

### SOME DAYS.

BY MRS. J. V. H. KOONS.

Some days are bleak, and clouds hang low  
From heaven's ahen gray,  
And chilling blasts aound us blow,  
And night overtakes the day.  
The pulse low in the bosom lies,  
The veins are sluggish streams,  
The tenant of the clay-house cries,  
And starts in night-mare dreams;  
Refuses friendship, physic, food,  
For strength, health, or wealth;  
Forgets his master in this mood—  
This fearful Lazarus death.  
Oh, what shall raise him from the dead  
And strip the door of grape,  
And banish ghosts of morbid dread,  
And put the halls in shape?  
Throw ope the windows toward the east,  
The hungry soul unbar,  
And lead it forth unto the feast,  
Where sparkled Bethlehem's star?  
Two hours, three, may stand  
To loose the prison doors,  
To flood with sunshine life's fair land,  
And fringe with gold its shores,  
Oh, Love, sweet miracle divine!  
Light up this house of clay;  
In every nook and corner twine  
Thy sympathies to-day,  
Then shall the sunbeams kiss the hills,  
The valleys green and fair;  
And music run like rippling rills  
Through the air,  
Then sweeter than the song of bird,  
When hears it mate the call,  
The harmony triumphant heard  
In th' heart's great music hall.  
Oh, Duty, handmaid of the Lord,  
Awake the slumberer!  
Life's lowly byways once abhorred  
Shall find a traveler,  
With pearls and diamonds on his breast,  
And words of glad surprise,  
To bless the poor with wealth unguessed,  
To bring the lowly up,  
The vineyard shall have laborers  
And flowers and fruits shall grow;  
With plenty, peace, and happiness  
The land shall overflow;  
The darkened chambers of the soul  
Shall glow with holy light,  
And truth the stone of error roll  
From off the tomb of right.  
CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND.

### TRAVELING DAYS OVER.

Morgan had been on the road for one house about twenty years. This is a long period of travel. In less time than that most men work up or work down. No man can continue on a dead level as a salesman during that time, even if his habits are good. If he has ability he is sure, with rare exception, to work himself off the road. If he is mediocre no one house can afford to carry him for twenty years. Morgan was the rare exception just mentioned. He was an excellent salesman, and his ability and success but served to weld him to his work. The house had made him a partner long since, but the business he controlled was so large and so profitable that they all knew, and he best, that to withdraw him and experiment with a new man would be but playing with fire over a magazine of powder. So he went on his way year after year, making no plans for the future that would change his work or his life.

But his family, consisting of his wife and their one daughter, Mary, a romping girl of twelve, was not of his disposition. The two could not see husband and father start off without a protest. The wife had always on her heart a burden of anxiety about him; of dangers on railroads, of his possible robbery and murder; of the discomforts of hotels, and the fear of his falling sick among strangers. She was naturally timid woman, and the responsibility of the house weighed upon her. The whole burden of Mary's growth in body and mind, her training, her companions, and her pleasures were matters the mother would gladly have shared with the father, but she was generally compelled to decide them alone.

The father's continued absence was a constant pain and grievance to Mary. There was never a week but that she felt deprived of some special outing because he was not at home to go with her. Saturday night and Sunday, if he was where he could run home, were so many solid hours of happiness to them all, but to Mary they were full of perfect bliss.

Morgan was known to all his friends as a man who never worried. If a train was late he sat down and waited; if a customer failed he always signed a compromise; if he didn't get the best room in the hotel he took what he could get; and he lost no sleep in picturing how his competitors might get ahead of him. He always left home with the assurance that everything would go on all right until he returned, and when he went away he thought of the two he loved as being happy and well.

But as he started on the trip he could not shake off a slight feeling of anxiety that had possessed him all the night, and had grown since he awoke. Their talk the previous day had been about the entrance of diphtheria into the neighborhood, and of the fatal case but two blocks away from their door. Mary had complained of a slightly sore throat, but on Monday morning declared it was entirely well again, kissing him good-bye with more spirit than usual, as if trying to convince him of the truth of her words, and send him away assured and happy.

When he was seated in the cars the shadows came over his spirits again and began to torture him with doubts and possibilities. It might be, he thought, that her sprightliness of the morning was due to fever, rather than health. He wished he had looked into her throat, and he regretted that he had not mentioned his wife about her. He nursed these fears until he felt himself becoming wild with apprehension, and then he reluctantly put the thoughts aside, declared he was foolish and would have no more of it, and devoted himself to a companion and to his papers.

