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Swinburne's Latest Poem.

Dawn is dim on the soft water
Soft and passionate, dark and sweet,
Love's own self was the deep sea's daughter,
Fair and flawless from face to feet.
Hailed of all when the world was golden,
Loved of lovers whose names beholden
Thrill men's eyes as with light of olden
Days more glad than their flight was fleet.

So they sang; but for men that love her,
Souls that hear not her word in vain,
Earth beside her and heaven above her
Seem but shadows that wax and wane.
Softer than sleep's are the sea's caresses,
Kinder than love's that betrays and blesses,
Blither than Spring's when her flowerful tresses
Shake forth sunlight and shine with rain.

All the strength of the waves that perish
Swells beneath me and laughs and sighs,
Sighs for love of the life they cherish,
Laughs to know that it lives and dies,
Dies for joy of its life, and lives.
Thrilled with joy that the brief death gives,
Death whose laugh or whose breath forgives
Change that bids it subside and rise.

[WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE.]

MISS FANNIE.

By Judith Tempest.

Maggie Norton was a sweet, winsome girl of eighteen years of age—a happy, healthy, girlish girl, fond of fun and merriment, as all light hearted girls should be. She was rather above middle height and walked with an erect carriage and firm step. Her complexion was clear and healthy, as are those of nearly all our pretty New Brunswick girls. Taking her all in all she was a sweet and loveable girl,—admired by many and loved devotedly by one; and though she loved Dick Steadman with all her heart and had promised to be his wife, she was not quite happy. She had a grievance and that particular grievance was "Miss Fannie."

Now do not misunderstand her and say: "Oh! she was jealous of some girl called Fannie," because she was not jealous of any one.

Maggie was an orphan. Her father had left her a comfortable little fortune, which he had made by hard work and much economy, so he determined that his hard earnings should not be wasted by any selfish young man who might marry his child—with an eye to enjoying her fortune. Therefore he had left Maggie and her snug little property to the guardianship of her aunt Martha Norton.

Now Aunt Martha was a strong-minded female—at least, she thought she was—and talked a great deal about women's rights, and of all the impositions that were placed upon women by "those tyrants of men."

And she had decided that her neice should only marry a man that was quiet and amiable, in other words, one that was willing to be guided by the more sensible head of the so called weaker vessel. And such a perfect husband she thought she had found for Maggie in the son of her old friend Sarah Brown.

Under the terms of her father's will Maggie was to be satisfied with any husband that Aunt Martha decided to be suitable for her, and, if she refused to accept her aunt's choice, her fortune was to be forfeited and Aunt Martha could dispose of it in any way she saw fit.

Maggie had determined to marry Dick at any cost, but, like a sensible girl, she did want to have her money to share with him. He, like a man, said that sooner than let Maggie go with her fortune, he would take her without it. She would not agree to this and thought they had "better bide a wee" before they asked Aunt Martha's consent.

"This consent" declared Maggie "Auntie will never give, for you are such a splendid, big, manly looking fellow, Dick dear, that she will set you down for a tyrant as soon as she sees you."

"Then she shall not see me at all until she has given her consent. I don't want to frighten the old lady" said Dick.

"Oh! you can't frighten Aunt Martha! She is ready to defy all the men in the universe, and, Oh! Dick, I must tell you now—I can't keep it to myself any longer, but—she has chosen a husband for you."

"The dev— ah! hem! She has eh? I'd like to catch the fellow about here."

"Perhaps you will soon. She has invited him here for a visit this summer. He would be here now only he has had a sprained ankle" said Maggie.

"Pity he had not broken his neck," growled Dick.

"Or his-ah-leg," suggested Maggie, sweetly.

"Look here, Meg" abruptly said Dick, "you have got to marry me right off. Let the money go, we won't need it."

"I don't want to let it go. I have the best right to it, and the worst of it is, he is an awful fool of a fellow. I wrote to Jennie Lawson—you see they live near his mother's—and she says he is such a muff, that no one thinks of calling him Francis or Frank. He gets nothing but "Miss Fannie." Just think of it."

"What does your aunt see in him?"

Oh! she never saw him since he was a boy," replied Maggie "but his mother and auntie have managed it between them, and his mother writes 'the dear boy is so docile and of such a sweet disposition that he agrees to be guided by her in the choice of a wife. So as soon as his ankle is better he will be here."

