Ashtabula Telegraph.

JAMES REED & SON, Prop'rs.

ASHTABULA, : : OHIO.

A FOE ON THE ROOF.

ONE of the finest portions of the Empire State is the region of Northwestern New York once known as the "Black River Country."

Years ago, when large tracts of wild land were sold for a trifle, many persons made purchases in this region, which, as it was abundantly populated with wild animals, was a peculiarly dangerous one.

Yet these hardy pioneers braved the dangers of the forest, and made for themselves homes in the wilderness, depending upon their trusty rifles for defense.

Mr. John Burton, a gentleman of large cultivation and some means, whose grandchildren are now people of wealth and distinction in the same region, was one of these early venturers into the wild-wood, and many were the perilous adventures he could relate.

He came with his family in a heavy wagon, and they camped in a tent until a log shanty could be erected, or at least until it could be rendered fit to live in, for the family moved in before it was finished.

The roof was made of hollow bass-wood logs split in halves, one half inverted over the edges of two others, a large hole being left to accommodate the huge fireplace common to all log-cabins.

Over this hole Mr. Burton intended to build a stick-and-mud chimney, but as it was desirable, before winter, to clear away some of the thick growth of timber which came almost up to the very door of the cabin, the hole was left uncovered for the present, while Mr. Burton and his sons applied themselves to the clearing of an acre or two of ground.

No Indians who were hostile then infected that neighborhood, but their scarcely less savage compeers, wolves, bears and panthers, or *painters*, as the backwoods people called them, were more plentiful than desirable, and often kept the hearts of the bold settlers thrilled with dread by their nightly howls and fierce screams.

One night, after the weary family had long been in bed, Mrs. Burton was wakened by a wild, sharp scream, directly at the corner of the shanty in which they slept.

She knew the sound, and, instantly sitting up, she shook Mr. Burton's shoulders violently, crying out:

"John! John! wake, wake up, quick! The wildcats are trying to get in! Wake, John, wake!"

Another wild scream outside, and a clawing, scratching sound, gave proof to her words, and roused Mr. Burton instantly.

He was very weary, but when a man has a wife and children exposed to a horrible death in a wild forest, it does not take long to nerve his senses to desperate energy.

"May Heaven help us!" he cried. "Listen, Jenny! They are climbing up to the roof by the logs at the corner! They will come down the fireplace! Jump, Jenny, and get my gun while I rouse the fire!"

They both bounded out of bed, and while Mrs. Burton ran to the hooks where the guns rested, and woke the boys, Mr. Burton rushed to the fireplace.

To counteract the exposed condition of the shanty, a fire was kept up all night, and, though it had burned low, it was the work of but an instant to rake open the glowing bed of coals, and fling on a quantity of the pine-knots and lightwood, of which a good supply was nightly piled beside the fireplace.

The pine-knots blazed up instantly, and as the ruddy flame sprung to the roof they could hear the heavy tread of their terrible foes passing over the roof to the opening above them.

By this time, Mrs. Burton was at his elbow with the gun, and the boys having sprung out of bed, Henry, the oldest son, stood ready also with his rifle, to fire at their assailants.

Looking up with bated breath, they saw, presently, a terrible yellowish head, and a pair of eyes almost as bright as the glowing coals, peering down at them—another, and then another, snuffing, and smelling and growling—a sight to strike terror to the boldest heart.

"Pile on the pine-knots, Jenny!" shouted Mr. Burton. "Pile on the wood, too! Burn their noses, or we are lost! And you, Henry, keep your finger on the trigger, ready to fire if they try to leap down, and so will I."

Mrs. Burton and Willy, the younger son kept the fire roaring and blazing, while, in silent suspense, they watched the hole in the roof.

Again and again the ugly yellow heads peered over at them.

But the flame and smoke kept back the intruders, and they would turn away, scratching and snuffing for some other point of attack, while the anxious hearts below throbbed with a painful fear lest they might tear up some of the inverted logs of the roof.

But the logs were stout and well-placed, and resisted the terrible scratching and clawing for over an hour.

Suddenly Mrs. Burton said:

"John, the wood is beginning to give out. What shall we do then?"

"I never thought of that!" cried Mr. Burton. "I don't know what we will do!"

"Father, wouldn't a great noise scare them?" said Henry. "If we were all to shout out as loud as we could, mightn't it frighten 'em away?"

"I don't know. I doubt it. They've been among Indians, remember," said Mr. Burton. "But we can try it. Shout, now, like savages, every one together! Now, then!"

Cry out they did, but the only effect upon their midnight visitors was to bring two or three hideous heads over the hole again, as if in curiosity.

"We can't stand this," said Mr. Burton. "And when the wood gives out, we're lost! I'm going to try shooting. You fire, too, Henry, at the very next head you see. Aim steady, and be quick!"

With drawn breath, and forefinger on the trigger, father and son waited, while the two other watchers, not less anxious, stood silently by.

