

GLOBE-REPUBLIC.

DAILY AND WEEKLY.

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WEEKLY GLOBE-REPUBLIC.

MAMMOTH DOUBLE SHEET. Issued Every Thursday Morning. ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

All communications should be addressed to KINNEY, NICHOLS & CO., Springfield, Ohio.

MONDAY EVENING, JAN. 5.

If there was any other end of the world yesterday than usual, it was not generally noticed in this hemisphere.

As a matter of fresh news Gath tells how the Panama railroad was built. Gath is a pungent paragraphist of ancient history.

They have grown so British in New York City that a regular old London fog felt itself at home there the other day, and staid till it was frozen out.

Cleveland is going to make a cabinet of Democrats and fill the various offices of the country with Democrats, as every sensible person supposed he would. That is all there is in it, and we do not see any good to come from further howls about it.

A bankrupt in Minnesota shot himself last week a few hours after having made a full assignment of all his property. He was probably disgusted to death when he found out from his lawyer what a fool he had made of himself for assigning the entire whole of it all.

The Swain court-martial took a recess during holidays, but has now resumed again. Mr. Shellbarger, when the court opened, stated that his associate, Grosvenor, had gone home sick. Yet Grosvenor does not seem to have been any more exposed than Shellbarger.

The Philadelphia Press thinks that "Pennsylvania does not cut the figure at the New-Orleans exposition which justice to her resources demands." The Press seems to forget that Randall has been pointing that way, and has cut a pretty big figure in exposition of Pennsylvania already.

The Enquirer, speaking of the coming celebration of Jackson on the 8th, says that "many Democrats who are not legislators will go to the capital and give the solons a hearty send-off in their winter's work." They will, they will. But we have never seen solons spelt that way before.

"The careful observers of the tides of business as they ebb and flow from year to year are of the opinion that we have about reached bed-rock at last," says the Indianapolis Times. And this is the growing sentiment all over the country. It is the sentiment that will soon give confidence to business.

Horizontal Morrison is a perpendicular candidate for the Illinois senatorship. He says to the Dem. tariff legislators that there will be no more ad-valorem slicing off the top of the duties on imports during the present congress, and therefore they would best put him into a Republican senate and give him a well-earned rest.

The "dull, sickening thud" of an earthquake was experienced all round the Maryland and Virginia neighborhood of Washington on Friday night. Those members of the wicked senate who had wrestled with the house in opposition to adjournment and remained on the scene thought for a moment that the week-day beginning of the Sunday end of the world was after them.

The Springfield Globe is a very sensitive sheet. It is there anybody in or about Springfield who could be persuaded to be the Republican candidate for Governor?—Commercial Gazette to-day.

This is in regard to our remarks about the colored voters' sentiment against Foraker. The GLOBE-REPUBLIC is no more sensitive than the Commercial Gazette is non-sensitive. Personally, as we have abundantly said, we should like to see Foraker re-nominated. But we prefer the party's success to that of any man, whether a Cincinnati or a Springfield man. If an aspirant is likely to antagonize any considerable number of voters, he should not be nominated. We have given the news that Foraker would antagonize a very large percentage of the colored voters of Springfield; and the news is authentic. A newspaper should not sneer at authentic news. And as another chunk of authentic news, in reply to the C.G.'s sneering question, that there is not "anybody in or about Springfield who could be persuaded to be the Republican candidate for governor" it he were asked.

It is understood that Hoody will recommend an amendment to the Constitution for graded license. The majority of the Democrats in both houses are in favor of that, and will probably prepare a joint resolution in caucus for a license proposition and introduce it early in the session. Then the W. C. T. U. will be on hand to prod some Republican member from the Western Reserve to offer as an amendment an additional proposition for prohibition. And thereupon the fun of "making a record" will begin. This is a foolishness that ought not to be forced upon any member. There is no use of voting in the air just to please impracticable people.

ple. There should be an early caucus of the Republicans on this temperance agitation in a Democratic legislature, and every loyal member of the party should abide the decision of that caucus. Every member of the minority ought to feel that twenty heads are better than one in a matter of expediency coupled with such responsibility.

