

The Greene County Republican.

FIRMNESS IN THE RIGHT AS GOD GIVES US TO SEE THE RIGHT.—Lincoln.

A Family Paper—Devoted to Politics, Literature, Foreign, Home and Miscellaneous News, &c., &c.

VOL. X

WAYNESBURG, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1866.

NO. 19.

The Republican.

EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,
BY
JAS. E. SAYERS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Three dollars a year, payable in advance.

Advertisements inserted at \$1.50 per square for three insertions, and 50 cts. a square for each additional insertion; (ten lines or less counted as a square.)

Local advertising and Special Notices, 10 cents per line for one insertion, with a liberal deduction made to yearly ad-vertisers.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, charged for until ordered out.

With a notice and tributes of respect inserted as advertisements. They must be paid for in advance.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Waynesburg.

D. BAKER, Pres't. J. C. FLEMING, Cashier.
DISCOUNT DAY—TUESDAYS.
May 16, '66—15.

W. E. GAPEN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, WAYNESBURG, PA.

Office—In N. Clark's building,
Feb 10, '66.

R. A. MCNEILL, J. J. HEFFMAN, MCDONNELL & HUFFMAN Attorneys and Counselors at Law

Waynesburg, Pa.
Office—In the "Wright House," East door.—Collectors, &c., will receive prompt attention.
Waynesburg, Pa., Feb 10, '66—15.

R. W. DOWNEY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW

Office in Lehighville Building, opposite the Court House, Waynesburg, Pa.
Nov. 4, 1865—15.

WYLY & BUCHANAN, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW

Office in the old Bank Building,
Waynesburg, Pa.
February 10, 1866—15

LEWIS DAY, DEALER IN BOOKS, Stationery, Wall Paper, Window Paper, &c. Sunday School Books of all kinds on hand, Waynesburg, Pa., opposite Post Office. May 2, '66—15.

T. P. MITCHELL, Shoemaker!

Main St., nearly opposite Wright House

Is prepared to do stitched and pegged work, from the coarsest to the finest; also puts up the latest style of Boots and Shoes. Call-ling done on reasonable terms. May 2, '66.

W. H. HUFFMAN, MERCHANT TAILOR.

ROOM IN BEAUCHAMP'S BUILDING, WAYNESBURG.
WORK made to order in finest and best style. Cutting and Fitting done promptly and according to latest fashion plates. Stock on hand and for sale. May 2, '66.

Wm. Bailey, WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

KEEPS ON HAND ALWAYS A choice and select assortment of watches and jewelry. Repairing done at the lowest rates. April 15.

N. G. HUGHES, SADDLER AND HARNESS MAKER, Main St., nearly opposite Wright House.

READY made work on hand, and having secured the services of two first-class workmen he is prepared to execute all orders in the neat and best style. May 2, '66.

THIRST NO MORE! GO TO "Joe" Turner's NEW SALOON!!

Keeps Good Rye Whiskey, Brandy of all kinds, Gin, Wine, &c. And has the wherewithal to put up Fancy Drinks. Call and see him in the brick part of the Adams Inn. April 25—6m

PEOPLE'S LINE.

STEAMER "CHIEFTAIN," R. H. ARBANS, Commander, Capt. R. C. MASSE, Clerk, leaves Greensboro, for Pittsburgh every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 9 a. m. Leaves Pittsburgh for Greensboro every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. May 16, '66—6m.

STEAMER "ELECTOR," ROBERT PETERS, Commander; R. G. TAYLOR, Clerk; leaves Greensboro for Pittsburgh every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Leaves Pittsburgh for Greensboro every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

SLATER ODENBAUGH, DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, LI- quors and every thing pertaining to a first class Drug Store. Prescriptions carefully com- pounded. "Creigh's Old Stand," Waynesburg, Pa. April 16, '66—15.

GEORGE S. JEFFERY, DEALER IN BOOKS and Stationery, Mar- zette, Daily Paper, Fancy Articles, &c., Waynesburg, Pa. April 16, '66—15.

