THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS.

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THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS,

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S. D. HARRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Probate Judge—JESSE WAGNER.
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Business Cards.

C. BEN. FRANKLIN,
Licensed Auctioneer, Ravenna, O. Leave all business at the office of The Democratic Press, stating the day on which the sale is to take place. Terms, cash. May 6, 1869.—30-tf.

BIERCE & THOMAS,
Attorneys at Law, Ravenna, Ohio. Office in Empire Building. 41-1y.

F. O. WADSWORTH,
Attorney at Law and Notary Public. Office in Phenix Block, over store of Beecher & Seymour, Ravenna, Ohio. May 27, 1869, 39-1y.

RANNEY & HATFIELD,
Attorneys at Law, Ravenna, Ohio. Office over the First National Bank. Sept. 3, 1868, 1y.

TAYLOR & HORTON,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Ravenna, Ohio. Office in Phenix Block, over Second National Bank. May 6, 1869, 36-1y.

J. DILLER,
Attorney at Law, Ravenna, Ohio. Office in Empire Building, up stairs. June 24, 1869, 42-1y.

EDGAR W. MAXSON,
Attorney at Law, Notary and Insurance Agent. Collections and all other business of the profession, promptly attended to. Office, east end of Buckeye Block, Garrettsville, Ohio. Sept17 1y.

M. STUART,
Counsellor at Law, Ravenna, Ohio. Office in East End of Phenix (Brick) Block. Dec. 3, 1868, 1y.

S. D. NORTON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Real Estate Agent, will attend promptly to all business in his profession. Office in Swift's Block, over E. B. Waite's Jewelry Store, Ravenna, Ohio. Sept 1868, 1y.

ANSON W. BEMAN,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Notary. Office, east end Phenix Block, (over Buckley's Store and Tin Shop,) Ravenna, O. Collections promptly made. Sept3. 1868. 1y.

D. L. ROCKWELL,
Attorney at Law and Notary Public. Duel Block, Kent, Ohio. Dec 10, 1868, 1y.

GEORGE SADLER, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon, Ravenna, Ohio.—Office with W. B. Thomas, Esq., Empire Block. Residence on Walnut, second door south of Main Street. 26-tf.

DR. A. M. POWERS,
Late U. S. Physician and Surgeon, Hudson, Portage County, Ohio. Chronic and Private diseases treated successfully. OFFICE—Next door south of Green & Barlow's Store. Dec. 31, 1868. 1y.

BEIDING & STEWART,
Physicians and Surgeons. Office over Belding & Brother's Drug Store, Main Street, Ravenna, Ohio. Dr. Belding's residence first dwelling north of Empire Building. Dr. Stedman's residence second dwelling west of Citizens House. Nov. 19, 1868. 1y.

JOSEPH WAGGONER, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon, Office in Empire Building, corner of Main and Chestnut Sts. Residence on Van Buren Street, first House east of Union School. Ravenna, O., Sept. 17, 1868, 1y.

DR. A. W. ALCORN,
Physician and Surgeon. OFFICE—Main St., Ravenna, O. Sept. 17, 1868.

POE & BROTHER,
Druggists and Apothecaries, Main Street, Ravenna. Sept. 1.

WEDDELL HOUSE,
Cleveland Ohio. $2.50 per day. R. A. GILLETTE & CO., Proprietors. Dec. 3, 1868, 1y.

O. L. PARSONS,
Dealer in Green and Dry Groceries, Teas, Coffee, Sugar, Canned Fruits of all kinds, Lard, Dried Beef, Salt, &c., &c. No. 5, Phenix Block, Ravenna, Ohio. June 10th, 1869, 41-1y.

J. O. MASON, B. W. SMITH
Successors to Bishop, Mason & Co., Wholesale Dealers in
MASON, SMITH & CO.,
Importers and Wholesale Dealers, in Wines and Liquors, No. 88 Water Street, Erie, Pa.

WM. L. POE.
POE & POE,
Manufacturers and Dealers in Saddles, Harness, Bridles, Collars, Whips, Trunks, Valises, Traveling Bags, &c., Main Street, Ravenna, Ohio. Feb. 11, 1869, 24-1y.

COE, MERRIAM & CO.,
PROPRIETORS OF
Commercial Elevators,
Storage & General Commission Merchants,
BRICK WAREHOUSE,
148 to 208 River Street and Dock,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Apr 27, 1869, 39-10w.