Presently, two great ugly heads were seen over the fireplace, hardly ten feet away. Quick as thought, two rifles were raised, aimed directly between the horrible, shining eyes, and two reports rang out upon the stillness.

There was a sharp cry of pain, a few heavy plunges, as if the animals were making tremendous leaps; a rushing, falling sound; more fearful screams; a tread of footsteps, as if they dragged heavily, and then all was still, save a few wild cries, which grew fainter and fainter, as the panthers fled into the thick depths of the forest whence they came.

They listened for a long time. Still all was quiet.

"They won't be likely to return again to-night," said Mr. Burton, at last.

"Don't let's go back to bed," said Mrs. Burton. "We couldn't sleep after this."

"No; we'll stay up and keep a big fire. It must be near morning now," replied Mr. Burton.

So the alarmed family, instead of retiring again, watched the remainder of the night beside the fire.

Their dangerous visitors did not return, but upon following their bloody tracks next morning, a large male panther was found cold and dead, with the marks of Mr. Burton's bullet between his eyes.

And further away in the woods lay a smaller one, shot through the head by Henry's trusty rifle.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Singular Case.

One of the most romantic stories outside the regions of fiction will engage the attention of the London Probate Court early next session. The circumstances of the case, stated in a brief form, appear to be these: Some time ago a young gentleman, in accordance with the provisions of a will in his favor, inherited an annual income of £25,000 and a large estate situated in a by no means unimportant county in England.

It was distinctly stipulated that the £25,000 should be the amount payable during his celibacy, and that from the day of his marriage, if he contracted a marriage, the sum should be doubled—that is to say, it should be increased to £50,000 a year. Naturally the fortunate heir had a decided desire to obtain the full amount to which he was entitled by wedlock, although he entertained the strongest objections to compromising his freedom by marriage.

The ingenious youth fully and anxiously considered the situation, and at last determined upon the course which he would pursue. Proceeding to the Haymarket on a particular evening, he met a young female whose acquaintance he had only made a short time previously, and whose position was far removed in a downward direction from him. To this woman he made overtures of marriage, promising her an annuity of £2,000 in consideration of her considering the marriage-tie dissolved a week after the performance of the ceremony.

The offer seems to have been rejected, and an alternative advanced. The woman, it appears, signified her willingness to consent to an arrangement by which the estate of her suitor was conferred absolutely upon her for six months, at the end of which period it would revert to the assignee, and she would then be entitled to her annual allowance of £2,000.

Finding that she would not recede from this proposal, the youthful millionaire reluctantly agreed to it, and in the course of time the marriage ceremony was performed.

At the end of the succeeding week the fickle youth, as determined upon, left his spouse and betook himself to his estate, and there he developed an illness from which he never recovered. His illness having occurred within the six months after his marriage, his whole estate has passed to his wife, and his relatives have had resort to the machinery of the law to avert the absolute succession. The case, I understand, is likely to come before the Probate division of the Divorce Court early next season, and a cause celebre, equal to the famous Tichborne trial in point of public interest, may be expected.—*London Letter.*

Germination of Small Seeds.

The smaller seeds are, the greater is the probability that they will not germinate when planted in the ground. In an ordinary season there is no trouble about the germination of corn, beans, peas, and the seeds of pumpkins, squashes and melons. Ordinarily much of the wheat, barley, rye and oats that are sown germinate and their shoots come to the surface of the earth, unless, as is frequently the case, the seed was covered too deep. The seed of red clover generally germinates readily, but that of white clover is more likely to fail. There is much uncertainty about the germination of the seed of the true grass, or, at least, about getting a good "catch." As a rule not one grain of grass seed in five produces a stalk of grass. If all the grass seed sown on a given plot of land germinated, the stalks would crowd each other so closely that they could not grow.

But farmers are not usually troubled with plots of newly-sown land on which the grass stands too thick. As a rule there is a great deficiency of stalks of grass. This is so, notwithstanding the ground was literally covered with seed. The truth is, most of the seed failed to germinate, or, at least, failed to produce sprouts that reached the surface of the ground. There is even more difficulty with flower seeds than with the seeds of the true grasses. The smaller they are, as a rule, the less likely they are to come up. Often a carefully-prepared bed is sown with expensive flower seeds, and not a plant makes its appearance. The vexation occasioned in this matter is the principal reason why the cultivation of annual flowering plants has become unpopular. Persons tire of wasting time and money and having no flowers to reward them.

A variety of causes combine to render the germination of small seeds difficult. They ordinarily become more thoroughly dried than larger seeds. Sometimes the moisture is so thoroughly extracted from them that germination is rendered very difficult, if not impossible. Flower seeds become exceedingly dry from the way they are handled and stored. They are often spread out on dry cloth or paper for examination before they are packed. When in bulk they are kept in paper bags which allow dry air to freely pass through them. During the process of putting them up they are kept in rooms the atmosphere of which is dry and warm. They are placed in small paper packages, which help absorb the remaining moisture they have retained. The paper packages are finally packed in wooden boxes which are placed on the shelves and counters of stores till they are sold.

