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The Oxford Democrat

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Editor and Proprietor.

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Professional Cards, &c.

D. W. DAVIS, M. D.
Physician & Surgeon.
Residence and office on Chapman Street,
BETHEL, ME.

DR. L. G. KIMBALL, DENTIST.
(OF BRIDGTON.)
Can be found at the "Oxford House,"
BETHEL, ME.

DR. C. L. ROBINSON,
DENTIST.
Will be at his office, over Williams' harness
shop, South Paris, from 9 a. m. till 12 m., every
day. Sundays excepted. Balance of the time at his
office on Paris Hill.
ag All work warranted.

FRED. C. CLARK, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Bethel Hotel,
BETHEL, ME.

CHARLES R. ELDER,
COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
22 Court Street, Bethel, Me.
Special rates to Attorneys having business or
clients for collection in Bethel and vicinity.
June 19 79

SNODHILL, JR.,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Jan 1 77 BETHEL, ME.

S. R. HUTCHINS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Jan 1 77 RUMFORD, ME.

SETH W. FIFE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
FREETOWN, ME.
Commissioner for New Hampshire, Jan 17 79

D. H. BISSER,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Notary Public for Oxford County,
Jan 1 77 BUCKFIELD, OXFORD CO. ME.

F. W. REDLON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
KEEPA FALLS, ME.
Will practice in Oxford and York Cos. Jan 17 79

J. A. TWADDELL, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
BETHEL HILL, ME.
Office over Kimball's store.
Diseases of the lungs and heart a specialty.
ROUNDS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
SOUTH PARIS, ME.
Office at residence, first house above Congrega-
tional Church, Jan 1 77

MAINE HYGIENIC INSTITUTE.
Devoted Exclusively to Female Invalids
WATERFORD, ME.
W. P. SHATTUCK, M. D., Superintending Phy-
sician and Operating Surgeon. ag All interested
will please send for Circular. Jan 1 77

JAMES W. CHAPMAN,
DEPUTY SHERIFF & CORONER,
KEEPA FALLS, ME.
Business by mail promptly attended to. R 77

D. R. G. P. JONES,
DENTIST,
NORWICH VILLAGE, ME.
Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver or
Vulcanized Rubber. Jan 1 77

W. O. DOUGLASS,
DEPUTY SHERIFF,
PARIS HILL, MAINE.
All business by mail or otherwise will be at-
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Poetry.

A Coup D'etat.

If little seeds by slow degree
Put forth their leaves and flowers unheeded,
Our love had grown into a tree,
And blossomed without a single word.

I lay hit on six o'clock,
The hour her father came from town;
I gave him one peculiar knock,
And waited slyly, like a clown.

The door was open. There she stood,
Lifting her mouth's delicious trim.
How could I waste a thing so good!
I took the kiss she meant for him.

A moment on an awful brink—
Deep breath, a frown, a smile, a tear;
And then, "O Robert, don't you think
That that was rather—coarse?"

The Song of the Camp.

BY HAYARD TAYLOR.

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
Below the trenches guarding;
When the heated guns of the camp allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent gloom,
Lay grim and threatening, under;
And the heavy round of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. The guardsman said:
"We storm the forts to-morrow.
Sing while we may; another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon;
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
As from the looms of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame—
Forgot his Britain's glory;
Each heart revealed a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem rich and strong—
Their battle-cry confusion.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
For a singer's dumb and gory;
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of glory.

Beyond the darkened ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers;
While the crimson valleys learned,
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And belching of the mortars!

And Irish Redan's eyes are dim,
For a singer's dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing;
The loved are the dearest—
The loving are the daring.

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kneel down by her open, vine screened
window, her arms folded upon the sill, to
wait until she should hear the clock below
strike twelve.

