

# The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

TODD HUTCHINSON, Editor.  
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I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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NUMBER 45.

WILLIAM KITTLE, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.  
Office opposite the Bank.  
[Jan 24, 1867.]

JOHN PENION, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.  
Office opposite the Bank.  
[Jan 24, 1867.]

GEORGE M. READE, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.  
Office in Commercial Row.  
[Jan 24, 1867.]

P. TIERNEY, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa.  
Office in Commercial Row.  
[Jan 24, 1867.]

JOHNSTON & SCANLAN, Attorneys at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.  
Office opposite the Court House.  
[Jan 24, 1867.]

JAMES C. EASLY, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa.  
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[Jan 24, 1867.]

A. A. SHOENAKER, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.  
Particular attention paid to collections.  
Office one door east of Lloyd & Co.'s  
[Jan 24, 1867.]

SAMUEL SINGLETON, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on High street, west of Foster's Hotel.  
Will practice in the Courts of Cambria and adjoining counties.  
[Jan 24, 1867.]

GEORGE W. OATMAN, Attorney at Law and Claim Agent, Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa.  
Pensions, Back Pay and Bounties, and Military Claims collected. Real Estate bought and sold, and payment of Taxes assessed to Book Accounts, Notes, Due Bills, judgments, etc., collected. Deeds, Mortgages, Agreements, Letters of Attorney, Bonds, etc., neatly written, and all legal business carefully attended to. Personal references to Equitable Bounties collected.  
[Jan 24, 1867.]

DR. DEVEREUX M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Summit, Pa.  
Office east of Union House, or Indian street. Night calls promptly attended to, at his office.  
[Jan 24, 1867.]

DR. HE WITT ZENGLER—  
Having permanently located in Ebensburg, offers his professional services to the citizens of this and vicinity.  
Teeth extracted without pain, with Nitrous Oxide, or Laughing Gas.  
Rooms over K. K. Thomas store, High street.  
[Jan 24, 1867.]

DENTISTRY.  
The undersigned, Graduate of the Dental College of Baltimore, respectively offer his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg. He has spent no moment to thoroughly acquaint himself with every improvement in his art. To many years of personal experience, he has sought to add the improved experience of the highest authorities in Dental Science. He simply asks that an opportunity may be given for his work to speak for itself.  
SAMUEL BELFORD, D. D. S.  
Reference: Prof. C. A. Harris, T. E. Bond, J. W. R. Handy, A. A. R. Handy, P. H. Austin, of the Baltimore College.  
Will be at Ebensburg on the fourth Monday of each month, to stay one week.  
January 24, 1867.

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[Jan 24, 1867.]

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[Jan 24, 1867.]

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Office on Main Street, opposite the Mountain House, Ebensburg, Pa.  
[Jan 24, 1867.]

ELBRIDGE STILES,  
Ebensburg, Pa.,  
Manufacturer of Barrels, Kegs, Tubs, and Tonnage-wares generally. Also staves and stave stands on hand and for sale.  
Orders from a distance promptly attended to.  
[Nov. 2, 1867-Sm]

SAMUEL SINGLETON, Notary Public, Ebensburg, Pa.  
Office on High street, west of Foster's Hotel.  
[Jan 24, 1867.]

## The Lotus Planter.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

A Brahmin on a lotus pod  
Once wrote the holy name of God.  
Then, planting it, he asked in prayer  
For some new fruit, unknown and fair.  
A slave near by, who bore a load,  
Fell fainting on the dusty road.  
The Brahmin, pitying, straightway ran  
And lifted up the fallen man.  
The deed scarce done, he looked aghast  
At touching one beneath his caste.  
"Behold!" he cried, "I stand unclean;  
My hands have clasped the vile and mean!"  
God saw the shadow on his face,  
And wrought a miracle of grace.  
The buried seed arose from death,  
And bloomed and fruited at his breath.  
The stalk bore up a leaf of green,  
Whereon these mystic words were seen:  
First count all men of equal caste,  
Then count thyself the least and last.  
The Brahmin, with bewildered brain,  
Beheld the will of God was plain!  
Transfigured in a sudden light,  
The slave stood sacred in his sight.  
Thenceforth within the Brahmin's mind  
Abode good will to all mankind.

