

Edgefield Advertiser.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., JULY 24, 1873.

VOLUME XXXVIII—No. 31.

BY D. R. DURSOE.

G. L. PENN & SON,
DEALERS IN
DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS
TOILET AND FANCY ARTICLES,
GROCERIES,
TOBACCO, SEGARS, &c.

HAVE now in Store full stocks of all Goods in the **Drug or Grocery Business**, which are Fresh and Genuine, and which we will sell as cheap as any other House.
67—PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED day or night.
May 7, 1873

DAVID L. TURNER,
Dealer in
Drugs, Medicines, Groceries,
&c., &c., &c.,
Edgefield, S. C.

WOULD respectfully state to his Friends and the Public Generally that he has purchased of Dr. W. A. SANDERS, his Entire Stock, and will keep on hand full supplies of

DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS,
Fancy Goods, Foreign & Domestic Perfumery,
HAIR BRUSHES, COMBS, TOILET ARTICLES,
Bathing and Surgeon's Sponges,
Brandy, Wines and Whiskies for Medicinal Purposes,
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, GLASS, PUTTY,
Paint, Varnish and White Wash Brushes,
FULL SUPPLY OF ALL KINDS GARDEN SEEDS.
Together with a general assortment of
GROCERIES, TOBACCO, LIQUORS, &c.,
Such as

BACON SIDES, HAMS, SHOULDERS, LARD,
MACKEREL, FLOUR, MEAL, SALT,
SUGARS, SYRUPS, MOLASSES, COFFEE, TEAS,
RICE, CHEESE, MACARONI, CRACKERS,
Soda, Starch, Soaps, Candles,
WINE, BRANDIES, WHISKIES, &c.
Fine White Wine and Apple VINEGARS,
Cheating and Smoking TOBACCO and SEGARS,
Citron, Currants, Raisins, Pickles, Jellies,
Almonds, Pecan Nuts, Brazil Nut, Walnuts,
Biscuits, Tubs, Brooms, &c.,
All of which will be sold at the lowest rates for Cash. A share of the trade solicited.
Dr. Sanders will be on hand at all times to COMPOUND PRESCRIPTIONS at the shortest notice.
D. L. TURNER,
Jan 28

NOTICE
TO THE CITIZENS OF EDGEFIELD

WE are receiving our SPRING and SUMMER GOODS, consisting of all the Novelties of the Season.
Our Stock is much larger than usual, and never more complete. Close buyers will save money by giving it an inspection.
Also, full line of FURNISHING GOODS on hand.
WHITMAN & BENSON,
229 Broad Street, Augusta, Ga., Opposite Masonic Hall.
Augusta, Ga., April 2 1873

Dr. T. J. TEAGUE,
DRUGGIST,
JOHNSTON'S DEPOT, S. C.

HAVING just opened a **Drug Store** at this place. I take this method of informing my friends and the public generally that I now have in Store a full line of
Drugs, Patent Medicines, Toilet Articles, Perfumery,
GLASS, PUTTY, KEROSENE OIL,
Tobacco, Segars,

In fact everything usually kept in a Drug Store,—all new and warranted genuine.
My prices are as low as such Goods can be sold in any market in the same quantity.
T. J. TEAGUE,
Johnston's Depot, Feb 19

MILLER, BISELL & BURUM
WHOLESALE GROCERS
—AND—
Commission Merchants
175 and 177 Broad Street,
Augusta, Ga.

WE are now in receipt of our Fall Stock of **GROCERIES**, consisting in part of—
Bacon SIDES, Bacon SHOULDERS, Dry Salt SIDES, SUGARS of all grades,
SYRUPS—New Orleans and New York Drips,
MOLASSES, Rio, Leguira and Java COFFEE,
TOBACCO, SALT, PEPPER, SPICE,
Canned Pickles, Cove Oysters,
Canned GOODS consisting of Peaches, Blackberries, Tomatoes, &c.
MACKEREL in Barrels, half and quarter bins, and Kits,
Seed WHEAT, Seed RYE, Seed OATS, Seed BARLEY,
Case Liquors of BRANDY, WHISKEY, GIN.