As she knelt there, along the lane that
ran close by that side of the house, Frank
Desmond and Miss Stonor were walking,
the lady holding her thin draperies from
contact with the dew with fair hands
sparkling with jewels, one great flashing
diamond telling a story that Bertie had
been less innocent of the world's
ways, might have read.

"I wish you to understand, Frank Des-
mond," Miss Stonor was saying, "that I
will not tolerate any flirtation on your
part with that Talbot girl."

"How can you talk so preposterously,
Grace? As if I would flirt with a servant
girl."

"Well, as it happens, Mr. Desmond, I
saw you sitting on the doorstep beside
her this afternoon, and I must confess it
looked suspiciously like flirtation."

"I was only amusing myself with the
little ignoramus," laughed Frank. "I
hope you are not getting jealous, Grace,
and imagining I am about to fall in love
with that girl."

"Jealous of you?" echoed Miss Stonor,
with a contempt that made Frank's blood
tingle, but which he dared not resent
since he had wooed the lady for her
money. "No, indeed! But very young
and pretty girls are occasionally made
the victims of young men's flirtations for
anything but laudable reasons, and, since
we are engaged, I want it distinctly un-
derstood that I will not tolerate any at-
tentions from you to a pretty servant girl,
that may result in scandal."

"My dear Grace, pray let us drop this
subject. I assure you I have no designs,
either good or evil, upon Bertie. The
girl is of no more importance to me than
any of the farm hands about here."

The next day, as Frank idled in the
shady front porch, reading aloud a poem
to the ladies, a stranger drove up to the
gate.

"What splendid horses!" said Miss
Stonor, as the gentleman fastened his
fiery black span.

"Surely I have seen them before," re-
marked Frank meditatively; then, as the
visitor opened the gate, "Well, upon my
soul, it's Charlie Thorne!" and he sprang
to greet the comer.

"Oh, Mr. Desmond, how are you? I
did not expect to meet any one here that
I knew. This is the farm, is it not, kept
by Mrs. Amelia Newton?"

"It is, and we are on a visit," answered
Frank, introducing Mr. Thorne to the ladies.

"Perhaps you can tell me," remarked
Charlie, when the introduction was over,
whether a girl lives here by the name of
Alberta Talbot?"

The ladies glanced at each other signifi-
cantly, and Frank answered—
"There was such a girl here—a house-
maid—but it was discovered this morning
that she had run away."

"Run away!" said Mr. Thorne, quickly.
"Why, and where has she gone?"

"No one knows why; and as she was
only a child whom Mrs. Newton took
from an orphan asylum to bring up, she
says she shall not take any trouble to find
her. She surmises that the girl has gone
to London."

"I am sorry, very sorry," said Mr.
Thorne, thoughtfully, his handsome face
wearing a vexed look. "That girl is an
heirless, and I am her guardian. I had
just tracked her here, and now to have
lost her again is very provoking. As I
drove up from town I cannot possibly
think of starting back to-day. I wonder
if Mrs. Newton could accommodate me
over night?"

It was soon ascertained that Mrs. New-
ton could accommodate him as long as
he chose to stay; but the next morning
the gentlemen, accompanied by Frank
Desmond, set out on his return.

So late was it, on the second day of
their drive, that little could be done that
night towards searching for the runaway
heirless, and he invited Desmond to spend
the evening with him at some place of
amusement.

After dining they sauntered into the
Strand. In no hurry to be present at the
opening of the play, the gentlemen walked
slowly, talking gaily of society news, but
secretly noting the people they passed.

But near Wellington street, where there
was a slight break in the crowd, the lonely
figure of a girl standing irresolutely,
with a pale, weary face, before a closed
shop window, attracted Desmond's atten-
tion.

With a quick exclamation of triumph
and surprise he sprang forward and
caught the girl's hand.

"Bertie, Bertie, darling," he exclaimed,
softly, but eagerly, "why did you run
away from me?"

The girl's only answer was a slight
scream, and a look of terror as she put
up her disengaged hand to shield her face
from his gaze.