Farm for Sale.
THE undersigned having other business requiring his attention, offers his farm for sale. It is situated a mile from public square, contains about 134 acres fine arable and grazing land. Plenty of fruit and timber. A never failing supply of living water, good house with 10 rooms, 3 good Barns and other outbuildings.—This farm has almost the entire milk trade of Ravenna, which as the city grows will become more profitable. This property offers great inducements for a party with some capital to engage in a very profitable business as the farm will be sold with a moderate payment in hand and sufficient time on the balance.
H. D. SEYMOUR.
Ravenna, May 20, 1869, 38-tf.

THE RICHARDSON
PATENT FOLDING BOOT-JACK,
The only real, practical contrivance of the kind, by which refractory boots can be taken off with ease. When not in use it folds compactly out of the room consequently never lost, or left in the way. Thousands of happy families are now using it and will not well regulated family can afford to do without it. Sold by agents only.
Call on or address R. H. MORRIS, Ravenna, Ohio.
March 4, 1869, tf.

E. R. Wait's Advertisements.

CAUTION:

AMERICAN WATCHES

Are more extensively counterfeited at the present time than ever before.

Their splendid time keeping qualities have induced many unprincipled dealers to import worthless imitations of all the various styles.—Therefore those wishing to purchase the genuine watch should buy only of reliable Local Agents. We have now a full line of all the different styles in Gold and Silver which for finish and price are more desirable than anything before offered in the market.

We are selling a Heavy Hunting Gold cased

GEFT'S WATCH AT ONLY $75

LADIES GOLD WATCHES,

At equally low prices. We are selling fine Full Jewelled, Hunting Cases at 40, 50, 60, 70, 80, 90 and $100.

STEM WINDING WATCH.

A new thing and a good thing. Call and see them at E. R. WAIT'L

PAUL BRETON WATCH

Is equal to any watch of American or European manufacture. We have the exclusive agency for the county, and guarantee them to give satisfaction in every particular.

The Celebrated

Oreide and Aluminum Watches

Are not quite EQUAL TO GOLD, but cost much less. You can buy them at about one-half New York price, and have the choice of style; or we will send them by express on receipt of the price, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, $24. All good time-keepers. In fact, if you want anything in the way of a watch, call and get posted as to style and prices, as we are sure we can suit you from $5 to $200.

SILVER GOODS.

In Silver Ware we have all the new styles, many never before offered to the people of Portage county. We have all the patterns of

SOLID SILVER SPOONS,

Forks, Knives, Ladles, &c. A great variety of Sets and Pins suitable for

Holiday or Wedding Presents,

which we offer at very attractive prices.

SILVER HOLLOW WARE,

Tea Sets, Castors, Baskets, Ice pitchers, Cups, Goblets, Wine Stands, Waiters, Butter Dishes, Fruit Stands, &c. Also, an endless variety of Forks, Spoons, Knives, &c., all of which are made by the best establishment in the country, and warranted to be treble-plated, with full weight of silver, on the best Alabata and White Metal. Our prices are very low for the quality of our goods. We do not sell *treble plated Spoons* for $1.25, but do not propose to be undersold by any establishment in Ohio.

Call and see, at E. R. WAIT'S.

COMMUNION SETS.

We have some fine sets of the best manufacture, and will furnish any society in the county with Communion Service at wholesale prices.

CLOCKS, CLOCKS, CLOCKS.

Those who cannot afford to wear a watch can *easily carry a $2 50 Clock.*

GOLD PENS, GOLD PENS.

We have a large stock of fine goods, and sell them as cheap as the cheapest.

SPECTACLES, SPECTACLES.

We are the only agents for the celebrated Dancaster Lenses. Call and try them.

POCKET BOOKS,
POCKET KNIVES,
RAZORS.
In great variety, very cheap.

In Fine Jewelry,

We have all the new styles, Sets, Pins, rings, &c., our goods are too well known throughout the country to need any lengthy recommendation. As heretofore, they are fully warranted as recommended.

A NEW THING.

Any one who has been in the Jewelry trade a few years will readily understand the impossibility of always getting what you bargain for when purchasing goods from Eastern manufacturers and importers. Having experienced much difficulty in this way, we have established in Ravenna the manufacture of certain styles of goods, and are now getting out

RINGS, CHAINS, &c.,

of style and finish equal to any eastern work, which we can guarantee equal to coin, and which will compare favorably in price with anything in the market.

Wholesale price list, furnished on application.

CALL AND BUY A CHAIN AT

E. R. WAIT'S.

Repairing and Engraving

We have several first class workmen, and all the new and improved machinery and tools for doing work in the best style known to the trade. All work entrusted to our care, shall be done promptly and in the best manner. Full satisfaction guaranteed to all.

