THE MERCURY.

G. B. KELLER, Editor.

CARLISLE, . . . KY.

THE OLD VILLAGE STORE.

Dense vapors arise; I draw up the old arm-chair
Before the fire, and turn the paper round
With a preliminary flap and shake
And glance down the column of deaths; there's one
Of seventy-two: I was a child of five
And never saw him more. Good boy, he went
And fetched and fetched, long after mother's tears
Had ceased to flow, and then remembered me.
Dear old Tom Barker! How I remember now
The clean-sanded floor within, the counter worn
Smooth by the rub of elbows, the scales, the shelves
Of canisters and drawers behind, the grain
Sacks piled without, the wicket in the floor
Through which the stores were rolled, the very smell
Of the place comes back to me—compound sweet
Of coffee, sugar, soap, and tobacco-smoke
And cheese, and bacon, long since passed away.
Then came the quarter at the village store,
The red letter store! So really were grown still
The children on the days were few and brief,
The vantage of the window and the view
Of passers-by, the stream of carts and wains
Before the forge,
The "drummers" call "Green Seals,"
Who came to bearing with the fringe-accented,
Deep-chested speech of the country folk, and who
And his second "nose" he imbibed the hard concoct.

How quiet I was absorbing in the deed,
Watching an aniline buoy at our post,
Or counting the quarters in the till,
And I would I would I remember
How big grains per ogre and bead
Of the sugar-candy hung in the window,
Whether sweet enough I succeeded in
Sucking a penny bull's-eye.
Close by the door the letter-boxes stood,
Where from the outer world we got our news,
And sent, the starless, with inspiring greetings
Our own.
Then days of straw and aromatic bales and
Beer
Of farming trade stood barely by;
Our society of the moors for all our life—
I make aside the word—was bounded by
The farthest limit of the village of stale or grim.
On winter evenings gathered all and young
Around the stove whose sides were red with
heat,
And with our backs again we projections and
And heard the other more thrill tones repeat
The same old stories of the same old men
Of fairness of the coast of Farthingham
Of springtime fools, the depth of winter
cold,
And wild encounters on the last and once
An object of our envy was the clerk,
Who, when the weather turned and gorgeous
hot,
With head erect, a quill behind his ear
And rolled-up sleeves, sat down to write
By all the strength of outer village dark.
With pansy air and fascinating smile,
Which drew the women to the shop and made
Our wives regard him with envy.

The years have fled, the main have he is
gone,
The "Green Seal" long since has passed
away,
And the happy host of those old days.
Have withered, died, and fallen to their graves.
As from our plow the waving wheats grow up,
And from the sheaves the seed is shed again,
So vanished are the scenes of other days,
And not a memory in the village stays.
—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, in Boston Transcript.

AVENGED AT LAST;

Or, a World-Wide Chase.

A STORY OF RETRIBUTION,

BY "WABASH."

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CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

Elsie Dumont was astonished and relieved with renewed vigor that afternoon, and on the second day appeared practically as well as before. She had not lost in the receptiveness calling which had made her such a favorite, but was now a more self-contained, dignified girl than ever. She could not forget for a moment and guard at her in every movement and might have found herself had not Eugene broken the spell by saying, "Elsie, you are a trump! I never felt safer with such a formidable weapon as the day when I was hurt."

"Why, Mr. Van Ness Infant," said the French woman, in her pellucid tones.

Arcadia and I was more often employed with equal cordiality, and then left.

"Elsie, you are sorry indeed that your son should have met with the accident in the interest of our confidence in learning to return control of the horses. I am sorry myself, and I am sorry as a result that you are sorry not of power to force I into weaks of carelessness which, you know, I am not. I am sorry for his sorry condition, but sorry most of all for the great loss of money, besides having caused him a great amount of pain. You really must allow us to recompense you for the loss of your horses."

"Well, all right. It was a misfortune for which you are not to blame and we must suffer it. I'll buy her blind grays and he will owe more good his loss."

"Thank you."

"But will she be all right?" said Arcadia. "I want at least share part of the damage, and insist on being allowed to do something for you either now or at some future time."

