THE LANCASTER DAILY INTELLIGENCER, FRIDAY, JULY 3, 1885.

INTELLIGENCER.

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LANCASTER, PA

The Lancaster Intelligencer.

LANCASTER, JULY 3, 1885.

Tammany Hall.

The New York Sun hints that the Louis ille Courier-Journal may be somewhat oo " previous " in writing the obituary of nany Hall, which it has found occaion to do in the fact that that Democratic cistion does not seem to have the favor of President Cleveland and his advisers constrated in the distribution of the New York patronage. That the administration sun does not shine very warmly npon Tammany Hall may be conceded ; but then it must be remembered that are a great many very good Democrats in the country who do not, so far, appear to be highly favored with this warmth ; and they are too many in number and too valuable in quality to make it at all presumable that they are frozen into an obituary condition.

Neither Tammany Hall nor any other Democrat or association of Democrats will ever meet political death from a loss of administration favor, when they have sterling merit and sound Democracy to stand upon. The editor of the Courier-Journal has a tendency to jump to conclusions upon brief occasion, which puts his judgment of men and things at a discount. He is more brilliant than sound. If Tammany Hall could reasonably be believed to be sustained upon the hope of public plunder, it would be reasonable to believe that the loss of the federal patronage, if it is lost to it, will destroy it. But there is nothing in its history upon which to base such a judgment. It is the oldest Democratic association in the country, and has always been the most vigorous. It flourished for a quarter a century without federal patronage and it seems silly to say that such a loss now ensures its dissolution. It is true that it seems also to have lost its grip upon the official patronage of New York city; but it has been in this situation often before ; and when it is remembered that its candidate for mayor was beaten last fall by the refusal of its leader to permit the Democratic

presidential ticket to be traded off for Tammany mayoralty ticket, it

using his official power as secretary of state and his influence with the president, to put down an enemy, to silence an opponent or to reward a henchman. At this anniversary season, when to re-

call the events of four years ago is to sug-gest a comparison of the Garfield administration with that of Arthur, or more forcibly a contrast with the Cleveland administration, which is now just as far along as Garfield's was when an assassin's bullet ended it-it cannot and it ought not be forgotten that had the Blaine element in our politics been potential for full four years, the country as well as a party would have been subjected to a strain which might have been equally fatal. What was escaped in the succession of Arthur was again averted in the election of Cleveland. The point upon which the country is to be even more congratulated is that this is so universally recognized. Mr. Blaine has been found out. There are signs that even in his own party and on the part of his late allies, his responsibility for the disrepute into which his party has fallen and for the disaster which has fallen upon it is clearly recognized. It is noted that at the complimentary dinner to Senator Logan in Boston the other day there was a studious omission of all the speakers to allude to Mr. Blaine. His decadence will come to be more and more notable during the next three years. His day is past.

THE United States patent office seems to be only a half-way house to the courts.

MANY people have perhaps wondered why extreme contempt is conveyed by the ges-ture of placing the thumb to the nose and vigorously agitating the fingers. It seems to be nearly as old as civilization. Eugene Mouton offers an ingenious explanation when he says that it is because the principal effect of this gesture is to render the nose temporarily snubbed-which is done by the pres sure of the thumb, while the other fingers are pointed at the person ridiculed, "snub nose !-- snubnose"-- that is, the interpreta tion of this finger telegram is equivalent to saying "you are a fool !" This, however, does not seem to be a good foundation for a custom that flourished with the ancients who did not place so much store by physical beauty as physical strength. Besides we have known snub-neses that came near being

SOMETHING to tone down the noise of the the fire cracker is the crying need of the hour.

A PRETTY SIGHT is presented in the par-liamentary canvass that is now going on for the representation of the borough of Woodstock, for which Lord Randolph Churchill and Corrie Grant are the Conservative and Liberal candidates respectively. It has be-come a feminine contest for political place. Lady Churchill, the daughter of Leonard Jerome, of New York, is leading her husband's forces ; while two lovely young girl graduates of Oxford are heading the opposi-tion. The latter have been making such inroads on the Conservative strength by their bewitching smiles on the voters with whom they come into contact that Lady Jerome has felt it necessary to press into service two charming lieutenants, Lady Evelyn and Lady Edith Curzon, the young daughters of Earl Howe. With such siren invitations to the polls, it will be little wonder if the electors forget their party fealty and remember solely the fact that they

RAILWAY building in the United States for the first six months of 1885 is less than it has been for the same period for the past five years; which means that hard times are bringing returning reason.

