

HOW EDITH WON THE PARIS DOLL.

A Story for the Little Folks.

Chicago Journal.]

The holiday of the Willing Workers had been the current topic among the little folks of North Camden for weeks beforehand, and the Willing Workers themselves dated their preparations months back. Such an assortment of tidies, toilet-seats, mats, dusting-caps, aprons, match-receivers, pin cushions, and other fancy articles too numerous to mention, must certainly have necessitated some time and industry bestowed upon them.

Now the festive evening had arrived, the parlors of the church had been garished with evergreen and berries, and decked with flags, banners and pretty tissue paper devices, the tables had been most temptingly arranged, and behind each stood two beaming members of the society, gay in muslin aprons and fancifully-bowed caps. The center of attraction promised to be the doll-table, where a whole regiment of miniature men and women were displayed, and in their midst, as the cynosure of all eyes was the lovely Paris doll that Hattie Windsor, the rector's daughter, had brought on her return from Europe in the Fall, and which was to be awarded this evening to the lucky guesser of her ladyship's name.

There was not a little girl in all the village but would have given her best Sunday gown and bonnet too, for the possession of that coveted Parisienne. Already it had proved a bone of contention among the Willing Workers themselves, who had debated long and earnestly about the best way to dispose of it, and would probably have restored it to its donor in despair had not a New York lady, who was visiting the rector's family, suggested selling it by guess for its name.

Of all the little girls whose longing hearts were filled with aspirations for the waxen beauty, none, perhaps, wished for it more fervor than Edith Coles, the village doctor's daughter. Miss Windsor was her Sunday school teacher, and with her Edith was a great favorite; so once or twice when the doctor's little girl had called at the rectory, she had been permitted to look at and caress the beautiful, daintily-dressed young-lady doll from over the water. And now, as she stood behind the flower-table with her colleague, Bertha Kimball, her eyes were wistfully fixed on the pink satin robe that adorned the beloved object, who at the opposite table held regal sway over the other dolls there assembled.

Edith had thirty cents that evening to spend as she pleased, and every penny was destined to swell the receipts of the doll-table, in guesses. Scores of names ran through the busy little brain beneath the muslin cap, and ambitious hopes thronged in the heart under the snowy pinafore. O, if she only knew just which name was the magic one; if some good fairy would but help her to divine it!

"Well, little Miss Coles, are you for sale with the rest of your roses?" the cheery interrogative broke in upon her reverie.

"O, Mr. Robinson!" she cried eagerly, not heeding his query, "do tell me some names, some that you think might belong to the guess-doll, my head is a perfect jumble of Lillies, Jessies, Claras, Mables, and ever so many more, and just as soon as I decide on one, then I'm sure some of the others are more likely right."

"What do you suppose is her name?" Mr. Robinson was a kindly old bachelor, and Edith with her bright, independent ways and happy face, he was very fond of her; but he had never been a little girl himself, and could not understand how deeply this little girl's heart was set on that particular doll, nor how serious a matter it was to her, so he replied with a grave face, but a twinkle in his eye.

"Why, if you want my candid opinion, my dear, I think that Euphrosyne, Aphrodite, Calliope, Euryelea, Selene, Scheherazade are as likely as any others, or perhaps Aglaria, Lachesis, Polyhymnia, Melpomene, or Euterpe would suit you better, or possibly Juliet, who aptly says 'What's in a name? that which we—'"

"But Edith, who had looked at him a moment in bland amazement as the hail-storm of hard words fell on her ears, had already vexed and disappointed, flown for refuge to the library, which had been transformed for the occasion into a general receiving and arranging room, and here, girl-like, she indulged in the luxury of a hearty cry.

"No one will or can realize how awfully I want that doll," she moaned, as she lay her head down on the desk. "Mr. Robinson makes fun of me, and papa says he reckons I can live without it, and I know whatever name I guess will be the wrong one!" With which melancholy presage, Edith's tears broke out afresh. This second shower over, however, she lifted her head again and began abstractedly to tear bits from a piece of paper that lay on the desk, when she was startled to read on the side toward her the plain subscription, "Name of Paris Doll." A flood of conflicting feelings rushed upon her; here was the "open sesame" to the wished-for knowledge; she had but to open the paper so temptingly left there without envelope or seal, as if on purpose for her, and the treasure was hers. Already her fingers were unfolding the leaves, and she hastily dropped it. No, no, she must not! How could she ever look good Dr. Windsor or Miss Hattie in the face again after such a deed! And yet, while thus wavering, she glanced out the half-open door into the bazar-room, and there she saw, as if to complete the spell, the lovely doll sitting enthroned in state, and surrounded by a host of juvenile admirers.

