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FAIR FRAILTY.

BY PAUL PLUME.

It was the evening of Easter Monday, and Rome was ablaze in the glory of illumination. Music and fireworks made the city a very pleasant place for the sojourner. I had wandered with some friends from Saint Peter's toward the Castle of St. Angelo, from whose dark walls hundreds of rockets and beautifully colored lights incessantly rose toward the heavens, and broke into crimson, orange, purple and golden showers.

Twenty minutes' walk brought us to the ten angels who stand guard at the entrance to the castle. Under the very shadow of their wings small booths were erected for the sale of fruit, and one might buy golden oranges from pretty Italian girls who smiled tenderly on you as they raked the silver into their wooden boxes.

Directly in front of the spot where we halted stood Gilbert Kenneth, a young Englisman, who with his wife on his arm, was watching the fireworks. Kenneth was well known in Rome as what we now would term a fast man.

Suddenly a person brushed roughly past us, and then I heard Mrs. Kenneth exclaim:

"Gilbert, my watch is gone, that man I am sure has it; see, there he goes."

The next moment Kenneth sprang through the crowd, with his eyes on the retreating figure.

Only those who stood near enough and understood English, followed; for Kenneth's movements were scarcely observed by the concourse, whose eyes were fixed on the pyrotechnical display. My companions and myself, however, darted after the rogue, who, not knowing that he was pursued, entered one of the fruit booths with his pursuer close at his heels.

At the same instant that Kenneth arrived in front of the stand, one of the most beautiful girls that it was ever my lot to observe in Rome, came from the rear of the booth to the counter as if she expected a customer to buy her oranges.

As there eyes met a visible change came over the expression of their faces.

"Ha, Paulina, is it you?" said Kenneth, evidently very ill at ease under the gaze which the girl fixed upon him.

"Yes, signor," she replied, "what now?" She emphasized the last words with a peculiar meaning.

"Not much," he returned, "only I believe a man stole my wife's watch just now, and I think he came into your booth."

"Signor," replied the girl, "there is no one here save my father, and as you are very well acquainted with him you can tell whether it be he that you are looking for. "Father," she called, and then Emanuel Molini, a dark-skinned, ill-natured looking individual, parted the folds of the tent and came forward.

"Beg pardon, Molina," cried Kenneth, speaking in Italian, "I've missed my man."

"Good evening, signor," said Paulina, with mocking speech and a peculiar smile.

Gilbert Kenneth never replied, but hurried back to the side of his wife.

"He has escaped," he said.

"But surely you are not going to allow a thief to run away with my jeweled watch and make no effort for its recovery?"

"On a night like this, when all Rome are out of doors, it is impossible to trace a matter like this," was his reply.

"Alas! alas!" cried his wife, "must I, then, really lose my watch?"

"I think so," was his laconic reply.

Now Kenneth passed in the world for a gentleman, and yet he told his wife a deliberate lie. He very well knew if he had called for the police the watch would most probably have been found on the person of Emanuel Molini, but there were certain reasons why Kenneth did not do this. The truth is, he would sooner have lost a thousand watches than brought the father of the orange girl to justice.

That night in his miserable abode by the Tiber, Emanuel Molini, by the aid of a rush-light, sat examining the watch of Mrs. Gilbert Kenneth.

If a man's success is to be estimated by the wealth he honestly accumulates, then beyond contradiction, Andrew Kenneth was a most successful mantacturer. Heaven blessed him with but a single child to inherit his great wealth, and after years spent in dreams of what that child was to accomplish in the way of renown, Andrew Kenneth's joy ended only in vexation of spirit.

Gilbert Kenneth was froward from the day of his infancy. His father was a man of high moral deportment, who frowned upon everything irregular in one's character, and when his son, in the twenty-fourth year of his age, actually married a beautiful servant girl, who could neither write her name nor read it when written, Andrew Kenneth's head fell upon his bosom in sorrow, and he never afterward would permit his name to be pronounced in his presence.

