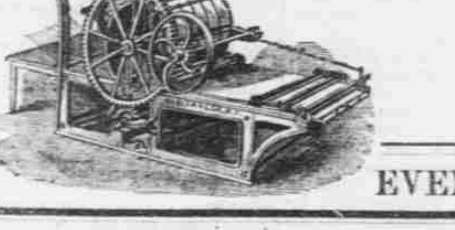
TIFFIN  TRIBUNE.

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[From Cassell's Family Magazine.]

What He Lost By It

CHAPTER I.

The evening was warm and still, and all the doors and windows in George street were set open, and everybody who could escape from indoor occupation was out for a stroll. The people living here were decent hard-working men and women, earning enough to keep their families in comfort, and taking an honest pride in themselves and their dwellings. Most of the windows could boast of clean muslin curtains, and the doorsteps were as white as hard scouring could make them. There was one house, however, whose doorstep could ill bear a comparison with its neighbors; and as to its curtains, they were drab and dingy, and had been up all the winter.

"Miss Kenaway don't regard appearances; that's certain," said one matron to another, as they took their evening walk together. "If I were here I should be sick of the sight of those frightful drab curtains. And she with a smart young beau coming often to the house!"

"Poor thing!" sighed the other woman, a good-natured soul, always ready to find excuses for those the world was hard upon—"Poor thing!" she can't have a minute to call her own. What with her dressmaking and her mother's long illness, she must be pretty nearly at her wits' end.

"Well, if young Parr don't mind the curtains, and that disgraceful doorstep of hers, I'm sure I don't," responded the first speaker sharply. "And here he comes, looking as you please, and walking as if the very ground wasn't good enough for his feet!"

William Parr, the promised husband of Fanny Kennaway, was one of those men who are said to be above their station, and are sometimes so very much above it that there is no keeping them in it. William, however, was industrious enough to find favor with the merchant who employed him. Out of the counting house he held his head high, and looked down upon his fellow clerks, who never ceased to wonder why such a lofty fellow should have courted an humble little dressmaker in George street. But very few men of taste would have been surprised at Parr's choice if they had seen Fanny Kennaway in her seat by the window that evening.

After a long day's work, she was resting her eyes and hands for a few minutes, and watching for William's coming. Her's was a delicate clearly-cut face, pale as a lily, and serious almost to sadness—a face that seemed to have little in common with the needles and pins and gay stuffs around her. And yet, in a general way, Fanny worked cheerfully enough at her trade. It was only when nursing as well as dressmaking fell to her lot, and a heavy doctor's bill was added to ordinary expenses, that her little body felt itself weary of this great world. But there was no weariness in the smile that greeted William, as he entered the humble room. Like a wise woman, as she was, Fanny always met her lover with a bright look and a cheery voice.

"Come, Fanny," he said, won't you go for a walk this evening? Your mother is better, so that you can surely be spared."

"Oh, yes; mother can spare me; Mrs. Marks is sitting with her. But there is a dress that must be finished to-night, William."

"I wonder why we can never enjoy ourselves as other people do," muttered Parr, crossly. "You are making a regular slave of yourself, Fanny."

"Well, then, I'll go," she answered, after a little pause, "and I won't be five minutes getting ready."

She ran off, and soon returned, looking so neat in her walking garb that only an ill-humored man could have found a fault in her. But as they walked away together down the street there was a cloud on William's face, and presently he spoke out his grievance.

"Why don't you get a stylish hat, Fanny, instead of wearing that everlasting bonnet? I can't think how it is your things last so long; one never sees you in anything fresh and new. For my sake you ought to be a little smarter in your dress."

Fanny did not tell him that every sixpence she earned was spent on the common necessaries of life, and that all her savings had gone to pay the doctor's bill; but she looked up lovingly into the handsome, gloomy face. William was her first love; she could not wish him changed, even when his magnificent notions caused her some inconvenience. The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit is not always duly valued, and many people might have blamed Fanny for her tameness. But she was one of those women who would rather hear harsh words than speak them.

Instead of chiding, she patiently set herself at work to bring her companion to a better frame of mind, and she succeeded so well that William almost forgot the old bonnet. And yet, when he had left her at her own door, and was going back to his lodging, he began to think of it again. It was quite humiliating, he said to himself, for a man in his position to have been seen in the company of such a bonnet as that.

"How are you, Parr?" cried a loud voice. "Splendid evening, isn't it? Come home and have supper, will you?" The speaker was a dashing young fellow, son of an auctioneer who was reputed to be making a fortune. It was the first invitation that William had ever had from Tom Derry.

"Thanks," he answered promptly, "I shall be very happy to come." And then the two set off together, and William was by no means ill-pleased to walk with a well-dressed acquaintance, who nodded familiarly to one or two men in a sphere above him.

The Derrys lived in a pleasant villa, with coachhouse, stables, and greenhouses. Voices and laughter were heard in the garden as the young men approached the gate. William caught sight of light dresses fluttering about on the lawn, and remembered certain rumors of the beauty of the Derry girls.

After George street, and Fanny's little work room, it was no wonder, perhaps, that Gloucester Lodge seemed almost an earthly paradise. Julia Derry, the youngest and prettiest of the sisters, was supposed to be very gracious to William. She wore plenty of jewelry, and her costume was made in the latest style. After supper she played and sung several fashionable songs, with William standing beside her to turn over the music leaves. It was very pleasant, he thought, to see a girl with rings on her white hands, and without the telltale roughness on the left forefinger.

It was the old, old story. After that evening spent at Gloucester Lodge, William's visits to George street grew rarer and rarer; and little Fanny drooped visibly. It is not so very hard for a woman to bear up under life's burdens when she has the strong prop of a man's love to lean upon. But if the prop breaks, it is well for her if the burdens do not crush her altogether. Fanny, however, was not without a certain quiet fortitude. She felt that her prop was giving way and nerved herself to do without it.

"Fanny," said Mrs. Kennaway, one evening as the young dressmaker sat sewing in her old window seat, "you are not looking well my child; I wish William would come and take you out. He hasn't been here often lately, has he?"

"No, mother, not very often."

