The Carolina Watchman.

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Mrs. Thompson's White Ware.

[FROM T. S. AUTHUR'S MAGAZINE.]

Mrs. Thompson stood by the kitchen table paring potatoes for dinner. Something was evidently wrong with the little lady, for there was an unmistakable air of "spite" in the way she tossed the potatoes into the pan of cool spring-water, waiting there to receive them. It was sultry weather; and through the open window came the sound of mowers wheting their scythes, blended with the call of the robin, and the faint notes of the cuckoo in the shaded wood. But it only irritated Mrs. Thompson—indeed, everything irritated her that day. Looking out from the back door, might be seen a lovely landscape, with broad reaches of meadow-land, fringed with graceful belts of birch; and softly rounded mountains lifting their velvety foreheads to the white, fleecy clouds, that went slowly sailing across the exquisite ether, like huge drifts of thistle-down. But this also irritated her; everything could be beautiful save *her* life and that was cold, and rude, and barren. At least, Mrs. Thompson, in the plenitude of her present unsatisfactory mood, was telling herself that it was.

To begin at the beginning. Jane Lawrence had been an unusually romantic girl, and had gone for two years to a boarding-school. She had always fancied she would marry some famous artists or scholar, who would take her to Rome and Venice, where she might live in a perpetual dream of beauty. She so loved beautiful things! Perhaps all women do; and that may be the reason so many are found ready to barter love for gold.

But contrary to all her preconceived notions, she married Robert Thompson, a plain, practical farmer; and instead of touring it in Italy, she went to live at the old homestead, which had been the abode of the Thompsons for generations. Dreams and reality are so very different, you see.

Robert Thompson was a working farmer as well as a practical man, and all his people worked. His mother had worked in her day, his sisters had worked, he expected his wife to work. She took to it gleefully: she had not been brought up with high notions, by any means; and at first the work did not seem so much. But every experienced lady knows how the labor seems to accumulate in a plain farmer's household as the years after marriage go on. There were plenty of men and boys about, but only one woman servant was kept; and Mrs. Robert Thompson grew to find she helped at nearly everything, save, perhaps, the very roughest of the labor. In place of lounging in elegant foreign studios, or gliding down famed canals and streams in picturesque gondolas, she had butter and cheese to make, and poultry to rear, and dinners to cook in the long, low-ceiled kitchen, and the thousand and one cares upon her shoulders that make up a busy household. Quite a contrast; as must be admitted.

With things a little different, she'd not have minded the work so much; could she have had nice carpets, and tasteful furniture, and books, and a picture or two, and flowers. The home was so very hard and practical, and its surroundings were getting so shabby. At first she had not noticed this, or cared for it; but every year, as the years went on, made matters look dingier. Old Mrs. Thompson had not cared to be smart and nice; Robert never thought about it. And what though he had?—it is only natural for men to assume that what had done for a mother would do for a wife. In time Mrs. Robert Thompson began to ask that some renovation should take place; at which Robert only stared; the house that had done without painting so long, could do yet; and the old things in it were good enough for them. She did not venture to urge the point; but she did press for some flowers. There was a strip of ground under the south parlor windows where a shrub of sweetbrier grew, and pinks, sweetwilliams, and marigolds blossomed in their season. But they were old-fashioned, common flowers; and she pined for the rare and elegant plants she had seen in conservatories and public gardens. But Robert Thompson would as soon have thought of buying the moon, as such useless things as flowers. The garden, like himself, was all practical, filled with cabbages, onions, potatoes, and sweet herbs. And so went on her unlovely existence; in which dissatisfaction was becoming a very nightmare. Now and again, on those somewhat rare occasions when she went out to visit her neighbors, and saw how pretty many of them had things, she came home more than ever out of heart. The worst was (or the best) there was no real reason why a little money should not be spent in making the home prettier and happier, for Robert Thompson was doing well and putting fairly by. But understanding had not come into the man; and his wife was too meek, perhaps too constitutionally timid, to make trouble over it.

