The Somerset Herald.

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MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM.
OF LYNN, MASS.

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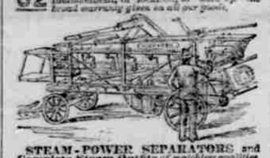

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THE DREAMS OF YOUTH.

I built me a vessel long years ago,
And I fitted it out like the galleys of old;
Its sails were as white as the fresh-fallen snow,
And its bows were resplendent with crimson and gold,
Its bulwarks were firm, and its mast strong and tall,
And a gay colored pennon on high was spread;
The beauty of Youth lent a charm to it all
And an image of hope was its proud figure-head.

I launched it one morn in the spring of the year,
When the breezes were low, and the sunbeams were bright;
And I, in the pride of my youth, had no fear,
Of the strength of the waves, or the gloom of the night,
So I dreamed of the riches my galley would bring,
From the lands where no bark had been ever before.
But the summer passed by, and spring wore round to spring,
And my vessel returned not, alas, to the shore!

At length one dark autumn it came back to me,
But its masts were all broken, its bows were bare;
Its bulwarks were covered with growth of the sea,
And the figure of hope was no longer there,
While it brought me for freight the drift of the wave,
The sea foam and weeds that had lain in it long;
And I mournfully sighed as I gazed on the grave,
Of the dreams that were bright when life's heart-beat was strong.

A QUEER VALENTINE.

"Plishkin, plushkin, pelican gee,
We think no birds so fluffy as we;
Plishkin, plushkin, pelican gill,
We thought so then—we think so still."

Gertrude Winthrope looked rather bewildered as those sounds issued from the door which the servant opened for her.

"They're rum ones," whispered the girl.

Two children were hopping about the room as they sang the strange gibberish given above. One was a keen, sallow-faced boy of nine; the other a pretty, fair-haired girl of seven. The boy had a hat on with a bunch of dilapidated cock's feathers in it. The girl wore a long ostrich plume, and various scraps of red flannel pinned here and there on her dress.

"Oh, halloo! we're pelicans," cried the boy, in no way abashed; "that's the pelican chorus."

"You're precious pickles, that's wot you are," said Jane. "If ever I see such limbs of the—"

She hesitated out of respect for the stranger.

Gertrude surveyed her charge, and they in return bestowed on her an unflinching stare.

"What are your names?" she asked, softly; "I am going to be with you and teach you, you know."

"Golly!" said the boy, "wouldn't it be larks if she never found out?—then you couldn't call us, you know. And if you didn't call us we wouldn't have to come."

"But I can easily find out," said Gertrude, with a laugh; "so you had better be a gentleman and answer my questions."

"My name's Roderick, but they call me Rod. Her name's Nina, but I call her Ninny, 'cos she's a numbskull—all girls are numbskulls."

"This is your room, ma'me," exclaimed Jane, opening a door and going in. When Gertrude stood by her side she turned the key.

"See! you kin do this when you want to be alone; and you'll bless the minutes you get from that pair. I'm goin' to leave to-morrer—as I've give warnen regular—an' my life worn out with them two young imps—savin' your presence—which you'll find 'em out, soon enough; and I wouldn't prejudice you agin 'em beforehand; and that cantakerous old cat, either, down below—oh, they're a sweet lot—"

"Hush!" said Gertrude. "I cannot listen to such—"

"Well, I'll say a good word for Master Eric," said Jane, turning to go; "he knows how to treat a poor girl. He's a gentleman—more's the pity he's to be thrown away on that flibberty gibbet, Miss Francia, as is no better nor a—"

"There, there!" cried Gertrude as the children were pummeling at the door, "you may go now—thank you."

There were two or three scratched up desks and some torn books, also a globe over which strange maps had been smeared with ink and red paint.

"Well, Roderick," she said turning to her little subjects, who had most mutinous faces, "what do you study?"

"Oh! when I feel like study, I like Roman history best. I'm goin' to be a heathen and worship Jupiter. I built an alter to him the other day; got one of Francia Dormer's white boxes, and printed 'Jupiter Ave Imperatore' on it, and made a pile of sticks and matches, and poured cologne over it for incense, and golly! how it burned! That was a sacrafice, you see; and Francia says she'll sacrafice me the next time I meddle with her things. I said to her: 'Francia, you've got no feeling for Roman history.'"

