# Chariton Courier.

KEYTESVILLE, : : MISSOURI.


### *HAVE HOPE.*

The shadow of the mountain falls athwart
the lowly plain,
And the shadow of the cloudlet hangs above
the mountain's head—
And the highest hearts and lowest wear the
shadow of some pain,
And the smile is scarcely flitted ere the anguished tear is shed.

For no eyes have there been ever without a
weary tear,
And those lips can not be human which
never heaved a sigh;
For without the dreary winter there has never been a year,
And the tempests hide their terrors in the
calmest summer sky.

So this dreary life is passing—and we move
amid its maze,
And we grope along together, half in darkness, half in light;
And our hearts are often hardened by the
mysteries of our ways,
Which are never all in shadow and never
wholly bright.

And our dim eyes ask a beacon, and our
weary feet a guide,
And our hearts of all life's mysteries, seek
the meaning and the key;
And a cross gleams o'er our pathway, on it
hangs the crucified,
And he answers all our yearnings by the
whisper: "Follow Me."

—*Father Ryan.*

### *TWO OF THEM.*

In the farm-house porch the farmer sat,
With his daughter having a cozy chat;
She was his only child, and he
Thought her as fair as a girl could be.
A wee bit jealous, the old man grew,
If he fancied any might come to woo;
His one pet lamb and her loving care
He wished with nobody else to share.

"There should be *two* of you, child," said he—
"There should be two to welcome me
When I come home from the field at night:
*Two* would make the old homestead bright.
There's Neighbor Grey with his children four,
To be glad together. Had *I* one more,
A proud old father I'd be, my dear,
With two good children to greet me here."

Down by the gate 'neath the old elm-tree
Donald waited alone; and she
For whom he waited his love-call heard,
And on either cheek the blushes stirred.
"Father," she said, and knelt her down.
And kissed the hand that was old and brown—
"Father, there *may* be two, if you will,
And I—your only daughter still.

"Two to welcome you home at night;
Two to make the old homestead bright:
I—and somebody else." "I see,"
Said the farmer; "and whom may 'somebody' be?"
Oh, the dimples in Bessie's cheek,
That played with the blushes at hide-and-seek!
Away from his gaze she turned her head.
"One of Neighbor Grey's children," she said,

"H'm!" said the farmer; "make it plain;
Is it Susan, Alice, or Mary Jane?"
Another kiss on the aged hand,
To help the farmer to understand(?)
"H'm!" said the farmer; "yes; I see;
*It is two for yourself* and *one for me.*"
But Bessie said, "Then can he but one
For me and my heart till life is done."

### MADGE'S COUSIN.

Madge was sitting upon the hearth-rug, pulling to pieces a white camellia and excusing herself to her kind old guardian by saying it was "only Jack's."

"My dear," said Mr. Selwyn, walking up and down and stroking his gray beard in perplexity, "I want to talk to you about Jack."

"Oh! please, not now, Papa Selwyn!" She called him Papa Selwyn when she meant to be coaxing, and that was nearly always.

"But, my dear, that is all nonsense. I must talk about Jack some time. Yesterday it was, 'Oh! please don't—my head is aching;' and the day before, 'Oh! please don't—I wan't *to* go out with Gerty.' Come, let us face this affair." And sitting in the easy chair behind her hassock, he drew up on his knees the hand that held the broken flower and proceeded to lecture his unmanageable charge on the endless subject of "Jack."

Madge was a charming charge for any kind old man's heart to have. No one could look into her large gray eyes without seeing the great warm heart, whose tale they told every moment; and yet the bright quick glances and the saucy set of the lips showed that Madge had a will of her own and wit and cleverness enough to carry it through.

The lecture on Jack was the same as many others had been. It consisted of two parts, the first being devoted to proving that she ought to throw her own whims and pleasures aside, and as a dutiful girl fulfill her dying father's request and marry her cousin; and the second was a eulogium on the many good qualities of Jack Hawkesbury.

"Do, Mr. Selwyn," laughed Madge, after he had been making out that even Jack's awkwardness came from an overplus of good nature; "do throw him at Gerty's head as you throw him at mine and I shall make him over to her, and they will be happy for life."

Gerty was Mr. Selwyn's own daughter, and at the mention of her name a strange expression crossed his face, which Madge could not read.

"Throw him at Gerty's head!—what words you use, child!" he exclaimed; his annoyance for a moment escaping his control. "I wish you had half Gertrude's good sense. You fancy Jack thinks of her—is that it? He is the soul of honor, and as far as it depends on him your father's word will be kept."

"Oh! Papa Selwyn, don't be vexed with me; I am so sorry!" and her face was hidden on his large rough hands in a burst of sorrow, quite childish in its passing intensity.

"Cheer up, my darling girl," he said; "you made a mistake—that's all. Why, one of these days you will forget poor Papa Selwyn altogether, when you fall in love with your cousin."

"That I won't!" cried Madge, with all the strength of her hot heart.