"I think you are working too hard," continued the poor woman, sighing. "I get well very slowly, Fanny; and the beef tea and port wine cost a great deal. I've made up my mind, child, to write to my brother at last."

"But, mother, you'll be dreadfully distressed if he doesn't answer. And you often said that he would never forgive you for marrying poor father."

"I've been a widow for nearly five years, Fanny. Surely Stephen can bury the old grievances in my husband's grave!"

"You know best, mother. But father always spoke of him as a hard man."

"Well, at any rate I shall make an attempt to soften him. Don't try to take me out of it, Fanny. I believe it is the right thing to do."

Fanny held her peace, but she had little hope that Uncle Fenwick would reply to his sister's letter. She knew that he was a rich merchant, but she had never seen him, and had founded her opinion of his character solely on her father's dislike to him. The late Mr. Kennaway had been one of those men who have a natural turn for borrowing money, and are generally severe on those who refuse to lend. Perhaps Mrs. Kennaway had taken some pains to hide the father's faults from the child's eye, for Fanny had never discovered them.

"Now, Fanny," said honest Mrs. Marks, bouncing into the little room, "to-morrow's Saturday, and you are going to have a whole holiday. Everything's planned, so you may leave off shaking your head. Mary Baker has promised to come and sit with your mother. My man and I have arranged to take you right off to Durrant farm, where my sister lives."

Mrs. Marks and her husband were the Kennaways' next-door neighbors. They were a childless couple, and instead of wasting their affections on dogs and parrots, they looked out for young people who needed love and sympathy. Fanny had no idea they knew all about her sorrow. She did not realize how easy it is for shrewd eyes to read the signs of a sick heart.

Early the next morning, a hired chaise rattled out of George street, containing Fanny and her two friends. Of course it could not be quite a perfect holiday without William; but the girl enjoyed fresh air and rests, and was grateful for kindness. It was a long drive, and when they reached the farm house, Mrs. Marks declared that Fanny had picked up wonderfully. A day or two in the country, she said would put a little color into those pale cheeks, and brighten the eyes that were dull with watching and working. Ah, poor Fanny!

Durrant farm stands upon the outskirts of a wood, which has always been a favorite haunt for picnic parties. The fates had decreed that the Derrys should give a picnic that day; it was early in September, and the townfolks wanted to make the most of the waning summer. Miss Julia Derry wore an entirely new costume, bought for the occasion, and a charming rustic hat adorned with poppies and wheat-ears. It was very agreeable to be admired, even by a mere merchant's clerk, and she lavished her sweetest smiles on William Parr.

Arm and arm the pair strolled away from the rest of the party. He talked nonsense, and she laughed, and listened, and led him on, without a thought beyond the hour's amusement. She was wiser in the world's ways than foolish William, whose vanity had been tickled until he really believed he had made a conquest. He was bending down to his companion, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, when a turn in the path suddenly brought him face to face with Mrs. Marks and Fanny Kennaway.

Even then things might have turned out well, if William had only been true to himself. But there was Fanny in her shabby every-day gown, and the bonnet that had gone completely out of fashion; and there was the superb Julia hanging on Parr's arm, and quizzing his betrothed with haughty eyes. The worst part of the young man's nature came uppermost at that moment. He gave one quick glance at Fanny, and swept on, without bestowing even a blow of recognition on the little dressmaker.

"Well," said Mrs. Marks, drawing a long breath; "I only wonder that the earth don't open and swallow him up!"

CHAPTER II.

Fanny took her lover's desertion in a very quiet way. She knew that the end had come, and did not try to get any comfort out of a dead hope. When the fire has gone out, she is a wise woman who sets herself to rake away the ashes and clean out the grate, even when she knows her heartstone will be cold for many a year afterward. Our little dressmaker went on sewing and snipping as usual, saying never a word about her trouble.

Meanwhile the household burdens were lightened. Mr. Fenwick wrote a kind reply to his sister's letter, and inclosed a sum large enough to supply her with all that she required.

"You can get yourself a new gown, now, Fanny," said her mother, cheerfully "It has made my heart ache to see you wearing that old gray thing. I like my girl to be well dressed."

Brave Fanny. If a sick heart whispered that it didn't matter what she wore nowadays, she never heeded the voice. She chose the material with as much care as if it had been the stuff for her wedding dress, and set about making it up in her best style. When it was finished, Mr. Marks came in and resolutely cleared away all signs of work, and then sent Fanny up stairs to put on the new gown and go out walking in it.

It was getting late in the afternoon when Fanny returned from her stroll. It seemed to her as she entered the little parlor that it was full of people; her mother sat by the window, looking nervous and tearful, yet happy withal, and by her side was an elderly gentleman, talking earnestly.

A little apart from these two was a young man, sitting at the table and turning over the pages of a volume of poems which had been a gift from William Parr to his affianced wife. Both gentlemen rose quickly as Fanny came in, and the elder introduced himself at once.

"I am your uncle, Stephen Fenwick, Fanny," he said, taking her hands. "Give me a kiss, my dear, You are like the daughter I have lost. This is my son, your cousin Walter."

The young man came forward, and asked if Fanny was willing to make friends with an unknown relative. His manner was natural, his voice very gentle, and Fanny felt at once that he treated her with as much deference as if she had been a peeress instead of a poor little dressmaker. What he thought of her she did not learn till long afterward; but certain it is that the image of a sweet, pale girl, in a brown dress, haunted Walter Fenwick's mind for many a day.

"Your uncle wants us to go and live with him, Fanny," said Mrs. Kennaway tremulously. "He is a widower, and has only a housekeeper to take care of him; shall we go?"

"Will you come and be my child, Fanny?" asked Mr. Fenwick. She turned, and looked steadfastly at him for a moment with her eyes full of tears. And then, slowly and gratefully, she answered yes.

Only a fortnight after Mr. Fenwick's visit, the inhabitants of George street ran to their doors to catch a glimpse of the Kennaways. The two women came very quietly out of the little house and entered a fly that waited for them and their luggage. Mrs. Marks waved a tearful farewell; her husband stood on the pavement, smiling broadly to hide his real feelings, and then the vehicle rattled away, and the folks went indoors again, saying that they supposed the rich uncle was going to make a lady of little Fanny.