But Gilbert had a grandmother, an old Scotch woman, who, despite his bad conduct, never forsook him, and dying shortly after his ill-starred marriage, bequeathed him considerable wealth. Taking his money and his wife he went abroad, and soon neglected the woman he had married, while too late, shame at the ignoble alliance he had formed, began to rankle in his heart. Then followed unhappy domestic scenes, quarrels and heart-burnings. His countrymen who were resident abroad with their families never permitted him to cross their thresholds, and passed on the other side when they chanced to meet his wife. Mrs. Kenneth never dreamed of improving her mind or manners even to a limited extent, so that she might have been presentable in society. By means easily understood among those who have experience in such matters, Kenneth, after making the acquaintance of Paulina Moblini, was soon a frequent visitor at her home. Scarcely a stranger in Rome had failed to hear of the remarkable beauty of this girl, and she reaped a good harvest from those who came to buy her oranges and gaze upon her face. Gilbert Kenneth was one of those men who could bear no rival in the pursuit of any object, and his disquietude became intense when he saw admirers gather about the fruit stand. Emanuel Molini was a clever rascal, and shrewd withal. H quickly discovered that the Englishman was was worth plucking, and he determined, if possible, to have the last feather.

Notwithstanding his reckless nature, Kenneth had inherited a certain caution from his grandmother that at times enabled him to foil the cunning traps laid to ensnare him. For a good while he supplied Monlini with money to a limited extent, but never realized the graceless rascal's hopes of obtaining large sums. To Paulina he made presents, very plenty, but not costly Urged by her father, she bluntly asked for ornaments that a countess might wear. Kenneth did not refuse her, but he managed to keep her favor by promising to grant her request by-and-by. Then she would pout and have little quarrels with him; but a few gold pieces generally brought smiles to her face again. And so the time passed away, Kenneth enjoying himself after his fashion, and his wife after her own.

Summer came and with it malaria. Mrs. Kenneth was the first foreigner taken sick, and her death soon followed. Her husband could scarcely realize the fact that he was free. He didn't mourn, the man was really to honest for that, but for one week refrained from visiting the Italian girl, Paulina.

It was during this time that I was coming out of the Church of St. Maria, in Via Lata, that I met Kenneth face to face. Hitherto our acquaintance had been limited to "good morning" and "good evening." On this occasion he stopped and extended his hand, saying, "I wish you would walk with me, I tell very lonely."

"I regret it," I replied, "but it is not to be wondered at; we must all have our troubles sooner or later."

"No, no you are in error," he said, "my heavy heart don't come from the cause you imagine. There never was a reason why it should; the world don't know all about that, but let it pass; some make me heartless and none a saint, and yet to a certain extent both may be wrong. But my trouble come from news I heard this morning. Of course you have seen Paulina, the fruit vender?"

"I know her," I replied.

"You do!" he answered, looking at me sharply.

"Yes, certainly I do; who don't?"

"I don't," he replied, "I thought I did; but I am confident now that I was mistaken."

"Well," I inquired, "what of her?"

"Only this. She and her father have disappeared, and without giving me notice of their intention to leave the city."

"Give *you* notice!" I ejaculated with such astonisment that he started, and for a moment seemed abashed.

"Do you know," he replied, bringing his lips on a level with my ear, and speaking in a whisper, "do you know that I loved that girl?"

"Very many did, I have no doubt."

"Yes," he continued, "perhaps so; but my love was different from them all, for the affection I bore her came straight from my heart, and never meant her evil."

"Perhaps," I suggested, "it may prove a good thing for you that the girl has departed. Years hence you may think so, if you do not now."

"I cannot think so," he responded, "else I should not seek her."

"You certainly do not intend anything like that," I asked.

"I certainly do," he returned, "as soon as I can obtain any definite information I will be on the wing."

"I am sorry to hear you say so, and hope you may have occasion to change your determination."

