Lexington Weekly Intelligencer.

VOL. 12. LEXINGTON, MISSOURI, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1882. No. 43.

ATTORNEYS.

XENOPHON RYLAND.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to his care. Will practice in all the courts, except the Probate Court of Lafayette county. dec2y1

T. C. WOOD.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Office opposite City Hotel. apr29y1

MONEY TO LOAN. T. C. WOOD.
apr29tf

GEO. S. RATHBUN, SR. GEO. S. RATHBUN, JR. Notary Public.
RATHBUN & SON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Lexington, Mo. Will practice in all the courts of the Sixth Judicial Circuit, and United States courts. Prompt attention given to collections. Office in "Intelligencer Building," front room.

R. A. BUCKLIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Will practice his profession in the courts of Lafayette and surrounding counties. Prompt attention given to business entrusted to his care. Office over Keller's store, front room. (feb22y1)

THOS. J. DULING.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Lexington, Mo., office with Alex. Graves, Esq., over Koyle & New's Store. Will practice in all the courts of Lafayette and adjoining Counties, and in the State Supreme Court. Collections promptly made; Taxes paid for non-residents or others; claims collected, &c. Patronage solicited. (jan1oyr1)

HENRY C. WALLACE. WM. M. CHILES.
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ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT Law, Lexington, Mo. Office, front room over the "Lexington Savings' Bank," opposite the court house. Will practice in the courts of Lafayette and surrounding counties, and also in the Supreme court of the state of Missouri, and the U. S. Circuit and District courts for the Western District of Missouri.

MEDICAL.

DR. G. W. YOUNG,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON; office and residence on Oak (College) and South streets, Lexington, Missouri. febl1r

DR. F. H. CHAMBERS,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, office opposite courthouse, over M. E. Keller's store. Residence: Southeast corner Main and College streets. jan18-1y.

DENTIST.
J. F. HASSELL, D. D. S.—OFFICE OVER Kirkpatrick & Meyer's Boot and Shoe store, Lexington, Missouri. July19

DR. J. W. MENG,
SURGEON DENTIST, office opposite the Intelligencer, up stairs, Lexington, Missouri.

BANKS.

Morrison - Wentworth Bank,
LEXINGTON, MO.
WILL do a general Banking business; buying and selling Bonds, Gold and Exchange. Deposits received, collections made and proceeds remitted for at current rates of exchange. Liberal accommodations to regular customers.
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ROBT. TAUBMAN, Vice Prest.
WM. MORRISON, Cashier.
GEO. WILSON, President. JO. A. WILSON, Cashier.

LAFAYETTE COUNTY BANK
Name changed Jan. 15, 1880, from The Aull Savings Bank.)
Does a General Banking Business. Drafts for sale on all foreign countries. febl1

MISCELLANEOUS.

C. F. CORS,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Has just received his stock of
FALL AND WINTER CLOTHS
CASSIMERES,
DOESKINS, &c., &c.
IT is the largest and best selected Stock ever bought to this city, and guarantees his work and fit equal to any Tailor in St. Louis or Kansas City. He has also a stock of
GENTS' NECKWEAR,
SHIRTS,
BUCK GLOVES,
GENUINE ALEXANDER KID GLOVES,
And all kinds of first class
FURNISHING GOODS,
which he offers low for CASH. Give him a call One door west of F. C. Patterson, Lexington, Missouri. septf

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Lexington, : : Mo.
SCHOOL for Boys and Young Men. Military discipline. Building large and well constructed. Boarding pupils under the immediate supervision of teachers both in school and in boarding department. Course suitable for either those desiring a Classical education or those seeking a Business education. Students boarded in private families but under Christian influence. For catalogue address
SANFORD SELLERS,
Or D. W. FLEET,
aug30y1 Principals.