We are also offering the most complete and largest stock of **BARREL LIQUORS** of any House in the City, and selling at prices that will induce buyers to purchase nearer home than in Eastern markets.
To the Planters and Merchants of Edgefield we would take this occasion to express our thanks for their past liberal patronage, and respectfully request a continuance of the same.
Buying our Goods for CASH, we are prepared to sell as low, and oftentimes lower, than any other House in the City.
Augusta, Oct 9

TRUE HEROISM.
Let others write of battles fought
On bloody, ghastly fields,
Where honor greets the man who wins,
And death the man who yields;
But I will write of him who fights
And vanquishes his sins,
Who struggles on through weary years
Against himself, and wins.

He is a hero staunch and brave
Who fights an unseen foe,
And puts at last beneath his feet
His passions base and low;
Who stands erect in manhood's might,
Undaunted, undismayed—
The bravest man who drew a sword
In fray or in raid.

It calls for something more than brain
Or muscle to overcome
An enemy who marcheth not
With banner, plume, and drum—
A foe forever lurking nigh,
With silent, stealthy tread,
Forever near your board by day,
At night beside your bed.

All honor, then, to that brave heart,
Though poor or rich he be,
Who struggles with his baser part,
Who conquers and is free.
He may not wear a hero's crown,
But truth will place his name among
The bravest of the brave.

For the Advertiser.
Lights and Shadows.
This is emphatically a world of contrast; the curtain that shuts out light brings in darkness; a smile in absence is substituted by a tear; the beautiful flower that unfolds its tiny petals to the rising sun, is, at the same time, encircled with thorns. All harmonies, whether in the physical or moral world, result from difference of tones and aspects; showing that variety in human experience, as in other things, is essential to beauty and utility. These marked changes are conducive to the development and expansion of man physically, mentally and morally; for crises must be presented to him before his faculties can be sensible for any high and noble purpose; times in which every energy is to be rendered plastic by exercise; when the frame is to be harried by honorable toil; when the intellectual powers are to be strengthened by a laudable ambition; then deeds of individual heroism will illuminate the whole man, and make him embody, in attractive form, the excellencies of genuine manhood. Every flash of the Divine Spark in the soul is but the occasion for the waking up of the natural powers from a passive state; and every awakened capacity, in the very act of its awakening, begins a struggle against natural vices and inclinations; but with a moral power, perpetually energizing, and the thinking principle, in ceaseless motion, the developed powers of man will strive, with undaunted zeal, to rebuild the demolished edifice of human grandeur—to enrich it with furniture from the handiworks of the Great Architect of nature—and to adorn it with all the brave ideals of virtue.

We, by all means, say that dark periods of incessant toil, in every instance, exemplify the statement. Constancy of labor may deprive man of those facilities for intellectual progress which intervals of leisure might afford. Cold penury or the chilling breath of calamity may freeze the genial current of the soul; the ethereal fires of genius may be extinguished in the gloom of an un sympathizing world; and imperial purities and faded ancestries may be narcotic to many a gigantic intellect, who might have been the moving star to guide the nations to deeds of usefulness and undying glory.

The instruction of the world has been carried on by sacrifice. A writer—no less renowned than Wm. C. Preston—remarks, "that, as you increase the circle of light, you increase the circle of surrounding darkness," and so, as you widen the area of positive knowledge, you widen the boundaries of positive ignorance. How contracted the scope of intellectual exertion! How restricted the possible boundaries of knowledge! Man may, with Hugh Miller, call many a gem from coral caverns, and sum up this old engine earth of ours; he may with Herschel keep an unbroken vigil on the watch-towers of science, and baffle with an eclipse "the celestial host;" he may walk, with the grand old masters of poetry, around many a classic fount, and snatch the bay and ivy from the fingers of the Goddess of Literature on many a Parnassian height. Even then, he is heard exclaiming in the bitterest agonies, how little we know! How little we know!

Dalton's theory of chemical combination may lead you into the atom world, and the microscope may reveal to human vision the teeming animalcules that collect in a drop of water, and yet, do they disclose their origin, their variety of motions, perceptions, and appetites?
Newton's law of gravity may express, in a few lines, the dynamics of the universe, but does it attempt to explain the circumscription of the multiplied systems of worlds, with orb within orb, and cycle within cycle, around some central sun afar off in space? Or the telescope assay to trace the fading of stars to faint nebulae? "Ossa will have to be piled upon Pelion in the grand arena of thought" before the arcana of nature will yield to the human mind, or the absolute First Cause come within the scope of the flights of transcendentalism.

