THE COMET.

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Information Wanted.

A City Hall official was about to depart for home and dinner the other day, when a stranger entered and introduced himself as John Linden, and added:

"I presume you are a smart man, or you wouldn't be holding this position. I want to ask you a question or two. You own a horse?"

"No, sir."

"Don't eh? If you did own one, and he had symptoms of poll-evil, what would you do?"

"I can't tell, sir. I am just going to dinner."

"Yes, I know, but I've another question or two? Was Cleopatra a married woman?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Don't you? That's bad for I've a bet of three to one that you knew all about it. Well, we'll let that pass. Do you think that Shakespeare lived happily with his wife, and is there any truth in the rumor I heard up on Michigan avenue half an hour ago that he hated cats?"

"What do I know about these things?" exclaimed the official. "I am in a hurry, sir!"

"So am I, but wait a minute more. Let's see! Oh, yes, I wanted to ask you if it would be of any use to try to revive a person who had been drowned three days?"

"No, sir!" shouted the official.

"Wouldn't, eh! Sorry for that, for I have a bet of ten to five that it would be. Sit down a minute while I ask you another question. Do you believe that maternal instinct descends to fish-worms?"

"I believe you are a crank, sir, and ——!"

"You do, eh? Then I win a bet of twenty to five, and will never cease to be grateful. History tells us of the youth——"

"I am going home!"

"Certainly, and I'll walk up street with you. History tells us of the youth who fired the Ephesian dome."

"I don't care—I don't care a cent, sir!"

"Yes, but what was his name, and was the dome insured? Did the fire department come out, and was the youth arrested on charge of incendiarism? I want your decision?"

"Go away—go off—I don't want you!" shouted the official, as he tried to outwalk the other.

"You know, don't you?"

"No, sir—no, sir—go 'way from me!"

"You don't? Then I lose a double-barreled shot-gun on a bet that you did. One more question."

The official rushed for a car and entered it, but the man walked along beside it and looked through the window and said:

"What is meant by the term 'spontaneous outburst?' I have frequently seen it in print, and I thought I'd ask you to explain."

A silver half-dollar changed hands in the car, and a broad-shouldered laborer jumped out and spit on his hands and ran the information-seeker into a hardware store, where he had no sooner recovered his breath than he said to the clerk who came forward:

"I've always thought if I ever got time to call in here I'd ask you if it was true that Henry VIII. invented Saratoga fried potatoes?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

PITH AND POINT.

—The affections are like lightning, you can not tell where they will strike till they have fallen.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Official reports state that the British census embraces 17,000,000 women. Who wouldn't be a census.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—"Misfortunes never come singly." They couldn't. It would be singular if they could. One misfortune might, but Lindley Murray forbids the plural number from acting that way.—*Golden Days.*

—Of the rich newspaper men James Gordon Bennett runs two yachts and four-in-hands; Robert Bonner is the owner of one hundred and seventy horses; Charles A. Dana keeps a Pullman parlor-car, while we are putting in a foundation for a barn.—*Marlboro' Times.*

—"Is this train to stop at Neponset?" a passenger asked a conductor of the Old Colony Road the other forenoon. "No, sir," was the reply; "no stops between South Braintree and Boston." "Why, how's that?" said the surprised inquirer; "you used to stop there; you did the last time I came up." The conductor was puzzled. "Guess you are wrong," he said, "but when was that time?" "Well," replied his passenger, "I can't say exactly." And after a moment's thought, he continued: "It was when I built my barn—some time during the war."—*Boston Transcript.*

—"James!" he began, as he called the clerk into the private office, "your conduct is such that I can no longer retain you in my employ. You do not hesitate to lie and cheat, and you are drunk at least twice a week." "All right," responded the clerk. "I got news yesterday of a legacy of $75,000, and I guess I wont go to the poor-house." "Seventy-five thousand dollars!" "To a cent." "Cash money?" "All cash." "Then I'll sell you a partnership interest in the business, and we'll make things hum! Ha! Let me congratulate you! Just such a partner as I'd pick among a thousand!"—*Wall Street News.*

Too Fast.

