I PRAY FOR YOU.

The future may be dreary,
And bring me toil and pain;
My heart may oft be weary,
My cup no sweet sustain.
But when the darkest hours appear
My heart will turn to thee,
And cast away its doubt and fear,
For you will pray for me.

The friends I have may leave me,
Be called away by death;
Or even may deceive me—
Prove false as fleeting breath;
But you will never wound my heart,
Never prove untrue,
For ever to my memory start
The words, "I pray for you."

My life may have its pleasures,
Its bright and happy hours,
When earth will bring her treasures
And strew my path with flowers;
But nothing can such joy afford
As once my spirit knew,
When sitting by your side, I heard
These words, "I pray for you."

When on life's stormy ocean
The billows round me rise,
In fierce and wild commotion,
And hope of succor flies,
My heart with all its thoughts extend
Across that raging sea,
Until they cling around the friend
Who said, "I pray for thee."

O may those prayers attend me
Through every scene of life!
From evil to defend me—
To be my shield in strife,
And when the life-long fight is o'er,
Th' im risoned spirit free,
Upon that bright, celestial shore
May you still pray for me.

WILD ROSES.

BY LA CARRE.

Leila Markham stood on top of the step-ladder training the wild roses that clambered over the portico of their pretty cottage home. Her pink morning dress was tucked up, revealing daintily slippered feet, and her dark-brown hair, escaping from its fastenings, was hanging in picturesque confusion at her waist. Twice she tried to put up a refractory branch, and was vainly essaying a third time, when the gate slammed and she heard a quick step on the gravel walk.

"O, Ben," she cried without turning her head; "I'm so little I can't reach! Do come and fix this rose for me."

The stepping ceased.

"How provoking you are, Ben. Don't you see"—

This time she turned and stopped short in the middle of her speech, for there, instead of "brother Ben," as she supposed, stood a handsome stranger. A crimson flush overspread her cheek, and a sudden thought leaped into her mind. "Could this be Arthur Browning, Ben's fast friend and 'chum,' whom he was expecting, in a short time, to spend a few days with him? 'The fastidious Browning,' as Ben called him—he must think her a perfect hoyden to be clambering round so!" Quite forgetting her situation, she looked at him curiously, until called to herself by his bowing low, and with a teasing smile, demanding:

"What do you think of me?"

An almost irresistible impulse to laugh at the ridiculousness of her position was smothered by mortification at her rudeness, and, with a stammered "Mamma is in the house, sir," she endeavored to descend, disdaining his proffered assistance. But, alas! instead of leaping lightly down, in her confusion she caught the heel of her slipper on the step, and fell to the ground. Gathering herself up, a mortified heap, she fled to the house, while the stranger gazed after her with a look of curiosity and admiration in his handsome dark eyes.

"Welcome, old fellow!" cried Ben Markham, coming up at this moment. "Received your card ten minutes ago, and have been looking everywhere for you. Come in," and with a hearty hand-shaking Ben drew his friend into the house and presented him to his mother, a stately little lady with a sweet face, who welcomed him most cordially. His name was a familiar one in the household, for Ben was never tired of dwelling on the good qualities of "Browning," and Leila had more than once declared herself "sick of his very name."

Half an hour was spent in Ben's room examining fishing tackle and guns, when the dinner bell summoned them down. Leila was already in the dining-room and gravely acknowledged the introduction, but as the handsome eyes before her met hers, her gravity gave way and she burst into a hearty laugh. Arther joined in, and Ben stared in open-eyed wonder at them both. Leila gave a graphic description of their former meeting, and amid laughter and lively sallies the dinner was eaten.

Happy, happy, were the ensuing days that passed so swiftly by! Hunting with Ben, delightful rides and pleasant evenings with Leila, and ere he was aware of it Arthur's "few days" had lengthened into three weeks. Even then Ben would hear to nothing but his stopping until after the Centennial picnic. "Only till Thursday, what possible difference can two days make?" And Arthur decided to stay, not unwillingly. Leila's witching ways and charming face had made a deep impression on his heart, notwithstanding she tormented him unmercifully by being by turns merry or silent, gracious or haughtily indifferent.

