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FOR LEDGER
Until Jan. 1, 1888.

MEXICO WEEKLY LEDGER.

R. M. WHITE, Editor and Proprietor.] To Our Pride in the Past and Our Hope for the Future, Let Us Add Vigorous Work in the Living Present. [$1.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XXVIII. MEXICO, MISSOURI, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1886. NO. 34.

The Ledger
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IT is customary with fools and idiots to try to ridicue all the sensible doings of sane people.

COL. WILLIAM MORRISON, of Waterloo, Ill., eschewed turkey. He thinks that goose is good enough for him.

THERE SHOULD be at least two services in Mexico on Thanksgiving day. One church cannot hold half who wish to attend.

IT IS with "ghoulish glee" that we announce the fact that the ordinance doing away with salaries of the mayor and council will carry.

THE attention of the mugwumps is called to the class of stuffing President Cleveland put in Stone's (of Pensylvania) turkey, or rather goose.

THE GREAT men of Mexico are all getting well, while at other places they are dying. The physicians of Mexico, we presume, should have the credit.

REV. E. K. MILLER delivered one of the best Thanksgiving sermons ever heard in Mexico, at the Presbyterian church this morning, before a large audience.

THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS and a nice lot of provisions were contributed for the poor yesterday. Every year the contribution increases and we prophesy that next season it will be doubled.

IT WAS the family of C. B. Buckner, of Brownsville, Mo., and not E. C. Buckner of Mexico, that narrowly escaped poisoning last week. He is not a son-in-law of L. Hord, but a brother of E. C. Buckner.

IT IS now as good as settled that the Legislature of New Jersey will be Democratic on joint ballot provided the two Labor members, who are Democrats, will act with the Democratic wing. It is understood that they will support Abbett for the United States Senatorship.

DISTINGUISHED MEN from all parts of the country met beside Mr. Arthur's bier. President Cleveland walked arm-in-arm with R. B. Hayes. It was a good place to sink personal feelings and bury animosities, but Mr. Blaine declined to accept the proffered hand of Senator Edmunds, of Vermont. This was one of the most noteworthy episodes of the solemn day.

A STROLLING gypsy told a West Virginia farmer that if he would place $25 in a certain hollow stump and leave it there all night it would be doubled in the morning. The farmer tried it and sure enough found $50 in the stump. Then the gypsy advised the farmer to put all he had, $700, in the stump and draw out $1,400 in the morning. The farmer took his advice, and now is looking for a gypsy who he says has stolen $700 from him.

THANKSGIVING DAY has become a recognized institution. Whatever may have been the fortunes of the average man, in so much of his way as he has passed over, there has been in it something of sunshine, along with perhaps, much of gloom. And for that sunshine he should give thanks, as well as for the gloom being no greater than it was. Nothing is so bad that it may be no worse, and though it seem one here or there has a right to say: "Why should *I* give thanks?" let him but look around and he cannot but notice himself rich in many things of the greatest worth. Consequently thanksgiving should not be so much an obligation as a pleasure. To turn the mind, if only for a little while, to higher and better things, is good and wholesome for the soul to that extent of time, and in setting apart one day for the same purpose, who knows but that, properly used, it may not be the source of such an awakening of the spirit to nobler impulses, that from its happening there may begin a newer and sweeter life. Like merchants, who almost by chance drop into the counting-house and look over the books, we may at these times find such a column of debt or credit as will startle or lead us into keeping a more correct account between this and the promises of Heaven.

TOO EARLY.

Commendations of Gov. Hill, Mr. Randall and other prominent Democrats, as the strongest candidate for President in 1888, continue to be made. Such suggestions are no doubt put forth in good faith, but they seem to us quite premature.

It is a whole year too soon to discuss this question intelligently. The party needs to wait and watch the development of the Labor movement, to observe what Congress and the Administration accomplish this winter, and above all to study the bearings of the election next year.

There is time for a good many things to happen between now and June, 1888, that will and must influence both parties in the choice of their Presidential candidates. Premature booms are apt to be self-explosive. Sufficient unto the year is the politics thereof.

RETURNING PROSPERITY.