Now firmly resolved she opened the paper and read the one word "Eulalie."

"Who ever would have thought of that?" she pondered. "I never, never should." Giving her eyes a final wipe, Edith emerged into the big room once more, a little paler than usual, perhaps, but with firm and determined step and set purpose, for she was one, who when fairly resolved, whether for right or wrong, never faltered or drew back.

"Here, Fanny, I want to take a guess," she said to a little girl, who with book in hand, was going about soliciting patronage. "How many names you have already?" she exclaimed. "Lend me your pencil, please," and in another minute "Eulalie" was written on the page in a fair girlish hand.

"What a funny name! How did you ever think of it?" asked Fannie Windsor, curiously, as the book was handed back to her.

"O, I've been reading a story about a girl called Eulalie," Edith replied, "and it struck me as such a pretty name, though it probably isn't the right one."

"Ah, Edith! how surely does one act of falsehood and deception lead to more, which, like sorrows, 'tread ever on each other's heels.'"

The rest of the evening passed like an unhappy dream to poor Edith, for bitter remorse soon came to torture her, and, for the first time in her life, she was actually wretchedly miserable. She early excused herself from the flower table, on the plea of a sudden headache, and then flitted away to a solitary nook in an obscure corner of the big room. 'Twas here that after a long search Mr. Robinson discovered her, anxious to make amends for his unfortunate speech, and pitying her unusually pale face, he kindly and solicitously inquired what was the matter, but unable to obtain any more satisfactory explanation for her altered mien than a headache, he attributed it all to that ill-omened doll, and hastily strode away in quest of the guesster.

Once found, he invested liberally, but contrary to his own advice, he did not choose the euphonious titles of the Muses and the classic heroines that he had suggested to Edith, but instead selected simple, old-fashioned country names, endeared to him by long association, but ill-suited to the fair French stranger.

The evening so long and dreary to Edith, passed quickly and happily to all her companions. The fancy and flower tables drove a brisk trade, the dolls disappeared as if by magic, and the omnipresent grab-bag and postoffice caught many a stray dime and nickel. Nothing occurred to mar the general harmony of the evening, not even when poor half-witted Ann Bassett, in momentary freaks of forgetfulness, helped herself to the ice-cream she had been commissioned to serve, or deposited it on the floor or convenient chairs instead of its destined place.

After that seemed an interminable length of time to our conscience-stricken little heroine, the tall clock struck 11 (a shockingly late hour for Puritan Camden). The tables had been all but shorn of their fineries by eager purchasers, and an honorary member of the Willing Workers took the floor to dispose by auction of the few remaining articles. He succeeded so ably that in ten minutes everything was sold; and now the time had come to declare the lucky winners of the guess-hat (a lofty beaver, to be awarded to the guesser of its exact height) and the Paris doll.

All had assembled in the upper part of the room save Edith and a few old ladies near her. They were busily engaged in comparing ailments, and exchanging bits of gossip. Everything was hushed as the society's President ascended the platform, cleared her throat and announced: "Height of the beaver hat sold by guesses, fourteen and three-fourths inches. The winner is Mrs. Isaac Tuttle. The lady will please step forward and receive it." A ripple of amusement passed around as fat old Mrs. Tuttle waddled up to the platform and tenderly received the prize, which she bore away in triumph to her liege lord.

And now Edith's heart beat fast as the President leaned over and picked up another paper from the table. She could not go up before them all and take that doll. She must confess, and yet she dared not. She longed to hide, or run away, but some fascination held her spell-bound. With quick-glancing breath and throbbing temples, she watched and listened.

"The name of the Paris doll presented to the society by Miss Hattie Windsor, will now be announced," said the President; and opening the paper she read in a clear voice, audible in all parts of the room:

"Though from foreign parts I came, Dorothea is my name. For I thought it meet to bear Yankee name at Yankee fair."

"The lucky guesser is our friend, Deacon Colin Robinson, to whose care we shall be happy to consign Miss Dorothea."

A buzz of conversation began as Mr. Robinson went forward and received awkwardly enough, it must be confessed, his precious burden. Edith sat for a moment dazed and bewildered, then started forward, but paused to collect herself. Dorothea! what could it mean? Surely she had read aright. Suddenly the words of one of the old ladies near her fell on her ears.

"Well, that's what I call a right party name, no such high-falutin' things as people air all possessed about nowadays. An 'it's only owin' to Hettie Windsor that they got such a party one. Fust they axed Miss Rossister, that New York gal, to name it, and she suggested 'Uphaly,' or some such outlandish thing, but finally they concluded sence Hettie give it she orter hev the honor of namin' it, and I'm right glad she did."