"I am a heathen, too," cried Nina.

"You ain't you're a christian," cried Rod, as if he were hurling at her a most opprobrious epithet.

"I—I won't be a christian all alone!" cried Nina, with a roar.

"Hullo! What's the rumpus? What's the row?" cried a good-natured voice, and a very handsome young man entered rather hurriedly, and stopped short at the sight of Gertrude.

"They want to be heathen," said Gertrude, with an embarrassed smile.

"Well, I venture to say it would be hard to find two greater young heathen in our enlightened country. Excuse me for bursting in so unceremoniously. I wanted to quench the youngsters' noise. My mother—"

"Oh, I forgot," answered Gertrude nervously; "she especially spoke of her dislike to noise. In a little time I shall learn—"

Eric was forgetting everything—even the two young savages who were swarming up on him—in looking at the wonderful beauty of this young girl's face. Surely, if Mrs. Chumleigh had seen that face in anything but the half-darkness in which she delighted, she would never have brought Gertrude Winthrope into the house.

"Well, Eric, what are you about?" cried a merry voice. "Going to wollop Rod? I'll go in for that, as he used up a good bottle of my Frangipani at his late incantation."

And a little, dark, brilliant-looking creature, in black gauze and amber, fluttered in, and stared rather superciliously at Gertrude. She reminded our heroine somehow, of some brilliant South American insect, there was so much flash and color about her.

Her only real beauty was in her eyes, which were large, intensely black and shining, but also, at present, a little malicious; for Francia Dormer took in at a glance Gertrude's beauty, and she was not yet secure of Eric Chumleigh's heart.

She nodded carelessly.

"The governess, I suppose? Come, Eric, the Count is down stairs, and wants to consult you about something—whether tomatoes will grow in Saxony, I believe. He has learned to dote on them, and wishes a garden of them around his castle."

Eric took leave with a polite bow, and Rod, who had been silent for the space of five minutes, said:

"I hate Francia Dormer. She's a snake!"

Gertrude kept the irrepressible ones quiet till tea time with her inventions. She had some talent in that line, and felt glad and relieved to find that she held a most potent weapon to be used in her new kingdom.

Rod had really an active mind, and she won him by her praise; Nina followed his example; and when he found that he could gain the pleasure of hearing a story by diligence, he began to apply himself.

Eric said the children were growing so tolerable he quite enjoyed looking in on them once in a while; to which Rod replied, "What makes you look at Miss Gertrude all the time then?"

Gertrude blushed, and began to feel uncomfortable about the visits.

Sometimes Gertrude was requested to come down in the evening to play, and then she saw Bertha and her betrothed. The elder sister was too busy just now to look into the school-room. Her intended, Von Arnheim, who was an officer in the Prussian army, was a rather stolid-looking German, with scant blonde hair, good-natured blue eyes and a beaming smile. Bertha was sallow, but had fine black eyes and dazzling white teeth.

Sometimes Francia bestowed her company and confidence on Gertrude; at others she assumed haughty and distant airs. She delighted in outre toilets, wore the most wonderful combinations, glowed and glittered like some rare tropical bird. So the months went on of that winter, and the wedding day drew near.

"How do I look?" exclaimed Francia one night, as she opened the school-room door. "Good! I hoped the imps were in bed. Heavens and earth how I hate children! I pity you, Miss Winthrope! I suppose you dream of an escape some day! some fairy prince will open your prison with a golden key!"

"No, I expect nothing," answered Gertrude. "I am trying to cultivate the spirit which Tennyson eulogizes:

"Not to desire or admire is better by far
Than to walk all day like the sultans of old in a garden of spice."

"Go away, Francia Dormer," cried Rod, from the next room. "You keep me awake with your chatter. You're worse than the nightmare."

"Oh you angel! are you awake?" cried the girl. "Then good-bye, Miss Winthrope. Comfort is at an end. "You'll have the house to yourself to-morrow; we're off on an excursion, all of us. The snow is just right, so hard and white—bah! what a poor fire you have." And she disappeared.

"She has everything," thought Gertrude, "beauty and fortune" (she had heard fabulous accounts of Francia's estates in Cuba), "and she will win Eric at last—who can doubt it?"