A goop illustration of how a fool and his money may be soon parted is furnished by the career of a young Englishman named Moon, whose father toiled early and late to

MY FRIEND EDITH.*

CHAPTER IV.

From that day Edith and I were on a different footing. The interest I felt in her was changed rather than lessened; that which she felt in me had been increased by our mutual confidence. When we met, cleverly parrying my efforts to astortain the name of her lover—and I confess I was curious—she turned the conversation to the subject of the estrangement with my nephew.

name of her lover-and I confess I was curious-she turned the conversation to the subject of the estrangement with my neglew. The mysterious porson referred to as " he" or "him," had ovidently departed from our neighborhood, and I think Edith missed him a good deal. Mrs. Lyall asked me more than once if I did nat think a change would do her good, which gave me an opportunity of teasing Edith on the siy. It ended, however, in her going on a visit to some friends. She departed with so much cheerfulness that I ielt convinced she had contrived some means of seeing the " nameless one " as I called him, and I ac-cused her of it; but she only laughed and said " Nonsense I" and that is easily said, ard we had quite a touching little parting in the garden, and I called her " my dear child." I found the place very dull with-out her, and went abroad until the following autumn. I was pleased to find Edith div from her in which she "hoped the waters were doing me good," for my reason for expatriation was to drink of a very nasty spring recom-mended for the goot, which afflicts me intermittently. I found she was still harping on my estrangement with my nepted for the goot, which afflicts mented for the goot, and accertain how Edith's love affair was progressing. They were staying at a little place which has been finitie to me from a child, and which is mixed up with all my early memories; its attractions therefore were two fold. I ar-rived there late in the evening and found 'I had forgotten their address, so I went to the hold, deciding to ascer-ta

and the salt breeze made me consider with some interest what would be the nicest break-fast I could order when I returned from my early walk. I left the little town, and mad

last 1 could order when I returned from my early walk. I left the little town, and made my way to the grassy summit of the cliffs, which, sloping down from the brink, shut out the sight of the sea from the footpath marked at intervals with patches of white chalk, landmarks at night for the zoast guardsmen in their lonely rounds. How well I remember the place. Recalling the past with that strange feeling, half pleasure, half pain, when we scarce know whether to smile or sigh, I advanced to the edge of the cliff very cautiously, just as I used to do when a boy, and looked down at the yellow beach and sparkling sea. I was never so astonished in my life! There, below the beetling wall of dazzling white, stood Edith Lyall and my nephew Charlie. Their hands were clasped in each other's and they were gazing as lovers, I suppose, do, into each other's face, heedless of the sharp eyes watching them from above. My intrusion startled a jackdaw from above. My intrusion startled a jackdaw from a chalky cranny, and he flew off, the sunshine glearning on his glossy wings, cawing ciamorously; but they were too intent cawing ciamorously; but they were too intent on their occupation to look up. By this time their figures were beginning to reel and dance in the haze, seemingly to melt away into the pebbles like shadowy wraiths rather than beadstrong young people, and I was forced by a feeling of giddiness to avert my astonished gaze. No wonder Edith took such interest in me! It did not arise at all from the reasons I had fondly imagined. Then wondering what might be the most satisfactory use of my discovery, I retraced my steps and sat on a bench on the parade, my steps and sat on a bench on the parade where a flight of steps was the only means o

where a light of steps was the only means of ascent from the beach below. I had no need to wait long. Edith ap-peared alone. Charlie, for some diplo-matic reason, I suppose, had been left be-hind. She was even more astonished than when

I met her at the stile. "Have you dropped from the clouds, Mr. Merton!" she exclaimed. "You don't look too pleased to see me," said I, as we shook hands.

