The Wisconsin State Register.

JOHN T. CLARK, B. F. GOODELL, } Proprietors.

Office Corner of Cook and Wisconsin Streets—Over City Bank.

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The State Register

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OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

County Officers.

County Judge ..... L. W. BARDEN
Sheriff ..... J. W. LEFFINGWELL
County Clerk ..... WM. B. SMITH
County Treasurer ..... CHAS. A. COLONIUS
Register of Deeds ..... Z. J. D. SWIFT
Clerk of the Court ..... J. H. WELLS
District Attorney ..... H. H. CURTIS
County Superintendent ..... J. Z. MERRILL
Surveyor ..... CHAS. E. CORNING
Coroner ..... GEORGE W. MARSH

City Officers.

Mayor ..... A. J. TURNER
City Clerk ..... N. J. CURRIER
Treasurer ..... FRANK KELM
City Marshal ..... PATRICK SHEEHAN
Assessor ..... ALEX. CARNAGIE
School Superintendent ..... A. C. KELLOGG
Justices { ..... W. G. BUNKER / ..... S. B. LINSCOTT / ..... E. S. BAKER

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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Office in Bank Block, Portage, Wis.

G. J. COX,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Portage, Wis. Office No. 39 West Cook St., Hertel's Block, over Express Office.

J. H. ROGERS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Portage, Wis. Office in Hertel's Block.

H. H. CURTIS,
COUNSELOR AT LAW (District Attorney for Columbia County). Office, corner of Wisconsin and Cook streets, over Bard's Jewelry store, Portage, Wis.

SMITH & DERING,
LAW, ABSTRACT, REAL ESTATE, LOAN and Insurance. Office, DeWitt street, Portage, Wis.

BAKER & WALKER,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW. No. 14 West Cook St., (up stairs), Vertmann's Block, Portage, Wis. Collections promptly attended to.

S. B. LINSCOTT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND COURT COMMissioner. Office over Sanderson's cigar store. Will make it his especial business to collect debts, large and small, on reasonable terms. Business respectfully solicited.

JNO. BRICKWELL,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Portage, Wis. Office in Vertmann's Block, Cook Street. Collections promptly attended to.

PETER WILLIAMS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Cambria, Wis. 20-47

W. G. BUNKER,
MANUFACTURER of and dealer in Harness, Collars, Bridles, Fly Nets, Blankets, Robes, and all kinds of Horse Clothing, Cook Street, next to Gates' Livery Stable, Portage, Wis. 15

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[Successor to Maine & Gorton.]
HOMEOPATHIC Physician and Surgeon. Office over Perdy's Drug Store. Professional calls answered at all hours. 27y1

A. SCHLOEMILCH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Portage, Wis. Office on Cook Street, opposite German Exchange Bank. Residence on the corner of Wisconsin and Mac Streets.

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Physician & Surgeon.
Special attention given to diseases of women. Office and residence corner of Lock and Cook Sts., Portage, Wisconsin.

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SPECIAL attention given to drawings and engravings of live stock and portraits in crayon. Re-surveys of townships, and land surveying in general. Office in Court House, Portage, Wis.

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T. B. FLETCHER,
Surgeon Dentist,
PORTAGE, WIS.
Having enlarged and refurnished my Dental Rooms, and having, also, added to my Operating Rooms all the modern appliances, including the finest Operating Chair ever seen in this city, I am better able than ever to receive my patrons, and would respectfully invite all who can appreciate first-class dentistry, to give me a call. Rooms on West Cook St., opposite German Exchange Bank.
T. B. FLETCHER.

W. H. C. ABELL,
DENTIST,
Graham's Block, Portage, Wis.
Years of practice and experience, in connection with every convenience at my office, enables me to perform all dental operations in the highest state of perfection. Have been in practice here since 1854.

MEAT MARKETS.

KLENERT BROS.,
PROPRIETORS OF THE
Portage Meat Market.
Fresh, Salt and Smoked Meats, Sausage, Lard, Fowls, etc., always on hand. Game in its season.
☞ Prompt attention paid to all orders. Prices reasonable.

GEO. KRECH'S
Meat Market
Fresh and Salt Meats, Poultry,
&c., always on hand. Fresh Fish every Friday
East Cook St., Portage, Wis.

NEW
Fire Insurance Agency.
The undersigned takes pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Portage and vicinity that he has secured the Agency for the following reliable Insurance Companies:
Guardian Assurance Co., of London, California, of San Francisco, Milwaukee Mech. Mut. Ins. Co. and the Concordia, of Milwaukee.
Office with Stroud & Armstrong, City Bank Block, Portage, Wis. Give me a call.
ANDREW KIEFER.