Still Gertrude, remembering certain words and looks, did doubt in her heart. The next morning, when the party whirled away and she saw Eric tuck in the sables about Francia, and heard the cheery sound of their voices, the old school-room looked very cold and bare; and she took up the dog-eared history very absently.

Enter Betsy with a note and bouquet—cream white camelias, blue heliotrope and crimson bouvardia.

"Sure they was both left thegither, but they're not after belongin' thegither, as the post-boy brought the letther."

Gertrude dropped the history and gloated over the flowers in delight. She had never owned a boquet of hot-house flowers before, and then she knew whose kind heart had remembered her when all the others were absorbed in their own pleasure. It seemed as if they would make the whole day fragrant. She had almost forgotten the note. There was only one person in the world to write to her, so she opened the note leisurely, as those do who have little to hope or fear. But as she read she startled anxiously. Betsy had not left the room.

"Oh, I must go," she said decidedly. "I shall have to give the children a holliday; I shall have to leave them in your care. My aunt is very sick and alone. I will return this evening if I can arrange things. You will explain to Mrs. Chumleigh if I am not here."

"Sure and I will that," said the girl good-naturedly, "and the holliday will do the young ones good."

"Golly, a holliday!" cried Rod in great ecstasy. "Oh, I've got a famous plan!"

"No mischief?" said Gertrude anxiously; "I shall think of you."

"Oh, we'll be quiet; you'll be so pleased!" exclaimed the boy, with a docility that would have alarmed Gertrude if she could have stopped to think about it.

As it was, she hurried her preparations, only remembering to take the flowers with her, as she thought they might cheer the sick room, to say nothing of her own reluctance to part with them.

Her ride in the cars lasted only half an hour, and she found herself before the little brown cottage, which was the only home she remembered, as she had been left an orphan to this aunt's care in her earliest childhood. Poor and plain as everything appeared a thrill came over her at sight of it, and she hurried with real anxiety into the house, whose door stood open.

Aunt Rachael was in bed, and a neighbor's girl had come in to wait on her. The old woman had a sweet, patient face, and her eyes lighted up as she saw the young girl in whom all her love and earthly hopes were centered.

"I feared I had done wrong to send for you," she said, "but there was a little business to settle. Do you know, my love, the age of miracles is not over?"

Gertrude smiled and held her aunt's wasted hand very fondly.

"I've told you that the house—all I have—might be taken away from me at any time. What do you think of my having a couple of thousand sent me yesterday—enough to pay off the mortgage and leave me five hundred dollars?"

"I should say you dreamed it, aunty."

"Look in the top bureau drawer, and you will see the check. I think the surprise and joy of it has been too much for me. To think Jamie has remembered me now that his fortune is made in India! My godson, you know."

Gertrude had the check in her hands, and viewed it with delight.

"You see, my love, the action to forelose the mortgage has just commenced, and I could not rest a moment till this business was arranged. You can do it for me and Bess here will keep me company."

Gertrude was quite relieved to find that it was anxiety more than illness which had prostrated her aunt; and she at once set about performing her task, which she did by calling on an old friend—a lawyer—to aid her. She had the satisfaction of leaving the old lady calm and comfortable in the evening.

She found it quite dark when she reached the house, and felt a symptom of relief that the family were not yet returned. The children, to her surprise, were in bed, a state of affairs which she did not doubt had been accomplished by bribery.

But the silence and rest were nevertheless sweet, and she sat down to the hemming of some interminable ruffles with which Mrs. Chumleigh kindly kept her employed. After a time shutting of doors, laughter and gleaming lights woke up the quiet house, but no one disturbed her.

The next morning Francia swooped in just as lessons began.

"Well, you look serene," she said "Do you know there's an earthquake down stairs?"

"Oh, what a fibber you are, Francia Dormer!" cried Rod, indignantly. "If there was an earthquake it would have swallowed us all up."

"Well, look out! Bad boys get swallowed the first thing," said Francia.

"This, however, is a financial one. They've lost ten thousand dollars in coupons."

"Lost?" questioned Gertrude.

"Yes; just fancy—Bertha's dowry! It's been stolen, and, what's worse, Von Arnheim won't be married without it. He is desolated, but firm; it's the law of Vaterland."