Whatever her mood, no matter how perverse, he found her each day more charming than ever. He could not tell if she liked him or not. She rode with him, and sang in the evening at home, but she did the same with a score of other admirers. Particularly was she gracious to Will Carroll, who she secretly thought insipid and dandified, but of whom Arthur was, by this time, madly jealous. Thursday morning dawned bright and clear. The god of pleasure parties had indeed favored them, for the calm, blue sky, and soft, gentle breeze made all the earth seem joyous. Arthur escorted Leila, who was unusually bewitching in full picnic costume, with a cluster of her favorite wild roses at her throat, and even in the black velvet that trimmed her jaunty leghorn. Both were in high spirits, and the drive of five miles seemed a short one as they drew up at Clay's Grove, where a number had already gathered, and, as the children say, "the party began."

Games and dancing, with the plentiful lunch eaten picnic fashion, on the grass, occupied the morning. Will Carroll attached himself to Leila with the pertinacity of a sticking plaster, and, because she could not do otherwise, Leila accepted his attentions. Arthur noticed that he wore a wild rose in his button hole. Now he had asked for one on the way out, but Leila had said her roses were "too precious to give away," and when he saw this on Will he took it as a token of their engagement. Studiously avoiding her, he devoted himself to pretty Ethel Gray, and heartily wished he had gone home the day before.

Most of the afternoon was spent on the lake, the ladies taking lessons in rowing from their very willing instructors of the opposite sex. Supper in the woods and a moonlight drive home had been planned, but about 5 o'clock a storm seemed brewing. The clouds looked dark and threatening, and the rumble of distant thunder was heard, so the party started homeward.

Leila, after enthusiastically declaring that she had had a most "perfect day," relapsed suddenly into silence. "Thinking of that Carroll," thought Arthur, devoutly wishing said Carroll in Botany Bay.

Half way home the storm burst upon them; peal after peal of heavy thunder, vivid lightning, and the rain poured in torrents. Arthur took a savage delight in the "warring of the elements," at least it made him very bold.

"I am going home to-morrow," he said suddenly.

No answer. Leila was thinking ruefully how dull Rosedale would be without him.

"Are you glad?"

Still no answer, and he continued rapidly: "I love you Leila, love you with my whole heart and soul. What I saw to-day convinces me there is no hope for me, but I cannot help loving you just the same, even though you are engaged to another."

"How do you know I'm engaged?" said Leila quickly. "Because I gave Will Carroll that rose? I only gave it to him because"—hesitatingly—"I thought you liked Ethel Gray."

"Wild Rose"—this voice was low and tender but Leila heard despite the storm—"may I hope, will you give me the most precious blossom of all?"

She only laid her head on his shoulder, but her answer satisfied him. Though the heaviest of the storm was over, the rain still poured, unheeded by the happy lovers, who reached home safely—damp, but blissful. As they entered the library, Ben, who had reached home some time before, was lying on the rug before the grate. Seeing the unmistakable light in their faces he cried:

"By Jove! Love in a thunder-storm must be romantic."

"You see," said Arthur laughing, "she is so little, and Brother Ben won't come."

But Leila stopped his teasing with an arch, "Beware of wild roses. They have thorns."

Ben had disappeared, and Arthur whispered:

"I have felt the thorns to-day, and now only the beauty and fragrance remain, my precious Wild Rose."

An Editor in Heaven.

Just as if editors were not in the habit of going to Heaven! We'll venture to say that a greater portion of them go to that home of those who have performed their mission of mercy on earth, than any other profession or calling that poor mortals fill.

An editor in Heaven. There's nothing strange about that, at all. It's a moral as well as professional impossibility for them to go anywhere else.

Once upon a time, after a demise of a member of the "corps editorial," he presented himself at the gates of the Holy City, and requested admission. The doorkeeper asked him what had been his occupation on terra firma. He replied that he was an editor. Well, said the watchman, we have a crowd of your kind here now, and they all came in as dead-heads. If you can pay your passage you can come in, if not, you must place yourself under the control of a personage you ruled tyrannically down below (meaning the Devil.) Not having the wherewith to go in, our brother of the quill and scissors posted off and presented himself at the entrance of Clootie's dark domains. A very dark complexioned gentleman stood sentry, and asked in a gruff voice, "Who comes?" "An humble disciple o' Faust," was the calm reply. "Then hold on, you can't be admitted," exclaimed the gentleman in black, evincing considerable agitation, and fiercely scowling on him. Why not? demanded the typo, who began to get huffish, and looked around for a "sheep's foot," with which to force an entrance.

"Well, sir," replied his sable majesty, we let one of your profession in here many year's ago, and he kept up a continual row with his former delinquent subscribers, and as we have more of that class of persons here than any other, we have passed a law prohibiting the admission of any editors, only those who have advanced our interest in their papers on earth, and even those we keep in a separate room by themselves. You have published many things that operated against us, and always blamed the Devil for everything that went wrong, so you can't come in. We enforce this rule without respect to persons, for our own peace and safety. you can just travel."