"Bertie," he went on rapidly, for Mr.
Thorne was nearing them, "you ought to
be glad to see me, I have brought you
such good fortune! This gentleman
came to Newton Farm, to find you the
morning after you ran away. He had
traced you from the orphan asylum where
you were placed as a child, because you
are his ward and heirless."

"And my cousin," added Charlie Thorne,
who had come up in time to hear the last
words.

The poor girl stared wonderingly at
stranger, too terrified and too surprised

to utter a word; but Charlie explained
briefly and kindly.

"Your mother, my own cousin, dis-
pleased her father by her marriage, and
he disowned her. Just before his death
he repented, and searching for her dis-
covered that she and her husband had
died suddenly, but had left a child, who
had been sent to the orphan asylum. He
was then taken ill, but before he died, he
arranged that if you were living, you
should be the heiress to two-thirds of his
fortune, and I should be your guardian.
And now tell us why you ran away, and
what you have been doing."

"I cannot tell you why I ran away,"
said she, "but I have walked the streets
two days trying to get a place, and last
night I walked the street or slept on
doorsteps, and did not know what I should
do to-night."

"You are all right now," said Charlie,
gently. "I have an aunt living near
here where I will take you. Under these
circumstances, Mr. Desmond, you will
excuse me if I fail to keep my engage-
ment with you."

"Of course," answered Frank, politely.
"Good evening, Miss Bertie," and he
raised his hat gallantly to the pale, forlorn
girl, who trembled upon the arm of the
wealthy and stylish Mr. Thorne.

Bertie gave him a strange glance, and
turned away without speaking.

Five years from the night she stood
trembling outcast, Bertie Talbot moved a
stately, handsome, and elegantly dressed
woman—through the gorgeous ball-room
of the most fashionable hotel at Scarbor-
ough.

"You have seen the new star, of
course," says Gus Talboys to Frank Des-
mond, who stands chatting with his long-
ago sweetheart, Miss Stonor.

"What new star?" asks the lady.
"A Miss Talbot, Charlie Thorne's ward,
whom he has just brought from abroad,
where they say she has made the greatest
sensation. There they come now. Isn't
she splendid?"

In a moment more the handsome man
for whose sake Miss Stonor cast off her
lover, but whose regard she had failed to
win, and the beautiful Miss Talbot, in her
exquisite Parisian toilet, have come close
to the group, and Bertie recognizes her
old acquaintance. Still she waits to be
introduced by Charlie, and acknowledges
the presentation as indifferently as if she
had never seen this man and woman be-
fore.

"Miss Talbot," Frank says, presently,
"you dance?" May I have the honor of
this waltz?"

"I am already engaged for it."
"Then what is the earliest one I may
have?"

"There is none that you may have,"
replied Bertie, coolly. "Not because my
card is quite full, but because, five years
ago, I heard Miss Stonor forbid you to pay
any attention to 'That Talbot girl!' and
I could not think of allowing you to dis-
please her!" and Miss Talbot moves
smilingly away, leaving Grace furious
and Frank crestfallen.

"I am afraid she heard more than that
one sentence," says Frank, laughing un-
easily, "and doesn't intend to show us
much favor."

"She will soon see that Mr. Thorne will
not countenance her impertinences," re-
torts Grace, angrily, resolving to make
one more desperate effort to win Charlie's
heart.

But she began to change her mind when
day after day passed, and Miss Talbot
and her guardian quietly ignored the
existence of any such person as Grace Sto-
nor. But Frank Desmond would not be
thus ignored without an attempt to win
Bertie's handsome face and fortune.

When he put his fate to the test Bertie
turned upon him scornfully.

