Edgefield Advertiser.

BY D. R. DURISOE. EDGEFIELD, S. C., MARCH 20, 1873. VOLUME XXXVIII.-No. 13.

FERTILIZERS!

I AM still Agent for that well known Guano, ZELL'S AMMONIATED SUPERPHOSPHATE.

Also, am Agent for the ATLANTIC GUANO, and ACID PHOSPHATE for composting with Cotton Seed.

Price of Acid Phosphate in Charleston,
Cash, $28 00
Time, without interest, 31 00

For particulars, address Mr. JAMES A. DOZIER, or myself, at Edgefield C. H.

O. F. CHEATHAM.
Jan. 8, tf 3

Excellenza.

THE QUEEN OF ARTIFICIAL MANURES.

I WOULD respectfully announce to the planting world of Edgefield, that I have accepted the Agency for the sale of the invaluable

Excellenza Soluble Phosphate

Prepared by Dugdale & Co.,—a Fertilizer which now acknowledges no superior.

If the farmers and planters of Edgefield will call on me and examine certain strong and unquestionable testimonials, in my possession, of the value of the EXCELLENZA, I feel assured they will immediately adopt it as their sole commercial Fertilizer.

Price—Cash, $60,00; Time $68,—with freight and drayage from Augusta.

J. H. CHEATHAM.
Jan 15 tf 4

WATSON & CLARK'S SUPERPHOSPHATE!

WE as General Agents offer for sale in New Sacks, fresh from the Manufactory, the above Fertilizer at

Sixty Dollars per Ton,

adding the expenses of freight from Savannah. Payable 1st Nov. next.

We honestly believe from reports to us from those who used it last year, and our own experience in the use of it, that there is NOTHING SUPERIOR TO IT in this country as a good and reliable Fertilizer for Crops of Cotton and Corn.

It can be had also of John Kennerly, at Ridge Spring, S. C.

J. J. PEARCE, BUTLER & CO.,
Cotton Factors,
AUGUSTA, GA.
Feb 8 2m 8

Simpson's Prolific COTTON SEED!

I have about fifty bushels of SIMPSON'S PROLIFIC COTTON SEED, which I will sell at $2,00 per bushel

Also, have about ten bushels of the same Seed, selected with my own hands from the best stalks, which I will dispose of at $5,00 per bushel.

I raised eight 450 lbs bales of Cotton from these Seed the last year, on six acres, with an imperfect stand.

O. F. CHEATHAM.
Feb. 12 tf 8

PLATT BROTHERS

Are continually receiving
LARGE AND COMPLETE STOCKS
—Of—
New Furniture!
Comprising all the
LATEST STYLES AND PATTERN
—Of—
Parlor, Chamber, Dining Room
And
OFFICE FURNITURE!
FROM THE HIGHEST GRADE TO THE LOWEST.

And consists of every article of FURNITURE required to furnish a House or Office complete.

Call and examine at our Ware-Rooms.

Undertaking!

Always on hand, at the lowest prices,
Beautiful Caskets and Cases,
Of our own manufacture.

PLATT BROTHERS,
212 and 214 Broad Street,
AUGUSTA, GA.
July 2 1y 28

HORSES AND MULES.

100 HORSES and MULES arrive today at Palace Stables, for sale on time, factor or city acceptance.

I will take great pleasure in showing my Stock to Planters and those desiring to purchase.

C. TOLER,
Palace Stables,
150 Ellis Street.
Jan. 8, 1873. tf 4

Home Shuttle Sewing Machine.

ONLY $25.00.

THIS is a SHUTTLE MACHINE. Has the UNDER FEED, and makes the "LOCK STITCH" alike on both sides.

It is a standard First Class Machine, and the only low priced "Lock Stitch" Machine in the United States.

This Machine received the Diploma at the Fair of the two Carolinas, in the city of Charlotte, N. C., in 1871. *The above Machine is warranted for five years!*

A MACHINE FOR NOTHING.

Any person making up a Club for five Machines, will be presented the Sixth one as commission.

Agents Wanted.—Superior inducements offered. Liberal deductions made to Ministers of the Gospel.

Send Stamp for Circular, and samples of Sewing. Address Rev. C. H. BERNHEIM, General Agent, Concord, N. C.
Dec 4 1y 50

STONO!

BY orders received from Mr. J. D. Aiken, Agent of the Stono Phosphate company, I have sent to him in Charleston all notes given for Guano purchased of me last season. Persons owning the Notes will please remit to him and save costs. A creditor can sue in the county now where he lives, no matter where the debtor may reside in the State, and if Mr. Aiken has to bring suit he will do so in Charleston.

S. S. TOMPKINS, Ag't.
Mar. 5, 3t 11

TO THE LADIES.

