

# LIBERAL REPUBLICAN.

VOL. 3, NO. 37.

DALLAS, OREGON, SATURDAY, NOV. 30, 1872.

WHOLE NO. 142.

## The Liberal Republican

Is Issued Every Saturday Morning, at  
Dallas, Polk County, Oregon.

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## A Mutual Runaway.

"Your aunt Carlton, and cousin  
Jennie will be here on the next train,  
Russell," said Mr. Wilder to his neph-  
ew. You had better bring the pony  
chaise, and bring them from the—  
"Gau't. I'm going away myself,  
sir."

"The d—l you are!" responded the  
old man, pushing his spectacles over  
his forehead, and regarding the young  
man with an air of surprise and con-  
sideration.

"Yes, sir. Charles Hunt invited me  
out to his place for a few weeks,  
and I thought I might as well go now  
as any time."

"Should say that it was a very  
strange time to be leaving home.—  
Your aunt and cousin will consider it  
as a personal affront."

"It is not intended as such, sir.—  
Though to be frank, considering the  
object of Jennie's visit, I prefer not to  
see her. And I must say that I think  
she would have shown more sense of  
delicacy if she had stayed away."

"Your cousin is a lovely girl, Mr.  
impudence, and won't be likely to go  
begging."

"I don't doubt it in the least. But  
for all that she won't suit me for a  
wife, uncle."

"How do you know that, you con-  
founded donkey, when you have never  
seen her?" inquired the irate old  
man, bringing his cane down on the  
floor with emphasis.

"Common sense teaches me that  
no marriage can be happy that does  
not spring from mutual love. And  
on one thing I am resolved, that I  
will not marry from mercenary  
motives."

"Nobody wants you to marry the  
girl unless you like her!" roared Mr.  
Wilder, his face growing purple with  
rage and vexation at his nephew's per-  
versity. "All that I ask is that you  
stay and see her. And this is a point  
that I insist upon—yes, sir; I insist  
upon it."

"I am sorry to disobey you, uncle,  
but if I should stay it would only give  
rise to conclusions that I am anxious  
to avoid. But I will tell you what I  
will do: I will relinquish all claims  
to the property that you are so an-  
xious should be divided. As that seems  
to be the main object, I think that it  
ought to be satisfactory to all parties."

A few minutes later Russell passed  
by the window valise in hand.

He nodded good humoredly to his  
uncle as he glanced up at the window,  
who glared back at him in speechless  
rage.

"He shan't have a penny—not a  
penny!" he growled, sinking back  
in his chair as he wiped the perspira-  
tion from his forehead.

"What's the matter now?" said the  
gentle voice of his wife Polly, who had  
just entered the room.

"Matter enough, I should say.  
Russell has gone—actually cleared out,  
so as not to see his cousin. What do  
you think of that?"

"I think you will have another  
spell of the gout if you get yourself  
excited," said the lady, as she resumed

her knitting.

"What's to be done?"  
"Nothing that I can see. If Rus-  
sell and Jennie had seen each other  
before they had heard that you wanted  
them to marry, ten to one but they  
would have fallen head and ears in  
love each other; but as matters are  
now, I don't believe it would be the  
least use. From what Ellen writes  
me, I should think Jennie to be as  
much opposed to it as Russell. She  
says she can't bear to have his name  
mentioned, and that it was as much  
as she could do to get her consent to  
come at all when she heard that Rus-  
sell was at home."

"They are a couple of simpletons,"  
said the old man, testily. "I've half a  
mind to make another will and leave  
my property to some charitable institu-  
tion."

In going to Dighton, whither he  
was bound, Russell had to travel part  
of the way by stage.

There was only one passenger beside  
himself, for which he was not sorry,  
the day being very hot and sultry.  
The passenger was a lady—there  
was an air of unmistakable ladyhood  
about her which told him that. He  
noticed particularly the dainty gloved  
hands and close fitting boots.

Her graceful form indicated that  
she was young and pretty, but he  
could not see her face on account of  
the envious veil that hid it.

But as soon as she got comfortably  
settled in the corner to which Russell  
assisted her, she threw it back, dis-  
closing a fair sweet face, lighted by a  
pair of wonderful bright black eyes,  
which shot with a swift bewildering  
glance into his that were intently  
regarding her.

A sudden starting of the coach  
which sent some of the young lady's  
parcels from the seat to the floor, gave  
Russell an opportunity of speaking as  
he returned them, of which he was not  
slow to take advantage.

From this they fell easily into con-  
versation, and it was curious to see how  
sociable they became.

They talked of the beautiful scenery  
through which they passed; of the  
newest magazines, some of which  
Russell had with him.

The lady inwardly thought her  
companion to be the most entertain-  
ing and agreeable man she had ever  
met with. And as for Russell, he  
often lost the thread of his discourse  
in admiring the red, dimpled lips, and  
the pearl teeth they disclosed when  
she spoke or smiled.

