The Weekly Observer

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, EDUCATION, TEMPERANCE, and GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

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—and—

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Orders for which are now solicited, to be delivered next Autumn.

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The People's Favorite.

My Studio has now become the favorite resort for strangers visiting the town and desiring

SOMETHING NICE

in the portrait line. I not only make portraits which are perfect likeness but my work is

ARTISTIC

in every detail and commands the universal admiration of the public.

NO PHOTOS

delivered from my establishment without

MY PERSONAL INSPECTION.

In stock large lines of American Mouldings of new designs.

Oil Paintings, Engravings, etc., etc.

The Public cordially invited when in

Moncton

to visit

Northrup's New Studio.

Aug. 16, 1888.

1812 HOUSEHOLD SPECIFIC—The great External Remedy. Used in diseases where an external application is indicated it never fails. Nearly 100 years before the public. Once introduced into a family, they never will be without it. For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gouty Swelling of the Hands or Feet, Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Sprains: Soreness of the Muscles, etc., its effect is magical. Keepit in the house for any ails all emergencies; it will never disappoint you. Only 25c. a bottle, and you'll say its worth $5. Sold by all druggists. DR. A. L. STANSON, Manufacturing Chemist, No 2 Brighton street avenue, Boston, Mass. If your druggist does not keep it get him to order it.

MEN

Our Specific No. 23 permanently restores EXHAUSTED VITALITY, LOST MANHOOD and GENERAL DEBILITY when other treatment fails. Send 6 cents in stamps for our TREATISE and DIRECTIONS for home cure. TOBONTO MEDICINE CO., 343 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont.

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Produce Commission Merchants.

76 ATLANTIC AVENUE BOSTON, MASS

Solicit consignments of all kinds of produce, such as Hay, Potatoes, Apples Eggs, Poultry (alive or dressed,) or any thing else parties wish to ship to this market on sale. Fish of all kinds in their seasons. Quick sales. Prompt returns.

CHARGES MODERATE.

This Observer and Weekly Record twenty-five cents a year in advance.

IN STORE.

A very complete assortment of

Dry Goods,
Groceries,
Hats & Caps,
Boots & Shoes,

Hardware, Delf, Clocks, Confectionery, and all lines usually included in a well ordered stock. Prices very low for cash.

R. C. Atkinson.

Albert, Aug. 7

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GRAVES & FOSTER.

HARVEY,

ALBERT CO. N. B.

GENERAL STORE

—AND—

Commission Merchants.

—DEALERS IN—

Flour, Dry Goods, and Groceries, Coal, Wood, and Stoves.

☞ Special attention given to hipmen Hay, Lumber, Shingles &c.

LONDON, PARIS AND New York

MILLINERY.

Personally Selected.

We invite everybody to inspect our

SHOW ROOMS.

Not necessary to come as a customer, but come as a visitor and see what

BEAUTIFUL GOODS

we are showing. We take pleasure in showing these Rooms open to

THE PUBLIC,

and do not want anybody to miss the opportunity.

H. G. & F. A. MARR

THIS SPACE IS RESERVED FOR

W. H. DUFFY'S

NEW ADVERTISEMENT.

E. & T. Crawford,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN THE

DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE.

SIMPLE, RELIABLE.

Imitators of none but Imitated by all. Has been in practical use over 25 years. Few Sewing Machines have stood this test.

—*BUY FROM CRAWFORD.*—

Also dealers in Organs and Pianos.

BEST IN THE MARKET.

146 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B

(To Dec. 1, 1888.)

Mortgagee's Sale.

To Morris Driscoll and Laura Driscoll his wife and all others whom it doth or may concern:

Take notice that there will be sold at Public Auction on Saturday the twenty-ninth day of December instant at 3 o'clock in the afternoon in front of Graves & Foster's Store at Harvey Bank in the County of Albert the following described lot of land and premises, viz: "All that certain piece and parcel of land and premises situate in Harvey aforesaid and bounded and described as follows, viz: On the South by the Highway on the West by lands in possession of Thomas H. Bishop; on the North by lands of Richard Sage (or in his possession); and on the East by the Station Road (so called,) containing one quarter of an acre more or less" as described in the indenture of Mortgage hereinafter mentioned, together with all and singular the buildings, improvements, privileges and appurtenances to the said premises belonging or in any wise appertaining.

