THE DEMOCRATIC SENTINEL.

A DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,

BY

JAMES W. McEWEN.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year.....$1.50
Six months.....1.00
Three months.....50

Advertising rates on application.

The Democratic Sentinel.

VOLUME VII. RENSSELAER, JASPER COUNTY, INDIANA, FRIDAY, MAY 4, 1883. NUMBER 14.

THE DEMOCRATIC SENTINEL.

OUR JOB PRINTING OFFICE

Has better facilities than any office in Northwestern Indiana for the execution of all branches of

JOB PRINTING.

PROMPTNESS A SPECIALTY.

Anything, from a Dodger to a Price-List, or from a Pamphlet to a Poster, black or colored, plain or fancy. Satisfaction guaranteed.

CUTTING OFF THE BABY'S CURLS.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

My beautiful darling ran in from his play,
His blue eyes swimming with tears unshed;
"The boys all call me a 'dirl,' mamma,
And I isn't a dirl," he said.
"It's 'cause I've dot curls, and they're just like a dirl's,
And I wish you'd cut off all these mis'able curls."

I held my darling close, close to my breast,
And I hushed his sobs with a sigh and a smile,
But oh, my heart was so ill at rest
As I thought of the past the while;
Must I sever those ringlets, half silk, half gold,
That lovingly over my fingers I rolled?

I thought of the baby kisses and wiles:
Alas! had my baby gone far away?
Must I look in vain for his dream-like smiles,
And watch him no more at his play?
Nor call him my "wee dimpled pearl of pearls,"
While I stealthily fondled the hated curls?

I lifted them gently—my boy, my pet,
Still sobbed and still clamored to have them shorn;
His cheeks were like scarlet, his eyes were wet,
As he lisped of his playmates' scorn;
And my own eyes were heavy with unshed tears,
As the shining tresses fell off the shears.

It was done—my darling no longer wept,
But proudly held up his head as he ran,
"See! now you can't call me a dirl any more;
My curls are all gone—I'e a man!"
Ah, poor little manikin, what did he care
That my tears fell hot on that glistening hair?

I laid them aside in a carven box,
Those living tresses of amber glow,
And I look at them now with a yearning love,
Though my locks are as white as the snow;
And they straighten and spring into spirals of gold
At the touch of my tremulous hand, as of old.

And I think of the head where they clustered soft,
Of the tearful voice and the wet blue eyes;
And I wish if his ringlets are grown again,
In his beautiful home in the skies,
My baby! his triumph was brief as wild—
He died on my bosom a little child.

I had dreamed my dreams of the coming man,
My proud, high dreams, but they never led
So high as the heaven to which he has gone.
Or stooped to that narrow bed;
They were full of glory, untroubled by pain—
Now God has the glory, and he the gain.

And I sometimes see through the open door
My darling, my baby, my pearl of pearls!
His hands outstretched and his shoulders hid
In a cloud of golden curls.
Ah! me, these tresses will never grow gray,
Yet my tears fall like rain as I hide them away.
—*Youth's Companion.*

IN HALF AN HOUR.

"Just wait for us a little while! We will come back in half an hour!" Norah and Bob had said, and they had gone off into the little wood, hand-in-hand, like two children.

So Missy was left quite alone, to move herself backward and forward in the swing, and feeling herself, to say truth, rather left out. Why had they wanted to go off by themselves, she wondered? It was so strange of Norah, when her brother had just telegraphed to say that he was coming down that afternoon to see her. How odd, too, that they should want to get away from her! Missy was not accustomed to being neglected. Hitherto she had always been first with Bob, and first with Norah, but since Norah and Bob had become acquainted things had assumed a very different aspect, and the intense friendship which had sprung up between these two threatened to extinguish Missy altogether.

Missy did not like it, but as yet she had no comprehension of its full significance, no due appreciation of the calamity which had befallen her. At present, she was only aware that Bob preferred Norah's company to hers, and that Norah—perfidious Norah!—evidently liked Bob's society better than that of her dearest friend. It was very disagreeable, and, to put an end to the unpleasant thought, Missy called up her favorite subject of meditation, and began to weave afresh the romantic web of fancy which encircled the person of the wondrous being of the future who was on his way to woo and win her virgin heart.

She was very young—only 17—and the assertion of even those few years seemed belied by her childish appearance. But she was very pretty, and she made a charming picture, as she sat in the swing in her strawberry-colored dress and large bonnet, with her deep, serious eyes fixed on the little gate opening into the wood, and her red lips half smiling as some sweet imagination passed through her mind. So at least thought a young man who was coming noiselessly toward her along the dahlia-bordered grasswalk, and who did not fail to mark the beauty of her profile and the grace of her movements as she stirred herself lazily to and fro by the help of her daintily-shod foot. Advancing quietly in front of her he lifted his hat. She was not slow to perceive who he must be.

"You are Norah's brother—you are Mr. O'Hagan," she said, simply. "Norah has gone into the wood with Bob for half an hour. Will you wait for them?"

Mr. O'Hagan had no objection to wait. He threw himself down on a garden seat close by and sat looking at the girl, who continued her half-unconscious motion, with an expression on her face which betrayed a degree of shyness. She felt, indeed, that she ought to speak, but eventually it was Mr. O'Hagan who took the initiative.

"You seem delightfully situated here," he said. "Have you lived in this place always?"

"Yes; it belongs to Bob, my brother," replied Missy, briefly.

"Then you are Missy, of whom I have often heard."

"Yes, I am Missy. And you are Norah's eldest brother, the barrister, of whom I have often heard."

"Why have Norah and your brother gone away without you?" asked Mr. O'Hagan, abruptly.

"I do not know," returned Missy.

"But you must know!" said Mr. O'Hagan, in a tone of gentle authority. "Norah is your guest, and it is not usual for young ladies to go about alone with their friends' brothers."

"Norah is doing nothing unusual," cried Missy, flushing angrily; for, though she was very unhappy, she did not choose that Mr. O'Hagan should find fault. "Bob is Norah's own friend, and Aunt Caroline sees no harm in anything they do. They are very fond of each other."

"So it would appear," said Mr. O'Hagan, dryly. He was somewhat annoyed. He had received an ambiguous letter from his sister that morning which had made him think it advisable he should try and find out what she was doing, and now he had come to try and she had vanished. But she had left a substitute, and to this substitute, after a moment's pause, Mr. O'Hagan turned.

"You must be very glad," he said, "that your friend and your brother are such allies. Is he your only brother?"

"Yes," replied Missy, with a profound sigh. "Bob is my only brother, and Norah is my only friend. But I am not very glad they are such friends. They like to play chess, and that is a game that three cannot play; and they like to drive in the dog-cart, and only two can sit in front."

"And now they like to go alone into the wood?" suggested Mr. O'Hagan.

"Yes, it is a preserve, you know, and Bob thought it would disturb the pheasants if three people went through talking, but he said he and Norah would walk along quietly and speak very softly."

"Oh!" said Mr. O'Hagan, with a lengthened intonation.

"Why do you say 'Oh' like that?" cried Missy, pettishly. She felt glad that Bob was not like Norah's brother, who was so old—thirty, at the very least, he must be—and who asked such strange questions and made such singular ejaculations.

"Miss Missy—may I call you Miss Missy?" asked Mr. O'Hagan gravely.

"Just as you like," she said, indifferently.

"Very well, then," he proceeded. "Miss Missy, I want evidence upon a certain matter. The swing is the witness-box and you are in the swing; ergo, you are the witness. Now, with nature looking so so fair about you, with the sky so blue above you, the cool green woods waving to your right, and the gorgeous dahlias smiling to your left, you feel undoubtedly that you could not possibly speak an untruth; hence you are committed to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Now I commence."

Missy gazed at her interlocutor with wide and astonished eyes. She checked the restless vibrations of the swing, and pressed her feet firmly on the ground, while she encircled the ropes with her arms, clasping her hands before her. She was puzzled, but not displeased. A lovelier witness the young man thought he had never seen.

"Miss Missy," he began, "do you know what flirting is?"

"Yes," said Missy, promptly.

"Then define flirting."

"I did not say I could define it," said Missy, with a little appearance of pouting.

"Then you do not know what flirting is?"

"Yes, I do," cried Missy. "Flirting is when two people seem to like each other very much, and to live only for each other, and then they part and forget one another altogether."

"And their intercourse leaves no mark?"

"No, they have only been amused."

"But suppose they have been more than amused—suppose their association has left a mark?"

"Then they have been in earnest."

"And what is the result of being in earnest?"

"It is love," said Missy, in a low, sweet voice. She glanced downward and was completely unaware that Mr. O'Hagan's gaze was fixed upon her, and still less was she aware that his breast was swelling with an uncalled-for indignation on her account. His was an imaginative nature, prone to leap to superlative possibilities, and something in Missy's youthfulness, beauty and naivete had made him jump to a possibility of the most exaggerated evil. At this moment he found himself speculating about some man who might some day be only amused with this innocent creature, while she, perchance, might be in earnest. "I would horsewhip such a fellow within an inch of his life," he said, wrathfully, in his heart. Then he suddenly remembered that, as far as he knew, there was no such man, and he smiled contemptuously at his own fantastic conceit. Moreover the present was all his own.

"What is love, Miss Missy?" he asked, abruptly.

"Love is when the beautiful youth comes," she said, still looking away.

"And who is the beautiful youth?" he inquired. He felt curious to know whether a young man of 26 or 27 years, not bad-looking—oh, by no means bad-looking—and not altogether stupid, certainly with some prospects of professional success, might be looked upon as a beautiful youth. Perhaps a tinge of unsuspected jealousy unwittingly heightened his curiosity.

A sort of glow diffused itself over Missy's face; her vision seemed to be lost in the dim recesses of the little chase; her whole manner seemed to bespeak a state of ecstatic feeling.

"The beautiful youth," she said slowly and pensively, "is all glorious to behold, like the early sun in summer, or like the splendor of the apple orchards when the fruit is ripe. He is a peerless knight, clothed with dignity and virtue and truth, and a burning fire goes out of his heart and consumes all iniquity as he passes by. He goes through the world like Sigurd, redressing every wrong, and the hearts of the people trust in him, and when he speaks, or even when he comes near, men and women are happier and better, and little children are gladder and holier. His locks are bright, as if the sun had kissed them, and his eyes are calm and pure, as if the stars sojourned within them. His hands are mighty, like the resistless north wind, and his feet are rapid, like the rushing of many rivers, and his heart is deep—deep like the unfathomed sea."

"And?"—— uttered the young man breathlessly. He was amazed at Missy's gush of poetic fervor, and he longed for her to continue. He knew well that in speech was danger. A word might break the spell; but a breath—a breath might compass his desire. "If I hung for it, I would kill the fellow who played her false!" he thought.

"And one day," Missy proceeded dreamily, "one day he will come to find me. Perhaps he will come in the vernal sunshine, and thrushes and blackbirds will carol as he draws nigh, and pale, shy primroses and the fragrant cowslips and the nodding violets will spring around his feet as he moves, and great joy will be in his soul. Or perhaps he will come through the fields when the corn is golden, and clusters of nuts will garland his head and rich purple plums will fill his hands, and poppies will spread a regal carpet for his feet, and gladness will be in his mien. Or perhaps he will come at dewy eve, rowing over the tranquil mere, and pearls will drip from his oars, and lilybuds will follow in his wake, and he will come to shore where the forget-me-nots are bluest, and a tender peace will be upon him. And he will recognize me, and know that his destiny has arrived, and he will rejoice—rejoice. And we two shall link our hands together, and a thrill of sympathy will unite us for ever, and time will be lost in the eternity of our bliss."

She ceased, and her chin dropped till it rested on her folded hands. He remained silent; he was disappointed. He felt it was utterly prosaic to be a barrister—to be business-like and busy—to have briefs and clients—to be astute and practical. He could never attain the perfections of the beautiful youth. No sun would ever condescend to kiss his curly hair; no star would ever vouchsafe to abide in his merry eyes; no flowers would ever be induced to spring up round his trim and well-made boots. He must go on in the ordinary way and look for no poetic termination to his career. He was hopelessly commonplace—merely a barrister; there was nothing Sigurdlike about him.

"But I will strangle that fellow!" he exclaimed, vindictively. He hardly knew whether he was referring to the man who, in a possible future, might be amused at Missy's expense, or to the beautiful youth; he knew not at all that he had spoken aloud.

"What fellow? Who are you talking of?" exclaimed Missy, starting. "Are you speaking of the beautiful youth? Have I been talking of him all this time?" she cried, in an agony. "Oh, what have I done? What shall I do? I have told you my secret, and I shall never, never be happy again. Why did you draw me on to talk and tell you all about him? I never meant to tell you anything, and now you have led me on to convict myself. Aunt Caroline says barristers always make people convict themselves, and you are a barrister. You are a bad man!"

She had got out of the swing when first she began to speak; now she walked slowly away between the rows of dahlias. When she had gone halfway, however, she turned back, and Mr. O'Hagan went to meet her.

"You will please come in-doors," she said, coldly. "If Aunt Caroline happened to be out when you arrived I dare say she has returned now."

She seemed suddenly transformed from an elfin child into a dignified woman. In days that came after—and that came without Mr. O'Hagan being under the necessity of laying violent hands upon any other man—he recollected this little scene—the outburst of childish passion and the instinctive womanly control which ensued—and loved to dwell upon it. He felt now as if a jury had found him guilty, but he resolved to try and say one word in his own defense.

"Miss Missy," he began, contritely, "I only wanted to talk to you about Norah and your brother; I never meant to vex you."

"I do not care to talk to you about people, Mr. O'Hagan," said Missy, severely. "If you like we can talk about the Irish question, or the Egyptian war, or 'Iolanthe,' but I do not wish to talk about persons."

"But I must learn something about my sister," said Mr. O'Hagan.

"What about her?" asked Missy, relenting a little.

"I want to know whether she and your brother are in earnest, or if they are only amused."

"I do not know. You had better ask Norah and my brother themselves. I do not desire to commit myself any further," said Missy, grandly.

"Miss Missy," said Mr. O'Hagan, humbly, and altering his line of action, "I plead guilty to your charge. I have done a mean thing, and all I can venture to say for myself is that your conversation so enchanted me that I could not bear to interrupt you. Is that any extenuation in your eyes?"

She did not answer; her lips were yet tremulous and her eyes moist with recent agitation, but the hardness had gone out of her face. Noting this, Mr. O'Hagan pushed his advantage.

"I am covered with shame at the thought of my baseness," he went on. "But almost before I realized that you were reposing a confidence in me the confidence was already mine. Miss Missy, I beg your pardon a thousand times. I cannot undo what is done, but perhaps it may mitigate your distress to be assured that your secret is absolutely safe with me. I shall never reveal it to a human being."

"You are very kind," she said, sorrowfully. "But it will never be the same to me again. Nobody knew—not Bob, nor Norah. It was my one fair secret, and the thought of it consoled me whenever I was sad or alone. It was my rosy dream, which stood ever, like a tender angel, by my side, and it lulled me to sleep in the night and brought me joy in the morning; and now—"

"And now," said Mr. O'Hagan, gently, "though some one else knows your secret it is some one who honors it and would fain be like your ideal. I am not such a very bad man, Miss Missy. Don't you remember, Portia was a barrister, and she redressed a great wrong? We barristers do try to act justly, I assure you. Won't you think kindly of me when your mind is occupied with your sweet secret?" he added, imploringly. "I have a dream, too, and an unspoken secret, and when they are present with me I shall think of you—perpetually."

"You have a dream? What is your dream like, I wonder!" said Missy, wistfully.

"My dream!" he answered. "It is of the most beautiful damsel who walks this earth; she is sweeter than Juliet, and nobler than Cordelia, more winning than Rosalind, more charming than Beatrice."

"She must be impossible," interrupted Missy, smiling and amused in spite of herself. "*The inexpressive She*, truly!"

Mr. O'Hagan opened his lips to speak, and then checked himself. But he felt convinced that his *inexpressive She* was a far likelier possibility than Missy's beautiful youth. Nay, did she not stand before him, and was he not prepared to slay fifty men who might dare a treachery to her?

"Some day I will tell you about her," he said, "and you shall say whether my secret be fair and my dream bright. It shall stand or fall by your verdict. And now that I have discovered my secret longing, will you forgive me?"

"Yes, indeed," she said readily. She was not resentful. But she did not quite undersand Mr. O'Hagan. She knew no longing with respect to the beautiful youth; she was satisfied he would come, and she was content to wait. But this damsel of whom Mr. O'Hagan spoke was an evident absurdity, and perhaps this unnecessary longing was a natural sequence to an absurdity. Men are often ridiculous outside their offices and studies; she had heard Aunt Caroline say so. However, it was not unpleasant to feel that this man was less wise than herself. Besides, poor fellow! he would never find his damsel, and she ought to be sorry for him.

They were still standing at the top of the grass walk, and now Missy turned around.

"There are Norah aud Bob coming out of the woods," she said. "See how happy they look! Bob looks taller, or older, or prouder—I don't know what—but he seems different to me. What can it be, Mr. O'Hagan? And Norah seems younger and prettier! And there is something glistening on her finger—it looks like a jeweled ring—but she had no ring on this morning! And they are talking so jealously together that they do not see us! They look as if a fairy had given them some shining treasure. What is it, Mr. O'Hagan? It is like a Michaelmas afternoon's dream."

"Miss Missy," said Mr. O'Hagan, oracularly. "I think Norah has met the beautiful youth, and I think Bob has realized his rosy dream and unveiled his fair secret."

"Then is every one alike?" murmured Missy, regretfully. "Has every one a fair secret and a rosy dream?"

"Every one, I hope—nearly every one, I believe," said Mr. O'Hagan. "Let us go and meet them. They have not been only amused, they have been in earnest."

And the prim dahlias did not turn aside, but smiled proudly, as the two who had played their little drama among them met those other two who had been unfolding sweet secrets in the wood for half an hour.

What a Boy Can Do.

In 1881 Russell Wallace McKee, of Willoughby avenue, Brooklyn, then but 15 years of age, designed and modeled the schooner Ella. In the roomy depths of a cellar her keel was laid. Each and every timber, steamed and bent by his own hands, was put into place, and slowly but surely the work progressed, till, despite its dimensions, the cellar could no longer contain the growing vessel. The stable yard was next resorted to, and no matter how inclement the weather every day saw the boy resolutely laboring. The ribs all in place, the heavy planking of oak required more than one small pair of hands to manage, and assistance had to be sought. All through the spring and sweltering summer months which succeeded he labored on alone.

The fall of '82 had almost passed away when it became necessary to remove her again, this time to the waterside. A truck was engaged, jacks and hoisting tackles set in motion and, in the dead of night, modestly avoiding public gaze, the nearly-completed Ella was conveyed to the ship-yard and took her place among the most costly experiments in naval architecture of the day. Winter came again, but he who had given up all his summer holidays' cutting was not to be daunted. For the heavy work of raising and stepping the masts assistance was again invoked, but aside from that his own hands accomplished it all. To-day she rises from the sea, Venus-like, shapely and complete.

Her dimensions are as follows: Length over all, 32 feet; length on water line and keel, 30 feet; beam, 10 feet 9 inches; draught, 4 feet. The interior of the cabin is nicely paneled with alternate California redwood and selected spruce. She has, forward of the cabin, a small state-room on the port side and closet, on the starboard hand, with basin and running water. The main saloon presents, with its paneling of hard woods and red cushioned transoms, a very cozy appearance. She will carry jib, flying jib, jibtopsail, foresail, mainsail and their respective topsails; has four and a half tons pig and scrap iron ballast and is rated at 8 25-100 tons, new measurement. In general appearance the Ella is not handsome; her lines are calculated more for safety than speed. She will fully accomplish this desire, however, and will, therefore, differ considerably from the many yachts designed for speed, which finally accomplish nothing except their builder's chagrin and their owner's disgust.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

What O. W. Holmes Did for New England.

Dr. Holmes was admirably qualified by nature for the task of introducing to the notice of the somber New England audience the value of the humerous aspect of human life, by the very fact that he was not a satirist, and that his laughter hurt no one's feelings and shocked no one's prejudices. His verses suggested a conception of life which could hardly be called new, but which was novel in New England—as novel in another way as Emerson's pleasant eclectic philosophy, which was beginning to sap the foundations of dogma.

New England was quite ready for Dr. Holmes' treatment. The community was really just awakening to the reality of modern life, to the new literature, the new learning, the wonders and magic of modern science and invention. Life was to be not only real and earnest, but it was to be amusing. Its contrasts, its folly, its queer surprises, the eternal conflict between its dreams and its reality could be made use of to enliven its path just as well as to deepen its gloom. Mirth and gayety, and humor and cheerfulness were to be had for the asking, and a very competent practitioner was ready to furnish them. Of course, it is useless to inquire what would have happened to New England if the old ways had not been abandoned; but to dissipate the gloom which hung over life and society in Massachusetts fifty years ago it was just such wit, vivacity and cheerfulness and natural disposition for the comic side of things as his that was essential.—*New York Post.*

Paternal Government.

When the Shah of Persia begins to suspect that one of his nobles is growing too rich, he contrives to "clip his wings." Either he sends him every day, for a couple of weeks or months, some delicacy from his own table, for which said noble has to pay each time the sum of 1,000 pieces of gold; or he delegates to him the duty of entertaining a foreign embassy, or some diplomatic body. Again, he either plays every week half-a-dozen games of chess with him at 1,000 sequins a game, or he arranges bets up to 12,000 sequins, and, of course, the happy mortal on whom the Shah chooses to confer this honor must not have the audacity to win for fear of losing his head. But if the Shah desires to ruin his man at one fell stroke, he invites himself as a guest to his house. This mark of distinction is so expensive that the wealthiest subject is thereby plunged into the deepest poverty.—*Der Wanderer.*

Progress in the South.

It is wonderful how the South is picking up. The boom was slow in coming, but it has spread over all the South, and is visible in every route of travel. Farmers are clearing, refencing and putting up new buildings, villages are spreading out, and towns and cities are pushing enterprises involving large sums and rushing all kinds of business. Every day—and they cheerfully admit it—the sons of the South are becoming more and more imbued with Yankee push and rush, and every day that same enterprise is showing beneficial results.—*M. Quad.*

FOUR pounds of gold, worth about $1,000, were collected from the soot adhering to the inner linings of the chimney of the royal mint in Berlin.

THE reigning beauty of Ireland is a Belfast mill girl. Crowds surround the mill daily to see her as she takes her departure.

HUMOR.

WOMAN'S sphere—that she will never get married.

HINT to a lazy man—Endow a free bed in a hospital and occupy it yourself.

MEXICO must be a slippery place—on account of the number of "greasers" there.

WAY is a fishmonger the most prudent of merchants? Because he always sells c. o. d.

NO MATTER if the postage is reduced, it is just as much trouble to lick a 2-cent stamp as a 3-cent one.

A POET says: "Can not a man be wise without a beard?" The old Hairy; he beard-arn fool if he couldn't.

"THANK heaven!" exclaimed a fond father as he paced the floor at midnight with his howling heir; "thank heaven you are not twins!"

A DEBATING society will tackle the question: "Which is the most fun—to see a man try to thread a needle or a woman try to drive a nail?"

A NEW YORK man committed suicide in sheer disgust. A Pennsylvania backwoodsman asked him if New York had got big enough for street cars yet.

IT has been discovered by a local philosopher that "taken from life" and "kicked by a mule" are synonymous expressions; they mean the same thing.

YOUNG ladies who are pining to paint "flower pieces" are reminded that the flower piece that is the most attractive to the marrying man is a batch of good bread.

"THE best thing I ever read!" exclaimed a book reviewer, as he perused his uncle's will and found that the sensible lamented had left him a snug bequest.

IT has been remarked that every miner knows his lode, but the history of the rise and fall of the toy pistol has proven that every minor doesn't know his load.

TELEGRAPH wires are so numerous on some of the streets in Chicago that people living on a fourth-floor flat can sift their ashes by merely throwing them against the net work.

A PHILADELPHIA man who has tried it tells us that the only reason why a sufferer's head don't come off when having a tooth pulled is because the tooth gives way first.

FOGG had a tooth which troubled him exceedingly, but he wouldn't have it out, not because he was afraid to, as some of his detractors affirmed, but because he wished to retain it as a keeps ache.

"WHY," asked a governess of her little charge, "do we pray to God to give us our daily bread. Why don't we ask for four or five days a week?" "Because we want it fresh," replied the ingenious child.

AN Elmira man has contracted to supply an Eastern firm with 1,000,000 broom handles. And yet it is necessary to introduce the whipping-post in several States for the punishment of wife-beaters!—*Norristown Herald.*

"YES," said she, with tears in her eyes, "in his qualities of head and heart dear George is always the same." Then, after a moment's lapse into dreamland, she added; "He is so soft-hearted, dear fellow."—*San Francisco News-Letter.*

AN English Bishop querulously remarked to his servant that he was dying. "Well, my Lord," said the good fellow, "we are going to a better place." "John," replied the prelate, with an air of conviction, "there is no place like old England."

A LECTURER, discoursing on the subject of "Health," inquired: "What use can a man make of his time while waiting for a doctor?" Before he could begin his answer to his own inquiry, some one in the audience cried out: "He can make his will."

A NEW HAMPSHIRE wildcat sprang from a tree at a boy and landed in a kettle of boiling sap. The disgust which the animal felt over its faux pas (and the rest of its body for that matter) entirely took away its appetite.—*Boston Post.*

"WITHOUT joking, will you tell us what kind of a thing a 'dude' is?" asks a lady correspondent. Certainly. A "dude" is no thing. It is merely an apology for a human being, and is too weak to be bad and too tame to be wild.—*New York Advertiser.*

A WESTERN colporteur was once conversing with an Illinois man on his religious duties. Said he: "Do you attend church regularly?" "O, no; I never go to church, but I allers make it a p'int to attend all the funerals. They be jest as solemn, and thar isn't no kerlections."

"BETIE," is scrutinizing intently a business card. Underneath the name is inscribed: "U. S. Marine Corps." "Mamma," she says, suddenly. "Does Col. B. make corpses?" "I suppose so, dear," says mamma, "when he goes to war." "That's the reason he has corpses on his card. It's his business card; I see."—and Betie was satisfied.

An Accurate Time-Piece.

* * * While on the subject of Waltham watches, we may mention that we have seen a letter from the Commander of the *Gordon Castle* (Castle line of Steam Packets), who was fortunate enough to save life at sea, and who for his gallant conduct was presented in September last with a Gold Keyless Waltham watch by the President of the United States, on behalf of the London Local Marine Board. Referring to this Presentation Watch, he says: "When I left London the watch was six seconds fast, and on my arrival at Singapore, it was only three seconds slow, a most extraordinary performance for a watch, as I carried it on my person the whole time. I compared it every day with my chronometers on my passage out, and it seldom or ever differed one second from them; in fact, I found it almost, if not as good as my chronometers, which is a great deal to say for a watch carried about and subject to all kinds of jolts."—*London, England, The Watchmaker, Jeweler and Silversmith, Feb. 5, 1883.*

A Wonderful Spring.

Silver spring, in Florida, is a remarkable natural curiosity. It covers about an acre, is from twenty to sixty feet deep, and so transparant that a nickel thrown into the water can be followed in its course till it reaches the bottom at a depth of fifty feet. The water bubbles up from a bed of white sand, and is strongly mineral. When the sun is overhead, all the colors of the rainbow are reflected upon the water. Huge fish are seen swimming around, dressed in all the prismatic colors. The spring is drained by the Silver run into the Ocklawahua river.

THE IOWA AMENDMENT.

Reaffirmation by the Supreme Court of the State of the First Decision Rendered—Reasons for Declaring the Action of the Legislature and People Null and Void.

The Judges of the Iowa Supreme Court have again decided adversely to the Prohibition constitutional amendment, adopted by the people last fall. There are two opinions, Judge Beck dissenting, as in the former rendering. Following is the summary of the majority decision:

The question of the court's jurisdiction is elaborately considered, and the case of Luther vs. Borden, upon which the appellants mainly relied upon the rehearing, is considered at length. It is shown that that case involved the question as to the right of a court holding its powers under a constitution to pass upon the validity of the constitution under which it is itself organized, and that it has no application whatever to an amendment not affecting the judicial authority of the court: that the right of a people to alter or reform their Government at pleasure consists simply in the right to change the existing Constitution in the manner provided in it, or by revolution, which is a right not under but above the Constitution; that the right of revolution can be made effective only by superior force, and that failure subjects those undertaking to inaugurate the change to the penalties of treason; that unless voluntary acquiescence is yielded to a proposed change in the Constitution, the question can be determined only by an appeal to the courts, or an appeal to arms, and that the maintenance of social security and of republican institutions requires that the courts should determine the question.

The opinion maintains that this jurisdiction has been exercised in the seven States of Alabama, Missouri, Kansas, Indiana, Michigan, North Carolina and Wisconsin, and has been denied in none. In the course of the opinion upon this branch of the case the court says: "It is well that the powers of the people and their relations to organized society should be understood. No heresy has ever been taught in this country so fraught with evil as the doctrine that the people have a constitutional right to disregard the Constitution, and that they can set themselves above the instrumentalities appointed by the Constitution for the administration of law. It tends directly to the encouragement of revolution and anarchy. It is incumbent upon all who influence and mold public opinion to repudiate and discountenance so dangerous a doctrine before it bears fruits destructive of republican institutions. It will be well if the people come to understand the difference between national and constitutional freedom before license becomes destructive of liberty."

As to the conclusiveness of the recital of the Nineteenth General Assembly that the Eighteenth General Assembly had duly agreed to and entered upon its journals the same resolution that the Nineteenth General Assembly was about to submit to the people, the court holds that there is nothing in the constitution or the statute or the nature of the subject making the recital conclusive; that the District Court is a court of general jurisdiction; that everything is presumed to be within its jurisdiction until the contrary is shown, and that the burden is upon those who deny that the jurisdiction of the court extends to inquiry into this recital to establish that fact, and that they have failed to do so; that the jurisdiction of the Nineteenth General Assembly to submit the proposition to the people depended upon the fact that the Eighteenth General Assembly had agreed to the same proposition, and that the Nineteenth General Assembly could not stop the courts from inquiring into this jurisdictional fact by a mere recital that the facts exists, especially as the journal of the Eighteenth General Assembly, which is the constitutional record of its proceedings, shows that the fact did not exist. The court maintain that even the action of a court is void and liable to be collaterally impeached if its records show that the fact upon which its jurisdiction depends does not exist. After a full review of the authorities cited upon this branch of the case, the court closes this point of the opinion as follows; "The constitution makes three steps necessary for the adoption of an amendment—viz.: the proposal of an amendment in one General Assembly and its entry upon the journals; the agreement thereto by the next General Assembly and its submission to the people; and the approval and ratification thereof by the people. These steps are distinct, independent and essential. No one of them can be dispensed with. It is necessary that the proposition shall be concurred in by two successive General Assemblies. If, however, one General Assembly can cut off all inquiry into the action of its predecessor by a mere recital of what it has done, it follows that an amendment may be incorporated into the constitution which has never received the sanction of more than one General Assembly. Such a construction might lead to a clear violation of the constitution. We cannot give it our sanction."

Upon the question as to whether the resolution as enrolled is better evidence of the legislative action than the resolution as entered upon the journal of the Senate of the Eighteenth General Assembly, the court holds that the constitution requires each house of the General Assembly to keep a journal of its proceedings, and the statute provides that the proceedings are proved by the journal; that there is neither constitutional nor statutory provision nor rule of the General Assembly requiring the enrollment of a resolution proposing an amendment to the constitution. The court holds that the journal upon which the constitution requires the entry of the amendment to be made constitutes the better evidence of the terms of an amendment proposed. Upon this branch of the case the court says: "No authority has at any time been cited during the progress of this case which holds that, as to a paper required to be entered upon the journal, the enrollment can overrule the journal entry as to a bill. We concede the correctness of the authorities cited. Under the custom of legislation the enrolled bill is presented to the Speaker of the House and the President of the Senate for their signatures, and is approved by the Governor. It is in all respects treated as the original act. No entry of it is required to be made upon the journal, and hence the journal could not contain any evidence of its contents. But, with regard to a proposition for an amendment of the constitution, whether it be in the form of a resolution or of a bill, the provisions of the constitution are different. That is required to be entered upon the journal, and if this requirement is observed the journal does contain evidence of its contents. It is evident that the authorities which apply to the case of an ordinary bill have no application whatever to the resolution in question."

The court discusses and answers the various position of counsel on the argument upon rehearing, and concludes the opinion as follows: "We have approached and discussed this grave question with a full appreciation of the responsibilities which it involves, and we have given to its consideration the earnest attention which its importance demands. We have sought to maintain the supremacy of the constitution at whatever hazard. It is for the protection of minorities that constitutions are framed. Sometimes constitutions must be interposed for the protection of majorities, even against themselves. Constitutions are adopted in times of public repose, when sober reason holds her citadel, and are designed to check the surging passions in times of popular excitement. But if courts could be coerced by popular majorities into a disregard of their provisions, constitutions would become mere ropes of sand, and there would be an end of social security and of constitutional freedom. The cause of temperance can sustain no injury from the loss of this amendment which would be at all comparable to the injury to republican institutions which a plain and palpable violation of the constitution would inflict. That large and respectable class of moral reformers which so justly demands the observance and enforcement of law cannot afford to take its first reforma ory step by a violation of the constitution. How can it consistently demand of others obedience to a constitution which it violates itself? The people can in a short time re-enact the amendment. In the matter of a great moral reform, the loss of a few years is nothing. The constitution is the palladium of republican freedom. The young men coming forward upon the stage of political action must be educated to venerate it; those already upon the stage must be taught to obey it, whatever interests may be advanced or may suffer. Whoever or whatever may be voted up or voted down, no sacrilegious hand must be laid upon the constitution. Abidingly and firmly convinced of the correctness of our former conclusion, recognizing no superior higher than the constitution, acknowledging no fealty greater than loyalty to its principles, and fearing no consequences except those which would result from a dereliction in duty, we adhere to and reaffirm the doctrines already announced. The petition for rehearing is overruled.

THE DISSENTING OPINION.

Justice Beck's dissenting opinion takes the broad ground that the adoption of an amendment by the people of Iowa is a purely political question; that the courts of the State have no jurisdiction over the matter whatever, and that the vote of the people having declared the amendment a part of the State constitution, no errors that may have occurred in passing or publishing the amendment should have any weight whatever in determining its legality. The Judge quotes from many authorities that sustain the position taken by him.

PENCIL AND SCISSORS.

BATON ROUGE, La., has a band of organized thieves composed of boys.

A WHALE eighty feet long recently grounded on the bar at St. Johns, Fla.

DR. D. E. SALMON has been invited by the national department of agriculture to make experiments with Pasteur's process of preventing the spread of contagious diseases among farm animals by means of inoculation.

THE baby camel, who is now flourishing in Central Park, New York, is about the size of a colt, with long legs, and without any hump on its back. The neck is very short, but will develop in time. As the mother was born in the park, the baby camel is a true American.

CROP PROSPECTS.

Complete Report of the Condition of All the Wheat-Growing Sections.

Good Outlook for an Average Yield of Wheat.

The New York *Tribune* of April 24 publishes a lengthy article on the condition of all the wheat-growing sections of the United States except California. "These reports," says the *Tribune*, "are not merely estimates made at a single point of observation in each State or Territory, but are comprehensive reviews based on exact and specific reports from the various counties or towns. They thus afford the most complete survey of the wheat country which has been published anywhere this year. Great care has been taken to have the reports not only comprehensive but entirely accurate. They contain the observations and estimates, not of grain dealers and speculators, but of disinterested investigators, who have sought only to give the facts without color of any kind." These reports show that the outlook is good for an average crop of wheat this year. The reports of damage from the severe cold prove to have been unfounded in nearly all cases. From Minnesota, Nebraska, Indiana, Illinois, Kansas, Michigan, Missouri, Iowa and Dakota the reports are all favorable for a fair average crop, and in some cases for an increase over that of last year. There will be a slight falling off in the product of Minnesota. The falling off in that State, however, will be more than counterbalanced by the increased acreage in the newer wheat-growing sections, like Dakota, which will almost double its acreage and possibly double its yield. Some of the comparatively older States are also increasing their acreage. Wisconsin will increase hers no less than 20 per cent., Missouri from 10 to 15 per cent., Kentucky 10 per cent., and so on; the greatest falling off will be in Ohio. But even Ohio prospects have brigh ened visibly during the last week or more, and it is believed that the yield will not be more than a third smaller than that of last year. The *Tribune* says in its summary: "The prospect to-day is good for an average yield. It may be not as great as that of last year, but that, with the exception of the tremendous yield in 1880, was the largest the country has ever produced. Both winter and spring wheat crops will have a favorable start, and it is not surprising, in view of this encouraging fact, to see the prophets of a short crop revising their estimates. A month ago they were sure the crop would fall below an average yield anywhere from 10 to 20 per cent. Now they admit that the shortage will not exceed 15 per cent., and may fall as low as 5 per cent. Conservative judges, who have all along claimed a fair crop to be the most probable outcome, are strengthened in their view and are inclined to claim a slight advance over an average yield. Judging from present data their estimate seems entirely reasonable. This estimate includes the California crop, which is now generally conceded to be in good condition, and to promise an average yield in all save a few limited acres.

FASHIONS IN DRESS.

The Men.

ENGLISH tweed hats will be worn to match suits.

THE high-button style of dress is rapidly going out of fashion.

MALACCA or bamboo walking-canes should have a curious design for a top.

CUFFS have square corners that meet when fastened by linked sleeve-buttons.

THE new standing collars are higher in front and cut away, and are called the Myron.

OLIVE, gray and brown are the fashionable colors worn by young men in business suits.

THE frock coat will be worn to some extent with a low roll to show the shirt-bosom.

GLOVES are almost universally worn on the street, for walking, for driving, and at church.

SILK handkerchiefs, worn in the breast-pocket, are cardinal, blue, olive, mandarin yellow or polka dotted, with a wide hem-stitched hem.

FOR silk hose black is still preferred for dress, with colored clocks on the side or wrought in small designs on the front of the leg and instep.

THE Germanic turned-down collar is most comfortable, and has now more than an inch space open at the throat and widen further to the pointed ends.

THE stylish silk hat for a middle-aged or elderly gentleman has a crown 6½ inches high with a rolling brim 2½ inches wide. The brim has a light standing cur