GEO. W. MARSH,
General Insurance
—AND—
PASSAGE TICKET AGENCY.
Post Office Block, Portage, Wis.

PH. GOODMAN.

FOR THE FALL

—OF—

A T 3

PH. GOODMAN

Has Purchased a

Larger, Better, and Cheaper

STOCK OF

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

Hats and Caps,

—AND—

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

THAN HAS EVER BEEN

Displayed in Portage.

IT WILL PAY YOU

TO COME HERE FROM

Lodi, Poynette, Pardeeville, Montello, Westfield, and Baraboo,

TO BUY A SUIT OF CLOTHES

—OR AN—

Overcoat!

FROM ME!

Do Not Forget it!

Yours Truly,

PH. GOODMAN.

Editorial Correspondence.

VERMILLION, D. T., Nov. 21, 1883.

The C., M. & St. P. R. R. from Sioux City to this point, over which I came today, keeps near the Missouri river. At Elk Point, a distance of 21 miles, it forks, one branch extending almost due north to Canton, where it crosses the same company's road which runs from McGregor west, thence north to Egan, where it intersects the same company's road which runs west from La Crosse to Eden. The other branch bears to the northwest and keeps near the Missouri river to Yankton, where it leaves the river, is projected and is being built in a northwesterly course. It will intersect the company's line from Prairie du Chien at Mitchell, the La Crosse line at Forestburg, and the line west from St. Paul at Aberdeen.

I came up to this place for two purposes: one of them the same with which I go from place to place, and which is to see if by change of air and scene, I cannot get out of the asthmatic rut in which I found myself in Portage; the other was to see the Hon. John L. Jolley, who came to Portage, as I did, in 1857, and who has been here now 16 years. For some time before the war he studied law in the office of the late Emmons Taylor. He enlisted in Col. Guppey's regiment and served with credit till the close of the war, and then finished his legal studies in the office of one of the best men and one of the ablest lawyers Columbia county ever had—I. Holmes, Esq. The advice of one of America's greatest men, "Go west, young man," was accepted by him, and he located at this point, then a little hamlet near the place where the Vermillion river mingles its waters with those of the Missouri. The building of the town was first begun at the base of a hill about 80 feet in hight, which is distant but a few rods from the said rivers. Near this place the river bottom between Dakota and Nebraska is several miles wide, and the Missouri came down from the northwest near the Nebraska shore, but when nearly opposite the town which I am describing, it took a short turn and came across to the Dakota shore, received the Vermillion and returned to the Nebraska shore not far from the point of its deflection, the bend being nearly in the form of an ox-bow.

In the spring of 1881, the ice in the upper Missouri and its branches broke up very early, before it had given way at this place, and the water rising, drove the broken ice down near this place, where, just above the same, it formed a dam in the Missouri, which turning the water of the last named river towards this shore, together with the rise in the Vermillion which soon followed, swept almost the whole town from its base. One hundred and fifty-seven houses, with most of their contents, were carried off by the merciless flood in a single day—the 27th of March. Strange to say, no lives were lost.

Our friend Jolley was among the sufferers. He had already doubled his blessedness by marriage to a most estimable young lady, and they had gathered three lovely olive branches about their table, the eldest a daughter, and the others a boy and girl (twins). The children, when the water threatened the house, had been removed for safety to the top of the hill, and our friend, finding the water rapidly rising, was striving to bear their mother on his back through the boiling, surging sea, to a place of safety, when his feet were taken from under him by the current, they were separated and both were borne swiftly down stream. They were able, however, to save themselves by efforts almost superhuman, and reached the shore.

Their dwelling, although filled with water to the depth of 9 feet, was not carried off, but with a few others was, in a damaged, state removed to the top of the hill, and there re-erected, and with additions, now forms a most attractive and convenient residence. This terrible flood, like many other disasters, proved a blessing to this town; for while on the flat, it had been for several years previous to the washout, apparently dead, its residents seeming to forebode some pending calamity.

