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FORT RECOVERY.

The people of Mercer county, Ohio, will petition Congress to appropriate the necessary funds for the erection of a monument at Fort Recovery in honor of the men who fell in the campaign against the Indians of the Northwest Territory from 1791 to 1795.

A bloody massacre occurred there in 1791, the Indians attacking the camp in the night in such numbers that the occupants were scattered and six hundred of them were killed.

The rest abandoned the fight and fled in the direction of Fort Jefferson, twenty-nine miles distant. As the story is told, many were killed in this bloody retreat, and forty years afterward the farmers of Gibson township, Mercer county, would frequently find the remains of soldiers who lost their lives in this unfortunate affair.

History informs us that Adjutant-General Burchard wrote in his diary that the army had been defeated, and at least half had been killed and wounded, making a loss of over one hundred men.

Following the army were about one hundred families, wives of the soldiers and men, only a few of whom escaped.

General Wilkinson, who succeeded Simon Clair in the command of the army, sent a detachment from Fort Washington to the battleground in February for the purpose of burying the remains.

They were horribly murdered, and were not killed and buried until the following day.

These transactions are some of the most memorable in our country. On the day of the remains of the army were partly exposed, and following days those re-

covered by the citizens of Fort Recovery on the 10th of September following, and entered at a mass-meeting in Kentucky, Indiana, Virginia

the meeting being called expressly for that purpose. Thirteen coffins were prepared, and it was intended to fill each one with earth, but the remains were not buried.

These soldiers were killed in the defense of their country, and it is thought their memory should be honored by a suitable monument.

It is hoped to secure the means in time to provide for its erection on the anniversary of this massacre.

THE INFALLIBLE SIGN.

Smaller than the dandelion, or the blue bird, more regular than base-ball, is the appearance of the circus poster as a sign that spring has come.

The first may nip the flowers, the bird later on his way, the national game be postponed on account of weather, but the circus poster is delayed not. In all its flaming garb it covers the outer walls and heralds the coming not only of the "grand aggregation" but of the season of sun, shade, and summer, and palm-leaf fan. This is a critical, not to say a cautious, age, and it is the fashion of the fastidious to deride the circus poster as an artistic monstrosity, and of the unco guid to lament its vulgarity and immaturity.

Doubtless as Correggio or Raphael was ever made by contemplation of the buxom barbeck-riders, or the flying Amazons as depicted on the fence, although Rubens might have found some inspiration in the redundant forms; probably no Bonheur will be developed through study of the marvelous works of these illuminated sheets, but nevertheless, the posters should not be condemned for this.

With all their artistic deficiencies they supply a want. The human imagination is not sufficiently developed to apprehend it. It needs to be spurred and excited by the beauties of nature and art which are open to it. Words fail to do its pictorial representations can, and hence the highly colored scenes, the strong and brilliantly-attired women, and the splendidly gorgeous beasts.

It is the failure of the actual representations. The gilt flying fairies show the magnificent, and the old men are led to be disappointed in the failure of the actual representations.

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satisfaction went off. The imagination rises to the occasion and as years go by the faithful circus-goer fancies that the entertainment is precisely what is represented in the bills. He would not have it otherwise than it is. The posters have inspired him to appreciation and he draws no comparison between the real as seen under the tent and the ideal on the wall. He sees the blue, and the red, and the yellow of the picture in the sunny spring morning, and his heart beats faster for a moment with anticipation of coming pleasure and with reminiscences of youth.

As for the suggestions of evil which some bewail it is not worth while to speak. Any who are looking for vile suggestions can find them there and elsewhere where nothing evil is intended; but if nothing more harmful comes to the people whose attention is caught by the panoramic unrolled on the highway, they will go through life virtuously. The circus poster is a picturesque feature of modern civilization that cannot be spared.

COL. ANTHONY'S WINES.

The public has hardly recovered from the distress of learning that the leading third party organ, "The Voice," has been publishing the most enticing and seductive testimonials to the value and curative qualities of a certain "tonic," which turns out to be largely composed of alcoholic liquor, when the shocking discovery of Colonel Anthony's fall from the top of the grape vine upon it. A ribald press has been accustomed to insinuate that the "prohibition" of Kansas saloons did not necessarily banish the wine that cheers from the premises even of the most earnest believer in regulating his neighbors' appetites. It has been hinted, from time to time, that the patrons of the drug stores were not all of the class which would congregate in saloons if only the saloons were there.

Some have gone so far as to name the lamented St. John as one who was a prohibitionist in theory rather than in practice. The Journal has turned a deaf ear to these stories, preferring to believe that they were baseless slanders, or, that if they had any base it was in the little family flask whose contents are useful in case of sickness, and from which the most saintly may imbibe for his stomach's sake.