## "BETWEEN THE ACTS."

"What a glorious creature!"  
We were at the Haymarket, in London.  
Titens was playing "Norman," as no other  
living woman can play it; but the curtain  
had fallen between the acts, and, with a  
long-drawn breath, people began to look  
around.  
I had expected to be in Winchester  
that evening; but walking down Piccadilly,  
in the morning, I had met my old class-mate,  
Charlie Neville, who had bidden me good-by in Paris, a month before,  
on his way to America. He saw my surprise,  
and putting his arm within mine, proceeded to explain.  
"The fact is, Hal," he said, "I'm the  
victim of one of those horrid match-making  
plots, which even the best of women  
will indulge in. Now, there's my sister  
Ellen, a sweeter creature never breathed,  
but she's taken it into her head that her  
husband's niece, a raw child, I'm told, just  
from boarding-school, is the very girl for  
me to marry. 'Our mutual friends,' she  
writes, 'are precisely what they ought to be;  
and Clara has the sweetest of tempers,  
is heart-free, has heard a great deal  
of me; and all such jargon. Behold! it  
is enough to disgust one with matrimony  
altogether. But the long and the short  
of it is, that Miss Clara is to spend the  
summer at Newport with my sister, and  
that they look for me to spend it there,  
too. Do they think I am going to walk  
into their trap? I was on my way home,  
as you know; but I've changed my mind,  
and I only wish I could fall head over  
ears in love with some pretty English girl,  
so as to have an excuse for never returning  
at all. What are your plans? Going  
to make a tour through England, this fine  
weather. Well, dine with me to-day, and  
go to the opera, and then I'm your man  
for a couple of months, or longer."  
Thus it was that I came to be at the  
Haymarket that night, and to hear the  
exclamation with which I have begun my  
story.  
Charlie, as he spoke, had significantly  
glanced up at a box in the dress circle.  
I looked, too, and did not wonder at his  
enthusiasm. There were three women  
there, all lovely, and one of them pre-  
sentedly so.  
"I wonder who she is," continued Char-  
lie, in a whisper. "By Jove! that's a girl  
to love!"  
Just then, a young guardsman, who sat  
next to us, turned around, and I recognized  
Capt. Goldstream, whom I had met at  
several fashionable houses during the past  
two months. He saw, directly, what had  
attracted my curiosity.  
"Lovely girl, isn't she?" he said,  
dropping his eye-glasses. "The youngest,  
Lady Louise, is a regular charmer. She  
is just out. The family are here to-  
night, up to town, delayed, I believe, by  
sickness. Ah! Lady Emily recognizes me;  
I must pay my respects."  
"But who are they?" I asked, as he  
rose to go.  
"I thought I told you. The Ladies  
Vavasour, daughter of Earl Vavasour;  
came in with the Conquest, and all that  
sort of thing, you know."  
I believe Charlie did little else for the  
rest of that evening, but stare goggle at  
the Vavasour box. I am sure he heard  
very little of the music. Even the last  
scene, which absorbed everybody else,  
failed to interest him.

All the way to Windsor, the next day,  
Charlie talked of the Lady Louise. At  
Winchester it was the same thing. I be-  
gan to think we had better give up our  
excursion and return to London, for we  
had invitations to several houses where I  
was sure we should meet the Vavasours;  
and Charlie was desperately in love.  
Of all detestable ins, the "White  
Hart," at Salisbury, is the most detestable.  
But tourists, who would see the  
beautiful cathedral there, or visit the fa-

mous Druidical ruins at Stonehenge, are  
compelled to put up with its inconveni-  
ences, because, after all, it is the best in the  
place. We had great difficulty in hiring  
even a proper vehicle to convey us to  
Stonehenge, and were forced finally to  
take a huge, clumsy wagonette, which is a  
peculiarly English invention, a sort of  
omnibus without a top.  
We drove for miles over the dreariest  
plain in the world, without seeing a house  
or a human being, and had just caught  
sight of the mighty stones of the old  
Druidical temple ahead, when it began to  
rain. It was a fine, drizzly rain, that soon  
shut out everything from view, except ob-  
jects close at hand. Suddenly there  
loomed through the mist a carriage. In  
another moment we were by its side. It  
was stationary, having broken down. The  
driver, and a man-servant out of livery,  
stood stupidly regarding the shattered  
wheel, while a lady looked out of either  
window.  
"We must give up Stonehenge," said  
Charlie, "and take those ladies back to  
Salisbury."  
"Certainly," I answered.