The above sale is made under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain indenture of Mortgage made by the above named Morris Driscoll and Laura, his wife to me, bearing date the eleventh day of February A. D. 1887, and registered in the Albert County Records of Deeds by the number 12,964 at Folio 464 in Libro X., on the fourth day of April A. D. 1887, and for the purpose of satisfying the principal and interest secured by said Indenture of Mortgage, default having been made in the payment thereof. For further particulars, terms, etc. apply to my solicitor.

Dated this eighth day of December A. D. 1888.

GAIUS S. TURNER, MORTGAGEE.
W. A. TRUEMAN, Solicitor for Mortgagee.

The above sale is postponed till Saturday 5th January next, then to take place at the same place and hour.

GAIUS S. TURNER

The Weekly Observer.

HILLSBORO, N. B., Jan. 3, 1888.

Be Careful What You Say.

In speaking of a person's fault,
Pray don't forget your own;
Remember, those with homes of glass
Should seldom throw a stone,
If we have nothing else to do
Than talk of those who sin,
'Tis better we commence at home,
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man
Until he's fairly tried;
Should we not like his company,
We know the world is wide,
Some may have faults—and who has not,
The old as well as young:
Perhaps we may, for ought we know,
Have fifty to their one.

Then let us all when we begin
To slander friend or foe,
Think of the harm one word may do,
To those we little know,
Remember, curses, sometimes like
Our chickens roost at home.
Don't speak of others' faults, until,
We have none of our own.

The World's Good Women.

Good women are sentinels; in the darkest of earth's night
They hold with stout hearts, sleepless, life's outposts toward the light,
And at God Almighty's roll-call, among the hosts that answer "Here,"
The voices of good women sound strong, and sweet, and clear.

Good women are brave soldiers; in the thickest of the fight
They stand with stout hearts patiently, embattled for the right,
And tho' no blare of trumpet or roll of drum is heard,
Good women, the world over, are an army of the Lord.

Good women save the the nation, though they bear no sword or gun;
Their panoply is righteousness; their will with God's as one,
Each in her single person revealing God on earth,
Knowing that so, and only so, is any life of worth.

* * * * *

Dost talk of women's weakness! I tell you that this hour
The weight of this world's future depends upon their power;
And down the track of ages, as Time's flood tides are told,
The level of their height is marked by the place that women hold.

—*Woman's Tribune.*

The Reporter.

By Eleanor Corbet.

Ten o'clock on a Tuesday morning, and one of the busiest days in the week in the office of the *Weekly Record*, a journal dealing largely with society's doings and sayings, as well as literary, musical and dramatic happenings of the day. The editor and his assistants were up to their ears in work, but the chief had but just arrived, and with a pleasant word of greeting had passed on to his private sanctum. An elegant and distinguished man this Ernest Warren, the proprietor, general director and mainspring of the flourishing weekly which his father had left him as a part of his inheritance; and, moreover, had supplemented it with a very pretty fortune, which at once lifted his dear, only son from the ranks of struggling journalists, and made him, had he so chosen, a gentleman of elegant leisure. But this was contrary to all Ernest's inclinations. At no time was he disposed to a life of mere idle luxury; and though he had the *entree* into the best society of the city, and was by no means averse to enjoying the same, he had never, in the five years since his father's death, neglected the interests of the *Record*, nor withdrawn himself from the general supervision of all its details. See him now, as he stands at his desk, running over the morning's correspondence. A man not much under forty; tall and strongly built, with steady grey eyes, dark hair and moustache, and a general air of vigor and determination about him which at once inspires confidence in the beholder, and makes women and children feel that in him would be found a very serviceable protector, should occasion arise.

On this busy morning the letters did not seem to require much consideration, and when the last one had been consigned to the waste basket, Mr. Warren stepped to the door of the outer office and inquired:

Hanly, has Miss Ogden been in this morning?

Not yet, sir.

Very well. Ask her to speak with me as soon as she comes.

Ten minutes later, and a brisk business-like young woman presented herself at the door.

Ah, Miss Ogden, good morning. I was just inquiring about you. I suppose you have your day's programme pretty well laid out; want you to take in some evening work. Mrs. Rossiter gives a reception to-night and requests a representative of the *Record* to be present—if possible a young lady, in order that the costumes may be correctly described. For, as she politely remarks, Men generally make a botch of those matters unless they have some women to coach them. Now, can you be there in the ladies dressing room, say about ten o'clock, and remain as long as there are any arrivals to make notes of?

