

Lawrence Democrat.

"CRY ALOUD AND SPARE NOT."

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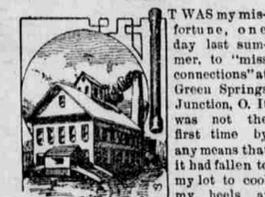
NUMBER 37.

OLD DOBBIN.

I see old Dobbin through the fence; how weak he looks, and old!
His hair is falling off in spots, he feels the damp and cold;
He hangs his head, his step is slow—'tis plain enough to see
His thirty years are more to him than fifty are to me.
He shall not work another lot—not that he would complain—
But from this hour he never shall know the touch of whip or rein.
Of all the horses on the farm he's been the very best;
I should have thought of it before; but now he shall have rest.
I call to mind the colt he was, and how I broke him in—
How he'd kick and prance and plunged—'twas doubtful which would win;
But I was young as well as he, and would not be denied;
And since he's been as safe a nag as man would wish to ride;
But never lacked in spirit, nor in steadiness nor speed;
Many's the time his willing feet have answered urgent need.
When every moment was a gain to fleeing human breath,
He knew what precious minutes meant—and so defeated death.
Then, in my happy courting days, he knew the very slight
That I would swing the stable door and greet him with delight.
He knew the girl I loved was waiting far away and fair;
He seemed to say: "Twill not be long before I take you there!"
Then on my wedding-day he stood with others at the church;
No doubt he thought for just that once I left him in the lurch—
One face, one form, that day of days, was all that I could see;
I did not think of Dobbin then, whatever he thought of me.
And when the years had brought their grief and I learned joy's reverse,
He drew the little ones and me behind the gloomy breeze.
I can not say that he'd declined how lonely was my lot;
But since, he has not been the same—I know, that I have not.
And so, though gladness and thro' grief old Dobbin has been near;
No wonder that he looks so old, when I have grown so near.
I know full well that fifty years is youth to many men—
'Tis not the years, but that my heart has reached three score and ten!
So while I live his falling life shall naught but comfort know;
Old Dobbin, as I said at first, shall ne'er feel rain or blow.
The best of oats, the sweetest hay, the field to wander free,
Shall all be his—a poor return for all he's been to me!"
—William L. Keese, in Ladies' Home Journal.

PIPKIN'S PIPE LINE.

And How the Revenue Men Got After the Man Who Owned It.



IT WAS my misfortune, on a day last summer, to "miss connections" at Green Springs Junction, O. It was not the first time by any means that it had fallen to my lot to cool my heels at that somewhat dreary crossing. I know the landscape, as viewed from the modest triangular platform, pretty well. I know also that, barring the landscape, there is nothing little else to be seen. So I philosophically seated myself upon the weather-worn boards, planted my feet upon one of the rails and lit up a five-center.
Then I noticed a strange state of affairs for Green Springs Junction. The iron water pipes, and along the I. B. & W. track, from the south, a human being was approaching.
I wondered at the pipes and the man—the man for the pedestrian was a man.
"Mornin'," quoth the stranger, as he somewhat familiarly seated himself by my side.
"Good mornin'," I replied, willing, at Green Springs Junction, to make friends with any one and every one who could speak English.
"Nice mornin', smornin'." Spoke you hadn't got a chew of tobacco about you?"
"No, I haven't; but if you can make out with a Carl Dunder cigar I shall be glad to accommodate you."
"As my visitor lit his cigar I asked: "Possibly you can tell me what those big water pipes are to be used for?"
"Sure (uff), sure (uff)ly. Yes (uff), sirc. Them's for the pipe line, to

MARRIAGE A FAILURE.

Great Men Who Did Not Know How to Choose Fitting Wives.
The question has been recently discussed, "Do able men make wiser marriages than other people?" and the impression seems to be that the question should be answered in the negative. Instances are given of rulers who had the faculty of choosing men by the eye who made bad blunders in the choice of wives. For example, Justin had the keenest eyes for able agents; witness his choice of Brisanus and Narsus—a choice which the Palace must have regarded as a more capricious of despotism; and the man who codified Roman law; yet Justinian picked Theodora out of the whole world, and that lady, even if, as is probable, Procopius libeled her, can hardly have been a success, either as wife or Empress.



UP SPIRITS A STEADY STREAM.