All her life, even so far back as her childhood, she had dreaded the fate that bound her to marry her cousin. When Jack Hawkesbury came on the scene and stayed on visits at the house, she disliked and ridiculed him without mercy. Another, one like fair-haired Gertrude for instance, might have accepted the inevitable and been happy; but Madge's active and independent nature made her run against fate. And now there was only one month left before her twenty-first birthday and the betrothal. Often she told Gertrude she wished he would go home and stay there; and Gertrude would only laugh, with a deeper tinge of color on her fair face.

The girls went out but little, an arrangement against which Madge often rebelled, believing it was in some way connected with the safe management of the marriage with her cousin. But there were two pleasures in prospect now, an afternoon's boating with Jack and a friend of his and Gertrude, and a party that the Ponsoby-Joneses were going to give, to which the Selwyn family were sure to be invited. First came boating. Ah! that ever-memorable day—how many years it would take to make Madge forget it! There were four in the boat that passed, with the measured beat and ripple of Jack's pair of sculls, along by the reedy shallows and green wooded banks of the upper Thames. The two girls shared the cushioned seat at the stern, their white woolen shawls guarding them from the chill of the autumn wind. Gertrude was watching the shores and the running ripples, thinking in her quiet, easy-going way. Madge, bright with excitement, was talking—not with Jack, but with the dark-bearded, travel-bronzed man who was resting from his turn at the sculls. He was charmed with the way she chatted and listened to his tales of half the world, with a refreshing absence of self-consciousness. What would he have said if he had known the thought that strove for entrance into her heart? Oh! if Jack—awkward, blundering, good-natured Jack—could be changed into this stranger that she called timidly Mr. Fitzallan, and Jack and her guardian had greeted at the house as Herbert!

At last there was a pause in the talk. She gave a deep sigh, prompted by a sad longing to do right, a vague fear, a first suspicion of the change that was coming over her impetuous heart.

"Are you cold, Madge?" asked Jack, pulling away and bending to his strong stroke. "Keep your shawl well about your shoulders. And, my dear girl, look to your steering. You have been sending the boat into curves like a cork-screw—only I did not want to disturb your *tete-a-tete.*"

Poor Cousin Jack! She drew the white shawl closely round her, chilled not by the wind but by a sudden pang of remorse, the foundation of which was very small, but enough to trouble her peace.

What need to tell the inner history of Madge's life during the next few weeks? More and more she longed for freedom. Fitzallan was staying in the neighborhood and was frequently at the house, and in the thousand little incidents of every-day life she knew he cared for her, and honest Jack grew yet more distasteful in her sight.

In due time came the second promised pleasure. The family that distinguished the name of Jones by the prefix of Ponsonby gave their party. Madge was in her glory that night. One looker-on called her charming; another, the mother of fair daughters, admitted her expression was charming, but voted her features plain. Mrs. Ponsonby-Jones, weighed down with bright-colored silk and jewelry, said in her finest tone that Mr. Selwyn's ward would be quite a *femme d'esprit.* Madge had no lack of society, but she kept a place in the conversation for Jack Hawkesbury, and her love of mischief was gratified to the full by his making of it what he called "a hawible muddle." But the trivial triumphs and pleasures of the night were long forgotten by Madge before she lost one remembrance of a scene that passed in the conservatory, where the music was hushed by heavy curtains, and there was only the soft light of a few dim lamps among the masses of blossoms and dark green leaves. She had lost the flower from her hair—one of her favorite camellias—as she said "with a darling bud," and Fitzallan had promisee, with Ponsonby-Jones's permission, to get her another with a darling bud too. She had placed his gift in her hair, and he sat near the dewy glass, saying it was cool there and she would rest. Fitzallan stood at a little distance, penknife in hand still, swinging carelessly the fan-like leaf of a dwarf palm.

"If this were nearer, I could fan you," he said.

"Thank you; I am scared rather than hot."

Never in her life before had Madge been so serious, so troubled as she was now, in the soft light among the cool plants, within sound of the half hushed music.

"Will you do me a favor?" she inquired, raising the gray eyes that shone for a moment with liquid brightness.

"You have only to name it—I am at your service."

His manner, unromantic to a studied degree, made her feel all the more safe in taking heart to speak, while she gave him at the same time in generous measure that most precious offering to which every noble-hearted man entitles himself—a woman's respect.

"I have seemed very happy to-night, Mr. Fitzallen," she began in a quiet, low one, the torn leaf trembling in her hand and the color dying out of her face, "but I am in great trouble."

"Indeed. I am sorry to hear it." He drew a little nearer, listening attentively and helping her now and again by a word of encouragment.

Her story was a simple one. She was to be married next month to her cousin, Mr. Hawkesbury. She had dreaded it all her life, but it was her fate. And then taking courage from the respectful and almost paternal demeanor of her listener she made the frank confession that she disliked her cousin just because she was forced to marry him; and to this she added such a child-like entreaty not to be thought "too bad," that it must have required more than ordinary self-control for Fitzallen not to say something that would have allowed the scene to become a tender one; but this he seemed determined to avoid, and so in her simple way was the sadly perplexed girl that was pouring out her hear's trouble to him.