By this time we had alighted. What  
was my surprise to recognize in two of  
the ladies, Lady Emily and Lady Louise  
Vavasour! There was a third, who was  
older, and was evidently their mother—  
Charlie had advanced, hat off, to the door,  
to offer our assistance; but when he saw  
the Lady Louise, he colored to the tem-  
ples, and was so embarrassed that I had to  
come to his relief.  
The countess was profuse in her thanks.  
She alighted at once.  
"We had expected to wait here, in the  
rain, till the coachman could ride one of  
the horses to Salisbury," she said, "and  
that, you know, would have taken hours.  
Come, girls, if I am not mistaken," she  
added, addressing me, "you are American-  
ans?"  
I bowed assent.

"I should have guessed as much, even  
if I had not known you. You look sur-  
prised. But Capt. Goldstream, at the  
opera, mentioned you to us the other  
night. And nobody but an American,"  
she continued, with a charming smile,  
"would have offered us so graciously—I  
am ashamed to say it, but our English-  
men, generally, are the most selfish, the  
worst breed of all travelers; while you  
Americans are exactly the reverse."  
This was very pleasant, and put me in  
quite a good humor with myself, and with  
the countess also. I carefully arranged a  
seat for her; Charlie brought up her two  
daughters; and what with umbrellas and  
wraps, without which nobody ever travels  
in England, our party was soon quite  
comfortable. The man-servant jumped  
up on the box, the driver turned the heads  
of his horses, and we were off for Salis-  
bury, leaving the other coachman to get  
home, with his broken carriage, the best  
way he could.

"We were only in London a few days,"  
said the countess, resuming the conversa-  
tion. "We are on our way to the Isle of  
Wight, for the health of my other daugh-  
ter, whom we have left at the hotel—  
Emily," and she turned to the oldest of  
the two girls, "these are the American  
friends of Capt. Goldstream."  
The countess and I kept up a brisk  
conversation all the way to Salisbury, in  
which the Lady Emily occasionally joined.  
Charlie had managed to get along-  
side of the Lady Louise, whom he monopo-  
lized as much as possible; and to judge  
from the lively way they were going on,  
he had quite recovered from his embar-  
rassment. Few men could make them-  
selves as agreeable as Charlie; he was one  
of the best talkers I ever knew.

"This is a dismal place at best," said  
the countess; "the worst inn in a cathed-  
ral town in all England; and I fear you  
gentlemen are not too well accommodated."  
We arrived here before you, yesterday,  
I find, and secured the only tolerable parlor  
left. It is quite a barn, but better than  
the coffee-room, which looks absolutely  
intolerable. Do dine with us!"  
We were only too glad to accept the  
invitation. I had already discovered that  
the Vavasours knew a great many people  
that we knew; indeed, the second son of  
the countess had been in America, and  
both Charlie and I had met him. So we  
were at once on comparatively intimate  
terms.

The next day we devoted to the cathed-  
ral, and to a drive to Wilton House.—  
On both occasions I attended the coun-  
tess, while Charlie devoted himself to the  
girls. But he managed, more than once,  
to get the Lady Louise for half an hour  
to himself, leaving me to entertain the  
Lady Emily and her mother. I must  
confess I adored him in this maneuver.  
I said to myself, "Charlie is better-looking  
than any London swell, and quite as rich  
as most of them—why shouldn't he go in  
and win if he can?"  
And it began to look as if he could. If  
he had fallen in love at first sight, I was  
not so sure but that the Lady Louise had  
done it, too. At any rate, I was resolved  
to give Charlie a chance, whenever I  
could. The countess did not seem to sus-  
pect the state of affairs. But once or  
twice I thought the Lady Emily did.—  
Be this as it may, she was too loyal to  
betray her sister, or even to interfere.

It was a moonlight evening; so, an  
hour or two after dinner, I proposed a  
stroll in the Cathedral Close. The coun-  
tess assented, and we set forth. At first  
Charlie had the two girls. But when we  
had walked slowly around the gray, old  
pile, and stood looking up at the lofty  
spire till we were nearly dizzy, I turned  
to the Lady Emily, and called her atten-  
tion to some details of the north porch.  
I think she understood my motive, for  
she immediately took my arm, and for the  
rest of the evening Charlie had her sister  
to himself. We were to part in the mor-  
ning, they to go to the Isle of Wight, and  
we to go to Chichester and Arundel.  
The countess had insisted that we should  
breakfast together on the last morning.  
The ladies appeared in traveling costume;  
the Lady Louise in a most bewitching hat  
and feather. She looked, I thought, con-  
scious through the entire meal. Her  
eyes hardly ever ventured to meet those  
of Charlie. On his part, Charlie also  
was embarrassed, but less so than the La-  
dy Louise. Evidently he had determi-  
ned, at an opportunity offered, to put all  
on "the hazard of a die."