"Pray do not think, Mr. Desmond, that
I can be deceived as easily as five years
ago! Then, for reasons which, perhaps,
your conscience knows best, you made
an innocent, ignorant girl believe that
you loved her. But she was not long in
learning your falseness and she hates
and despises you as utterly to-day as she
did that night when she ran away from
your contaminating presence. And from
this hour both Mr. Thorne, my affianced
husband, and myself, must beg leave to
be excused from further association with
those persons who years ago fixed their
estimation of 'that Talbot girl,' and need
not seek to change it because fortune has
smiled upon her."

And six months later, when the cards
were out for Charlie Thorne's stylish wed-
ding, Frank Desmond and Grace Sto-
nor found that Bertie Talbot had spoken truly,
and they had been dropped completely
from the aristocratic circle of acquaint-
ances who were to be granted the future
entree of the splendid mansion that Charlie
Thorne had selected for his bride's home.

—He had broken his promise to marry
the girl, and her father wanted a money
consideration to help heal a wounded
heart. The young man said he would
consider a reasonable proposition. "Well,
then," said the irate father, who was
seeking justice for his daughter, "young
man, how does a dollar and a half strike
you?"—Turner Falls Reporter.

—Eight bushels of good lime, sixteen
bushels of sand and one bushel of hair
will make enough good mortar to plaster
one hundred square yards.

—Joseph Ganier of Scottsville, N. Y.,
aged 107, has just lost his wife aged 103,
to whom he was married in 1790.

For THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

What Will be the Result?

We regret to learn that the joint com-
mittee, appointed by Congress at its last
session, on the transfer of the Indian Bu-
reau to the War Department has been
unable to agree, which we fear will great-
ly hinder any concurrent action being
taken on the question at this session, yet
we hope for better results. Both the im-
portance of the question and the pressing
need of its early discussion and solution,
seem to demand immediate attention.
The great end to be attained is the true
solution of the "Indian problem" and
not so much whether the affairs of the
Bureau shall be administered by this or
that Department. The excuse we hear
made for the little attention that is paid
to the welfare of our aborigines, that the
Indian race is fast dying out and there-
fore our treatment of them will at the
most only put off their final extermination
for a few decades, is not only unjust but
erroneous. The Department of the In-
terior have been able, by the aid of returns
from more than fifty agencies, and from
nearly one hundred tribes, and parts of
tribes, from the Iroquois of New-York to
the nomads of Arizona, Colorado and
Dakota, to decide that for three years,
(1874, 1875, 1876) the increase of the
Indian population by births averaged
33.60 per thousand; while the decrease
by deaths averaged but 20.72 per thou-
sand; leaving an average excess of births
over deaths for these three years of 12.88
per thousand. The true and permanent
solution of the "Indian problem" seems
to us, to be in civilizing, educating and
Christianizing them, and in this connec-
tion we refer with great pleasure to the
efforts of Gen. Armstrong in his school
at Hampton, Va.

The experiment of educating a few
of the race having been tried with suc-
cess, Gen. Armstrong visited Washington
last summer, and solicited Government
aid for the extension of the work. Capt.
Pratt of the U. S. A. was detailed to go
West and collect fifty girls and boys for
the Hampton school. He had little diffi-
culty in obtaining his recruits, and found
some Indians who were even quite eager
to send their children. He arrived at the
Hampton school on the 5th of November
last, with forty-nine Indians, these being
from the upper Missouri and the land of
the Dakotas. And we think in the end
this would prove to be not only the most
just but also the cheapest way of dealing
with them; as it is said to cost the Gov-
ernment \$20,000 to kill an Indian, and
less than \$200 a year to educate him.

