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Somerset Herald,

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This popular and well known house has lately been thoroughly and newly refitted with all new and best of furniture, which has made it a very desirable stopping place for the traveling public. Its tables and rooms cannot be surpassed, all being first class, with a large public hall attached to the same. Also large and roomy stabling. First class boarding can be had at the lowest possible price, by the week, day or meal.
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The Truth is Mighty

and will prevail. Thousands who have used and been cured are living witnesses to the truth of our statement, that SELLER'S LIVER PILLS of R. Orin Cook are the best cure of Liver Complaint, Biliousness, Headache arising therefrom, Costiveness, Constipation, Dizziness and all disorders resulting from a diseased liver. For sale by all druggists. Price 25 cents.
R. E. SELLERS & Co., Props., Pittsburgh, Pa.
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Are not expected to decline, but yet

TO REDUCE STOCK

A large line of each grade will be offered from to-day, June 7th,

AT TEN TO FIFTEEN CENTS LESS

Per yard than previous prices of this season.

CHINA MATTINGS

The finest brand imported, and all GRADES.

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And Real Estate Brokers.
ESTABLISHED 1850.

Persons who desire to sell, buy or exchange property, or rent will find it to their advantage to register the description thereof, as no charge is made unless sold or rented. Real estate business generally will be promptly attended to.
aug 18

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Watches and Jewelry
Repaired by Skilled Workmen and returned by Express Free of Charge. No extra charge for Engraving. Goods warranted as represented.

NEW BANK.

Somerset County Bank,
CHARLES J. HARRISON,
Cashier and Manager.

Collections made in all parts of the United States. Charges moderate. Butter and other checks collected and cashed. Eastern and Western exchange always on hand. Remittances made with promptness. Accounts solicited.

Parties desiring to purchase U. S. 4 PER CENT. FUNDED LOAN, can be accommodated at this Bank. The coupons are prepaid in denominations of 50, 100, 500 and 1,000.

SPRING, 1880.

CARPETS

A Large and Choice Stock of Ingrains, Tapestry Brussels, Body Brussels, Marquetts and Axminsters, with Rugs and Borders to match. Also Oil Cloths, Linoleums and Lignums.

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ENGLISH, CLASSICAL and COMMERCIAL,
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September 15th, 1880,
Boarding and Day School for Young Men and Boys. Instruction
EXTENSIVE, THOROUGH & PRACTICAL.
Family School Unlimited. Comforts of a
CHRISTIAN HOME.
Special attention to habits, health and out of school influences.
For catalogues containing testimonials address
F. W. HASTINGS, Ph. D., Principal.
August 11, 4t

Inter-Ocean.]

THAT BLOODY SHIRT.

They tell us the acts of the late bloody war
Should be lost in oblivion's night;
That the mantle of peace should cover the scar
Of our brother, who fell in the fight.
We once took their hand,
And all through the land
Gave amnesty, pardon, and grace;
And they came, one and all,
To Congressional Hall,
Each one in his dishonored place;
And with faces all blazon—hands reeking with blood,
Their traitorous schemes they assert;
And because we refuse to crawl in their mud,
We are taunting that old "bloody shirt."

That old "bloody shirt!" Aye, but who dabbled its gray
With heart's blood of patriots true?
Whose hand sent the bullet that shot out the day,
Of that soldier while wearing the blue?
Who gave a load yell
As that patriot fell,
Giving up his dear life on the sod,
Whose shout was the last
A'er the dying one passed
As he yielded his soul to his God?
'Twas you! who first 'woke in our prosperous land
A war cry, unholy, unjust!
'Twas you! who first raised a traitor's foul hand
To trail our dear flag in the dust!

'Tis as dear to our hearts, is our own starry flag,
And we'll once and shield it the same;
We've bathed it with tears, though 'tis but an old rag,
For it brings to our memory a name.
Shot through the heart
While doing his part,
'Gainst you and your rifle-club crew;
And we'll never desert
That old "bloody shirt"
That was worn by our brave boy in blue.
That dear "bloody shirt," with its crimson one stain,
In the face of the Kuklux should stand;
And there it should stay, like God's curse upon Cain,
While they've breath to defame our dear land.

