

What in the mischief does the Columbia Herald mean by its sarcastic allusion to sensational statesmanship?

Judge Gottschalk, of the St. Louis circuit court, has decided that a man who cannot read is incompetent to serve as a juror.

The debt of Tennessee is about \$25,000,000 and whether to pay it and how to pay it are seriously agitating the minds of its Solons.

The name of Pat Day is the latest on the list of the world's heroes. He went down to death at the post of duty. He was the engineer of the ill-fated train on the New Orleans road that was wrecked Monday.

We are sorry to hear that there is a split in the Republican party of the Missouri Legislature this winter, which makes the chances for electing a Republican United States Senator exceedingly remote.

The Globe Democrat, as a legal authority, is endorsed by the Supreme Court of the State. That paper said the lawyers' tax by ordinance of the city assembly, was constitutional and the court of final resort affirms the conclusion.

The late that has overtaken the Potter Investigating Committee, as well as the Glover pot pourri, does not stimulate Congressmen with an overwearing anxiety for seats on similar committees. They don't seem to promote political prosperity very rapidly.

Boston capitalists have decided to tap the Kansas City Road at Joplin and have it connect with the Little Rock and Fort Smith somewhere in Crawford County, after running through the towns of Fayetteville and Bentonville, to be called the Kansas City, Joplin and Little Rock Railroad Company.

The Supreme Court of the State, in the case of State, ex rel City of St. Louis, vs. Theo. Sternberg, decided yesterday. Judge Norton delivering opinion of the court, the doctrine to be that the city has the constitutional power to tax lawyers the same as merchants.

Greenbacks are as good as gold. Resumption is thereby accomplished ahead of time. Whatever opinions men may entertain as to its permanency, all will hope that it may prove an enduring success.—Tribune.

The Dickens you say. Having fought resumption through all these years, you now exult over its success. Well, it's the best you can do, we suppose.

The Jefferson City correspondent of the St. Louis Republican says that "Senator R. P. C. Wilson favors the admission of all the legislative members elect into the Democratic caucus for United States Senator who are now Democrats, regardless of their election as Independents or Greenbackers. He says it is no surprise or departure in a state like ours, with such a large and unwieldy Democratic majority, to find independent and other tickets not regularly nominated in the field at elections for minor offices."

Evidently, then, Senator Wilson is not for—George, for the U. S. Senate.

The entire debt of Illinois, including those of counties, townships and cities, villages and towns, is \$51,942,601. The same debts in Ohio are, \$36,959,978, and in Massachusetts, \$92,101,342. The total debt of the cities, villages, townships and county debt of Cook county, is \$22,232,468. The county that comes next in amount of debt to Cook is Adams, owing \$2,235,475; next Macoupin, with \$1,500,310; next Peoria, with \$1,237,782; next Sangamon, with \$1,263,337. The municipal debt of the dozen of the cities of New York alone is \$205,000,000.

Therefore, when the amalgamation millennium arrives, a grateful nation will know whom to thank for the blessings it brings, Phillips first, Haven second, and Rawlinson third. Illustrious trio! May their fame "smell sweet and blossom in the dust."—St. Louis Republican.

Judging from certain striking marks of resemblance a number of the dusky-hued youth of the country bear to them, we are inclined to believe that there are a number of eminent Democratic politicians about who will dispute with Messrs. Phillips, Haven and Rawlinson the distinction the Republican pays them.

INFORMATION THAT PAYS.—With its reduction in price and its great amount of useful information, the American Agriculturist can hardly fail to pay well, all who invest the small sum required to get it. Read the advertisement.