The report of the Postmaster-General shows that the net increase of revenue in the department for the last fiscal year was 3.2 per cent., and that the volume of business by which it was gained increased over 7 per cent. This is but another proof of the fact which commercial and other statistics establish, that there has been a steady and gratifying return of business prosperity during the past year and a half. The way in which this country has refused to go to ruin under Democratic rule would be very depressing to prophets of evil less brassy than are those of the Republican party.

NEVER do anything that can denote angry mind; for although everybody is born with a certain degree of passion, and from untoward circumstances will sometimes feel its operation, yet a sensible man or woman will never allow it to be discovered. Check and restrain it, never make any determination until you find it has entirely subsided, and always avoid saying anything that you may wish unsaid.

SEIZE AND improve every moment of time as it passes. Let there be no idleness, no waste, no procrastination. Never put off to the future what may be done now. Count as lost the day in which you have done no good.

NINETY-TWO fourth class postoffices have been abolished because there were no candidates for postmasters. Under a Republican administration new offices had to be created every few days for some hungry partisan.

PEOPLE appear to differ widely on what Mexico needs to make her boom. Some, we presume, are nearer right than others.

THE POOR in Mexico are better cared for than in any other town in the state.

MEN, like books, have at each end a blank leaf—childhood and old age.

Thanksgiving Episode.

"What is the matter with my littl wife?" asked a young married man in South Mexico just before dinner yesterday.

Her dainty head falls on his shoulder, and between the sobs that shake her slight frame she says:

"Wi-Will, I fe-feel so b-a-ad. I wanted to-to make some bi-bi bis-suit this noon, a-a-and got the wa-wa-water and s-a-a-l-t and ye-ye-yeast, but there's something mi-mi-missing and I can't think wha-wha-what it is."

Mr. Youngman smiled quietly, and clasping his young wife to his watch pocket he placed his lips to her ear and whispered: "Flour."

The residence of Wm. McCaskey, who lives 12 miles northwest of Mexico, was burned yesterday. The building, with all the contents was destroyed. There was not a cent of insurance, and McCaskey, who is a poor man, with a large family, could ill afford to meet with such a loss. His neighbors and friends are assisting him in every way possible.

Mr. Holtermann, one of the most clever and accommodating Germans of Osage county, died last week. He was a great friend of the Audrain boys who hunt in that county every year.

Self-Executed.

LOUISIANA, MO., Nov. 25.—Elisa Fishback, a farmer living on Sugar Creek, attempted suicide by taking arsenic this morning. His recovery is doubtful.

J. A. Wigginton and daughter, Mrs. Allensworth and family have gone to Centralia for a few weeks until Mrs. Allensworth's new house is erected.

Hon. D. H. McIntyre, formerly of this city, was unanimously elected an honorary member of the Jefferson City Board of Trade yesterday.

Cap. D. K. Shields will commence a series of Temperance Lectures in Mexico at the Baptist church Monday, Nov. 29th, at 7 p. m. 95-3t.

Services at Regular Baptist church Saturday at 2 o'clock p. m. and Sunday at 11 o'clock, a. m., by Elder James Bradley.

The total number of cases of diphtheria reported in St. Louis from October 30th until November 24th was 592.

There will be a meeting of the fair directors about Jan. 1.

THE ETHICS OF HUGGING.

Learned Disquisition Upon a Very Popular Industry.

A few days ago a young gentleman hugged his grandmother with such fervor that three of the old lady's ribs were dislocated, and she now lies in a precarious condition. This, I may add, is an unprecedented case. Men have hugged the opposite sex with such ferocity as to endanger their lives, but then the operation was not performed upon the grandmother. About a year ago a young man in the East embraced his sweetheart, and when the hug was over he found she was dead. But she had long suffered from a disease of the heart; so he was only in part responsible for this melancholy occurrence. Hugging is a comparatively modern institution. Our ancestors never hugged. They calmly and demurely embraced. Now, here I pause to draw the line between the hug and the embrace. The hug is an earnest, quick, impetuous contraction of the muscles of the arms and chest when the object to be hugged lies within the circles bounded by the arms, while the chest is the goal or final point of the hug. The warmth of the hug is determined by the extent of the muscular contraction. But the hug is not, as anatomists assert, terminated when the object is brought in contact with the chest. On the contrary, the sweeping in is but the shell of the operation. The kernel is reached when the space between the hugger and the huggee is annihilated, and the blade of a knife could scarcely be inserted between both surfaces. This is, perhaps, the most dangerous stage of the operation. A pound, nay a few ounces of extra pressure may result, if not in the displacement of a rib, at least in the bursting of a corset string, with the almost inevitable destruction of bangs, montagues and such like headgear. The release, if not skillfully managed, is also attended with danger and should be as gradual as the elementary pressure.