He smiled sadly.

"Why should I?" he inquired.—"The girl has won my affection. If I do not engage in something active, I shall go mad with thinking."

As I parted with Gilbert Kenneth, I breathed a sincere prayer that he might be spared the great foolishness he meditated. I did not meet him again for several days. When I next saw him his face wore a more tranquil expression, and he seemed to have regained his wonted careless mood.

"I have good news at last," he cried, shaking me vigorously by the hand.—"I have got the scent. She went away with Count Mandella. You know the Count, of course?"

"The one who won so heavily at Casseli's?"

"The same."

"I had no personal acquaintance with him, but I have frequently seen him. But what are you going to do now?"

"Follow as soon as I can hear the route they took."

"And when you have found them?"

"Take the girl away from him, or ——"

He did not finish the sentence, but I understood his meaning.

"I trust you will think better of this," I remarked.

The following day I again met Kenneth. As soon as he spied me, he ran forward and caught me by the arm. He was very much agitated.—His face was flushed, and some of his expressions incoherent. I began to fear he was going crazy.

"All right now," he cried. "I leave this evening. I found it all out by the merest accident. Passing along by the Via Gnilia, I stepped into the studio of Trufanti, when what should I behold but a portrait of Count Mandella. Trufanti was at work.

"Hallo," I said, concealing my emotion, 'who have you got there? That face seems familiar to me."

"'That's a noble gambler, and a lucky one, too,' remarked the painter; 'it is Count Mandella."

"'True enough,' I replied, 'but I thought he had left Rome?'

"'So he has,' returned the artist, 'but he paid for the picture all the same, and is going to have it sent to him at Venice.'

"'And he has gone to Venice?'

"'So he said,' replied Trufanti.

"Then I bade him good-day, and now I shall bid you good-by; don't you wish me good luck?"

"Yes," I replied thoughtfully, "I do."

It was not the kind of luck, however, that Kenneth would have fancied.

Something more than a year afterward I was in Trieste, when I saw Gilbert Kenneth coming along the street. The wild look of his eyes and nervous agitation convinced me that my former suspicions were correct, the man was of unsound mind.

"Ha! ha!" he cried, "how strange that I should meet you here! Oh! what a history has been mine since I left you at Rome." And he proceeded at once to give me an account of all that befell him.

"I went direct by steamer," he said, "to Venice. As soon as I got settled at the hotel, I began to make cautious inquiries about Mandella. They told me he lived near the Contarini Palace. I always supposed one had to go about the city by water, but I found I could take the narrow streets if I wished. It answered my purpose best to choose the latter just then. I soon found the house, and did my best to get a look into it, but failed. For two weeks I dodged about to get a good look at Paulina or the Count, without success.

One evening, disheartened with my bad luck, I was standing near the Church of the Barefooted Friars, when a man passed me with his face closely muffled. He was not a gentleman, for his dress was that of a servant.

"'Look here, my fine fellow," I said, 'do you want to make a handful of gold?'

"The man stopped and listened.

"'I should be willing, signor,' he replied in a hoarse voice.

"I told him my desire to get a message to Paulina, and explained to him the locality of the Count's house.

"'I know it full well, signor,' he answered, 'but I expect to be well paid for this matter.'

"The fellow's voice seemed somewhat familiar to me, but I never supposed I had met him before. I gave him a couple of gold pieces and he departed. The next day a boy brought me a message from a gondolier to come to his landing. I followed the messenger, and was met by a rough-looking bravo-like fellow, who carried me down the canal till we came to the Church of St. Maria del Rosario. He beckoned to ascend the gray stone steps that led up from the water. They are immediately in front of the church. Paulina was there awaiting. She expressed herself quite willing to leave the Count and run away with me, but she must have money. To my surprise she told me it was her father I had met who conveyed my message. She asked my pardon for treating me so shabbily, and she got it, besides a good purse of money. You will perhaps scorn me when I tell you that my life is wrapped up in that false, fair one. I should lie if I said to the contrary. Well, I'll make my story short. She ran off one night, and with her father and came to me on board a vessel that sailed at day break for Trieste.