"How long will it take to mend I wonder," mused Dick.

"Six or eight weeks, his mother wrote," was the reply.

"Well, if he comes here at the end of six weeks and thinks he is going to have a cool walk over he'll miss it, that's all, sweetheart. Now run into the house dear, I'm afraid you've been standing here in the damp too long."

All this talk had taken place "over the garden wall." The place was Rothsay, where Aunt Martha had a neat little summer residence, the hour was ten p. m, on a lovely night in June in the year eighteen hundred and eight five.

After a tender parting Maggie ran quickly up the garden walk and into the house, to find that Aunt Martha had grown tired of waiting for her, and had gone to her room.

The next morning she received a hurried note from Dick saying that business, quite unexpected, had called him away, but he hoped to be able to settle it quickly and return soon.

Poor Maggie! She felt dreadfully lonesome, at the thought that she would have no sweet stolen chat with Dick that evening, but she told herself, "Poor fellow! of course he feels awfully bad too, but we must make the best of it."

It was not so easy though to make the best of it, when a few days later her aunt announced the fact that her "future husband would arrive by the afternoon train." Maggie made no reply but shut her month firmly and inwardly declared that the hateful "Miss Fannie" would wish himself away again, if she could make him.

Sure enough, after the train had deposited its passengers at the station that afternoon, a languid looking gentleman, limped slowly up the garden walk, and when his gentle tap for admission was answered by the neat little housemaid, a lisping voice was heard to enquire:

"Doth Mith Martha Norton live heah?"

Being answered in the affirmative he slowly limped into the parlor,—where Aunt Martha was seated, knitting,—dropped into an easy chair, and leaned backed with closed eyes, saying "Oh! deah! I'm tho glad to get heah, but weally, Mith Norton' I'm quite too exhausted to shake hand."

"Eh? What?" said Miss Martha, looking at him sharply over her glasses, not quite approving of his free and easy manner or of the fact that he had seated himself uninvited.

"Oh! deah! yeth—I'm not accuthtomed to travelling alone. Mamma and the girlth alwayth take me around. I found it weally quite fatiguing to look aftah thingth mythelf."

"I suppose your lame leg made it awkward for you to move about" said Miss Norton.

"Oh! Ah!—Mith Martha" the said gentle youth with a gasp,—at the same time holding up his neat straw hat so as to conceal his pink tinted face, "I weally mutht ask you not to say—Ah—ah—Won't you pleathe thay—ah—maimed exthremitieth?"

"Humph!" said Miss Martha "are you really Sarah Brown's son?"

"Oh! Yeth" he returned sweetly "I'm mamma's boy—one of the twins you know—Julia th one twin. I'm—the othah. I fell awful lonethome without Julia, but, mamma and the girlth thaid thet ath you and mamma had a wife for me, I musth try to do without Julia, and learn to depend upon you and the future Mrs.—oh! ah—deah! I'm weally too bashful to say it—but mamma and the girls say I'll get used to hearing other people say Mrs.—ah!—He—he—he—by and bye."

Seeing grim disappointment stamped upon her aunt's countenance, Maggie, shaking with suppressed laughter, hurried from the room, thinking "The Fates are good to me. Miss Fannie I think; will prove too much even for aunt Martha."

After a while Mr. Brown felt sufficiently rested to ask that he might be shown to his bedroom, also to request that a "cup of tea" be sent up to him and that "some one should be sent up to unpack his trunks." All of which requests Miss Martha promised to attend to at once, and she breathed a great sigh of relief as the parlor door closed behind him and his light curly hair and pink girlish face was hidden from her sight. She sat in silent thought awhile and then spoke aloud.

"Well! Well! Who would ever think that Sarah Brown would own a boy like that?—Such a strong minded, capable woman as she is too! Dear! Dear! I should be ashamed to own such a ninny. Perhaps though she likes him that way. Now I come to think of it Brown never was much of a man either."

Maggie had returned in time to hear her aunt's outspoken thought but, not pretending to have heard her asked "Well, auntie are you pleased with Mr. Brown? I am sure you can never class him with those tyrants of men that you detest."

"There, there, child. Don't throw my own words back at me. It is early yet for us to pass judgement; he may improve on acquaintance."