E. R. WAIT.

Ravenna, Dec. 10, 1868.

WHITE LIME.

I have for sale at my store, White Lime at the following prices:

TEN BARREL LOTS, $1.50 per barrel.
SINGLE BARREL, $1.60.
BY THE BUSHEL, 45c.

Akron Land Plaster,

The best in market, at $12.00 per Ton. Als

Hungarian Grass Seed,

BUCKWHEAT, for seed,
DRAIN TILE, 3, 4 and 5 inch,
WHIPS, at few prices to close out,
WILLOW BASKETS, at cost,

WALL PAPER,

The best assortment in town, at very low prices,

FLOUR,
CORN MEAL,
OAT MEAL,
GRAHAM FLOUR
AND
MILL FEED,

GRAINS

Of the best quality, at low prices,

PORK AND LARD

by the barrel and retail

B. LITTLE.

NOTICE.—Wishing to close my business in Ravenna, I offer my Store and Lot for sale. Also, my Stock in trade. A better opportunity for a young man to engage in business, cannot be found.

H. LITTLE.

Ravenna, May 6, 1869, 36-tf.

Soap! Soap!!

The subscriber is manufacturing, at Campbellsports, a first rate article of

SOFT SOAP,

which he will deliver to those in want of the same at reasonable rates, by the gallon or barrel. Grease and wood ashes taken in exchange for Soap.

All orders left at Beckley's Stove and Tin Store, will receive prompt attention.

EDGAR C. CAMPBELL.

Campbellsport, April 24, 1869, 35-1y.

Farm for Sale.

A very desirable farm of eighty acres located on the town line of Ravenna and Roots town. A good barn on the premises, and plenty of young fruit trees in good growing condition. Also four acres of pasture land situated on North Chestnut street, in the village of Ravenna, just the thing for a man wishing a place to pasture a cow or two. For terms and a particular description of the premises offered for sale, inquire of the subscriber.

RANNEY & HATFIELD.

May 13, 1869, 37-tf.

C. S. COTTER,

Silver and Brass Plater,

BELL-HANGER, LOCK-SMITH AND KEY-FITTER,

Chestnut St., south of Main,

RAVENNA, OHIO.

ORDERS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

All kinds of Jobbing done on Short Notice.

Ravenna Sept., 10, 1869. 1y.

THE STORY OF LIFE.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Say what is life? 'Tis to be born
A helpless babe, to greet the light
With a sharp wail, as if the morn
Foretold a cloudy noon and night;
To weep, to sleep, and weep again,
With only smiles between, and then?

And then space the infant grows
To be a laughing, sprightly boy,
Happy despite his little woes,
Were he but conscious of his joy;
To be, in short, from two to ten,
A merry, thoughtless, happy man;

And then, in coat and trousers clad,
To learn to say the Decalogue,
And break it, an unthinking LAD,
With mirth and mischief all agog;
A truant off by field and fen
To capture butterflies, and then?

And then, increased in strength and size,
To be, anon, a YOUTH full grown;
A hero in his mother's eyes,
A young Apollo in his own;
To imitate the ways of men
In fashionable sins, and then?

And then at last, to be a MAN,
To fall in love; to woo and wed;
With soothing brain to scheme and plan,
To gather gold, or toil for bread;
To sue for fame with tongue or pen,
And gain or lose the prize; and then?

And then in gray and wrinkled EAD
To mourn the speed of life's decline:
To praise the scenes his youth beheld,
And dwell in memory of Lang-Syne,
To dream awhile with darkened ken,
Then drop into his grave, and then?

THE FREE MEN'S CLUB,

AND THE

HAPPY HOME CLUB

OR

GAMLIT HIS OWN FINANCIER.

A DOMESTIC STORY.

After the woolen factory was built at Bog Falls, that aforetime obscure and somewhat poverty stricken locality began to pick up. In time two stores were put up, and stocked with goods; twenty new dwellings went up within half as many years; and, altogether the place came to wear a busy and thriving aspect. The water power, before only used to drive a rickety old saw mill, proved to be a good one, the stream affording water enough to carry all the machinery even during the dryest days.

Among the original settlers had been Job Gamlit. His father had squatted on a little triangular piece of land, between the highway and the river on two sides, and bounded on the other by a strip of sand which had filled into what must once have been the bed of a stream. At all events when the mill company came to buy, none of the old deeds contained any bounds dispossessing Job; so he was suffered to hold his two or three acres of sandy level by right of occupation, and it was also evident that he would never be disturbed.