"We were here just two weeks when Emanuel Molini and his daughter gave me the slip again, taking some of my valuables with them.

"Do you know what I think? Something tells me that Count Mandella knew of her elopement with me all the while, and I shouldn't be surprised if he has been here in Trieste and gone with her on his travels again.—But I'll find them, and I'll have the girl if it takes every penny I am worth."

"Mr. Kenneth," I replied, "surely you don't meditate such an absurdity? Do you know what your friends will say? Do you think your conduct that of a sane man?"

"I am not deranged. Do not think so. I know very well what I am doing. I know how weak and trifling I must seem, but I cannot control myself. The impulse to follow that girl is irresistible. Pity, but do not condemn me, for I love her better than my soul. Farewell. We may meet again, I hope, under happier auspices. Farewell."

The following day I watched the vessel that bore Gilbert Kenneth sail away. He stood leaning over the taffrail looking down into the blue sea. We never met after, but I have often thought of the generous but erring man, who threw away his honor for fair frailty.

ONE'S HAND.

It is a profound study. No instrument devised by man compares with it for complication. It is a hammer, a vice, a forceps, a hook, a spring, a weight; it pushes, draws in, and the fingers alone contain elements of chisels, gouges, and all the tools a sculptor requires in modelling.—From the elbow to the digital extremities its movements are produced by nearly fifty muscles. So complicated is the cordage of a human hand, expert anatomists can hardly keep in remembrance its intricate mechanism. With it all the emotions of the mind may be both manifested and intensified. How could a Frenchman talk with his hand tied? The hand is the prime minister of the brain. It is the soul's agent in the accomplishment of its designs. It is a wonder of wonders.

A Terre Haute base ballist caught a coal oil lamp on the fly, but from the hands of his infuriated wife.

THE DIRECT VOTE FOR PRESIDENT.

The proposed Amendment to the Constitution, by which it is intended to abolish the present system of voting for President and Vice President through the medium of a College of Electors, and to substitute instead thereof the direct vote of the citizens, will give a far fairer representation to the whole body of the people than they at present possess, to say nothing of the advantages of abolishing the employment of Presidential Electors, who, under the present order of things, merely follow the instructions laid down in the party conventions, and vote solely according to order.—To prove that the present system is not equitable and just, we have but to show that the four and a half millions of population of the State of New York have no larger representation in the Electoral College than considerably under two millions of population than are contained in nine of the smaller States, from which it is evident that every citizen in each of these minor States has, in the choice of the President, two and a half times the voting power that is possessed by a citizen of the Empire State. The following table exhibits the fact pretty plainly:

State.	*Electors.*	*Population.*
Delaware	3	125,015
Oregon	3	90,923
Nevada	3	42,492
Nebraska	3	122,993
Rhode Island	4	217,353
Florida	4	187,748
New Hampshire	5	318,300
Vermont	5	330,551
Kansas	5	364,399
Total	35	1,799,774
New York	35	4,382,759

A comparison of these figures unmistakably indicates that a popular vote will be a far more equitable expression of the will of the people than the present cumbrous system, besides which it will be far more democratic in principle. It was originally the case for Presidential Electors to be chosen by the Legislatures instead of by the people, so that at that time the citizens may almost be said to have been denied the ballot to fill the highest office in the nation, and in which they are interested above all others. The system which we have followed of late has been certainly a step in advance, but it is still unsatisfactory, while it is unfair that the more populous States should have such an unequal voice when compared with the lesser ones. The smaller States are fully protected in the legislative branch of the Government by their equal representation in the Senate with the larger States, a safeguard which the Republicans have shamefully abused and made available for their purposes by the admission of rotten-borough States. The Chief Magistrate of the nation should, above all others, be chosen by a popular vote, and by a fair expression of the will of the entire people.