Men cannot always govern their minds. These are kingdoms that frequently rebel against all government. Several times during the day Morgan caught himself going back to his morning thoughts and he resolutely changed the current. But at night, try as he would, he could not conquer them. Even his dreams took up the forebodings of the day, exaggerated and intensified them, and tortured him. Next morning found him out of sorts, nervous and miserable. He had a long drive to take in the country, but he shrank from it as if he saw danger in the track. All his intuitions seemed to be crying to him to go home, but what he thought was his common sense kept insisting that he should go on with his business, and not cross the bridge of trouble until he came to it.

The day was one of the loveliest October days he had ever seen. His drive was through twenty miles of the best corn land in Illinois. The black road was as dry as a board, and as level as only a prairie can be. The first effect of the beautiful day and pure air was invigorating. He enjoyed the drive through the street into the country road. Then the broad fields, the pleasant farm houses, the herds of horses, and cattle, the long Osage hedges, the

perpetual but always surprised rabbit at the road side, all these attracted and entertained him, and his ride was successful in driving away his blues. His customer seemed especially glad to see him; took him to his house to dinner; talked with him of important personal matters, and gave him a large order for goods. He turned back to the railroad feeling as happy as he had ever done; took out his order-book and figured up the amount of the bill and the profit, as was his custom, and then began to sing.

Suddenly there came across him a wave of axioms worry, and all his thoughts flew back to the daughter's sore throat and the funeral he saw last Sunday. He could not drive these away. They clung to him; they whispered to him; they unfolded themselves like a panorama, and on the canvas he saw Mary sick, then worse, and then dead! It was the longest twenty-mile ride he had ever taken, and his old friend, the landlord, concluded from his face that Morgan had met with bad luck in sales that day.

He had a night run to Decatur and determined that he would telegraph to the house, and quiet these nervous apprehensions that were so cruel, though probably so absurd. It would cost but little, he reasoned, and though foolish, it was wiser than to continue to be torn by doubts. So before going to bed he gave the operator a half rate message, for morning delivery, as follows:

To Manning, Morgan & Co., Chicago, Ill.:  
Is my wife or daughter sick? Answer, care  
Gilsey.  
C. MORGAN.

He felt easier having done this, and passed a better night than the previous one, although there was in all his sleeping and waking thoughts an under current of solicitude over impending danger to Mary.

With an attempt not to be anxious, yet terribly apprehensive at heart, he tore open the telegram that reached him about 9 o'clock:

To C. Morgan, care Gilsey & Co., Decatur:  
Come home first train. MANNING.

Good God, what was this! Were his forebodings indeed true? If so he was all the more totally unprepared for the truth. His constant comfort had been that his fears had not the slightest foundation to rest upon, and the more they crowded upon him the surer he had been that they were flimsier than dreams. But here staring him in the face were those four ominous words:

"Come home first train."

Why had they not given him the whole story? He started for the telegraph office to send for further particulars, but stopped. Suppose Mary was dead! Did he want to learn it here, so far from his wife? No; he would wait. Such a story would unfold soon enough. There were several hours before a train went his way; the discipline of twenty years asserted itself, and he attended to his business.

The ride home was one that can be understood in its depths only by those who have been similarly circumstanced. The train seemed to creep. The minutes were like hours. The stops seemed to be interminable, and every mile nearer home seemed to be proportionately longer than the previous one. He reached the city at dark. The store was closed. He had expected to find Manning there, but he suddenly remembered that he had not telephoned to him the time of his arrival. As he neared his home the first glance showed him there was a change. The lower part of the house was in darkness, and only a dim light shone in the front chamber, which was but rarely occupied.

"They have laid her there," he said to himself, and all his soul cried within him in anguish. His poor wife! How she must have suffered, to have gone through all this alone! What a brute he was to go away Monday, when he ought to have known, and did know, that something dreadful was upon them! He reached the door; it was fastened; he would go to the other side and enter quietly. But some one heard his step, and, opening the door, called him back.

"Is it Mr. Morgan?" The voice was that of a neighbor.

"Yes." He passed in, expecting to see his wife. The friend closed the door and turned to him.

"Have you heard—?" she began.

"I have heard nothing; is Mary—?" he broke down. The door beside him opened.

"Oh, papa!"

Give him air! What mystery was this?

"Mary, is it you? Are you alive? Why, I thought—I feared—Oh, darling, is it you?"

Yes, it was Mary. Oh, thank God!

Thank God!

"Tell me again, dear, are you well?"

"Oh, yes, papa, but poor mamma!"

"Mamma! What of her? Is she sick?"

What is it? Tell me quick!" And again he was pushed from the heaven of happiness to the bottomless pit of doubt. "Is mamma sick? Where is she?"