Job was not a very smart man, but he was a good hearted man; he tried to keep his word; he could work, and he could be faithful to those who trusted him. By far the most important part of Job's establishment was in doors, in the person of his wife. Ruth Gamlit was a shrewd, calculating, hard working woman; and for a wonder, she had the good sense to understand that if she would be peaceful and happy, she must not cross her her husband. She bore with all her husbands weaknesses, overlooking his faults, and in every way endeavored to make the best of him.

People wondered how it was that Job lived so well, even before the time of the Factory; and even he himself did not quite understand it. But here it was: Whenever Job earned any money, Ruth either persuaded him to let her have the larger share of it, or else she got him to buy flour or corn, or whatever might be most needed at the time. And then the little piece of land she cultivated to the best advantage, getting as much work out of Job as possible. They had four daughters but no sons; but Ruth found work for the girls when they grew strong enough. She kept a cow; and she always managed to raise more pork than she needed; but her chief source of income was her poultry. She not only had the choicest flock of hens in the country, but she raised the fattest and tenderest turkeys that were ever taken to that market. Ruth Gamlit's turkeys were always sure to be engaged months before killing time came and hardly a citizen of the town came to the village store for eggs that he did not preface his errand with, "Has Aunt Ruth brought in any eggs today?" She fed her hens freely; she was careful in selecting and keeping the best layers; the result of which was that they produced eggs much larger than the pinched and chalky looking things that generally answer to the name.

And one thing more: In all that town there lived not a man or woman whose credit was better than Aunt Ruth's, She was sure to pay, and everybody knew just where her bank was, and knew that her draft would be honored to any amount she chose to pledge her name for. So Job had lived on very easily.

After the woolen factory had been put into operation, Job Gamlit was hit upon as just the man to watch by night, and to perform such labor of cleaning machinery, attending to dye pots, working up wood, and so on, as might be necessay to keep him awake He was recommended as an honest man—a man who would sooner starve than steal—and he was hired to occupy the post. He went into the mill at six o'clock in ehe evening, and came out at six in the morning; only occasionally, when he wanted a part of an evening to his own use, he found a friend to take his place for a few hours. And for this labor Job recieved ten dollars a week, which sum he paid over to his wife as soon as he got it. He had opportunities for doing odd jobs in the day time that furnished him with an ample sufficiency of pocket money.

Now it happened that there were three or four old codgers at work in and around the mill who fancied that they should be the gainers if they could only persuade Job to keep and expend his own money. They knew he loved his pipe, and they knew how well he loved his beer, and they desired that he should join their club.

"Long life to the Freemen's Club!" cried Rooney Pipkin, tipping up his pewter tankard till the bottom was directly over his nose.

It was Friday evening, and a few kindred spirits had assembled at Wood's store. Job was there, having got one of the day hands to hold over for him until ten o'clock.

"Them's 'um!" exclaimed Hi Judkins, another man of Pipkin's own stamp—both workmen in the mill. "Give me the FREE MEN'S CLUB!"

"*Eggs* zactly!" echoed Sebe Wesson, raising his beer-potto his lips and draining it. "Here! Hold on! Them as an't Free Men, and can't keep their own money, can't be expected to do nothin' to'rds this here kind of enjyment: but I ain't quite so poor yet but what I ken wet a friends whistle when he's dry. Say, old Boss, four more o' them mugs of beer."

The beer was brought, bright and foaming, but one of the party drew back.

"Come, Joe, don't let the boad die off afore ye sip it."

"No, no; I won't drink no more."

"Bah! Why not?"

"Cause I cant pay."

"Oh, we understand all that; but this is a meeting of our club, and you've been invited; so don't be backward. We know how you're situated at home; but don't let that make no odds now. Come on. Ye ken drink success to our club if you can't jine us.

Another mug of strong ale warmed Job's blood considerably, and he began to feel very much like becoming a free and independent man.

But we won't remain longer in that company. Suffice it to say that before Job left the store he had come to feel about as small and mean as it is possible for such a man to feel; but he had resolved to break the chains. He had joined the FREE MEN'S CLUB.

Saturday night came, and before going into the mill for his watch, Job came home for his supper. He came in with a faltering step, as though fearful that something was going to hurt him, and his head was carried in a hang dog way curious to behold—curious to behold in one whose usual habits were so child-like and truthful.

"What's the matter, Job?"

"Noth'n!"

"Mercy! Why, Job, what's got into you? Haven't the factory folks paid you?"

"YES! *they have—and I'm agoin' to keep it too.*"

"That's all right, Job, You needn't worry about that. Of course it's yours."