Francia was just as careless and smiling, as she talked of this loss, as if had been a pleasant bit of gossip.

Gertrude with her ready sympathy, was on the point of asking several questions, when she noticed the open-eyed children.

"Oh, I forgot. I was to ask you to step down into the library," exclaimed Francia, and then, after popping a sugar plum into the children's faces, she danced away.

Gertrude went down with a feeling that she was to be called to account for her absence the day before, but quite convinced that her reasons would satisfy any right minded person. So she met Mrs. Chumleigh with a face so serene that the aforesaid lady was somewhat staggered in the belief to which she had rapidly come within the last hour.

"I hear—and must say that I am exceedingly annoyed to hear—Miss Winthrope," the lady began, with extreme acidity, "that you absented yourself the whole of yesterday from your duties without leave. Was this a premeditated thing?"

"Certainly not," Gertrude began impulsively; and then as rapidly as possible explained the affair.

"Do you know what has happened here?" asked the lady.

"About the coupons?" asked Gertrude.

"Yes; it's a robbery, you know."

"I scarcely understood. I am sorry—it is a great loss," said the girl.

"It was taken by someone in the house," Mrs. Chumleigh went on excitedly. "My desk was opened, the coupons taken, the desk relocked, and the key put in the usual place," and she fixed a penetrating glance on Gertrude's face as she spoke, and added after a second's silence: "It was taken yesterday after we left the house."

Even then Gertrude listened with a polite sympathy, without feeling any direct reference to herself in the case.

"My servants I know thoroughly," Mrs. Chumleigh went on. "Even Betsy, the last comer, has lived with me before, and I cannot suspect them, only of course they must all be searched. You must feel, Miss Winthrop, that circumstances are against you—you leave the house in such an unaccountable manner——"

Gertrude's face flushed.

"Shame on you, Mrs. Chumleigh. You insult me—because I am poor, because I have no one—"

Eric opened the door with a mad burst at this moment, and caught the sound of these last words.

"No one?" he cried. "You have me! I have heard these insane suspicions. Mother you are mad! I will stake my life upon this young lady's honor. Why do you not suspect me?"

Mrs. Chumleigh faltered and turned pale.

"My son, what have you to do with this young person—"

"I have this to do with her," he cried impetuously. "I wish to make her my wife, if she cares enough for me."

"My God!" exclaimed Mrs. Chumleigh, falling back in a half faint.

"Nice time for your declaration," cried Francia Dormer, who had heard these words, and now hurried in with restoratives, her own face ashey pale, but still with a malicious gleam in the eyes; "at all events you won't be able to get a recommendation for your wife from her last place!"

By this time Von Arnheim had come in, and Bertha. To Gertrude the room seemed full of staring, talking people. She stood among them like a queen, tall erect, with undaunded eye, but a fierce pain at her heart.

Mrs. Chumleigh opened her eyes to say, tragically:

"Search her things!" and then sank away again.

Von Arnheim, with true politeness said:

"It will not be vell to suspicioned some ones mit not no grounds to stand on," which was very lucid, but not much calculated to console Gertrude on the whole. Bertha sat crying in one corner—husband and fortune and coronet to disappear like the baseless fabric of a vision. Oh, it was too much!

Von Arnheim, who was really not mercenary, strove to comfort her.

Gertrude walked up to the nursery unchallenged, and sat down in the empty room. The children had been spirited away somewhere—the whole house was in commotion.

Eric's words, so strangely sweet, seemed somehow to span this sudden storm like a rainbow—but never, never would she listen to him while there was a shadow on her good name.

It was not hard to search the meager contents of Gertrude's trunk; but everything was tumbled out in a summary way, pockets examined, even linings ripped, and she heard some one say, "Wot's the use, she went out yesterday," with a feeling of desperate exasperation.

She laid back her clothes, all of them, sadly, for there was nothing now to do but to go. She strapped her trunk herself, and did not wait for leave taking. Only she had a kindly feeling for the imps, after all, and looked about for them as she went down stairs.

She left a note for Mrs. Chumleigh, merely giving her address. Then with such a feeling of desolation as had never yet wrung her young heart, she started out.

The children were not about; but when she reached the corner Rod darted out at her. His face smeared and tear stained.