"Then you will at least accept my apologies," said Alcinia, pleasantly, "as we both had much rather see this matter in a few days. Then private business will call me to Paris, and I am getting alone, for I am thoroughly interested in the account of your home, of which you has given me so much and would like to hear more."

"Then you will be pleased to see you, I have come," said Mrs. Percy.

Arcadia then rose, again saying, "Next time I have an accident I will be more careful, and I sincerely hope that your

"WAS HE HURT MUCH?"

son's business will suffer very much."

"Now, Arcadia, you are positively impertinent!"

"Well, perhaps I am, and perhaps not. When Miss D'Arc called last week I thought I was, but I am not now. Good-by, Elsie, and I hope you will not be annoyed at me as though a disobedient child, for I am not, I assure you. Yes, I have not, but, do you know, I am glad I did it, for I have learned a lesson which I shall never forget, and that you had even you were not be so careless with your horses. Good-by, Mrs. Percy, I hope your son will soon forget his painful look."

"Thank you, I am sure he will," said her mother, who was much impressed with the girl's manner.

CHAPTER X.

"Now, ma'am, I'm sure," said Percy Lovell, in a rich voice, full of pathos, "that you cannot refuse me. I am a poor, unfortunate young man, and I am sure of your saving him again until I can get him to a hospital, where he will be well cared for."

"Why, sir, I don't see any thing peculiar in his personal bearing!" asked Percy.

"Then you must be blind, for I am sure he is a gentleman, and I am sure you love in it, Percy, that you always sing each and songs! One would imagine that there was some terrible grief gnawing at his heart, and that he was trying to escape your lot in with what seems to be so much soul feeling."

"If I did I am not give a more than ordinary reason for it. I particularly hate men who sing whole soul requests

They Meet at Chicago and Talk Over the Great Issue.

Who Were Spoken by Presidential Advocates of Tariff Revision—The Fort and Foe of Protection—Views of Prominent Men for Extension.

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." It was in accordance with that belief that there was such a victory won at the Tariff Reform Club banquet in Chicago on Saturday night, when the reformers sat down to a banquet at the Grand Pacific Hotel, which was the crowning of Democratic hopes for a year of victory over there in the place of the general tariff reform sentiment was shown from distinct hitherto Republican sources.

Officially it was an honor given by the Illinois Tariff Reform League to celebrate the victory of the Democracy in the cause of tariff reform. The president of the league, Mr. Franklin MacVeagh, presided, and in his introductory speech he paid a high tribute to the services of Governor Fuller, Senator Carlisle, Tariff Reform and Free Trade. Mr. William T. Baker, "The Father and Father of Tariff Reform in General; John C. Black, "The Awakening of the South"; Governor Fuller, "The Western States of Nebraska," "Democracy," Hon. Orson Smith, "The Reform of the Tariff," Hon. Lyman J. Gage, Edwin Burritt Smith, "The New Political Economy," Hon. Lyman Trumbull, "The Political Revolution, What Caused It," and Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson.

The greatest enthusiasm was manifested throughout the evening, and the banquet was the first speech ever made was unable to proceed for some moments. Governor Fuller's speech was the first speech of a debated cause to receive more than himself, he proceeded:

THE CAMPAIGN OF EDUCATION.

Governor Fuller responded to the toast, "The Campaign of Education," as follows:

The great popular manifestation of the last campaign was the result of a campaign of education. Many of the leaders of the movement realized that not only was the tariff question to be presented in every school district and to every voter, but that the principles of free trade must be presented in such a way that they would be understood. It was a campaign of education, and the people were taught by the best teachers they had ever had. Let the record of the campaign be examined, and it will be found that the best speeches were made by the best men. The best speeches were made by the best men. The best speeches were made by the best men. The best speeches were made by the best men. The best speeches were made by the best men.

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A Substitute for Rubber.

In view of the threatened dearth of India rubber and the rapid destruction of the gutta percha trees, which are cut down for a single year exceeds their growth. The vast tracts, in one way or another, owned by the Dutch, which have been practically impervious to the influence. It was said that the two great systems of tannins which are found in the bark of the mangrove and bark instead of the wax, should have been utilized together. But such has not been the case. Only the tannin has been used, and the vast quantities of bark, which would yield