

A ST. PAUL special to the St. Louis Republican, 24th, says that the eight men engaged in the Northfield bank robbery are now known to have been Cole and Bob Younger, Jesse and Frank James, Clell Miller, Charley Pitts, Bill Chadwell and Cal Carter, the latter from Texas. Miller and Chadwell were the two men killed in the fight at Northfield; the four who had the desperate fight near Madella, on the 21st, were the Younger boys, Pitts and Carter. Pitts was killed and the other three captured after being badly wounded. The James boys have so far escaped, and it is believed have made their way into Dakota.

ACCORDING to a Washington dispatch of the 24th, Gov. Chamberlain, of South Carolina, then in that city on his return home, had received dispatches from Columbia, stating that from 80 to 100 negroes had been killed during the recent troubles in Aiken County, growing out of the alleged assault of two colored men upon a white woman.

A LETTER from Coffeyville, Kas., to the Kansas City Times, says that on Sunday, the 17th, while the Delawares were holding a camp-meeting on the Cans River, in the Indian Nation, about 20 miles west of Coffeyville, a number of desperadoes went to the meeting-house, and calling out John Saroczek, a son of one of the Delaware Chiefs, shot him dead. The friends of the murdered man then came out and shot down Frank Rogers and Evon Brown, and then took one Sheoley, another of the gang, and hanged him. It is said that the affair is a continuation of the old feud between the Delawares and Cherokees, and may be directly traced to the Journeyeak and Coker war.

GEN. ROGEE has issued a general order announcing the transfer of the Headquarters Department of the South from Louisville to Atlanta, Georgia.

THE Kansas Republican State Committee, on the 26th, held a meeting at the request of Mr. George T. Anthony, the Republican nominee for Governor, for the purpose of investigating certain personal charges preferred against him through the public press. It is stated that Mr. Anthony, by conclusive documentary evidence, satisfactorily refuted all the charges made against him, and the committee resolved that the evidence by which he had vindicated himself should be published in full.

GEN. CROOK is now at Fort Laramie, organizing another expedition against the hostile Sioux. The troops of the recent expedition are mostly at Custer City, under command of Gen. Merritt. Fresh troops, consisting of the Fourth Cavalry under General Mackenzie and infantry under Captain Pollock, will be put in the field at once. A depot of supply will be established at old Fort Reno.

Ur to September 26th \$19,058,252 in silver coin had been paid out by the Treasury Department, for the redemption of fractional currency and in payment of obligations since the 19th of April last, leaving a balance of \$2,000,000 of such coin on hand.

THE United States steam frigate Franklin, with William M. Tweed on board, sailed from Vigo, Spain, on the 27th, and is expected to arrive in New York in about 30 days from that date. It is said that the Spanish Government was severely censured by the populace for surrendering Tweed in the absence of any treaty of extradition. Hunt, Tweed's companion, was released from custody upon the transfer of the latter to the Franklin.

RECENT advices by mail from Panama state, that in the engagement on August 21, at Laschancos, on the Coconca, between the rebels and the Government forces, the rebels lost more than 1,000 killed and wounded, while the Government forces lost 200 killed and 300 wounded. The rebels engaged numbered 6,500 men, and the Government forces 3,200.

At a council of Ministers held at Belgrade, on the 26th, over which Prince Milan presided, it was unanimously agreed to reject the conditions of peace recently elaborated by the Powers and the Porte. The council also resolved that Serbia should not submit except on the event of foreign occupation, and to fight a *patrouille* until the independence of Servia and Bosnia is secured. The correspondent of the London Times, in a telegram from Belgrade of same date, says: "There is much reason to fear that Prince Milan and his Ministers are no longer their own masters in the question of peace or war. If war is continued, and every thing points in that direction, it will be a Russian war."

A DESCRIPTION of Mormons at church, by a correspondent of the Louisville Courier-Journal: "Not one prettily woman; not one fine-looking man; all ignorant, dull, honest people—hard working, low born. No intellect, no style, no refinement, no life and animation in the whole thing. No smiles or drapery of recognition, no settling of drapery and rattling of fans; no delicate perfumed handkerchiefs. Nothing like what we are used to seeing in a modern church. The women came in, dressed in calico, many wearing sunbonnets, all without gloves; there was a dogged look on every face. I began to realize how the elders practiced polygamy as a religious duty. For nothing but the strictest discipline of duty could urge a man to provide for half a dozen of these dull, prosy women."

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MR. HENRY WATTERSON having declined a re-nomination to Congress for the long term in the Fifth Kentucky District, Mr. Albert S. Wells has received the nomination.

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A LARGE Democratic mass meeting was held at Chicago on the evening of the 26th. Senators Bayard and McDonald, ex-Senator Doolittle and Gen. Farnsworth were among the speakers.

THE New York Independent Greenback Convention, held on the 26th, nominated a full State and Electoral ticket. Richard Montgomery Griffin, editor of the Albany Evening Post, is the nominee for Governor.

A LARGE Republican meeting was held at Lafayette, Ind., on the 26th, which was addressed by Messrs. Blaine, Harrison, Senator Booth, Gen. Kilpatrick and others.



SOUTHERN WAR CLAIMS.

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To Pay for the Destruction of Property by the Union Army.

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TELEGRAPHIC NOTES.

The Cherokee and other civilized Indians of the Indian Territory are greatly excited over the proposed removal of the Sioux to their Territory, and it is said will unite in protesting against it.

The steamer Lady Franklin was burned at the dock at Amherst, Ont., on the 27th. The first mate lost his life by drowning.

An earthquake shock was felt generally throughout Southern Illinois and Indiana and Northern Kentucky on the morning of the 26th.

The first announcement of Centennial awards and distribution of prizes took place on the 27th. President Grant delivered a number of the awards in person to representatives of foreign governments.

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The failure of two more savings-banks in New York on the 26th—the New Amsterdam and the Bond Street—created quite a panic among small depositors.

The Serbian forces under Gen. Tohermayf made an attack upon the Turkish forces between Alexits and Deligrad, on the 26th ult., and severe fighting ensued, but the battle was without decisive results.

Frans Ept, a Bavarian, was hanged at Coshocton, Ohio, on the 26th, for the murder of Abraham Werthman, in November last. The crime was committed for the sake of money.

By the explosion of a threshing-machine boiler, 10 miles south of Plymouth, Ind., on the 26th, five persons were killed, viz., Wm. Johnson and his sons, David Logan and a man named Sturgeson.

The coroner's jury at Columbus, Ohio, returned a verdict that the recent accident on the Pan-Handle Road was caused by the breaking of an axle, for which the Company is not responsible.

The Grand Chancellor of the Knights of Pythias for Georgia has appealed for aid in behalf of the Savannah sufferers. He represents the distress as being very great.

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A YOUNG poet of the realistic school writes: "Time marches on with the slow, measured tread of a man working by the day."

But two brief months ago and the ice-man could command a bow from some aristocratic citizens. To-day he sits neglected and shivering in his box, a nose-nosed victim of human infidelity.

The reigning bells at Cape May the past season was a red-haired girl from Cincinnati. The day is coming when a Milwaukee woman with a wart on her nose may be the heroine in a novel.—Hawkeye.

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know the best time to pick pears. Around here from 1 to 3 a. m. is usually considered the most favorable, though it depends somewhat upon whether the owner keeps a dog. As there is no moon now, there is no reason why any of our subscribers who can climb should not have a full supply of this delicious fruit.—Norwich Bulletin.

Our course this story is from a Boston source: "At a small party in Boston the host, having as his guest a genial New Yorker, and wishing that he should have a good impression of Boston brains, introduced him to a Mr. H., a gentleman of repute in literary circles, and an admirable conversationalist. After a while, encountering his Gotham friend alone again, he said: 'How did you like Mr. H., Dick?' 'Very much indeed,' was the reply. 'He is a very good fellow, but (sotto voce) those trousers were never made for him.'"

We have just one word of advice to the campaign ballists; don't try to set the line. "We are rallying for the noble 'neath the glorious banner of our noble leaders Hayes and Wheeler," to the popular war time, "The Battle Cry of Freedom." It won't work. In a woman unmarried and 39, telling a church society how Effie Tendering behaved with Mr. Bangalow at the picnic, couldn't talk fast enough to make the words come out even with the tune.—Burlington Hawkeye.

How the Grasshoppers Came. The New York Times publishes the following letter, which it states was recently received by a gentleman of that city from his son in Saline County, Kansas. The letter bears date Sept. 8: "My dear father: No man can eat grasshoppers. In a few minutes the column of smoke is unusual—nature caring no more for a man than a grasshopper. Ah! the 'hopper.' To-day I lost sixty acres of wheat, eaten into the ground in less than an hour. I thought I had seen locusts two years ago, but I was mistaken. At about 10 o'clock this morning I noticed a heavy smoke rising in the west. I said to myself, 'that's a strange looking smoke. What causes it?' I sat on my wheat drill and watched it. Rapidly it arose—smoke rising to the south, to the north, to the northeast. In a few minutes the column of smoke is extended from the south around by the west to the northeast—to the extreme limit of vision. While I was saying to myself, 'Yes, I understand you now,' my heart slowly sank. Unhitching my team, I put my fall wheat sacks in the wagon, hitched to it, drove to the house, got my gun and went prairie-chicken shooting. My wife looked at me in mild surprise. Quitting work on a beautiful day for shooting was a queer thing, she thought. I did not have the heart to tell her that in less than four hours her nice garden would be cleaned out and that all our wheat would be gone. Soon the 'hopper' was a distant threshing-machine, filled of the air—the advance of the locusts. Louder, louder, ever louder the hum, till in a roar the countless billions of devoursers were on us, all around us. The air was stiff with them. I could look at the sun without blinking. They settled constantly. The earth was covered with them, yet not one in a thousand stopped. To the east they went in a vast cloud. A west wind, a gale, blew them. For six hours they flew, a solid cloud; and to-night there is not a wheat plant left in any garden. They were on me, I sat on a hill and watched them, and smiled as I saw some hundreds tackle a sunflower, and laughed as I saw that sunflower vanish. How harmless they were! How harmless they looked; but great Jove, how they ate! Ah! what appetites they have. It would make a dyspeptic turn green with envy to see the way they fasten to anything and every thing edible. I have joy in saying that I have eighty acres of corn that will try their teeth somewhat. It is as hard as oar work to see how they were making out with it. They had the stalks all stripped of leaves, and were sawing at the corn. But I could see that was no go. Their teeth slipped over the bright yellow surface. My garden is perfectly cleared; beans, cabbages, tomatoes, melons, every thing utterly gone. The vines to the potatoes are gone, and I am expecting a boss hopper here at any minute to request the loan of a spade to dig up my potatoes with. I shall refuse his request with scorn.