Dr. HOOPER'S FEMALE PILLS, a positive cure for Suppression, or Irregularity, arising from any cause whatever—They are perfectly harmless.

☞ *Every Lady should keep a box of the Pills on hand for use in case of need.*

Price, $1.00 per box. Sent securely sealed to any address on receipt of price. Direct all orders.

HOOPER & CO.,
P. O. Box 2453. Philadelphia, Pa.
Jan 22 1y 5

A SECRET.

It is your secret and mine, love!
Ah me! how the dreary rain,
With a slow persistence all day long,
Dripped on the window pane!
The chamber was weird with shadows,
And dark with the deepening gloom,
Where you in your royal womanhood
Lay waiting for the tomb!

They had robed you all in white, love,
In your hair was a single rose;
A marble rose it might well have been,
In its cold and still repose!
O, paler than you carven saint,
And calm as the angels are,
You seemed so near me, my beloved,
Yet were, alas, so far!

I do not know if I wept, love,
But my soul rose up and said:
"My heart shall speak unto her heart,
Though here she is lying—dead!
I will give her a last love-token
That shall be to her a sign
In the dark grave—or beyond it!—
Of this deathless love of mine."

So I sought me a little scroll, love,
And thereon in eager haste,
Lest another's eye should read them,
Some mystic words I traced.
Then close in your clasped fingers,
Close in your waxen hand,
I placed the scroll as an amulet,
Sure you would understand!

The secret is your's and mine, love!
Only we two may know
What words shone clear in the darkness
Of your grave so green and low.
But if, when we meet hereafter,
In the dawn of a fairer day,
You whisper those mystical words, love,
It is all I would have you say!

WHO IS GUILTY?

"The man waits outside," said Mr. Spencer Fenton's servant, as he stepped in front of the low office table, piled with books and law papers.

Mr. Fenton's servant was a man of penetration, and knew where to draw the dividing line between the commonplace "man" and the higher order of being known as the gentleman.

"Let him come in," said Mr. Fenton, quietly, as he took a pistol from a drawer, laid it on the table and dropped a newspaper over it.

Mr. Fenton was a lawyer, in good practice in a large city, and was known as widely among the class of customers for whom he practiced as a celebrated lawyer of "Great Expectation" and fame.

The man was admitted, and proved a sullen looking, brutish personage, in a suit of slops, which looked as if they had been sodden in the ooze and slime of the river for months. He held in both hands—as if he feared that if it was not held tightly it would elude his grasp and escape—a mangy fur cap without a frontpiece, and with one ragged "ear-lap" hanging by a single string.

Mr. Fenton looked once at this square-jawed, savage face, and gauged his man.

"You may go, John," he said to his servant. "Take these papers down to Mr. Frisbee, at No.——, old city hall, and wait for a message. Take an hour or two for yourself, if you like."

John went out, and Mr. Fenton arose, turned the key in the lock and put it in his pocket, while the man watched him furtively. The lawyer then took a seat at the table opposite his client, looking at him sternly.

"Now, my man," he said quietly, "we are together, and I want to know exactly how this matter stands."

"I'm going to tell you how it stands, honest Injun, I am."

"You don't mean to try to cheat me, I hope, Senter; because, if you start with that idea, I shall turn you out immediately, and seek information elsewhere. I can get along without you—understand that!"

"I'll play fair, Mr. Fenton. Lord love you, the idea or trying to pull wool over your eyes never came into my head."

"Very well. Now, as to this bank robbery. You say that you can give information—for a consideration, of course."

"For five hundred dollars; don't forgit that."

"Silence! Judas had his price and so shall you."

"Then I'll tell you. The man that put up the job is Seth Amity, the cashier of the bank."

Fenton started to his feet, and for a moment, lost his self-possession.

"Seth Amity! Man, you are either drunk or crazy!"

"Be I? Then you take me som'ers and git me swore to it. I'll take my affydavy and swears that he's the one as put up the job. I a'int a going to swear a lie."

"I believe you'd swear to anything for a dollar, Senter; but that don't matter. Of course, if you can prove what you say, the man must be punished. But Seth Amity! knowing the weakness of human nature as I do, and having been witness to all sorts of duplicity, I would yet undertake to swear that you are lying."

"I ain't, Mr. Fenton; so help me, I ain't. He's the man as done it; he's the man as put the others up to the fastenings, and give them the impression to the safe key and the word to unlock the safe by."

"You know a great deal about this matter it seems to me."

"Course I know about it. I ain't snaked and crawled there hull nights for n thin.' See here, they are going to make another haul on the bank, and they are going to meet to arrange it to-night. Would you dare to go with me and listen?"

"Can you lead the way?"

"I kin, and you'll see what yer precious Seth Amity amounts to."

"What time will you come?"

"Nine o'clock."

"Shall I bring a policeman?"

