Portage County

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THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS.

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THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS.

PUBLISHED EACH THURSDAY

S. D. HARRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Business Cards.

F. E. HUTCHINS. W. B. THOMAS.
HUTCHINS & THOMAS,
Attorneys at Law, Ravenna, Ohio. Office in Empire Building. Mr. Hutchins will attend at all terms of the Common Pleas and District Courts in Portage County. 41-1y.

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

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

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.

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.

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

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
Ravenna, Ohio. S. STOUGH, Proprietor.—Good stabling attached. 91-1y.

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. Sept 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.

H. C. RANNEY. E. P. HATFIELD
RANNEY & HATFIELD,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law. Office over First National Bank, Ravenna, Ohio. 169—tf.

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

L. V. BIERCE. J. F. BUNN.
BIERCE & BUNN,
Attorneys at Law, will attend to legal business in Portage County. German spoken.—Office, corner of Market and High streets, Akron, Ohio, April 29, 1871, 138-1y.

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. 36-tf.

ETNA HOUSE,
E. MUSSER, Proprietor, west side Public Square, Ravenna, Ohio. 89-tf.

CHARLES BROOK,
BREWER
Of Stock and Cream Ale. Brewery on Sycamore st., three doors north of the Catholic Church. Also, Builder of Wrought Iron Fence and Gates. Ravenna, O. July 28, 1870, 100-1y.

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 1869 1y.

RAVENNA WATER CURE,
G. W. STRONG, M. D.,
(Late of Water Cure of Cleveland,)
PROPRIETOR.
Location Beautiful—Terms moderate. Send for circular giving full details. April 6, 1871, 139-1y.

JOHN McCLUN,
General Insurance Agent, represents the following reliable companies:
AMERICAN, Chicago, Ill.; GREAT WESTERN, Chicago, Ill.; YONKERS AND NEW YORK, New York; LYCOMING, Muncy, Pa.; NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE, Milwaukee, Wis.; COMMONWEALTH LIFE INS. Co., New York. Office with F. W. Coffin, in Phenix Block, over Second National Bank, Ravenna, Ohio. Feb. 9, 1871, 128-tf.

LUMBER.
C. Sutherland & Co. DEALERS IN Michigan Lumber, Lath and Shingles,
YARD near the C. & P. R. R.
Ravenna, Aug. 31, 1869, 33-tf.

Ravenna summit Mill.

NEW ARRANGEMENTS

WM. E. BRADLEY having disposed of a half interest in the Ravenna Summit Mill to Henry O. Barber, who has been connected with the establishment for the last ten years, would say to the people of Portage county, that that the business will be continued at the old stand under the firm name of

BRADLEY & BARBER.

The Mill has been put in complete order, and we are prepared to do as good work, and on as short notice as any other mill in Northern Ohio.

FLOUR AND MILL FEED

kept constantly on hand.

THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE

paid for all

KINDS OF GRAIN.

Bradley & Barber.

Ravenna, June 9, 1871, 146-1y.

COAL.

The undersigned successor of F. E. UDELL, keeps constantly on hand at his Yards, and has the exclusive sale at Ravenna, of the following well-known Coals:

WILLOW BANK (Massillon.)
SILVER CREEK, (Wadsworth.)
NORTON,
TALLMADGE,
MINERAL POINT.
BLOSSBURG (Smithing.)

I also keep a superior quality of

Anthracite Coal,

and all sizes, which I can furnish by car load less than can it be procured from Elmira.

All of above furnished by car load at

REDUCED RATES.

All orders left at the Warehouse, or at my Meat Market, will receive prompt attention.

C. D. HUDSON.

Ravenna, Ohio, April 1, 1871, 136-tf.

ATTACHMENT:

Samuel Beardsley, Plaintiff, vs. T. M. Wilhelm, Defendant. } Before Elihu Fish J. P., of Edinburg Tp. Portage Co. O.

On the 27th day of January, A. D. 1872, said Justice issued an order of attachment in the above action for the sum of $18 53.

SAMUEL BEARDSLEY.