Expressions of anguish on the part of the huggee may, as a rule, be regarded as hypocritical, and should have no effect in inducing the hugger to diminish the pressure. In like manner all danger-signals in regard to the arrival of a third party on the scene should be investigated by the party of the first part before receiving the attention the genuine arrival of a parent guardian might command. This may done by a quick glance over the shoulder, and this rapid change of the direction of the head may be accomplished by a little practice without making any relaxation of presure necessary. If the warning should prove to be without foundation the deceit may be punished by from two to three pounds additional pressure, but so gradual that none of the adornments of the person hugged may suffer. For these little accidents ruffle the temper and embitter the memory of the operation. The small affairs of the toilet are not accomplished easily, and the female mind is ruffled by the destruction of the laborious embellishments of the morning hour.

Near relatives should be embraced and not hugged. The embrace is merely the throwing out and partial contraction of the arms, without any special attention to an objective point. An especially young and pretty aunt may be excepted, and I have known cases where an extremely juvenile and good-looking stepmother has been the occasion of the merging of the embrace into the hug. But this is rarely done, and is attended with much danger, particularly if the embrace is dependent on the purse of the old man for the necessities, as well as the luxuries, of life. To embrace a mother-in-law is a hollow mockery, and should be attempted only when some important object has to be obtained, and even then we doubt if it is excusable. A cousin may be hugged or embraced, as the fancy of the operator may dictate, the choice depending solely on the age and good looks of this most convenient and delightful relation.

BE THANKFUL THAT

You are alive.

You have a turkey.

You read the LEDGER.

Business is picking up.

You are not a city councilman.

You have a chance to help the poor.

We have Water-works and electric lights.

All who are willing to work can thrive.

The prospect is good for an open winter.

For the general good health enjoyed in Mexico.

Mexico has the best street commissioner in the State.

There may be a show to get the C. & A. division back.

That we have such excellent church and school advantages.

The outlook is so bright for the Democratic party in 1888.

Our young friend, Willie Fletcher, presents us with a turkey nail 1 1-4 inches long. The turkey from which it came, was raised in the Ghost District.

TEN YEARS HENCE.

Some of the Items that Will Appear In This Paper in Ten Years—A Prophecy.

Recognizing the fact that Mexico is a good, growing town, with Waterworks, electric light, fine streets, good schools, and good newspapers, and constantly growing, we venture to publish a few items as they will appear in the LEDGER ten years hence.

B. F. Dobyns is thinking of marrying

There is talk of moving the capital of the State to Mexico.

Ten thousand washing machines are made in Mexico every week.

The wooden awnings were done away with at the last council meeting.

The last one of the mugwumps kicked himself to death week before last.

Mexico is keeping up her reputations for entertaining State conventions.

As prophesied in the LEDGER ten years ago civil service reform proved a humbug.

The editors of the Mexico papers fought a bloody duel with red ink as usual yesterday.

Urban Weimer is now working 150 hands in his cigar factory. The Signature is the boss.

Mexico is now a city of the third class and has the best pavements of any town in the State.

Charles G. Dobyns is now assistant chief of the Fire Department, and a good one, too.

The last of the 10 miles of rock road in four directions from Mexico was completed Monday.

The Grand Central Ringo Hotel has added 200 more rooms to their already large building.

The Board of Trade is a year old, even if it isn't a very promising yearling.

The male college erected in 1888 is flourishing and bids fair to rival even the State University.

The Home Club gives a full-dress party to-night. Four hundred invitations have been issued.

Harry Hiner, the popular chief clerk at the Windsor, leaves to-night for Kansas City, on a visit.

The old iron bridge at the Jefferson street crossing is to be replaced by a steel one at a cost of $25,000.