"I don't like the cops; but bring one if you like. He can't hurt me."

"Very good; you can leave me now; but be on hand at the time."

He arose and unlocked the door, and Senter shuffled out in his sullen manner. As he passed down the wide staircase, a young man brushed past him rapidly, and gave him a look of silent scorn. Senter stopped on the stairway and looked after him.

"That's you Seth, my boy. You are down on me for a traitor and informer, but I'll fix you yet!"

The young man tapped at the door of Fenton's room and entered. The lawyer looked upat him quickly, and an expression of doubtful meaning passed over his face. "Good morning, Seth," he said. "How do matters go at the bank?"

"They are in trouble, of course, for there is absolutely no clue to the scoundrels who robbed the safe. They were cunning enough not to take any-thing except gold—actually leaving a large quantity of notes, which they might have had as well as not."

"Do you suspect any one connected with the bank?"

"I own I have my suspicions, Mr. Fenton, but I have no proofs; and as the man and I are not good friends, it might look like personal enmity on my part if I spoke of it."

"The safe was opened with the key and word."

"Yes; that is the puzzle, for only two of us had the word. The key is another matter, and might have been taken in a dozen ways. Why, if the directors did not have the utmost confidence in me, I might have been suspected myself. Are you going to the house?"

"No; but you must give the name of the man you suspect; of course it will go no further than myself."

"Henry Dana, the assistant cashier," replied Seth slowly. "You know that he has not been friendly with me since he knew that Mary and I were engaged, for he hoped to succeed himself."

"Umph! You are going to the house to see Mary?"

"Yes; I thought perhaps you were going down. I can't stop a moment; so good-bye, and if you find out anything, let us know at once."

He hurried out, and Fenton remained with his head upon his hands, in deep thought. He had trusted Seth Amity so far that he had accepted him as the affianced husband of his only daughter, whom he loved as few parents love their children.

He knew that his informer was a brute, but a good spy, and he had given him trustworthy information before, and it looked bad for Seth. If it proved true, he would be the one to break the daughter's heart, and consign Seth Amity to a prison cell for years. But he had been retained by the bank officials to work up this most audacious robbery, and he would do his duty. Seth hurried down to the cars and stepped up to the Fenton residence. As he went up the steps the door opened and a young man stepped out, who cast a savage glance at him and passed by without saying a word.

"What is Henry Dana doing here?" he muttered; and what a malicious glance he gave me! I must understand this at once."

He touched the bell and sent up his name by the servant who answered the call.

Directly after the girl came back with a card, upon which was written in a delicate female hand:

"Not at home, to Mr. Amity. I will never see you again.

"MARY FENTON."

Seth looked wildly at the servant, and then tearing the card in pieces, he stamped upon them furiously, and hurried out into the street, his heart full of doubt and fears. Mary had refused to see him again. Who had poisoned her mind against him, and how should he unravel the dark web which fate seemed weaving around him?

Senter was on hand at the appointed time, and met Fenton at his office, where they were joined by a policeman "in muff." Fenton had armed himself, and after a stern command to be careful what he did, the informer took the lead, walking several spaces in advance of the others, and not appearing to belong to them. He took a cab at a corner stand, and they followed his example, and after ordering their driver to keep the other cab in sight, they drove away through the city, and half an hour after alighted in a side street, where the houses were of the class known as suspicious. The cabmen had their orders and drove away, and Senter joined the party.

"Where is the place, you?" said the policeman.

"Gentleman Tom's," replied Senter.

"You have got the office."

"Tom keeps a little game of faro, and a good many rough customers hang around him," said the policeman.

"Of course," said Fenton quietly.

"You are game," muttered to policeman. "This way then."

He opened a gate in a board fence between two houses and passed in, and by the talismanic power of certain words and knocks they were soon inside of the houses, in which the gambling was in full blast.

The proprietor and Senter exchanged a few words, and then Senter led the way up stairs to a small room which was carpeted so thickly that their footsteps gave no sound. Senter moved a small panel, scarcely an inch across, and motioned to Fenton to look in. He applied his eye to the opening and saw three men seated at a table, almost within reach of his hand, conversing in low tones. All of them were masked closely; and two of them called the third by name, at different times, and the name was—Seth Amity.

Fenton listened and heard the whole plan of the proposed robbery, and he knew that the man to whom he had trusted, and to whom he had been about to give his daughter in marriage, was a villain and a partner with robbers.

All compunction, was at an end, and the last words he heard as the men arose were these:

"I have invested the proceeds of our last haul in Chicago in such a way that it will give me influence enough with that old shark, Fenton, to induce him to hurry up the marriage with his daughter. There is over forty-thousand in gold in the bank, and the specie will flow in heavily to-morrow. This will make us rich enough to retire and live the life of honest men."