COOKIES.—I eggs, 2 cups white sugar, 1 cup butter, 1 cup butter, the cup filled up with fresh beef-drippings (which last help to make the cookies very tender and brittle), 1 heaping teaspoonful arrowroot seed, 2 teaspoonfuls soda mashed fine, and flour to make stiff enough to roll out easily. Beat the eggs, butter and sugar together; melt, but not heat, the drippings and turn over; add the butter, arrowroot seed and flour to make of the consistency of pancake-batter; then dust on the soda and stir all quickly together, with enough more flour to make sufficiently stiff. Roll thin, and bake in a tolerably hot oven till slightly browned.

MANY years ago there was a law upon the statute-books of Connecticut binding masters not to feed their apprentices on fresh salmon more than twice or thrice a week. And now the New Haven Register speaks of a time—a very good time, we should think—when sad were caught in Connecticut rivers, but that salmon were so plenty also that whoever bought a shew was expected to take a couple of salmon for the sake of getting them out of the way. In fact, salmon were not of much account.

THE next day I discovered many trails running in every direction, saw signs of recent encampments, and once or twice I saw ponies grazing in the distance, but by making wide detours I passed all obstacles, if any there were in the way, and went into camp upon the banks of a little unknown stream. There, sheltered by thick bushes, I slept for an hour or so, until I was awakened by the restlessness of my horse. On reconnoitering, I saw no less than a dozen Indians in a group upon the bluff, not 500 yards away. I hastily tightened my saddle girth, seized my rifle, mounted, and awaited developments. The reds had evidently followed my trail thus far, and, concluding that I had crossed the stream at that point, were in consultation as to their course of action. They remained upon the bluff for several minutes, and then slowly made toward me. They were mounted upon fat little ponies, and were armed—some with rifles, others with long bows and arrows.

To retreat was for me impossible. My only chance of escape lay in gaining the south bank of the stream, and then to lead a chase. Time was precious. I took in the situation at a glance, and clapping my heels to my horse's flanks and lying low upon his neck, I went forward with bound and effort, and reached the land beyond in the two days' battle of Shiloh.

On the death of General Johnston General Bragg was appointed to the command of the entire army, with the full powers of a general, in which position he conducted a successful campaign against General Buell, whom it is considered, he out-generaled. He subsequently operated in Tennessee and fought the battles of Stones River and Murfreesboro. His chief exploit was at Chickamauga, in September, 1863, when he inflicted a defeat on the army of General Rosecrans, though afterwards he was defeated by General Grant. This led to his temporary removal from command in January, 1864, and he was appointed Chief of Staff to President Davis in November, 1864. He assumed command of the Department of North Carolina, but having been defeated at Fort Fisher, Washington and Kingston, was superseded by General Joe Johnston, with whom he surrendered to General Sherman in April, 1865. Since the war General Bragg has not been conspicuous, but has, we believe, resided at Mobile.

Although his later career in the army was not successful, he was held in esteem by the Southern people in general, and many Confederate veterans will have a kindly word for him.

TOMATO, 2 onions, 2 bell-peppers, 2 teaspoonfuls of vinegar, 2 tablespoonfuls of salt, 2 of brown sugar. Slice the tomato, chop the onion, and boil all together 1 hour. Bottle and cork tight.

LORD DURHAM recently lost an eye while out shooting near his mansion in Northumberland. A shot fired by one of the party glanced off a tree which it struck and pierced his eye, rendering its extraction necessary.

EX-SULTAN MIRAD, it is said, is simply suffering from alcoholism, having been drunkard all his life. After his elevation to the Sultanate, he was almost constantly intoxicated with arrack, and could not transact business.

I was not again molested until the 2d inst. On that day, after leaving the water-course, I struck across the open country, with nothing but my compass for a guide. I had ridden far into the night and was very weary, and concluded to rest for an hour or so. Finding a little hollow that gave some shelter, I dismounted and threw myself upon the ground, carelessly holding my horse by the reins, my rifle being strapped to the saddle. Thus I slept for an hour or so,

when I was awakened by rain and the chilly atmosphere. The darkness was intense, and, to add to the predicament, my horse was gone. The latter fact put me on the alert at once, and, clutching my pistols, I groped on hands and knees a long distance, occasionally giving the low whistle-call for equines, and was at last recalled by finding "the Duke" grazing upon a slope. All night long the rain fell in the fine, misty, penetrating way so peculiar to the plains, and, rather than waste time hunting for shelter, I rode on, although my horse and I were both exhausted, and night traveling was very risky. When day broke I was in a rugged, wild country, I knew not where, with heavy timber just ahead and rocks all around. I rode beneath the shelter of a great boulder, and cracked and ate it, unconscious of the fact that a body of not less than fifty reds was passing not a quarter of a mile away. As I mounted to continue my journey, the rear straggler was moving out of sight. After long deliberation I determined to alter my course and make a detour for the hills. The events of the past two days convinced me that the country was indeed full of savages, and there seemed no earthly chance of my getting through alive, even had I been familiar with the land. I knew that Deadwood could not be over two days' journey, and there I could receive such information, and perhaps company, as would enable me to effect my purpose. I consulted my maps and compass, and, after clambering to a high point and discovering a clear coast, I again mounted and reached the Cheyenne River (north fork) the day following.

EXCHANGING SHOTS. On the 6th I ran into two bucks who were skulking along a little stream that I was following, and, deeming them out upon the open prairie by a rise, as though in retreat, I suddenly turned and charged upon them. Like dogs, they fled to and crossed the water, and as they were emerging on the other side I sprang from the saddle and, taking sure aim at the most conspicuous, fired. The bullet evidently missed, if not killed, the horse, for it and its rider fell and rolled down the bank into the water. I was answered by a shot from the remaining savage, but it did no damage, and amid his yells I resumed my onward ride. I ate my last cracker at noon, and resolved to make a continuous ride until I should reach this or some other hospitable place. Yesterday morning early, I struck a wagon trail, and after riding an hour came upon a passed all obstacles, if any there were in the way, and went into camp upon the banks of a little unknown stream. There, sheltered by thick bushes, I slept for an hour or so, until I was awakened by the restlessness of my horse. On reconnoitering, I saw no less than a dozen Indians in a group upon the bluff, not 500 yards away. I hastily tightened my saddle girth, seized my rifle, mounted, and awaited developments. The reds had evidently followed my trail thus far, and, concluding that I had crossed the stream at that point, were in consultation as to their course of action. They remained upon the bluff for several minutes, and then slowly made toward me. They were mounted upon fat little ponies, and were armed—some with rifles, others with long bows and arrows.

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Our course this story is from a Boston source: "At a small party in Boston the host, having as his guest a genial New Yorker, and wishing that he should have a good impression of Boston brains, introduced him to a Mr. H., a gentleman of repute in literary circles, and an admirable conversationalist. After a while, encountering his Gotham friend alone again, he said: 'How did you like Mr. H., Dick?' 'Very much indeed,' was the reply. 'He is a very good fellow, but (sotto voce) those trousers were never made for him.'"

We have just one word of advice to the campaign ballists; don't try to set the line. "We are rallying for the noble 'neath the glorious banner of our noble leaders Hayes and Wheeler," to the popular war time, "The Battle Cry of Freedom." It won't work. In a woman unmarried and 39, telling a church society how Effie Tendering behaved with Mr. Bangalow at the picnic, couldn't talk fast enough to make the words come out even with the tune.—Burlington Hawkeye.

