

CLAY DISAPPOINTED.

HIS DEFEAT FOR THE PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION IN 1839.

The Part Taken by Thurlow Weed and Horace Greeley—A Plot Admitted—How the Senator Received the News of the Convention's Action.

The Whig convention of 1839 was held in a new Lutheran church in Harrisburg, and it is a safe assumption that never before or since has a house of God been made the scene of so much and so adroit political maneuvering as went on there for the purpose of preventing the nomination of Henry Clay for the presidency. The chief manipulator was Thurlow Weed, who appeared there as the friend of Governor Seward, and the future member of the powerful firm of Seward, Weed & Greeley. This firm was indeed the outcome of the ensuing campaign. Greeley was at the convention, little dreaming that the campaign which was to follow would give him the opportunity for developing the qualities which were to make him the first editor of his time and lead to the foundation of a great newspaper to be forever linked indissolubly with his name. Weed went into convention with the determination of defeating Clay. He says in his autobiography that he had had the New York delegation instructed for Scott to keep it from Clay, his real candidate being Harrison.

He entered into an agreement with friends of Webster, on the way to Harrisburg from New York city, to act together for Clay's defeat. Webster was in Europe at the time and had sent word to his friends declining to be a candidate, primarily because of Weed's refusal to support him. After detailing these facts Mr. Weed goes on to say that, on reaching Harrisburg, "we found a decided plurality in favor of Mr. Clay," but that, "in the opinion of the delegates from Pennsylvania and New York, Mr. Clay could not carry either of those states, and without them he could not be elected."

Weed admits a bargain in favor of Harrison with the friends both of Webster and of Scott, and says the "final" vote was intentionally delayed by the friends of the stronger candidate (Harrison) for 24 hours" in order to placate the angry friends of Clay, "whose disappointment and vexation found excited expression."

Greeley makes frank admission in his "Recollections of a Busy Life" as to the plot by saying that the parties to it, chiefly Weed, "judged he (Clay) could not be chosen, if nominated, while another could be, and acted accordingly," adding, "If politics do not mediate the achievement of beneficent ends through the choice and use of the safest and most effective means, I wholly misapprehend them."

This somewhat Jesuitical view did not strike Clay and his friends as an adequate justification of the methods by which an admitted majority of the convention had been prevented from expressing its will. John Tyler of Virginia, one of Clay's most ardent friends in the convention, was so overcome with grief at Harrison's nomination that he shed tears, and after several unavailing efforts to get some one else to take the nomination for vice president Tyler was named for it, his tears having convinced the convention that the placing of so devoted a friend of Clay on the ticket would go far to heal the wounds that the methods of the convention had caused.

Clay's rage at the outcome was unbounded. He had been assuming in the senate a lofty indifference to the presidency, his famous saying, "I would rather be right than be president," having been made public only a short time before the convention met. There was nobody in the senate at that time of sufficiently nimble wit to think of the biting retort which Speaker Reed many years later made to a congressman who for the thousandth time was strutting about in Clay's cast off garments: "Don't give yourself the slightest uneasiness. You'll never be either." But Clay had given himself great uneasiness, for he was most desirous of the nomination. He had been a candidate eight years earlier, when he had no chance of election, and he believed firmly now that if nominated he could be elected.

When the news from Harrisburg reached him in Washington, he lost all control of himself. "He had been drinking heavily in the excitement of expectation," says Henry A. Wise, who was with him. "He rose from his chair, and walking backward and forward rapidly, lifting his feet like a horse strangled in both legs, stamped his boots upon the floor, exclaiming: 'My friends are not worth the powder and shot it would take to kill them. It is a diabolical intrigue. I know now, which has betrayed me. I am the most unfortunate man in the history of parties—always run by my friends when sure to be defeated, and now betrayed for a nomination when I or any one would be sure of an election.'—*"Humor and Pathos of Presidential Contests,"* by Joseph R. Bishop, in *Century*.

A Story of Crockett.

At the booksellers' dinner in London S. R. Crockett told how he was recently introduced to a lady to whom his profession was mentioned. "Mr. Crockett," she said during the evening, "I hear you are an author. Have you published any of your works yet?" Mr. Crockett enjoyed telling the story, though it was at his own expense. But he was decidedly nonplussed for a moment when a glee club which was present immediately burst forth with the glee, "Strike the Lyre."

All That.

Mr. J.—(Ideal.)—My love, did you have a finger in this pie?

Mr. J.—(Practical.)—Why, no, indeed. None of my fingers is missing.

—*Desert Frogs Press.*

FLASHED INTO EXISTENCE.