The matter to-day—which had put her so very much out—was this. A sewing-club had recently been established in the neighborhood. There was much distress amidst the poor laborers' wives and families, and some ladies with time on their hands set up a sewing-club, to make a few clothes for the nearly naked children. The farmers' wives had joined it; Mrs. Thompson with others; they met at stated intervals, taking the different houses in rotation: dining at home at twelve, assembling at one o'clock, and working steadily for several hours. It was surprising how much work got done; how many little petticoats and frocks were made in the long afternoons. In less than a month it would be Mrs. Thompson's turn to receive the company—for the first time—and she naturally began to consider the ways and means. For they met for an entertainment as well as for sewing: tea in the afternoon, a grand meal late, when the stitching was over.

What was Mrs Thompson to do? Their stock of plates and dishes consisted of a few odds and ends of cracked delf, that had once been a kind of mulberry color. She had long wanted some new white ware: she wanted it more than ever now. Grover, the keeper of the village crockery shop, had a lovely set for sale; white, with a delicate sprig of convolvuli and fuchsias; looking every bit as good as real china. Mrs. Thompson had set her heart on the set, and that morning had broached the subject to her husband.

"What's the matter with the old ones?" asked he.

"Look at them," she answered. "They are frightfully old and shabby."

"I daresay the food will taste as well off them as off Grover's set of white ware."

"But there's not half enough. We have as good as none left."

"Mother had some best china. Where is it?"

"That's nearly all gone. We couldn't put the two on the table together."

"Why not?"

"O Robert! Look at *this*. It is the shabbiest old lot ever seen."

"'Twas good enough for mother."

Mrs. Robert Thompson disdained comment.

"You'd not have thought of this but for the sewing-circle having to come here. If they can't come and eat from such dishes as we've got, they are welcome to stay away."

There were tears in Mrs. Thompson's eyes. But she crowded them bravely back. He took his hat to go out to his mowing.

"We really want the things, Robert. Those at Grover's are very cheap. I can get all I want for a mere trifle: do give me the money."

"Grover 'll have to keep 'em for us; I've got no money to waste on fine china," returned the farmer. "By the way"—looking back from the door—"Jones and Lee are coming to give me a helping hand. I want to get the south meadow down to-day if I can, it's a famous heavy crop: so I shall bring them in to dinner. Oh! and the Hubbards want six pounds of butter to-night: don't forget to have it ready."

With these words, Mr. Robert Thompson had marched off, leaving his wife to her long, weary day's work, darkened and made distasteful by her disappointment. She was both grieved and angry. It was a little thing, perhaps, but it is the little things of life that delight or annoy.

Existence seemed very bare and homely to Jane Thompson that summer day. With her love of ease, and beauty, and symmetry, how rude, and coarse, and hard looked all her surroundings. It was only one long, monotonous round of homely toil, unrelieved by any of the little sweetnesses and graces that might make even toil pleasant. She did not often think of it; but she remembered that day, with the faintest little air of regret, that she *might* have been far differently situated; and as she looked up to the pretty French cottage on the hill, embowered in a perfect forest of blossoming vines, and caught the cool gleam of urn and fountain, something very like a sigh trembled on her lips. "Squire Burnham's wife does not have to *beg* for a paltry bit of money to set out her table decently," she thought rebelliously.

And then, in her spirit of aggrievement, she mentally went over the other things she needed, and that Robert knew *were* needed. Why was life to be all toil and bare ugliness? There was no reason; he had plenty of money. A new carpet for the best parlor; paper for the walls; so stained with time; whitewash; paint; some fresh chintz; she remembered it all, as she toiled through the long, sultry forenoon with an aching head and discouraged heart. It happened to be washing-day; and on those days she took all the work, that Molly might not be disturbed in her help at the tubs.

What business had she to marry Robert Thompson? she asked herself, her slender wrists beating away at the butter for the Hubbards. For in the grim and gloomy light that Mrs. Robert Thompson looked at things to-day, she quite forgot the fact that she had fallen in love with the honest, steady, and good-looking young farmer, choosing him in preference to Joe Burnham, whom she might have had. Joe had a patrimony of his own: two hundred a years, at least, and a good bit of land, which he rented, and was called "Squire," as his father had been before him. He wanted to marry Jane Lawrence, and she would not: likes and dislikes cannot be controlled, and she cared more for Robert Thompson's little finger than for the whole of poor, under-sized Joe. Squire Burnham found another wife; and Mrs. Thompson, this weary day, was furiously envying her. Mrs. Burnham would come amidst the rest of the sewing-club, too, and see the miserable shabbiness of the mulberry-ware and the home generally. The butter got beaten savagely at the thought.