How the Grasshoppers Came. The New York Times publishes the following letter, which it states was recently received by a gentleman of that city from his son in Saline County, Kansas. The letter bears date Sept. 8: "My dear father: No man can eat grasshoppers. In a few minutes the column of smoke is unusual—nature caring no more for a man than a grasshopper. Ah! the 'hopper.' To-day I lost sixty acres of wheat, eaten into the ground in less than an hour. I thought I had seen locusts two years ago, but I was mistaken. At about 10 o'clock this morning I noticed a heavy smoke rising in the west. I said to myself, 'that's a strange looking smoke. What causes it?' I sat on my wheat drill and watched it. Rapidly it arose—smoke rising to the south, to the north, to the northeast. In a few minutes the column of smoke is extended from the south around by the west to the northeast—to the extreme limit of vision. While I was saying to myself, 'Yes, I understand you now,' my heart slowly sank. Unhitching my team, I put my fall wheat sacks in the wagon, hitched to it, drove to the house, got my gun and went prairie-chicken shooting. My wife looked at me in mild surprise. Quitting work on a beautiful day for shooting was a queer thing, she thought. I did not have the heart to tell her that in less than four hours her nice garden would be cleaned out and that all our wheat would be gone. Soon the 'hopper' was a distant threshing-machine, filled of the air—the advance of the locusts. Louder, louder, ever louder the hum, till in a roar the countless billions of devoursers were on us, all around us. The air was stiff with them. I could look at the sun without blinking. They settled constantly. The earth was covered with them, yet not one in a thousand stopped. To the east they went in a vast cloud. A west wind, a gale, blew them. For six hours they flew, a solid cloud; and to-night there is not a wheat plant left in any garden. They were on me, I sat on a hill and watched them, and smiled as I saw some hundreds tackle a sunflower, and laughed as I saw that sunflower vanish. How harmless they were! How harmless they looked; but great Jove, how they ate! Ah! what appetites they have. It would make a dyspeptic turn green with envy to see the way they fasten to anything and every thing edible. I have joy in saying that I have eighty acres of corn that will try their teeth somewhat. It is as hard as oar work to see how they were making out with it. They had the stalks all stripped of leaves, and were sawing at the corn. But I could see that was no go. Their teeth slipped over the bright yellow surface. My garden is perfectly cleared; beans, cabbages, tomatoes, melons, every thing utterly gone. The vines to the potatoes are gone, and I am expecting a boss hopper here at any minute to request the loan of a spade to dig up my potatoes with. I shall refuse his request with scorn.

COOKIES.—I eggs, 2 cups white sugar, 1 cup butter, 1 cup butter, the cup filled up with fresh beef-drippings (which last help to make the cookies very tender and brittle), 1 heaping teaspoonful arrowroot seed, 2 teaspoonfuls soda mashed fine, and flour to make stiff enough to roll out easily. Beat the eggs, butter and sugar together; melt, but not heat, the drippings and turn over; add the butter, arrowroot seed and flour to make of the consistency of pancake-batter; then dust on the soda and stir all quickly together, with enough more flour to make sufficiently stiff. Roll thin, and bake in a tolerably hot oven till slightly browned.

MANY years ago there was a law upon the statute-books of Connecticut binding masters not to feed their apprentices on fresh salmon more than twice or thrice a week. And now the New Haven Register speaks of a time—a very good time, we should think—when sad were caught in Connecticut rivers, but that salmon were so plenty also that whoever bought a shew was expected to take a couple of salmon for the sake of getting them out of the way. In fact, salmon were not of much account.

THE next day I discovered many trails running in every direction, saw signs of recent encampments, and once or twice I saw ponies grazing in the distance, but by making wide detours I passed all obstacles, if any there were in the way, and went into camp upon the banks of a little unknown stream. There, sheltered by thick bushes, I slept for an hour or so, until I was awakened by the restlessness of my horse. On reconnoitering, I saw no less than

St. Clair County

SUBSCRIPTION - \$1.50 PER YEAR

EAST ST. LOUIS - ILLINOIS

WILLIS E. FINCH, Editor.

National Republican Ticket

For President, Rutherford B. Hayes

OF OHIO.

For Vice-President, Wm. A. Wheeler,

OF NEW YORK.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS

1876 - Peter Schaffler, Cook county

1876 - John R. Baker, Macoupin county

1876 - J. G. Hill, Madison county

1876 - J. H. D. E. Beatty, St. Clair county

1876 - J. P. Miller, Madison county

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again have a chance of meeting his old

adversary, Blaine, and applying to the

excoriating part of the ex-speaker.

We beg leave to protest against the idea

that Butler should be sent to the house

to meet Ben Hill, or Hill sent to the

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ers under the charter in creating a debt,

they must now exceed them in levying a

tax to pay principal and interest of that

debt, a proceeding so directly in opposi-

tion to the fundamental principles of law

that any man of ordinary intelligence

would not for a moment entertain it; but

the city council of East St. Louis, advised

in its action by a high priced ignorant

corporation counsel, has attempted to do

this, and expects tax-payers to stand the

imposition. This being the case the

"ring" can still sit around the Market

House, smile at each other and sigh for

the good old times when they fattened

from the pluckings of an over-increased

constituency.

Tilden's Record

We call the attention of all Democratic

reformers to the following letter from the

pen of Mr. Barnes, editor of the Brooklyn

Argus, a staunch Democratic paper. The

letter was written in answer to one from

Mr. L. C. Mead of Ovid, Michigan.

Brooklyn, Sept. 21, 1876.

Dear Sir: Your letter of the 10th inst.,

making certain political inquiries was duly

received. Most of the facts in relation to

Governor Tilden's public career have been

set forth in the Brooklyn Argus, and some

of them were repeated in my letter to the

Ohio State Journal, of which you make

mention in your issue of the 10th inst.

of the country, and in the interest of the

Democratic party.

I reported Mr. Tilden for Governor two

years ago, his record then being unknown.

His majority in the State was a little over

38,000. Over one-third of this majority was

given to him in this city, where the Argus

was published.

The Democratic party is in the minority

in the country. To succeed it has to earn

the confidence of the people and secure

Republican votes. When we were beaten by

a military candidate in 1864, we were beaten

by 411,000 majority. In 1868 we nominated

our ablest statesman, Horatio Seymour.

Again we were beaten by 490,000 majority.

In 1872 our leaders decided to nominate a

Presidential candidate from within the

Republican rank. But with Mr. Greeley and

an inconsistent platform we failed worse

than before, and came 702,000 votes be-

hind our opponents.

With these results staring us in the face,

we have a consistent platform and nominate

men whose integrity of character would

recommend them to the confidence of the

people. Mr. Tilden's character had become

well known to the leaders of his party in

the Ohio Convention. He was repudiated by

Charles O'Connor, Horatio Seymour, Chief

False and True.

BY ARTHUR KESSELL. Inside the stream a maiden roamed. And met the knight whose hand she held. A crimson blush her cheek suffused.

The Two Mysteries.

BY MARY MAFER DOOR. "In the middle of the room, in its white coffin, lay the dead child, a member of the peer. Her face was pale, her hair was white.

JIM.

We belonged to the surplus population, Jim and I, but we did not know it. The big world into which we came was crowded to overflowing with just such puny, unwholesome, ill-fed creatures as we were.

Jim was older and bigger than I; a tall, likely lad, fifteen of these hardening and toughening years had made him keen and sharp as a terrier.

Just down beyond the jog of our alley, where it turned a sort of gray corner, was darker and dirtier than ever—just there stood an old gray church with a clock in the tower.

When we were young and happy, and life was glorious. Love! The word dropped warm from his lips, and seemed to color all my future with rose tints.

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liberate and thoughtful rather than a rash and venturesome nature. He called to me eagerly that he was going for the oar. I should wait; I should drop the oar. In a few moments he would get a boat.

In the morning, a forlorn and desolate little creature enough, I learned from some compassionate longshoreman that the great ship where Jim had been at work had sailed away with him aboard.

Afraid? Well, yes, I was afraid; for one brief moment, as I covered back into the boat, shrinking in the solitude of the awful waste of waters, a fear of that unknown world into which I seemed sailing oppressed me.

It is said that in the hour of death the memory of past events is preternaturally vivid. And as my mind reverted to those old days, forgetting my later life, forgetting my later friends, and forgetting Louis, I felt sure that I was going to die.

But it began to be years since dear old Jim went away, and Louis was a tall youth home from college, and I was well, folks called me a young lady, and said that I would marry Louis some day.

Unconscious, half delirious, I must have been, perhaps, for it seemed to me that Jim, on whose name I called, was a spirit, and that his presence, somewhere near me, was upholding me in this hour of need.

"My dear," said Mrs. Belden, coming into my room one morning, "you are getting quite strong again; the sea air has done you a world of good—in fact, you look better, I think, than before your accident. I am thinking you may as well return to the city as soon as you like."

"Oh, yes, ma'am," said I, rousing myself; "quite strong—stronger than ever."

"I was stronger than ever; since that night when Jim saved my life, swimming out to my sinking boat against the current, and risking his life to help an unknown wife, unwitting that it was his little nursing of old who was in deadly peril—since that night a world of new thoughts had come crowding in upon me, scaring me with their strength, and making me ashamed of the idle silk life I was leading."

"At that moment Louis's tall figure appeared at the door; a queer smile was on his pale, thin face, as holding out his long, white hand to me, he said: 'Jenny, your sailor's below.'"

"Come back, come back!" he cried; "the current will carry you out to reach in a moment!"

Still laughing, I endeavored to obey. Dextrously I worked the broken oar, diligently I steadied the frail little vessel; but all my efforts only seemed to bear me further from the anxious face that was watching me.

over his forehead, as if he were not quite clear as to what he heard, "Is it so with thee, my little Jenny? Will my little girl be happy always away from her poor old Jim?"

"Poor old Jim!" That was what I used to call him in my childish days, stroking his hand and comforting him when he was in trouble. Should I desert him now?

For answer I took from my finger a glittering ring which Louis had made me wear. I unclasped a costly bracelet he had given me, and drew a gold chain from my neck. I put the shining heap in his hands.

"Louis," said I, "if I have loved you with these, and perhaps for these; but I loved Jim without them long ago, and I will love him without them the rest of my life. Forgive me, Louis; I am not fit, as you see, for wealth and splendor; it is natural to me to return to my kind. Come, let us part in peace."

Mrs. Belden rose; her eyes were like the flaming sword that drove out Adam and Eve from Paradise. She would have spurned us from her presence.