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LEXINGTON, MO.
NEW session opens THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7TH, 1882. Course of instruction is thorough. The building is large and commodious, and all the rooms are supplied with gas. Besides the regular Literary course the college offers superior advantages in Ancient and Modern Languages, Music, Painting and Drawing. Experienced teachers in every department. Terms reasonable.
For catalogue, containing full particulars, address W. F. KERDOLFF, President.
july17-3m

BAPTIST FEMALE COLLEGE,
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Our teachers are noted for faithfulness, skill and ability. Most of them have been in the faculty from four to six years.
Building attractive, beautifully located and in first-class condition. Rooms well furnished, carpeted and lit with gas. Charges moderate. For catalogue address
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ST. JOHN,
NEW VICTOR
AND ELDREDGE
SEWING MACHINES
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Pays the Highest Market Price for
HIDES, WOOL, FURS,
FEATHERS, PELTS, TALLOW, BEESWAX, RAGS,
BONES, IRON, METALS, &C.
sep16m6

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25 TONS OF CLOVER HAY FOR SALE. It is stacked on rails, well covered with slough grass, and is in good condition. Also 25 acres of stalks, and some grass. Running water. A bargain is offered if called for soon. Must be sold. Will sell all or part of the hay. Apply 2 miles southeast of Lexington, to Jos. S. Woods, or at this office. decl52

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PURE POLAND-CHINA HOGS.
:o:
W. H. BRUNS,
CONCORDIA, MO.,
PURE POLAND-CHINA HOGS,
WILL, after June 1st, 1882, have on hand and for sale at all times a limited supply of Pigs and Sheats, of his breeding. Warranted of pure blood. My principal breeding stock is recorded in the Central Poland-China Record, volume 3; and others will be recorded in volume 3. Persons desiring this breed of hogs are invited to come and examine my herd. Satisfaction guaranteed. I have been breeding this stock since 1874 with success. febl1y1

ODESSA.
DR. W. F. JOHNSON, Surgeon Dentist, office over J. T. Proctor's grocery, Odessa, Mo; All work warranted as recommended. apr-17

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BANK OF HIGGINSVILLE.
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MAYVIEW.
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MAYVIEW, - - MO.
WISHES to inform the citizens of Mayview and vicinity that he is still in the Blacksmithing and Wagon Making business, at his old stand; that he has been there since 1867, and proposes to remain, Providence permitting, until 1887 and longer.
Horse Shoeing and Machine Repairing a specialty.
Good Work; lying prices, and satisfaction guaranteed in all cases. Give him a call. 1251

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR
For Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Sick Headache, Chronic Diarrhœa, Jaundice, Impurity of the Blood, Fever and Ague, Malaria, and all Diseases caused by Derangement of Liver, Bowels and Kidneys.
SYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED LIVER.
Bad Breath; Pain in the Side, sometimes the pain is felt under the Shoulder-blade, mistaken for Rheumatism; general loss of appetite; Bowels generally costive, sometimes alternating with laxitness; the head is troubled with pain, is dull and heavy, with considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of leaving undone something which ought to have been done; a slight, dry cough and flushed face is sometimes an attendant, often mistaken for consumption; the patient complains of weariness and debility; nervous, easily startled; feet cold or burning, sometimes a prickly sensation of the skin exists; spirits are low and despondent, and, although satisfied that exercise would be beneficial, yet one can hardly summon up fortitude to try it—in fact, distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred when but few of them existed, yet examination after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively deranged.
It should be used by all persons, old and young, whenever any of the above symptoms appear.
Persons Traveling or Living in Unhealthy Localities, by taking a dose occasionally to keep the Liver in healthy action, will avoid all Malaria, Bilious attacks, Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Depression of Spirits, etc. It will invigorate like a glass of wine, but is no intoxicating beverage.
If You have eaten anything hard of digestion, or feel heavy after meals, or sleepless at night, take a dose and you will be relieved.
Time and Doctors' Bills will be saved by always keeping the Regulator in the House!
For, whatever the ailment may be, a thoroughly safe purgative, alterative and tonic can never be out of place. The remedy is harmless and does not interfere with business or pleasure.
IT IS PURELY VEGETABLE,
And has all the power and efficacy of Calomel or Quinine, without any of the injurious after effects.
A Governor's Testimony.
Simmons Liver Regulator has been in use in my family for some time, and I am satisfied it is a valuable addition to the medical science.
J. GILL SHORTER, Governor of Ala.
Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Ga., says: Have derived some benefit from the use of Simmons Liver Regulator, and wish to give it a further trial.
"The only Thing that never fails to Relieve."—I have used many remedies for Dyspepsia, Liver Affection and Debility, but never have found anything to benefit me to the extent Simmons Liver Regulator has. I see from Minnesota to Georgia for it, and would send further for such a medicine, and would advise all who are similarly affected to give it a trial as it seems the only thing that never fails to relieve.
P. M. JANNEY, Minneapolis, Minn.
Dr. T. W. Mason says: From actual experience in the use of Simmons Liver Regulator in my practice I have been and am satisfied to use and prescribe it as a purgative medicine.
☞Take only the Genuine, which always has on the Wrapper the red Z Trade-Mark and Signature of J. H. ZEILIN & CO.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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CLOTHING,
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CHEAPER
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Also great reductions in the price of other
GOODS.
Call and examine prices before purchasing elsewhere.
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may6tf Mayview, Mo.