The instability of popular sentiment is a characteristic feature of all ages. Peoples, in every age, have disregarded the principles on which political fabrics rest, and, unconsciously, have torn from the structures of governments their vital powers by covering before the mandates of an ambitious diplomacy, and completely idolizing the sophistries of a stern fanaticism.

"Liberty," says an eminent essayist, "is the growth of revolution; the roots of its mighty tree are nourished by rich libations of human blood; and the Bible itself has the sword as its selected pioneer." Amid all the glorious triumphs of genius and extensive conquests of industry, which render immortal the age in which we live, questions are being hurled into the ears of christendom, as to whether civilization improves, to any considerable degree, the moral and social condition of the masses? Or whether the extension of knowledge favors the growth of infidelity and rationalism? The tendency to convert every shapeless form of matter into a luxury-producing instrument, and the invention of so many labor-saving machines by christian countries, are efficacious in producing pauperism and licentiousness,—millions and beggars. As a consequence the strong oppress the weak and "Might makes right" becomes the real, though not acknowledged, standard of morality. The soul-lighting is weakened by the force and influence of the sense-kingdom, by virtue of civilization fixing the mind so intently upon subjects of the material world.

The American Republic, the once boasted Utopia of thirty million freemen, having lost her national ballast, State Sovereignty—is the prey of the vultures from the four quarters of the globe. Sad to tell, from the Rio Grande to the Potomac can still be seen the same trait marks the trail of the huge ananias that crushed out the life-blood of our republican institutions; and parallel with its track of desolation are strewn the graves of our honored dead, over which bloom flowers of anarchy, watered by the tears of widows and orphans, and which a grate of iron bars, and the brightest of our modern science, which bedeck the altars of our Mother Earth!

The sternest of our laws to virtue have prints of an unmisgotten Right; and now, the fair virtues, which in this occidental land (occidental in more than one sense) weeping for her stolen vases.

The late war was but the penumbra of the grand eclipse, which is now in its totality—an eclipse predicted for the last century by Jefferson, Calhoun, and McDuffie, though they have not lived to see it verified. Thank heaven! we have left us a Davis, a Stephens, and a Toombs—great political astronomers—to make observations and transmit to generations, yet unborn, their instructive records.

France has entered the shadow projected by false principles; Austria, in fifteen days, made a revolution that has thrown her in the procession; and conservative England, too, with her rich stores of wisdom, suspended upon the frail life of her venerated Victoria, is expected soon to join the solemn march to national deterioration. The infernal orgies of Communism are spreading the flesh and blood of the good and great over their banquet boards; weapons, long laid up in ancient arsenals, are drawn in open warfare, making the dust and smoke of the battlefield of vices to rise in columns to the very Throne of God. Dynamics rise on the bloody ruins of Dynasties; new governments are created in a day, as if a new fortuitous concurrence of individual sentiments were sufficient guarantees of constitutional systems. Labor, armed with the thirst for "bread or blood," is ready to wage a war with capital, such as never before cursed the world. Bismarck's code may mitigate, but cannot remedy, the evils; nations must learn anew and practice aright the doctrine of Moses.

Let them be guided to Truth by their Maji, and there lay down their wealth, prejudices, and long cherished policies; then, and not till then, will the jubilant throng of new born nations fill the earth with their thunder-shout, and gather with one accord under the Elean groves of the heavenly sciences; and then our regenerated earth "will join in song with the morning star and shout for joy with the sons of God."

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ELIXIR.
THE YOUTH OF THE PERIOD.—The London Saturday Review says: "The growing emancipation of young people from old fashioned forms of respect would seem to be making them so unendurable in society that they are more and more exiled from it. What does it profit that they possess all knowledge if they do not behave according to their age and condition? Affection is damped for the learned little rougns, who would have been delightful if only they had been trained in habits of respect by attention to its outward and visible signs. Nature is not altogether a holy

thing, whatever's name Rousseau may assert; she has to be reformed from the cradle, and infant-school teachers can witness how important the conduct of the body is in training children. We see how charming it is in a Russian child to kiss his parent's hand, to remain standing until bidden to sit, and listen until asked to speak. The discipline of these Tartars and Cossacks is the same in which our Philip Sydneys and Jane Greys were trained, which gave models to Vandyke, and kept green the family affection that was once our boast; and we hardly do well to neglect it."