Beyond this, he should only be elected for a single term, so as to be placed above the temptation of seeking a re-election, and the nation would thus be enabled to command his services and the impartial administration of his office. The Constitution of the late Confederacy, which was modelled after that of the United States, contained this improvement, which experience had dictated as being necessary, and which the framing of a new Constitution offered an opportunity of putting into force; the tenure of office was, however, extended to six years, an amendment which it might be advantageous to adopt.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

There are a thousand little things necessary to the general comfort which no one but a mother thinks of doing—a thousand such little things which no one ever do just as she does them. You thought it was "Mary" who kept the children quiet, but you will find out your mistake if mother goes away. Poor little things! They wander about the house calling out, "Where's mother?" "I want mother!" "Why doesn't mother come home?" And then they get into some hitherto unknown mischief, and do all sorts of wrong things, and make themselves and everybody around them uncomfortable—get their clothes torn and dirty, and their faces, too, and by the fact of their heads being in a state of permanent uncombedness, as to hair, you may know that "mother" is away from home. And the baby! Did you ever see or hear of a baby that wouldn't cry all day—and all night, too—when mother's gone away? I dont care if it is the brag baby of the world, and a big two-year-old at that, it cannot get along without mother; and it has too much sense to try to do so. Very, very dreary is the family hearthstone when her place is unfilled! Very dismal are the rooms of the household when she moves not through them with her matronly step and air, unconsciously dispensing cheerfulness and light, and beautifying the humblest duties by the sweet, womanly way, in which she peforms them. Bear in mind that I speak always of the *home-mother*.—[Howard Glyndon.

PRESIDENT AND STOCKHOLDER.—Two newsboys, says the *Commercial Bulletin*, were standing before a cigar-store, when one asked the other, "Have you got three cents?" "Yes." "Well, I have got two cents; give me your three cents, and I will buy a five-center." "All right," says No. 2, handing out the money. No. 1 enters the store, procures the cigar, lights it, and puffs with a great deal of satisfaction. "Come, now, give us a pull," says No. 2; "I furnished more than half the money!" "I know that," says the smoker; "but then I'm president, and you being only a stockholder, you can spit."

A Danburian who was in New York, Saturday, came up with the wild statement that he had seen a hotel clerk with side whiskers. That is more of a lie than one man should undertake to tell. Hair growing on the cheek of a hotel clerk! 'Scat.

WHY WAS THE MOBILIER STOCK CORRUPT?

The Hartford *Times*, in reply to a correspondent asking for information as to why the holding of the Credit Mobilier stock by Congressmen was corrupt, makes the following reply which covers the whole ground:

1. The Pacific railroad directors formed themselves into the Credit Mobilier Company. The Mobilier office was in the same room with the Pacific Railroad Directors.

2. The Railroad directors contracted with the Mobilier Company to build the road, that is, they in fact contracted with themselves.

3. The company of course made a favorable contract.

4. The directors represented to Congress that the Rockey Mountain section was a very difficult part of the road to build, when in fact it was a very easy section, being merely a level plain, with a very slight and gradual rise—almost imperceptible, and looking like a dead level for nearly 1,000 miles-- from the Missouri River to the Black Ridge; but they got an appropriation for a largely increased sum per mile for that section, knowing that this would add largely to Mobilier profits.

5. They got Congress to appropriate to them alternate sections of public lands, forty miles in width, through the whole line of the road—land enough to make ten good siezd States.

6. Shey got Congress to loan them sixty-five million of dollars, and to take a first mortgage upon the road, and also to give them outright an average of about $30,000 per mile for the entire road.

7. They then procured an act of Congres giving up the first mortgage, which was thken by their own friends—so that they get the money and the road too; the second mortgage being worthless.

8. They also procured an act of Congress forbidding the Secretary of the Treasury from withholding the pay for carrying mails and United States troops, in order to cover the interest due on the government loan—so that the government should pay the interest on its own bonds, when the railroad company to whom they were loaned should pay it in full to the goverment.