And how was it, meanwhile, with William Parr? His intimacy with those gay friends, the Derrys, had come to an end with the summer. Julia got tired of his attentions, and snubbed him. Her elders said to each other that young Parr's frequent visits were becoming quite a nuisance. Even Tom at last gave him the cold shoulder. They were a heartless set, he said to himself, feeling abominably ill-used. And then it suddenly occurred to him that he was only getting the very same measure that he had meted to another.

"It serves me right for treating Fanny badly," he mused. "She was worth a hundred Julias. And she is such a good, forgiving little thing that I almost think she'd make it up with me if I went back to her again."

It was a chilly evening in late autumn when William Parr once more took his way to George street. A host of old recollections came crowding round him as he drew near Fanny's home; he began to wonder how he could have stayed away from her so long, and to be eager for the first glimpses of her sweet face. He knew just how she would look; his fancy pictured the glow and brightness that would welcome him. There was light in her parlor—a warm, cheery beam, that told him he should find her sitting as usual at her sewing.

"I won't make a dozen wretched excuses," thought the young man. "I'll just ask her to forgive me, and tell her I could not live without her."

He knocked at the door, and stood waiting with throbbing heart for Fanny to open it. A few seconds passed away, and then he heard the inside latch lifted, and stood face to face with a tall, hard-featured woman in a widow's cap.

"Is Miss Kennaway within?" he faltered.

"She doesn't live here," responded the woman slowly.

"Not live here!" said William. "Then where is she? Can you give me any information?"

"I don't know anything about her. I've heard that some people named Kennaway lived here before I came, but that's all I can tell you."

William turned away from the door like one half stunned. It was all so different from the pleasant and pathetic little scene he had been picturing, that he could hardly believe in the stern reality. And then, as he still stood dreaming on the pavement, he bethought him of Mrs. Marks. She had been the Kennaway's familiar friend, and would surely know something about their change of residence.

Alas! Mrs. Marks' house was quiet and dark. The shutters were closed; not a gleam of light could be seen within; and William's knock remained unanswered.

"That house is empty," said a girl's voice at his elbow, and looking around he saw a decently clad lassie with a parcel under her arm. "The Marks are gone away to live somewhere in the country," she added.

"Can you tell me what has become of Kennaway and her daughter?" William asked eagerly.

"They're gone to London. Some rich gentleman found out that they were his near relations, and he has taken them to live with him."

Without another word he walked away, hardly knowing what direction he was taking. Until that moment he had never realized how strong was the tie that had bound him to little Fanny. He had neglected her—trifled with himself and his feelings—and well nigh broken her heart; but had he ever really ceased to love her? She was gone; she had quietly vanished out of his way, and made no sign.

* * * * *

Three years passed away. William Parr had stepped into the place left vacant by the death of a senior clerk, his salary had been raised, and he had moved into better lodgings. Perhaps if he had sought to renew his intimacy with the Derrys he might not have been repulsed, but he was now a sadder and wiser man. The sense of loss had entirely left him; nor had he as yet found any one who could be what Fanny had been. No tidings of her had ever come to her old lover; in the days of their intercourse she had been silent about her uncle Fenwick, and William had not even heard his name.

One day it happend that William Parr was dispatched to London to transact some business for his employer. It was winter, but the weather was clear and sunshiny, and when he arrived at the great metropolitan station it wanted an hour to noon. Among the numbers waiting on the platform, one figure attracted William's eye at once; it was that of a lady richly dressed in velvet and sable, who was evidently looking out eagerly for some one on the train. As she caught a glimpse of the face she was watching for, her own brightened and flushed in a way that William well remembered. Just so had she greeted him, when he had been wont to pay his evening visits to the little house in George street long ago.

A quiet-looking gentleman stepped out of a first-class carriage, and was about to draw her hand through his arm. But William, yielding to a powerful impulse, approached and spoke.

"Fanny—Miss Kennaway," he said nervously; her color deepened, and then she frankly extended her hand.

"Not Miss Kennaway now," she answered, smiling. "This is my husband, Mr. Fenwick—Mr. Parr."

William scarcely knew how he returned the gentleman's salutation. A moment more, and Walter Fenwick and his wife had passed on, leaving him standing on the platform, trying to collect his scattered senses. Both had seen plainly that he was far too confused to enter into conversation.

"Poor fellow!" said Walter, looking down tenderly into his wife's face, "I do not wonder that he was agitated by this sudden meeting with his lost love. He is a great loser; and I am a great gainer, Fanny."

COMMUNISM DENOUNCED.

Henry Ward Beecher's Opinions on the Labor Question.

So much discussion has been had, and so much ill will disseminated against Rev. Henry Ward Beecher at communistic meetings during the last week, on account of a misconstruction of the words of his sermon on the 22d inst., that it was shrewdly guessed that Mr. Beecher would take an early opportunity of more clearly defining his position on the question of the rights of laboring men. The expectation of such a discussion may, and probably did, have some effect in filling the interior of Plymouth Church last evening. The church was in fact overcrowded. On the pulpit were a number of vases of flowers, which rather relieved the sombre look of the stand below the organ loft. The Police authorities, in anticipation of any trouble which might have arisen, sent about thirty policemen in citizens' clothes, who were distributed among the congregation, and a squad of detectives were placed in the immediate neighborhood of the church. Mr. Beecher seemed in good health and spirits, and entered in his discussion of the questions of labor and capital, which formed the theme of his sermon, with apparent earnestness and great feeling. In the prayer proceeding the discourse Mr. Beecher invoked the Deity to have a blessing rest on all the land, and to bless those who have taken part in the recent disturbances by giving them a knowledge of better ways. He prayed that the land might not be severed and broken into fragments, but that the men of the people of the country might be drawn together by a power stronger than the power of selfishness and the other influences which separate the people. A collection in behalf of the poor was then taken up, and was apparently not grudgingly given, for the baskets of the ushers were full when deposited on the pulpit-stand.