They passed out of the room and the three watchers looked at each other with a strange intentness, and a shadow passed from the face of Fenton.

"I can crush him now without a single pang. Senter, you have done well, and instead of five hundred you shall have a thousand. Go on to your house, and we will follow at our leisure."

Twice during the next day Seth passed Mr Fenton in the street, with a wild, excited look in his handsome face, and the lawyer found it hard to believe the evidence of his own ear. Seth did not look like a criminal, but rather like one whom some expected sorrow had driven to despair.

At night three men with hats drawn over their brows, crawled through the alleys at the back of Moreton's bank and reached a door, which was opened by a key, and they entered. A man lay sleeping on the floor, who was quickly over-powered, bound and gagged. The one who appeared to be leader showed them the way to the place where the other watchman was seated, nodding over a table. He was disposed of as easily as the other, and left upon the floor helpless, and then the leader produced the key to the vault, and opened it easily enough. The floor was quickly strewn with small canvass bags, each of which represented a large sum in gold.

As they were gloating over the prize, which far exceeded expectations, there came a sudden rush of men, and the three robbers were secured before they had time to think of danger.

"Taken in the act, Seth Amity," said Fenton, showing himself. "You cannot hope for mercy at my hand. Take off his hat; let me see the villain's face."

One of the officers removed his cap and held up a lantern, and they saw, not Seth Amity, but Henry Dana, his dark face distorted by rage.

"I am beaten," he said suddenly; "but be sure of this, I did not do it so much for the money as to ruin the man who has robbed me of the only woman I loved. I have used his name through all, and doubtless your spy heard it. A thousand curses on him for spoiling my game!"

"That's what fooled me," grumbled Senter. "I wish it was Amity instead of this 'un."

"Take me to prison; let me hide myself from all the world," said Dana.

So the three robbers went to prison, and Seth Amity was cleared in the eyes of all men, and what he cared for most, in those of Mary Fenton. Dana had told her that he had robbed the bank, and that the officials had proof of his villainy, and she was strong enough to cast off the man she believed to be a villian. She made ample atonement for those moments of doubt, for she is now his wife, and will love him the better because she sinned against him for an hour.

The stolen property was nearly all recovered and returned to the bank. Dana was sent to Sing Sing, where he was found dead in his cell six months after the prison door closed behind him. Whether he died by his own hand, or conflicting passions of his own heart, no man knows.

Senter was guilty of an amiable indiscretion in the way of appropriating the property of another man without his consent, and Fenton was counsel against him. Thanks to knowledge of a man's character, that amiable spy is serving the State in Sing Sing for a term of years.

Burglary, Murder and Arson.

MEMPHIS, March 12.—The Vicksburg (Miss.) *Herald*, of the 8th, says the steamer R. B. Hurt arrived yesterday, and her officers bring particulars of a fire at Rolling Fork and loss of life. The store of Messrs. Ring & Moore was destroyed by fire during Tuesday night. Wednesday morning the charred remains of Jesse Moore and Mrs. Moore, Mr. Goodhue and a child, Billy Jones, were taken from the debris. The skull of Mr. Moore had been broken in across the forehead, evidently with an axe, and the head of Mr. Goodhue had been almost severed from the body, apparently also with an axe. The bodies of Mrs. Moore and the child showed no evidence of any wounds. Mr. Joe Tyng is missing, and it is feared that he also has been foully dealt with. It was supposed at Rolling Fork that Mr. Ring had gone to Vicksburg on a steamer a day or two previous to the occurrence, but nothing has been heard of him by his friends here. Billy Jones, the child, was seven or eight years old, and the son of a well known raftsman, who had left Billy with Mr. Moore while he was engaged in other sections of the country.

Rolling Fork Landing is on Sunflower river, at the mouth of a short stream which connects Sunflower with Deer Creek. The store of Ring & Moore was the only house at the landing, and was used as a storing depot for all the goods put off there. It is supposed there were a good many inflammable goods there at the time of the fire, and an explosion of powder was heard for several miles around. The murdering of four or five persons and the burning of a house to conceal the crime, is enough, of course, to arouse all sections of the country adjacent, and intense excitement prevails. No clue had at last accounts been obtained of the perpetrators of the horrible crime. Two suspicious characters had been seen previous to the occurrence in the neighborhood, and they have disappeared. Robbery was doubtless the principal object in view, but the fiends being discovered at this, they probably murdered the inmates of the house and then fired it, hoping to hide all traces of their bloody work. The body of Mr. Goodhue was brought to the city on the Hurt, and buried from St. Charles Church yesterday afternoon. The building and stock of Ring & Moore were insured in different agencies in this city for about $7,000.

☞ A Kenosha editor was sick unto death, and several of his contemporaries took occasion to free their minds concerning him. He got well and "now they must meet him at the muzzle of a revolver, or he will cram their dying types down their false throats."