Recent experiments in Europe show that seeds from which nearly all the moisture has been abstracted have their germinating power impaired. If placed where there is an excess of moisture they entirely fail to sprout. The best way to treat them is to apply moisture to them gradually and for a considerable length of time. Some recommend placing them in the ground and covering it with boards, straw or matting, which will afford them shade and prevent the evaporation of the moisture from the soil about them. It is likely that the vitality of small seeds would be preserved better if they were placed in air-tight tin boxes, instead of being packed in paper as they generally are. A metal package would cause them to retain the moisture they had when they were shelled, and would prevent their receiving any more from the surrounding atmosphere.

Several methods have been adopted for covering grass seed. One is to sow it on frozen ground with the expectation that the action of the frost will throw sufficient soil over it. Another is to sow it on mellow soil before a rain, so that the rain drops will beat it into the earth or spatter moist earth over it. A third method consists of using a brush-drag or a harrow, which is in many cases followed by a roller. There are grave objections to each of these practices. The action of the frost and rain cannot be relied on to do very good work. They may sometimes give too much covering and at other times too little. Seed exposed for some time on the surface of the ground is liable to be eaten by birds or to be washed away by rains. The amount of covering it would receive would depend very much on the character of the soil on which it was scattered.

Neither a brush-drag nor a common harrow can cover all seed to a uniform depth, and this is what is required to insure germination. We have often been informed that the size of seed should determine the proper amount of covering it should receive. Some authorities state that the amount of earth over a seed should never exceed five times the diameter of the seed, whether it be small or large. This rule will certainly not apply to peas or the seed of turnips, cabbages or radishes, which will force their sprouts through more than an inch of earth. These seeds, however, are remarkable for their vitality, for germinating quickly, and for the rapid and vigorous growth of the plants they produce. It is certain that other seeds which have less vitality, which germinate slower, and whose sprouts are more tender, will not do well if covered to a proportionate depth.

The character of the soil as regards its composition will have much to do in determining the depth to which seed should be covered. If it is clay or a clay loam much less will be required for a covering for seeds than if it is chiefly sand. A writer in an Eastern agricultural journal suggests that perfection will never be reached in the successful germination of small seeds till a machine is invented that will throw the required amount of soil over them after they are placed on a smooth, carefully-prepared seed-bed. By the use of such a machine he thinks it would be possible to cause nearly all the seed to germinate. With a machine for doing this work the soil for covering the seed could be carefully selected, and nothing but the best for the purpose applied. Of course fertilizers could be easily mixed with it, which would hasten the growth of the young plants.—*Chicago Times.*

"Silence is Golden."

Words spoken in season are of the greatest value; but now and then, even with our best and dearest, there come seasons when the gift of silence is far more to be desired than the most royal gifts of eloquence.

With almost every one there will arise something that tempts to dispute; when to refrain from a reply would be the better as well as the harder way, when even "a soft answer" has not half the power of perfect silence.

With the ignorant and passionate it is not only useless, but the wildest folly to dispute. We doubt if Solomon, with all his wisdom, was in the most trustworthy state of mind when he advised to "answer a fool according to his folly." With great self-control sensible people may dispute or disagree over points of interests, and yet not forget the laws of kindness and common sense. But to attempt to answer "a fool according to his folly" is to descend to his level.

In the household there are many things which demand forbearance and a good stock of patience. In a large family hardly an hour goes by but little shadows cross the horizon which a trifling irritation might change into dark clouds, threatening a storm; yet by "setting a watch over the door of the mouth," they pass over without a falling shower.

The wife, more than anyone, should have full possession of the crowning household grace of silence. Men are so unlike women in this respect that while they love strongly and faithfully they do not depend on the daily outward expression of it as much as women do. A loving wife can forget her own bodily need to cater for the taste or minister to the comfort of those she loves. But these expressions of affection and tenderness she cannot dispense with without suffering loss. They are her life. With them her nature expands, broadens, becomes richer and nobler; without them she withers and becomes greatly impoverished. Some husbands little know how quickly their wives may deteriorate and become mere cold machines if they pass heedlessly on their way, forgetting the heart-famine they leave at home.

But no matter how much a wife craves gentle attentions and loving notice, it is better that she should teach herself to know the great strength she may command by silence—not unamiable silence, but that which gently tends upward toward peace, and its patient continuance will sometimes open a husband's eyes to his unintentional neglect and make him love and honor his wife all the more for the quiet lesson she has taught him. There are times in a man's life, far more than in a woman's, when any reply to careless remarks, or complaints of inattention or seeming neglect, would be unwise and threaten trouble.

Can you effect a change by constant repining? Does not that mood enhance the evil and risk, changing carelessness now and then into a settled indifference? And by expostulations, complaints and perhaps reproaches, does not a wife endanger her own love? While that shines undiminished there is always hope that the "dove of peace and promise" will yet fold its wings and take up its abode there, and the last days of that household be brighter and more lovely than the first.