Mr. Beecher then said that before beginning his sermon he desired to make a few remarks upon the events which have occurred since Sunday last. He said he had been grossly misrepresented—not willfully or intentionally, but by careless reporting—as saying what he did not say and does not believe. The reports had had the effect of bringing to him scores of letters, some of them obscene, others expressing indignation, some threatening, many from cowardly men ashamed of their own names, besides others pleading for the cause of humanity and for the working man. He had received some letters with great pleasure and great pain; pleasure, because he liked to be addressed in a manly way from a friend, though he was chided; pain, because his life had been devoted to the cause of the working man and the oppressed, both here and abroad, and he felt the wrong which was done him by such reports as these referred to. So he would step aside for the first time in thirty years to explain his position. He had said nothing which would indicate even the odious meaning which had been given to his remarks. His own services, he thought, should have saved him from the unjust imputation put upon his remarks. Mr. Beecher was here applauded, but the applause was mingled with the hissing of one or two persons, who afterward restrained themselves and were silent.

Mr. Beecher then began his sermon, taking his text from Acts xxii., 28: "And Paul said. But I was free born." Freedom, said Mr. Beecher, has been the aspiration of the human race from the beginning, and men have always longed for liberty. This prerogative was anciently conferred by kings on privileged classes. The history of the human race has been the history of men who sought to obtain large personal power and influence. To bring about the liberty of the whole mass of society and the happiness of all men because they are men, of all citizens because they are citizens—this is the study which should more deeply than any other interest every thoughtful, Christian man. Is the great working class oppressed? asked the speaker. Yes, undoubtedly it is, be answered, both by the Governments, and the rich men, and by the educated classes. This is not because the Governments, the rich men, or the educated forces desire to express them, but because it must be so. It is only in the household that it is possible for intelligence, strength, and power not to oppress ignorance, weakness, and helplessness. When men are ignorant and poor and weak, they can't help being oppressed. That is so by a great natural law. It is the cause of being against no being or very little being. It is to say that intelligence gets ahead of ignorance. It is to say that a ton outweighs a half ton. It can't be said this is so by reason of selfishness or injustice. The populations of Europe are largely ignorant—that's the matter—and therefore they are largely kept under. They are lacking in personal development; they are lacking in self-government; they are lacking in civil control; they are small in the waist and smaller in the head. They reap the misfortunes of inferiority, not because men desire to oppress them, but because it must be so.

Since 1860, 17 years—within the personal knowledge of you and me—the national debts of the world have been increased $10,000,000,000 by wars. The money has been invested in wars. The interest is very largely to be paid by labor, and the principal, by and by, is also largely to be paid by labor. In the face of such a showing are we to believe that the working classes are not oppressed by Governments? If they had had the intelligence would they not have prevented this outlay? We sympathize with the efforts of European working men to right themselves. We are on the side of work and the working man in Europe, but the method of rescue, in most respects, proposed for their release is unwise, unnatural, and impossible, and while we are in sympathy with them in their oppressions we abhor the theories thus far devised to accomplish their relief as being against the working men themselves, because in them the rebound of the gun at the breech is more destructive than the volley at the muzzle. We have in this country much to learn from Europe about music. We have much to learn from Europe about art; we have much to learn from Europe about certain professions and certain elements of policy, etc., but in the organization of individuality into commonwealths we have nothing to learn from the nations of Europe, but have much to teach them. We look upon the importation of the communistic and like European notions as abominations. Their notions and theories that the Government should be paternal and take care of the welfare of its subjects and provide them with labor, is un-American. It is the form in which oppression has had its most disastrous scope in the world. The American doctrine is that it is the duty of the Government merely to protect the people while they are taking care of themselves—nothing more than that. "Hands off" we say to the Government; "see to it that we are protected in our rights and our individuality. No more than that." The theories of Europe in regard to the community of property we reject because they are against natural law and will never be practicable. God has intended the great to be great, and the little to be little. No equalization process can ever take place until men are made equal as productive forces. It is a wild vision, not a practicable theory. The European theories of combinations between workmen and trades-unions and communes destroy the individuality of the person, and there is no possible way of preserving the liberty of the people except by the maintenance of individual liberty, intact from Government and intact from individual meddling. Persons have the right to work when or where they please, as long as they please, and for what they please, and any attempt to infringe on their right, and to put good workmen on a level with poor workmen—any such attempt to regiment labor is preposterous.

There has been much talk of capital as being against labor. Now capital is nothing more nor less than condensed labor. The trades-unions originated under European systems destroy liberty. We protest against the German dreams of government. We have found out what is better. We do not propose to go to school to impracticable German theorists. We are against communism. We give citizenship to foreigners, but we give no citizenship to theories of this kind. Our theory is that the Government protects men in their rights, and not Government, but God, gave them those rights. The Government gave me no right of liberty, but God did. The Government protects me in that right. All that the Government has the right to say is, you shall use your rights so as not to injure another's; to secure to every man the liberty that God gave him. Clear the arena! Let each man go into it for what he is! Let him reap what he can sow! Let the Government see that there is fair play between man and man and citizen and citizen! When I hear men say that the Government shall take charge of the railroads, of the telegraphs, and of other forms of industry, and that the proceeds shall be distributed equally among the working men, I say that if all citizens were angels this world be folly. But as men are, only a theorist insane by nature and thrown by meditation into delirium tremens could have invented such a theory. No human being on earth has any rights resulting from the fact that he belong to a class. In the eye of the law we have rights, but simply of men. The law rubs out all the European distinctions of class and says all men are born equal. We hear of the rich class being arrayed against the working class. There is no rich class or working class before the law. The way in which these terms are coming now to be used is undemocratic, unphilosophical, and false in fact. It is an American doctrine that every man is to have the full ownership of himself, and the right to develop himself if he can do it.

