

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

HALL & SLEDGE, PROPRIETORS

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERMS—\$2.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XIII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1884.

NO. 24.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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WELDON, N. C.

TO PRESERVE THE HEALTH.

MAGNETIC LUNG PROTECTOR.

PRICE ONLY \$5.

CATARRH.

WELDON, N. C.

HOW TO OBTAIN.

WELDON, N. C.

A BIT OF EXPERIENCE.

I have met with a good many people.

In looking over life's varied way.

I've encountered the clever, the simple,

The robbled, the glib, and the gay.

I have traveled with beauty, with virtue,

I have been with the merry, the bad,

I have laughed with the one who was merry

And wept with the one who was sad.

One thing I have learned in my journey—

Never to judge one by what he appears.

The eyes that seem sparkling with laughter

On battle to keep back the tears.

And long and sometimes from a smile

Hide a heart that is heavy and sore.

While the heart that is merry and cheerful

Is often the freest from guile.

And I've learned not to look for perfection

In one of our frail human kind.

In hearts that are gentle and loving

Some blessing or fault we can find.

But I have never found this creature

So low, so depraved or so mean,

But had some good impulse—some virtue

That made his life bright and clean.

And, too, I have learned that most friendships

We make are so brittle as glass.

Just let a reverse stroke be made

Our "friends" are "foes" as a rule.

But ah! I have found some few loyal—

Some hearts ever loving and true!

And the joy and the peace they have brought me

Have cheered me my whole journey through.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

ALBANY, N. Y., Aug. 18, 1884.

GENTLEMEN—I have received your communication dated July 28th, informing me of your nomination for the office of President of the United States by the National Democratic Convention lately assembled at Chicago. I accept the nomination with grateful appreciation of the supreme honor conferred, and a solemn sense of the responsibility which, in its acceptance, I assume. I have carefully considered the platform adopted by the Convention and cordially approve the same. So plain a statement of Democratic faith and principles upon which that party appeals to the suffrages of the people, needs no supplement or explanation.

It should be remembered that the office of President is essentially executive in its nature. The laws enacted by the legislative branch of the government, the chief executive is bound faithfully to enforce; and the wisdom of the legislative policy which selects one of its members as the nominee for that office, has outlined its policy and declared its principles, it seems to me that nothing in the character of the office or the necessities of the case require more from the candidate accepting such a nomination than the recognition of certain well known truths, so absolutely vital to the safety and welfare of the nation that they cannot be too often recalled or too seriously enforced.

We proudly are not a government by the people. It is not such when a class is tolerated which arrogates to itself the management of public affairs, seeking to control people instead of representing them.

Parties are the necessary outgrowth of our institutions, but the government is not by the people when one party fastens its control upon the country, and perpetuates its power by cajoling and betraying the people instead of serving them. The government is not by the people when the result which should represent the intelligent will of free and thinking men is, can be determined by the shameful corruption of their suffrages.

When an election to office shall be the selection by voters of one of their number, to assume for a time a public trust, instead of his dedication to the profession of politics, when the holders of the ballot, quickened by a sense of duty, shall average truth betrayed and pledges broken, and when suffrage shall be altogether free and uncorrupted, a full realization of a government by the people will be at hand, and in my judgment, be more effective than an amendment to the Constitution disqualifying the President from re-election. When we consider the patronage of this great office, the allurements of power, the temptation to retain public places gained, and, more than all, the availability the party finds in an incumbent whom a horde of officeholders with a zeal born of the benefits received and fostered by the hope of favors yet to come, and stand ready to aid with money and trained political services, we recognize in the eligibility of the President, for reelection the most serious danger to that calm, deliberate and intelligent political action which must characterize a government by the people.

A true American sentiment recognizes the dignity of labor, and the fact that honor lies in honest toil. Contented labor is an element of national prosperity, the ability to work constitutes the capital, and the wage of labor, the income of the vast number of our population, and this interest should be jealously protected. Our workmen are not asking unreasonable inducements, but are intelligent and many citizens. They seek the same consideration which those demand who have other interests at stake. They should receive their full share of the care and attention of those who make and execute the laws, to the end that the wants and needs of employers and employed shall alike be subserved, and the prosperity of the country, the common heritage of both, be advanced. As relating to this subject, while we should not encourage the immigration of those who come to acknowledge allegiance to our government and add to our citizen population, yet, as a means of protection to our workmen, a different rule should prevail concerning those who, if they come or are brought to our land, do not intend to become Americans, but will injuriously compete with those justly entitled to our field of labor.