"Will you speak for me to Mr. Selwyn," she said, "as you are an old friend of his? I can not reason as men do, but I want you to try if there is any way of release for me. Pray forgive me if I am wrong in asking your interference, but I am very wretched"—here came a burst of tears that must have tried the listener sorely—"and I myself have so often spoken to Mr. Selwyn, and it is of no use. He always says my father's will must be carried out; and oh! how I wish I could do it."

"It must be done, if possible," Fitzallan said. "But it would not be your father's will to mar the happiness of your sweet life or to put you in bondage."

"O! if Mr. Selwyn would only speak like that," said the girl sadly.

"Well, I shall have a talk with him," said Fitzallan, "and do my best for you happiness, though I would be sorry to injure Hawkesbury's prospects. Let us go back now; there is a new piece beginning. That is one of Rubinstein's, is it not? I need not say you have done me a favor in granting me your confidence."

With that he drew aside the heavy curtains, and they returned to the dazzling light an bewildering music and movement of the ball room.

After that night Madge waited in anxiety to hear the result of Fitzallan's parley with her guardian. Three days passed and a note came from him, only a few words, saying that he had succeeded at least so far as to win a promise that the matter should be considered. But Madge saw little good coming of Mr. Selwyn's "considering" what seemed to be decided irrevocably long ago.

At last it was the eve of her birthday; to-morrow would be the dreaded day, and that very morning Mr. Selwyn had said to her gravely, but tenderly:

"My child, it has been the work of many years for me to see to the fulfillment of your father's last wish. He was my best and dearest friend, and his life was a sad one. At least his dying will must be done. But I promise you happiness—I do, indeed."

But beyond that day Madge was unable to bear her heart's burden. "I must tell him every thing," she thought. In the afternoon twilight, some time after Mr. Selwyn had returned home, she found him asleep in his arm-chair in the dark dining-room. But little daylight came in between the red curtains, and it was only the glow of the fire that showed her his white hair and long beard. She knelt beside him, as she often did for a talk when he was in that chair, and she woke him by stealing her hand into his.

"Who is it—Gerty? No, Madge—my little Madge that is to be so patriarchal to-morrow."

"Papa Selwyn," she began, not giving him time to joke any more lest she might not be able to disclose all her troubles, "I want to tell you something, and you won't be angry, will you, no matter what it is?"

He took her face between his hands, and the fire flashed up and showed him how earnest it was.

"I am quite sure," he said, "nothing can make me any thing but as deeply in love with my second daughter as a poor old fellow like me can be. Why, child, I am under a cloud all day because to-morrow—as soon as to-morrow—I can be Papa Selwyn no more, and Madge will be thinking about nobody but her cousin."

"No, indeed!" cried Madge impetuously, "you will be Papa Selwyn always—always; and I don't care for my cousin a bit."

But her guardian shook his head gravely.

"My dear, you will marry your cousin."

The firelight had died down low, and Madge had courage enough to blurt out with an effort the few words:

"I can't marry Jack, because I ought to love my husband, and I can never care enough for him. Or, if I must be engaged to him to-morrow"—here there was a great sob—"Mr. Fitzallan is very good and kind, and I don't want to hurt him—but—but—he must go away."

Her head sank upon his knees with the great effort of that request.

"My poor child," he said, "I know your secret. Bravely said! my little Madge, my bonny girl! You have had the truth out and done nobly. You are worthy of the man that is to have you, and that is saying a good deal." Then raising her head gently, he bade her listen, for he was going to tell a secret in return for hers. When she heard it she waited with wide, wondering eyes while he told it a second time, for she could not believe in her joy. "As you know, Madge," he began, "most people in this world have more cousins than one." And then he went on to explain to her that Herbert Fitzallan was a very distant cousin and that it was to him her father wished her to be married. Fitzallen's father had been the companion of his labors and Herbert himself had been loved by the dying man as a son, for Herbert was 20 when little Madge was an orphaned baby of four. "You ask what about Jack, then?" said the old man. "That was my clever trick upon Madge. I never said you were to marry Jack. I told you of your father's wish. I brought Jack here, as one cousin you knew; and I praised his good qualities—which are fine enough, I can tell you, and appreciated by a young lady not far from here. I knew that wayward heart of yours, and I knew that a woman should not marry without real love, and a great store of it, too. So I left my darling open to the idea that Jack was to be the lucky fellow; and she did just what I and all sensible folks expected—almost hated Jack and her doom. Then I took care that the man you were meant for—who, my dear, has the best and truest heart in the world—should come in the way just at the right time and show an interest in you. So have I not succeeded and made my Madge choose her father's choice with her own free heart and will? As for Fitzallan, he is all impatience for to-morrow, and he would have told you the secret at that ball the other night, but he had promised me never to disclose it till we were quite sure of success. Well, are you happy now, Madge?"