In emergency, as did Dr. Leonard. This view, however, it is impossible to take in regard to Colonel Anthony. Colonel Anthony is a man of tolerably good health, and it is difficult to believe that the several hundred dollars' worth of choice wines, whiskeys and brandies which he has unwisely consumed, were stolen from his cellar, were placed there for medicinal purposes only. It is barely possible, of course, that he had hidden them in order to keep bibulous people from drinking them; but this position is hardly tenable, since the same object would have been served by breaking the bottles, and he could not hope to make his residence a safe deposit for all the whisky in the State. It would be an injustice to Colonel Anthony to suppose that the liquors were secreted there for his own private consumption. He has been a prominent figure before the Kansas public for many years, and did his habits belie his preaching to so extensive a degree as the quantity of liquor would seem to indicate, the fact would have been disclosed long ago.

Naturally, it must be concluded, that he had stocked his cellar for the benefit of his guests. Now Colonel Anthony, it is well known, is the eloquent and earnest champion of two great causes. He wants prohibition laws and he wants women to vote.

These causes look up to him as a leader, and flock to his standard, and to his home. He entertains them in large numbers. It is not to be suspected for a moment that he treats the prohibition workers to the product of the still, but with suffragists it may be different. There is nothing in equal suffrage principles to prevent the exponents thereof from bolstering up their energies by any means within reach. The suffrage question is not intoxicating in itself, and it is but fair to suppose that the laborers in the vineyard frequently need a stimulant. What more natural than that the Colonel should supply it? He knows the workers, and that they are of too stern stuff to be overcome by the insidious foe, and he gives it to them for the sake of the cause.

If this be the truth of the matter, as the Journal believes, the Colonel is heroic and will deserve the praise rather than the condemnation of all who are able to realize that in all great public movements custom and law must be subordinated to expediency.

THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY.

May is covering itself with glory and covering the earth hereabout with glory, too. Never was there a more beautiful day than yesterday—bright, fresh, clear and bracing, "the bridal of the earth and sky." In the presence of such days as these and such weather as this, who can say we don't have spring any more. Of course, it would not be safe to guarantee a succession of such days as yesterday, or even another one, as perfect, but even one such day is something to remember and be thankful for. The farmers tell us this is "fine growing weather." May is pre-eminently the month of growth. There is more new birth and growth in this month than any other. The name itself comes from an old Sanskrit root that means "to grow," and from time immemorial it has been celebrated by out-door sports and floral decorations. The May-day dance and festival, the May-pole and May queen, the gathering of May hawthorn, and the forms of May meriment figure extensively in poetry and folk-lore. In olden times every town and village in England erected a May-pole, the higher the better, sometimes as high as the mast of a 100-ton vessel, on which each May morning they suspended wreaths of flowers and around which the people danced in rings nearly the whole day. The Puritans put a stop to all such nonsense. The Puritans thought December as pleasant as May, and rather more so. To them, life was much too serious a matter for any portion of it to be spent in dancing round a May-pole or gathering May flowers. Perhaps the Puritans were wrong. The elaborate May festivals of the olden times have disappeared, but traces of them remain and "the merry month of May" is still the brightest of the year. Such days

as yesterday do not receive half the homage they deserve. People remark in a profane way, "a nice morning," or "a beautiful day this," and think no more about it, when they really ought to assemble in mass-meeting and adore the weather, or march forth in a body with a brass band and take of their hats to the trees. It wouldn't do the trees any good, they are happy enough anyhow; but it would help the people amazingly.

MINOR MENTION.

The interesting announcement is made by a New York paper that the edict against stopping to look into shop windows has been withdrawn, the pastime, it is declared, being still forbidden by severe edicts. Fashion makes some queer rules, but none of them was ever more absurd than that which requires the person who would preserve his or her reputation for good breeding to pass along the street, looking neither to the right nor the left, or, at most, taking but furtive glances at the attractions in the window. The rule is supposed to be founded on the theory that only the unsophisticated have any curiosity concerning the contents of show-windows, and by stopping to gaze betray their veridicality. As a matter of fact, however, such windows are frequently arranged with such care and taste that they are well worth inspecting from an artistic point of view, whether the onlooker is interested in the wares displayed or not. As studies in color and drapery they often repay examination. More than this it may as well be admitted frankly that the resident metropolitan is not devoid of interest in the articles of apparel and the fabrics displayed. To profess an indifference as much of an affectation as in the case of a farmer who should pass along the middle of the country road with "eyes front," lest any chance stranger should suspect him of unfamiliarity with the scenes at his side. Show windows are arranged for the purpose of being looked into, there is no sufficient reason why they should not be looked into by the hearty content, and with the mouth open should the gazer choose.

