

The Middletown Transcript.

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 14, 1876.

NO. 42.

VOL. IX.

Lumber and Hardware.

LINDLEY & KEMP,
—DEALERS IN—
HARDWARE,

AND
Agricultural Implements,

OPPOSITE NATIONAL HOTEL,
MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE.

Hardware Department.

Iron and Steel, Horse and Mule Shoes, Horse Nails, Blacksmith Supplies, Chain Traces, Hacks, Trunks, Sacks, Spikes, Locks, Hinges, Bolts, Nuts, Washers, Screws, Rivets, Wrenches, Picks, Mattocks, Hubs, Rims, Spokes, Shafts, Long and Short Arms, Clips, Springs, Broomsticks, Gun Cartridges, &c. A complete stock of TOOLS and Supplies for Carpenters, Builders, Masons, Saddlers, Shoemakers and others, with many House-furnishing articles. We invite the public to call and examine our prices.

Paints, Oils, Turpen-
tine, Glass and
Putty,
CHEAPEST AND BEST.

Cucumber Wood Pumps.

Agricultural Department.

FARMER'S FRIEND, Hockendorn, Wiley, Corns, and Moore PLOWS; Flow Castings, Cradles, Reapers, Saws, Axes, Spades, Hoes and Rakes.

No trouble to show goods. [mar 18]

NOW IS THE TIME TO
PAINT.

AYER'S CHEMICAL PAINT,
HARRISON'S TOWN & COUNTRY PAINT

PURE WHITE LEAD, pure Linseed Oil, and the best Coloring Material.

For Sale at CITY PRICES by
G. E. HUKILL,

Opposite Rail Road Depot,
sep 23-1f MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

Lumber & Hardware.

G. E. HUKILL

Successor to
J. B. FENIMORE & CO.,

Opposite the R. R. Depot,
MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE.

DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

Lumber, Hardware, and General Building
Material, Sash, Doors, Shutters, Blinds,
and Mouldings, Paints, Oils, Var-
nishes, Glass and Putty, Bricks,
Building Lime, Hair, &c.

Constantly on hand.

AYER'S CHEMICAL PAINT,
TOWN AND COUNTRY PAINT,

(Ready-Mixed).

"Blatchley's" Celebrated Cucumber Wood
Pumps and everything in the building line.
Having made arrangements with large
wholesale dealers, I shall be prepared to fur-
nish large bills of lumber for buildings, such
as I may not have in stock, direct from whole-
sale dealers, thereby securing the lowest prices
possible to be obtained.

Give me a call, and get my prices, before
purchasing elsewhere. Feb 6-1y.

NOTICE.—A CARD.

Shawmut, Del., August 16, 1876.

To the Directors of the Delaware State Fire
and Marine Insurance Company.

GENTLEMEN: Allow me to return you my
thanks for the full payment of my claim
against your company, made on the 11th inst.,
and especially as I had violated one of the express
conditions of the policy, whereby its payment
could have been avoided, or at least subjected
me to long and expensive litigation. I with
pleasure recommend my friends to insure
their property in the Delaware State Fire and
Marine Insurance Company. I am respect-
fully, yours,
for WM. L. MOORE.

Amount paid, \$1,350.

Shawmut, Del., August 16, 1876.

To the Directors of the Delaware State Fire
and Marine Insurance Company.

GENTLEMEN: Through you I wish to express
my thanks to the Directors for the prompt
payment of my claim under Policy 1,368—
Your action under the circumstances, places
me under many obligations to your company
and we recognize the fact that we had no legal
claim on your company for the payment of the
same. We will here say to our friends
that if they want a policy in a company that
tries to practice justice and equity in the ad-
justment and payment of its losses, then in-
sure your property in the Delaware State Fire
and Marine Insurance Company.

Truly yours,
for W. B. TOMLINSON,
for A. B. ROBINSON & Co.

Amount paid, \$500.

Shawmut, Del., August 16, 1876.

To the Directors of the Delaware State Fire
and Marine Insurance Company.

GENTLEMEN: Please accept my thanks for
your satisfactory settlement and prompt pay-
ment of my claim of \$1,000 against your com-
pany, for loss under Policy No. 1,446 which I
held on assignment as collateral security. The
prompt and very satisfactory manner in which
all losses are paid by Delaware State Fire
and Marine Insurance Company has already
made the company a favorite with the
insuring public.

