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The Herald

VOL. II,

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1878.

NO. 45.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS! How He Won Her.

BY DAN D. LYON.

It was Saturday afternoon, and the

employer in a large manufactory

situated in the thriving little village of

— was busily engaged in paying the

employees their weekly salaries, when he

was interrupted by a female voice say-

ing: "Excuse me, sir, but may I speak with

you for a moment when you are dis-

engaged?"

"Mr. Bancroft with a forbidding frown

on his brow, slowly raised his eyes from

the long column of figures, and growled

out: "Yes, but be quick about it, for I have

no time to waste."

"With this rather dubious encouragement

the young girl began: "Father sent me to ask you if

you would please pay him a week's salary, as

he expects to be at work next week with-

out fail."

"Who is your father?"

"James Foster," was the trembling re-

ply. "James Foster?" said Mr. Bancroft, in

a surprised tone, "why, he has not been

near the factory for three weeks. I think

he possesses a remarkable degree of as-

surance to get the least. He had better

explain his absence instead of sending you

with such a message. As for paying wage

in advance, it is simply out of the ques-

tion."

"But, sir, if you only knew how badly

he needs the money, I am sure you would

not refuse the request. Father met with an

accident several weeks ago. As he

was returning from the factory he was

knocked down by a runaway horse and

severely injured."

"I can't help that," said Mr. Bancroft,

in a surly tone. "I can't break the rules

of a factory, and I am not an accommo-

dating employer. I suppose he was drunk

at the time."

"Oh, no, sir, father never drinks,"

cried the girl. "Well, it makes no difference; I can-

not make an exception in his case, and

you will oblige me greatly if you will not

interrupt me any further. Now, looking

at the young man who was standing near

the door, she said: "If you want your

money you can step for-

ward, and don't stand there like a statue."

The young man addressed, immediately

stepped forward to the desk, and upon

receiving his money turned quickly after

the young girl, who, with the greatest

ease, was handing her a check. He over-

took her, and, with a look of surprise,

he entered his name in the ledger, and

leaving her, he said, rapidly: "Excuse me,

Miss Foster, but will you permit me to

help you to help you? Your father is

an old friend of mine. Please accept

this money as a loan; I have no present

use for it, and your father can soon re-

fund it."

The young girl turned her head away to

conceal her emotion, saying: "I deeply

appreciate your kindness, Mr. Temple,

but I cannot accept it."

"But I do not wish to loan you this

money," stammered Harry, "I am try-

ing to force the money into her hand."

Several figures distant from the place

where the interview occurred stood a mo-

dest little cottage where our heroine

lived, which consisted of herself and

three daughters, her wife having died

several years prior to the opening of our

Washington Letter.

[From our regular correspondent.]

Washington, D. C., October 3.

The man who undertakes to cast the

horoscope of politics at this time must

look well to his laurels as a prophet

ground with plenty of fellows sitting

around with pencils in hand who claim

that it is nothing but plainest kind of

figures work. To borrow an expression

from Nashy, "things are mixed." There

is Kearney and Butler, and the National

party, and some other unknown quan-

ties which enter into and complicate the

problem, and put to shame the man who

said this was to be a dull campaign. The

control of the next Congress is what both

parties are after now, and but for the new

elements to be considered it might be pos-

sible to make reliable estimates. But

with all the excitement attending such a

contest everybody has time to turn one

eye upon Ben Butler's canvass for the

Governorship in Massachusetts, and it is

doublet if any other feature of the whole

campaign excites the same degree of in-

terest. Butler has staked his political all

upon the effort, and the question is, "Will

he win?"

That question in Congress are bought with

dollars and cents might be the hasty con-

clusion of some people, if the appeals daily

made to campaign committees for funds

should be heeded. It has often been a

subject of wonder to the uninitiated, why

a candidate sure to be in the minority, in

order to get through a canvass only for

purpose of being defeated. But the

majority seems to be solved. When a

majority candidate in this position has

received a nomination he comes straight-

way to Washington and gives assurances

continually as strong as proof from Holy

Writ, that he can be elected if he can

get some money—greenbacks will do—

into his district. Within the last

three weeks or two campaign committees

have been importuned to send money into

such districts; the candidate is anxious,

and while the committee know that the

majority, the candidate is so solicitous

as to breed the suspicion that if money is

given somebody will be the beneficiary.

Anyhow it seems that "money makes the

mare go" in politics as much as anywhere

else. Unquestionably a reasonable

amount can be legitimately used in a can-

vass, yet it would hardly seem to be the

Archimedean lever with which majorities

should properly be removed. One thing

certain the committees are not flush

this year, and there is much tribulation

among the anxious candidates.

The last days of an unusually hot, and

otherwise, memorable summer have passed

away, leaving cities and hamlets still

enveloped in the dark shadow of that

awful scourge which has darkened so many

homes and shattered so many families in