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Weston



Leader

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Freight bills to be invariably paid in advance.
1-15-90

THE CANDIDATE.

"Father, who travels our road so late?"
"Hush, my child, 'tis the candidate,
Fit example of honest vote."
Early he comes and late he goes,
He greets the woman with hearty good,
He kisses the baby's dirty face,
He calls to the farmer the farmer at work,
He hovers the merchant and he bores the clerk,
The blacksmith, while his anvil rings,
He greets, and this is the song he sings:
"Howdy, howdy, howdy we do?
How is your wife, and how are you?
Ah, it is my horse no other can,
The horny hand of the workin' man."
"Husband who is that at the gate?"
"Till, my own, 'tis the candidate."
"Husband, why can't he work since you?"
"It is he not, but at a home to do."
"Aye, aye, whenever a man is down,
No work at it, no work at it, no work at it,
No plan to open a head too proud to beg,
You stand to rob and to larcy to dig,
Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry,
Ah, it is the best of people this song he sings."
"Howdy, howdy, howdy we do?
How is your wife, and how are you?
Ah, it is my fit as no other can,
The horny hand of the workin' man."
"Brothers, who work both early and late,
And these things of the candidate,
What is his record? How does he stand
At home? No matter about his head,
Is it hard or soft, so it is not prone
To close over money but his own.
Has he in view no thieving plan?
Is he honest and capable? Is his your man?
Cheer such a man till the welkin rings,
Join the chorus while he sings:
"Howdy, howdy, howdy we do?
How is your wife, and how are you?
Ah, it is my fit as no other can,
The horny hand of the workin' man."

BAGSHOT'S ASSISTANT.

How He Ran the "Chodunk Union."
Colonel Bagshot runs a weekly newspaper up in Chodunk, called the *Union*. Recently the Colonel was called away to New York on business, leaving the paper in the hands of an assistant who had been in his employment some little time. Now the Colonel knew that the said assistant had the cheek of a brass statue, and the audacity of a New England fly, both indispensable attributes of the newspaper man; but still, after being in the city about a week, he began to grow uneasy, and telegraphed to Chodunk:
"How's things?"
Back came the answer from the *Union*, whom editor:
"Bully! Circulation of the old thing has gone up a thousand. Been getting up a red hot paper, and there's a crowd outside that are weeping because they can't hoist the shingles off the roof and knock the whole concern to thunder. Stay away as long as you like."
Bagshot didn't waste a moment after receiving that encouraging dispatch.
He started for home in the first train, and reached Chodunk before night.
The first man that struck him was the ticket agent.
"Look here, Colonel!" he cried, excitedly, "I've a darn good notion to punch your head; you brazen-faced old liar."
"Why?" asked Bagshot.
"Read that!" and the ticket agent shoved a crumpled *Union* into his hand. There was a paragraph marked as follows:
"RAILROAD NEWS.—The handy-legged idiot who robs the railroad company at this village, has purchased a new pocket knife. More knocking down from the cash drawer."
Bagshot bit his lip.
"Bill," said he, "that's a calamity, and I'll see it all righted in our next. It's my cussed assistant's work."
"I don't care whose work it is," growled the agent; "but if it ain't contradicted, somebody's got to die, that's all."
Bagshot didn't reply, but sailed down street to the *Union* office.
He had not gone half a block before he collided with Deacon Marsh.
The Deacon seized him by the shoulder and exclaimed:
"What did you mean, Bagshot, by inserting that scandalous untrue item about me?"
"Didn't insert any item," replied the Colonel.
"Don't sneak out of it in that way. You know you did. Why, I just cut it out of the *Union*—listen:
"RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.—That whitened sepulchre, Deacon Marsh, was noticed, last Saturday night, trying to open the coal hole in front of his residence with a night key. The Deacon was full as a goat, and couldn't tell moonshine from green cheese."
"Now, that's nice, ain't it, saying I

was intoxicated Saturday night, when I went to bed at seven, with a raging tooth-ache."