"They say you're goin' away," he cried out, "and I wasn't to see you again; but I've cheated 'em bully. I want to give you this valentine. To-day's the fourteenth, you see, and I like you better than any other girl I know. I fixed it yesterday—painted it all myself—there's two hearts on a meat skewer and an alter and a bride—all right, you'll see."

"Thank you, Rod," said Gertrude with a sob in her throat, as she stooped to give the boy a kiss. "I do not expect any other valentine."

And she smiled through the tears that dimmed her eyes as she looked at the hugh envelope with its official looking seals, to which Rod had confided his treasure.

A moment after a quick step came behind her. Then some one took the little traveling bag out of her hand, and, looking up, she saw a friendly, handsome face looking down at her reproachfully.

"Going without one word to me?" cried Eric.

And from that moment half her burden seemed lifted. She found herself actually smiling as she reached her aunt's door.

"What is that *billet-doux* you are carrying so carefully!" exclaimed Eric, as he caught sight of the huge envelope.

"My valentine," said Gertrude. Then a moment after she added, "Rod's work."

They stood in the little parlor, then, by the window, as the young girl turned over the epistle, and finally opened it with a half hysterical laugh. Such a villainous looking couple as Rod had executed; but he had gilded a ring on the bride's finger, which obliterated her hand, and had also a cable of the same burnished metal around her neck.

"By Jove! what's this?" exclaimed Eric, seizing the paper; "do you see what the rascal has tied on with blue ribbon for a fancy cover—my mother's coupon's, by all that's jolly!"

Gertrude stared in speechless surprise.

The child had nicked a whole sheet of coupons and used them as a cover for his *chef d'uvere*.

The neat little squares and numbers had evidently taken his fancy. These were only a part, to be sure, but he could probably give an account of the rest. Of course he had no idea that the beautiful paper he had found in his mother's desk was so valuable.

Gertrude gazed at it a moment, and then joined in the laugh.

She looked up to see Aunt Rachel in the doorway regarding them with mild wonder.

"My first valentine!" she exclaimed, in some embarrassment.

But Eric told the story for her, and added his own conclusion. He was his own master, free to choose where he would; and in the happiness that followed, Gertrude forgot the misery of the day when she had received her queer valentine.

Garfield's Cabinet Selections Confirmed.

WASHINGTON, Mar. 6.—The whole cabinet was unanimously confirmed yesterday afternoon. It is stated that the question of referring the names to committees was discussed at some length in executive session, but met with so little support that there was not even a single objection which would have carried the matter over for a day and the subject was dropped without a vote, whereupon each nomination was in turn unanimously confirmed. The cabinet is, therefore, as follows:

Secretary of State—Jas. G. Blaine, Maine.

Secretary of the Treasury—Wm. Windom, Minnesota.

Secretary of the Interior—Sam'l. J. Kirkwood, Iowa.

Secretary of War—Robert T. Lincoln, Illinois.

Secretary of the Navy—Wm. H. Hunt, Louisiana.

Postmaster General—Thomas L. James, New York.

Attorney General—Wayne MacVeagh, Pennsylvania.

HON. JAMES G. BLAINE.

Mr. Blain's career as a statesman is familiar to our people. Mr. Blaine is a native of this state, and was born in Washington county, on the 31st of January, 1830. He graduated at Washington college, Pennsylvania, in 1847. After two or three years spent in teaching, he adopted the editorial profession and removed to Maine in 1852, where he successfully edited the Kennebec *Journal* and the Portland *Advertiser*, the two leading Republican papers in the state at that time. In 1858 Mr. Blaine was elected to the state legislature from the city of Augusta. He served four consecutive years in that body, the last two as speaker of the house of Representatives. In 1862 Mr. Blaine was elected to the Thirty-eighth congress from the Third congressional district of Maine, and was six times re-elected by very large majorities.

On July 10, 1876, he was elected by the Maine legislature to the United States senate to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Hon. Lot M. Morrill, who had been appointed secretary of the treasury by President Grant, and when the term expired he was re-elected for the ensuing term, which expires March 3, 1883. Mr. Blaine has figured prominently as an aspirant for the nomination of the presidential candidate of the republican party, and at the conventions of 1876 and 1880 nearly won the prize. He had a very strong following in both conventions, receiving in 1880 as high as 285 votes.