Edinburg, Jan. 31, 1872. 140-3w

CLEVELAND & PITTSBURG RAILROAD

On and after Nov. 12th, 1871, Trains will leave Stations daily, (Sundays excepted,) as follows:

GOING SOUTH—MAIN LINE.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.	ACCOM.
Cleveland	8.40 A. M.	12.15 P. M.	3.35 P. M
Hudson	10.00 "	1.24 "	5.05 "
Ravenna	10.30 "	1.55 "	5.32 "
Alliance	11.30 "	2.54 "	6.15 "
Bayard	12.02 P. M.	3.02	
Wellsville	1.55 "	4.40	
Pittsburgh	4.00 "	6.40	

GOING NORTH—MAIN LINE.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.	ACCOM.
Pittsburgh	6.30 A. M.	2.10 P. M.	
Wellsville	9.00 "	4.09 "	
Bayard	10.35 "	5.34 "	
Alliance	11.35 "	6.30 "	7.25 A. M.
Ravenna	12.20 P. M.	7.04 "	8.15 "
Hudson	12.53 "	7.34 "	8.55 "
Cleveland	2.10 "	8.45 "	10.10 "

GOING EAST—RIVER DIVISION

STATIONS.	ACCOM.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.	ACCOM.
Bellair	5.45 A. M.		2.00 P. M.	A. M
Bridgeport	5.55 "		2.10 "	"
Steuben'v'e	7.00 "		3.15 P. M.	"
Wellsville	8.15 "	1.55 "	4.40 "	"
Rochester	9.20 "	2.58 "	5.35 "	"
Pittsburgh	10.40 "	4.00 "	6.40 "	"

GOING WEST—RIVER DIVISION.

STATIONS.	ACCOM.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.	ACCOM.
Pittsburgh	6.30 A. M.	2.10 P. M.	4.35 P. M.	
Rochester	7.40 "	3.10 "	4.35 "	
Wellsville	8.55 "	4.40 "	7.00 "	
Steuben'v'e	P. M. 9.55 "	5.40 "	"	
Bridgeport	" 10.57 "	6.38 "	"	
Bellair	" 11.10 "	6.50 "	"	

TUSCARAWAS BRANCH.

Leaves
New Philadelphia, 6.40 a. m.
Bayard, 12.10 p. m.
Arrives.
Bayard, 9.45a. m.
New Philadelphia, 3.00 p. m.

F. R. MYERS,
General Passenger and 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. 13th:

GOING WEST.

	Ex. 1. a. m.	Ex. 3. p. m.	Mail 5. p. m.	Ac. 7. p. m.	Ft. 37 p. m.
Calhoun	—	5.32	2.22	10.05	3.50
Freedom	—	5.50	3.38	10.20	4.22
Ravenna	6.02	6.05	3.55	11.00	6.05
Kent	6.17	6.20	4.10	11.30	6.25

GOING EAST.

	Mail 6. a. m.	Ex 8. p. m.	Ex 12. p. m.	Ac. 14. a. m.	Ft. 38 a. m
Calhoun	8.22	5.25	—	4.48	9.20
Freedom	8.30	5.30	—	4.22	8.55
Ravenna	9.05	5.05	8.25	3.55	8.25
Kent	7.45	4.50	8.10	3.15	7.00

J. GOUCHER,
HOMŒOPATHY,
TO ALL WHO ARE SUFFERING FROM ACUTE OR CHRONIC DISEASES.

J. GOUCHER, M. D.

offers his professional services.

The Doctor studied the Old School system with Prof. Valentine Mott, M. D., of New York city, and graduated in the Medical University of New York, No. 659 Broadway, and also graduated in the Eye and Ear Infirmary of that city. He has also been a Hospital Student of Prof. N. R. Smith, of Baltimore.

The Doctor practiced the Old School system for twenty years. He then studied Homœopathy and graduated in that school, which he practices exclusively. The Doctor has had considerable Hospital experience, and thirty-five years practice in the profession of Medicine.

He is located at Ravenna, Portage county, O., on the Cleveland & Pittsburgh R. R., eighteen miles north of Alliance; it is at this point where the Great Western crosses the Cleveland road.

The Doctor has his office at his residence, corner of Sycamore and Cedar streets.

OFFICE HOURS—From 8 a. m., to 3 p. m.

J. GOUCHER, M. D.

Ravenna, Jan. 22, 1871. 138-y.

CLOTHING!

A Mammoth Stock!

No. 2, ETNA BLOCK, (North Front.)

MUSSER & PARKER

Have received their new stack of

Fall and Winter Clothing,

Which is unsurpassed by any other establishment in this county, and which they offer to the public at greater inducements than at any time since the war.