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HAVE MOVED INTO THEIR ELEGANT NEW OFFICE ON
MAIN STREET
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On all kinds of Property at the lowest and most favorable rates.
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: IN :
TOWN OR COUNTY.
And as Agents for
EASTERN CAPITAL
To make loans of Money on
3 AND 5 YEARS TIME,
At Low Rates of Interest, on Land Security
Thankful for all past favors and patronage at the Old Corner we very respectfully ask a continuance of the same in our new locality.
E. WINSOR & SON.
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STANDARD POCKET CUTLERY,
Ladies' Scissors and Ink Erasers.
Make all styles of
STEEL PENS.
We show out of Patent Adjustable Quill Action Reservoir Pen, "The Acme," and will mail samples from on receipt of $2.
☞Our whole line of Pens will be sold by the trade. ☞Price Lists furnished to dealers on application.
(nov25m6)

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Weekly Intelligencer.
OFFICIAL COUNTY PAPER.
Terms, $2 per Year, in Advance.
ALEX. A. LESUEUR, - - - - EDITOR
ETHAN ALLEN, - - BUSINESS MANAGER.
W. G. MUSGROVE, - - - - PUBLISHER.

PACIFIC RAIROAD TIME TABLE.

LEAVE LEXINGTON.
Accommodation for St. Louis and the East ..... 5:45A. M.
Express and Mail for St. Louis, East, 3:15 P. M.
ARRIVE.
Express and Mail from St. Louis, East and South ..... 7:30 A. M.
Accommodation from St. Louis, East and South ..... 9:40 P. M.
C. BEN RUSSELL, Agent.

MO. P. R. R.—K. C. & N. DIVISION—NARROW GAUGE.
LEAVE LEXINGTON FOR KANSAS CITY.
Passenger ..... 8:20 A. M.
Freight and accommodation ..... 3:00 P. M.
ARRIVE AT LEXINGTON.
Passenger ..... 9:00 P. M.
Freight and accommodation ..... 11:00 A. M.
C. BEN. RUSSELL, Agent.

WABASH, ST. LOUIS AND PACIFIC.
LEAVE LEXINGTON
Trains for St. Louis, K. C. and St. Joe 6:35 A M
Trains for St. Louis and East ..... 8:35 P M
ARRIVE AT LEXINGTON
From St. Louis and all points East ..... 6:35 A M
From Kansas City and all points West ..... 8:55 A M
From St. Louis K. C. and St. Jo. ..... 8:35 P M
N. G BISHOP, Agent.

CHICAGO & ALTON R. R.—AT HIGGINSVILLE.
GOING EAST.
No. 47, Kansas City Mail ..... 8:47 A. M.
No. 5, Denver Express ..... 8:52 P. M.
No. 49, Slater Accommodation ..... 3:30 P. M.
No. 101, Local Freight ..... 11:40 A. M.
GOING WEST.
No. 6, Denver Express ..... 7:30 A. M.
No. 50, Kansas City Accommodation 7:44 A. M.
No. 48, Kansas City mail ..... 7:41 P. M.
No. 102, Local Freight ..... 11:40 A. M.
CHICAGO TIME.
No. 6 stops at Independence only. No. 5 stops at Marshall and Slater only: Nos. 47, 48, 49, 50, 101 and 102, make all stops. Nos. 101 and 102 run daily except Sunday. Other trains run daily.
We keep a full line of through tickets to all principal points in United States and Canada at bottom prices.
R. P. PRICE, Agent.

An Old Lady's Hymn.
[Boston Transcript.]
The following, which we publish by request, is something of a literary curiosity as having been written by Mrs. Emma W. Skelton, who died at the Old Ladies' Home, Nov. 2, 1871, at the age of 104. It was was written in 1870, when she was ninety-three years old:

How fast my years roll on space,
My soul on wings of time!
When shall I reach that blissful place,
And leave this world behind?