Try the virtue of silence, when tempted to "last speeches," and see if it will not do more to lift the cloud than the bitter invectives which wounded pride and irritated love are sure to utter. The first, faithfully acted upon, brings hope of better times; the latter, if not at once and forever dismissed, is sure destruction of all true love and domestic peace.—*Baptist Weekly.*

DON'T talk with your mouth filled with food. And there is no call for you talking much under normal conditions.

Democratic Congressional Soothing-Syrup.

Congress has never been so inactive and stupid as during the present winter. The stupidity is ingrain in the Democratic majority; the inactivity is assiduously cultivated by order of the caucus. It is the policy of the Democratic leaders to do nothing—*for the present.* They assume a virtue, though they have it not. It is the virtue of self-restraint. They simulate conservatism for campaign purposes. The Brigadiers are securely muzzled and the doughfaces are chained up. Mrs. Winslow's soothing-syrup is as regular a diet in Congress as treacle was in Dotheboys Hall, but it is administered in more liberal doses. The prevailing stupor is similar to that which follows the opium habit. Every restless fellow on the Democratic side has relays of keepers assigned, who take turns in holding him down and keeping him quiet. The other day one impulsive member showed signs of speaking out in school, and the entire Democratic cabal put their fingers to their lips and hushed him up. He hastened to assure his friends that he would not break the compact of silence which had been secretly and scarcely agreed upon in caucus, and he was permitted to proceed.

The meaning of this unaccustomed restraint is so clear that he who runs may read. It is the Democratic policy to efface, if possible, the recollection of the extra session and to allay the popular apprehension which the reactionists then excited. A President is to be elected in a few months. The South is solid so far as it goes, but it is not big enough to elect a President by itself. Fraud and violence have established the minority rule in every Southern community where the ex-Confederates are not actually in the majority. But the South must have Northern allies to acquire National control. Large numbers of voters in New York, Connecticut, New Jersey and Indiana must be placated. Deception must be practiced long enough to lull the suspicion of the doubtful voters who hold the balance of power in certain Northern States. The Democrats count upon the short memory of the public at a time when the succession of events is so rapid, and believe that a few months of inaction will wipe out the general distrust which the revolutionary threats of the extra session created. Hence the gag-rule adopted in caucus; hence the anodynes, the muzzles, the chains, the guardians and the other expedients for enforcing the policy of silence.

Whether or not the Democratic caucus shall be able to control the blatant Bourbons throughout the session remains to be seen. It will be death to some of their number. During nearly three months this unnatural restraint has been effective, but it must be maintained three months longer, and it is growing more irksome and irritating every day. It will not be very surprising if some of the fretful animals break their chains before long, and make as much havoc as a bull in a china shop. Greed and selfishness in dividing up the appropriations, and the spirit of faction in the effort to agree upon a Presidential candidate, may betray the rash partisans into excesses that will be all the more glaring because of the long self-denial that has been practiced. But even if the gag can be kept firmly upon the extremists, the Democratic managers are leading a forlorn hope in the effort to conciliate the conservatives by deception. Their present attitude is simply ridiculous. Everybody understands it. The cloven foot has been shown so often that no person in his senses can doubt that it is merely hidden for the time being. The Democrats in repose are as dangerous as a tame bear in a household. They are only waiting to spring upon the spoils and devour them. Give them the President and the patronage, the army and the Treasury, the sword and the purse, and they will make Rome howl. They will then jeer at the very suggestion of purity in elections; they will laugh down Civil-service reform; they will plunder the North to make good to the South the losses incident to the folly and wickedness of rebellion. All the menaces of the extra session will come into realization, and the Democratic leaders will gloat over the success of this winter's deception. This is the programme. Its vital defect is the depreciation of American intelligence by assuming that the American people cannot see through the thin gauze of hypocrisy which the caucus has thrown over the present session.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Caught a Tartar.

The Democrats seem determined not to allow Republican witnesses to get summoned before the Exodus Committee, but the other day they caught a Tartar in one of their own witnesses, Badger, son of ex-Senator Badger, of North Carolina. He was summoned by the Democrats and is opposed to the exodus. During his examination he made some remarks as to Ku-Klux outrages in North Carolina, which led Senator Windom, who cross-examined him, to question him very closely on that subject. The witness said that the negroes did not have equal justice in the courts, and that they were discriminated against. When asked about the Ku-Klux outrages, he said that he was appointed by the Government a few years ago to investigate them, and he knew all about them. He said there were hundreds of cases of whipping, shooting and murders of every kind. The witness further said that there were three organizations in the State—the White Brotherhood, the Constitutional Union Guard and the Invisible Empire. One was political, to carry the State for the Democrats; another had for its object to reinstate the Confederacy—to restore the Lost Cause; and the third was one which was organized for the purpose of committing murder. The first two were not dangerous, he said, but the last one was. If a negro, as he expressed it, "got too big for his breeches," or a Republican was too active, this Order would decree his death in the county where he lived, and would then send to some other county, to a like organization, who would furnish the executioner to commit the murder. As to the discrimination in the courts, the witness said that if negroes were arrested for larceny they were always convicted much more certainly than a white man. In order to make himself more plainly understood on this point, he gave the following illustration: A colored woman was at work in a barn husking corn. She was singing, and making a good deal of noise. The white man in charge of the farm came along and told her to make less noise and she would get along faster with her work. She answered back rather impudently for a negro. The man then replied with insulting language, and the woman retorted in the same fashion. Thereupon he seized a bludgeon and beat her over the shoulders with it until the stick dropped from his hands. He then took his pistol and hammered her over the head with it, the woman all the time defending herself as best she could by scratching him. They were both arrested, and the colored women was convicted and the white man acquitted. When questioned as to the elections in North Carolina, Badger said that the colored men were swindled out of their votes. For instance, he said that when Vance was elected he got twenty-seven thousand more votes than there were Democrats in the State.—*Washington Correspondence.*