The opportunity came. The man-ser-  
vant of the countess entered and asked  
her a question in a low voice. It was  
probably something in relation to her bill,  
for she looked significantly at her elder  
daughter, and the two withdrew to the  
other end of the vast apartment, where  
they conversed in a low tone. Charlie,  
not minding me, seized the chance.  
"Her Ladyship was so good as to ask  
me to call on her in London," he said to  
his fair companion, and his voice, notwith-  
standing his effort to appear calm, trem-  
bled. "May I hope that the invitation is  
yours also, Lady Louise?"  
The color rushed over the fair girl's  
cheek and brow. She tried to speak,  
failed, blushed deeper than ever, and  
then, with a great effort, went on. But  
she spoke so low she could hardly be  
heard.  
"But I am not the Lady Louise."  
"Not Lady Louise?"  
"No. I am an American."  
Her eyes were downcast; she was fumb-  
ling with her watch-chain.  
"An American?"  
"Yes. But I thought you knew. I  
ought, perhaps, to have explained before.  
But somehow—indeed, it was no inten-  
tional deception—don't you really know  
me?"  
"Knew you?" More bewildered than  
ever.  
"Yes! I'm Clara Vernon!"  
I rose hastily. This was a denouement  
I had not looked for; and a third party  
was altogether in the way. How would  
Charlie take it? How did it all come  
about?

Charlie took it very well. A minute  
after, I heard them laughing togeth-  
er. Then came explanations, of which I  
was told in due course. While Charlie  
was staying in England, in order to avoid  
Clara, she, with an equal horror of match-  
making, had run away from Newport to  
avoid meeting him. She had an uncle  
living in London—and thither she had  
fled. He owned a place in the country  
next to the Vavasours, and thus she had  
become intimate with that family, and was  
now traveling with them.

Capt. Goldstream's mistake was a natu-  
ral one. He had heard much of the Lady  
Louise, but never seen her, supposed she  
was out, and had fancied Clara must be  
she. If he had returned to his stall, he  
would have told us of his error.  
To make a long story short, the Vava-  
sours and we did not part company, but  
went together to the Isle of Wight. "I  
thought all the time," said the countess,  
"that your friend knew Miss Vernon. I  
never heard him call her Lady Louise.  
We were her confidants, for Clara told us  
why, silly thing! she had come to Eng-  
land. But all's well that ends well"—isn't  
it?"

Charlie and Clara were married that  
very autumn, her uncle giving her away,  
and the Ladies Vavasour acting as brides-  
maids. The ceremony took place, "more  
majestically," as the old Romans used to say;  
that is, at St. George's, Hanover Square,  
in the very odor of fashionable sanctity.  
None of this, you see, was part of the  
play, as either Charlie or Clara had plan-  
ned it. It came about, so to speak, "Be-  
tween the Acts."

SOME time ago the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon  
preached a sermon on the text—"And  
Mary Wept." In the midst of a stream  
of earnest eloquence that drew tears from  
many of those present, in describing  
the character of the tears shed by Mary  
over the feet of Jesus, he broke suddenly  
off, and turning to his congregation, ex-  
claimed: "The tears which Mary shed  
were not such tears as many of you pour  
out when you come to this altar. They  
came from her heart—they were tears of  
bliss—and not the poor stuff that you pre-  
sent as an offering to an offended God."  
Then, leaning over the pulpit, and look-  
ing earnestly in the sea of upturned faces,  
he exclaimed: "There are some of you  
for whose tears I would not give a far-  
thing a quart!"

"SAM," said one little urchin to another,  
"does your schoolmaster ever give you  
any reward of merit?" "I suppose he  
does," was the reply; "he gives me a  
lickin' regular, every day, and says I merit  
two."

## The Poor House.

[From the Freeman.]

MUNSTER, Nov. 28, 1867.