A. R. WILSON,
Agent and Attorney.

A. L. LEONARD,
General Commission Merchant,
WANTED.

BUTTER, EGGS, CORN, WOOD, TOBACCO,
HIDES, CIGARS, BARK, GREEN AND
RED WAX, &c.

68 South Street,
jul-6m BALTIMORE, Md.

Select Poetry.

AUTUMN.

They have come—the autumn days,
When the red sun's chastened rays,
Glimmer bright on shade and hue
That the summer never knew,
And pierce the thicket through
Where I stood.

It had come—the autumn time;
Passed the summer and the prime
Of the day.
Careless I of joy or fears,
For the sod was damp with tears;
Withered fell the hopes of years
In my gaze.

When the magic of thy love
Let the sun in from above,
Soft and bright
And I saw with altered mind
That the autumn, too, was kind
In its light.

For, just as a brighter green
Justifies the passing year,
And the vernal sun's glow
Let the winter's snow appear
Free from grief;

So might it be in life,
When the glory and the strife
Of its joys
Had shed their flowers and fruits,
From pure or poisoned roots,
Late or soon.

We may find a grander view,
With a wider passage through
To our rest,
And that love which blossoms last,
When passion's dream is past,
Is the best.

—Temple Bar.

CAN YOU STAND FIRE?

As I was walking along the Strand,
One night, I came upon a fine, tall soldier,
And entered into conversation with him.

In the course of our talk I said,
"There is one thing I cannot understand
about the British soldier. 'What is that, sir?'"

"Well," he said, "he is bold and daring;
you could not insult him more
than by calling him a coward."

There were men among you who would rush up
to the cannon's mouth, even if you
knew it would be certain death; and
yet there are among you men who dare
not kneel down in the barracks-room at
night and repeat the prayer their
mother taught them when they were
children."

He paused, and said, "That is true."

"What is the meaning of it, soldier?"

He said, "You remind me of
what took place in my own room a few
weeks ago. A young fellow came in
our room, and the first night, before
going to bed, he knelt down to pray,
and instantly there was a noise and dis-
turbance in the room. Caps and belts
were flung over the man, but he did not
move. The second night there was a
general cry, 'Will he try it again? Caps
and belts were thrown again, and the
men whistled. The third night he went
again on his knees, and again on the
fourth night, with the same result, and
on the fifth night. And then, he said,
'the greatest blackguard in the room
cried out, 'He is genuine—he stands
firm, and from that night every one in
the room respected him, and began to
follow his example.'"

In a large establishment in Birming-
ham, very similar to what many of you
are in, some seventy years ago, there
was a youth who came from his moth-
er's loving home in one of our beautiful
villages. He had been taught to stand
firm, not to be ashamed of God or of
prayer. The first night he retired to
rest in a room with several other youth
he knelt down to pray, and as in the
case of the soldier, he was instantly
abused by the young fellows in the room
abusing him and ridiculing him, and
everything was done to induce him to
abandon him from prayer; but he stood
firm, and was not ashamed of the Gos-
pel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Among them was a strong-built
youth who stood on the right, and who
said: "My mother taught me to do that.
I have been ashamed of doing it; but
I will do it. That youth became the
celebrated minister, John Angell James.

If that youth had not stood firm, the
world might never have known or been
blessed by the labors of that eminent
man.

The soldier told me what I want to
leave with you. He said, "Sir, as a
rule, the fresh fellows who knelt down
to pray do not do it a second night."

Ah, young men, may that never be said
of you! That explains the meaning of
those words, "He stands firm." Do not
be ashamed to acknowledge your Lord
and Master.

Some time ago, in one of our great
ships of war, there was a solitary sailor
who was not ashamed to own himself a
follower of Christ. For a long time he
was alone; no other sailor joined him.
His place of prayer was amid the noise
and din of the sailors. One evening he
perceived a shadow by the side of the
gun. Another Jack Tar was creeping
along, and said, "May I come? Oh the
joy of the young sailor to have a com-
rade with him! They met for many
nights behind the gun, reading and
praying. They became the butt of the
men in two or three of the messes; but
still they continued, bearing and bear-
ing. It came to the ears of the com-
mander, who was a Roman Catholic,
and I mention this to his honor. The
moment he heard that two of the sailors
were meeting for reading and prayer
behind one of the guns, he sent for
them, and instantly ordered a portion
of the lower deck to be cordoned off,
and gave orders that no one should
molest them. For some nights they
were the only two occupants, but by
and by the curtain was opened, and a
blue jacket said, "May I come in?" He
was welcomed. Another came, and an-
other, and the last account I heard
from that ship was this, that every
night thirty-two men were meeting for
prayer, thirty of them believed to be
converted Catholics, and there, by
standing firm, by standing firm, true to
what was his duty, God has blessed that
solitary sailor, and made him a spiri-
tual father to at least thirty of the men
on board the ship.—*Evangelical Maga-*