How Daubigny Studied a Door All Day to Paint a Picture.

Charles Noel Flagg of New York tells interesting stories of bohemian life in Paris in the seventies.

"I was at Honfleur one summer," said Mr. Flagg, "when the Daubignys—father and son—were there. I have always thought Daubigny the strongest and sincerest landscape painter in the Barbizon group, and it was interesting to see how he worked and how he taught his son. This son was a man of brilliant talent, who died soon after, unfortunately. He would take an enormous canvas out into the field and cover it in an hour and a half—this was to get composition, massing of light and shade, etc.—and then his father would come and criticize it. Some of these big swift things were shown in the salon afterward. The painters used to contribute in one way or another to the fine old inn where we stopped, and the landlord wanted young Daubigny to paint the panel of a certain door. At last the painter promised to do it the next morning. I resolved to see that thing done, so I got up before dawn, planted myself in the old dining room at a good point of view and pretended to sketch from the window. Pretty soon young Daubigny came down professed to be not in the least disturbed by me, so I staid. He sat down in front of the door and looked at it hard for an hour or so. Then he got up and viewed it from different angles. Then he gazed at it from the end of the room. Then he sat down again. The hours came and went, and still he was studying that door, with scarcely a pause for meals. By afternoon I was nearly wild; if he didn't open his paintbox soon, I would smash the door. At last, at the beginning of twilight, presto!—I was too excited to see. All in a minute a few lightnings flashed out from him, and there was the miracle! And breathlessly I realized that he had been painting that picture all day."—Chicago Times-Herald.

MAKING A MINE.

In Some Instances It Costs Nothing—In Others the Cost Is Millions.

There are no hard and fast rules in regard to making mine from the time it passes into the prospector's hands until it becomes a dividend payer. Many mines are such, as the miners say, "from the grass roots," and turn out large quantities of ore from the beginning.

J. B. Haggan, the millionaire mine owner, took \$3,000,000 from the Custer mine, in Lemhi county, Idaho, before it became necessary to use a candle (giant powder). This mine was known as the Mineral mountain. A man came along one day, and after looking at it remarked, "Why, the hanging wall is gone." This was true. Nature had assisted the miner in this case; the mountain side had been eroded, leaving the mineral standing there. Mr. Haggan also spent about \$6,000,000 in developing the Anaconda mine before it was on a paying basis.

Mines have been discovered containing fabulous wealth, although a prospector would starve to death in trying to work them. This was true in regard to the Homestake mine, in the Black Hills. The prospectors who made the discovery could do nothing with it, and it passed into the hands of Senator Hearst and other California capitalists. They concluded that, unless it was worked on a large scale, it could not be made profitable. An 80 stamp mill was ordered and shipped in from Cheyenne, at a cost of \$135,000, as an experiment. The mine has paid in dividends \$37,500 a month for 17 years.

It requires a large amount of money usually to put a mine on a dividend paying basis, and, as a rule, the prospector cannot do, although prospectors have made fortunes with their properties.—Spokane *Spokesman-Review*.

Vegetable Flowers.

The far famed vineyards of the Rhine are a great disappointment to tourists who see them for the first time. Vine clad hills may have pleased the poets, but apart from the sentiment aroused by the remembrances of the exaggerations of such writers they are not interesting and it is difficult to see how any one could have raved over their beauty. "A potato field is better," said one disenchanted traveler. Many flowers produced by edibles are worthy of place in our gardens. The scarlet runner is too well known to need commendation. An innovation recently seen is what is known as the broad bean. Farmers use them for food for cattle, though they are considered a table delicacy in foreign countries. The flower is one of the most peculiar seen in the vegetable world, being white with jet black markings. The white being as pure as that of the sweet pea, the effect is striking.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

Couparissons.

"How I would like to live in a house," said Miss Flatdwellier, "where there was room to go about, and where I could go up and down stairs."

"How delightful it is," said Miss Boardinghouseweller to her friend, Miss Flatdwellier, whom she was visiting, "to have room to move about in, to be able to go from one room to another when you get up in the morning!"—*New York Sun*.

It Failed to Walk.

"Speaking of 'Hamlet' with Hamlet left out," said the weary and wayworn erstwhile Polonius, "it ain't a marker to 'Hamlet' with the ghost left out."

And the Rialto was 400 miles away.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

An Italian patent, including fees and taxes for one year, costs \$100. It is granted for 15 years and must be worked within two.

The leaders of a flock of migrating wild geese become tired sooner than others and are frequently relieved by their fellows.

Earrings.