"My dear, good second father! How can I love you enough?" was all she could say when she felt his arms round her in that moment of fulfilled desires, and his lips pressed to her forehead in fatherly affection now that his long solicitude was at an end and his hard task well done.

That very night Madge, scarcely able to realize her joy, was betrothed to Herbert Fitzallan, who, when once the secret was disclosed, would not wait another hour.

"Have I not waited years?" he said. "All my time abroad I was waiting, and then I came back and I found my Madge more than ever I had dared to hope."

But Madge in her new freedom did not forget poor Jack. Indeed she was almost in trouble about her unkindness to him when she heard that he had been only playing a part, bearing all her teasing, and being purposely ungracious whenever she grew kind. But Gertrude consoled her effectually on that score by telling another secret after her kiss of congratulation.

"Jack was indeed doing his best to carry out the plan," she said; "and he was often grieved about you; but, dear Madge, you must congratulate us now—not me, but us. Jack and I made it up between us months ago, and we had many a quiet laugh about you."

So Madge herself accepted the ring and wore her golden fetters by her own free will after all; nor was there ever a happier or more willing captive. As for Fitzallan, if he was not another Arthur, as the girl's fancy had prompted her to call him, he was "blameless" as the Prince of the "Idyls," and far more blest; and if he reigned over no realm he was at least king of one brave and tender heart—a kingdom wide enough to satisfy his desires and a prize which time proved to be well worth his years of waiting.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

### New Adulteration of Coffee.

Coffee drinkers will read with interest some observations made by the Principal of the Inland Revenue Laboratory, in his annual report just printed, relative to an ingenious method of adulterating that article which has lately been discovered. Owing to the ease with which roasted vegetable matter can be prepared so as to look like coffee, substitutes for or adulterations of it are frequent. The substance most recently detected as an adulterant is date stones, which, after being roasted and ground, form such an imitation of coffee as would, when mixed with the genuine article, readily deceive the consumer. The early detection and suppression of this mode of adulteration were effected by the inland revenue authorities at Somerset House, in consequence of information sent by a supervisor at Liverpool that many tons of date-stones, a refuse from the manufacture of spirits at one of the distilleries there, and which had up to that time been considered useless, were being bought by a foreign gentleman to be sent to Manchester, and believed to be intended as an adulterant of coffee. The inquiry made led to the discovery that a manufactory had been started in Manchester for the preparation of "Melilotine coffee," a compound in about equal proportions of coffee, chicory and date-stones. A seizure has since been made there of about seven tons of "Melilotine coffee" and of the prepared date-stones. The manufactory had barely got into working order, and very little of the "Melilotine coffee" has been sent into consumption.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

HOW TO UTILIZE OLD FRUIT-CANS.—Perhaps one of the most appropriate uses of an old fruit-can that can be devised is to make it contribute to the growth of new fruit to fill new cans. This is done in the following manner: The can is pierced with one or more pin-holes, and then sunk in the earth near the roots of the strawberry, or tomato, or other plants. The pin-holes are to be of such size that when the can is filled with water the fluid can only escape into the ground very slowly. Thus a quart can, properly arranged, will extend its irrigation to the plant through a period of several days; the can is then refilled. Practical trials of this method of irrigation leave no doubt of its success. Plants thus watered flourish and yield the most bounteous returns throughout the longest droughts. In all warm localities, where water is scarce, the planting of old fruit cans, as here indicated, will be found profitable as a regular gardening operation.

### Eating by Rule.

Eating is a thing of prime importance in this world. Looked at in merely a philosopical way, it is the fuel that generates steam for the engine. The body unfed would in a day or two be like a steamer without coal, unable to turn the wheel, and drifting helpless. Yet no one eats with this thought in his mind, but simply because he is hungry. For thousands of years men have eaten without a scientific motive, without rational appreciation of the relations of food to bone, nerve, muscle, and so on. The whole motive lay in the mouth. Men ate because it tasted good! But, by and by, when science shall have opened up the matter properly, when we know the ingredients which the various parts of the body need, we shall have scientific bills of fare, in which dishes will not be obscured in absurd foreign names, but will be named from their true uses. Then we shall have bone-building, fat-producing, nerve-replenishing, muscle-forming dishes. The host will scorn the days of ignorance when men asked their guests to take beef or pudding. To a lean and cadaverous guest he will say: "Let me fill up your tissue," or, "My dear sir, your bones are brittle; allow me to pass this compound. Better boner were never made than this produces." To some exiguous scholar, thin and nervous, the jolly host will say: "My dear fellow, let me help you to brains. What do you affect? This dish runs strongly to poetry—or philosophy is it? This has been found to be admirable. Why, sir, philosophy is only food etherialized. To such a nicety have we reduced the science of cooking, that I can send a bill to my cook any day. 'Send up four philosophers, two musicians and one poet,' and he will at once set things a-stew, and in his skillet or pan the hidden elements will begin to hiss and sputter, that in a day or two will come forth from some brain as a sonnet or madrigal, or a grave chapter of philosophy."

