# THE FAIR PLAY.

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[For The Fair Play.

## Just One.

BY "RUTH RAY."

As I was rambling out one day,
Into the garden I chanced to stray,
As a gentle breeze passed by in a walk,
And made the flowers and leaves to talk;
And I imagined, over the way,
"Shake off your catterpillars," one did say.

"Why?" a meek rose quickly said,
As she raised her nodding, bobbing head;
"If you don't they'll eat you up,
And spoil the shape of your dew-drop cup."
,,I'll shake them all off but one," said she,
"I'll keep that one for its beauty."

A few days more as I passed by,
I heard the rose so faintly cry;
"Alas! I did not think that one
Could cause the ruin that this has done,"
And tear-drops stole down her tattered clothes,
As dew-drops once did from the rose.

Just one wrong word, or thought or deed
To which we listen or give heed,
Will o'er our lives a shadow cast,
Which through the coming years will last,
Then all our tears will be in vain
We never can remove the strain.

## How a Belle Lost Her Wig Overboard.

Chicago *Tribune:* Mr. Trowbridge's comical story in poetic verse, in the July number of *Harper's Magazine*, of a fashionable belle who lost her wig and false teeth overboard, which were recovered in time to allow her wedding to one of her suitors, had a counterpart in half of the story last week in the experience of a party who attended the yacht race on a steamboat. The sufferer is a well-known society belle, who has more than once graced the upper-deck of Col. Delancy Kane's Pelham coach, and is understood to be engaged to a Wall street broker. She is only 19, and has been noted for her wealth of blonde hair. Dressing in half-mourning on account the death of a relative the combination of black with blonde has given her a distingue appearance, well-known to the swells of the avenue. Last week, on the occasion of a yacht race, she was one of a private party on board a small propeller chartered for the occasion, and, as the wind was gusty, and the sea made sad work with the stomaches of the paty outside of Sandy Hook, there was an utter abandonment of all pretence of personal appearance. Our belle suffered with the rest, when she sought relief by removing her hat. A sudden puff of wind the next moment caught her hair and stripped her head of its covering. In other words, her mass of blonde head-rigging was blown overboard, and the poor girl was in a rage of despair. Her lady friends rushed her into her cabin and tried to console her: but half of them were delighted with her mishap, as the other half said to themselves served her right. However, they managed to arrange her remaining hair so that it looked passably well, and she returned to the city, if not crestfallen, at least bereft of her wealth of hair, and her reputation as a blonde beauty forever destroyed.

## The Local Paper.

So much has been written about the necessity and usefulness of a good local paper that to add anything to the theme seems like talking about the goodness of good, or the whiteness of white. Much however, of what has been written, is such a manifest whine for public patronage, without the return of an equivalent, that it falls upon cold and unsympathetic ears. There are two sides to this, as to every question. The local paper should offer all value for the support it claims. The mere setting up of a press in a given community does not entitle its editor to any special gratitude or support, if the results of his efforts are reproduction of old stories badly printed, worse spelled. The press is a mighty engine; but it is only an engine. To make it efficient it must be directed by brains, energy and forecast, and it will be forever on the watch for the interests of the locality of which it is the organ. A live local paper is entitled to support because it is the only practicable barometer by which the enterprise of a community can be tested. And it is entitled to support not as a dole of charity, but as the legitimate reward of its labors. We fear, sometimes people regard the payment of their dollar or two dollars of subscription to their local paper as a sort of genteel charity. In some instances it may be so, and may be classed with those gifts that do more harm than good, for the paper that cannot support its self on its merits, had better be allowed to die. But the kind of local paper we have in mind, is one of those social institutions that can no more be dispensed with than good roads, good stores, or good citizens. For the ten-thousandth time, therefore we repeat the injunction; "SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL PAPER"-support it with your subscriptions, your advertisements, your job work, and when you have done all this, you can give it most efficient support by sending in any facts of public interest that may come to your knowledge.—*Farmer and Miner.*

[From the New York World.]

## Hayes Explains.

COLUMBUS, O., July 10.—"Ruthy, dear," said Mrs. Hayes this morning to her husband at breakfast, as she unfolded the *Ohio State Journal*, which, next to the *World*, is her favorite newspaper; "so your letter of acceptance has come out!"

"Has it, my love?" replied the Governor; "I understood that it would hardly be ready before Tuesday night."

Mrs. Hayes read in silence for a few moments; then with a wild surprise, as it appeared to your correspondent who had with [illegible] Allen concealed himself beneath the breakfast table, said:

"why, Ruthy, what do you mean by saying "the resolutions are in accord with my views?' You know as well as I do that when the platform was adopted you told me yourself that the money plank wasn't a match with your interview in the *Commercial*."