Mr. Beecher then alluded to the checks to the development of the negro under the slave system which have been now swept away, and which were the only exceptions to the doctrine, and went on to say that the right of every man is to the possession of his whole self, body and mind and soul. He has the right to have the liberty to use the whole of himself. It is just as odious for a trades-union to prevent him from doing so in any respect, as it is for a person wearing a crown. The oppression by both is tyranny, and for my part I prefer the latter, because I would rather be swallowed by one anaconda than be bitten to death by 500 little vipers. Every man should stand on his own level, be that what it might. It is sometimes said that the world owes a man a living. Certainly, if he earns it. It is also said that every man is entitled to be taken care of. Certainly by himself, unless he depends on the support of his mother, or in later years of his wife. [Laughter.] Mr. Beecher here introduced the instances of the fly, the sparrow, and the eagle, which fill different spheres. He said that the person doing the work of a fly should take the position of one; the one doing that of a sparrow should take its position, while the one who filled the eagle's part should go aloft like the eagle and soar through the upper air. Every man has the right to be where he can put himself by his proper acquisitions, labor, and productiveness. The position of one is just as democratic as that of the other. The term democratic is somewhat odious because we are accustomed to hear it used in connection with a certain political party, but he used the word in its larger philosophical sense. The man, however, who stood at the head of the ladder is just as democratic as the man who stood at the bottom, a pauper, with nothing except four votes. [Laughter.] Merit, not conceit, nor empty aspirations and productiveness, should go to the head. Men may rebel against this. It may be hard for one pound to be weighed down by two pounds—poor little one pound—[laughter]—but nature's laws are inexorable. The man who takes his beer three times a day, and spends one-tenth of his time at work, may stand up and fold his arms and say he is as good as the next man. Yes, but that depends upon who the next man is.

Mr. Beecher said that the true rule in regard to the trades-unions and other expedients of the kind is as to how much liberty they secure to the individual. It was nobody's business to tell a master mason how many apprentices he should employ. The plea of the trades-unions for this was that it was necessary, so that the trade should not be overstocked. Necessity, however, has been the plea of tyrants the world over, whether those of the many with hods on their shoulders or with crowns on their heads. Men will be ranked by their productive power. The place in which men stand on the scale may be changed by volition, but the scale does not change. The soul must go above the body, and the men whose lives represent body rather than soul will stand lowest. The more brains and skill and knowledge a man brings to his work, the higher will be his standing and his wages. Some men say that the value of an article depends on the amount of work put in it. A school-boy, dull as lead, may spend an entire day in slowly and laboriously copying a sonnet of Milton's which took the poet only half an hour to write. Should the boy be better paid for his copy than the poet for his original? The value of men's products is to be determined by the quality of mind and work put into them. The way for working men, he said, to get ahead, was not by way of the grog shop, nor by way of the caucus, nor yet by way of combinations, but by way of the school, self-development, by being more manly. To put workmen on the same level in regard to wages and work, is as though a man were to put all wheat, rye, corn, and barley at the same price.

Mr. Beecher made an allusion to the old New Englanders who worked from before sunrise until long after sunset, as persons who did not shun work, who kept the bodily nature subservient to the higher nature, and who advanced by reason of such conduct. He said the workmen should call on God and stop using tobacco and beer, subdue their passions, and try by self-denial to make homes for themselves and families. Men who have been cast down, from affluence to poverty, should not grunt and grumble, but bear matters unflinchingly. They should never forget they are men, even though they die of hunger. An Indian, uncivilized as he was, never flinched when fire was applied to his body. The manly way to meet misfortune is to go down boldly to poverty. In losing everything else a man should not lose his manliness. I don't say that $1 per day is enough to support a working-man, but it is enough to support a man. He is going through a transition, and a man should be superior to his circumstances.

[From the Cincinnati Commercial.]

WOMAN'S DRESS.

It Is Just Now Approaching a State of Perfection.

Within the memory of the present generation there never was a time when the prevailing fashion of woman's dress contained the possibility at once of so much beauty, comfort, and convenience as it does at present. We say the possibility of all this, mind you, for women generally run things into the ground, and though the present fashion of dress is in reality quite a simple affair, nevertheless women manage to extract considerable worry out of it after all.

There has not been a time within twenty years when the fashionable dress contained essentially less that was absurd, and more that was in accordance with practical commonsense, from the fashionable lady's boots to her parasol. Her boot heels are moderately low and broad, a vast improvement on the horrible, stilted, pointed pegs on which a woman, if she was fashionable, had to totter a few years ago. These stilted pegs pitched the foot forward into a narrow pointed-toed boot, which was as ingenious an instrument of torture as the inquisition ever desired. It raised corns, distorted the toe-na'ls, and deformed the ball of the foot till the joint stuck out in a great ugly knob or knot. It made a fat foot look like a kidney or an early rose potato, while to the long, narrow foot it was murderous. With the present fashion, a fashionable lady may wear a square-toed boot if she likes, and a woman who cares at all for the beauty of her foot will always wear the square-toed boot. It makes even a fat, thick foot look slimmer and more like the narrow foot which is considered a mark of aristocratic birth. It disguises the knob or bunion on the ball of the foot, and it makes the slender, pretty foot look even daintier and more high-stepping.

Consider, too, the difference in parasols between now and fifteen years ago. Then a lady's parasol was not much bigger than one's two hands, and was loaded down with heavy, useless fringe or lace, which was always catching on people's buttons and this and that, until it was a public nuisance.

Now the parasols are large enough to use as rain umbrellas at a pinch, and they are either black or in very dark, rich shades of color which hurt nobody's eyes. These umbrellas are as elegant and expensive as ever, but the elegance is that of true, pure taste which never loses sight of the use an article is intended for.

In hair-dressing there has come about, so quietly that we have scarcely noticed it, a sweeping and entire revolution. From having her head weighted down almost like an Alaska Indian's, a few years ago, and that, too, with a mass of material not at all pleasant to wear or to meditate on, it has come about that many elegant and fashionable ladies now wear for "dress up" only the hair that nature gave them. It has come about that unless a lady positively insists on it, she need not gouge her scalp with hairpins and twist her hair out by the roots any longer, but may dress it loosely, lightly, and comfortably, and at the same time have it in the fashion, too. The light puffs and little curls of false hair sometimes worn on top of the head are not heavy or heating enough to be uncomfortable or unhealthy. What, perhaps, is the best of all, too, there could hardly be a prettier or more becoming way of dressing the hair than the present fashion. All in all, is it not a vast change for the better?