Two years have done wonders for it. The buildings are all fresh and new. A plain but substantial Court House, a fine High School building, the new building for the University of Dakota, on which several thousands of dollars had been expended by the enterprising citizens of this city and county, and which with a large plat of ground for a site, had been presented to and accepted by the territory, constitute the chief attractions of the city. The territorial government is making large additions to the University building, all of which are of stone, which in appearance much resembles the celebrated Montello granite. The style of architecture and the finish of the building, so far as completed, are by no means inferior to the public buildings which we visited in New York City in May last; and while this city, with its University now just opened, is located on a high, treeless prairie, extending as far as the north pole, or as the imagination can reach, yet the hands of the enterprising have laid out their grounds and planted trees which in a few years will cause the places so recently familiar as hunting grounds to the red man, to bud and blossom as the rose.

Columbia county and its vicinity are well represented here—Columbus especially. S. J. Lewis, Esq., son of our worthy ex-Governor; M. J. Lewis, his nephew; M. D. Thompson and wife, the latter of whom is the ex-Governor's niece; and Prof. G. E. Culver, of the University, are all prominent citizens here. Messrs. W. G. and J. C. Bowers and their father came from Dane, Dane county. In the High School we found as teachers, Miss Belle Merriam, from Columbus, Miss Mattie Hand, from Grant county, Wis., and Mrs. Wilson from Milwaukee.

His many friends among the residents of Portage from 1857 to 1867, will hear with pleasure of the success of our friend, John L. Jolley. He was the first mayor of his city, has been four times a member of the territorial legislature, once or more president of the territorial council, and a citizen held in high esteem by every one who spoke to me of him. I was told that any place he desired which his county could bestow upon him, he could have without asking for it, but by simply consenting to take it. But John is not politically ambitious. He is fully content with his pleasant home and family, his several farms near the city, and the labors of his law office. He is perfectly independent, says what he thinks and does what he regards as right, and though all may not agree with him, they have a perfect confidence in his integrity. My visit to him of one day was a great pleasure to me and apparently to him and his hospitable family. To-day I go to Yankton, twenty-six miles from this place, up the Missouri.

J. T. C.

Paine's Age of Reason.

[For the State Register.]

The era of cheap literature brings to the front many publications that have been almost forgotten. Among them is "Paine's Age of Reason." It may be seen in book-stores among other cheap pamphlets, marked 20 cents. It is not at all probable that any purchasers could be found for it if they had to pay $1.00 or $1.50. But at 20 cents some may buy it, as much from curiosity as anything, having heard of it as being either a very wicked or a very smart book. Without giving judgment either way, I wish just to call the attention of any who may read it, especially young men, to a few facts concerning the pretense at argument therein contained. One can hardly believe that a man of sense, as the author undoubtedly was, in reference to some things, could think that he was making a real argument. The evidence of very superficial knowledge of the book he criticises, and stupendous ignorance of some of the questions he discusses, is patent on almost every page.

The gist of the book is that the evidence of the truth of the things related in the Bible is altogether insufficient to convince a reasonable man.

As an offset to his judgment in the matter, I will quote a few lines from a book written and published some years ago by Simon Greenleaf, L. L. D., late Dane Professor of Law in Harvard University, and author of a treatise on the Law of Evidence.

The book referred to is entitled, "The testimony of the Evangelists examined by the rules of evidence administered in courts of justice." Of the book a writer in the *North American Review* said: "It is the production of an able and profound lawyer, a man who has grown grey in the halls of justice and the schools of jurisprudence; a writer of the highest authority on legal subjects, whose life has been spent in weighing testimony and sifting evidence, and whose published opinions on the rules of evidence are received as authoritative in all English and American tribunals." The book is an octavo of between three and four hundred pages, and is a thorough examination of the testimony of the evangelists, according to the rules of evidence administered in courts of justice.

The author says at the outset: "All that Christianity asks of men on this subject, (the credibility of its evidences) is that they would be consistent with themselves; that they would treat its evidences as they treat the evidence of other things, that they would try and judge its actors and witnesses as they deal with their fellow-men when certifying to human affairs and actions in human tribunals. Let the witnesses be compared with themselves, with each other and with surrounding facts and circumstances; and let their testimony be sifted as if it were given in a court of justice; on the side of the adverse party the witnesses be subjected to a rigorous cross-examination."