Shall I see those angels on the way,
And Jesus at the gate
To welcome me to enter in
Before it is too late?

Oh, fill my soul with heavenly love;
May Christ be all my theme;
Hosanna to his matchless power,
That can a world redeem!

Time.—The Old Year and the New.
Time!
Who hath numbered thy cycles mysterious,
Ageless, unmarked and profound? Thy birthplace
Where? and where began thine infant wand'rings?
When first from out eclipsing Chaos, so
Dark the faint spark had been a dim star
Sun, and so still the heart-beat of a new-born
Babe had made universal jar, God
Said in tones eternal, "Let there be Light,"
Didst thou wheel thy Scythe, to make of Ages
Long and Centuries vast thy memorieless
Harvest-field? Insatiate monster! since thy birth
Convulsive, hast thou known no rest, nor deat
Thou pause to drop one tear that pitying
Angels could a jewel call, left upon
The ruins thou hast wrought? As placest thou thy
Finger cold on each mortal's brow, leaving
There thine own wrinkles trac'd and as closest
Thou the "coils dust" of human hopes, do
None of Mercy's tender tones touch thy heart
Of flint? Or wouldst thou, relentless, crush
As thou art, lift thy blighting hand, and from
Their orbits tear the shining stars themselves
And sow them round thy track, as so many
Hayless things, or bind them on thy hoary
Brow, trophies of thy triumphs?

Ah! ye may not
Invade the Past, reckless men of to-day,
With questionings, vain and vague, to which the
Hollow tombs of ages give alone their
Voiceless answer—Ask from his crimson couch
Unwearied marsh of Time; he'd left his track
On banks of silv'ry Euphrates ere moorbeams
Shone upon her waters,—or Nature wove
In stars, her first grand and glorious night.
Though of Eternity but a whisper and a
Breath, his tread one of ruthless power hath
Been, and is. On the sea and on the land,
A wing'd destroyer, he is alike at
Home. On highest mountain peaks, in Ocean's
Deepest caves, "decay" his finger-mark
Hath writ. Coronal'd Kings and mitres purple'd
His play-things have been, and Sepulcher'd
Nations
Are his grave-yards. Of his havoc, history
Is but the mirror dim, while of great men's tombs
And mighty wrecks, naught him left, his own
Unsculptur'd monument he doth build.

Aye! he is a crownless Conqueror,
Adown whose stream all mortals active drift,
Or, like idle weeds, lie rotting at his
Wharves. With his Old Year, that's dying now,
Went treasures that he may have borne from
Us forever! what events his passing
Mark'd! What hopes, dreams and joys, purpl'd
Bright as
His morning's coming, like his days, lie now
Entomb'd, returning nevermore! What a
Harvest hath the wired Reaper made! Great men
Laid low, and fun'rals writ in blood! Nations
Throttled, Popes fettered, Kings unorown'd, and
Clipp'd the wings of Imperial Eagles! Deep
In eternal counties last that sun
Thy notch, Old Year! Along the "wide and
Winding Rhine," and o'er the "blue Moselle"
Hath echoed loud its cannon's boom, as
Battle-smoke obscur'd the sun that lit the
Land of Charlemagne. Hath flash'd the sword
And mine'd the ball, where flowed, freely as from
The press hath flow'd the native wine, the blood
Of furious Frank on ground, made classic by
Hannibal, Caesar, Europe's emblazoned Queens,
Glitt'ring on the Seine where Sciences beat her
Listening ear, and Art gave up her crown,
Glitt'ring from each proud peerd, and round her
Walls sturdy Teutons have their armies coiled
Like serpent fields, while her exiled ruler's like
The pierc'd "eagle stretch'd upon the plain,"
And while her unread laws are made where brave
Martel Struck down the Saracen.

