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DEMOCRATIC ALWAYS AND UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES.

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ASK DRUGGIST WHO TELLS YOU ITS REPUTATION.

DAISY'S DREAMS.

"Down the [illegible] Down the [illegible]

"Hand[illegible] were tramping [illegible] and leaves in a woodland path, stopped as the foremost one held up a warning hand and spoke.

"As sweet as it is clear," said his companion in a low tone. "[illegible] notes are a good guide."

Very cautiously they crept along until, as ten themselves, they came to a spot where Daisy Cameron sat plaiting straw hats and singing as she worked.

Quite unconscious of an audience she suddenly ceased her song and broke into a warble of thrilling runs, throwing her voice up and down in fantastic flourishes, now thrilling like a bird with low, sweet notes, anon away to silence, then bursting forth free and glad as the veriest [illegible]

"Strange!" Hillman Brent whispered; "she looks like a perfect little rustic, but that voice has been carefully trained by a master."

"What an enthusiast you are!" said Harry Dinsmore, his companion, laughing. "I hear nothing but a little country girl with a splendid voice, imitating the birds."

He spoke a little too loudly. Daisy looked up and seeing two faces only half concealed by foliage spying upon her privacy, started to her feet evidently intending to run away. But a tall, gray-haired man, with a kindly face, came hastily forward.

"Do not let us disturb you," he said, courteously. "We are only passing through the woods to our hotel at Monkland's Glen."

"You are a long way from there," Daisy said, too ignorant of the world's ways to be shy; "it is fully five miles from here."

"Yes," said Harry, whose youthful eyes had detected the girl's beauty as quickly as his companion had the marvels of her voice; "we have had a long walk. May we rest in your bower?"

"Certainly," was the smiling reply; "the woods are not mine, though they are so seldom visited that I fear I sometimes feel as if they were my own."

"You live near by, then?" asked Hillman Brent.

She pointed to a small, a very small house, half hidden in the trees.

"We live there—Aunt Jane, myself and a cat share our home; but there is not much else there. We seldom see a stranger face. I will get you a glass of milk."

She had gone before they could make any objection, returning soon with a tray, upon which were glasses of milk, a dish of large strawberries and a plate of cake.

"Aunt Jane has gone over to Forrester's mill," she said, "where Milly Forrester is dying, but I found some fresh cake."

She put the tray down and resumed her straw plaiting, but her eyes strayed often to the handsome face of Harry Dinsmore, whose air of high breeding and careless grace were different from the rustics round her.

Presently she said frankly, and yet not rudely:

"You are like my father! He was a gentleman, and I have seen no one like him since he died. He was George Cameron, the violinist."

"Dead! Did you say he was dead?" Hillman Brent cried quickly. "I had not heard of that."

"You knew that he lost the use of his sight, perhaps?"

"Yes, I knew that. The whole musical world mourned for his accident."

"It broke his heart," said the girl, gently. "He came here to try to forget but he could not. I was only a girl then, but after a while he began to teach me to play and sing. He thought I would be a great singer some day; but all that is past."

"Why?"

"My father died a year ago, and I have no money to finish my studies or go to great cities. So I plait straw hats, and like my father I try to forget my dreams of fame and music."

"If there was an opportunity made for you?"

The girl suddenly stood erect, her work falling unheeded. Into her dark eyes flashed a strange radiance, while her lips parted and cheeks glowed.

"Ah," she cried, with her deep, full breath, "if there were!"

Then her cheeks paled, her eyes dropped, and her hands were clasped in a passion of despair.

"Don't—don't," she cried, "waken the old dream! I cannot bear it!"

* * * * *

In a superbly-furnished sitting-room in one of London's great hotels, a woman paces up and down, often pausing to listen intently for some sound in an adjoining room; often striking her hands together in a passion of grief.

Around her are tokens of wealth and lavish expenditure, and dress is of richest material and Parisian make. Jewels flash from her hands and upon her bosom; but her face—one of rare beauty—is deathly pale, and her large eyes are full of some new and crushing sorrow.

