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MIDSUMMER.

(M. V. D.)

The corn is green throughout the land,
Across the fields the long rows stand.
The fruit is ripe in orchard old,
Midsummer's wealth is all untold.
We know where wild-plums thickest grow,
And coolest springs from hillsides flow;
We know the berries in the shade
Are sweetest——then let the roses fade.

The "dry-fly" chants the same old tune,
In grasses by the road, soon
The summer cadeth, yet each day
Hath taught us that our way,
Is beset about by briars as keen,
As ever in this rough line seen;
And tho' we gather berries fast,
The bitter must the sweet outlast.

When spring was here we lilly plann'd,
To hold our joys at close command
Now something vague—who can tell?—
Hath o'er us like a shadow fell.
When ships of hope ready to sail
Droped anchor. Dreams are naught to fail,
Still oft we sigh tho' summer is by,
For nothing can equal the fancy free

The lonely field and sound of far sheep bells,
High hills and dark and dismal dells,
The bluest sky and air so still, I ween
Soon sudden storm may reach us here,
So nature holds her breath awhile
Calm as death—no frown or smile—
And still as death. Must it be
Summer is dying and we cannot see?

The leaf's dull green is not the hue
It wore in spring—no longer new—
Yet thank kind fate for such a shade
As this old hickory tree hath made,
It shields us from the burning rays,
In noons of sultry passing days,
And tho' no birds sing over head
We know the summer is not dead.

THE CODE IN CALLOWAY.

A Hitherto Unwritten Story of a Legal Difficulty.

(Paducah News.)

At the late session of the Circuit Court in Murray two lawyers, the one from Benton and the other from Mayfield, became involved in a little difficulty over a practical joke, which resulted in the challenging of Benton by Mayfield. The challenge was accepted by Benton, who is fond of a joke, with the distinct understanding that the Sheriff should be on hand to stop the battle before it got uncomfortably warm. The respective seconds met and selected carving knives about two feet long and sharp as razors as the weapons, and a secluded spot North of Murray as the place. The principals and seconds, with a surgeon, were on hand at the time appointed, but no Sheriff was in sight. The two chiefs were stripped to the waist, the formidable weapons placed in their hands, six paces measured off, the duelists stationed and everything was ready for the signal at which they were to rush upon each other. The Mayfield man, who meant business, was white as a sheet, but determined. To the Benton man, however the situation was not no enchanting. He had no desire for the gore of his opponent and entertained serious objections to his opponent shedding his. It is doubtful if there were four worse scared men in the Purchase than the two seconds, doctor and the Marshall county lawyer. Mayfield's champion demanded the word, brandishing high his huge cheese-knife in the air, but the "accursed Sheriff and posse" failed to materialize. Just as the whole party were contemplating a simultaneous rush upon the belligerent Mayfielder for the purpose of disarming him, the belated officer and his companions rushed out of the bushes and took the whole outfit into custody. The jokers drew a long breath again with shortened visages, which suddenly dropped once more when the Sheriff declared the arrest was no joke but in dead earnest and produced the proper documents to base his assertion. Here was a devil of a predicament, made worse by Mayfield's declaration, when he discovered the imposition that had been practiced upon him, that he intended to immolate the whole party. The affair, however, was finally fixed up after a good deal of explaining by friends and no end of trouble. The Benton man returned home.

All at once skies lowered again. It appears the Mayfielder had given his second a package of letters—containing one addressed to his sweetheart—all to be delivered in case he fell. It happened that the second had transferred the letters to the Bentonian. Then there was mounting in hot haste by the second and a wild pursuit up the road after the former individual. He was at last overtaken, the letters returned to their rightful owner and the angel of peace once more spread her snowy wings over the wilds of Calloway.

☞"The best advice may come too late." Said a sufferer from Kidney troubles, when ask to try Kidney-wort. "I'll try it but it will be my last dose." The man got well and is now recommending the remedy to all sufferers. In this case good advice came just in time to save the man.

