Raleigh Register.

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STOLEN KISSES.

[G. C. Bingham.]

In silence and hush of a dream,
With never a sound to be heard,
But a touch of lips in the gleam
Of the fire and never a word;
The echo will ever repeat,
Breaking the silence in twain,
"Stolen kisses are always sweet,
And love is never in vain!"

For a kiss would a maiden wake
From the charm of a dreamful sleep,
And a touch of true love would break
The peace that the blue eyes keep.
Forever the echo shall greet,
Like song of a ripening rain,
"Stolen kisses are always sweet,
And love is never in vain!"

When hearts and lips have grown cold,
And love lives but for an hour;
When life's romance has been told,
And kisses have lost their power,
Then shall soft memory fleet,
No more a dream to enchain:
Yet stolen kisses are always sweet,
And love is never in vain.

OUR REPUBLICAN CAPITAL.

Society Under the Democratic Regime.

[New York Herald.]

The question is frequently asked what sort of a season will the first winter of Cleveland's Administration develop. Will it be like the motto of the President, guarded by Jeffersonian simplicity, or will it follow the impetus of Republican leaders as Washington has for nearly a quarter of a century? The answer is that the approaching season promises to be the most brilliant the National Capital has witnessed for many, many years, but the gayeties of Washington will not have so much method in them as has been known in past years. When Mr. Blank gave a large reception, the gossips invariably asked, "Why did he do it?" "What axe has he to grind now?" Giving entertainments for the sake of the notoriety or pleasure of the thing has not been one of the accomplishments of society in Washington. The magnificent suppers, with ravishing music and unlimited wines, have invariably been accessories of jobs of some kind.

The House will be Democratic, the Senate Republican. So they have been for ten years, with the exception of one Congress. What reason, then, for a change of tactics? The Administration is now Democratic. The Cabinet and Bureau officers are not what they have been. Subordinates above the grade of fourth-class clerks are now in sympathy with the party in power, so the modes of years gone by are no longer useful in transacting business according to the grand old party methods. In place of the tinsel and glare of lights, this city will witness next winter an assemblage of people from all parts of the country who will count it an honor as well as a pleasure to have contributed to the inauguration of Democratic festivities. The South is coming in force, no longer with its chattels and the earnings of the slaves, but with the wealth of an emancipated region and the fruits of the labor of an emancipated race. The West is coming, and the brilliancy of New York society will be brighter than ever in the contest which the sections will make for the honors of the season.

THE WAY IT IS DONE.

"Did you read in the papers that ex-Congressman Z. is going to give one of the most elaborate entertainments of the season?" asked an official of the Senate of a prominent lawyer one day as they were travelling from the Capitol to their house last winter.

"I did not notice the paragraph," replied the lawyer. "Has Mr. Z. any case before the Supreme Court of importance, do you know?"

"Well, yes. I believe he is largely interested in the favorable decision of a case which is to be argued. Why, the very day the argument is to be made is the date of this great reception at his residence. Well, well! What do you think it means?" asked the lawyer.

"Just wait until you get the details of the affair and read the list of guests, and see if the members of the Supreme Court are not the most conspicuous in the throng. Then about the time the Court will probably discuss the case in the consultation room, see if ex-Congressman Z. don't give another swell reception. For the sake of his social relations? No, my legal friend. He does not invest his money that way. He spends it only when and where he thinks the investment will pay."

The Senate official knew whereof he spoke and everything happened just as he predicted it would. The tip which he got through social influences paid him for his seemingly lavish expenditure of money. Now, the mass of the readers of the two paragraphs detailing the account of their entertainments undoubtedly believe to this day that they were given "all on account of society." But they were not.

Another class of cheerful and generous entertainers has been those who give expensive dinners at Solaris', Welcker's and Wormley's. The object is generally for favorable legislation, or, more likely, for a decision in one of the departments that will contribute to their wealth. Such an outlay has hitherto had its influence. If, however, the departments are reformed, what is to take the place of this prodigal expenditure and apparent waste of money?

PREPARING FOR A CRUSH.

It does not follow because the mode is no longer useful that the hostelries are going to close. On the contrary, the Solaris who have for several years been confined to comparatively small quarters, have now a banquet hall, the largest in Washington, and an enlargement of their premises which will give them prominence in catering to the strangers within the gates of Washington. There are more accommodations here today for first-class patrons than ever existed before, and yet at this early day every suite of rooms in the best flats and hotels is engaged for the winter season. A Western Democrat, who is to serve his first term in Congress, came here a few days since expecting to have the pick of apartments at the Portland, which has been a popular place with Congressmen who come here with their families. He was surprised to hear that every room in the house had been engaged for some time. The Hamilton, which is next in popularity, actually accommodates more patrons in leased houses than it serves under its own roof. For twenty years the foundation adjoining the New York avenue house has been ready for the superstructure. Not until this season did the owner think of completing the building. Now the work cannot be carried on too rapidly. Solaris, the Portland, Hamilton, and Richmond are not hotels. They represent the demand for the conveniences and comforts of home life outside the capacity of the old-established inns. So it will be seen that the evidence of an overflow of visitors is very positive.