Colonel Burlington is a wealthy man. He did not earn wealth himself, but received it as a legacy. He is very obtuse, although he puts on a great deal of style. Hearing that he wanted a horse, a neighbor, who had one to sell, went to him and said:

"I want to sell you a horse. He is just the kind of an animal you want."

"Is he fast?"

"Fast? Fast is no name for him. How far do you live from your office?"

"About three miles."

"Well, if you start from your office at four o'clock in the evening you can sit down to your dinner at home at ten minutes past four."

"Then I don't want him."

"No? Why not?"

"Because my dinner isn't ready until five and I would not know what to do with myself in the meantime."—*Texas Siftings.*

The Slim Man's Remarkable Shot.

A number of gentlemen were in the depot waiting-room admiring a fine lot of ducks a friend had shot up on the lake, and were somewhat surprised to hear him tell of killing three ducks with one discharge of his gun. About this time a slim, pointed-nosed man, who had been quietly listening, remarked:

"That's nothing very extraordinary."

"May be that's the way you always kill ducks," sarcastically remarked the hunter.

"Wal, that depends on how I load my gun," replied the slim man.

"Then it does make a difference how you load, does it? I presume you use about a peck of six ounce bullets," remarked the hunter, who began to feel that the glory with which he had covered himself had melted and was beginning to run off.

"Wal, now, don't you get rattled. I don't know as I'll give the scheme away," retorted the slim man.

"How many ducks did you ever kill in one shot?" asked an interested listener.

"Wal, stranger, I've killed and strung over fifty of 'em," answered the slim man.

"Fifty ducks at one shot!" exclaimed half a dozen.

"Yes, over fifty," replied the slim man, "an' I don't mind telling ye how 'twas done, if ye really want to know."

"How on earth could you do such a thing, you must have been where the ducks were thick?" ventured a meek-looking individual.

"Wal, if ye'll give me a chance I'll tell ye. I took a trip up to Calumet several years ago and I never seen so many ducks in all my life. I took an old army musket along and one cartridge."

"One cartridge!" exclaimed half a dozen. You didn't mean to say you only took one cartridge and no other ammunition?"

"Wal, I didn't take anything else but an old army musket, one cartridge and a big spools of wire thread. That's the sum total of what I always take You see, I—"

"What was the wire for?" inquired the meek man.

"Wait till I finish, hang it, and ye'll know. Wal, when I got out on clear water away from the rushes I saw about a million ducks right ahead of me. I just took the end of the wire, fastened it to the bullet in the cartridge an' loaded my gun an' put the spool on the bottom of the boat where I thought it wouldn't become tangled up, and then I waited for a good chance. I happened to blow my nose, which of course made a noise, when every duck raised his head to see what was up. I drew a bead on the eyes of the duck nearest to me and pulled the trigger before they had a chance to get scared. Schwiz! how that spool did spin while the wire was unwinding. The ducks flew away, frightened by the noise of the gun, but I had just one hundred and fifty ducks, all strung by their heads on that wire. The bullet had gone through their heads, dragging the wire with it, and it took every time excepting one; it took the head of that duck just as he raised from the water. The bullet would have got more ducks only the spool got caught before the wire was all unwound and stopped it. I believe if I had had another cartridge and another spool of wire—"

The slim man found himself talking to the stove. The rest had fled, and none but he remained.—*Puck's Sun.*

A Miner's "lose Shave."

