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1 yoke Oxen.

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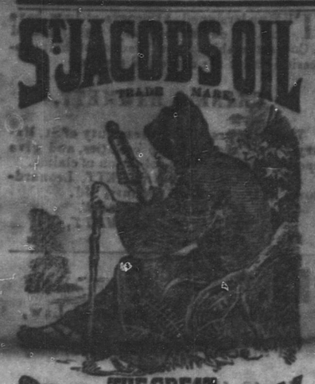

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FOR SHERIFF.

Messrs. Editors:—Please announce Mr. JAS. H. ALVEY, as a Republican candidate for the next Sheriffalty and say that he will receive the cordial support of

Nov 24, 1881. THE PEOPLE

Amusing Story of a Teacher.

"At the age of sixteen, before we had our "roundabouts," we contracted to "keep school" in district No. 5, for twelve dollars per month and "boarding round." We knew very well the little red schoolhouse, standing at the exact centre of the district, on the boarders of a mighty swamp, the farmhouses scattered about the hills, and we also knew the nuisance of that particular school, a squad of half dozen rough fellows who had emerged into "tail coats," and who would hardly relish the discipline of a boy pedagogue in a roundabout.

After the first flush of elation at our election, the reflection came back, like a return wave of ice water, that, in all human probability, ere our seventeenth birthday should dawn, we should be seen vanishing, head foremost, out of the schoolhouse window into a big snow drift, propelled by class No. 1 of big boys.

In our anxiety we applied to Aunt Anna, the general oracle of the household. Aunt Anna was a stalwart maiden of sixty summers, gigantic in proportions, but every inch a lady in her dear old heart. She had nursed half the children in town through the measles, mumps and chicken-pox, and was the mainstay in all family emergencies. There were sly rumors that the occasional attack of "fidgets," which overcame the good old lady at night, had some relation to a mysterious black bottle which she always carried in her work-bag; but Aunt Anna, plus the fidgets, was worth a regiment of ordinary feminines for the home-made uses of country life.

"Well, now, you are really going to keep school in district No. 5," said Aunt Anna, smoothing down her big checked apron, and raising her spectacles for a good long look at the incipient pedagogue seated at the opposite corner of the fire place.

"Yes, Aunt Anna, I have promised to keep that school, but, between you and me, I am dreadfully afraid to tackle the crowd of boys. You know what a rough set they are, and one of them has already given out that there will be no board wanted in district No. 5 after the first week."

"That's a serious matter. Now let's see if we can think of something to help you. Now you see that I don't know anything about book-larnin'. No doubt you can cipher that back seat of boys into the middle of next week. But they can fling you over the roof of the schoolhouse in a jiffy, if they have a mind to. I know every family in the district. I've nussed in every house, and taken the measure of every youngster that will come to that school. There's one thing in your favor. There'll be ten great gals, in school, and most of 'em are good girls, too. Now some are a head taller than you, and two or three of 'em are right handsome too. They can twist that crowd of great, bashful boys round their little finger, if they want to. Now mind what I tell you; do you go right to work and gain the affection of them ten great gals, and they'll manage the boys while you keep the school."

That sounded well; and, armed with this panacea against rebellion, we opened school the Monday after Thanksgiving. It was a rough-looking set up on the high seats—the row of villainous-looking fellows, any of them big enough to throw me over into the big swamp with one hand!

Happily our first boarding-place was the home of two of the "great gals." Never did we "lay ourselves out" to gain the good graces of the lovely sex as during the first week of boarding round. We rode on the front of the sled with the tallest girl; we played checkers with the second; got all snarled up in a "cat's cradle" with the pretty visiting cousins; and put in a word of explanation for the hard sums of all, in the long evenings at home.

The first crisis came at the beginning of the second week, when a big lout "sauced" the new schoolmaster. Somehow, it crushed us, and for a minute the schoolroom swam round, and the idea of seizing our fur cap and making for home flited across our vision. Just then the patter of a light footstep was heard down the long slope of the narrow aisle leading up to the seat of the "ten great gals." The tallest glided down, ostensibly to ask the explanation of a hard sum, but, as we leaned over the slate, with a dimness in the eyes, we heard a whisper in our ears.

