

The Elk County Advertiser.

HENRY A. PARSONS, Jr., Editor and Publisher.

NIL DESPERANDUM.

Two Dollars per Annum.

VOL. IV.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1874.

NO. 22.

The Deserter.

Well! an' 'sposin' he did desert:
What's that to thee, surly Dan?
That has no hole in his own coat,
Or that wouldn't talk so, my man!
But stop till thou'st heard it all out, Dan,
Till you know how it ended down there,
An' you won't blame the lad nor the widow
When you hear what they both had to bear.

I was down at the cottage this mornin'
When the soldiers marched up to the door,
An' 's'aid as they got the Queen's orders
To 'eave away George on more!

An' 'd they all come, the Queen's soldiers,
With their handcuffs for poor George's
wrist!
The Queen's got more right than the mother—
Neither him nor his mother resists!
Poor lad, he warn't fit for a soldier,
With his nineteen years only just told:
He was mad with his lass when he 'listed,
An' 'his life for a shillin', he sold.

Yes, sergeant, he'll 'stick to his bargain,
He's there, in the room at the back,
An' as truly as blood-bonds ye've senced
An' followed the lad on his track!

But he starved for a week in the marshes
Afore he crawled in at that door!
An' 'weary, broke down, an' 'half dyin',
He dropped, faintin' 'dropped on the floor!

So step gently, sergeant, step gently,
For God's sake, men, don't let your guns
clank!
An' the mothers who love ye, an' nursed ye,
For this mother's sake shall ye thank!
An' the big bearded men laid their muskets
Alongside the old cottage wall:
An' we all of us went in so softly
You couldn't 'a' heard a footfall!

An' 'there she was, bent o'er his pillow,
'Her face hidin' his from our sight,
An' her hands in his black hair was twinin',
An' lookin' like dead hands! so white!

The sergeant's hand placed on his shoulder,
The sergeant's voice whisp'rin' low,
Made her start, made her rise, made the hot
tears
Down her pale face quickly flow.

"What will ye?" she wailed, "want ye
George?
Come ye an' my poor lad between?"
"Ho, ho!" says the sergeant, "go with us!
He belongs to his country, his Queen!"

"Stand off! he is mine! come not near him!
He has breathed in these arms his last
breath:
No Queen nor no army can claim him.
He belongs to his mother, an' Death!"

An' my heart 'most stopped in its beatin'
As I looked on the widow's white cheek,
While the soldiers with bent heads stepped
backward,
An' the sergeant in vain tried to speak!
The light in his young eyes had darkened,
His voice with Death's silence was dumb:
Never, mother, shall poor George answer
Friend, mother, or trumpet, or drum!

Once more she cried out, "Get ye gone, men!
Your comrade no longer does heed
Your words, or your threats, or your lashes:
My poor lad from this oath Death has
freed!"

An' she fell on her knees by his bedside,
An' kissed the dead face o'er an' o'er,
Phon' needn't be 'shamed o'er 'er tears, Dan!
Let 'em come, if they ne'er come afore!

It was said as young George had 'scaped 'em,
So he has! the Queen's order is naught,
No law nor discharges can touch him:
The Lord his discharge, Dan, has bought.

seek some adventure, praying my good
spirit to lead me where I can make a
Christmas for somebody though I may
not have one for myself. I put on my
wraps and started. The streets were
thronged; how brilliantly the lights
shone and what an array of Christmas
cheer they illumined. And then to see
the boys—O, I had only a child to
make happy with a gift. Why, here is
a whole bevy of ragged little urchins,
shivering around a pastry cook's win-
dow. Now, good spirits, whose duty
it is to inspire us to generosity, I shall
commit no act of disinterested benevo-
lence to night; but will make these
youngsters happy if you will grant me
some reasonable recompense. So I
called them in, and bought as they
directed. They were so engrossed and
so joyful that they forgot to thank me,
and departed with arms full of good
things for their different homes. But
when they were gone, the old fellow
feeling returned to me, and I thought
uncomfortably of my bachelor Christ-
mas again.

I passed the next day somehow. I
gave a good deal to friendless little
ones on the street—God's children—
still holding firmly by my compact with
myself, and asking nothing in return
for reimbursement. Why not? Have
not we the promise that if we cast our
bread upon the waters, after many days
it will return to us?

