





## OLD COMMONWEALTH.

HARRISONBURG, VA.

THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 29, 1880.

It is the duty of every intelligent citizen to keep himself in the line of events through the medium of the press, and it is the duty of every good Democrat to support the newspapers which maintain sound Democratic principles—newspapers which have no uncertain voice, and no lack of earnest, honest purpose.

The right of trial by jury, the habeas corpus, the liberty of the press, the freedom of speech, the natural rights of persons, and the rights of property, must be preserved.—Hancock in 1867.

### National Democratic Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT,  
**WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK,**  
of Pennsylvania.  
FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,  
**WILLIAM H. ENGLISH,**  
of Indiana.

ELECTORS AT LARGE.  
JOHN EDWARDS, of Augusta.  
P. W. McNEELY, of Prince Edward.  
DISTRICT ELECTORS.  
First District—THOMAS CROXTON, of Essex.  
Second—L. R. WATTS, of Portsmouth.  
Third—H. L. GARDNER, of Hanover.  
Fourth—SAMUEL F. COLMAN, of Cumberland.  
Fifth—SAMUEL B. BEND, of Henry.  
Sixth—SAMUEL GRIFFIN, of Bedford.  
Seventh—F. M. McNEELY, of Greene.  
Eighth—J. A. McNEELY, of Rappahannock.  
Ninth—A. Y. FLETCHER, of Montgomery.

### Gen. Garfield's Credit-Mobility Record

From his Own Sworn Testimony before the Poland Committee, Jan. 14, 1873.

Never owned, received or agreed to receive any stock of the Credit-Mobility or of the Union Pacific Railroad, nor any dividends or profits arising from either of them.

From Judge Poland's Report, Feb. 18, 1873—Garfield's Testimony Perforated.

The facts in regard to Mr. Garfield, as found by the committee, are that he agreed with Mr. Ames to take ten shares of Credit-Mobility stock, but did not pay for the same. Mr. Ames received the eighty per cent. dividend in bonds and sold them for ninety-seven per cent., and also received the sixty per cent. cash dividend, together with the price of the stock and interest, left a balance of \$229. This sum was paid over to Mr. Garfield by a check on the Second National Bank of New York, and Mr. Garfield then understood this sum was the balance of dividends after paying for the stock.

From the New York Tribune, Feb. 18, 1873.

Messrs. Kelley and Garfield present a most distressing picture. Their participation in the Credit-Mobility affair is complicated by the most unfortunate contrivance of testimony.

From the New York Times, Feb. 18, 1873.

The character of the Credit-Mobility was no secret. The source of its profits was very well known at the time Congressmen bought it. Though Ames may have succeeded in concealing his own motive, which was to buy Congressmen, their acceptance of the stock was not at that account innocent. The dishonesty of the act, as a participation in an obvious fraud still remains.

Some of them have indulged in testimony in reference to the matter which has been contradicted by the committee. They testify to the testimony of several of the members. This can only be done on the ground that it is untrue. But untrue testimony given under oath is morally, if not legally, perjury.

It is the clear duty of Congress to visit with punishment all who took Credit-Mobility stock from Oakes Ames.

From the New York Tribune, Feb. 18, 1873.

James A. Garfield, of Ohio, had ten shares; never paid a dollar; received \$229, which, after the investigation began, he was anxious to have considered as a loan from Mr. Oakes Ames to himself.

Will, the wickedness of all of it is that there men betrays the trust of the people, deceived their constituents and by a nation and falsehood confessed the fact to be a disgraceful.

From the New York Tribune, Feb. 18, 1873.

Mr. Ames establishes very clearly the point that he was not alone in this offense. If he is to be expelled for bribery, the men who were his friends should go with him.

### DEMOCRATS, REMEMBER!

"The July Convention will be neither Republican nor Democratic, nor will its platform, nor its electors, be Republican or Democratic."—Richmond Whig, July 23, 1880.

The Richmond Whig must regard its partisans in this State as idiots, when it attempts to connect Hugh McCullough, an ardent Republican, with the affairs of the Democracy in Virginia. Alas! for Mahones!

Don't be alarmed. Democrats come fully up to your duty—stand by the National Democratic ticket—and we can lick out the whole concern in opposition; Mahones and the Republicans.

Remember, Democrats! there is but one Democratic electoral ticket in the field. The 7th of July ticket don't claim to be Democratic, hence the duty of Democrats is very plain.

"What has the National Democratic committee to do with us, or we with it?"—Rich Whig.

Democrats of Rockingham will bear this in mind.

A convention, to go through the formality of nominating Capt. John Paul for Congress, will be held in this place on the 5th of August, so reported.

Another spoke out of the Mahone wheel. Hon. Lewis E. Harvie will support the regular Democratic ticket. But no matter—Paul will stick.

And nobody has told the public yet, whether Jones is a New Jersey or Virginia readjuster citizen? Who is Jones, anyway?

The Democratic press of the State regret the physical inability of Gov. Kemper to take an active part in the campaign.

Every principle represented by Mahone is—Mahone.

## THE RATIFICATION MEETING AT STAUNTON.

The meeting to ratify the nomination of our Democratic standard-bearer, Hancock and English, held in the city of Staunton on Monday last, was a political success, was one of the grandest and most magnificent that has ever occurred in the State of Virginia. The meeting was held in the new Opera House, which has an actual seating capacity of nearly thirteen hundred, and not only was every seat of this large number occupied, but there were present in addition at least four hundred persons, who, unable to obtain seats, were compelled to stand during the exercises of the day.

At the appointed hour of 12 M., the committee entered the hall with the orators for the occasion, Gen. Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, Gov. Zeb. Vance of North Carolina, and Dr. Moffett, of Harrisonburg, which being the first opportunity presented to the vast assemblage, was the occasion of the wildest scene of applause and enthusiasm, the audience rising to their feet to salute these noble sons and valiant champions of democracy.

After the transaction of some preliminary business and the election of delegates to the Staunton Congressional Convention, resolutions endorsing the nominees of the National Democratic party and the May electoral ticket were unanimously carried amidst deafening shouts of sanction and approval. The chairman of the meeting, James Bumgardner, Jr., then introduced to the Democrats of Augusta county Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, and a more warm, ardent and enthusiastic reception, we dare say, never before greeted this noble patriot, this distinguished son of South Carolina. The vast audience, including in its numbers over three hundred ladies, instantaneously rose to their feet and rent the air with cheer after cheer.

We shall not attempt to give here even a brief account of the able, impressive and patriotic address of this eminent soldier and statesman; but when he called upon that vast assemblage of Virginia Democrats to know whether a man whose ancestors were of Virginia origin and of Virginia revolutionary service, and the descendants of whom had endured all the hardships of war alongside their own sons in defense of her soil, and in the maintenance of Southern rights and Southern independence; when he demanded to know whether such a man had not a clear and undisputed right to consult with Virginia Democrats and patriots when fighting the great national battle for constitutional government, a mighty shout of approval burst forth from the throats of a thousand men and told that noble son of South Carolina that the distinguished services of himself and his State were still recollected and cherished by every Virginian.