"Don't be cast down, we girls will shame that seat of boys into good manners before another week goes by."

A light broke in; we were gaining the affections of the "ten great gals."

So things drifted for six weeks, when dawned the judgment day. We had gone to board with a good, motherly woman, who loved us as her own son. A big fire in the parlor greeted our arrival, and a supper fit for the parson himself. After tea our hostess appeared in her best black silk, in her hand a mighty oak "ruler," and sat down before us with the air of a Minerva, saying.—

"Now matters have come to a point in your school; you have been trying to govern that crowd of rascally boys by love, but that has come to an end. To-morrow they'll try to put you out. Take this ruler, and don't come home to-morrow night unless you have used it up over the head and shoulders of somebody."

There was no appeal from that. A greater than the whole class of "great gals" had spoken, and we felt in our souls that fate was standing at the school-house door.

Were we endowed with the epic rage of a Homer or a Pope, we might possibly depict the scenes of the following day. How the ugliest loafer, in a frock coat, kicked in the door at recess; how, when the trembling young master asked, "who did that?" the big boy lifted his thumb to his nose, and executed that significant gyration with the little finger, which would make a savage of St. John himself; how, fired with the courage of despair, and a vision of our farmhouse Minerva, we seized the big oak ruler, rushed up the inclined plane, upsetting several small children on the way, plunged at the throat of the insolent scoundrel, tore off the collar of his frock-coat, snaked him down the area before the fire place, and beat him over the head and shoulders till he roared for mercy; how, at intervals, he cast a glance up at his accomplices, and took in the situation—the "ten great gals" had spiked the guns of all but this wretch, who slunk and begged under our hands; how we wound up with an eloquent address, and gave the whipped ruffian his hat, with instructions to go home; how his father took off what remained of his dilapidated frock-coat, and trounced him till he yelled again, and sent him to school the following day with a compliment to the plucky young master—all this might be sung in heroic verse.

But, if the truth were known, it was not we, but the "ten great gals," that did the business. They had so demoralized the attacking columns by the magic of their charms, that only one had the heart to defy the little master, and he dared not lift his hand when the day of battle came. And from that day we crowned dear old Aunt Anna prophetess of love.

Gain the affections of the "ten great gals" in your schoolroom, and "all things shall work together for good."

Shooting on the Wing.

Shooting on the wing is a mechanical art like billiard playing, boxing, or fencing. There will, of course, be degrees of excellence, but any one with the full use of his faculties and the ambition necessary to success in anything can acquire it. The secret lies in the hand becoming subservient to the eye. The two must be connected as by electricity. The eye is never at fault; if it were there would be little hope of improvement, but any one may improve the quickness of the muscles of the arm. Look at the expertness of professional card players and conjurers in the art of manipulation. The same practice applied to the gun will make the brilliant shot.

One often hears it said "to be a good shot requires a quick eye." It matters not how quick the eyes is unless the muscles are educated to act in unison with it. Every one can see quick enough. Let one bird out of a trap before five hundred people and they will all see it at the same time, but only the practiced shot can throw up the gun to the shoulder with accurate aim and simultaneously pull trigger before the bird has flown 10 feet. Take the adroit fencer or boxer, he sees an opening and his practical muscle obeys the eye and send the thrust or blow home quicker than the unpracticed eye can follow. Of what use then is the sight on a gun? Very little, as is seen by the successful way gunners kill ducks when it is too dark to see the sight or scarcely see the barrels. A sportsman should shoot the game the same as an Indian shoots his arrow by looking at the object with both eyes open. It may be done by closing one eye, but there is nothing gained by this.

There are two ways of shooting on the wing. One to throw up the gun to the shoulder and pull the trigger at the same time. This termed "snap shooting." The other equally good and better to begin with, and more certain upon the whole, particularly in open shooting, is to follow the bird and when covered fire while the gun is in motion. When you pull the trigger the other hand has a tendency to stop. That misses the bird, but education will teach it not to stop, the same as we teach both hands a different action while playing the piano.—*Sacramento Bee.*

☞ The retention of any waste matter in the system produces injury. The collection of "phlegm" or diseased mucus in time of cold or throat affection should be promptly removed. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup does it more quickly and effectually than any other cough syrup made.