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Congressmen, as a general thing, have had apartments at the hotels, but quite a number now own residences. Most of the Senators are owners of their dwellings. Senator Edmunds is completing an elegant residence. Senator Palmer, of Michigan, will have the finest mansion in Washington for his home this winter. He has been a tenant-at-will heretofore. Senator Van Wyck's residence is in the midst of the grand improvements made near Farragut Square. Senators Sherman, Morrill, Miller, of California, McPherson, Logan, Jackson, Hawley, Hale, Gibson and Allison are possessors of spacious residences. Senator Cameron sold his dwelling, and, if able to attend the session, will rent a furnished house.

THE ADMINISTRATION AND THE SENATORS.

The administration will be equal to the occasion. Secretary Bayard will give card receptions, as is customary. Secretary Manning and Assistant Secretary Fairchild have each leased large residences in the most fashionable part of the city. Secretary Endicott has the house of Minister Pendleton, near Scott Circle, large enough for a hotel. Secretary Whitney will have a home where he can entertain according to his means. The other members of the Cabinet are not so fond of society. Secretary Lamar and Attorney-General Garland are widowers and live very plainly. Postmaster-General Vilas has made the Ebbitt his home, and may continue so to do. Postmasters General Key, Tyner and Maynard did so. The President will make the White House memorable for its receptions. Irksome as it may appear to others, his delight is to be in the midst of a crowd. It is, he says, the most agreeable relaxation from the cares of office, and even now the daily handshaking with the visitors in the East Room gives him the only pleasure he gets in the daily discharge of his duties. Miss Cleveland will have frequent afternoon receptions, which will give the strangers an opportunity of seeing Washington society in its outdoor attire. The foreign legations, recognizing it as the first winter under a change of administration and party, will do just as diplomacy dictates they should, and vie with one another in making the acquaintance of the new class of officials, their families and their friends. Then there are the established families from New York and other parts of the country, owning the palatial residences on Connecticut avenue, Sixteenth street and along K steeet, which also take in the best of official life. But the particular feature of the season will be the influx from the Southern States, which, as the oldest inhabitant remembers, used to be the reigning power before the war. The belles of Richmond can come and go on the same day, so swift is the means of communication between here and the capital of Virginia. Kentucky and Louisiana are to have their quota of visitors, and Washington is once again to witness the presence of representatives from all parts of a united and prosperous nation.

OUR COLORED FOLK

Astonish the People of Atlanta.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

For several days past there has been a remarkable family of negroes in Atlanta. Their name is Williamson, and they came from Wilson County, North Carolina. There are three brothers and four sisters, all of whom have been totally blind from their birth. They are the children of black parents who were slaves and ordinary field hands. Unto them were born fourteen children, seven of whom had sight, while seven were blind. The blind children were not only hardier and healthier, but their mental endowments are superior to those of their brothers and sisters who could see. They went to Raleigh to the State Blind Asylum and were there well educated. Every one of them developed a remarkable talent for music, and on leaving the Asylum they organized themselves into a concert company and began to travel through the South. The oldest brother married a smart negro woman, who acts as guide and business manager of the party. They have been all over the South giving entertainments, which have paid them handsomely. They sing and play on various instruments with remarkable skill. All of them have good voices, which have been well trained.

Their most remarkable performances are the exhibitions of their powers of mimicry. They imitate a brass band so perfectly that a person outside the hall in which they are humming would almost invariably be deceived. Their imitation of the organ is equally perfect. Each of the singers makes a peculiar noise and carries his or her own part of the performance, and the combined result is a deep music, very like to the pealing of a grand organ. These are two of their many tricks. They are constantly adding to their repertoire and perfecting themselves more and more in their curious arts. They have educated the sense of touch to a very remarkable degree. By feeling of a person's face and head they can give an accurate description of his or her appearance: and one of the sisters claims that she can tell the color of the hair by touching it.

The seven will stand with joined hands and any object can be placed in the hands of the oldest brother at the end of the line; while he holds it he claims that the magnetic current which passes through the entire line will enable any one of his brothers and sisters to tell what he has in his hand. At any rate some remarkable guesses of this kind are made.

The blind negroes have given a series of entertainments in various negro churches in the city, and have created a great sensation among the colored population. It is said that they take good care of their aged parents who still reside at the old homestead in North Carolina, in the same cabin where they lived as slaves, and where their fourteen children were born. The blind singers have bought the place and presented it to their parents. The brothers and the wife of the eldest manage the financial affairs of the combination so successfully that they have accumulated a snug property. The oldest brother is about twenty-eight and the youngest sister about sixteen years old. Various efforts have been made by professional managers to secure the control of this remarkable family, but they prefer to take care of their own affairs. They are all intelligent and remarkably well posted on matters in general.

Won't do so no More.

[New York World.]

Sympathizing Friend—Is it true, my dear Mrs. Brown, that your husband committed suicide?

Mrs. Brown (recently bereaved)—I am afraid it is.

Sympathizing Friend—What in the world could have induced him to commit such a rash and desperate act?

Mrs. Brown—I haven't the faintest idea. I never knew John to do such a thing before.

REVENUE REFORM.

Mr. Randall Has the Floor.

[New York Herald.]

