

What a beautiful bridge between old age and childhood religion. How intuitively the child begins with prayer and worship on entering life, and how intuitively, on quitting life, the old man turns back to prayer and worship, putting himself again side by side with the infant, remarks Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, in his "strange story."

Yes, but between its distant abutments the bridge of life has many high and awful arches, through which the wild winds of suffering and war and desolation of the structure over-head. God's will is best accomplished in the laws He has made for the creature whom He has placed under their control. Neither the child's trustful "Our Father," nor the old man's "Our God, get me not in the midst of mine infirmities," will alter this by the weight of a single grain. Science and art first—then faith and prayer—is the order of Heaven itself. Divinity leads through its agents, and those agents are the discoveries of man: not the vague announcements of prophets and seers. Is life a burden to you? Does time drag? Is your power to cope with life's problem less than it was? You are not well. Your blood is sluggish and tainted, perhaps; or some important organ is torpid or overworked. This fact may have taken the form of dyspepsia, rheumatism, gout, malaria, pain in the stomach, chronic headache, or any of a dozen other ills. PARKER'S Tonic will invigorate you, as fresh air invigorates those who have been shut up in damp, fetid cells. It is powerful, pure, delicious, and safe—the keystone of the central arch of the bridge of life.

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THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

VOL. VIII.

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NO. 36.

Written for THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS. BERING HAS COME.

BY G. SHAW.

Spring has come! Buds are swelling, And the music in swelling, The hum of brown-backed bees, In and out the waking trees, Now is heard. Spring has come! From the hills, Leap the enfranchised rills, Laughing in glee: They rush to meet the river Gliding slowly on forever Into the sea. Spring has come! So has the shills, And obsequious, and quinine pills, And mosquito with pleasure fill, While bullfinch sings. Spring has come! And the girls, With their waives, and bangs, and curls, Pile to and fro: Running bill for pas to pas, For next Sunday is the day For bonnet show. Spring has come!

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SEALED UNTO HIM.

A STORY OF THE EARLY DAYS OF MORMONISM.

By JOAQUIN MILLER, AUTHOR OF "SONS OF THE SERAHS," "THE DANITES," "MEMOIR AND RIME," ETC.

[Published in THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

CHAPTER IV. A DAY OF SUSPENSE.

It was doubtful from the first how the men sent to execute "judgment" on this poor girl would proceed, as they rode slowly down the hill into the camp. There was no doubt in any one's mind what they would do in the end. But how and by what tortuous roads of cruelty and delay would they proceed? By what cruel cat-and-mouse means would they proceed to teach their terrible lesson of the vengeance and the power of Dan, "a serpent by the way," "an adder in the path"? When the sun shined hot and clear, a photograph is taken almost instantly, which will endure a long, long time. And so it is in and with scenes like this. The blood was at fever heat. The imagination was like flame. Terror of what was to happen stalked all things there firmly as if the world stood still forever. The heart after a little time almost ceased to beat.

Before us to the south and far away amid the great sea of salt in the morning sun. A green island of trees where a thousand cattle feed, the property of the Mormon church, lay far away toward the other side. It was but dimly visible, yet beautiful, peaceful in its far tranquility as a picture of Paradise. As the eyes strained and swept across the gleaming sea of salt and rested on this beautiful island, they seemed to want to remain there. You could not turn your head away or withdraw your gaze. There was a fierce fascination that kept the strained eyes looking down and steadily toward that dim and distant isle of peace and beauty, which was irresistible. The tired eyes wanted to rest there forever. Or did the eyes so desire to remain there, far away in fields of beauty and of peace, to escape the threatened scene of blood and peril at our feet?

Beyond the broad and gleaming levels of this sea of salt, still beyond the verdant fruitful isle, and right above and over the few scattered fields and farm-houses on the near shore, shot the snow-topped towers of the Walsatch. These magnificent mountains drew an impassable wall, a crescent to the east and north, around the incipient Mormon city. These mighty towers of snow, this strange new people, mad on the subject of religion, called their "towers of strength." They likened them to the white towers that were above the mighty walls of Jerusalem of old. Everywhere, in all things around them, they read the fulfillment of prophecies, Bible traditions and Bible truths. The deserts and the wells in the deserts, the balmy-oiled trees, even the locusts that some-times devoured the land—in all these they read, imagined, believed implicitly, that they had here, thousands of miles away from all the world, found a new Jerusalem; that they were indeed the children of the lost tribes—the children of Dan indeed, that should judge the people of the earth as they passed, and be as "a serpent by the way," "an adder in the path."