While we have no sympathy with those
who raise the complaint that our fathers
began the foundation of our Republic by
outrageous treatment of the red man, and
their rights in the territory; yet we be-
speak for the Indian a full discussion of
his cause, which shall rise above party
and shall be inspired by that broad and phi-
lanthropic sentiment which shall move us
to do justly by him who roamed through
these forests, from the Atlantic to even
beyond the Mississippi, before our fore-
fathers set foot on this soil. Neither do
we uphold the Indian in the outrages he
has committed on our people; but, when
we consider his savage nature and the
many provocations we have given him to
fight; when we know he has been the tool
in the hands of designing men who ought
to have known better than to further in-
cite rebellion in the breasts of a tribe al-
ready savage by nature; even more, when
we know they have been robbed and cheat-
ed until forbearance had almost ceased
to be a virtue, we can but look with leni-
ency on many of their acts. And we can
but feel that a nation which has liberated
four million of slaves; which has settled
by arbitration questions which have in-
ages past uncrowned princes and caused
the fall of nations; which has passed
through a civil war of unprecedented
magnitude and yet brought itself by in-
dustry and prudence back to a stable and
world acknowledged currency within four-
teen years after its close; which has grown
to be one of the greatest commercial na-
tions on the earth, in its short duration of
a hundred years, cannot prove incapable
of dealing justly with nor recreant in its
duty towards these aborigines.

SCHUYLKILL.

Washington Correspondence.
WASHINGTON, D. C.,
Feb. 3, 1879.

For a committee organized with no
other object than the purification of our
politics, the reluctance of its Democratic
members to look into the little irregulari-
ties charged or imputed to reformers Til-
den, Pelton, Maile, Coyle & Co. is un-
accountable. There has been voted it all
the money asked to an exhaustive inves-
tigation of the whole matter, and the
slavery with which the reform members
undertook to ventilate the Republican
end of it and the vigor with which they
have pushed their inquiries until the last
hope is dissipated of making the results
contribute to the exigencies of Democra-
cy, led us to hope for the most rigid im-
partiality. But having exhausted that
part of the work, a strange reluctance is
manifested to proceed now that they are
brought face to face with the late Demo-
cratic Presidential candidate and the men
alleged to have undertaken to boss the
job of buying or stealing enough electoral
votes to seat him in the White House.—
Potter goes on a visit to New York, ren-
dering a suspension of work necessary;
when MacMahon is asked to act as Chair-
man of the sub-committee that goes to
New York he finds that the nature of his

public duties will not admit of his absence
from the Capital; when Hutton is wanted
to take the same position it is found he is
at Warrenton, Va. "And they all with
one consent began to make excuses." I
only need add relative to the Republican
witnesses that they each and collectively
testified like men who had nothing to
conceal. Mr. Chandler's genial way of
telling his story rendered the work of the
committee a real pleasure while he lasted.
But they are called from this temporary
diversion to again face the skeleton in
their closet.

The Democratic managers found that
it would be impossible to keep the Chal-
mers, Hookers and other hotspots desir-
ing to get at Bragg, muzzled to the end
of the session. Hence they made a virtue
of necessity and turned them loose to
have it out with the plucky wolverine who
had thrown off his allegiance to the Con-
federate cause and notified all concerned
that he would hereafter antagonize their
raids on the Treasury to the best of his
ability. But after they had had their say
it was found that Bragg wasn't hurt much
and it seems the general verdict that he
has the best of the fight so far.

Though only four more weeks are left,
some of the appropriation bills have
hardly been touched. Outside of these
there are a few matters requiring
attention of some kind, but it doesn't seem
likely they will get it. It is certainly
saying little for the aggregate wisdom of
Congress that in the present condition of
our shipping and foreign trade interests,
it is unable to extend a helping hand, or
that it is unable to devise a method to
break down and bring in subjugation to
the laws a great corporation which em-
bargoes inter-State trade at will, and does
not scruple to paralyze a large portion of
the trade of the world till it forces the
acceptance of conditions that leaves little
margin for profit to any concern except
itself. Then again what have we to show
for all the time and money spent by Mr.
Hewitt and his Labor Committee?

UNDINE.

The Unknown Passenger.
It was on board a good ship in mid
ocean. Suddenly there arose the dread-
ful cry of "A leak! a leak!" At once all
waterproof and confusion