THE GIRLS.

A FANBY BY "THE BOY."
Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

Oh! the girls, the beautiful girls,
With the liquid eyes and the golden curls
Sifting at us through the crowded street,
Turning the heads of the youths they meet.

and in a moment every emotion for her had given place to that of pity.

"Perhaps you are not well, madam, and the night air is too chilly," said I, rather inquisitively.

I felt a rebuke in her reply: "In re-questing you to close the door, I had no other object than to escape the attention of persons."

I did not reply, but thoughtfully con-templated my work. She resumed: "That little box contains valuable papers—pri-vate papers—and I have lost the key, or it has been stolen. I should not wish to have you remember that I ever came here on such an errand, and giving me, with some hesitation, and showing me a lock which it was no difficult matter to understand."

"Cer-ainly, madam, if your desire is, I will at least attempt to lose the recollection of ever seeing it here."

The lady bowed rather coldly at what I considered a fine compliment and I proceeded with my work, satisfied that a sudden discovered partiality for me had nothing to do with the visit. Having succeeded, after much filing and fitting, in turning the lock, I was seized with the curiosity to get a glimpse at the precious contents of the box; and sud-denly raising the lid, discovered a ban-dle of letters and a daguerotype, as I slowly passed the box to the owner—

She seized it hurriedly, and placing the letters and picture in her pocket, locked the box, and drawing the veil over her face, pointed to the door. I opened it, and as she passed into the street, she merely whispered, "Remember!"

We met again, and I have been this particular in describing her visit to the shop, to render probable a subsequent recognition.

About two o'clock in the morning, in the latter part of May following, I was awoke by a gentle tap upon the window of the little room, back of the shop, in which I slept. Thinking of burglars, I sprang out of bed, in a moment was at the window, with a heavy hammer in my hand, which I usually kept at that time within convenient reach of my bed-side.

"Who's there?" I inquired, raising the hammer, and peering out into the dark-ness—for it was as dark as Egypt when under the curse of Israel's God.

"His?" exclaimed a figure, stepping in front of the window; open the door, I have business for you."

"Rather past business hours, I should say; but who are you?"

"No one that would harm you," returned the voice, which I imagined was rather feminine for a burglar's.

"Nor one that can't?" I replied, rather emphatically by way of warning, as I tightened my grip on the hammer, and proceeded to the door. I pushed back the bolt, and slowly opening the door, discovered the stranger already upon the steps.

"What do you want?" I abruptly en-quired.

"I will tell you," answered the same soft voice, "if you dare open the door wide enough for me to enter."

"Come in," said I, resolutely, throwing the door ajar and proceeded to light a candle. Having succeeded, I turned to examine the visitor. He was a small and neatly dressed gentleman, with a heavy Raglan around his shoulders, and a blue navy cap drawn suspiciously over the eyes. As I advanced toward him, he seemed to hesitate a moment, then raised the cap from his forehead and looked me curiously in the face. I did not drop the candle, but I acknowledge to a little nervousness as I hurriedly placed the light on the table, and silently proceeded to invest myself with two or three very necessary articles of cloth-ing. As the Lord liveth, my visitor was a lady, and the same for whom I had opened the little box about a month before! Having completed my hasty toilet, I attempted to stammer an apology for my rudeness, but utterly failed. The fact is I was confounded.

Smiling at my discomfiture, she said: "Disguise is useless; I presume you recognize me?"

"I believe I told you, madam, I should not soon forget your face. In what way can I serve you?"

"By doing half an hour's work before daylight to-morrow, and receiving five hundred dollars for your labor, was the reply."

"It is not ordinary work," said I en-quiringly, that commands so magnificent a compensation."

"It is a labor common to your calling," replied the lady. "The price is not so much for the labor, as the condition under which it is to be performed."

"And what is the condition?" I enquired.

"That you will submit to being con-veyed from and to your own door blind-folded."

Idea of murder, burglary, and almost every other crime, hurriedly presented themselves to my vision, and I politely bowed and said:

"I must understand something more of the character of the employment, as well as the conditions to accept your offer."