Quite satisfied with this reply, Maggie was content to watch and wait. To her great delight Miss Fannie addressed very little of his conversation to her but continually worried Aunt Martha with his tiresome small talk about himself, mamma and the girls.

One morning Miss Martha said quite abruptly "Well! I must say Frank Brown you seem to care very little about making the acquaintance of my neice, in fact you avoid her. What manner of way is that to come a courting?"

"Oh! ah! but weally—I feel so awfully—ah—shy, don't you know Mith Morton?"

"You do, eh? Well if you are so shy as all that, how are you going to ask her to marry you?"

"Oh! ah!—weally. I—ah—nevah could do that. I feel quite faint at the very thought and—and—ah—mamma and the girls—ah—said that you would do all that. Yeth, ah!"

"They did! Did they?" remarked Aunt Martha promptly "well all I can say is, that your Ma and the girls don't know me, don't know anything about me, for I shan't do any such thing."

"Well, perhaps—ah—Mith Maggie might like to speak to me herself, ah—Don't you ah, thee—I could get behind the doah, so that I wouldn't feel tho dweadful bad when—when she—"

"There that will do" interrupted Miss Norton crossly "My neice is none of your kind, strong minded girls, thank the Lord for it, and I'd just say this much to you Frank Brown, if you don't try to be a man for once in your life, and propose like a man to her this very day—well—I'll have nothing more to do with you—and you can just go back to Halifax to mamma and the girls. Do you hear?"

"Oh,! ah! ah! yeth, yeth, I heah, but—oh! deah! mamma and the girls will be so awfully croth if it, eh,—is not all nicely arranged. Couldn't you pleathe help me, a little Mith Martha?"

"No' she answered shortly "I am going out for a stroll. I will leave you to entertain my neice."

"Weally! I cannot—Oh! let me take a stroll with you, Mith Martha. The fresh air will—ah—revive me. Indeed, I feel too nervous for anything. Oh! deah! I wish I wath home with mamma and the girls."

"I wish with all my heart that you were," said Miss Martha, with more truth than politeness.

"Now don't get croth with me. I weally will try—but oh! I say, Mith Martha, and weally I mean it," said Frank, dropping on his knees before her, "I'd a great deal rather marry you than Miss Maggie, and pleath won't you marry me? I am suah you'd have no trouble with me. Oh!—ah! do pleathe say yeth."

"For an instant Miss Martha glanced at him through her spectacles, too astonished to speak, then she managed to gasp,

"Well! I n-e-v-e-r was so insulted in my life. To come to my time of life without an offer and now to be asked to marry a-a-nincompoop like you! Get up out of that you fool."

"And you weally won't take me, Mith Martha?"

"No, I tell you. Get up, and go away."

"Go away? Where will I go to?"

"Go to! Oh, go to Halifax."

"Oh deah! How dweadful! Why I never thought you could speak like that. It's quite too utterly dweadful," remarked Frank.

"I never swear, you booby—I don't care if I did. You are enough to set a woman crazy. Go away, I tell you. Go up to your room, pack your trunk and start by the next train for home," said the indignant Auntie.

"Oh, deah! Mith Martha you don't mean it. If you only knew how Mamma and the girls will scold me. I really feel quite too awfully nervous at the thought of facing them alone."

"I'll write to your mother and tell her I have changed my mind and will not allow my neice to marry you, so, get out of my house as quickly as you can," and, as she concluded, Miss Norton marched indignantly from the room.

To Maggie's great delight Miss Fannie left the house that day and Aunt Martha nursed her indignation against the luckless fellow for some days longer until business called her to St. John and made her forget the fancied insult.

One afternoon, while in the city, as she was crossing King street she was startled and confused by lond cries of "Look out!" "Take care!" She turned to see what it meant and was horrified to find a runaway horse almost upon her, but before she actually realized her danger a powerful hand grasped the brute by the head, and slackened its frantic speed sufficiently to enable her to move to a place of safety. Then completely forgetting the fact that she was a strong-minded woman, poor Aunt Martha was so overcome with horror at the thought of the danger from which she had escaped, that she fainted like an ordinary, common-place woman. She regained consciousness to find her head resting comfortably against a strong arm, encased in a fine cloth sleeve, and opened her eyes to find that she was supported so comfortably by a veritable man. She actually enjoyed the feeling—and the thought flashed across her mind, "Well it is comfortable to have a strong arm to lean upon when needful."