Robert Thompson was not an unkind man: only thoughtless. He was a type of a very large class, more especially farmers, who do not feel the need of life's rugged pathway being softened with flowers. Absorbed in his stock, his crops, his money-getting, he did not realize how monotonous was his wife's life at home. He had his recreations; the weekly market; gossip with his brother farmers; politics: she had nothing but work and care. He did not realize the truth that the worn, shabby home *told* upon her; that she needed some brightening to come to it as a yearning want of life. And so, as the years had gone on she grew dissatisfied at heart, hardly understanding what she wished for or what she did not wish: the intensely unlovely, prosy, dull life somewhat souring her spirit. Now and again, when she gave back a short or bitter retort, Robert wondered: she who used to be so sweet tempered.

All through the long forenoon, Mrs. Thompson nursed her wrath. Robert was selfish and unreasonable, and she did not care who knew it. She *would not* have the sewing-club at the farm, come what might. The potatoes got boiled; the big piece of beef was simmering on the fire. Before twelve o'clock had well struck, she saw her husband and his two friends coming through the orchard, with red and hungry faces. Mr. Thompson always wanted his dinner boiling hot: and she hastened to lay the cloth in the cool room off the kitchen. Frank and Charley, her two boys, came rushing in from school, each striving to claim her attention. She felt tired, heated, and very cross.

"Why! isn't dinner ready?" demanded Mr. Thompson, and seeing it actually not on the table when he entered. "I told you we had no time to waste to-day," he added angrily, in his hurry and hunger. "If I hadn't anything to do all the forenoon but get dinner, I'd have it ready to time, I know."

A bitter retort was springing to her lips; but ere it could be spoken, Charley clamorously interposed, pushing his new copy-book before her eyes.

"Look, mother! I am going into sentences now like Frank. It's my first copy. The master wrote it; and he said I was to get it by heart, too, and always remember it. Do read it, mother."

Mrs. Thompson, her arms full of the cracked old mulberry plates, paused a moment to let her eyes fall on the new copy. "A soft answer turneth away wrath," was what she read. It was not that the proverb was new: she had read it scores of times; but there was something in its *appropriatness* to the present moment, that fell like a cool, sweet wind on her heated pulses.

"I will have it ready in a moment, Robert," she said quietly.

Mr. Robert Thompson looked up. Evidently he had not expected so pleasant a reply. If the truth must be told, he had thought a good bit that morning of his wife's request about the white ware. Not in the way of granting it; but that she would probably be sulky over it when they got in to dinner.

"It doesn't feel here as it does in that blazing meadow," he remarked to his friends, as they went into the cool north room to dinner. "Folks that can keep indoors this weather have an easy time of it: they don't know what heat is."

Mrs. Thompson wondered whether this was a slap at her. Her face looked scarlet enough for any amount of heat. As to sitting down with them, she had enough to do to wait on the party. It was washing-day, and Molly must not to be called.

"This butter must have been kept in the kitchen: it's like oil," said Mr. Thompson.

"I took it out of the cellar since you came in; I will go down and get some more if you think I had better," was the reply, given pleasantly.

"Never mind. Well, I declare!—do you call this meat boiled?" went on Mr. Thompson, as he began to carve. "It's harder than a rock. If meat has to be cooked pretty fresh this weather, it needn't be like this."

"I tried to have it nice, Robert," she said, striving to choke down a rising sob—as well as an angry word.

Mr. Thompson, aroused by a quiver in the tone, looked at his wife: his friends glanced at one another. She sat down at length, but could not eat. Mr. Thompson finished his dinner in silence.

He was watching his wife's face: there was something in it he did not understand—a kind of patient, hopeless look, as if she no longer cared to struggle onward. The old mulberry ware *did* look dingy on the snowy-white table-cloth; almost too bad for these chums of his to sit down to: he wondered he had never thought so before. Robert Thompson grew thoughtful.

He passed into the kitchen when they were going out again—how hot and stifling it felt with that big fire—as bad as the south meadow. His wife had been in it cooking: that must have made her face scarlet. Indoors was not so comfortable a place, after all, if you had hot work to do, was the idea that flitted through his mind. And perhaps the work was overmuch for his wife, who at best was a delicate woman.