What an age that will be! Now a man eats promiscuously. Often when the preacher would be tender, he in his ignorance has been feeding combativeness! He fain would appeal to men's consciences, but has been eating food that breeds abstract thought. In the culinary millennium, a man and his cook will be like twin brothers. The lawyer will say: "Give me a jury breakfast, Tom—an average jury," and looking into his new philosophical receipt book, his dear Tom will find just the articles required. The man will gain his case, unless his opponent has a better cook and was fed up on a higher pleading power. In that day intuitions will be subject to order. The right part being fed, it will be automatically active. We shall no more hear about "ragout" and "chops," and "steak a la" this, that or the other thing. The comfits and custards and bon-bons will give way to higher names indicative of mental powers. We shall hear men say, "Do let me give you another spoonful of conscientia. These speculations are very trying, and you need strength in the right spot."

"Lost the game? Why, you neglected yourself. Chess is a sure thing on this diet. Let me help you to a little more."

"Don't, my dear madam, don't touch that! not but that I am willing that you should have any thing that the house affords. But it is provoking to the temper. It is wonderful what spirit it breeds. It is for timid persons entirely."

Ah, me! what a world of teaching and trouble, and mistake, and blaming, will be over with, when we can extract morals from a stew-pan, and turn out problems from the kitchen like omelets. Meanwhile we shall have to eat on in the old way, only looking over into this promised land of science.—*H. W. Beecher.*

### Diamonds Unearthed.

Pity lives on the next floor below love.

There are battles which are fought better without allies.

There are many sorts of crooked lines, but there is only one which is straight.

The very exertions by which we seek to hide mental pre-occupation generally reveal it.

Men, being egotists, suffer a woman's love for themselves to hide a multitude of sins.

There are states of mind not favorable to any but the most private devotions.

With most people there is a more secret self, kept secret from themselves.

Emotions and resolutions that are at high tide in the evening often ebb before morning.

When you have nothing to say, say nothing. A weak defense strengthens your opponent, and silence is less injurious than a bad reply.

How little does one know of the real nature of the struggle between God and the devil, in the heart of another.

Make but few explanations; the character that can not otherwise defend itself is not worth vindicating.

Never accept of favors or hospitalities without rendering an exchange of civilities when opportunity offers.

We love our friends all the time—when we are so absorbed in working for them that we seldom think of them, as well as when telling them of our regards.

How beautiful is youth! A little moonshine, a few musical water-drops, the strain of a song, and the young heart experiences poetry as it never could be intrusted to paper.

### In Masculine Attire.

On the arrival of the packet Gray Eagle from Louisville yesterday Officer Knapke stepped on board and arrested what many people supposed to be a slight but well-built and good looking boy. He started with his prisoner for Police Headquarters, and was soon followed by a large crowed of persons, it having leaked out that the person under arrest was not a boy, but a woman in male apparel. The prisoner was first taken before 'Squire Roberts, but as no charge had been preferred that official could take no action. Officer Knapke then took his charge to the office of the Chief of Police, where Captain Newitt succeeded after a brief coversation, in getting the woman, for such she proved to be, to state that her name was Frances St. John. She said that she was twenty-three years of age and was born in Ireland, that she had lived in this country for thirteen years, and had been wearing male apparel for about three weeks. She stated further that she boarded the packet at Leavenworth, Ind., and had paid her fare to Henderson. There she said she intended taking a steamer for New Orleans, and that her ultimate destination was Florida. All though questioned pretty closely, she refused to give her reasons for donning men's clothing or for going to Florida. She had $14 in money in her possession, and with a portion of this Captain Newitt last evening purchased clothing for her which will be more appropriate to her sex. She was locked up at police headquarters last night, and will be allowed to go her way this morning.—*Evansville Journal.*


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—The Boston Latin School for Girls now has 90 pupils.

### THE POTTER COMMITTEE.

Report of the Democratic Members of the Committee.

WASHINGTON, March 2.—The following is the substance of the majority report of the Potter Investigating Committee, as presented by the Chairman, Mr. Potter:

The report sets forth what it was proper for Congress to investigate and what not, and the difficulty of conducting an investigation into conspiracies which have been successfully carried out while the successful party remains in power. It admits that confessions of conspirators who have become dissatisfied are worth little, but points to the fact, not generally understood, that about the essential features of the election and canvass in Florida and Louisiana there is no substantial dispute before the committee, the Republicans having called no witnesses in Florida and few in Louisiana, except as to the conduct of "visiting statesmen" and incidentally about intimidation. It dismisses entirely the testimony of Anderson, Jenks, Mrs. Jenks, Weber, and that class of witnesses, and deals with the case upon general and controlling facts alone.