zine.

PROSPERITY.—Prosperity shines on
different persons much in the same way
that the sun shines on different objects.
Some it hardens like mud, while others
it softens like wax.

THE RECORDS OF THE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

When the Presidential campaign opened, the proposition came from the Republican side of the house, that it should be conducted upon principles of decency—that gross personalities should be avoided, and that private character should be respected by both parties. So far as we have had opportunities for observation, this proposition was accepted and respected by the Democrats, but no sooner were the St. Louis nominations made, than every Republican journal in the country—we make no exception—commenced pouring out columns of slander and vituperation to an extent almost unparalleled hitherto. Governor Tilden was made the special object of their dirty assaults. He was attacked at every possible point, was charged with nearly every crime in the calendar save murder, and there is no telling how soon that will come. Now, when it is remembered that Gov. Tilden is a gentleman, who, during a long life, has been held in the highest esteem by all who had the honor of his acquaintance, and that until his nomination for the Presidency his name was the synonym for all that was honorable and upright, the cruelty, malignity and falsity of these assaults become daily more and more apparent. But, like a rock of adamant, he has withstood them all. Not a single one of the many scandalous allegations of his political enemies has been sustained. One by one they have fallen to the ground, and have given him a more exalted position than ever in the estimation of his fellow citizens. This is but natural. The American people are always fair minded. They are always disposed to hear before they strike, and not apt to strike without good and sufficient cause. They have heard the slanders uttered against Gov. Tilden by the Republican party. They have carefully weighed them against his well-known character for honor and honesty, and cast them aside as unworthy of further consideration.

In the same manner the people are now examining the record of Governor Hayes. They have the charges and the denials, and those who have thoroughly inspected the sworn statement as to his income, and his explanation of that statement. Putting that and that side by side, and comparing the two, the conclusion is irresistible that he has falsified the truth, or in plainer words, that he stands before the world in the character of a perjurer. We are the term reluctantly, but are compelled to a sense of duty to truth.

If such language is unparliamentary, if the private affairs have been thus unpleasantly brought to light, the fault does not rest with the Democrats. The investigation of his income returns was invited, nay, forced by his own warmest friends. They have forced the fighting in this direction, and thus far they have evidently got the worst of it. As stated, he has attempted an explanation. It is not only unsatisfactory, but positively contradictory, leaving him in a worse position than had he permitted the charge to go unanswered.

In like manner, when charged by W. W. Harper, Chaplain of the Thirtieth Union Volunteers, of West Virginia, which in 1864 was in Hayes' command, with having appropriated to himself \$400, the property of an executed deserter, instead of meeting the charge fairly and squarely, he evades it by pleading ignorance of the disposition made by him of the money, and one from which he had received the \$400.

Indeed, such a denial would be absurd, for Chaplain Harper details every incident connected with the transfer of the money to Hayes, with such particularity as to leave him no room for denial. Therefore, the wretched plea of ignorance as to what he did with it, whether he paid it to the Government, paid it to the regimental fund, or kept it himself, places Gov. Hayes in a position very far from being enviable, and one from which there is but one method of extrication, and that is to state clearly and definitely what he did with the \$400 he admits having received from the executed deserter.

It is not at all reasonable to suppose that a man proverbially as careful of money as Gov. Hayes is known to be, would receive so large a sum as \$400 and not be able to tell what disposition he made of it, and more especially when that money was not his own, but held in trust for others. Such a plea is unworthy of a man named for the Presidency. It will therefore not be accepted as satisfactory. Gov. Hayes must give categorical answers to both charges.—*Phila. Chronicle.*

THE WAY TO SERVE RELATIONS.