A fresh, cool breeze had sprung up from the south as he went out, walking slowly; but the sun was burning hot still. Robert Thompson waited to wipe his brow; and in that moment the voices of his comrades came toward him from the other side of the hedge, where they stood in the little shade it cast.

"I never pitied a woman so much in my life," quoth one of them. "She works like a slave, and does not get even 'thank ye' for it from Thompson. He's a good fellow, but uncommon down upon the work. Strong as a horse himself, he thinks, I suppose, women must be the same."

"Yes, Bob's a sterling good fellow, but Jane Lawrence made a mistake when she said Yes to his asking," cried the other "Jones, she wasn't cut out for a farmer's wife—especially one who keeps his folks to it like Thompson does. She's over sensitive—delicate: any lady but her would have turned long ago and bid him give her proper help. He won't make his money out of her many years if he don't take better care of her: she'll run down fast. Awfully changed, she is. She looks as fadded as the old house rooms—and they haven't seen a coat o' paint since Grandfather Thompson's day."

"Ah! she'd better have took Joe Burnham. The Lawrences used to have things nice in their home, and she'd have got 'em so still, if she'd married Joe. His wife's just gone out in her pony-chay. I say, Jones, I wonder whether Thompson's wife's ever sorry?

Was she? The unconscious comments of these, his warm friends, came crushing down on Robert Thompson's heart and brain like a bolt of fire. That she rejected Burnham for him, he knew, then she came home to the old homestead, and took care of his invalid mother. Tenderly had she done it, too. And—could she be wearing out her life in hard work for him; she, the mother of his boys; she whom he loved well, for all his churlishness? Robert Thompson stole away: he could bear his thoughts no longer: and he felt that he could almost kill himself for his blind heedlessness.

The afternoon wore on toward evening. Mrs. Thompson had finished her indoor work—the washing up of the dinner dishes and the putting of the rooms straight—and was going in with an armful of fine things that she had taken from the clothes-lines, when the sound of wheels made her look round.

"I've brought that white ware, Mrs. Thompson," said the brisk voice of Grover, springing from his cart, and lifting down carefully a large hamper.

"But I didn't order it, Mr. Grover," she rejoined, in rather a frightened voice.

"The master did, though. Mr. Thompson came down this afternoon and said the things was to come up to you at once. There's the dinner set you admired, and a tea set as well. Where shall I put 'em?"

"Bring them in, please," she answered rather faintly. He did as he was bid, and then drove off.

Mrs. Thompson sat down by the hamper of crockery and cried as if her heart would break. They were magical tears, too, for they washed all the weariness and despair from her face, and the shadow from her eyes and heart. She forgot that she was tired, or that the day was hot: she only thought how kind Robert was, and what a wicked woman she had been for saying to herself in her temper that she'd rather have had Squire Burnham. Then she unpacked the treasures, pulling them out from amid the hay, and singing softly all the while. Oh! it was beautiful, that ware!—with its clear, opaque white, and here and there a delicate tracing of fuchsia or convolvulus.

Mr. Thompson came in and found her in the midst. "What is it Jenny?" he asked—the old, fond name he used to call her.

"O Robert!" taking a step toward him. He opened his arms and drew her close to his heart, kissing her fondly and tenderly as he had in the days of his courtship.

"I have been a brute, little wife," he whispered huskily. Can you ever forgive me?"

"Forgive you? O Robert! I never was so happy in my life! I have been to blame. I have not been as patient and kind as I might."

"Yes, you have. You've been an angel, compared to me. I have made a slave of you. But all that is over now. I did not *think*, Jenny; I did not indeed."

"But—Robert——"

"You shall have more help in the house, another servant. We'll get her in, Jenny, long before the sewing-club night comes round."

"O Robert! how kind you are. I feel as light as a bird."

"And you *are* almost," he answered, smiling a little sadly as he looked into her eager face. "We'll all turn over a new leaf, Jane. Heaven knows I did not mean to be cruel."

"Robert, you were never that."

"Well—we'll let it be: bygones shall be bygones, if you will. Oh! and I forgot to say that I saw Leeds this afternoon. It's a very dull time just now, the poor fellow says, without a job on hand, so I thought I'd give him one. They'll be here to begin to-morrow morning."