Henry VIII, who must have had wonderful eyes for men fitted to carry out his will, who picked out Wolsey and made Cranmer, and gave a start to the first Cecil and the first Russell, and used exactly the right parliamentary agents, made a complete muddle in choosing wives, even if we deduct Katherine of Aragon as imposed on him and consider the divorce of Anne of Cleves only a brutal expression of personal repugnance. Charles II, who knew thoroughly every man about him, from his brother down to his valet, and whose judgments history has never reversed, has never secured even a faithful mistress, unless it were Nell Gwynne, and once admitted to that lofty post a paid spy and agent of the foreigners.

MARRIAGE A FAILURE.

Marlborough was not only the greatest General of the age, but the most successful diplomatist, both characters involving rare judgment in men; and he married a ternaught who was certainly able, and who may possibly have loved him, but who kept him in constant fear. Talleyrand, who made it the business of his life to read men, and who never failed, reading as we believe, even Napoleon more accurately than any other man in his court did, chose for his wife a fool and Metternich, who managed three generations of difficult characters, is said to have been twice mistaken in the ladies he chose for wives—at least, if it is understood, as in the last case, to choose a wife who disbelieves in you—Chatter.

JEWELRY JOTTINGS.

Excavations of Ornaments at Cyprus Gives Many New Designs.
After a recent examination of some of the jewelry excavated at Cyprus, we are almost forced to confess that the ornaments worn by the Cypriot ladies were equal in quality and design to those of modern times. Their earrings were of a thousand forms; their necklaces the perfection of good taste. The designers of to-day have profited by the discovery. More than one unique design has been purified from those in vogue centuries ago.

The last new smelling bottle is a direct copy of one in use during the First Empire, at which time it was called the "rose-bud." It is made of gold enameled in colors, with a tiny central rose worked out in small pearls.

While speaking of pearls, we might state that they are rapidly rising in value in the European market, and we are not surprised. They are beautiful, simple, chaste; their shy, moonlight, satiny luster wins upon us more than gems that are bright in their sparkle or rich in their coloring.

The identity of a jewel is either marred or enhanced by its setting. An inferior design can degrade a gem. The diamond has no claim for beauty over other gems, save for its excessive brilliancy. The really tasteful designers use it to set and accentuate other gems like the ruby, the sapphire and emerald, very much as a fopist would use a clove of white roses to uplift the carnations and verbenas.

Among the most beautiful fancies of the season are the curling orchids, frequently pink-enameled, and studded with small diamonds. The crescent of the horse-shoe, the fleur-de-lis, maiden-hair fern and the sprays of holly are poetical and appropriate.

Bon-bon boxes, made of Etruscan gold, are growing into favor. They are round in shape, and covered with blue enameled forget-me-nots studded with diamonds. The contrast of the yellow gold and the little blue flower is very effective. Cheaper but very dainty bon-bon boxes are seen in engraved silver. They are worn attached to the chateleins.—Keystone.

SOCIETY AMONG THE JEWS.

Dr. Richardson cites the Jews as a living example of the advantages of sobriety. The remarkable vitality of their race strikes him as something astounding. Oppressed by cruel laws in the past, and living in abodes where others have died, yet they contrived to exist. The explanation, according to this indelible apostle of Hygeia, is that which was given by Haller, a leading German doctor of the last century. It is, that they lead, as a rule, simple lives, and are mindful of the expressive maxim in Proverbs, "Wine is a mocker." Dr. Herman Adler has pointed out that, although Judaism does not denounce the taking of wine in moderation, there runs throughout the Hebrew literature the strongest condemnation of intemperance. It is, however, we are told, a mistaken idea that during Passover Jews are forbidden to take fermented wine. What is forbidden is the product of fermented grain, for which reason strict Jews at such a time are restrained from the use of such liquor as whiskey.—London Daily News.

A woman dressed in mourning called at a Montreal police station recently and requested that she might be given her son's picture. When told that there was none there she answered that it was in the rogues' gallery. "He was once accused of picking pockets," said the visitor, "but was discharged. This picture was taken at that time. I have none, excepting one showing him as a child, and now he is dead."

A short-hand reporter in Placer County, Cal., charged for punctuation marks as they were words, and the county want \$104.90 refunded.

GAVE HIMSELF AWAY.

How the Fair Cleopatra Penetrated Colonel Masher's Disguise.
The masquerade ball was at its height. The tall, graceful young man who had arrayed himself somewhat hastily in a Dietrich Knickerbocker mask, a Napoleon Bonaparte coat, and a pair of Sir Anthony Absolute knee-breeches led the willow maiden in the pale-green domino and No. 2 slippers, with whom he had been dancing nearly all the evening, to a seat in a bay window.