☞ A man standing in a store door on Pine street called out to a countryman, sitting on a wagon:

"How are all my folks coming on?"

"Your brother's bay mule is dead, but all the rest of your kin-folk, are alive and kicking."

☞ They say that money does not bring happiness. This is an experiment, however, which every one wishes to try for himself.

Friendship.

Life has [illegible] nobler, [illegible] than that of friendship. [illegible] consider, that this [illegible] may be impaired or [illegible] innumerable causes, [illegible] human possession [illegible] certain.

Many [illegible] very exalted language [illegible] of friendship, or [illegible] and unattainable [illegible] examples have [illegible] who have continued [illegible] their earliest [illegible] dominated over changes of fortune, and contrariety of opinion.

But these instances are memorable, because they are rare. The friendship which is to be practised or expected by common mortals, must take its rise from mutual pleasure and must end when the power ceases of delighting each other.

Many accidents, therefore, may happen, by which the ardor of kindness will be abated, without criminal baseness or contemptible inconstancy on either part. To give pleasure is not always in our power; and little does he know himself, who believes that he can be always able to receive it.

Those who would gladly pass their days together may be separated by the different course of their affairs; and friendship, like love, is destroyed by long absence, though it may be increased by short intermissions. What we have missed long enough to want it, we value more when it is regained; but that which is lost till it is forgotten, will be found at last with little gladness, and with still less if a substitute has supplied the place.

A man deprived of the companion to whom he used to open his bosom, and with whom he shared the hours of leisure and merriment, feels the day at first hanging heavy on him, his difficulties oppress him, and his doubts distract him; he sees time come and go without his wonted gratification, and all is sadness within, and solitude about him. But this uneasiness never lasts long; necessity produces expedients, new amusements are discovered, and new conversation is admitted.

No expectation is more frequently disappointed than that which naturally arises in the mind from the prospect of meeting an old friend after long separation. We expect the attraction to be revived, and the coalition to be renewed; no man considers how much alteration time has made in himself, and very few inquire what effect it has had upon others.

The first hour convinces them that the pleasure which they had formerly enjoyed is forever at an end; the opinions of both are changed; and that similitude of manners and sentiment is lost, which confirmed them both in the approbation of themselves.

Friendship is often destroyed by opposition of interest, not only by the ponderous and visible interest which the desire of wealth and greatness forms and maintains, but by a thousand secret and slight competitions, scarcely known to the mind upon which they operate. There is scarcely any man without some favorite trifle which he values above greater attainments, some desire of petty praise which he cannot patiently suffer to be frustrated. This minute ambition is sometimes crossed before it is known, and sometimes defeated by wanton petulence; but such attacks are seldom made without a loss of friendship; for whoever has once found the vulnerable part will always be feared, and the resentment will burn on in secret, of which shame hinders the discovery.

This, however, is a slow malignity, which a wise man will obviate as inconsistent with quiet, and a good man will repress as contrary to virtue; but human happiness is sometimes violated by some more sudden strokes.

A dispute began in jest upon a subject which a moment before was on both parts regarded with careless indifference, is continued by the desire of conquest, till vanity kindles into rage, and opposition rankles into enmity. Against this hasty mischief, I know not what security can be obtained; men will be sometimes surprised into quarrels; and though they might both hasten to reconciliation as soon as their tumult had subsided, yet two minds will seldom be found together, which can at once subdue their discontent, or immediately enjoy the sweets of peace without remembering the wounds of the conflict.

Friendship has other enemies. Suspicion is always hardening the cautious, and disgust repelling the delicate. Very slender differences will sometimes part those whom long reciprocation of civility or beneficence has united. Lonelove and Ranger retired into the country to enjoy the company of each other, and returned in six weeks, cold and petulent; Ranger's pleasure was to walk in the fields, and Lonelove's to sit in a bower; each had complied with the other in turn, and each was angry that compliance had been exacted.