Hardin Park is one of the best in the state, and is a popular resort during the warm summer evenings.

W. W. Settle's baking powder factory is working 60 hands. The Little Giant is the most popular on earth.

The new post-office building at the corner of Jefferson and Liberty streets, will be completed next spring.

A Board of Trade was organized in 1885 but we judge was left behind and out of sight in the progress Mexico has made.

We are informed that Elon Dearing is to be married soon. Who the lucky lass is, however, we are unable to ascertain.

The great Pollock Flouring Mill Co. now turns out 1200 barrels of flour daily, and will enlarge its mill at at an early date.

The gripmen on the Jefferson street cable cars have struck for fewer hours. Their demands will probably be acceeded to.

One of the largest tobacco factories in the State is about completed, just opposite the Windsor. It will work at least 500 persons.

The City Council will probably submit a proposition to the people regarding the purchase of the water-works from the present owners.

The Grand Central Depot is one of the most elegant Union Depots in the West, and reflects great credit on the railroad companies that built it.

The Mexico, Springfield & Southwestern railroad company has decided to locate its shops in our city. They will give employment to 600 men.

Walter Smith, for years with the Mexico Electric Light Works, is now superintending the plant in the C. & A. car shops in this city. He is an experienced electrician.

Our newly elected mayor, Frank Jesse, is in every way fitted for the honorable position to which he is elected. He has been a resident of our city for eleven years.

The swell society event of the season will be the grand ball at the St. Nicholas Hotel, opposite the Grand Central Depot, on Thanksgiving eve. Three hundred invitations have been issued, and a most enjoyable time is anticipated.

The C. & A. division, which was moved to Mexico in 1887, brought new life and vigor to Mexico. The shops and grounds of this company cover acres of ground, and the pay-roll monthly amounts to from forty to fifty thousand dollars.

Our Public Schools are certainly unsurpassed. There are 2,900 pupils enrolled. The schools have reached a state of perfection, if perfection is possible, under the able guidance of Prof. McMillan, who has now been principal here for a number of years.

The Fire Department is now in splendid trim. The new station house is completed and will be occupied in two weeks, while the electric signaling apparatus is the latest, a full explanation of which we will give in a few days. The Department is now the pride of our city, and is one of the most complete in the state.

Sam. J. Duncan is now the superintendent of the Mexico Electric Light works, which are the largest in this portion of Missouri, the plant now furnishing power to 400 arc, and 3,000 incandescent lamps. Mr. Llewellyn, having retired from active business, is president of the company.

The last "open session" at Hardin College was a grand success. It was estimated that 2,000 persons were in the chapel, all of whom were highly pleased with the programme. The College, under the ten years' management of Prof. A. K. Yancey and wife, has gained a national reputation, which it undoubtedly deserves. The building, since it has been enlarged, is the most complete and extensive college building in the state.

Reply to J. H. Haydon.

To the Editor of the Ledger.

JEFFERSON CITY, MO., Nov. 26.—A careful and analytical reading of J. H. Haydon's reply to "Democrat's Snowed Under" fails to bring to the surface any argument worthy of notice. Indeed, he does not touch the main question at all, but on the contrary slip-shods off on something which he charges "Democrat" with having done, or rather instigated, during the late political canvass, and which "Democrat" never heard of until he read it in Haydon's masterly (?) argument in reply to "Democrat." "Democrat" asserted that Prohibition, under the decision of the Eighth United States Judicial Circuit Court could not obtain without compensation to the owners of the brewing and distilling establishments whose property would be destroyed by the adoption of a prohibitory amendment to the constitution. Mr. Haydon does not refer to this feature of the matter, and why? because he knows that it is not the policy and the purpose of *itinerant* Prohibitionists to enlighten the people upon this feature of the effect of the adoption of such amendment.

If the people can be deluded into the adoption of Prohibition it is all they want, and the question of taxation for the purposes of compensation they propose shall be held in obeyance and not brought to the front until it is too late for the tax-paying people of Missouri to realize the burden they have voted upon themselves.

Let Mr. Haydon answer this straight-out and direct question: Will he vote for Prohibition with compensation?

Let him bear in mind when answering it that compensation is not a question for him to determine whether the people shall be taxed to pay it or not.

