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Dropping a Seed.

BY I. L. COSHAM.

The land was still; the skies were gray with weeping:
Into the soft brown earth the seed she cast;
Oh! soon, she cried, will come the time for reaping,
The golden time when clouds and tears are past!
There came a whisper through the autumn haze,
"Yes, thou shalt find it after many days."

Hour after hour she marks the fitful gleaming
Of sunlight stealing through the cloudy rift;
Hour after hour she lingers, idly dreaming,
To see the rain fall, and the dead leaves drift;
Oh! for some small green sign of life, she prays,
Have I not watched and waited "many days?

At early morning, chilled and sad, she hearkens
To stormy winds that through the poplars blow,
Far over hill and plain the heaven darkens,
Her field is covered with a shroud of snow:
Ah, Lord! she sighs, are these thy loving ways?
He answers—"Spake I not of *many* days?"

The snow drop blooms; the purple violet glistens
On banks of moss that take the sparkling showers;
Half-cheered, half-doubting yet, she strays and listens
To finches singing to the shy young flowers;
A little longer still his love delays
The promised blessing—"after many days."

Oh, happy world! she cries, the sun is shining!
Above the soil I see the springing green;
I could not trust his word without repining,
I could not wait in peace for things unseen:
Forgive me, Lord, my soul is full of praise;
My doubting heart prolonged thy "many days."

Hancock Can Carry Indiana.

INDIANAPOLIS, October 16.—From 20,000 to 30,000 illegal Republican votes were cast in Indiana Tuesday. The poll shows it, and the census proves it. The Democratic estimates upon the State giving from 6,000 to 8,000 majority were correct. The estimates were based upon politics of the bona fide residents of the State. Ten thousand ignorant, poor, miserable, stinking negroes, from the South, were brought into Indiana to vote away the rights of the people. These deluded black paupers come to Indiana and wrest the State government out of the hands of honest men, who have honestly and economically administered the public affairs, and place it in the hands of a corrupt political party. Think of it, citizens of Indiana. The Republican party sends South and brings to your State ignorant negroes enough to over-ride your choice of rulers. That is to say, ten thousand of these ex-slaves now control the destinies of the great State of Indiana, its wealth, culture, refinement and brains and its two million of inhabitants. This is one of the glorious results of the late war.

Bill Coates, the boss leader of the Radical repeaters, brought into this State to defeat the people, as great a scoundrel and villain as ever went unhung, remarked in the rotunda of the Grand Hotel last night: "The people wonder at the large vote polled Tuesday. Land! but I could tell tem how it was done if I wanted to." And then he gave a coarse horse-laugh and walked off with his arm in that of a local Republican politician. This is the kind of a man brought here to do the dirty work for the Republicans. He is the kind of cattle that help make up the Republican majority.

I do not give up Indiana to Garfield. I give up nothing before an election. I knew that the fight was hot, close and desperate, that the odds against us were too fearful even to contemplate; but I thought we would pull through. I did not dream that the Republicans would commit such glaring frauds and successfully vote such an army of men, white and black. I estimated that the Republicans would increase their majority in their great Republican district, the sixth, from 500 to 1,000 votes. I did not think they would import and stuff the ballot-box to an extent to swell, as they have, their majority to over 10,000, a Republican gain of 2,000. I did think, and had a right to, that the Indianapolis Democrats would carry out the pledges they made to the delegates in the State convention if they would nominate Mr. Landers, and reduce the Republican majority in this city, if they could not carry it. The Indianapolis Democrats received more aid and encouragement in the campaign just closed than any half dozen counties in the State, and still the returns show a largely increased Republican majority. This, too, when the Democratic candidate for Vice-President and the Democratic candidate for Governor resided in the city. There is one poor little grain of comfort in this, however. It everlastingly for time and eternity cooks the ring of Indianapolis politicians. The boys up here are all right, but the leaders are execrable.

A Unique Railroad Celebration.

C. P. S. in Raleigh News and Observer.

Apropos of thinking what might, or could, or would, should be done, the ladies of our town resolved last week to celebrate the completion of the grading of the University Railroad by giving the convict laborers a good dinner. Col. Holt readily gave the required permission, and last Friday beheld what might really be called a notable thanksgiving feast, set forth in the field beyond James Craig's farm, near the spot designed for the railroad station house. A long platform table had been put up and was fairly loaded with substantial and well cooked meats and vegetables, cakes, pies, puddings, apples, bread, biscuit, coffee, &c., &c. The convicts were marched up by their guard and stationed on each side of their table. Rev. Mr. Cheshire asked a blessing, and the men fell to. I thought it a pleasant spectacle. Groups of our good citizens stood at a distance and looked on. The woods and fields were glowing and mellowing in autumn beauty. Peace and good-will breathed on the air, while one day of ignominy and toil was brightened. The poor outcasts ate heartily and cheerfully, and with an evident full appreciation of the kindness and charity bestowed on them. Col. Holt said that from the time they had heard that the dinner was in contemplation he had had no trouble with them; they had done their work with alacrity and good humor, and the effect was not likely to be transient. He believed the ladies of Chapel Hill had done more than feed the bodies of these criminals. Some among them may date their hope and resolve of reformation from this unexpected and entirely unprecedented act of charity. We heard that the men held a prayer meeting that night and prayed heartily for the good people of Chapel Hill.

Sarah Bernhardt En Route for America.

