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Minnie's Triumph.

BY RAY DABLINGTON.

Really, Minnie, I do wish you'd try to be a little more sociable; you are so quiet that every one remarks upon it. People will soon really believe that you are unhappy—that I ill-treat you, perhaps.

And George Marshall frowned as he spoke these words to his young wife.

What nonsense, George, I was always quiet.

I am sure you are always lively and full of fun when we spend a quiet evening at your mother's, or when we remain at home; that is to say, if we have no visitors.

Because I am happy then. And she laid her head upon his shoulder. You know that I never did care to go out. I never enjoy all these balls and parties.

Don't, Minnie; it is undignified. And he pushed her away. I should like to know what you do enjoy. You must not allow those morbid and gloomy feelings to grow upon you. It will sour and embitter our lives.

I do not think it just to call me morbid or gloomy, or any one who can take such real comfort, such perfect happiness in her home, in the company of her husband. I have always heard it was the sign of a healthy mind.

Well, I repeat, when I take you out, I should like to see you try to make yourself agreeable, and not go off in a corner. Look at Mrs. Winsome! Why can't you be a little more like her? She always looks bright and happy. In fact, she is the life of the company.

I will beg to remind you, replied Minnie, that it is well known that Mrs. Winsome keeps her smiles, and all that gayety which charms you so, for the world. At home she is ill-tempered. But I suppose you would appreciate a wife like that.

There is moderation in everything. I certainly do not appreciate one who acts as though she had not two ideas in her head. With all Mrs. Winsome's faults, her husband has no reason to be ashamed of her.

Am I to understand from that, you are ashamed of me?—and Minnie's face flashed crimson.

Well, I must confess, it is not very gratifying to know that my friends think I have married little better than an idiot; and what makes me more angry is the knowledge that you are in every way superior to her, if you would only try to make yourself more agreeable. Another thing is rather annoying—to see Mrs. Winsome always dressed so handsomely, always in the latest style, while you have worn that one dress at least half a dozen times; and yet I know her husband does not make as much money as I do. The fact is, she is a good manager.

If I am so stupid, it is a pity you married me. I wish I was home with mamma.

And Minnie could restrain herself no longer. She covered her face with her hands and cried as though her heart was broken.

George felt as though he had been unkind, and putting his arm around her, he tried to soothe her; but his words had made too deep an impression upon Minnie's sensitive nature to be soon forgotten. She did not tell him, as many would, to go away; but she did not return his fond caresses.

The truth was, although George Marshall loved his wife fondly, he was too gay and thoughtless to fully appreciate her virtues. He, like many others, labored under the delusion that we were placed in this world for the express purpose of enjoying ourselves, and believed in doing so to the fullest extent, while he was still young. Being a great favorite, there was rarely an evening but what he had an invitation for himself and wife to either a ball, party or some amusement. This kind of life he enjoyed. He thought one quiet evening a week, passed at home, was enough.

Minnie took a very different view

of things. She thought pleasure in moderation was decidedly good; but her idea was one evening a week for excitement, and the others spent quietly at home. She thought it was really wicked, at least for persons in their circumstances, to carry it to a greater excess, not only a waste of time, but an utter disregard of health. Besides, she felt they could not afford it; and she had made up her mind, if possible, to awaken her husband to the fact ere it was too late, for she saw the love of excitement was growing upon him.

The next morning she was cold and indifferent; although she saw he was rather irritable, she took no notice of it. When he arose from the table to go, she took up the paper and began to read.

In a moment he returned with his hat and overcoat on, ready to start. He was annoyed at her strange conduct. He had been accustomed to have her stand by his side every morning, and kiss him half a dozen times before he went. This new freak was anything but pleasant, and he could not understand it. So he said, in rather a sharp tone: Well, how much longer am I to be kept waiting this morning?

Why, I am not detaining you, George!

Don't you intend kissing me good-bye, then?

I have no objection; but I really do not think Mrs. Winsome wastes kisses on her husband.

He felt the rebuke, and did not answer; but, stooping, kissed her. She returned it, though not in her usual affectionate way. This was not lost upon her husband; but he thought it best to take no notice, hoping the cloud would pass away before dinner-time.

When he was gone the affectionate little wife arose, and, clasping her hands tightly together, exclaimed, Oh, dear, it was hard to let him go with that one cold kiss; but still he did deserve it. I must teach him a lesson, and one he shall never forget, for our future happiness is at stake.

Minnie then went upstairs and took the baby from the nurse-maid; it was as much as she could do to keep from having a good fit of crying; but she made up her mind to be brave; so she pressed her little darling to her heart, and tried to forget, by rattling all sorts of pretty baby-talk, as all fond mothers do.

She dressed the baby, then herself; and leaving word with the servants to have dinner at the usual hour, and to tell Mr. Marshall she would not be home until tea-time, she went out.

It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Marshall was astonished when the message was delivered, and scarcely worth saying that he was decidedly angry; still, he was determined she should not know it. He would appear to take it as a matter of course.

So, when she came in, he tried to act as usual, but it was not so easy as he supposed, and Minnie, who understood human nature well, and could read her husband like a book, saw plainly that he was anything but pleased.

As for Minnie, she was too busy to greet him with her usual kiss; and when he sat down and rested his head upon his hands, instead of going and putting her arms around his neck, and, with loving words, frightening the ugly blues away, she merely said, Come, George; tea is ready, and we must make haste, for I promised Mrs. Winsome we would go to the theatre to-night.

Minnie could scarcely help laughing at the look of astonishment her husband gave her. Then he said, Indeed, you seem to be improving.

I am. I have been taking a few lessons from your charming Mrs. Winsome. I dined with her. She is a delightful companion. I knew you would be pleased to go with her this evening.

Well, to tell the truth, I feel rather tired to-night; but as you promised I will go.

Oh, no! Don't go on my account. If you feel tired, you had better remain at home. Mrs. Winsome said if

you did not care of going I could go with her.

You might have knocked him over with a feather at that speech from the lips of his loving Minnie. It is needless to say he went. She dressed herself with the greatest care, and looked as pretty as a picture.

Just as they were ready, Mr. and Mrs. Winsome came; and before he knew what he was about, he found Mrs. Winsome waiting for him to offer her his arm. Minnie and Mr. Winsome had gone off together.

At one time he would have been pleased, but now he was actually annoyed; and before he arrived at the theatre he was disgusted at Mrs. Winsome's frivolous tone of conversation.

It was a difficult part for our tender-hearted little heroine; nevertheless she played it well. She was not very strong, and, therefore, it was no wonder she felt very tired after spending the two last evenings out. At one time she would have got up to see her dear George off; no matter how tired she was; but now, as she was taking the character of a Mrs. Winsome, she thought she would play it thoroughly; so she told her husband she felt tired, and, therefore, would not get up yet. Then she added:—You know that Mrs. Winsome never gets up until about ten. She thinks it is nonsense to see her husband off; she says they do not appreciate it, and I think she is right.

So saying, Minnie turned over, as though to take another nap.

Mr. Marshall did not like this indifference at all; but, as he had often said he wished she was a little more like the charming Mrs. Winsome, what could he say? He was obliged to swallow the mortification and his breakfast in silence.

No sooner had he gone, than Minnie jumped up and hurried, so as to make up for lost time. All the morning she was busy as a little bee; but as the time drew near for her husband to come home, she took up a novel, and began to read. This was another surprise for our friend Geo. Marshall; but he was still silent.

Just as he was going out again to his club after dinner, Minnie called him back.

George, I want to tell you about something very important.

His heart was up in his throat. He hoped she wanted a good-by kiss, and, perhaps, to lay her head upon his breast, and ask him to call her his loving little wife again.

Well? said he, in a faltering voice.

I wanted to remind you to be home early to-night; for I have made up my mind to go to that party at Lady Brook's.

But, my dear, it is fancy dress.

I am well aware of that, and, what is more, well prepared; for I went with Mrs. Winsome yesterday, and selected my dress.

Minnie did look lovely as the pretty flower girl; and when she came into the room where her husband was waiting, and looked up sanely into his face, and said, Buy some flowers, sir? he could not help giving her a kiss.

But still he wished she was his affectionate little wife again; and he was just going to tell her so, when she very coldly said: Be careful! There, that will do! you will disarrange my hair.

It was evident there were many others who admired her that evening, by the undivided attention she received; in fact, she was so continually surrounded, that at last Mr. Marshall was obliged to acknowledge to himself that he felt actually jealous; and the best part of the joke was, that Minnie, though apparently almost unconscious of her husband's presence, was nevertheless watching him narrowly. Therefore, the fact was not lost upon her.

It would be impossible to tell many other things Minnie did, and the many surprises our friend Marshall had.

One evening, when he returned home, he found her lying upon the sofa, and naturally asked what was the matter.

Oh, I am half dead, I am so tired!

Mrs. Winsome and I have been out shopping all day; and, oh, George, I have bought the most lovely new silk dress, hat, and cloak, and ribbons, and laces!

But, my dear, where did you get the money from?

Why, I told them to send the bill in to you—that is the way Mrs. Winsome does. They are all in the latest style, too—so superb!

Dash that woman! thought Mr. Marshall; and turned upon his heel, not in the best temper possible.

Minnie did not look as neat and tidy as she used to do; but, after dinner, she went up to dress, and when he asked her why she dressed then, she said: As we are not going out this evening I thought I would get Mr. and Mrs. Winsome to come, it is so dull and stupid alone; anything to kill time, you know.

This was too much—they had not spent a quiet evening together for so long, that he would have given the world for a few of those hours when she sat upon her little stool at his feet, and laid her head upon his knee. Alas! could this be his Minnie? So changed—she sighed at the thought.

The next morning he put on a clean shirt, and found there was no button on the neck; he took another, and there was one off the wrist.

Why, my dear, how is this? There are no buttons on my shirts; it is the first time such a thing has happened since our marriage.

There, now, George, do not be unreasonable; I can't do everything; I have no time to see to your shirts. I shall be obliged to have a seamstress to help me.

When our hero went to the drawer for a pair of socks he found about half a dozen pairs with large holes in them. Almost exasperated, he exclaimed, Really, Minnie, this is going a little too far! There was a time when you were not above mending my clothes; then you thought it a pleasure.

Yes, that was when I was foolish. Mrs. Winsome never mends her husband's clothes; she says it is not a wife's place.

I wish you would never mention that woman's name in my presence. I hate and despise her? And George Marshall ground his teeth in rage.

Times have changed. You were once one of the loudest in her praise. For heaven's sake don't remind me of the time when I was a fool.

And don't you remember when you wished I was like her? I think I've been a very apt scholar, George—don't you?

A little too apt to please me.

And with something like an oath George Marshall left the room. Minnie buried her head under the bed-clothes to keep from laughing.

Marshall did not feel very happy all that day; he could not help thinking of the great change in his wife, and he felt he had himself to thank for it. When she had been as good and affectionate as it was possible to be, he had not appreciated her—in fact, had only found fault. Now he would have given the world for some of those loving kisses and fond caresses which at one time she lavished upon him; now she never condescended to give him one.

He returned in the evening weary and low-spirited. He longed for her sympathy, for a quiet evening with her; and he made up his mind he would remain at home and enjoy one, for the first time since that fatal quarrel; but, alas! the first words that greeted his ears were: Oh, George, we shall not be obliged to mope home this evening, after all; for I have bought two tickets to a concert.

Poor fellow! he was so dissipated he could not answer.

You do not seem over-pleased.

No, I do not care about going out this evening. I do not feel well enough.

That is provoking; but I suppose you will go to bed early, and I can go with Mr. and Mrs. Winsome. I would not have you go out on my account.

Marshall did not say anything, for he hoped Minnie would change her mind. But he was mistaken, for at

ter tea she went up to dress, and when they called for her she merely came in and told him that she was sorry he could not go, and started off in the best of spirits.

Then it was that George Marshall felt the treasure he had lost; how weary, how lonely, how miserable he was! He could have cried, as he thought how he had taught her to love pleasure and frivolity; and now, oh, what would he not give to have his quiet little Minnie back! He was depressed in spirits, so sick at heart, that he laid his head upon his hands, and sobbed aloud.

Oh, Minnie, Minnie, forgive me—love me, once more!

A gentle hand smoothed his hair back, and a fond kiss was pressed upon his brow. He raised his head and there stood Minnie, with the old, loving smile upon her face.

Minnie, my own darling, do you still love me? and he clasped her in his arms.

But she drew back, and in a cold tone, that chilled him, said, Stop, stop; this is going a little too far—it is undignified! Mrs. Winsome would not allow it.

For heaven's sake, Minnie, trifle with me no longer, unless you wish to break my heart! Oh, darling, if you knew how I have suffered, you would forgive me—you would feel that you had had your revenge.—Can't you forget and forgive, darling, and be once more the loving little wife you were?

And he looked up so imploringly at her, that Minnie's heart could withstand it no longer, and she threw herself in her husband's arms.

Oh, George, do you really love your silly little Minnie best?

You were not silly, darling. I was the foolish one, not to appreciate your virtues. I was blind, but I am wiser now, and love you ten thousand times more. Only say that you forgive me, Minnie!

I forgive you with all my heart, dearest. But tell me where are you the happiest—at a ball, a party, the theatre, or opera?

Ah, Minnie, I have found the truth of what you have so often said—real happiness is only found at home.

Then you will not be angry if I do say I do not enjoy parties, and want to stay at home with you—will you, George?

Angry, darling? No; you have taught me a lesson I shall never forget! Be once more my loving wife, and I shall never want to leave our home.

And you will promise never to ask me to take lessons under Mrs. Winsome again? And Minnie looked up with a mischievous smile.

Oh, Minnie, if you knew how I despised that woman, and how I hate myself for ever insulting my dear, good little wife, by asking her to be like her! How could I ever be such a blind fool? And George drew her closer to him.

George had never felt happier than at that moment, as he looked down upon that sweet face and saw those pretty blue eyes beaming so full of love.

He kept his word; from that time they passed their evenings at home. How often he told Minnie he had never before known what real happiness was; and he never ceased to thank her for having played her part so well.

Five years have passed, and it would be hard to find a happier family. George Marshall's chief delight is in the company of his dear Minnie, and sporting with the three little rosy-cheeked children who make up their family.

FROM THE HUB.—There is perhaps no tonic offered to the people that possesses as much real intrinsic value as the Hop Bitters. Just at this season of the year, when the stomach needs an appetizer or the blood needs purifying, the cheapest and best remedy is Hop Bitters. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure; don't wait until you are prostrated by a disease that may take months for you to recover in.—*Boston Globe.* 29

The Star Route Frauds.

The exposure of the Star Route frauds gives the public something more profitable to discuss than the merits and demands of Senators Mahone and Conkling, and will have, besides, a decided influence upon the political situation.

In 1878 the appropriation for the Star Routes, 9,225 in all, was \$5,900,000. Between 1878 and 1880 Assistant Postmaster-General Brady, and a number of confederates, got up petitions to have the service on 93 of the routes "expedited" or made more frequent. In this way the cost of these routes was raised from \$727,119 to \$2,802,214, so that only \$3,097,786 were left for the other nine thousand routes. This led to a deficiency of \$2,000,000; an appropriation for which was worked through Congress.

EX-SENATOR DORSEY, who was the Secretary of the Republican National Committee in the last campaign, was deeply interested in the Star Route business. The *Nation* says that among the Star Route contractors are Dorsey's brother, his brother-in-law, Peck, and his former partner, Miner. Dorsey himself very likely had interests in other contracts, but that he had nothing to complain of as regards the contracts awarded to these three, the following little table shows:

	Number of Contracts.	Original Amount.	Increased Amount.
J. W. Dorsey.....	8	\$14,479	\$147,273
J. M. Peck.....	8	30,366	215,141
J. R. Miner.....	8	10,371	135,658
Totals.....	24	\$55,216	\$501,072

So it appears as if what may be called Dorsey's "military family" pocketed a cool \$445,826 between them. Dorsey and Brady make common cause, in their own defence, and their leading champion is Mr. Gorham, the editor of Brady's paper, the *Washington Republican*, and the Republican nominee for Clerk of the Senate. The tactics of the Star Route Ring are to insinuate that the President had a guilty knowledge of what was going on, and this leads the President to take the election of Gorham, under such circumstances, will be a personal insult to him and a slight upon the Administration.

The leading Republican newspapers, especially the *New York Times*, are laying the frauds bare, and have, of course, the hearty co-operation of the Democratic and Independent press. The *New York Herald* says: "We have only one side of this melancholy and depressing story, and reserve our criticism until we hear from Mr. Dorsey. We should like also to hear from Republicans like Congressman Page, of California, and S. B. Elkins, of New Mexico; as well as Maxey of Texas, Money of Mississippi, Blackburne of Kentucky, and others of the Democratic side. These gentlemen, one and all, owe it to themselves to make a prompt and full explanation. If this Star Route business is as bad as the Administration believes it to be in removing Mr. Brady—then the place for these thrifty Republican and Democratic statesmen is in some salubrious and well conducted jail. There should be no minding matters in the presence of such a crime as appears to have been perpetrated by the Star Route Ring. Let all censure likewise fall upon the sanctimonious and hypocritical administration of Mr. Hayes, who permitted such a ring."

For the Democrats, in and out of Congress, there is a plain, broad road to travel. They will, we are confident, support the Administration in exposing the frauds and in pushing the offenders, no matter who is to be hurt. And the Democratic Senators, in any contest between the Star Route Ring and their allies and the Administration, will go with the President in whatever shape the issue is made. It may become their business now, on the highest public grounds, to stay in Washington until December, if necessary, to prevent the election of Gorham. They can fortify themselves in this position, and the people will look on with genuine satisfaction. Really the Star Route business is a God-send to the Democratic party. They can make fight now in which they will have the whole people with them.

Try Kendall's Spavin Cure, a sure remedy for spavins, curbs, ringbones, or any enlargement of the joints. See the advertisement.

The new Czar has been formally sentenced to death by the Nihilists and he keeps himself locked up and guarded in a fortress. Between the emperor's condition and that of his proscribed subjects there is coming to be a strange resemblance. It certainly couldn't be much worse for him to encounter the wrath of the aristocracy by initiating a liberal government than it now is to be hunted like a mad dog by the secret agents of the conspirators.

A MONUMENT TO GEN. GARY.—The Democracy of South Carolina should testify their high appreciation of the distinguished political services of Gen. Gary by erecting over his grave a monument worthy of the man and of the party he has served so well. Carolinians cannot forget Gary, for his history is theirs and their heritage—and while loving relatives would see that his last resting place is not unmarked, a grateful people should claim the right and privilege of preserving in memorial marble the story of his gallant life.—*Barnwell People.*

KNEW HOW IT WAS HIMSELF.—When Jay Gould was in Galveston and, accompanied by a number of leading citizens, was inspecting the cotton exchange, a small boy was seized by one of the Galveston gentlemen just as the gamia was picking the great railroad magnate's pocket. "What did the little fellow do?" asked Gould. He stole your pocket-handkerchief. Mr. Gould, and I am going to turn him over to a policeman. "Don't do that," replied Mr. Gould smiling good-naturedly; "let him go. We should not discourage young beginners. I had to start out in a modest way myself when I went into the railroad business," and reaching down into his pocket Mr. Gould took up a quarter and gave it to the boy, to encourage him to aim higher.—*Galveston News.*

Don't drive a spavined Horse as long as you can get Kendall's Spavin Cure for \$1 a bottle; As a powerful liniment for deep seated pains on both man and beast it has no equal. Read advertisement.

Land and Water tells a curious story of an old country vicar of the sporting school. A marriage ceremony had been fixed, but it was a fine September morning, the clergyman loved his gun, and so, forgetful of the momentous knot he was to be the instrument of trying, he sauntered forth into the stables of his glebe. He had not been out long before he got a shot, but scarcely had he done so when he heard the well known voice of the parish clerk shouting after him: "Sir, the young people be ready and be at the church a-waiting." "Bless me," said the old gentleman, "I forgot; I'll be there in a moment." He hastily picked up the partridge he had shot and putting it in his pocket hurried to the church. In the midst of the ceremony something was seen to be fluttering under his surplice, and in a moment, to the astonishment of everybody, out from its folds flew the partridge, for it had been more stunned than killed. "Oh, dear! there goes the bird," involuntarily exclaimed the vicar. "It's all right, sir," replied the clerk, "she can't get out and she's gone into the Squire's pew."

WOMAN'S WISDOM.—She insists that her family should be kept in full health than that she should have all the fashionable dresses and styles of the times. She therefore sees to it that each member of her family is supplied with enough Hop Bitters, at the first appearance of any symptoms of any ill-health, to prevent a fit of sickness with its attendant expense, care and anxiety. All women should exercise their wisdom in this way.—*New Haven Palladium.* 29