But Louis laid his hand calmly upon her shoulder. "Mother," said he, "Jenny is right."

I have often said to Jim since, as we two are chatting in the cabin of Jim's good ship, "Captain Jim, Louis was a gentleman, after all, though he wasn't man enough to save my life."

THE RETURNING TIDE OF EMIGRATION. If the United States take from its largest number of emigrants, says the London Times, they also give back to us the most considerable immigration.

In the last three years nearly a quarter of a million of persons have come back to this country from the States.

The commercial crisis and depression of business in the United States may have had much to do with this observed result, which would be rather rash to consider as other than a temporary modification of the main tendency of population changes; but it justifies the observation that the number of emigrants who have gone to the United States for permanent settlement has diminished recently, or "their place has been taken by emigrants of an older date or native-born Americans coming to this country."

It is significant enough that last year the inward current almost precisely equalled the outward in volume. More than 81,000 persons left our shores for the United States, and more than 80,000 returned from the United States to the British Isles.

Signor Boselli, Deputy in the Italian Parliament, has been making a speech to the constituents at Sarona, on the occasion of a festival of industry. These are some of his words: "The condition of the laborer in the Republic of Switzerland, as in the constitutional monarchy of Holland, as in the constitutional monarchy of England, the condition of the laborer is not good. The America described by De Toqueville no longer exists. In America the excess of moral culture withdraws the citizen from manual labor. All wish to be shopkeepers or clerks, and rather than engage in manual labor, prefer to leave the places where they were born, and Republican institutions do not suffice to render the laborer content. The American workman is worse off than the English. The hours of labor are excessive, and there is absence of laws to regulate the matter. The worst of aristocracies, that of wealth without traditions, armed with a monopoly of Government, presses upon the poorer classes, while great corporations create a new sort of feudalism, which we hope will not come at last to corrupt the institutions and oppress the laborers of other countries."

HERE AND THERE. THE Emperor of Germany visited Leipzig on August 5 for the first time since 1813, after the great battle, when he came as Prince William, with his brother, the young Crown Prince, Frederick William, and their father, Frederick William III.

THE Philadelphia Exhibition is not to be extended beyond Nov. 10, the time originally set for closing it. The managers expect that the chilly weather of October will make the unwarmed buildings uncomfortable for visitors, and consequently, that the present large attendance will end with this month.

THE miners of South Yorkshire were dissatisfied with their wages, and attempted to become colliery owners themselves. An association bought a colliery, the profits of which were to be shared among them. The capital raised was about \$400,000. The enterprise has proved unsuccessful, and the money is lost.

THE colony of Punta Arenas, or Sandy Point, in the Straits of Magellan, is noticed in this year's report from Mr. Horace Rumbold, British Minister at Santiago de Chile, as being the most southern civilized community on the globe. The population, which was but 195 in 1868, is given in the census of 1875 as 1,144.

A PRINTER named Humphreys took the first prize at the recent type-setting tournament in Montreal, Canada. He is a compositor on the Montreal Star, and "sings up" a "stickful" of type from editorial copy in 12 minutes and fifteen seconds. The type passing from the "case" to his "stick" took like a visitation of grasshoppers or a storm of shingle-nails firing at a mark.

GEORGE H. RUSSELL, before killing himself in San Francisco, wrote this: "Dear Wife—I prefer death to seeing you and our children in want for the necessities of life. If I could support you and them I would like to live; but for several years we have been in want most of the time." Preferring death to seeing his wife and children destitute, and therefore leaving them to shift for themselves, seems like bad logic.

ACCORDING to the British Medical Review there is reported from Stornoway the death of a woman at the age of 115 years, and it is said that the age can be authenticated. It is noteworthy that she resided all her lifetime in a little thatched hovel. She was never married, and the last few years enjoyed pretty good health, and was able to be out of bed occasionally.

It is the custom in Lima when any religious question is debated in Parliament for the ladies to go to the House of Assembly, carefully watch the proceedings, and, after a way of their own, take part in them. For example, during the last debate on liberty of worship, each speaker who defended the proposal to separate the Church from the State had a garland of weeds flung at his head from the ladies' gallery, and the defenders of the Church were honored with garlands.

AMONG the Parisian houses now undergoing demolition in the Bastille quarter for the opening of the Boulevard Henri IV., is that of the celebrated Marchioness De Brinvilliers, the beautiful prisoner, who was executed in 1676. Underneath the cellar has been found the skeletons of two tall men and a woman. They are thought to be those of the brothers and sister of the Marchioness, who mysteriously disappeared in 1676, and were considered to have been among her many victims.

CHINESE immigration appears to be rapidly decreasing on the Pacific coast. Several steamers which have arrived there lately have not averaged two hundred each. Not long ago steamers brought from ten to fifteen hundred each. Up to last May, when the anti-Chinese agitation began, the arrivals amounted to nearly three thousand a month. Various measures have been adopted by many of the citizens of San Francisco to discourage the employment of the Chinese, and the Chinese companies there have warned their countrymen that the country is unhealthy for them, and these things have well nigh stayed the tide of immigration.

SCENIC incidents as the following are still common in stage-coach traveling in California: The coach contained eight men and four women, all unarmed. When the coach reached a part of the road lined by a thick growth of brush, into which it is impossible to turn a loaded wagon, or even a light one, two men sprang up and commanded the driver to stop and throw out the express boxes. Both men wore white cloths under their hats, one end being thrown up over the hat, and the other, with eyes-holes, covering the face. One man, with a double-barreled shot-gun, aimed at the driver, and the other at the body of the coach where the passengers mostly were. After a short parley two boxes of treasure were thrown out, and the driver was compelled to drive on, the shot-gun covering him until he was hidden by a turn in the road.

This diverting piece of fiction was invented in San Francisco: Edwin Booth is proverbially opposed to having his private trumpet blown, but a little incident of his overland trip is too good to be lost. It seems that in the same par or car with the tragedian and his family was a lady more remarkable for the loudness of her style than for her refinement. She repeatedly stated that she would give a hundred dollars for his boots. At Omaha a poor emigrant attracted the attention of the travelers as they returned to the car after dinner. He had started for California, but his feet were badly worn. Booth's eyes fell upon his gorgeous admirer, who was standing near. "Did you say you would give a hundred dollars to kiss me?" She replied, "I did," and opened a purse defiantly. He passed his arm round her neck, and giving her a sounding smack held out his hand for the fee. This was given. Booth wheeled around and forced it into the emigrant's hand.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY. APPLE BREAD.—To 1 quart of meal put 1 pint of rice chopped apples, 1 egg, a small piece of butter, and just fresh water enough to form a stiff dough. The apples should, of course, be peeled and minced very fine. Some persons like a little sugar on the dough, but it is generally preferred without. This is a favorite with children. Of course do not omit a little salt.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Take ripe tomatoes, wash but not skin them, and boil 1 hour. Then put through a hair sieve. To 1 quart of juice add 1 quart each of cinnamon, black pepper and good mustard, 4 teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, 1 nutmeg, and 1 teaspoonful of salt. Boil 8 hours. Then to 1 quart of juice add 1 quart of pure cider vinegar. Boil 4 hour longer; bottle while hot and seal carefully with cement.

SAVORY BREAD PUDDING.—Pour 1 pint of beef-tea, boiling, over the crumb of French roll. Beat well together, and let it soak for 4 hours; then add 2 eggs beaten with 1 pint of boiling milk; season with pepper and salt, beat together for 5 minutes, and then put the pudding into a buttered tart-dish, and bake rather quickly for 4 hour. If there is no objection, an onion well boiled and beaten to a pulp may be added to the pudding.

GRAHAM MUFFINS.—2 cupfuls good buttermilk, 1 tablespoonful of thick, sweet cream, 1 egg well beaten, 2 even tablespoonfuls flour, 1 teaspoonful salt, 2 cupfuls of Graham flour and 1 cup of white flour or good shorts. Stir all together with a spoon, then heat your muffin-rings or gem-pans very hot in the oven, remove long enough to rub over each department with a bit of lard, then put one spoonful into each quickly and return to the oven, which should be hot enough to bake at once, but not to burn.

GRILLED SLICES OF MUTTON.—Cut some rather thick slices of underdone mutton, score them well, and rub in plentifully some common mustard, salt, and cayenne pepper; then broil them over a clear fire, and serve with the following sauce: Take 1 gill of good gravy, 1 tablespoonful of mushroom catsup, 1 French mustard, and a little grated lemon-peel; add a thickening of butter and flour and a few drops of lemon-juice, simmer till quite hot, pour over the grill and serve.

ALLIED ENEMIES to Health. In many of the fairest and most fertile districts of North and Tropical America, air and water are allied enemies to health, both being impregnated with the poisonous vapors which produce chills and fever, bilious remittents and febrile disorders of a still more malignant type. Fortunately, a preventive and curative of such destructive maladies is to be found in Hostetter's Stomachic Bitters, a vegetable preparation which is infinitely to be preferred, both on account of its efficacy and freedom from all harmful ingredients, to the deleterious and alkaloid remedies of the pharmacopoeia. It is, moreover, the reigning specific for dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, urinary troubles, rheumatism and nervousness, promotes appetite and sleep, and is a capital antidote to depression of spirits.

WILSON'S TONIC is not a panacea—is not a cure for everything, but is a cathartic for chronic diseases, and does not give fresh laurels to its crown of glorious success. It is a vegetable preparation which is infinitely to be preferred, both on account of its efficacy and freedom from all harmful ingredients, to the deleterious and alkaloid remedies of the pharmacopoeia. It is, moreover, the reigning specific for dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, urinary troubles, rheumatism and nervousness, promotes appetite and sleep, and is a capital antidote to depression of spirits.

