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MONDAY EVENING, FEB 9.

GLOBE-REPUBLIC PERSONAL.

In self-defense against intentional falsehoods published for the purpose of prejudicing in the minds of workingmen, it seems proper to say here that Coates Kinney owns a majority of all the stock and the controlling interest in the GLOBE-REPUBLIC, and therefore has no "boss" in the conduct of any of its departments; that he and C. M. Nichols have the entire and exclusive management of the concern in all its departments, and that they have no interest whatever in the Globe Printing Company or in the quarrel which the Union printers claim to have with the owners and managers of that office. Whenever the Union printers have any quarrel with the GLOBE-REPUBLIC, they will make it known officially, and we will make it known officially.

Rossa has been for years advocating assassination, and this is the result of it. It is said that the proper French pronunciation of Yesselt is I shoot. Mrs. Dudley is an English woman with a French accent.

The Ohio State Journal and the Commercial Gazette should not pretend to be so mad at each other. We do not want to have to laugh.

Jingoism is on the high rampage now in England. Gladstone should go home, cut down a large tree, and accidentally get under it as it falls.

General Grant says he did not mean any such thing as General McCook supposed he meant. General Grant is not half as haughty with his pen as he is with his sword.

The house is afraid to consider, discuss, or vote on any dynamite resolution, for fear of being blown up by an internal machine or blown away by the internal voters.

The Mexican treaty is said to be very favorable to this republic as against that republic. But it shares the fate of all the other treaties. Arthur is a badly-treated president.

Subscriptions for funds to defray the expense of Yesselt Dudley's defense have been started in England and in Canada. Yesselt is already a famous woman. But she is a bad shot.

The Loyal Legion met in Cincinnati last Wednesday evening, Rutherford B. Hayes, as usual, presiding. There was a reception in the afternoon in honor of Mrs. Lucy Webb Hayes.

Rossa declares that he will not appear against the woman Dudley, but that he holds the British government responsible for her act, and will hunt him against the British empire. O'Donovan!

The Victoria Hotel, in New York, hath a boom. Cleveland stops there. The Victoria has been advertised all over the world. Hardly anybody knew before that there was any Victoria Hotel.

Mrs. Yesselt Dudley is insane. Her record shows that she was insane enough to suppose that Mr. Rossa ought to be killed. Insanity of that sort ought to be looked upon with a great deal of charity by a jury.

Those who reply to Ingersoll meet with smaller audiences than Ingersoll meets. Rev. Thos. Mitchell answered Ingersoll in Brooklyn the other evening before an audience of eight persons, four of whom were reporters. It is a wretched world.

We see it stated now and then in the legislative proceedings that "Mr. Thorp raised the point of order." Our friend Thorp can beat any man at that in the thirty-six states and appurtenant territories. He, on a point of "order, is heaven's first law."

Congress has spent a great deal of time, and talent, and money in discussing the problem of regulating interstate railroads, and has left off about where it began, and where it intended to leave off before it began. There are too many railroad men on the floors and in the lobbies of congress for public sentiment to butt against.

An old gentleman took his daughter to the train for a journey and put her in a car. While he was gone for the ticket, she changed her seat, and an old maid with an umbrella took it. He returned to the window where he supposed his daughter was sitting, and said, "One more kiss, sweet pet." The old maid thrust out her cotton umbrella and yelled, "Scat, you gray-headed old wretch!" He scatted.

The Republican committee, in deciding on a delegate convention, with delegates selected according to the plan suggested in the GLOBE-REPUBLIC, have done the will of their constituents, and have taken the first step toward fixing a good Repub-

people must attend these caucuses. This is important. It is everything. Do not allow these caucuses to be captured by the friends of any particular candidate. The city government is to be made right in these caucuses. No Republican voter should be absent from them. If unacceptable delegates are chosen in any precinct, it will be because the citizens are not present in mass at the caucus. Attend the caucuses.

Mrs. Dudley, the shootress of Rossa, has been the victim of a mock marriage, lost an only child, attempted suicide, served as a sculptor's model, worn spectacles to conceal a defect in one eye, made herself notorious for furious riding and hunting, almost succeeded in marrying an old surgeon, denounced those who prevented the match, departed heavily in debt, suffered from lung and heart affections, received assistance to come to America, and shot a very insufficient hole into O'Donovan Rossa. Yesselt should be jury-tried into an insane asylum for a few months, and then let loose in the lecture field.

The Commercial Gazette says that our editorial on "Judge Forsaker and the Colored Voters of Springfield" "does great injustice to Judge Joseph B. Forsaker, the Republican candidate for re-nomination for governor." That is only a matter of taste as to this sentiment: "it seems to us that it was an act of bad faith on the part of the Judge to procure its publication in a Cincinnati paper before Mr. Huffman had been consulted." All the rest of the "great injustice" was facts, as the C. G. admits. Therefore we withdraw that sentiment, and say instead as follows: it seems to us that it was an undue anxiety to advertise himself as "the Republican candidate for re-nomination for governor" on the part of the judge to procure its publication in a Cincinnati paper before Mr. Huffman had been consulted. And as to being "left in enterprise by a Cincinnati newspaper," we have to say that when a man writes a letter and takes a duplicate of it to his home newspaper at the same time he takes it to the postoffice, it is not so much a question of "enterprise" of the newspaper as it is of "enterprise" of the gentleman who writes the letter.