The Maxim self-acting machine gun, a new invention, will fire six hundred rounds a minute and keep it up a long as flesh and blood thinks it heretic to fight it. Machines of this kind are going to make peaceful arbitration fashionable among nations. When armies get to completely annihilating one another by machinery, so that nobody is left for glory or wooden legs or pensions, what will be the use in fighting?

The legislator, of either party, who shall this session frame a well-digested and practical code of arbitration between employers and employees in cases of dispute like that which has brought such disaster on the Hocking Valley will entitle himself to be elected governor of Ohio. These calamitous conflicts between capital and labor must be obviated by positive legislation, and the country cannot prosper till they are.

England is beginning to object, in a whisper, to the ratification of the Nicaraguan treaty. If she only keeps her objections in a whisper, she may have some little hope of success; but, if she goes to making her objections aloud, her objections will not be allowed. If she wants to get the Monroe doctrine on its ear, and inspire us to punch a hole through the world if necessary to assert it, let England undertake to John-Bull us into measures.

The Cincinnati end of the canal ought to commence flowing toward Columbus again about these days. As soon as Tom Campbell gets done defending himself for malpractice against the Hamilton-county bar, he should get together his hired lobbyists, Republican and Democratic, and make one more effort to relieve Cincinnati of her share of the burden of the public works. There is one or two Republicans that were in his employ in the lobby last winter whose electioneering expenses have since been so great that their pockets need another replenishment from the Campbell canal ring.

The sensitiveness of some persons about Springfield, O., as to the views that a few colored citizens are alleged to entertain of Judge Foraker is remarkable. What can the matter be? Our colored friends should not politically classify themselves as such.—Cin. Commercial Gazette.

"What can the matter be?" Why, simply a matter of news. The GLOBE-REPUBLIC received information that there was great opposition among the colored voters of this city to the talked-of renomination of J. B. Foraker for governor. There is a large colored population here; and it seemed to be about the proper thing for a newspaper to do to give their sentiment on an interesting subject a fair showing in print. Accordingly a writer was sent out among them for that purpose. He was instructed to interview as large a number of them as was practicable in two or three days, and ask them their choice of candidates for governor. He was charged to give no views of his own and to put no leading or biasing questions. His report was that the opposition to Foraker was spontaneous and appeared to be about unanimous among the colored Republicans of Springfield. This report the GLOBE-REPUBLIC printed as a matter of news, embodying the replies and views of a few of the leading persons interrogated.

At that state of facts we suggested that it would be risky to renominate Foraker, if such a sentiment was general among the colored voters of the state, as those of Springfield asserted it to be. This is all that can be the matter; and, as it was good news matter, "the sensitiveness of some persons about" it, is—well, no matter. "But, Nell, do listen to me!" "Chris, did you ask me to marry you when I was in my cradle? I am sure you have asked me once a week ever since. I won't know you, or ought to know by this time. Why can't you ask somebody else, just for variety? I am sure any of the other girls will make a much better wife than I will; that is," said Nell, with a sudden spasm of loyalty for the rest of us, "if any of them would take you."

"How can you care for anyone else when my whole heart has been yours all my life?" said Chris, disconsolately. "It is cruel to trifle so with true and honest love."

"Don't be an idiot!" said Nell, sharply. "I told you that you were a horrid boy, and would never marry you, when you used to steal apples to present to me, and I never told you anything else, did I?" "No," sighed Chris. "Then why don't you let me alone?" Here Aunt Jane, her head tied up in a manner that defies description, came upon the scene, saying, "Oh, here's Chris! Chris, do run over to Smith's and get me a paper of carpet tacks!"