And off she went, with joy in her eyes thinking no doubt my perceptions were bore akin to those of a mole than of the bright-eyed, prick-eared feline. I went on the played the drum, a vigorous execu-tant, was doing his utmost to conceal the di-bright-eyed, prick-eared feline. I went on the played the drum, a vigorous execu-tant, was doing his utmost to conceal the di-bright-eyed, prick-eared feline. I went on the played the drum, a vigorous execu-tant, was doing his utmost to conceal the di-bright-eyed, prick-eared feline. I went on the played the drum, a vigorous execu-tant, was doing his utmost to conceal the di-bright-eyed, prick-eared feline. I went on the played the drum, a vigorous execu-tant, was doing his utmost to conceal the di-bright see the to be shown and to may the had ; and in a fow minutes I was after on " and I, seeing several on the secs. Of course is had ; and in a fow minutes I was after on the state ; and in a fow minutes I was after on the seaside will lange at anything. The fillers on the shore ; but people at the to be water seemed to snarl and showly of the to before I was awar of it I had reached the part to splash over the gunwale, and while I, was arranging the waterproof over while I, was arranging the waterproof over while I, was arranging the waterproof over while I, was arranging the water was have while I, was arranging the water was the when I had reached it, and was leaning me-tant to propal myself laboriously toward while I, was arrang ing the water was have when I had reached it, and was leaning me-tant at field bellow, and the water was have when I had reached it, and was leaning me-tant at the bellow, and the water was have when I had reached it, and was leaning me-tant at the or hy treateneous craft the. "In the water see in the tote of the store was the when I had reached it, and was leaning me-ta

I struck out for my treacherous craft that floated upside down a few yards from me. "Help I Help ! Help!" I clamored when-ever the waves, which hit me viciously in the mouth, would let me. The cance seemed drifting further away, or else my frantic ef-forts produced retrogression. My clothes were coiling around me like clammy snakes; my cries sounded like the shouts of some one else; I was horribly, horribly frightened, and my struggles were growing feebler. Like in some nightmare, I could see the boat rowing toward me. How slowly it appeared to move ! My body seemed turning to lead. I don't believe any one ever had such a body, for suddenly it dragged my head under in spite of its efforts to keep above, and I felt as one might feel shut up in a gigantic bottle of soda water at the moment some Titanic hand drew the cork, the water hissed, fizzled, and swirled so hideously. As it closed over my crown, suddenly a strong hand clutched me and dragged me to the surface again, and I heard above the awful, jubilant splashing of the sea a familiar voice uttering I know not what of encouragement. Then somehow I clutched a familiar voice uttering I know not what of encouragement. Then somehow I clutched the side of a boat; there was a long struggle with my inert body that could do so little for itself; and finally I found myself, like a newly caught fish, gasping at the bottom of the boat, and looking up in mingled terror, joy, and amazement, at my nephew Charlie and the frightened face of Edith Lyall. "You're all right now, uncle, ch?" cried

Charlie cheerfully. "Yes-all-righ'-all right-now!" I gasped. Then, feeling like a mummy in wet swaidiling clothes, I sat an animated sponge on the seat. It was all so strange that I could only blink my cover in worder.

my eyes in worder. "Thank you, my dear boy !--thought it was all up!--watery grave! ugh !" At length gradually my breath in a measure returned.

returned. "So this is the nameless one, then?" said I. "Found all out fore breakfast.—Saw you from the cliffs." But how could I enjoy the triumph while the source destinant of the same second s

my teeth were chattering with cold, and I realized the force of the expression "to look like a drowned rat?"