HON. WAYNE MACVEAGH.

Hon. Wayne MacVeagh, the new attorney general, was born in Chester county Pennsylvania, April 19, 1833. He graduated at Yale College, in the class of 1853, and, adopting the profession of law, was admitted to the bar, April 26, 1856. Having entered upon the active practice of his profession, he became district attorney of Chester county, and remained so for three years. During the civil war he served as captain of militia cavalry in 1862, and as a major on the staff of Major General Couch during 1863. During that year he was also chairman of the republican state central committee of Pennsylvania. Under the first administration of President Grant he was appointed United States minister to Constantinople. In 1872 he was elected as a republican delegate representing the Twelfth senatorial district, composed of the counties of Dauphin and Lebanon, to the constitutional convention.

At the beginning of 1876, Mr. MacVeagh removed his law office from Harrisburg to Philadelphia, and he has since made that city the chief scene of his professional labors. He still has a residence, however in Lower Merion township, Montgomery county, where he recently purchased a fine farm which is situated a mile or two from Conshohoken.

HON. WILLIAM WINDOM.

Hon. William Windom, of Minnesota, who has been selected as secretary of the treasury, was born in Belmont county, Ohio, May 18, 1825. His parents were both from Virginia. His father's people came from North Carolina and his mother from a family of Pennsylvania Quakers. Living beyong the Alleghenies, Mr. Windom had but few opportunities in his boyhood to obtain an education, and it was not until he was twenty-three years old before he left the academy in Knox county, Ohio. He then studied for the bar, and upon being admitted began practice in the town of Mount Vernon. In 1852 his political life commenced by his election, as a whig, to the office of public prosecutor. In 1855 he married and removed to Winona, Minnesota, where he has since lived. In 1859 he ran on the whig ticket for the Thirty-sixth congress and was elected. He was subsequently, four times consecutively, unanimously renominated, and this is a district where a republican nomination was equivalent to an election. He declined a renomination at the end of his fifth term, but the governor sent him to the senate to fill the unexpired term of Senator Morton, and since that time has been twice returned to the senate by the unanimous vote of his party. At the beginning of his political career Mr. Windom was a devoted follower of Henry Clay, and was an ardent protectionist. He was also actively identified with the homestead law of 1862. In 1873 he was chairman of a special committee on transportation.

HON. THOMAS L. JAMES.

Hon. Thomas L. James, the newly appointed postmaster general, was born in the town of Hamilton, Madison county, New York, in 1831. He was apprenticed to Wesley Bailey, the veteran abolition editor of the *Liberty Press*, a paper published at Utica, New York, and when twenty years old, in company with Hon. Francis B. Fisher, he purchased the Madison county *Journal*, published at Hamilton, his native town. The ability he displayed in the management of his paper secured for him the appointment of collector of canal tolls, which position he filled in conjunction with his editorial duties for several years. In 1861 he went to New York city and became inspector of customs under Hiram Burney, collector of the port. In 1864 he was promoted to the position of government weigher, and soon afterwards deputy collector in the warehouse department. In 1873 he was appointed postmaster of New York city by President Grant, and in March, 1877, was re-appointed by President Hayes. Mr. James' excellent administration in New York, and his vast experience in the postal service pointed him out as one who was fitted to become postmaster general when Judge Key presented his resignation in the spring of 1880. A petition for his appointment was signed by every republican senator of New York, and of every state officer except Governor Cornell, to whom, for obvious reasons, was not presented. Congressman McCook laid before Mr. Hayes, by whom it was taken in favorable consideration until Mr. James declined longer to be considered a candidate.

HON. S. J. KIRKWOOD.