A miner in the hills near Socorro, New Mexico, made a lucky strike in a wonderful manner lately. Two weeks ago, while tramping over the rocks, the prospector suddenly discovered that his haversack was on fire, caught probably from the condensation of the sun's rays by a prospector's glass which he carried in his hit. Now that haversack contained about six pounds of blasting powder, and our hero dropped the bundle and got out of reach as fast as his legs would carry him. The bundle of traps fell into a crevice in the rocks and the powder soon exploded. The prospector turned mournfully to gather up such of his effects as were uninjured by the explosion, when something in the appearance of the shattered rock struck his eye, and he examined it closely—it was ho n silver. The now jubilant miner located a claim at once, which he called the "close shave," and in less than a week disposed of one-third interest at $13,000. The name of the "honest son of the pick and shovel" is John Quincy Adams, and he hails from Western Ohio. John is well known in Socorro County, and receives the congratulations of his friends in a modest manner. John Adam's "close shave" is a by-word now in the mining camps.—*Las Vegas Gazette.*

Good Advice Promptly Taken.

"Young man" said a President of one of the Western roads to a candidate for employment. "Young man, I can do nothing for you beyond giving you a little advice. Do as I did, and make yourself a self-made man!"

"But how did you do it?" inquired the job hunter.

"I started out in life as a switchman on this very road. I was poor but ambitious. In order to get my first start I married a girl, got her life insured, started her off on her wedding tour alone, derailed the train, collected the insurance, mulcted the company in $10,000, and bought a passenger brakeman's place."

"That was ingenious," commented the applicant.

"Then I married another woman, insured her life and one night when the train stopped to cool a hot box, I did a jump the freight coming along, behind. I collected the insurance on her, got another ten thousand, and purchased a conductor's sit. From that the rise was easy, and now I own the road. Do as I did. Rely on yourself, and ask no man for assistance."

"Much obliged," replied the youth carelessly. "I'll profit by your advice I know where I can get a job on a newspaper, and I don't know how I can make a better start than by publishing your experience. Good morning!"

But the self-made man called him back, and now the youth is treasurer of the whole concern.—*Trade's Magazine.*

Self-Dependence.

Never do for a child that which he can reasonably do for himself, is an admirable maxim, but one that we as mothers too often fail to adopt as our rule of action. How many scenes we can all recall of a fretful, exciting child demanding service of a frail mother, which he is much better able to perform for himself.

And by this one mistake alone, thousands of women allow their children to hang as a weight about their necks, while they might be not only self-helping in a large degree, but save her many steps in the performance of other duties. To be sure, children will be waited upon if they may; that is but natural, and in this as in other things much depends on the way we begin with them; so that the mother who is waiting till Jennie and Kitty are big girls for them to help her, will probably wait in vain.

We recall a family of children we once knew, whose mother appreciated this fact, and practiced most successfully what we now preach. The father was a mechanic, a man determined to lay aside a little from time to time, for the rainy day that may come to all, and the mother, agreeing with him in his policy, put all her woman's wit to work to help him accomplish his purpose. The children were six of them, but the two oldest were girls aged eleven and nine. At this time the mother determined to dispense with the help she had felt obliged to keep, and arranged her household accordingly. To begin with, each child from the oldest to the little toddler of two and a half, had his own drawer and hooks for his clothes, and when they were folded from the bars, all that did not need mending were sorted, and each little one took his clothes and put them where they belonged. Then when a bath night came each one knew just where to get clean clothes to put on, any those for the next day's wear were carefully laid out. Nor was this all, but the soiled ones were also put where they belonged.

Now by this one arrangement, and it is only one of the many unusual things those children did, what a world of wear and worry the mother saved herself, only one similarly situated can properly appreciate. But they did more than help themselves, for selfhelpfulness develops a desire for general usefulness, and each morning, when the breakfast was over, the two older girls washed the dishes and put the kitchen in order and brushed up the crumbs in the dining-room, while their mother put her room and the sitting-room to rights.