Thy Dead, Old Year!
Ah! the world was left a weeping o'er thy
Graves. He whose fancy swept on condor's
Wing
"Above the thunder's home" and poetic'd the
Very dust, hath himself to dust return'd.
The Soul that Po'ey warm'd, as warms the sud
The sea, hath soar'd beyond the stars with which
It held commune, and earth, that spark!'d
With his wit and blossom'd with his song,
Hath to him given all she could—a tomb.
High-gifted man! no "closing year" can from
His brow a letter d'laurel tear, nor dim
His light of journalistic fame. The flaming
Art that Cadmus gave, exhausted was to
Write the wild lament, that flesh'd across old
Ocean's another'd breast when, in glory, its
Brightest light went out, with a summer's sun.
Romance and Story drap'd themselves in black,
And all the better look'd to mourn him as
A parent; bereav'd offspring! none can be
Your step-father. Genius droop'd o'er his bier,
Wept Philosophy, and Eloquence grew dumb,
As into immortality he stepped.
With "Little Nell." And to crown thy mournful
Vict'ries, O, Death! thy dark-winged Angel
Hath fitted past Virginia's mountains blue,
And through Pacific's golden gates, and out
Colossal warriors down. Thy skeleton hand
Hath from judges the spotless ermine torn,
And still'd the Poet's pen. Thou hast pass'd through
Music's hall, and hush'd the sweetest notes, and
Twined the cypress round the Painter's easel. At
Thy cold touch, high civic wreathes to coffin'd
Clay have turn'd, and eloquent lips been seal'd
Forever. Holy men of God thou hast
Claim'd, whose Christ-lit souls could say,
"Where's thy sting?"
These, with thy dead unnumbered, are of
Thy trophies a part, Old Year!

But where are the graves of the heart-hopes the
Old Year hath dug? No epitaph marks them,
Save Grief's silent unlettered language from
faces
Sadly speaking. Many loves, budding the year
Agone, have wither'd ere they bloomed; wings
of bright
Hopes, then to sunny zephyrs spread, have
droop'd,
Like winter blossoms, o'er broken vows; high
Ambitions, then vaulting to the sky, have
Into Oblivion trembled 'neath Disdain's
Icy smile. Hearts, then bounding with blisses,
Empty halls have since become where fit in
Spectral troops, the ghost of dead joys. These are
A part of the spoils of Time, of Death and
Of the Old Year.

But we'll tread no more among the dead leaves
of the
Old Year; its brightest mem'ries gath'ring, like
Fragrance from blossoms wither'd, we'll listen
To silvery bells ringing in the glad
New Year! Ring out, sweet bells, in music
tones,
Clear as Angels' anthems when enters Heaven
A new-born soul. Welcome to thee, joyous
New Year! Hope springs anew with thy morning
Blush, and on with thee we'll journey thro' the
Bright rounds of thy Season. Happy New Year!
Along with thee we'd go into flow'ry
Vales of Spring, thro' Summer's golden sunshine
Autumn glide, and pass to Winter, when thou
Leav'st us, wiser, purer, better, at the
Crystal portals of yet another glad
New Year. So be it with all.

Thus, as from the Old
Year, with its sighs and tears, we step into
The New of bright hope and promise full, so
Let us live that when we with Old Time do
Part behind leaving all fever-dreams, we
Can step into NEW LIFE ETERNAL, WHERE
WE MAY BOW TO GOD ALONE.

Burdock Blood Bitters
Cures Scrofula, Erysipelas, Pimples and Face Grubs, Blotches, Boils, Tumors, Tetter, Humors, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Sores, Mercurial Diseases, Female Weaknesses and Irregularities, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Affections of the Liver, Indigestion, Biliousness, Dyspepsia and General Debility. Directions in eleven languages.
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Is composed of Herbal and Mineral products, which permeate the substance of the Lungs, expectorates the acrid matter that collects in the Bronchial Tubes, and forms a soothing coating, which relieves the irritation that causes the cough. It cleanses the lungs of all impurities, strengthens them when enfeebled by disease, invigorates the circulation of the blood, and braces the nervous system. Slight colds often end in consumption. It is dangerous to neglect them. Apply the remedy promptly. A test of twenty years warrants the assertion that no remedy has ever been found that is as prompt in its effects as TUTT'S EXPECTORANT. A single dose relaxes the phlegm, subdues inflammation, and its use speedily cures the most obstinate cough. A pleasant cordial; children take it readily. For Croup it is invaluable and should be in every family.
In 25c. and $1 Bottles.