Certain it is that his four hours' ride  
from P— to Dighton were the  
shortest he had ever known in his life.

"Where do you want to be left,  
sir?" inquired the coachman as he  
entered the village.

At Mr. Charles Hunt's—Locust  
Hill. Do you know where it is?"  
said Russell, putting his head out of  
the window.

"Certainly, sir. Take you there  
in a jiffy."

"Why there's where I am going?"  
said the lady, opening her eyes widely.

Nelly—Mr Hunt's wife is one of my  
dearest friends; we used to go to school  
together."

"And Charles Hunt is my most par-  
ticular friend, and one of the finest  
fellows in the world."

"How very odd!"

"How very fortunate?" exclaimed  
Russell, with a meaning glance at his  
companion which made the rosy cheeks  
still more rosy. "Might I take the  
liberty of inquiring—"

But just at this moment the stage  
stopped in front of the house, on the  
porch of which stood Mr. and Mrs.  
Hunt enjoying the evening air.

In a moment Russell was shaking  
hands with the former, while his com-  
panion rushed eagerly into the arms of  
the delighted wife.

"Why, what a happy surprise, Jen-  
nie," she said, after spiriting her visit-  
or off to her room, "I had given up all  
idea of seeing you this summer."

"And I had no idea of being able  
to come until just before I had started.  
You see mamma—my step mamma,  
you know—was going to uncle Wilder's,  
and she insisted on my going with her,  
to see that hateful, disagreeable cousin  
of mine that they are determined to  
marry me to. So when mamma was  
busy packing, I just put on my things  
and slipped off, leaving a note to tell  
where I was going. Wasn't that a good  
joke on them all?"

"I should think it was," said Nelly  
with a burst of merriment, far more than  
the occasion warranted. "When I  
saw who your companion was, I thought  
you were out on your wedding tour."

No, indeed; never saw the man un-  
til he got in the stage at P— But, re-

ally he is the finest looking man I ever  
saw and so agreeable—Who is he?"

"Oh, I'll introduce you when you  
come down stairs. There's Sarah want-  
ing to see me about supper. You'll  
have time to dress. Mind and look  
your prettiest!"

And with a rough shake of her  
finger at her friend, Nelly ran away to  
see about supper. If Jennie did not  
look her prettiest, she certainly looked  
very lovely as she entered the supper-  
room, her linen suit exchanged for a  
fresh soft muslin, whose simplicity and  
purity were relieved only by the violet-  
colored ribbons in the hair and around  
the throat.

Russell had also taken great pains  
with his toilet, as could be seen by the  
spotless linen and carefully arranged  
hair.

The pause that followed Jennie's  
entrance was broken by Mr. Hunt,  
who, in response to a hint from his wife,  
said:

Russell, allow me to introduce to you  
your cousin Jennie; Miss Carlton, your  
cousin, Russell Wilder."

The embarrassment which followed  
the blank astonishment into which  
this announcement threw the parties, so  
unexpectedly made known to each other,  
was quickly dispelled by the turn  
that was given to it by their host and  
hostess.

"I suppose you will want to look  
yourself for the next stage?" said Mr.  
Hunt slyly to Russell, who had taken  
him into his confidence.

"And you," said the wife, turning  
to Jennie. "I don't suppose anything  
could tempt you to remain, now that  
you have seen that hateful, disagreea-  
ble—"

"Nelly," interrupted Jennie crim-  
soning as she remembered her words.  
"Well I won't then. But you  
must let me laugh! Just to think of  
your both running in the same direc-  
tion, and to the same place!"

The ringing laugh that burst from  
Nelly's lips was too contagious to be  
resisted even by those at whose ex-  
pense it was paid.

This merriment was followed by a  
general good feeling, and a pleasant  
tea party never gathered around the  
social board.

We need hardly say that Russell  
did not take the stage the next morn-  
ing, nor did Jennie seem at all dis-  
posed to cut short her visit on account  
of her cousin's unexpected appearance.

When they did go, they went, as  
they came, together.

Mr. Wilder's astonishment was only  
equalled by his delight, on looking out  
of the window to see the two walking  
up the path toward the house, arm in  
arm, and apparently on the best of  
terms.

As for Russell and Jennie, they  
seemed to regard this unexpected  
meeting as an indication of their "man-  
ifest destiny," accepting it as such, to  
the great joy of all.

From the Pioneer we take the fol-  
lowing:—The "sex" have gained  
a favorable point in England. A hus-  
band over there wanted a divorce. His  
wife was pure irreproachable and above  
suspicion. To secure his object, he  
hired a gorgeous looking man, told  
him to test the power of resistance of  
the unsuspecting wife. This "shadow"  
was faithful to his trust. The women  
fell. Then the husband came triumph-  
antly to the front. His suit for a  
decree of a divorce was begun. It came  
to trial, the testimony of the shadow  
showed that the wife had been guilty.