"It's that reckless fool when I left in charge," growled the Colonel. "I'll make it all right, Marsh," and Bagshot scurried on, only to be confronted by Major Blim.
"Colonel!" uttered Blim in his deepest voice, "that is villainous! It's my intention, sir, to call you out and shoot you through the heart. What the deuce do you mean by putting this note in your paper?"
"MILITARY JOTTINGS.—Major Blim, the tattered old villain who hid in an oyster barrel during the battle of Bull's run, wears a wig. He ought to be shot in the back with a baked apple."
"I can't help it, Blim," said Bagshot, wiping his forehead, "it's all owing to that young devil in the office. He has made a red-hot paper. Just wait, Major, and I'll fix things."
Then Bagshot started again.
By the post-office, old Parker grabbed him again.
"Oh, you unfeeling ghoul!" wailed Parker, "you ought to be rode on a rail. The idea of making fun of my poor, dear, dead child!"
"How?"
"How! Have you got the cheek to ask how? Maybe you didn't shove this into the *Union*, did you, you heartless hypocrite!"

OBITUARY:
"Little Bennie Parker had a stomach pain, Rhu-ach and spicac Both were in vau; He kicked the golden bucket, His parent's hearts are sore, They bury him to-morrow, At a quarter to four."

Of course Bagshot had to explain, and promised the father a two-column notice of the dead Bennie's many virtues. Hardly had he done so before young Cooley appeared.
"Colonel Bagshot," announced he, "you are a lying scoundrel. This is a nice thing to put into your blackguard sheet about a young lady."
"SOCIETY NEWS.—Miss Cooley, the old hag on South street, waltzes around in a patent bustle in the hope of catching a fellow. But she can't, not even if she lays the patent on twice as thick as she does now."
But Bagshot didn't stop to hear it. He flew across the square and into the *Union* office like a flash.
No one was there. The able assistant editor, warned by friends unknown, had dusted forever. Lying on the desk was a copy of his paper folded that this notice caught Bagshot's eye:
LITERARY ITEMS.—The bald-headed scoundrel who pretends to run this paper, has gone to New York. We expect to hear every moment of his sentence to Sing Sing for arson and highway robbery. The citizens of Chodunk should congratulate themselves if the Colonel does not disgrace his village by being hung for infanticide.
Bagshot never intends to employ another assistant editor, and journalists in search of a situation will find it healthy to keep away from him.

The fact should not be lost sight of that more than three-fourths of the boys in our public schools will have to earn their living by some form of manual labor; and, this being the case it is not kind-ness to fill their heads with the idea of escaping their destiny, nor is it justice to deny them opportunity for preparation. The sentimental idealists, whose opinions have given shape to the school system as it now stands, claiming and attempting too much for the great mass of mediocre material which comes under the hands of the teachers, and in the end do not really get half the educational benefit for their clients that would result from a clearer adoption of means to ends—from a more sensible and practical provision for arming the majority of school children with the means of earning their bread and butter in after life. Benevolence is not always kind, and short-sighted philanthropy is sometimes cruel.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

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HAZCOCK IS A NORTHERN MAN.

viewed from any standpoint. It is now conceded by those who would fain have brought a charge of treason against him—those loud-mouthed accusers, who, unlike him, stayed at home during the war, but year by year since are increasing in loyalty, proportionate in their distance from danger. Hancock had been one of the leading elements contributing success at the most critical epoch in the country's history, when shock to the center by civil dissensions. Is it not weak and cowardly now for those who then admired his brilliant efforts and rejoiced at his successes, enjoying the fruits thereof, for them now to belittle his efforts and impugn his motives? It is noticeable that none of the brave fellows who actually donned the blue or the gray, are contemptible enough for this; a soldier's honor is too great. Again, Hancock's actions and utterances show that he is a lover of his whole country, of her constitution and laws, prepared to deal out even-handed justice to all. His expressed sentiments on record are a credit to the citizen, a glory to the soldier and an honor to the statesman, for he is each in the highest degree. How else can human discernment fathom the integrity of any man than by his words and actions? The hottest political enemy he has, fails to point out a single act of his discreditable to him as a man, or in any other capacity. Then, wherein lies any objection to him? Simply because he will probably receive the electoral vote of the Southern States. Does it look likely that Hancock is a Southern sympathizer? Anyway, the Southern States have as much right to vote for Hancock or whom they will, as the Northern, or any other States. Hancock to-day can satisfy national feeling at the North and South alike, can bring an honest personal record, and can stand before the people as a loyal and capable man of honor. He should be elected.

SHERMAN VS. ARTHUR.

The Republican Candidate's Delinquencies When Collector.

(Green Bay, Wis., Advertiser.)