To east of this remnant of a dried-up sea, and close upon the salt-white shore of it, there gushed from the rocky hillside a little river of boiling water which sent forth its steam in the early morning in a perpetual drift of snowy clouds. These beautiful white clouds rose to the mountain-top to the east, and there rested lazily in the sun or cradled to and fro above the Mormon city.

Beneath these cradled clouds, far below them, and yet far above the city, and to the east and to the north, and above our own camp, there was drawn in a precise level the definite and unmistakable shore and surface of a great dried-up sea. Hundreds of feet above the black and heavy waters of Salt Lake, you can see where the surf roared in storm and tempest when the world was young, tore the rocks to splinters, fashioned caverns, and washed a pebbled strand. These marks will remain while the mountains remain. All around, high up on the hill-top, you pick up sea-washed pebbles, petrified sea-fish of a forgotten age, stones with sea-moss and sea-shells encased in them, and endless evidence that the ships of Solomon might have sailed these mountain-tops, seeking the land of Ophir.

And yet here was pitiful man, in the

heart of all this mystery, in the presence of ever-patient and industrious Nature as she tried to fashion a home for him glorious and beautiful, cutting his fellow-man's throat before he had yet fairly sat down to the possession of it all. Was there not sorrow enough here?

Why, these Mormons had been riding, racing, dashing about for days and days to find a single victim to murder. And now they had found their victim. She was dead. She was already in some sense dead. Some one had seen the hand of the giant-shot high and straight and perpendicular in the air as the Danites rode down from the hill. They answered with the same emphatic and silent sign. What did it mean? As they approached the camp, he also approached. He came with the heavy, massive, and deliberate tread, as if he owned the earth. He took possession of the place. They entered the camp together. The men looked at the giant for their orders. He motioned them to dismount. They did so, and stood a little apart, holding their hungry and tired horses by long rawhide leathers as they bent their sleek necks to the ground, rattled their steel bits in their teeth, and ate of the green and abundant grass as if it never had been or should be stained with blood.

I know you are clutching your hand here with ferocity toward the one party, and shame and pity for the other. You would have fought, died then and there, or destroyed these destroying angels, would you? Not so. Braver men never were known than the pioneers of the early days. But there somehow fell a fascination on all and away from these swift and silent fanatics—the fascination of the serpent when it looks in a bird's eyes—that paralyzed the worn and weary pilgrims in those early days. And you search the chronicles in vain for one single act of successful defence. Not one of a thousand murders ever met with any real resistance.

Some believed that this new religion would cover the earth. Men who abhorred it had seen its audacity and power so suddenly and wonderfully developed here in these mountains of Mexico, that no wonder they were appalled and silent before its executors. It had its believers, too, in every camp. No one dared complain to his neighbor, not even to his own brother, or build up plans of escape, punishment, or revenge. A man did not trust his own wife. There was but one course to take—bear all in silence.

Our party had already noyoked their oxen; and the large-eyed, patient cattle, glad to be let loose once more, were muzzling the sweetest grass along the green banks of the willow-lined stream. The weary men gradually sank down on the grass in groups; the children clung to their mothers' skirts in silent awe. No one spoke to the terrified girl. The large, hollow-eyed leader looked at her a moment; his eyes met. She knew him then. He was her husband. She was an apostate wife, and had been so judged by Dan. The story of the terrible fate of an apostate wife was familiar even to the children who looked on in silent terror.