They were both full of solicitude ; Edith looked at me compassionately as I shivered and shook. All the dignity had been wash-ed out of me as effectually as the starch from my linen. How thankfully I felt ! How from my linen. How thankfully I felt ! How inclined to hang up my dripping garments to the powerful sea god ! At Edith's sugges-tion I took an oar to row to shore, whence my accident had evidently been observed ; for a number of boats came and joined us, and we formed a sort of triumphal proces-sion towards the beach. I felt like some prize rescued from the deep ! On land was a crowd to welcome us. A few enthusiastle spirits raised a feeble cheer ; others were guilty of rade remarks. "Old chaps didn't ought to be allowed out in them cranky cances," said one. I io-wardly agreed with the speaker and regret-ted that some by-law to this effect did not exist.

exist. As I walked up the beach the bystanders laughed in vulgar glee at the sorry sight I afforded. "Ain't he wet! Don't he look blue! That's the chap what pulled him out!" blue ! That's the chap what pulled him out?" dc. Charlie, however, rejected all offers of assistance, for I was too quenched and help-less, too inclined to crawi away into some place where I could not be seen, to assert myself. I had had one leg in a watery grave, and terror and damp had made me very meek and very grateful. I told Edith as we parted on the parade that I would make it "all right" with her mother, if possible, when I was dry. A number of dirty boys followed us to the hotel. They seemed a little disappointed I had only been partly drowned, for the young are fond of excitement. Here I separated with Charlie ; imbled a strong tumbler of brandy and water, and commenced to change my dripping clothes. The spirits mounted to my head in the most foolish way; and while I was still fumbling with feeble fingers at the buttons of a dry shirt, seeming to see myself quite a long way off in the mirror, Charlie in another suit appeared.

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it will be conceded that the strength of virtue which caused this sacrifice is not one likely to be exhibited by demoralized. moribund and undeserving men. It certainly does not lie with Democrats who profited so greatly by the honest support which Tammany Hall gave to a president whose nomination it had so earnestly opposed, when that support lost it its control of the patronage of New York city, to now make that loss the foundation of a prediction that the organization is slain. Our own firm opinion is that Tammany Hall deserves and receives the appreciative thanks of the Democracy of country for its virtuous refusal to betray it to elect its local officers ; and that the association and its leader, John Kelly, stand higher to-day in the Democratic esteem than they have ever stood. No loss of federal patronage, and no failure of presidential recognition of its magnaminity. can hurt an association which has testified by its deeds that it holds its Democracy as above price, pure, honest and undefiled.

Blaine's Decadence.

Four years ago yesterday, just as his administration was beginning to develop some of the characteristics of the man and his chosen advisers, James A. Garfield, president of the United States, was shot by an insane and disappointed fellow-partisan, Chatles J. Guiteau. The circumstances which had produced this result are now well known to the world. The war of factions, the promises made only to be broken which drove Roscoe Conkling from the United States Senate, the shuffling and evasion, intrigue and equivocation which preceded this sad event are now known and recognized and discussed as they were not and could not have been at the time. The feeling of horror and sorrow and the resulting period of false sentimentalism over the tragedy obscured certain political issues involved which are now seen in a clearer and true light.

Individually the murdered president was happy in having a glamour thrown around his life and character which would not have attached to them save for the striking imstances of his assassination and of his lingering death. Although cut off in the prime of life and at theoutset of a new career opening before him, there was noth-ing in his political antecedents and there is nothing to be seen at this distance in a review of his administration which will impress upon history that a full term of Mr. Garfield in the presidency would have constitued the country or have saved his party from the political defeat which has n visited upon it. Had he even been a man of irreproachable private character and unsmirched political record, of greater pree of character and more original power, of higher courage and more heroic mould, the judgment of thoughtful and earnest ple would have been apprehensive of an iministration directed and controlled by agencies that he summoned around

The immediate result of these and of the which he gave to them was that his y was rent by faction, the domestic peace the country was imperilled by the adop-n of an unwise policy, and its relations th other countries were put into peril by a adventurer whose purpose was his own 1 tical and personal and financial advance-ent, and who was never so happy as when

furnish means for making the son's innate foolishness more conspicuous. The young man had unlimited means and might have gained distinction. But he spent royally and narried an actress who was able to assist him in his spendthrift career. For her he maintained a most expensive establishment. A stud of fifteen horses and ponies was attended by a staff of fifteen men in the most luxurious stable ever built. Each horse had three expensive sets of harness, and there were fourteen carriages of various descriptions to which they could be attached. Within the mansion everything was of the most magnificent description that money could procure-furniture, plate, pictures-all of the most luxurious kind. But it is a long lane that has no turning, and so young Moon found. A few days ago his wife had to return to the stage and his property went under the hammer. Perhaps this particular Moon will not be so full of spirits in the future.