HAVRE, Oct. 16.—M'lle Sarah Bernhardt and her company sailed for New York from this port this morning. M'lle Bernhardt, her son, a lady companion, three attendants, Mr. Henry Lavert, M. Angelo, and M'lle Marie Calombien sailed by the Amerique. The steamship Wieland, which left almost simultaneously, takes the company. M'lle Jeanne Bernhardt is to sail on Sunday next.

THE CRASH IN BOSTON.

The Ladies' Deposit Bank Goes—A Reckless Adventuress.

BOSTON, Oct., 15.—That miracle of shrewd woman's inhumanity to gullible woman, the "Ladies' Deposit," has closed its doors, no more to open them. It was a sort of goose which for a time laid golden eggs, but which has demonstrated its inability to keep up the production. This was the concern which paid eight per cent. interest a month, part of it in advance. It shistory reads like a tale of the delusions of two centuries ago, when the Mississippi scheme and the South Sea mania swept away the earnings of the simple. Mrs. Howe, the chief priestess of the temple on whose alter the unwise ladies offered up their savings, had a record which fitted her much better for the imsane asylum or the penetentiary than for the head of a banking establishment. Yet when she opened the doors of her bank to receive money from her own sex and take care of it as a favor to them, innocent souls mildly trotted along with their earnings and savings and committed them to her keeping. In answer to their questions as to how she could afford to pay such a rate of interest as she did, she stuffed her dupes with a lot of stuff about some Quakers who had once lived somewhere or other and who were gathered unto their fathers, first having left in their wills a fabulous sum of solid cash for the purpose of being benevolent to the lone women of this city. Nobody ever found out for a certainty who these Quakers were or where they lived, or if they were anybody and lived anywhere, why they died. Such people should have been immortal and might have been permitted to keep up a perpetual Friend's Meeting on earth. Inquiry at Nantucket, at Alexandria and at every other place where Mrs. Howe said these Quakers had belonged failed to produce any facts to show that such people had ever lived at those places. But Mrs. Howe kept her bank going. It is now about three years since she took her first deposit in a humble and unostentatious way. Since that time she has scooped in about a million dollars, a considerable portion of which she has paid out in interest and returned deposits. The balance-sheet of her "banking" is not yet submitted to the public and probably will not be. But as many of the patrons of the bank left their interest on deposit, and as comparatively few of them wanted to draw out money which was piling itself up to their credit at the rate of eight per cent. a month, Mrs. Howe must have pocketed a prodigious fortune for such a short term of effort.

The Ladies' Deposit had not the ordinary appurtenances of a banking house. At first it was only an unpretentious room with a desk in it and a moderately sour-looking woman at the desk. Mrs. Howe herself saw the company when they came in, and in the most bland and persuasive manner insisted that she did not want their money, but would consent to take it as an act of benevolence, pure and simple. That is to say the benevolence was a pure swindle and the depositors were simple. No advertising was needed. Every woman who deposited $200 and received back at once $48 for three months interest in advance was advertisement enough. Such a woman might be relied on to tell all her friends. Mrs. Howe avoided printing circulars or statements or prospectuses or reports or anything which could give her victims a legal hold on her in the way of promises. She gave notes for amounts deposited, payable as a general thing in one year from date. With the avails of her "banking" she bought herself a $50,000 house and furnished it in gorgeous style. Now there has been a run on the bank, as chronicled the other day. The persuasive magnetism of Mrs. Howe averted for some little time the disaster which was inevitable. Even when many anxious ladies were drawing out their deposits she succeeded in persuading them to deposit again. But the tide became too strong and the bank had to go under. Mrs. Howe is said to be missing and the money is missing too. Many of the depositors will be entirely ruined, having deposited every cent they had. Nobody knows, or is likely to know, how much Mrs. Howe gets away with. It is said on what is thought to be good authority that she and her alleged husband were regular and liberal patrons of certain lottery shops. Should this prove to be the case there will be no use in looking for the money. As for Mrs. Howe, Boston has no further use for her.

A Veiled Prophetess Dead.

New York Special to Chicago Times.

One of the largest funerals of the year in Brooklyn was that attending the burial to-day of Mrs. Ann Fitzgerald who occupied a unique position in Brooklyn politics because of the influence she possessed over her brother, and her ability to decide the fate of political aspirants earned for her the title of the Veiled Prophetess, by which she was generally known. The title was all the more appropriate because Mrs. Fitzgerald owning to some affliction to her face, habitually wore a veil, which she never raised in public. Mrs. Fitzgerald being the eldest sister of the "Boss," and having been accustomed since childhood to exercise some control over him, was able to influence him when all others failed. She held audiences during a campaign at which she received prominent men and listened to their appeals. A number of succesful men owe their positions to her, among them being Judge Alexander McCue of the city court. Her power was fully recognized, and frequently, to win her favor, she was overloaded with presents. William C. Kingly, the great ring man, once sent her a costly easy chair in recognition of her favors to him. She was exceedingly charitable, and directed the gratitude of those whom she served to her church—the catholic. Accordingly all fairs of which she was the patroness were highly successful. The funeral occured from her late residence, at No. 94 Concord street. Her body was removed to St. James' cathedral, where a solemn requiem mass was offered for the repose of her soul. The hearse was followed to Calvary cemetery by a long line of carriages. Mrs. Fitzgerald's husband has been county auditor for many years in Kings county through her influence.