J. G. HAMLIN.

Clear Lake, Iowa, Aug. 17, 1880.

THE MYSTIFIED MESSENGER.

There were comparatively few persons who knew that George Gleason, the favorite express messenger of the P. C. & St. L. Road, was a somnambulist. His strange freaks performed during a somnambulistic trance were known to a small circle of friends and associates, who mentioned them not when our hero was appointed to the position he was destined to fill with honor.

For two years he ran his car without an incident, no train robbers attacked it, and he became the favorite messenger of the road. Strange to say that during the time, while he dozed often in his car, he did not once fall into the somnambulistic state, and he was congratulating himself that the singular trances had left him altogether, when occured the incident I am about to relate.

His downward run was on the night express, extended from Coshocton to Springfield, a distance of one hundred and eighty mile. There were few stations of importance on the route, and the train made but three halts between the two cities. The officers of the road were, at the date of our story, and still are careful men of business, jealous of their patron's interests, and gentlemen of integrity.

When robberies became common on their road, the messengers of the P. C. & St., L. were sure to receive orders commanding extra precaution, and it was to the obedience of these orders that much of the popularity of the road was attributed.

"Hello!" exclaimed the Messenger Gleason, one evening while looking over the columns of the Cleveland *Herald*. "The express car of C. C. & J. C. robbed of $30,000! That's a good haul. Why don't the car thieves try my car? Here I've been on the road for two years, and never for a moment has the safety of a dollar in my safes been jeopardized."

He considered himself one of the luckiest messengers in the country, and with the paper in his hand, stepped into the express car which a moment later moved out of Coshocton.

It was a beautiful Autumn evening, and the messenger sat at the open side door enjoying a cigar until the sun went down, and darkness fell over the earth. Then he shut that door, lighted the lamp, and saw that everything was safe.

He knew the value of the contents of the Company's safes, and he thought what a haul thieves would make if they would successfully burglarize his car on the present trip.

But he felt secure, for he dropped into his own chair and fell asleep.

The train had a run of forty-nine miles before the messenger would again be called to service, and he thought of this perhaps when he settled into the chair resolved upon a doze.

By-and-by he arose, and his eyelids parted.

He walked directly to the safes which stood side by side, and opening the combination locks threw wide the burglar proof doors. Then he took forth valuable package after package, until he had emptied the strongholds of their treasurers. It is safe to say that Messenger Gleason deprived the safes of money and other valuables to the aggregate of seventy thousand dollars.

After doing this he closed the doors, and with the packages, walked out to the tender.

It was filled with coal, black and grim, and the heavy smoke, of the engine, the toy of the smart breeze blowing, beating against his face.

But he did not seem to heed it, for he climbed upon the tender with one hand, and deliberately secreted the packages among the coal in one corner.

Having accomplished his singular task he returned to the express car, washed his hands, which had been begrimed by the lumps of coal, and retired to his chair, where his eyes closed and he breathed like a sleeping man.

George Gleason had robbed the safes in a state of somnambulism, and their iron doors guarded the messenger's books and a few old papers of little value.

He sleft for half an hour longer when he awoke and rubbed his eyes. His first action thereafter was to consult his watch.

"We're approaching Grafton," he said to himself, and drew another cigar from his pocket for a quiet smoke.

A minute later the fragrance of a prime *flor de fuman* filled the car, and the messenger was half enveloped in smoke.

Grafton was yet nineteen miles away.

All at once Gleason heard his name pronounced, and turned quickly in his chair.

He sprang to his feet the moment afterward, and as the half-consumed cigar fell to the floor, his hand flew to the pocket that held a revolver.

For there stood before him two men whose dark masks hung far below their chins.

"Don't draw, Mr. Gleason," said one of the strangers, and the young messenger saw a revolver covering his head. "We don't want to be so ungentlemanly as to slay you here, the road can't spare you, indeed it can't.

Gleason's hand shrunk away from the pocket it had touched, and he looked at the men for a moment in silence.

"What do you want?" he said.