That is what the author does in his book. He further says: "The result, it is confidently believed, will be an undoubting conviction of their integrity, ability and truth. In the course of such an examination the undersigned coincidences will multiply upon us at every step in our progress; the probability of the veracity of the witnesses and of the reality of the occurrences which they relate will increase, until it acquires, for all practical purposes, the valve and force of demonstration. Either the men of Galilee were men of superlative wisdom and extensive knowledge and experience, and of deeper skill in the arts of deception than any or all others before and after them, or they have truly stated the astonishing things which they saw and heard." Of course, when lawyers or doctors disagree, it is sometimes hard for non-professionals to decide. But in this case it does seem as if such names as Greenleaf, Story, Marshall, Jay, Seward, Waite, Chase, Gladstone, and Burke, all of whom were convinced of the truth of Christianity, by investigating its evidences, ought to preponderate in the judgment of reasonable men over such names as Paine and Ingersoll. I notice among the names of prominent laymen in attendance upon the recent General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal church, held in Philadelphia, as deputies, are, Senator Geo. F. Edmunds, of Vt., Hon. Thos. Hendricks, of Ind., Hon. Columbus Delano and Gen. J. H. Devereux, of Ohio, Hon. J. W. Stevenson, of Ky., Judge Andrews, of southern Ohio, Hon. S. Corning Judd, of Chicago, Judge Sheffey, of Va., Prof. Coffee, of Penn., and the Hon. Robt. C. Winthrop, of Mass. These men have repeated, probably hundreds of times in the most solemn manner before God and men, their belief in the facts upon which the Christian religion is based.

My object in this writing is to show any one who may thoughtlessly conclude that Paine's and Ingersoll's arguments are either sound or smart; that by that conclusion they put many names of eminence for sound reason and worth into the category of fools, and elevate men of very superficial attainments into the position of judges.

C. T. S.

A Life Saving Present.

Mr. M. E. Allison, Hutchinson, Kan.: Saved his life by a simple Trial Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, for Consumption, which caused him to procure a large bottle, that completely cured him, when doctors, change of climate and everything else had failed. Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Severe Coughs, and all Throat and Lung diseases, it is guaranteed to cure. Trial Bottles free at Purdy's Drug Store. Large size $1.00.

He Wanted to Know.

Dumley was making an evening call, and the nice little boy of the family had been allowed to remain up a little later than usual.

"Ma," he said during a lull in the conversation, "can whisky talk?"

"Certainly not," said ma. "What put that absurd notion into your head?"

"Well," he replied, "I heard you say to pa that whisky was telling on Mr. Dumley, and I wanted to know what it said."—*Philadelphia Call.*

The True Test.

If a man is hungry within an hour more or less after a meal he is a dyspeptic, it shows his stomach is not able to dispose of what he has eaten, but to eat again, and thus impose more work, is absurdity. Take Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic which cures dyspepsia, and all stomach, liver, kidney and bladder troubles. It is a perfect tonic, appetizer, blood purifier, a sure cure for ague and malaria diseases. Price 50 cents, of E. S. Purdy.

The Sphinx.

She doesn't live in Egypt,
Not in these latter years;
She sits in a cane-seat rocker,
And this is what she hears.

"Mamma, where's my pencil?"
"Mamma, where's my hat?"
"Mamma, what does this mean?"
"Mamma, what is that?"
"Who was General Taylor?"
"Where's this horrid town?"
"Have I got to do it?"
"Say, is 'rest' a noun?"
"Can I have a cornet?"
"Don't I wish I had!"
"Ma, if I get rich some day,
Wouldn't you be glad?"
"This book says the dew-drops
Climb the morning sky;
Oh, what makes them do so?
Tell the reason why."

Hear the gentle answers,
Making matters plain;
Should she speak in riddles,
They will ask again.

"Something ails this slipper,
Doesn't it look queer?"
"Must I do it over?
Fix it, mother dear."
"We must write an essay
On 'a piece of chalk;'
Mother what would you say?
"Ma, why don't you talk?"

Children, come to aunties!
Let mamma alone!
(I sometimes think the patient sphinx
Will really turn to stone.)

Like Man, Like Husband.

Mr. Marcus Wilkinson sat alone in his office, with a dainty little perfumed note between his fingers and a puzzled frown upon his brow. The note, directed in a graceful feminine hand, was brief:

DEAR GUARDIAN: I will be at the office at ten in the morning, to consult you upon a matter of importance. MILLIE.

"A matter of importance," muttered Mr. Wilkinson, twisting the note nervously.—"Can my fears be true? Has Cyril Ormsby proposed to my pearl? I am afraid he has. And what can I say? What can I urge against the man, if Millie's own instincts have played her false? Ten o'clock?"

The last silvery stroke of the mantel clock had not died away when the door of the office was opened by a clerk, and Millie Bentley entered the room.

Just a few words to describe the ward of whom Marcus Wilkinson always thought as a pearl, a lily, everything pure and fair. She was of medium height, slender and graceful, with a thoughtful face of exquisite beauty.