In my letter accepting the nomination to the office of Governor, nearly two years ago, I made the following statement, to which I have steadily adhered: "The laboring classes constitute the main part of our population. They should be protected in their efforts peacefully to assert their rights, when endangered by aggregated capital, and statutes on this subject should recognize the care of the State for honest toil, and be framed with the view of improving the condition of the workingman." A proper regard for the welfare of the workmen being inseparably connected with the integrity of our institutions, none of our citizens are more interested than they in guarding against any corruptive influences which seek to pervert the beneficent purposes of our government, and none should be more watchful of the artful machinations of those who allure them to self-inflicted injury. In a free country the curtailment of the absolute rights of the individual should only be such as is essential to the peace and good order of the community. The limits between proper subjects of governmental control and those which can be more fittingly left to the moral sense and self-imposed restraint of the citizen should be carefully kept in view. Thus, laws unnecessarily interfering with the habits and customs of any of our people which are not offensive to the moral sentiments of the civilized world and which are consistent with good citizenship and public welfare, are unwise and vexatious.

The commerce of a nation to a great extent determines its supremacy. Cheap and easy transportation should therefore be liberally fostered within the limits of the Constitution. The general government should improve and protect its natural resources to reach profitable markets. The people pay the wages of public employes and they are entitled to fair and honest work which the money thus paid should reward. It is the duty of those entrusted with the management of these affairs to see that such public service is forthcoming. The selection and retention of subordinates in government employment should depend upon their ascertainable fitness and the value of their work, and they should be neither expected nor allowed to do questionable party service. The interests of the people will be better protected, and public enjoyment will be opened to all who can demonstrate the ability to enter it. The unseemly scramble for place under the government, with the consequent impotency which embitters the official life, will cease, and the public departments will not be filled with those who conceive it to be their first duty to aid the party to which they owe their places, instead of rendering patient and honest return to the people.

I believe that the public temper is such that the voters of the land are prepared to support the party which gives the best promise of administering the government in an honest, simple and plain manner; which is consistent with its character and purposes. They have learned that mystery and concealment in the management of their affairs covers tricks and betrayals. The statecraft which requires honesty and vigor, a prompt response to the needs of the people as they arise, and a vigilant protection of all their vested interests.

I should be called to the Chief Magistracy of the Nation by the suffrage of my fellow-citizens. I will assume the duties of that office with a solemn determination to dedicate every effort to the country's good, and with an honorable reliance upon the favor and support of the Supreme Being, who I believe will always bless honest human endeavor in the conscientious discharge of public duty.

ECCENTRIC BIBLES.

[From the London Queen.]

Although everybody knows that there are in existence certain editions of Bibles which are much prized by bibliomaniacs on account of some ridiculous printer's blunder, few people perhaps are aware how many of these editions there are.

The most widely known are the Bibles and the Vinegar Bibles. The former is so called because in the Geneva version of Genesis ii. 7, Adam and Eve are spoken of as making themselves breeches out of fig leaves. This translation of St. Jerome, which was done by the English critics at Geneva, served as the text for the Bible in the reign of Queen Elizabeth until it was superseded by the authorized version of James I. The Vinegar Bible was so named from the headline of the 29th chapter of St. Luke, which reads as "The Parable of the Vinegar" instead of "the vineyard." The date of this was 1717. In addition, however, to these well-known examples there are others quite as singular.

The Place-makers' Bible obtained its name from a typographical error which occurs in Matthew v. 9, viz., "Blessed are the Place-makers," instead of "peacemakers."

The politicians of the present day would probably not have objected to the use of the former benediction. The Tracle Bible, printed 1586, had a passage in Jeremiah vii. 22, which read "Is there no trash in it?" instead of "Is there no baobab." The Ho and Sa Bible was so called from a very slight mistake that occurred in Ruth ii. 15, when, instead of "she went into the city," it was printed "he went." The Wicked Bible, printed 1631, was rather an expensive one to the printer, who was fined £300 because from lack of carelessness, the negative was made out of the seventh commandment (Exodus xx. 14).

The Murderers' Bible was a mistake of the present century, and was so called from an error in the 16th verse of the Epistle of Jude, making it to read, "There are murderers, complainers, instead of 'murmers.' The Printer's Bible, issued in 1702, contained an absurd statement of David in the 119th Psalm, v. 161, in which he was patriotically made to say that "persons persecuted him without a cause," instead of "p. nec."

There would have been a decrease of probability about this in these days of royal autocracy, which would have made such a mistake highly amusing.

One of the terrible small boys, "Does your head ever swim, Mr. Solikine?"

"Yes, Tommy, I suffer occasionally from dizziness," replied the slim.

"Thought so," said Tommy; "I said 'he'd pitch you into the horse pond only your head would keep you from sinking."

MR. HENDRICK'S LETTER.

Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 20.—The following is a copy of ex-Gov. Hendrick's letter of acceptance of the Democratic nomination for the Vice Presidency.

Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 20.—Gentlemen I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication notifying me of my nomination by the Democratic Convention at Chicago, as candidate for the office of Vice-President of the United States. May I repeat what I said on another occasion—that it is a nomination which I had neither expected nor desired and yet I recognize and appreciate the high honor done me by the convention. The choice of such a body pronounced with such unusual unanimity and accompanied with so generous an expression of esteem and confidence, ought to outweigh all merely personal desires and preferences of my own. It is with this feeling, and I trust so from a deep sense of public duty, that I now accept the nomination and shall abide the judgment of my countrymen. I have examined with care the declaration of principle adopted by the convention and a copy of which you submitted to me and in their sum and substance I heartily endorse and approve the same.

THOS. A. HENDRICKS.

To the Hon. Wm. F. Vilas, chairman; Nicholas B. Bell, secretary, and others of the Committee of the National Democratic Convention.

OLD FURNITURE.

THE PRESENT POPULAR CRAZE—MODERN MANUFACTURES OF ANTIQUES.

[From the Boston Globe.]

"Any thing in the way of old furniture or old hand goods," was the remark of a dealer in antiques. "It does not make much difference what the article is so long as it is genuine old furniture. There are, you know, a great many bogus antiques, and I believe there is a factory either in Maine or Connecticut where they can manufacture not only clocks, tables and bedsteads of the last century, but furniture that came out in the Mayflower. There is said to be another factory which makes nothing but spinning-wheels, and does a very profitable business. So far as I can see, old furniture made yesterday is as good as that made 150 years ago, providing it is made as well and the purchasers do not know the difference. An ancient spin gives just as good a color as the stain of time. I do not know but it is deeper and richer. Ha! the people who collect bric-a-brac have no idea why they collect it, except that they want to compete with their neighbors. It is a craze which has lasted a good deal longer than I thought it would last for some time to come."

These are genuine antique clocks, and their buyers are good people. Old clocks, when they are good, are a high class of goods, and so do clocks of drawers, to be, book-cases and chairs. Old fire irons and brasses of every kind are in demand. As for spinning-wheels, they really bring good prices. If the wheels which were in use in America a hundred years ago had been preserved to the present time, they would not begin to number as many as are exhibited in the parlors to-day. Outside of this, a great deal of old wood, genuine enough, is worked over into new forms. For instance, old bedsteads are not in demand as drawing-room ornaments and people do not want them in their bedrooms. These bedsteads are carefully worked over into chairs, &c., and are utilized for repairing other old furniture. So, though the bedsteads are not so valuable in their own proper form, they still a good profit when served up in other shapes.

"Now, as to prices. I have known fancy marquetrie tables to bring as high a price as \$1,000 each. Sideboards have brought \$250, and clocks have sold for \$300 each. Spinning wheels and well-finished chairs have brought from \$25 to \$100. There are cases where the workmanship is exceptional, where the figures run above this, and, of course, I am not speaking of fine furniture which has a well-known historical value. This is a good deal of old furniture which dealers and speculators have been unable to buy from families who cherished their heirlooms, but most of all that is available has been picked up and put into the market. I could name you lots of houses where I know there is old furniture which the descendants of the original owners refuse to sell, but I have my eye on it and will get most of it yet. I live long enough and the antique craze continues. I do not make much profit on genuine antiques, for the owners are posted as to values nowadays. When the craze first started there were big profits, but the day for such bargains is not likely to come to us again."

SHARP-SIGHTED INDIANS.

[Lieut. Schwatka in Science.]

One of the most curious traits of the Ayan Indians is their power of seeing the motion of a fish in water. The Yukon is very muddy, so much so that when an ordinary pint cup is filled with it nothing can be seen until the sediment has settled. The water is then to twelve feet deep and the river wide. Yet when a solitary salmon comes up this river its coming is notified, as position identified, and it is often caught in a hand net. Some persons, generally old squaws, sit on the banks in front of the hut on the bank. At her call a man runs to the beach, picks up his canoe, paddle, and net, and guided at first chiefly by the advice of the other Indians who gather on the shore, but as he approaches relying more on himself, shoots the canoe into the proper position, and while he regulates its movements with his left hand, plunges the net to the bottom of the river.

When it is remembered that the mouth of the net has an area of only about two square feet the power to catch a solitary salmon by thrusting it directly into its course seems most miraculous. No white man could see any evidence of the motion of the fish, yet the natives assert that motion is communicated from the bottom to the top. Out of seven attempts watched by Lieut. Schwatka two were successful, though the fish were swimming from 250 to 300 yards from the land. Several hundred fishes caught in this way were in their houses and on their saffording.

WOMEN VOTERS IN WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

This morning I walked down after breakfast with two ladies to the polling-place of the Second Ward, and acted as a sort of impromptu stew-k committee for half an hour, greeting many friends and acquaintances, and finally took a glass with some of them in the line and passed along with them in order to see the entire performance, although not yet qualified as a voter myself.

Away up the street stretched the long double line of men and women—the latter in the majority—slowly making their way down to the engine-house, through the open window of which the ballots were passed in to the inspector and judges. It was a cool morning, and not at all uncomfortable, and a great deal of pleasant chat whirled away the time, the crowd being a much better natured one than lines of men and women whom I have often seen waiting their turn to get into some place of moment. Caresses driven by women were flying briskly about the city to bring out the voters who live at a distance, and a committee of women was present at each polling place.

Nor were they the "shoo-haired" who were voting this morning. So far from that, it is actually the fashion, and with so few exceptions that they could be numbered on my fingers, all the ladies of Seattle who are "received in society" daily registered themselves and are casting their ballots to-day for city officers. It has been a very interesting study for a few weeks past to go through the lists of registered voters as they appeared in the morning papers and note the names of the new citizens. It has reached the past of late that, instead of speaking with surprise of those who have registered, eyebrows have been lifted whenever "anybody" has not done so, and the remark has been promptly made that something was the matter in that family. While as for the young ladies, she who hesitates for fear of what John might say made a mistake for what John did say was that that girl didn't want to acknowledge that she was twenty-one years old, and he and the other young fellows laughed at her most heartily.

Party feeling has run so high that it has begun to wonder lately whether there wouldn't be some domestic upsets, as has so often been predicted. But it looks other way. A few ladies who would have "kissed to register" have refrained from doing so because their husbands "disapproved of it." But the funny part of that is that during the last two days in which registration was possible, a large number of such names tardily appeared, at the solicitation of the husbands themselves. A few ladies who did register, and who are greatly interested, have failed to vote because they could not conscientiously vote with their husbands, and were not willing to vote against them. But more than one man down town to-day has laughingly declared that his vote wouldn't do the party any good, because his wife was going to vote the other ticket. Some women, on the other hand, are voting a ticket in regard to which they have strong doubts, because they care more to please their husbands than for anything else. Just as many men before to-day—and perhaps to-day too—have voted to please their wives. Somehow human nature does not seem to be changed much by woman suffrage, and as for the ladies, I never before saw a class of women who were at once intelligent and as stylish as they are here. They are equally conversant with the latest novel, the newest philosophical theory, and the last freak of delirious humors, and are very domestic, having delightful homes, and large families of model "dear" and "wifely" children, are thoroughly posted in all the political questions of the day, nation's and local, and can back up their opinions with good sound arguments. And I must not forget to add that a vast number of exceptions, they are members of one of the several churches in the city.—Sittler, in Telegraph.

THE GREELY EXPEDITION.

HORRIBLE DEATH OF DR. PAVY, ONE OF THE MEMBERS, AS TOLD BY AN OFFICER.

"Poor Dr. Pavy! I cannot rid myself of his image," began the young soldier, bringing his chair still closer. "He is getting to be a nightmare with me, and if he comes to me in such a manner, how must it be with those mad wretches who fell upon him and devoured him? You may think the shooting of Henry was enough. But infinitely more pathetic was the death of this poor fellow. To be there on his couch and see the hungry eyes of his stronger comrades gazing over his wasted form and praying for his death was enough to drive a well man mad. And so it drove this poor sick doctor to his death. He died by his own hand, the starving devils about him might have done more than that."

The very day that Henry was condemned to the Sledgeham Pavy took his own life. The despairing little company had split up into two factions, both clamoring for the death of some one of the others might live. With all his strength of character, Lieut. Greely was forced to yield to the demands of these mad wretches, and with heavy heart issued the order that took Henry from his living comrades and placed his flesh at the mercy of the men who but a few minutes before had called him brother. This faction took the body of the dead man and kept guard over it in the graveyard on the hill. They had meat for several days, and they meant to guard with jealous watchfulness their graveyard dining-room. The other faction down by the sea were without even a handful of shrimps. They knew the graveyard on the hill contained a corpse, and with loud murmurs of discontent declared that some one of their party must suffer for the rest. Dr. Pavy was the weakest of them all. About his dying couch they clustered and sat for hours unmoved, watching each breath and hoping that his death might not be long delayed. The mute appeal of those wild, hungry eyes, pleading for an early death was too much for him, and with a last despairing effort he melted down to the sea and was picked up dead. Almost before the heart had ceased to beat, before the corpse was cold, those mad men—for they were mad—rushed upon the body and with their sailors' shovels dug into the warm flesh. They stripped long shreds of flesh and skin from off the bones while yet the muscles quivered with the life that had just gone out. These ghastly dripping morsels they carried to the little fire, and hardly waiting till the chunks of meat turned brown, tore them with their teeth, and with a warty sigh the officer dived down into his cabin.

The records show that the body of Surgeon Pavy was washed away. He died on June 5. Three days before Sir Hann Camp had died, on June 12. Serg. Gardner was missed and four days later Private Bender is recorded as dead. All these bodies were reported washed away by the sea. The fact that these men died with convenient market days of each other and the reported finding of a headless trunk other than that of Henry explains too clearly the awful meaning hidden in the mysterious explanation, "washed away."

KISSES TO GROW ON.

She was only a child, but she held up her sweet red lips, that the bright eyes and went the rounds from one member of the family to the other, repeating the phrase she had just heard from her young mother's lips.

"Three kisses, and one to grow on."

And kissed her up, the darling, and kissed and kissed her fairly baby face, pulled the soft curls, squeezed the dimpled shoulders, and followed her every movement with a wishful, worshipping eye until she came to the door, disappointed member of the family, whose words were all hollow, and dolls stuffed with sawdust. She pipped up to the stern, bearded face and put a fat, chubby little hand on each unyielding knee.

"Three kisses, and one to grow on."

"What does all this fondle mean?" inquired the gruff, grumpy voice.

"Baby is three years old today," said the young mother, feeling how hard it is to explain a simple, foolish custom that has no particular meaning, "and so we give her a kiss for each year and one to grow on. But you needn't kiss her, Uncle Ben, if you don't want to."

What was it the old man saw in the limpid eyes lifted to his?—a vision of the green fields and still waters of paradise? or did some prescient knowledge possess him, that he caught her up in his arms as he had never done before, and kissed her again and again?

"Not want to kiss her?" he said, in a broken voice. "Why, I should as soon think of refusing to kiss an angel from heaven. There! put there! and there! Now may you grow on this one even to the heights of heaven—never short of their standard, little one. That is the old man's prayer."

"Three kisses and one to grow on, and now—"

Her age I cannot tell. For they reckon not by months and years, where she has gone to dwell."

But I often wonder if we would not all reach nearer the gates of paradise if we had more kisses to grow on.

"The highest of the sinless angels. The little one has gone."

Oh! great family of humanity, lead all your weary, wandering ones up the divine heights by kisses. They are stronger than blows; they leave no stings like bitter words; they are blessed memories that blossom in our crown of thorns while those whom we kissed have gone from us a little way beyond tears or kisses, grow on that precious nourishment into the higher life, in the city whose builder and maker is God.

"Madam, you have destroyed \$5 worth of merchandise," angrily remarked a clerk to a lady as she seated herself in a chair in which he had deposited a new Derby hat. "Serve you right," she replied, slowly rising from the ruin; "you had no business to buy a \$5 hat for a 50-cent head."

Every dog has his day, the cat takes the night; the human and milkman the early morning hours, and the seasons grow with his bell and the fruitman with his sawp takes the rest of a lifetime that is wo. h. living.

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