"Hush! my love, hush!" said the Governor, with uneasiness; suppose some of the servants should overhear you! What I wrote was: Most of the resolutions are in accordance with my views,' and I suppose the printers made a mistake.'

There was silence, broken only by the munching of toast, till the teapot was set down with a violence that made the table crockery jump. Then Mrs. Hayes low flute-like tones, as full of melody as the murmur of a hidden brook, were heard.

"Rutherford, you say: If elected, I shall conduct the administration of the Government upon these principles, and all constitutional powers vested in the executive will be employed to establish this reform.' Can you sit in that chair and look me in the face after writing that? Didn't you promise me about Brother Peter and cousin Webb, and your nephew Edward, and Aunt Jerusha's three boys, and all the family? What did I hear you tell Mr. Schurz about Madrid? Why did Mr. Blaine telegraph you that if he had the Department of the Interior he would not prove a deadhead in the enterprise and to burn the letters so there could not be any more Mulliganing? What did you write to Mr. Cameron? What did you promise Mr. Chandler? and after all this to go and write——"

"But, my angel," expostulated the compromise candidate, "I didn't write it. I shall make a point of telling Simon that he put it too strong. But these letters are only matters of form; they don't mean anything."

"Oh, they dont, don't they?" replied Mrs. Hayes, with, as the reporter inferred, a sarcastic smile. "I supbose, Mr. Hayes, this doesn't mean anything, either, where you come out for a single Presidential term? I suppose, Mr. Hayes, you did not mean anything when youtold Mr. Cromble to try and find a good tenant for the House for eight years from next March? I suppose you didn't mean anything when you ran three times for Governor and twice for Congress?" But, Libbie, my darling," said Ohio's favorite son, "you know as well as I do that it was fixed a month ago that I was to retire and cast the whole weight of the Administration for—"

"I know it, but didn't you tell me that before 1880 you'd put up a job on him so that his name would never go before the convention, and that 80,000 Federal officeholders were a big thing to buck against?"

"Dear, dear, how little women know about politics?" said the great War Congressman; "but, my dear, Sam Bard should not have been quite so unanimous in inserting his one-term views. I told them beforehand, 'write what you please and sign my name to it, but don't say anything decided.'"

There was silence for some time, until Mrs. Hayes remarked:

"Rutherford Birchard Hayes, did not you say last year that this school question was all poppycock, and that the general Government has about as much business to pass an amendment about the school fund as it had to declare that you shouldn't eat beans on Monday. And look at what you say here."

"Madame," was the reply of the Governor, in a tone full of suppressed passion, "you will not understand me. I am just as responsible for that d—d letter(here Mrs. Hayes put her tiny, snowy, perfectly-moulded fingers to her shell-like, pink-tipped ears, ornamehted with simple but priceless solitaire earrings)as I am for the Ten Commandments! I didn't write a line of it; I haven't seen it yet; I don't know what Simon Cameron wrote about civil-service reform; and Sam Bard about one term; and Judge Kelly about a sound currency; and Grant, who hasen't much education, or religion, or acquaintance with the Constitution, or regard for it about the school question; or Spencer and Packard about the South; or Babcock about the punishment of all public officers who betray public trusts; or Logan about frugality in public affairs; or Morton about a fraternal spirit of harmony. But I want you to understand, Madame, that as sure as Nebuchadnezzar ate blue grass, if I am pusillanimous I don't want to be told so by you in my own—that is, in the State of Ohio's own house. The Presidential lightning doesn't often strike a man like me. If you want to receive company in the White House you had better be prudent. It will only be because you are the wife of President Hayes.

Mrs. Hayes arose to her full queenly height, and replied with a clear, metallic voice, like the tinkling of a bell in frosty weather:

"And if you ever get to the White House, it'll only be because you are the husband of Mrs. Hayes. Can't attack your record? Of course not; barbers' signs never cause church scandals or commit murder. Correspondents come here in shoals and go away and go away and write up my back hair and boots. Rutherford B. Hayes, if you love me, say so, but don't step on my toe!"

"I didn't step near your toes," he remarked, "and if I had that's no reason for your kicking a bloody chasam in my leg.'

Mrs. Hayes lifted the table-cloth, and with an exquisitely modulated shriek fell back in a swoon that added a new charm to her expressive countenance. The Governor hauled me out by the collar.

"Who are you?"

"A reporter."

"Did you hear what I said?"

"Every word of it."