"He will die!" so her thoughts run—"he will die, and I have killed him. He has been my benefactor, my friend, and I loved him as I loved my own father! But he will die of this sorrow and disappointment! What could I do? Oh, my heart must break if he dies!"

"Margaret!"

A faint call, but heard distinctly. In a moment the despairing woman is changed to a tender nurse, and with quick steps moves into the next room, where, upon the bed, lies a man sick unto death.

"Margaret!" he repeated.

"I am here," Margaret replied in a hoarse voice, evidently used with pain and difficulty.

"My poor child!" he whispered.

In a moment she is kneeling beside him, weeping bitterly, her whole frame shaken by sobs.

"Oh, tell me you forgive me!" she pleaded. "After all that you have done for me I have foiled you at last! Say you forgive me!"

"My poor child," he repeated, "what have I to forgive?" You must not [illegible] so, Margaret."

"[illegible] disappointed you"

"[illegible] only. Will it comfort you to know, when I leave you, that [illegible] years you have been the very sunlight of my life? When I took you from your country home to train you for a great singer, I did not know that I was taking a loving daughter into my heart. When I gave you advantages for cultivating your voice I grudged the time your studies took from me. I was jealous of your piano, your violin, your voice, but did not let you know that."

"Never! I would have given them all up if you had asked me."

"But I would be [illegible] when I became the paralyzed cripple I have been for three long years, I would not let your studies cease. Your triumphs in concert were very precious to me, and you must not think my illness last night—"

"I caused it!—I caused it!" she cried. "But you forgive me! When I left you I was so proud, so glad! At last I was to sing in opera! Aunt Jane told me my dress was perfect, and you smiled when I bade you good night, as if you, too, were proud of the girl you had taken from obscurity to make one of the queens of song. Can you follow me to the opera house? Can you see me waiting for the signal to go forward? Can you hear the storm of applause that greeted me? Then! then!—ah, then! Ah, if I had died then! When I opened my lips to sing, no sound came. In vain I strained every muscle. In my throat came a gurgle, hoarse and faint. That was all. I staggered back and fainted. Ah, pity me, forgive me! I would not have disappointed you, wasted all you have lavished upon me, if I could have helped it. When I reached home and found you had a second stroke, I felt your murderer, for I knew I was the cause!"

"Margaret, let me speak! My child, this second stroke came on before you could have reached the opera house, when I thought of you as proud and glad, successful in your art, a queen of song."

"You say that only to comfort me," she said wistfully.

"I did not know of your failure until an hour ago, when your Aunt Jane told me."

There was a long silence, broken only by the sobs of Margaret Cameron, who was weeping softly, all the passionate despair gone from her heart. Her failure was not the cause of Hillman Brent's illness and she could bear it.

Presently the faint voice spoke again:

"Margaret, would you be glad if I told you your failure was not a sorrow to me? I see things more clearly than I did when I took you from your home. Music was my idol then, fame in this world seemed to me the highest good to be attained, but now—ah, Margaret, I have a confession to make. Harry Dinsmore loves you, but his father exacted from him a promise that he would never marry a public singer. He begged of me to give up my ambitious dreams for you, and let him woo you for his wife, but I bade him wait and when your studies were completed let you make your choice."

"Did he come yesterday?"

"Yes."

"And you!"

"I told him I could not be so ungrateful to you as to throw aside all the years of expense you had given me. I told him when I could repay you it would be time to talk of giving up my art. But I can never repay you now."

"You owe me nothing. Your love and care long ago repaid me for all I could do for you. Do you love Harry Dinsmore?"

"Ah, yes! I have always loved him."

"Can Mr. Dinsmore come in?" asked Aunt Jane at the door.

But Harry did not wait for the answer. He was at the bedside, raising the kneeling figure in his arms and saying exultingly:

"Now you are mine! My rival was your voice! Now there is nothing between your heart and mine. Uncle Hillman, will you give Margaret to me?"

"With all my heart!"

"But I cannot leave you," Margaret cried.