Resolutions Adopted at the Vermont State Republican Convention.

At the Republican State Convention which met at Montpelier, Vt., on the 25th of February, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the Republican party, organized in the interest of freedom and equal rights, has established its right to live, not only by carrying the Nation through the most gigantic civil war known in history, but by successful maintenance of the theory that this is a Nation and not a mere corporation of independent sovereignties; by the payment of nearly $900,000,000 public debt; by the accomplishment of the return to a specie basis of currency, and by important retrenchments and economies in the administration of the Government.

Resolved, That the developments of the past four years, in the disclosure of plots to subvert the choice of the people in the selection of President by bribery of Electors, in the practical overthrow of popular government in seven States of the Union, by terrorism and ballot-box frauds, and in the recent desperate attempt to steal the State Government of Maine, as part of the scheme to obtain the vote of that State in the next Electoral College, furnish occasion for just alarm on the part of friends of a republican form of government, and that all honest and patriotic people should resist these tendencies to anarchy, and put the stamp of their condemnation on such practices by their votes at the polls.

Resolved, That the Republican party must be sustained as the only effective barrier to the success of such treasonable schemes and as the efficient supporter of National amity, credit and honor, until free thought, free speech, a free press, the protection of the person, property and civil rights of a citizen in any part of the Union in which he sees fit to reside, irrespective of color, party or religion, and the right of every voter to cast one free, unmolested ballot at each election, and to have it honestly counted, shall be established throughout the length and breadth of the Union.

Resolved, That, while we record our firm determination that the results of the war for the Union shall not be lost, we have no hatred toward our brethren of the South. We ask of them only what we hold ourselves bound to render—obedience to law, maintenance of order, equality of rights and acceptance of fair rule of the majority in election—and for all who honestly accept these fundamental principles of democratic government we have only the kindly and fraternal feeling which should animate citizens of one Nation.

Resolved, That we commend the Administration of President Hayes for its successful resistance to the attempts of the Democratic party in Congress to subvert the independence of the constituted departments of the Government and to coerce the President into signing bills making important changes which he could not approve; for its support of honest money and a currency of intrinsic value, and for its efforts to purify and keep clean the public service.

Resolved, That we welcome every well-directed effort to raise the standard of official and personal character in public servants and representatives, and to elevate the Civil-service by making the choice and retention of public officials dependent on honesty, capacity, and fidelity rather than on caprice or personal favor of Congressmen and heads of departments.

The following resolution was also adopted:

Resolved, That the Republicans of Vermont present to the Republicans of the country George F. Edmunds as a suitable person to be made a candidate of the Republican party for the next President. We do this not wholly or chiefly from our State pride in a man whose public service has been so honorable to the people whom he has represented, but because his pure life, his eminent ability, his valuable public service and his unflinching Republicanism have marked him by a higher title than accidental birth-place or residence as a person fit to be President of the United States, himself a representative of what the Republican party ought to hold as its most precious possession, an unswerving fidelity to the principles upon which the party was built and has won its great reputation, and of intellectual power and moral sense and courage, through which alone it can preserve what it has so worthily achieved. His candidacy would be of itself a declaration of principles and sign of success.

The Resolutions Adopted at the New York State Republican Convention.

The following is the platform adopted by the New York Republicans at the Convention held at Utica on February 25:

The Republicans of the State of New York, assembled to appoint delegates to represent them in the National Convention, reaffirm the principles and patriotic purposes of the Republican party heretofore declared and faithfully acted upon; and equally impressed with the responsibility now devolved upon them, declare that the safety of the Nation is again imperiled by the virulent and unlawful efforts of the Democratic party to overawe and subvert State Governments, as represented by the conduct of its leaders in Maine and in several Southern States, thereby intending to secure control of the General Government by deeds of violence and fraud, and in defiance of carefully-constituted judicial authorities. In the presence of these grave and threatening dangers it is the duty of the Republican party of the Union in its united strength to meet and prevent them; and to this end, mindful of their great responsibility in the coming Presidential contest, and of the fact that it must be determined by the Electoral vote of their State, hereby solemnly pledge to the Republicans of other States their ability to cast it for Ulysses S. Grant.

