THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS.

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THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS.

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S. D. HARRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Business Cards.

C. BEN. FRANKLIN,
Licensed Auctioneer, Ravenna, O. Leave all orders at the Office of "The Democratic Press," stating the day on which the sale is to take place. Terms, &c., may be obtained at the same place. 30-tf.

L. V. BIERCE. W. B. THOMAS.
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.

HENRY C. RANNEY. EDWARD P. HATFIELD
RANNEY & HATFIELD,
Attorneys at Law, Ravenna, Ohio. Office over the First National Bank. Sep3, '68, 1y.

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

M. MOWEN,
Jeweler and Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silver, and Silver Plated Ware, No. 9. Etna Block. Repairing done to order. Ravenna, Nov. 25, 1869, 65-1y.

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,
Counselor 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. R. Waite's Jewelry Store, Ravenna, Ohio. Sep3 1868, 1y.

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

D. L. ROCKWELL,
Attorney at Law and Notary Public. Deuel 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. 38-tf.

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

A. BELDING, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon. Office over Belding & Brother's Drug Store, Main Street, Ravenna, Ohio. Dr. Belding's residence first dwelling north of Empire Building. 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., one door west of Etna Block. Ravenna, Sept. 10, 1868, 1y*.

POE & BROTHER,
Druggists and Apothecaries, Main Street, Ravenna, O. Sep. 11

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

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

J. O. MASON, (late firm Bishop, Mason & Co.) S. W. SMITH.
MASON, SMITH & CO.,
Importers and Wholesale Dealers, in Wines and Liquors, No. 85 Water Street, Cleveland, Ohio. Nov. 5, 1868, 1y.

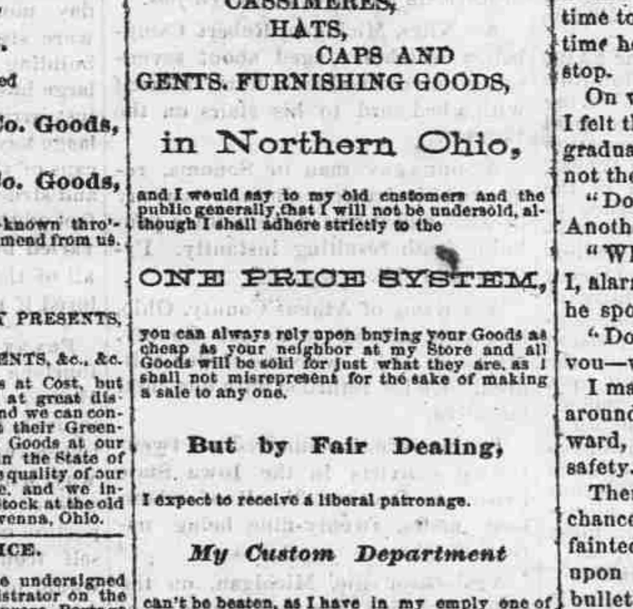
PETER FLATH. WM. L. POE.
FLATH & POE,
Clothiers and Merchant Tailors, Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods. Poe's Building, Main Street, Ravenna, Ohio. Oct. 15, 1868, 1y.

C. S. STARR,
Manufacturer and Dealer in Saddles, Harness, Bridles, Collars, Whips, Trunks, Valises, Traveling Bags, &c., Main Street, Ravenna, Ohio. Feb. 11, 1869, 24-1y.

INSURANCE AGENCY.
F. W. Coffin, Life and Fire Insurance Agent. Office on 2d floor, over the Second National Bank, Ravenna, Ohio. Sept. 23, 1869, 56-1y.

A. BELDING. E. C. BELDING. J. F. ARMSTRONG.
BELDINGS & ARMSTRONG,
Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Groceries and Notions, Wheeler's Block, Main Street, Ravenna, O. Goods delivered to any part of the city. Sept. 30, 1869, 57-1y.

E. R. WAIT'S
Holiday Goods.



Watches, Watches.

LADIES' FINE GOLD WATCHES,
GENTS. GOLD WATCHES,
AMERICAN WATCHES,
of all styles and prices.

Ladies' Gold Watch and Chain
At Only $50.

Silver Goods.
We have the celebrated
Gorham Manufac'ng Co. Goods,
and the
Meriden Manufac'ng Co. Goods,

Both establishments are too well-known throughout the country to need any recommend from us. Also a full line of
FINE GOLD GOODS,
SUITABLE HOLIDAY PRESENTS,
GOLD and SILVER
WEDDING PRESENTS, &c., &c.

We do not profess to sell Goods at Cost, but have marked all our Stock down at great discount from usual selling prices, and we can confidently assure our customers that their Greenbacks will pay for just as many Goods at our Establishment as at any place in the State of Ohio. As usual, we guarantee the quality of our Goods to be as represented on sale, and we invite all to call and examine our Stock at the old place, north side Main Street, Ravenna, Ohio.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of Hopson Hurd, late of Aurora, Portage County, Ohio, deceased.
All persons having claims against the estate, are requested to present the same to the undersigned at Cleveland for settlement. Those indebted to the estate, are requested to make payment within the time required by law.
CHAS. A. WOODWARD.
Ravenna, Nov. 6, 1869. 63-3w*.