Protective tariff is a subject at all times and in every country full of difficulty and embarrassment, and yet it is as old as government itself and has exhausted, as we know, the highest mental efforts of the most celebrated statesmen. Some few points have been settled and accepted generally, but they are not many. Hallam, the constitutional historian, in his "Europe During the Middle Ages," lays down this axiom, which our experience as a people justifies, and which will not be disputed:—

"It is difficult to name a limit beyond which taxes will not be borne without impatience when they appear to be called for by necessity and faithfully applied, nor is it impracticable for a skilful minister to deceive the people in both these respects. But the sting of taxation is wastefulness. What high-spirited man could see without indignation the earnings of his labor, yielded ungrudgingly to the public defence, become the spoil of parasites and peculators? It is this that mortifies the liberal hand of public spirit; and those statesmen who deem the security of government to depend not on laws and armies, but on the moral sympathies and prejudices of the people, will vigilantly guard against even the suspicion of prodigality."

Excessive taxation, even when it is successful in securing excessive revenue, is ultimately destructive of the sources of labor from which it is drawn, while at the same time it engenders extravagance, corruption and decay. For when the government sets the example of extravagance it is soon followed in every walk of life, and one does not need to be a prophet to foretell the general ruin which must inevitably result. Frugality and economy never destroyed any government, while they have built up the most powerful empires the world has ever witnessed. The existing condition of the Treasury brings a demand for the reduction of the tariff and internal revenue taxes. In such a condition of our finances, reduction of taxation should at once begin. Unnecessary taxation is injurious to the interests of the people in many directions. The government has no justification for the collection of burdensome taxes in excess of the sum requisite for the support of its proper administration.

NECESSITY FOR REVISION.

I favor a total abolition of our internal revenue system, and am ready to join hands with any and all in favor of an equalization of our duties on imports. No one who understands the existing tariff laws will deny the justice and necessity of thorough revision. High duties were for the most part levied during the war, and for the purpose of raising a large revenue. It will suffice in this connection to quote the Industrial League as unanswerable in this regard, as it is an admission on the part of those who favor the highest protective duties. They consider such revision desirable for the interests both of the industries affected and those of consumers, partly on account of some original imperfections in the present tariff, and partly on account of the modifications which are demanded by the changes which have occurred in conditions of production and commerce.

I do not favor a tariff enacted upon the ground of protection simply for the sake of protection, because I doubt the existence of any constitutional warrant for any such construction or the grant of any such power. It would manifestly be in the nature of class legislation, and to such legislation, favoring one class at the expense of any other, I have always been opposed. In my judgment, this question of free trade will not arise practically in this country during our lives, if ever, so long as we continue to raise revenue by duties on imports, and therefore the discussion of that principle is an absolute waste of time. After our public debt is paid in full our expenditures can hardly be much below $200,000,000, and if this is levied in a business-like and intelligent manner it will afford adequate protection to every industrial interest in the United States. The assertion that the constitution permits the levying of duties in favor of protection "for the sake of protection" is equally uncalled for and unneccessary. Both are alike delusory and not involved in any practical administrative policy. If brought to the test I believe neither would stand for a day.

PROTECTION FOR PROTECTION'S SAKE.

Protection for the sake of protection is prohibition pure and simple of importation, and if there be no importation there will be no duties collected, and consequently no revenue, leaving the necessary expenses of the government to be collected by direct taxes—for internal taxes would interfere with the protective principle, and when the people were generally asked to bear the burden of heavy taxation to sustain class legislation and the interests of a portion of our people at the expense of the great bulk of our population, there would be an emphatic and conclusive negative. So, too, with free trade, there is hardly a man in public life who advocates it pure and simple. Nobody wants direct taxation, although it would bring taxation so near and so constantly before the people that Congress would hesitate long before it voted the sums of money it often does, if not for improper, at least for questionable purposes.

WHAT DIRECT TAXATION MEANS.

We are to-day dealing with issues vast as the hopes and fears of fifty-five millions of people, whose moral, social and physical condition is the alluring example of every government on the face of the earth. Shall we blast or bless them with our legislation? Shall we unsettle their business interests by constant tinkering with the tariff? Shall no law last longer than the meeting of the next Congress? Shall nothing ever be settled, for a time, at least; but shall doubt and distress always haunt the walking and sleeping hours of the people? For one, I am emphatically opposed to any such suicidal policy. It would be madness for any party to pursue it. What does direct taxation mean? An answer is found in an extract from a speech delivered April 12, 1882, by Hon. Columbus Upson, a Democratic Representative from the State of Texas:—

As an illustration of some of the practical workings of free trade and direct taxation the people of each State would have to pay annually their share of the national tax, according to the number of population in their respective States:—

Alabama's share would be about.....	$6,500,000
Arkansas' share would be over......	4,000,000
California's share would be about...	4,300,000
Georgia's share would be over.......	8,000,000
Illinois' share would be about.......	16,000,000
Indiana's share would be over.......	10,000,000
Kentucky's share would be over.....	8,500,000
Mississippi's share would be about..	6,000,000
Missouri's share would be about.....	11,300,000
New York's share would be about...	26,500,000
South Carolina's share would be over	5,000,000
Tennessee's share would be about...	8,000,000
Texas' share would be between $8,000,000 and....................	10,000,000
Virginia's share would be about.....	8,000,000

CONSTITUTIONAL QUESTION DISPOSED OF.