We declare that in him we repose absolute trust for his honesty, his fidelity to duty, his serene judgment and solid intelligence, his varied experiences and for the uniform success that has ever attended his efforts in securing the integrity, perpetuity, grandeur and prosperity of our common country. For these reasons, and because we are satisfied that in him the Nation—North and South—decidedly greet a candidate deserving of its confidence, we present him as entitled to the suffrages of every patriotic citizen.

We also declare that the objection to a third Presidential term applies only to a third consecutive term, and is utterly inapplicable to the re-election of General Grant, who is and has been a private citizen, absent from the country, destitute of all Presidential or official influence or patronage, and whose election must be by the free choice of the people, unaided by those influences which alone give force, if any there be, to that objection. Therefore,

Resolved, That the Republicans of New York believe the renomination of Ulysses S. Grant as a Presidential candidate of urgent importance, and the delegates this day assembled are called upon and instructed to use their most earnest and united efforts to secure his nomination.

A Southern Republican Address.

The Executive Committee of the Southern Republican Association in Washington has issued an address to be circulated as broadly as possible in the South, in which it appeals for hearty co-operation, and says:

"Located at the National Capital, the official and political center of our country, we hope to be able to render substantial and efficient aid in the restoration of Republican Governments and Constitutional liberty in the Southern States.

"Admonished by the sad experience of the past, we conjure you to inculate peace, harmony and unity among Southern Republicans. Let there be no dissension in your ranks, no division in your councils. A National Convention of our party will assemble on the 5d day of June, at Chicago. The Southern States are entitled to 276 delegates, which is more than one-third of the entire convention. While we decline all purpose of naming a candidate, or of dictating a policy, we counsel united and harmonious action, coupled with a respectful demand for a hearing and recognition of our rights. Reconstruction was an invention of Northern statesmen. In the blood of heroes and martyrs it was executed. The verdict of impartial history will pronounce upon its wisdom or unwisdom. The past, with its errors and sorrows, is unalterable. Let its experience guide our present and future actions. Select your truest, ablest and bravest men, honest representatives of the people's will, for your delegates. Let them come untrammeled, unfettered and uninstructed, free to act for the rights and liberties of the people, for the triumph of our party and the safety and supremacy of the Nation. To this end we suggest a council of the Southern delegates at Chicago on the 31st day of May, upon which we respectfully invite your views.

A DRUNKEN doctor in Syracuse put a man under the influence of ether and sewed up some gashes in his face. Blood flowed from the man's mouth, and then the doctor sewed up the mouth and went home. The patient recovered and by vigorous um! uming! succeeded in securing the attention of his friends, and another doctor cut the stitches. Now the doctor's mouth should be sewed or muzzled.

Youths' Department.

MY BOY.

What the stars are to the sky,
What the light is to the eye,
What the river's to the sea
Is my darling boy to me.

What the dew is to the flower,
What the vine is to the bower,
What the leaf is to the tree
Is my darling boy to me.

Sweeter than the violet,
Pure as lily-bud, still wet
With the early morning-dew,
Is my darling, good and true.

When the dreams of youth are done,
When the night of age creeps on,
May I lean, with pride and joy,
Upon thee, my darling boy!

—*Mrs. Ada A. Mir, N. Y. Independent.*

A STORY OF MISTAKES.

This will be a hard story to follow, and, unless you pay close attention, you will forget which is Evelyn and which is the other girl, and why it was that Mrs. Stimpcett thought her boy Moses had broken his leg. I mean, of course, Mrs. Stimpcett, of the village of Gilead.

Mrs. Stimpcett's summer boarder, Mr. St. Clair, was forgetful. He liked well to gaze at a brook, a pond, the clouds, the blue sky, the flowery fields, and often he forgot to stop doing so, and kept on gazing when it was meal-time, or bed-time, or some other time.

Mrs. Stimpcett took also another summer boarder, a rich lady of the name of Odell. Mrs. Odell was tall, and slim, and pale, and in her cap, just above her forehead, was set in a row three pink muslin roses. Mrs. Odell was silly enough to be proud of being rich, and stingy enough to like to save her own money at other people's expense.

Mrs. Odell had a six-year-old niece named Evelyn, a pale, delicate little girl, who lived in the city, and this Evelyn was coming to Gilead to visit her Aunt Odell. She was coming in the cars to Mill Village in care of the conductor, and her Aunt Odell was to send a carriage to the station to fetch her to Gilead. If the carriage was not there when the cars arrived, she was to stay with the station-man till it should arrive. I trust my story is plain thus far.

It happened that Mr. Stimpcett was going to Mill Village that same day, to get some corn ground, and Mrs. Odell, though it would take him very far out of his way, asked him to go round by the station and get Evelyn. This would save hiring a carriage.

