upon the white wastes of the sand bar. A telegram of inquiry to Irwinton was answered with the intelligence that the challenged party, who was trying to get a living by the law, had fallen by the law, that is to say, he had been arrested to prevent his further violation of the code against duelling. Dr. Fulkner returned triumphantly to Irwinton, but the Augusta paper from which the foregoing facts are taken fails to say whether he or his antagonist is the peaceful possessor of the horse.

Crullers.—6 ounces butter, ¼ pound sugar, 1½ pounds flour, 6 eggs, 1 nutmeg; fried in lard.

SILVER IN THE SENATE.

The Passage of Senator Matthews's Resolution Declaring Government Bonds Payable in Silver—Yeas 43, Nays 22.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25.—At the expiration of the morning hour, consideration was resumed of the resolution of Senator Matthews, declaring the right of the Government to pay bonds in silver.

The amendment of Senator Conkling, making the resolution a joint instead of a concurrent one, was rejected—yeas 23, nays 30.

Senator Cockrell said he had received a telegram from Senator Whyte, of Maryland, announcing that he was detained at home by sickness and requesting him (Cockrell) to pair with him. Under the circumstances he consented to do so. Were the Senator from Maryland present he would vote aye and he (Cockrell) would vote no.

Senators Hoar, Butler and Hill, who would have voted in the affirmative, were paired with Harris, Patterson and Garland, who would have voted in the negative.

Senator Plumb announced his colleague, Ingalls, was detained from the Senate on account of sickness in his family.

The question then recurred on the amendment of Senator Edmunds to the resolution of Senator Matthews, to provide for the payment of bonds in gold coin or its equivalent, and declaring that any other payment without consent of the creditor would be in violation of public faith and in derogation of his rights. It was rejected—yeas 18, nays 44.

Messrs. Butler, Whyte and Hoar, who would have voted in the affirmative, were paired with Messrs. Patterson, Cockrell and Harris, who would have voted in the negative.

The question then recurred on the amendment of Mr. Morrill, to the effect that it would be detrimental to the interests of the creditors of the Government and the people to pay bonds in silver, and Mr. Morrill spoke in support thereof. He said this resolution of the Senator from Ohio, no matter from what motive it was introduced, could have and would have no other effect than to damage public credit, and he could not understand from what motive it was brought forward, especially when he saw in the platform the Republican party of Ohio, adopted in '76, that national honor must be maintained, and recognizing gold as the true standard of value—he could not conceive how it was possible that a Republican Senator from that State should come here so soon afterwards and propose such a resolution as this. If he (Morrill) was in favor of the so-called silver bill he could not vote for this resolution with its preamble as now drawn. The amendment of Morrill was rejected, ayes 14, nays 41.

Mr. Windom said he voted for the amendment of the Senator from New York (Mr. Conkling) to make this a joint resolution, and he voted against all other amendments. He now intended to vote against the original resolution, and, in doing so, he did not propose to indicate what would be his vote upon the Silver bill itself when it shall come before the Senate. He was opposed to this fruitless expression of opinion. If Congress had confined itself to practical legislation, instead of discussing finances, the business of the country would have been more prosperous.

Mr. Blaine said he would vote against the resolution, as in his opinion it would not strengthen public credit nor the interest of public creditors. According to the letter of the bonds they were payable in silver or gold, but he intended to show, if he could, when the Silver bill should come before the Senate, that it was not to the interest of the United States to take advantage of the letter of the law to pay them in silver. He was opposed to the present Silver bill, but was in favor of remonetization of silver on a basis which he would have the honor to propose.

Mr. Hill said he could not vote for the resolution because it affirmed that debts of the United States to-day were payable in silver dollars, when there were no silver dollars. If the silver dollar could be remonetized in any way to make it equal to the gold dollar, a good thing would be done for the country. He believed that silver could be made equal in value to gold in three ways: 1. By increasing its weight. 2. By limiting its coinage. 3. By limiting its legal tender power. He could not vote to coin the silver dollar and again throw upon this country a depreciated dollar, that cheated every thing it touched.

Mr. Edmunds moved to indefinitely postpone further consideration of the resolution.

Mr. Gordon said he would vote for the preamble and resolution of the Senator from Ohio, because he believed the recital of facts contained therein was true, and the resolution suggested a policy which he believed to be honest, wise and just.

Mr. Paddock said he would vote for the full remonetization of silver, but would not vote for this resolution now before the Silver bill became a law.

The motion of Mr. Edmunds to indefinitely postpone was rejected—yeas 22, nays 43.

The question being on the passage of the resolution as submitted by Mr. Matthews on the 6th of December last, it was agreed to—yeas 43, nays 22, as follows:

YEAS.

Allison,	Eustis,	Merrimon,
Armstrong,	Ferry,	Morgan,
Bailey,	Gordon,	Oglesby,
Beck,	Grover,	Plumb,
Booth,	Hereford,	Ransom,
Bruce,	Howe,	Saulsbury,
Cameron (Pa.),	Johnston,	Saunders,
Cameron (Wis.),	Jones (Fla.),	Spencer,
Chaffee,	Jones (Nev.),	Teller,
Coke,	Kirkwood,	Thurman,
Conover,	McCreery,	Voorhees,
Davis (Ill.),	McDonald,	Wallace,
Davis (W. Va.),	McMillan,	Withers—43.
Dennis,	Matthews,	
Dorsey,	Maxey,	

NAYS.

Anthony,	Eaton,	Morrill,
Barnum,	Edmunds,	Paddock,
Bayard,	Hamlin,	Randolph,
Blaine,