Moreover, the children made their own beds before school time: the two little girls who slept together, one at each side of the bed worked together in making theirs, as did the boys next younger with their little bed. The three older ones of the family needed no help whatever to prepare them for school, but when they came to the breakfast table were ready, with the exception of removing the large work aprons they always wore till the work was done. So by nine o'clock that mother, with baby dressed for the day and wee Edith made tidy, was ready to take up her sewing, and that without feeling tired and flurried and out of breath from undue hurrying. In fact there seemed to be no hurry in that home. The work was so ordered and divided, that with a family of children that would ordinarily require two women's constant effort to care for, the mother with their help did it all, with more ease and satisfaction than is usual in families amply supplied with help.

So much for the illustration, showing what this one woman did, yes, as well say does, for she lives in Illinois to-day, and we have given you a glimpse of her daily life, and although we may not all possess the same natural ability for generalship that this woman manifests, we may profit by her example, and as far as in us lies, apply it in our own homes.

Nor is this done for the selfish reasons that we may lighten our own burden, that we should strive to inspire our children with this spirit of self-help, but much more for their own future good. For it is this quality largely that distinguishes the successful business man from the common tramp. The one, from natural tendency or early training, depends on his own efforts for success, while the other begins life with a vague sort of expectation that he is to get a living at some one else's expense. And after numerous attempts to get wages for pretending to work, he probably tries sponging off his friends; but sooner or later they tire of him and his doom is sealed. And it is to the end that we may reduce the number of helpless, do less men and women that curse the world to-day, that we should strive to inculcate this lesson of self-dependence in our children.—*Burlington*

A Series of Remarkable Casualties.

Yesterday afternoon, while a street car was nearing the bridge, a footman signaled the driver by waving his bandanna. The driver whistled down brakes and the car came to a sudden halt. A young man who was occupying the front platform was thrown forward, and, losing his balance, dropped a watermelon which he had under his arm. The melon fell against the heels of the off mule, which gave a terrible kick with both heels, sending the melon back into the face of the owner. The melon divided into halves, one part of it glancing off struck the driver on the nose, knocking him off the platform. The other half went flying through the car window, knocking off one bonnet, two hats, landing in the lap of an old colored 'auntie,' who at once seized the core and commenced eating it. The mules, in the meantime becoming frightened, flew the track. A granger in the rear end of the car started to catch the mules, when he fell over the feet of a Topeka belle and skinned his nose. When the driver sufficiently recovered to head off the mules he found them out in the jimson weeds quietly cropping the succulent sun-flower. The owner of the melon contemplates bringing suit against the street-car company for damages.—*Topeka Commonwealth.*

—It rains much oftener in Colorado than it did years ago.

It is now certain that Mr. Blaine will be a deadhead in the Presidential enterprise.—Ex.

The Long Journey of a Will.

On the 4th of August, 1880, John Davenport, a brother and one of the heirs of the late Dr. Davenport, of this city, died in Gloucester County, England. His will was admitted to probate in London. As he left property in this county of the value of some $40,000, it was necessary that his will should be probated here. In order to have this done it was necessary that the original document should be brought here, the law of the State not allowing a certified copy of the document to be used. Now, when a will is probated in England it is taken in charge by the Probate Court and kept in its charge. In order that the original will should be brought here it was therefore necessary that an officer of that court should come here with it. Accordingly, Hon. Conrad Adderley Dillon, an officer of the Probate Division of the High Court of Justice of England, arrived here a day or two since, in company of Henry Davenport, having the document in charge, and it was admitted to probate yesterday. In conversation with Mr. Dillon, an *Oregonian* reporter learned that this was the first instance of the kind that had ever occurred. The only instance of a will ever having been allowed to part from the custody of the English Probate Court was in the case of that of the great Napoleon. When Napoleon III. was collecting relics of his famous uncle, he applied to the court for his will, and the British Government allowed him to have it. Mr. Dillon also said that the wills of Napoleon III. and his son, the Prince Imperial, were probated in England. He leaves at once for San Francisco en route for England having taken advantage of the "long vacation"—three months—to make the trip out here. The Probate Court of England does considerable business, as Mr. Dillon states that over 1,000 wills are admitted to probate there every week.—*Portland Oregonian.*

Naval Rank and Grades.