BID THEM COME AND WELCOME

We find the following in one of our exchanges, in relation to the condition of British Laborers:

The remedy for British distress is not in taxation to increase the price of food; the trouble is, there are too many persons in England in proportion to the support furnished by the land. The farm is too small and the workshop too crowded. Food is to be had cheaper elsewhere, and there are more men at work in the shop than are needed to produce all that England can sell at prices equal to the cost of bread to feed them. The world is a wide one. The uncultivated lands are broad and fertile. Canada, Australia, South Africa and the United States are all open to the British laborer, mechanic and farm hand. There are lands, and labor and food, and peace and comfort for the mere seeking. When the hive becomes too crowded, there should be a swarm; the English hive is too crowded, there must be some to leave or there will be starvation. Canada can take a few millions, South Africa as many, Australia even more, and the United States has room for more than all these together. That is the only direct remedy for English stagnation and starvation, and not retaliatory tariffs, or any other legislative attempts to reverse natural laws and inevitable consequences. A glance at the map of the United States is sufficient to show that there is room here in which to produce all the food that civilized man can demand.

Besides all this there is in every county in Missouri, some one who will furnish specific information relating to opportunities for farmers and laborers, so that an aimless search for work may be avoided. There is room enough in this county for five thousand farmers, and as the country is developed for as many mechanics and artisans. We bid them come and welcome.

DEATH OF BAYARD TAYLOR.

BERLIN, Dec. 19.—Bayard Taylor, Minister of the United States, died at 4 o'clock this afternoon. The fatal symptoms came on suddenly. He had been out of bed and was transacting business with the officials of the American Legation yesterday. His death was peaceful and painless. He died of dropsy.

WORK FOR CONVICTS.

The Convict Camps of Georgia-- Seventy Dollars a Year.

We have been asked several times what the lease is worth; it is impossible to say accurately, as there are so many contingencies in the way. Several of the lessees say that there is nothing in it, and some of them certainly seem anxious to get out of it. A one-twelfth interest in it, we understand, was sold a year ago for \$1,500. A one-third interest in one camp (one-ninth of the whole) was offered at \$5,000. Capt. Nelms says that he thinks an able-bodied convict is worth \$70 a year. This would make the 1,205 worth \$84,000 a year, from which the \$25,000 deducted would leave about \$60,000 per annum net to the lessees. This runs for twenty years. Capt. Nelms says if he had fifty convicts on a farm under this lease for twenty years he would retire from public life and get rich. The highest price ever paid for convicts as yet is \$50 per head. This is paid by Mr. Smith Barnwell, who is said to be anxious to keep them at that rate. One of the lessees leased his convicts to another at \$20 apiece, net, above the price to the state. In Texas the convicts bring \$70 a head per annum, and Tennessee about \$60 per head. In Kentucky the keeper works them and pays \$12,000 to the state above all expenses. At present the rate paid to Georgia is about \$22 50 per head. As the number increases the per capita decreases. Capt. Nelms thinks it will go to probably 1,700 men and not much higher. He does not think it will ever reach as high as 2,000. It is probable that the per capita, through the lease, will average \$15 to \$17 50. At this rate there will be a probable profit of \$30 to \$50 per capita for all the convicts who can be kept at work. It is said they are successful in farming. If this is so work can be provided for them all. Capt. Nelms says that Mr. Lockett made 1,200 bales of cotton with one hundred convicts, besides enough corn, peas, potatoes, etc., to do them. He estimates that Col. L. must have cleared \$25,000 to \$30,000. But there is no telling what the lease is worth, without looking over the books of the lessees. There is a general feeling in all the Southern states against the system of out door leasing. The system will doubtless be generally abolished as rapidly as possible. In Texas a new penitentiary, to hold 1,000 convicts, is just being finished, and another one is authorized by the constitution. The old one holds 400 convicts, so that 1,400 of the 1,700 can be housed next year.—Atlanta Constitution Interview.

Opium is the most dangerous drug, especially when given to a child in the shape of a soothing remedy. Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup is warranted not to contain opium in any form and is the most innocent and efficacious remedy for children teething. Price 25 cents a bottle.

The ocean tries feebly to emulate the profounder tragedies of the shore. In the crowded halls of gay hotels I see wrecks drifting hopelessly, dismasted and rudderless to be stranded on hearts harder and more cruel than Brenton's reef, yet hid in smiles faler than its fleecy foam.—Higginson.

Aim high; but not so high as not to be able to hit anything.

The Power of Kindness.