WHERE TO GET THEM.
R. H. ORVIS
On Main Street,
(near C. & P. R. R.)
Is extensively engaged in the manufacture of the celebrated
RICHARDSON BOOT-JACK,
and with largely increase facilities, will now be able to fill orders promptly. Price, $1.25. $8.00 per dozen. Terms, cash, or sent C. O. D. Call on or address R. H. ORVIS, Ravenna, Ohio. 64-tf.

CLEVELAND & PITTSBURG RAILROAD

On and after Nov. 15th, 1869, Trains will leave Stations daily, (Sundays excepted,) as follows:

GOING SOUTH—MAIN LINE.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.	ACCOM.
Cleveland	8.15 A. M.	12.35 P. M.	3.35 P. M.
Euclid St.	8.26 "	12.46 "	3.46 "
Hudson	9.30 "	1.40 "	4.45 "
Ravenna	10.04 "	2.10 "	5.13 "
Alliance	11.00 "	2.49 "	6.00 "
Bayard	11.32 "	3.15 "	
Wellsville	1.05 P. M.	4.35 "	

GOING NORTH—MAIN LINE.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.	ACCOM.
Wellsville	8.55 A. M.	3.55 P. M.	
Bayard	10.25 "	5.10 "	
Alliance	11.30 "	5.35 "	7.35 A. M.
Ravenna	12.08 P. M.	6.11 "	8.15 "
Hudson	12.42 "	6.36 "	8.55 "
Euclid Street	1.46 "	7.19 "	9.56 "
Cleveland	2.00 "	7.30 "	10.10 "

GOING EAST—RIVER DIVISION

STATIONS.	EXPRESS.	*	MAIL.	ACCOM.
Bellair	5.45 A. M.	7.25 A. M.	1.50 P. M.	4.30 P. M.
Bridgeport	5.55 "	8.15 "	2.00 "	4.40 "
Steuben'ville	7.00 "	10.55 "	3.18 "	6.00 "
Wellsville	8.15 "	1.25 P. M.	4.55 "	
S Ferry	8.49 "	1.46 "	5.16 "	
Rochester	9.25 "	2.20 "	5.50 "	
Pittsburgh	10.35 "	3.25 "	6.55 "	

GOING WEST—RIVER DIVISION.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.	ACCOM.	ACCOM
Pittsburgh	6.25 A. M	1.55 P. M.	3.50 P. M.	
Rochester	7.35 "	2.55 "	5.00 "	
S Ferry	8.17 "	3.28 "	5.48 "	
Wellsville	8.50 "	4.15 "	6.25 "	
Steuben'ville	9.50 "	5.20 "		7.05 A. M.
Bridgeport	10.50 "	6.26 "		8.15 "
Bellair	11.10 "	6.40 "		8.30 "

* This is a mixed train to Wellsville, and Express train from Wellsville to Pittsburgh.

TUSCARAWAS BRANCH.

Leaves
New Philadelphia, 6.40 a. m.
Bayard, 11.30 a. m.

Arrives.
Bayard, 9.45a. m.
New Philadelphia, 2.40 p. m.

J. M. KIMBALL,
General Ticket Agent.

A. & G. W. Ry—Change of Time.

The following are the times of the departure of trains at the points below. It took effect Monday, Nov. 15:

GOING WEST.

DAY EXPRESS—No. 1.

Leaves Calhoun	6.32 a. m
" Freedom	6.45 a. m
" Ravenna	7.01 a. m
" Kent	7.12 a. m

NIGHT EXPRESS—No. 3.

Leaves Calhoun	6 10 p. m
" Freedom	6.25 p. m
" Ravenna	6.42 p. m
" Kent	8.00 p. m

FREIGHT—No. 19.

Leaves Calhoun	1.15 p. m
" Freedom	1.45 p. m
" Ravenna	2.10 p. m
" Kent	2.40 p. m

WAY FREIGHT—No. 37.

Leaves Calhoun	4.35 p. m
" Freedom	5.15 p. m
" Ravenna	6.42 p. m
" Kent	7.15 p. m

NUMBER 88.

Kent	7.25 a.m
Ravenna	8.20 a.m
Freedom	9 10 a.m
Calhoun	10.05 a.m

GOING EAST.

NIGHT EXPRESS—Nos.	8	12.
Leaves Kent	4.50 p. m.	8.05 a. m
" Ravenna	5.05 p. m.	8.20 a. m
" Freedom	5.15 p. m.	8.32a. m.
" Calhoun	5.27 p. m.	8.43 a. m.

WAY FREIGHT—No. 32.