Everybody in want of anything in the Clothing line, such as

Ready-Made Clothing,

Hats, Caps, Gent's Furnishing Goods, or

TRUNKS AND VALISES,

will find it to their advantage to call and examine our stock and prices before making their purchases, as we can assure them that No. 2, Etna Block, is the place to get first class goods

AT GREAT BARGAINS.

CUSTOM WORK

Our stock of

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES AND VESTINGS

is complete and of the first quality, and we employ an

EXPERIENCED CUTTER

and first class workmen to make up garments, and customers can rely upon having their work done in the latest style and most substantial and workmanlike manner.

Particular attention paid to cutting garments to be made up out of the establishment.

Remember the place for GOOD BARGAINS is at No. 2, Etna Block, North front.

MUSSER & PARKER.

Ravenna, Oct. 20, 1871.

Alliance Carriage Works.

HAVING purchased the shops formerly occupied by Walser & Lee, as a Carriage Factory, corner of Market and Liberty streets, Alliance, Ohio, I am prepared to do any and all work in the Carriage Line, with neatness and despatch. I have a fine stock of

FINISHED WORK ON HAND,

which I will sell at the lowest possible figures, and will guarantee it equal to any work done in Ohio, in

Style,
Finish
and Durability.

Thankful for the very liberal patronage received during the past five years, I hope by just and honest dealing, to merit a continuance of the same.

Repairing, Painting and Trimming,

done to order, and as good as the best. All work warranted as represented.

Call and see for yourselves.

J. D. CARRINGTON,
of the late firm of Caris & Carrington.

Alliance, O., Aug. 18, 1871, 155-5m.

GARRETTSVILLE HOUSE.

Isaac Parker & Son, Prop'rs.

THE Proprietors having leased the above house, respectfully informs their friends and the public generally, that he has rejuvenated the Garrettsville House, and is prepared to supply the table with the best the market affords, at low prices. Persons visiting Garrettsville even for a day, will find this House a home.—Omnibusses leave this house for all day and night trains. 157-tf.

Ravenna Union School.

THE Fall Term of the Ravenna Union School will commence September 11, and continue 14 weeks.

The Second Term will commence January 2, 1872, and continue 12 weeks.

The Third Term will commence April 9, 1872, and continue 11 weeks.

The school will be under the Superintendence of S. G. Barnard, and each department will be provided with able and zealous instructors. No school in this vicinity furnishes greater facilities than this for attaining a thorough knowledge of all branches usually taught in our best schools and seminaries.

Foreign pupils are received at the following rates of tuition: For term of 12 weeks in the High School, $8; in the Grammar School, $4; in the other Schools $3. Tuition bills must in all cases be paid in advance.

Any desired information in relation to the School may be obtained of S. G. BARNARD, Superintendent, or the undersigned.

C. B. STOWE,
Pres't Board of Education.

N. B. Teachers Meeting at High School room Thursday and Friday, September 7th and 8th 1871, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Ravenna, Aug. 28, 1871.

BUSY LITTLE FINGERS.

BY ROSE GERANIUM.

Into mamma's basket ranging all her pieces—
Mending up the frames, smoothing out their creases;
With the nicest clothes brush sweeping up the ashes—
Finding out my flower seeds—tro'ing way the trashes.

Climbing on the table, fixing all my papers—
Keeping off the scolding with such funny capers;
Falling on the carpet, getting sadly bruised—
Was a darling baby ever so abused?

"Kisses," will they cure it? One, two, three, four, there!
Tasteful little fingers busy with my hair.
Canning little sundown—MAUBLE bird must wear it.

Full three minutes about. "What has she been doing?"
Washing hat and ribbons, starching them, and blueing!
Oh, the naughty darling! "Tired babe?" ain't her?
Mamma'd be an artist long enough to paint her.

Dainty head is drooping—"rock and sing 'bye baby!"
One day's mischief ended—she is dreaming—maybe.

THE CHEMISTS STORY.

I am a chemist. Many, doubtless, would find it difficult to find what the duties of a chemist are if asked. To such, I say a chemist is a collector of facts. It is the business of his life to aid in unmasking, for the world's benefit, the good and evil hovering in the air we breathe, mingling with the food we eat, burrowing in the earth we tread, and swimming in what we drink.

Then, again, the law waits on the chemists. A human being has passed suddenly away. Somebody thinks there has been foul play. The chemist examines the body of the supposed victim. The law listens, bat in hand, to science. The suspected party trembles in anticipation. The oracular lips of the chemist move; he names one out of a fearful list of poisons. It is either strichnine, prussic acid, or that deadly oil of bitter almonds. The law then puts on its hat, takes the decision into court, and hangs the prisoner.