Hon. S. J. Kirkwood bears a resemblance to Abraham Lincoln in appearance. He is tall and angular, and is careless as regards dress. He makes quaint speeches, always entertains and generally instructs. He is a warm personal friend of Garfield, and accompanied him on his Chattanooga trip, making the finest speeches of them all. He lives in Iowa City, and was born in Harford county, Md., Dec. 20, 1813; received a limited education at the academy of John McLeod, in Washington; removed to Richland county, Ohio, in 1835, and studied law there; was admitted to the bar in 1843; was elected prosecuting attorney in 1845 and again in 1847; was in 1851 a member of the convention that formed the present constitution of the state of Ohio; removed to Johnson county, Iowa, in 1855; was elected to the state senate in 1856; was elected governor in 1859 and again in 1861; was in 1863 nominated by President Lincoln and was confirmed as minister to Denmark, but declined the appointment; was in 1866 elected to the United States senate to fill the unexpired term of James Harlan; was in 1875 again elected governor of Iowa and resigned that office January 31, 1877; was elected in January, 1876, to the United States senate as a republican to succeed George G. Wright, republican.

ROBERT LINCOLN.

Robert Lincoln, secretary of war, is the oldest son of the late President Lincoln. He is about thirty-eight years of age and a lawyer by profession. He has never held any public position, but has studiously devoted himself to the practice of law in Chicago, where he now lives. In general disposition Mr. Lincoln resembles his lamented father, being quiet and unassuming in his manner and kind and courteous in his bearing toward all who are brought into contact with him. Those who know him best say he possesses talents of high order, and that he combines those qualities which would make him a successful executive officer. While Mr. Lincoln is esteemed on account of his father, he is also respected by all who know him on account of his worth and ability. His wife is a daughter of ex-Senator Harlan, of Iowa, a lady of many accomplishments, who is well known in social circles in Washington.

JUDGE HUNT.

Judge Hunt, who has been selected to fill the position of secretary of the navy in the cabinet of President Garfield is a native of South Carolina. He went to Louisiana with his father's family when a boy, in which state he resided ever since. He belongs to a very old and respectable family, and is recognized as a man of ability, accomplishments, and unquestioned personal integrity. Previous to the war he was an old line whig, and during the rebellion he was a staunch Union man. He is a lawyer by profession, and is one of the most effective and accomplished speakers in the south. Judge Hunt was the candidate of the republican party for attorney general in 1876, when Packard was elected governor. The Packard goverment, however, having been overthrown, Judge Hunt was not permitted to occupy the office. A few years ago he was appointed one of the judges of the court of claims by Hayes, which position he now holds.

Tales of the Lobby.

The palmy days of the Washington lobby, when Bill King and Sam Ward ruled with a high hand, have gone. The only prospect for a return of something like those times is in a bitter fight being had over the various canal projects before Congress. The lobby is on hands, though, and a Congressman has to fairly fight his way out of the main entrance down through the crowd of men who lie in wait for a victim, like Schus at a railroad depot. But the lobbyists don't seem to have any money. They are heavy on promises and have plenty of chin, but no tin. Bob Ingersoll is the boss of the third house this year, and he is as slick and shrewd in his manipulations as he is wicked. Conkling detests Ingersoll, but other Senators, who should know better, jump every time he snaps his fingers. He is retained in no particular interest, but is on hand for every job that promises a dollar. John Roach's man here is Tisdale, a tall, handsome fellow, who talks, eats, drinks and dreams nothing but subsidies. Sherrill is a quiet, staid-appearing old gentleman, who hob-nobs with the easy-going aged members of the Senate and House, and looks out for the Pacific Railroad interests. Captain Eads is the hardest worker—a man of indomitable will and plenty of pluck. He is white-topped, has a keen eye, and fidgets around always full of business. The Captain's great forte is in preparing surprises for those who oppose his ship-railway scheme, and in making bold moves. Alexander Cochran, an ex-member of Congress from Allegheny, is Eads' right-hand man. Cochran is of graceful figure, has a glib tongue and handsome face set off with a pair of side whiskers. He He would pass anywhere for a young rector on a fat salary, who knew how to live well and enjoy life as well as teach Holy Writ. But Alexander is engaged in other business, and with Eads to make the plans, and himself to execute, there is no smarter team. Colonel Boffinger is a quiet, elderly gentleman, who keeps an eye on Texas Pacific matters. George O. Jones came down from the Albany lobby, and has not yet worked himself into the more refined methods pursued here. He is an apt scholar, though, and by next session will know that it is sometimes dangerous to rush into the arms of a member of Congress as he would into those of a pumpkin legislator. Ran Tucker is around some nowadays, but he is not taking an active part in any of the schemes. Finley, the alleged author of the famous Springer letter forgery, has disappeared lately—probably gone off to hatch up some new scheme. Sam Ward visited Congress a few days ago, and one would have imagined him to be the ringing ruler by the attention showered upon him. Ward is a little fellow, who wears yellow breeches and has a sandy beard. He married $10,000 a year and lives in style in New York, but takes a trip over to Washington every now and then to keep his hand in and see how the boys are. He sizes up to the crowd now in about the same proportion that a mountain bears to a mole-hill.