Casting a droll leer at the outside sentinel, our typographical friend started off again, determined to get in up above. This time he took with him an old file of his paper, and presenting it the guardian of the Celestial City requested that it might be carefully examined, and they would see whether he was entitled to a free ticket. In due course of time the conductor came along and took him in, telling him that he published many good things, and had been a martyr to the cause of human improvement, and that resolutions had been passed to admit all members of the "art preservative" who had abused the Devil while below. He added that they were punished enough by their being with the "devil" all their lives, their future punishment was commuted. He further stated that not one delinquent subscriber could be found in all Heaven.—*Printer's Circular.*

Condensed Knowledge.

The tea tree was brought to England from China in 1768.

The first barrel of tar made in England was in 1688.

The art of knitting lace was discovered in Germany in 1561.

Cables made of chain were first used in the royal navy in 1812.

The manufacture of silk was introduced into Europe in the year 1551.

The plant known as the "dahlia" was discovered in Mexico in 1789.

Steam was first used to produce motion in 1628, in Branca, in Rome.

Water was first conveyed to London by means of leaden pipes in 1237.

Human hair varies from the 250th to the 600th part of an inch in thickness.

Parched corn is not a modern luxury, but was common in ancient Bible times.

Oftentimes a man ransacks the whole house for a pin, and not being able to find one, drops into a chair with disgust, and is immediately rewarded for the search.

LOUISIANA.

Horrible Atrocities in the Bulldozed Parishes.

A THRILLING SCENE AT THE SESSION OF THE RETURNING BOARD.

NEW ORLEANS, November 28.—A startling scene occurred before the Returning Board to-day. Four witnesses were examined. All had been wantonly shot because of their Republican principles. Two were brought to the city on cots. Their names are Ben James, Eaton Lingwood, H. W. Burrell and Eliza Pinkston. During the latter's pitiful recital of her wrongs—her husband emasculated and then killed before her eyes, of her babe whose throat was cut in her arms, of her own gashed breast and limbs, and finally the outrage of her person by two white Democrats—ex Governor John M. Palmer, of Illinois, leaped from his chair and said in wrath; "If this story be false, those that prepared it for this poor woman should be hanged; but if, as I firmly believe, it is true, the wretches who can perpetrate such atrocities should be executed without mercy. I well spend $10,000 to ferret out the case. It looks true. This poor woman has certainly been wronged. The question is broader now that President-making—it is one of humanity. If she has told the truth, Sheridan should come back at once and hold with a grip of iron a people who can see such infamy without remonstrance even in their public prints." Governor Palmer was greatly excited while making these remarks, and astounded the Louisiana Democrats, who tried in vain to pacify him. General George B. Smith, of Wisconsin, also exhibited much excitement, and turning upon local Democrats, said, "You have deceived us." Subsequently Lyman Trumbull, who was absent from the room during the woman' recital, flatly concurred with Gen. Palmer. The demoralization of the Democrats here is complete, not only because of the facts disclosed, but because of the names of leading Democrats who are exposed in detail as the murderers and ravishers. Other witnesses, men and women, who have cruelly suffered, are yet to take stand.

To-night the Chief of Police has been compelled to station a force around the domicile within which Mrs. Pinkston lies prostrate on a bed. A turbulent Democratic crowd is assembled, and they are loud with menaces. At least it is evident that even Northern Democrats cannot return home and sneer down Southern Democratic outrages as myths. The testimony which Hon. John Sherman, Gen. Garfield, Eugene Hale, Gen. White, Courtlandt Parker, E. W. Stoughton and Judge Kelley will furnish the North will startle the whole country. The following is in substance Mrs. Pinkston's statement:

On Saturday night, the 4th of the month, Henry Pinkston, a respectable colored man, who was known in the island district of Ouachita parish, went to his cabin after as is stated, having held a consultation regarding the election with a number of Republican leaders. He was known in the parish as a steadfast and somewhat demonstrative Republican, but fearing for his life, he had recently joined a Democratic club. According to the sworn statement of his wife, Eliza Pinkston, which is now before me, he went quietly to bed on the night in question, not fearing or apprehending any danger. At about 3 o'clock the next (Sunday) morning a number of men, who from their voices were known to be white, came to the cabin, and, knocking on the door, said, "Come out here, Pinkston, your Yankee friends want to take you to Monroe."