The next speaker was Dr. S. H. Moffett, of Harrisonburg, and never have we heard a better or abler speech from our fellow-townsmen. His masterly arraignment of the Republican party was powerful in the extreme, and the "Whig Democrats" of Augusta, as he styled them, testified their approval by repeated exulting shouts, forbidding triumphant victory. In our opinion it was the speech of the Doctor's life, and we only wish that every Readjuster in the State could have heard his powerful, eloquent reasoning in support of the regular ticket.

The introduction of Senator Vance was the occasion of another scene of the wildest enthusiasm. Gov. Vance spoke plain truths to these Virginia Democrats, and in his felicitous and inimitable style delighted the audience for over an hour with solid facts and unanswerable arguments, intermixed with the highest order of wit and humor. In conclusion, Gov. Vance made an eloquent and effective appeal to old Virginia, the mother of States and statesmen, to stand squarely on the democratic platform and support the nominees of the National Convention. For Virginia, he said, to falter in her allegiance to the democratic party in this mighty contest and to forsake her sister States in the South, just relieved from the miseries and curses of carpet bag government, would be as though a traitor general should desert his army in the field of battle. "To Virginia, as in the days of the glorious past, does the whole South still look for guidance and example, and surely she will not now betray this trust and confidence in her leadership, patriotism and democracy."

At night Senator Vance (though suffering from a severe sore throat) and Dr. Moffett addressed from the Court house steps an audience of several hundred citizens of Staunton, who were unable to attend the speaking during the day. On the whole it was one of the grandest and most successful days in the history of the Valley Democracy, and when in November next old Augusta shall register her decision at the polls, it will be seen that the principles of home rule, honest administration, and constitutional government are so firmly implanted in the hearts of Augusta Democrats that they will be able to divert their attention and energies from the glorious work of overthrowing forever the baneful, pernicious and fatal doctrine of the Republican party.

We repeat: the regular Democratic

ticket will thrash out of recognition all the opposition that can be mustered against it! We therefore want no compromise. We want to see the insubordination of Mahone and his few followers meet the punishment due for their crime against the Democracy of the State. We believe that the Democrats are strong enough and will do it. At least we have no further concessions to make and shall offer none. There are principles at stake, and defeat is preferable to a degraded victory, if principle is to be bartered away for money. No, no. The sacrifice is too heavy.

Conservative Democratic Convention of the Seventh Congressional District.

A Convention of delegates to nominate a Conservative Democratic candidate for Congress from the Seventh District, is here by called to meet in the city of Staunton at the hour of 7 o'clock P. M., on Thursday, the 12th day of August, 1880, at the residence of A. M. Newman, Esq., on the corner of the city of Staunton. There are to be appointed to the Convention one delegate and one alternate for every 100 votes or fraction thereof over 50, on the basis of the Tilden vote of 1876, according to which the counties of the District will be entitled to the following number of delegates and Alternates: Albemarle 20, Augusta 24, Bath 6, Fluvanna 10, Goodland 8, Greene 6, Highland 7, Page 13, Rockingham 24, Shenandoah 27, and the city of Staunton 10.

The County Superintendents are respectfully requested to fix the usual time and places for the county or township meetings, which are to appoint the delegates, and upon their failure to do so, the meeting may be held at their respective courts. All voters we intend to support the Cincinnati nominees are earnestly invited to participate.

MICHAEL WOODS, Secy.

W. D. PEACHY, Dist. Com. of 7th Cong. Dist.

## COMPROMISE.

Upon this question we have heretofore stated our views, and do not care to repeat. But it is not improper to inquire: were it advisable with whom and by what process could it be accomplished? By none that we can see. With whom and by whom could it be made? Mahone said to the Democratic Committee in Richmond that there was no authority by which he could ask or receive a compromise proposition. There are no means at hand to accomplish the task, were it even generally desirable. The Richmond Whig, the leading Mahone organ, scouts the idea when it says: "What in the thunder has the National Democratic Committee to do with us, or we with it?" A proposition to compromise with the Republicans would be just as sensible.

There are but two National parties in Virginia: Democratic and Republican. Mahone & Co., are a faction who have put up an electoral ticket, but upon which he cannot rally that party. To think that he could would be an insult to the many intelligent men to be found in the Readjuster ranks. Look at Rockingham. See the defection of staunch, reliable Readjusters, who have rallied and yet are flocking around the old Democratic banner in this National contest, as the only hope of gaining a victory over the Republicans. We cannot enumerate them all, but we know a good many, personally, and when such men as Dr. Moffett, Dr. Jennings, Dr. Curry, Dr. Sellers, Wm. H. Ritenour, Adolph Wise, John F. Crawn, the Lineaweavers, James Helzel, Dr. Brown, all the solid, substantial voters from Ottobine to Cootes Store, along the mountain on the West; Robert Gibbons, Girard Hopkins, and other equally stalwart Readjusters on the East, with Timberville solid for the regular Democracy; Charley Brook and the Lacey Spring boys all sound; Dr. Coffman making a strong fight under the old flag; Wm. F. Gaines even wavering in doubt, and Jackson Martz distinct in his enunciation of adherence to the Democracy, which has made this "old Tenth Legion" famous; with all the best men of Readjuster Democratic faith rallying to the standard, we cannot help but believe that victory will perch upon the Democratic banner, and it is safe to put old Virginia down for Hancock and English and the regular Democratic electoral ticket by from 10,000 to 15,000 majority over both the Republicans and the Mahones.

Compromise! With whom? We have offered all we had a right to offer. So far as we are concerned the time for compromise is past. Before the primaries were held we offered a compromise; when we went into the primaries here and voted for five Readjuster delegates to two Flanders we offered it; when we through this paper appealed to Readjuster Democrats to unite with us in doing the work necessary to hold a State Convention and send delegates to Cincinnati, we again offered compromise; when the ticket had been made at Cincinnati we again asked that party dissentions be laid aside; urged a union of the Democrats for the sake of the National party for this Presidential year at least,—but we remember keenly the action of the leaders here. How Capt. Paul and a few others went upon our streets and personally urged Readjusters not to go into any of these meetings—not to have anything to do with any ticket until after the 7th of July Convention was held. We also remember how the Democrats were repulsed by these arrogant leaders, who thought they carried the voters of the counties of the Congressional District in their breeches pockets, to cast them whichever way would best serve their own ambitious purposes. This has now been discovered to be a mistake; the Democrats have indicated plainly how they will vote and at the same time have shown their independence of Mahone & Co., and scornfully repel their impertinent dictation. This is not the hour for compromise. We can lam the opposition of all shades right out of their boots, and we do not for our part propose to humiliate the proud old Democratic banner by dragging it in the dust, nor will we consent to its pollution by allowing its sacred folds to be laid down as a carpet to bear the tread of such a creature as Wm. Mahone.

We placed our ticket in the field first. There was no necessity for another, if to be put up for Democrats to vote. It was first; it was regular; it represents the National Democracy; it accepts the nominees and the platform of the National Democratic Convention. It is the Democratic electoral ticket for Virginia; there is no other party in Virginia that was represented at Cincinnati, and yet we are asked to haul down our flag—for what? That a parcel of nondescripts—without party affiliation—men who proclaim themselves as neither Democrats nor Republicans—who had to wait until Mahone told them how they should vote in the National contest—yes, that some of these gentlemen may come aboard, and endeavor to get recognition as Democrats. The programme don't suit us, and the more we think about the matter the less we see in it to commend it.

We repeat: the regular Democratic

ticket will thrash out of recognition all the opposition that can be mustered against it! We therefore want no compromise. We want to see the insubordination of Mahone and his few followers meet the punishment due for their crime against the Democracy of the State. We believe that the Democrats are strong enough and will do it. At least we have no further concessions to make and shall offer none. There are principles at stake, and defeat is preferable to a degraded victory, if principle is to be bartered away for money. No, no. The sacrifice is too heavy.

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MICHAEL WOODS, Secy.

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## New Advertisements.

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A. BURRACKER and WIFE.

JONAS REEDS' ADMR., AC.

In Chancery in the Circuit Court of Rockingham county. Notice is hereby given to all parties in interest in the above entitled cause that I will proceed, at my office in Harrisonburg, on SATURDAY, THE 31ST DAY OF AUGUST, 1880, to ascertain and report the distribution of the estate of John F. Reed in the proceeds arising from the sale of the real estate of Jonas Reed, dec'd, sold under decree in this cause.

Given under my hand and commission in Chancery of said Court this 28th day of July, 1880.

J. E. & O. B. Keller, att'ys for petitioner, Jos. I. Triplett.

THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY R. R. CO., Com'rs.

C. A. YANNEY and W. B. YANNEY.

Upon a motion in the County Court of Rockingham county, made by the undersigned, a Commission of this Court, with instructions to ascertain and report what persons are entitled to the compensation and damages of \$700 awarded to the Shenandoah Valley Railroad Company by the Honorable Judge J. B. Hays, appointed to assess damages on a certain tract or parcel of land, lying between the Shenandoah Valley Railroad and the Shenandoah River, and to report thereon to the Court, was made on the 12th day of July, 1880, and the said Commission was duly organized and proceeded to the discharge of its duty, and on the 12th day of July, 1880, reported to the Court, and the Court, on the 12th day of July, 1880, made a decree awarding the said compensation and damages to the said Shenandoah Valley Railroad Company, and the said Commission was duly organized and proceeded to the discharge of its duty, and on the 12th day of July, 1880, reported to the Court, and the Court, on the 12th day of July, 1880, made a decree awarding the said compensation and damages to the said Shenandoah Valley Railroad Company, and the said Commission was duly organized and proceeded to the discharge of its duty, and on the 12th day of July, 1880, reported to the Court, and the Court, on the 12th day of July, 1880, made a decree awarding the said compensation and damages to the said Shenandoah Valley Railroad Company, and the said Commission was duly organized and proceeded to the discharge of its duty, and on the 12th day of July, 1880, reported to the Court, and the Court, on the 12th day of July, 1880, made a decree awarding the said compensation and damages to the said Shenandoah Valley Railroad Company, and the said Commission was duly organized and proceeded to the discharge of its duty, and on the 12th day of July, 1880, reported to the Court, and the Court, on the 12th day of July, 1880, made a decree awarding the said compensation and damages to the said Shenandoah Valley Railroad Company, and the said Commission was duly organized and proceeded to the discharge of its duty, and on the 12th day of July, 1880, reported to the Court, and the Court, on the 12th day of July, 1880, made a decree awarding the said compensation and damages to the said Shenandoah Valley Railroad Company, and the said Commission was duly organized and proceeded to the discharge of its duty, and on the 12th day of July, 1880, reported to the Court, and the Court, on the 12th day of July, 1880, made a decree awarding the said compensation and damages to the said Shenandoah Valley Railroad Company, and the said Commission was duly organized and proceeded to the discharge of its duty, and on the 12th day of July, 1880, reported to the Court, and the Court, on the 12th day of July, 1880, made a decree awarding the said compensation and damages to the said Shenandoah Valley Railroad Company, and the said Commission was duly organized and proceeded to the discharge of its duty, and on the 12th day of July, 1880, reported to the Court, and the Court, on the 12th day of July, 1880, made a decree awarding the said compensation and damages to the said Shenandoah Valley Railroad Company, and the said Commission was duly organized and proceeded to the discharge of its duty, and on the 12th day of July, 1880, reported to the Court, and the Court, on the 12th day of July, 1880, made a decree awarding the said compensation and damages to the said Shenandoah Valley Railroad Company, and the said Commission was duly organized and proceeded to the discharge of its duty, and on the 12th day of July, 1880, reported to the Court, and the Court, on the 12th day of July, 1880, made a decree awarding the said compensation and damages to the said Shenandoah Valley Railroad Company, and the said Commission was duly organized and proceeded to the discharge of its duty, and on the 12th day of July, 1880, reported to the Court, and the Court, on the











# SUPPLEMENT.

## WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK.

Winfield Scott Hancock is a soldier in deed as well as in name, and the more his record is searched the more of credit will be divulged. His immediate ancestors were stalwart early settlers in Pennsylvania. Benjamin Franklin Hancock, his father, was of mixed English, Scotch and Irish blood. His progenitors were of excellent Revolutionary renown. His mother was of Pennsylvania descent, too. The general himself may have inherited desirable Quaker, Episcopal and Baptist qualities, for those religious faiths were represented in his grandfathers and grandmothers. He was born in what has been the family residence of the Hancocks for a century; in Hatfield township, Montgomery county, Pa., in a picturesque old house, with 1764 carved as an age mark on its newest half, and the more ancient tracings of time on the other, a building on which the cuts of Indian tomahawks had recorded an attack in the early French-Indian wars.

A grandfather on the father's side, during the Revolution, was captured at sea, claimed as a British subject, and taken to England for imprisonment. A great-grandfather on the mother's side died from exposure on the field. His mother's father received a special pension for gallantry in the Continental army. The general's father became a soldier in 1812, though only sixteen years old, and returned to the field five times by re-enlistment. Heroic blood was thus bequeathed to the man who is to be the President of the United States of America.

The rearing place of the Democratic candidate was Norristown, Pa., where as a boy he daily saw the scene of Washington's gallant crossing of the Schuylkill, in the crucial campaign of Valley Forge. Incentives to patriotism were not wasted on his boyhood. He was born in 1824 (hence is now fifty-six years old), and in 1839 he was chosen to read the Declaration of Independence at a county celebration of the Fourth of July. In the following year, when he was sixteen, he entered the United States military academy at West Point, his spirit and ability having recommended him for that preferment. Among his cadet companions were the lads that subsequently became Generals Longstreet, Burnside, Hill, McClellan, Grant, Jackson and Reynolds. Nature had balanced his mental and physical qualities well, and he became, without special effort, a recognized leader of his comrades. He was graduated in 1844, and was at once assigned to the Sixth infantry. He was yet hardly more than a boy, being only twenty; but he had no chance to figure as a soldier on parlor carpets, being dispatched at once to the Western frontier to fight Indians. His hardening-service in the Indian Territory lasted several years and earned him a promotion to a second lieutenancy.

The war with Mexico gave young Lieutenant Hancock a chance to distinguish himself. He went to Mexico with his regiment, and fought at San Antonio, Churubusco, Molino del Rey, and the city of Mexico. Throughout the campaign he was brave and useful enough to be awarded at the close of the war, the brevet of first lieutenant "for gallant and meritorious conduct" on certain specified occasions. At Contreras and Churubusco he "behaved in the handsomest manner," to use the language of an official report. He served a while as adjutant, and was in 1855 made assistant adjutant-general of the Department of the West. While filling that position at St. Louis, he married a daughter of Mr. Samuel Russell, a leading merchant. At about the same time he was promoted to a captaincy. This was a distinguished honor for a man only thirty-one years old. He served in Southern Florida during the Indian war of 1856-7, and then went to Kansas for delicate as well as active duty. His next service was in the military expedition to Utah, under Harney, and afterward he rode overland to California, where he was stationed for the next few years.

At the outbreak of the civil war Captain Hancock was on duty at Los Angeles, Cal. He at once took a determined stand as a Union man, doing much by private influence and public speeches to stay the tide of secession feeling on the Pacific coast. It is thought that to his influence, more than to anything else, was due the salvation of that State from rebellion. His public speeches were many and potent. But he was not content with words. On learning of the first shot at Sumter he wrote to Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, for a commission of troops raised in his native State; but, not receiving a speedy answer, he impatiently addressed a letter to General Scott, at Washington, who was then general-in-chief, demanding active service. General Scott had learned his merits in Mexico, and ordered him im-

mediately to the East. Upon arrival in Washington he was requested to report to General McClellan, at whose instance President Lincoln appointed him a brigadier-general of volunteers. He was assigned to the division of General Smith in the Army of the Potomac. The four regiments of his brigade were well officered, of excellent material, and their new commander, after a period of tuition, felt that he could rely upon them in any emergency. General Hancock served with distinction in all the battles of the Peninsula, but it was at Williamsburg that his splendid generalship made itself most conspicuous.

General McClellan, in his dispatch to the President, said: "Hancock was superb!" and his name was echoed from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

General Hancock was again and again conspicuous in spirited engagements. After that of Malvern Hill he was created major-general of volunteers, and breveted successfully major, lieutenant-colonel and colonel in the regular army. At the first Fredericksburg fight his uniform was perforated with bullets, but he received only a slight flesh wound. Soon after the battle of Chancellorsville he was placed in command of the Second corps, on the retirement of Couch. When the news came of the opening of the fight at Gettysburg, he was with General Meade at Taneytown, and was ordered by him to take command of all the forces on the field there, with such others as might arrive. General Reynolds, who commanded the First corps, had been killed, and that body, under Doubleday, with the Eleventh, under Howard, had been forced to retreat. Hancock knew that Meade intended to fight the battle on the line of Pipe Creek, but sent him word by his senior aid, Major Mitchell, that Gettysburg was topographically far more advantageous. General Meade isely coincided. Hancock commanded

the left center on the second day of the battle, and repulsed a desperate attack, following it up with a counter charge. On the third day he sustained a cannonade of two hours from 120 guns, under cover of which Longstreet's men were massed. Streams of shot and shell hissed and screamed on every side, men and horses were torn into fragments, caissons exploded, blowing the gunners to pieces, and the infantry hugged the ground almost in despair. A band began to play "The Star Spangled Banner," and Hancock, with his staff (Major Mitchell and Capts. Bingham, Parker and Branson), with private James Wells carrying the Second corps' flag, appeared with heads uncovered on the right of his line. Cheers arose and the brave little group rode coolly down the front to the left. Shot and shell roared and crashed, but not one of them was harmed. Hancock knew that the artillery fire was intended to demoralize his men, and to cover the advance of Longstreet's infantry, 18,000 strong, which was to make the real attack. As he reached the left of the line this infantry began emerging from the woods and advancing up the hill.

Hancock turned his horse and, followed by his staff, rode to the right of the line again, hat in hand, bowing and smiling to the men as he passed. The troops became wild to engage, and, on receiving orders, made terrible havoc with the enemy, who, in their turn, laid themselves down to avoid a deadly fire both of musketry and artillery. At the moment of victory General Hancock reeled from his horse, but was caught before falling. He was seriously wounded in the thigh, but he remained on the field, giving orders until the defeat of the enemy became complete. He was the central figure of the memorable battle, and received the thanks of General Meade, of the President, of Congress, and of the nation at large.

In March, 1864, General Hancock re-

turned to the field and took command of his old corps, with which he fought brilliantly in the Wilderness. On Aug. 12, he was created brigadier-general in the regular army. His successful fight at Boynton Road in the following October was his last. He was ordered to Washington to form a veteran corps 50,000 strong, which he quickly succeeded in getting from among the many soldiers whose terms of enlistment had expired. He was sent with the corps to the Middle military division, with headquarters at Winchester, and was to co-operate either with the Army of the Potomac or on the Southern coast with General Sherman, as might be decided. The surrender of Lee at Appomattox rendered both movements unnecessary.

After the murder of President Lincoln and the attempted assassination of Secretary Seward, General Hancock was ordered by President Johnson to the command of the forces in and around Washington. He was assigned in July to the command of the Middle department, with headquarters at Baltimore. At this time he was breveted major-general in the regular army for "gallant and meritorious services at Spottsylvania," where he had captured an entire division of the enemy. In July, 1866, he was raised to the full grade of major-general, and assumed command of the Department of Missouri, conducting several arduous campaigns against the Indians. In November, 1867, he was ordered to the command of the Fifth military district and the Department of the Gulf, with headquarters at New Orleans. His predecessors had made the military arm superior to the civil law. In his general orders he surprised the people of Louisiana and Texas by announcing that the civil authorities should execute the civil laws, and that peace being established and the civil authorities ready and willing to perform their duties, the military power should cease its functions in that

direction. At the same time he declared that armed insurrection would be suppressed by force at once. Governor Pease, who had been appointed by the Federal authorities to the control of Texas, took exception to General Hancock's orders, but the latter was immovable in the position he had taken. He declared that two years after the close of the war it was time to remember that Americans ought to be freemen, to tolerate free popular discussion, and to extend forbearance and consideration to opposing views. The general felt that his sentiments were not altogether endorsed at Washington, and, after six months of service, he asked to be relieved. He was assigned by President Grant to the Military division of the Atlantic, which, with the exception of three years' command of the Military division of Dakota, he has since retained, his headquarters being on Governor's Island.

General Hancock's name was mentioned for the presidency on the Democratic ticket both in 1868 and 1872. He was also tendered a nomination to the governorship of Pennsylvania, which he declined.

General Hancock has a twin brother, Hillary B. Hancock, a lawyer, in Minneapolis, Minn. A second brother, John, is connected with the Pennsylvania Central railroad in Washington. His father died a few years ago, and his mother last year. He has a son, Russell Hancock, aged twenty-five, who is working a plantation near Foyer's Point, Mississippi. His daughter, Ada, died of typhoid fever in this city in 1875, aged eighteen, just after leaving school. Russell was married in Louisville, Ky., eight years ago to Miss Gwynn, daughter of Nicholas Gwynn, now of 40 West Fifty-eighth street, this city, and a prominent member of the cotton exchange.

General Hancock inclines to the Epis-

copalian faith, but is not a member of any church. His father and mother were Baptists. He has a pew in Dr. Bellows' church for his wife, who is a Unitarian. Her parents are Unitarians, although she was educated in the convent of the Sacred Heart, at St. Louis, and has on that account been quite generally supposed to be a Catholic.—*New York Sun.*

## WILLIAM H. ENGLISH.

William H. English, of Indiana, is fifty-seven years old. His figure is tall, erect and well proportioned. He has a high, broad forehead and regular features. His bearing is dignified and gentlemanly, and he would attract attention among other men. He was educated as a lawyer, and has practiced in the United States supreme court. He has been speaker of the Indiana house of representatives, a member of the National House of Representatives for four consecutive terms, and has declined to accept important offices within the gift of Presidents. He was president of the national bank that was first to put its issue in circulation. After retiring from the business of banking he sold his stocks, and it is said that, although a man of great wealth, he does not own a dollar's worth of stock in any corporation. He retired from active business in 1877.

William H. English went from the common schools of the neighborhood in which he lived to South Hanover college, where he was for three years a student. He studied law, and was admitted to practice in the circuit court before he was nineteen years old. In his twenty-third year he was admitted to the supreme court of the United States. He was for some time associated in practice with Joseph G. Marshall. Before he had followed his profession long he accepted an appointment in Washington, and he never afterward practiced law. He went into politics early. Before he attained his majority he was a delegate from Scott county to the Democratic State convention that nominated General Tighman A. Howard for governor of Indiana, and the journey of the young delegate to Indianapolis and back required six days of horseback riding. He took an active part in the campaign, making speeches in behalf of the Democratic nominees. President Tyler appointed him postmaster at Lexington, and in 1843 he was chosen principal clerk of the Indiana house of representatives, of which James D. Williams, now governor of Indiana, was the first time a member. In the National Democratic convention of 1848, he met Samuel J. Tilden, a delegate from New York. He was clerk of the Senate committee on claims in 1850, where he heard the speeches of Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Benton, and Cass in an exciting and protracted debate of that memorable session. He was secretary of the Indiana constitutional convention to revise the constitution of 1816.

In 1851 Mr. English was elected to represent his native county in the State legislature, and, although only twenty-nine years old, he was chosen speaker. It is said that in the course of a session covering more than three months no appeal was taken from any of his decisions, although the questions discussed were of the most important and exciting nature that had come before an Indiana legislature in many years. Just before his election as speaker, to fill a vacancy caused by the resignation of Speaker Davis, he was appointed on a committee of five to revise the laws of the State, but he declined to serve.

At the close of the legislative session of 1851, Mr. English was nominated for representative in Congress, and was elected by a majority of 488 over a worthy competitor, the late John D. Ferguson. He gave the administration of President Pierce his hearty support. At the opening of that Congress the Kansas-Nebraska bill was introduced. Mr. English was a member of the committee on Territories, and he did not concur with the majority in the expediency of bringing forward the measure at that time. It is claimed that the congressional records will show that Mr. English brought forward the popular sovereignty idea in a minority report presented by him.

In the course of Mr. English's second congressional term Know-nothingism asserted itself, and it is found in him an able and fearless opponent. He was elected to Congress for a third time, notwithstanding his request that his constituents would select another candidate. The Senate passed the bill admitting Kansas under the Leocompton constitution, but the House rejected it. Then the House passed a substitute bill, which was rejected by the Senate. A conference committee was appointed by the



two houses, and Mr. English, as a member of that committee, submitted a bill which provided for the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton constitution to a vote of the people of Kansas. The bill was accepted by both branches of Congress, and it became a law.

This act referred the question back to the people of Kansas, and they voted against admission under the Lecompton constitution. After the passage of this bill President Buchanan offered Mr. English an important position in his administration, and a similar offer was made by President Johnson, with whom Mr. English had been in the House of Representatives; but both offers were declined. Of the two Senators and eleven Representatives constituting the Indiana delegation in the Thirty-third Congress, only Mr. English and Thomas A. Hendricks are living.

His election for the fourth time, in 1868, was by a larger majority than ever, although few Democratic Congressmen were elected in the North in that campaign. He attended the Charleston convention, not as a delegate, but in the capacity of a peacemaker. Before the close of the convention he returned to Washington, discouraged by the poor prospect for harmony.

In 1863 he founded the First National bank of Indianapolis, one of the first to be organized under the national banking system, and the first to get its issue in circulation, and became its president, holding that office till July, 1877, when he retired from active business. His position in regard to the question of the national finances is sufficiently set forth in an interview which he gave while he was president of the Indianapolis bank. He said:

"I want our money to rank with the same standard recognized by all the great commercial interests of the world. I want no depreciated or unredemable paper forced upon our people. I want the laboring man when pay day comes to be paid in real dollars that will purchase just as much of the necessities of life as the dollars paid to the bondholders or officeholders, and with as great purchasing power as the best money in the best markets of the world. Honesty, in my judgment, is the best policy, in finance and politics, as well as in morals generally, and if politicians would take half as much trouble to instruct and enlighten the masses, as they do take advantage of their supposed prejudices, I would be far better."

Mr. English is a first cousin of Mrs. Norvin Green, wife of the president of the Western Union Telegraph Company.

#### "Texas Jack."

John B. Omohundro, widely known as Texas Jack, who died at Leadville, Col., recently, was formerly a scout on the plains, and a fair proportion of the stories told of his exploits are regarded as true. During several years he acted as a guide for the Earl of Dunraven's hunting expeditions. He was a companion of Buffalo Bill and Wild Bill Hickok, who was murdered at Deadwood by Jack McCall. Of late years he has figured on the stage in Indian dramas, and, unlike the other scouts who have thus exhibited themselves, he developed considerable ability as an actor. The idea of employing Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack as a theatrical attraction originated with Ned Buntline, who had already made them the heroes of many of his ten-cent novels. Their first appearance has been thus described: "James N. Nixon, then having a theater in Chicago, was to have brought them out, but declined when he learned on a Wednesday that no company had been secured and no piece written, although the opening had been set for the following Monday night. Buntline got upon his mettle at the thought that he could not write a piece in a night, and, ascertaining that he could lease the theater from Nixon for \$600 a week, hired it at that figure. Then he went to his hotel and in a day produced 'The Scouts of the Prairie,' the hotel clerks copied off the parts, and the roles intended for Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack were given them, with the admonition that they be at the theater at ten o'clock on the following morning for rehearsal. Neither of the scouts did or could study his lines in the few days allowed him, and at their debut they impersonated nobody but themselves. Buntline, who played a part, helped them out by giving them an opportunity to recite their own experiences after all else had failed, and this proved a hit in a locality familiar with life on the plains." Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack both made fortunes in the business, and the latter married Morlacchi the danseuse.

#### The Wonderful Adaptability of Paper.

The adaptability of paper to numerous important and widely-varied uses is wonderful. What other substance can be satisfactorily substituted for wood, iron and such common materials to the extent that paper can be? It is impossible to find anything else which, like paper, may be so differently and dexterously prepared, as regards flexibility, thinness, strength, durability, imperviousness to fire and water, etc. that it can be readily made into pails, washbowls, dishes, bricks, napkins, blankets, barrels, houses, stoves, wearing apparel, curtains, bonnets, newspapers and writing sheets, wrappers, carpets, coating for iron ships, flowerpots, parchment slates, coverings for the leads of pencils, jewelry, lanterns, car-wheels, dies for stamping, uppers of shoes, roofing and many other things. It is this tendency on the part of paper to take the place of everything else, to become a universal substitute, so to speak, which leads to the conclusion that the future has a grand development in store for it, and that in the years to come its manufacture will hold a magnificent position among the great industrial interests of the world.—*Paper World.*

#### Paul Augustus Blake.

Said Paul: "I'm twenty-one, And I'm bound to have some fun, If I can; For I'm tired of apron strings And such tantalizing things, So this chap will try his wings As a man."

But he made one great mistake, This Paul Augustus Blake, In the step that he did take On that day; For he, living at the "Hub," Joined a very noisy club, Where they used to call him "Bub" When away.

He drank hard every night, And was oft in such a plight That his name in black and white Led the van. And when friends would mourn sincere For the one they held most dear, He would cry "Don't interfere; I'm a man!"

Like the famous "red, red nose, Were his eyelids and his nose," And quite seedy grew his clothes Day by day; 'Till the young man clean and neat, And the ladies fair and sweet, Shunned his presence on the street; So they say.

Though our poor, unblushing Paul, Standing up against the wall, Is, I'm sure, full six feet tall— Nature's plan; Though his age, now forty years, And I tell it you with tears, He has never, it appears, Been a man!

Mrs. M. A. Kidder, in *Temperance Banner*.

### THE PIG'S PENNY.

#### HOW IT BOUGHT A TOWN LOT.

It was the pig did it. The bigger that pig grew the more he squealed, and the less he seemed to like his pen.

Ben knew it, but for all that he wondered how it came to pass that he should find that pig in the village street, half way down to the tavern.

"Out of the pen into the barnyard, and out of that into the street when the gate was open. Won't I have a time getting him home!"

There was little doubt of that, for the pig felt that it was his duty to root as he went, and he refused to walk quietly past any good opportunity to thrust his snub nose into something.

Ben worked, and so did the pig. "Hullo! What's that?"

The pig had turned up a clod of earth with something sticking on it, and Ben sprang forward to pick it up. "It's a cent!"

It was round; it was made of copper; it was a coin of some kind; but it was black and grimy, and Ben rubbed hard to clean it.

"I never saw a cent like that before. I can't even read what it says on it."

"What have you found, Ben, my boy?"

"Guess it's a kind of a cent. The pig found it."

All the boys in the village knew old Squire Burchard, only they were half afraid of him. It was said he could read almost any kind of book, and that was a wonderful sort of man for any man to be.

"The pig found it? I declare! I guess I'll have to buy it of you."

"Don't you s'pose it'll pass?"

"Well, yes, it might; but it'll only buy a cent's worth. I'll give you more than that for it."

"Going to me it over and make a new cent of it?"

"No, Ben, not so bad as that. I'll keep it to look at. It's a very old German coin, and I'm what they call a numismatist."

Ben listened hard over that word for a moment, and tried to repeat it.

"Numismatics—I know; it's a good deal like what father says he has sometimes. Gets into his back and legs."

"Not quite, Ben; but it makes me gather up old coins, and put them in a glass case and look at them."

"Father's is worse 'n that; it takes him bad in rainy weather."

"Well, Ben, I'll give the pig or you, just as you say, a quarter of a dollar for that cent."

Ben's eyes fairly danced, but all he could manage to say was: "Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. Guess I will."

"There it is, Ben. It's a new one. I don't care much for new ones. What'll you do with it?"

Ben hesitated only a moment, for he was turning the quarter over and over and thinking of just the answer to the quire's question.

"It's a puppy, sir. Mrs. Malone said I might have it for a quarter, and father said I couldn't buy it unless I found the money."

"I'll be the pig's puppy, then? All right; but you can't make pork of him."

The pig was driven home in a good deal of a hurry, without another chance given him to root for old coins; and when Ben's father came in from the corn-field that night, there was Ben ready to meet him with the puppy.

"Got him, have you?"

Ben had to explain twice over about the old cent and the quire.

"Oh, the pig did it. Well, Ben, I don't see what we want of another

dog; though that is a real pretty one. Too many dogs in this village, anyhow."

The next day Ben's father went to town with a load of wheat, and Ben went with him.

He had not owned that puppy long enough to feel like leaving him at home, so the little lump of funny black curls and clumsiness had to go to town with him.

Ben's father was in the store, selling his wheat, and Ben was sitting on top of the load in the wagon, when a carriage with a lady in it was pulled up in the street beside it.

"Is that your puppy, my boy?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Will you sell it? I want one for my little boy."

"It's a real nice puppy—"

"What will you sell him for?"

Ben did not feel at all like parting with his new pet, but he knew very well what his father thought about it. Still, it might save him the puppy if he asked a tremendous price for it.

"I'll take five dollars, ma'am."

"Bring him to me, then. It's just such a dog as I thought of buying."

It seemed to Ben a good deal as if he were dreaming; but he did as he was told, and climbed back to his perch on the heaped-up bags of wheat to wait for his father.

It was not long before he sold the wheat and came out.

"Why, Ben, where's your puppy?"

"There he is, father."

"Why, if that ain't a five-dollar bill! You don't say so!"

Ben explained, and added: "The pig did it, father."

"Well, yes, the pig did it. It just beats me, though."

"He won't know what to do with a five-dollar bill."

"Nor you either. But soon's I can throw off this load we must drive on uptown. There's to be a horse auction."

Ben knew what that meant, for his father knew all about horses, and was all the while buying and selling them. So it was not long before the wagon was empty, and Ben and his father made their way to where the horses were to be sold.

"There's a good many of 'em," said Ben's father, "but the whole lot isn't worth much. I guess there isn't anything here I want."

Not many people were bidding for the horses, and they were indeed a poor looking lot; but pretty soon a gray horse was led out that limped badly, and was as thin as if he had been fed on wind. One man bid a dollar for him, and another bid two, and there was a good deal of fun made about it; but Ben's father had very quietly slipped down from the wagon and taken a careful look at the lame horse.

For all that, Ben was a little surprised when the auctioneer's hammer fell, and he shouted: "Sold! for five dollars, to—What's your name, mister?"

"Ben Whittlesey."

Ben's father said that. But it wasn't his name. His name was Robert.

"Ben," said his father, when he came back to the wagon, "hand me that five-dollar bill. If I can get that horse home I'll cure him in a fortnight. There's no great thing the matter with him."

There was trouble enough in making the poor lame animal limp so many miles, and they got home after dark; but that was just as well, for nobody saw the new horse, or had a chance to laugh at him or his owner.

"It's the pig's horse," said Ben.

Ben's father was as good as his word about curing the lameness, and plenty of oats and hay, and no work and good care, did the rest. The man who sold the gray for five dollars would not have known him at the end of two weeks.

It was just about two weeks after that that Ben's father drove the pig's horse to town and back in a buggy, and with a nice new harness on. He stopped at the blacksmith's shop on his way home, and Mr. Corrigan, the blacksmith, seemed to take a great fancy to the gray.

"Just the nag I want, Mr. Whittlesey; only I've no ready cash to pay for him."

"I don't sell on credit, you know," said Mr. Whittlesey. "Anything to trade?"

"Nothing that I know of. Unless you care to take that vacant lot of mine, next to the tavern. Tisn't doing me any good I had to take it for a debt, and I've paid taxes for it these three years."

"Will you swap even?"

"Yes, I might as well."

"There was more talk, of course, before the trade was finished, but it came out all right in the end. Before the next day at noon Mr. Corrigan owned the pig's horse; but the deed of the town lot was made out in the name of Ben Whittlesey, and not of the pig."

"Father," said Ben, at the tea table, "mayn't I let that pig out into the road every day?"

"No, Ben; all the pigs in the village can't root up another cent like that."

"He did it."

"Well, Ben, he did and he didn't. Do you know how he got the town lot for you?"

"Why, yes. Don't I?"

"Not quite. You saw him turn up the cent, and knew what to do with it; he didn't."

"Yes, father."

"And Squire Burchard saw the cent, and knew what to do with it; you didn't."

"Yes, father."

"And the lady saw your puppy, and knew what to do with it, and you didn't,

nor I either. And I saw the gray horse, and knew what to do with him; the rest didn't."

"But I don't know what to do with the pig's town lot."

"No, nor Mr. Corrigan didn't, nor I either; but the man from town that's just bought the old tavern is going to build it over new, and wants that lot to build on. I tell you what, Ben, my boy, there isn't much in this world that's worth having unless somebody comes along that knows what to do with it."

"Ben!" suddenly exclaimed his mother, as she looked out of the window, "there's that pig out in the garden!"

"Jump, Ben," said his father. "If he gets into your patch of muskmelons, he'll know just exactly what to do with them."

Before Ben got the pig out of the garden, the pig learned that Ben knew exactly what to do with a big stick.—*Harper's Young People.*

#### A Desperate Encounter.

An Arkansas journal has received an account of the desperate encounter which recently occurred between Colonel Robert Alexander and Colonel Smiley at Hot Springs. The facts are as follows: Colonel Alexander and Colonel Smiley were prominent claimants of mining lands in Silver City. Some dispute arose as to the claim. Being unable to settle it satisfactorily, the dispute augmented into a quarrel, and the quarrel into violent threats. It was well known that both parties were men of nerve. Smiley had won a reputation of being desperate in a personal encounter. Alexander, though he had never been credited with shedding blood, was considered a man with whom it would not be safe to trifle. All efforts to settle the misunderstanding failed, and those who were acquainted with the circumstances expected that bloodshed would be the ultimate result. Several days ago, the day when the encounter took place, Smiley came to Hot Springs. Alexander was in the town. Smiley went to the bank and asked the cashier:

"Have you seen Alexander?" The cashier replied that he had not seen him, but understood that he was in town.

"I am going to kill him before four o'clock," exclaimed Smiley, and turning left the bank.

After leaving the bank he had not gone far when he met Alexander. The furious aspect immediately assumed by each man illustrated the fact that violence would ensue. Alexander drew a large revolver, and rushing upon Smiley struck him over the head. Smiley staggered back and drew a French self-cocking revolver, and with rapidity almost beyond the capacity of enumeration fired six shots at Alexander. Three shots took effect, a ball striking each arm and another going through the lungs. Alexander's pistol dropped from his hand. He attempted to recover it, but his right hand had been paralyzed by the ball. He grasped it with his left hand, but the left arm having been also wounded he was unable to cock the weapon. Smiley was upon him. With a cool, desperate presence of mind Alexander kicked his pistol into a saloon near which the encounter occurred. Then entering he stooped and caught the muzzle of his pistol with his left hand, raised it up and cocked it with his foot. He lifted the pistol from the floor. Smiley stood outside, peeping around a door post, with only a part of his head exposed. Alexander nervously lifted the weapon, took deliberate aim and fired. The ball plowed along the post behind which Smiley stood, half burying itself, and striking Smiley in the forehead, went through his brain. Smiley fell dead, and Alexander, turning, sank from loss of blood.

#### A Suggestive Legend.

There is a terrible legend of Crim-Tartary, concerning a very massive and imposing edifice, which is also very ancient. It is so vast and impressive that travelers are profoundly affected, especially those who come from countries where a certain number of persons are annually destroyed by burning theater and failing buildings. One such traveler was gazing with admiration upon the edifice, in company with his majesty the king of the country, and he could not restrain himself from saying:

"Oh, king, what is the secret of the wonderful strength of this building, that it has neither tumbled down nor been burned up?"

But his majesty the king of the country was coy, and forbore to answer. Being pressed more closely, however, at length he answered: "Oh, stranger, its strength is a secret of the state."

The stranger was not dismayed, and after much entreaty, his pertinacity overcame the reluctance of the king, who finally said, with solemnity: "Oh stranger, when my ancestor began to build this temple, it was laid upon insecure foundations. Thereupon he sent for another builder, and said to him: 'The present cornerstone will be raised, and the present builder placed under it alive, and upon the stone laid upon the body, you will proceed to erect the wall. Should it be weak or insufficient, it will be taken down; the corner stone again raised, you will be placed under it alive, the stone will be again laid, and the building proceed once more.' My ancestor said nothing further; and you now know oh, stranger, the secret of these massive walls, and why this building does not tumble down."

The stranger, says the Crim-Tartar legend, went his way much meditating the marvelous government which was able to prevent flimsy building.—*Harper's Magazine.*

#### Mark Twain's House and Work-Room.

Mark Twain is a resident of Hartford, Conn., where he owns a pretty house, which a writer in the Boston Herald thus describes: Ample grounds surround the large two-story brick house with many sharp gables and irregular projections, a most artistic architectural composition. The brick is of a brownish hue, varied with figures and bands of light red and black. Broad verandas flank two sides, widening out into a large out-door hall, it might be called, near the conservatory. This airy hall is naturally a favorite resort for the family in the warm weather. Many of the rooms in the upper stories have delightfully cosy balconies opening out of them. The grounds are finely shaded with trees which, in places, thicken to a forest-like density; and great beeches and maples cluster around and overtop the house, giving the large windows grateful screens of cool greenery. The interior is arranged on a generous scale. Opposite the entrance to the large hall, with its handsome staircase and paneled ceiling, is the library, a beautiful, friendly-looking room. Book shelves cover the lower half of the wall space. Over the large fireplace, which is set in a stately chimney-piece of richly carved wood, is a brass plate with the inscription in old English text: "The ornament of a house is the friends who frequent it." Opposite the fireplace is the deep recess of a bay-window, with a casement through which one may step down into the lawn. Among the pictures on the walls is Frank D. Millet's excellent portrait of Mr. Clemens, painted about four years ago. One end of the library opens into the large and beautiful conservatory, and beyond this is the veranda.

Mr. Clemens does not use his library for his study, this is in the billiard room in the third story, where the quietest kind of quiet surrounds him. It is a long room, with sloping sides formed by the roof. It is light and airy, and has three balconies adjacent—two large ones on either side and a small one at the end. One may step out into these through regular doors, and is not obliged to stoop and creep through cramped window openings, bumping the head against the sliding sashes, which nearly destroy all utility in so many balconies, making them mere ornamental shams. Here in this room Mr. Clemens sits writing at a plain table, with the books he may wish to use for reference lying scattered about him. He makes it an invariable rule to do a certain amount of literary work every day, and his working hours are made continuous by his not taking any midday meal at all. He is merciless to ward his own productions, and often destroys a whole day's labor as soon as it is written. He finds the final result more satisfactory by taking this course and beginning again than by trying to remodel what he considers a faulty manuscript. In this way he often does a certain piece of work over and over again, and at other times the first draft is sufficient and requires no revision. But, though an entire day's work may come to nought, he does not regard the time as wasted, but deems the practice essential to discipline. He has destroyed hundreds of pages of manuscript in this way. He has published scarcely a volume out of which at least two hundred manuscript pages have not been culled and committed to the waste-basket. From one volume he weeded out five hundred pages. He is an industrious worker, and during his recent European sojourn he kept up his literary labors persistently.

#### Sunday Among the New York Tenements.

Sunday among the tenements is as different from a week day as is Sunday in other and more favorably conditioned communities. But the difference is in another direction. Instead of less life, there is more life apparent. The small places of business are for the most part open to customers, the chief feature to distinguish the day from other days being the drawing of the curtains at the doors and windows of beer shops and barrooms. The day begins later than week days, and with the majority of tenement dwellers it ends later. In cold weather the most of the day is spent indoors. At this season the windows are thrown open, and the alleys, courts, and stoops are utilized for the purpose of breathing the outdoor air; still later there is an exodus to the parks, the roads, and the river fronts, where the air blows fresher. Thus there are more persons seen in the tenement districts at this and corresponding seasons than at any other. There are faces at nearly every window, and persons on every stoop and alley entrance. The men and women are generally in everyday attire. The children often have something about them indicative of a sense on the part of some one that the day is different from others—a bit of ribbon to confine their hair, a clean white apron, a pair of creaking shoes. Tenement dwellers are not, generally speaking, churchgoers. The great majority of them prefer to be where they can air themselves and stir around. The majority of those who have any decided religious inclination, and whose day of worship is Sunday, are believers in the Catholic faith. The Jewish elements very large, and in that portion nearly all places of business are open on Sunday, and those who are not employed in trades that suspend work on Sunday go on with their employment as on a week day.

The man who exploded with laughter didn't know it was loaded.

#### Perfect Through Suffering.

The oak, the flower, and all things brave and sweet

With storms have striven; Strength through the striving, freshness from the rain Are ever given.

Fra'l hands that tremble with the threads of life

They fain would weave, Because of weakness, seek for greater strength And skill receive.

Brightest the stars that gleam through midnight skies

Or storm-rent cloud; Sweetest the faith that breathes in aching hearts

By bier and shroud!

A heart is bound by links of selfish gain

Or earthly love— One stoops and breaks the chain, but fastens it To things above.

The Comforter draws nearest when the soul

For comfort pleads, And so we find the path of pain and loss To Jesus leads.

—Mrs. S. L. Howell.

#### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Laugh of the schoolgirl—"He! he! he!"

A singing fish has been discovered. It has chromatic scales.

Burlington, Iowa, has a horse that lifts a bale of hay with his teeth.

"I think I'll take this in," remarked the whale as he espied Jonah.—*Boston Transcript.*

Denmark has only 1,980,675 inhabitants, and that is 200,000 more than ten years ago.

Australia has 306 Congregations churches with 170 ministers. Fifty years ago there were none.

An exchange has an article on "Bread-stuff." Well, it may be. Now give us an article on meat's stuff.—*Meriden Recorder.*

A Dakota man has a n old Indian relic in the shape of a perfectly-formed skull, with an arrow-head shot into the eye and piercing the brain.

The editor who was told that his last article was as clear as mud, quite promptly replied: "Well, that covers the ground."

Black silk and satin toilets of ceremony are made brilliant with embroideries of black jet, amber and iridescent beads of fine quality and small size.

Kicking a boy for cutting a shade tree with a knife cost a Galesburg (Ill.) man \$12,000. The lad was taken with a spinal disorder, which has disabled him ever since.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's house at Peekskill, N. Y., which he has been building and fitting up for several years, will be, when finished, the finest country home belonging to any American clergyman.

An unfortunate Indianapolis man, who lost several toes by car-wheel, was consoled by an Irishman near by with: "Whist, there, you're making more noise than money a man I've seen with his head off."

It is shown by statistics relating to the years 1872 to 1879, that, while the total income of the population in Prussia has not diminished, the large and very large incomes have fallen off, and medium incomes have increased.

A Terre Haute (Ind.) physician told the county medical society that one of his patients, a young woman, was attacked with frightful pains in her legs; that after two weeks of suffering she recovered, and it was found that she was six inches taller than before. The report was received in impressive silence.

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