"IT DISAGREES WITH ME." A common remark. If you take TOTT'S Pills you can't say that. They are not only good for the bowels, but they are good for the liver, stomach and bowels, causing a free flow of gastric juice, which is essential to good digestion.

THE MARKETS. ST. LOUIS, October 2, 1878. WHEAT—Common to Choice, \$1.25 to \$1.35; Choice, \$1.35 to \$1.45; No. 1, \$1.45 to \$1.55; No. 2, \$1.55 to \$1.65; No. 3, \$1.65 to \$1.75; No. 4, \$1.75 to \$1.85; No. 5, \$1.85 to \$1.95; No. 6, \$1.95 to \$2.05; No. 7, \$2.05 to \$2.15; No. 8, \$2.15 to \$2.25; No. 9, \$2.25 to \$2.35; No. 10, \$2.35 to \$2.45; No. 11, \$2.45 to \$2.55; No. 12, \$2.55 to \$2.65; No. 13, \$2.65 to \$2.75; No. 14, \$2.75 to \$2.85; No. 15, \$2.85 to \$2.95; No. 16, \$2.95 to \$3.05; No. 17, \$3.05 to \$3.15; No. 18, \$3.15 to \$3.25; No. 19, \$3.25 to \$3.35; No. 20, \$3.35 to \$3.45; No. 21, \$3.45 to \$3.55; No. 22, \$3.55 to \$3.65; No. 23, \$3.65 to \$3.75; No. 24, \$3.75 to \$3.85; No. 25, \$3.85 to \$3.95; No. 26, \$3.95 to \$4.05; No. 27, \$4.05 to \$4.15; No. 28, \$4.15 to \$4.25; No. 29, \$4.25 to \$4.35; No. 30, \$4.35 to \$4.45; No. 31, \$4.45 to \$4.55; No. 32, \$4.55 to \$4.65; No. 33, \$4.65 to \$4.75; No. 34, \$4.75 to \$4.85; No. 35, \$4.85 to \$4.95; No. 36, \$4.95 to \$5.05; No. 37, \$5.05 to \$5.15; 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Never to Know.
One within a crimson glow,
Slightly aching,
One without, on the fallen snow,
Wearily flitting;
Never to know,
That one looked out with yearning sigh,
While one looked in with wistful eyes,
And went unwilling.

What came of the one without, that so
Wearily wended?
Under the stars and under the snow
His journey ended?
Never to know
That the answer came to those wistful eyes,
But passed away in those wistful sighs,
With night winds blended.

What came of the one within, that so
Yielded forth with sighing?
More sad, to my thinking, her fate, the glow
Of her eyes,
Never to know,
That for a moment her love was high,
And she knew it not, and it passed her by,
Recall denying.

These were two hearts that long ago—
Dreaming and waking,
Each to a poet revealed its love,
Wasting and breaking;
Never to know
That if each to the other had done so,
Both had not lain 'neath the crimson glow,
And one had not lain 'neath the stars and snow
Forsaken—forsaking!

DEBTOR AND CREDITOR.
Two men met in New York. They were merchants.
"What do you think of Carlton's affairs, Mr. Elder?" asked one of them.
"I think we shall secure a pretty fair percentage. Don't you?"
"Yes, if we wind him up."
"That we shall do, of course. Why let him go on? It will take him two or three years to get through, if at all."
"If he can get through in two or three years, I shall certainly be in favor of letting him go on. Times have been rather hard and business dull. But every thing looks encouraging now."
"I don't believe in extensions, Mr. Highland. The surest way, when a man gets into difficulties, is to wind him up and secure what you can. Ten chances to one, if you let him go, you lose every cent."
"I have granted extensions in several instances, Mr. Elder," replied his companion, "and obtained, eventually, my whole claim, except in a single case."
"It's a wild risk. I go by the motto, 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,'" returned Elder. "I am always ready to take what I can get today, and never trust to the morrow. That is my way of doing business."
"But do you not think the debtor entitled to some consideration?"
"How?" with a look of surprise.
"He is a man of like passions with ourselves."
"I don't know that I understand you exactly, Mr. Highland."
"Mr. Carlton has domestic relations as well as you and I."
"I never doubted it. But what of that?"
"If we break him up in business, the evil will visit him alone. Think of the effect upon his family."
"In trade we never consider a man's family relations."
"But should we not, Mr. Elder? Should we not regard the debtor as a man?"
"As a man who owes us, and is unable to pay what is due; but in no other light," returned Mr. Elder, with a slight curl of the lip.
"There we differ widely."
"And will continue to differ, I imagine." Good morning, Mr. Highland!
The two men parted.

An hour previous, Mr. Carlton, about whom they had been conversing, sat with his family, a wife and three daughters, at the breakfast-table. He tried to converse in his usual cheerful manner, but too heavy a weight was upon his heart. There had come a crisis in his affairs, which he feared would not be passed without ruin to himself. If the effects of his misfortune would not reach beyond his store and counting-room; if upon his head alone would fall the fragments of a broken fortune, he would not have murmured. But the disaster could not stop there. It would extend even to the sanctuary of home.
On the day previous he had called on a few of his creditors and asked of them an extension. If this were not given, it would be impossible for him to keep on longer than a few weeks. The spirit in which most of the creditors had received the unexpected announcement that he was in difficulties, gave him little to hope. He was to have another interview with them during the day. From that, as it would exhibit the result of a night's reflection upon the minds of his creditors, he would be able to see clearly his chances of being sustained in business. He awaited the hour with nervous anxiety. When it arrived, and the few creditors called in had assembled, he saw little in their faces to give him hope. The first who spoke plainly was Elder. "I, gentlemen," he said, firmly, "am opposed to all extensions. If a man can not pay as he goes, I think he had better wind up."
"If all do not agree in this matter, it will be no use to attempt extending Mr. Carlton's time," remarked one of the creditors, who thought and felt as did Elder, but was not willing to come out so plainly.
"That is very true," said a third.
"A partial extension will be of no use."
The heart of poor Carlton almost ceased to beat.
"Have you any objection of retiring for a few minutes?" said Mr. Highland to the debtor.
"I will withdraw, certainly," returned Mr. Carlton, and left the room.
"My own view, gentlemen," said Mr. Highland, "is that we ought to grant all that is asked. Mr. Carlton's business is good, and he will get over his present difficulties easily, if we only assist him a little. We should be just, as man toward man; and this I do not think we should be in this case unless we consider Carlton as well as ourselves. He is an honest man, and an honest man in difficulties is always entitled to consideration."
"That is all very well. But when a man gives his note payable at a certain day, he ought to be very sure that he will be able to take it up. Creditors are entitled to some consideration as well as debtors. The cry of 'poor debtor' is soon raised, but who, I wonder, thinks of the poor creditor? I, for one, am not prepared to extend."
This was by Elder.

take but one view of matters like this. If I think I will do better by renewing, I am ready to do so; if by winding up the party now I can do better, I go for winding up. I have confidence in Carlton's integrity. I believe he means well. But can he get through? that is the question."
"I believe he can," said Mr. Highland.
"And I doubt it," returned Elder.
"The efforts of Elder to efface the impression the words of Mr. Highland had made, proved in vain. It was agreed that the debtor should receive the extension he asked. When informed of this decision, Carlton could not hide his emotions, though he strove hard to do so. His grateful acknowledgments for the favor granted, touched more than one heart that had been as cold as ice toward him a short time before. How different were his feelings when he met his family that evening, and silently thanked Heaven that the cloud which had hovered over and threatened to break in desolating tempest had passed from the sky.
Long before the arrival of the time for which an extension had been granted, Mr. Carlton was able to pay off every thing, and to look in the face without unpleasant emotions every man he met.

Strange things happen in real life. Mr. Elder was a shipper and extensively engaged in trade. For a series of years every thing went on prosperously with him. His ventures always found a good market, and his consignments safe and energetic factors. All this he attributed to his own business acumen. "I never make bad shipments," he would sometimes say. "I never consider doubtful agents."
A man like Mr. Elder is rarely prepared to go through life without a practical conviction that he is in the hand of One who governs all events. It is rarely that such a one does not become painfully conscious in the end that human prudence is as nothing.
The first thing that occurred to check the confident spirit of Mr. Elder was the loss of a ship and cargo under circumstances that gave the underwriter a plea for not paying the risk. He sued and was cast. The loss was twenty-five thousand dollars.
A few weeks after news came that a shipment to the South American coast had resulted in a loss. From that time every thing seemed to go wrong. His adventures found a glutted market, and his return cargoes a depression of prices. If he held on to a thing in the hope of better rates, prices would go down, until, in a desperate mood, he would sell; then they would go up steadily. The time was when he could confine himself strictly to legitimate trade. But a mania for speculation now took hold of him and urged him on to ruin. He even ventured into the bewildering precinct of the stock market, lured by the hope of splendid results. Here he stood upon ground that soon crumbled beneath his feet. A loss of twenty or thirty thousand dollars cured him of this folly, and he turned with a sigh to his counting-room, to digest, with care and prudent forethought, some safe operation in his regular business.