The following plan ought to be adopted every year by country people having city kindred. It is furnished by the Kingston Freeman as worthy of consideration: A gentleman living up his relations from the city coming to visit him every summer, told his wife last spring that there must be a change in things. If she had to work herself to death during the hot weather she might as well get paid for it, so he meant to advertise for boarders. The good wife acquiesced, and the result is they have filled their house with boarders at \$7 a week, and the host of relatives have to go somewhere else to spend the summer and pay for their board. "Why," said the gentleman, "my wife don't have to work half so hard. These boarders are not near so particular about costly food as our relations, and they actually help around the house just as though it was fun for them. Catch any of our company doing that. Not a bit of it. They are always in the way, wanting continual waiting on, and never did a thing to help my wife, not even in washing dishes. We will make this summer nearly \$400, and it will be clear money, for our relations would have eaten just as much as these boarders, besides making more work, without ever contributing a cent."

If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left all alone. A man should keep his friendships in constant repair.

He but waters his soup who takes many words to tell a short story.

WHEN AND WHY LAMPS EXPLODE.

We take from the *Scientific American* a few hints that journal gives as to the danger arising from petroleum lamps:

All explosions of petroleum lamps are caused by the vapor or gas that collects in the space above the oil. When full of oil, of course, a lamp contains no gas, but immediately on lighting the lamp consumption of oil begins, soon leaving a space for gas, which commences to form as the lamp warms up, and after burning a short time, sufficient gas will accumulate to form an explosion. The gas in a lamp will explode only when ignited. In this respect it is like gunpowder. Cheap or inferior oil is always most dangerous.

The flame is communicated to the gas in the following manner: The wick tube in all lamp burners is made larger than the wick which is to pass through it. It would not do to have the wick work tightly in the burner; on the contrary, it is essential that it move up and down with perfect ease. In this way it is unavoidable that spaces in the tube is left along the sides of the wick sufficient for the flame from the burner to pass down into the lamp and explode the gas.

Many things occur to cause the flame to pass down the wick and explode the lamp. 1. A lamp may be standing on a table or mantel, and a slight puff of air from the open window or door may cause an explosion. 2. A lamp may be taken up quickly from a table or mantel and instantly exploded. 3. A lamp is taken into an entry where there is a draught, or out of doors, and an explosion ensues. 4. A lighted lamp is taken up a flight of stairs, or is raised quickly to place it on the mantel, resulting in an explosion. In these cases the mischief is done by the air movement—either by suddenly checking the draught, or forcing air down the chimney against the flame. 5. Blowing down the chimney to extinguish the light is a frequent cause of explosion. 6. Lamp explosions have been caused by using a chimney broken off at the top, or one that has a piece broken out, whereby the draught is variable and the flame unsteady. 7. Sometimes a thoughtless person puts a small-wick in a large burner, thus leaving considerable space along the edges of the wick. 8. An old burner, with its air-draughts clogged up, which rightfully should be thrown away, is sometimes continued in use, and the final result is an explosion.

POVERTY A BLESSING.—Poverty is the nurse of many energy, and heaven-climbing thoughts, attended by love, and faith, and hope, round whose steps the mountain breezes blow, and from whose countenance all the virtues gather strength. Look around you upon the distinguished men that in every department of life guide and control the times, and inquire what were their early fortunes. Were they, as a general rule, backed with the lap of wealth? No; such men emerge from the homes of decent competence or struggling poverty. Necessity sharpens their faculties; and privation and sacrifice brace their moral nature. They learn the great art of renunciation, and enjoy the happiness of having few wants; they know nothing of the indifference of satiety. There is not an idle fibre in their frames; they put the vigor of a resolute purpose into every act. The edge of their mind is always kept sharp; in the school of life, men like these meet the selfishly-nursed darlings of prosperity as iron meets the vessels of porcelain.

"THANK YOU."—Simplicity is the soul of truth; and among the varied terms that fill the measure of our language, none are more replete with meaning, none more perfect in simplicity, none more touching in sincerity, than the simple phrase, "I thank you." It is the fitress of the heart's perfect feeling, the essence of the light that lives in the soul.

Gratitude does not belong alone to great things, but is born alike of magnum opus and the smallest actions within the scope of human achievement. "Poor Carolina, my poor Carolina," are mournful words, yet they are immortal, as exhibiting the emotion of the dying prince, Maximilian of Hapsburg, who, when earth and its glories were fading away, thought most of her, who had been true to him. The same spirit, modest though it be, pulses the heart of the real laborer or gentleman, whether in service, however trivial, has been received.