Some wicked fellow got into a Vernon church vestry, just after the deacons and clegymen had had a meeting there, and left four beer bottles and a whisky flask, all empty, and two packs of cards under the table. When the sewing society met an hour later and discovered the articles they held a long and whispered conversation.

☞Fast, brilliant and fashionable are the Diamond Dye colors. One

The Young Man Who Showed Off.

The other day a young man about twenty years of age, accompanied by a girl two or three years younger, reached the city by a Bay City train, and after looking around for a few hours returned to the depot and bought some sandwiches for lunch. The fellow was heard bragging a good deal as to what he had done and could do and cities he had visited, and by and by he walked up to the depot policeman and handed him four five-cent cigars and said:

That's my girl in there.

Yes.

She just thinks her eyes of me.

So?

"I've never had a chance to show her how I'd die for her if necessary, and it seems to me we might put up a little job right here.

How?

Well, suppose me and her walk out to see the river. I leave her for a moment. Some chap comes along and begins to chin her. I rush back and knock him into the middle of next week. She'd want to marry me me within a week. Girls of her age just dote on heroes, you know.

Yes, they do.

Well, you help me. You pick out some chap around here and tell him what I'm up to, and I won't mind standing treat for all hands. When I rush in on him he'd better run.

Five minutes later the girl stood on the wharf alone. A fellow big enough to pitch a barrel of flour over a freight car approached in a careless way and observed:

Fine day, miss?

Yes, sir.

Nice view of the Canada shore?

Yes, indeed.

May I offer you some peppermint loz——?

Just then the young man came rushing down. When he came within ten feet of the pair he cried out:

Villian take your leave or I'll toss you into the river!

Oh, I guess not, carelessly replied the other.

Base scoundrel! I am here to rescue this young girl from your clutches!

Don't bust any buttons off, my young cub!

The young man made a dash. He had to or wilt. He rushed at the big chap with his arm upraised and heroism in his eye, and the next minute he was picked up and tossed over among a lot of green hides as carefully as if he had been glass. Then the big man raised his cap to the girl, smiled sweetly as he bowed and scraped his foot, and he was out of sight before the young man recovered sufficiently to call out:

Minnie, did I kill him?

No, Henry.

Thank Heaven that I am not guilty of murder! Let him beware, however. Another time I may not be able to restrain myself.—Detroit Free Press.

An Allegory.

A lawyer, an enthusiastic admirer of the late John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, contributes to the Springfield Republican an anecdote illustrating his extraordinary power over a jury:

Mr. Crittenden was engaged in defending a man who had been indicted for a capital offense. After an elaborate and powerful defense, he closed his effort by the following striking and beautiful allegory:

When God, in his eternal counsel, conceived the thought of man's creation, he called to him the three ministers who wait constantly upon his throne—Justice, Truth and Mercy—and thus addressed them: Shall we make man?

Then said Justice, Oh God! make him not, for he will trample upon thy laws. Truth made answer also, Oh, God! make him not, for he will polute thy sanctuaries.

But Mercy, dropping upon her knees, and looking up through her tears, exclaimed, Oh God! make him. I will watch over him and surround him with my care through all the dark paths which he may have to tread. Then God made him, and said to him, Oh man! thou art the child of Mercy; go and deal with thy brother.

The jury, when he finished, was in tears, and, against evidence and what must have been their own convictions, brought in a speedy verdict of not guilty.

"The boy climb the tree and made the coon git," wrote a Burke county teacher on the blackboard. "Now pupils, where's the bad grammar in that sentence?" None dared hazard a conjecture. The pedagogue called them a set of wooden heads, with brains as soft as a squash pie. Then he triumphantly altered the "git" into "get" and bade them admire the pure, unadulterated sentence as it stood fresh from the hands of a master.—Savannah Ga., Record.