The most fatal disease of friendship is gradual decay, or dislike hourly increased by causes too slender for complaint, and too numerous for removal. Those who are angry may be reconciled; those who have been injured may receive a recompense; but when the desire of pleasing and willingness to be pleased is silently diminished, the renovation of friendship is hopeless; as when the vital powers sink into languor, there is no longer any use of the physician.—*The American Register.*

What Should Our Daughters Study.

President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University, answers this question and says they should study first and foremost, "What constitutes a healthy physical life." Next to that, he recommends the study of nature, the dear open book of nature to be read and understand the flowers, the fruits, shrubs, trees, birds, bees, ants, the domestic animals, rocks, hills, watercourses, clouds, the winds, plants, constellations—at least, some one of these things—a careful study in one science, particularly with the aid of the microscope, the telescope, the stereoscope, or the blow-pipe. He regrets that there are still excellent people who dread the influence of science in education, calling its lessons materialistic.

The third thing he recommends is the art of "saying the right thing at the right time." He concedes that the sex is apt at this, but that the aptitude may be lost or lie dormant. Not only are the right words to be at command, but many other instruments are to be kept in use, the looks, the gestures, the manners, the tones, the pen, the pencil, the brush. Merely as a matter of income the power to control these agencies is a great possession. Although the power of saying the right thing at the right time may be inborn, and has been inborn in many famous writers and speakers, still it is an art that may be acquired with time and effort. The thorough study of the mother tongue is essential to this. The writing of "compositions" does not help in the work, but he quotes Sir Henry Main, who thus lays down "the Golden Rule of a good style:" "Depend upon it, no man ever wrote well by striving too hard to write well. What you should regard is not the language but the thoughts; and if the thought be clearly and vividly conceived, the proper direction, if the writer be an educated man, is sure to follow."

In the study of languages, President Gilman recommends French and German in preference to the ancient languages, if a knowledge of all cannot be acquired. Historical studies should fill a wide place—not the mere learning of dates and names, after the fashion of "Putz and Arnold" in vogue a few years ago, but the perusal of great historical treatises, and, still more, the learning how to investigate by means of books. He thinks that American women have great aptitude for æsthetic cultivation, far greater than has hitherto been acknowledged; and that the establishment of art museums in all the larger cities of this country and of schools of drawing, painting, and modeling, will develop in the next generation as many female artists of rank as can be found in any country.

As the wealth of the country increases, and the demand for beautiful work increases, an increasing number will thus earn an honorable support. There will occasionally be unexpected calls for trained talent, and he mentions having visited a distinguished geologist not long ago, and being invited into his atelier, found his daughter modeling in clay a region of the Appalachian system, work which required accuracy of eye and hand like that in the modeling of a statue. The last study that Gilman adverts to, as essential for "our daughters," is that of character, and he has considerable to say of that in connection with metaphysical and psychological studies.—*Home Journal.*

THE LATEST BY JOSH BILLINGS.—I have never known a seckond wife but what waz boss of the situashun.

After a man gets to be thirty-eight years old he kan't form any new habits much; the best he can due is to steer his old ones.

Anny man who can swop hosses, or ketch fish, end not lie about it, is az pius az men ever git to be in this world.

The sassyest man I ever met is a henpecked husband when he is away from home.

An enthoosiast is an individual who believes about four time az much az annybody else believes.

The dog that will follow annybody ain't wurth a cuss.

Thoze people who are trying to get to heaven on their creed will find out at last that they didn't have a thru ticket.

Too long courtships are not always judicious. The party often tire out skoreing fore the trot begins.

One quart ov cheap whiskey (the cheeper the better,) judiciously applied, will do more business for the devil than the smartest deacon he has got.

I don't rekolect doing anny thing that I was just a little ashamed ov but what somebody remembered it, and was sure once in a while, to put me in mind of it.

Young men, learn to wait; if you undertake to set a hen before she is ready you will lose your time, and confuse the hen besides.