"You—are—not going to have the house done up?" she exclaimed, in wild surprise.

"Every square inch of it. And, once the painting and that's finished, we'll see what else we can do to make it look a bit brighter."

She hardly believed it; she burst into tears. "Have I been so wicked?" she cried. Only to-day I had quite wicked thoughts, Robert. I was envying Mrs. Burnham; I was feeling angry with everybody. It was the discouragement, Robert."

"Yes, it was the discouragement," he said quite humbly. "We will do better for the future, Jane: I'll try another plan."

She cried silently for a minute longer—soft happy tears; feeling that the light had superseded the darkness.

"And it has all arisen from my trying to carry out for a bit that blessed proverb—'A soft answer turneth away wrath?'" she murmured. "Robert did you ever before see such lovely white ware?"

THE BAFFLED BROTHER.

Ingenuity of a Juvenile Trapper—Plan to Punish a Spooney Visitor—Like Efforts to Mortify a Sentimental Sister—Two Souls with a Single Thought and with a Single Trap.

[N. Y. Times' Funny Man.]

According to the best scientific authorities the small boy becomes a boy at the age of 16. At that age he ought to put away small boyish things, and to put on the bashful awkwardness of semi-intelligent boyhood. At all events, he ought to know that his presence is not desired by young men who come to see their sister. We do not expect this amount of intelligence in the small boy, and it is often necessary to bribe him with candy or to persuade him with clubs before he will consent to treat his sister with common humanity; but the 16 year-old boy usually perceives when an area of courting, accompanied with gradually increasing pressure in the region of the waist and marked depression of the parlor gas, is about to set in, and thereupon distinctly, even sneeringly, withdraws.

Master Henry T. Johnson, of Warrensburg, Ill., is a boy who has just reached the period of boyhood, and who is remarkably clever in the invention of traps. If you were to ask him to make you any variety of trap, from a rat trap to a man trap, he would satisfy your demand with promptness and skill. His father's premises, both in doors and out, is infested with traps and there is no style of animal inhabiting Warrensburg that has not been caught in one or another of these traps. On one morning early in January, it is confidently ascertained that no less than two cats, a tramp, a small dog, six chickens and three small boys were found in Mr. Johnson's yard in the close embrace of a corresponding number of traps. The truth is the boy has real mechanical genius, and it is a great pity that he is totally lacking in modesty and a regard for the rights of others.

Last Fall a young man who had met Master Johnson's sister at a picnic and escorted her home, was seized with a great admiration of Master Johnson's traps and evinced a great fondness for that ingenious boy's society. In fact, he engaged the boy to give him a series of lessons in trap-making, and seemed to throw his whole soul into rat traps. Gradually this passion began to fade, and the young man, instead of studying traps in the back yard, formed the habit of resting himself—as he called it—in the parlor with Master Johnson's sister. The boy of course, could not consent to hurt his friend's feelings by abandoning him to the society of a mere girl, and therefore, followed him into the parlor, and monopolized the conversation. After a time the young man openly abandoned traps, and only visited the house in the evenings; but Master Johnson, mindful of the laws of hospitality, always spent the evening in the parlor, and more than once apologized to his friend for the silence and general usefulness of his sister. His astonishment, when on one eventful evening the young man, with the full approbation of his sister, deliberately told him to "get out," and informed him that if he had not sense enough to know that he was a nuisance, he would try to knock sense into him with a base ball club, cannot be expressed in words.—Not only did he wonder at the unscientific idea that sense can be imparted with a base ball club, but he could not comprehend the young man's sudden dislike of his once courted society. However, he promptly withdrew and devoted himself to schemes of swift and deadly vengence.

For the next week Master Johnson spent a large part of his time in the parlor with the doors locked, alleging that he was perfecting a new invention, and that his intellect could not work except in quiet and seclusion. Strange as it may appear he told the truth. He was perfecting a new kind of trap, intended for the benefit of the rude young man and of his unnatural sister. The former was accustomed to sit in a large easy chair and the latter in a small and fragile rocking chair on the opposite side of the room. To each of these chairs the boy affixed a most ingenious trap, which was concealed underneath the seat, and was so contrived as to be sprung by the weight of any person who might sit in the chair. If the young man, for example, were to sit down in his accustomed chair, he would be instantly clasped around the waist by a pair of iron arms, while two other iron clasps would seize him by the ankles. A like result would follow any attempt of the sister to seat herself in the rocking chair, and it was Master Johnson's intention, after having caught his game, to leave them for an hour or two in close confinement, and to read to them a severe lecture upon their rudeness.