The report is divided into three parts, the first of which refers to Florida, the second to Louisiana, and the third to the forged Electoral certificate. Beginning with Florida, it cites the law directing Presidential Electors to be appointed by votes cast and the Canvassing Board to canvass the votes cast, and claims that the Tilden Electors, having received a majority of the votes cast in this State, were thereby necessarily entitled to be declared elected, and that the Canvassing Board, by rejecting without warrant of law a portion of the votes so as to show a majority for Hayes, unlawfully cheated Tilden out. It states that the canvassers delayed their announcement until the morning of the day the Electors were to meet and vote, so that although notice was instantly taken to oust the Hayes Electors, no decision could be had until the Hayes Electors had met that same day at noon and voted. The report then recites the judgment of the Supreme Court, which subsequently decided that the Hayes Electors were not elected nor entitled to cast the vote of the State and that the Tilden Electors were, and also the judgment of the Court in action brought by Drew, the Democratic candidate for Governor, to obtain a recanvass, where the Court directed a recanvass and decided that the canvassers in refusing to count the votes cast, had defrauded Drew and unlawfully seated Stearns. The Legisture of the State thereupon directed a recanvass of the electoral vote in accordance with this decision of the Supreme Court, the Judges of which were Republicans, and the recanvass showed the Tilden Electors chosen. The Governor then issued his certificate to the Tilden Electors as true Electors, but the Electoral Commission refused to consider the judgment of the Court, the action of the Legislature and the certificate given by the Governor in favor of the Tilden Electors, and held that it could not take notice of any action by the State after the 6th of December.

In regard to Louisiana, the report begins with a reference to the anomalous power possessed by the Returning Board, which it says never before existed, by which the count of Electors and returning officers held the grossest power over the receiving and counting of votes. Under cover of that the count have divided the political parties, they had used this power to fraudulently count the State for Republicans, and had been exposed by the Republican committee of the Forty third Congress, which had reported that the whites and blacks of the State being equal, and some of the blacks and all the whites having voted for the Democrats in 1874, the State had necessarily been carried by them, although counted for the Republicans. Hereupon the Republicans set about a false census, in which they made it appear that there were 25,000 more black voters in the State than white, and as illustrating the fraudulent nature of this census report, the report refers to the fact that while this census reported but 57,000 colored men, women and children in New Orleans, it made out of them nearly 25,000 colored voters. It then instances the fraudulent registration that was based upon this fraudulent census, whereby it was made to appear that registered Republican voters exceeded white voters in the State more than 23,000, while actually there were no more, and the refusal of the authorities to correct this false registration in cases where its falseness was pointed out. Notwithstanding this organized fraud, says the report, when the elections were over the Democrats had a majority as returned by Republican election officers of some 10,000, the vote polled being the largest ever polled in the State, and larger in proportion to population than that of other States. The Republican officers made returns of the vote accordingly and declared that the election was perfectly peaceful and fair. The Republicans, in order to overcome the majority, then usurped powers not given to them. In support of this the report recites the finding of the Hoar, Wheeler and Frye Committee, that the Returning Board had no power to discard votes where proofs, as required by law, had not accompanied the returns, as an instance of which, at this election, notwithstanding this, the Returning Board decided to discard the necessary number of Democratic votes. As a pretext for this usurpation, they obtained protests from certain parishes which they picked out, as parishes in which to prevent intimidation had taken place. These parishes were all largely of negro population, which the Democrats had fairly carried. The report then deals with the question of intimidation, and argues that it was impossible for Democrats to gain any thing by it, because the Returning Board had been created on purpose to neutralize any such action by throwing out votes in localities where it should prevail.

As to the conspiracy in East Feliciana Parish, the report states the whole vote of the parish at previous elections of both sides had not exceeded 2,500. The Republicans purposely withheld casting any votes at all and subsequently made the claim that they had been intimidated and could not vote, and the Returning Board on this pretext, purposely prearranged, excluded the vote of the parish. The report then refers to supplementary papers obtained from Anderson and Don Webster, both of whom were known by Republicans to be for sale, showing that after these Supervisors had made return, that there was no violence in their parishes, they were induced to make supplementary protests, and that they both confessed they did this because of reward. In other parishes where officers had seen and certified to a perfectly fair election, Kellogg by pressure exacted like false protests. The report then goes on to state how the Returning Board, having got possession of such unlawful protests, proceeded to take evidence, United States officers and money being used to bring ignorant negroes from the interior fields into a great city, where they were herded together, taken before officials and had affidavits written down for them, to which, upon making their marks, they received their fees and were sent home. The process of manufacturing these affidavits is set forth to show how negroes were imposed on, and how worthless the affidavits were.

The report states that the Returning Board would never have so outraged the people but for their encouragement from "visiting statesmen" and the support which they and the troops gave them. Then follow details of how some of the visitors were deceived by local managers and innocently co-operated in frauds of the Returning Board, while others did not. It refers very briefly to the bargain by which Hayes, who had 3,000 votes less than Packard, got counted in, while Packard went out, and mentions Sherman's offer to prove intimidation, but points out that whenever the committee offered to receive it the evidence was not produced and they were met by some sham excuse for not producing it; how they had examined many of the witnesses that were before the Returning Board, who, in almost every instance, recanted and explained how they came to make their false affidavits in the first place, and how such statements as they made before the Returning Board were totally unfounded.