As Maggie was leaning over the garden gate that evening, she could scarce believe the evidence of her own eyes when she saw her Aunt Martha walking up the road leaning on a gentleman's arm and that gentleman her 'own dear Dick.' She rubbed her eyes and looked again. Yes, it was true, whatever had brought it about. Well, she decided to be wise in her generation and ask no questions, but take the blessings the Gods sent her. She then saw Aunt Martha in a new light. She had always been kind, yet never tender or loving, but now as she reached her niece's side, she twined her arms about her and kissing her fondly said, "My dear, thank Heaven with me that I was saved from a dreadful death this day and by this brave man."

Maggie returned her embrace warmly saying "I do thank Heaven with you Auntie and I am thankful that he was the one chosen to save you."

"Yes, my dear, and so am I, for he has told me that he wants to be my nephew—also that you want him to bear that relation to me, and seeing that you have both made up your minds—why I have concluded that it's no use for an old woman like me to object, so, be happy in your own way. Now let me get into the house and rest or I'm afraid that I will be laid up, when I should be preparing for your wedding."

As her aunt disappeared within the house, Maggie gave Dick a raptrous hug, as she exclaimed: "It's almost too good to be true! I never thought it would come right so quickly."

"Nor would it if Miss Fannie had not helped us," returned Dick.

"Why, it's just because he was such a perfect ninny. I could see that Aunt disliked him at first sight."

"Well, that can't be helped, but he is not half a bad fellow after all. He wanted me to tell you that he is not quite such a fool as he seemed. Fact is, he did not want to marry you any more than you wanted to marry him. I happened to meet him in the "Victoria" where he put up on his way out here. I knew him at once. I got talking to him. He invited me up to his room, we got confidential and arranged it all and really if "mamma and the girls" were not so determined to make a baby of him, he would be quite a man."

"Well! all well that ends well" said Maggie "so give him my best thanks, Dick, when you write."

Just then Aunt Martha called "Children come in. The muffins are getting cold."

As they seated themselves at the table Aunt Martha, who felt much better, gazed in a satisfied way at Dick, saying

"Well, its a comfort to see a man at the table" and the others knew she was thinking, in no complimentary way, of Miss Fannie."

IT'S JUST THE THING!

A SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY THAT BUILDS UP THE SYSTEM, STRENGTHENS THE NERVES, IMPARTS VIGOR AND STRENGTH.

EVERYBODY IS USING IT.

Nearly every one now feels the need of more energy, strength and vitality. The indoor life of winter has filled the blood with impurities, weakened the nerves, and disordered the general health. The shattered nerves and weary brain, the weak stomach, the pimpled and sallow complexion, tired and lifeless feelings, and the general weak and debilitated condition, show most plainly that Paine's Celery Compound should and must be used. This medicine is a scientific discovery. It is not a sarsaparilla or a bitters. It is entirely vegetable, and yet it is the most powerful spring-regulator ever known. Pure blood, strong nerves, clear heads and the glorious feeling of life and strength follows its use.

Paine's Celery Compound is a medicine that especially meets the needs of this age. People now-a-days live too fast and work too hard for their own good; they exhaust too quickly, grow old too fast, die too soon. The strain on the nerves, the pressure on the brain, of winters life has established nerve force and vitality. There is only one medicine that can build up the nerve tissue and renew the brain force, and that medicine is Paine's Celery Compound. When you feel tired and weak with a lack of ambition or relish for work, you do yourself an injustice if you do not commence the use of Paine's Celery Compound at once. While it is a place filled by no other medicine especially valuable at this season, and occupies in the treatment of spring sickness and debility, it is also the most wonderful modern discovery for the relief of all nervous disorders, weaknesses and complications. Neuralgia, nervous dyspepsia, sleeplessness, paralysis, headaches and other forms of nerve and brain disorder yield readily to its unequaled curative power. Almost everybody is using it, and it well merits its great popularity.

A fine doe was captured alive by Fred Estey of Fredericton, at Indian Point, Grand Lake, a few days since.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging, most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia. LYMAN SONS & CO., Montreal, wholesale agents.