To this Mrs. Pinkston, who thought she recognized the voice of the speaker, replied, "You are no Yankee; you are Dr. Young." A man named Gogan, who was afterwards recognized by Mrs. Pinkston, immediately answered, "Dr. Young is not in the parish." After a few words more of no importance had passed between the terrified woman and the men on the outside, Gogan broke open the door of the cabin, and a number of armed white men, among whom Mrs. Pinkston recognized Dr. Young, Billy Parks, Gogan, Frank Durham, "Buck" Baker and others, rushed into the room. They went up to the bed where Pinkston was lying, and, dragging him out on the floor, cried, "You will vote no more——Radical tickets here." Buck Baker said, "We must tend to the woman too."

Then they commenced firing their pistols at Pinkston. He fell. His wife screamed, and one of them struck her over the head with a revolver. She was cut and shot in several places; her jaw was broken, but she did not die. When she had been "tended to" the men took her husband, tied a handkerchief over his mouth, and carried his bleeding body out of the house. Then they killed him. Before he died he begged them to spare his life, "I will vote the Democratic ticket, sure." "No," said one of them, "—— —— your nigger heart, you have fooled us long enough; now you must die." Having killed the husband, the men next turned to the wife. Her infant lay at her side. They cut its throat from ear to ear and threw the dead body into a pond near by. Then they left the cabin, and the bleeding, childless widow of their victim saw them go more. There are 2,167 Republican voters in the parish where Henry Pinkston lived, but only 781 of them went to the polls on Election day. H. C.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

The correspondent of the *Tribune*, after giving substantially the same details of the woman' story, adds:

When this sickening statement was made before the Returning Board and the wounds were exposed, a great sensation was caused, especially among the Northern visitors.

Governor Palmer said that this was a question beyond that of who should be President. It was a question of humanity, and he should not rest until it was fully investigated. He would not be satisfied with a simple cross-questioning of the witness. There must be answer and proof. In conversation this evening, after the session of the Board closed, he said that he had seen a battle-field on which there were a thousand dead and wounded men, but he had never seen anything that shocked him as the sight of this woman and her story. He was shocked that the white people looked upon such a story with so much unconcern; that the local officials allowed it to pass without any apparent attempt to bring the guilty man to justice, and that the Republicans seemed to care more for its political effect than for anything else. He said that he would not live in a State where such things could occur. Mr. Julian refused to look at the wound.

Bad as this is, it is only fair to say that the Democrats, while they cannot deny, do try to explain it. Chas. F. Tidwell, the planter on whose place Pinkston lived, is now in this city. He says that he raised Eliza Pinkston in Alabama. She has been at work for him the last two seasons and her husband one year. On the Sunday morning before the election she arrived at his house at about 5:30 o'clock. She first said that Baker and Paseys, Radical negroes, had killed her husband and her child and injured her. He went up to the house as soon as it was light, but did not find the child. Pinkston was dead, having been shot three or four times. He did not notice that he was otherwise mutilated. Eliza remained at the negro quarters near his house until a week ago last Sunday, and was about the yard every day. Subsequently she told Mr. Tidwell that there were fifteen or twenty white men present when her husband was killed, and that Dr. Young was one of them. The body of the child was found in the lake four or five days after the murder of Pinkston. Dr. Young and Mr. Logan, who are mentioned in Mrs. Pinkston's affidavit, are here, and say that they can prove alibis. They also say that Mrs. Pinkston was a rabid Democrat, but her husband was a quiet man who had little to do with politics.

Another most important witness was Benjamin James. He was one of the constables appointed for election day in Ouachita Parish. He said that he started from his home near Monroe at about 1 o'clock to take the ballot-box to Logtown. When he had gone about two miles he was stopped by men who took him to a headquarters which had been established in the road. He saw seventy or eighty men armed. They took his pistol away from him, and then told him to go on ahead of them. He dismounted, and after going a few steps, supposing that he was to be murdered, he started to run. Then the men began to shoot at him. After he had once been shot and had fallen, as he laid on the ground one of the men placed his pistol against James' temple and fired. The shot stunned him but did not kill him, as it only grazed his temple. Of course no election took place at Logtown, and James said that he has not yet recovered his horse, saddle-bags or pistol. This is an undoubted case of an election outrage. The testimony to-day has caused great excitement, which is likely to continue until the end of the canvass of the votes.

STILL ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

Dr. Redfield of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, whose fairness in treating of the current history of parties in Louisiana has gained the approval of the Democratic press, says:

The next worst case to that of Pinkston's is the murder of two men in East Baton Rouge, father and son. They were killed the night of the 12th of April, at the commencement of the campaign. Two weeks before being killed they were warned, in writing to move away within ten days. They were frightened, and, the witnesses say, applied to the merchant where they did their trading. He advised them to stay at home, attend to their business, and pay no attention to the threat. But death followed. A dozen men came in the night and shot them to death. Two of the family — mother and sister — were present, and have made sworn statements, with all the horrible details. The testimony is corroborated from several sources, including certified copies of the coroner's inquest held on the bodies.

A more complete picture of woe I never saw than these two faces—the old woman who lost her husband and son, and the daughter who lost in them a father and brother. Their faces haunt me, and I say, can this be true? Were there two men taken out of bed at night and shot like wild beasts? And, if not true, how came these two women here? How could they tell such a straight story with nothing to base it upon? And more than all, how could their poor faces assume that look of settled, terrible anguish?

Men of the North and of the South, you who love your fellow men, and are opposed to murder as an element in the conducting of a campaign, let us have the truth about this wretched business. Lay aside party feelings. No party can afford to profit by such things as this. If these poor people have been treated as alleged, let us know it. If these parishes have been carried by murder let us know it.

And when the truth is out—and it will come out this winter, if what the Republicans here allege is true, the Democratic party must not, can not, defend it. The party will be damned that seeks to win power through murder—cruel, cowardly cold blooded murder. The American people are God-fearing, justice loving people. They want none of this.

I do not say that all the partisan Republicans allege here is true; but they are certainly making out a strong case; a case that will require some effort upon the part of the Democrats to get over. Let us have the truth. If the Republicans seek to profit by lying, let us know it; if the Democrats have carried five parishes with the shot-gun, let us know it.

Oil Yourself a Little.

Once upon a time there lived an old gentleman in a large house. He had servants and everything he wanted, yet he was not happy, and when things did not go as he wished, he was very cross. At last his servants left him. Quite out of temper, he went to a neighbor with a story of his distresses.

"It seems to me," said the neighbor, sagaciously, "'twould be well for you to oil yourself a little."

"To oil myself?"

"Yes; and I will explain. Some time ago one of the doors in my house creaked. Nobody, therefore, liked to go in or out by it. One day I oiled its hinges, and it has been constantly used by everybody ever since."

"Then you think I am like the creaking door," cried the old gentleman. "How do you want me to oil myself?"

"That's an easy matter," said the neighbor. "Go home and engage a servant, and when he does right, praise him. If, on the contrary he does something amiss, do not be cross; oil your voice and words with the oil of love."

The old gentleman went home, and no harsh or ugly words were ever heard in the house afterwards. Every family should have a bottle of this precious oil, for every family is liable to have a creaking hinge in the shape of a freeful disposition, a cross temper, a harsh tone, or a fault-finding spirit.

An Humble Man's Story.

HOW THE LOUISIANA BULLDOZERS FLOGGED HIM FOR REFUSING TO VOTE FOR "DEMOCRACY AND REFORM."

The correspondent of the Chicago *Journal*, writing from New Orleans, gives the pitiful story of a colored man thirty years old. It is in his own words as follows:

"My name is Zekial Glover; I live in East Feliciana in de Eighth Ward, nigh Clinton, on de telegraph road leading to Osyka; I was born and raised dar, on Levy Doty's plantation; I rent a bit of land from W. M. McAdams and worked in a saw mill; 'bout 10 o'clock Sunday night 'for de election a man come to my house; he was John Norwood; he tole me he wanted to see me for no harm, but on very 'tic'lar business; sed he was a fren to me; asked me to step away a piece from de do', cause he didn't want no one to know what he was gwine to say. I stepped 'bout twenty feet from de doah, and he began talkin' to me. While he was talkin' a lot of men rushed up, with sticks and pistols, and one of 'em said '—— —— your radical soul, we've got you now; we'll fix you to-night.' Dey grabbed me, and made me go with 'em about fifteen yards into the timber. I made no 'zistance; 'twouldn't have done no good; dey would have killed me dead. dey tied my hands together around de wrists. Dey took me to a beech-tree. Dr. W. R. Roberts says, 'Let's hear Zeke's testimony awhile fore we whip him.' I tole 'em my testimony was I didn't know what dey was gwine to do with me; dat I had always voted the 'Publican ticket; I tole 'em I didn't know exactly what ticket I'd vote this year until the time come. Den John Norwood said: 'We came here to whip dis nigger, and don't let us question him any mo.' One of em asked me if I'd rather take 500 lashes or be hung, and I tole 'em I'd rather take de whippin' dan be hung. Dey said such —— Radicals as me ruined de country. Dey stripped me naked. When I come out of de house I was fixin' to go to bed, 'an had nothin' on 'cept my shirt and drawers. Dey tied me to a beech-tree, cut beech limbs all round and five or six whipped me at a time. I hollered. Dey whipped me till I couldn't stand. Den dey say I was playin' possum, an' dey laid on agin.' I fainted while I was tied to de tree. I can't tell how long dey whipped me; dey whipped me awhile den sat down an' rested, an' whipped me agin'. I can't tell how long de time was. When a man is in so much misery as dat he tinks de time pretty long. My wife tried to follow me, but dey left Jim McAdams, son of old McAdams, on de road, an' he drove her back. Old McAdams owns de place I live on. He knew I was gwine to be whipped. He said 'bulldozin' was one of de greatest things ever invented. After dey got through whippin' dis Doc Roberts talked to me awhile, and tole me 'twas best for me not to report it, a I'd see trouble, an' nex' time dey got me dey'd put a rope around my neck. He told me what dey whipped me for was because I wouldn' join the Democratic club. I'd tole some of the men dat whipped me a day or two before dat I wouldn' join de Democratic club nor vote de Democratic ticket; dat I'd die first. I knew all de men dat whipped me. Dey's all my neighbors; lives close to me. Doc Roberts tends sick folks. He lives in the Eighth Ward, half a mile from me. Alexander Doty don't do nothin', but drink whisky an' loaf roun' de grocery. William East lives along side me. He's on dat side of the fence an' I on dis. John Hart lives close by me. John Norwood worked in the saw mill with me. William Brown lives near de saw mill. Jim McAdams is son of de man what owns de place I live on. Dey went off an lef me. When I got back home my back was all bloody. So was my shirt. My wife was skeered most to death. I left hum de same night. I went to Clinton, where de United States sojers war, an' I had to skirmish roun' so de bulldozers wouldn't see me until I found Lieutenant De Gray. He showed me to Cap'n Rogers 'zamined me an' sent for Monahan an' Wedge, two boss bulldozers, what tole Cap'n Rogers there was no bulldogin' in de parish. Dey showed 'em my back and Wedge asked me, 'Who done dat, black or white?' I tole 'em white. The Cap'n asked me if I'd go an' make affidavit, an Lieutenant say dey would kill me if I did. Den de Cap'n give me a note to de Sergeant, an' I stayed with him; I came down de river with Cap'n Rogers sogers. I can't go back dar; dey would kill me. I will send for my wife as soon as she gets de crop in. I raised an acre an' a half of potatoes, five of corn and five of cotton, 'bout three an' a half bales. I s'pose my wife will try to save the crop. I dunno what I'll do now nor whar I'll go, but I dare'nt go back dar, sartin. I nebb r did nothin' to the men that bulldozed me, nor dey to me till dat time. I didn' vote at all; they said if I did they would kill me. De cullud men would all have voted de Republican ticket if dey had protection, but dey were skeerd ot de bulldozers. De cullud men had to lay out in de woods, afraid of bein bulldozed be fo' elec-tion day, and den who voted war forced to vote with de Democrats."

Glover, at our request, took off his shirt. His body, from his neck to his knees, was a sickening sight. His back and sides and thighs were cut and torn, and white scars on the black flesh, crossing each other here and there, proved with what zeal the advocates of "Tilden and Reform" in Louisiana sought to carry the State.

Notes on the Fashions.

A new fabric for overgresses is of silk and wool in damask figures with a rough knotty surface.

One thousand dollars is the price of a fine crown sable set, muff and boa, but the finest sets bring $1,600.

"Marie Antoinette" and elbow sleeves or tight fitting coat sleeves down to the wrist are both worn for evening.

A new way of ornamenting the bottom of dresses is to use thick fringes falling over box or knife pleatings.

Black is the favorite color for dolmans, but lighter ones for mild weather are made of gray or dark camel's hair cloths.

A fan-like effect is given to the back of dress skirts by running a draw string in a casing across the back breadth just below the knee.

The person who is convinced of error and has not the candor to acknowledge it, is a moral coward, and lacks an important element of a man.

The American People.

Another feature of American character is the fussy and restless pursuit of personal prominence or notoriety. There being no formal distinction of ranks in the Republic, we see every human being there striving as the great end of existence to perk his heard as he can above his neighbor's. There is no country which is so broken up into sets and cliques, each scheming to find something to give it a pretext for affecting an individual superiority. Thus it appears, that among the watering-places, Cape May looks down on Atlantic City that Cape May is looked down on by Long Branch, and that Saratoga thinks itself decidedly above Long Branch, while Newport, on the strength of its blue blood, assumes to be an aristocratic eyrie perched altogether above the rest of the world. It is much the same in ordinary society. New York professes contempt for Bostonian priggishness. Boston retaliates on New York with scorn of "shoddy," and twits Philadelphia with provincialism. And so it goes on through every grade and section of the community. The quiet occupation of a settled and acknowledged position with which the occupant is content is scarcely known in that land of freedom. There is room for every body to aspire, and everybody does so. The easiest platform to mount upon in such a state of things is money or the show of money; and thus the American ambition becomes mainly fixed on its acquisition. Perhaps, however, what is most wanting to the American character, or at least to its peace of mind and happiness, is self confidence and self respect. It may be thought at first sight that the Americans are especially of a conceited and confident nature; but the extreme sensitiveness which they display in regard to almost every kind of criticism shows that they are not at heart thoroughly at ease as to their own pretensions. It is hardly possible to say anything to Americans about their country without jarring on some tender point. They cannot bear to be told of their faults, and they smart under anything like praise as if it were an assumption of superiority. They are inclined to pride themselves on their sense of humor, but on this particular point their sense of humor is very dull. The sort of banter or caricature which people of other nations, firm in their own faith in themselves, only laugh at, seems to irritate an American exclusively. He is like a man with a raw skin, to whom a midge is torture. Even Mr. Lowell once lashed out in a pamphlet, *On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners*, and threatened England with war as a punishment, not for hostile acts, but for her "airs of patronage" toward America. Every sensible person recognizes that the United States are a great people in their way, but they are not beyond the reach of criticism. They are what the conditions of their existence have made them. They have hitherto enjoyed the material prosperity which lay at their hands in the resources of a vast and virgin territory; but they have not advanced with equal success in other directions, nor perhaps could it be expected that they should do so, considering the secular character of the population, and the work they had immediately to do. There are, no doubt, faults, weaknesses in old States, consequent on their course of development; but so there are in new ones, and the great mistake of America is to fancy itself full grown. It is still, in many respects, in a cradle and loosely compacted condition. What is mainly wanted is more energy and determination on the part of the honest and intelligent part of the people to enforce a higher standard of manners and morality, and to cultivate national self-respect.—*The Saturday Review.*

A Newfoundland Dog.

A gentleman connected with a Newfoundland fishery was once possessed of a dog of singular fidelity and sagacity. On one occasion a boat and crew in his employ were in circumstances of considerable peril just outside a line of breakers, which—owing to some change in the wind or weather—had, since the departure of the boat, rendered the return passage through them hazardous. The spectators on shore were unable to render any assistance to their friends afloat. Much time had been spent, and the danger seemed to increase rather than to diminish. Our friend, the dog, looked on for a length of time, evidently aware of their being great cause for anxiety in those around. Presently, however, he took to the water, and made his way through to the boat. The crew supposed he wished to join them, and made various attempts to induce him to come aboard, but no! he would not go within their reach, but continued swimming about a short distance from them. After a while, and several comments on the peculiar conduct of the dog, one of the hands suddenly divined his apparent meaning; "Give him the end of the rope," he said; "that is what he wants." The rope was thrown—the dog seized the end in an instant, turned round, and made straight for the shore; where in a few minutes afterwards boat and crew—thanks to the intelligence of their four footed friend—were placed safe and undamaged. Was there no reasoning here? No acting with a view to an end, or for a given motive? Or was it nothing but ordinary instinct.

Anecdote of President Grant.

This neat bit of humor of President Grant's appears now for the first time in print;

Just before the close of the last session of Congress, while riding out one day, he was struck with the appearance of a horse that was driven before a butcher's cart. The butcher was sent for and asked if he would sell. The butcher would do so for a proper consideration. The proper consideration was estimated at $250 which was paid. Subsequently, after driving out with Senator Conkling, the President said:

"Come to the stable and look at a new horse I've bought."

Mr. Conkling, who is something of a judge of horses, looked him over thoroughly, poked him here, punched him here, and did all that a first-class Senator and horseman should do in such a case.

"Where did you get him?" asked the Senator.

"I bought him of a butcher," replied the President.

"How much did you pay for him?"

"Two hundred and fifty dollars," answered President Grant.

"Well," responded the Senator, "he may be a very good animal, and doubtless is, but if it were in my case I think I should rather have the money than the horse."

"That is what the butcher thought," replied the President.

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Mattocks, Grub Hoes, Picks, Scythes, Sneaths, Sledges, Mason Hammers, Cast Steel, Step Ladders, Carriage and Tire Bolts of all sizes. Looking Glasses, Wash Boards, Clothes Wringers, Meal Sieves, Door Mats, Baskets, Tubs, Wooden Buckets, Twine, Rope all sizes, Hay Pulleys, Butter Prints, Mop Sticks, Traps, Steelyards, Meat Cutters and Stuffers, Traces, Cow Chains, Halter Chains, Shoe, Dust and Scrub Brushes, Horse Brushes, Curry Combs and Cards, Door Locks, Hinges, Screws, Latches and everything in the Builders' line. Caps, Lead, Shot, Powder and Safety Fuse, &c., &c.

The fact is, I keep everything that belongs to the Hardware trade. I deal exclusively in this kind of goods and give my whole attention to it. Persons who are building, or any one in need of anything in my line, will find it to their advantage to give me a call. I will always give a reasonable credit to responsible persons. I thank my old customers for their patronage and hope this season to make many new ones. Don't forget the place

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Plated Ware, Gold and Silver Chains, Gold and Silver Spectacles, Watch makers' Tools, Materials, and every description of goods sold by the trade.

LARGE FRESH STOCK FOR Fall and Winter Trade, 1874. Lowest New York Prices. All quality of goods Guaranteed. Wholesale Exclusively. 68 Fifth Avenue, SECOND FLOOR.

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For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping-Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption.

Among the great discoveries of modern science, few are of more real value to mankind than this preferred remedy for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. A vast trial of its virtues, throughout this and other countries, has shown that it does surely and effectually control them. The testimony of our best citizens, of all classes, establishes the fact, that CHERRY PECTORAL will and does relieve and cure the afflicting diseases of the Throat and Lungs beyond any other medicine. The most dangerous affections of the Pulmonary Organs yield to its power; and cases of **Consumption**, cured by this preparation, are publicly known, so remarkable as hardly to be believed, were they not proven beyond dispute. As a remedy, it is adequate, on which the public may rely for full protection. By curing **Coughs**, the forerunners of more serious disease, it saves numbered lives, and an amount of suffering not to be computed. It challenges trial, and convinces the most sceptical. Every family should keep it on hand as a protection against the early and unperceived attack of Pulmonary Affections, which are easily met at first, but which become incurable, and too often fatal, if neglected. Tender lungs need this defender, and it is unwise to be without it. As a safeguard to children, amid the distressing diseases which beset the Throat and Chest of childhood, CHERRY PECTORAL is invaluable for, by its timely use, multitudes are rescued from premature graves, and saved to the love and affection centered on them. It acts speedily and surely against early colds, securing sound and health-restoring sleep. No one will suffer troublesome **Influenza** and painful **Bronchitis**, when they know how easily they can be cured.

Originally the product of long, laborious, and successful chemical investigation, no cost or toil is spared in making every bottle in the highest possible perfection. It may be confidently relied upon as possessing all the virtues it has ever exhibited, and capable of producing cures as memorable as the greatest it has ever effected.

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August 9.

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Manufactures of

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Factory one square east of Diamond.

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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Christian Holsapple, late of Conemaugh Township, dec'd.

Letters of administration on the above estate have been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to those indebted to it to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against it to present them duly authenticated for settlement at the residence of the subscriber in Paint township, on Saturday the 9th day of December, 1874.

DAVID I. LEHMAN, Administrator.

Nov. 18.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that Henry Hochstetler of Meyersdale, Somerset county, Pa., by deed of voluntary assignment, has assigned all his estate, real and personal, of the said Henry P. Hochstetler, to Hiram Boyts, of Davidsville, Somerset Co., Pa., in trust for the benefit of the creditors of the said Henry Hochstetler. All persons therefore indebted to the said Henry Hochstetler, will make payment to the said Assignee, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

HIRAM BOYTS, Assignee.

October 11.

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OFFICE AND INFIRMARY, No 276 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. All diseases of **EYE, EAR and THROAT**, and **Catarrh** successfully treated. Operations for **Cataract**, "False Pupils," "Crooked Eyes," "Wild Hairs," **Cancer** and Tumors of the Eye, Ear, Nose or Throat, Pterigium, "Weeping Eyes," Ptosis, Contracted Cicatrices, Foreign Bodies, Exfoliation, &c., skillfully performed. Artificial Eyes inserted. Send for descriptive and illustrated pamphlet of cases.

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