"I should think it ought to be. I worked hard enough for it, the Lord knows! Workin' here all night—night after night—while other folks is asleep—workin' an' digging an' slavin', and when the time comes 'at I want to get a mug of—of—cider, I han't got no money."

Ruth Gamlit, now five-and-forty, six-and-twenty years the wife of Job, had she been a mouse in the wall on every occasion of her husband's meeting with the "Club," she could not have understood the case more thoroughly.

"My dear Job, I tell you it's all right. Now sit right down and eat your supper, and as far as business is concerned, you shall have your own way. You are the man of the house, and I think it rather belongs to you to keep the money and pay the bills."

The girls looked up in wonder. At first they had been alarmed, evidently fearing that their mother would go into spasms; but when they saw coolly and good-naturedly she took it, they only regarded their sterner parent with that sort of surprise which they might have manifested upon hearing a dumb animal speak with human voice.

Job managed to eat his supper, but he certainly did not enjoy it. His wife regarded him with a benign look neither smiling nor frowning, dut rather treating him as one who ought to be honored. As he arose from the tea-table, his wife followed him out into the porch.

"Just one word, Job. I wish to know exactly how matters are to stand. Henceforth you will keep your pay entirely to yourself."

"I shall not want any, Job. I can earn enough to support myself, But you will remember henceforth the business at the stores is turned over into your hands. You will purchase the provisions, attend to matters generally of that description?"

"Sartin. I expect to do all that: and it 'pears to me as though 'twas a man's place to do it."

"So it does to me, Job—so it does to me; and I am glad that you have brought yourself to that way of thinking."

Job had got off very easily. He had expected a terrific storm; and had Ruth raised a breeze, he might have up helm and put away before it in fine style; but as it was, he found himself in dead calm; and he hardly knew what to make of it. However he had ten dollars in his pocket, and when he had taken his seat at the great open door of the mill he felt quite like a Free Man. By and by Rooney Pipkin and Hiram Judkins came along.

"Hallo, Job! Dan Sandford's down by the dam. Don't ye want to go up to Wood's?"

"Glory! Yes. Go and ask Sam to come here."

Sam came and took the watch, and Job left with the other members of the club, and at the store they found quite a crew of Free Men.

"By glory!" exclaimed Job Gamlit, about nine o'clck, "this yere's stunt like! Where's old Wood? Say, ole fellah—beer for all hands!"

At ten o'clock Job returned to his post, where, when left alone, he took a long nap. When he came to examine into his financial condition, he found himself the owner of five dollars and ten cents. During the next day he spent fifteen cents for beer on his own account, for he was very dry.

On Monday, his wife asked him to get a pound of tea and ten pounds of good sugar.

On Wednesday, Mrs. Gamlit said to her husband:

"Job, we are out of flour."

"I am going to do nothing, only notify you of the fact."

"Well, I ha'n't got the money to get a barrel of flour, and you know it."

"Of course I know that; but your credit ought to be good. You are drawing your wages every Saturday, and your only expenses are at present for provisions.

The credit idea struck Job very favorably, and he went directly to Mr. Wood's, to try how it would work.—He had found a brand of flour that suited him, and when he came to speak of having it delivered, Mr. Wood asked him about the pay.

"Oh, I'll pay for it, Mr. Wood. I can't do it now; but you know I get my wages every Saturday, and I can soon bring it up."

"Really, Mr. Gamlit, I should like to accommodate you, but that is rather steep for the first mark."

"Goodness mercy! don't ye call me good for sixteen dollars?"

"If I did I should not hesitate to let you have the flour."

"Well, by glory! I'd like to know if my wife isn't good for it."

"Yes, perfectly. If she will come and order it, you can have it."

"Wal, an't she bound, I'd like to know, if I order it?"

"I don't see it Job. A husband may be bound to pay debts of his wife's contracting; but I never heard of a wife being bound for her husband's debts—at least where the husband attended to his own business."

"Eh! Has my wife been here preachin'?"

"I have not seen your wife for three weeks; but I've heard you, night after night, telling about how you had taken charge of the domestic expenditures."

"Then you won't let me have the flour?"

"Not without the pay, Job."

"Very well—then that's the last favor Job Gamlit ever asks of you!"

And Job went away in high dudgeon.

At the store of Adams & Towle he selected another barrel of flour, and told Mr. Adams that if he would take it to his house he would pay him for it in two weeks.

Mr. Adams shook his head.

"I declare, Job, I should really like to accommodate you, but we have our rule, and we never depart from it."