Very young, only eighteen, Millie Bentley had borne early the sorrows of life.—Her father, having been wealthy, had failed in business, and committed suicide.—Her mother, delicate and helpless, had fought poverty feebly for two years, and sinking under privations and toil had contracted a fatal disease. When all hope of life was over, news came that Millie's uncle, dying abroad, had left a large fortune to his only sister. A will was made by the dying woman, leaving her own too lately won independence to Millie, appointing their old friend, Marcus Wilkinson, guardian to the heiress.

Sorrowing and womanly beyond her years, Millie had turned from her old grief to solace some of the trials of those with whom her own poverty had made her familiar.

A cousin had come at Mr. Wilkinson's request to make a home for his ward, and she resumed many long, uninterrupted studies. But a large portion of her time was spent in the humble homes of those who had been her mother's friends in the dark days of her widowhood; and her gentle charities soon extended far beyond the small circle.

She had been an orphan for two years on the day when she came to seek Mr. Wilkinson, as already described, and the sorrows of her life had lost some of their bitter sting, leaving only a gentle sadness behind.

"Well, Millie," the old gentleman said, "what brings to me the pleasure of seeing you to-day?"

"It is about myself," Millie said, the softest rose tints flushing in her cheeks.

"Dear me! I don't know how you ever took such an insignificant person into consideration at all."

"Now, Uncle Marc, please don't tease me."

"She wants something enormous," said the old gentleman, mentally addressing the walls. "Whenever I am Uncle Marc, I know what to expect next."

But just then the kindly man detected signs of trouble in Millie's face; and the jesting voice was turned to one of tender gravity.

"What is it, my child?"

"Cyril Ormsby came to me last evening, and he will come here to-day; but I wanted to see you first. He wants me to be his wife, Uncle Marc, and"—she hesitated—"you do not like him?"

"Who told you that?"

"No one; I see it myself."

"Well, you are right. I do not like him. But my like or dislike has no control over you."

"No control!" Millie's voice was piteous. "Please don't talk that way. I come to you just as I would have gone to my father."

"There, dear, I was wrong. Tell me, then, as you would your own father, do you love Mr. Ormsby?"

"I think he is the noblest man I ever knew. If you saw him with my poor people, how gentle and courteous he is, you you would like him too. He has given me so much sympathy in my work, Uncle Marc, feeling as I do, that the possession of great wealth is but a stewardship."

"And so won your love?"

"My respect and admiration, uncle, I cannot yet realize that a man so noble and so good can really desire my companionship and help in his life. But, since he does, I am glad and proud to have won his confidence."

"Hem—yes! Enthusiastic, but heart whole!" was Mr. Wilkinson's mental comment. "Suppose you and I go for a walk?" he added, aloud.

"A walk?" Millie said, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, I have a friend or two I should like to have you see. When we come back I will tell you why I dislike Cyril Ormsby, if—" he added mentally, "you have not already found out."

It was not exactly such a walk as one would have mapped out for a gentleman's invitation to a young, beautiful girl; but Millie followed, of course, leaning upon the arm of her guardian, wondering a little, but never hesitating, past the respectable portion of the city, to a quarter known as the "Factory Row," a place where Mr. Wilkinson never allowed his ward to go; for there were apt to be fevers and contagious diseases lurking there. It lay low and was unhealthy, and the houses were of the meanest description.

"For a noble philanthropist, partly owning these factories and this quarter, Mr. Ormsby seems neglectful," said Mr. Wilkinson, dryly. "I have an interest in the factories, as you are aware, but do not own one of these wretched houses. They are all Cyril Ormsby's.

"But," Millie said eagerly, "these people will not let him benefit them. They use his charity for drink; they abuse any privilege he gives them, till he is discouraged to do them any good."

"Oh! step in here."

It was a poor place, scantily furnished and cheerless. Upon a cot-bed a woman lay in the last stages of consumption.—She looked up eagerly to Mr. Wilkinson.

"I hope you are better," he said, very kindly.

"No; I shall never be better. If I may only die in peace, it is all I ask."

"Mr. Ormsby will not disturb you now?"

"Jennie has gone to him. Yesterday he sent word that if the rent was not ready to-day at twelve, out we must go. I've paid it regularly for five years, but he don't think of that. All Jennie's made the last month she had to pay for fire and wood. She's but fifteen, and her pay is small."

"What do you owe Cyril Ormsby?"

"Thirty shillings."

"And if he is not paid to-day, he will put you out in the street to die?"