9. The Credit Mobilier being owned or controlled by the Pacific Union Raidroad Directors got the benefit of these acts, and when they so liberally distributed their shares on which immense dividends were paid to Congressmen, the logic of the argument led to the conclusion that some of these extraordinary acts, by which about ninty-five millions of dollars, in gifts and loans, were taken from the United States Treasury, were got through by the aid of the Congressmen who received the stock.

From this brief and general statement, our correspondent will see why Senator Wilson exclaims, when a prosecution in the courts threatened to expose these transantions, "take back my stock—let no *suspicion* rest upon me;" and why Oakes Ames testifies that "when the McComb suit was brought, there didn't any of them (Congressmen) want to hold the stock."

THE EPIZOOTICS.

A San Francisco paper of a recent date, has the following, concerning the spread of the raging horse disease which is sweeping off so many horses.

The horse distemper is slowly but surely working its way in this direction. It has made its appearance in the State of Nevada, and has been reported for several days in Salt Lake City. We have reason to hope that the mildness of our coast climate will rob the disease of its malignant features; but no effort should be spared on that presumption, to meet and, if possible, overcome it. Stable-Keepers should lose no time in resorting to a free ventilation of their barns, and the adoption of such other sanitary regulations as are likely to secure exemption from the disease. Gamaliel Scott, writing from Columbus, Ohio, to the St. Louis *Republican*, recommends, when a horse is attacked by the distemper, that his food should be continued as usual; that he should in addition have a handful of flaxseed meal two or three times a week; that he should have plenty of salt, and water placed where he can drink it as often as he pleases; that he should be moderately exercised every day, without wearing a blanket; that he should not stand in open air witnout a blanket, and that in the meantime he should be properly groomed. These attentions he thinks are sufficient to effect a cure.

The following is said to be an authentic copy of a circular issued by a commercial firm in Bombay: "Gentlemen: We have the pleasure to inform you that our respected father departed this life on the——inst. His business will be continued by his beloved sons, whose names are stated below. The opium market is quiet, and Malwa 1,500 rs. per chest. 'Oh, grave, where is thy sting? Oh, death, where is thy victory?' We are yours truly,——."

The monument in Greenwood Cemetry, Brooklyn, to the memory of Alice and Phœbe Cary, has been completed. It is a simple base, with die, cap and polished shields of Quincy granite. The memory of a third sister, Mrs. Almira Cary Swift, is also perpetuated on the monument.

A wretched old bachelor says: "After all, a woman's heart is the sweetest thing in the world; it's a perfect honeycomb—full of sells."

Some one has wisely remarked, that those who go to law for damages are sure to get them.

HOW TO CURE A COLD.

We do not know how we can ever express our gratitude to the *Danbnry News* for furnishing us with a panacea for all the coughs and lung complaints that we may be subject to this winter. In the language of the virtuous father of the melo-drama we can only say: "Heaven bless you my che-ild!" Listen to his solid chunks of wisdom: One of our citizens who has been troubled with a severe cold on the lungs effected his recovery in the following simple manner. He boiled a little boneset and hoarhound together, and drank freely of the tea before going to bed. The next day he took five pills, put one kind of plaster on his breast, another under his arms, and still another on his back. Under advice from an experienced old lady he took all these off which an oyster knife in the afternoon, and slapped on a mustard paste instead. His mother put some onion drafts on his feet and gave him a lump of tar to swallow. Then he put some hot bricks to his feet and went to bed. Next morning, another old lady came in with a bottle of goose oil, and gave him a dose of it on a quill, and an aunt arrived about the same time from Bethel, with a bundle of sweet fern which she made into a tar, and gave him every half hour until noon, when he took a big dose of salts. After dinner his wife who had seen a fine old lady of great experience in doctoring on Franklin street, gave him two pills of her make, about the size of an English walnut and of similar shape, and two tablespoonfulls of home made balsam to keep them down. Then he took a half pint of hot rum at the suggestion of an old sea captain in the next house, and steamed his legs with an alcohol bath. At this crisis two of the neighbors arrived who saw at once that his blood was out of order, and gave him a half gallon of spearmint tea, and a big dose of castor oil, Before going to bed he took eight of a new kind of pills, wrapped about his neck a flannel soaked in hot vinegar and salt, and had feathers burnt on a shovel in his room. He is now thoroughly cured, and full of gratitude. We advise our readers to cut this out and keep it where it can be readily found where danger threatens.