☞ No person should sleep alone in cold weather, save widows. The Bible hath said the "widow's mite."

For the Advertiser.

Letter From the Mountains.

WALHALLA, S. C., Mar. 6, '73.

MR. EDITOR: The duties of my station have been so arduous, and I have been so busy with other matters for some time past, that it has not been convenient for me to write any thing for your excellent paper. But I avail myself of a few moments of leisure now to let you know that I have not forgotten the dear old *Advertiser*, and its numerous readers.

We are having one of the coldest snaps here at the present time that we have experienced this winter. For several weeks past the weather has been uncommonly severe and bitter. The wind often blows with great violence for whole days and nights in succession, and at such times it is no exaggeration to say that it whistles around the corners of some of the tall wooden houses in Walhalla like a stage-horn of the olden times. My quarters are at Dr. Yarbrough's, about the centre of the town, and during these blustering days and nights, I have often mistaken the hoarse music of the wind for the blowing of the engine of the train at West Union, a mile and a half away!

I am now writing from a stand of ink that was frozen the other morning on the table near the fire. But the weather is moderating somewhat now, and I hope it will not be very long before old Boreas will cease to blow his windy horn over these otherwise pleasant and beautiful valleys and hills. A few more weeks of cold and bluster, of frozen hands and red noses, and the snow will begin to melt upon the distant mountain tops, old Winter will relax his icy grip and prepare to depart, and Spring, gentle and beautiful, with smiling face, balmy breath, and emerald robes will come gently down upon us, and the green grass and pretty flowers will spring up in her path.

I imagine that down in your section the farmers have well nigh completed their preparations for planting. Some have no doubt planted corn, and are getting ready for the cotton as rapidly as they can. I have often heard of a stirring old farmer down on the Ridge in Edgefield, who was in the habit of driving the snow birds from his fields in February, that he might plant corn. That was before the war, when the darkey had a master and did not take his own time to go to work in the morning. I do not know whether the old gentleman to whom I allude is now living, or whether he still keeps up the practice. If he lived up here in these mountains, he would find driving the birds rather an up-hill business in more ways than one.

I am not a farmer, nor am I anxious, like Horace Greeley, to tell "what I know about farming," but I have some notions in regard to Southern farming which I believe to be sound and correct. While it is true that the South has been and still is too exclusively an agricultural country, or rather has given too much attention to a few great staples, to the neglect of commerce, manufactures mining, and stock-raising and a diversified husbandry,—by pursuing which policy no country can ever become permanently rich—I do not think we should now go to the other extreme, quit cotton, and our other great staples, and turn our attention altogether to the growing of the grasses and stock-raising, wherever it is practicable, and to manufacturing.

My notion is that we should plant a less area or acreage of land in cotton and our other staple products, fertilize it more highly and cultivate it better, and devote more attention to those other pursuits and industries which will enable us to raise the most of our domestic supplies, and furnish the greater part of the manufactured articles that we need, and which we now purchase from abroad. By pursuing this policy we would retain among us the greater part of the proceeds or net profits of our leading agricultural pursuits year by year, and it would distribute itself in accumulated wealth and other branches of industry in our section, and foster and build up every other interest of the country.

Cotton, rice, sugar and tobacco are destined to be the great wealth-producing agricultural staples of the South for years to come in the future, as they have been in the past. The country is adapted to their growth, and the people will and should plant them; but that is no reason why they should be planted to the exclusion or neglect of other products, which are absolutely essential to render the staples most remunerative and profitable. The industries of a country are best shaped and best managed, when they are of such a character as to develope and bring out its richest resources in the most advantageous manner. Who is it that makes the most clear money, and consequently contributes most to the wealth of the country—the small farmer, one that works only a few hands and runs only three or four plows, and raises all his domestic supplies, his mules and horses included, and raises a fair crop of cotton every year, or the large farmer who makes big crops of cotton, and buys his corn, bacon, flour, work-animals, and in fact almost everything that he needs with his cotton money? The experience and observation of every intelligent and sensible farmer in our country will answer this question.