Chris departed. Presently Smith's boy brought the carpet tacks, and Nell was left alone for the remainder of that day, as far as Chris was concerned. The next day the cleaning went forward briskly, but it was still early in the morning when Nell came to my room equipped for a walk. "Any letters?" she asked carelessly. "I am going down the street." "None," I said; "I did not think you could be spared." "Aunt Jane is rather grumpy about it," said Nell, adjusting a coquettish wreath of apple-blossoms upon her hat; "but I want to get the smell of soap-suds out of my nose. I may stop at Gilmore's; have you any messages?" "Only my love to Mrs. Gilmore." Now, Mrs. Gilmore was the mother of Nell's persistent adorer, Christopher Nelson Gilmore, and the families had been intimate for years. Still, for Nell to take the middle of house-cleaning week to call on Mrs. Gilmore was a little out of order. She fitted away, her sunny curls dancing in the soft May breeze, and I, putting two and two together, remembered that Chris had not been in the house for two or three hours. Yainly I tried to recall a similar interval when he was in Wrayburn. School, college, business had called him out of the village, but his home hours were always fairly divided between his mother's house and ours. "Something must be the matter! I thought of all possible and impossible catastrophes, till I was not surprised to see Nell coming in at the gate in a subdued frame of mind, apparent upon her pretty face. She came directly to me, as they all do, even Aunt Jane and papa, in emergencies. "Belle," she said, in a low, grave tone, "Chris has gone to Cape Town." "Gone!" I cried. "Why, he was here yesterday." "He went to London yesterday afternoon, and he has gone to visit his uncle

never thought of turning traitor to his avowed principles. But, in a pending campaign in which the Republicans, St. John's old friends, were arrayed against the Democrats, his life-long enemies, in a contest that it seemed, from the outset, must be very closely and hotly contested, the Kansas angel, who had frequently shouted, and up to a late date at that, against a separate Prohibition political organization, sold himself to the National Prohibition organization, for the bare honor (?) of a presidential nomination, and the salary he was to have for canvassing the country in his own behalf. This was a sale of person and principles—for a questionable honor and a few thousand dollars, for the acceptance of the position was in the face of his declared convictions, as the problem of anti-liquor legislation was in no way involved in the canvass, as St. John, if elected, would have had no power at all to touch or affect in any way the liquor traffic. The only thing St. John could do—and he knew this to be the fact—was to promote the election of Grover Cleveland, the lawyer of a whisky combination, and, very appropriately, the candidate of the Democratic party.

Now, when we take into consideration in connection with this, the recently-made charges that he offered to turn a double traitor by leaving the Prohibitionists in the heat of the conflict, and that, on not receiving his price from the Republicans, he accepted money for remaining in the field from the Democrats, we find that they allege nothing worse, in the way of treachery and corruption, than has already been known of him by all intelligent and candid men. If St. John has not received money from the Democrats—who were certainly smart enough to offer a good round sum, he is a fool as well as a knave. While he was in the market as a commercial quantity he might as well have gone in for the whole "sheep." This is the man who has recently been re-elected, at \$5,000 a year, by the National Prohibition Committee to continue the canvass of the country, from now until and through 1888, we suppose. Surely, this Saint has sold himself for an ample pecuniary consideration! But when he makes his appearance on the platform of the people of the country will be able, from the facts that have been presented to them, to estimate him at his true worth—or worthlessness. C. M. X.

WILL SHE MARRY? There were only seven of us, all girls, in the dear old parsonage at Wrayburn, where papa had lived for thirty years. Under the daisies in the pretty country churchyard, mamma had slept since Katie was a wee baby, and Aunt Jane had come to care for the motherless children of her brother as soon as the calamity fell upon him. We are a rosy-cheeked, healthy set of girls, rather good-looking, Nell being our beauty, and I the only invalid. I am a cripple, but I am not going to bother you with my story, excepting as my observations are recorded.

It was in the spring, and my sisters and Aunt Jane were very busy with housework. I was in my room knitting; papa was wandering about, disconsolate at the invasion of his study, and consequent interruption of his literary work, when the murmur of voices from the porch floated up to me, and I mentally exclaimed,—"Dear me! Chris is proposing to Nell again."