The courts, so far as they have passed upon the subject, say the owners of such property shall be reimbursed for their loss. If the higher courts affirm this ruling, and there seems little doubt of it, will Mr. Haydon pay his part of the tax to compensate these brewers and distillers? or will he resist it? If the latter, then his character as a good citizen and moral reformer is subject to just criticism.

As before remarked, I trust the Legislature will submit the amendment, but when it is submitted let it be with compensation, so that the electors shall make no mistake upon casting their votes. Let them have all the light that it is possible for the General Assembly to shed upon so important a subject, DEMOCRAT.

L. F. Moore, of Clark county, brother of T. L. Moore, of this city, was in Mexico to-day and called. Mr. Moore is a candidate for Chief Clerk of the House. His opponents are Bently, of St. Louis, Anderson, of Pike, and Crumbaugh, of Boone. Mr. Moore has served in the House for two terms, and is proficient in all the duties of the office. He has fine recommendations from leading men all over the state who know him, and his prospects look fair for election. The Jefferson City correspondent of the Missouri *Republican*, on February 28th, 1885, wrote to that paper as follows:

"Mr. Moore is developing into quite a reader; in articulation, tone and volume of voice second only to Nicholas Bell."

"Charity Grub."

From a statement in the Brown County (Texas) *Banner*, from Ira Aten, State Ranger, who has been engaged for several years in exterminating fence cutters, and who has just succeeded in breaking up a notorious gang in Brown county, says: "I desire to state that a great deal of the provisions (or charity grub) that are shipped to Brown county goes to these very rascals, although there are some honest men who really need assistance. The very men who were killed the other night drew charity rations. It seems to be pretty generally the case that the very ones who need and desire it are the ones who never get it."

Z. T. Northcut and J. B. Stephens both have sick horses. From what we can learn the horses throughout the county are still dying.

Booms Capt. Shields.

The Higginsville *Post*, at the conclusion of Capt. Shields meeting there speaks of its result as follows:

Stress of other business and demands on our columns last week prevented us from noticing the temperance meetings conducted by Capt. D. K. Shields. The meeting closed Tuesday night after lasting four weeks, during which time nearly 1,100 people signed the pledge, some of them confirmed drinkers whom no other influence nor effort would perhaps have ever reached.

The meeting and its results speak for themselves. The good accomplished is beyond compute, and the seed sown will bear abundant fruit in years to come. Capt. Shields came here a stranger to our town and its people, but it is not to much to say that he has endeared himself to the people, and no where can he find more devoted friends than in the city of Higginsville. He met with some opposition—what movement for the betterment of humanity does not? The opposition came, however, from those whose busines was threatened from others who were too much prejudiced to give him a hearing. No man could long sit under his earnest, eloquent appeals without being convinced by his argument and won over to his cause. His soul is in this work, and it does not take him long to convert his nearers, make them his warm partisans and enlist them in the cause for which he so eloquently pleads.

He is a man of wonderful resource in the way of argument; rich in illustration, effective in his appeals, strong in logic and convincing in the application of his telling points. He is as far removed from the commonplace temperance lecturer as it is possible to conceive and we do not believe that any other man could have accomplished the work that he has done in this county. After the first few nights the Opera House was packed at each meeting. Next to John B. Gough we believe that Shields is the most eloquent, the most persuasive, the most convincing and the strongest temperance lecturer ever on the platform in this country; and in this view we are sustained by every unprejudiced man who has ever heard him. He advocates temperance from a religious, moral and scientific standpoint. His platform is comprehensive and broad enough for every American citizen to stand on, and no man who loves his church, his home and his country should ever hesitate to enroll himself in this cause. Temperance reform is the great, the overshadowing issue now before the American people, and if ever it be met and settled it will be done, in our opinion, upon the lines and in pursuance of the policy advocated by Capt. Shields.

MRS. ——AWAY, while cleaning house, asked her husband to nail up some []. He refused. She looked †† at him, said his conduct was without ‖, and then beat him with her ☞ until he saw **. He now lies in a close state, and soon may be a subject for dis§. A man must be an * his life and limb in such a way as that.