A great feeling of relief rushed over Edith, sweeping away all the anguish and despair of the last few hours. She had not then known the doll's name after all! 'Twas only the name Miss Rossister had sent, and had been rejected. How stupid of her! She might have known that anything so important would not have been left around so carelessly; in fact, she now remembered having heard that the envelope containing the name was not to be opened till the close of the evening. In the sudden realization of all this she could have wept for joy.

Just at this moment up came Mr. Robinson, with Dorothea in his arms, and, thrusting her towards Edith, said: "Take her, my dear, and may she prove a remedy for your present headache and a panacea for your future ills." Edith had put out her arms eagerly, but as suddenly dropped them and said: "O, no! Uncle Colin; I cannot, must not take her. Go, give her to some one else."

"And why, pray? I thought you were absolutely pining away for her."

"So I am, but— and very shamefacedly, but honestly, Edith confessed the whole story, with such evident and hearty contrition that her kind friend said:

"Well, Edith you did wrong of course but I guess your conscience has punished you enough already, so take your Dorothea, and perhaps she may serve as a pleasant warning never to yield to such a temptation again."

This all happened long ago, and Edith's Dolly is old and time-worn now, but dearer, if possible to her possessor's heart than on the memorable evening when she received her in the full glory of her youthful beauty.

Some Inquiries About School Funds.

MACON, Miss., Jan. 12, 1883.

EDITORS CLARION: Remembering that the columns of your excellent paper are always open to enquiries concerning any matter of public interest and especially to such as appertain to the advancement of our own good people of Mississippi, I will impose upon your kindness by asking what progress, if any, has been made toward the enforcement of the following act of the Legislature, approved, March 9, 1882, to-wit:

AN ACT to secure to the State the Five per cent. Fund now due, or that may hereafter become due, from the Federal Government.

SEC. 1. Be it enacted by the Legislature of the State of Mississippi, That it shall be the duty of the Governor, upon the passage of this act, to cause an investigation to be made with a view to ascertain the amount now due the State of the five per cent. fund from the Federal government, and when the amount shall have been ascertained, to take the necessary steps to procure the payment of the same into the State Treasury to the credit of the five per cent. fund.

SEC. 2. Be it further enacted, That the sum of six thousand one hundred and fourteen dollars and eighty cents, now in the State Treasury to the credit of the two and three per cent. fund, and the same is hereby appropriated to the common school fund of this State, and all funds now in the Treasury on account of this fund, and that which may hereafter be had on the same account, shall be distributed pro rata between the several counties of this State as early as practicable after the receipt of the same.

SEC. 3. Be it further enacted, That the boards of supervisors of the several counties of this State shall apply the fund so distributed to the construction of good school-houses and repairing the same, and the Auditor of Public Accounts shall issue warrants on the Treasurer for the several sums that may be due the counties, in favor of the president of the boards of supervisors, under the direction and supervision of the State Superintendent of Education and the Attorney General.

SEC. 4. Be it further enacted, That this act take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

Approved, March 9, 1882.

Has anything yet been realized under the provisions of Section 1, and, if not, what steps are now being taken toward the furtherance of that design?

Has the \$6,114.80, appropriated, under Section 2, to the common school fund of the State, and on hand at the time of the passage of the act, ever been distributed pro rata between the several counties of the State?

If such distribution has ever been made, has any warrant ever been issued in favor of any county in the State for the sum thus found to be due, as provided for in Section 3?

The people of my county have never yet received any funds from that source. They greatly need the erection of school-houses, and would hail with delight any information that promised an early realization of any sum, however small, that could be appropriated to such purpose. It is presumed, also, that other counties would be gratified to know, what is being accomplished in this direction.

Please publish, and oblige.

Very truly yours,

T. J. Ross,

Treasurer of Noxubee county.

And She Rose Up.

Detroit Free Press.]

It was coolly planned and deliberately executed in cold blood. They sat by the fire, and as he perused his papers was busy with the thoughts of Christmas. By and by he waked up and asked: "Did any parcels for me come up to-day?"

"No, dear," she replied as her face grew white as snow. "Have you been buying anything?"

"No, nothing much. I happened in at Blank's this afternoon, and as he was selling out his slippers at cost, I bought me three pairs. Guess I'll be fixed for the next ten years to come."

"You—bought—slippers?" she gasped as she pressed her hands upon her heart.

"Yes, and Dash came to the door as I was going past, and asked me in to look at his stock of dressing gowns."

"And—and—" "And I bought me a couple. Rather handy garments, you know, and these are something extra nice."