Few persons understand the matter of grade and rank in the navy, although many may be familiar with titles and partly with their application. Officers are divided into the "line," "staff," "marine" and "warrant" officers. The line includes, in order, the Admirals, Commodores, Captains, Commanders, Lieutenant-Commanders, Lieutenants, Ensigns and Midshipmen (the grade of Master having been abolished by the last Congress). The staff officers include the engineer, medical and pay corps. With the exception of the medical and pay corps, all of the above-mentioned are graduates of the Naval Academy, and, receiving their commissions directly from the President of the United States, with the approval of the Senate, are appointed for life. The marine officers belong to a distinctive corps, generally termed "sea soldiers," and receive their commissions from the Secretary of the Navy. They are appointed from civil life, although many members of that corps were at one time Midshipmen and failed in their examination. The warrant officers are the boatswains, gunners, carpenters and sail-makers. The boatswains and gunners are generally promoted to those positions from among the apprentice boys of the training ships, or from the enlisted men. The sail-makers and carpenters are appointed from civil life.

The petty officers form a lengthened list and are, in grade, equivalent to the non commissioned officers of the army. They include the master-at-arms, ship's corporals, boatswain's, gunner's, carpenter's and sail-maker's mates; quartermasters, coxswains, captains of the hold, top, forecastle and afterguard; ship's writer, apothecary, machinists, boiler-makers, cooks, stewards, "Jack-of-the-dust," etc.—*N. Y. Post.*

Women on Street Cars.

Speaking about employment for women, I do not see why women are not employed more frequently as drummers; they have cheek enough. I ride down town every morning on a summer car, five of us on each seat, seven standing up in the rear rank and from six to ten standing on the footrail and holding on the handles. When a car with that load passes by one would think that any candidate for passage would hang on or wait for the next car, but does lovely woman do it? Not a bit of it. She gives an imperious wave of her parasol to the driver, who puts on the brakes and stops. Then lovely woman coolly stares at every man who has paid for his seat and is on his way to work. The American male has no pluck; there is no concert of action. Woman's superior instinct picks out the weakest brother. He may be deeply absorbed in his paper, but he feels the piercing stare; he folds up his paper and meekly descends to hang on the outskirts for the rest of his ride. I have seen this racket tried every morning, and I have never known it to fail. It does not need a lovely woman to work it; I saw it done this morning by a fat woman with a market basket and an umbrella. The youth beside me removed his cigarette in involuntary admiration, and murmured, "Ain't she got a gall?"—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

A Libel Engraved on a Tombstone.

Philander Finley and Mart Beggs, of Marshall Texas brought suit against J. S. Potter and J. A. Tipping for libel in two cases. The suits are for $3,000 in each case. The facts connected with the cases, as near as could be gathered, are as follows: Potter's son, with Finley and Beggs, went bathing in the Blackwater, a small creek south of town, about one year ago, and young Potter lost his life by drowning. No one knows how it happened except Finley and Beggs. The boy's father accused Finley and Beggs of the murder of his son, but in no way could he prove it on them. After the boy's body was recovered and buried properly Potter came to town and procured a tombstone from J. A. Tipping and had him erect it over the grave of his son, bearing the following inscription:

"Rock of Ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."
"Drowned by Philander Finley and Mart Beggs."

Finley and Beggs make exception to the above and brought suit as above stated. The jury returned a verdict against defendants for $800.

Printers' Errors.