TUTT'S PILLS
ACT DIRECTLY ON THE LIVER.
Cures Chills and Fever, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Bilious Colic, Constipation, Rheumatism, Piles, Pain in the Side of the Heart, Dizziness, Torpid Liver, and Female Irregularities. If you do not "feel very well," a single pill stimulates the appetite, restores the appetite, imparts vigor to the system.
A NOTED DIVINE SAYS:
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REV. R. L. SIMPSON, Louisville, Ky.
Office, 39 Murray St., New York.
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July26-tf

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TUMANS & CO., 406 Broadway, N.Y.

We agree with the Washington Post when it says:—"Democrats who go for 'free rum, taxed blankets and no civil service reform' should take their platform to the repair shop."

Dorsey says he is too blind to appear in court in the star route case. The Atlanta Constitution on this point remarks:—"Dorsey is none too blind to be the secretary of the republican national committee."

As far as heard from Putnam is the only county in Missouri that elected a full republican county ticket. The great upheaval in Missouri which the republicans promised us before the election, seems to have come from the wrong direction for them.

Ex-Marshal Henry has left Washington for his home in Ohio. He said to a reporter just before his departure that he had experienced enough of political life. "As far as Washington was concerned, it was a cesspool of rottenness and corruption." He said that "the republican party was largely made up of rogues and hypocrites and that his removal was a diabolical outrage."

We do not believe it possible for this republican congress to reform the tariff. Too many republican congressmen are committed to the infamous protection policy; too many of them are committed, body, soul and breeches, to its particular infamies and robberies; the democrats cannot support half-hearted reductions, and the republicans will not go even that far, so we look for a failure to act in the matter, or, after frantic efforts to agree on the absurd commission's absurd report, a *pro rata* reduction, which will be, of course, a ridiculous fiasco. The republicans have undertaken the thing, and it is for them to do it, or admit that they cannot. Willy-nilly they will have to admit.

Lady Brassey opened a loan exhibition of arms, fans, and "curiosities" generally at Hastings, England, the other day. The intrinsic value of the articles on view is said to exceed $500,000. Among them are a claymore which belonged to Prince Charles, and was presented to him by the provost of Glasgow; the hilt is of silver, basket shaped, richly ornamented. It is now the property of Lord Clanronald, and is priceless. There is another plainer but hardly less priced sword of the unfortunate Prince, which he left behind when he made his escape in the attire of Flora MacDonald. Lady Brassey is a brave little woman who circumnavigated the globe with her husband, in his yacht, and afterward wrote a very interesting account of the trip.

UNSEEN HELPERS.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

"Take, oh, boatman, thrice thy fee,
Take—I give it willingly.
For invisible to thee
Spirits twain have crossed with me."

"Can you give me a day's work?" asked a poor woman of a well-to-do matron.

"You look very delicate," said the lady. "I need some one to wash, but you do not seem strong enough for the work."

"Oh, yes'm; only try me and you will see. I have been sick and got behind hand, and my children need bread; besides, Charlie will help carry the water and lift the tubs," concluded the woman eagerly.

"Who is Charlie?" asked the lady of the house.

"My husband, ma'am," was the low answer.

The woman was engaged, and did her work well, but there was something that troubled the mistress of the house greatly. As soon as she left the kitchen the woman would call Charlie, and she would hear her voice talking and laughing, and holding converse with some one, but when she went into the room there would be no one there. The water was carried, the tubs all lifted into their places, but the slight woman who washed was the only person who was visible. When the lady of the house paid her she said, "Call your husband; I would like to see him."

"He wouldn't come, ma'am," said the woman simply. "No one ever sees him but me."

"What do you mean?" asked the lady in astonishment.

"Why, ma'am, Charlie is dead himself, but his spirit comes and helps me; how could I work this way if it didn't? I could no more lift one of those tubs of water alone than you could, ma'am! He's come ever since I was sick and helped me that way."

The compassionate lady placed another coin with those she had already given. "For Charlie and the children," she said, with tears in her voice, and she saw afterward that the sick and wearied mother was helped by living hands.

But there must be many people bearing burdens greater than they are able to, who are helped and made stronger by invisible guides—the memory of some dead Charlie, who lifts unseen the heavy load, with whom they work! would not the dull routine of daily life be glorified, could we too one moment see the angel helper at our side? When the pious monk left his duties to go out on a deed of mercy, he returned to find all his homely work done, and for one moment he saw in the door of his cell his Blessed Master smiling upon him! It may be only a vague theory, the delusion of a sick brain—and there is an infinite sadness in it—but surely

"It is a beautiful belief,
That ever round our heads
Are hovering on angel wings
The spirits of the dead.