It then refers to the Sherman letter, in regard to which it simply states the facts as they stand, showing that a letter was actually written, and largely influenced political action in Louisiana, whoever signed it, and drawing attention to the attempt in the interest of Sherman by Mrs. Jenks, whose husband and brother are employees of the Treasury Department, to induce the committee to produce a forged letter.

The Florida portion of the report is followed by a list of all persons connected with the election there who have been appointed to office, and the Louisiana portion by a still longer list of persons in that State appointed to office.

The third part of the report deals with the forged Louisiana electoral certificates. It tells how the Vice-President, having refused the first certificate, the Republicans secretly manufactured another, ante-dating it, and made it in paper and printing to resemble the one previously made; how, having very little time to prepare it, and it being impossible to get all the Electors to New Orleans to sign it within that time, it became necessary to forge the signatures of two absentees; that thus there were put to the triplicated paper 18 forged signatures which were attached on December 29, in a small upper room in the State building, then in charge of Conquest Clarke. The report then recites how all the persons connected with the forging have been appointed to office, and suspicious circumstances connected with the appointment of the same, and particularly charges that Kellogg and Clarke, his private secretary, were privy to the forgeries.

The report calls attention to the danger of Returning Boards and greater danger of controlling elections and protecting canvassing boards by Federal troops, and above all to the crowning danger with which the country is threatened by reason of the enormous patronage centered in the presidency which makes the Presidential office so great that in order to control it the grossest frauds and violations may be expected on the part of those who desire to profit by that patronage.

It concludes with finding that full effect was not given to the Electoral votes of Florida and Louisiana; that Noyes, Sherman and others encouraged this result; that the second certificate from Louisiana was forged as to two of its names, Kellogg and Clarke being privy to it, and that Tilden and Hendricks received a true majority of the Electoral vote and were the real choice of the people of the United States at the last Presidential election.

The Republican members of the Committee will submit a minority report.

—A certain resident of North Adams, Mass., recently buried his wife, a woman of unusual size, and a few days after the sad event a neighbor attempted a little in the consolatory line by remarking, "Well, Mr. ——, you have met with a heavy loss." "Yes," replied the mourner with a sigh, "she weighed 'most four hundred pound!"

—Two pretty girls were going along the other day when the extra blonde one said, laughingly, to the other: "Oh, I don't think much of him! he was a little too sissy, and he parted his hair sissy!"

### HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

*Rice Cream*—2 heaping tablespoons of raw rice, 1 quart milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, a little salt; bake 1 hour, or 1½ hours, stirring frequently while baking. The oven should be a quick one.

*Oyster Soup.*—Take one dozen of large oysters and put them in one quart of cold water; as soon as they boil skim off the froth; let them simmer 10 minutes, then add ½ pound of butter-crackers, rolled fine, two ounces of butter, 1 teaspoonful of salt, ¼ teaspoonful of white pepper; let this cook 5 minutes more.

*Apple Tart.*—Stew some pippin apples till soft, say about 6 large ones; cook them in as little water as possible. Make the sauce as sweet as liked, and stir in ½ cup of butter; put in the sugar and butter when the apples are taken from the fire. Line deep plates with soft crust, and put in the mixture. Grate lemon-peel and loaf-sugar on the top. Bake till a very light brown.

*Queen of Puddings.*—1½ cups of white sugar, 2 cups fine dry bread-crumbs, 5 eggs, 1 tablespoon butter, vanilla, rose-water or lemon for flavoring, 1 quart fresh, rich milk, and ½ cup jelly or jam. Rub the butter into a cup of the sugar, beat the yelks light, and stir these together to a cream. The bread-crumbs soaked in milk come next, then the seasoning. Bake in a pudding-dish until the custard is set. Draw from the oven, spread over with jam, then cover with meringue made of the whites, whipped, sweetened and flavored to taste.

*How to Keep Moths Away.*—Fold up your things, sprinkling a little dry camphor in between. Then sew them up in bags, made of some strong material, containing no wool whatever; linen, of course, is excellent, but common bed-ticking answers very well. The bags should be stitched very closely, best by machine, and leaving not the smallest opening anywhere. This keeps the goods perfectly safe. You need never use any other precaution, even for furs, but you must, of course, make sure that the moths have had no chance to lay their eggs in the things before they are packed.

*Gold Cake.*—Line the cake-pans with buttered paper. Sift 1 teaspoonful of baking-powder, and 1 saltspoon of salt, with 1 cup of flour. Beat 2 ounces of butter, ½ pound of granulated sugar to a cream. Add to them by degrees ⅔ of a cup of milk, and 1 cup of flour, and beat the mixture smooth with an egg-whip. Beat the yelks of 6 eggs to a cream, and stir them into the above ingredients. Stir in the cup of flour which has been sifted with the salt and baking-powder, flavor the batter with vanilla extract, put it quickly into the baking-pan, and bake the cake in rather a moderate oven. To test the cake, run a clean broom-splint into its center; if it is done, the splint will come out clean. When it is done, turn it quickly out of the pan and let it cool.