A Question of Law.—A young lady wants to know if a woman can be sued for breach of promise. After much search through musty law books and application to all the lawyers we reply that she can be sued. It is to be hoped that she is not in danger of having such proceeding in-

A new Constitution.

(Owensboro Messenger.)

A new Constitution is one of the most imperative demands in Kentucky.

Democratic conventions have insisted on it and Republican conventions seems anxious for it.

The question has been submitted long enough ago to have been disposed of long since, and the submission has been repeated. And yet it has failed to carry for the want of a majority of the voters in the commonwealth.

Apathy—singular apathy—inexcusable apathy seems to have seized upon our people with regard to this matter.

It is high time the whole people were awaking to the merits of this question, and expressing themselves plainly about it, let them come forward and say so plainly once for all. If they do want it let them vote for it, as they surely will do if they give it the careful attention it deserves.

The impossibility of amending the present Constitution and the difficulty of substituting a new one are of themselves sufficient reasons for calling a Constitutional convention. The organic law of a free people should never be beyond their reach, as this Constitution practically is, while so many of our people remain away from the polls. Like a law of the Medes and Persians, it seems unalterable. And yet it is so only because the people do not go to the polls and express themselves.

A new Constitution is necessary to crush the abuse of special and local legislation. This sort of legislation costs the State enough directly in any two sessions to pay for a Constitutional convention. The experience of every State in the Union shows that it cannot be effectually cured under such a Constitution as we have.

It is a shame to our judicial system that we ever have judges with personal or political ends to serve by the smirching of their ermine. A new Constitution is needed to raise the bench beyond pettifoggery or partisanship.

Our system is notoriously defective as to the assessment and collection of revenues. Sheriffs have been continually defaulting, sureties suffering and the State sustaining losses. These things are falsely imputed as sins to the Democratic party. They are the logical consequence of a defective Constitution.

For these and many other reasons we should have a new Constitution. Let our people say so at once, and begin the good work.

A Prodigal Son.

(Cincinnati Saturday Night.)

It was towards the close of a bright summer's day that a prodigal son arrived at the paternal mansion.

The sun was declining in the west—the only thing that ever does "decline" in the west, and something that the prodigal son would have been the last man in the world to have done—but to return to the other sun—and its slanting rays threw a golden tint upon the gray hairs of his aged father, who sat on the front porch reading the Illustrated Police Gazette.

The gate opened, and the old man, peering over his spectacles, described a ragged tramp coming up the walk. He was about to set the dogs on him, in accordance with the usual custom of that hospitable region, when the tramp came up, removed a dilapidated hat rim which encircled his brow, and cried—

Father, don't you know me?

Know you, returned the old man, after scrutinizing him a moment over his spectacles, I would know you if I saw your hide hanging in a tan-yard. It's my own lost b-b-boy.

Then the fond parent fell upon his son's neck and wept—wept because it was so dirty. It hadn't been washed since the boy ran away from, 13 years before, to be a pirate.

Finding that his long lost son had a plug of tobacco, the old man let him stay over night, and the next day bought him an emigrant ticket to the next town, where he caution him to try and lead avirtuous life.

The case of James G. Burnette against the city has just been concluded before Judge Potter and a jury in the Supreme Court. The suit was brought to recover a claim for advertising. The Herald, in 1871, published the Mayor's message as reading matter, but the Comptroller refused to pay for the publication only at advertising rates.

The paper received the amount which the Comptroller agreed to pay and sued to recover a balance of over $10,000, with interest. Upon the first trial of the case a verdict for about $7,00 was rendered, which included the interest. An appeal was taken, and on the second trial, which has ended, a verdict was rendered in favor of the plaintiff for $19,214,30.—N. Y. Proof Sheet.

Bibles for Editors.—Rev. Mr. Feund of Newark, N. J., has recently presented three editors of that city with bibles, each bearing in gold letters the name of the editors papers. Now, if Chicago only had an editorial evangelizing movement like this. But

The Republican Candidate for Governor.