But the true balance of his mind was lost. He could not consider with calmness the business in hand. A false move was the consequence. Loss instead of profit was the unfortunate result.
Seven years from the day Mr. Elder opposed an arrangement with Mr. Carlton, which should regard the debtor as well as the creditor, he himself found it impossible to provide for all his heavy payments. For some time he had kept his head above water by making sacrifices, but the end of this came.
After a sleepless night, the merchant started one morning for his store, oppressed with the sad conviction that before the day closed his fair fame would be tarnished. As he walked along Mr. Carlton came to his side with a cheerful salutation. Mr. C. was now a large creditor instead of a debtor. On that very day, bills in his favor had matured to the amount of \$5,000, and these Elder could not pay. The recollection of this made it almost impossible for him to reply to the pleasant observations of his companion. Vividly, as if it had occurred yesterday, came up before his mind the circumstance that had transpired a few years previously. He remembered how eagerly he had sought, from the mere selfish motives, to break down Mr. Carlton and throw him helplessly upon the world, and how near he was to accomplishing the merchant's total overthrow. Such recollections drove from his mind the hope that for a moment had presented itself of enlisting Mr. Carlton's good feelings and securing him as a friend in the trial through which he was about to pass.
Several times during the walk he was on the point of breaking the matter to Mr. C., but either his heart failed him or his companion made some remark to which he was compelled to reply. At length they separated without any allusion by Mr. Elder to the subject on which he was so desirous of speaking. He had not the courage to utter the first word.
But this was only postponing for a very brief period the evil day. Several remittances were anxiously looked for that morning. He broke the sealing, letter after letter, with trembling anxiety. His last hope was gone. Nothing now remained for him but to turn his face bravely to the threatening storm and bear up against its fury.

For a while he debated the question as to what course was best for him to pursue. At one time he thought of giving up all information of his condition, and the notary's protest should startle none of them for their ignorance. Then he thought it would be best to notify the holder of paper due on that day that it would not be taken up, and that it seemed to him best to give notice of this condition. He prepared brief notes to all, but Mr. Carlton first. His heart failed him when he attempted to write his name. Vividly, as if it had occurred but the day previous, came up before his mind all the circumstances attendant upon that gentleman's appeal to his creditors. His cheek burned when he remembered the position he had assumed in that affair.
But, even though such were his feelings, when he came to dispatch the notes he had prepared he could only find courage to send the one written to Mr. Carlton. The other creditors,

whose bills had matured that day, he thought he would go and see; but had an hour passed without his acting upon the resolution to do so. Most of the day was spent in walking uneasily the floor of his counting-room, or in examining certain accounts in his ledger, or entries in his bill-book. He was bending, all absorbed, over a page of calculations at his desk, when some one who had entered unperceived pronounced his name. He turned quickly and looked Mr. Carlton in the face. The color mounted instantly to the temples of Mr. Elder. He tried to speak, but could not.
"Your note has taken me altogether by surprise," said Mr. Carlton. "But I hope things are not so bad as you suppose."
Mr. Elder shook his head. He tried to speak, but could not.
"How much have you to pay to-day?" asked Mr. Carlton.
"Ten thousand dollars," was the reply, in a husky voice.
"How much have you toward it?"
"Not two thousand."
"How much falls due to-morrow?"
"Four thousand."
"How much in a month?"
"Fifty thousand."
"What will be your available resources?"
"Not half the amount."
"Haven't you good bills?"
"Yes; but not negotiable."
Mr. Carlton mused for some time. At length he said:
"You must not lie over to-day."
"I can not help it."
"If you will transfer to me, as security in case you have to stop payment, the bills of which you speak, I will lend you the amount you want to-day."
The color retired from the cheeks of Mr. Elder and then came back with a quick flush. He made no answer, but looked steadily and doubtfully into Mr. Carlton's face.
"I have been in difficulties myself, and I know how to sympathize with others," said the latter. "We should aid if we can, not break down a fellow-merchant when in trouble. Indorse bills to my order for the sum you want, and I will fill up a check for you."
Elder turned slowly to his desk and took therefrom sundry notes of hand in his favor at various dates from six to twelve months, and indorsed them payable to Carlton, who immediately gave him a check for eight thousand dollars and left the store.
A clerk was instantly dispatched to the bank and then Mr. Elder sunk into a chair, half stupefied. He could hardly believe his senses until he cancelled notes were placed in his hands.
On the next morning, Mr. Elder went to his place of business with feelings but little less troubled than he had been on the day before. His payments were lighter, but his means were for the first time exhausted. The best he could do would be to borrow; but he already owed heavily for borrowed money and was not certain that to go further was practicable. He thought of Mr. Carlton; but every feeling of his heart forbade him to seek further aid from him.
"I deserve no consideration there, and I can not ask it," he murmured, as he pursued his way toward his store. The first thing that met his eye on entering his counting-room was a pile of slip letters. There had been an arrival from Valparaiso. He broke the seal of the first one he took up, with eagerness. "Thank God!" was his almost immediate exclamation. It was from one of his captains, and contained drafts for fifteen thousand dollars. It also informed him that the ship Sarah, commanded by said captain, would sail for home in a week, with a return cargo of hides and specie amounting to thirty thousand dollars. The voyage had been profitable beyond expectation.
Elder had just finished reading the letter, when Mr. Carlton came in. Seizing the kind-hearted merchant by the hand, and pressing it hard, he said, with emotion:
"Carlton, you have saved me! Ah! sir—this would be to me a far happier moment, if, seven years ago, when you were in trouble, I had as generously aided you."
"Let the past sleep in peace," returned Mr. Carlton. "If fortune should smile again, permit me to rejoice with you, as I do with all who are blessed with favoring gods. To meet with difficulties is of use to us. It gives us the power of sympathy with others; and that gift we should all desire, for it is a good thing to lift the burden from shoulders bent down with too heavy a weight, and throw sunlight over a heart shaded by gloom."
Mr. Elder recovered from his crippled condition in the course of a few months. He was never again known to oppress a suffering debtor.

It Makes a Difference.
The other day when a New Yorker took a coat around to a dealer in second-hand clothing the man looked it over in a contemptuous manner, elevated his nose, flung the garment aside and said:
"Do you know how much I wouldn't give for that coat?"
"It's worth five dollars," replied the owner.
"Five tollars! Shust wait till I call my wife and del her dot we haf a lunatic in der store. Why, mine goat friend, you must had been sun-stroke by der heat last summer."
He finally got the coat for two dollars. Passing the same store in the evening, and seeing his coat hanging at the door, the man halted and asked:
"How much for this old coat?"
"Old goat!" exclaimed the dealer, "why, dot goat was made only last week, worn to one party, and can't be had any more for only seven tollars!"
"I'll give you two."
"Two! Here, wife, hurry up! Put us say our prayers, for we must go into bankruptcy to-morrow!" Shust tink of dot man offering me two tollars for dot goat what you bought of a great alderman, yesterday, for five dollars!"
To KEEP CRANBERRIES ALL WINTER.—Put them in a cool room, where there is no danger of freezing, and either spread out on a cloth or so as to give each berry light air, or, which is a sure way, put them in a barrel under water.

A Showman's Contribution to Zoology.
"My dear sir," said the press agent, as we stopped in front of a cage containing a hyena, "the hyena is the meanest and dirtiest of beasts, yet he is a great curiosity. Now, you are not very well posted in the show business, and so I will tell you all you need to know. This hyena is the fourth one ever captured, and cost the owner of this show \$20,000. Twelve men were slain before the beast was caged. It is very hard to keep a hyena alive in this climate, and we have to feed him on solid tallow and milk."
As Mr. Dumont paused for breath, we took the opportunity to tell him that there were four hyenas at our own Zoo, that the keepers up there had a very much trouble in keeping them alive, and that they often got tough flank than tawdry.
For a moment the man of much show information looked at us in a pitying sort of way, then, with a slight sneer on his face, remarked: "You have been deceived, sir. There is not an hyena out of your Zoo. Those animals are only Hyenas Domesticates, or, in other words, domesticated hyenas; they are a cross between a coyote and a wolf. People are often imposed upon, but we'll let that pass. Here in this next cage is the only rhinoceros ever in captivity. Old John Robinson secured the hide of a rhinoceros and had it sewed on over an ordinary 'mauley' cow. The cow stood it for about two months, and then died. Then Robinson had the hide stuffed, and got the credit of having exhibited the first rhinoceros in this country. But, sir, ours is the first one ever imported, and it cost us \$60,000 to get him."
"What has become of his horn?" inquired our young man, as he noticed, that the "first living rhinoceros ever brought to this country" lacked that prominent nasal appendage.
"Now that horn has a little history of itself," answered the press agent. "Tom—that's what we call the beast—lost his horn at Erie, Pa. You see, we got him in the show at Titusville, and we had to keep him in a sheet-iron cage seven inches thick. At times he would get very bad, and one day he battered out the end of his den with his horn. It took eighty men to recapture him. Then we gave him nine buckets of chloroform, and while he was sleeping we sawed off his horn. Since then Tom seems broken-hearted, and is docile as a lamb."
When the cage containing what our unsophisticated young man supposed was an ordinary monkey of an unusually large size was reached, Mr. Dumont proceeded to this enlighten him:
"This mammoth beast, I dare say, you have no idea of. It is the great gorilla of Africa, the strongest beast in the world. His strength exceeds that of fourteen men. He is a terribly vicious brute, and since he has been in our possession has killed nine keepers and an infant son of the proprietor of this show. This gorilla is supposed to be about eighty-seven years of age, and we have owned him for nineteen years ourselves. He cost us originally \$35,729.87, but the expenses of keeping him the past nineteen years will swell that amount greatly. The proprietor of this show wouldn't take \$9,000,000 for him to-day."—Cincinnati Post.