A NEW ORGANIZATION NEEDED. The experience of the present session has shown the need of a new organization in this city, which shall combine, in its management, the several classes of persons who are responsible, either legally or voluntarily, for the care of the poor. The Woman's Benevolent Society needs, not simply periodical and spasmodic aid, but continuous and organized help, and we should have a Charitable Association, of which the officers of the benevolent society, the township trustees, and the mayor shall be members, ex officio, and with these there should be a strong representation of the best and wisest men and women of the several wards of the city, with a representation also from the township. Most assuredly should the township trustees welcome a plan, the provisions of which would secure to them the cooperation not simply of the ladies but of the mayor and of our citizens. And it is certainly true that when there are hundreds of unfortunate to be cared for, and the people are taxed for their support, they should have personal knowledge as to the condition of the poor fund and have the opportunity of making suggestions, at least, as to its disposal. And the trustees should have personal knowledge of all movements intended to assist them in their work, and should accept of all effective aid readily and even thankfully. If the poor fund, raised by tax, is sufficient for the relief of all persons who should be aided the people ought to know it; and if it is not sufficient, they should, as a matter of course, know it all the more.

We must have a Charitable Organization—strong and permanent—not to supersede the Benevolent Society, but to support and co-operate with it; and it should be composed of our leading citizens, men of brain and character, as well as heart, and with business capacity, who shall be able to ascertain the exact status of the situation and to act wisely and efficiently, and without making a perpetual racket about the poverty and distress of the town and forever advertising it to the world. For such advertising is not a wholesome thing and not at all creditable to us. Indeed, there ought not at any time, or in any circumstances, to be any suffering from lack of food, fuel or shelter, in a city which has as much wealth as Springfield possesses, and there most not be hereafter. And there should be cooperation on the part of all charitable agencies, and co-knowledge as to the facts pertaining to the situation, so that needy persons, or persons claiming to be needy, shall not at the same time be drawing supplies from two or more sources!

Then, the members of an organization of this kind could do much, individually and in an associated capacity, to look after people before they get poor; to remove, where possible, the causes of poverty; and to provide employment of some kind to persons out of work. An ounce of prevention might be made better than a ton of cure. Lessons in economy might be taught people who are helped in the winter, the previous summer. Such might be shown how to make what they receive go as far as possible in their own support. Indeed, there is much for the members of such an organization to do, all the year round, and the general problem involved is one of the most intricate as well as important of any now to be solved by the people of this and other communities. But this is no reason why its solution ought

to be deferred. I enter the shabby drawing-room without waiting to look at myself or smooth my hair. Lord Westwarren must take Frances as he finds her. I am not going to adorn myself for his benefit. How I hate the old wretch, with his yellow, wrinkled complexion and bloodshot eyes!

Can I marry this man when I have these thoughts about him? I can and do, for a month after my final rupture with poor Robin. I enter our little church in bridal white, and promise to love, honor, and obey Lord Westwarren until death do us part.

My honeymoon is spent in Paris, for I insist upon it, although a friend of my elderly bridegroom has placed his home at our disposal. It would have driven me mad if I had spent it in a country home with Lord Westwarren.

When the honeymoon is over and we return home, I am made much of in society, drive the sweetest pair of ponies, wear the most elegant dresses, and, in short, realize all my girlish dreams.

A Solitude. Sea beyond sea, sand after sweep of sand—Here I sit, smooth, here I sit and ridged with flow of clouds, soft as rain or snow—Stretching low neck at ease beneath the Gray bloom of the sea, whose smile or wave and strand Shines over, like a man's who smiles to know That how no dream can mock his faith with Nor cloud for him seem living sea or land. Is there an end at all of all this waste, These crumbling cliffs deflated and de- These rousing heights of sear-washed walls that Seaward with all their banks of bleak, blown flowers, Glad of life, ere yet their hopes subside, Lengthen the coil of dull, dense waves and hours? Algeon Charles Swinburne.

FAIRY'S PUNISHMENT. "You love me, Fairy?" "Yes, I love you," I said with a sigh. "But love won't keep us, Robin; so the best thing we can do is to forget our pretty dream of love in a cottage, and think of something more sensible."

My lover is stretched full-length on the grass at my feet, and as I speak my hand falls on his bright young head with lingering tenderness. It is hard to give him up; but I hate poverty even more than I love Robin. We are so poor at home, and there are so many of us, and we girls are always shabby. I don't know when I have had a new dress or when I can expect to have one, and if I married Robin it would be the same, of course, for how could he afford to gratify my taste for pretty things?

So it is best for him and best for me that our engagement such as it is should be broken off. He will think so too some day, and thank me for being so wise, but at present I am afraid he cannot see the wisdom, but only the cruelty of the thing.