"Though now a staid member of the Presbyterian church and can be seen in his pew every Sunday, with fine looking twins on one side and his fine buxom wife on the other, Morrow has not always been a pink of propriety by any means. He was the wildest boy at college. He seemed irrepressible and mischief oozed out of him as naturally as sweat from a Louisiana plantation negro. He tels a good joke on himself. One night while at college he and a number of his classmates concluded to go to to the house of a poor old man out in the suburbs of Danville and rob his hen roost for fun. When they arrived at the place the door was locked, and as Tom was the smallest one of the boys he volunteered to crawl through the little open window and hand out the chickens. The plan worked like a charm and soon all of the fowls had been transferred from their roosts to the outside with the exception of a veteran turkey-cock. In his effort to remove this hero of a hundred barnyard battles the bird set up such a flapping of his wings and gobbling that the old man and his wife woke up and came out to see what was the matter at the hen-roost. Tom's companions ingloriously fled, leaving him to get out of the dilemma the best way he could. It was too late to attempt to get out of the window without being seen. Suddenly a way of escape presented itself. Quickly springing up on the roost, he had hardly drawn his coat tails close around him and crouched down on the pole when the old woman appeared, carrying a light and accompanied by her husband, who was armed with a formidable flint-lock musket. He soon discovered the loss of the chickens, but after looking fixedly at the dark object on the roost, turned to his wife and said: 'Well, ole woman, they got all the chickens, but thank goodness they left the gobbler.'"

Fun in Leadville.

A small party of young men were standing on a street corner the other evening. They were curiously examining a bugle belonging to one of them, and as a stranger came along an animated discussion arose. "I wish I could play on it," said one. "Play on it!" exclaimed another. I wish I could make a noise on it. It's a pretty hard thing to do, exclaimed a third, if you haven't got the hang of the thing just right. Hard thing to do! chimed in the stranger, halting and regarding the party evident contempt; why, I could blow a bugle before I was a foot high. Well, some bugles are different from others, said the young men. Gimme that bugle, said the stranger excitedly. It was immediately handed to him, and putting it to his lips he made one trial trip. There was a subdued splutter and the stranger began a kind of war dance, at the same time holding his mouth in both hands. Great Cleopatra's needle! he yelled, with the tears streaming from his eyes. Who in the thunder filled that mouthpiece with cayenne pepper! I'm small, gentlemen, light and fragile, but I can lick the man who peppered the horn.

Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine.

The August number is even more brilliant than usual; the variety and excellence of the contents are highly creditable to the editor, commend it not only to religious but to general readers-they combine most edifying, entertaining and instructive reading. No VII. of Religious Denominations in the United States, "What is Episcopacy?" is contributed by Rev. Charle H. Hall, D. D.; there are portraits of the late Bishops Channing Moore, of Virginia, and Wainwright, of New York. "The American Pilgrim in Palestine," by De Leon, and "Among the Natives of the North," by Lieutenant Schwatka, are continued. There are also interesting articles by Ida Hervey, Rev. W. W. De Hart, Alfreton Hervey, Rev. H. Benham, Rev. H. M. Field, etc. The charming stories "The City of the sun," and "Mr. Hurke's Nieces," are continued, and there are essays, sketches and poems of rare merit. The editor, T. De Witt Talmage, contributes "Helpfulness," and a sermon to the Home Pulpit, "Spice in Religion." The miscellany is abundant and the illustrations profuse. No family should be without this excellent magazine. Price 25 cents a copy; $3 a year, post paid. Mrs. Frank Leslie, publisher 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York.

$100 Reward.

Is offered for any case of Catarrh that can't be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Take internally. Price 75 cents.