He froze her blood with a cold stare, and then made a motion with his large left hand in which he still held a book, to the men with the horses. They took off their bridles from their hungry horses and hung them over the pommals of their Spanish saddles. Then they loosened the cinches of their saddles leisurely, and coming forward they gathered about the elder. They sat down, still holding to their tethers. Then the elder or missionary began to talk calmly of the beauties of the book of Mormon, and to read and to preach. He beckoned all to draw near, and all drew near, obedient and breathless. With a gesture he bade the pale and terrified girl sit close before him in the gathering circle, and she did so; her great sad eyes lighting to his eyes as the eyes of a bird might lift helplessly to the fascinating eyes of the serpent that is to destroy her.

(Continued next week.)

She Knew She Was Right.

Bismarck Tribune. "Is the gentleman of the house in?" "Yes, sir, he is." "Can I see him a moment?" "No, sir, you can't see a hide nor hair of him!" "Why can't I, madam? I would like to speak to him on business." "If you was a dyin', an' Jim was the only doctor in Dakoty, you couldn't not an eye on him till he gives in an' talks decent. At dinner, a while ago, he tole me to pass 'im the apple sass, an' I tole 'im that w'en he tock a notion that a little apple sass'd feel soothin' to his stomach, to say so, an' he said he'd have that sass er die. Then I tole him I'd defend that sass with life, an' he made a break up through the scotch loiter the loft. W'en his senses come to 'im an' he gives in that sass is, he kin come down, but if he makes a break after that, off goes the top of his head. That sets the sass, stranger, an' that's Jim up in the loft, an' that's the way the matter stands just now, an' I reckon you'd better money along an' not get mixed inter this row!"

As the gentleman moved away, he heard her voice saying: "Jim, w'en you get tired of yer darn foolin' an' want this sass, jes' squeal out!" And a gruff voice from the darksome garret responded: "Sons!"

It is said that Governor Rice's appointment of Hon. John M. Koot, of Louisa, to be criminal judge in the sixteenth district, is causing much dissatisfaction among the lawyers in that section of the state.

Mr. Thomas Jesse, of Woodford county, has lost about one hundred sheep within the past few weeks. They sicken and die without any apparent cause.

Written for THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS. WHAT FRIGHTENED HER?

BY BILLY B. DAMM.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Skittles had been married just one month, and of course he had not fallen into the habit of spending evenings at the village tavern or neighborly grocer.

It happened one night that they had exhausted every subject for conversation they could think of, and Tom was on the point of suggesting that it was about time to retire, when suddenly with a car-splitting shriek, Mrs. Skittles leaped from her seat and hopped up to a chair, exclaiming: "Lord have mercy! Kill him, Tom, kill him!"

The astounded Tom rushed to the bureau, jerked out the top drawer, and caught up his pistol, which was kept loaded for the accommodation of burglars.

"Who, July?—what? where is he?" he cried.

"There, Tom, there! Good heavens! Is the man blind? Don't you see it there?" "I see nobody but ourselves. If there was any man, he—"

"It is no man, but—O heavens! Here it comes again, right this way! Kill it, Tom, kill it, before it tears me to pieces!" "Tell me what it is, July! Hanged if I can see any thing!"

But he breathed a little easier, his fright speedily passing off when assured that the dreaded thing was not a man.

Following the direction of his wife's finger, as she pointed at the object of her terror, he espied a young rat on the floor.

"Oh!" said he valiantly, "you just keep still, July, and I'll settle him in short order!"

And he stole up to the fireplace, secured the poker, and tiptoed until he came in striking distance of the young rodent which he succeeded in stretching dead upon the carpet at the first blow.

Seeing her enemy slain, Mrs. Skittles recovered her composure in miraculously short time, and again seated herself at her sewing, volubly congratulating Tom on the heroism he had just displayed.

Just about that time a next door neighbor dropped in just to see how they were getting along, she said, and spend a few minutes in social chat.

The visit was most reasonable, as Mrs. Skittles was almost dead to tell some of her terrible adventure with a ferocious mouse.

"No, July, dear, it was a rat," corrected Tom.

"Excuse me, Tom, love; but it was a mouse."

"But I positively assure you, July, it was a rat."

"And I'm equally positive, Tom, it was a mouse."

"But I insist, madam, that it was a rat!"