"Lovely shepherdess," he said, in a tender but muffled voice, "I have penetrated your disguise. You are the popular and beautiful actress, Miss Cleopatra Siddons-Rachel."

"You do me honor, Sir Mulligatawny," she replied, mockingly. "How have you been enabled to 'penetrate my disguise,' may I ask?"

"You can't deceive me," rejoined the young man. "Through all the little tricks of artifice, of feigned voice and simulated simplicity—"

"Simulated simplicity is good," interrupted the lovely shepherdess in the pale green domino, pensively. "I'll make a memorandum of it."

"Through all these," he continued, impressively. "I recognize the unquenchable histrionic genius which nothing can hide."

"Just so," she murmured. "I am the beautiful and popular actress, Miss Cleopatra Siddons-Rachel, am I? Or was it the popular and beautiful actress? And who are you?"

"Who am I? Ah, fair enslaver," he answered, "I dread to tell you. The favor you have graciously shown me this evening, the acquaintance so happily begun, which it would break my heart to forfeit now, might come to a sudden end."

"You fancy you have made a favorable impression on the lovely shepherdess, the popular and beautiful, etc., do you, Sir Olla Podrida?"

"Why—"

"And you think I have not penetrated your disguise, I suppose, Colonel Omnibus?"

"I am sure you do not know me," he said, with a chuckle. "You have never met me, although I am a humble member of your own profession."

"You are an actor, are you?"

"Yes, lovely—"

"Hey?"

"I say you are not an actor, sir! You are not even an amateur. I can penetrate your disguise to that extent, sir. You don't belong to the profession at all, sir."

"May I ask how you know, fair maiden?"

"Your finger nails are clean, sir!"

"A deep groan burst from the lips of the young man and he rose and walked away."

"Folled again!" he hissed.—Chicago Tribune.

THREE AMERICAN FABLES.

Their Morals Are Plain Enough to Be Guessed by the Dullest Intellect.
THE SENATOR AND THE FISH.
A United States Senator of Undoubted Veracity, who had been fishing for several hours without any Luck, finally hooked a sun-bass weighing about four ounces.

"Kind sir, please spare my life!" pleaded the Fish. "I am so small that it would hardly pay—"

"Oh, you needn't feel any Anxiety on that point," replied the Senator. "There I return you to your native Element in Safety, and may Peace go with you."

MORAL: Then he went up to the hotel and swore he hooked a one-hundred-pound Tarpon, but that it broke his line and got away.

THE TRAMP AND THE CONSTABLE.

A Tramp who was sleeping on the southern edge of a straw stack after a hearty meal of cold victuals, was suddenly awakened by a voice calling in his ear, and he sprang up to be confronted by a Constable, who exclaimed:

"Prithee, sir, but this is against the Town Ordinance and you must Explain your conduct!"

AN OLD-TIME LOCOMOTIVE.

Rescued from the Scrap-Pile, She is Still Doing Good Service.
A large, well-made locomotive is an object of admiration to all who have an opportunity to closely examine the intricate make-up of this wonderful mechanism; but a great many remember the days when railway engines were not so large, nor nearly so handsome as they now are.

In the '50s engines were much smaller than they are at present, and were generally more decorated with brass work. A great many of these old timers are still in use by railroads, despite the fact that it is commonly accepted that boilers and machinery give out in a certain number of years. Many have been rebuilt, and are doing switching service; while others are used in hauling light suburban trains; but the greater majority of them are lying in the "scrap-piles" at the companies' shops. One of these old locomotives, with quite a history, although almost wheelless, cylinderless, and, in fact, devoid of the essential running gear, can be found in the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway yards, giving good service every day. She is the old Prairie du Chien, No. 51, built about 1857; and in her palmy days she flew over the rails between Milwaukee and Madison, Wis. Years of service on the line wore out her machinery, and with many sighs from old railroad men she was relegated to the scrap-pile. Here this combination of machinery lay until her cab nearly rotted away. The tender was attached to another engine, and all the valves, pumps, gear and brass-work that could be utilized were transferred to other engines as repairs were made. Few suspected that this old, rust-eaten engine could ever be again brought into service. But one day last fall an order was received to load her on a flat car and bring the old engine to Chicago. Here she was lodged in the yard, and before many days she had sunk several feet in the mud. Ashes, cinders and yard refuse accumulated about her, until one would have experienced difficulty in recognizing her as a locomotive. Cars heated by steam from the road-engines were to be formed into trains and backed into the depot. They must be warm. It would be unwise to build fires for that short trip, and impracticable to attach the road-engines to the trains while switching was to be done. Now, here is where the old locomotive, shorn of all her finery, came in handy. Her old boilers were utilized to supply the necessary steam which was conveyed to the heating apparatus of the cars by flexible pipes. Wedged in among a lot of cars, old, dilapidated, and forgotten by the veteran roadrunners, this engine, saved from the scrap-pile, still contributes its part to the operating of a railroad. Perhaps she has outlived the engineer who first pulled the throttle and occupied a seat in her cab.—Chicago News.