"Oh, papa, the doctor says she is going to—"

"Hush," said the neighbor. "Step inside, sir; the doctor is with her now; he will soon be down. Prepare yourself, Mr. Morgan; your wife is very low. The servant's carelessness caused an explosion in the kitchen, setting herself on fire; your wife ran to her assistance and saved her life, but, I fear, at the expense of her own."

"I must see her."

"No, sir, not now; be guided by me for moment. The doctor will soon be down."

He took Mary in his arms and they wept together. Oh, if his wife, his darling wife, were to be taken from him! It was the cruellest blow. God ever struck!

And she savings another's life, too! He cursed and raved, but it was in his own heart; and Mary, crying on his breast, only knew what comfort it was to have papa once more with her.

The physician came down with manner so grave that it told its own story. "There is scarcely a chance," he said; "you can go to her; she will not know you."

"When did this happen?"

"Monday evening."

"Have you consulted others? Can nothing more be done?"

"Nothing except to help her to die easy."

But she did not die. She knew her husband. He begged her to live, as only a man can plead whose soul is bound up in a woman's life, and whether love, or whether medicine, or whether care saved her, he did not know. But she lived. But Morgan informed Manning that his traveling days were over; that a new man must be engaged for that route. They found him, after diligent search, and much to the surprise of everyone connected with the house, he sold more goods for the firm than Morgan had ever done. The one who rejoices most at this is Morgan, who says he has made his last trip. —From "A Man of Samples," by Wm. H. Maher.

### ONE OF DUDLEY'S PLOTS.

ASSISTED BY MATT QUAY AND J. S. CLARKSON.

The Trio Charged by a Prohibition Organ with Having Bribed an Employee to Steal Its Subscription List—Corroborative Testimony Furnished.

[New York dispatch.]

The proprietors and publishers of the *Voice*, the organ of the Prohibition party, make some very unpleasant charges against Quay, Clarkson and Dudley, the managers of the Republican campaign. It is to the effect that two clerks in the office of the *Voice* stole the mailing lists of that paper and sold them to Quay and Clarkson for \$250 and a promise of other situations. These lists, it is alleged, were used during the recent campaign to defeat the objects of the Prohibition party, the 50,000 subscribers to the *Voice* being flooded with pro-Republican literature in place of their regular organ. The story covers nine columns of this week's issue of the paper, and is backed up with the sworn confessions of the two thieving clerks, and fac simile copies of brief notes from Clarkson and Dudley. These notes, however, are not particularly compromising except in so far as they show that Clarkson and Dudley were in correspondence with the thieves. The *Voice* pays its respects to the gentlemen this way:

High-toned ladies and gentlemen of the party of virtue and sobriety, of temperance and morality, permit us to introduce to you Hon. Matthew Stanley Quay, Senator from Pennsylvania, Chairman of the Republican Committee and receiver of stolen property; Hon. James S. Clarkson, Republican dictator of Iowa, Vice Chairman of the Republican Committee, and receiver and negotiator for stolen property; Hon. W. W. Dudley, personal representative of President-elect Harrison, Treasurer of the Republican Committee, and conspirator to the Abolition of the *Voice*.

After the lists were stolen the suspected clerks were shadowed, and eventually proved to be in communication with National Republican headquarters. One, a deaf mute, was discharged, and was promptly given a paid position as chairman and organizer of an alleged national organization of Republican deaf mutes. This organization, the *Voice* says, consisted of the discharged clerk and a deaf mute reporter on a local paper. The other clerk was retained until Dec. 17, and then confronted with the evidence against him. Under threat of immediate arrest both thieves made full confessions. The deaf mute, Sansom, says in his story: "Mr. Clarkson and I had an interview. I showed him the circulars and lists. The latter contained the names and addresses of between 40,000 and 50,000 subscribers to the *Voice*. Clarkson asked if I could not get the names and addresses of 54,000 clergymen and also of the 500,000 farmers. I did not think I could. For the list already furnished Clarkson asked what price I wanted. I said \$200. He then said the price was fair if the work was effective. I added that I would have to give up my place in Funk & Wagnalls, after this transaction, and would like to have employment on the National Republican Committee in raising funds on plans usually employed by Funk & Wagnalls. He then said, 'We will make it \$250 in all,' and suggested that I shall remain in the office of Funk & Wagnalls in order to gain more information, especially about the Prohibition party being in the pay of the Democratic party, and report to him (Clarkson). He then gave me a \$50 bill for the surrender of the circulars and lists, and made an appointment for Monday morning."