To feel that unseen hands we clasp,
While feet unheard are gathering round;
To know that we in faith may grasp
Celestial guards from Heavenly ground."

IT'S A MAN.

The Kenwood Convent, near the Hudson river, about two miles below Albany, has recently been supplied with the telephone. One of the sisters urged the mother superior to try it. The latter, after some hesitation, consented, and was told to call 'hello.' That form of salutation did not please her, but she consented to employ it after being assured that it was the invariable method of calling up the central office. No sooner had she uttered the word, however, than she ejaculated, in some perturbation:

"Why, a man is talking to me!"

"Yes, madam, it is a man, but he is two miles away," replied the young fellow in the central office.

This first experience with the telephone caused considerable amusement both within and without the walls of the convent.

"ROUGH ON CORNS."
Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick, complete, permanent cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

"BRICK" POMEROY.

John M. Gilstrap, of Macon, writes a good letter of welcome to "Brick" Pomeroy, which he closes up as follows:

The democracy of America furnishes the brain and muscle of this nation—and as a mighty engine is to an ocean steamer, so is democracy to the peace, prosperity, happiness, grandeure, glory and future advancement of this Republic; and in November, in the year of our Lord, 1884, it will be heralded forth to the nations of the earth as the great living, moving, breathing "Jumbo" of America. I see no hope for an available third party movement now, no matter how just its cause; for the decisive battle between the two great parties must be fought in 1884, when every available recruit will be captured and mustered into one or the other of the two great contending armies.

Then plant your batteries high upon democratic breast-works, and pour hot shot, shell and schrapnell into the rank and file of corruptionists everywhere. Bring your heavy siege guns to bear upon the fortifications of government plunderers; superannuemary officials in government employ; high and excessive taxation; high salaries and exorbitant expenditures of the people's money by useless appropriations; dangerous corporations; monopolies and combinations against the public welfare of the honest and industrial masses of the people. Go for wrong and evil-doers everywhere, upon the same motto of the Tipperary Irishman in a row: "Whenever you see a head, hit it."

"We shall pull for Pomeroy's Democrat, the lively kicker. Very Truly,
JOHN M. GILSTRAP.

A DUEL IN THE DARK.

How a Ventriloquist's Art Saved Him in the Dark.

[From the Dallas Evening Times.]

A letter from Corizzo Pass, Texas, gives an account of a hostile meeting between two miners in the Pecos mining company's camp, twenty miles north of the Mexican border, recently. The duellists were George Hollenbeck and William Stratton, both New Yorkers, born and raised near Palmyra. They were of rich descent of the early Hollanders. They were educated at Cambridge. The former graduated as a lawyer and the latter as a physician. While at Palmyra they quarrelled, but friends prevented bloodshed. A few days ago they met in the Pecos mining camp and recognized each other. The school and social polish had been rubbed off by the trials and hardships incident to life in the mining camps. Hollenbeck was overjoyed to meet Stratton, who repelled him and said they would settle that little unfinished difficulty which arose between them at their last meeting. Hollenbeck said he had forgotten all about the difficulty referred to, and entertained no ill feeling whatever against him. Stratton insisted on a settlement according to the code. Hollenbeck said that if nothing short of that would do he would accommodate him.

Accordingly arrangements were consummated for a duel. They were to fight with pistols in a dark room. Each was to announce "ready," after which a third party was to count three, when they were to fire. The room was as dark as Egypt. They went into it and announced "ready," from opposite corners. 'One, two, three,' and Stratton fired. Stratton fired a second shot, but the only response from Hollenbeck was a groan. Stratton, believing that he had wounded Hollenbeck, fired a third shot in the direction of the groaning. The report of a pistol came from a corner directly opposite from where the groan appeared to proceed, and Stratton fell. No more shots being exchanged, the miners opened the door and entered.

A light revealed the fact that Stratton had been killed, while Hollenbeck was unhurt. Hollenbeck is a ventriloquist, and on entering the room took his stand in a diagonal corner from his adversary, and to make him believe he was in the opposite corner, threw his voice to that quarter of the room, where the bullets from his adversary's pistol harmlessly buried themselves in the wall. It had been so long since they had seen each other that Hollenbeck's ventriloquism had entirely escaped the memory of Stratton.

NEWSPAPER WRITERS.