It is too late to urge the unconstitutionality of "incidental protection." The unbroken practice of the government for more than ninety years by those who have preceded us, including those who framed our constitution, and our success under this system down to the present time, conclusively dispose of such tardy objection. The value of "incidental protection" is attested by the experience of almost a century. This mode of laying indiscriminate duties on our imports has supported our government, paid the debts of three wars, given employment to men, women and children numbering in 1880 many millions; increased the investment of capital to the enormous sum of $3,000,000,000 and consumed more than $3,000,000,000 worth of agriculture, mining, lumbering, fishing and other industries. It has rendered us a nation independent of the world. It is alleged that overproduction, under an incidental protective system, has caused the present stagnation in business. If so, could it be corrected by adding to that over production by increased importation of like products from other countries coming here because of reduced duties? It could not, for then the government would be still richer, while our own people driven out of their own markets would be impoverished.

THE RATE OF INTEREST.

It will not be denied that the rate of interest indicates the cost of living, that the cost of living indicates the price of labor, and that the price of labor indicates the cost of production. This rule may sometimes be disturbed by abnormal conditions—such as crop failures, war or overtrading. The country which has the lower rate of business interest will drive the country having the higher rate of business interest out of the world's markets, and eventually out of its own domestic markets; it will absorb all its means of paying its debts, including all its specie, than which nothing can be worse. There is no mode of recovery from such disaster save, first, by the reduction of the rate of business interest to a par with low interest countries; or, second, by the impositon of such duties on inports as will raise the cost of the foreign article to the cost of the domestic article in the home market. The first of these remedies must result in depreciation of all values, and therefore in insolvency, in disemployment, discontent and general disturbance. The best cure, therefore, is imposition of duties equal to the protection of American labor, to be repeated just as often as theorists disregard the lessons of experience in this respect. The degree of credits bears relation to the disaster inflicted, and when the former is large it promotes and increases the latter to the same or a greater extent. All the conditions alluded to are more to our disadvantage in this country than in most of those we trade with, and it is therefore clear a greater degree of distress is sure to follow here than elsewhere under these circumstances. We have to-day about 55,000,000 of people—25,000,000 living by agriculture and 30,000,000 on the earnings of personal property invested in general business, or by their daily labor with head and hand, or by both combined. The agriculturists receive fair prices for farm products, their farms are free from debt, and no commercial embarrassment denies them the necessaries of life. Not as fortunate are the other 30,000,000, and, consequently, considerate, if not more tender, treatment, is essential to their success, so far as our trade and commerce with other nations are concerned. Seven thousand millions of personal property are invested in 120,000 miles of railroad; $3,000,000,000 in manufactures, as much more in merchandise, banking and other employments, all facilitating exchange between producers and consumers, and all extremely sensitive to every change of statute and consequent disturbance in trade and commerce. Of this 30,000,000 of people 3,000,000 are engaged in manufactures, while as many, or nearly 7,000,000 altogether, are dependent on them for support. If we were to listen to the counsel and advice given to us to abandon the heretofore settled policy of the government in favor of incidental protection and thus enable the foreigner to glut our markets with the products of ill paid toil, panic and bankruptcy are sure to follow.

SPECULATIONS OF PHILOSOPHERS.

It will not do for any public man to narrow his mind in such a momentous question as that which affects not only the integrity of the government, but brightens or darkens the home of every citizen just as we shall legislate. Speculative philosophers have contrived the most fascinating forms of government, but wherever they have been subjected to the touchstone of practical operation they have gone shamefully to pieces. It will not do for men to say, "I have laid down this theoretical landmark and you must not go beyond it."

> There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will.

If Canute had not moved his chair upon the seashore the incoming tide would have overwhelmed him and his weak advisers under the mighty waves of the sea.

We are no longer a few scattered, isolated colonies of 3,000,000 of people hugging the coasts from Massachusetts to Georgia. In 1880 we were a united nation of 50,000,000 of inhabitants, with industries of the greatest diversity, and grown to such size and power as successfully to contest the markets of the world, and with a military prestige that has surprised and kept in awe the most warlike nations.

POSSIBILITIES OF THE REPUBLIC.

In the year 1903 we are told that, according to the ordinary rate of increase, we will have one hundred millions of people. Is there a human mind that can foresee all the possibilities of a free republic of such vast proportions, leading the coming century in wise legislation? Is there one so foolhardy who will stand up and say that he knows all about it, and that the ways of God shall bend to his peremptory dictation.

Self-interest controls the world, however much men may turn the periods and grow eloquent in swelling sentences about abstractions. And while men will suffer patiently and yet yield willingly to stern necessity, they will not submit quietly to what is causelessly and idly to their loss and annoyance.

When every element which can enter into tariff revision is known, when every interest, large and small, is scanned and measured, when proper objects of taxation are reached and adjusted in their proper relations, when those items are eliminated which only embarrass and produce confusion, then, indeed, tariff legislation is made easy and sure and of happiest consequences. **SAMUEL J. RANDALL.**

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A young teacher in a Sunday school on the east side of the village, in the lesson about Elijah the Tishbite a week ago, asked one of the little girls what the prophet was called who flew from before Jezebel. With great promptness the little one replied, "Lijah the Tintype!"—*Saratoga Journal.*

THE CONFEDERATE PRESIDENT

As Old-Time Letters Show Him.

[New York Times.]