POLITENESS, like honesty, is always the best policy; but, like that also, it must be real and spontaneous. That which is practiced from motives of policy is only a spurious imitation, and will surely fail to realize the hopes placed upon it.

The office of Jay Coatsworth in Kansas City, was entered by robbers, a day or two since, and $130 were taken, together with some valuable notes, papers, etc. Some of the papers were afterward found. No clew.

Those of our business men who we may fail to call upon, who have an opinion to express about what is good for Mexico, will please drop us a line to that effect, or call at this office. It is impossible to see eveyone.

Diphtheria is raging in several portions of Missouri, but Mexico is one of the healthiest places we know of.

A good watch and chain were stolen from the residence of Geo. Marshall, near Benton City, Sunday night last.

C. A. Davis, of Nevada, Mo., sneezed so violently the other day that he broke one of his ribs.

R. P. Hopkins has rented the Quisenberry house on Liberty street, and will move in shortly.

Drunkenness, or Liquor Habit, can be Cured by Administering Dr Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been made temperate men who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effects result from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence Golden Specific Co., 185 Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. 32-1y

Inflammation, coughs, catarrhs, and pneumonia, resulting from colds, may be cured by Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It allays the inflammation, removes the irritation and soreness, soothes the organs, and restores the sufferer to health.

Turner, Smith & Co. will sell you Overcoats from $2 up. They allow no one to undersell them. 32w-tf

LOVE AND WAR.

Two Lovers, After Twenty Weary Years of Separation, Are Finally United.

"Van Bernard, I wish you to understand distinctly that I am at liberty to choose my own company, and I do not propose that you shall dictate to me, either," and Ellen Gilbert gave her worsted an emphatic jerk by way of emphasis.

"But, Ellen, this fellow is a stranger, and—well I do not like the look of his black eyes."

Van spoke his convictions, for if his feelings had not been hurt by his evident interest in the maiden he loved, there was something so forbidding about this elegant stranger, who had been spending the autumn among the Ohio hills, as to put plain, honest Van on his guard.

"Henry Romans is a perfect gentleman, and understands how to conduct himself in the presence of ladies, which is more than could be said of some young men I know," Ellen retorted, angrily.

Van colored at the thrust, but managed to say, coolly:

"You know, Ellen, how people will talk, for—well, every body knows we are engaged."

"Engaged! Van Bernard, when did I promise to become your wife? So far as I can recollect, you have never yet asked me, and it is not probable that I should consent to such a proposition without some such intimation on your part."

While Ellen was speaking a shadow crept over Van's honest face, and leaving his chair he came over and leaned heavily against the mantel. When he could steady his voice, he said, slowly and sadly: "Ellen, there never was a time when I did not look upon you as my future wife, though we have never gone through the formality of asking and answering that question, we understood each other perfectly. Is not the engagement-ring upon your finger at this very moment." Snatching the ring from her hand she threw it towards him, saying: "So perish the last link that binds us together. I am glad to be free—to feel that you can not hold me to a bargain that was never made."

"Ellen, you know I do not wish my freedom, and you are just as confident that I would never try to hold you to an engagement of which you are tired. You are not yourself this evening. When you think over your hasty words you will decide differently."

"Never! I despise you, and hope you will never come into my presence again," Ellen flashed back.

Van took his hat from the table, and walked slowly out of the doorway and down the path to the gate. He did not go home, but turning into a path that crossed the meadow, he wandered aimlessly along until he reached a secluded spot, where he sat down to think. From his earliest boyhood he had known and loved Ellen Gilbert. As they grew up to manhood and womanhood their affections centered more and more in each other, and years ago it came to be understood that in due course of time they would make a home for themselves. Though more than ordinarily intelligent, Van was only a plain farmer; but, until the coming of Henry Romans, Ellen had been proud of his sterling qualities, and the whole wealth of her young heart belonged to him.

Romans had come to spend the season with a friend, and in making love to the pretty, little rustic maiden, he had no higher motive than to be amused for a few tedious weeks. Ellen was dazzled by his stylish appearance, and enjoyed the envious glances of her young companions; but, although she wished Van was not so old-

THEY STOOD FACE TO FACE.

fashioned, she really loved him as well as ever. Once or twice she was tempted to call him back and tell him that she did not mean what she had said, but calling her pride to her assistance, she determined to teach him a wholesome lesson.