A revolution in favor of common sense has taken place throughout in women's dress. It is the fashion for ladies to dress far more warmly in winter than they did twenty years ago. Their clothing is of warmer, heavier material, their stockings go above their knees, and their boots are made of good, substantial leather. A lady's winter overcoat is made of much the same material as a man's, now days, proving that fashion does sometimes consult common sense.

Furthermore, grouty old grandfathers and would-be smart young newspaper men may say whatever witty and sarcastic things they please about pullbacks and pinbacks, but after all, with the exception of one or two absurdities, presently to be mentioned, when was a woman's dress lighter, more comfortable, more economical, more artistic, and more becoming than it is now? Look at an old fashion-plate representing the enormous "tilters" of fifteen years ago, if you would behold a monument to the folly of fashion. Dress skirts were then five yards around, and were drawn into a great mass of gathers at the waist, which made them heavy, heating, and uncomfortable in the extreme. Now a skimp little skirt or two, with nearly or quite no gathering at all at the waist, takes the place of all those cumbersome heating yards of material. Over the skimp little skirt fits closely the ever-graceful polonaise, with its pretty folds of drapery creeping down, lower and lower toward the ground, till presently, it is to be hoped, it will quite touch, and then we shall have perfection of a woman's garment, a dress all in one piece. That will be the Princess dress, the prettiest and most convenient dress a woman ever wore, and the most becoming to all sizes, shapes, styles, and ages of women. The heating gathers around the hip and waist are all gone, and a good riddance to them.

A year or two ago, at a Woman's Congress in Boston, a fashionable and somewhat noted dressmaker, Mrs. Flint, said that for sixteen years she had worn only the Princess dress. If belts were fashionable, she wore a belt with it; if basques, she put an imitation of a basque skirt around her waist, with whatever bows, streamers, or lappels that were necessary; but through all she adhered to her dress all in one piece, and passed for a fashionably dressed lady in the bargain. For a permanent fashion for woman's dress, she considered that there was nothing so becoming, convenient, economical, and graceful for all women whatsoever, as the Princess dress.

Fashion bids fair to come quite to Mrs. Flint's standpoint very shortly. Even now there are but two pieces to a dress, and those neither heavy nor cumbersome, the polonaise and skirt. The simple polonaise draped low down behind is as graceful as it can be. Consider, Grouty, what an improvement all this is on even five years ago. The writer hereof remembers now a young lady dressed for a party one evening some six years ago. The *coup de grace* of her attire was an elegant new dress, which had just come home in triumph from the dressmaker's to be worn that evening for the first time. As soon as it came, it was unfolded and passed around for all the family to admire, which we did, with an admiration not unmingled with awe. And no wonder. That miraculous dress consisted of sixteen different pieces, all told. There were overskirts, and lappels, and peplums, and little bows to be hooked on, and streamers to be tied here and there, and capes and cues, and panniers, and the Lord knows what, till they counted up sixteen different pieces in all. Consider, Grouty, whether two or even three pieces to a dress is not a vast improvement over the good old times when a woman had to put on a dress of sixteen different pieces, not counting either her under garments or her outside wraps. How would one like to jump out of bed and get into that dress of a cold morning, thermometer at zero?

No, Mr. Grouty. The present fashion of women's dress is prettier, more comfortable, more convenient, and more artistic than it has been any time in twenty years. These are the pin-back, which you have such a grudge at. If you please, the proper place for the graceful length and fullness of a woman's skirts is at the back. The pin-backs are both graceful and convenient, where they are not plainly pinned back so tight as to distress the wearer. Then in a moment they cease to be pretty, and look like—old scratch.

We lay it down as a truth which defies contradiction that, for the first time in twenty years, fashion in dress is such that a woman may dress herself in an entirely healthy, convenient, and becoming manner, and at the same time be dressed quite in the mode. But women usually run things in the ground, and although it is now possible to be both fashionable and comfortable, a woman may pinion her elbows back, and strap her knees together, and choke herself till she is gagged and buckled like a deserter in the late war, if she wishes. That many women do enjoy making themselves thus wrethed is a fact.

Some of them plait their dress skirts down to the knees, all tight and fast, like a silk worm in his shell.

"I wouldn't like ma to know it," said a young lady, confidentially; "but I swore coming out of church to-day—I actually did. My new silk dress skirt is plaited clear down to the knees. It goes up to my ears in the neck, and when I get my gold beads on they boost my chin up in the air, and I can't turn my head at all. It was so hot to-day that I nearly roasted with my dress so tight and sticking so close to me. When I stood up after church to go home I couldn't get my dress skirt down again. I wiggled and pulled at it, but it wouldn't come down, and I got so worried with the heat and all that it was quite dreadful, and before I thought!"—

"What did you say?"

"I said *damn*," said the young lady. She emphasized it as though she would like to say it again.

The young lady's attire was in the extreme of the mode, but it violated the very first canon of taste in dress in several particulars. That sacred canon is this: Nothing which looks uncomfortable or unclean can ever be in good taste. A high-necked dress is stylish, but when it gets so high that it is evidently painful to the wearer, then at once it becomes painful to everybody else. When it gets so high that it seems as if it would choke a woman and saw her ears off, and half melt her in hot weather, it cannot possibly be pretty. Pin-backs are likewise convenient and graceful, but when they plainly, and to the eye of every looker-on, pinion a woman's knees, then they become painfully ridiculous. The extreme of any fashion is never in good taste.

Another part of the fashionable woman's attire, which she runs literally into the ground, are those nasty, ragged street-trains, which seem to be getting longer, dirtier, and raggeder than ever. A train to a lady's robe is graceful and pretty in its proper place, but nature and revelation alike indicate that its proper place is in the house, not on the street. A sight more revolting to a person of cleanly instincts, or a fouler device for smearing a lady's petticoats, and soiling her dainty hose, and the delicate skin of her ankles, can not be imagined. One may see any day on the street expensive silk and grenadine dress-skirts worn into ribbons almost, with vile rags and threads dragging after them, whirling up at every step a tornado of dust and cigar stumps. Clean people shudder at 'em, men hate 'em, step on 'em, and swear at 'em. If women can't afford but one best dress, why can't they loop it up on the street? The conundrum is commended especially to ladies with dirty and ragged trains.