An old friend showed me one of his treasures a week or so ago. It was a long letter of a half dozen foolscap pages bearing the signature of Jefferson Davis, dated more than 10 years before the war. It was extremely entertaining, filled with personal chat and family gossip and tinged with political reflections. Addressed to a representative of an old Maryland family with whom Mr. Davis had all his life been intimate, it is easy to conceive of the to-be chief of rebellious States writing in this fashion: "I can only tremble when I think of the outlook for the States. The clouds are all dark. Not a sunbeam penetrates anywhere. The very heavens are filled with the rumblings of a thunder that shall finally come to—to—I scarcely dare write what is the end I foresee. Only disaster seems possible. Fanaticism has taken roots that are of fire. Men are turning cowards. The picayune spirits of Connecticut and Massachusetts are agog with plots that bode ill far-stretching and terrible." And further on the same cry breaks out: "But yesterday I sat at dinner with a good man from New York, a man of clean hands and pure heart, who means well, who is above all manner of dishonesty—a man yet who is ready for robbery by wholesale, and even for persecution. He and such as he are the men whom we must fear. A great change has come over him in one year. Last December he was my guest. Then he was careless of these things that seem to be burning questions to him now. He is dipping into the anti-slavery craze. He talks of the Constitution as a mere creature of circumstances: talks of sentimental constructions; talks of laws that 'are born of humanity.' That is stuff that sounds well. It will catch the mob. The North has nothing to lose in such preaching; the South may lose everything. When the North can be righteous at no expense, expect all manner of piety there. We are on the brink of turbulence."

What prompted this sort of an epistle from Mr. Davis was advice that had been asked of him concerning the education of two lads, sons of the Marylander to whom he was writing. It was the custom in ante-bellum days for most rich Southerners to send their sons to Northern colleges. Jefferson Davis was dead set against the practice. "It were better," he said in this letter, "that your sons forego altogether the polish that a college training can provide rather than that they should be put within the reach of influences such as are now becoming rampant North. You do not put your young calves with wolves; you should not be less kind to your own flesh and blood than to the dumb brutes of your stables. Seditious things are filling the air of every house in New England to-day. Poison floats in all the Northern atmosphere. I care not how the schoolmaster may cringe, nor how the Elders of the church may smirk and smile over your patronage; you have not a black in Maryland with heart so traitorous. They will uncover before you; that is for your dollar's sake. Be gone but a moment, and schemes and plots the nastiest are on foot. Keep John and Andrew at home—there is no need that they should go above Baltimore for their schooling."

But it was not all in this turgid, dyspeptic tone that the letter went on. Think of "Jeff" Davis writing this: "My mind often goes back to the old days when we were laughing and hurrahing our lives away—boys, for the little time wholly happy. I never see a young barefoot that my heart does not warm to him; and while the old-fashioned boy survives I must still have hope abundant. * * * And old Aunt Rachel—God grant her peace—is she yet alive and with you? Do you remember how she used to scrimp herself at dinner to eke out some favorite kitchen dish for us youngsters? She was a glorious darky, ever. * * * Sally? Yes, she's gone. An honest woman is in heaven. Once I was sure she was going to be your wife, and then I was certain that she was bound to be mine. Ah, love of our callow days! It was only last month that she was buried. 'Cousin Sally' to the end. Her life was not all joy. She trod down a good many thorns, I fear. Her poor husband, as I told you long ago, is in a poor house, mad. He quit his pulpit penniless more than a year ago. * * * But do you know I've often regretted that I did not take to the cloth for life. The life of a country Parson, a life of ease, but still of earnestness, I reckon would suit me better than any other fortune in the world." Strange words, surely, from the ambitious rebel.

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OUR SYSTEM OF LAW.

Its Foundations Laid on Sinai.

[W. C. Prime, in N. Y. Journal of Commerce.]

* * * Are you who read this, my friend, one of those who regard the old orthodox religious faith as of no special account in the political, commercial, or social systems which surround you? You are in blind error if you so think. The work of the defenders of the faith lives in the body of our political and social fabric. It is not the blood, but it is that characteristic without which the blood would be foul, would grow poisonous, abominable. Men talk a great deal about the permanence of Republican institutions depending on the virtue of the people, and forget that the people are not virtuous. Whatever of the saving quality of virtue is in them comes from the religious faith of the fathers. They who are not profoundly sensible of personal responsibility to a Divine law of right and wrong, which will reward merit and punish demerit, cannot be sensible of a personal responsibility to any human fabric of law. Men will either obey a God or follow the dictates of self-interest. Exceptions to the rule are few. There is no natural law of humility, of self-sacrifice. You will see this truth illustrated in countless ways. But a serious student of his country's history and condition needs no illustration. The truth stands out on every page of past or of contemporary history. The value of real estate depends on churches. The stability of society depends on the religion of those who are the actual leaders, the governors of society. The great charities of the day are founded by religious people.

The power of the church in the middle ages, much despised and decried in modern literature, and, without doubt, having much evil mingled in its good, nevertheless did establish in the minds of all civilized men in Europe the sense of a responsibility beyond this life, the fear of God even where there was no fear or respect for man; and this sentiment has been handed down from generation to generation, and remains in the soul of Europeans. No frenzy of infidelity among the people, no wild rush out of its restraining influences, as in the French Revolution, can eradicate it, so long as here and there the church still preaches the doctrine of immortality with future reward and retribution.

The church has been thus far the salvation of this Republic. Nor is there a sane man who reads this who can doubt that if the church were suppressed, were to die of inanition, or become a mere rationalistic society, teaching the religion of natural humanity, the republic would have a short lease of life. And by the church we mean the old orthodox churches, teachers of the doctrine that God is Judge as well as Saviour, that there is a hell as well as a heaven, that however men boast of liberty of thought, there is certain judgment for evil thought as for evil deed.

Thus the restraining power of the teachings of the pulpit is an element in the social and political forces of the day, which only superficial politicians overlook. There is an awful restraint on human action imposed by the power of an endless life.

Not many years ago a performer in a low class theatre, or circus, who had many admirers among the lowest classes of our city population, died suddenly. His funeral was attended by a vast crowd of this sort of men. It was one of the most remarkable assemblies ever gathered in a church. The countenances were indicative of the class represented. These were men whom no church, Roman or American, had under any influence. But a more solemn assembly never gathered. The silence which reigned over crowded pews and aisles was profound. No one whispered to neighbor or friend. When the voice of the minister was heard, reading portions of the burial service, I watched the emotional indications of the faces. There was no smiling, no sneering, no listless looking around; but after awhile, under the simple influence of the occasion, the surroundings, the sublime words of Holy Writ, the tears began to run down cheeks here and there. Such emotion is catching, even among such men, and in a few moments, out of a thousand New York roughs, a large majority were weeping like girls.

Perhaps they all went away and forgot it. That has nothing to do with my point. There was in them all a certain leaven of character derived from a knowledge of immortality and the responsibility to a God somewhere in the endless hereafter which made that strange scene. And that same leaven in the general character of the worst men of the sovereign American people is the restraining power which, from day to day, saves us from the terrors of unbridled popular no-government.

If it were possible to trace the effects of the teachings of the good men who have gone from the American pulpit, leaving their works to follow them; if we could see the influence on one and another individual character, and from those on others, we should recognize the indebtedness of the whole country to them. Why will not men be frank with themselves? They acknowledge the preserving power of virtue, but they have a vague idea that virtue means something not quite so rigid as pure and undefiled religion. Read the history of Europe for two thousand years, and learn from it that there has been no such thing as public virtue, and the only approach to it has been in the private individual acceptance by many of the faith delivered to the saints of old. We call ours a Christian country, because among us are such a vast number who accept the cross and its lessons. Beneath our whole system of law, as its foundation, lies the law delivered on Sinai. Nor is it possible to erect a system of law on any other basis than this—that the decalogue is the law of a God and not of man. If there be no God, there is no natural or possible ground for any such enactment as “Thou shalt not steal,” or “Thou shalt do no murder.” All the virtue there is in man can only teach him that for himself and for whomsoever he loves, it is his joy and duty to rob others when he can do it with impunity, and murder every one who interferes with what he calls his personal liberty.

Artificial River-Making.

[New York Times.]

Little confidence has generally been felt in the plan of maintaining a certain depth of water in the upper Mississippi River by means of reservoirs near St. Paul, to be opened as the river falls. It seemed to be too big an undertaking to dam up water enough for the purpose. But the government engineers report the result of experiments made in the last six or seven weeks. The upper reservoirs, 500 miles above St. Paul, were opened on Aug. 1, and the receiving reservoir, 400 miles above St. Paul, two weeks later. On Sept. 1 the surface of the stream at points from 250 to 300 miles below the receiving reservoir was two feet higher than it would have been if the gates had not been opened. At St. Paul there was about one foot of reservoir water. It is expected that when the full effect of the system shall appear about four feet will be gained at a point 100 miles above St. Paul, and from 1 to 1 1-2 feet at St. Paul. This indicates that the effect of the system in raising the level will disappear not far below that city. The reservoirs will greatly improve the water power at Minneapolis in the dry season, and be of some value to commerce on the stream from Pokegama southward to that city. But freshets in the lower part of the stream will be made hereafter in the old way.

Boards his Wife for Nothing.

[New York Sun.]

The world will be glad of the assurance that there are some men in the humblest walks of life who can't be bought with the clink of gold. A Hoosier, who lost his wife a few weeks ago, was waited upon a few days after the funeral by a man who introduced himself as the agent of a Cincinnati medical college, and he went right to business by remarking:—

“Mr. Blank, neither of us has any time to fool away. Your wife is dead and buried. I want her body for the college. I could snatch it any dark night, but that's not my way. How much cash will buy the cadaver?”

“Dig 'er up at your own expense?”

“Yes.”

“How much'll you give?”

“Fifteen dollars.”

“And the coffin?”

“Oh, that's no use to me.”

“Stranger,” said the widower, “you skip, or I'll shoot. If you think I'm fool enough to throw away a forty-dollar coffin in these hard times, you haven't sized me up k'rect. Let the old woman stay thar. She isn't costing anything for board and lodging, and there ain't a penny out for repairs.”

TO RALEIGH GIRLS.

P. L. M. Down on Laces and Bangs.

I bow down to youth and beauty,
And almost worship grace,
And I owe especial duty
To an honest, tell-tale face.

But I don't like a girl
That uses too much lace,
And gives her bangs an extra twirl
To try to beautify her face.

PARTNERSHIP IN POKER.

“There's Millions in that Nigger!”

[Philadelphia Times.]

I met in Colorado City's Gold Room today a man who was familiarly known along the frontier ten or twelve years ago as “Jew Sam.” I think his real name is Simon Rosenburg, and he was particularly distinguished as a very “slick” poker player. Sam is as fine a specimen of manhood as you would meet in a week's travel. He is over six feet in height, of athletic build, and his face dashingly handsome. He always dresses in perfect taste and carries a six-shooter of forty-five calibre, which he will use to kill on the slightest provocation. He is very quiet and gentlemanly in manner, and perfectly temperate in his habits.

One day, at Murderville, when Sam was getting tired of the monotony of walking about with plenty of money in his pocket and nobody to play with, a simple-minded colored man named William Amber arrived from Laredo, and displayed a big boodle, which he modestly declared he was willing to risk at poker. Amber had been a sergeant in the Twenty-fifth Infantry, and from long years of rigid discipline did not presume. Sam formed his acquaintance. He said confidentially to a friend:—

“A nigger's money is as good as a white man's, and I'm going to rob him.”

This friend, who, like Sam, recognized no class or color distinctions where poker was concerned, agreed that this was a sensible view to take of the matter, and offered to lend his assistance in robbing the ex-soldier. Sam admitted him to partnership, and they began work. Amber was coy, and it required a day's hard work before he could be induced to take a hand. At last, however, he succumbed, and the three men began to play at a little table in the rear of Buckskin Bill's cantena, “The Sunset.” Nearly every unemployed gambler in the camp was interested in the game, and quite a crowd gathered about the players.

It was easy to be seen from the start that Amber knew nothing about poker. He handled the cards very clumsily and seemed always more than half asleep. Sam stole half the cards in the deck and put up all sorts of hands. Amber lost several hundred dollars, but it was literally wrung from him, and Sam was disgusted at his stupidity.

Finally, when, by skilful manipulation of the cards, he dealt the negro two queens and allowed him to draw another and a pair of tens, while he himself held out a king full on jacks, the latter roused himself from his lethargic stupor and began to bet. Sam's partner drew out and the great gambler began to lead his victim on to his doom. He made no large raises, but he saw every bet and went back at the negro ten or twenty better, until the pot mounted into the thousands, and every dollar of Sam's had been risked.

“I'd bet a million on my hand,” he said, and began to borrow from his partner.

Amber kept covering the bets, and the crowd pressed around the table closer. Sam grew excited as the bets mounted higher and higher, and his hand trembled. The negro was impassive. Finally he laid down a crisp one hundred dollar bill to cover Sam's last raise, and said:—

“I calls you, sah!”

“King full on jacks!” cried Sam, reaching out for the pot.

“Hold on dar; I beats dat han',” interposed Amber, and he spread out four treys and an ace.

A low exclamation of astonishment burst in chorus from the lips of the bystanders, and Sam slowly withdrew his hand.

“Great God, man!” he cried at last, “where did you get that hand?”

“Drawed it, sah, fa'r an' squar',” chuckled Amber, and he raked in his winnings.

That night Jew Sam and the negro held a long conference in the former's den. The next day Sam paid his debts and he and Amber left for San Antonio together.

“I'll tell you all about it,” said Sam, as he leaned over the bar at the Gold Room to-day. “That coon was one of the slickest poker players I ever saw. He used to belong to an old Mississippi River gambler named Jack Little, and the latter taught his servant the tricks that won him fortunes. After the game at Murderville, I had a talk with him, and he showed me more about cards than I ever dreamed of. I saw at once that there was a million in him if he was properly worked, and I made him a proposition. We went to San Antonio. I replenished my wardrobe for more civilized garments, and we began a tour of the country together, he travelling as my servant. I had a big stake at my back, put up by some sporting men in San Antonio, and the way we raked in the shekels was a caution. We visited every prominent city in the country, and next summer we are going to Europe. The scheme is mine, but if you won't give it away, I'll let you into the secret. The character I assume is that of a wealthy Texas cattle owner who is fond of a quiet game of poker. I spend plenty of money, put up at the finest hotels, and easily make the acquaintance of gentlemen of means and sporting proclivities. I usually let them suggest a quiet little game of draw, and I handle the cards squarely, simply backing my judgment. After the game has been in progress an hour or two, and I have lost several hundred dollars, as I usually manage to do, Amber comes upon the scene and hands me a note, which I break open and read. Of course it's only a dummy, but I pretend it is from a friend, calling me to an immediate and important business appointment. I excuse myself to the gentlemen, who, having won a little of my money, are sorry to see me go, and seem perplexed. The appointment I am obliged to keep will only necessitate a half hour's absence, I hate to break up the game, and all that sort of thing, and suddenly turn to Amber:—

“ ‘William,’ I say, ‘can you play poker?’

“ ‘Little, sah.’

“ ‘Gentlemen,’ I continue, turning to the company, ‘this is my servant, William, as faithful and trustworthy a nigger as ever a man had.’

“At this William chuckles and grins and looks as simple as possible, for the gentlemen all eye him critically. I proceed:—

“ ‘It is necessary, gentlemen, that I keep this business appointment, but I'll be gone less than a half hour, and in the meantime, if you have no objection, I'll let William play my hand.’

“Of course they do not object, and William takes my place at the table. I lay a big roll of notes down beside him, and, as a parting caution, bid him not to lose all my money. The gentlemen, who are beginning to feel the wine that I have ordered up, laugh uproariously. I always throw a word or two in about their being shrewd poker players, which tickles their vanity and blinds their eyes. William gets stupid, and, when I leave, goes to sleep over his cards, just as he did that day when he robbed me at Murderville.

Raleigh Register.

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The gentlemen put up all sorts of games to win my money, and when they feel certain they have everything fixed, William wakes up, and they generally get up from the table broke. They all know they have been cheating and have been beaten at their own game. Being gentlemen, they don't kick, and I begin to lay for fresh suckers. We have been making a cool $50,000 apiece every year since we started in, and about two weeks ago William bought his old master's plantation above Bayou Sara. He's spending his vacation there, but we'll meet next winter, spend a few months in the Southern cities, and sail for Europe. I tell you there's millions in that nigger."

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THE MULE AND HIS WAYS.

Lessons in Natural History.

[Dyersburg State Gazette,]

I sold Clay Porter some mules last fall, and he inquired if a certain one would jump. I told him I never knew him to march up to a fence with malice aforethought and charge into a cornfield, but pointed to a stooping tree that bent over my fence, and told him, tender-footedly, that I had seen him climb that tree and go out on the limbs and swing off into the field. I did not guarantee against jumping. This incident has set me to thinking, and I know now that the mule is the only animal that Noah didn't take into the ark with him. I have looked over the freight list carefully, and could not see a mule way-billed for any place. So clear-headed a man as Noah did not dare to take one on board, as he knew he would kick a hole through her in less than a week.

The origin of the mule is enveloped in a good deal of mystery. Tradition informs us that when the flood had subsided and the ark had lain on Mount Ararat, Noah was very much surprised in one of his observations to find a good healthy mule standing on the top of an adjoining mountain. The same tradition informs us that the mule is the only animal that lived through the flood outside the ark. The mule can be considered in a great many ways, but the worst place to consider him is directly from behind, anywhere within a radius of ten feet. I never consider a mule from that point unless I am looking through the flue of a boiler. The mule has one more leg than a milking stool, and he can stand on one and wave the other three round in as many different directions. He has only three senses—hearing, seeing, and smelling. He has no more sense of taste than a stone jug, and will eat anything that contains nourishment, and he don't care two cents whether it contains one per cent. or ninety. All he asks is to pass him along his plate with whatever happens to be handy round the pantry, and he won't go away and blow how poor the steak is. He just eats whatever is put before him, and asks no questions.

If I were to have a large picture of innocence to hang up in my parlor, and I did not wish to sit for it myself, I should get a correct likeness of a mule. There is enough innocence in a mule's countenance to fit out a Sunday-school class. It looks as guileless as an angleworm. A mule never grows old or dies; once brought into existence, he continues on forever. The original mule is now alive somewhere in the South, and is named Bob Toombs, because he is so stubborn. Mules are chiefly found in the South and West. They have been more abused than Judas Iscariot. A boy who would not throw a stone at a mule when he gets a chance would be considered by his parents too mean to raise. The mule is a good worker, but he cannot be depended upon. He is liable to strike, and when he strikes, a human calculation fails to find out any rule by which to reckon when he will go to work again. It is useless to pound him, for he will stand more beating than a sitting-room carpet. He has been known to stand eleven days in one spot, apparently thinking of something, and then start off again as though nothing had happened. It used to be the custom down South, when they had a surplus of small darkies on the plantation, to send them out in the barnyard to play where there was a loose mule. They always bade them good-by when they started out, for they were sure the parting would be final.

You never can really know whether you like a mule or not till you hear him sing. I attended a mule concert at Chickamauga during the war. The wagon train was in front. The mules were starved for water. The gallant Cleburne was protecting the rear. Thomas pressed him hard. The music, or programme, opened with a soprano solo and then swung into a duet, and then pranced off into a trio, followed up by a quartet, and ending with a full chorus of the whole army train. I didn't hear the whole thing, for when I came to, the regimental surgeon was standing over me, giving me powerful restoratives, and I heard him say that I might possibly get out, though I would never be a well man again. I have been in places where it took nerve to stand—such as falling out of a three-story window—and have been through the New York exchange and spent a day in a boiler factory, and have been on one or two Sunday school excursions where the crowd were all girls, but I never knew what noise was till I heard a lot of army mules bray. Every man now living who drove a mule team during the war draws a pension.

I was near buying a mule once. He was a fine-looking animal. His ears stood up like side spires on an Episcopal church. His tail was trimmed down so that it looked like a tar brush leaning against him. He was striped off like the American flag, and Raphael's cherubs never looked more angelic than did that mule. He looked all innocence, though he was in no sense. The owner sat in his wagon, with his chin resting on his hand and his elbow resting on his knee. In the other hand he held a stick with a brad on the end of it. I examined the mule and asked the man a few questions, and out of mere form inquired if the mule was kind, or if he ever kicked. "Kind? Kick?" said the man, and these were the last words he ever uttered. He reached his stick over the front of the wagon and stuck the brad into that mule. It was awful to see a man snuffed out as quickly as he was. That mule simply ducked his head, and then a pair of heels flew out behind. There was a crash, a flying of splinters, and that was all, and the next moment that mule and I stood alone, my face covered with astonishment two feet deep, and his covered with part of an old bridle. The next day I read an account in the telegraphic news of a shower of flesh in Kentucky. I was the only man that could explain that phenomenon, and I did not dare to lest I should be implicated in the affair with the other mule. I have seen death in many forms, but don't recollect of ever seeing a funeral gotten up with less pomp and display than on this occasion. If I had my choice to work a nitro-glycerine factory or take care of a mule, I should go to the factory, as, in case of an explosion there would be more possibility of friends finding some mementoes of me with which to assuage their grief. A very small piece of me would lighten a very big sorrow.