Therefore, when Wanamaker's Friday demanded an apology, and took us by the ear to enforce obedience, we lit onto him with a weight of two tons, and had him hollering for mercy inside of two minutes. Before letting him up we took his gun away, and in some manner it was discharged, and the bullet went through the palm of our right hand. The wound will prevent our using the pen for some weeks, and we must dictate our copy.

MORE EXPLANATORY.—Wanamaker's man Friday has a brother named Jim, who is a loafer and a cur from way back. We stated last week that we believed he stole money letters from the mails, and the statement seems to have put some "git" into him. After we had licked his brother and got back to the office Jim came sneaking down the street and fired at us through a window. He had a shot-gun, but he fired so high that no one was touched, and he was out of sight before we got to the door.

In a few days we are going on a hunt for Jim. We shall locate him and walk in on him and slice off his ear and nail it on our office door. Let him accept this notice as fair warning of our intentions. While he didn't hit us with any of his bullets, he did get a neck-also firing at us with intent to kill rattled our nerves and sent us to bed when we ought to have been getting out copy.

FURTHER EXPLANATORY.—Some three weeks ago a wild-eyed guy named Jim entered this town by the dirt road and struck us for a "bit." He gave the name of J. Melville Graham, and claimed to have furnished all the brain fodder for most of the New York papers for the last ten years. As he offered to work for four dollars per week and buy his crackers and cheese at our grocery, we didn't question him as closely as we otherwise might. He had worked two days when we got hurt, and what did the lop-eared brother of a hyena do but go off and get drunk and lay down just where Colonel Haven's drove of mules would run over him in going to water! He was trampled out of sight into the sand, and on top of our other troubles we had to have him dug out and buried. But for his kick-over we could have issued a full sheet and got it out on time. We've had him carted off to one corner of our private burying ground, and shall mark his grave; but we don't mourn.

THE LATEST.—If our readers are not satisfied with the above explanations we have another to give them. Owing to our wounded hand we could not do a stroke of writing. We could dictate, however, and we hired young Bill Ellis, son of old Reprobate Ellis, to act as our amanuensis. We had dictated about half a column when he differed with us on how to spell "cordial." He insisted that it was "corjal," and rather than see the English language knocked out of us we ceased dictating, fired Bill out, and gave an old tramp printer \$10 and told him to go ahead and run out half a sheet. It's all we could do under the circumstances, and we beg the indulgence of our subscribers. Next week we shall be all right, and we promise an issue of the Kicker which will make the sand fly in fifty directions.—Detroit Free Press.

MEN WHO FASCINATE.

Female Views on the Fellows Who Have Winning Ways.
"And would you marry the sort of man who fascinates you?"

"Yes, indeed. I don't think there are any of them good enough, so there's no much choice, as you are more apt to be happy with the man who fascinates you to the extent of making you forget his faults than with the one who has so few faults and is so moral he just isn't any thing else."

"I'll tell you the kind of man I call fascinating," said a right chatty married lady with well-established opinions. "It is the one who always says the courteous, agreeable thing, whether he means it or not. The one who helps you out of a street car as if you were a princess royal. The one who continually pleases your curiosity by making you feel that he is keeping something peculiar to himself, and really allows you to believe that you know all about him. I like him to be cultured in the broadest sense, to have traveled and read and thought so much that he has something to say, and with authority, on all subjects, and yet who pays you the most subtle of all compliments by occasionally referring to your opinion or asking your indorsement of his views."

"The man I call fascinating," said a girl with a reputation for possessing all the fascinations belonging to women, as well as understanding those peculiar to men, "is the big, manly, strong, gentleman. I don't admire that detestable creature known as the male flirt, but one who, when thrown with a person of the opposite sex, makes her feel, for the time being, as if she were the only woman in the world worth talking to."—N. Y. Evening Sun.

—Mr. Teetles (who has been scolded by his wife for being out late)—"If you don't like it, my dear, why don't you strike, as factory employes some times do?" Mrs. Teetles—"No! I won't strike, but you'll find there'll be a look out some night."—Munsey's Weekly.