Leaves Kent	6.20 a. m
" Ravenna	7.00 a. m
" Freedom	7.30 a. m
" Calhoun	8.00 a. m

ACCOMMODATION—No. 14.

Leaves Kent	3.00 p. m
" Ravenna	3.35 p. m
" Freedom	4.05 p. m
" Calhoun	4.35 p. m

Train 1. will not run Monday. Trains 1, 8, 12, and 19, run Sunday.

Official Registry.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judge of Common Pleas—GEO. M. TUTTLE.
Probate Judge—JACOB V. MELL.
Prosecuting Attorney—E. L. WEBBER.
County Auditor—WILLIAM GRINNELL.
County Treasurer—GUSTAVUS P. REED.
Clerk of Courts—ANDREW JACKSON.
Sheriff—OTIS B. PAINE.
Recorder—G. W. BARRETT.
County Commissioners—HENRY J. NOBLE, PERRY P. DAWLEY, JOS. C. CONRAD.
Coroner—LUTHER H. PARMELEE.
Surveyor—CHARLES J. GILLIS.
Directors of County Infirmary—J. C. BEATTY, GUIAN CLEMENTS and L. C. DODGE.

MAYORS OF INCORPORATED TOWNS.

Ravenna—ROYAL TAYLOR.
Kent—E. W. STUART.
Garrettsville——— FRANCIS.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

Atwater—J. B. Conrad and Sylvester A. Hinman.
Aurora—Reuben P. Cannon and Worthy Taylor.
Brimfield—Joseph L. Carrier and A. H. Lamphare.
Deerfield—C. S. Tibbals and John H. Hoffman.
Edinburgh—Smith Sanford and Asa Bingham.
Charlestown—Augustus Munyon and Nathan H. Smith.
Franklin—Joel Davis, Alvin Barton, I. Archer.
Freedom—Lyman Bryant and Arvillus C. Larkcom.
Hiram—Rufus Butts and Richard M. Hank.
Mantua—A. N. Farr and Henry Cobb.
Nelson—James Ashald and A. F. Hannahs.
Palmyra—John J. Williams, Orrin Stevens and Enoch Morgan.
Paris—A. B. Merrill and Brainard Selby, Jr.
Ravenna—Wm. Coolman, George F. Robinson and Charles B. Stowe.
Randolph—James P. Cole and N. C. Sears.
Rootstown—A. H. Barlow and Gideon Seymour.
Shalersville—Samuel G. Eldridge and William Carlton.
Streetsboro—E. M. Stanton and James H. Nichols.
Suffield—H. K. Martin and Wm. Paulus.
Windham—E. S. Woodworth and Cornelius J Frary.

NEW GOODS
AT
No. 2, *ETNA BLOCK, (North Front.)*

I am now receiving one of the best Stocks of
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
CLOTHS,
CASSIMERES,
HATS,
CAPS AND
GENTS. FURNISHING GOODS,
in Northern Ohio,

and I would say to my old customers and the public generally, that I will not be undersold, although I shall adhere strictly to the
ONE PRICE SYSTEM,
you can always rely upon buying your Goods as cheap as your neighbor at my Store and all Goods will be sold for just what they are, as I shall not misrepresent for the sake of making a sale to any one.

But by Fair Dealing,
I expect to receive a liberal patronage.

My Custom Department
can't be beaten, as I have in my emply one of the
Best Cutters in Northern Ohio,
and employ none but the best of Men Tailors to make up my work.
Cutting done for Ladies to make up on short notice, and in a workman-like manner.
E. MUSSER.
No. 2, Etna Block,
Sept. 30, 1869, 57-tf. Ravenna, Ohio.

GARRETTSVILLE HOUSE.
Having purchased the Hotel in the village of Garrettsville, recently known as the Hutchinson House, I shall take possession of the same on the 1st of September, which will be put in complete condition for the accommodation of the travelling public. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.
F. L. WHITE.
Garrettsville, Aug 16, 1869, 51-3m.

THE CHILDREN.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather round me,
To bid me good night and be kissed.
Oh! the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace;
Oh! the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face.

And when they are gone, I sit dreaming
Of my childhood too lovely to last;
Of love that my heart will remember,
While it wakes to the pulse of the past.
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin;
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

Oh! my heart grows weak as a woman's,
And the fountains of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the temptest of Fate blowing wild;
O! there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of hearts and of household;
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses;
His glory still gleams in their eyes.
O! those truants from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild!
And I know now how Jesus could liken
The Kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done;
But that I may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself;
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod,
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God:
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
When I shut them from breaking a rule;
My frown is a sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each hour at the door!
I shall miss the "good-nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The groups on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at eve—
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons are all ended,
And Death says, "The school is dismissed!"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good night and be kissed!

THE YOUNG MECHANIC.

I have just returned from a visit to my *portege*. It is twelve years tonight since I first saw him, poor, weakly lad of twelve, cold, tired, hungry and ragged.