How a Young Lady Feels When She is Engaged.
The following "intercepted letter," from the Home Journal, tells funnily how a young lady feels when snapperily engaged:
DEAR ALLIE: I have got a real live, grownup beau; and isn't it jolly. He's perfectly splendid; just like those lovely wax figures in the windows, only they can't use their lips. It's the sweetest, and he says "my petite" just like cooking, and he always smells so good of pond lilies! I don't have anything to do with the boys now; those little boys of seventeen and eighteen do very well when there are no men around, if they can get money enough from their papas to buy us Gunther's candies, but they can't amuse us girls of fourteen; they seem just like babies; and when they try to make love—O, my! how they musty? Now, Monsieur Fontaine acts as if he had been engaged twenty times, although I'm his first love; but we don't let on before papa and Thuse. It makes Arthusus awful mad to have me call her Thuse, and that's the reason I do it. I heard her ask me the other day if that Frenchman's manners were not too familiar toward that child. Child! She's awfully afraid of my being a young lady! What need she care, now she's married? Wasn't she spooney, though, about Fred? When she used to come and see her, I would drag Tomny into the room and push my arm around his waist and squeeze his hand until her face would be as red as a beet. Such fun! I caught her kissing him once—such a little nipping kiss, just as if she were tasting pepper sauce. Now, if I pretended to kiss a man, I'd do it in right good earnest, and give him my full weight on the ground and give him my full weight on the lips. O, Allie, how Thuse would go off on a dead faint if my low-bred expressions and indignation me, for the

Married at fourteen! Just think! I shall beat Thuse out and out. Then, too, something might happen to Monsieur Fontaine. Of course I wouldn't have anything happen to him for the world, but then something might, you know—the railroad was always smashing up; and if there should, why then I would be a young and interesting widow; and black crape with my fair complexion would be so sweet, and O, Allie, do you think that I am too young to wear a widow's cap? What a blot that cap would be to Arthusus. She would rather receive a whole paper of needles in her side—that is, gold-headed ones, not young ladies' things. Now, Allie Wyndham, if you tell you'll be just as mean as you can be.

La Montaine's Terrible Death.
The following details of the death of the arzonut, La Montaine, at Ionia, Michigan, are printed in the Chicago Times of Monday: A heavy squall of rain, but of the end of the time the air became perfectly calm. Under the direction of the professor the balloon was got into position, and its inflation with hot air commenced. The canvas was soon filled and loomed up nearly seventy-five feet high. The basket was a willow one, of a size sufficient to hold one person comfortably. It was attached to the balloon by six or eight long ropes, which were fastened at the top to a round piece of wood, some two or three feet in diameter. The ropes were in no manner fastened together between the top and the basket. As each piece was one hundred feet long, it seemed even to the inexperienced eyes that there should have been some webbing or network, at least, over the bag or bugle of the canvass. It was also noticed that the ropes were unevenly distributed, three or four being in a comparative cluster, leaving the other strands far apart. Everything being in readiness, the words, "Let her go," were given, and the airship darted up with great rapidity, while the daring arzonut waved his hat to the uneasy, uncertain multitude who almost breathlessly and in silence watched his flight. Immediately upon leaving the ground the moans of the canvas began to flap about with great violence. When fully half mile from the earth, and when the whole structure looked no larger than a hoghead, the balloon slipped from between the ropes and was instantly inverted. The car and its occupant dropped like a shot, and when the ropes were cut the round piece of wood

about one hundred feet high, before his hold, filled his hands and arms before his face, and his feet first struck the ground with a dull, heavy thud. Then ensued a panic and uproar in the crowded multitude which is indescribable. Women fainted; strong men wept, and, to add to the confusion, the canvas came flying over the crowd like a huge bird. Some one cried out to get from the way, as it would fall with crushing force. Then the cry was taken up, and a general rush was made for safety, in which many were more or less injured.

La Montaine was crushed to a literal pulp. Not a sign of motion or life was visible when he was reached. A medical examination disclosed the fact that hardly a whole bone was left. Many were ground and splintered to powder. His jaws fell upon his arms and were pulverized. The blood spouted from his mouth and ears. The corpse was laid out and placed on the public square, where it was viewed by thousands during the afternoon, and was sent to his home at Brooklyn, Mich., on the following day.