Earrings have always been among the most favorite ornaments of nearly all the nations of the world, certainly with those which are called civilized. Indeed among the Persians, Babylonians and Carthaginians they were worn by men as well as women. They were always worn by Greek women from Hera, in the "Iliad" down to the Venus de Medicis, whose ears are pierced for the reception of earrings. Pliny tells us that there was no part of dress upon which greater expense was lavished among the Romans. Many Egyptian earrings of very beautiful design have been preserved, and these antique designs have been imitated in modern times. All jewels are, no doubt, of barbaric origin, and earrings among the rest, so why discard them on that ground? We preserve what we admire, even if it comes to us through this source. And if piercing the ears is barbaric what can we say of shaving, which is done simply for fashion, and causes much more uneasiness to the flesh than simply piercing the ears once and for all?

Few would venture to advocate the abolition of shaving. Why, then, protest against earrings on this ground? Care should, of course, be exercised that ears are carefully pierced and allowed to heal properly before ornamental earrings are worn, but when once this is done they cause no further trouble. They are now fashionable, and this with the large majority of people is enough to say for them, but some venture to think, as they are essentially, womanly ornament and add grace and charm to a true womanly face, they should be preserved.—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Puritanical Sunday.

From early childhood we were perplexed with doubts about the things which might or might not be lawfully done on a Sunday, and were hemmed in by rules of the "touch-not-taste-not-handle-not" order, at variance with many healthy instincts, quite unconnected with any morality except that of implicit obedience, and not commanding rational assent.

When I speak of a Puritanical Sunday, I am not using the term as one of disparagement, but simply as presenting a historical fact. I recognize the Puritan creed as one that has influenced many powerful and noble minds and has contributed most valuable elements to our composite English character. Even the Puritan Sunday, mistaken though I think it, and of a strictness too narrow and exaggerated for ordinary human nature to bear, has so excellent a side to it, and has been so closely bound up with customs and habits of great social value, with definite times for general rest and definite times for general worship, that I always think and speak with great respect of its supporters. I only blame those of them—now I think few in number—who load with epithets intended to excite odium, other men who are striving to make the use of Sunday more beneficial and more adapted to varieties of human character and conditions.—Westminster Review.

The Russian's Easy Existence.

Joined to exceedingly high living, late hours and all sorts of enchanting but enervating dissipations, the Russian system of easy existence absolutely refuses to admit of the necessity of bodily exercise. It is no exaggeration to say that the well to do Russian never, to use a homely but expressive phrase, walks a yard. His person, moreover, is nearly always loaded and encumbered with furs, even in summer time, and as he heats his house and restaurants to a positively preposterous extent, the bad effects on his health of the combination of these evils may be easily imagined if less readily described. The common people, on the other hand, lead a comparatively healthy existence, because from sheer poverty, and not by any means from choice, they are forced to be abstemious. Though they heat their houses to as high a temperature as their social superiors, yet they are of necessity more in the open air than these last. Their staple food, moreover, the nutritions and easily digested black bread of the country, is an excellent means of preserving their health under the very severe social and sanitary conditions under which they live, and of building up, as it were, muscle and bone.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Russian Methods.

Georg Brandes, the Danish critic, relates an amusing incident of his recent travels through Russia in his "Indtry fra Polen" ("Impressions In Poland"), published at Copenhagen. Passing the German frontier, he relates, the first thing which attracted the attention of the Muscovite custom house officer was two numbers of the Paris *Nouvelle Revue*. "What is this?" asked the official in German. "A French monthly." "What are its contents?" "It's impossible to give them in a minute." "Very well, then, it will go to the censor general at Warsaw." "Is this review prohibited?" "Prohibited is everything that I do not understand," replied the Russian, and all Danish books of Herr Brandes, even his Chinese-French dictionary, were consequently confiscated.

Success.

"We are apt, many of us, to think," said Mr. Gratebar, "that we could do better if we had a better chance or could get started in some new field; but the fact is that the man who is likely to succeed at all is pretty sure to succeed wherever he may be. Success is a crop that depends for its return less upon the soil that is cultivated than upon the manner of cultivation."—*New York Sun*.

The Nautilus.

The idea of airtight compartments in ships was suggested by the peculiar construction of the nautilus. The shell of this animal has 40 or 50 compartments, into which air or water may be admitted, to allow the occupant to sink or float as it pleases.

A Short Cut to Health.

To try to cure constipation by taking pills is like going round in a circle. You will never reach the point sought, but only get back to the starting point. A perfect natural laxative is Bacon's Celery King, the celebrated remedy for all nerve, blood, stomach, liver and kidney diseases. It regulates the bowels. Reynolds Drug Store will give you a sample package free. Large sizes 25 cents and 50 cents.

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