[From the Paper World.]

The complaint has gone forth that the every-day young men of the press, and some of the old ones are "color-blind." They miss in their nightly toil the subtle flavor, that graphic quality, that aroma of description, which is best labeled "color."

While the justice of this complaint is freely admitted by the editorial profession, they claim that outsiders cannot possibly estimate the difficulties which lie in the way of securing new writing of uniform descriptive excellence. The man who can write correctly, concisely, rapidly and graphically, does not multiply himself to any great extent. The first three of these qualities are indispensable in daily, and indeed in periodical work; the latter is certainly very desirable. But when one has to keep time with his pen to the modulations of the press in the basement, while it runs off the first half of the paper, he does not pause very often or long in the hope of drawing "the aroma of description" from the bottom of his inkstand, as it were. There are many men who, while they even do excellent work if left to their own time and way, notably fail when they attempt to provide music for a press that runs seven nights in the week. The best newspaper style is not formed in a day or year. Supposing a young man, fresh from college, joins the "press gang" of a first-class office. The words of his commencement stage oration are still ringing in his ears and they represent his highest ideas of style. He is eager to produce them in an editorial; for he looks down on mere news gathering as beneath the highest estate of one so learned as himself, and does not always remember that there is no present vacancy in the chair of the managing editor. He would not be human if he failed to work considerable "high-falutin" into the items which he writes. The inexorable blue pencil cuts all of this out, and the youth soon settles down to hard facts and the business of his own department, coming in time to have a horror of florid "newspaper English." Then comes the danger that he will go to the other extreme and his work become devoid of all color, on the same principle that the traditional Yankee, once noted for asking questions while abroad, now travels with his lips so closely sealed that the natives have hard work to find out what he is like. But if the beginner has anything in him he will gradually learn his forte and come to weave in to his work a color of his own that is all the more acceptable for its originality.

The man who sees a thing well can usually describe it well. Habits of close observation and a well-trained memory make up the foundations of success of all brain workers. And the journalist who can store up an hit of color he may chance upon, for instant use when it is most needed, is fortunate, indeed. He is like the lawyer, who, when he was congratulated on the exceeding appropriateness of a story he had told a jury, replied. "Oh, well, I have been waiting fifteen years for a chance to tell that story." And doubly fortunate is the news chronicler who, seeing and remembering events well, also seizes their correct relations to each other.

That the tone of our periodical news-writing is improving no one will deny. The quality of the men who devote themselves to it is constantly rising, both as regards character and education. The reporter is a growing power, and he will yet come to stand on a par with the best of editors. Indeed he should be able to play the editor at any moment, and not only be allowed but expected to make editorial comments on the events which are occurring in his own field.

A POETASTER'S BAD LUCK.

[From the Argonaut.]

Zulana had been down to Monterey for a few days. I will admit it frankly—while she was gone I had been having a time. I will further admit that when she came back I said nothing whatever about what kind of a time I had.

But the finger of fate was poised above me. Zulana found me out. And this was the way.

I was engaged in skillfully dispersing my locks over my marble cocoanut, when Zulana entered. As the malunctuated report said of Palmerston, "she entered in her hand, a paper in her eye, a glare."

I saw that glare, and shuddered.

"I should like to know," she began, in a somewhat high-keyed voice, "I should like to know what this means?"

"Certainly, my dear," I meekly replied, "you shall—as soon as I know what it is."

I was not tooting my horn very loudly that morning. I am an old bird, and I fully recognize the fact when the day is cold.

"It is," she replied, "or rather it purports to be"—here her voice became bitterly sarcastic—"a poem."

"Well, well, my dear, what if it is? And who wrote it?"

"It is in your handwriting," said Zulana, "and it is very silly. I will read it." And she did. It ran thus:

A broken fan! O, hapless wight!
Gaze on your work, with soul contrite.
Think what a clumsy lout you are
When thus a fragile ass you mar—
Hate yourself for your awkward plight.

Yet broken fans may be set right;
Not so the hearts their owners smite—
Longer they bear the fatal scar
Than does the fan.

Shall I forget that merry night?
Shall I forgett hose eyes so bright?
Graved on my heart their memories are—
Graved on my heart, too, is the scar.
Would I could mend it as I might
A broken fan!

She read it execrably. I couldn't help noticing that, despite my terror.

"Now if you can expl