"What is yer rule?',

"Never to deliver goods until we have satisfactory assurance of immediate payment."

"Wal, an't I good for that sum, I'd like to know?"

"You may be good for ten times that amount, Job; but I have no evidence. I am sorry; but flour is a cash article with us, and we have our money lying idle in other people's pockets."

"Spos'n my wife should have come and wanted a barrel of flour, would ye let her have it?"

"That would depend altogether about the pay."

Job's face brightend.

"Wal, spos'n she should say just as I've said?"

Mr. Adams hesitated; but presently said:

"Job, you force me to tell you the truth, and I must tell it. If your wife should come here, and ask me to send her a barrel of flour, and tell me that she would pay me in two weeks, or in two months, I should send it to her."

"Then you don't consider me as good as my wife?"

"In some things I think you a grand good man, Job; and I don't know of a man at the Falls that I'd sooner put myself out for than you. In truth, Job, you are too good to keep company with some of them that I've seen you with during the past week. But when it comes to business, Job, your wife is ahead of you; and I should say you were very foolish if you throw away her help. Have you ever been to the homes of Pipkin, or Hiram Judkins?"

"Once—night afore last I was there."

"And what sort of homes were they?"

Job had thought of it before; but he thought of it now with a shudder.

"Goodness mercy!" he cried, bringing his fist down upon the counter, "if Ruth should go out and find her hog-pen lookin' like them men's houses did, she'd go to scrubbin' quick."

"Well, Job, let me give you a word of advice; and in consideration of your listening and obeying, I'll make you a present of ten pounds of flour. That will last you a week out and more too."

Job consented, and Mr. Adams went on:

"To-night, Job, when you are all alone on your watch, think over matters with an eye to your own good.—Look at your companions, and then look to your own home. Throw away all empty-sounding ideas and phrases that have been ringing in your ears, and stick to the truth; and under the lead of your own good sense, run on until you come to the end of the path into which these dissipated weavers and spinners would lead you. And remember they make more than you do. Judkins sometimes earns his twenty dollars a week; but where does it all go? Will you do this?"

"Yes, by glory! I will."

And Job took his ten pounds of flour and went home. He simply told his wife that that was all that he could get, and, as she asked no questions, he had no disposition to tell a fib.

That night he held the consultation as he had promised. He looked into his wallet, and found therein not one penny; and all he had purchased for his family with his week's pay, had been one pound of tea, ten pounds of sugar, a little fish, and a little starch.

On Thursday morning Job's bravado was all gone, and as he crept into the house, and away to bed, without eating a mouthful, Ruth saw that he was in trouble, and kept her peace.

Saturday afternoon came, and Job stepped forth from the counting-room with twelve dollars. Thursday and Friday he had done overwork to the amount of two dollars.

"Hi, Job! You'll be on hand to-night?"

"Where?"

"At Wood's."

"Not much."

"But the club meets."

"Wal, you ken jest scratch my name off an that ere consarn. I'm goin' to jine a new society."

"Eh! What's that Job?"

"It's called the Happy Home Society; and one of the rules is, that a man shan't spend his money for beer while it's wanted at home. You ken jest say to them as I'll be there to-night, an' any body's welcome to my chair, and them as wants to buy beer fustead o' flour, ken do it for all of me. Good-bye."

Job looked up and saw his wife standing close by his side. She had been in to collect a little money due her for washing and cleaning windows, and chanced to be coming out from the office entry as the first word of the conversation was spoken. She had felt sure that Job was growing sick of his bargain, but she had not expected this. It came upon her with a force that almost unnerved her, and big tears started down her cheeks, in spite of all her efforts to prevent them. And it was just at this point that Job saw her. He saw the glorious look of grateful surprise upon her good-natured face, and he saw the tears that rolled down her cheeks! and he knew very well what the meaning was. He felt it away down in his heart, stirring up emotions that had lain dormant for a long time. He felt it starting into life a new power of joy and comfort; and she wondered if like feelings would always flow from like resolves to do good to those he loved. He determined to try it, at all events.

"There, Ruth, there's twelve dollars. I have made two dollars at overwork this week."

"But you keep that overwork money, Job."

"No; not yet. I'll pay up what I've wasted this last week afore I do that. Gad-zounds! Ruth, I wish I could tell ye jest how I feel; but I can't."

"I know all about it, Job. Only let me assure you that if you feel as proud and as happy as I do, you must be a happy man. The husband don't live, Job, that I'd swop you for to-day."

"Sartin, Ruth!"

"I call God to witness."