Miss Ogden hesitated. This was something she hadn't bargained for. To sit up till all hours of the night reading and criticising new books; to run around to the shops for fashion items and novelties; to assist at all the "opening days"; attend matinees, and even to interview an actress occasionally—why, all these came into the day's work. But this that Mr. Warren was proposing would be a new departure to her, and rather galling to that pride of which, although a sensible young woman, she had a fair amount. And so the prompt and cheerful acquiescence which was her usual answer to her employer halted on her lips.

Well, he said kindly, do you mind it so very much? Why, then I must send one of the boys, I suppose.

Now there were several reasons why Sara Ogden felt very kindly to Ernest Warner, and was more than willing to study his wishes. In the first place he pleased her fancy, with his manly bearing and his unvarying deference and cordiality; secondly, he seemed to give her credit for possessing as good reasoning power and clear judgment as though she were a man; and many a time in that musty little office they had held long and interesting discussions on the topics of the day, which sent her home to her lonely room with a pleasant sense of mental cheer and refreshment; and lastly, he had won her gratitude by desiring Editor Healy to give her a trial when she presented herself as an applicant for work some months before this busy morning. It was an innovation this employing of a woman for regular daily work; and without the chief's good word she never could have got a foothold in the office of the *Record*, nor a chance to show what she was capable of. Thinking of all this, and meeting the look of appeal in those grave, handsome eyes, she could not answer him with a refusal. A word or two signified her acquiescence in the proposed arrangements, and won for her a beaming smile and a hearty 'Thank you, very much, Miss Ogden. I am sure we shall now get a reliable account of the different toilets."

She doesn't like it, that's plain, mused Warren. But she'll do it. A plucky, determined girl, that is—and a pretty one. She ought to be as an invited guest, and not merely as a newspaper reporter. She could hold her own with most of the society girls, in face, figure and manners; and as for brains, why, she's way ahead there. I know I'd rather be up in the dressing-room talking to her to-night than down in the ball-room waltzing with the prettiest bud of the season.

Punctually at ten o'clock that evening Sara entered the dressing-room at Mrs. Rossiter's. As she ascended the stairs she had a glimpse of the drawing-room and picture gallery which to-night was devoted to the dancers. Both were brilliant with lights and fragrant with flowers, but, as yet were untenanted. A brief interview was accorded her as representative of the *Record*, by the hostess and her daughter, who were desirous of seeing their own elaborate Parisian costumes fully described; and then she was permitted to ensconce herself in a snug corner at the side of a large mirror, where she could pass in review each toilet, while the fair wearer thereof took a hasty final glance at her own charms before submitting them to general criticism.

Sara had made no attempt at evening dress, but she could not help being a very pleasant object as she sat there in her well made, dark-blue camel's hair and velvet Sunday gown, lighted up by a bunch of carnations; her dark, glossy hair piled up in a soft, wavy mass, and her flushed cheeks giving new brilliancy to the clear, wide awake eyes, which looked as though no details could escape their notice.

Presently the room began to fill up, and the great mirror reflected one radiant vision after another; and Sara's eyes and hands were so busy taking notes that she lost all self consciousness, and was oblivious of the curious glances now and then cast in her direction. One group gave place to another, and there was no time to study faces; the general effect and material of a costume were all she could grasp—the wearer was but an animated lay-figure to the busy reporter in the corner.

But after a while there was a lull in the arrivals, and the latest comers, a group of pretty, stylish girls, who seemed to be all on intimate terms, lingered and chatted together, and seemed to be in no haste to descend. Sara had given to each her line of description, and was leaning back with folded arms for a moment's rest, when she was startled by the vision of a satin slipper raised to the level of her knee, while a quick, imperious voice exclaimed:

There, just button that strap, will you?

Pushing back her chair, Sara arose and looked the young lady full in the eyes for a moment; then, turning to the maid, she said: Maria, your services are required here, and herself crossed the room to a seat by the window.

There was a brief silence, and then the same imperious voice reached her ears:

Well did one ever see such airs! Who is she, and what is she here for!

The French maid probably made answer here, for the next moment the voice went on: Oh, newspaper reporter, is it? If that's all, she need not have felt aggrieved at being taken for a maid, I'm sure, and a scornful laugh rounded the sentence. A few titters followed from other members of the group, and Sara's eyes flashed with indignation, while her cheeks outhued her carnations.

Then a clear young voice spoke up: For shame, girls! She looks like a lady, and you can't suppose she likes being here. Don't make her position any harder by snubbing her.