As a class, the manipulators of type may truthfully be called the best (and worst) abused men in the world, and without sufficient reason. Very few outside of the trade know the difficulties under which they labor or have even a faint conception of the skill, care and patience required. Absolute correctness is a prime essential to secure public approbation, and how very little is done in the way of assistance "Copy" properly prepared is a great desideratum and rarely received. That which is called "good" is often the very reverse. It may be fair to the eye and yet blind to the sense. The patron does not know exactly what he needs. If he has any ideas upon the subject they may be perverted ones, and the little smattering he has of the art tends to lead him astray and demand impossibilities. His judgment has not been trained in the matter of letters He knows nothing of justification except that he believes he has it in the largest sense to give the printer "particular fits" when an error is found. Why six-line pica and nonpareil can not be made to chime like notes of music is beyond his ideas of eternal fitness of inanimate matter. According to his views it is the most simple of undertakings to set, make up and work off one hundred pages, more or less, in the most unreasonably short space of time.

Before pouring out the vials of their wrath upon the head of the printer, it might be well for men to pause and consider how much he is to blame Somewhere in our desultory reading we have met with the statement that any old piece of Mosaic work containing a few hundred pieces is exalted to the skies and pronounced wonderful. It required patience, no doubt, probably taste and study, but (carrying out the drift of the article read) how very little in comparison to the tens and hundreds of thousands of still more slender and minute particles the printer is required to handle to make up paper or book. Take a solid page of the *Cabinet* as an example. It contains some 27,000 "ems," or about 81,000 letters. This is greatly more than any Mosaic known. And they had to be placed without any chiseling or sand-papering, as could be done in the delicate work of table, chair or picture.

Taking this as a basis, calculation is easy as to the amount of type a compositor handles during his hours of daily labor in distribution and setting. Easy it is also to conceive how such little fragments of metal will slip out of place, how a letter or space may be dropped, a word spelled incorrectly, a point be wrong, how errors will creep in despite all care—and the generous public be outraged at the "gross carelessness and stupidity of the printer."

Errors do occur, we must admit, but they are fabulously uncommon when compared to chances of their being made, and books and papers are monuments to the correctness of the craft, their swiftness and certainty of touch, education and never-ceasing vigilance.

We write not thus for the craft. They practically know the truth of our words. But we do write for the multitude of outsiders, and with the hope that the simple illustration we have given may open their eyes to the great injustice done to those who, "with their noses in the space box," toil away their lives or the benefit of the world at large.—*Lounsbl' Printers' Cabinet.*

The Summer Tourist.

The season is almost here when the summer tourist makes his periodical visit to the rural districts It is not generally known whence he comes or whither he goes. He springs up at the first approach of warm weather, even as the mushroom rears its stately head after an April shower. He resembles the mushroom in another peculiar—he is generally about as soft. He is one of those persons who is too poor to go to a fashionable watering-place, and too proud to stay at home. You can easily distinguish him from other animals, such as tax collectors and book agents, by his personal appearance. He wears a linen ulster cut demi-train and held in place by a diagonal equator of the same material. He will also usually wear a pair of green goggles and carry a formidable looking grip-sack in his hand. He wears the goggles because he started out with the intention of finding everybody green, and it is easy to do this when looking through green glasses. He will engage board of some unsophisticated farmer for ten dollars per month, and growl because he does not get fifty dollars' worth of attention. Beside all this he will expect the privilege of flirting with the farmer's daughter, and should she refuse, he considers that he has been shamefully treated. Flirt he must and will with some one, if it is only the hired girl. You are expected to religiously believe all the yarns he may choose to tell concerning city life, and even encourage him occasionally to make them a little more unreasonable. He will curse the country, and you must enjoy it with as keen relish as if you were swallowing sugar-coated pills on the half-shell, and even lay aside your religious scruples once in a while and help him curse it. The food never suits him. He is as fastidious as a stall-fed cow, and one would judge from his conversation that he was raised on the livers of birds of paradise and the distilled essence of roses. The truth probably is that he boards at a fifteen cent lunch stand and picks his teeth in front of a popular hotel. Sometimes the summer boarder is a woman. Then it is that you can realize something of the nature of that country where ice-cream is unknown. Such is the summer boarder. You never like him so well as when you see him leave. Let us pray that we may never be afflicted with him at least not the average summer boarder. *Waynesboro (Ga.) Herald.*

—It is asserted that 100,000 negroes in the United States are Roman Catholics.