I can readily foresee the time,—and the day is not far distant in the future,—if we are only wise and patient, when this heaven-favored and sun-kissed Southern Land of ours will be the most prosperous and richest part of these United States. It has every natural advantage of climate, soil and productions. The only drawback and hindrance to its rapid material development and advancement at the present time is the bad and unpromising condition of our public affairs. But that is only a temporary obstacle that must and will soon be removed. The present corrupt and rotten State government of South Carolina, and some of the other Southern commonwealths, will inevitably crumble and give way to more intelligence and public virtue, and be supplanted by a better state of things. Then more capital, enterprise, and skilled labor from the North and from Europe will flow into our section, and the rapid development of our magnificent agricultural, mineral, and manufacturing resources will begin in earnest. More direct trade with Europe through our principal seaports will be established. Our great supplies and many varieties of timber will be tapped and brought into market. Quarries will be opened in our immense masses of granite and other building stones, and the treasures of our great coal and lime beds will be dragged into light. A more diversified system of husbandry will be adopted. We will have better farming, deeper plowing, heavier manuring, better draining, and more improved agricultural implements and labor-saving machines. More railroads will be built, a market opened for the teeming products of every fruitful valley of the interior, and villages, towns and cities will spring up in every direction. In short, our highly favored section, shaking off the evils of the present and the errors of the past, will be blessed with a day of prosperity and advancement such as we have never before enjoyed. Now, our true policy is to *labor, watch, wait and pray* for that auspicious day. MOLTKE.

Brevities and Levities.

☞ A Valejo (California) young lady about to go off in the cars stepped into the dark sitting room of the depot to kiss her friend Sarah good-bye. Owing to the darkness, she didn't hit Sarah, but caromed on a Chinaman, and didn't find out the mistake until John began yelling: "Whatee for you so chokee me? Hi yah! No squeeze so muchee!" One yell, a flopping of feminine garments, a slammed door and that girl was gone.

☞ Two ladies were in conversation the other day. One lady remarked that sparrows were useful in ridding certain cities of canker worms. The other lady said she would rather be tormented by the latter than sparrows. Just then a gentleman approached and was appealed to. "Mr ——, which do you think the worst, the sparrows or worms?" He blushed a little and said—"I don't know, I never had sparrows."

☞ "What is the use of trying to be honest?" asked a young man the other day of a friend. "Oh, you ought to try it once and see," was the reply. And the young man wanted to put a head on his plain-spoken friend.

☞ "Mamma," said a little girl, "what's the meaning of a book being printed in 12mo?" "Why, my dear," replied the mother, "it means that the book will be published in twelve months." Fact.

☞ The pert misses of a San Francisco grammar school have mutinied against the principal, who, to do them justice, would seem to be an ignoramus generally. The girls' grievances are summed up in this frank confession of one of them to a reporter: "We hate him; he don't know anything; he's a fool, and I told him so—he don't smell good."

☞ Mrs. Partington awakes from a long slumber to say that she thinks this thing of shaking hands across the bloody sarcasm is all tom-foolery.

☞ The cold snap moves the Bloomington Pantagraph to give this advice: Marry a warm-hearted girl, whether cold weather affects you or not. Warm-hearted girls are comfortable even in warm weather, and in cold weather they are an absolute necessity to a man's comfort.

☞ The plaint of the bachelor will be heard no more in the land. An ingenious mechanic has invented buttons that can be sewed on with a screw driver.

☞ One of the Ohio papers tells about a brave little boy out there who found a broken rail on the railroad track, and perceiving the peril in which the train would be placed if it should come dashing past without warning, sat out on the fence for five long hours in the bitter winter cold, in order that he might carry the first news of the accident to his father, who is local editor of a paper published in the neighboring village.

☞ A physician on presenting his bill to the estate of a deceased patient asked, "Do you wish to have my bill sworn to?" "No," replied the executor, "the death of the deceased is sufficient evidence that you attended him professionally."

☞ An Iowa Falls woman put a couple of dozen eggs into her bed so they shouldn't freeze while she was absent four or five days, and on her return late at night bounced into bed and bounced out again.

☞ A druggist recently received the following prescription, with a request to make it up: "Fur Kramps: Tinct. kamfire, won ounce; tinct lodenum, a little; tinct, kyann pepper, two pen'orth; klouform, a little, but not much, as it is a dangerous medicine. Dose, half teaspoonful when the kramps come on."

What is Said in England.--Ourselves as Others See Us.

[*From the London Spectator, Feb. 22.*]

Nothing can be more disheartening to Radicals, or indeed to any men who believe in self-government, than the revelations of corruption recently reported from the United States, and yet we appear to discern among them one gleam of light. A belief in the corruptibility of American politicians has of late years been very widely spread in Europe, perhaps undply spread, but until this month it was corrected by an impression that the Senate, at all events, was pure. That body was not elected by a Democracy, but by the *elite* of the people, the State legislatures; it was filled by men of a different stamp from the representatives, and it had a long tradition of honor. Its members might "job" as British ministers have jobbed, but the short tenure of American office might account for that, and after all some one must recommend for local appointments; but there was a belief that they would not betray their trust for money.