The young man was due on the next Saturday evening, and Master Johnson set his new traps at precisely 7.37 p. m. At 7.40 the young man arrived, and Master Johnson ostentatiously marched out of the front gate just as the young man rang the front door bell. An hour passed and the revengeful boy returned and listened at the parlor door, expecting to hear low wails of agony. On the contrary, he heard what seemed to him the outward expressions of much contentment on the part of the young man, and he thereupon entered the room full of fear that his revenge had miscarried.

He found that the trap which he had set for the rude young man had fulfilled its mission, and that he was held in the firm embrace of the iron bonds. To his unutterable surprise, his sister was also caught, although her particular trap was unsprung and her chair unoccupied. One pair of iron arms clasped the victims, and one male and one female ankle were held in close confinement. As the astonished boy entered, his sister faintly struggled, but soon resigned herself with Christian patience to her bonds, while the shameless young man pleasantly remarked, "Thank you, Johnny! this trap is worth all the others you ever made, and we wouldn't be let out of the trap for more than six million dollars."—Master Johnny listened to these taunting words; listened also to a renewal of the sounds that he had accurately interpretted as evidence of contentment, and then angrily opening the trap and smashing it to pieces, withdrew to weep in solitude over the failure of his revenge.

This shows that wickedness often overreaches itself, and that to set two distinct traps for one's sister and her private young man is as useless as was the superfluous hole which Sir Isaac Newton cut for the kitten, he having previously cut a larger one for the cat.

UNWRITTEN HISTORY.

The correspondent of the Raleigh *Observer*, writing from Washington city has the following to say in regard to the appended article, clipped from the New York *Sun*:

"The Republicans were guilty of the bad manners of interfering in a family quarrel by calling Hewitt out. They got well paid for their officiousness. Hewitt acted his part well. He said in reply to Mr. Aiken of South Carolina, in a doubting half hesitating way: The gentleman insinuated that somebody sold out the Presidency. 'No Northern man sold out the Presidency. The proposition to sell the presidency was made to me, and I contemptuously refused it.

An apparent reluctance to "go on" provoked tumultous cries of "name him," "go on" from the Republican side, while a Democrat serving his first term, had the modesty to say in a subdued tone, "Why don't the d—d f—s stop their noise and let him go on." From other quarters were heard cries of "the regular order, Mr. Chairman." Altogether it was a scene peculiar to the 45th Congress, and one that is likely to be repeated at any time.

Hewitt stepped across to Randolph Tucker's seat and held a hurried conversation with that gentleman. Your correspondent was near enough to hear what passed, and can set at rest the idle speculation as to what was said. Hewitt simply asked Mr. Tucker's recollection of a name. That name was Pickett the Envoy Plenipotentiary, sent by Madison Wells President of the Louisiana Returning Board, to Hewitt and with a proposition to sell Tilden the Electoral Vote of Louisiana.

Hewitt hesitated. A deathly pallor settled on his face. His voice trembled. His great white eyes rolled restlessly in their sockets. A crisis was at hand. It was clever acting. The happy Republicans grew defiant and derisive and taunted the apparently humiliated Hewitt for a lack of "backbone." All was quiet. Hewitt said in a sepulchral tone of voice:

"It was a Southern man who offered to sell the Presidency. [Painful pause.] It was J. Madison Wells, President of the Louisiana Returning Board." The Republicans lost all interest in what followed.

The recent occurrence in the House of Representatives makes it necessary for me to report one important fact which has never been made public:

On Sunday, Dec. 3, 1876, Mr. Hewitt had an interview with President Grant, during which they talked over the political situation, and President Grant expressed his views with great frankness. He had doubts he said, as to the result in Louisiana, and intimated that it was his private judgment that the electoral vote of that State should not be counted at all. He was careful, however, to impress upon Mr. Hewitt that the decision of this and all kindred questions was wholly outside the province of the Executive. It belonged exclusively to Congress. It would be his duty, however, to see that the decision, whatever it might be, was acquiesce in. If necessary, he would enforce it. He stated also, that it was his conviction that the constitution gave the President of the Senate alone the power to count the votes and declare the result. Whoever might be declared President elect by the President of the Senate, he would see inaugurated and installed in office.