"He says the workhouse is the place for paupers."

At this moment a slim, pale girl of fifteen came in, crying bitterly.

"Mr. Wilkinson was out," she began, and then seeing her visitors, she cried, eagerly, "Oh, Mr. Wilkinson, you will not let mother be put out in the street. I'll pay every penny, sir, if you will only wait until she is better, and I can get full time to work."

"Have you seen Mr. Ormsby to-day?" the old gentleman asked.

"Yes, sir. He said he had no time to hear any whining. The agent will be here at twelve, and if the money is not paid he will put us out."

"May I?" whispered Millie.

"Just as you please, my dear. Perhaps this dying woman or child will drink up your charity."

"Hush, hush!"

So tenderly, so delicately Millie gave her charity that there was only deepest gratitude awakened without the galling sense of obligation. She left more than sufficient for some weeks, and promised to send delicacies for the invalid.

No word of herself passed her lips until they were once more in the narrow street.

"Oh, Uncle Marc," she said, "can it be true that he is so hard—so false to me?"

They went into the wide court yard in whose space stood the four great factories, the joint property of Marcus Wilkinson and Cyril Ormsby, long before divided by the entirely opposite management of these two into two distinct departments—one entirely under the control of the elder, the other of the younger man.

"Wilkinson's absurd soft-heartedness," as Cyril mentally characterized it, had made this division absolutely necessary.

But it was not into his own kindly governed, well ordered departments that Marcus Wilkinson led his ward. He turned into a small room, where a pale man was busily writing, and at the same time overlooking a long room, where about seventy girls were at work before busily whirling machinery.

"Good morning, Watkins," the old gentleman said, "I was in hopes that you were taking a holiday."

"Thank you, sir," was the reply in a dejected tone. "I can't well quit work, sir. There's the wife and six little ones, you see."

"Have you told Mr. Ormsby the doctor says your life depends upon a few weeks of rest and pure air?"

"Yes sir. He's not keeping me; but he says if I go he must fill my place—and that means starvation for my family. I could never get a new situation as feeble as I am now."

"How long have you been here, Mr. Watkins?"

"Seventeen years, sir. I was with old Mr. Ormsby before you came sir."

"A faithful servant seventeen years!" said Mr. Wilkinson in a low tone; "and a few weeks' rest may save his life!"

At that moment Millie shrank a little nearer her guardian. Through the window from which Mr. Watkins overlooked the long room she could see Cyril Ormsby, walking briskly about, his voice harsh and imperative, finding fault here and there, and keenly scrutinizing every item of the work. Not a face in the long room was brightened by the presence of the master. Fingers worked more rapidly, eyes were fastened persistently upon the looms, and everyone seemed aware of a stern taskmaster's gaze. But Mr. Wilkinson obeyed the mute petition expressed in the looks of his ward, and led Millie out in the wide passage again to another workroom.

It were too tedious a task to follow every step as they passed from room to room, everywhere meeting some assurances of Mr. Wilkinson's own hold upon the hearts of the "hands" and their terror of Cyril Ormsby's harshness.

Out again amongst the squalid homes, where her guardian had no control, but bestowed his kindly charity without ostentation; and here, more eloquently than ever Millie heard how cruel a mockery were all the schemes of charity and philanthropy that had been poured into her ear. It needed no spoken word from her guardian to tell her that the noble words uttered to win her were but those of hypocrisy, which knew how it could best plead its cause with her.

One and another turning to Mr. Wilkinson as to a friend, unaware of the torture of their words to the kindly lady beside him, told of cruel exactions of work in sickness or trouble, of closest calculation of time, and of small wages and heavy rents.

"If we won't live here and pay rent we get no work in the factories," one said, when asked why he did not seek a more healthy quarter.

"I am doing overtime work to pay for my child's funeral," one said, "for I lost the wages for three days I stayed by to see her die and to bury her."

"I am uneasy about the rent," another said, "for I lost a week by a fall on the ice, and it's hard making it up again."

Not a word of kindly sympathy, of help in trouble of sickness. The "hands" under Cyril Ormsby were simply human machines to do so much work, sick or well, to pay the price of an hour or day of idleness, no matter how necessary.

There was not a word spoken as Mr. Wilkinson and Millie walked to the office again. Once there the old gentleman spoke very gravely:

"As your guardian, Millie, I can speak to you no word against Cyril Ormsby. He is a rich man, of good, social position, of irreproachable moral reputation, and a man whose standing in business circles is of the highest. A man who is a good match in every worldly sense. So much for your guardian. As your friend, my pearl, who loves you, who knows every noble impulse of your pure soul—as that friend I tell you I would rather see you lying beside your mother than the broken-hearted wife of such a man as Cyril Ormsby."

"I came to you as a friend, as almost a father," said Millie, "and I thank you for keeping me from a life-long misery. To know my husband such a man as I now know Cyril Ormsby to be would, as you say, break my heart."

"I would not tell you," said her guardian, "for you know I dislike him, and might have thought that dislike prejudiced me. But, Millie, tell me that you will not let this day's work shadow your life. You did not love Cyril, Millie?"

"No. I reverenced what I believed a noble, generous nature. That reverence a mockery, I shall never break my heart for a man I thoroughly despise, Uncle Marc."

And so it happened that Cyril Ormsby, coming to claim the fortune he believed to be within his grasp, met only Mr. Wilkinson, with Millie's polite but distinct refusal to resign herself or her fortune to his keeping.

But he never knew how it was that Millie learned the true value of his hollow words of charity and philanthropy.

Only Two Bottles.

Messrs. Johnson, Holloway & Co., wholesale druggists of Philadelphia, Pa., report that some time ago a gentleman handed them a dollar, with a request to send a good catarrh cure to two army officers in Arizona. Recently the same gentleman told them that both the officers and the wife of a well-known U. S. A. General had been cured of Catarrh by the two bottles of Ely's Cream Balm.

He Was the Fool.

"I don't understand why women dress that way," said a man pointing to a lady who passed along the street.

"I don't either," replied a bystander.

"That woman," continued the first speaker, "is dressed ridiculously. Her husband must be a fool."

"I know he is," said the bystander.

"Do you know him?"

"Oh, yes. I'm the blamed fool myself."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

☞ A paper weight—watching for the mail to come.

☞ A Striking affair—an alarm clock.

MR. TILDEN'S BED-ROOM.

The Gorgeous Apartment the Old Mummy Has Made For Himself.

The reporter found himself in the center of three beautiful large rooms thrown into one by the opening of the folding-doors which separated them. The floor was of inlaid woods of various colors and design. Rich oak carving ran around the cornices and crossed and re-crossed an inlaid ceiling of blue tiles. The middle room of the suite is splendidly illuminated by a dome of stained glass set in ornamented bronze work, which rises into a light shaft sixteen feet square.

A handsome carved oak mantel and fire-place, each of singular design, ornament each room. The walls all around are lined with book-cases of carved maple and satin wood with doors of beveled plate glass. The front room is lit up by bay windows looking across Gramercy Park. The windows of the back room open on the garden.

The reporter was informed that Mr. Tilden spent much time in directing and overlooking the work in these rooms, taking a special interest in the arrangement of the book-cases. The result of his care will be that his books are spared the fate of most books in public libraries.—Here along the bottom are deep, flat shelves, where precious heavy folios may be laid without fear for their edges, and may be withdrawn without bruising their fellows. There the stately quarto need not rub elbows with the airy octavo or crowd the gentle duodecimo. Every book may be found in a twinkling, taken out and returned without trouble, and preserved inviolate from dust and dampness.

A WEALTH OF COLOR AND CARVING.

The carving in these rooms cost $30,000. Each of them opens into the hall, which is not as wide as that of the old house, although it is longer. The woodwork of the hall and staircase is of cherry and mahogany, elaborately carved and affording a pleasing contrast in its rich, dark tone to the light oak and maple of the library. At the top of the stairs one enters a dressing-room handsomely fitted up. A large mahogany wardrobe on one side is heated by hot-air registers at the foot, "so that the old gentleman's clothes can't get cold or damp," as the guide explained. A large porcelain bath-tub is set in a mahogany case fitted with many labeled stops, which enable the Governor to draw hot water from either his "private boiler," the "kitchen boiler," or the "laundry boiler."

Opening a small door under the handsome marble wash-stand, the puritan maiden pulled a chain, and out slid a movable foot-bath with hot and cold water taps. A panel on one side of a large mirror was moved, and revealed a private stairway to the valet's room above. One door from the dressing-room led into the passage between the two houses. A window admitted light from the shaft, and a second door led into

MR. TILDEN'S BED-CHAMBER.

A royal bed-chamber, indeed! The doors and wood-work are of satin-wood on this side. The walls and ceiling are a glorius massing and distribution of sunset, golden and crimson tints. A large bay window looking out on the park admitted a flood of light. A rich Persian rug was thrown over the beautiful inlaid floor, and a handsomely carved cherry bed-stead occupied one side of the room.

