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JOB OFFICE

IS PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS OF

Job Printing

It Might Have Been.

The fire burns cheerily in my room to-night; the light glids the furniture, the pictures and the ornaments; all openly suggestive of business and comfort.

How vividly the past comes up before me now. It is useless for me to attempt to drive away these thoughts, for they are bitter memories of my past life, which like Banquo's ghost, will not down at the bidding.

Five years is not a long period of time, if measured as days, weeks and months, but if measured by the agon the human heart can endure, it is an eternity.

Some say that hearts do not break; others that women's do, sometimes, but men are so constituted that they can bear disaster to the affection without material injury to that delicate organ.

I try to hide my sorrow, and well I succeed, for to my acquaintances I am but a bitter, cynical man, who sneers at women and love, and not one among them who would think of accusing me of having a sentimental thought.

It is evening. The brilliant orb of day is slowly and majestically sinking in the Western sky.

A youth of perhaps two and twenty years of age, and a girl several years his junior. She, of medium height, light and queenly, with deep, fathomless eyes—such eyes as poets love to write of—eyes, one glance from which can elevate men to the supreme pinnacle of happiness, or doom them to such excruciating torture, that the pangs suffered by lost souls in the lowest pits of Hades, can scarcely compare with it.

Silence holds supreme sway. The only sound that breaks in upon the musical murmur of the stream that flows beneath the bridge, or the vesper hymn of some feathered songster as it winged its way to the deeper shades of the forest.

Her companion is leaning against the railing and gazing westward at the setting sun, which now hangs like a fiery ball just above the hills top. But ever and anon he turns his face toward the girl at his side and his eyes light up with what is unmistakably a look of love.

He is the first to break the silence, and he speaks low as though half afraid to break in upon the stillness: "Mabel, listen to me, please." She glanced up, but gave no other sign that she had heard his words.

President Carlisle's Address.

President Carlisle's address before the Cincinnati General Conference is published at length in the Southern Christian Advocate of the 29th ult. We have read it through with feelings of pride and pleasure, and can truly say we endorse every word of it.

We have had too much partisan feeling and sectional jealousy in the church, and even in the pulpit, and now it is really refreshing to read such Christian sentiments, such bold and independent utterances from a man of Dr. Carlisle's talent, influence and position.

And still she is silent. A minute passes, but it seems an age to him, and then she extended one little hand toward him. With a glad cry he caught it in his own and carried it to his lips.

They turned and walked silently away in the gathering twilight, down the long road that leads to the village, and night spreads her sombre mantle over the earth.

But the scene changes. Spring has faded into Summer and the last days of Summer are slipping away. It is a social gathering in the village. The soft, mellow lamplight falls upon many a beautiful face there, that needs but the opportunity and they would out rival the boasted charms of many an acknowledged belle of the city ball room.

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At the Democratic National Convention held in 1852, the choice of a candidate for President was referred by common consent to the New Hampshire delegation, and a caucus was called to name the coming man.

There were nine delegates, and the chairman not casting a vote, the ballot stood four for Mr. Pierce and five for Jud. Johnson. The chairman was called upon, and gave the casting vote to Pierce, which eventually made him President of the United States.

All alone, with one save the All-seeing eye to watch the struggle, does he wrestle with that love. And, as the grey dawn lifts night's dark curtain from the earth, he has conquered. But at what cost! In this battle what has he lost? Confidence in woman, hope of heaven and faith in God. And he has gained—nothing.

The scene has closed. The past joins to the present. The pictured face smiles down upon me from the wall. I arouse myself from the dream and am again the hard, cold man of the world, and I take up the burden of life again, saying sadly, "It might have been."

A Sad Story of Insanity. A sad case of insanity has come upon Miss Susan Schenck, a young and accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Schenck, living near White Mills, Pa.

Busy rumor, with her hundred tongues, now has it that a white Republican party is soon to be organized in this State. Well, there is nothing like variety. We have tried the black, and now a change of base and color might be refreshing by way of novelty.

At the close of his sermon at the Methodist Church, on last Sunday morning, Rev. Mr. Willson announced that a meeting would be held in that Church this (Thursday) evening at 8 1/2 o'clock, for the purpose of organizing an anti-duelling society.

The Lesson of the Whittaker Case.

The common sense of the entire country will approve the judgment of the Court in the matter of the alleged assault upon Cadet Whittaker, at West Point. Only fools and fanatics (which terms are synonymous) will believe, after reviewing the evidence, that any other hand than Whittaker's held the pistols that cut his ears and cropped his hair.