"Do you mean to tell me that you went and—" "Why, dear, how you tremble," he interrupted. "Yes, I bought two of 'em, and when Dash happened to mention that I ought to have a smoking cap, twelve new shirts and a smoking set and cane, I told him to go ahead and send 'em up. I'll order a new silk hat, wristlets, gloves, sleeve buttons and six neckties to-morrow, and then I guess I'll be provided for. Come and kiss your old hubby."

But she didn't. She rose up and clawed and gasped and rushed out of the room with tearful eyes and clenched teeth.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

Speech of Senator Jonas, of Louisiana, Showing How the Civil Service Bill is a Sham.

Congressional Record.]

Mr. JONAS.—Mr. President, I have consumed no time in this debate, but have waited patiently in hopes to see the bill so perfected by amendments that I might be able to vote for it. It has not assumed such a form; and I desire briefly to give the reasons which compel me to vote against it. I have desired to give it my support because I know that a sentiment prevails throughout the country demanding a reform in our civil service; and if it had depended on my friend, the distinguished Senator from Ohio (Mr. Pendleton,) who has charge of this bill, I think it might have been so perfected as to enable me, and perhaps other gentlemen on this side of the chamber who in part agree with me, to vote for it. He has consistently voted for all amendments which proposed to liberalize the bill and make it effective for good, and not, as I am compelled to believe it will prove to be, a mere pretense and sham.

The Senator from Ohio voted for the amendment offered by the Senator from Alabama (Mr. Pugh). If that amendment had prevailed I should have voted for the bill; but it was defeated by the unanimous vote of the Senator's on the other side of the chamber.

Those Senators seem to have taken possession of this measure in their newborn zeal for reform. They seem to have taken it out of the hands of the Senator from Ohio and its original friends; and they have voted down every amendment which has been proposed by or which has commanded the assent of this side of the chamber.

Mr. President, the amendment of the Senator from Alabama proposed to transfer this experiment to the people who are now in office, instead of reserving it for trial in the future upon those who may be applicants for appointment to vacancies which may occur in official positions. If there is anything in the popular demand for reform, if there is anything in the demand which has so awakened the apprehensions of Senators on the other side of the chamber, and the party to which they belong, it is a demand that the civil service of this country shall be changed, shall be reformed, shall be corrected. If there is nothing wrong in the present civil service of the country we require no legislation; if there is nothing that can be effected by legislation, then we can wait for the reform which will be brought about by a change of policy and a change of parties in the administration of the country.

But we have been led to believe that the people were rising in indignation against this army of officers who now fill the places of the country, alleging that they have been organized into a band, a political machine for the purpose of controlling and influencing not only elections but nominations. They have been filled with disgust at the manner in which this political machine has been assessed, and the money raised therefrom in a measure to control and carry elections and secure nominations. If the people have spoken at all, it is against the present civil service, against the government; and yet when a proposition is made to change this civil service or to subject its officers to the same examination which is proposed for future appointments to civil office in the departments, it is voted down unanimously by the Republican party.

I deal with this bill in good faith, Mr. President; I am not voting against it as a politician or a party man. I believe that the civil service of this country is to a large extent incompetent, if not corrupt, and I will favor any measure which proposes an examination into the competency and character of the persons who fill the positions under it. But this is to be denied to us. All of the people who are in office are to remain. They are to constitute a privileged class; if they are not to be submitted to the same competition or the same examination which is proposed for candidates for appointment. Well, sir, I do not believe that the people wish this sort of civil service reform.

Mr. George—Will the Senator from Louisiana allow me to ask him a question?

Mr. JONAS.—Certainly.

Mr. George—Suppose this bill is defeated, will the present incumbents of these offices be subject to any examination?

Mr. JONAS.—They will not, nor will they if this bill is passed. I said that I want to act in good faith. I know it has been said on this side of the chamber that there is nothing in this bill which prevents the removal of every one in office should the Democratic party come into power. I deny it, Mr. President. If I supported this bill in good faith, I would consider that I was constituting a class of office-holders who could not be affected by political changes. I would consider, and I do to-day, that by the passage of this bill we are creating the people who now hold the offices of this country into a permanent organization new blood may intrude only when vacancies occur and new candidates are presented for examination.

Mr. Jones, of Florida—Is it within the competency of Congress to take away from the Executive the power of removal and appointment?