"And nobody ever will, or ever can love you as I do," Chris was saying. Then Nell's voice struck in—"There, that window fairy dazzles you! Who says I can't clean glass? Oh, I beg your pardon, Chris. No, of course!" "But, Nell, do listen to me!" "Chris, did you ask me to marry you when I was in my cradle? I am sure you have asked me once a week ever since. I won't know you, or ought to know by this time. Why can't you ask somebody else, just for variety? I am sure any of the other girls will make a much better wife than I will; that is," said Nell, with a sudden spasm of loyalty for the rest of us, "if any of them would take you."

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the one who offered him a business opening some time ago. Chris did not want a business opening, as he has plenty of money, and, Belle, Mrs. Gilmore says that it is all my fault that she is left alone with children."

"Sincerely your fault, dear," I said, my heart aching for the piteous strain in the sweet voice, the pain in the bright eyes. "You were right to refuse to marry a man you do not love, and I am sure Chris will find a wife and return."

But Nell only grew whiter, and went slowly to her own room. After that, in all the family lamentations for Chris, so many years a sort of adopted brother in our midst, Nell never spoke of him.

The next winter, Meg, our eldest, was married; and, as if matrimony was a contagion, Jane followed her example; then Maud, Lizzie, and even Kate, our baby. Nell, the prettiest, smartest, sweetest of all, had "gone in abruptly" about the time of her London visit to Meg, and, by all accounts, captivated hearts by the scores, but coming back to be the life and brightness of our home.

"There must be one old maid in every family," the said, and when I suggested imminent fitness for the position, she smiled loftily and said:—"Mr. Brooks says you are the household angel, so please let us hear no more nonsense."

"There is Aunt Jane, too," I said, mildly. "Belle," she said severely, "will you stop talking nonsense? Aunt Jane, indeed!"

It really did seem as if Nell was in earnest about a single life, but, after all, she was only twenty-four, and looked seventeen. But, one day, who should walk into the parsonage parlor, as coolly as if he had left it the day before, but Chris. We were all there as he came in, but before he had spoken to Aunt Jane I said that Nell had vanished out of the door as he entered the front window? I think he did. There was a subdued twinkle in his eyes as he inquired for my infirmities, not at all consistent with his words of sympathy. Presently Nell came, with a quiet smile of greeting, and a perfect composure of manner, but Chris was a match for her.

It was as good as a play to watch those two, so completely did they ignore that he was a discarded lover who had been sent away by her cruelty. They conversed easily and gracefully—Christopher's African experiences, varied by descriptions of the family weddings, the new homes, the brothers-in-law, the children, and a thousand other details, in which our caller expressed the greatest interest.

After that Nell dropped in as of old, making himself agreeable and useful to every one in the house, especially tender, as he ever had been, to me. Indeed, I found myself wondering sometimes if he was going to take Nell's mocking advice, and, all the others being appropriated, offer himself to the poor cripple.

He took me for long drives in his mother's pony-carriage, and was always ready to hear of Nell's conquests, showing no jealousy, but a great deal of amusement, over her conquests. "She was a born coquette!" he said once; "and yet nobody can call Nell vain. It has been a matter of course for her to be admired ever since she could run alone."

"Ahem!" said Aunt Jane, "You and I, Belle, will be the old maids of the family, after all."

Chap. VIII. of the book published in London by Charles T. Bidwell, which treats of courtship and marriage, is full of charming little bits of feminine manipulation and astuteness. The law of compulsory civil marriage passed in 1870 seems to be distasteful to the majority of the Majorcas, who systematically evade its provisions save where property would be in peril if neglected. The wooing in Majorca is so far from the humbler classes as concerned, suit-generis. There it is perpetually leap year, and the rule is for Phyllis to court Damon to the bitter or dulcet end, as the case may be. An engagement in the formal business, and, if parents and guardians prove agreeable, the course of true love is smooth enough; but in those cases where they do not the bride is "robada," or robbed, which our author explains thus:

"A young man is said to be robbed when the lover who aspires to her hand and heart marries her without the consent and countenance of her guardians, and the circumstance actually occurs often enough to make all parties interested in such matters quite anxious to adopt this mode of procedure." The "blue blood" which came over with the Conqueror (James I. of Aragon) still carries its head high above the common herd. These families are not numerous, but some few still exist who have remained in the island since the King of Aragon annexed it. No action for breach of promise ever takes place, and it would probably not be easy to bring a recalcitrant lover to book and make him to pay for his "change of mind."