It proved more than that, namely, that  
she had been guilty with the aforesaid  
shadow. This, of course would be  
a sufficient ground for a divorce on the  
ground of adultery. But no. Let us  
hear the defence. They admitted the  
guilt of the wife, proved she had been  
criminal with no other person, and then  
put in that said "shadow" was agent  
of her husband, and that every prin-  
ciple is responsible for the acts of an  
agent. The court so held, and the  
wicked husband had still a wife in  
whose fall he had been instrumental.

This is at once law and common sense.

ORIGIN OF LADIES STAYES.  
—Stays were first invented by a brutal  
butcher of the thirteenth century as a  
punishment for his wife. She was very  
loquacious; and finding nothing cured  
her, he put a pair of stays on her in  
order to take away her breath, and so  
prevent, as he thought, her talking.

This cruel punishment was inflicted by  
other husbands, at last there was scarce-  
ly a wife in all London who was not  
condemned to wear stays. The punish-  
ment became so universal at last that  
ladies in their own defence made a  
fashion of it, and so it has been con-  
tinued to the present day.—Pioneer.

## The Crisis in Prussia.

The present situation of the Prus-  
sian Government is by no means an  
enviable one. It has been in tribu-  
lation ever since 1866. The popula-  
tion of the annexed provinces of Han-  
over and the electorate of Hesse feels in  
no mood to turn Prussian—patriotic;  
in many parts of the Empire particu-  
larism is still on the rampart; the  
rennixed imperial provinces of Alsace  
and Lorraine cause much anxiety; the  
the religious commotion which the  
Government has wantonly and unne-  
cessarily provoked, are of a more  
serious character than was anticipated;  
and now, to crown all, we have the  
rupture between the Government and  
the aristocratic party, by reason  
of the proposed change in the govern-  
ment of the districts. From the latest  
cable dispatches it is to be in-  
ferred that the Ministry blanches  
at a summary course against the  
Junkers. It is true the Crown will  
punish the Upper House by creat-  
ing a number of new Peers; still,  
it cannot create a majority on its side  
in that body, and it seems to be un-  
willing to risk a thorough re-organi-  
zation of the latter. Now there is  
talk of trimming the bill for the country  
Government as to make it acceptable  
to the Chamber descend of Peers. To  
to half-way measures would be the  
most foolish thing that Bismarck could  
do. The moment he exhibited weakness  
and compliance toward the aristocratic  
gentlemen of rank, he will without  
gaining their confidence, forfeit their  
respect along with his popularity  
among the people, who had conceived  
a prejudice against the House of  
Lords, and would prefer to see it done  
away with. Persons not of rank can  
not be blamed for this aversion,  
because the fundamental law of the  
House of Lords embodies a recogni-  
tion, on the part of the State, of the  
old feudal system, of the prerogatives  
of the nobility, and of class distinc-  
tions. The least cringing on the  
part of the Government before this  
House is viewed with great displeasure  
among the people. To be satisfactory  
to the nobility, the bill for the country  
government will have to be so modified  
as to bear a feudal character. But in  
that case it would almost be better to  
leave matters as they are, instead of  
promising the people bread and giving  
them a stone.

The government of the districts or  
"circles," as it is exercised now, is  
based upon the pre-eminence of the  
possessor of a manorial estate over all  
the other classes of the tax paying pop-  
ulation. Every owner of a manor has  
what is called a *seigniorial* in the diet  
of the circle—an individual vote which  
outweighs the collective vote of entire  
villages. As a general thing the coun-  
try communes and cities are, as against  
the manorial nobles, in a hopeless mi-  
nority in the circle diets even when the  
voting is upon extra levies of taxes on  
the three classes, the nobles, burghers  
and peasants. Hitherto in the country  
districts of the old Prussian provinces,  
the police also have either been  
entirely in the hands of or at least under  
the control of the knights of the man-  
ors. The object of the new country  
movement was to establish a more  
democratic and equal representation in  
the circle diets of all taxpayers without  
distinction of rank, and to place the  
police under the representation of the  
entire population. \* \* \* \* \* The  
situation in which the Government has  
been put by the obstinacy of the  
Junker party is a very critical one, and  
it will be interesting to a spectator at  
a distance to watch how it will extri-  
cate itself from the difficulty.—  
Cincinnati Volksfreund.

TRUE AND FALSE MODESTY.—  
Nothing is more amiable than true  
modesty, and nothing more contempti-  
ble than that which is false—the one  
guards virtue, the other betrays it.  
True modesty is ashamed to do anything  
that is repugnant to right reason; false  
modesty is ashamed to do anything that  
is opposite to the humor of those with  
whom the party converses. True modesty  
avoids everything that is criminal;  
false modesty everything that is un-  
fashionable; the latter is only a general  
undetermined instinct limited and cir-  
cumscribed by the rules of prudence.—  
Pioneer.

The total yield of the new hop crop  
in the United States is now estimated  
at 14,000,000 pounds, or about 70,000  
bales. The yield in Wisconsin is twice  
what it was last season. The total sup-  
ply in this country, however, is less  
than it was last year.

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