THERE are eight mutes among the exhib-itors at the Paris Salon this year. They could not have been using much red paint.

THE REPUBLICAN OFGANS which were just ready to raise the cry that the civil service rules were being violated in the treasury de-partment because of a hitch in the appointment to a clerkship of a Ohio person by the name of Kellar, will have to wait awhile. When the matter was brought to Secretary Manning's attention, he promptly or-dered that the appointment be made and assured the civil service commissioner that the law would be respected and executed to the letter. The attacks upon the administration which were put into type will therefore have to lie on the galleys for a time.

PERSONAL.

RICHARD T. MERRICK is said to have left m estate of \$125,000. Mrs. JOHN JACOB ASTOR, of New York.

donated a box of books to each of the forty life-saving stations on the Jersey coast. Ine-saving stations on the Jersey coast. BISHOP WIGGER, of the Catholic diocese of Newark, will sail for Europe on September I. He will pay his decennial visit to the Pope. REV. GEORGE TOMKINS, who has lately ministered in the First Bapstist church of this city, and his wife, sail by the Cunard steamship "Etruria," at 930 a. m. to-morrow for England. for England.

MINISTER KEILEY will go to Vienna and should the Austrian government refuse to receive him it is intimated that the United States government will remain unrepre at the Vienna court.

KING ALFONSO escaped the vigilance of his cabinet, on Thursday, and slipped away incognito to the Aranjiez hospital and cheer-ed the cholera patients. He received a tre-mendous ovation on his return to Madrid. PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has made the fol-lowing appointments: Darius H. Ingraham, of Maine, to be consul of United States at Cadiz; James Tenner Lee, of Maryland, to be secretary of legation of the United States to Austro-Hungary.

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"I'm too surprised too look glad," said

"I'm too surprised too look glad," said she; "but I am, all the same." "Was it a troubled conscience that called you forth so early?" I inquired. "I don't know if I have a conscience," she said smilling; "I got up to bathe." "You don't lock as though you had been bathlore." bathing. "I haven't this morning."

"What made you break so virtuous a rule? Anything to do with the nameless one?" "What a tease you are !"

"A tease indeed ! Are we not follow-con-spirators? Come ! on what sly errand have you been this morning?" But Edith looked at me with grave gray

eyes, and said it have nothing else to do, perhaps you will take us on the pier this perhaps you will take us on the part of morning." "You will be sorry to hear," said I on our way to the house, "that I've heard nothing of that scamp of a nephew of mine, ungrate-ful young ruffian !" "I'm sure he is not ungrateful," she an-

swered warmly. "Why! how on earth can you know, Edith ?"

Saith ?" "Because I'm sure he's not !" "One would fancy you spoke from per-onal knowledge."

sonal knowledge." "I remember what you said of him last June. What has changed you?" "I have become convinced there is no good in the young fellow, and I'll do noth-ing for him." "Hadn't you better wait till he asks you?"

You ?" The wrath that she strove to amused me. It was my revenge. "You do take a strange interest in the young fellow! Enough to make the name-

"I am surprised at the change in one I used to think so kind," said she. "The change is not an improvement." Her pretty face was so troubled that I half relented.

refer ted. "Well, it can't matter to you," I said airily. "He's nothing to either of us. I'll call after breakfast, and shall expect to be amused. And I went off in my jauntiest manner, leaving Edith on the steps of the house gazing at me with wistful eyes.

CHAPTER V. On calling after breakfast I found that for some inscrutable reason, Mrs. Lyall had de-

ided that she would stay at home, and that

rided that she would stay at home, and that I was to take Edith alone. "Do you particularly wish to go on the pier?" I asked. "I'll go wherever you like," she said blandly, although I could see she would have given anything to get rid of me. "Don't you think you are wasting valua-ble time with me?" I asked mischiev-ously. "I know where you want to go-to see the nameless one. You can't deceive me!"