The Spaniard scorns a pecuniary recompense for injured honor or damaged matrimonial aspirations. He may be accepted as the logical consequence of a perpetual leap-year; the breach being on the lady's side, the male creature is as mercifully "sacked" as a faithless lover of the seraglio in the days of Haroun al Raschid. Occasionally a male member of the aristocracy is "robbed," and in these cases the culprit is some dainty damsel of low degree. In the island of Ivica the popular emblem of love is gunpowder, and the most brilliant and accomplished young dandy can display its stand without flinching while her lover fires at her legs, and which often assume, after a lengthy courtship, the appearance of a Christmas plum-pudding. In the other islands gaily displays itself in the most brilliant and accomplished young dandy can display its stand without flinching while her lover fires at her legs, and which often assume, after a lengthy courtship, the appearance of a Christmas plum-pudding.

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Men and Women in Cairo. The people who surrounded our camp were of a class that the wealthier sort came up at a smart trot on donkeys. The beasts were relatively much finer specimens of quadrupedal than their riders were of human nature. But the poorer varieties of the ass tribe were, though considerably less obstinate, little better than their brethren in more civilized countries. Of the fair sex many dames with veiled countenances arrived on donkey-back. Nothing of the visages of these ladies could be seen, save two great black eyes, which remained unobscured. Stretching from the bridge of the nose to the roots of their hair in front was an extraordinary metal contrivance, which we supposed, rightly or wrongly, had something to do with maintaining the veil in its proper position. The appearance of this article precisely coincided with that of the little brazen tube which covers the muzzle and protects the "sight" of a rifle when not in use.

From this resemblance the heroes of the late campaign called the strange appendage "sight-protectors," a name they retained until their occupation of the square. The humbler classes of women, at this period, at least, were conspicuous by their absence. But the "lords of creation" represented here were of all kinds, from putative nabobs down to miserably and horribly repulsive-looking beggars. A large number of men of the lower orders were blind of one eye. We were aware, before noticing this circumstance, that ophthalmia was the scourge of this country, from the occurrence of some unfortunate cases of partial blindness; but when we got to be on more familiar terms with the townspeople, we gathered that it was customary with many young men to destroy an eye in order to escape the conscription. Perhaps there was some truth in this; at any rate the amount of partial blindness was very remarkable.—Cairo Letter.

The Boy that Watched the Pot. In a certain village in Maryland a small boy kicked up a breeze in the parish church last Sunday. It seems that a certain good woman bought a calf's head and put it on to boil, leaving her little boy to mind it while she went to the church close by. The minister, looking at his fifthly, my brethren, when a small boy stuck his head in the door and whispered:—"Mamma!"

The good woman recognized her son instantly, and began to make signs for him to leave the door. "Mamma!" again came the whisper, this time a little louder than before. The mother shook her finger at the boy warningly, and indulged in familiar pantomime with which she was accustomed to awe her son. But it didn't work worth a cent. The boy was excited and in a devil's rage, as the denouement will show. Raising his voice he shouted:—"Mamma, you needn't wink and blink at me, but had better come right away, for the calf's head is buttin' all the dumplings out of the pot."

One Way Out of a Tight Place. "One day," says Edmund Yates in his "Recollections," "a Queen's birthday, on which I had a holiday from my office, we Yates & Dickens had spent together at Gadshill. The family was absent, and the house was in charge of the gardener, whose wife cooked us a steak, and Dickens had taken care to bring the cellar-key with him. We were ambled about during the afternoon, and at night we went to the Rochester theatre. I forgot the play, indeed, I recollect nothing but the presence of mind of a large man in a green baize tunic and a pair of buff boots, who, to Dickens' joy, evidently did not know a word of his part. He strode into the mill of the stage without uttering a syllable, looking fiercely around then said in stentorian tones: 'I will re-re-tur-n anon!' and walked quietly off to read up his part at the wings.—Troy Times.

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