Sara looked gratefully at the speaker, and saw that she was the youngest and prettiest of the group—a lovely blonde, whose charming attire had already won her admiration, though her sweet face above it had not been noticed before. Evidently, too, she was of social importance, for her companions seemed to be impressed by her words, and the greatest offender had the grace to look ashamed of herself, while the others broke into chorus: You're right Jessie! and under cover of these exclamations they floated off and Sara was at liberty to go back to her corner and wait for the next arrivals. They were not long in coming, and it again happened to be a group of acquaintances, full of clatter and laughter. Their words passed unheeded until the sound of a well known name drew Sara's attention.

Yes, said one lady, I saw them as I came up stairs—Jessie and Mr. Warren.

Oh! I heard he was to be with his *fiancee*.

And a third speaker chimed in with:

Well you'll see the loveliest girl in the room—a perfect blonde—with the sweetest expression, and so amiable, I hear.

There was more gossip and other names were mentioned, but the girl in the corner gave no heed to is. So her employer was a guest in this house, and the charming girl who had just tried to befriend herself was his *fiancee*. Well, she was lovely and amiable, no doubt; and if she seemed rather young for the grave and dignified chief, why men, liked those bright young girls, who had not a care in life except to make the most of their pretttiness. And, anyway, it was no concern of hers.

The hour was growing late now, there were no fresh arrivals, and Miss Ogden was just about seeking her wraps, to go home, when the same pretty girl, with two or three others, entered the room to brighten up their plumage before taking flight to some other reception; and rather than draw attention to herself, Sara drew back into her own corner and watched with some amusement the fluttering and prinking in front of the long mirror, until a sudden remembered bit of gossip drew all the pretty heads into a bunch, and distracted her attention momentarily from their own attractions.

The one called Jessie, with her back to the mirror, faced the others, the train of her lace trimmed robe sweeping out behind her close up to the glass, when suddenly—no one knew how it happened—there was a scream from one of her gay companions, a quick drawing away from her, and she was left alone, a stony figure, with pale, set face, whose horror-stricken eyes glared over her shoulder at the creeping flames gliding up among the laces, starting from the wax candle which had toppled over from the mirror bracket. Before the terrified girl could find her voice, Sara had sprung forward and seized a fur-lined cloak, which she wrapped tightly about the burning lace, and then Jessie was conscious of a resolute voice bidding her: Quick, now! Lie down flat on the floor! Don't struggle child! and the next moment she was nearly buried beneath a heavy Turkish rug. A few moments later and the danger was all over; her costly laces were all crumbling rags, and the rich satin was scorched and blackened; a Worth masterpiece was utterly ruined, but the delicate white body it inclosed had not felt even a breath of flame. The kindly careless words uttered an hour before had borne precious fruit to her; but before she could recover from her fright enough to speak her thanks, Sara had quietly got herself out of the excited group and was speeding home to her boarding place. But she had not been quick enough to avoid Mr. Warren's entrance or to escape his agitated words; Jessie, my darling, are you hurt? and all night her dreams were haunted by a tall, manly figure, with a beautiful golden-haired girl in his arms.

Next morning, just as she had summoned up energy enough to think of going to the office, she was told that some one wished to see her in the parlor; and, going down, she was confronted by Mr. Warren, who caught both her hands in an earnest clasp, as he said;

Miss Ogden, how can I ever thank you for last night's work? And why did you run away before we could speak to you? Jessie would have come with me this morning, but she is not fit to be out. She sent you this note and some roses, pointing to a basket on the table, and my mother begs that you will let me bring you back to lunch. She is longing to make your acquaintance, but she cannot leave Jessie. Will you come?

But—you overwhelm me. I don't want to go and be thanked. Anyone else would have done as much as I did.

Did anyone else do as much? No. You musn't be ungracious, and refuse our acknowledgments. But for you she might be lying dead now—my dear little sister!

Your sister, Mr. Warren? Why, I thought you—

A confused pause here.

Certainly, my sister. At least, I always called her so, though her mother was my father's second wife. Why, whom did you suppose she was, Sara?

Oh, I heard some gossip about your being present with your *fiancee* and so—

You jumped to a conclusion. I have no *fiancee*; but lately I have begun to hope that I may find one some day—that is, since I have been learning what a sweet, brave spirit looks out from these clear eyes. But now that you've turned out to be a real heroine I'm afraid I'm too commonplace and uninteresting a mortal to mate with you. What do you think, dear? Could you ever care for me?