"Harry will not ask that. Harry, do not wait long; let me see my children happy before I die."

So, in the presence of only a few friends, there was a quiet wedding, and Daisy Cameron put aside her dreams to take up the realities of life, as Harry Dinsmore's wife, and the nurse and comforter of his uncle. It was still many days before Hillman Brent died, leaving his wealth to his nephew and the adopted daughter whose glorious voice had made him sharer in dreams of fame never to be realized.

Cornell has, in a word, Conkling's principles without his power, Conkling's obstinacy without his courage, Conkling's egotism without his brains, and his selfishness without his honor. He is simply a developed Platt—a boss-made man who would betray though he cannot deny his creator. To send A. B. Cornell to Washington to rattle around in the place left vacant by Roscoe Conkling, would be to convert the comedy of resignation into a burlesque. Without the elemental equipment of a statesman, he is the most conspicuous example in New York of the thing to be reformed, at which the present revolt is really aimed.—*Boston Herald, Rep.*

Richardson Dawkins, Esq., reports that 237 snakes have been killed on Mr. S. W. Webb's farm, near town.—*Rockingham Bee.*

A North Carolina Romance.

ATLANTIC HOUSE,
MOREHEAD City, N. C., May 25.

Editors Baltimorean:—A few months ago the following statement appeared in the Asheville *Citizen*, written by the editor, Mr. Robert M. Furman:

"We have just returned from our annual visit to Miss Mary Burt, the hermitess of the mountains, and few persons ever saw or even heard of this strange woman, a short sketch, embodying all that is known of her, may not be uninteresting to our readers. About fifty years ago a prepossessing young woman appeared suddenly in a small mountain village, as if she had dropped from the sky; who she was or whence she came, no one knew. To all questions she replied simply: 'My name is Mary Burt, I am a lady, and have come here because it pleased me to do so; other than this concerns no one but myself.' She had a baggage beyond a few dresses, less than a handkerchiefful, but was so ladylike in her appearance and deportment that when she applied for work at the house of a well-to-do farmer, she was gladly received and treated in all respects as an equal.

She assisted the farmer's wife and two daughters in the duties of the family, helped with the cooking and washing, the milking and churning, and was so cheerful and efficient that before many weeks it would have been a sore trial to them to have parted with her.

No one made such light bread as Miss Mary; the butter seemed to come quicker for her than for any one else, while her skill in cutting, fitting and sewing, was something wonderful to the daughters of the family.

She could sing a song, dance a reel and tell a story so well that she was soon indispensable at all festive gatherings.

Ten or fifteen years passed and the mystery of her appearance was gradually forgotten and she seemed to have always been one of the family.

About this time she was, after much persuasion, induced to take charge of a country school near by, and, having declined more than one good offer of marriage, was looked upon as a permanent institution, always to be counted on as ready to assist in all the kind offices usually rendered by good-natured old maids, who, having no children of their own to be mother to, become the beneficent 'Aunt' of a neighborhood.

Suddenly, however, her whole character seemed to change, and she became moody, melancholy and fond of solitude and, after a few years' teaching, gave up the school, purchased a section of wild land, and had a rude log hut erected in one of the loveliest spots in the mountains, but so far off from all habitations that, particularly in winter, she often passed weeks without intercourse with any human being. A dog, a cat, a few chickens and a cow, whose milk supplied the place of tea or coffee, are the only living things with whom she at such times has any intercourse.

Having accidently discovered her hermitage one summer when trout fishing, and been indebted to her kindness for a luncheon of sweet potatoes and milk, we have every year since given her a call, and found her always an interesting companion, though she has no books, and never sees a newspaper, except an occasional copy of the *Citizen*, which we send to the mill where she gets her meal. The Bible is the only book she possesses, and so faithfully has she read it that she is always ready with an apt quotation, and knows nearly all of it by heart. Living thus alone, the tongue of slander has never touched her fair name, and her entire life has been that of a Christian woman.

Though she always seems cheerful, and is as active and hale as a woman of forty, we always leave her with a sad heart, convinced that some deep sorrow in her early life must be concealed by the mystery that surrounds her. What could it have been which drove her, in the bloom of youth, away from home and friends; and caused her to pass her life in the solitude of nature?

And now comes the solution of the mystery, brought about by this very sketch in the Asheville *Citizen*, which, being copied into a Vermont paper, fell into the hands of a wealthy gentleman of that State, who immediately went to Asheville, sought out the editor of the *Citizen*, when the two in company proceeded to the mountain home of Miss Burt.

Entering her house, where she was, as usual, alone, the stranger said:

"Mary, do you not know me?"

"I cannot say that I do," she replied.

Seizing her by both hands, he exclaimed: "Mary Burt Howe, have you forgotten Robert Fletcher?"

"I have not," she replied, "but I supposed you were either married or dead."

Then the whole story was told to the editor of the *Citizen*.

Fifty years ago Mary Burt Howe was engaged to be married to Robert Fletcher, but, becoming jealous of his fancied attachment to another girl, suddenly left her home in Maine, and went to Boston, determined to make her own living away from all who knew her. She got a place as stewardess on board a sailing vessel, bound for Liverpool, but a terrific storm drove the ship out of her course, and wrecked her on the coast of North Carolina. Mary was the only woman saved, and after many hardships, landed from a small boat on Shepherd's Point, a tongue of land running out into Beaufort harbor, to which the crew were guided by a fire burning brightly. Here they found a party of trading Indians encamped, who treated them with the utmost kindness. The men of the party remained but a few days, shipping as sailors in a trading vessel, bound to the West Indies. They would have taken Mary on board, but she had such a horror of the sea that nothing could induce her to trust herself again to its waves, and she remained with the Indians, who soon broke up their camp and started for their mountain home, taking her along with them.

Gradually her mind recovered from the shock of the shipwreck, and she longed to get back to civilization, but to return destitute to her home was to go, taking the few clothes she had managed to save, she one night left the Indian camp, and the next found herself at the little mountain village where she dwelt so long.

Having traced her to the vessel on which she embarked, and heard that it had been wrecked on the coast of North Carolina, Mr. Fletcher mourned her as dead, until he read the account, taken from the *Citizen*, of Mary Burt living alone in the mountains of that State. Being a rich man he immediately started for Asheville, found Mr. Furman, and, as related, his lost love.

It did not take long to induce Miss Mary, or Mrs. Fletcher, to return with him to Vermont as his wife, but before leaving, she, at Mr. Fletcher's earnest request, executed a deed of gift, by which she transferred her beautiful mountain glen to the editor of the Asheville *Citizen*, stipulating that he should take care of her faithful dog and cat as long as they lived, and go every summer to fish and hunt in the woods where she had so long resided alone.

Mr. Furman intends building a beautiful cottage in this cloud-land nook, where he and his pro tem bachelor friends will be able to fish and hunt year after year, and has invited the members of the North Carolina Press Association to hold their next annual meeting encamped by the waters of the mountain stream which flows through it, and see which member can catch the largest number of fish and tell the biggest fish story.

A Tale of Love and Sacrifice.

"Bumpa—"

"No another word. I'm a wild cat when my back's up, and don't you forget it."

The speaker was a hard-visaged man, dressed with an elegance that ill-accorded with his evident want of culture. She who had addressed him as "pa" was a fair-haired girl of eighteen summers. Reared on the knee of luxury, she had never known what it was to have her slightest wish thwarted. Her father, a plumber, was in the nature of his business a man of iron will, but he was not devoid of pity or generosity, as many a debtor whose house and lot he had taken in part payment, for fixing the water pipes, letting the balance of the account run along for two months, could tell.

He had surrounded Cecil, his only child, with all that wealth could purchase, looking forward to the time when she would marry the eldest son of a Niagara Falls hackman, or some person of fortune, commensurate with her own. But she had allowed her heart to be ensnared by the wiles of cupid, and that morning had asked her sire to consent to her marriage with a poor, if not proud, young man, whose agricultural operations on the board of trade had not been attended with success. It was this request that prompted the answer given above.