The New York newspapers, after a fair trial, have raised their price to the old figures prevalent before the recent "crisis" for reduction in order to get a big circulation in numbers carried out of their feet. The Tribune in announcing the change says:

While this change is made, in fact for the sake of our readers, that we may give them a better paper, it is also indirectly intended for the benefit of the retail newspapers of this city, by whose advice the step has been taken. It is to be hoped that the change will result in a rise in the price of the other Sunday papers of this city, at least of those having the telegraphic news, and not to the formation of any "trust," but apparently to the benefit of the retail newspapers. The Tribune resolved some time ago to return to the old price of its Sunday edition; and this intention, of which no secret was made, may have led to a general movement. It is to be hoped that the other papers will not, however, wisely, go further, and make the price of their daily issues the same as that of the Tribune and the Herald. The reduction of the price of the Tribune and the Herald, and the fact that the telegraphic news was never demanded by the public, and 2 cents is not a liberal, rational and proper price for a large New York newspaper which means to maintain the cleanness, scope and excellence of its news columns and the dignity of its editorial tone.

As the Journal remarked not long ago, in noticing the change in the price of the Sentinel, of this city, the tendency of good journalism is not toward cheap journalism. Two-cent papers and five-cent papers copy entirely different fields, and are entirely different things. There is nothing so cheap as a complete, well-conducted newspaper at 2 cents.

A few days ago the Journal copied an article from a Nebraska paper which charged Miss Minnie Freeman, the school teacher heroine of the blizzard story that she thrilled the country last winter, with getting fumes and cash under false pretenses, etc. It was said that she had helped home by her pupils instead of assisting them. This charge was very painful to sympathetic readers who, on the strength of that tale, had drawn beautiful mental pictures of the young woman tolling through the drifts with fifteen young Nebraska lads hitched to the rope behind her. The destruction of this cherished picture was a shock from which it was not easy to recover. It is, therefore, gratifying to note that another Nebraska paper has come to the defense of Miss Freeman, and declares that the stories derogatory to her bravery are false, and inspired by the enemy and malice of other teachers, who happened to be snugly in their homes when the blizzard raged. The public has great store by Miss Freeman, and is glad to have her put right. There is reason to fear, however, that the young woman herself, now that she knows the disgraceful publicity which attended her case as her pupils' help, will twice in another storm before replying her pupils together.

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"The friends of the late Mrs. Crank—the sister of John Halifax, Gentleman" and "A Noble Life" have determined to erect a personal memorial to her, says the London Spectator, "in Tewkesbury Abbey, Tewkesbury being the place selected by her as the home of her most widely-known work, and the last place visited by her before her death. There is a fine thought in this selection, which treats her as a fine good woman as being as real as a fine place. The memorial will take the form of a marble medallion, which will be placed in the grand aisle (which has lately been restored to a form in which it does not do the injustice it once did to its splendid architecture); and the committee who presented the memorial have satisfied themselves that it can be so placed in Tewkesbury Abbey as to be seen to great advantage."

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A WRITER in the New Orleans Democrat gives this portrait of Charles Coker Cradock (Miss Murray): "A very small woman; so lame she could scarcely cross the floor unaided. Slight and yet square in figure. A small, white face, with the withered whiteness of one whose health had always been delicate. Pale, neutral brown hair and eyes, and a formal primness of manner like that of a cloistered nun who has lived much in retirement. The only trait that gave her a gleam of life in the covering and the formal was a charming smile, which she would flash out at any one who would deign to look at her, and having a marvellous concentration of attention; but her reserve was not to be broken.

Mrs. CURTIS, of Socorro, N. M., has a parrot that sings to the accompaniment of a piano almost perfectly. A party of friends were recently gathered at the residence of the young lady, when, for the amusement of the circle, the parrot was brought into prominence. The bird, as soon as it was brought into the

room, commenced to whistle a popular tune. It whistled this tune over and over again, until one of the party suggested that the tune be changed. The parrot stopped crying and, casting a look of contempt at the young man who made the suggestion, cried, "Chastant."

"The friends of the late Mrs. Crank—the sister of John Halifax, Gentleman" and "A Noble Life" have determined to erect a personal memorial to her, says the London Spectator, "in Tewkesbury Abbey, Tewkesbury being the place selected by her as the home of her most widely-known work, and the last place visited by her before her death. There is a fine thought in this selection, which treats her as a fine good woman as being as real as a fine place. The memorial will take the form of a marble medallion, which will be placed in the grand aisle (which has lately been restored to a form in which it does not do the injustice it once did to its splendid architecture); and the committee who presented the memorial have satisfied