Nature seldom makes a phool; she simply furnishes the raw materials and lets the fellow finish the job to suit himself.

Sensible Talk About Eating and Sleeping.

An Editorial in the New York *Journal of Commerce* attempts to demolish the unsound notion that it is unhealthy to eat just before going to bed. It draws the proper distinction between midnight debauches and gluttony, and the taking of healthy food, and says:

Man is the only animal that can be taught to sleep quietly on an empty stomach. The brute creation resent all efforts to coax them to such a violation of the laws of nature. The lion roars in the forest until he has found his prey, and when he has devoured it he sleeps over it until he needs another meal. The horse will paw all night in the stable and the pig will squeal in the pen refusing all rest or sleep until they are fed. The animals which chew the cud have their own provisions for a late meal just before dropping off to their nightly slumbers.

Man can train himself to the habit of sleeping without a preceding meal, but only after long years of practice. As he comes into the world nature is too strong for him, and he must be fed before he will sleep. A child's stomach is small, and when perfectly filled, if no sickness disturbs it, sleep follows naturally and inevitably. As digestion goes on the stomach begins to empty. A single fold in it will make the sleeper restless; two will waken it; and if it is hushed again to repose the nap is short, and three folds puts an end to the slumber. Paregoric or other narcotic may close its eyes again, but without either food or some stupefying drug it will not sleep no matter how healthy it may be. Not even an angel who learned the art of minstrelsy in a celestial choir can sing a baby to sleep on an empty stomach.

We use the oft-quoted illustration "sleeping as sweetly as an infant," because this slumber of a child follows immediately after its stomach is completely filled with wholesome food. The sleep which comes to adults long hours after the partaking of food, and when the stomach is nearly or quite empty, is not after the type of infantine repose. There is all the difference in the world between the sleep of refreshment and the sleep of exhaustion.

To sleep well the blood that swells the veins in the head during the busy hours must flow back, leaving a greatly diminished volume behind the brow that lately throbbed with such vehemence. To digest well this blood is needed at the stomach and nearer the fountains of life. It is a fact established beyond the possibility of contradiction that sleep aids digestion, and the process of digestion is conducive to refreshing sleep. It needs no argument to convince us of this mutual relation. The drowsiness which always follows the well-ordered meal is itself a testimony of nature to this inter-dependence.

The waste of human life by this lesson is very great. The daily wear and tear of the body might be restored more fully than it usually is if this simple rule was not so systematically violated. Sleep is wonderfully recuperative, but it may be shorn of half its benefits by unfavorable conditions. Foul air in the chamber leaves the sleeper almost exhausted in the morning as when weary with the day's labors he sank upon his bed. A gnawing stomach, empty of food takes out of the nightly sleep that refreshing sense of comfort which properly belongs to it. It leaves the blood to throb in the heated brow, and haunts the slumber with an ever-present source of disquiet. It is like the sleep which the mother takes while her sick child is under the care of watchers in another room. An easy stomach is just like an aching heart in its effect upon the nightly repose.

A healthy person who goes to bed on a full stomach will always awake in the morning with a better appetite for his breakfast. If dinner is eaten in the middle of the day and a light supper is served at six in the afternoon a heavy lunch should be provided at ten in the evening, or just before the hour of retiring. The rule should be to eat at the last moment before going to bed, whatever the hour may be.

And this latest meal should not be of "light" viands, as this phrase is commonly understood. The less a person eats at any time of cake or pie, or the countless flummeries that go to make up a fancy tea-table the better; but none of these should be eaten at bed-time. Cold chicken, cold roast beef, corned beef, or wholesome meat of any kind, with well baked bread and butter (sauce and pickle will do no harm) will serve the substantial requisites for this collation. Milk is perhaps best of all where the pure article can be obtained. "Borden's Condensed" will supply it in the best shape to our taste, and if this is used should be mixed with warm or hot water, instead of cold, eaten before it cools. With bread and fruit (baked apples will serve when berries and peaches fail) this makes a wholesome evening meal.