*Beef a la Mode.*—Cut 2 pounds of rump steak in pieces 1 inch thick, 2 inches wide, and 4 inches long; lay the pieces flat on the table and season them with pepper, salt, and powdered thyme. Slice ½ pound salt pork thin, and lay a slice on each piece of meat, roll up each piece compactly, and tie with a cord. Put the trimmings of meat and scraps of pork in the bottom of a saucepan, lay the rolls on them, and put them over the fire to brown. When the meat is brown stir in a spoonful of flour and let it simmer until tender, about one hour. Meantime pare the vegetables, cut them in small, even dice, or olives; wash them, boil them until tender in boiling water and salt; drain them and lay them in cold water to retain their color. When the meat is done, lay it on a hot dish, in an even pile, and keep it hot while the vegetables can be drained out of the cold water and warmed in the gravy. Then arrange them neatly around the meat, pour the gravy over the meat without slopping it around the dish, and serve it hot.

*Swiss Pudding with Cream Sauce.*—Sift together ½ pound of flour, 1 heaping teaspoonful of baking-powder, and 1 of salt; rub together 4 ounces of granulated sugar and 2 ounces of butter, and when they are well mixed so as to be granular, but not creamy, add the flour gradually, until it is all used. Make a hollow in the middle of the flour, put into it 1 egg, ½ a teaspoonful of lemon flavoring, and a ½ pint of milk. Mix to a smooth paste, put into a well buttered and floured mold, and set this into a large pot of boiling water, enough to cover two-thirds up the side of the mold; steam the pudding ¾ of an hour, or until a brown splint can be run into it without finding the pudding sticking to the splint. Turn the pudding out of the mold and send to the table with the following sauce: Stir together over the fire 1 ounce each of flour and butter. As soon as they are smooth, pour into them ½ a pint of boiling milk, add 2 ounces of sugar and ½ a teaspoonful of lemon flavoring, and use with the pudding as soon as it boils up. This makes a very nice pudding for Sunday dinner.

### FARM TOPICS.

Pruning.

The season is now at hand for commencing garden operations, and the first in order is that of pruning. Most shrubs only require to be thinned of irregular, struggling branches, or of the suckers which spring up from the roots. Such shrubs as bear flowers on the last year's growth should be pruned back but very little, as otherwise they would produce but few flowers. Of this class are lilacs, syringas, spiræas, viburnums, calycanthus, hydrangeas, deutizas, magnolias, rhododendrons, and azaleas. Shrubs such as the althæa and roses which bear flowers on wood of this season's growth, should have last year's growth well cut back, say to within three or four inches of the old wood. Roses should have the short wood of last year's growth cut back to two or three buds, and the long shoots shortened from one-third to one-half their length; all wood of over two years' growth should be entirely cut out, as it never produces the blooms. Honeysuckles are generally allowed to become too crowded in their growth; they will bear a good deal of thinning out, and last year's growth should be pruned back to within an inch or two of the main stems. If they have from neglect become naked at the bottom, and only flowering at the top of the trellis, one-half of the main stems should be cut back to within a foot of the ground; this will cause a new growth of young shoots to fill up the vacancy. Wistarias should have last year's growth shortened back so as to leave only four to six inches of it, unless they are new running stems and it is desirable to retain them; they may, however, be shortened back one-third their length. Ampelopsis (Virginia creeper), bignonia (trumpet creeper), and aristolochia (Dutchman's pipe) only require the cutting back of the swinging forer-right shoots, so as to give them a neat, tidy appearance. Akebia and clematis scarcely require any pruning, all that is needed being to cut out any interfering growth that can not be laid in on the trellis without overcrowding.

In pruning fruit trees reference must of course be had to the kinds, their mode of growth and of bearing. Many people think that all the interior branches must be cut out, to give, as they suppose, plenty of light and air to the center of the tree. This is nearly always carried to an extreme, and the consequence is that the weight of the folinge and fruit is thrown upon the outer ends of the branches, so that in high winds or rain-storms they are broken off at the trunk, to the eventual destruction of the tree. Large branches should never be cut off if it can possibly be avoided; when it is absolutely necessary to do so, they should be cut off close to the trunk, without leaving any snags, and the wound should be covered with grafting-wax or some similar composition to keep out the weather. Apple, pear, cherry, and plum trees bear fruit on spurs, and care must be had not to cut them off; the young growth upon which the spurs are not yet formed should only be shortened back about one-third of its length, as a rule, for, if shortened more than that, the whole energy of the tree will be expended in producing new shoots instead or spurs. Quince trees produce their fruit on spurs which throw out long shoots, on the ends of which the fruit is carried; the fruit-bearing shoots of the previous year should be shortened back to only two or three eyes, in order to produce new shoots for next year's fruiting. Pruning peach trees should be delayed until the buds begin