

Old and Young.

Oh, what a blissful power are lying
Deep within thy dormant will!
Was not thou once, lest they dying,
Faded away—forever still?

Oh, what harmonies are sleeping!
On the songs that might be sung
Pony could see thee weeping,
Yet no breath through pen or tongue.

Sweep the chords! and let their thrilling
Vibrate through thy inmost soul,
Music as thy future filling,
Tuneful aids to reach the goal.

Paintings far portayed in dreaming
Of a lovely land ideal;
Faint angel-lights are gleaming
On thy canvas—make them real!

Comes by sorrow the awaking
Do not dread such sorrow's call;
Or, if joy thy hand is taking,
Follow true, in sweetest thrall.

Kindnesses if water's taken
Pass beyond thy power to do;
Living words of thine might waken
None but in others true.

Every talent has been given
By thy God for his employ;
They who serving him have striven,
They alone can know true joy.

PRUDIE'S TEMPTATION.

Prudie Warren, the village school teacher, was entertaining a caller this gray December morning, it being holiday time and although Prudie had heard from gossiping Mrs. Taylor that Hattie Belden thought "Prudence Warren should have been dropped long ago," she was as gracious to her as though said bit of gossip had never reached her ears. Mrs. Bryant's annual New Year's party had been talked over, and Hattie Belden was certain that her hostess had an invitation when she broached another subject.

Mrs. Taylor was telling me that you were making your blue silk; I am dying to see it!

Miserable old news-monger! thought Prudie, as she brought out the dress.

Why, Prudence it really looks well. No one would ever know that it was an old one, only of course, those who have always seen it; and you wore it last year didn't you?

Yes, admitted Prudie, who knew in her own mind all the malice and spite of her visitor's jealous heart.

I have a new velvet, went on Miss Belden. But I suppose we shall be eclipsed by Miss Eaton, who is visiting Mrs. Bryant. Lee's betrothed, you know.

Unexpected as was the blow, not a sign did Prudie Warren give that the news was aught to her as she went on folding the silk, preparatory to laying it away.

Indeed I do not know, she returned, quite pleasantly!

No, it is not known generally, continued Miss Belden, keeping her sharp eye upon Prudie.

But that young lady held her own bravely until her mischievous friend departed, and was safely down the step.

These village gossips, how odious they are! she said to herself with a sigh of relief.

Then she went into her own little dressing room, where lay the despised blue silk, and her eyes grew heavy with a burden of tears.

Oh, how I wish I was rich! she cried. I will not—I never can—go there now.

But everything seemed to Prudie in a distorted and poverty-stricken light this morning. How she did wish she could have a bright new dress. Everyone would have a new dress but herself.

But go she must, and be as bright and gay as the others, or everyone would suspect her secret; for Lee Bryant had been dove-eyed Prudie's greatest friend and devoted cavalier from childhood, and now they said he was engaged to Eva Eaton, the blue eyed fairy visiting at his mother's house.

Poor Prudie! She was only a workman's daughter, and the village tongues thought that Mrs. Bryant, the rich man's wife of Wilmington had made too much of her.

At last, wiping away her tears, she stood up, and putting her things on, went out for a walk. Far ahead of her the dead leaves were whirling in little eddies, and heap themselves at the side of the road. She picked up a long, slender stick, and began turning over the leaves as she passed, finding a languid sort of enjoyment in her occupation.

All at once she started. Surely that was a monstrous leaf! No but a well-filled, worn pocket-book half covered with the hurrying leaves. Prudie stooped and picked it up. At

that moment her bad angel must have been passing, for she glanced furtively around her, and seeing no one thrust it to the breast of her jacket, and walked on with hasty steps. As she neared home she met Mrs. Taylor, who exclaimed!

Laws, child, how white you are! Have you heard the news? Old Mr. Bryant has lost his pocket-book with over five hundred pounds in it. He's been pustin' up a reward for it—twenty pounds. There's one of them—pointing to a bill at the corner.

Prudie read it hastily, and excusing herself, passed into her father's yard. On entering the house she found not a waiting father, but a note lying upon the table. It was just the hour of twilight, and she lighted the little reading lamp and read:

Prudie—Your uncle is very ill at Manchester and I am obliged to leave by the 4.50 train. Will be home tomorrow. FATHER.