Then again, there are the new-fashioned corsets, made very long—half as long again as they used to be—and rounded in front to fit the form, and hold a woman up instead of squeezing her down. Grouty and the doctors have been abusing corsets for the last thousand years. But if a corset is the new-fashioned, long-bodied kind, and is not worn tight, it may be really a help to delicate ladies and those inclined to embonpoint, Grouty and the doctors to the contrary notwithstanding.

Civilization has certainly arrived at that point where a lady may be both comfortably and fashionably dressed. She has but to lop off one or two painful absurdities that have crept in, and the thing is done. By purchasing the very best articles she can afford, and those articles which will attract the least possible attention, a lady of very moderate means can always look well dressed as long as the present fashions continue. Then when the beautiful Princess dress comes in, long may it wave, and long may it stay. Fashion in woman's dress will then be essentially less elaborate than it has been in twenty years, and for beauty and for use more adapted to the needs both of fashionable ladies and of the large and constantly increasing class of working women and business women. In a word, it will be as near perfection as it is possible for a woman's dress in this age of the world to be.

"Humph," says old Grouty. "How about tying their petticoat-strings tight enough around their waists to cut them in two? I've been preaching for twenty years to make women suspend their garments over their shoulders, as a man or any other sensible human being would do. I've never yet succeeded in a single instance in persuading a woman to abandon her pestiferous petticoat strings. I can't even make my own girls do it. They'd turn into yellow, cross, wrinkled-up invalids, old before their time, and they'd die a thousand deaths; but they'd still hang to their beloved petticoat strings."

"And there, Grouty, you are more than half right."

"Humph," says old Grouty.

"Tom, why did you not marry Miss G——?" "Oh! she had a sort of hesitancy in her speech, and so I left her." "A hesitancy in her speech! I never heard that before—are you not mistaken?" "No—not at all; for when I asked her if she would have me, she hinder hesitated to say yes, and she hesitated so long that I cut for another gal."

An Alabama paper tells of a lady, who fell on a wire, "dislocating her mouth."

How to get rid of a mother-in-law—Don't marry.

OHIO REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.

The Republicans of Ohio, in Convention assembled, congratulate the people that during the long term of their control of the affairs of the State no stain has been found upon their record as a party; that their management of local affairs has been true to the moral and industrial interests of the people, and therefore they confidently point to their past as the best evidence of their intentions for the future.

On the National questions the Republicans of Ohio claim the same fidelity to right principles and practices that they have exhibited in local and State affairs.

Appealing to the determination of the people to maintain Republican principles and practices, they offer for the candid consideration of the voters of Ohio the following

PLATFORM OF PRINCIPLES.

Resolved, That we reaffirm and adopt the platform and resolutions of the National Convention of the Republican party adopted in the Convention at Cincinnati in June, 1876.

Resolved, That the Republicans of Ohio reaffirm their unfaltering confidence in Rutherford B. Hayes as a statesman, patriot and Republican, and cordially approve and support his efforts for the pacification of the country, and the establishment of its Civil Service upon a basis of purity and efficiency.

Resolved, That we reaffirm it as the unalterable purpose of the Republican party to maintain and enforce the provisions of the recent amendments to the Federal Constitution, guaranteeing the equal rights of all citizens before the law, irrespective of race or color, and to insist upon the full and effectual performance by the Federal Government, in the execution of all its powers, of its Constitutional obligations in that behalf.

Resolved, That we are in favor of both silver and gold as money, that both shall be a legal tender for the payment of all debts except where otherwise specially provided by law, with coining and valuation so regulated that our people shall not be placed at a disadvantage in our trade with foreign Nations, and that both metals shall be kept in circulation as the money of the Nation, as contemplated by the Constitution, and we therefore demand the remonetization of silver.

Resolved, That we are opposed to any further grants of public lands, or money subsidies, for the extension of the public credit of the General Government, to aid in the construction of railroads.

Resolved, That we are opposed to the renewal of patents by acts of Congress which are burdensome and oppressive to the masses of the people, and especially to the laboring classes.

Resolved, That we view with alarm the present disturbed condition of the country, as evidenced by the extensive strikes of workingmen, and followed by destruction of life and property in different parts of the country; and while we deprecate each and every resort to violence and disorder, and cordially approve the action of our National and State authorities in their efforts to enforce the supremacy of the law, yet we do most heartily sympathize with the condition of the honest and industrious laborers who are willing to work, but remain unemployed, or are employed at wages inadequate to comfort and independence; and as an earnest of our desire to find a remedy for their condition, we recommend—

First—That Congress establish a National Bureau of Industry.

Second—That Congress exerts its authority over all National highways of trade by prescribing and enforcing such reasonable regulations as will tend to promote safety of travel, secure fair returns for capital invested and fair wages to the employes, preventing mismanagement, improper discriminations and the aggrandizement of officials at the expense of stockholders, shippers and employes.

Third—That provision be made for statutory arbitrations between employers and employes, to adjust controversies, reconcile interests and establish justice and equity between them.

GOOD LUCK FOR A LUNATIC.

Captain Crapo's Voyage Across the Atlantic.

The correspondent of the London *Daily News* at Penzance gives the following account of the voyage of Captain Crapo and his wife across the Atlantic, in a small boat from New Bedford, Massachusetts:

"The voyage was commenced on May 28th, when the vessel left New Bedford, but by stress of weather she had to put into Chatham, Massachusetts, where she stayed until the 2d of June, when the sails were again hoisted, and the little pigmy left on her perilous voyage with a fair wind. All went well for three days, the wind being southwest and the sea calm. The wind then changed to the southeast, and it come on foggy for four days, and contined foggy up to the time when they reached the Grand Banks, seventeen days out.