A Terrible Tragedy in Belgium.
The Belgian newspapers give the following account of a dreadful tragedy that occurred three weeks ago in a little village near Brussels. A farmer and his wife had plotted to murder their nice during her sleep, to rob her of her sick mother. In order to foil the future searches of the police they, previously to perpetrating the crime, were engaged in digging a large hole in their garden, so as to bury the body in it, when the young girl, who, not being asleep, had heard her terrible sentence, rushed out by the window and ran to the police station, distant one mile only. But as sickness was out, the daughter of the wicked farmer, who was not expected home that night, came back, and, not wishing to awaken anybody in the house, went noiselessly into the bed where her cousin had been lying a few minutes ago. She soon fell asleep, and thus her mother, not being aware of the providential substitution, owing to the darkness of the night, broke her own daughter's head with an axe.

This being done, the two were going to the garden, carrying the corpse developed in a bedspread, when two gendarmes, accompanied by the fugitive girl, rushed into the house with lanterns in their hands. At the sight of their niece, whom they thought they had murdered, the two wretches took off the covering and found their unfortunate child killed by a large butcher's knife, plunged into his breast and fastened on the ground. As to the woman, who was prevented from committing suicide, she became insane, and is now shut up in a lunatic asylum, where she is expected soon to die from mental exhaustion. A more horrible account has rarely been registered in the annals of crime.

A wicked man in Davenport, consulting on his death-bed, wished to bestow some proper person regarding his future state, and his friend sent a fire insurance agent to him.

The Attorney-General has given an elaborate opinion in Gen. Howard's case. His paper is a legal curiosity. It shows that the Government has no possible hold on Gen. Howard, who somehow, strangely enough, has dropped through a succession of loop-holes in the law beyond the reach of justice. Some \$700,000 have mysteriously disappeared under his mismanagement; he cannot account for it; the Freedmen's Bureau has been run so loosely that nobody can tell into whose pockets the money has leached. And for this, the Government has nothing to show but Gen. Howard's bond for \$10,000, and his certificate of church membership. "The thing is exceedingly unwholesome. Gen. Howard may be a very good man, but gifted with remarkable incapacity and superhuman gullibility; he may be a very bad man playing a game with consummate skill; but it is impatience which he is, so far as the Government is concerned, while he has manipulated three-quarters of a million dollars from the Treasury. One thing looks badly for Gen. Howard. He has been apologized for and explained continually and interminably for a half dozen years. Every week or two, he has had the benefit of a new coat of whitewash. He has required a vast deal of writing up. It looks suspicious. He has been explained too much by half. No honest man could stand so much puffery and palaver, so many apologies and perfunctories, as have been found necessary in his case. We see no harm in his being interested in churches and speaking in meetings; but what the public want to know is, how a man can reconcile the holding of an office for which he knows he is incompetent, and in which he is a confessed defaulter for nearly three-quarters of a million, with any religion that recognizes common honesty as a virtue. It is a comparative cluster, leaving the other strands far apart. Everything being in readiness, the words, "Let her go," were given, and the airship darted up with great rapidity, while the daring arzonut waved his hat to the uneasy, uncertain multitude who almost breathlessly and in silence watched his flight. Immediately upon leaving the ground the moans of the canvas began to flap about with great violence. When fully half mile from the earth, and when the whole structure looked no larger than a hoghead, the balloon slipped from between the ropes and was instantly inverted. The car and its occupant dropped like a shot, and when the ropes were cut the round piece of wood

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The following details of the death of the arzonut, La Montaine, at Ionia, Michigan, are printed in the Chicago Times of Monday: A heavy squall of rain, but of the end of the time the air became perfectly calm. Under the direction of the professor the balloon was got into position, and its inflation with hot air commenced. The canvas was soon filled and loomed up nearly seventy-five feet high. The basket was a willow one, of a size sufficient to hold one person comfortably. It was attached to the balloon by six or eight long ropes, which were fastened at the top to a round piece of wood, some two or three feet in diameter. The ropes were in no manner fastened together between the top and the basket. As each piece was one hundred feet long, it seemed even to the inexperienced eyes that there should have been some webbing or network, at least, over the bag or bugle of the canvass. It was also noticed that the ropes were unevenly distributed, three or four being in a comparative cluster, leaving the other strands far apart. Everything being in readiness, the words, "Let her go," were given, and the airship darted up with great rapidity, while the daring arzonut waved his hat to the uneasy, uncertain multitude who almost breathlessly and in silence watched his flight. Immediately upon leaving the ground the moans of the canvas began to flap about with great violence. When fully half mile from the earth, and when the whole structure looked no larger than a hoghead, the balloon slipped from between the ropes and was instantly inverted. The car and its occupant dropped like a shot, and when the ropes were cut the round piece of wood

about one hundred feet high, before his hold, filled his hands and arms before his face, and his feet first struck the ground with a dull, heavy thud. Then ensued a panic and uproar in the crowded multitude which is indescribable. Women fainted; strong men wept, and, to add to the confusion, the canvas came flying over the crowd like a huge bird. Some one cried out to get from the way, as it would fall with crushing force. Then the cry was taken up, and a general rush was made for safety, in which many were more or less injured.