"Poor Van! It is too bad, for I care more for him, rough and awkward as he is, than for this handsome stranger, with all his gold and knowledge of the ways of the world," she said to herself, after trying in vain to find an excuse for her harsh words. "But I will let him alone for a few days, for he must learn that he can not dictate to a Gilbert."

Van did not come back the next day as she had anticipated, so for his special benefit she attended the concert in company with Henry Romans. Van was there, but away back in a dark corner, where his white face did not haunt the unfaithful girl, and as heart-sick did he become at the careless remarks of those around him, concerning the turn things had taken, that before the entertainment was half over he slipped out, unobserved, and, stealing softly in at the cottage door, sought his own room; and there he spent the rest of the night in contriving plans for his mother's comfort, for he had fully determined to offer his services to the recruiting officer before another sun should set.

When, in the morning, he unfolded his plans to his widowed mother, silent tears rolled down her withered cheeks, but not a word of complaint did she utter. Other mothers were compelled to part with their sons, and why should she be spared the pain of separation? It was soon arranged that her son Ben should take charge of the farm and its work, and, before the stars came out that night, Van had taken the last kiss from the dear old mother's lips, and had marched away with the boys in blue. He had not spoken a word concerning Ellen's unfaithfulness, but the mother's intuition told her something was amiss between them.

When Ellen heard of her lover's enlistment she wept bitterly, but her pride prompted her to conceal her remorse by seeming carelessness. After Van was gone she flirted desperately with young Romans, and Ben's wife did not think her duty accomplished until she had repeated her opinion of the girl's conduct to Van. So thoroughly indignant was the young matron that she even confided to him Dame Rumor's report concerning the wedding that was to take place during the holidays. It might all have been different had not Van at this juncture implored his sister-in-law not to mention Ellen Gilbert's name at all in the future. So he went on believing that Ellen—his Ellen—belonged to another man, and, feeling that he was alone in the world, he became reckless of his life.

It was on Thanksgiving Day, '62, that Ellen drove him from her presence, and when that festal-day came around again, he lay wounded and bleeding on Lookout Mountain's gory field. Early on that memorable day, the color bearer was shot down, and it was Van Bernard who saved the tattered flag from capture, carrying it with him right into the thickest of the fight. He was seen to fall amid the storm of shot and shell that darkened the air, and when the smoke of battle cleared away, his comrades took up what they supposed to be his mutilated body, and, wrapping it in the ridded flag he had borne, laid him tenderly in the grave their own hands had hollowed.

But poor Van found a far less restful bed than the one they had prepared for him, for wounded, ill and in a Southern prison, the scorching sun beat down unmercifully upon him, while his friends in the North thought him safe with God. Having learned through a comrade who had been brought into the hospital in a dying condition that his mother was dead, and that the papers had been full of eulogies concerning his own heroic end, he determined not to undeceive the world, but, when the struggle was over, to bury himself in some secluded spot in the Sunny South, and to let his old friends and neighbors go on believing him asleep on the battle-field where he had fallen. He was not exchanged until the war closed, and then among strangers, he began his new and solitary life.

Though Ellen feigned indifference, she would have sacrificed her life to have saved the noble one of her lost friend. Even while engaged in playing the part of a coquette her heart was aching for one word from the honest, sensible man she had sent from her memory. Week after week and month after month she looked in vain for the letter that she hoped he would be so forgiving as to write.

At times she was tempted to lay aside her reserve and send him a penitent letter, that she was certain would bring a reply; but Ben's wife would say that she was courting his favor because the city fellow had cast her aside. So it was that no explanations were ever made, and when the news of Van's noble death came, Ellen was almost prostrated with grief. She went around the house pale and wan, and at times her friends feared that reason itself would be dethroned. But trouble is not apt to kill, and poor Ellen was destined to carry her heavy sorrow many long, weary days. Her brothers and sisters married, and in due course of time her parents went to join the sleepers in the silent city of the dead, and Ellen was left alone in the house that had once been so full of song and laughter.