Now Mr. St. Clair thought it would be a pleasant thing to go to mill, and asked if he might go in the place of Mr. Stimpcett. Mr. Stimpcett, said, "Oh yes, if you will be sure to bring back the meal." So Mr. St. Clair went to mill, and Moses Stimpcett, a boy about nine years old, went with him, for the sake of the ride, and to see his Aunt Debby, who lived not far from the mill.

They set off soon after the hour of noon. Moses wore his Zouave cap and his second-best summer clothes, and Mr. St. Clair wore a black alpaca coat, a blue neck-tie tied in a bow, a broad-brimmed straw hat, a white vest and white trousers. Moses drove the horse and they reached the mill without accident. While the miller was taking in the corn Moses bought a roll of lozenges at a store near by, and as he came out with them a man passed that way, leading a small but valuable dog. Said this man to Moses, "I wish you would hold my dog while I step into the mill;" and Moses took the string.

Mr. St. Clair hitched his horse a little way from the mill, and then said to Moses, "When the man takes his dog, you can go to your Aunt Debby's. I will call for you there after I have been to the station and got the little girl." Mr. St. Clair then walked up the bank of the stream to see the waters flow.

Moses led the dog along to the mill and leaned against the building awhile; then sat down on a barrel. Soon the barrel began to move. The reason of this was that it stood on an elevator. Moses had not noticed that the barrel stood on an elevator. First he wondered what the matter was, and second, he thought he would jump; but by that time the barrel was quite a way off the ground, and, besides, he was troubled by holding the string of the dog and the lozenges. The barrel rose higher and higher, and when the little dog found himself swinging in the air he kicked and yelped, and jerked the string so that Moses was obliged to let it go, and also to drop the lozenges, for he had to grasp the barrel with both hands. The dog fell and broke one of his legs. [Please remember that it was the *dog*, and not Moses.] Moses and the barrel were taken in at the third story. A traveler passing through the place heard of this elevator accident, and told of it that afternoon at a house in Gilead. But this person understood that it was the *boy* who broke his leg—"a Stimpcett boy," he said, in telling the news. Mrs. Stimpcett heard of it soon after milking-time; but this will be spoken of farther on in the story.

Mr. St. Clair walked far up the bank of the stream, and when he came back, the miller told him that his bag of meal had been put into his cart. He went out, and seeing a cart with a bag of meal lying at the bottom, he stepped in and drove around to the station.

Now this cart which Mr. St. Clair took belonged to a man who came from Cherry Valley. Here, you see, was a mistake. But Mr. St. Clair not only took the wrong cart, he took the wrong little girl, as will now be told. He drove in haste to the station, knowing he had staid too long walking up the bank of the stream. On the platform of the station sat a rolly-poly, chubby-cheeked little girl, with a carpet-bag and a heavy bundle. He asked her, "Are you waiting for some one to come for you?" "Yes, sir," she answered. "All right," said Mr. St. Clair; and he helped her into the cart. I hope you understand that this very fleshy child was not Evelyn Odell. She was Maggie Brien. Maggie Brien lived with her grandmother, not far from the station. Her mother did the cooking in a family two miles away, and she had promised to send that day for Maggie to come and make her a visit, and Maggie was sitting on the platform waiting for the man to take her.

Mr. St. Clair took her, and drove from the station, thinking to go to Aunt Debby's and get Moses, and set off for Gilead; but while he was gazing up at the sky, the horse—which you will remember was not Mr. Stimpcett's horse—turned into a road which led to his own master's house at Cherry Valley. Mr. St. Clair had now the wrong horse and cart, the wrong meal, the wrong girl and the wrong road. Presently the horse trotted up to the door of a farm-house and stopped. Three heads of three young maidens popped out of three chamber windows, and a bare-armed woman, wiping her hands on her apron, rushed to the door. "Where is my husband?" she cried. "Is he hurt? Is he killed? Tell me the truth at once!"

"I assure you, madam," answered Mr. St. Clair, mildly, "that I have not seen your husband."

"Why, then, have you come with his horse and cart?" she asked.

"This horse and cart, madam," said Mr St. Clair, still mildly, "belongs to Mr. Stimpcett, of Gilead."

"Do you think I don't know our horse and cart?" cried the woman, in an angry tone. "Besides, here's my husband's name on the bag—I. Ellison."

"I must have taken the wrong horse and cart," said Mr. St. Clair. "I will go back at once and find Mr. Ellison."

"The quicker the better," said the woman, as he turned the horse.

Just after Mr. St. Clair had passed from the Cherry Valley road into the mill road, a man came out of a wood path and sprang at the horse, crying, "Stop thief!"

"Where is the thief?" asked Mr. St. Clair, looking all around.

"You are the thief!" cried the man. "You have stolen my horse and cart."

Maggie Brien began to cry.

"Are you Mr. I. Ellison?" asked Mr. St. Clair.

"Yes, I am," said the man, angrily.

Mr. St. Clair explained his mistake, and gave up the horse and cart to Mr. I. Ellison. He then took Maggie's carpet-bag and heavy bundle, and walked all the way to Aunt Debby's.