He was a college man, only about six week at large, and was traveling in Missouri. He made a mild little mash on the train, and was sealing the same with wild oranges of the desert which are sold by the fiery outlaw of the train. "Allow me," he said, gracefully, "to remove the epidermis." "Lor' no!" she hastily interjected; "I want to eat that. But you can peel off the skin—I don't want to get

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 21 83,

The Government's little transaction with Ottman is now finally and irrevocably closed by the discontinuance a few days since of the civil suits and the release of a further sum of $12,700 which was held by attachment. The compromise having been agreed upon and partially carried into effect by a discontinuance of the criminal cases and the release of part of the stolen money, of course the rest had to follow. This last sum of money will, it is said, be distributed among Ottman's lawyers, and the Hon. Richard Crowley will receive a share, as pay for his services in effecting the compromise. The laborer is worthy of his hire. The compromise was secured June 3, 1882. Mr. Crowley was then acting as council for the Government in the prosecution of Lee and Hall in Buffalo and Canandaigua. He came to Washington on May 20 and returned to Buffalo on June 7, and presented to the Government a bill for the traveling expenses of both journeys, which was paid. The Government has lost money in the Ottman case, and it would be a generous act for Mr. Crowley to refund at least half of that expense bill out of the fee received from Ottman. There is a growing impression here that if the Government is ever to win any more cases against plunderers and robbers it will have to get rid of its compromising attorneys. As matters now stands there don't seem to be much of anything to deter a dishonestly disposed official from stealing all he can get his hands on. If he can only get enough to pay his lawyers he will be safe.

This calls to mind the case of Paymaster Wasson, who has just been taken to prison upon the finding of a military court, where as a rule they punish offenders. Wasson, it will be remembered, took about $5,000 of Government money to pay poker debts with. Failing to make the shortage good in time to avoid discovery he was arrested, confessed and was tried by court martial. Before the trial his friends aided him to restore the money; yet this did not save him from conviction and a severe sentence. Hard as it seems upon this heretofore promising young man, such offenses could not properly go unpunished. He was cashiered from the army, thus debarred from ever holding military or civil office again, sentenced to eighteen months imprisonment and his crime ordered to be published in the newspapers of his own home. But how different the punishment in this case from that of one which occurred in the days of Grant and Belknap. Paymaster Hodge was on duty in Washington where he had been during the war. He had been repeatedly ordered away, but in some way he managed to get the order rescinded and he stayed here, having millions of dollars at his disposal. Brice was Paymaster General and gave Hodge a loose rein. Result, Hodge stole over $100,000 and lost it, it is said, in Wall street, which is no better than losing it at the gambling table. He confessed his crime when he could hide it no longer, and was tried by court martial. He was dismissed the service and sent to the penitentiary. Did he become a convict? No. Did he make restitution of the stolen money? No; not one dollar of it. But he did not have his head shaved, and was not required to live on prison fare. He was put in the library, wore good clothes, and had plenty to eat for a year, when Grant pardoned him out. How is this explained? Why, he stole nearly a half a million dollars, and never returned a cent. Wasson took $5,000 and returned the whole amount. Yet as things go, the latter is a thief, while the former is ranked as a gentleman. How the Government hates a petty thief, and how it loves a colossal robber! Queer works isn't it?

PHOXO.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 22, 1883.

The old saying that the fourth of July is the hottest day of the year was pretty well verified here this year. It was blazing hot, and every body who could get out of town did so. Those who could not sought the friendly shade of trees and roofs and laid in a goodly supply of ice. This state of weather was in decided contrast with that of last year, when, by a singular freak of Vennor or the weather bureau, overcoats were brought into requirement late in the day. But in spite of the present hot weather politicians are turning up here every day and the political pot boils vigorously. The Speakership race is attracting attention of late and two of the candidates have been here within a few days. Mr. Carlisle, who seems to be a favorite, spoke very cheerfully of his prospects, and it is believed that he has a strong lead, though the friends of Sam Randall appear to be confident. The Republicans, knowing that they cannot elect the speaker, are generally favorable to Randall on account of his protection theories. But notwithstanding the claims of candidates, I happen to know that a large proportion of the members-elect are still unpledged. From what I have learned I think a free, unhampered vote at this time would result in favor brought about by combinations and promises. Mr. Cox, of New York, who has some strength, is thought to prefer Carlisle if he cannot win himself.