"Fairy," he says, looking up at me with eyes that are dark with pain. "I will work hard—so hard—to win a home for you, if you will only wait."

"Wait?" I say impatiently. "Robin, how can you talk so foolishly? What prospect have you? It is impossible that you can be a rich man, and I have made up my mind never to marry a poor man."

"How long is it since you have arrived in this city?" asks Robin. His name is Robert, but I always call him Robin. He is getting up now, and his handsome face looks white and drawn. But there is a new dignity about him that awes me a little. The boy seems to have changed to a man in the last few minutes.

"How long?" I began confusedly, while the color mounts to the roots of my hair.

"Don't say any more," and Robin puts his hand on my arm. "I know it is since Lord Westwarren has been visiting at our cottage that you have found out your mistake. You are going to marry that old man for his money, Frances."

Perhaps he hopes I will contradict this assertion, for he looks at me longingly as he speaks; but, of course, I am not to contradict. I mean to marry Lord Westwarren.

"I look up quickly, pleased at the interruption, for I do not wish to hear my lover's reproaches, and see my little sister looking down at me with her great eyes that look after you."

"Well, Dolly, what is it?" I ask, while Robin tears up the grass by handfuls. "That horrid old man has come and is asking for you."

turned-down page, and one cannot expect anything in the world. If I had chosen differently I know I should be an unhappy, discontented, woman. My sisters visit me, and soon make excellent marriages. How delighted I feel to see them comfortably settled.

Only Dolly remains in the oddest, and, I think, the most miserable, position. She only blooms out into a fair and graceful maiden. I have always been called the "flower of the flock," and Dolly, they say, resembles me.

When Dolly is sixteen years old, Lord Westwarren succumbs to an attack of gout, and I am left a wealthy widow. I go home to spend the year of mourning in retirement, and to wait with eager impatience for the time when I can take up my widow's cap.

It is about eight weeks after my husband's death, and Dolly and I are sitting in the drawing-room, now shabby no longer, I with a novel in my hands, and my sister—lucky child—cutting out flannel petticoats for the snuffy old women of the neighborhood.

"Frances," she says with her mouth full of pins. "Do you remember Robert Bernard?—I mean the Robert Bernard, and not the one who was to marry you for your marriage. You used to flirt with him, you know."

"Do I remember Robert Bernard? A great wave of color rises to the roots of my hair, and I open my book hastily, regardless of the fact that I am holding it upside down."

"Yes, Dolly," I say. "I do remember Mr. Bernard. Why do you ask the question?"

"Because he is coming home," Dolly answers. "And they do say, Frances, for how could he find one out there! I don't see any American woman."

"You have only seen one American woman," I say, crossly; "and because she was rather nice, you infer that all the rest resemble her. You are like the Cockney, who, having seen a red-haired woman with a cross in her eye in an hotel in Boulogne, came back and told his friends that all French women squinted and had carrot hair. By-the-bye, Dolly, I think I shall take off this cap."

"I add, as I gaze at myself at the mirror."

"It does seem a pity to hide your long hair," acquiesces Dolly, and so the ugly thing is discarded, in spite of my mother's gentle protest. Nobody minds mamma but Dolly, who is absurdly old-fashioned in her ideas. I feel that my sister's news have set my heart beating as it used to be when Robin looked at me. He is coming back, and after all, it is possible that my lover and I may be happy. I am rich, but he is no longer poor, and our joy will be all the greater for our long separation.

We meet in a commonplace way at a commonplace dinner party at the Rectory given in his honor, and as I gaze once more at his handsome face grown older, and with a little look of sternness about his well-cut mouth, I feel that I love him better than ever.

Of course we cannot say much before all these people; but he promises to come and see me, and I return home with a light heart, my heart full of bright anticipations.

"What a lovely man!" I say to myself as I look at the portrait of Lord Westwarren in my dressing-room. "I feel that I love him better than ever."

"Do you know that he saved a boy from drowning, or something of the kind, on the voyage?" says Dolly, looking admiringly at my golden locks. "I could love a man like that, Frances."

"You always know all the goings on of the neighborhood," I return, feeling vexed with my sister without exactly knowing why. "I wonder mamma likes you to spend so much time with these vulgar old people, Dolly."

"You are a good girl," says Dolly, with a smile, "that I am only Dolly Seaforth, and you are Lady Westwarren. Come, give me a kiss and go to bed, for you are tired, I know, and just a little bit cross, Fairy."

"The old man!" How I long to hear Robin call me Fairy in the old living way. He is coming to-morrow, and perhaps my wish will be realized. Ah! how I long for to-morrow.

Is anything in this world quite up to our expectation? Robin comes, but his manner is not what I expected. He is in a frank, easy, cordial, but there is something wanting.

"Do you think I am changed?" I ask tremulously, and he looks at my face with critical eyes and answers slowly: "You are more beautiful than ever, Lady Westwarren."

"But I am changed from the old Fairy," I say, and tears spring to my eyes. He does not see them.

"Time changes all things," he says brightly. "Why," with a start, as my little sister enters the room, "this can't be Dolly!"

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