Patrick McKeever was a poor Irishman, who lived in Philadelphia, many years ago. He was arrested on a charge of burglary, convicted, and sentenced to be hung. I am ignorant of the details of his crime, or the cause that led to it. But there were probably some palliating circumstances; for when brought, seated on his coffin, in the death-cart, to the foot of the gallows, in company with another criminal, he was relieved, and the other was hung. His sentence was changed to ten years' imprisonment; and this was evidently shortened one year.

During the last three years of his term, I was one of the Inspectors of the Prison, and I frequently talked with him in friendly, fatherly manner. He was a man of few words, and his hope seemed to have all died out; but I soon saw that his feelings were touched by kindness.

After his release, he immediately went to work at his trade, which was that of a tanner, and conducted himself in the most sober and exemplary manner. Being remarkable for capability, and the amount of work he could perform, he soon had plenty of employment. He passed my house every day, as he went to his work, and I often spoke to him in a friendly and cheering manner.

Things were going on thus satisfactorily, when I heard that constables were out after Patrick, on account of a robbery committed the night before. I went straightway to the Mayor, and inquired why orders had been given to arrest Patrick McKeever.

"Because there has been a robbery committed in his neighborhood," replied the Mayor.

"What proof is there that he was concerned in it?"

"None at all; but he is an old convict; and that is enough to condemn him."

"It is not enough, by any means," replied I. "Thou hast no right to arrest a citizen without a shadow of proof against him; and in this case I advise thee, by all means, to proceed with humane caution. This man has atoned severely for the crime he did commit; and since he wishes to reform, the fact ought never to be mentioned against him. He has been perfectly upright, sober, and industrious, ever since he came out of prison. I think I know his state of mind; and I am willing to take the responsibility of saying that I believe him guiltless in this matter."

The Mayor commended my benevolence, but was by no means convinced. To all arguments, he replied:

"He is an old convict; and that is enough."

I watched for Patrick, as he passed to his daily labors, and told him that the constables were after him, for the robbery that had been committed. The poor fellow hung his head, and the light vanished from his countenance.

"Well," said he, with a deep sigh, "I must make up my mind to spend the rest of my days in prison."

I looked earnestly in his face, and said, "Thou wert not concerned in this robbery, wert thou?"

"No, indeed, I was not. God be my witness, I want to lead an honest life, and live in peace with all men. But what good will that do me? Everybody will say, he has been in the State Prison, and that's enough."

I did not ask him twice; for I felt well assured that the poor man had spoken the truth. I advised him to go directly to the Mayor, deliver himself up, and declare his innocence. This advice was received with despondency. He had no faith in his fellow-men.

"I know what will come of it," says he; they will put me into prison, whether there is any proof against me, or not, they will not let me out, without somebody will be security for me; and nobody will be security for an old convict."

"Don't be discouraged," said I. "Go to the Mayor, and speak as I have advised. If they talk of putting thee in prison, send for me. I will stand by thee."

Patrick did accordingly. In the absence of anything like a shadow of proof, his being an "old convict" was deemed sufficient reason for sending him to jail.

I appeared in his behalf. "I am ready to affirm," said I, "that I believe this man is innocent. It will be a very serious injury to him to be taken from his business, until such time as this can be proved; and moreover the effects upon his mind may be most discouraging. I will be security for his appearance when called; and know very well that he will not think of giving me the slip."

The gratitude of the poor fellow was overwhelming. He sobbed until his strong frame shook.

The real culprits were soon discovered. Patrick, until the day of his death, continued to lead a virtuous and useful life.

The cold driving easterly rain storms of this season rarely fail to afflict nearly everybody with colds. Use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup—the safest and surest cough remedy made. Price 25 cents.

Pompeii.

Excavations at Pompeii prove the city to have been one of the most fashionable and beautiful of Roman summer resorts, and but for the eruption it might have remained so to this day. As with Pompeii, so with thousands of people who have beauty of form and feature. They might always be admired but for the eruption, that makes the face unsightly, and betrays the presence of scrofula, virulent blood poisons, or general debility. There is but one remedy that positively cures these affections, and that remedy is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is the best known tonic, a terative, and resolvent. It speedily cures pimples, blotches, liver spots, and all diseases arising from impoverished or impure blood. It also cures dyspepsia, and regulates the liver and bowels. Sold by druggists.