"Then, thank God 'at I've jined the Happy Home Society!"

"And I too must join, Job."

"But there's work to be done by them as jines, Ruth."

"Ah! What?"

"Why, we've got to keep tryin' to find out some new way to make them happy as we love."

"Oh, Job, I'm with you, heart and soul."

"Be you, though?"

"Yes."

"Glory hallelujah! You're a member."

According to my informant, the events herein recorded transpired in eighteen hundred and sixty-two when the factory in question was engaged in making a rather flimsy slimsy kind of cloth for an army contractor. I saw Job Gamlit this last summer, and such another picture of solid comfort, happiness and contentment I never beheld. His face was like a full moon, and the smiles chased each other from feature to feature with every word he spoke.

IN Albany, N. Y., a few days ago, Mrs. Frances T. Hamm, accompanied by her father, Rev. Mr. Robbins, visited the Albany City Bank, and drew $8,400, which she deposited in a satchel. The satchel was placed on the counter for a moment, along with another one belonging to her father; and almost immediately one of them disappeared—having been taken, no doubt, by three suspicious looking men, who had followed the lady to the bank. On examination, it was discovered that the satchel containing the money was safe, while the robbers had carried off a bag full of sermons.

A NEW YORK lady recently ordered a trousseau at Stewart's for her daughter's *doll*, which received a complete outfit in under clothing, silk and lace. One of the articles ordered was an India shawl, miniature size, at $30, and a face handkerchief was valued at $12.

MISS FURGUSON says she dosen't see why when so many men go bald-headed the women shouldn't be allowed to go bald-shouldered without so much small talk. Why not, pray? One bare is as good as another.

A WEALTHY SPIRITUALIST DUPED AY A DESIGNING WOMAN, AND SWINDLED OUT OF $70,000.

[From the Peoria (Ill.) Democrat, June 11.]

About two years ago, an old gentleman, once a prominent railroad man and well known citizen of Peoria while living in St. Louis, made the acquaintance of a woman, a clairvoyant in that city. He being a spiritualist, the woman had great influence over him, and finally induced him to marry her, in order to get possession of his wealth, amounting to about $70,000. She and her colleague, whom she represented to the old man as her brother, at once commenced to carry into execution their well-laid plans to obtain the money. As soon as the marriage ceremony was performed, the three started to Peoria on a bridal tour, and while on the way the old man was drugged to such an extent as to render him half insane. It seems that the latter had raised and educated an orphan girl. The childish old man, rendered more foolish through the influence of the administered drug, was induced to believe the story that the girl had made affidavit that she had been seduced by her adopted father, and that officers of the law were upon the track to arrest the criminal. The dupe's fortune was principally in cash and government and railroad bonds. A portion of it he had with him, and the rest was deposited at different places in the East. To save his property and his person, as soon as the party arrived at Peoria the former was transferred to the wife and the old man retired to a little town a short distance across the river, where he remained for a few weeks as an invalid, to avoid detection. Not hearing from his friends in Peoria, he finally came over to the city, but could not find them. Suspecting something wrong, he made a trip East to where deposits of money and bonds had been made, and discovered that the entire amounts had been collected, and that the birds had flown. After about two years, and quite recently, the old man learned that his false wife had returned to Peoria. He came hither and found that such was the case, but has not yet been able to get any satisfaction regarding the lost treasure. He has knowledge of the woman's living here and has frequently called at her house near the Fourth Ward school-house, on Jefferson street, but has not been able to see or gain an interview with her. We understand that legal proceedings are about to be instituted by the swindled old man, who is left nearly penniless, with a hope of recovering a portion of his lost fortune, but as to what success will attend the intervention of the court, we are able to say nothing.

CURIOUS FREAK OF LIGHTNING.—Says the Rochester, (Minn.) *Post*:

On Monday afternoon, Mr. D. A. Griffin, of this city, received a pretty severe electric shock in this wise: On the afternoon in question he, in company with Mr. A. Richardson, was engaged in putting up a lightning rod on Mr. Burnes's house, some seven miles south from this city. The tip of the rod being loose, Mr. Griffin applied his pinchers to the wire to tighten it, when there was an instantaneous explosion of electricity, with some four or five sharp reports, following each other in rapid succession. Mr. Griffin was knocked down, falling on the roof, but most luckily had sufficient strength and consciousness to throw his hands over the peak of the roof and maintain his position until help reached him. A short time previous to the explosion, a moderate thunder storm had passed over the locality, but at the time of the shock the clouds had nearly or quite passed away, and no signs of the presence of electricity were visible. The connections of the rod with the earth had not been completed at the time of the shock, and the moment the steel pinchers came in contact with the rod electric current was attracted, with the results above named. Mr. Griffin we believe, has entirely recovered from the effect of the shock.