It was in the far, far-West. I went there on business, and one night, just after dark, I overtook him trudging along so weary that I took pity on him.

"Which way to-night, my lad?"

"To S——, sir."

"Then jump up behind," said I, "and I will give you a ride."

He gave a quick glance at his shabby attire, and for a moment hesitated, but he was very tired, and before I could repeat the request he was on the horse.

"I am very tired," said he, by way of apology. "I have walked twenty miles to-day, and still it is a long walk to S——."

"You must be weary; but what calls you so far?"

"Work; sir."

"You have started out to seek your fortune, have you?"

"I hope to find it, sir," said the little fellow, and then added more as though communing with himself than addressing me: "If I get a living I shall not be discouraged for a good many years."

"And your name, my lad?"

"Harry Williard, sir."

Darkness came on suddenly; for the sky was overcast with thick clouds. I looked to my revolvers—no person felt safe in that wild country without weapons—and then rode on in silence.

Suddenly a soft, low voice behind me said: "Take care, sir, I saw some men just ahead, near those bushes."

As he spoke, my horse began to prick up his ears and show fear; but the warning came too late to avoid danger. A man stepped into the path and grasping the bridle with one hand presented a pistol with the other, and demanded money. Knowing the desperate character of these ruffians, I replied to him with a pistol ball, and then put spurs to my horse and dashed past him.

I think my aim was not good, for I heard the report of a pistol just behind; but I escaped it.

Little Harry heard it too, and he gave a start that almost threw him from his seat. I reached back just in time to save him; and at the same time he said: "Don't mind me; don't stop. I can hear the gallop of a horse

On we rode; pursued and pursuers. I felt the little arms that clasped me gradually relax their hold; but I had not the remotest idea of the cause.

"Don't stop, sir; they are gaining! Another mile and you will be safe."

"What is the matter, my lad?" said I, alarmed at the difficulty with which he spoke.

"Don't—mind me," said he, "unless you—want me—to—get off."

I made no reply, but threw my arm around him, and urging my horse onward, fortunately reached a place of safety.

Then I learned how narrow the chance that saved my life. Harry fainted the moment we stopped, and upon examination I found that the bullet that was sent after me struck his arm, which was clasped round my waist, and thus my life was saved. All through that ride the little hero never murmured; with the warm blood trickling from the wound and running his life away, he never uttered a cry. What, with the fear that he might lose that good right arm, the certain knowledge that he could not work for a long time, and the thought of his dear mother, toiling and waiting for the little pittance he had promised to send her, his sufferings must have been great, but he bore it in silence and urged me on to safety.

This was my introduction to Harry Williard. Poor little fellow, I can see even now how piteously he looked up to me after we laid him upon the bed, and asked how long he would be obliged to lie there.

"I came away with only a dollar in my pocket, and poor mother hadn't much more," said he, with tears in his eyes, "I don't know how she will get along.

I shall not forget the look of joy and gratitude that came into his eyes when I told him he need not fear for his mother, nor himself. It was the first time that I fully realized the truth of those beautiful words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Business called me away the next day, and it was two years before I saw Harry again; but I left him in good hands, and heard from him often. I hardly knew him. He had grown taller and more manly. The pinched and hungry look had left his face, and the wistful, sorrowful gaze had gone out of his eye. To gratify me he had attended school all the time; but he felt that he ought to be at work, and told me so before I had been with him half an hour. The little fellow was proud, and dependence was irksome.

"And what sort of work would you like?" I asked, curious to know what his intentions were.

"I am not particular, sir, if it be honest," said he.

"You shall choose for yourself, Harry; so look about you."

He thanked me, and putting on his hat started immediately. He was eager to begin the struggle.

It was nearly dark when he returned, quite despondent and in reply to my question, said that he had not found work yet of any kind.

"But I shall try again, sir."

"Where do you seek it?" I inquired.

"Everywhere, sir. In the blacksmith's shop, at the carpenter's, at the tinman's, at the machine shop, and I can't tell all the places."

"But have you no preference?"

"Oh, sir I know what I would like to be; but it is so much that I daren't think of it.

He was up long before I arose the next morning. About the middle of the forenoon I went down town, intending to look up a situation for him; but he forestalled me. I was passing a building just erecting, when I heard my name called, and looking up, saw little Harry tacking the shingles as fast as he could make his hands fly.

"I've found it," said he. "Mr. Saxton will hire me right along, if you are willing. You will tell him 'yes,' won't you?"

I confess that I was quite disappointed and annoyed, for I had other plans for him; but I yielded. I had a long talk with his employer, told him how we met, and told him to be kind to him and help him along.

I remained but a few days at S——, and ten long years slipped by before I saw Harry again.—We corresponded regularly, but I never could learn how he was progressing. He was doing very well was all that I could get from him. At last my curiosity was aroused, and I decided to visit S——.