Thus left to herself she closed every blind and drew every curtain in the little cottage. Glancing stealthily around into every corner of the darkened apartment, she drew the heavy pocket-book from her breast and opened it. Yes there it was more money than she had ever seen together in her life. Need I say that she was tempted? The poverty of her everyday life rose before her—the bright love-dream of her life, which lay in ashes at her feet, passed before her mental vision:—No one saw her pick the pocket-book up. She could destroy it, and even her own father would never know. Mr. Bryant was the owner of half-million; he would never feel the loss, while she must toil, unloved because she was poor. Instinctively her hand took up the pocket-book and the few papers it contained, and placed them in the open grate. Then she went for wood and a match. She struck the match. It burned with a feeble ray but that one ray cast all its light upon one line of an ancient illuminated Ten Commandments which hung upon the wall, and that line shone out like a text of fire, Thou shalt not steal.

The match fell from the outstretched hand. The articles were snatched from the grate, and she replaced everything as she first found them. Then the white lips whispered, Am I a thief? Conscience answered: Almost—not quite.

Morning came cold and gray, the morning of the last day of the year, the morning before Mrs. Bryant's party. Before nine o'clock Prudie Warren was again dressed in her gray walking-suit and in the street—this time bound for the great house upon the hill. It was a timid little pull that Prudie gave the bell, but it was answered by Mrs. Bryant herself, who kissed Prudie affectionately as she entered.

My dear, why have you not called on us before? I have been telling Eva all about you, and have looked for you every clear day. We have been very lonely since Lee has been to London, but he returns to-day.—Come in and see Eva, and she hurried embarrassed Prudie into the breakfast room.

My niece, Eva Eaton, Miss Warren, she continued; Why, Prudie, how dazed you look!

Well I may, said Prudie, recovering herself. I found Mr. Bryant's pocket-book.

Is that so? Cried Mr. Bryant from the other side of the room.—Where on earth was it?

Prudie explained as well as she was able, while amidst all the exclamations and questions that followed, golden-haired Eva Eaton had slipped into the seat by the side of Prudie, and had managed to whisper, Lee told me all about you, dear.

Well, Prudie, said Mr. Bryant, you are a very honest little girl; just the one I want for a daughter-in-law. Charles! said Mrs. Bryant, reproachfully, while Prudie's blushes deepened.

Never mind the joke, Prudie; here is the reward. And Mr. Bryant held out, not a twenty-pound note, but one for a hundred, for Prudie to accept.

No, Mr. Bryant, she said firmly, I cannot take it—indeed I cannot!

And she held fast to her resolution, in spite of all their persuasions. She started towards her home a much lighter-hearted little girl than when she left it; but still in her heart she thought, what would they think of me if they knew all? When she

reached home someone was waiting for her. It was Lee.

I could not go home before I saw you, Prudie, he said. See what I have bought for you in London.

And he held up a brilliant, sparkling ring, set in the finest gold. Then she was obliged to answer a question which made two young hearts the happiest in all Wilmington.

Now, darling, this is your engagement ring, and this is your New Year's present.

And he drew a jewel case from his pocket containing an entire set of rubies to match the ring in setting and brilliancy.

And I want you to wear them all to-night.

Miss Belden and her set gave up thought of dropping Prudence Warren when they saw her enter Mrs. Bryant's drawing-room that evening upon the arm of her betrothed husband, and saw how affectionately she was greeted by her host and hostess.

Her bright, piquant face radiant with happiness, the glittering, gleaming jewels and the despised blue silk. And lovely Eva Eaton was by her side, a friend whose friendship was ever after one of the bright spots of her existence. Long afterward she told her husband the story of her temptation.

Admonishing Blaine.

CHICAGO, December 9.—The Tribune (Republican), this morning commenting editorially on Mr. Blaine's reply to Mr. Cleveland's message, says:

Mr. Blaine, as might have been expected, has presented high tariff protection from a partisan point of view, as an opposition issue to the President's views on tariff reduction. We have a long and apparently very pleasant winter before us in which to discuss this question, and it is a question which must be settled upon its merits and not upon political considerations. So far, therefore, as Mr. Blaine seeks to make it appear as a party issue he will fail.