—Twenty thousand dollars is offered the Houghton Seminary, at Clinton, N. Y., by a gentleman, if the school is turned into a female college.

—There are over 100,000 Welsh families in this country, of which half attend Welsh services. There are 10,000 members and 120 ministers of Welsh Congregational Churches in the United States.

MORRISTOWN, TENN.,
Nov. 7, 1884.

Mr. Chas. J. St. John, Jr.,

Dear sir:—

Amid the smoke of my own defeat, but in hearing of the glad shouts of our young Democracy, who rejoice over the great National victory that has come to bless us, I write this hasty note to thank you, and through you, to thank my many warm friends in the upper counties for your and their earnest, cordial and hearty support in the late contest.

I tried to make a fair, honest and manly canvass, and I have reason to believe it was satisfactory to the honest and patriotic people of both parties. I said nothing I am ashamed of—I did nothing that I regret.

But the result of the election has impressed on my mind the conviction that money and falsehoods when skillfully used, are potent factors in modern politics. Many weak-minded, uninformed Republicans suffered themselves to be persuaded to vote against me for the sake of the *party*, not knowing, that in voting for my competitor, they were giving their party a deadlier stab. Others voted against me because they permitted themselves to believe the mean falsehoods invented by Brownlow, Reeves and others and secretly retailed and disseminated over the country by their base followers.

A few, both Republicans and Democrats, I am told, actually sold their votes and their influence for money, or for the promise of a petty office. Some if not all, the Post office officials in the district, played the partisan, regardless of their duties to the public and their oaths of office, and mail matter addressed to my friends was suppressed and delayed, and in some instances, was never delivered until after the election.

But, when I reflect that in the trying time of the revolution, British gold could reach and seduce some who were near the person and shared the confidence of the great Washington it need not be surprising, when venality and corruption pervaded the very air we breathed, that, in the late canvass, in various parts of the district, a few men were found heretofore calling themselves Democrats some of whom had given me personal assurance of their support, and on whom I leaned with confidence, who were unable to withstand the temptations which the ring and the corruptionists were able to hold out to them.

If our Savior himself did not escape the envenomed shafts of slander, it need not be wondered at, that credulous persons were found, who could be prevailed upon to believe the vile stories concocted by a man whom I detected more than a year ago in the perpetration of a fraud involving the same kind of moral terpitude that larceny does, who has been guilty of forgery—whom I have not recognized on the street or elsewhere for more than twelve months past; who employed as his news vender and disseminater of falsehoods and innuendoes, a moral leper of Falstaffian proportions and accomplishments, who himself offered to prove to me two years ago that his present employer and master was a thief.

But I am not disheartened or humiliated. I have with me the consciousness of duty well performed, and I have earned the esteem and the confidence of the honest people of my District. To gratify my friends I consented two years ago to make this race. My promise to them is redeemed; and now acting upon the wholesome advice of the great Cardinal who said

—"Sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,"

I "fling away ambition," and return to the humble walks where "virtue is its own reward."

To my party I return its banner unsullied. While I could not lead it to victory, I haven't led it to shame or dishonor; and I flatter myself that along the line of march I have scattered some seeds of thought that have not all fallen in stony ground. In the days to come, under the dews of memory and the warmth of reflection, those seeds will germinate and bring forth some an hundred fold in the great harvest field of truth.

I go out of politics with clean hands and a conscience void of offense. In my retirement I shall carry with me a grateful remembrance of the steadfast, zealous support which my warm-hearted, country-loving friends gave me. Their earnest labors in my behalf were without fee or "*the hope of reward*," save that which results from an approving conscience.

With the advent of a Reform Administration, which I believe a kind providence has decreed to us, the bosses will be disarmed and displaced, corruption will be discountenanced and politics will be purified.