Late Agricultural Items.

Dr. H. A. Swasey, one of the most noted of the Southern horticulturists, lately died of yellow fever.

During the last four years the farming interest has extended itself over 22,286,000 acres of land in the United States. This is indicative of genuine national prosperity.

The Commissioner of Agriculture reports that the latest returns from the cotton crop indicate a yield equal, if not better, than the great crops that were grown previous to the war.

The red-bud or Judas tree, which grows wild in Southern Illinois, is being introduced in the northern part of the State. It is a fine ornament to the yard especially in early spring.

From the first half bushel of seed rice brought to this country, sixteen bushels were harvested the first year. This was in 1674, and in Virginia. The experiment was tried by Sir Wm. Berkeley.

It requires considerable courage for a lady to say vitriol when her neighbor alludes to the superior bright green of her pickles, but it should be done nevertheless. These bright green pickles must be put down.

As the result of the experiment of an observant farmer as to the shrinkage of corn, he gives it as his opinion that it would be better to sell corn early in the winter at 80 cents than the following summer at \$1.

An honest farmer sent some handsome game and black Spanish tows to the Kingston, Ont., exhibition. The judges washed the birds, and it came out that the former were painted, and the latter had had their legs blackleaded.

The war on horse thieves in the West is to be vigorously pushed. The Grand Order of the Anti Horse-Thief Association was recently in session at Keokuk, Iowa. Over 100 delegates were present, representing 70 lodges. There are 105 lodges in the States of Iowa, Illinois, Missouri and Kansas. The Order is exceedingly secret in its operations and proceedings.

In France, this year, the government details certain soldierly to assist in the harvest, a practice not unusual there. The soldiers have returned, and complain of an insufficient supply of food and bad treatment generally. Whereupon the Minister of War has ordered an investigation of the charges, and if they prove true will give offending farmers no assistance in future.

Farm prosperity in New England is depreciating sadly, as witness an advertisement in a Springfield, Mass., paper of a farm, two miles from the railroad station, containing thirty-seven acres of good land, with buildings which cost \$7,000 when they were erected in 1873. An offer of \$12,000 was then refused for \$3,000, "a good part" of the purchase money remaining on mortgage.

Selected Miscellany.

The man lacks moral courage who retreats when he should retreat.

No vices are so incurable as those which men are apt to glory in.

The Chinese say there is a well of wisdom at the root of every gray hair.

I always know something unpleasant is coming when men are anxious to tell the truth.—Disraeli.

To prize ourselves by what we have, and not by what we are, is to estimate the value of the pearl by the golden frame which contains it.

He who calls in the aid of an equal understanding doubles his own, and he who profits by a superior understanding raises his powers to a level with the height of the superior understanding he unites with.—Burke.

I venerate old age; and I love not the man who can look without emotion upon the sunset of life, when the dusk of evening begins to gather over the watery eye, and the shadows of twilight grow broader and deeper upon the understanding.—Longfellow.

The longer I live, the more do I become satisfied that nothing is so good for people who are in deep troubles as real hard work—work that not only occupies the hands, but the brain; work on which one lavishes the best part of the heart. I know it requires a great deal of resolution to break away from the apathy of a deep sorrow or a heavy trouble, and resolutely put one's hand to the new or long disused plow; but the effect once made—if there is anything in the individual—he or she will never turn back. And after work, real work, work with the hands, head and heart—after this will come trust, and with trust will come peace.—William G. Eliot.

It is related of a Manchester manufacturer that, on retiring from business, he purchased an estate from a certain nobleman. The arrangement was that he should have the house, with all its rural ture, just as it stood. On taking possession, however, he found that a cabinet, which was in the inventory had been removed; and on applying to the former owner about it, the latter said: "Well, I certainly did order it to be removed; but I thought you would hardly have cared for so trifling a matter in so large a purchase." "My Lord," was the reply, "I had not all my life attended to trifles, I should not have been able to purchase this estate; and, excuse me for saying so, perhaps if your Lordship had cared more about trifles, you might not have had occasion to sell it."