It is a duty just as incumbent to say "I thank you," for a seat proffered in a street car, as to express gratitude for the donation of a large sum of money; and, yet, how many fail to recognize the non-existence of a distinction.

One sees on the streets of our large cities daily ladies attired in gorgeous apparel, and manifesting every evidence of wealth and refinement, who every movement is grace, and whose every expression is elegance, and who, nevertheless, do not seem to comprehend the universal character of gratitude; that the ragged gain is as much entitled to a kind word and a soft smile for opening the door of her carriage, as the courtly gentleman for assisting her to alight.

If one cannot afford a more substantial recognition of a kindness, it is at least within his means to say, "I thank you."

We sometimes meet men whose deportment at home reveals every phase of accomplished politeness, the charm of whose presence is in itself a luxury. The same individuals, regarded in the dining-room of a hotel, would tend to impress a spectator with the thought that society was nursing in its bosom a race of satyrs and bungling bores.—*Sat. Ev. Post.*

A Middletown girl had a fall last week, and injured herself so severely that she was carried home insensible. Upon recovering, her first words, addressed to her sister, were, "Mary, did I have on my striped stockings?"

He but waters his soup who takes many words to tell a short story.

BLACK ON GARFIELD.

When General Garfield sent Judge Jeremiah Black a copy of his speech on the political issues of the last one hundred years in this country, with applications more or less pertinent to the pending Presidential canvass, he stumbled into the wrong pew. Judge Black acknowledges General Garfield's courtesy in an open letter, which exonerates the latter's argument most unmercifully. The Judge is perfectly at home on the slavery question disinterested by Garfield, and does not hesitate to devote a few choice pages to fixing upon New England the responsibility for the introduction of negroes into this country. He goes further, and endeavors to show that Massachusetts condemned Indians as well as Africans to slavery. Coming down, however, to modern times, Judge Black waxes warmer and strikes more telling blows. The Republican party, he claims, has dishonestly used the power it usurped during and immediately after the war. This, it is urged, is the most corrupt government this side of Constantinople. You may take the rottenest monarchy in Europe, go over its history for a hundred years and produce the worst act you can find of fraudulent spoliation upon its people, and if I do not show something worse committed here under the auspices of the party now in power, I will give up the case. He does not wonder that General Garfield's assertion that the Republican party will punish its own rascals was received with laughter from the Republican side of the House, for it is well known that dishonesty is protected, encouraged and rewarded by the highest authorities in this government. The Southern policy of the administration, the political enslavement of Louisiana and the Credit Mobilier and whisky ring frauds are cited as cases in point. These things are not to be defended by waving the bloody shirt. After an elaboration of these points and a good-tempered but stinging review of General Garfield's speech, Judge Black concludes by saying that he has made civil war the chronic condition of the country—wherever you could have displaced liberty, fraternity and equality, and given nothing instead but infantry, artillery and cavalry. You are at this moment openly engaged in preparing your battalions for armed intervention in the struggle of the people with the carpet-baggers. What makes this worse is your closing declaration that you will take no step backward. There is no room for repentance, no change of policy, and consequently no peaceful or honest government. "Onward," you say is the word. Onward—to what? To more war, more plunder, more oppression, more universal bankruptcy, heavier taxes and still worse frauds on the public treasury?

INSOLVENCY.—It is always better to pass a dozen intended insults without recognition, than to take offense at a single unintentional neglect or reflection. Misunderstandings are fruitful of more unkindly feeling in society than ever result from deliberate ill-nature. Hundreds of friendships have been sundered by that egotistical sensitiveness which is so common a fault of the age. We can all point to certain persons who are thus notoriously sensitive to a painful degree. They are disagreeable companions. We need not spend our precious time in pointing to them, however. We have each something to guard in our own character. We are each inclined to take offense too easily. If we could remove this ever jealous watchfulness, society would gain a new charm, or rather it would be relieved of a very disagreeable feature. Pass neglect, then, and personal reflections, as gracefully as possible, and let the sting of being offended when no offense is intended.

HAYES AND OFFICIAL FREE IN OHIO.