A BRAVE BOY.—One little scene at Arlington struck all beholders. A very puny little orphan—one who was as I afterwards learned, the child of a sergeant who had been shot dead on picket—came to the grave of a Confederate private. The boy before him stopped, and on making a motion to plant a bouquet on this grave, hesitated and refused. The little fellow broke ranks, walked to the head of the grave of the Confederate, and emptied all his freight of roses there. His manner in doing this was that of nervous courage, like one who felt a bold thought and acted promptly on it, countless of danger or opinion, and it seemed to be the moral sublime act of the day.—*Cor. New York Tribune.*

SECRETARY BORIE, of the Navy, has displayed a penchant, amounting almost to insanity, in changing the names of vessels. June 15th he issued an order changing the names of forty-one. Thus he has had the Catskill metamorphosed into Goliah, the Chickasaw into Samson, the Kickapoo into Cyclops, the Sandusky into Minerva, the Tippecanoe into Vesuvius, the Winnebago into Tornado, and so on. In all these changes there is neither poetry nor sense. But somehow it would seem that the Secretary has found so much time on his hands that he has addressed himself to this foolish pastime.

A WRITER says of girls: "Lovely, pure, innocent, ingenious, unsuspecting, full of kindness to brothers, babies, and everything, what a pity they should ever become women, flirts, and heartless coquettes?"

SINCE the slave trade has been abolished, the tribes in Africa eat their prisoners, as they cannot sell them.

THE ETERNAL "PARCE."

Men have all sorts of motives which carry them onwards in life, and are driven into acts of desperation, or it may be of distinction, from a hundred different causes. There was one comrade of Esmond's—an honest little Irish lieutenant of Handyside's—who owed so much money to a camp sutler that he began to make love to the man's daughter, intending to pay his debt that way; and at the battle of Malplaquet, flying away from the debt and lady too, he rushed so desperately on the French lines that he got his company, and came a captain out of the action, and had to marry the sutler's daughter after all who brought him his cancelled debt to her father as poor Roger's fortune. To run out of reach of bill and marriage, he ran on the enemy's pikes, and as these did not kill him, he was thrown back upon t'other horn of his dilemma. Our great duke, at the same battle, was fighting, not the French, but the tories in England, and risking his life and the army's, not for his country, but for his pay and places, and for fear of his wife at home, that only being in life whom he dreaded. I have asked about men in my own company (new drafts of poor country boys were perpetually coming over to us during the wars, and brought from the ploughshare to the sword), and found that a half of them under the flags were driven thither on account of a woman; one fellow was jilted by his mistress, and took the shilling in despair; another jilted the girl, and fled from her and the parish to the tents, where the law could not disturb him. Why go on particularizing?—What can the sons of Adam and Eve expect, but to continue in that course of love and trouble their father and mother set out on? O, my grandson! I am drawing nigh to the end of that period of my history when I was acquainted with the great world of England and Europe; my years are past the Hebrew poet's limit, and I say unto thee, all my troubles, and joys too, for that matter, have come from a woman; as thine will when thy destined course begins. 'Twas a woman that made a soldier of me, that set me intriguing afterwards; I believe I would have spun smocks for her, had she so bidden me; what strength I had in my head I would have given her; hath not every man in his degree had his Omphale and Delilah? Mine befooled me on the banks of the Thames, and in dear old England; thou mayest find thine own by the Rappahannoc.—*Thackeray's Esmond.*

THE WORST PENMAN IN AMERICA.

A Cincinnati letter has the following on the biographer of Pendleton:

There are a good many jokes perpetrated about the bad chirography of Horace Greely and the late Rufus Choate. They are both behind—in point of execrable manuscript—the writing editor of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, G. M. D. Bloss, Esq. There are only four men living, or who ever did live, who can read his manuscript: Allison, Ryan, Allen and Young, compositors in the *Enquirer* office. No other man can tell what a single letter of it is. He wrote the life of Hon. Geo. H. Pendleton in thirty-four hours We have one page of the manuscript, and we will venture a hat—a new one by the way—that there is no man that can decipher one word of it in thirty-four years, except the writer and the four printers already named. Mr. Bloss himself is sometimes at a loss to know what he has written, and we have known him, in some instances, to go to Amos Allison to have a "cold" article, which had lain unfinished, deciphered. One of Mr. Bloss's peculiarities is to write always with