Mis Ogden evidently felt very little doubt on that subject, and must have signified as much, for that very afternoon she was being petted and made much of by her lover's family. The next time she stood in the dressing-room of Mrs. Rossiter's elegant mansion, the once insignificant news-gatherer and reporter of fashionable toilets was unrecognizable under the bridal satin and pearls of Mrs. Warren. And some one else chronicled her costume for the readers of the *Record*.

CONVENTION OF DAIRYMEN.

Proposal for Canada's Butter Makers to Meet at Ottawa.

And Organize a Dominion Dairymen's Association—The Best Interest Also of to be Obtained—Agricultural R. P's to Give Their Assistance.

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LETTER NO. V.

OUR FRIENDS THE NEWSPAPER EDITORS, who have made heroic efforts to cram into their available space them letters (to the editorial eye, appalling in dimensions), deserve one greatest consideration, my reader. So I have bethought myself of the comfort of these good people, and I have anticipated a genuine satisfaction on their part in seeing this letter a short one for publication during the holidays. To do this I am interjecting between regular letters, a special message to Canadian farmers, which it was vainly hoped would have been given ere this in regular order for publication of letters. This message has reference to the need of

A DOMINION DAIRYMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

In letters to come the reader will see that one of the factors in the improvement of dairying abroad has been organisation. A knowledge of the history of Canadian dairying will teach him that organisation has been most effective here. Among the suggestions of needed action, which were the outcome of foreign investigations, there was none that pressed itself forward more forcibly than this need. Already we have excellent local or provincial organisation. We look only general or Dominion organisation. The main idea of organization is a combination of forces for

LEGISLATIVE AND EXECUTIVE WORK.

Such organisation involves meetings of enterprising, active and representative men from all parts of the country, discussions of general questions, and such action as seems best to the assembled wisdom in the general interest. The most promising means of attaining these ends appeared to the writer to be

A DOMINION DAIRYMEN'S CONVENTION.

The place for holding such convention should be Ottawa; and the time, this winter during the coming session of Parliament. The members of Parliament, agriculturally inclined—and there are a good many such—would take an active interest in the meetings and their services would be availed of by their constituents, to assist delegates, or even to act as such.

The cordial approval by many prominent dairymen, in all parts of the Dominion, has made the proposed convention a practical certainty. The desire to make the work of months productive of practical results has led the writer to commit himself to the idea of such a convention, which means doing everything in his power to make it a success. It is not too much to ask of Canadian dairymen that each one of them do his part towards making the success hoped for, and the writer has abundant faith in a hearty response to the opportunity here presented, to perhaps give the dairy industry a great impetus.

I made an effort to secure the co-operation of the fruit industry in the proposed convention, which has resulted in a suggestion that one day, at least, be set apart for the consideration and discussion of such questions as will equally serve the fruit interest, say the questions of marketing, cold storage, transportation, etc.

THE QUESTIONS TO BE DISCUSSED.

would naturally be of a general rather than of a local character, such as markets, marketing, packing, [illegible] storage, refrigeration, transportation, inspection, Babcock tester v. cream gauge, operation, national systems of co-operation, education, work, dairy schools, technical aspects, etc., etc.

It is to be hoped that anyone interested and possessed of valuable ideas in this connection will be prepared to offer them, not necessarily in a long paper, but rather written or spoken in sharp, crisp form, and to the point.

While abroad I made a few purchases which promised to possess for such an occasion a certain interest, and perhaps value, all of which will be freely placed at the use of the convention: notably, in this collection a milk-testing apparatus, which I found in successful use in the Copenhagen Milk Supply establishment, and only there.

There are many dairymen

WHO MAY CONTRIBUTE SOMETHING

in this way to the seeds and usefulness of such a convention. Even the contributions of manufacturers and dealers would be of value; and these would serve their own interests, legitimately, in offering anything in their respective lines.

Were it earlier in the season, I would further propose that butter makers in different parts of the country send in samples of their product, especially where these samples could be accompanied with full particulars of their manufacture. These products would serve several important purposes. They would indicate what are the various methods adopted throughout the Dominion in butter making. They would be put, as prepared, to the test of transportation, comparison and valuation. They would afford contrast of the different methods in vogue, and, by bringing into view the best, would afford suggestion of what might be adopted more generally. They would afford object lessons for the convention, of greatest possible value. These samples, also, would afford immediate means of carrying out certain experimental work in transportation abroad and marketing. It is possible that there may be available some few samples of this character, but the suggestion must not be lost sight of in future years.

Low railway fares will be secured, and if possible reduced hotel fares; all to be duly announced.