When William Allen was Governor of Ohio, a measure advocated by him was passed by the Legislature and placed on the statute books which reduced the fees of local and county officers thirty-three per cent. This reduction made a difference, taking the entire State together, of nearly \$5,000,000 in the public outlay, and, of course, relieved the people of a tax of that amount which they had been paying. As soon as Mr. Hayes, thanks to Democratic division, got into office, a combination of these officials was formed and a bill passed the Legislature repealing Governor Allen's act, and re-establishing the old scale of fees. To this repeal Governor Hayes did not raise the least objection, and those who pressed it claimed that they had his co-operation. It certainly went from the statute books without any protest from him. If it be shown that he disliked the act, that will only prove how worse than idle it is to expect such a man to put a stop to operations of the corrupt rings at Washington. If Hayes as Governor is impotent to battle against jobbery and robbery in Ohio, who can expect Hayes as President to resist the tremendous pressure of organized rascality at Washington?—*World.*

The first stage coach in America started from Boston, from the site of No. 90 North street, in 1661. The first line of stage coaches between Boston and New York was established in 1732, a coach leaving each city once a month. Fourteen days were required to complete the journey. In 1802 the mail stage started from Boston, for New York on Monday at 8 A. M., and was due in New York at noon on Friday.

The love of glory, the fear of shame, the desire of making a fortune, the desire of rendering life easy and agreeable, and the humor of pulling down other people, are often the causes of that valor so celebrated among men.

GRACE DARLING'S HEROISM.

Grace Darling, the daughter of the keeper of one of the lighthouses upon the Fern Islands, a perilous cluster of rocks off Saint Abbie's head, was awakened towards the morning of the sixth of September, 1885, by shrieks of distress, and when dawn came, perceived the remains of a wreck upon Longstone Island, the outermost of the group.

Grace awoke her father and urged him to launch his boat and go to the rescue of any one who might still be alive in the stranded vessel, but the tide was rising, wind and sea were wild, and the man hung back. Grace, however, was sure that she discerned a movement on the wreck, as though living beings were still there, and seizing an oar, placed herself in the boat, which she was well able to manage. Her father would not let her go alone, and they rowed off together in a tremendous sea, encouraged by perceiving that nine persons were still clinging to the forecast of the ship. The latter, after many vain attempts, succeeded in landing on the rock, and making his way to the wreck, while Grace rowed off and on among the breakers, dexterously guiding her little boat, which but for the excellent management would have been dashed to pieces against the rocks.

One by one, with the utmost care and skill, the nine survivors were placed in the boat and carried to the lighthouse, where Grace lodged, fed and nursed them for two whole days, before the storm abated enough for communication with the mainland. One was a lady whose two children of eleven and eight years old had actually been buffeted to death by the waves while she held them in her arms, and who was so much injured herself that it was long before she could leave her bed.

The vessel was the *Forfarshire*, a large steamer plying between Hull and Dundee. Her boiler had been out of order, through leakage had rendered the engines useless, and when the storm arose the ship was unmanageable without her steam, and was driven helplessly upon the Fern Islands. The only boat had been lowered by eight of the sailors, who were pushing off in her, when one gentleman rushed upon the deck, seized a rope and swung himself in, after this. These nine were picked up by a sloop and saved. Of the others, the whole number had either been drowned in their berths, or washed off the wreck, except four of the crew and five passengers, whom Grace Darling's valor had rescued. The entire number of the lost is not known, but more than forty had certainly got on board at Hull. Some sailors at Sunderland went out to the wreck during the storm at the peril of their lives, but found only corpses to bring away. Grace's noble conduct rang through England, and every testimonial that could be offered was sent to her. We believe this brave girl soon after died of diphtheria.

MANAGING YOUNG GIRLS.