In short, the chemist must know the whys and wherefores of everything in the phenomena of life, as far as feeble man can know. The composition of the ocean he must be familiar with; he must be able to name the gases of the air, and capable of resolving the human body itself into invisible vapors. I am the occupant of this responsible and important position in the medical college of P——.

It was about 11 o'clock on a stormy evening that I bade good night to my student, Tom Richards, at the door of my laboratory, at the south end of the college buildings.

"Good night, Professor," said Tom; "we are going to have a fall of hydrogen, oxygen, and a trace of saline."

Hydrogen and oxygen—in our nomenclature H. O.—is water.

"I hope," I said, in answer to Tom's playful words, "that it will not rain before I get home."

"Oh, no; it won't for an hour yet," said Tom.

"Then," I said, with a sigh, noticing that the mercury in my barometer was falling, a sign of a violent storm, "I shall certainly get wet."

Tom was very anxious to know what would keep me up after 12 o'clock so I told him I was about to commence analyzing the stomach of a Mrs. Johnson, whose husband now lay in P—— jail, just across the road from the college, on suspicion that he was the murderer. Tom said I had worked hard enough that day and deserved the night to myself. He spoke the truth; still, I had delayed examining the woman's stomach so long, that the trial was so near at hand, that I could not in conscience, put off the examination farther, although I had heard several classes recite in the different public schools in the morning; had delivered a lecture in the college proper that afternoon, another in the laboratory that evening, besides attending to my several duties as police surgeon during the day.

As Tom was passing out of the college yard, through the gate, his head turned, bidding me good night, he brushed against a man standing with his back to the college and his face to the prison. The street-lamp showed me that the man was dressed in the police uniform.

Re-entering my labratory, I took down a glass jar foom the shelf and sat down beside the sink to examine it. The jar, which contained the stomach of Mrs. Johnson, was covered by a cloth, duly tied with string, and properly sealed with my my official seal in red wax. Breaking through the cloth, I lifted the stomach out with a dissecting hook and laid it on a white platter before me; then became busily engaged in applying those tests to its contents by which we detect the presence of injurious substances.

An hour had passed since the departure of young Richards. I had carefully emptied the contents of the stomach into a number of bowls and basins. I had labored hard to detect traces of poison in all this, but had been unsuccessful. Joe Johnson, the suspected man, had been a student of mine a few years before, only a little wild, and I really began to hope that he might prove innocent; when among the macerated food, I came upon a small, infinitesmial white grain. By careful manipulation and the use of my magnifying glass I managed to get it upon a piece of smoked glass and examined it.

I was then certain I had discovered arsenic, but to make assurance doubly sure I determined to apply a well-known test for that poison. Accordingly I placed in the woman's stomach the usual acids, and then turned on the blowpipe flame, and presently there appeared the brilliant mark, worthy of Cain's brow, which is the sign of the poison fiend.

"Yes," I exclaimed, as I saw the fatal blazon, Joe Johnson is the murderer of his wife! With the evidence of that mark to back me no power can save him from the rope.

"Do you really think so?" said a calm voice behind me.

I turned quickly, and discovered a tall, lank policeman, having red, weak and watery eyes, standing at my office door and staring in. His body looked as if it had been rolled out long between his hands, like a molasses candy stick. His nose was merely an elongated fleshy pug, and his forehead was decorated with two red streaks instead of eyebrows. He had no expression at all in his face, and his policeman's hat was so large that it threatened to settle down on his shoulders.

His unifor reassured me, and I addressed him with some impatience.

"My friend, I suppose I am wanted to attend an inquest, or what is your purpose?"

"No, doctor, the man ain't dead yet."

"Anything in the surgical way?"

I was police surgeon as well as coroner.

"No."

"Well, then, why am I sent for at this time of night?"

"Don't bother, perfessor; the man aint dead yet, but they say he will be before morning."

"Are doctors attending him?"

"Oh, he's in good hands, perfectly."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Well," said the official, "some folks say he's got so much knowledge into him that he can't live under it."

"Cerebral disorder, eh?"

"What?" asked the man.

"Brain disorder, I mean; something wrong here."

I touched my forehead, and so did he, as he said:

"Aye; and I thought I'd drop in and tell you, if you was going to the station to-morrow, to look and see if its post mortem or not. Besides, I wanted to see where I could always find you in case of need."