The revelations in the American Credit Mobilier case and the Pomeroy case show, however, that this belief was ill-founded; that the position of senator, the highest in the Union next to the President's, is sometimes bought and sold; that the Legislatures which elect the Senate may be corrupted; and that in the Senate itself there exist men whose votes can be regularly purchased for a moderate sum of money. Without going into unproved scandals, there seems to be no doubt whatever that certan managers of the Pacific Railroad formed a Ring; that under the title of the Credit Mobilier they sold to themselves concessions made by Congress to the Pacific Railroad; that they resold these concessions at enormous profit—witnesses talk of dividends of 1500 per cent; that they were arraigned in Congress, and that they gave shares—that is, money—in amounts of about £1000 to senators for protection. How many senators are implicated it is impossible to say, but it is certain that three at least are held by opinion to be guilty, including Mr. Schuyler Golfax, the Vice-President, who avers that he can make a full defence, but who has only escaped impeachment by three votes. It is certain also that "lobbying," i. e.,

THE PRACTICE OF CARRYING BILLS BY BRIBERY,

has reached the Senate, that several men have grown rich there without cause, and that one man, Mr. Pomeroy, of Kansas, has been convicted of buying his seat, in order, as every one admits, to sell its powers. The revelations are of the most frank character, and though they do not cover a majority of the Senate, or anything like it, they do cover names heretofore generally respected.

Anything more disheartening could scarcely be conceived. If a democracy itself uncorrupt cannot find or does not care to find representatives who, after a double winnowing are commonly "law honest," will abstain from actual bribes or actual plundering of the State till, Democracy is dead before it has well been born. No State can long survive pecuniary corruption in its rulers. They may urge, as we believe Americans do urge, that they do not sell their countrymen; that an anti-national vote cannot be bought; that they only receive gratifications for votes on indifferent matters, or that at worst they only traffic in concessions, but all that is delusive. The men who sell concessions will sell contracts, and in our modern civilization the very life of a nation may depend upon contracts being honestly performed, upon ship pivets, and soldiers, boots, and the quality of powder; and the step from furnishing boots of paper to betraying an expedition is very short indeed—how short we may discover from any life of the first Duke of Marlborough. When once such a practice becomes general, the work of legislation is sure to fall to men who make a trade of it; who, profiting by their work, attend to it and make a monopoly of it; and the control of a great country may be abandoned, as the control of the great City of New York was abandoned to a regular Ring, whose almost avowed object is the plunder of the people. The Ring did not govern New York well, but badly, its ultimate interest being not only high prices, but scamped work; and a Ring, if it obtained control of the Union, would not govern well either, but as badly as France was governed in the later years of Napoleon.

We do not hesitate to say that, immeasely powerful as the Union is, and splendid fighters as the Americans are, if her resources fell into the hands of men like the New York Ring, she would in her next campaign be defeated by sea and land, if only through corruption among her contractors. The vice is fatal, and if it spreads only a little more, we shall yet see

THE FALL OF THE MIGHTY AMERICAN REPUBLIC,

and of the brightest hopes of the race now covering the globe. There is no conceivable reason why Australians should swindle less than Americans, or why Englishmen under the same conditions should be better than either, and all good or far-sighted men would give up the Democratic cause as a hopeless fallacy.

However, as we said, with the intelligence comes also a gleam of light. The real difficulty in studying this problem of corruption is to understand why the people hear it, to decide whether the electors acquiesce in their sale by their representatives. If they do, the struggle is over; but if they do not, all may be redeemed. A nation may fall into the hands of a corrupt class as into the hands of a corrupt king, and yet remain itself uncorrupted. That certainly happened in England under Charles II, when king, courtiers and statesmen alike accepted bribes which the electorate would have rejected with contemptuous scorn; and under Walpole, when peers apologized for rejecting bribes which tailors would have thrown in the faces of those who offered them. We see some faint reason to believe that this is the case also in America, and that the ultimate cause of the popular toleration for corruption is popular ignorance. The electors do not believe their representatives corrupt. The moment that by any accident the evidence comes before the people in a way they trust, there is an end of bribe taking. In his very Pomeroy affair, the moment Colonel York had produced indisputable proofs the contest was at an end. The members of the Kansas houses dared not face their constituents' indignation, and with Pomeroy's money in many of their pockets, unanimously voted his dismissal, the election of his adversary, and his own arrest on a criminal information. In the United States House of Commons there has been no hesitation to investigate; no refusal to expel—Mr. Ames, for instance, being expelled—except by the cumbrous method of impeachment, and no idea that any convicted member will be re-elected.

There is much lenity about punishment, as there used to be in England, and indeed still is about buying seats in the House of Commons; but it is evidently felt that the electors do not intend votes to be sold, and that although they may choose men no better than those expelled, they will not knowingly choose the agents of the "lobbying" Rings. While they think them merely extravagant they will bear with them, partly because they are too comfortable to care—remember the debt is being reduced by £25,000,000 a year—and partly from that horror of pecuniary "meanness" which among certain classes in America, as among the whole lower classes in England, has made of thrift an artificial vice, but corruption they decidedly dislike.