"My dear fellow," said the Gov. shaking me by the hand, "the press is the palladium of our liberties, and the Archimedean lever that moves the world, I knew that you were there all the time. And Mrs. Hayes and I had all that conversation to fool you. A fraternal spirit of harmony should prevade you and me at the beginning of the second century of our existence as a nation that we may make it permanent as an era of good feeling, and a period of progress prosperity and happiness. Will you come around and see me at the State-house before you send off your letter to the *World*? I shall be disengaged at 5:30. You might like to add a brief description of Mrs. Hayes. You have an unusually good chance to take notes now. The *Herald* man admired her peculiarly when her countenance was lit up by rippling gleams of emotion—a holycoust, I believe was the word he used—but I myself prefer it in repose."

We then parted. Apprehending that he may try to play Jim Blaine on me I think it wise to mail this letter in advance.

PAUL PRY.

The following correspondence and extract will exylain itself:

COLUMBUS, O., July 10—6:15 p m.—The *World*, 35 Park row, New York.—Later advices render unnecessary the publication of a letter about Governor Hayes, which I mailed you this morning. Please destroy it unread. Ill health compels me to resign my position as a correspondent.

(signed) JAMES J. TURNCOTE.
33 collect.

The Deloge Lead Mines in Washcounty are said to be yeilding handsomely—so much so that it is necessary to run the furnace day and night.

## Citizen's Meeting.

Pursuant to call made by the members of the Press of this city, a meeting was held, Thursday evening, at Madison Hall, for the purpose of organizing committees and perfecting arrangments for the proper reception and entertainment of the members of the Southeast Press Association, which association meets in this place on Wednesday and Thursday, the 15th and 16th of August next, with the following result:

Mr. T H Johnson called the meeting to order. Mr. N B Allen was elected chairman and W J Collier secretary.

On motion the chairman appointed the following ladies and gentlemen on the different comittees:

Committee of arrangments—Chas. W Dunifer, T H Johnson, H. Schwaner, J Schulte L H Alford L J Villars and W J Collier.

Committee on Banquet—Mrs. L J Villars, Mrs. T H Johnson, Mrs. H M Lowry, Mrs. Wm Frazier, Mrs. F T Lee, Mrs. J. Schulte, Mrs. Lizzie Schulte, Mrs. Jet Wernecke, J B Robinson, Mrs. L H Alford, Mrs. J B Duchouquette and Mrs. C P Offer.

Committee on Contributions—L H Alford F T Lee, Reuben Albert and T H Nalle.

Committee of Reception—J B Robinson, T H Johnson, C W Dunifer, B B Cahoon and J B Duchouquette.

Committe on Transportation—B B Cahoon, W B Cergswell, J P Gabriel, George P Herzinger and N B Allen.

On motion of C W Dunifer the committees will meet at Madison Hall on Friday, the 21st, and also an invitation extended to the public to meet with them.

On motion the meeting adjourned.

N. B. ALLEN, President.
W. J COLLIER, Sec'y.—*Farmer and Miner.*

The rumored disagreement between Mr. Tilden and Mr. Hendricks, involving the possible withdrawal of the latter from the ticket, is happily set at rest by a Saratoga telegram to the *World* which we reproduce this morning. Those whose apprehensions have been aroused by an idle or malicious fabrication, may therefore rest assured that the candiates have arrived at a perfect understanding beyond all possibility of rupture, as will soon be made apparent. We have never for a moment believed that Mr. Hendricks purposed or desired to decline. The unanimity of his endorsement by the convention and the general enthusiasm with which the nomination was received among the Democracy at large, convince us that nothing less than something extraordinary and improbably influence could induce him to pursue any course contrary to the universal wish of his Democratic fellow-citizens. At the same time Mr. Hendricks is no less concientous in his conceptions of public duty, than he is tenacious of his private convictions, and is therefore all the more to be commended for his discretion. If there were any points of difference between himself and Mr. Tilden it was important to understand their nature, to measure their bearing upon the canvass, and effect their reconciliation. Otherwise the combination in which the Democracy trust so implicitly might fail of its own weakness or incongruity. Fortunately, there has arisen no diversity of opinion to disturb the harmony of their relations, and the distinguished candidates will enter in the canvass, co-operating no less heartily one with the other, than both will be supported by the people at the polls.—*Times.*

If Grant is in such a worn-out, wretched condition as he is represented to be, why doesn't he go to Long Branch and listen to the sad, sea waves for a while! He need have no scrupies about it. The people will never call him to account again for his absences from Washington, and would be quite as well satisfied, indeed were he to stay away altogether.—*Times.*

Ah Chee stabbed Ah How in New York a few days since for the diminutive sum of thirteen cents. Ah Chee begged for ah chew, and was immediately marched into ah cell.—*Republican.*