A man about 7 feet high was the centre of attraction at the station on Saturday.—Sackville Post.

A Nasal Injector free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy,

There is some talk of an agricultural implement factory starting in Thompson, Cumberland Co. N. S.

For dyspepsia and Liver Complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure.

The first summer visitors are beginning to arrive by twos and threes at Campobello.

"Hackmetack," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents.

Shelburne, N. S., is soon to have a newspaper of its own.

Shiloh's Cure will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis

WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

HE COMMUNES WITH THE GHOSTS OF OLD NEWPORT.

The Fortunes of a Slave—A Story of President Lincoln and a Presidential Ticket for 1892—"Pull," and Its Origin—When Stanley was Young.

NEWPORT, R. I., May 30, 1889.

It is pleasant to occasionally come to Newport. The vulgar display on the part of the limp and halting aristocracy is hateful to see, but there is a good and olden face shining benignantly out of unpretentious plenty and a mellow perspective of historic age. Go where you will the eye ranges along mossy walls, by lane and by street; catches shimmerings of light beyond vistas of overarching elms; rests genially upon stone cappings to which the architecture of our time is a stranger; sees amplitude and hospitality behind great colonnaded porches; lights upon dormer windows and "hipped" roofs of such ponderous measurement as could alone have been the outgrowth of sea-captain' "square-rigged" dreams; and rests here, there and everywhere, upon time-softened base, capital and arch as were only wrought in this country in such a place when our young, but buxom and aggressive, commerce by sea was winked at for a spice of privateering, and in its soberer days still laid its hands upon the riches of the Indies, West and East.

Then, again, what a real age, for our land, is here. Prof. Rafn, of Copenhagen, believes the Old Stone Mill of Touro Park to be 800 or 900 years old, and a genuine relic of ante-Columbia Norse colonists. The city Hall dates back to 1763. On Clark street is the old Baptist Church erected in 1735. The ancient Honeyman mansion, at the corner of Church and Thames streets, was built in 1704. Trinity Church, where worshiped the colonists, the British army of occupation, and finally the successful revolutionists, has stood 144 years. Channing house, on Thames street, was built in the earlier part of the last century; while the famous Coddington house, on Spring street, has stood 240 years just as you will see it to-day.

One can almost close his eyes and see the ancient folk as they were once here; so much that was theirs remains. No o'er-quick fancy is required to revive the very scenes in which they moved. The flavor, the incident, the sight and sound of it all, come easily enough as one wanders here. The stately ways of the colonists; the rugged earnestness and often the arrogance of the British occupants; the daring and sacrifice of the revolutionists, the lordly swagger of the rich old sea captains; the pleasance and grace of the French, when De Segur, De Lauzun, Destouches, De l'Estrapade, the counts De Barras and Noailles, the Marquis de St. Simon, the unfortunate Chevalier De Ternay, and Rochambeau with his dainty, muff-coddled wrists, and with half-caught silhouettes of Washington and Howe and pretty Polly Leiton, and the sound of dancing at Mrs. Crowley's famous Assembly Rooms;—all irresistibly live with the old, old trees, thoroughfares and mansions, as if waiting here by the sea in this olden sun and air for the coming of one whose genius through glowing fancy should rehabilitate them and move them, with all their customs and ways, before an onlooking later age, as though in stately minuet and song.

Because I believe there is as great a proportion of rich men as of poor men who are endlessly doing good for good's sake and absolutely without other motive, it was a genuine enjoyment the other day to sit alongside "General Forrest," the colored smoking-car porter on the "congressional limited" train between New York and Washington, and hear his radiant story how the richest man of Chicago, P. D. Armour, had taken him out of the bondage of inexpressible ignorance and made an educated, hopeful, happy man of him. "General Forrest" is probably the best known and best liked railway car porter in the world; and his life has been almost a romantic one. He was a picaninny slave, bought in New Orleans with his mother, Ann Burr, (and if black old Ann Burr is living, this little story may give her yet a bit of earthly heaven) a few years before the war by the after-wards famous confederate cavalry leader, General N. B. Forrest, on his Columbia county, Miss., plantation. Though but a mite of a lad Forrest was fond of him, and kept him at his side as a sort of diminutive valet until the General's surrender at Gainesville, in 1865. For a good many years "General Forrest," who thus honestly came by his sobriquet, knocked about like all the rest of the freedom flotsam and jetsam of the war, finally securing in 1872. a position as smoking-car porter on the through New York and Chicago trains of the Pennsylvania railroad. In eighteen years he never was discharged, and never left the company's service but once. P. D. Armour was responsible for that.