I bowed, and attributed his visit to a feeling of curiosity. He sat on the sink, one rubbered foot thrown over the other, and wiped his nose on a dirty handkerchief several times, while his eye wandered about like Christopher Columbus after discoveries. Finally he spoke like someone who felt himself called upon to say something.

"Perfesser, there has been an accident this afternoon; terrible too."

"Ah," said I.

"Awful!" said he.

"What was it?"

"Nitro-glycerine explosion up in the iron-mills—a hundred fellow-mortals busted!"

"Sad!"

"Affecting, very." Here he rubbed his mouth with the back of his hand. "Perfesser, what is that nitro-glycerine?"

"It is a very dangerous article," I answered, happy to display my knowledge. It has nearly twice the destructiveness of gunpowder, but, unlike it, does not explode on the application of heat. A red-hot coal dropped into it will not explode it. It will freeze. It is yellow and greasy. Its symbols in our nomenclature are C, 3 115 (No.3)3. O6."

"You don't mean to say so!" said the officer, interrupting me, in disagreeable tones, in the very middle of a choice extract from one of my lectures. "Why, but you haven't told me how it does go off. If fire wou't burst it, what in—(hem)—will?"

I told him that if it were pressed or anything fell on it it would explode.

"Place it under the crusher of a cider mill, strike it with a hammer, let a weight fall on it from a height——"

"Yes," said my man, "and that rouses its volcaner, does it? How does it come, perfessor?"

"In little cans—why like these!" said I, discovering that there was a little can of it on the marble sink, which I had carelessly neglected to replace in the cellar. I then took a little out spread it on an anvil, and struck it with a hammer.

A slight explosion and a flame burst from the paper.

"Now, really," said the policeman, starting back. "I suppose, perfesser, that ere can would make a mighty big noise if allowed to explode in here all at once?"

"It would blow the entire building to atoms," said I resuming the analysis of Mrs. Johnson's stomach.

"No!" I heard the policeman, remark in deliberate Yankee tones, "you don't say so!"

In a moment I lay on my back, a gag in my mouth, terribly frightened and sick at heart. Over me stood the policeman, and the first thing that iunctionary did was—looking me straight in the face—to take off his nose. He then rid himself of his red eyebrows, hair and cap, and became a determined looking fellow, with the eyes of a fiend and nose of a Roman.

"So you think," said the metamorphosed, in the tones of a gentleman, "that nothing can save Joe Johnson from the rope? Poor fellow! it does look like it. But, my dear perfesser, Joe Johnson is fortunate enough to have in me, a devoted friend as well as brother. I have undertaken to save him, and he shall be saved. In order to accomplish this end, it will be necessary to remove from the face of the earth, not only the stomach of his miserable wife yonder, but also, my dear perfesser,—I'm sorry to be obliged to say it, for I believe, you were my brother's teacher and friend—yourself as well."

I saw that he was in deadly earnest.

"Your death must apparently result from accident—at least, so it must seem to the authorities. My brother is in jail and they will not suspect me."

What terrible deed was in his brain hatching—was he going to murder me? The hard-earned knowledge of a score of years I would have given for power to utter one single cry.

He took me in his arms and placed me in a chair, and bound me to it, and then, from a side pocket he produced another rope.

Was it myself who was to hang instead of Joe Johnson?

No; yes. He placed the line, pulley like over an arm of a hanging chandelier. This was altogether too slight a support even for one of my slender frame. It was not to be hanging then.

To one end of the rope he attached a weight, and raised it by pulling the other, six or eight feet from the floor. The loose end he secured to the sink. Was he mad? Did he intend to draw me under this weight and send me out of the world in a novel way by letting it fall and dash my brains out?

To the sink end he attached a long yellow string.

Under this weight, on the floor, he placed the can of nitro-glycerine. I recognized the yellow string; it was a fuse, and it would burn sixty minutes. It would burn across the marble slab—there was no hope of its igniting any substance that would warn my friends.

"Do you begin to see through it?" asked Joe Johnson's brother.

I believe I cursed him with my eyes, I could only breathe through my nostrils, and great veins were swelling and growing hot in my forehead.

Drawing a match from his pocket he lighted and applied it to the fuse; that little tyrant that gave a man an hour to live, and kill him at the end of it—that little irresponsible terror that, less than merciful Providence, told a man the second he was to die, if fright and horror spared him to itself.

Slowly the flame crept, snake-like, around the twine.