I had not yet become reconciled to his occupation. To my shame, be it said, I think I cared less for poor Harry after I saw him apprenticed to a carpenter.—Not that I considered him too good for the trade,(?) but I had intended him for a profession.

Perhaps the picture my imagination conjured up—a rough, weary. stooping man, bending over the bench day after day, with no thought for anything higher, might have influenced me forgetting that true genius will make itself known and felt whatever the situation in life. It was, therefore, with no great expectations that I alighted in S—— once more.

I was not prepared for the changed appearance of the town. It had become a busy beautiful city, with crowded streets, splendid stores, palatial residences and vast warehouses. While gazing about me in pleased surprise, a little sign upon a large iron front building caught my eye.

HARRY WILLIARD,
Architect and Builder.

"Can it be my *protege*?" thought I, and the next moment, I laughed at the absurdity of the idea. I did not feel satisfied, however, and I crossed the street, ascended the stairs, and pushed open the door to the right and entered a neat and spacious office. At the table sat—*my portege*.

He recognized me, instantly, and with glad surprise, gave me a most cordial welcome.

"My best friend, you have come at last!" said he. "I almost feared you had forgotten me."

"Oh, no, Harry!" I replied feeling guilty. "But how is it that you got along so well?"

"I hardly know myself," said he, "unless by doing everything well that I have undertaken. Do you know that I saw your disappointment when I told you I had apprenticed myself to Mr. Saxton? I did see it, and to please you, I looked for other employment, I failed to find it and went back to Mr. Saxton. I am now glad of it. He was very kind, and I think each of us tried to advance the other's interest. When I had been with him six years he gave me a foreman's position and from that time I have been very successful. About that time the city offered a handsome sum for the best plan of a city hall, I was fortunate enough to get the award, and I, also, got the job of building it. You see it yonder. I made considerable money out of the operation, besides establishing my reputation as an architect and builder. With the money I bought the lots on which this building stands, and those adjoining. Last fall I sold half the land for enough to erect this building, the rent of which is sufficient for our support."

"*Our*, Harry?"

"Mother and I," said he with a smile. "Let us go and see her."

Pointing to a single team that stood at the door, he bade me step into the buggy and seat myself,

"I have so much to do, that Billy is indispensible," said he, patting the horse affectionately.

He drove along at a smart trot, chatting merrily the while, and at last drew up at the very spot where I had left him ten years ago. The house had been enlarged and remodled into a splendid mansion. In answer to my look of inquiry, he said:

"It was a dear place to me, and I bought it and fitted it up for Mother. How glad she will be to see you."

What else could I expect, but a happy home? And I found it, and hearts overflowing with gratitude.

As steady perseverance and never failing courage, my little ragged *protege* had risen to affluence and distinction. He had more than repaid me for the little I had done for him. I am still indebted to him for the service rendered on that dark night twelve years ago, when his little arm clasped about me shielded me from death. What shall I do to cancel that debt.

As I write, I can hear the whack, whack, whack of a carpenter's hammer. A boy scarcely larger than my *protege* ten years ago, is wielding it. I think as much or him in his rough attire as of the broadclothed clerk at the desk in the store beyond, and I wonder whether he will be as successful as my *protege*? Perhaps I will give you his history at some future tiwe.—*Church Union.*

TRANSMISSION OF MENTAL DISEASE.

Dr. Charles Elam, an English physician, has just published a book in which medical problems are discussed. Of the transmission of mental disorders, he says:

There is no form of heritage more remarkable than that of the tendency to suicide without any other marks of abberration of intellect. Dr. Winslow relates the case of a family where all the members exhibited, when they arrived at a certain age, a desire to commit self-destruction; to accomplish which, the greatest ingenuity and industry were manifested. Dr. Gall relates a very striking instance of seven children of one man who all enjoyed a competency and good health, yet all possessed a rage for suicide, and all yielded to it within thirty or forty years. "Some hanged, some drowned themselves, and others blew out their brains." Many other examples of the same tendency are brought forward by the same writer. I may add one case to the above from my own experience. Sitting one day with on acquaintance, I noticed some depression in his spirits. After a prolonged silence, he broke out into the following dreary attempt at conversation: "My grandfather hung himself, my uncle took poison, my father shot himself, I shall cut my throat."—The facts were correct; but constant surveillance prevented the sequel in his own history.

WAS THE GIANT EVER IN THE COLLECTION OF ARTEMUS WARD.

[From the Albany Argus.]

We have expressed our belief that the Cardiff giant was a fragment of the famous collection of Artemus Ward. On referring to a work of that famous "scientist," we find that he locates the loss of one of his statues at Utica instead of Syracuse. And it is evident from the description of the young man, and the verdict of "arson in the third degree," that Mr. W. referred to a scion of one of the first families of Utiky, and to an Oneida county jury. It is only such that are such. Here is Artemus's account of the affair, which is humbly submitted to the regents of the university as a solution of the gypsum enigma that evidently so distresses them:

In the fall of 1856 I showed my show in Utiky, a truly great sitty of New York.