La Montaine was crushed to a literal pulp. Not a sign of motion or life was visible when he was reached. A medical examination disclosed the fact that hardly a whole bone was left. Many were ground and splintered to powder. His jaws fell upon his arms and were pulverized. The blood spouted from his mouth and ears. The corpse was laid out and placed on the public square, where it was viewed by thousands during the afternoon, and was sent to his home at Brooklyn, Mich., on the following day.

A Terrible Tragedy in Belgium.
The Belgian newspapers give the following account of a dreadful tragedy that occurred three weeks ago in a little village near Brussels. A farmer and his wife had plotted to murder their nice during her sleep, to rob her of her sick mother. In order to foil the future searches of the police they, previously to perpetrating the crime, were engaged in digging a large hole in their garden, so as to bury the body in it, when the young girl, who, not being asleep, had heard her terrible sentence, rushed out by the window and ran to the police station, distant one mile only. But as sickness was out, the daughter of the wicked farmer, who was not expected home that night, came back, and, not wishing to awaken anybody in the house, went noiselessly into the bed where her cousin had been lying a few minutes ago. She soon fell asleep, and thus her mother, not being aware of the providential substitution, owing to the darkness of the night, broke her own daughter's head with an axe.

This being done, the two were going to the garden, carrying the corpse developed in a bedspread, when two gendarmes, accompanied by the fugitive girl, rushed into the house with lanterns in their hands. At the sight of their niece, whom they thought they had murdered, the two wretches took off the covering and found their unfortunate child killed by a large butcher's knife, plunged into his breast and fastened on the ground. As to the woman, who was prevented from committing suicide, she became insane, and is now shut up in a lunatic asylum, where she is expected soon to die from mental exhaustion. A more horrible account has rarely been registered in the annals of crime.

A wicked man in Davenport, consulting on his death-bed, wished to bestow some proper person regarding his future state, and his friend sent a fire insurance agent to him.

The Attorney-General has given an elaborate opinion in Gen. Howard's case. His paper is a legal curiosity. It shows that the Government has no possible hold on Gen. Howard, who somehow, strangely enough, has dropped through a succession of loop-holes in the law beyond the reach of justice. Some \$700,000 have mysteriously disappeared under his mismanagement; he cannot account for it; the Freedmen's Bureau has been run so loosely that nobody can tell into whose pockets the money has leached. And for this, the Government has nothing to show but Gen. Howard's bond for \$10,000, and his certificate of church membership. "The thing is exceedingly unwholesome. Gen. Howard may be a very good man, but gifted with remarkable incapacity and superhuman gullibility; he may be a very bad man playing a game with consummate skill; but it is impatience which he is, so far as the Government is concerned, while he has manipulated three-quarters of a million dollars from the Treasury. One thing looks badly for Gen. Howard. He has been apologized for and explained continually and interminably for a half dozen years. Every week or two, he has had the benefit of a new coat of whitewash. He has required a vast deal of writing up. It looks suspicious. He has been explained too much by half. No honest man could stand so much puffery and palaver, so many apologies and perfunctories, as have been found necessary in his case. We see no harm in his being interested in churches and speaking in meetings; but what the public want to know is, how a man can reconcile the holding of an office for which he knows he is incompetent, and in which he is a confessed defaulter for nearly three-quarters of a million, with any religion that recognizes common honesty as a virtue. It is a comparative cluster, leaving the other strands far apart. Everything being in readiness, the words, "Let her go," were given, and the airship darted up with great rapidity, while the daring arzonut waved his hat to the uneasy, uncertain multitude who almost breathlessly and in silence watched his flight. Immediately upon leaving the ground the moans of the canvas began to flap about with great violence. When fully half mile from the earth, and when the whole structure looked no larger than a hoghead, the balloon slipped from between the ropes and was instantly inverted. The car and its occupant dropped like a shot, and when the ropes were cut the round piece of wood

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