People who Don't Marry.
On the stage-road between Athol and Petersham is located a peculiar religious people who bear the name of Howlandites or Follites. They date back their origin to twenty-one years ago, to the association of three pioneers, Fred T. Howland, a Quaker from New Bedford, and two Worcester women. A year or two later, eight persons living in Athol joined themselves to the community; one of these was Leonard C. Fuller, the present head of the sect, Friend Howland having been killed by a runaway horse two years ago. His associates revere the deceased as a prophet. They differ from the Adventists, whom they closely resemble in many respects, in believing that the reign of Christ, soon to begin, will be spiritual, not personal. Their number about twenty adherents, and last winter were incorporated by the State Legislature under the name of Adahis-Kohm (Hebrew for "The Lord is here," Ezekiel xviii: 5). Grains from the staple food of the "Follites," and water are their drink. No flesh is eaten. All property is held in common. There is no marrying among them, and if a member wishes to be married he leaves the community. A half-dozen children have been adopted, who are taught by one of the sisters. The dress of the community is very plain. They observe the seventh day as their Sabbath, and hold services in the family parlor, keeping silence or speaking "as moved by the spirit." The house is always open to visitors.—The Congregationalist.

Lead Poisoning.
A singular case of lead poisoning is thus reported in the British Medical Journal: The symptoms occurred in a family residing in the neighborhood of a place where a manufactory of white lead had stood 12 years previously. They made use of vegetables growing on the spot. In order to make it certain that the poisoning was produced, as he believed it to be, by the vegetables, Dr. DeLoos examined chemically some red beets, endive, and carrots, and ascertained the presence of lead in all. In a beet weighing 550 grammes he found the equivalent of a centigramme of metallic lead; in another of about the same size, 11 centigrammes; in six carrots, weighing altogether 272 grammes, there were 14 centigrammes of metallic lead; and the metal was also found in the endive. The ashes of the plants also contained traces of copper, which had probably existed as an impurity of the lead.
CRANBERRY SAUCE.—Put the cranberries into a kettle, with just water enough to prevent burning, and stew until the whole becomes a homogeneous mass, with no semblance of whole berries, stirring all the time. Then add a clarified sirup, previously prepared, in the proportion of 1 pound of sugar to 1 of fruit. If haste is required, however, it will do very well to stir in the sugar dry after the fruit has been on the fire for a while, and is boiling.

A Shocking Tragedy in New York City.
NEW YORK, Oct. 2.—The shooting of wife and child and self-murder of a blind music-teacher in West Thirty-third Street, on Sunday night, created intense interest and excitement throughout this city to-day. Even the discussion of the political situation had to give way in some measure to the attention paid to this horror. James Blanc, teacher of music, lived on the upper floor of No. 201 West Thirty-third Street with his wife Marie and his boy Emil, 31 years of age, and made a comfortable livelihood by imparting instruction on the piano and violin. Mrs. Louis Philip, Mr. Blanc's sister, lived with the family, and assisted her brother, who is totally blind. Miss Juliette Nauite, an old friend of the family, occupied an adjoining room and boarded with the Blancs. Husband and wife appeared to love each other fondly, and, until recently, their home had been a happy one, in spite of Mr. Blanc's affliction. About 11:30 o'clock Sunday night Miss Nauite heard a stilled scream in the bedroom occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Blanc and their child, and this was followed by a noise like that made by clashing a door sharply. She hastily summoned Mrs. Philip and John Boulay, Mr. Blanc's uncle, and they hurried to the room. They were overwhelmed with horror at the scene which met their eyes. Blanc lay upon the bed, apparently dead. Mrs. Blanc was on her left side, and the boy Emil, in the last agonies of death, was tightly clasped in her arms. On the floor lay a small, seven-chambered pistol, where it had dropped from Blanc's nerveless hand. Three of the chambers had been emptied. Blanc was past all help. Mrs. Blanc had been shot on the left side of the head, the bullet entering above the temple. Glancing from the bone it had passed over the top of the skull beneath the scalp. The body of the husband was removed from the bed and taken to an adjoining room. When the men were lifting the body Mrs. Blanc opened her eyes and seemed to comprehend what was going on, though she did not speak. She afterwards expressed a desire to see a priest, and one was summoned. He administered the last rites of the Roman Catholic Church, and the wounded woman was taken in an ambulance to a hospital. The little boy had been shot in the left temple, and breathed his last about 12:15 o'clock yesterday morning. From the wounds it is believed that Blanc shot his wife and child in rapid succession, and then placed the pistol against his right temple and fired the final shot. The skin and hair about the hole made by the bullet were burned and blackened by the flame from the pistol. The condition of Mrs. Blanc this afternoon was favorable. She has a chance of her recovery. Dr. Pope, physician in charge, said the ball was probably lodged at the base of the brain. This morning she was delirious, but, as the day wore on, she had some lucid intervals. Her sister-in-law and a lady friend were with her during part of the afternoon, and she recognized both. Her sister-in-law said Dr. Pope that she could not conjecture what was the cause of the tragedy, except that it might possibly have been poetry. During Sunday afternoon nothing had occurred to mar the domestic relations of the Blancs. Her brother and Mrs. Blanc lived on good terms, and it was a rare thing for them to quarrel. Mrs. Blanc's condition is so critical that it is not possible for her to make any statement. Miss Juliette Nauite told to-day that she had known Mr. and Mrs. Blanc intimately for sixteen years. Mr. Blanc was born in Marselles, in 1838. His father was a piano manufacturer, and gave his son a thorough musical education. He soon became an accomplished musician, excelling especially as a pianist, and frequently played in public. He afterward entered the French mercantile service and was promoted until he became a Lieutenant. He was married about seven years ago, and had one son, Emil. After he had been married a short time he again went to sea. He had frequently had trouble with his eyes, and it was hoped a sea voyage would benefit them. His vessel was wrecked on the coast of Africa, and, after suffering great hardships, he succeeded, with a few others, in reaching the shore at Cap-Haïtien, in the island of Haiti. There he was attacked by malarial typhoid fever, and while in hospital he became blind. He returned to Marselles, and after a time decided to come to this country. He had lived in this city about five years. Mrs. Blanc was a very attractive woman, and, having a fine voice, she was able to contribute materially to the support of her family by singing in opera buffa. She first sang in the chorus of Amee and troupe at Lina Edwin's Theatre, and afterward took minor solo parts, appearing as La Reine in "Barbe-Bleue," and in other parts. Miss Nauite declared that Mrs. Blanc had never given her husband any cause to be jealous, but he felt her absence greatly while she was traveling with the opera troupe. He fancied that she was cold toward him on account of his blindness. Mrs. Blanc returned from her last trip only about a week ago. Her husband eagerly asked for every detail of her movements, and often made her describe over and over again the persons with whom she was thrown in contact, and what attentions she had received. She had made arrangements to accompany the Amee troupe on their present trip to Philadelphia. Blanc did not wish to have his wife go. She often appeared to be very sad about this, and about her husband's jealousy, but never spoke harshly to him. They never quarreled. Blanc had said that he never would consent to his wife's going away with the troupe. It is believed by those who were with him when she agreed with him that they could not live so comfortably as they wished on his earnings alone, he proposed that they should die together. They waited until the night before the troupe was to start, and then the husband shot his wife and child and killed himself. Other friends of the family agree in stating that the crime was due to the husband's jealousy and determination that his wife should not appear on the stage again.—Special to the Chicago Tribune.

Two San Franciscans have been lawing the same number of years about three-eighths of an inch of ground.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.
A CHEAP AND FINE SHOE-POLISH.—Take 4 pound of ivory-black and 1 ounce of oil of vitrol, a tablespoonful of sweet oil, 1 pint of liquid honey or molasses, and 1 gallon of vinegar. Apply like any other blacking.
A GOOD WAY TO MEND GLASS.—Pound flint-glass as fine as it can possibly be made on a painter's stone, and mix it with the unbroken white of an egg. Rub the mixture on the clean edges of the broken glass, place them carefully together, and where it can be done, bind together with a string. Set aside for some days or weeks, and one can scarcely discern that there was ever a crack in your bowl or dish.
MOLASSES PLUM-CAKE.—2 cups of molasses, 2 cups of butter, 6 eggs, 2 cups of brown sugar, 6 cups of flour, 1 pound of plums (juice and rind), 2 spoonfuls of powdered ginger. Spice to your taste. Beat the eggs separately. Add the ginger and spice. Cream the butter, and rub it into the flour. Beat in the molasses. Then mix all together, and it may be eaten hot for dinner, with the addition of wine sauce.
BEVERLY Cakes.—The size of a breakfast plate. 1 quart of flour, 4 eggs, a piece of butter the size of an egg, a piece of lard the same size. Mix the butter and lard well with the flour; beat the eggs very light in a pint bowl. Fill it up with cold milk; then pour it gradually into the flour, which must be made into a tolerably stiff dough. Add a full teaspoonful of salt, and work briskly for 8 or 10 minutes; if worked too long it will fall. Cut off squares of the dough with a knife the size that you wish your cakes to be, roll them out, and bake in a quick oven.
ALMOND Pudding.—Take 1 pound of sweet almonds, scald, remove the skins, and pound them as fine as you can in a mortar. Then put in your stirring-dish the yolks of 4 eggs, with 1 pound of powdered sugar, and beat well for a few moments. Then put in the almonds, and stir all three. When the bubbles rise, put in the well beaten whites of the eggs, with the grated rind of a lemon and some of the juice. After mearing the pudding-dish, grate the finest possible bread crumbs around it before putting in the pudding just a very little bread, and bake in a pretty hot oven. If the top gets too brown, lay a piece of paper over it, but do not remove the pudding. To be eaten with lemon sauce, made by putting in an earthen pot (not tin), the juice of a nice soft lemon, some water, sugar till sweet enough, and a little white cinnamon. Let this come to a boil, and pour a little in a tureen where you have the well-beaten yolks of 2 eggs, with the "yolk" of the egg removed, and when you have the cup filled with the boiling sauce (be sure and stir with one hand while pouring a little at a time in the cup till full), pour back in the pot, set on the stove, and let it come to a boil again, stirring all the while; then remove immediately and put in your sauce-dish to get cold. Beat the whites of the eggs very stiff with powdered sugar and put right on top of the sauce. Do not pour the sauce over the pudding until just ready to eat it.