The people gave me a cordyal recepshun. The press was loud in her praises.

One day as I was giving a descrip shun of my Beests and Snaiks, in my usual flowry stile, what was my scorn and disgust to see a big burley feller walk up to the cage containin my wax figgers of the Lord's Last Supper, and cease Judas Iscariot by the feet and drag him out on the ground. He then commenced fur to pound him as hard as he could.

"What under the sun are you about?" cried I.

Sez he, "What did you bring this pusylanermus cuss her fur?" and the hit the wax figger a tremenjis blow on the hed.

Sez I, You agrejus ass, that air's a wax figger—a representashun of the false 'postle.

Sez he, "That's very well for you to say, but I tell you old man, that Judas Iscariot, can't show hisself in Utiky with immunity by a darn site," with which observashun he caved in Judassis hed. The young man belonged to one of the first families of Utiky. I sood him, and the joory brawt in a verdict of arson in the third degree.

A COUPLE of fellows who were pretty thoroughly soaked with bad whisky, got into the gutter. After floundering around for a few minutes one of them said: "Jim, let's go to another house; this hotel leaks."

IN Cork, the crier of the court, anxious to disperse the crowd around the bar, exclaimed, "All ye blackguards that isn't lawyers, quit the court!"

YOUNG man, your bride must be won before marriage, but you must both be one afterward.

THE DEAD SEA OF CALIFORNIA.

BY MARK TWAIN.

Mono Lake, or the Dead Sea of California, is one of her most extraordinary curiosities, but being situated in a very out-of-the-way corner of the country, and away up among the eternal snows of the Sierras, it is little known and very seldom visited. A mining excitement carried me there once, and I spent several months in its vicinity. It lies in a lifeless, treeless, hideous desert, 8,000 feet above the level of the sea, and is guarded by mountains, 2,000 feet higher, whose summits are hidden in the clouds. This solemn, silent, sailless sea—this lonely tenant of the loneliest spot on earth—is little graced with the picturesque. It is an unpretending expanse of grayish water, about a hundred miles in circumference, with two islands in its center, mere upheavals of rent, and scorched and blistered lava, snowed over with gray banks and drifts of pumice stone and ashes, the winding sheet of the dead volcano, whose vast crater the lake has seized upon and occupied.

The Lake is 2,000 feet deep, and its sluggish waters are so strong with alkali that if you dip the most hopelessly soiled garment into them once or twice, and wring it out, it will be found as clean as if it had been through the hands of your ablest washerwoman. While we encamped there our laundry work was easy. We tied the week's washing astern of our boat, tnd sailed a quarter of a mile, and the job was complete, all to the wringing out. If we threw the water on our heads, and gave them a rub or so, the white lather would pile up three inches high This water is not good for bruised places or abrasions of the skin. We had a valuable dog. He had raw places on him. He had more raw places on him than sound ones. He was the rawest dog I almost ever saw. He jumped overboard one day to get rid of the flies. But it was bad judgement. In his condition it would have been just as comfortable to jump into the fire. The alkali water nipped him in the raw places simultaneously and he struck out for the shore with considerable interest. He yelped and barked and howled as he went—and by the time he got to the shore there was no bark to him—for he had barked the bark all out of his inside, and the alkali water had cleaned the bark all off his outside, and he probably wished he never embarked in any such enterprise. He ran round and round in a circle, and pawed the earth and clawed the air, and threw double somersetts, sometimes backwards and sometimes forwards, in the most frantic and extraordinary manner. He was not a demonstrative dog as a general thing, but rather of a grave and serious turn of mind, and I never saw him take so much interest in anything before. He finally struck out over the mountains, at a gate which we estimated at about 250 miles an hour, and he is going yet. This was about five years ago. We look for what is left of him along here every day.

A white mam can not drink the waters of Mono Lake, for it is nearly pure lye. It is said the Indians in the vicinity drink it sometimes, though. It is not improbable, for they are among the purest liars I ever saw. [There will be no additional charge for this joke, except to parties requiring an explanatiou of it. This joke has recieved high commendation from some of the ablest minds of the age. Horace Greely remarked to a friend of mind that if he were ever to make a joke like that he would not desire to live any longer.]

There are no fish in Mono Lake—no frogs, no snakes, no nothing in fact, that goes to make life desirable. Millions of wild ducks and seagulls swim about the surface, but no living thing exists under the surface, except a white feathery sort of worm, one-half inch long, which looks like a bit of white thread frayed at the sides. If you dip up a gallon of water, you will get about fifteen thousand of these. They give to the water a sort of grayish-white appearance. Then there is a fly, which looks like our house fly. These settle on the beach, to eat the worms that wash ashore—and any time you can see there a belt of flies an inch deep, and six feet wide and this belt extends clear around the lake—a belt of flies a hundred miles long. If you throw a stone among them, they swarm up so thick that they look dense like a cloud. You can hold them under water as long as you please—they don't mind it—they are only proud of it. When you let them go, they pop up to the surface as dry as a patent office report, and walk off as unconcernedly as if they had been educated especially with a view to affording instructive entertainment to man in that particular way. Providence leaves nothing to go by chance. All things have their uses, and their parts in nature's economy. The ducks and gulls eat the flies—the flies eat the worms—the Indians eat the flies—the wild cats eat the Indians—the white folks eat the wild cats when the crops fail—and thus all things are lovely.