Sansom and the other clerk, Durfee, who was waiting outside, were to a saloon to divide the money. The deaf mute said he got only \$50 for the stolen lists, and gave Durfee \$25. Durfee subsequently saw Clarkson, Quay, and Dudley, and was promised a Government appointment at \$2,500 a year.

One of the letters published in fac simile is as follows, the body of the letter being in type-writing like a more famous letter from the same gentleman:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 22, 1888.  
To Charles A. Durfee, Esq.

DEAR SIR—Your favor just received. In reply, I will say that as soon as I am ready I shall be glad to have your services in the matter that Mr. Clarkson and I were talking to you about. It will necessitate your coming here, and I can arrange, I think, for you to have a room to sleep in in the headquarters building. We will soon settle about the details when I am ready for you to come.

Very truly yours, W. W. DUDLEY.

### PARTISAN JUDGE WOODS.

Unless the President-elect has been grossly misrepresented he has thrown a bomb of startling dimensions and explosive power into the camp of his most rabid supporters. In two brief sentences he has destroyed the entire stock in trade of the Chandlers and Ingalls and others who have been parading the smallness of the vote of the South as evidence of suppression and fraud. "It seems to me," he is reported as saying to a Republican visiting delegation from Alabama, "that the white Republican vote in the South is suppressed as much as the colored vote. You gentlemen don't practice what you preach."

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Very truly yours, W. W. DUDLEY.

### HARRISON'S BOMB.

The typical attack of a legation at Washington is the best all-around sponger in existence, and it is not at all agreeable to contemplate giving up a living salary where rich Americans provide polished floors upon which to dance, and food to satiate the veriest epicure. Of course there are exceptions to this rule, and once in a while a man of ability appears among the corps and women clever and handsome enough to vie with American women, and the British, Chinese, and Mexican Ministers give annual balls that equal in magnificence a rich American's entertainment.

The bachelors of the diplomatic corps are particularly interesting and averse to being called away from the honors showered upon them in this country; for the desire to "wed a duchess," be rake or dead-beat, is too prevalent even among sensible people.

Some interesting statistics in regard to postoffice matters have been developed by the Postmaster General's report just published, and it will no doubt be matter of surprise to many victims of missent letters to know that over 99 per cent. of all mail matter has been distributed airtight during the past year. By the way, the Senate has deferred action on Gen. Newberry's name as Postmaster of Chicago, and the probabilities are that his appointment will never be confirmed.

Gen. James B. Weaver has decided to permit the House to resume business in consideration of the promise that his Oklahoma bill shall have attention. Gen. Weaver is a blue-eyed, strong-faced, broad-shouldered man, with a drooping gray mustache, and the nervous strain by which he has accomplished the dead-lock of the House the past week has left traces of deep weariness in his face. His filibustering tactics have not only taxed his physical powers to the uttermost, but have lost him some good friends, who believed him really working to injure the measure he ostensibly supported. The report is current that Gen. Weaver, whose term expires the 4th of March, intends himself locating thereafter in Oklahoma, but he denies the truth of the rumor. The bill will doubtless come up for consideration and some action be taken before the inauguration.

The House Committee on Territories has been devoting its time to considering Utah's claims to the honor of statehood. Mr. Richards, the speaker for the Territory, addressed it earnestly at great length. Touching the charges that have been made in relation to the practice of polygamy, he declares that since the passage of the act of 1882 there had been but ten convictions of new plural marriages, all others having resulted in cases where marriage had been contracted before that enactment, and that the Governor of the Territory had misrepresented the position of affairs.

The bill for reviving the grade of Lieutenant General of the Army has been reported favorably, with the recommendation that the number of such officers in the entire army be restricted to two, should the bill go through.

The House will have to do some good work to make up for the week of filibustering, and its members are expecting busy times before they will be permitted to don their dress suits and trip the light fantastic at the inaugural ball, toward which all lighter thoughts now trend.

### THE NATION'S CAPITAL.

PREPARING FOR THE INAUGURAL BALL—SOCIETY Gossip.

Fashionable Circles on the Qui Vive—The Last State Dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland—Criticism of the Typical Attache of a Foreign Legation, Etc.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

Preparations for the inaugural ball go steadily forward, and President-elect Harrison's new wardrobe, ordered from Chicago, is an all-absorbing theme. Does it exclude the conventional swallow-tail suit? That is the question which is agitating the gossips quite as much as the secret of his Cabinet selection is concerning politicians.

President Cleveland's last state dinner is a thing of the past, and Senator Ingalls was not invited. The floral decorations were exquisitely arranged and very elaborate.



MRS. CLEVELAND.