"In one hour," said the prisoner's brother, "you will be in heaven or hell. I will watch with you for half an hour, and the other half you will spend alone."

He sat down some minutes in a chair watching the flame. Then he arose and took a piece of porcelain, with the murderer's mark thereon, from the table, and shook his head gloomily.

"I am a chemist enough to know it is arsenic," he said. "Yes, those bright, metalic eyes, a betrayal of the guilty! Science, thou wouldst kill my brother—thou shalt save him. Let us see in whose hands thou art most powerful. Here is a man who, by thy aid, bids the poison sprite uprise and write in brilliant characters a foul confession on this piece of porcelain.—But behold, O science! It is no sooner written than by the word the whole confession and thy chosen servant are annihilated. Let the good professor use his chemicals; the bad brother only asks a little can of nitro-glycerine."

I heard this speech, indeed; but, great Heavens! it was my eyes and not my ears that were busiest then; for, beneath the table, covered by a crimson cloth, and which I faced, appeared the face of a child. The hair was rumpled, and the blue eyes were just opening from sleep. The intelligent forehead was wrinkled strangely It was my boy Billy. I was afraid he would cry "papa." If he did, the implacable man would add the murder of the child to the murder of the father.

But my boy did none of this. He had, I suppose, crept under the table unknown to me, and had fallen to sleep there. I tried to tell the little fellow to hide again and wait for the final half hour when my tormentor would be gone. Whether he understood me or not, aided by what he heard, I did not know, but he quickly withdrew his head, first kissing his hand lightly to me, and then shaking his fist at the schemer watching so belligerently his dumb fire agents.

The half hour wore slowly away. Oh, Heavens! what agony did I suffer! Not for myself, but for my child. A slight noise might discover his presence; the match might run its tether sooner than was expected; he might be murdered or blown to atoms.

The fuse burned on—on. The half hour is up. The brother of the murderer arises to go. Joy!

"Commit your soul to God's keeping," he said. "You hold the evidence of my brother's guilt—nothing can save you now."

With that he turned to take his hat from off the table covered with the crimson cloth, beneath which hid my priceless boy. Something attracted his attention! He held out his hands and leaned forward. I thought he had discovered my boy! No, he was lifting something in either hand—the wires of the electric battery. In another instant my boy had leaped from under the table and was turning the crank fast and furiously.

The murderers brother was in the power of my boy. He could not drop the wires; he was helpless. How my boy cried for help. The old college rung with his voice. The prisoner's brother added his voice to my boy's in his agony. He begged, he beseached—all his nerves were racked—great waves of galvanism leaped, surged, trembled and jarred over every sensitive nerve and fibre. Still, my boy was inflexible, and shouted and turned faster. Unperceived upon the marble, in track of the burning fuse, was a pool of inflammable oil. In an instant a great length burned away. It would last just five minutes and no longer!

"Father!" shouted my boy. "If no assistance comes, this villain must die with us. I dare not let him free. Help! help!"

Alas! I could not answer him.

Thank God! But some one else did. The fuse is burnt up. The rope is on fire—the nitro-glycerine! The door opens; Tom Richards, on a midnight visit to the sick, had heard the cry; he he comprehends all; he seizes the can of nitro-glycerine in his hand; the weight descends indeed, but not on the death-dealing oil. No, down it goes through the office floor—down, down, like an evil spirit, to give back a dull metalic echo from the stones of the cellar beneath.

We are saved!

Joe Johnson, the prisoner, was hanged; but his brother remains unpunished by the law, for he stabbed himself with a knife, and thus escaped the hangman's rope.

Good on Butler.

A rather amusing story is in circulation at the expense of Beast Butler. At the President's levee the other night, which was densely crowded, an old lady from the interior somewhere, in a fainting condition, requested her husband to get her an ice.

"Can't be did," responded "hub" in irritation; "there ain't no refreshments here."

"Don't believe it. Didn't we get plenty at Belknap's the other night?" the good woman said angrily; "now, go and get me an ice and some lemonade."

"I tell you now don't be a fool; there ain't no refreshments, everybody says so," grunted the lord and master.

"You are quite mistaken, sir," said the Hon. S. S. Cox, who happened to be near, and who never loses an opportunity to put in a joke. "The President always provides substantially. There is his butler, whose business it is to show ladies to the supper room," and the Hon. little jester pointed to General Butler. "You'll find him a little stuck up and cross, but you mustn't mind that; tell him to get you some terrapins."

This was said so gravely that the two struggled through the crowd to where General Butler stood talking with some ladies.

"I say, mister, I am told you are the butler," said the man.

"I am General Butler," replied Old Strabism pleasantly, thinking the two some country people filled with admiration of his greatness.

I don't care whether you are a general butler or not, but my wife wants some terrapins and lemonade."

"Sir?" snorted old B. in amazement and disgust.

"Oh! don't take on airs, old cock. Come now, hurry up them terrapins."

"You must be drunk, sir; you must be drunk!"

"No he ain't," screamed the wife.—"He's a Knight Templar and he ain't drunk, but I guess you are."

Roars of laughter greeted this, in which S. S. Cox was forced to join. General Butler reddened in the face and began puffing his cheeks out in the most violent manner.

"I don't understand this extraordinary conduct. What do you want, sir—what do you want?"

"Terripins, I tell you."

"What do you take me for, you cussed fool," roared Benjamin.

"You call me a cussed fool and I'll hit you on the snout," screamed the man.

At this juncture an officer of the police seized the beligerent husband and led him away amid much laughter. Butler, turning suddenly saw the mischief-maker.

"I say, Cox, did you do that?"

"Well, yes, I'm afraid I did."

"Well, I owe the terrapins, and I'll pay you, mind that—I'll pay you."

And the two walked lovingly away.

"I am rich enough," says Pope to Swift, "and can afford to give away a hundred pounds a year. I would not crawl upon the earth without doing a little good. I will enjoy the pleasure of what I give by giving it alive, and seeing another enjoy it. When I die I should be ashamed to leave enough for a monument, if there was a wanting friend above ground.

The Book Agent's Fate.

They found two nail kegs full of minced woman down at the depot the other day. They thought it was chopped meat for mince pie at first, but when they found some hair pins and a garter raixed up in it, the truth sort of dawned on them. And when they fished out a tongue that wouldn't keep still, you understand, they caught the idea with great facility.

I can tell you about the thing, because, you see, I did the mincing up of the lady myself. I got her into a mincing sort of way that she'll never, never get out of as long as she lives. You can bet the maximum of height with the minimum of safety on that point. This is the way the thing happened.

I was picking my teeth on the Fifth Avenue Hotel steps, after eating a twenty cent dinner over in Third avenue, as is my custom of an afternoon. There came by a rakish craft. She scudded along under a closely reefed bustle and tolerably bare poles. The wind was a nor' wester, and it struck her aft, making fearful havoc with her canvas. She wore the new style of metal garters, with gilt clasps. I will take my oath you observe on that.—She signalled me with her off eye, and I bore down upon her. I had thrown overboard about seven words, when she interrupted me by yanking a big book out of her bustle, or somewhere. "Here is something," she warbled, "which I'd like to show you. It is called the history of Christianity in the Feejee Islands, by the Rev. Peter Porridge. It is illustrated by ten thousand pictures just engraved by the old masters, and bound with calf-skin. It is the greatest work ever written. You can't afford to be without it. Children cry for it. The price is only seventeen dollars. I will put your name down, and"—

"False woman!" I shrieked, "away! You have deceived a poor, weak, trusting man. You are a book agent, woman! although unmarried, I will defend myself to the death."

But the creature, you comprehend, was like the itch, or a bad conscience, or a washerwoman's bill—not to be so easily got rid of. She dogged my footsteps like a divorce detective. She hovered over me like an avenging spirit. She laid for me when I went to my meals, interviewed me at my office, and bored me at every point. Life seemed a burden, and I would have hydrate of chloraled myself only I knew that misguided woman would have followed me into eternity, and would have commenced to canvass the land of eternal warmth for her blasted book. I know some good fellows in the summer land, and I wouldn't like, you understand, to precipitate a horrible fate upon them.

I disguised myself as a hackman, as an organ grinder, as a minister—put myself in the most humiliating positions, you observe—but it wasn't any use. Be sure that female wickedness found me out. A last. I meandered down by the sad sea waves, and was happy for a time. Days sped by—at fifteen or twenty dollars each—and I was beginning to forget the book agent.

One evening I wandered on the sanded beach in the mellow moonlight. I suppose that is the correct Long Branch thing to do. I met a lovely creature in white tulle, or cotton, sheeting, or something. I took her for a moon beam first, you comprehend, and my heart bumped with admiration. I flirted with the ethereal heifer, and we sat on a damp rock very close to gether. My arm got around her waist, and we were having a nice, comfortable time. You possibly know how it is yourself.