R. L. JOHNSTON, Esq.—Dear Sir: I  
propose, with your kind permission,  
through the columns of your paper, to say  
a few words concerning the treatment  
which I have received lately at the hands  
of the Directors of the Poor of Cambria  
county. On the 29th of September last  
the Board of Directors met at the Poor  
House and appointed me Steward of that  
institution. Since the House has been  
opened the appointment of officers was  
always made at the September meeting.  
Well, on Monday, Oct. 28th, the Board  
met at the Poor House, and after reading  
the minutes of the previous meeting, Mr.  
Byrne said: "I move to set these appoint-  
ments aside." Mr. Thomas: "I second the  
motion." Now these men had a legal  
right to do this, and I have the same right  
to deal with them with just as little cere-  
mony. I shall do so *ad verbatim*.  
Mr. Byrne, who proposed this outrage,  
is the same person who was elected to his  
office in reward for his services in Canada  
during the late war. This may be ex-  
cused, being the effect of a constitutional  
defect for which a man is not strictly ac-  
countable. But there is a moral cowardice  
which neither the laws of God or man  
will excuse, which deters men from per-  
forming their sworn duties when there is  
danger of giving offence to some one to  
whom they owe some little political favor,  
which strikes down the integrity of men  
when opportunity offers to profit by dis-  
honest gain.

A great deal has been lately said by  
Mr. Byrne's friends in Ebensburg about  
his honesty. Is he an honest man, or as  
he is the moral coward above described?  
Let us see. He was elected ostensibly to  
see things right about the Poor House.  
Very well. He was scarcely warm in his  
place of honor until, at his instance, a  
visit was made by the entire Board to  
Johnstown. On this occasion all expen-  
ses were paid by the county. The party  
went upon a regular spree. They did,  
I believe, hire a doctor—nothing more.  
Mr. Byrne came next day to the Poor  
House and coolly issued an order in his  
own favor for the sum of *ten dollars*—a  
small sum, but the principle is the thing.  
An arrangement was made to meet again  
during the next week, at least Byrne said  
so. One evening during the ensuing week  
he arrived at the Poor House and ordered  
the team to go to the Station to meet  
some friends, as he said. The friends ar-  
rived, and after spending the night, one of  
them presented a bill to the Board for  
something over *forty dollars*. An officer  
of the House took Mr. Byrne out of the  
office, and told him he did not believe  
the bill was just, and warned him not to  
pay it. "Oh?" says Mr. Byrne, "don't be  
uneasy, I will never sign it." Mr. Byrne  
and the person who presented the bill  
then started together to town. What  
passed on the way is known only to them-  
selves, but before many days Mr. Byrne  
returned to the Poor House and signed an  
order for the bill, without inquiry. His  
moral cowardice was further displayed by  
his absconding himself from the regular  
meetings of the Board, in August and  
September, thus neglecting duties which  
he had sworn to perform.

His attendance, I am informed, has  
since been ample. At whose command he  
thus evaded his sworn duties, you, sir,  
well know. In the face of these charges,  
which I dare Mr. Byrne to deny (if he  
denies them access to the books of the Poor  
House, if refused will be enforced,) will he  
continue to occupy the office which he has  
thus disgraced? If he does, he exhibits  
a degree of moral turpitude of which  
political depravity exhibits few parallels.  
Had one such charge been made against  
me, and substantiated, as the above can be,  
I would have quietly walked under the  
indignity which has been perpetrated upon  
me, and would have been perpetually si-  
lent. On the contrary, no pretext what-  
ever was offered for this high-handed act.  
"I was not even alleged that my family  
was large, expensive and idle; neither  
was it asserted that I was a gambler, in-  
temperate or lazy. But when it was sug-  
gested that this proceeding might be the  
subject of political scandal, being as it  
was a family arrangement, Mr. Thomas  
answered: 'We're going to do it.' It might  
have been urged that I was not a resident  
of Ebensburg, nor the incumbent of a  
good county office, nor the willing tool  
of a set of politicians. But these statesmen  
appear to have overlooked all these things  
in their vigorous pursuit of a favorite family  
object. This accomplished. For the  
present I have done with Mr. Byrne. Let  
him answer if he dare. Mr. Thomas may,  
for the present, rest upon his laurels. But  
the entire Board, high and mighty as they  
are, will find that before the bar of public  
opinion they shall come and answer for  
their official doings. A. D. OLMSTEAD.

THOS. K. BARNER, the eccentric clergy-  
man of Elmira, holds forth in a column  
of the Elmira Advertiser every week, say-  
ing many things sharp and quaint. Two  
weeks ago he got off the following:  
"The less a man knows, and more li-  
quor he drinks, the more determined he is  
to make this a 'white man's government.'"  
That strikes us as being one of the home  
truths of the age in which we live.