The female portion of the lobby does its work well. How the lofty and imperious Congressmen tremble when a pretty girl attacks them! Is it any wonder wives visit the galleries and watch their husbands? But then, you know, a Congressman is allowed great liberties. It might be a deserving case or a sister of one of his most influential constituents; so the wife has to be satisfied. Most of the female lobbyists go into the business for the money they can make. In nine cases out of ten they are more successful than the men. There are not many of them in Washington just now, but the acknowledged queen is a dashing little beauty who dresses in black. She is so lady-like and refined and can talk business so glibly that even the crustiest Senator falls a victim. Her receptions are affairs to be admired, and her suppers are royal. This little witch resides in a fashionable quarter of the city, and is surrounded with all the luxuries money can give and a culture of taste desire. Members go to her, she seldom to them. Another figure in this peculiar line is a female whose face denotes strength of character. She is in the interest of the Nicarauga Canal, and is the advance guard of the immense lobby that will be here next session. She is a Southern woman by birth, or adoption, I don't know which. For three years she served as a lieutenant in the Confederate service without her sex being discovered. Then she fell wounded on the battle field, and the secret was out. After the war she drifted to Panama, then to Nicaragua, started a newspaper, and is the sole proprietor of a flourishing journal. Now the turns up in Washington as a lobbyist. Her companion is a dark eyed little chub of a West India girl, sweet sixteen or thereabouts, who has a pretty foot and a prettier face. This coy maiden is her constant attendant, and is used to a decided advantage. Congressmen talk to the elder of the females, but their eyes and minds are always on the younger. She is so shy and all that sort of thing, and has only come here to see the country. But she plays her part well. I think a troop of West India girls, chubby and dark-eyed like this pattern, would secure the protection and cash of this Government for the Nicarauga scheme.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever, but a thing of beauty with a claim in her hand is a terror to Congressmen. It was amusing one day to see the Rear Admiral from Camden pressed to present a claim by a female he never saw before. She was a sweet, dimpled girl of about twenty, and when the gentleman showed himself she took him by the lappel of his coat so as to be confidential. Her story suggested, the Admiral declared it was impossible, and kept moving along the corridor to get away. Then she caught hold of the other lappel and waltzed the Secretary into a corner, where she held him until her story was finished. "Whew!" ejaculated Robeson, wiping the perspiration from his brow as she moved away; "she's a stunner." When sent for now he always peeps out of the glass doors before appearing. No more stunners for him. I notice in the papers that an ex-queen of the lobby here, now residing in Philadelphia, is prominent in a work of charity. The lady was one of the retinue of the early days of Pacific Railroad subsidies, and one of Col. Tom Scott's favorites. She has a fat bank account now, and lives in luxury in a fashionable section of the city west of the river. If she could only be persuaded to write a book on "What I know about lobbying" she would make the country tremble—or at least some of the big men in it. She originally resided at Washington, Del., and was taken to Harrisburg by H. S. McComb when his Credit Mobilier scheme was an infant. From there she found her way to the more enlarged sphere of the national capital. She was supreme at one time, and men rose and fell before her somewhat after the fashion of that innocent amusement of "Thumbs up! Thumbs down!"

How it was Done.

"How do you manage," said a lady to her friend, "to appear so happy and good natured all the time?"

"I always have Parker's Ginger Tonic handy," was the reply, "and thus easily keep myself and family in good health. When I am well I always feel good natured." Read about it in another column. f. 16.

An exquisite young lady calls an ox a "male cow."

Now that Fernando Wood is dead, Hannibal Hamlin is the only man left in public life, whom Alexander H. Stephens found in Washington when he came to the capital thirty years ago.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegitable Compound has done thousands of women more good than the medicines of many doctors. It is a positive cure for all female complaints. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham.