

THE DECAYED POLITICIAN'S RETREAT.

PONDUCK, MASS., July 5, 1882.—I want to give you an account of my visit to one of the most admirably organized and best administered charities on the face of the earth. The Decayed Politicians' Retreat is, as you know, beautifully situated on Saline river, about six miles from here. Being detained in this village over yesterday by business, I took advantage of the holiday to drive thither with a friend, and was kindly received by the Superintendent, Gen. Butler, who went to a good deal of trouble to show me the interior workings of the institution. "The selection of this site was fortunate," said Gen. Butler, as he led the way across a beautiful lawn from his private house to the large brick building occupied by the inmates. "The lovely natural scenery does much to soothe the disappointment and alloy remorse, and there's always a fresh breeze blowing up Saline river."

writes franks from morning till night, stopping only for his gruel. The other inmates are celebrating the Fourth but here is old Hannibal at his customary occupation.—He writes his name on every old envelope, newspaper, or scrap of paper that he can find, and puts them all in the big mail box in the hall. Of course, like the contributions of the rest of the inmates, they never go any further than my office. But he doesn't know it, and he placidly keeps on writing franks. The only thing that ever exasperates him is the sight of a postage stamp. I suppose he will write franks till the Day of Judgment. Such," added the General, didactically, "is the force of habit." "You must find a curious collection of epistles in your mail box, General?" "Rather? We have a good reading room connected with the institution, and most of the inmates take a great interest in current affairs. Many of them fancy that they are still influential in shaping political events. They write innumerable letters which nobody ever reads but myself. Not long ago I found a letter from Blaine, addressed to the Pope, asking for the Vatican influence to help him along in the Presidential campaign of '84. You would have laughed at the piteous appeal which Schuyler Colfax once mailed to President Tilden. He wanted the Post Office at South Bend, and said he could produce certificates of good moral character. Only yesterday I found this brief letter in the box. You may value it as an autograph."

apt to appropriate little articles belonging to the institution or to each other. Secor Robeson was caught a day or two ago ransacking Hamilton Fish's trunk, and although the ex-Secretary stoutly denied any evil intention, a cake of Spanish scented soap belonging to Fish was found in his pocket. Robeson is now locked up down stairs, and Parsou Newman, our chaplain, exhorts him twice a day. "What do you do with turbulent subjects?" "We are troubled with very few. Down there, at the end of that corridor, where you see the grated door, is an iron-barred apartment where the unmanageable and violent are confined. I don't think you want to visit it."

South Carolina that they must care for themselves. How soon lamp-posts will bear fruit is for them to say. To the people of the North and West notice is given that all the toil to which they are subjected, that bondholders and monopolists may fatten secure, and that a shrinkage of values is now in order. If there is law for fraud there is reason for violence. And to that we make our last appeal.—Washington Capitol.

THE DRUNKARD'S APPETITE. There was living (says Health and Home) not long since, in Brooklyn, a man who had inherited from a drunken father an appetite for rum. He was a hopeless drunkard. The man had many noble instincts, and better than all these he had a loving, faithful, brave wife, who made skilful war upon the demon, her husband's master. Recognizing the fact that her husband was under an overpowering impulse, that he longed and struggled manfully to free himself from the passion for drink, she bent all the energies of her woman nature to the task of helping him. She loved and suffered and toiled until at last the loving and suffering and toiling accomplished their purpose.—She took her husband by the hand, and shared with him his struggle, until, after years of labor, she overcame his devil, and saw him a free man again. Her battle with Rum had been a fierce one, taxing and wasting her strength sorely, but she was conqueror at last. Her husband stood upon manly feet, and showed no sign of falling again. Several years passed away, and this reformed man fell ill of consumption. The distinguished physician, from whose lips we have the story, prescribed alcoholic stimulants as the only means possible of prolonging his life. The poor wife was in terror, and begged the physician to recall the prescription. She told him of her long struggle and her victory, and said she preferred that her husband should die than a sober man, than that he should fill a drunkard's grave a year later. But the freed spirit of the man was strong, and he undertook to take alcoholic liquors as a medicine, and to confine himself absolutely to such times and measures in the matter as the physician should direct. He died, however, during the months thus added to his life.

THE ACTION OF THE COMMISSION DENOUNCED.—At a public meeting in Washington Tuesday night 1,000 persons were present. Ex-Congressman George W. Julian, Representative Bright, of Tennessee, Gen. Young, of Georgia, and others, spoke on the political situation. They denounced the action of the electoral commission and countenanced resistance on the part of Democratic members to further the count, on the ground that the proceedings were tainted with fraud and therefore those who voted for the electoral bill were relieved from their obligation to observe it. Resolutions to this effect were adopted.

What is he doing?" I asked. "He is writing franks. He has lost all his teeth and his hair and his hearing and his wits, but he can still hold a pen, and he

Editors breathe the easier now. The new counterfeit \$1,000 notes now in circulation can be detected by their "greasy feel."

BY SMALL TREES.—Nurserymen usually describe trees on their catalogues as "second class," "medium," "first class" and "extra." The difference in these classes is principally, if not wholly, in the size and height of the trees; and as most farmers desire the best, they suppose that the large "extra" trees merit that description, and hence order them. The fact is, however, that a small tree will grow faster and (if a fruit tree) come into bearing condition sooner than a large one; and, as the New England Homestead states, in half a dozen years the tree that was small when planted will be larger and finer than the other.—The larger the tree, the larger the roots which it has, and the larger the roots the less fibers there will be upon them. A tree that has plenty of fibrous roots will grow readily if proper care is used in transportation; but no amount of skill can coax a tree to live and flourish which is destitute of these little fibers. The roots of large trees are always more or less mutilated in the process of taking up, while small trees sustain little injury from this source. Dealers in trees assert that experienced men buy small thorny trees, while those who are just starting are anxious for the largest to be had. Those who are to set trees the coming season will do well to learn from the experience of those who, at considerable loss to themselves, have demonstrated that small trees are the ones to buy.

Drunkard. he never once drank a single drop more than the prescription called for, and he died at last a sober man, as the wife had so earnestly prayed that he might. But the end was not yet. When the loving and patient woman laid him in his grave, and saw her long labors thus ended in the victory for which she had toiled so hard and suffered so bitterly, she turned, in her grief, to the brandy which had been left in the house, and, drinking it, she fell herself into the power of the devil which she had fought so heroically. And that woman died, not many months later, a hopeless, helpless drunkard.

JOHN YOUNG BROWN, IN HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—Something has been said of bargaining with the South. You cannot win them over by bribes; they want nothing but justice. I see before me a distinguished and cherished friend from the South (Mr. Lamar), a gentleman of the highest ability and unspotted integrity, honored by his people and worthy of their trust. I speak not by his authority, but as his name has been mentioned in this connection, I say that I am sure he would shrink from such a coalition as his soul would recoil from a cruel wound of dishonor.

WM. A. COURTENAY. Charleston, S. C., February 5, 1877.

THE RETREAT, JULY 5, 1880.

DEAR SYLPH: Although writing comes hard, I thought I would send you a single line. I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer. I may have made escapes, but my worst enemy cannot say that I ever let any guilty man mistake.

THE RETREAT, JULY 5, 1880. I thought that Gen. Butler winked just then, but it is always hard to speak with positiveness in regard to his ocular demonstrations.

FOR THE LAST TIME.—There is a touch or pang about using even the simplest thing "for the last time." It is not alone kissing the dead that gives you this strange pain. You feel it when you have looked you last upon some one you have loved—when you stand in some quiet city street where you know that you will never stand again.

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THE HAMPTON PORTRAIT.—We publish the following extract from a letter received from Charleston, addressed to Mr. C. P. Pelham: "Some misapprehension exists as to the proprietorship in the Hampton 'Portrait' company. I permit me to say that a majority of the investment is held here. As one of the proprietors, I am attending to its affairs until other and permanent arrangements are concluded. I originated the project of a portrait of Governor Hampton in a high style of art, thinking it a worthy manner in which to recognize his Excellency's public services to the people of this State during the past six months. Those services entitle him to be presented to his countrymen everywhere in a style equal to that in which Washington and Lee and other renowned gentlemen of the country are shown.—Time was required for this great work, that care and skill should make it perfect. Its publication has been anticipated by another issue, of the merits of which the public can judge. In selecting an artist the gentlemen associated with me have given preference to Mr. Marshall.—Gustave Dore, the great artist of France declares him to be 'the veritable master of art in America.' If we do not realize all our expectations in a pecuniary point of view by reason of a different publication, we must accept that fortune—the penalty of attempting to do the best possible in art for our best man, we shall hope, nevertheless, to possess an ample reward in the production of a GRAND AND IMPOSING PORTRAIT, which will command an appreciative circulation if not so large as might have been under more propitious circumstances. In a very few days the public can judge for themselves, and can very well afford to wait a little, and make their choice with MARSHALL'S SPEND WORK, BEFORE THEM.

Rice, McLure & Co. FALL AND WINTER GOODS, to which they respectfully call the attention of purchasers. These goods have been carefully selected, purchased at low prices, and are offered on the most reasonable terms. The attention of the Ladies is especially directed to the DRESS GOODS, SHAWLS, CLOAKS, TRIMMINGS, MILLINERY GOODS, SILK NECK TIES, RUFFLINGS, ZOSERY, GLOVES AND FANCY ARTICLES, Displayed by RICE, McLURE & Co. Oct. 15 41

Reasonable Goods.

PLANTATION tools, farming implements, traces, Harness, Axes &c., &c., very low. RICE, McLURE & Co. Feb 2 4

Gent's Hand Made Shoes.

SPLendid ASSORTMENT just received, at GEE & HUMPHRIES' Hotel Store. April 21, '76 16

Pure Corn Whiskey.

PURE Mountain Corn Whiskey, for medicinal purposes, for sale at A. IRWIN & CO.'S Feb 9 4