"Will not five hundred dollars answer in lieu of an explanation?" she enquired.

"No—nor five thousand."

She patted her foot nervously on the floor. I could see she had placed entire-ly too low an estimate on my honesty, and I felt some gratification in being able to convince her of the fact.

"Well, then, if it is absolutely necessary for me to explain," she replied, "I must tell you that you are required to pick the lock of a vault, and—"

"You have gone quite far enough, madam, with the explanation," I inter-rupted; "I am not at your service."

"As I said," she continued, "you are required to pick the lock of a vault, and re-serve from death a man who has been confined there for three days."

"To whom does the vault belong?" I enquired.

"My husband," was the somewhat reluctant reply.

"Why so much secrecy? or rather how came a man confined in such a place?"

"I secreted him there, to escape the observation of my husband. He is con-fined as much, and closed the door upon him. Presuming he had left the vault, I did not dream, until to-day, that he was confined there. Certain suspicious acts of my husband this afternoon con-vincing me that he is there, beyond human hearing, and will be starved to death by my barbarous husband, unless immedi-ately rescued. For three days he has not left the house. I dugged his less than an hour ago, and he is now so stu-pid that the lock may be picked with-out his interference. I have searched his pockets, but could not find the key; hence my application to you. Now you know all; will you accompany me?"

"To the end of the world, on such an errand."

"Then prepare yourself; there is a cab waiting at the door."

I was a little surprised, for I had not heard the sound of wheels. Hastily drawing on a coat, and providing my-self with the required implements, I was soon at the door. There, saw an en-abled cab, with the driver in his seat, ready for the mysterious journey. I cut the vehicle followed by the lady. As soon as I was seated, she produced a heavy handkerchief, which by the faint light of an adjacent street lamp, she care-fully bound round my eyes. The lady seated herself beside me, and the cab started. In half an hour it stopped, in what part of the city I am ignorant, as it was evidently in anything but a direct course from the point of starting.

Examining the bandage to see that my vision was completely obscured, the lady handed me the handle of tools with which I was provided, then taking me by the arm, led me through a passage way which could not have been less than fifty feet in length, and down a flight of stairs into what was evidently an under-ground basement, stepped beside a vault, and removed the handkerchief from my eyes.

"Here is the vault; open it," said she, springing the door of a dark lantern, and throwing a beam of light upon the lock.

I seized a bunch of skeleton keys, and after a few trials, which the lady seemed to watch with the most painful anxiety, sprang the bolt. The door swung upon its hinges, and my companion telling me not to close it, as it was self-locking, sprang into the vault. I did not follow. I heard the murmur of voices within, and the next moment the lady reappear-ed, and leaning upon her arm a man, with face so pale and haggard that I started at the sight. How he must have suffered during the three long days of his confinement!

"Remain here," she said, handing me the lantern; "I will be back in a moment."

The two slowly ascended the stairs, and I heard them enter a room immedi-ately above where I was standing. In less than a minute the lady returned.

"Shall I close it, madam?" said I, plac-ing my hand upon the door of the vault.

"No! no!" she exclaimed, hastily seizing my arm, and waving another occu-pant!

"Madam, you certainly do not intend to—"

"Are you ready?" she interrupted im-patiently, holding the handkerchief to my eyes. The thought flashed across my mind that she intended to push me into the vault, and bury me and my secret together. She seemed to read the suspicion, and continued: "Do not be alarmed. You are not the man!"

I could not mistake the truth or the fearful meaning of the remark, and I shuddered as I bent my head to the handkerchief. My eyes were carefully bandaged as before, and I was led to the cab, and then driven home by a more circuitous route, if possible, than the one by which we came. Arriving in front of the house, the handkerchief was removed and I stepped from the vehicle. A purse of five hundred dollars was placed in my hand, and in a moment the cab and its mysterious occupant had turned the corner and were out of sight.

I entered the shop, and the purse of gold was the only evidence I could sum-mon in my bewilderment that all I had just done and witnessed was not a dream.