On Christmas morning as I passed
out of my door, I found a child sitting
on the steps, eating a bunch of
raisins. He looked heavy and com-
fortably though poorly clad, that at
first I thought he must belong to some
of the neighbors. But no. I had look-
ed at all of these longingly and so ten-
derly, I knew them as well as if they
had been my own. I thought I'd speak
to him.

"How do you do, young man?"
"Dood morny," he said, slowly, in a
rich bay contralto.

I did not know what to say next. No
matter—he did. He took a wet raisin
from out his rosy mouth and handed it
to him.

"Aint oo hungry, poor man?" he
said.

I declined his hospitality, but his lips
quivered, and tears came into his eyes.

"O, yes," I said quickly, seeing what
ailed him, "I would like to have some
raisins, and stooped down beside
him. His face brightened and he com-
menced feeding me—alternately
putting one grape in my mouth and one
in his. I thought I was doing him a
favor, and as the grapes disappeared
began to look uneasy."

"Aint oo dot enough?" he said.

"Es oo dot enough now? dey'll make
oo sick," and he actually put all the
rest, a good-sized handful—into his own
mouth. Well, it was not fair, but I re-
served my opinion of his conduct, and
asked him his name.

"Dot," he said.

"Where is your mother?"
"Don't know."
"Where is your father?"
"Don't know."
"Where do you live?"
"Me's doin to live with oo!"
"With me?"
"Yes, my mammy told me so."
"Your mammy told you so? Where
is your mammy?"
"Her don't off."
"What is your mammy's name?"
He looked me over from head to foot,
mentally gauging the extent of my
idiotcy, and then answered, scornfully:
"Mammy named mammy; don't oo
know dat?"

"And she said you were to live with
me?"
"Es," she said if we would, oo'd div
me lots of pretty sings."
I felt like the man who drew the ele-
phant by lottery. "It's most deuced
cool," I said.

"Es, it a wery tood," said the young
man, risin' up to go in the house.
I, in the house, and divested of his
wraps, he was as much at home as if he
had always lived there. The first thing
he did was to harness a chair at the
head of the lounge with an old pair of
suspenders, and then get on himself
an' commenced driving, "talking
horse" most uproariously.

"Get ape, now, won't co? Get ape,
Whoa, Danuary! Do long dere, won't
oo? Darn oo fool!"

He was evidently all right; but what
sort of a fix was I in? Well, to con-
dense the matter, I gave him in charge
of the house, an' went out to see if
I could find him mother. It was of no
use. I advertised him in every possible
way. Nobody claimed him, and I con-
cluded he had dropped out of the clouds
for my especial benefit. Perhaps
heaps the bread I had thrown upon the
waters had been metamorphosed into
meat, an' in my dream had returned to
me some time than I expected. I would
be careful how I made another compact
with my spirit friends. But even yet
it seems that they had not fully recom-
pensed me for my kindness to the chil-
dren of the past Christmas.

I was sitting one evening with Doty
by the fire, some six weeks after his ad-
vice, when there was a shuffling in the
hall, and soon a tiny step at the door.
I opened it, and a little girl came in tim-
idly with her finger in her mouth. At
the first light dazzled her, but she soon
peered around the table and espied
Doty. He, too, had seen her, and with
a little scream he rushed towards her,
and then commenced the most extra-
vagant demonstrations of joy I ever wit-
nessed in my life.

Of course, I was curious to know
what it all meant, but they did not
answer my questions. They did not seem
to hear them. It was "Oh, Doty,"
and "Oh, Lilly," kiss-kiss-kiss, and
"Turn up to de fire, Lilly, et me shake
de snow off o'er cloak;" and "Where
do dis dot, pretty honey, Doty?" and
the more exclamations and more
kissing. I was utterly bewildered, and
after outgunning my brain to an extent
undreamed of in all my previous years,
I gave it up as hopeless for that night
at least, and concluded to sleep on it as
soon as they got done kissing. In the
succeeding days I found out, partly by
questioning and partly by guessing,
that these children were twins. Who
they were, or what the object in palm-
ing them off upon me, remained a pro-
found mystery for years. I will just

say, in passing, that though a little re-
sistant at first at what seemed an un-
pardonable liberty in thus forcible-
ly great responsibility upon me, I soon
became not only reconciled, but in-
finitely happier than I ever expected to
be. My darlings grew in grace and
beauty, and became the very life of my
life. But from the moment of their en-
tering my home I was haunted by a
woman, who in spite of all my efforts
baffled every attempt to see her plainly.
One summer eve, as I sat in my little
sitting room with the children at din-
ner, I became conscious of some strange
influence near me, and glancing around
I saw her through the open window,
just melting out of sight in the dis-
tance. And many a time after I
caught partial glimpses of a thin, wasted
form, but never once was I in a position
to catch or detain her. At last, moved
by compassion for what I knew to be in
the poor mother's heart, I posted an
advertisement in all conspicuous places,
near my dwelling, which was something
like this:

"If the mother of Doty and Lilly
will come to me openly she shall see
her children without reserve. But in
case she shall have reasons of her own
for not coming, I would like to let her
know that he whom she greets here, she
made a confession, implicating Charles
Fyffe of McKeesport, and Benjamin
Stewart, a coal boat laborer, who lived
alternately in Brownsville and in Mc-
Keesport. She said that Fyffe, who
knew that the old couple had money,
had urged her to poison them. She
consented, and bought a quantity of
arsenic; but when the hour arrived for
administering it her heart failed her,
and she refused."

Afterward, at the solicitation of Fyffe
and Ben Stewart, she accompanied them
to her uncle's house. She knocked,
and some one within inquired, "Who's
there?" She answered, "It's me; let
me in." The old man, recognizing her
voice, opened the door. At this juncture
both Stewart and Fyffe sprang into
the room and attacked old Mr. Wilson,
and soon left him dying. Miss Wilson
thereupon ran around her niece
and implored her to spare her life. She
Fyffe and his companion soon finished
her. The three then ransacked the
house, and secured \$1,400 in State
money and between \$500 and \$800 in
gold. This they buried in McKees-
port.

Fyffe and Stewart were soon after-
ward arrested, and after a long trial
sentenced to be hanged. Charlotte
Jones and Fyffe suffered on the scaf-
fold, Stewart having been taken with
smallpox was sent to the poor house
under guard to await recovery. He es-
caped, and was invisible afterward until
the fact of a man by that name hav-
ing died in New Jersey was sent to Brown-
sville. The dead man and Ben Stewart,
the murderer, are believed to be iden-
tical.

A FORGOTTEN CRIME.

A Corpse Supposed to be that of One of the McKeesport Murderers of 1857.

A man, giving as his name Luther Ballard, applied for work on Farmer Miller's farm, near Six-Mile Run, Mid-
dleton county, N. J. After he had
worked there four days he went
away, and was found dead in a clump of
woods near the farm, an empty whisky
bottle by his side, leading to the infer-
ence that he had been instrumental in
his death. On his left arm was the
name of "B. Stewart" pricked in India
ink. On his person was an old, soiled,
and ragged envelope, addressed to
"Benj. Brown, Calais," post-marked
from Brownsville, Pa. A letter was
sent to that point, and the evidence
elicited revives the story of a tragedy
of 1857, and points to the dead man as
one of the murderers.

In the latter part of April, 1857, an
old man named Wilson and his sister,
who lived near McKeesport, Pa., were
found in their house horribly mangled
and dying. In McKeesport suspicion
pointed to Charlotte Jones, a niece of
the murdered couple. She was watched
closely by the police, and she threw
herself into the McKeesport jail, she
made a confession, implicating Charles
Fyffe of McKeesport and Benjamin
Stewart, a coal boat laborer, who lived
alternately in Brownsville and in Mc-
Keesport. She said that Fyffe, who
knew that the old couple had money,
had urged her to poison them. She
consented, and bought a quantity of
arsenic; but when the hour arrived for
administering it her heart failed her,
and she refused.

Afterward, at the solicitation of Fyffe
and Ben Stewart, she accompanied them
to her uncle's house. She knocked,
and some one within inquired, "Who's
there?" She answered, "It's me; let
me in." The old man, recognizing her
voice, opened the door. At this juncture
both Stewart and Fyffe sprang into
the room and attacked old Mr. Wilson,
and soon left him dying. Miss Wilson
thereupon ran around her niece
and implored her to spare her life. She
Fyffe and his companion soon finished
her. The three then ransacked the
house, and secured \$1,400 in State
money and between \$500 and \$800 in
gold. This they buried in McKees-
port.

Fyffe and Stewart were soon after-
ward arrested, and after a long trial
sentenced to be hanged. Charlotte
Jones and Fyffe suffered on the scaf-
fold, Stewart having been taken with
smallpox was sent to the poor house
under guard to await recovery. He es-
caped, and was invisible afterward until
the fact of a man by that name hav-
ing died in New Jersey was sent to Brown-
sville. The dead man and Ben Stewart,
the murderer, are believed to be iden-
tical.