Three days before the anniversary of the battle of Lookout Mountain, twenty years after he had been carried into captivity, an uncontrollable longing to look upon home and familiar faces seized Van Bernard. Before, he had stifled all such desires, but somehow he could not quiet the heart-yearnings this time, so his valise was hurriedly packed, and his landlady was informed that he would be absent a fortnight. An hour later he was flying northward and homeward.

Day was dawning when he stepped upon the station platform of his native town. Not wishing to arouse Ben's family so early, he determined to take a stroll through the graveyard and down past the old Gilbert homestead. There were many familiar names cut in the monuments in the cemetery, but he only paused long enough to read the inscription on his mother's tombstone and drop a tear upon her grave.

The sun was just beginning to tint the tree-tops when he halted at the gate leading to the porch, where he and Ellen had spent so many happy hours. But little change had taken place in the appearance of the old house and its surroundings since the day he went away, just twenty years before. Opening the gate he walked up the path, and was about to occupy a rustic seat, which his own hands had fashioned, when a woman who had been gathering Chinasters and autumn leaves came suddenly from behind the old elm tree, and once again Van Bernard and Ellen Gilbert stood face to face. Ellen was the first to recover her voice, and there was a perceptible tremor in her tone as she faltered:

"Van Bernard! Has the grave really given up its dead, or is it a spirit I address?"

"It is Van Bernard, flesh and blood as of old, who stands before you, Ellen—but I do not know by what name I should address you now," Van replied, in a voice that convinced his hearer that it was no supernatural being who had made her such an unreasonable call, but that the real Van Bernard, whose face had haunted her for more than a score of years, now stood in her presence.

"Call me Ellen, Ellen Gilbert, as you did in the long-ago," she said, quietly.

"But I thought you were married—Henry Romans"——

"Is not, and never was any thing to me," she answered. "But you look faint. Come in and get a mouthful of breakfast."

"Not now, Ellen. Sit down and let us understand each other."

And there, amidst the old familiar scenes, the breach of three times seven years was healed. All the long, doleful past was forgotten in the new hopes that had come so suddenly to them. An hour later, when old Mrs. Goodman came in to help with the Thanksgiving dinner, she found them still on the porch, forgetful of their breakfast and every thing else except that they had found each other, and nothing but death would ever separate them again.

That was a real Thanksgiving to them both, and the quiet marriage that was celebrated in the old-fashioned parlor that night was as full of love as if there had been no gray hairs in the locks of the bride and groom. BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

We should be thankful not only on Thanksgiving Day, but on all other days as well, for God's mercies are continually showered upon us.

IMPRESSIVE WARNING.

The Soul-Destroying and Deadly Poison of Touching Trust Funds.

[Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, in N. Y. Evangelist.]

Whole fleets of merchant vessels enter the harbor of New York every week, and attract no attention; but if a single ship, either through bad steering, or fog, or tempest, should be wrecked on Sandy Hook, it would be telegraphed all over the country. So whenever a single conspicuous church member becomes a defaulter, the fact flies widely over the wires and through the press. Genuine Christianity is not harmed by the occasional fall of individuals, who while professing it, yet violate its plainest precepts.

Two or three defalcations have occurred recently which teach a most instructive lesson. One of them—that of the distinguished banker in Portland, Me., was of the most painful character. To those of us who knew and loved the man, it was almost incredible. He was eminent as a financier, as a citizen, as a generous philanthropist, and as a leader in Sabbath-school, missionary and evangelistic enterprises. The young men of Portland loved him; every body trusted him. On the Sabbath he often officiated as an eloquent lay preacher in some church. So complete was the confidence of his business associates in his integrity that the directors of his bank left to him the control of its finances almost without examination. The shocking discovery came at last that for three or four years he had been embezzling the funds of the bank, and using them for his own purposes in stock speculations! A few months ago he was one of the most honored and beloved men in Portland; to-day he is in the penitentiary. His heart-broken family are crushed under a blow which brings to them the tenderest and deepest sympathy of the whole community.

Did Mr. G.—— intend to steal the money of that bank when he began to use it without authority? No; probably not. He intended to return it after he had profited by the use of it. So have scores of other defaulters whose names will readily occur to our readers. But the very first unauthorized touch of a dollar of trust-funds, under any circumstances, is deadly poison. It is like the prick of the dissec