Gems of Thought.

A character, like a kettle, once mended, always wants mending.

Too much pleasure and too much sun are bad both for women and flowers.

Love and a good dinner are said to be the only two things which effectually change the character of a man.

How independent of money peace of conscience is, and how much happiness can be condensed in the humblest home.

Be kind even in your reproofs, and reserve them till the morning. No one can sleep well who goes to bed with a flea in his ear.

One of the best rules in conversation is, never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had rather left unsaid.

A deaf and dumb person being asked to give his idea of forgiveness, took a pencil and wrote, "It is the sweetness which flowers give when trampled upon."

Men are like bugles—the more brass they contain, the farther you can hear them. Women are like flowers—the more modest and retiring they appear, the better you love them.

A Spanish proverb says: "A little in the morning is enough; enough at dinner is but little; but a little at night is too much." Remember this, and save indigestion and sleepless nights.

The passions are the only orators that always persuade; they are, as it were, a natural art, the rules of which are infallible; and the simplest man, with passion, is more persuasive than the most eloquent without it.

The best dowry to advance the marriage of your child with one who will render her happy, is that she have in her countenance sweetness and gentleness, in her speech wisdom, in her behavior modesty, and in her life virtue.

What man in his right senses, that has wherewithal to live free, would make himself a slave for superfluities? What does that man want that has enough? Or what is he the better for abundance that can never be satisfied?

Evils in the journey of life are like the bills which alarm the traveler upon their road; they both appear great at a distance, but when we approach them we find that they are far less insurmountable than we had imagined.

A fool says the Arab proverb, may be known by six things—anger without cause, speech without profit, change without motive, inquiry without object, putting trust in a stranger, and not knowing his friends from his foes.

Spare moments are like the gold-dust of time. Of all portions of our life, spare moments are the most fruitful in good or evil. They are the gaps through which temptations find the easiest access to the garden of the soul.

The most natural beauty in the world is honesty and moral truth. For all beauty is truth. True features make the beauty of a face, and true proportion the beauty of architecture; as true measures that of harmony and music.

It was among the loveliest customs among the ancients, to bury the young at morning twilight; for as they strove to give the softest interpretation to death, so they imagine that Aurora, who loved the young, had stolen them to her embrace!

"Woman's eye appears most beautiful when it glances a tear, as the light of a star seems more beautiful when it sparkles on a wave." Don't believe a word of this. It is the light of a loving smile that makes woman's eye most beautiful.

He who is passionate and hasty, is generally honest. It is your old dissembling hypocrite of whom you should beware. There's no deception in a bull-dog; it is only the cur that sneaks up and bites you when your back is turned.

Anguish of mind has driven thousands to suicide; anguish of body, none. This proves that the health of the mind is of far more consequence to our happiness than the health of the body, although both are deserving of much more attention than either of them receives.

The same degree of penetration that shows you another in the wrong, shows him also, in respect to that instance, your inferior; hence the observation and the real fact, that people of clear heads are what the world calls opinionated.

Tacitus says that early marriage makes us immortal—that is, the soul and chief prop of empire—and that the man who resolves to live without woman, or the woman who resolves to live without man, are enemies to themselves, destruct ve to the world, apostates from nature, and rebels against heaven and earth.

Genius, then, is divine! Its creative power is the attribute of heaven, and when the world worships it through mortal mediums, it is a deep adoration, and confession of the divine source from which it flows. The heart gives bounty only when raised above the level of its earthy nature, and the fame of the great, gathered from good impulses, is the best proof of the natural religion of the soul.

God has written on the flowers that sweeten the air—upon the breeze that rocks the flowers upon the stem—upon the rain drops that refresh the sprig of moss that fits its head in the desert—upon its deep chambers—upon every pencilled sheet that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun that warms and cheers millions of creatures which live in its light—upon all his works he has written: "None liveth or himself."