Mr. JONAS.—I am not talking of the Executive power over removals or appointments; this bill has been carefully guarded in that respect; this bill does not touch the Executive prerogative. It only concerns the clerks and employes in the departments of the Government, and in the custom-houses and post-offices of the country where over fifty persons are employed. Having, as I have, in the city in which I reside, a custom-house which constitutes a great house of refuge into which all the political outcasts of past political campaigns have been gathered and rewarded for their various outrages upon the people, I am unwilling to perpetuate it to such uses; I am unwilling to say that its inmates shall not be subjected to an examination as to capacity and integrity when we propose to

pass a bill to examine all candidates who are to be admitted to their fraternity. I am unwilling to perpetuate this office-holding class, and I say it in good faith, and I say to the Senators on the other side who believe as I do, and not as my friends around me, that if this bill passes, in my opinion, it will do away with the power of removal, on the part of chiefs of departments and heads of bureaus, of their subordinates and clerks should a new administration or a new party come in.

I am not speaking as a party man, Mr. President; I am perfectly willing to vote for a bill to require competitive examinations now; but I would compel those who now fill the offices of the land, those who are now clerks in the various departments, those who now fill the various subordinate positions, to go before the examining board and be examined as to their competency, their capacity and their integrity. The people have denounced the officeholding machine, and they will not be satisfied to have it perpetuated.

WEDDING DAY.

They stood together, hand in hand, Amid the happy wedding cheer, Upon the borders of a land Whose rare-enchanted atmosphere They had not breathed yet; not a blur Of doubt her perfect faith could dim— He was the man of men for her— She, the only woman made for him. They stood, exchanging truth and plight, Five years ago to-night.

They knew the realm that stretched beyond Held heights whereon the purple play Of love's full sunshine, fair and fond, Was never seen to hide away. They knew that there were gulfs to cross, And many a tangled path to tread, But whether strewn with flint or moss, What need they care, since overhead The lambent honeymoon sunbeams bright, Five years ago to-night?

'Twas not to be a setting moon, Like early ones, but heavenly clear, To pour its beams a steadfast boon Of blessing thro' the circling year. And now into each other's eyes They look and say, "Our dreams come true; But could it, dear, be otherwise With you to love me so—with you To pledge me all this strange delight, Five years ago to-night?"

No cross has come too hard to bear, No care that hid too keen a smart, With two the burden's weight to share, With two to lift it from the heart. They had not dared to ask so much Of bliss that should not know alloy, Or hope that time would lay a touch So gentle on their perfect joy, As flashed the future on their sight, Five years ago to-night.

The heights that stretch before their gaze, Like Beulah's, their rapt vision fill; The tender sheen of spousal days Is softly lingering round them still, Her foot has only felt the moss, And his has spurned the flints aside And there has been no gulf to cross, And he to him is still the bride To whom he vowed the marriage plight, Five years ago to-night!

Oh, happier, richer, gladder far, With their twin cherubs hand in hand, Than on that bridal eve they are, And here, all dreams fulfilled, they stand! God grant that when their years shall reach Another lustre they may say, With radiant faces, each to each, "Why, 'tis another wedding day, Just like our first, so sweet, so bright— Ten years ago to-night."

FUNNY FANCIES.

The first big fish story—That of Jonah.

A leading animal—The blind man's dog.

A deadlock—The fastening of a cemetery gate.

Hops are plentiful when the dancing season sets in.

An unfavorable outlook—From behind the prison bars.

A lynching affair out West is called a "swinging soiree."

An experienced barber never talks hair dye to a bald headed man.

Though costing less than a dime a vile cigar is known by its accents.

The earth worm is said to be deaf, dumb and blind, yet it is a great bore.

When a tailor is making a suit he finds that it pays to mind his sewn business.

Fishing is called angling because so many crooked stories are told about it.

It takes a pretty smart man to guess correctly what a boy's pockets contain.

If you want to marry a servant girl all you have to do is to ring the area belle.

A love-sick maiden may be little and yet make herself conspicuous by her sighs.

There is one beauty about sourkraut, the more it spoils the more it is appreciated.

You can't always be forewarned against evil, because the "mule don't kick 'cord in' to the rule."

Buckwheat flour is so much adulterated now that by any other name it would smell as wheat.

When chickens roost high in the South colored folks manage to fill up on butter-milk and beans.

Earth has nothing softer than woman's heart, unless, perhaps, it be a tomato in the prime of life.

Say, for instance, a dog loses his paw, and a rooster loses his maw, does it make orphans of them.

The boy who ten years ago used to box the girls' ears in school now smacks their mouths in the parlor.

The latest remedy for a toothache is twisting a mule's tail. If the cure doesn't work the animal will.

When a youth wears a collar for a week and then can't see any dirt on it, he must be entirely collar blind.

The youth who gets shaved by a barber for the first time doesn't know whether to feel tickled or ashamed.

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