All persons should be cautious when they reform their habits in this respect. A mouthful or two each night at first is all that should be attempted, gradually increasing the quantity until the luncheon becomes a pretty substantial meal. If indigestion follows at any time, chewing the meat of one or two peach pits (for the prussic acid in them) after eating, is better than seeding for a doctor. With a clear conscience and a full stomach any man in tolerable health may derive from his nightly sleep that recuperation which ought to come from this sweet restorer of life's daily wear and waste.

The Death of a Wife.

How often have we heard the words, "when you die I'll soon get another." Perhaps we heard them the other day. We, the other day, heard these words tenderly uttered by a husband whose soul is wrapped up in the wife they were addressed to. Oh! thoughtless, sharp-edged words, how easily said, but alas how terrible the reality when that dear wife is no more.

Wait, brother, before you speak unkindly to your wife. Remember the many household trials and vexations she is subject to; the anxiety for the precious souls God has, perhaps, placed in her keeping. Speak slowly and heed the appeal of one who has seen the clammy hand of death suddenly laid on her who was the joy, the pride, the life of her household; hearken to the words of one who has seen the life ebb away of as gentle and loving a wife as God ever gave to man, without receiving a word of farewell or even a gentle pressure of the hand—taken without a moment's warning, and leaving to desolate hearts only the consolation of knowing that her "lamp was always trimmed and burning," and the promise of Christ that "the pure in heart shall see God." Brother, be patient, be kind, be true, be just to your wife.—When she is gone it will not be so easy to get one like her. To-day the rose of health may bloom upon her cheek and her eye beam with love, to-morrow

You may return to a desolate home,
And list for a step that will never come
And yearn for a voice that must still be dumb,
Where the silent room and vacant chair
Have memories sweet, but oh! how hard to bear,
While the half-stunned senses wander back
To the cheerless life and the thorny track.

Love is not in our power, and what seems stranger, is not in our choice; but we only love purely and sincerely when some mysterious power ordains we should; therefore in comparison with the loss of a wife, all other bereavements, are trifling. The wife! she who fills so large a space in the domestic heaven; she who busied herself so unweariedly for the precious ones around her; bitter, bitter is the tear which falls on her cold clay.—You stand beside her coffin and think of the past. It seems an amber colored pathway, where the sun shown upon beautiful flowers, or the stars hung glittering overhead. Fain would the soul linger there. No thorns are remembered save those your hands have unwittingly planted. Her noble, tender heart lies open to your inmost sight. You think of her now as all gentleness, all purity, all beauty. But she is dead. The head which has so often rested so lovingly upon your bosom is now laid upon a pillow of clay. The hands that have ministered so untiringly are folded beneath the gloomy portal. The heart whose every beat measured an eternity of love lies under your feet. There is no white arm over your shoulder, no speaking face to look up with the eye of love, no trembling lips to sympathize with you and murmur, "Oh, it is too sad!" There is so strange a hush in every room, no light footsteps passing round, no smile to greet you. And the old clock ticks and strikes—it was such music when she could hear it. Now it seems to knell on the hours through which you watched the shadow of death gathering on her sweet face. And every day the clock repeats that sad story. Many another tale doth the old clock tell, of beautiful words and deeds of love that are registered above. You feel, oh how often, the grave cannot keep her—that she will live again.

ONE MILE SQUARE.—A correspondent wishes to know whether there is any difference between one square mile and one mile square. There is not. Either expression denotes a square surface, each one of whose sides is a mile in length. There is a considerable difference, however, between two square miles and two miles square—a difference amounting to two square miles. The difference between three square miles and three miles square is six square miles, and so on. If, instead of saying "three miles square," the proper expression, "three miles squared," were employed, the obscurity of thought about the matter would for most persons disappear.—*Baltimore Sun.*

[Kalamazoo, (Mich.) Daily Gazette.]

It is an unprecedented success said Mr. Chas. S. D'Arcamdal, the well-known Burdick House druggist, when asked for his views in regard to the St. Jacobs Oil; it is highly extolled, and is giving general satisfaction.

☞ When a man brags that he can tell a person's character by the color of his hair, it is deuced rough to swindle him by steering him up against a man who wears a wig.