The Abuse of Appetite.

Upon this subject a medical writer
makes the following reasonable sugges-
tions: The appetite is one of the least
appreciated of nature's gifts to man.
It is generally regarded in this work-
aday world as something to be either
starved or stuffed—to be gotten rid of
at all events with the least inconvenience
possible. There are people who have been
endowed with sound, healthy bodies
for which nature demands refreshments
and replenishments, but they are actu-
ally ashamed to have it known that they
are sustained in the usual manner. The
reason of this is at a loss to conceiv-
e. Everybody admires beauty, and
therefore it is a tragedy for many without
good health, and no good health with-
out a regular and unvarying appetite.
We are disinclined to let appetite
take any responsibility on itself. If
we happen to consider it too delicate,
we try to coax it, perhaps stimulate it
with highly-seasoned or fancifully-pre-
pared food. There are times when this
may seem necessary, as in the case of a
person so debilitated as to depend for
daily strength on what he eats. But,
usually, the enjoining process is a mis-
take. If the appetite of an individual
in fair bodily condition be occasionally
suspended, it is a case for alarm, and
it may be necessary to regulate itself. It
may safely be considered nature's protest
against some transgression, and it is
wise not to attempt coercion.

At certain seasons, as in spring and
summer, the appetite of even the robust
is apt to fail, and the relish for meats
and savory dishes to wane. This is all
right enough, for animal diet in warm
weather heats the blood, tends to head-
aches, and is generally unwholesome,
unless sparingly used. On the other
hand, fresh vegetables, berries, fruit,
and bread are cooling, corrective, and
what the palate most craves. Do not be
afraid to go without meat a month or
so; and if you like, live purely on a
vegetable regimen. We will warrant
that you will lose no more strength than
is common to the time, and that you
will not suffer from protracted heat, as
when dining on the regulation roast.

The Pattil Family.

Antonio Barilli, a half brother of Ade-
lina and Carlotta Pattil, has been tel-
ling his family history to a correspond-
ent of the Chicago Post: "My par-
ents," he said, "were show people. My
father, Francesco Barilli, was a celebra-
ted composer of Rome. He married
one of his pupils, who traveled a sea-
son in this country, and was popular
there. They were members of an opera
troupe. Well, in the troupe was a tenor
named Pattil. My father quit the
troupe and took to drink. It finally
broke him clear down, and he died. My
mother at once married Signor Pattil.
My step-sisters, Amalia and Carlotta,
were afterward born. My mother moved
to Spain, and there Carlos and Adelina
were born. Adelina's native city is
Madrid, not New York, as some sup-
pose. Amalia was a well-known prima
Donna in this country, and married
Strakosch. Carlos was a noted violini-
st of New Orleans and New York, and
died long ago. Carlotta and Ade-
lina have a fame which is world-wide.
Carlotta married Alfred Thorn. He
was lost at sea a few years later, and
she married Signor Scio, but died
shortly after in the West Indies. Nicola
and Ettore, my two own brothers, were
both educated early in life, and have
made fine musical careers. Nicola is
now in New York and Ettore in Philadel-
phia. In 1845 my mother was singing in Va-
lencia, in Spain. Amalia was a young
girl. She was kept very busy, and
Amalia and myself were allowed to
room about much as we liked. One
day, while we were strolling the crook-
ed streets, who should arrive but a fat-
tered young musician in want of ad-
vantages. A benefit concert was
proposed. He wanted Amalia to sing,
and mother granted his request. The
battered young maestro was Maurice
Strakosch, and so he came into our
family."

A Forgotten Crime.

Upon this subject a medical writer
makes the following reasonable sugges-
tions: The appetite is one of the least
appreciated of nature's gifts to man.
It is generally regarded in this work-
aday world as something to be either
starved or stuffed—to be gotten rid of
at all events with the least inconvenience
possible. There are people who have been
endowed with sound, healthy bodies
for which nature demands refreshments
and replenishments, but they are actu-
ally ashamed to have it known that they
are sustained in the usual manner. The
reason of this is at a loss to conceiv-
e. Everybody admires beauty, and
therefore it is a tragedy for many without
good health, and no good health with-
out a regular and unvarying appetite.
We are disinclined to let appetite
take any responsibility on itself. If
we happen to consider it too delicate,
we try to coax it, perhaps stimulate it
with highly-seasoned or fancifully-pre-
pared food. There are times when this
may seem necessary, as in the case of a
person so debilitated as to depend for
daily strength on what he eats. But,
usually, the enjoining process is a mis-
take. If the appetite of an individual
in fair bodily condition be occasionally
suspended, it is a case for alarm, and
it may be necessary to regulate itself. It
may safely be considered nature's protest
against some transgression, and it is
wise not to attempt coercion.

At certain seasons, as in spring and
summer, the appetite of even the robust
is apt to fail, and the relish for meats
and savory dishes to wane. This is all
right enough, for animal diet in warm
weather heats the blood, tends to head-
aches, and is generally unwholesome,
unless sparingly used. On the other
hand, fresh vegetables, berries, fruit,
and bread are cooling, corrective, and
what the palate most craves. Do not be
afraid to go without meat a month or
so; and if you like, live purely on a
vegetable regimen. We will warrant
that you will lose no more strength than
is common to the time, and that you
will not suffer from protracted heat, as
when dining on the regulation roast.

Latent Poison in the System.

Undue Popular Appreciation on the
Subject of Hydrophobia.—Prompt
Characterization a sure Preventive.

Very many people, says a well-known
surgeon, writing to the *Tribune*, are be-
coming immoderately nervous about
hydrophobia, to a degree which is
totally uncalled for; but when we take
into consideration the fact that no cure
for this disease exists, and the inevitable
fate, sooner or later, of every one who
has been inoculated by the bite of rabid
dogs, it does seem as if efficient action
of some sort is needed for public pro-
tection, and that we ought not to per-
mit our sympathy for "canine friends"
to jeopardize the lives of human beings.
I have used the word inoculated, be-
cause not every one bitten is inocu-
lated. Statistics show that only one in
twelve of those bitten dies of hydro-
phobia. Some, of course, are bitten
by dogs only supposed to be mad. Some
escape inoculation, and others, owing
to the long period of time it sometimes
continues latent in the system, die of
other diseases before its development.
Bites upon parts uncovered by clothing
are more fatal than upon parts that are
covered, for the reason that the poison
is exclusively in the saliva; and as the
teeth pass through the clothes they are
wiped dry, and no saliva comes into
contact with the wound. I will relate a
case which came under my observation
about six years ago. A man and child
were bitten by the same dog, almost at
the same time—the man upon the bare
hand, and the child also upon the hand,
which was covered, however, by a thick
glove. The man was intoxicated, and
would neither wash his hands nor
permit treatment. The parents of the
child pulled off the glove and washed
the wound with warm water and soap,
and about an hour afterward the wound
was thoroughly cauterized with the
solid nitrate of silver (lunar caustic).
The man died three months after with
unmistakable hydrophobia. The child
remained still, and is perfectly well. The
parents, however, are harassed with ap-
prehension.

The earliest symptoms of hydropho-
bia in the dog are not very distinctly
marked, and the animal may be capable
of imparting the germ of a fearful and
inevitable death several days before
any evidences of the malady can be de-
tected.

When a person has been bitten, some
one should wash the wound immedi-
ately with water and soap. Warm
water is best. Do what you intend to
do with as little delay as possible.
Then cauterize the wound most thor-
oughly with lunar caustic, or if it is
not readily obtainable, use wire heated
to a white heat, and plunge it to the
bottom of each cut made by the teeth.
Don't hesitate; life is in danger. Af-
terward the part may be cut out if the
surgeon thinks it advisable.

Facts and Fancies.

The old-fashioned woman's crusade
—A boy's head and a fine-toothed comb.
It requires sixty love letters to in-
fluence a breach of promise suit jury in
Iowa.

A Lebanon (Ky.) gent, in ardently
greeting a long-parted wife, broke one
of her ribs.

An old business sign in Philadelphia
many years ago read, "William Shot
and Jonathan Fell."

Dandelion salad is now one of the
dainty dishes served daily in some of
the French restaurants.

An old cynic says:—"With many
women going to church it is little better
than looking into a bonnet shop."

James T. Fields says that whenever
he hears of a "pretty good scholar,"
he is reminded of a pretty good egg.

Ice is brought in Maine for \$1.50 a
ton, and sold in New York for one cent
a pound—scarcely 1,400 percent profit.

A sick man covered with mustard
plasters said, "If I were to eat a loaf
of bread I should be a walking sandwich."

The Japanese Government has issued
a notification that, after the 1st of Au-
gust next, the exportation of rice and
wheat will be prohibited.

"Yes, sir," said a Michigan Fourth
of July orator, "Patman went right
into the wolf's den, dragged her out,
and the independence of America was
secured."

A correspondent of the Germantown
Telegraph is convinced that the Light
Brahmas and Partridge Cochins ex-
ceed all other in the production of eggs
and market fowls.

"Yes, George Washington was pretty
great and high," said a Missouri steam-
boat engineer, "but a stranger, he never
overdressed a steamboat which could
hitch past the White Queen."

There are wicked people who are
glad that there are but two men in the
country who can repair hand-organs,
and these two live in New York, where
there is a possibility of their both meet-
ing mad dogs.

The *Saturday Review* gives the pleas-
ing assurance that "there are changes
beyond the power of man to arrest,
and long before our planet has drop-
ped into the sun, it will have become
an unsuitable abode for civilized be-
ings."

A Davenport newspaper speaks of a
doctor in that city "looking with a
deep meaning smile upon a large lot
of green cucumbers in the market." On
his way home he was observed to
whisper confidentially to several under-
takers.

A truly happy day.—"Well, Leonora,
what have you and Harold been doing
at Aunt Mabel's to-day?" "Had din-
ner." "And what did you do after
dinner?" "Had tea." "But what did
you do between dinner and tea?"
"Had some cake."

A young fellow in a Western town
was fined \$10 for kissing a girl against
her will, and the following day the
damself sent him the amount of the fine,
with a note saying that the next time
he kissed her he must be less rough
about it, and be careful to do it when
her father was not about.

Mrs. J. R. Carson, of Toledo, O., en-
joys the distinction of the first lady
who has ever occupied the position of
superintendent of a railroad. Mrs.
Carson is superintendent of the Toledo,
Wabash and Western Railroad, with
which she has been connected in vari-
ous capacities almost from her infancy.

Spurgeon says he never had the
ability to manage a small church. They
are like those canoes on the Thames,
you must not sit way off the other,
or do this thing or that thing, lest you
should be upset. His church is like a
big steamboat, and he can walk here
or there without upsetting it.

An Irish glazier was putting a pane
of glass into a window, when a groom
who was standing by began joking him,
telling him to mind and put in plenty
of putty. The Irishman bore the banter
for some time, but at last silenced his
tormentor with—"Arrah, now, be off
wid ye, or I'll put a pin in your head
without any putty."

At a fire in the Jewish quarter of
Stamboul, last month, when over 500
houses were burned, the Sultan had
two Pachas thrown into prison and their
estates confiscated, because they didn't
seem concerned about it. The net pro-
ceeds, however, were not turned over
to the homeless faithful, but to a favor-
ite Sultan's; and all the sufferers got was
an order not to beg.

It is told of a man poorly dressed,
that he went to a church seeking an op-
portunity to worship. The usher did
not notice him, but seated several well
dressed persons who presented them-
selves, when finally the man addressed
the usher, saying, "Can you tell me
whose church this is?" "Yes, this is
Christ's church." "Is he in?" was the
next question, after which a seat was
not so hot to find.

How Legislators are Bribed.

The New York *Tribune* treats of the
different methods by which corrupt
men accomplish corrupt purposes, by
means of legislators. There are a
thousand approaches, it says, to the
vital and selfish side of men, and it
not infrequently happens that under
some of the subtlest forms of tempta-
tion the palm closes over the price and
the bribe is appropriated before the
victim realizes that he is in the market.
The cunningest of vote-manipulators
and lobby agents begins his work back
of the Legislature, and even of the
preliminaries, secures the nomination
for his victim, and contributes hand-
somerly to his election.

The man who has been assailed in
this manner finds it difficult to say
"no" when the pinch comes. The
paying down of so much money for a
vote is too gross a form of temptation,
unworthy the ingenuity of the tempter,
the position of the tempted, and the
spirit of the age. "To contribute money
to defray the election expenses of the
person whose assistance you shall need
by-and-by, is a much more refined and
gracefully winning approach, and it
amounts to the same thing in the end.

Drunk and Sober Eyes.

There is
nothing more assuiling, more arti-
ficial, more tainted, with dupery than a
glass eye. A Danbury man, a little
given to his cups, and afflicted with one
of these optical deceptions, drops in to
see us from time to time, and invari-
ably when he is tight. To gaze at the
natural eye of that man and see it
drunk at every square inch of its spher-
icality and then turn to his glass eye
to behold in it the vigor of youth, the
fire of genius, and the essence of sobri-
ety, is trying to the nerves.