Why is it that young gentlemen have such a poor opinion of young girls? At a rule, they think them very pleasant to pass an hour with, provided the girls let them make as many foolish speeches as they like and repay them with interest. And who is to blame for that? Surely not the girls. Their greatest ambition in life is to be loved by and become the wife of some good man, and, say what you will, it is a noble one. With this end in view, it is of course, nature that the dearest and please the lords of creation should be uppermost in a girl's mind. If men will not be interested when you talk nonsense, what can you do but talk nonsense? Men complain that girls have nothing else to talk about except their last flirtation, balls, and parties, yet if they converse with them for an hour upon philosophy, metaphysics, or even the latest new book you are bored, called a poor girl who has worried her brains for your entertainment. Women were made to please, not to lecture one like a professor, and wonder what she did it for. No, no. What is it you want? If you were to lay down your rules there is not one girl in a thousand but would gladly obey them, ridiculous as they would surely be. Try it and see. If you have a lady friend whom you could like so much if it were not for this or that little fault, tell her so, and if she cares anything for you she will correct it. Treat women like human beings, then prophesy a speedy change for the better.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Gen. Wade Hampton is confident that he has a fair chance of being elected Governor of South Carolina, and the Southern correspondent of *The Cincinnati Commercial* agrees with him. This is a surprising piece of news and makes the Democratic claim of a "solid South" literally true. Gen. Hampton bases his hopes on an unprecedented large white vote and the assistance of 10,000 colored votes. He said to *The Commercial* correspondent: "It is not Tilden we are working for so much as relief from the rule of the robbers here at home. My God, sir, we cannot stand it! Our substance is consumed, and the very name of our State is a byword and a reproach. We are in the grip of despair. If the Northern people—yes, even the Northern Republicans—knew our condition, knew it just as it is, knew what we have suffered, and how we have been robbed, their sympathies would be extended to us in this struggle. We do not want to deprive the colored people of any of their rights; we agree to and support the constitutional amendments and turn our backs upon the past; but what we do want is relief from the rule of the robbers. To do what I can for our poor State I accepted the nomination, though I did not want it. I never asked for an office. But when my people call me I must do what I can for their relief, be it much or little."

WASTE NO TIME.

After allowing yourself proper time for rest don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it and going straight through with it from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is, take hold of it at once and finish it up squarely and cleanly; then to the next thing without letting any moments drop out between. It is wonderful to see how many hours these poor people make out of a day; and it is as if they picked up the moments that the twaddlers lose. And if you ever find yourself where you have so many things pressed upon you that you hardly know where to begin, let me tell you a secret. Take hold of the very first one that comes to hand, and you will find the rest all fall into file, and follow after like a company of well-drilled soldiers, and though work may be hard to meet when it challenges you in a squad, it is easily vanquished if you can bring it into line.

"What's the difference," asked a Centennial visitor, pointing to Memorial Hall, "what's the difference between that building and a vein in a young lady's arm?" "Why, one's an Art Gallery and the other's a gal art."

They carted him off in an ambulance.

AN ENGLISH PRISON.

Through the massive portal of the outer gate we have come, and entering into the jail through that handsome door in the iron railing that closes the inside entrance, we find ourselves in a building in which three or more wings converge to the centre hall. Each wing is divided into three stories. Along each story runs a light airy gallery, which you can gain by mounting that ornamental circular stair running from top to bottom. Above, large glass skylights give ample light and ventilation. Everything is light, airy, and cheerful. The brasses shine as brasses shine only in jails and on men-of-war. Let us walk along the cells, and look at some of their occupants. Here is a man making a pair of boots, and seemingly rather comfortable and happy. He is a bootmaker, who has been twenty years committed for drunkenness. He is only a drunkard, and may feel a certain amount of satisfaction that he is not very miserable. What a difference for him in his time spent in jail from the intervals of freedom! Here he works between six and seven hours a day, and out of his earnings he receives an allowance larger than ever was left him by the public-house when at home. Around him everything is exquisitely clean. His cell is boarded, and measures twelve feet by seven. It is ten feet high, and is lit and ventilated in the most perfect manner that Science can devise. On his shelf are his dishes for porridge, and his tins bright as silver for soup and milk. A clean hammock, in which you might sleep most comfortably, is neatly folded and hung against the wall. In a corner is a basin with water, in which he can wash himself if he chooses. In winter the apartment is kept at a comfortable temperature by hot-air pipes, and a gas-burner diffuses a cheerful light in the long winter evenings. Should he feel ill he pulls a bell-rope, on which a gong sounds in the centre hall, and from his door the number of his cell starts out; and no millionaire at Claridge's is half so punctiliously answered as he is by the turnkey on guard, who inquires into his wants, and, if necessary, a doctor is at his bedside long ere the Union doctor could be found and persuaded to visit him were he at home. As he seems a quiet fellow, we do not feel much regret that he has had the good fortune to become an habitual