He had been to Washington and was on his way west. He had been enjoying a cigar in the smoker, and on nearing Altoona wrote a telegram, which he directed the "General" to be very careful about with the operator, at Altoona, as one word was not very clear. The "General" filed the message; returned to the car; and began his usual avocation, when not waiting on passengers, studying his primer. Armour saw this with some alarm for the fate of his message; questioned him sharply; found that he could not read, but that his wits and memory served him in such exigencies; and on leaving the car turned to the porter with,

"General have you got sand enough to go to school and be a man if somebody would send you?"

"Golly!" responded the "General," "jess let somebody try!"

"All right, Go to school."

With this Armourt left the car. Some two months later, on his way to New York he found the smiling "General" attending to his duties as usual. Regarding him with severity Armour brusquely asked,

"How's this, 'General?' I thought I told you to go to school."

"Go to, sah! for sure, Mr. Armour. But I—I—well, I jess thought you was a funnin' me."

"No, I don't 'fun' anybody. I tell you to go to school."

"All right, I'll go sure this time, if you say so."

"Well. I 'say so'. Go to school, at once, any where you like."

Not another word was exchanged on the subject. But the "General" left the road; first located at Hamilton College, Va.; changed then to Wilberforce College, near Xenia, Ohio; where he remained six years, leaving the same a well educated man, and, as he says, "with no airs to be a preacher or an editor," in the summer of 1888; and at once secured a car on the "congressional limited," between New York and Washington. During all those six years, and to this day, Mr Armour's tremendous interests have never interfered with his writing this black man, at least once a month, letters containing expressions of friendship, encouragement, approval and drafts ranging from $20 to $50. He has expended fully $4,000 on General Forrest's education and support; has made an educated and sensible man of him; keeps his picture on his desk in his office, both he and his son who, the "General" says, is as "plain as a shoe" treat him with the greatest friendship and esteem, and have neither ever asked so much of the "General" as to brush their clothing or clean their boots. Every story should have a happy ending. This one will be so provided on the 19th of June. On that day "General" Forrest will wed one of the colored belles of Wilberforce. Their bridal trip will be to Chicago for their benefactor's blessing; and I would like to be one to see them ascend the great marble stairs which lead to the millionaire's La Salle street office, and witness the handsome reception when "General" Forrest and bride are announced within.

While in Paris a few days since a member of the present French cabinet, anxious to secure any sort of intimation as to American presidential possibilities for 1892, pressed me so closely upon the subject that out of politeness, as a makeshift, I combined a reminiscence with the best guesses I could make upon a matter subject to such deep complications. The result of the conjuring may have interest to others. Along in the last half of the fifties such Illinoisans as Abraham Lincoln, E. B Washburne, Richard Yates, N. B. Judd, Stephen A. Hurlburt and my own father, had a custom of frequently coming together at the old Tremont house, Dearborn street, Chicago, for political consultation. My father had an odd habit of taking me with him to these meetings; seating me in a huge arm chair; and becoming utterly oblivious of my presence, while the political wisdom and cigar-smoke of these affairs regularly forced me into a half sea-sick, sodden sleep. On one occasion, I think it was in the summer of 1858, when I attained the advanced age of ten years, I was in this usual comatose condition, when I awoke and found myself in Mr. Lincoln's arms. He held one of my hands with his left hand, and, while discussing certain plans which were about concluded, with his right hand was stroking my head in a gentle, fatherly way. Startled at engrossing so much attension from so great a personage, and blushing confusion at being found asleep, I made effort to escape, my father meanwhile offering ample irrelevant excuses for my somnolent condition. Mr. Lincoln held me closely, and at once quieted me with his simple, tender words. Among his reassuring expressions were these: "Don't be ashamed to sleep anywhere my boy. Sleepy boys make the greatest men. Why, now, we've got a boy down home, about your age. That boy of mine just sleeps all the time. We call him "Sleepy Bob," to fun him a little. But I often tell him, "Bob, sleep all you like. If you'll sleep hard enough, *you're bound to be president of the United States, some day! Who knows, Bob!*" I stopped my story to the French cabinet officer right there where Lincoln stopped his kindly prattle to me, but I have thought of what he said a million times since; and I told the curious Frenchman that it was possible, as the West must hereafter set the pace in these things, and would, in consequence, be much more nominating conventions, that there could be many less available Republican tickets named than Robert T. Lincoln, of Illinois, for first place, and Chauncey M Depew, of New York, for second. Then as to the possible Democratic nominees, I told him I thought there was just one man in that party in the West, impregnable from any previous doubtful associations; a man who would, if any Democrat could, secure a large and sympathetic following from among the veteran war organizations; and who was as nearly as possible the one man the Democratic party could regard as an invincible leader. That man was ex-Postmaster-general William F. Vilas of Wisconsin. With him a wise political management would mate Governor Hill of New York. While the friends of Mr. Cleveland would never permit either the nomination or election of Governor Hill at the head of the ticket at this time, they would be easily reconciled to giving Governor Hill second place; and with such a ticket a tremendous Western and Eastern enthusiasm, effecting a "united Democracy" in reality, would result; while the south as usual. could be relied upon to take care of itself. True this is but a quick conjecture, impelled by foreign curiosity in a high place, making obligatory the best answer possible from an American. But it will do no harm to put these conjectural tickets into "small caps," and let people look at, and think about, them a little:

PRESIDENTAL TICKETS FOR 1892.

REPUBLICAN.

For President,
ROBERT TODD LINCOLN, of Illinois.

For Vice President,
CHAUNCEY MITCHELL DEPEW, of New York.

DEMOCRATIC.

For President,
WILLIAM FREMONT VILAS, of Wisconsin.

For Vice President,
DAVID BENNETT HILL, of New York.

There is probably no word more effusively or irradicably fixed in the vocabulary of American slang than that one now exclusively and universally signifying a mysterious, dubious, yet powerful and all-sufficient influence with, or over, political combinations or dispensers of political patronage. Its use is quite as common and comprehensive in all active business, and not unusually in social, and even ecclesiastical affairs. I refer to the word "Pull". One has a "pull" at the White House; another has a "pull" in municipal affairs; a clever clergyman has a "pull" at local, or general, conferences, with presbyteries, in church, and missionary boards, indeed with his bishop or his archbishop; and the scholboy of ten strives for a "pull" with his teacher or among the juvenile crowds whose affairs comprise the most important considerations of his daily life. The word has been editorially deplored, assailed, and unmercifully scourged and pursued, but always comes out uppermost and goes straight on in its sententious work armed with,hard knuckles and sturdy legs. Like one of those grim and hardy waifs of the street, that homeless, parentless, and without ancestry, makes himself, from the very aggressive power of his usefulness into position and place, "pull" may now be regarded as a naturalized American, and important enough, in its kind fated place to deserve attention to its ancestry. Various philologists have already written essays giving "pull" distinctively American origin. By the purest accident of research upon another subject I discovered this to be incorrect. For its immediate parentage we must charge its oblocuy, or credit Hibernia, to the Irish. While recently in Ireland, engaged in an investigation upon certain of its resources, I came upon an old work entitled "A Statistical Survey of Roscommon," printed at Dublin in 1832. Among the quaint and interesting recitals of a local nature to be found in this "Survey," is an account of the rise and fall of the Arginna Coal & Iron Company, in 1824, known as the "bubble year" of English and Irish speculation; and particularly of the remarkable manipulations among London nobility and capitalists in a nearly successful effort on the part of an Irish engineer, architect and builder with the significant name of Flattery. The Roscommon bog and hole in the ground upon London investors for $1,500,000: Flattery's share of which booty was to be $100,000. Although it was uphill work, and eventually became so glaring a fraud that Parliament investigated and put a quietus upon the scheme, the radiant enthusiasm of Mr. Flattery found expression by letter, to the Roscommon friends. In one of these, dated London, Nov. 30, 1824, (Appendix p. x.) is found our American "pull" in all its robust force of application and inventness. Mr. Flattery writes: "I have not *signed* anything for them yet, tho' I have *humbuged* them out of £250, and get them to send of the work of the company which comes to £1,000. *I have now