Mono Lake is 150 miles in a straight line from the ocean—and between it and the ocean are two ranges of mountains—yet thousands of sea gulls go there every season to lay their eggs and hatch their young. One would as soon expect to find seagulls in Tennessee. And in this connection let us observe another instance of Nature's wisdom. The islands in the lake being merely huge masses of lava, coated over with ashes and pumice stone, and utterly innocent of vegetation or anything that would burn; and seagulls' eggs being entirely useless to anybody unless they be cooked, Nature has provided an unfailing spring of boiling water on the largest island, and you can put your eggs in there and in four minutes you can boil them as hard as any statement I have made during the past fifteen years. Within ten feet of the boiling spring is a spring of pure cold water sweet and wholesome. So, in that island you get your board and washing free of charge—and if Nature had gone further and furnished a nice American hotel clerk who was crusty and disobliging and didn't know anything about time-tables, on the railroad routes—or anything—and was proud of it—I would not wish for a more desirable boarding house.

Half a dozen little mountain brooks flow into Mono Lake, but not a stream of any kind flows out of it. It neither rises or falls, apparently, and what it does with its surplus water is a dark and bloody mystery. All the rivers of Nevada sink into the earth mysteously after they have run 100 miles or so—none of them flow to the sea after the fashion of rivers in all other lands.

There are only two seasons in the region round about Mono Lake, and these are the breaking up of one winter and the beginning of another. More than once have I seen a perfectly blistering morning open up with the thermometer at ninety degrees at eight o'clock, and seen the snow fall fourteen inches deep and the same identical thermometer go down to forty-four degrees under shelter before nine o'clock at night. Under favorable circumstances it snows at least once in every single month in the year, in the little town of Mono. So uncertain is the climate in summer that a lady who goes out visiting can not hope to be prepared for all emergencies unless she takes her fan under one arm and her snow shoes under the other. When they have a Fourth of July procession it generally snows on them, and they do say that, as a general thing, when a man calls for a brandy toddy there, the bar-keeper chops it off with a hatchet and wraps it up in a paper like maple sugar. And it is further reported that the old soakers haven't any teeth—wore them out eating gin cocktails and brandy punches. I don't endorse that statement—I simply give it for what it is worth—and it is worth—well I should say millions to a man who can believe it without straining himself. But I do endorse the snow on the Fourth of July—because I know it to be true.

SINGING. — Old Thomas Fuller quaintly says: "Lord, my voice, by nature, is harsh and untunable, and it is vain to lavish any art to better it.—Can my singing of Psalms be pleasing to Thy ears, which is unpleasant to my own? Yet, though I cannot chant with the nightingale, or chirp with the blackbird, I had rather chatter with the swallow; yea, rather croak with the raven, than be altogether silent. Hadst Thou given me a better voice, I would have praised Thee with a better voice; now, what my music wants in sweetness, let it have in sense—singing praise with my understanding. Yea, Lord, create in me a new heart, therein to make melody, and I will be contented with my old voice, until in Thy due time, being admitted into the choir of heaven, I have another more harmonious bestowed on me."

THE most remarkuble railroad in Germany and Europe is the new Black Forest road, which will be completed within four year. Between Hornberg and St. George, situated 2,870 feet above the level of the sea, and but 4 miles distant from Hornberg the railroad ascends nearly 2000 feet, and passes through 27,000 feet of tunnels; 11,000 feet of the latter have been completed during the last two years. The truly Cyclopean work on the road is progressing rapidly, and attracting thousands of visitors, who flock together from all parts of Southern Germany and Switzerland.

WE learn from our exchanges that Lucy Stone said a good thing in the Woman's Convention at Chicago, to wit: "Some mean cowards say if women vote they should fight. Now, she would ask. who perils her life when the soldier is born? The mother is his quartermaster until he is capable of finding his own rations."

This is all well enough, but we would like to know who perils his life, to say nothing of tranquility of mind, when the marriage ceremony is performed. "Let us have peace."