Preparatory to the President's coming trip to the Yellowstone Park the Signal corps is about to run a telegraph wire into the park so that communications may be maintained. The Signal office reports that the wire can be put up at the rate of 100 miles a week. It can be connected with the nearest telegraphic point, Fort Bliss or Fort Washakie, and be completed in the park before August 1st, the time now fixed for the President to start on the trip. The field telegraph wire can follow him from place to place in the park, if it should be thought best, with much greater rapidity. With the facilities for traveling comfortably, which will be at the President's disposal, no doubt this trip will be a pleasant one, but for less favored mortals it is at present long and tedious and fraught with many difficulties, to say nothing of the great expense. But the park is full of interesting features and wonders, of which I may give you some account later on.

The warm friendship which exists between Gen. M. C. Butler, Senator from South Carolina, and Don Cameron is well known in Washington. The Southern Senator had, until the recent lease of Cameron's elegant house, a suite of rooms in it, which were as much his as if he, instead of Cameron, owned the house. The Republicans have wondered at this intimacy, but not nearly so much as have the Democrats. The Republicans, however, are ready to bless the tie that binds, whatever it is, because it secures them from any political loss in the Senate through Cameron's absence in Europe. It is known, whether that absence be long or short, that on all political subjects Butler is paired with Cameron. Some of the Democratic leaders have remonstrated with Butler, telling him that is bad policy to make such indefinite pairs, but he replies that Don may stay as long as he likes, and be sure that the pair is all right. Senator Butler doubtless reminds himself that if Don Cameron had so willed it, Senator Hampton would have had a Republican colleague all these six years, for it will be remembered that the Republican Senate would have kept Butler out but for the vote of Cameron. "Why doesn't Cameron resign?" was asked of one of his closest friends, with the added remark. "There are no more political fish for him to catch. He has been everything except president and surely he cannot be looking forward to that." The answer was: "Don is a great deal more anxious to get out of politics than I could make you believe; again and again he has been on the point of handing in his resignation, and nothing but the urgency of friends has retained him. As it is you may depend upon two things—first, that he will not under any circumstances, be a candidate for re-election, and second, that he has already retired from active participation in the management of party affairs." "Then," said I, "What is the real reason of Don's holding on to the senatorship?". My informant hesitated a moment and then replied, "Well, you know, those Sherman's are never satisfied unless they are in office." The point of this will be seen by those who know that the maiden name of Don's brilliant wife was Sherman.

PHOXO.

Long Terms in Congress.

Of the seventy-six Senators, thirty-five had been members of the House before their election as Senators, and three or four had been members of the Confederate Congress, Voorhees Gibson, Allison, Beck, Hoar, Lamar, Van Wyck and Pendleton had served a probasion of eight years each in the House before entering the Senate; Frye and Morrill, twelve each; Conger, fourteen, and Dawes eighteen, Thirty members of the Senate have been elected more than once; Ransom, Morrill and Sherman have been elected three times each, Edmunds four times, and Anthony five times. Anthony has been longer in the Senate than any man there, having had twenty-five years of continuous service in that body. Three Senators have seen longer Congressional service than he, however, Sherman and Davis having been twenty-six years in the House and Senate and Morrill twenty-eight years. In the House Kelly has had twenty-two years, Cox twenty-one years, and Randall twenty years. In the next House there will be one hundred and sixty-seven who have served in Congress before one hundred and forty-eight having been members of the last House. Four have been members of the Senate—Pryor, of Alabama, Eaton, of Connecticut, Poland of Vermont, and Kellogg, of Louisiana. Singleton, of Mississippi, is the oldest member of the new House, having served in the Thirty-third Congress.

A debating society is going to discuss the question: Which is the sweeter, woman or sleep? If the woman side lets the opponents wring in sleeping in church they may as