"And I insist, sir, that it was a mouse!" "Don't tell me, Mrs. Skittles; do you suppose I'm a fool, and can't tell a rat from a mouse, and am postmaster of Hardinsburg, and in my own house, too?"

"Keep your temper, Mr. Skittles; don't get angry because I spoke a word. Something or other, lately, I can never open my lips before you, but you fly into a passion. And then you must be twitting me about your house, as if you were lord of every thing here and I were only your humble servant. And what if you are postmaster of Hardinsburg, that don't make you any better or politer husband, I'm sure. I declare, Mr. Skittles, that you are cross as a bear, and as unreasonable as you can live!"

"Mrs. Skittles, you are enough to provoke a saint! Three times you have contradicted me, and—"

"All because I said a mouse wasn't a rat. A mouse ain't a rat, and you know it, Mr. Skittles."

"Mrs. Skittles, there's no standing this—no!—nor I won't stand it any longer. I will have a divorce! I won't live with such a termagant! There, madam, you have the word with the bark on it!"

Here Mrs. Skittles fell back in her chair and burst into a flood of tears. The neighbor woman, finding matters getting a little too hot for comfort, stole out of the room and house and ran home fast as her legs could carry her.

Mr. Skittles paced the room back and forth for the space of five minutes or more, with blanched cheek, and lips quivering with rage, finally seating himself at a window, and, with an air of affected unconcern, began to whistle.

After three or four minutes, Mrs. Skittles suddenly jumped up from her chair, rushed across the room, threw her arms about his neck, buried her face in his bosom and sobbed:

"My dear husband!" "My dear wife!" he responded, clasping his arms around her waist.

"I have offended you—deeply offended you," she cried; "can you forgive me?" "Yes, darling!" kissing her. "A thousand times, yes!" "How foolish I was, dearest and darling! I am so sorry to dispute with you about such a trifle!"

"Yes, it was very foolish in both of us. But never mind, sweet one; we have both come to our senses again. Kiss me, darling—there, all's made up! Ain't we happy now?"

"Yes, my love; O so happy! Clouds will come sometimes, but, thank heaven, they are all gone now. We can't expect sunshine always, can we? Oh! won't we have the precious times together hereafter, loving each other so tenderly? There! I'm kissing him fondly, it seems to me that at this moment I am the most perfectly happy woman in Hardinsburg—yes, in all the wide, wide world!"

"Blessed, blessed July! Kiss me again, darling! There—we've had the last of our quarrels, haven't we, my own, my angel one?"

"Yes, dearest Tom! And if we were going to quarrel again—which never can be—it would be about something of importance, wouldn't it, love? The more I think of it, the more foolish it appears, quarreling about so trifling a thing as a mouse!"

"You forget, my dear," said Mr. Skittles, "a rat, you mean."

"No, my love," she replied, "I mean a mouse."

"How can you, Mrs. Skittles, say a mouse, when I've told you over and over again that it was a rat? Do you think I've no eyes?"

"I say what I mean, Mr. Skittles, and I mean just what I say. To say it was a rat is the most absurd thing I ever heard! A rat, indeed!"

"Absurd or not, Mrs. Skittles, I tell you you are a simpleton! You don't know beans from peas!"

"Then it's because I've lived a month with you, Mr. Skittles! I don't believe you ever saw a rat! Everybody knows they have long round tails, like a fish! But I'm an abused woman, and I won't put up with such treatment any longer! I'll go home to my father in dear old Dry Valley! I'll see then how a certain person can get along! And I will insist to the end of my days, Mr. Skittles, that it was a mouse!"

"I was a rat!" "I was a mouse!" "I was a mouse!" "I was a mouse!" "I was a mouse!" "I was a mouse!"

How long this fusillade of contradiction would have gone on, and how it would have ended, there is no telling, but fortunately some Mrs. Skittles' country relatives arrived, and preparing a hasty supper for them and getting them off to bed afterwards, put an end to hostilities for that time.

This occurred away back during the administration of President Tyler. When General Taylor entered upon the executive office a change was made in the postmastership, and a few months after his ejection from office Mr. Skittles and wife removed to a farm in Dry Valley, where, in the fullness of time Mrs. Skittles was gathered to her fathers in the country graveyard.