It is a sufficient explanation of Mr. Blaine's interview that he is a Pennsylvanian. He was brought up in an atmosphere of ultraprotection. He has sat at the feet of the high tariff Gamalles of that State and imbibed their doctrines. Like all Pennsylvanians, Republicans or Democrats, he believes in enormous duties on imports for the purpose of coddling the mill bosses and protecting the so-called infant industries which long ago came of age and ought to be able to go alone. Every Pennsylvanian believes that the protective system promotes his interests and that in promoting his interests it enhances the general good of the Republic.

It is almost needless to say that Mr. Blaine, as well as other Pennsylvania Republicans, in taking this position makes no account of the precedents of 1837, of 1852-53 or of the platform of 1884, which explicitly declares: The Republican party pledges itself to correct the irregularities of the tariff and to reduce the surplus. They even fought the small reductions of 1883. The Blaine interview will have to stand upon its own merits, and it will be indorsed or condemned in accordance with the value of the arguments set forth, and the public judgement will not be influenced by the distinguished name behind them.

It is the weakest ground Mr. Blaine has ever yet occupied and no national party can expect to go into a Presidential campaign on that issue, no matter who may be its leader, and win. It is in a position of direct hostility to the report of the Tariff Commission and to the Republican platform of 1884. Upon this question, therefore, we beg leave to differ from Mr. Blaine, as he differs from us.

Freely acknowledging his right to his own belief as a Republican, we claim the same right as such and are free to state our belief that in leading the cohorts of the coddled State of Pennsylvania with his lieutenants, Randall, Kelley, Cameron and McPherson, he will find that Pennsylvania is but one State and that there is a large army outside its borders who do not propose to be levied upon any longer for its benefit.

The surplus question must be settled in some way and in a different way from what it has been settled. It cannot be settled in accordance with the Blaine idea.

THEY HUSHED.

There are times when even the innocent laughter of merry girlhood grates harshly on our ears; when the artless prattle that ripples from careless hearts becomes intolerable, and when a fiendish desire to destroy the guileless merry maker consumes us. I sat the other evening at Hooley's, absorbed in contemplation of Mr. Manfield's art—that is, I tried to be absorbed. But just back of me sat a theatre party of four, and the two girls were evidently under the impression that they were looking at a sort of Jack-in-a-box; that when you shut down the lid on Jekyll, up jumped Hyde, and vice versa. It was funny to them, and they snickered and giggled and made out remarks upon it. I thought seriously of abandoning my otherwise desirable seat. But I was spared the necessity. A gentleman who sat next to me and suffered equally with me put a period to the frivolous jabbering in a manner at once discreet and effective. In the street scene where Mr. Hyde comes sneaking upon the stage, glancing fearfully in all directions, the first thing that appears is his hand laid upon a portion of the scenery.

Oh! There he comes, giggled one of the fair caskets of insanity, I see his hand to be!

Where? I don't see it.
Why there! Oh my! how awful! He-he-he!

At this stage the gentlemen behind me turned squarely around and said to the young ladies with undeniable emphasis, but without the suspicion of a growl:

Will you hush?

The silence that fell upon that erstwhile merry party was not broken all the rest of the evening by anything more disturbing than a subdued whisper. The effect upon the thoughtless damsels was somewhat enhanced when I turned and warmly shook hands with the gentlemen that rebuked them. I dare say they voted us two great brutes.

A Water Tower Falls.

THOMASVILLE, Ga., December 7.—A falling water tower in this city at 10 o'clock yesterday morning cost four men their lives and three others bodily injuries of a serious and possibly fatal character. In the erection of the tower the scaffolding had been built so as to serve as a brace between the center pier and outer walls. The pier was a solid piece of brick masonry six feet in diameter. The hoisting of brick to the top of the tower swayed the pier out of plumb and caused its collapse.

It crashed through the outer walls as it fell and carried the scaffolding and the seven men on it to the ground, seventy feet below. The street in the vicinity was full of people, and that none of them were caught beneath the falling structure is little short of miraculous.

Four men had been left clinging like human flies to the ragged sides of a portion of the tower which was left standing. They were near the extreme top of the masonry, with nothing to cling to save a few protruding bricks; some of which also afforded precarious resting places for their feet. Their cries for assistance were pitiful in the extreme. As the ladders of the firemen who came to the rescue lacked thirty feet of being long enough to reach them, it seemed impossible to save them from being dashed to death in the ruins below. Finally a brick was fastened to a rope and hurled over the top of the tower.

Willing hands soon pulled the rope to one of the imperiled men, made it fast, and he descended hand-over-hand to a ladder below him. When at last he reached the ground the cheer that went up from the crowd could have been heard for a mile. The rope moved from man to man until the remaining three had been rescued in like manner.

A Texas gentleman traveling in a Pullman palace car in Pennsylvania happened to say that he was from the Lone Star State.

Do you live in the western portion of the State? asked a man opposite. I do. In Tom Green county? That's my county? Live near Carson? That's my town. Perhaps you know my brother, Wm. Henry Jones? Know him? Gimme your hand stranger. I helped bang Wm. Henry the night before I left. He was a horse thief, but a good one.

AMERICAN COURTSHIP AND AGE.

If I were a young man, especially if I were handsome and had a generous "old man" at my back with a liberal pocket-book, I should prefer to live in America to any other place on earth. But I should take good care not to get old for this is a country where old men and women invariably take a back seat. Sometimes they are not even allowed the comfort of any seat at all. It is only here that I find old men and women are servants of the healthful youth of either sex. It seems to be a common law among the people here to raise and support children as supernaturally as their means permit and continue to support them even long after they are able to earn their own living. But when it comes to the old people's turn sentiment seems to dwindle down almost to zero. In society the young are the center of attraction. They are the blooming flowers. The old people are shut up in the kitchen behind the doors.

What a mass the people of this country make of their love business. Are the understandings of the American youth obtuse? It frequently takes years of their valuable time to whisper ardent love to each other, and frequently, at the very last moment, they suddenly find out that they did not love each other at all. They were simply trying to find out each other's peculiarities. Occasionally these courtings actually terminate in marriage, but as a rule, the love-making business is then over. Therefore the only next interesting thing between them is a quarrel and a divorce.

THE STING REMOVED.

He put on his hat, started slowly for the door, hesitated, came back, sighed deeply, and took the fly white hand in his own and pressed it to his lips.

Katie, he murmured, I have waited long—oh, how long!—for this opportunity; will you, Kate, will you darling, be mine?

Henry, she replied, with a look half of sorrow and half determination, it can never be.

Never! Oh, why have you permitted me to hope? Why have you encouraged me, only to stamp upon my bleeding heart at last?

I am sorry Henry, but I can never be yours; I have other objects in view. Other objects!

Yes, Henry; I cannot consent to belong to any man; I intend that yours shall be mine.

NOT AN ENCOURAGING PROSPECT.

Doubtful Party (to gentleman)—Can you assist me, sir, to a trifle? I'm a stranger in a strange land 10,000 miles from home.

Gentleman—My conscience? where is your home?

Doubtful party—Australia. Gentleman (handing him a cent) How do you ever expect to get back there?

Doubtful party (balancing the penny)—Well, if I don't do better than this sir, I suppose I'd have to wait. —Drake's Traveler's Magazine.

NO "SPECIAL" HAD BEEN ENGAGED.

Mary, said the old gentlemen severely, I think I saw you embracing young Blinkers this evening.

Perhaps you did, papa. And yesterday evening Snifkins had his arm around your waist.

Well, papa? And the night before that it was Brown whose arm encircled you.

What of it, papa? Nothing, only think it's about time for me to take up the franchise for this associated press arrangement.

MAKING A NAME.

So you are married? said a traveling man to a friend.

Oh, yes. Married over a year ago. Given up all your ideas about fame and glory, and that sort of thing?

No, sir. I always said I would make a name in the world.

Yes. Well, I've done it.

Indeed? Yes, I suppose indeed the christening of our baby last week.—Merchant Traveler.