Again Cecil pleaded with her parent not to crush the love that blossomed in her heart. The old man's mind went back to the happy days when he had toiled for the mother of his love and how they commenced life with nothing but strong arms and willing hearts. Placing his tan-like hand on Cecil's shoulder the old man looked at her tenderly and said: "Look ye, my lass. You say you love this man and can't live without him. Mebbe not. I've promised you a seal-skin sack this winter. Let us test your love. If you become this man's bride I shall not buy the sack. In my hand is a check for $200. In the wheat pit over on the board of trade is your lover. Now which do you choose?"

Without raising her head, she reached out convulsively for the check.

The Virginia Readjusters now have a Cameronian leader, and if there is anything in a name happiness should be their portion. But we imagine it makes little difference who leads. The people can hardly expect much from a faction whose only well-defined purpose is a dishonest one. It is the duty of the conservative as well as the honest men of the Old Dominion to give this dragon of corruption and dribbling that [illegible] course by [illegible] Virginia *Dem.*

Garfield's appointment story and wise, [illegible] though [illegible] tions [illegible] offices [illegible] vidin[illegible] and [illegible] *Rep.*

The [illegible] the [illegible] in A[illegible] and [illegible] paren[illegible] ago [illegible] cal h[illegible]

Ces[illegible] Each [illegible] his m[illegible] Ridd[illegible] simi[illegible] they [illegible] *Ind.*

Al[illegible] to s[illegible] bad a[illegible] sor an[illegible] *Phila.*

How Conkling Resigned.

The New York *Evening Express* has got at the bottom of the resignation business, and gives it to the public thus:

The memorandum of arrangement was to the following effect: If in the opinion of Governor Cornell the resignation under the circumstances was wise and politic, and there was no doubt of his triumphal return, then his resignation was to be sent to the Legislature simultaneously with the notice to the Secretary of the United States Senate. Should no doubt arise, or obstacle present itself, there would be no need of any communication by telegraph or otherwise between the Governor and Mr. Conkling, and consequently no evidence of collusion between them could subsequently be adduced. On the other hand, should there be any good reason why it would not be safe or politic to send in the resignation, Mr. Conkling was to be notified in time and the resignation considered as unwritten, and new plans of methods devised. These documents were intrusted to a special messenger, in the confidence of Mr. Conkling, who left Washington on Saturday evening with instructions to proceed direct to Albany. He arrived in New York on Sunday morning, and it soon became whispered about that Mr. Conkling's confidential messenger was in town en route to the State Capitol, and was the bearer of highly important dispatches. He was called upon, and accepted the hospitality of certain of Mr. Conkling's friends, and later on in the day of some of his political enemies, for they were "all jolly good fellows." In a word, instead of doing his master's bidding and carrying out his instructions to the letter, he permitted himself to think for Mr. Conkling, to argue with himself that a delay of a few hours more or less would make no difference, and as long as he delivered his dispatches to the Governor before the Legislature met on Monday evening, the object of his mission would be accomplished. Sunday, therefore, was spent in conviviality, and Sunday night devoted to card playing and wine drinking.

Many were the devices resorted to to extract from him the secret of his mission, but even while under the influence of wine he did not divulge it. He was even permitted, it is stated, to win several hundred dollars at poker, in the hope that it would put him in a confiding mood. The most that could be drawn out of him was, "No, boys, I can't tell you what it is; but you can rely upon it that I carry in my pocket from Senator Conkling to Governor Cornell that which, in less than forty-eight hours, will create a greater sensation than anything which has occurred in the history of the Republic since the [illegible]" The story may now be briefly told. He missed the Sunday night train for Albany, and, consequently, did not reach there until about 2:30 o'clock the following afternoon. In the meantime Senator Conkling, not hearing anything from Governor Cornell, and supposing that the arrangement he had made in the memorandum accompanying the resignation was perfectly understood, and that everything was all right, permitted the notification to the Secretary of the United States Senate to go in. As soon as Mr. Conkling's messenger arrived at Albany he was hurried into the Executive presence, and it was not until the dispatches had been opened and read that this terrible mistake in yielding to the attractions of the metropolis was discovered. An informal caucus was hastily organized, but only forty Republican members could be gathered together, not enough by half, even if they all pledged themselves, to secure Mr. Conkling's return. Then, again, they were entirely in the dark as to what was the proper course to pursue in such an emergency, and consequently the caucus was dissolved with an injunction of secrecy placed upon each gentleman present.

A Mothers Devotion.

A very peculiar case of a mother's devotion to her son, a maniac, has just come to light. About eighteen years ago a family by the name of Harrington moved to Portsmouth, R. I. Nearly four years after, a son, William, then about two years of age, suddenly disappeared. About three weeks after the mother of the boy died [illegible]

Expensive Drugs.

There are two mad men in Milwaukee. One is a bald-headed man and the other is a druggist. The bald man told a doctor that his hair was falling out, and asked him if he didn't know of something that would stop it. The doctor said he would fix him, so he wrote a prescription, which was as follows:

Chloride of sodium.....1 oz.
Aqua pura.....8 oz.
Shake well and rub on the scalp every morning.

The bald man went to a druggist and had the prescription put up, paying a dollar and seventeen cents for it. He asked the druggist if it wasn't a little high, but felt ashamed when the druggist asked him if he knew how much aqua pura cost a gallon. He said he didn't, but supposed it came high. The druggist told him aqua pura was one of the most penetrating drugs in the store, and as for chloride of sodium, there was nothing like it, and the war in Peru had sent it up kiting. He said if the trouble in Chili kept on there was no knowing how high it would be. The bald man used the medicine, and felt as though it was doing him good. His wife noticed little new hairs coming out, and he felt good, so when the stuff was gone he took the bottle to the store and had it filled again. The chap who filled it this time was another chap, and when the bald-headed man threw down a dollar the drugger said: "Oh never mind. We won't charge you anything for that." The bald man asked how that was, when the drugger said: "Why, it's only salt and water, anyway. The salt is only two cents a pound and the water is pretty cheap this year." The bald man gave one gasp, and said, "Well, by the great bald-headed Elijah, I paid a dollar for filling that bottle before, and I want my money back. It's a bald-headed swindle. I thought that Peruvian story didn't look plausible." The druggist gave the man a box of cigars to keep still about it, but he won't speak to the other drugger who charged him a dollar.—*Milwaukee Sun.*

Married People would be Happier

If home trials were never told to neighbors.

If they kissed and made up after every quarrel.

If household expenses were proportioned to receipts.

If they tried to be as agreeable as in courtship days.

If each would try to be a support and comfort to the other

If each remembered the other was a human being, not an angel.

If husbands and wives were as polite to each other as they were to their lovers.

If fuel and provisions were laid in during the high tide of summer work

If both parties remembered that they married for worse as well as for better.

If men were as thoughtful for their wives as they were for their sweethearts

If there were fewer silks and velvet street costumes and more plain, tidy house-dresses.

If there were fewer "please darlings" in public, and more common manners in private.

If wives and husbands would take some pleasure as they go along and not degenerate into mere toiling machines. Recreation is necessary to keep the heart in its place, and to get along without it is a big mistake.

If men would remember that a woman can't always be smiling who has to cook the dinner, answer the door-bell half a dozen times, and get rid of a neighbor who has dropped in, tend to a sick baby, tie up the cut finger of a two-year-old, gather up the playthings of a four-year old, tie up the head of a six year-old on skates, and get an eight-year-old ready for school, to say nothing of sweeping, cleaning, etc. A woman with all this to contend with may claim it as a privilege to look and feel a little tired sometimes, and a word of sympathy would not be too much to expect from the man who, during the honeymoon, wouldn't let her carry as much as a sunshade.

The Abolition of the Devil.

What all the [illegible] Thousands [illegible] his detestable party will have to follow the example of Mahonet, who

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