As the breath was leaving her body, and her husband was bending over her to catch her last loving words, she said, in a scarcely audible whisper:

"It was a mouse, Skittles!"

And when, a few years ago, Skittles was called to follow her into the spirit-land, he opened his lips and spoke something too indistinctly to be understood.

"What did you say, pa?" said his weep-ing daughter, bending her ear to his pallid and icy lips.

"I insist it was a rat, July!"

And with this whispered insistence his spirit took its flight.

WANTED

A Leader for the Democratic Party—Interested Exchanged.

New York Herald. Frankness toward the public requires us to acknowledge that if Mr. Dana, of the Sun, desires to be nominated by either party the Herald will support him; but in the meantime, and until he decides, we take a certain generous interest in the fortunes of the democrats. They have been a long time out of power. If they could only play their cards shrewdly the public, we believe, inclined to give them a chance this year. Just now they are quarreling at Washington over a tariff bill of such attenuated dimensions that even a homeopathic protectionist might, we should think, swallow it on the ground that if it does no good it can do little harm. But the democratic brethren are disputing over what remains of Mr. Morrison's bill as though their victory next November depended upon a cat and dog fight within the party until midnight.

In the meantime, who is to be the democratic candidate? Who is to bear the banner of the party once more to victory or for the seventh time to defeat?

Is he to be an eastern man? A New Yorker? Is it to be Mr. Tilden, or Mr. S. Cox, or Mr. Perry Belmont, or Mr. Hewitt, or Mr. Robinson, of Brooklyn, the Fenian twister of the British lion's tail, or Mr. Edward Cooper, as Mr. Kelly's representative, or Mr. John Kelly himself? These are all New Yorkers, and we might extend the list by naming Governor Cleveland, Mr. Dorsheimer, General Slocum and a Mr. Spriggs, of Utica, who figures as a leader at Washington.

Or is General Butler, the valiant conqueror of Massachusetts, the coming demagogue to arrive at Chicago on the 8th of July, or as soon thereafter as the convention can make up its mind? Or will Mr. Randall or ex-Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, or Mr. Eaton, of Connecticut, be in-troduced with the sacred flag? We are just now only considering eastern men or we should feel compelled to name also the great defender of Prince Bismarck, Mr. Tom Ochiltree, who would no doubt, if he were elected, give us a vigorous foreign policy.

If Mr. Dana should prefer the republican nomination there would be an evident propriety in the democrats nominating Mr. Henry Watterson. Mr. Dana is an eastern man. Mr. Watterson is a western man. Mr. Dana has described Mr. Tilden as too feeble to accept a nomination. Sly Mr. Dana! Mr. Watterson has described him as leaping up stairs two steps at a time, which is more, we suspect, than President Arthur does. Each has spoken of the other in language of such polite and respectful disregard as would make their rival candidacy full of life and vigor.

But until Mr. Dana announces his preference we fear Mr. Watterson must stand aside, unless, indeed, both would consent to run as democrats—one as the eastern, the other as the western candidate of the party. It would be an interesting spectacle to see the party put up two candidates, with the preliminary agreement that which ever got the most party votes should take the office in case the joint vote was large enough to defeat the republicans.

The Herald takes a friendly interest in the democratic party. It has very often given the democrats good advice, which they have very seldom had wisdom enough to take. It now advises them to nominate the best man in their party on the most popular platform they can construct. If they do that they have a fair chance of success.

By the way, they have been beaten so often on a "straddling" and two-faced platform that they had better avoid that kind. The republicans do better with that sort. Also, they ought not to revary a party old republican platform.

Finally, they had better nominate a man who has had "the tariff" and knows by experience that it is not a mere local disease like the measles or the mumps. It looks to us a little as though "the tariff" might presently become epidemic.

FASHION NOTES.

Hints of the Styles Most in Vogue Among the Fashionables. New York Sun.

Plush peleries are in high favor. High, flat crowns are most in style. Polonaises are a feature in spring styles. Draperies grow fuller and more elaborate.

Surplice and Greek waists are much worn. Mantles grow longer, wider, and more elaborate. Lengthwise tucks are seen on late imported costumes.

Balances are no longer worn under trained skirts. Mantles are of larger size, and frequently of two materials.

Capes and round hats divide the run of fashionable fashion. Gray French cashmere is immensely popular for spring suits.

Diversity is the most marked feature in fashions this spring. Light drop-die comes up among other spring dress fabrics.

Ottomans play an important part in young girls' spring dresses. The long redingote bids fair to be the popular early spring wrap.

Embroidered and broadened taffeta glace silks will be much worn. Flower ruffles are pretty decorations of high-necked evening toilets.

New cotton prints for dresses show the fine India silk designs of last year. Slippers, gaiters, boots, and shoes of all kinds are still pointed at the toe.

The newest jerseys are fitted to the figure with darts, side, and back seams. Demi-trained dresses are again in favor for house, dinner, and evening toilets.

The spring wraps most in vogue are mantle visites, peleries, redingotes, and jackets. Very small buttons and double hooks, joined like guffaws, appear on imported dresses.

Rose color and silver gray are the colors most worn in combination by Parisians at present. Basques continue to be made with points in front, short curved sides, and full position backs.

Silk stockings, black or the color of the dress, are worn with shoes and slippers having large rosettes. Checked percales and satens reproduce the colors and combinations of Scotch gingham and Madras zephyrs.

Basques are cut at the bottom into various eccentric points and curves, but the backs are invariably positions. Embroideries, Valenciennes, and oriental lace form the trimmings of new white muslin and veiling dresses.

Corsages are cut with points and without points, with long waistcoats and short waistcoats, gathered, plain, and pleated. Corsages of black satin covered with long jet bugles are worn in Paris, making the wearers look as if cased in black diamonds.

Little boys' trousers come just below the knee, their jackets and large waistcoats fall low over these, and all three are of the same color.

THE FATHER OF PROHIBITION.

Why Not Dow Boston His Campaign which has Ended Half a Century.

Portland, March 23.—Today Gen. Neal Dow celebrated his 80th birthday in a quiet manner. He is still very vigorous, and probably has lost nothing of physical or mental strength within the past few years.

Mr. Dow was a teetotaler from early youth. The custom of offering wine among refreshments at social parties in Portland was largely put down by him and his two sisters, who, the first of which in that city, entertained their friends in large numbers without intoxicants. He was drawn into the warfare against the liquor traffic accidentally.

There was a lady well known to Mr. Dow and his family, whose husband, an educated man, holding an important public office was a dipsomaniac. This lady sent for Mr. Dow one day and told him that her husband was away again on a time. Mr. Dow went to a certain rumshop where Mr. Blank resided and told the rumseller the whole story, entreating him not to sell the man any more liquor. The rumseller replied:

"It's my business to sell rum, and I have a license for it. I'll sell to anybody who asks for it who has the money to pay for it. I support my family by selling liquor." Mr. Dow indignantly replied:

"It's your business, then, to sell rum, and you have a license for it? You support your family, do you, by destroying other people's families? Heaven helping me, I'll change all that!" Mr. Dow led Mr. Blank home, and from that day commenced an active, persistent, unceasing warfare against the grog shops. Innumerable meetings were held all over the state, in small towns and villages as well as in large towns and cities, everywhere denouncing the liquor traffic. When public opinion was prepared for the overthrow of the grog shops, as Mr. Dow supposed, he prepared a bill entitled "An act for the suppression of drinking houses and tipping shops." His friends said it was too radical. He went to Augusta with his bill in his pocket, had a public hearing in the representatives hall before a joint select committee, which agreed unanimously to report the bill without change. The next day was the last one of the session. That night Mr. Dow had his bill printed, it was placed on the desks of the members early in the morning, and on that day was passed through all its stages to be enacted, and went into effect on its approval by the governor.

Within six months the jails in five of the counties were empty, as well as the houses of correction of Cumberland county. The open liquor traffic came immediately to an end.

It is generally believed that when the legislature adjourns there will be neither money in the treasury nor whisky in the saloons.—Owen Democrat.

April 26 is the day named by the state senate for the adjournment of the legislature.