A SPECIMEN of the wonderful plant, "the flower of the Holy Ghost," has been successfully raised in Norwich, Ct. The flower is a creamy white cup, nearly as large as half an egg, and extremely beautiful, and its wonder as a natural floral growth is the fact that in this flower is a little pure white dove, with pink bill and eyes, and its head turned as if looking over its back. Its wings, feet, bill, &c., are as absolutely perfect as those of the living dove, whose counterpart this wonderful mimic vegetable bird is.—*Exchange.*

A FEW days ago a prominent merchant of Paris stood at the open grave of his son, and when the coffin had been interred spoke the following funeral sermon, the severe tone of which made it unique in its kind: "Gentlemen, the man at whose grave we are standing was my son. He was a young man in the bloom of youth, well developed, and might have lived a hundred years. But dissipation, drunkenness and low debauchery has brought him hither before his time.—Gentlemen, let this be an example for you and your children! Let us go!"

A MISSISSIPPI paper says they have tried negro jurymen, and by the watch every nigger went to sleep within exactly four minutes after getting into the box.

TOO GOOD TO BE LOST.—The following excellent piece of witticism we find in a Boston paper; Shortly after the recent great rain storms and freshet in the New England States, a resident of Boston, who owned a mill property in Maine, dispatch an agent to ascertain the condition of his property, and report upon the damage.—It turned out to be all *dam-age*. By due course of mail, the owner received the following report:

"Dear Sir: I arrived here this morning—found the *dam* by the mill *site*, but no mill by a dam site."

JOSH BILLINGS says: "When spiders are seen climbing up the wall backward, and frogs cough az if they had the hickups, look out for rain.—This is also a sure sign that children will have the measles light." He is also of opinion that "when hens lay two eggs a day, and men cease to bragg and wimmin cease to cackle, then Injun summer draws ni, and the Millennium aint fur oph." Furthermore, he says: "Love iz sed to be blind, but i kno lots of phellows in love who can see twice as mutch in their sweethearts as I kan."

AN accommodating young Jerseyman, whose sympathies were aroused by the moving tale of a young lady in deep mourning, volunteered to hold her baby for her during their brief journey to Philadelphia. Arrived at that point, the Jerseyman found himself minus watch and money, and the possessor of a huge India rubber doll. It would be hard to say which was the biggest baby, or the softest, the Jerseyman or the rubber doll.

A LAWYER who was pleading the case of an infant plaintiff, stopped in the midst of a brilliant peroration, and, taking the child in his arms, presented it to the jury suffused in tears. The opposing counsel, observing the effect on the twelve in the box, asked the child with a great show of sympathy what made it cry. "He pinched me," blubbered the innocent.

CONUNDRUMS.—As Colfax had Nellie Wade, why did'nt he have her uncle weighed also? Because he's Ben Wade.

When does a hen like beer? When she has a little brood.

Why is a horse like a reporter?—Because he is fond of takin' oats.

What do we often drop, and never stop to pick up? A hint.

"Grandpa, did you know that the United States has been in the habit of encouraging and acknowledging tories?" "What kind of tories?" "Territories! Now give me some peanuts or I'll catch the measles, and make you pay for them."

IN one of Mrs. Stowe's stories she alludes to the fact that conscience smote her in the pit of the stomach.—Whereupon a Georgia editor wants to know what kind of a woman this is, who mistakes cholera morbus for conscience?

A COTEMPORARY of ours has a novel way of making the winter pass off quickly. He gives a bank note in the fall for ninety days, and he says spring comes as soon as he wants to see it.

A CAICAGO physician, much devoted to real estate speculations and rather absent-minded, replied to the question of a lady how his prescription was to be taken: "One-quarter down, balance in one, two and three years."

A GENTLEMAN once asked: "What is woman?" when a married man replied: "She is an essay on grace, in one volume, elegantly bound. Although it may be dear, every man should have a copy of it."

A LAWYER once asked a Dutchman, concerning a pig. in court:

"What ear-marks had he?"

"Vell, ven I first became acquaintmit de hock, he had no ear marks except a very short tail."

A WOMAN recently appeared before a tribunal to complain of the ill-usage she received of her husband.

"What pretext had he for beating you?" inquired the judge.

"Plase, sir, he didn't have no pretext at all; it was a stick."

LADY Montague, the famous wit, on being asked whether she would not have preferred to belong to the opposite sex, replied sternly in the negative, because in that case she might have been obliged to marry a woman.

A DENTIST on the Mississippi recently saved four persons from drowning, mended a broken leg for one of the parties, cured a man of cholera, and threshed a man in one day. He is a trump.

"I NEVER shot a bird in my life," said a friend to an Irishman, who replied: "I never shot anything in the shape of a bird, but a squirrel, which I killed with a stone, and it fell into the river and was drowned."

A WESTWARD bound passenger was lately surprised by the following announcement of the conductor; Chicago—fifteen minutes for divorces."

SOME western paper thinks that Congress can have a dead sure thing on election of a Radical President hereafter, by passing a law that the States of Vermont and Iowa shall do all the voting.

IF a young man likes a girl, he may give her a present. If he loves her, he should offer her a future.

JOHN and Jane were not married after all, for though John wooed, Jane *wooed* not.

IF a young lady bids you take heart, does she mean that you can take hers?