Two years hence, under the changed conditions, the honest peoples may hope to elect a representative man to Congress. To secure the election of such a man you will then find me "fighting in the ranks" as ardently as any friend of mine has this year fought for me. This is the only recompense I can offer for all my friends have done for me, and this I cheerfully promise.

I am with great regard your much obliged friend. O. C. King.

The Oddities of Life.

BY WILL M. CLEMENS.

You can't go from the cradle to the grave with a hop, spip and jump. You must walk slow and sure.

There is no use talking, you cannot reach the pinnacle of fame in this country without the use of whisky or beer. Look at St. John.

A widow's ball will take place in Philadelphia in January. It is not known what lucky man the widow Butler will invite as her companion.

From the woodshed to the kitchen is a hard road to travel, but two miles over a rough country road is a lovely walk to a young man who accompanies a young lady home after church.

Here is a sample fashion item. "School girls' hats are smaller than those worn by their older sisters in society." Oh, dear, yes, and the jackets of small boys are made smaller than those worn by full grown men.

Crows have advanced in price so rapidly that a New York bird fancier receives $75 a pair for good specimens. There are many classes of business that a presidential campaign does not injure. The men who sell flags, bunting, fireworks, campaign goods and crows are consequently happy this year.

An Indiana murderer played upon the accordian while the sheriff fastened the rope about his neck. The sheriff was a brave man and completed his job. The prisoner considered his accordeon a better weapon than either knife or revolver. A sheriff of such bravery should be exalted to the governor's chair.—Arkansaw Traveler.

The other day an old negro who entered a doctor's office, held a large turtle under his coat and the turtle held the finger of the bearer.

"Boss, I'se come in ter see of yer kain't 'suade dis thing to turn loose. Be'n on dar cher sens dis morrin'. Cotch him down in de swamp an' he cotch me 'bout de same time."

"Why didn't you kill him?" asked the doctor.

"Would er done it, sah, but de preacher whut libs on our place he say it wuz bad luck, so thought I'd come ter yerself. Dat's right, mackee sah. Uh, huh! finger done. Wha'll yer gin me fur de turtle, buss?"—Ark. Traveler.

In 1844 the electoral vote of Tenn. was cast against Polk and for Clay on a popular majority of 113 by the official count. It was Polk's native State, and pride in the candidate and party interest combined to make the struggle almost unexampled in desperation; but no yell of fraud was heard; no ballot-thief was employed by the Polk committee to cry fraud and then hunt for or invent it; but the vote was computed without the attempt of trickery, technicality or wrong, and President Polk manfully acquiesced in the loss of his State by 113 votes.—Times.

President-elect Cleveland will be forty-eight years old on March 18—fourteen days after his inauguration.

Judging by the number of times the command "burn this letter" has been obeyed during the past few weeks there will be no old epistle from which posterity can gather history.—Exchange.

Mr. Blaine may yet live to write the history of "Twenty Years of a Democratic Congress."—Ex.

Longing for Mother.

Oh! I long for your voice to-night, mother,
With its tender and soothing spell,
And the words of holiest mother love
That so oft from your sweet lips fell.

I long for the touch of your hand, mother,
To linger again on my hair;
Ah! would it could smooth with tender touch
From my brow the wrinkles of care.

I long for a kiss from your lips, mother,
As of yore they were pressed to mine;
How the hot tears gushed from my burning eyes
When I think of that happy time.

To nestle again in your arms, mother,
Held close to your fond, loving heart,
So that nothing could creep in between us
To sever our fond hearts apart.

But I know that it never can be, mother,
I must go through this world alone—
Never feel of your hand the soft pressure,
Nor hear of your voice the sweet tone.

For they've laid you under the snow, mother,
That's shrouding the hill and the vale;
And weep as I may at your lonely grave,
You cannot respond to my wail.

But afar in your starry home, mother,
Strains anthems heavenly sweet,
I know when this life is over and done,
I shall find you and rest there.