It goes without saying that in an effort of this kind any attempt to bring about so very desirable an organization should be unanimously approved, and well wishes of agriculture, in its [illegible], that many valuable suggestions may be offered, either through the press or by private correspondence. I also hope that the various subjects which shall be brought forward in this circle of letters will evoke thorough discussion, and so bring out much valuable truth.

Wishing readers the fullest joys of this happy season, and future prosperity in their work, I am,

W. H. LYNCH.

Danville, Que., December 22, 1888.

Our Washington Letter.

The Capitol is deserted. To-day not more than a dozen Congressmen were there. The watchman, the man who sells you photographs of General Harrison that make him look like a sexton, and half a dozen tourists, have the building to themselves. The statesmen will not be at work again until January 2, and nearly all have gone home. Even Mr Reed, of Maine, has dared to go home and leave his Speakership chair to take care of itself. The other candidates, with more caution, remain on guard.

Christmas is not in any sense the important event in Washington that it is in New York. But Washington remains steadfast to New Year in everything. It is the beginning of its social season proper and no other day reaches its importance. The giving of presents to general acquaintances as well as to your "deep cousin" has not yet become a custom here, and so Christmas, if deprived of some of its charms, is no less deprived of its terrors. In the gay days that follow the President's New Year reception, even Georgetown takes up, and the ghosts of its dead and gone society stalk through its streets. On every Wednesday each Cabinet officer's wife has left her a couple of thousand cards, and wonders if it can be true that Mrs. Hamilton Fish type, she represents all the calls made upon her.

The dream of the social season was probably in the President's mind when he wrote to a Buffalo friend last week, "I look forward longingly, counting the days until March, when I shall be free." The demands of society are more than enough upon an idle man, and are sufficient to exhaust a busy one. Washington society is fast following European fashionable excesses, without regard to the fact that with all the millionaires who come here for the winter, there is, unlike in European Capitals, no absolutely idle class of men. The nearest approach to an unoccupied class are the members of the foreign legations stationed here, who do nothing but attend to society's demands and do that most successfully. To-morrow's work has no terrors for them.

The tariff debate in the Senate is a far more dignified affair than was the House debate on the same subject. All the noise and shaking of fists and pounding of desks is missing. In measured periods the Senators call each other liars; they do not come out bravely with it. Of course, Senator Edmunds leads the debate, as the best Democratic speaker on the tariff, Senator Beck, is ill. Senators Vest, Vance, and Reagan do their best to make up for his absence, but three quick tempered men have but a sorry time handling a sharp Vermont icicle. Mr. Edmunds thoroughly enjoys it, and meets everything with his formal protest. The Democrats who will come out of the debate with most honor, I fancy, will be Mr. Reagan, who is rapidly gaining ground in the Senate.

Without referring to the merits of the case, one cannot but admire the slashing retort to Senator Edmunds made by Senator Coke on Friday. It was in response to Mr. Edmunds' picture of the prosperous American workingman. Mr. Coke described a male spinner of Fall River, Mass., living on $150 per year, with two pounds of pork and no other meat in a month, picking up drift wood for winter fires and hunting along the shore on Sunday for shell fish to eat. The Senator from Texas concluded by remarking that he did know what was the matter, what was wrong, but he would not be surprised if it were the tariff. The bill went over until after the Holidays.

Mr. Coke made the vexed question in his tariff speech, touched the chord Victor Hugo made Jean Valjean sound when he said, "There is something wrong in a country where able and willing men can find no work." And yet the wisest statesmen cannot make all men wealthy. There is in Washington a winter night lodging house. No person is allowed there who is drunk or a chronic pauper or vermin ridden. Last night a more miserably awaited the opening of the door, and in all seventy eight men came. If the people of Washington are, as is proven, more prosperous than those of any European city, what must be the poverty of London.

The most persistently ambitious man in Washington to day is Commissioner of Pensions Black. Across the desert waste of the next four years, he sees the fair promise of '92 growing in the morning light of his imagination. His food hoped that it would be Cleveland and Black at St. Louis, and now he dreams of a ticket to be Hill and Black. He alone of all the leading Democratic Departmental officials has not for a time laid aside political schemes. His dream is unbroken. He is busy patching up old breaches between himself and men of the Democratic leaders who had opposed his ambition for the Vice Presidency, or had disagreed with him in the management of his Bureau. His hopes may be vain but in times like these his courage is almost sublime.

Washington, Dec. 30th 1888.

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