HOW THE PEOPLE HAVE BEEN ROBBED.

It should be remembered that every cent James W. Patterson, Vice-President Colfax and their associates received from the Credit Mobilier dividends, *came directly from the treasury of the United States*, and added just so much to the debt of the country. It was no "slaveholder's rebellion" that made that portion of the debt. It was a raid by Radical office-holders, who stole more than one hundred million dollars of the people's money, and for which they are now taxed to pay the interest. The $10,000 paid to secure the election of the notorious Harlan to the Senate, added so much to the public debt. The $5,000 paid to secure the election of Senator Thayer, the $3,000 spent by E. H. Rollins in this State in his efforts to secure a senatorship, the $25,000 paid to Commissioner Wendall, and the immense sums paid to Congressmen and other Radical officials on the Pacific Railroad and Credit Mobilier account,—all of which sums came from the United States treasury and go to help make up the public debt. It is thus that our rulers have been robbing us. And when some honest soul has complained that the burdens of government were unequally borne, and that government bonds ought to be taxed, these same very loyal office-holders held up their hands in holy horror and exclaimed, "repudiation!" "A dig at the public credit!" etc., etc. What an outrage it would be to tax the bonds stolen by Oakes Ames, Patterson, Colfax and the rest of them! That would be a violation of the public faith. The farmers and the mechanics should pay the taxes, while thieves and robbers go free!

WHAT are known as the Spring elections in New York have shown heavy gains in favor of the Democratic party. A late number of the Buffalo *Courier* says: "We have already chronicled the election of the Democratic tickets in Palmyra, Wayne county, and Dansville, Livingston county. Now we have to announce a Democratic victory in the city of Binghamton, Broome county, which has been Republican since its incorporation. Judge Loomis, Democrat, is elected Mayor by twenty-seven majority, and the Liberal Republican candidate for Justice is also chosen over his Credit Mobilier competitor. And, still further a dispatch from C. C. B. Walker, at Corning, says: 'Steuben county stands by the old flag. Twenty-two Democratic Supervisors elected. The Credit Mobelier elected ten. Democratic gain of four. Ames' memorandom book is doing the country more good than all the shovels he ever made. Colfax's moral tactics are no go here.' In Otsego county, also, large Democratic gains are shown. Unless this nation has reached a point of moral degradation unknown in the annals of the world, the Credit Mobilier and other investigations must drive from power the men now occupying high places, and end the career of the Radical party.

"What are you bellowing about?" cried an irate mother at the foot of the stairs one evening, after her two boys had been put to bed. "Please mother," said bellowing Bill, "Jim wants half of the bed." "Well," says she, "let him have it, and you take the other half." "Yes, mother," said Bill, "but he wants to have his half out of the middle, and make me sleep on both sides of him."

ANTIQUITY OF THE SCRIPTURES.