Edith hesitated, and while she was in ward-"I have not lived sli this time in the world without gaining some knowledge of human nature. Come, Edith, you know where he

Oh, Mr. Merton," she said, "what won-

derful penotration you have." I could see that she was laughing at me in her sleeve, but I was determined to be mag-

nanimons. "And now," I said, "I suppose you in-tend to desert me for the nameless one. I know he is dodging about somewhere watching us, and suffering pangs of jealousy. Gio, my child, go! Flap your downy wings in the sunshine." Edith beamed at me with eyes full of pleasure.

deasure. "I havent got any wing to flap yet! but

"I havent got any wing to flap yet! but will you let me go really?" "I tet you, indeed !" "I thought, you know," said she, "you might have some absurd notion that I was under your charge, but you are far too clover and semsible for any such foolish ideas. I never knew a less narrow-minded man than you, never ! I wish all people were like you !" "I flatterer ! flatterer ! I see tifrough it all. Atthough I consider myself responsible for your behavior, go! Don't keep the nameless one waiting in his lair." "You are the kindest man in the world !" said she. "And the most easily beguiled," said I, "but don't imagine I'm blind." "No, no, you are a perfect lynx."

"The types made us say " concluded " instead of " continued " in the publication of the second instalment of this story has evening." Hes.

seeming to see myself quite a long way off in the mirror, Charlie in another suit appeared. After I had assured him for about the twen-tieth time that I was rather better than worse for my ducking, for the brandy had produced a deceptive complacency, he informed me that he had only learned that very day that I was a friend of Edith's. "Strange!" said I, "she has been begging me to forgive you ever since last June." "Why, that's exactly what she has been doing with me," said he. "She made me promise to ask you to forgive me this morn-ing," continued he. "I have been very un-grateful; please forgive me, uncle." Forgive him, indeed? Where should I have been if he had not pulled me out of the trackless sea?

"My dear boy! My dear boy!" Then we both understand the little game Edith had been playing. And my eyes grew moist; something—perhaps the brandy and water—had touched the fountain of my emo-

water---had touched the fournant of my emo-tions. "I only staid away:" said he, " because I wanted to show you I wasn't such a muil as you thought I was." "You have been quite right to become an artist," said I, shaking his hand an unneces-sary while, "and I am sure you will be a successful one."

successful one." It seemed to me he must be capable of any-thing after pulling me out of the water. Then we went down to lunch, objects of curiosity to the other guests, and drank a bottle of dry champagne, a wine I only take when my nerves have received a shock. That day it seemed to have a strange effect on the root of my tongue and to increase the warmth of my affection for the world at large. Charlie told me how his pictures were beginning to sell, and everything appeared to me in a very rosy light. Lunch over, I had an interview with Mrs. Lyall.

Lyall. "Your generous offer," she said, "places the matter on an entirely different foot-

"Your generous offer," she said, "places the matter on an entirely different foot-ing." "The "generous offer," referred to an al-lowance I wished to settle on Charlie if he would allow it. "Generous," forsooth ! Why if he hadn't pulled me out of the water he would be in possession of all my belongings, and it seems hard people should suffer for doing their doty. So Edith and Charlie are happy; their story has ended : the curtain has dropped. If you go to the academy you will see some of his pictures hanging on the line. Already I am begin-ning to get a reflected glory from his talent. I have a picture of myself by him, which in my opinion-and I am no bad judge-is equal to almost any portrait I know, except one of Andrea del Sarto by himself, which struggling in the water; the expression of his face is very comical, while a young lady with disheveled hair, standing in a boat, is wringing her handa. Beneath is written, in Edith's hand, "Reconcultation with my unga."

I stole it from Charlie's sketch book, and I stole it from Charlie's sketch book, and, although I brag a good deal about "the great work of myself in oils," which hangs in the best light in my dining room, no one ever sees the other. Whenever I am, owing to gout or other causes, disposed to look on the world with eyes of discontent, it re minds me how grateful I ought to be, and is of more value as a mental tonic than any sermion I have ever heard.—From the Temple Bar.

THE END.

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