A month after that, I saw the lady, and the gentleman taken from the vault, walking leisurely along Montgomery St. I do not know, but I believe the sleep-ing husband awoke within the vault and his bones are there to this day! The wife is still a resident of San Francisco.

EXECUTION OF RICHARD THAIRWELL FOR THE MURDER OF JAMES HOUSE- MAN, AT UNIONTOWN, PA.

Special Dispatch to the Pittsburg Commercial.

UNIONTOWN, MONDAY, Oct. 1, '66.

The sun shone out resplendently this morning, and betokened that the day would be unusually pleasant. The town was very quiet, and a stranger, from in-fernal indications, would hardly judge of the tragedy about to transpire. At a late hour knots of citizens assembled around the Court House and discussed the subject of the execution in subdued tones.

The prisoner was engaged with his spiritual advisers last night till twelve o'clock, when they withdrew, after which he retired to his couch and slept soundly until eight o'clock this morning. He arose greatly refreshed, and apparently more resigned to his situation than he had been since his sentence. After he had partaken of a slight breakfast, relig-ious exercises were resumed and con-tinued until noon.

At twenty-five minutes after two o'clock the front door of the prison was thrown open, and the jury, reporters and others to the number of thirty, were admitted. The prisoner was then led into the yard by the Sheriff and pre-ceded by Revs. Smith and Maxwell, in-vented the scaffold, where the Episcopal burial service was read by Rev. Smith.

Thairwell appeared to be in excellent health, and was dressed in a light blue coat, the one he wore at his trial, dark breeches, white linen shirt, blue necktie and Congress shoes. When he reached the platform he sat down upon a chair, but did not exhibit any symp-toms of fear, further than shutting his eyes and clutching his hands convul-sively.

Upon the conclusion of the services, he shook hands with the ministers, and bade them farewell. Sheriff Boyd asked the doomed man if he had anything to say, when he spoke as follows:

"GENTLEMEN!—The book published is false. I return my thanks to Sheriff Boyd, wife and family. They have been kind to me."

The rope was then adjusted, and at twenty-five minutes before three o'clock the Sheriff touched the trigger, and the wretched man was hurled into eternity. The fall was about three feet, and the neck of the culprit was broken, his death of course, being instantaneous.

After hanging half an hour, the body was cut down and placed in a neatly painted coffin. While conveying the coffin from the prison, a large crowd was collected in front of the jail, and, at the request, Sheriff Boyd opened the coffin, and exposed the inanimate features to view, after which it was taken to the Poor Farm. The grave for its reception had been dug, and the coffin was about to be lowered into it, when Mrs. Hubbard, of Brownsville arrived with an order from Sheriff Boyd allowing her to take possession of the corpse and make such disposition of it as she thought proper. After some time a wagon was procured in which the coffin was placed—Mrs. Hubbard, her husband, and sev-eral young men taking seats along side of it in the vehicle—and just as the shades of night came down upon the town, that solitary wagon started on a journey of twelve miles to Brownsville.

As it passed slowly through the street,

leading to the old national road, groups of men, women and children stood upon the sidewalk or in the doorways, and in respectful silence saw it disappear among the shadows of the trees. It was almost midnight when the remains reached Brownsville, yet many people were still in the streets, anticipating their arrival.

The body was removed to Mr. Hub-bard's residence where it remained until a grave was dug within a few feet of the Manogochla river in the yard surround-ing Mr. Hubbard's house, and with the solemnity, all that remained of what was once Richard Thairwell, was consign-ed to its last resting place.

TILTING AT DONKEYS.

Most men like them, says the editor of the Round Table, it is mere affectation to deny it. Else why do they at-tract such universal attention and en-gage such absorbed admiration? Moral-ists may say that such emotions are confined to the tribe gamblers who throng Broadway corners with their pallid faces and precise costumes, and who have no employment of a morning for their bloodshot eyes, except to feast them upon such scraps of loveliness as fortune sends within their rapacious ken. They may say they are confined