This is so far satisfactory, but we cannot deny that each of these revelations, necessary as they are if there is ever to reform is

A SEVERE BLOW STRUCK AGAINST DEMOCRACY.

Grant the electorate innocent, and we must still concede that it is excessively stupid. It looks as if average half-educated working-men, such as make up the constituency of Kansas, while they can be trusted to fight for their country, and even to see that slavery is an evil, cannot be trusted to discern the character of their representatives. They select in ordinary times a "bad lot," and when selected do not look after them with anything like adequate keenness and intelligence. If they remain poor, that is no credit to them; and if they become rich, that is no cause of suspicion, for they may have been speculating in stocks. We do not like the outlook—for Englishmen and Americans are essentially the same—any more than we like the deduction we are forced to draw—that the reverence for rank acts as an antiseptic on the reverence for money.

We never feel sure, as we read these stories in American papers, and French papers, and German papers, that the English guarantee against a repetition of them in this country is not caste pride, the strongest argument for aristocracy in some sense or other it would be possible to suggest. It is a disheartening thought from our point of view, but we never deny a fact, and there the fact is that any man who offered £1200 or £12,000 to any English peer or county member for his vote would be summarily ejected from the room. There are lobbyers among us, too, but they refrain from putting temptation into that crude form, and they are powerless against the caste.

A Young Man Dies With His Dead Wife's Clothing in His Arms.

Frank Walkley, a young man of 22 years, was found dead in his bed at the residence of Mr. Martin Cramer, on Jefferson street, near Johnson, yesterday morning. The circumstances of his death are peculiar. Walkley was a barber by trade, and about three months ago was working in this city. At that time he eloped with a daughter of Mr. Campbell, a girl of 16. They went to Bangor, were married, thence to Toledo, where Walkley secured work. Very soon, however, the young wife sickened and died of diptheria, and young Walkley brought the body here for burial. He has remained here since, working in a barber shop on Potter street. It would seem that his wife's death affected him greatly. He was low-spirited, and took at times to strong drink. Whenever he did this his constant talk was of his wife, and at numerous times he has acted in such a way as to convince his acquaintances that his mind was shattered.

About three weeks ago, or soon after his wife's burial, he attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat with a razor, but was discovered in time to prevent the commission of his purpose. A week or two ago he started from the shop at 11 o'clock at night, went to the cemetery and brought back a quantity of earth from his wife's grave. He was constantly talking of meeting "my Rosa," this being his wife's name. When he was found dead yesterday, he was in bed, and in his arms were tightly clasped a dress, a shawl, and numerous other articles of woman's apparel, all of which belonged to his wife. A trunk which has been ners was standing open in the bedroom, as he had left it when he took out the clothing, and a paper which had contained morphine was lying on the floor. It was plain enough and sad enough. Pressing closely to his breast the garments which had clothed the dead girl-wife, he sought forgetfulness in the drug, and so a faithfu heart passed on across the river.—*Saginaw (Mich.) Enterprise.*

At the age of sixty-five Mme. Marie Taglioni, probably the greatest danseuse that ever lived, returns to London for the purpose of giving dancing lessons. Losing much of her property by the late French war, and desirous of giving her son, who is a French officer, as large a fortune as she gave her daughter on marrying, kindhearted Mme. Taglioni cheerfully goes to work after years of peaceful seclusion on the banks of the Come. In perfect health, active as many a woman of forty, with an exceedingly pretty foot, the great ex-danseuse goes through modern dances, with a grace unknown to the drawing room. "Ah! I don't know where the manners are now-a-days," she exclaims, with a sigh. "Nobody knows how to bow. But the American young ladies please me best," she adds, "They have great facility in learning and are naturally graceful."

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A Sure Remedy for

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HOW Strange that the importance of keeping the blood pure and undefiled is so much neglected. Cleanse the blood, purify the fluids and juices of the body, open out all the passages of the body, and let off the corrupt humors. Nature's laws are simple and wise. When our bodies are out of order, our blood impure, sallowness and pimples, perhaps, affect the skin, distaste for food, headache, and constipation occur. Do not wait for further troubles to appear, but clean out the stomach and bowels of slimy, corrupt accumulations; start the sweat-glands and the water-passages into operation, and all your bad feelings will disappear. Mother Noble's Healing Syrup never fails to start all of nature's machinery, and will cause it to move harmoniously in every part. What lady who has a sewing-machine can continue working it for years unless she occasionally cleans out the dirt and lubricates the machinery? Or what man would unlertake to use his wagon for months without oiling it to make it run easy? Just so with the human body. It must be cleared of impurities, and lubricated with a remedy which possesses the five essential properties for which the discovery of Mother Noble's is famous.

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