Few of us ever stop to think how old the Bible is. Yet "the Scriptures are believed by candid critics to contain the most ancient forms of truth now known to men." With the aid of chronological tables any one may easily make profitable comparisons between the antiquity of the books and that of other writings and events. The Scriptures contains the only authentic history of the world before the flood. We find in the Pentateuch one or two stanzas of poetry composed in the antediluvian period. The Hebrew statutes were enacted a thousand years before Justinian reformed the Roman jurisprudence. In the Bible we have the record of chartered rights secured to the people more than two thousand years before the Magna Charter. What a sensation would be produced if the first chapter of Genesis should appear for the first time in one of the newspapers to-morrow. Yet there can be no doubt that chapter contains the oldest writing twenty-five hundred years before the invention of printing. Xenophon's record of the conversations of Socrates, in his Memorabili, were discussed in Ecclesiastes six hundred years before. The works of Tacitus, Plutarch and Quintilian are not modern, yet the book of the new Testament are older than they. As to the book of Job, its age is beyond conjecture. Those who make it as modern as they can are compelled to place its origin at least one thousand years before Homer. When Priam was King of Troy, Job was of remote antiquity. The name of Alexander has no modern sound for us, yet when Alexander invaded Syria the book of Job might have been read before him as the work of an author more timehonored then than the name of Alexander is now. The writings of Confucius are modern when compared with the most of the Bible, and the most that the Hindoos can justly claim for their sacred books, the Vedas, is that they were written five hundred years after the death of Moses. The Koran is fresh from the press compared with the Scriptures. —[Dr. Upson.

A PLEASANT IDEA.

There are no more admirable pictures in history than Cincinnatus going from the plow to the dictatorship, and Marion welcoming the English emissaries to his dinner of roasted potatoes. What would Marion have though could he have foreseen that within a century the President of the American Republic would declare himself unable to live on $25,000 a year and free lodgings? Yet, remarks the New York *Sun*, this is the picture now presented for the consideration of American tax-payers.

Theoretically the President is but the equal of the humblest citizen of the United States. The great majority of the people are living on less than $1,000 a year. Why cannot the elected head of the nation manage to get along comfortable on twenty-five times that amount?

The tendency of wages in ordinary life is downward instead of upward.

It is true that many of the subordinate officers of the Government are paid at low rates; or, to speak more correct, their pay would be but a pittance for men competent to perform their duties. But as yet there has never been any difficulty in finding persons ready to take any place that becomes vacant

But the President's salary is large. It is more than triple the compensation allowed the Governor of the Golden State of California, more than five times the salary of the executive officer of this great Commonwealth, and twenty five times the yearly stipend of the Governor of Rhode Island, comparatively the richest State in the Union.

The idea that the nation is served for honor and not for mere money is a pleasant one. It is still lingering in many minds. Perhaps it should not be too rudely dispelled.

WHAT A BOY KNOWS ABOUT GIRLS.

Girls are the most unaccountablest things in the world—except women. Like the wicked flea, when you have them they ain't there. I can cipher clean over the improper fractions, and the teacher says I do it first-rate; but I cant cipher out a girl, proper or improper, and you can't either. The only rule in arithmetic that hits their case is the double rule of two. They are as full of old Nick as their skin can hold, and they would die if they couldn't torment somebody. When they try to be mean they are as mean as pusley, though they ain't so mean as they let on, except somtimes, and then they are a good deal meaner.

The only way to get along with a girl when she comes to you with her nonsense, is to give her tit for tat, and that will flummix her, and when you get a girl flummixed she is as nice as a new pin. A girl can sow more wild oats in a day than a boy can sow in a year, but girls get their wild oats sowed after a while, boys never do, and then they settle down as calm and placid as a mud-puddle. But I like girls first rate, and I guess the boys all do. I don't care how many tricks they play on me, and they don't care either. The hoitytoityst girls in the world can always boil over like a glass of soda. By-and-by they get into the traces with somebody they like, and pull as steady as an old stage horse. That is the beauty of them.—So let them wave, I say; they will pay for it some day, sewing on buttons and trying to make a decent man of the fellow they have spliced on to, and ten chances to one if they don't get the worst of it.

PLAINLY COMPETENT.—A resident of Kalamazoo writes to a school board in Ohio that he will take a school, as he has "tought 2 terms school, and I attended 1 college 4 yrs at detroit, michigan, and am 26 yrs avage."