Mr. Hewitt's return from this interview at the White House was awaited anxiously by a number of prominent Democrats, who had gathered at his rooms. Among the number were those well known Southern men, Randall L. Gibson, Randolph Tucker, and L. Q. C. Lamar. Mr. Hewitt narrated in full his conversation with General Grant. After he had told his story, Lamar, Gibson and Tucker held a conversation apart from the others and subsequently, on that same evening, Mr. Gibson told Mr. Hewitt that they should be compelled to sustain that construction of the Constitution which invested the President of the Senate with the power to count the electoral votes and make the declaration of the result.

On Wednesday last, when Mr. Hewitt was accused by a Southern Democrat (Mr. Aikin of South Carolina) of having sold the Presidency, and was baited by both sides of the House with demands from every quarter to tell what he knew. He exclaimed: "I do not desire to delay the public business, but if the House desires that some portion of unwritten history shall be told—"

Then there was a pause. Members from different parts of the House yelled "That is what we want!" There was indescribable confusion; and at the very instant that Mr. Hewitt indicated his willingness to respond the cry, "Let it all come out!" Randolph Tucker sent a page to Hewitt's seat. Hewitt left his seat, came to the screen to the right of the Speaker's desk, and there for several minutes Tucker, Gibson and others held a hurried but earnest conference with him. Finally he went back to his seat and went on with his speech, but he did not tell any portion of the unwritten history of the electoral count.

LADY TEMPEST'S ELOPEMENT.

Lady tempest, wife of Sir Charles Henry tempest, Bart., having eloped with Mr. Henry Vane Forrester Holdich Hungerford, Sir Charles sued for divorce. In opening the case his lawyer said that Sir Charles Tempest was a baronet of a very old family, and was well connected in every respect. He became a widower in 1855, his wife having had the misfortune to be burned to death. He remained a widower until 1874, and down to that time he had lived a retired life, owing to the injuries he had received in endeavoring to extinguish the flames when his wife was burned. In the year 1874 he met Miss Gorden, who also belonged to a rich family. She was then only 16 years of age, and Sir Charles temptest fell desperately in love with her. He proposed to her, was accepted, and they were married. He made her the allowance of $1,500 a year pin money, and a jointure of $5,000 a year. They lived together exceedingly happy; she made an excellent mother to the two children of the first marriage; and it came like a thunderclap to him when he heard that on July 4, 1877, she had eloped from his house with the co-respondent, with whom she had previously contracted an intimacy unknown to Sir Charles Tempest. Inquiries were set on foot, and it was found that at the Hotel Wagram, in the Rue Rivoli, Paris, they passed as man and wife under an assumed name. From the Continent they came together *to America*, and subsequently Lady Tempest *returned* to England by herself, and since that time had been living with her family.

The jury found for the petitioner.

DIPHTHERIA.

We do not like to meddle with Doctors' business any more than we like to eat their truck, but a very intelligent correspondent, whose sympathies have been aroused by the frequent notices in the papers of distressing deaths from diphtheria, calls our attention to a remedy which is known to her by actual experiment to be eminently efficacious. The remedy referred to may be found on page 357 of that excellent North Carolina book, Mrs. Mason's Young Housewife's Counsellor and Friend, and is as follows:

"Dr. Revilliout, in a paper presented to the French Academy of Medicine, asserts that lemon-juice is one of the most efficacious medicines that can be applied in diptheria, and relates that when he was a dresser in the hospital, his own life was saved by this timely application. He got three dozen lemons and gargled his throat with the juice, swallowing a little at a time, in order to act on the more deep-seated parts. Dr. R. has noted eleven cases of complete success obtained by this method of treatment."—*Raleigh Observer.*

The English steamship Timor, which is to carry a cargo of American locomotives to the port of Pillau on the borders of Russia and Prussia, arrived at Philadelphia Sunday night. She is expected to sail next week with thirty locomotives on board. At the request of the Russian Government twenty engineers and workmen are to cross the ocean and take charge of the rolling-stock for several weeks after it is placed on the roads.