The Season of Intermittents.
All miasmatic complaints, in other words all disorders generated by unwholesome exhalations from the earth or water, are prevalent in this season, in every section of the globe, and in every climate, and are especially liable to the visitation of fever and ague, or other forms of intermittent disease, the causes of which, however, are not always so actively at work. This, therefore, is a period of the year when the inhabitants of such districts should be especially careful to meet the unwholesome condition of the atmosphere by a course of tonics and alterative treatment. A course of the latter is recommended by time and experience as a means of ridding the system against all endemic and epidemic maladies, stands Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. By a timely use of the Bitters, the foodstuffs rendered unhealthful may escape the sickness, which, without the aid of this potent ally of nature, will be apt to overtake the strongest.
We Guarantee
The successful operation of all stores of our manufacture, and particularly the Charter Oak cooking stove, Evening Star parlor stove, and Standard Coal Base Bureaus. "Headlight" for office stove. A careful comparison will satisfy the closest buyer that our goods are fully as low, if not lower, than those of any stores in the market of a corresponding weight, and capacity of output. We use only the very best materials, and spare neither expense nor labor to produce as near perfect goods as possible. Our stoves can be found for sale in all first-class stores in the principal towns and cities in the East and South.
EXTENSION MANUFACTURING CO., 612 to 618 North Main Street, St. Louis.

A FAIR PROPOSITION.
Dr. Turtz authorizes his agents to refund the money in every case where his Hair Dye fails. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed. It acts like magic, and is perfectly natural. Sold by all respectable Druggists, 15 Murray Street, N. Y.

THE MARKETS.
ST. LOUIS, October 2, 1891.
BUTTER—Choice, \$4.00; Good to Prime, \$3.75; Inferior, \$3.50.
LARD—Choice, \$3.75; Good to Prime, \$3.50; Inferior, \$3.25.
SHEEP—Common to Choice, \$1.25 to \$1.50.
CATTLE—Common to Choice, \$1.00 to \$1.25.
PORK—Mess, \$10.00; Family, \$11.00; Extra, \$12.00.
WHEAT—No. 2, \$1.10; No. 3, \$1.05; No. 4, \$0.95.
CORN—No. 2, \$0.75; No. 3, \$0.70; No. 4, \$0.65.
OATS—No. 2, \$0.50; No. 3, \$0.45; No. 4, \$0.40.
RICE—No. 1, \$0.15; No. 2, \$0.12; No. 3, \$0.10.
SUGAR—No. 1, \$0.15; No. 2, \$0.12; No. 3, \$0.10.
COFFEE—No. 1, \$0.15; No. 2, \$0.12; No. 3, \$0.10.
TEA—No. 1, \$0.15; No. 2, \$0.12; No. 3, \$0.10.
SPICES—No. 1, \$0.15; No. 2, \$0.12; No. 3, \$0.10.
HONEY—No. 1, \$0.15; No. 2, \$0.12; No. 3, \$0.10.
SOAP—No. 1, \$0.15; No. 2, \$0.12; No. 3, \$0.10.
CANDLES—No. 1, \$0.15; No. 2, \$0.12; No. 3, \$0.10.
GLASS—No. 1, \$0.15; No. 2, \$0.12; No. 3, \$0.10.
IRON—No. 1, \$0.15; No. 2, \$0.12; No. 3, \$0.10.
STEEL—No. 1, \$0.15; No. 2, \$0.12; No. 3, \$0.10.
COPPER—No. 1, \$0.15; No. 2, \$0.12; No. 3, \$0.10.
ZINC—No. 1, \$0.15; No. 2, \$0.12; No. 3, \$0.10.
LEAD—No. 1, \$0.15; No. 2, \$0.12; No. 3, \$0.10.
SILVER—No. 1, \$0.15; No. 2, \$0.12; No. 3, \$0.10.
GOLD—No. 1, \$0.15; No. 2, \$0.12; No. 3, \$0.10.
PLATINUM—No. 1, \$0.15; No. 2, \$0.12; No. 3, \$0.10.
DIAMONDS—No. 1, \$0.15; No. 2, \$0.12; No. 3, \$0.10.
JEWELRY—No. 1, \$0.15; No. 2, \$0.12; No. 3, \$0.10.
WATCHES—No. 1, \$0.15; No. 2, \$0.12; No. 3, \$0.10.
CLOCKS—No. 1, \$0.15; No. 2, \$0.12; No. 3, \$0.10.
MUSIC—No. 1, \$0.15; No. 2, \$0.12; No. 3, \$0.10.
ARTS—No. 1, \$0.15; No. 2, \$0.12; No. 3, \$0.10.
SCIENCE—No. 1, \$0.15; No. 2, \$0.12; No. 3, \$0.10.
LITERATURE—No. 1, \$0.15; No. 2, \$0.12; No. 3, \$0.10.
HISTORY—No. 1, \$0.15; No. 2, \$0.12; No. 3, \$0.10.
GEOGRAPHY—No. 1, \$0.15; No. 2, \$0.12; No. 3, \$0.10.
PHYSICS—No. 1, \$0.15; No. 2, \$0.12; No. 3, \$0.10.
CHEMISTRY—No. 1, \$0.15; No. 2, \$0.12; No. 3, \$0.10.
MATHS—No. 1, \$0.15; No. 2, \$0.12; No. 3, \$0.10.
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PHYSICS—No. 1, \$0.15; No. 2, \$0.12; No. 3, \$0.10.
CHEMISTRY—No. 1, \$0.15; No. 2, \$0.12; No. 3, \$0.10.
MATHS—No. 1, \$0.15; No. 2, \$0.12; No. 3, \$0.10.

NEVER TO KNOW.
One within a crimson glow,
Slightly aching,
One without, on the fallen snow,
Wearily flitting;
Never to know,
That one looked out with yearning sigh,
While one looked in with wistful eyes,
And went unwilling.

DEBTOR AND CREDITOR.
Two men met in New York. They were merchants.
"What do you think of Carlton's affairs, Mr. Elder?" asked one of them.
"I think we shall secure a pretty fair percentage. Don't you?"
"Yes, if we wind him up."
"That we shall do, of course. Why let him go on? It will take him two or three years to get through, if at all."
"If he can get through in two or three years, I shall certainly be in favor of letting him go on. Times have been rather hard and business dull. But every thing looks encouraging now."
"I don't believe in extensions, Mr. Highland. The surest way, when a man gets into difficulties, is to wind him up and secure what you can. Ten chances to one, if you let him go, you lose every cent."
"I have granted extensions in several instances, Mr. Elder," replied his companion, "and obtained, eventually, my whole claim, except in a single case."
"It's a wild risk. I go by the motto, 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,'" returned Elder. "I am always ready to take what I can get today, and never trust to the morrow. That is my way of doing business."
"But do you not think the debtor entitled to some consideration?"
"How?" with a look of surprise.
"He is a man of like passions with ourselves."
"I don't know that I understand you exactly, Mr. Highland."
"Mr. Carlton has domestic relations as well as you and I."
"I never doubted it. But what of that?"
"If we break him up in business, the evil will visit him alone. Think of the effect upon his family."
"In trade we never consider a man's family relations."
"But should we not, Mr. Elder? Should we not regard the debtor as a man?"
"As a man who owes us, and is unable to pay what is due; but in no other light," returned Mr. Elder, with a slight curl of the lip.
"There we differ widely."
"And will continue to differ, I imagine." Good morning, Mr. Highland!
The two men parted.

NEVER TO KNOW.
One within a crimson glow,
Slightly aching,
One without, on the fallen snow,
Wearily flitting;
Never to know,
That one looked out with yearning sigh,
While one looked in with wistful eyes,
And went unwilling.

DEBTOR AND CREDITOR.
Two men met in New York. They were merchants.
"What do you think of Carlton's affairs, Mr. Elder?" asked one of them.
"I think we shall secure a pretty fair percentage. Don't you?"
"Yes, if we wind him up."
"That we shall do, of course. Why let him go on? It will take him two or three years to get through, if at all."
"If he can get through in two or three years, I shall certainly be in favor of letting him go on. Times have been rather hard and business dull. But every thing looks encouraging now."
"I don't believe in extensions, Mr. Highland. The surest way, when a man gets into difficulties, is to wind him up and secure what you can. Ten chances to one, if you let him go, you lose every cent."
"I have granted extensions in several instances, Mr. Elder," replied his companion, "and obtained, eventually, my whole claim, except in a single case."
"It's a wild risk. I go by the motto, 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,'" returned Elder. "I am always ready to take what I can get today, and never trust to the morrow. That is my way of doing business."
"But do you not think the debtor entitled to some consideration?"
"How?" with a look of surprise.
"He is a man of like passions with ourselves."
"I don't know that I understand you exactly, Mr. Highland."
"Mr. Carlton has domestic relations as well as you and I."
"I never doubted it. But what of that?"
"If we break him up in business, the evil will visit him alone. Think of the effect upon his family."
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