"Fair stranger," I murmured, "dost love thus to squat on the primeval rock, and commune with nature?"

She said she did.

"Couldst thou leave the allurements of art, and live always amidst the flowers and the trees of the moonbeams."

She said she could.

"Why so silent?" I asked, softly pressing her hand. "Does aught disturb the harmony of thy soul—is anything but admiration for this scene in thy heart?"

She said there was.

"Here is something," she broke out pulling out a ten-pound volume from somewhere, "that I'd like to show you. It is called the History of Christianity in the——"

I recognized her. She was that infernal book agent. I drew my trusty jack-knife, and smote her thus! Then I elaborately carved her, packed her as described, and now there is an eternal peace within my soul.

TITUS A. BRICK.

Business Law.

It is not legally necessary to say on a note "for value received,"

A note on Sunday is void.

A note obtained by fraud, or from a person in a state of intoxication, cannot be collected,

If a note be lost or stolen it does not release the maker, he must pay it.

An endorser of a note is exempt from liability if not served with notice of its dishonor within twenty-four hours of its non-payment.

A note by a minor is void.

Notes bear interest only when so stated.

Principals are responsible for the acts of their agents.

Each individual in partnership is responsible for the whole amount of the debts of the firm.

Ignorance of the law excuses no one. The law compels no one to do impossibilities.

An agreement without consideration is void.

Signatures made with a lead pencil are considered good in law.

A receipt for money paid is not legally conclusive.

The acts of one partner bind all the others.

Contracts made on Sunday cannot be enforced.

A contract made with a minor is void.

A contract made with a lunatic is void.

THE PRESIDENTIAL "TO ONCT."—A Washington correspondent puts on record the following story:

When the Committee appointed by the Senate and House to inform the President that Congress was prepared to hear from him were returning, a long silence was broken by a Senator exclaiming in his earnest way:

"Great Heavens! Is it possible that there is nothing on the earth, in the earth, or above the earth, that he could find to speak about, when the Congressional Committee went through the formality of informing him that Congress was waiting for him? He could have said it was a fair day, or a good day; but there he stood, mute as a post."

"No, he didn't," exclaimed Cox; "he said, after the announcement, 'Well, gentlemen, my message is ready; and I will send it to onct."

"Come, come, Cox," said a Republican member, "it wasn't so bad as that 'to onct' is a little too much."

"May I sink through the floor of this back," cried Cox, "if he didn't say 'to onct.'"

SENATOR THURMAN.

HIS REPLY TO MORTON

On the Issues of the Campaign.

Inequalities of Representation in the United States Senate.

In the United States Senate on the 23d ult., Senator Morton, of Indiana, in a debate on the amnesty bill, made another of those wonderful "key-note" speeches for which he is famous, opposing amnesty, that if the Democratic party succeeded to power it would re-enslave the blacks, repudiate the national debt and pay the rebel debt pension the rebel soldiers. It is not from ignorance Morton talks this way. It is downright knavish lying. Senator Thurman took part in the debate in reply to Morton. After discussing the inconsistency of the Senator's opposition Judge Thurman took up the falsehoods of the Indiana Senator as to the purposes of the Democratic party, should it acquire power. We quote some portion of Judge Thurman's speech:

It has become the custom, I am inclined to think, for the Senator from Indiana, at the beginning of each political campaign, to make a speech which the lesser lights of the Republican party and the Republican press generally announce as the key note of each campaign—that function has been devolved upon him or assumed by him until it has passed into a part of the common law of the Radical party. And now at the beginning of this great campaign of 1872, the Senator has sounded his note again, and I only regret that in all the years he has been studying this music he has found no new tune, or even a single new note. It is the same old tune again; it is the same old horrors of the rebellion; it is the same old wickedness of the instigators of the rebellion, it is the same old suffering that that rebellion entailed on the country; and it is the same frightful array of ghosts, found nowhere except in the Senator's imagination, of what is a result to this country of the Democratic party getting into power.

Mr. Blair—Will the Senator permit me to interrupt him? This is not the note the Senator from Indiana sounded in 1865, when he made a speech in favor of Johnson's policy. [Laughter.]

Mr. Thurman—Well, I leave that to be settled between the Senator from Indiana, and the Senator from Missouri. "Paulo majora candamus" I speak of the present note. It is the same old cry of payment of the rebel debt; payment of pensions to rebel soldiers; reinstitution of slavery; refusal to pay our own debt; ref