We, in common with all the white people, certainly of the South, have a kindly feeling for the negro. We recognize him as our faithful friend and servant, and as having a claim upon our consideration; and being entitled to guidance, protection and sympathy from us.

Within One Vote of the Presidency. The Hon. B. W. Jenness died of heart disease in Cleveland Ohio a few months ago, aged seventy three. Mr. Jenness was born in Dresden, New Hampshire, July 14, 1806, and a prominent citizen of that State for many years, at one time being one of its United States Senators.

Church Going in Old Times. Young folks in the olden time had to behave themselves in church, as is proved by this extract from the Ipswich (Mass.) town records, dated December 26, 1700: "To prevent the Youth from prophesying ye Sabbath & their misordering themselves in time of God's Worship—it is Ordered They shall sit together in ye two back side Seats of each front Gallery, which are ye seats appointed for them—and that ye Tything men and others desired with them Shall take Turn by two in a Day, to Sit with them to inspect them, and such as will not be reclaimed by sd persons Discontinuing of their Ill manners shall be complained of to the Justices and proceeded with by them as the Law Directs unless said Justices shall instead of fining them—Impriison such incorrigible persons or give them Corporal punishment."

Whitewashed. Busy rumor, with her hundred tongues, now has it that a white Republican party is soon to be organized in this State. Well, there is nothing like variety. We have tried the black, and now a change of base and color might be refreshing by way of novelty.

Mysterious Disappearance. Two negro women in the Cromer Township have lately got rid of their babies in a very mysterious way. The children have disappeared, and nobody knows how. One of the women says she left hers in the field, and the buzzards carried it away; the other gives no explanation. No investigation has been instituted, and there have been no arrests.

Confederate Brigadiers. We hear less about the "rebel brigadiers" in Congress than formerly. Ben Butler once wanted to be elected to the House to meet and overthrow them, but in this war he has won no victories. On the whole the "rebel brigadiers" behave very well, and are more peaceable and patriotic than others who never fought against the Union.

English Out for Payne. English, of Indiana, a Democratic dark horse of note, takes himself out of the race in a recent and authorized interview in the Cincinnati Commercial, by declaring that he is not a candidate for the Vice-Presidency "for any other," and he adds his voice to the growing Payne boom by saying: "The Democratic candidate ought to be a man who can unite all the factions in New York, and carry the most doubtful States, Indiana is looked upon as reliably Democratic. If Grant's nominated, there seems to be a fair show of carrying Ohio against him. The drift of sentiment is evidently toward that State, and may be centralized on the Ohio man, and Henry B. Payne presents more of the essentials of a strong candidate than any other candidate presented by Ohio."

Repentant Bootblack. The other day a thirteen-year-old girl was looking down into a barrel, which was standing on the curb of Fourth street, Cincinnati, when along came one of those imps of smartness, swept a bootblack, and tumbled her into the barrel. In a minute he repented, for with more haste than dignity the girl got out, caught the boy, put him under the gutter, and whacked him over the head with his own shoe box until he was a pretty respectable candidate for the county hospital.

A Baby Without a Head. A baby was born in Erie, Pa., last week without a head, but otherwise fully developed. It weighs seven pounds and is considered a splendid pathological specimen. There is an excrescence protruding from the top of the trunk between the shoulders where the neck ought to be, which has two large eyes, a nose and mouth with bare lip. There is no occipital or parietal bone, no brains. In a sitting posture the child resembles a huge frog.

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The Way They Do in Congress.

On Saturday when "Big English" saw that it was going to be a lonesome day for the boot-blacks, he set his head to work to devise some thing to break the monotony. About 10 o'clock he got a number of boys into the alley between the Postoffice and organized the "Forty-Fifth Congress."

"Who's a liar?" yelled a white headed boy as he jumped up. "Oh dry up!" shouted Sixth Ward Tom.

"Put him out—he was in the rebel army!" called a boy from Grand River avenue.

"Some one clubbed my dog fifteen years ago, and I can never forgive him," howled Strawberry Bob.

"Holler with the loudest." The Albany Argus, in view of the N. Y. Herald's sudden conversion to Grantism and its prophecy of Grant's election, has been moved to look up the record of the Herald's political prophecies, with this result.

The Herald predicted Mr. Buchanan would carry New York in 1856. Gen. Fremont carried it by 80,000 majority.