## A New Story of Mr. Lincoln.

Times were gloomy then at Washington.  
The army was intrenching or intrenched  
—burning to advance, but held back alter-  
nately by its leader and the autumn rains,  
and little substantial advantage had been  
gained. The men were suffering greatly  
from low fevers and chronic dysentery,  
and its unsatisfactory conduct impaired  
confidence. As we sat in silence, partaking  
of the general gloom, Abraham Lincoln,  
the emancipator, the honest patriot, the  
Christ-like man, entered. His brow was  
deeply furrowed, his face oppressively sad,  
his form slightly bowed, and his steps  
feeble. He seemed to be literally stagger-  
ing under a nation's burden, and we sur-  
mised had just left a perplexed and de-  
pressed meeting of the Cabinet. As we  
rose to greet him, he shook each one's  
hand, with his awkward but touching  
cordiality, as Mr. Olmstead introduced us  
one by one. When he took his seat, Mr.  
Olmstead remarked we were a company of  
women, representing the patriotic benevo-  
lence of various sections of the country,  
and had come to pay our best respects to  
our honored chief magistrate, and receive  
words of encouragement from him that  
would stimulate home effort. His face  
did not relax, and a pause ensued. He  
then said: "Ladies, no one has the inter-  
est of the army more at heart than I have.  
I always rejoice to know that they are  
remembered and cherished; still, great  
care must be taken not to tangle the lines  
of the big team. You know, when a coach-  
and-six runs off down hill, 'tis a desperate  
struggle to stop it; still one hand must  
hold the reins." We said we were well  
aware of that; and were happy to say we  
represented an organization that depre-  
cated any interference with government.  
We afterwards learned that so great had  
been the fears of intermeddling entertained  
by the Medical Bureau, that even our good  
President had inquired the doubt, which  
was afterwards dispelled. After this wise  
caution he proceeded to talk most kindly  
of the humanity, energy and perseverance  
of good women all the world over. I said,  
"Mr. President, have you not an encour-  
aging word as to our country's prospects  
that we may take back to the Northwest?"  
A token from you would inspire the peo-  
ple." With the address depending on  
his own face he replied, "What if I have  
none to give?" A silence that might be  
felt followed these ominous words. A  
lady of the delegation broke the stillness  
by asking: "Mr. President, what is the  
most fruitful source of discouragement?"  
The President replied, "Desertion."  
"And what is the penalty of desertion?"  
"Death," he answered. "Why not en-  
force it?" "Why not enforce it?" He  
hesitated, looked weary, and with the sim-  
plicity of a child said: "I don't like to  
kill."

IT DON'T AFFECT HIM.—Not long  
ago, a politician entered the private office  
of the editor of the New York Tribune,  
in a great state of indignation at some  
article which Greeley had written. H. G.  
was sitting at his desk, scratching away,  
and, though violently annoyed, never  
looked up. The irate politician roared  
out, "Hornet Greeley, I charge you with  
betraying the best interests of your party.  
You are a secret foe to radicalism. You  
do us more harm than you do us good—  
Confound it, if you'd go over to the Dem-  
ocrats, body and soul, it would be the best  
thing you could do. You stay with the  
Republicans, and stab them in the back.  
You are the worst enemy radicalism ever  
had in this country. I once thought you  
honest, though I knew you to be a fool.  
Now, I'll swear you are a scoundrel and  
an idiot." Here he paused for want of  
breath, expecting H. G. to make some de-  
fense, or at least reply to the ferocious  
charges. But he was disappointed. The  
veteran journalist remained at his desk  
apparently unconcerned, and kept on writ-  
ing at his editorial. The politician at-  
tempted to give vent to another burst  
of indignation, but was so mad that he could  
not speak, and after a spatter of epithets,  
he hurried to the door. The philosopher  
then lifted his head for the first time, and  
called out in his high, shrill voice, "Don't  
go off in that way, my friend. Come back  
and relieve your mind!"

SOME curious statistics have been col-  
lected illustrating the risks of mercantile  
life, from which it appears that in a single  
department—chat of dry goods—the  
average rate of success within the last fifty  
years has been as follows: Ninety mer-  
chants in every hundred have failed; five  
in every hundred have made a living and  
saved money, and one in a hundred has  
made a fortune. It will thus be seen that  
the path to ultimate success in this direc-  
tion is extremely hazardous.

THE original cost of the capital at  
Washington was \$1,400,000. The addi-  
tions to the building, now nearly com-  
pleted, will cost \$12,000,000 more.

FIFTY hundred and ten miles of the  
Union Pacific Railroad are now open, and  
the cars are running from Omaha to  
Cheyenne.

A quick way to make a fortune is to  
marry a fashionable young lady and then  
sell her clothes.

THE population of Ireland has de-  
creased nearly one million in fifteen years.