"We keep this room ready for the Governor, too," volunteered she of the print gown and good gray head; "he sleeps here sometimes, when he's too tired to go back to his old room. Then, too, he can sleep quietly here," and she drew a pair of heavy-folding doors of satin-wood across the bay window.

None of these rooms are yet finished, the fittings of the Governor's bed-chamber being but temporary. Passing along the front of the house one goes through three other large chambers, all beautifully painted and with handsome carved fire-places. In one the visitor stops to read the legend:

A cheerful blaze
For sunless days.

The rooms on the floor above are yet unfinished, but a large force of men are at work every day, and it is expected that the final touches will have been put on before Christmas Day.

There is a kitchen, library and other offices in the old building, as well as the new, but in the latter there is no dining-room, and the apartments over the library are all large, well-lighted, and well-adapted for reading or class-rooms.

It will be three years next May since the work of re-construction was begun, and it has not been suspended for a day, except on Sundays and holidays. The work has been slow and costly in its nature, and identified as it is with the life and mind of Mr. Tilden, will form a magnificent gift to the people of New York.—*New York World.*

The *New York World* being the leading Democratic paper published in the city of New York, the foregoing account of the luxury of him who is now the most prominent candidate of his party for the presidency of 1884, may be relied on, it would seem.

It would appear strange to one who did not know the history and make-up of the Democratic party, that such party could for a moment tolerate as its candidate for the highest office in the nation, an aristocrat of this sort. One would suppose that a *real* Democratic party would be seeking "a man of the people" to head its ticket rather than one rolling in wealth gained principally in wrecking railroads in whose stock money invested for widows and orphans had been lost by such wrecking.

What sympathy has Tilden as he lolls in these splendid rooms, on these luxurious couches, with the toiling masses of this country? Not the least.

Contrast him as a man who knows and in his own person has felt the wants of the common people, with the last candidate of the Republican party, the lamented Garfield, and then say which party is in full sympathy with the masses of the toilers.

The first bid made by Tilden for the nomination to the presidency, is this elegant house, to be given to the city of New York, (not to the city's poor), and that after the hero of cipher alley shall have got through with it. And he will open other barrels to the faithful. Their contents will not reach any of the laboring people of his party; they will find their way into the pockets of the blowers and strikers who get up the caucuses and conventions which make the nominating delegates.—Money secured Tilden's former nomination, and there is little doubt but it will again be successful.

He is just the man whom the Republicans would see nominated by their opponents, for they well know that the national heart never beats in unison with a man of Tilden's make up. He is better known than he was when formerly a candidate. His attempt to buy electoral votes in Oregon, seven years since, will forever condemn him.—ED. REGISTER.

Testimony From the Press.

To those afflicted with lung trouble, hear what W. D. Wilson, of the Ottawa (Ill.) *Times* says: "After being disabled for three months with a cough, and lung trouble, often spitting up blood, can testify that I am cured permanently by the use of Dr. Bigelows Positive Cure." A free trial bottle can be had at E. S. Purdy's drug store.

☞ "Must say it's the nicest thing I ever used for the teeth and breath," says one having tried "TEABERRY," the new toilet gem. Get a sample.

HUMOROUS.

—"There's music in the heir," says Jones. Jones has a brand-new baby at his house.

—Dar's some little truth eben in de bigges' lie, eben ef it is no more den de fack dat it is a lie.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

—The electric lights behaved so badly in Newport, the other night, that they had to be put out.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

—"Overcome by gas," is the headline on a daily paper. We knew those tremendous gas bills would kill somebody sooner or later.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

—"Come, little one, you've only fulfilled half your contract—you promised to play four tunes and you have played but two." "Which fills the bill, my cavalier, for tune two are four, you know."—*Ex.*

—An exchange has an article on the mysteries of vegetable life; but it doesn't tell us how it is that the largest specimens always get on the top of the measure that is filled by the licensed vender.—*Puck.*

—When a man's wife comes in and sees him, razor in hand, and with his face all lather, and asks him, "are you shaving?" it's a provoking thing for him to answer: "No, I'm blacking the stove," but it is human nature to so reply.

—In addressing a Sunday school a while ago, a speaker said to the boys: "Always be kind to your little sister. Now I never had a little sister, and I once tried to be kind to some other fellow's sister but she had a cruel father, and he hurt me helping me off the front steps."—*Baptist Weekly.*