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WHY.
BY FALCONRIDGE.
"Mr. Shepley?"

"Mr. Suppley, sir."

"Well, yes, I know him. He is a gentleman whom I like to see."

"He is coming in."

"I had mustered myself almost too sleepy that December afternoon; the dull gray fog had a ghastly look about it, and the blizzards were blowing in from the north, and between the two, the play of the clouds and the waltz nature's orchestra, I had well nigh dropped."

"Is this Mr. Suppley, sir?"

The speaker was a man of magnificent figure, with a head of hair that with what would call a *distingue* air about him. He removed his hat, and stood hesitating.

"It is Mr. Suppley, sir."

The man sat down, a splendid figure, shining out against the dark background of the room. He was dressed in a suit of dark cloth, and he had a sword thrust through the window and fell on his face.

"The demons seem set loose out of season today," I said. I had been conjuring strange fancies before he came in, and I almost forgot the very name of the man who was before me.

"They are let loose, they are let loose. As he spoke a dark came between him and me."

[illegible][illegible]

stricken corner? "Thank God, a better fate awaited him.

"I was an orphan and orphan; rather—found him, learned his history, more than I had ever known (they are best for such work), and helped him up to the better man he was, and his mind from that but that he was dying; and I would I come!

"I went; the man had changed somewhat in a little while, but he was still a gentlemanly courtesy, but death had laid his fingers on those ashen lips.

"I humbly begged his pardon for the great wrong I did him, and he answered me that I did not know his need then for some kindly hand of help; that that forgave me gladly.

"I have no more to say, but I listened to that by bedside, with the relentless shadows creeping over his face, and the angels waiting to take him home; he was calm, but I shook with an agony of tears; he had fought the evils of darkness all his life; it had been a common struggle, for his was no common soul.

"He pointed to a volume on the table; I took it up; it was the one he had been reading; I lay open to the fly leaf, the compliments of the publishers were tendered to him, the author.

"I have little we know of the skeletons that grin grimly so ghastly in our neighbor's closet.

"I can now before me was a genius of an uncommon type, and I had turned him from my door. Good God! I shuddered at what might have been.

"The light was near. "The limb did not break," he said, quietly smiling one of his own smiles, referring to the circumstance of my great sin, and I will bid him blossom by and by.

"A bit of sunlight fell upon his face, giving it a gleam of life. Then the angel came, and the smiling hand his spirit soared away.

Democratic Grant clubs in New York, with from 100 to 500 members each, are common in the worst of that city.

The Freedmen's Bureau, a Catholic paper,

The Springfield Republican Greeley, says: "There is, in fact, no Democratic party in Massachusetts, nor elsewhere in the country; it died at Baltimore in the arms of Liberal Republicanism."

A Grant paper in Albany chronicles another straw. A bet was made that 75 Grant men would pass a certain point before 25 Greeleyites would pass. The Grant men won, as 78 Grantites passed to 17 Greeleyites.

The Republicans are so fearful of carrying Virginia for Grant. Last year in the Congressmen's elections the Democratic majority was only 25, and Grant was not even mentioned in the Democratic ranks, but none in those of the Republican party.