"What most men earnestly desire—money.

"I have none."

"But the safes have."

Then open them if you can," said the messenger, with a smile.

"With your assistance we will," answered one of the masked men, who until that moment had not spoken. Mr. Gleason, we didn't come here to parley, and as we mean business, we will proceed to it at once. You have the keys and will oblige us by producing them."

The young messenger looked twice in the eyes of the men and once into the muzzle of the revolvre before he displayed the keys.

"Here they are," he said, extending them.

"No, no, Gleason," was the response, and the twinkle of the dark eyes told our messenger that the face beneath the mask was smiling. "It is a combination lock, you see, and we happen to be ignorant of the cabalistic word—your sesame. Open the door for us, if you please."

Gleason saw that pleading would avail him naught. There was stern determination in the robber's tone, death in the depth of his black eyes. He had often read of such burglaries; how cashiers were made to open the safe of their own banks, and throw thousands at the feet of the robbers. He had never dreamed that such an event would happen in express car No. 56, much less that he would be compelled to assist in robbing the patronizing public.

But he was at the mercy of the villains, and his life was in startling jeopardy. He came forward with pale face, and stooped before the safes.

"Be lively about it," said one of the men. "You know the locks like a book, and we know how to treat a man who obeys our orders with alacrity. We give you two minutes grace in which to work. If, at the end of that time, the doors do not swing open, the P. C. & St. L. will lose her best messenger!"

The imperiled man did not reply, but fell to work on the locks. The combination was quite intricate, but Gleason was familiar therewith, and in less than a minutes time he opened the first door.

"Now for the packages said one of the men.

The messenger put forth his hand unlocked an inner door, and started back aghast.

The money pocket of the safe was empty!

"What's up, Gleason?" exclaimed a mask, looking at the messenger with astonishment.

Gleason pointed to the empty receptacle, amost too amazed to speak, and the robbers exchanged strange glances.

"Open the other safe," commanded one.

The messenger obeyed. It, too, was moneyless.

"George Gleason, we want no trifling. You know where the money is."

"How should I know?" cried the messenger, mystified more than the robbers. "Did I know you were coming, and secrete the matter? If so, who betrayed you? Here are my books—look at them yourself. I swear to you that there were seventy thousand dollars' worth of express matter in the safes when we left Coshocton. I haven't left the car for one moment, though I have dozed, but like the cat. A footstep, however soft, will rouse me. You ask me were the money is; I throw the question back at you." Upon pain of death I could not tell you."

He ceased and the formost robber said:

"This beats me. I believe, you, George Gleason. Somebody has robbed the safes before we struck. They did it while you slept. Will you slacken the speed of the train?"

The messenger seized the bell-rope, and the speed of the train began to diminish.

"Now good night, Gleason," said the disappointed robbers, moving to the sliding door. "We hope the Company won't discharge you for sleeping at your post. Of course we are disappointed—we expected to make a big haul to-night."

The next moment they sprang from the car, and the messenger heard a prolonged whistle.

Then he saw the bell-rope moving, and the train fast returned to its usual speed.

He fell back in his chair completely mystified. He could not imagine who had robbed the safes, whose empty pockets stared at him from one corner of the car.

His thoughts were suddenly interrupted by the conductor, who bounced into his presence.

"They did it, eh? Money all gone! Curse the fiends! They had a man on each platform, masked and armed. How much did they get? They came on board as passengers."

"Not a dollar," said Gleason.

The conductor looked at the safes, and then at the man whom he seemed to regard as mad.

"Where is the money, then?"

"I don't know."

The train was stopped, and as the messenger had told his story, search for the packages began.

It came to an abrupt and happy termination. The engineer placed the lost valuables in Gleason's hand.

"Bob, the fireman, saw you climb on to the coal in the tender, and then you stuffed all these envelopes into one corner. When you went back into your car we pulled 'em out, and intended to keep 'em for you till we got to Grafton. Why, you had your eyes open, but Bob and me knew you were in a waking trance."

Thus spoke the engineer, and the reader may imagine with what thankfulness the messenger received the envelopes, not one of whose original was missing.

I do not know whether the robbers ever learned the story of the missing valuables, but I do know that since night George Gleason has not been a somnambulist.

An Humble Printer.

A Dutchman, sitting in the door of his tavern, in the far West, is approached by a tall, thin Yankee, who is emigrating Westward on foot, with a bundle hung on a cane over his shoulder.

"Vell, Mister Valking Stick, vat do you vant?" inquired the Dutchman.

"Rest and refreshment," replied the printer.

"Supper and lotchin', I reckon?"

"Yes, supper and lodging, if you please."

"Pe ye a Yankee peddler, und chewdry in your pack to sheat der gal?"

"No, sir; I'm no Yankee peddler."

"A singing master, too lazy to vork?"

"No, sir."

"A shenteel shoemaker, vat loves to measure der gal's feet and hankles better tan to make der shoes?"

"No, sir, or I should have mended my own shoes."

"A book achent vot bodders der school committees till dey do vot you vish, choost to get rid of you?"

"Guess again, sir; I am no book agent."

"Ter tyefuls! A dentist, preaking der people's jaw at a dollar a schnag, and den runnin' off mit a daughter!"

"No sir; I am no tooth puller."

"Vell, den, vat ter tyefuls can you be. Choost tell, you shall have the best sassage for supper, and sday all night, free gratis, mitout a cent, and a chill of whisky to start mit in der morning."

"I am a humble disciple of Faust—a professor of the art that preserves all arts—a typographer, at your service."

"Votsch dot?"

"A printer, sir; a man that prints books and newspapers."

"A man vot printsch noospapers! Oh, yaw, yaw! ay, dat ish it! A man vot printsch noospapers! yaw, yaw! Valk up! A man vot printsch noospapers! I vish I may be shot if I did not tink you vas a poor tyeful of a dishtrick schoolmaster who works for nodding, and boards round. I tought you vas him."

Natural and Artificial Ice.

It is characteristic of the best ice that it is clear and transparent—free from those white, milky streaks which are commonly attributed to air. This appearance is not, however, attributable to the presence of air, but to the irregular formation of the crystals, which, by shooting out in various directions, present a broken and irregular surface, from which the light is reflected, instead of being allowed to pass through. Now, it has been found that a slight, oscillating motion of the water in the tanks will give uniformity to the direction in which the crystals shoot from the iron walls. The sway of the water determines the direction in which they dart out, and causes them to present a smooth and even surface to the play of light upon them. By a simple arrangement, this stirring is effected by bars of wood, which gently sway to and fro in the middle of each tank while ice is forming on the walls around. It may be safely affirmed that ice turned out by this process is better than that which is taken from lakes and rivers. It is so for the most part in respect to its purity and transparency. But what is of more importance is its increased density and hardness. The harder the frost, the denser and more durable the ice produced by it. Nevertheless, there are some purposes for which very hard ice is not desirable. Where it is to be mixed with salt for freezing purposes, for instance, the more rapidly it liquefies the better, and the ice that "has the most gravy in it" is preferred. For such purposes, therefore, ice from our own ponds and streams has generally been used rather than that from the more rigorous climate of Norway or America. English ice can be got cheaper, too. For merely cooling purposes, however—for use in the larder, fishmongers' shops, in the cooling of liquids, etc.,—the harder the ice and the longer it will last the better; and the produce of the tanks, or "ice-boxes," with their 50° or 60° of frost, is far superior to the ice yielded by either our own or foreign waters. Bearing this in mind, and considering also that our native or imported "natural" ice fetches from £3 to £8 per ton in the market, our readers may judge of the revolution that is going on in the trade when we state that by one of these machines—Reece's for instance—some ten tons of ice may be turned out per day at a cost, as we are assured, of 5s. 6d. a ton.—*Chamber's Journal.*

"You do not like to make calls," said an uncle to his nephew. "But you must make calls," he continued, "for there is always pleasure derived—if not when you enter, at least when you come out."

"The South."

Whenever a Republican speaks of "the South," except to pity or to praise it, he is denounced as an apostle of hate. If he asks why "the South" should be intrusted with the government, he is reviled for shaking the bloody shirt. If he appeals to history to show what "the South" means, and what the dominance of "the South" portends, he is stigmatized as wickedly sectional. But "the South" can be no more left out of this campaign than slavery out of that of 1860, or the war from that of 1864, or reconstruction from that of 1868. The primary Democratic allegation is that "the South" is solid for the Democratic candidates, and Wade Hampton pledges its 138 electoral votes to them. This is generally conceded. The electoral vote of "the South" will be cast for them, because the popular vote will not be cast freely nor counted fairly. The only way the Democratic party can succeed is by obtaining the 138 electoral votes of "the South" in the usual Southern way, and by picking up 47 votes in "the North." Democratic success, therefore, is the success of "the South," and that fact is the most important in the canvass. There is no use in calling such a result Democratic, not only because it has nothing to do with Democracy, but because it is best to call things by their right names. The election of Hancock would be the control of the government by "the South." Is it desirable that "the South" should control the government? That is not a question of Republican choosing. It is raised by the facts of the case.

If to state the facts and ask the question is to show hate, and to shake the bloody shirt, and to be sectional, we are certainly and gladly guilty of all these offenses. Since the question whether "the South" shall controll the government is unavoidable and paramount, we shall consider it, and we naturally ask what "the South" means. How can we estimate probable action except by experience? The Democratic party is rigorously and unscrupulously testing the Republican party by its record. But when the Republicans resort, "Very well, since you wish to control, what are your credentials?" The Democrats burst into a whining chorus, "Oh, by-gones must be by-gones; don't be sectional; don't shake the bloody shirt; don't talk about fiat money, or the extra session, or Garcelon, or the alliance of Northern slums and Southern bulldozing and tissue-ballot stuffing; don't fan the fires of hate, but let us be brethren, and dwell in amity." In other words, they insist that the Republican party shall be tried by their deeds, and the Democratic party by its promises. To ask to see the credentials of the party that would control the government is to preach the gospel of hate, and to thrive by sectional prejudice.

This is nonsense which deceives nobody. Since Democratic success in 1880 means Southern domination as plainly as Republican success in 1860 meant Northern supremacy, the relevant inquiry is whether the objects which good citizens desire will be attained more probably under Southern control. That question can be answered intelligibly only by inquiring what "the South" means. It cannot be answered by not asking. If a man seeks to be trusted with a ship, the owner will certainly inquire who he is and what he has done. If the traditions and principles and spirit and tendency and acts of "the South" have been such as to promise sounder financial policy, surer correction of the corruption of patronage, wiser taxation, greater security of equal rights, diminution of sectional feeling, and vigorous suppression of fraud and violence at the polls than are probable under Republican ascendency, then "the South" may be safely called to administer the government, but not otherwise. How is this to be ascertained but by inquiry? And what is more absurd than to call such inquiry preaching hate and shaking the bloody shirt? If anybody supposes that a general election can take place in this country while a "solid South" continues, without reference to the war and to political and national history, he is strangely mistaken. Sectional politics are dangerous politics. Our own cannot be normal and sound so long as there is a "solid South." Why is it solid? Why does it not feel the currents and influences that divide the country elsewhere? As the little "Half hour" book, *Republican or Democrat?* of which we spoke last week, truly says, the South is solid either for a sectional purpose or because of resentment. It is made solid not by conviction, but by coercion and cheating. In three of the Southern States at least there are more colored than white citizens. That the colored citizens are Democrats the marines or Judæus Apelles may believe. That there votes are largely bought is not alleged. That they are bulldozed is known. It was not all necessary for Mr. Randolph Tucker to tell us how the South is made solid. It is "familiar knowledge." Now the fact that the South is solid is no reason for supposing that the Southern-Hancock administration would secure the objects which we have mentioned more certainly than a Republican administration, and that "the South" would be appeased or conciliated by Democratic success is no reason for giving it the government. If any reason can be found in the tone of Southern sentiment, in the traditional political theories of that section, or in its history before, since, or during the war, for supposing that American principles and civilization and progress would be more assured by Southern supremacy in public affairs, we do not know what it is nor where to look for it. The Democratic party by suppressing the colored vote makes a "solid South," and we are asked to give the government into the hands of that "solid South" because to do so would conciliate it, and not to do so is sectional hate. In this situation, which is that offered to us by the Democratic party, we are glad enough to recall the sententious wisdom of a village philosopher—"Th American people are not a fool."

GARFIELD'S INFLUENCE.

No man in public life has placed a higher estimate on the influences of the home and home life than General Garfield. No man has ever exerted a greater influence in keeping boys and young men in the wholesome atmosphere of vigorous and aspiring manhood than he. No man has received more heartfelt tributes from the representative and intellectual women of the country than the Presidential candidate of the Republican party.

There is scarcely a speech of his in which is not a reference to call up the picture of home and to fix attention upon it as a factor in solving our governmental problem. On that memorable Saturday night in June when he rose in the National Republican Convention to present the name of John Sherman as a Presidential candidate there was wild tumult all about him. Facing that great crowd of 15,000 excited people, his first words were not of candidates. Dwelling a moment on the extraordinary scene before him, he said:

Not here in this brilliant circle, where 15,000 men and women are assembled, is the destiny of the Republican party to be decreed. Not here when I see the enthusiastic faces of 756 delegates waiting to cast their votes into the urn and determine the choice of the republic; but by 4,000,000 Republican firesides, where the thoughtful voters, with wives and children about them, with the calm thoughts inspired by love of home and love of country; with the history of the past, the hope of the future, and the knowledge of the great who have adorned and blessed our nation gone by—there, God prepares the verdict that shall determine the wisdom of our work to-night.

Garfield looked beyond the delegates to the homes of earnest Republicans. He knew that in those homes were women as much interested in the success of the Republican party as the men who had fought its battles, and he turned the thoughts of the convention toward that love of home and country that has made the people of the great Republican States the bulwark of the nation.

The question is to be determined at the fireside and by the thoughtful voters. There is in the career and character of Garfield everything to appeal to the family. Some of the ardent woman suffragists propose to use their influence to defeat him, but they can hardly make headway in the homes of the land. The mother, marking out a path in life for her son, can point to the Republican candidate for President as a model and as a living example or the possibilities of American boyhood. There is nothing in Garfield's open life to excite a woman's distrust or suspicion. He is absolutely clear of the vices that pure women abhor, and no man has been a more constant friend to women than he, and no man has spoken warmer or more eloquent words in the cause of women. During his career in Congress his attitude toward women has been characterized by such a kindly courtesy as to call out unstinted praise even from pungent writers like Mary Clemmer, and in every movement looking to the better education and wider usefulness of women General Garfield has been a leader.

None know this so well as those women who, while in sympathy with him politically, have found an undercurrent of sentiment in his speeches shading his most effective arguments with the warmth of personal appeal, and who, because of this, have been led to study his purposes and appreciate his motives. There is no danger that such women will not in their own way do their utmost for General Garfield. The sons of such women honoring their mothers as a part of their worship of men like Garfield will not need urging of the veterans to do their full duty in November.

There is work for all to do. The leaders and the leaders of leaders are preparing to do their best. It will be a memorable campaign in the field and should be as memorable for the influences that are exerted through home life.

It has been said that the nomination of Garfield at Chicago was "the most perfect instance of the resistless strength of a man developed by all the best and purest impulses, forces, and influences of American institutions, becoming their most thorough and ablest embodiment in organic and personal activity, aspirations, and character."

But when the result had been reached Garfield thought most of his party. In responding to the speech of Senator Hoar, announcing his nomination, Garfield said: "I have felt with you great solicitude concerning the situation of our party during the struggle; but, believing that you are correct in assuring me that substantial unity has been reached in the conclusion, it gives me gratification far greater than any personal pleasure your announcement can bring."

Because the nomination came to him as it did, and because he accepted it in the spirit indicated above he has been enabled to exercise a great influence on the party. This influence, extending beyond the ordinary party lines to the "four million Republican firesides," becomes a curious element in the canvass, which will tell in results in Nov-ember.

CHOCOLATE PASTE—One cup milk boiled and when boiling stir in 2 tablespoons cornstarch dissolved in a half cup cold water; then add two ounces Baker's flavored chocolate grated, the yolk of 1 egg beaten, 12 teaspoonfuls vanilla; stir this over the fire, and when a little cold add one cup powdered sugar. This will make a thick paste to lay between the layers of cake.

A little school-girl in Cincinnati was choked to death by swallowing a toy balloon which she was trying to inflate with her breath.

When a man steps up to a fire-extinguisher and tries to get a drink of ice water from it he will bear watching.

Shall the South Rule?

It is difficult for us of the North, who fought to sustain the Union, solely for the love of it, and from hatred of no section, to comprehend that the Southern people still reverence their "Lost Cause"; that they venerate their dead leaders as martyrs; that they have still a purpose to rule or ruin the country; and that they entertain hopes of again coming into power at an early day. It will probably be still more difficult to impress upon Northern minds the idea that the Southern people are perfectly honest and sincere in their veneration, serious in their purposes and sanguine of the accomplishment of their hopes. Nevertheless such is the fact; and in the honesty of this feeling and the sincerity of this belief lie the vitality of their movements to recapture the Government and the chief danger of their triumph at the coming election. In our failure or refusal to believe them serious we add greatly to that danger. It is idle to deny them the virtue of consistency in the claims. No man of the South permits himself to doubt the sacredness of the cause. If he did he would not be tolerated or permitted to doubt long.

To us the principles to which they cling are heresies not to be entertained after such bloody refutation as they have had, and we cannot understand how, after professedly accepting the result, they still mantain the principles of the war. But to the Southern people these principles though defeated, are held to be as true, if not as sacred, as divine precepts; and in their advocacy of them they are as earnest, as zealous, as fanatical as any religious bigot of any age. It is not only a matter of pride that they cling thus tenaciously to them, but one of education—an education, too, in which the rising generation has been as carefully trained as were those of ante-bellum times. They lust for power renewed through political success, not merely for its spoils, but as a triumphant vindication of that cause which they lost by military failure. They are inspired, too, by the bitterest hate. Their revenge for all the humiliations of the war which saved the Union will not be complete until they have control of the Nation they could not divide. There is something monstrous in their view in the breach of faith in renewing a fight for principles which they once acknowledged were finally overthrown; nothing base in the revival, or rather renewed expression, of their animosity and hate. They have unbounded faith in their boasted superiority to the Northern people in every particular. They firmly believe they were overthrown in arms solely by superior numbers of paid soldiery; and that to them has been given the intellectual capacity necessary to govern. No facts, no statistics, no arguments, can make them comprehend that the Northern masses are their superiors, intellectually, physically, numerically and financially.

It is to be wondered at that a people thus educated and inspired should unhesitatingly adopt any measures and resort to any political disguise to gain their ends? No such reckless display of inconsistency was ever before seen as the present attitude of the Democratic party on which the Southern hopes are based for a bitter and, we believe, final contest for supremacy in the Government. It is supporting a candidate of the military class repeatedly denounced by it—a prominent general in the conduct of a war which it pronounced a failure almost at the moment of its successful culmination—and its solid strength comes from its partisans conquered in that war. Alike inconsistent upon every other vital issue, it makes no claim to recognition except that the Republican party has been too long in power. How far can a party which seeks to get into power under such conditions be trusted, when its controlling leaders entertain such treasonable principles as Hampton has expressed and they have unhesitatingly indorsed? The danger to the country is so apparant that the thinking, serious, earnest and Union-loving people of the North can never permit the South to rule.—*New York Tribune.*

Robert Morris' Estate.

Seventy-four years after his death the Orphans' Court has just adjudicated the estate of Robert Morris, the great financier of the Revolution. Mr. Morris voted against the Declaration of Independence, but signed it after its adoption, and then issued his own notes to the extent of $1,500,000 to pay and feed the colonial army. He redeemed every dollar and retired from office a wealthy man. He speculated in land and died a poor man, his principal assets upon his death, in 1806, being stock in the North American Land Company. By his will, dated June 13, 1803, he left his estate to his wife and children. The widow died in 1829. The estate remained unsettled, and in 1853 all the parties interested agreed to convey all the property left by Robert Morris to Robert S. Paschall, in trust for the Robert Morris heirs. The next year, Paschall transferred by general consent the effects to John Moss, who died in 1827. In December, 1873, the heirs selected Henry Phillips, Jr., as trustee, and letters of administration were granted to him, and he proceeded to settle the estate. He submitted his accounts to the Orphans' Court, showing that a final division of the estate had been made by him, $9,692.50 going to the Heyburn estate, and $9,693.49 to Robert Morris as next of kin. The court has just approved the report.

A story is told of a shrewish Scotchwoman, who tried to wean her husband from the public house by employing her brother to act the part of a ghost, and frighten John on his way home. "Who are you" said the guidman, as the apparition rose before him from behind a bush. "I am Auld Nick," was the reply. "Come awa', man," said John, nothing daunted, "gie's a shake o' your hand—I am married tae a sister o' yours."

The Greenbackers and Bulldozing.

As long as it was the Republican ox that was gored, the Greenback leaders have been as supremely indifferent as the Northern Democrats over the stories of bulldozing that came up from the cotton states. But the Greenbackers had a little taste of it in their recent campaigning in Alabama, and J. H. Randall, a prominent Greenback speaker, who had been sent to stump that state for the Independent ticket, writes to Leo Crandall, Secretary of the Greenback National Committee that elections down there are the merest farce. Arrangements were made with the Democratic leaders for joint discussions but the discussion, like the handle on a jug, was invaribly on one side. The Greenback talkers couldn't get a hearing. At Butler, Choctaw county, all was quiet as long as the Democratic gospel was being expounded, but when it came to Randall's turn, there was a row, and the meeting broke up. So at a grand barbecue at Keyser Hill. There was a large crowd. Randall was late in arriving on the grounds and the Democrats had begun speaking before he had appeared. Randall gives the following as a sample of one Democratic orator:

"The confederacy still exists, my friends, and Jeff Davis, the best friend we ever had, is yet our president and devoted to our interests, and if Hancock is elected, and we have no doubt he will be, you will be paid for all the property you have lost through radical rule, and you must stand by the great Democratic party, for a solid south will now give us entire control of the general government and we can redress all our wrongs."

Randall's turn finally came, but he had not talked long before a Democrat remarked, "We don't want no Yankee to come here and talk to us; we had better shut him up," And "shut up" he had to, to avoid a big row.

Next day he went to the village of Shubuda, close by, to take the cars. In walking through the streets, he was recognized, followed by a crowd, with hoots and jeers and threats. In about ten minutes, a young man well dressed, came up and, after asking if he was Randal, the Greenback speaker, handed him a note which he said he had been requested to give him and wait his answer;

August 1, 1880.

Dear Sir: We will give you and your pard thirty-five minutes to pick up your duds and git out of this town. Yours to death,

THE BOYS OF SHUBUDA.

Randall asked the young man if he really meant that an American law-abiding citizen on the way to attend to his business, could not stay in town to take the train going South. The young man replied, "We know you and you can't stay. You must go to the next station." Randall inquired who gave the order, and the young man answered, "The Boys of Shubuda. Your time is passing. You beetter get right along or you'll catch h—l." Randall argued with him a little, but the only reply he could get was, "You better get out of here while you have the chance."

Randall consulted several citizens, who told him they were powerless to protect him, and he considered it best to get out of the town as soon as possible.

He says that a large vote was polled for the Independent ticket, but the Democrats, having complete control of the election boards, by ways that are dark and fraudulent, turned out just such counts as suited their purposes, irrespective of the vote actually cast. In a word, Mr. Randall went to Alabama under the conviction that there was much exaggeration in the stories of Democratic Bulldozing. He is now satisfied that a "free ballot, full vote and fair count" is out of the question in any of the cotton states.

The Dollar.

A stranger who was yesterday having his boots blacked by one of the postoffice brigade asked the lad what he would do if some one should hand him a dollar.