By the time they reached Aunt Debby's it was nearly dark, and as for Moses, he was already traveling home in his father's cart. It happened in this way: Aunt Debby heard that Mr. St. Clair had been seen driving off, and knew he must have taken the wrong horse and cart, for Mr. Stimpcett's was still standing near the mill. Therefore, as Moses had already waited until after supper, she let him take his father's horse and cart and drive home behind a man with an ox team who was going by a roundabout way to Gilead.

Now as soon as Moses had driven off, Aunt Debby locked her doors and went to an evening meeting, so that when Mr. St. Clair came there on foot, with Maggy Brien and her bag and bundle, to find Moses, he found no one. He questioned some boys standing by a fence, and they told him that Moses had gone home in his father's cart, behind an ox team. Maggy Brien began to cry again. "Don't cry, dear," said Mr. St. Clair. "I'll hire a buggy."

He hired from the stable a buggy, a fast horse and a driver, and away they started for Gilead, and reached Mr. Stimpcett's house at about half past eight o'clock in the evening. Moses had not arrived.

Mr. St. Clair found Mrs. Stimpcett, with her bonnet and shawl on, walking the floor, sobbing and sighing and wringing her hands. Grandma, also crying, was wrapping a bottle of the Sudden Remedy in a piece of newspaper.

"Oh, how *is* Moses?" cried Mrs. Stimpcett. "*Will* it have to be taken off?"

"Is not Moses here?" asked Mr. St. Clair, in a mild voice.

"Here!" cried Mrs. Stimpcett. "How can he be here, when he has broken his leg? I am going to him as soon as Mr. Stimpcett can borrow a horse."

Mr. St. Clair thought that Moses must have fallen from the cart on his way home; but before he had time to speak, Mrs. Odell came in.

"Where is my niece?" she asked. "Where is Evelyn?"

"Here she is," said Mr. St. Clair, presenting Maggie Brien.

"What do you mean?" shrieked Mrs. Odell. "That my niece? No! no! no! Oh, Evelyn! Evelyn! Evelyn! Dear child, where are you?"

Maggie Brien began to cry bitterly.

"Alas! what a wretch I am, to have made this mistake!" cried Mr. St. Clair. "But I'll find your Evelyn. I'll go for a horse. I'll take this child back. Don't cry, little girl. I won't rest till I find your Evelyn;" and he rushed from the house, almost knocking down several children in the passage-way—the Stimpcett children; for Obadiah, Debby and little Cordelia had been awakened by the noise, and had come down in their night-gowns.

But the lost Evelyn was near, and coming nearer every moment. You will remember that Maggie's mother Mrs. Brien, was to send for Maggie to come and visit her. The man whom she sent went back and told her that he could not find Maggie, and that her grandmother was afraid she had been stolen from the station. Mrs. Brien hired a horse and wagon, drove to the station and inquired of the station-master. A stable-boy who stood near told her he saw a little girl who looked like Maggie riding off in a buggy with a man, and that the man hired the buggy to go to Gilead.

"The wretch!" cried Mrs. Brien; "to be stealing away my child! I will keep on to Gilead. I will follow him up."

"I wish you would let this little girl ride with you to Gilead," said the station-master. "She has been waiting a long time for some one to call and take her to Mr. Stimpcett's, and Mr. Stimpcett will help you find your Maggie." He then brought out a slender, flaxen-haired little girl and placed her in Mrs. Brien's wagon. This child was Evelyn Odell, and Mrs. Brien took her to Gilead.

It happened that they reached Mr. Stimpcett's just as Moses was driving into the yard with his father's horse and cart, and they three, Mrs. Brien, Moses and Evelyn, went into the house together.

Scarcely had they entered before Mr. Stimpcett, and then Mr. St. Clair, arrived in haste, each with a horse and wagon. Mr. Stimpcett rushed in to get his wife, and Mr. St. Clair to get Maggie. There they found Mrs. Stimpcett with her arms around Moses, Mrs. Odell with hers around Evelyn, and Mrs. Brien with hers around Maggie; and there were huggings, and kissings, and laughings, and cryings, and it was: "Oh, you dear!" and, "Oh, you darling!" and, "Oh, my child!" and, oh, other things! Grandma held the Sudden-Remedy bottle, looking at Moses' legs as if not quite sure yet that they did not need some of it rubbed on, while Obadiah, and Deborah, and little Cordelia stood staring, and sniffling, and smiling, now and then wiping their eyes with their night-gown sleeves.

"Will nobody hug me?" cried Mr. Stimpcett. Upon this little Cordelia climbed into his arms, and they two hugged each other.

Mr. St. Clair told his part of the story, Moses his part, and Mrs. Brien her part.

"After all," said Mr. Stimpcett, "Mr. St. Clair did not bring back the meal!"—*Harper's Young People.*

THERE are many hard tasks set for women in this world, but few which they find it impossible to perform. Still, there never was a woman who could keep a fur-lined circular from flying open and showing the fur.—*Boston Budget.*