A story comes from Belgium to the effect that once upon a time a dog found his way into the chamber of deputies just as a profane member was boring the house with a harpazue. The tediousness of the speech was soon appreciated by Carlo, who gave vent to his feelings in barks. And on the morrow the stenographer's report of the speech had at various points the interpolation (barking on the back seats)—Boston Transcript.

OMAHA MAN.—Montana wants to come into the Union eh?

MONTANA MAN.—That's just what we're after, and we'll make it, too.

I did not suppose Montana had enough population.

Great Scott! We've got 1,400,000 cattle, 100,000 horses, 2,000,000 sheep, and no end of hogs.—Omaha World.

Marvellous Horsemanship.

A St. Petersburg correspondent, writing to the London Standard says:

"This morning I witnessed a wonderful display of horsemanship. It took place in the Petrofsky Park. Here, in the presence of the Grand Duke Nicholas, and most of the foreign officers and guests, the regiment of Cossack Guards went through an extraordinary series of exercises which threw the most daring feats of the circus in the shade. The entire regiment passed at full gallop, in loose order, with many of the men standing upright in their saddles, others upon their heads with legs in the air, many leaping upon the ground and then into the saddle again at full speed, some swinging over their horse's heads, and picking up stones from the ground, and yet retaining their seat. While performing these feats all were brandishing their sabres and firing pistols, throwing their carbines into the air and catching them again, and yelling like maniacs. Some men went past in pairs, standing with a leg on each other's horse—one would follow carried off another dressed as a woman. The effect of the scene was absolutely bewildering, and it seemed as if the whole regiment had gone mad. Upon a signal being given, the regiment divided into two parts. One rode off;

then halted and made their horses lie down on the ground beside them, waiting as in war the approach of the enemy. The other section of the regiment then charged down, and in an instant every horse was on his feet; every rider in his saddle, and with a wide yell they rode at their supposed enemy. When the man-eyes were over the fence, the side past singing, and uncorked together, a military chorus. The whole was a marvelous exhibition of daring horsemanship, and one hardly knew whether to admire the docility and mettle of the steeds or the skill and courage of the riders. All the foreign officers and guests were no less astonished than delighted."

A Fortune in Dispute.

Colonel Reynolds, of South Carolina, who recently died, was deemed one of the richest farmers in that state. His estate is estimated to amount to about \$800,000. Some fifty years ago, being sorely disappointed in respect to an anticipated marriage, and being also a slave holder, he took one of his female slaves as a concubine, and practically made her his wife, without any marriage ceremony, and lived with her as such up to the time of his death. By her he had a large family of mulatto children, for whom he amply provided, and several of whom received a liberal education.

A few hours prior to his death Colonel Reynolds made his will, and drew the will with his own hand, thereby giving almost his entire estate to the Negro woman with whom he had lived as a wife and the mulatto children born to him by her. He had sisters and other relations who intend to dispute the validity of the will. Eminent lawyers who have examined the instrument, have expressed the opinion that it is legally constructed in every respect. We suppose that there is no doubt as to the question whether under the laws of South Carolina, he has the legal right thus to dispose of his property.

And we add that we have no doubt as to whether, in the circumstances as existing, he did the right and honorable thing by this woman and her children. She had been practically his wife for nearly half a century, and under the rules of the common law, was his wife; and her children were his children. To have treated them otherwise would have been mean and contemptible to the last degree.

The Jews of Russia.

There are three millions of Jews in the southern and western sections of Russia. They are most numerous in Lithuania and White Russia. They prefer to live in villages or towns that are not seats of government, and in Wilna they form ninety-two per cent. of the population. They purchase or lease large areas of land. These lands they do not cultivate themselves, but sublet them in small lots to the peasants. Their profits as middlemen have hitherto been very large. In Bessarabia they have obtained large leases of agricultural land belonging to foreign convents which they have sublet at high rates. In Podolia almost all the large estates situated in the basins of the affluents of the Dniester, are held by Jews at long terms. The soil is exhausted after five or ten years' cropping, and within the last decade there has been a fall of thirty per cent. in the value of landed property.

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