

DAILY NEWS

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Uncle Samuel Tilden got the best of Tammany, at Syracuse, yesterday, at about four to one.

NEW YORK Democracy had a high up time. Tammany having bolted, said: "His (Tilden) nomination would sound the knell of Democratic defeat."

"THE cruel war is over," but the "empty sleeves" and "legless pants" are still with us, and the party who voted them supplies while defending the flag of their country are far safer to trust with seeing that these old war-scarred veterans do not come to want in their declining years.—*Lafayette Journal*.

So say we; and now is a very good time to demonstrate the fact, let every soldier vote as he shot, in the coming campaign and we will have a pure and better government.

THE recent report of the American Bible Society shows that there is annually expended by that institution twenty-seven thousand dollars to officers and agents. This is carrying things a little too far. It would be far better to let the Bible take care of itself and found an institution for the treatment of deformed children whose parents are too poor to send them to surgeons for private treatment.

We call the attention of our readers to an interview in another part of this issue, with Ex-Governor Baker:

Ex-Governor Baker is a man well posted in public affairs and one whose opinions should be of great value to the public. His experience in public life has been very large and having been a life long Republican, ever having the welfare and best interests of the party and country at heart it would be well for the people and the politicians to heed what he says and thus avoid a catastrophe.

Legal Papers in Rhyme.

New York Tribune.

A suit for breach of promise of marriage, which presents some novel features, has just been brought in the Brooklyn City Court by Miss Arabella Parthenia Featherstone against J. Uriah Allibone, the damages being laid at \$10,000. Miss Featherstone is an orphan, about 30 years of age, and lives with an uncle near Allentown, Pa. She alleges that on July 21, 1879, Allibone, who was spending his vacation in the neighborhood, asked her to become his wife. She consented, and fixed Nov. 23d as the wedding day. In the meantime, however, Allibone was married to another woman. The peculiarity of the papers in the suit is that the complaint, the answer, and even the affidavits are all in rhyme. The complaint begins thus:

The plaintiff, in seeking redress for her woes,
Comes into court and respectfully shows,

and, after setting forth the circumstances on which the action is based, closes as follows—asking for damages:

Ten thousand is the sum,
Though it would not requite me,
'Twill teach Uriah, anyway,
How much it cost to slight me.

The affidavit to the complaint is as follows:

Arabella Parthenia Featherstone,
The plaintiff being duly sworn,
Says: "I have read the facts above;
The same are true of my knowledge born,
Save the defendant's vows of love;
And as to those I do declare
I did believe him—that I swear."

The answer denies the allegations of the complaint, and the defendant declares that

He no promise of marriage has broken,
As never such subject was dreamed of or spoken.

He also says that the plaintiff represented herself to be engaged to marry one James R. Vedder. His affidavit is unique:

Kings county—Allibone, J. U.,
First being sworn in manner due,
Says the answer above is true.

The lawyers in the case declare that the complaint and answers are strictly legal.

W. R. McKeen, of Terre Haute, is the latest proposed candidate for Governor. It was an old custom to keep the best of the wine to the last of the feast; possibly that rule is now being applied to candidates. It looks like it in this case.—*Richmond Palladium*.

The reason why women have little or no success at fishing is because but few of them possess nerve enough to hold the worm between their teeth so that they can use both hands in getting the hook out of their back hair.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald*.

A watchdog in Lexington, Ky., was fatally struck by lightning while barking.

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Domestic Happiness.

While traveling, a few years since, I was detained some days in one of our western cities. My room overlooked a lane or alleyway, in which there were several houses occupied by the better class of artisans, and I became much interested in one of these, so much, that no sooner did I hear a glad shout from a little voice that I knew it was meal-time, and "Daddy was coming home," and I took up my point of observation in harmless and admiring scrutiny of the well-governed house. On the way in, the father raised the rejoicing child to his arms, and gave it two or three resounding smacks; another one had crept to the door-sill, and this was lifted also, and its little cheek laid tenderly upon the shoulder, which was haunched up to bring it close to the father's. By this time the wife had brought a bowl of water and a white, coarse towel, then she took the children down, applying also sundry pats, now on the shoulders of the little ones, and now on the broad, fatherly ones; and while the husband gave a last rub of the hard, rough hands, he stretched out his neck and kissed the pretty, girlish wife, who would be hovering near him. They said grace; they dined at the plain, wholesome board, and more than once I found myself waiting them a benediction with the tears in my eyes. It is so brutish to take unfeelingly the sweet benefactions of life, without a word of recognition of the Great Giver. The husband was a grave man, and the wife a lively, cheery one, neat as a new pin, and very chatty. I thought them wonderfully well matched, for there was no moroseness in the man, nor levity in the woman, and when Sunday came and the little household, dressed in all their finery, baby and all, went out to church, it was a sight to behold.

The Same Old Story.

The Oxford graduate was showing his sister over his rooms in college, when some one knocked at the door. Supposing that it was one of his friends, and not wishing to be chaffed, he hid her behind the curtains, and admitted an elderly gentleman, who apologized profusely for his intrusion, and excused himself by saying that it was many years since he had been at Oxford, and he could not leave without paying a visit to his dear old college, and the rooms which he had occupied as a student.

"Ah!" cried the old gentleman, looking around, "the same old sofa! yes, and the same old carpet—everything the same."

Then, walking into the bedroom he remarked: "Yes! and the same old bed! and the same old washstand! Yes, everything the same."

Presently he stepped towards the curtains and remarked: "Ah! and the same old curtains." Looking around he beheld the young lady, and, turning around, he said: "Ah, you young dog! and the same old game."

"But," hastily replied the under graduate, "that young lady is my sister."

To which the reply came, "Yes! I know, and the same old story!"

"How long shall a girl be courted?" asks an English newspaper. Not later than 2 o'clock in the morning, we think, excepting when it rains.

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