The Herald predicted the Democratic electoral ticket would carry New York in 1860. Mr. Lincoln carried it by 50,000 majority.

The Herald predicted Gen. McClellan would carry New York in 1864. Mr. Lincoln carried it by 7,000 majority.

The Herald predicted that Gen. Grant would carry New York, in 1868. Gov. Seymour carried it by 10,000 majority.

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The Herald predicted that Mr. Hayes would carry New York in 1876. Mr. Tilden carried it by 32,000 majority.

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The Cipher Dispatches.

We condemn nobody and we commend nobody in the cipher business. We only ask the South to apply a little common sense to the probable situation. Does the South know or even suspect what the Tribune and the Republican leaders hold in reserve about South Carolina and Louisiana which has not yet been revealed? Does the South think it wise or prudent to risk its future peace and prosperity on the cipher issue? What may betide the South under a "stalwart" House elected next November? Does the South banker for another possible dose of "red eyed ruin?"

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More About the Census.

In a few days more the census man will take his book under his arm and start out to make his mark on this decade. Under the new law they have a legal right to ask about 500 questions, but there is such a thing as a census man going too far. It is well enough for defenceless families to know where the line is drawn.

No census man has a right to dispute a woman when she gives her age. Under the law he can elevate his eyebrows and exclaim: "Did you ever?" when a female supposed to be 45 returns her age at 32, but he must stop right there. He may wonder to himself where on earth the grandmothers of this country have suddenly slipped to, but he mustn't wonder to you.

No census man has a legal right to ask a woman if she is living with her first, second or third husband, or whether she quarrels more with the third than the first. The law supplies every family to be living in peace and harmony, and the United States government never takes any notice of a family row brought on by the hired girl being kissed in the dark.

Under the law, no census-taker has any right to ask a wife how many evenings in a week her husband is out after 11 o'clock, or what is the subject of her remarks when he slips in at the side door. This great and glorious government has always been conducted on the principle that clubs, lodges and societies were a part of its foundation.

The law does not specify that the census man shall ask a wife if she couldn't have done better by waiting for a second offer. This information is supposed to be cheerfully volunteered, and is marked with a big red "X" to signify the official's belief that if she hadn't accepted the offer she did she would have died an old maid.

A baby with the measles counts just as much in law as one galloping around barfooted in the front doorway. The law requires the census taker to remark that your baby is the handsomest one in the county. If he neglects to do so he should be called back.

For the benefit of wives who do their own housework and are ashamed to have it known, blanks are furnished with a heading which reads: "Is generally in the habit of keeping four servants, but has just given her help a vacation."

The new law is also very generous in another matter. The census-taker may legally inquire who lives next door, but is supposed that most women will fill out and sign the following: "Family named Black; no style about 'em; he wears a shabby hat, and she never combs her hair until three o'clock P. M.; they have a carriage, but I don't believe it's paid for; they allow their children to throw stones at our dog, and permit them to play mouth organs; they say 'she has diamonds, but I don't believe it; lots of callers, but I presume they were there to collect bills. To all of which I subscribe myself."

Value of Swamp Muck.

Some time ago we remarked that an acre of swamp muck of good quality, three feet deep, was actually worth \$25,000. No doubt such a statement is surprising. So was the statement of Dr. Lawes, of England, that a ton of bran fed to cows, returned more than its cost in manure, Swamp muck, free from sand, contains 2 per cent., or forty pounds of nitrogen in a ton. Nitrogen is worth in the market twenty-five cents per pound; so that a ton of swamp muck is actually worth \$10 for the nitrogen in it. All that is needed is to work up the muck, so as to make the nitrogen available. An acre of swamp muck three feet deep contains 2,500 tons, and would require eight months to draw out, at ten loads a day. Few persons realize the value of the fertilizing elements of common waste matters which lie under their feet, and the innumerable tons of matter that may be available for fertilizing purposes, and that much of the idle and neglected materials may represent a vast amount of wealth.—American Agriculturalist for April.

The Exodus to the West.

The report of the committee on the exodus of the negroes from the South to the West, stated that the average pay of laborers in the South was fully equal to that in the North and West, and that no evidence could be obtained of political oppression in North Carolina. The committee believes the exodus to have been promoted by Republican organizations for purely political purposes; and could find no foundation for the statements that the negro was discriminated against in the courts. The report concludes with the statement that the material condition of the negro is far better South than North. It is signed by Senators Vorhees, Vance and Pendleton.

Every thing that truly and naturally belongs to a human career has its sacred side.