—The Provisional Government of Brazil has issued a decree suppressing religious instruction in the State schools.

—A British clergyman of note estimates the last hundred years nearly fourfold, the Roman Catholics and the Greek church each two fold.

—The Italians of Boston have just held a meeting to take steps to establish an industrial school for young men and women of their race, in which also they can learn to read and write the English language.

—The traveler and ethnologist, Tushkuroff, points out the fact that there are 400,000 heathens and 50,000 Mohammedans in the Russian army, the latter forming 75 per cent of the Cossack regiments, and also declares that Christianity is dying out in Southeastern Russia.

—Several of the Southern States, notably Virginia, Florida and Arkansas, are developing good school systems, and the newspapers of North Carolina—a State which has not been as progressive in this respect as others—calls upon the people to make an increase of at least \$150,000 a year in the appropriation for educational institutions.

—The Illinois Supreme Court recently rendered a decision that will interest members of the Y. M. C. A. The court holds that the Y. M. C. A. is not wholly a religious body, but is largely a Christian and benevolent organization, and therefore the law restricting the amount of property to be held by religious corporations does not govern the Y. M. C. A.

—In Odessa a recent decision of the authorities prohibits Jewish teachers from teaching in Christian schools. Furthermore, adherents of the Jewish faith are not allowed to give private lessons in Christian homes. The general public is warned against Jewish teachers in large posters on the bulletin boards, which allege that Jewish teachers endanger morals and religion.

—School statistics for Paris state that there are 17,510 children attending the municipal or State schools; 61,294 attending schools directed by religious orders, and 35,000 attending free lay schools where religious instruction is given. It is also stated that attendance at municipal schools has increased by only about 700 in the last three years. The annual expenditures for the municipal schools is \$6,500,000 francs.—N. Y. Independent.

—Formerly the education of girls in France was entirely in the hands of the convents, and was different in every respect from that of boys. Secular schools for girls have been founded, especially since 1870, and there are now fifty-one such high schools in France. One was opened last year in Paris whose buildings cost about \$400,000. It has twenty-two teachers, and takes girls from twelve to seventeen years old. Sewing and housekeeping are taught. The regular course is five years, and a teacher's diploma is given for the studies of the sixth year.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—He that accuses all mankind of corruption ought to remember that he is sure to convict only one.

—When a young man is running down in health he should wind up some of his bad habits.—N. O. Picayune.

—Often the man who does not know his own mind has escaped a very disagreeable acquaintance.—Terre Haute Express.

—Coolness, and absence of heat and haste, indicate fine qualities. A gentleman makes no noise; a lady is serene.—Emerson.

—It takes a small boy to see the imperfections in an old man, and an old man to see the faults in a boy.—Atchison Globe.

—There is no surer mark of the absence of the highest moral and intellectual qualities than a cold reception of excellence.

—Reason can not show itself more reasonable than to cease reasoning on things that are above reasoning.—Sir Philip Sidney.

—It may be remarked, for the comfort of honest poverty, that avarice reigns most in those who have but few good qualities to recommend them.

—In all things throughout the world the men who look for the crooked will see the crooked, and the men who look for the straight will see the straight.

—The innermost, unexpressed thought of every man is about this: If every other man has been created as nearly right as I am, the millennium might come almost any day.

—He never good you may be, you have faults; however dull you may be, you can find out what some of them are; and, however slight they may be, you had better make some patient efforts to get rid of them.—Once a Week.

—Weak minds make treaties with the passions they can not overcome, and try to purchase happiness at the expense of principle. But the resolute will of a strong man scorns such means, and struggles nobly with his foe to achieve great deeds.

—To be true men and women, we must be self-poised, self-directing and self-respecting. We must never hang our opinions upon another's thoughts or a party dictum; we must never indolently shift responsibility or sink into mental captivity to a stronger nature. The most modest of us all, however lightly he may hold his own powers, must remember that they are his own, and on that account are of priceless value to him.

—He possesses dominion over himself and is happy, who can every day say, "I have lived."—To-morrow the heavenly Father may either invade the world in dark clouds, or cheer it with clear sunshine. He will not, however, render ineffectual the things which have already taken place.—Horace.

—Even the wild-flowers that you gather in your long rambles on the summer's day, though they will die before to-morrow, have still their use, in their beauty and their fragrance, while they last. And if you do but get out of them the good that God has put into them, though they perish, they perish in the using.—Christian Union.