There may be serious differences twixt politicians of the same party, as note; [Arthur's letter] [Sherman's letter] "The resolution referring to the public service seems to me deserving of approval. Surely no man should be the incumbent of an office—the duties of which for any cause he is unable to perform—who is lacking in the ability or integrity which a proper administration of such office demands. These views, which I have long held, repeatedly declared, and uniformly applied when called upon to act, I find embodied in the resolution, which of course I approve."

From the Evansville, Ind., Courier, August 17th 1890.
It is a significant evidence of the "moral ability of human affairs" that in 1865 Secretary Stanton complimented General Hancock for having captured "nearly all the forces of the rebel guerrilla Mosby, and had offered a reward of \$2,000 for the capture of Mosby himself." Now Mosby is a "loyal" Republican official, while Hancock is denounced as a traitor and rebel, and everything else that is unpatriotic, by the same party that could not too much praise him for his course in that case.

The Brooklyn Eagle says it is good for \$1,000,000, and then declares that Gen. Garfield committed perjury in the Credit Mobilier business. It thinks a suit for libel would be a good way of justifying the assertion, and it wants to be made a defendant in court. It will do all it can to push the case to trial in a month, and does not care whether the trial takes place in New York or Ohio.

ITEMS.

Mohelmann Hill is crowded with summer visitors.
Baptist, Butte, had half-inch ice last week Tuesday night.
The burnt district of Red Bluff is being rapidly rebuilt.
The Treasurer of Polaris reports a balance on hand of \$22,634.
Yuba foothills swarm with quails to an unprecedented degree.
New Hope, San Joaquin, has a radish which weighs nine pounds.
At Willows, recently, Patsy Gallagher shot George Smith in both hands.
Major Bigney of Pueblo, a well known editor, died last week.
September 21st Denver pugilists are arranging for a prize fight at some point in New Mexico.
A cloud burst on August 24th did about a thousand dollars worth of damage to the brick-yards of East Denver.
The fire in the Yuba hills, near Selby Flat, has run over 600 acres of pasture and timber lands.

There being no opposition it is decided that the birds "Bob White" around McMinnville.
The Chicago Times says Hancock's letter "is not so bad as represented to be." A stinging admission is better than none.
Boise City is troubled with opium-smokers, both Chinese and white. The Statesman wants the matter investigated.
The Albany Blue Ribbon Club put "The Last Leaf" on the stage, and acquitted themselves very creditably.
Which county in Oregon will be the banner Democratic one at the Presidential election? Umatilla will try.

Miss Eva Burbank's father blames those near her for permitting her to drown in the sea. His parental anguish must be great.
Horse thieves, believed to be organized in bands, according to the Statesman, are committing depredations in this upper county.
Mary E. Brown of Colorado Springs and Frank Capper of Silver Cliff were recently burned to death with kerosene.
August 24th a young man of Denver named J. Jones got eighteen buckshot in his leg. He had gone out with a charivari party.

It is said that the old Mission Church at Santa Barbara, Cal., is going to ruin, and steps to preserve it are urged.
Governor Perkins has offered a reward of \$500 for the arrest and conviction of Francisco Ortega, who murdered Edwin Sixty near Colton on May 23d.
Herrall & Limmerman, brewers of Portland, have been arrested for violating the revenue laws by using the stamp twice. If found guilty, fine of \$100 for each time the deal was done, will be imposed.

Marzfield has a population of 613. It has eleven places where whiskey can be bought. It has no church building. It has no public school house. It casts a large Republican majority.
A Silver City rancher irrigates his potatoes by water from quartz-mill tailings. It is said that when he went to dig his potatoes a few days ago he found them incased in a bright covering of silver which had formed upon them.

A pane of glass was broken, a shop entered, and the Hancock and English flag that floated from the building during the day, was stolen after being cut from the staff at Sheridan, Oregon. The owner of the flag is an ex-Union soldier. But it is all right, since it did not happen down south, and was not a Garfield flag.
A Leadville lot-jumper took possession of a piece of land belonging to two respectable and hard-working men. The citizens ordered him to leave or take the consequences. He decided to leave after surveying the crowd which had assembled.

Oh, yes! You can rely on Welfoot oil at all times, night or day, as a sure cure for cramp or spasm. Ask for it at McColl & Miller's.
No baseball pitcher is now considered an expert unless he can curve the ball into the batter's stomach three times out of a possible five.