"Here a most fortunate thing happened for the navigators. The drogue which they had brought with them was found to be of little use, because it was too light. While off the banks they saw a keg floating, which, luckily, they were able to secure. Captain Crapo knocked off the iron hoops, and with some canvas made a new drogue, which answered admirably. When it is considered that at any part of the voyage they were obliged to lay to for nearly three days in a great gale of wind, it will need no effort to imagine what a fortunate acquisition the new drogue was. After leaving the banks, where they lay to in a gale of fifteen hours, the weather improved, and they sailed till the 21st of June, when another gale was encountered. While lying to, the *New Bedford* spoke the steamer *Batavia*, from which assistance was offered, and the offer was made to take them on board, which they pluckily declined.

"After this incident they encountered a succession of gales, the only wonder being that they survived to tell the story. During the voyage, which occupied forty-nine days, the rudder broke, but happily there was a spare oar on board, which was used until the first could be repaired. The seas were running mountain high, and during all that time even when lying down to rest they had to lie in wet clothes. On one occasion the captain was for seventy hours steering without relief, the weather being so frightful, and on another he was eighteen hours consecutively attending to the drogue. Captain Crapo says he could not have stood another fifteen days; indeed, he had not slept for seventy hours when he landed. His average sleep while coming across was under four hours a day.

"Among the many extraordinary things connected with the voyage is that it had to be run by dead reckoning, as the New Bedford was not equal to a chronometer. Only on two occasions could they get their longitude. When speaking the two vessels Captain Crapo had intended to make for Falmouth, but the wind was against it. Captain and Mrs. Crapo seemed wonderfully well after the hardships they had undergone, though the Captain has a bad hand, and when he came on shore his other hand was firmly clenched after seventy hours' steering. The house they stopped at was invaded by persons eager to shake hands with so brave a couple. The boat was also visited by numbers. Captain Crapo thinks of going on to Falmouth, and afterward to London and the Paris Exhibition."

Testing Friendship.

It is one of the severest tests of friendship to tell a man of his faults. If you are angry with a man, it is not hard to go to him and stab him with words and looks, stinging him to madness, or disgracing him in the presence of his foes. But to so love a man that you cannot bear to see the stain of sin upon him, and to go to him alone and speak painful truths in touching, tender words—that is friendship as rare as it is precious. Few indeed, have such friends. Our friends are apt to pet us, and justify us in all we do, and tell us that we are right, when we are wrong, and they know it, and might correct us, but do not, for fear they shall hurt our feelings. They allow our enemies to rip the coverings from our faults and show us what we are. If friends would reprove us more, enemies would wound us less. Do you wish to be my friend? Then tell me my faults to my face. Will you do so before you are angry? Will you refuse to be an enemy, but keep on faithful dealing till you have won me to the right? If so, I greet you and welcome you, for "Faithful are the wounds of a friend, but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful."

[Chicago Times.]

Who Will Take Care of Them?

It is commonly supposed that engineers get so accustomed to fast running that they are unmindful of the perils which beset them during every minute at their journeys. This is a mistake. They appreciate the dangers of their occupation, and, though it is rare an engineer falters in his duty, they do not, as a rule, like to exceed a certain speed. This aversion to extraordinary running was illustrated by the remark of an old engineer, yesterday, when informed that he must take out one of the fast trains on Monday. Removing his slouch hat, and running his fingers nervously through his hair, the old engineer, who has made all sorts of time, in daylight and darkness, for twenty years, said: "All right, boss, I'll take her through, but who'll take care of my wife and five children if anything should happen?" The remark showed that engineers sometimes, perhaps often, think of their families at the same time they are watching their engines, and that there are some things that they like better than running fifty miles an hour.

Facts for the People.

It is an undeniable fact that no article was ever placed before the public with so much undisputed evidence of its great medical value, as the

VEGETINE.

For every complaint for which VEGETINE is recommended, many testimonials of what it has done is furnished to the public at large, and no one should fail to observe that nearly all of the testimonials are from people right at home, where the VEGETINE is prepared, and as the streets and numbers are given, there can be no possible doubt about the matter.

BOSTON, Dec. 17, 1872.

H. R. Stevens, Esq.: Dear Sir—[illegible]

[illegible]

I am, sir, very gratefully, JOHN PECK, No. 50 Sawyer street, Boston, Mass.

Twenty-Seven Years Ago.

H. R. Stevens, Esq.: Dear Sir—This is to certify that my daughter was taken sick when she was three years old, and got so low that we were obliged to keep her on a pillow, without moving, to keep the little thing together. She was attended by several physicians—the regular attending one being old Dr. John Stevens. They all pronounced her case incurable. She had been sick about a year, when hearing of the great Blood Remedy, VEGETINE, I commenced giving her that, and continued it regularly till she was about seven years old, when she was pronounced perfectly cured. During her sickness three pieces of bone were taken from her right arm above the elbow, one of them being very long. Several small pieces were also taken from her left leg. She is now twenty-seven years old, and is enjoying good health, and has ever since she was seven years old, with no signs of Scrofula or any other blood disease. Her arm is a little crooked, but she can use it almost as well as the other. Her legs are of equal length, and she is not in the least lame. Her case was Scrofula, inherited in the blood; and I would recommend all those having Scrofula, Humor or any other blood disease, if they wish to have a perfect cure, to try VEGETINE, the reliable blood remedy, which does not weaken the system like many other preparations recommended, but, on the contrary, it is nourishing and strengthening. My daughter's case will fully testify this, for I never saw nor heard of a worse form of Scrofula.

HULDA SMITH, 19 Monument street, Charlestown, Mass.
MRS. SARAH M. JONES, 69 Sullivan street, Charlestown, Mass.
April 10, 1870.

The above statement shows a perfect cure of Scrofula in its worst form, when pronounced incurable, of a child four years of age, twenty-three years ago. The lady, now twenty-seven years old, enjoing perfect health.

VEGETINE is Sold by all Druggists.

JEWELRY! JEWELRY!

Wm. Gallup's

Jewelry Store has been

Removed

—TO—

Commercial House Block,

Market Street.

PARKER'S Hair Balsam.

[illegible]

GILES LINIMENT.

[illegible]

HOUSEHOLD Panacea AND FAMILY LINIMENT.

[illegible]

LAWSON'S CURATIVE.

[illegible]

Job Printing

Done on Short Notice and at fair living prices at this office.