Rates of Adver tisig

One square, one insertion,	$1 00
Each subsequent insertion,	50
Business and Editorial Notices, per line,	10
One square, one year,	8 00
One column, one year,	85 00
One column, six months,	45 00
One column, three months,	25 00
Half column one year,	45 00
Half column, six months,	25 00
Half column, three months,	15 00
One-quarter column, one year,	25 00

☞ The space occupied by ten lines of this type (Nonpareil) shall constitute a square.

THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS.

VOL. 15, NO. 9. RAVENNA, O., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1882. WHOLE NO. 737.

THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS

PUBLISHED EACH THURSDAY, BY

S. D. HARRIS & SON!

TERMS.

Per year, in advance,	$1 50
If not paid in advance,	2 00
Six months, in advance,	75

Entered at the Post-office at Ravenna, Ohio as Second Class matter.

PORTAGE CO. OFFICIAL REGISTER.

Common Pleas Judge—George F. Arrel, Youngstown; W. T. Spear, Warren, Ohio
Representative to Legislature—E. S. Woodworth, Windham, Ohio.
Probate Judge—Cornelius A. Reed, Ravenna, O.
County Clerk—John Porter, Ravenna.
County Auditor—LeGrand Olin, Ravenna.
County Treasurer—Nathan H. Smith, Ravenna.
Sheriff—William Wilcox, Ravenna.
Recorder—Philo Bierce, Ravenna.
Prosecuting Attorney—Joseph D. Horton, Rav'a.
Commissioners—Paris C. Nichols, Garrettsville; A. B. Merrill, Newton Falls; Edgar Whittlesey, Atwater.
Infirmary Directors—Amzi Wilmot, Mantua, O.; Charles R. Doolittle, Streetsboro, O.; F. W. Coffin, Ravenna, O.
County Surveyor—Jedediah Cole, Garrettsville.
Coroner—Alfred B. Barlow, Rootstown, O.
School Examiners—O. F. Haymaker, Earlville; D. D. Pickett, Ravenna; John McBarg, Ravenna

Mayors of Incorporated Villages.

Garrettsville—James Norton.
Kent—O. S. Rockwell.
Ravenna—E. P. Hatfield.

Justices of the Peace.

Atwater—Sylvester A. Hinman, R. H. Woolf.
Aurora—John L. Thompson, E. P. Cannon.
Brimfield—J. L. Carrier, C. H. Chapman.
Charlestown—Austin P. Curtiss, William Fox,
Deerfield—U. S. Tibbals, J. R. Hoffman.
Edinburgh—Geo. B. Merwin, John R. Giddings.
Franklin—Isaac Russell, Nelson Barber, John Bentley, Sen.
Freedom—Byman Bryant, Henry C. Jennings
Garrettsville—Rollin S. Webb, H. N. Merwin
Hiram—Richard M. Hank, H. A. Dyson.
Mantua—C. D. Ingell, Horace Ladd.
Nelson—L. S. Nicholson, George E. Hedger.
Palmyra—LeRoy Thomas, T. W. Thomas, C. N. Merwin
Paris—Richard Morris, Michael Jones.
Randolph—Zopher A. Davis, N. C. Sears.
Ravenna—S. D. Norton, Stewart W. Reese, Orlon P. Sperra.
Rootstown—A. H. Barlow, J. W. Hall.
Shalersville—Almon L. Tomson, Lafayette Smith
Streetsboro—Wallace Root, C. W. Staars.
Suffield—William Paulus, M. O. Martin
Windham—John B. Harrison, T. O. Angel.

SOCIETIES.

Unity Lodge, No. 12, F. and A. M.
Meets the second and fourth Mondays of each month.

Tyrian Chapter, No. 91, R. A. M.
Meets the third Monday of each month, in Masonic Hall, Phenix Block.
M. R. CARTER, M. E. H. P.

Royal Arcanum.
Meets first and third Fridays of every month, in Hall in Opera Block.
GIDEON SEYMOUR, Regent.
C. H. GRIFFIN, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Ravenna Lodge, No. 65.
Meets every Wednesday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall.

Ravenna Encampment, No. 129,
Meets every 2nd and 4th Fridays of each month.

Equity Lodge—No. 47, A. O. U. W.
Meets second and fourth Fridays of every month at Hall in Opera Block.
J. DILLEMUTH M. W.
H. L. OSBORN, Recorder.

CHURCHES.

UNIVERSALIST—Rev. ANDREW WILLSON Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 12:5 p. m. Pastor's residence on Diamond street, first door north of Main.

CONGREGATIONAL—REV. A. M. HILLS, Pastor. Services on Sunday at 10.30 A. M., and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 12:15 P. M. Prayer Meeting on Thursday Evening at 7.30.

METHODIST—REV. G. F. RANDOLPH, Pastor. Services on Sunday at 10:30 A. M., and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 12:15 P. M. Prayer Meeting on Thursday Evening at 7:30.

DISCIPLE—REV. M. L. STREATOR, Pastor. Services on Sunday at 10:30 A. M., and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 12:15 P. M. Prayer Meeting on Thursday Evening at 7:30.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION—CATHOLIC—REV. JOS. D. BOWLES Pastor. Services at 8 and 10:30 each alternate Sunday. Sunday School at 3:30 P. M. High Mass, Sunday, July 4, and each alternate Sunday thereafter. Mass every week day morning at 7:30.

GRACE CHURCH—EPISCOPAL—Cedar St. REV. J. W. GILMAN, Rector. Services on Sunday at 10:30 A. M., and Sabbath School immediately after service. Evening Service at the usual hour.

OAKWOOD CHAPEL—Oakwood street. Rev. B. A. Bonewell, Pastor. Services Sunday evening at 7:30. Union Sunday School at 3 o'clock p. m. each Sunday.

Business Cards.

MISS L. C. JACKSON,
MILLINERY GOODS of all kinds, Opera Block, Ravenna, O.

A. N. FARR,
NOTARY PUBLIC, Mantua, O. Conveyancing, Collections and Pension Business promptly attended to on the most reasonable terms. 617-tf.

P. B. CONANT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ravenna, O. Office in Phenix Block, over Richardson's Hardware store. 719-tf

J. H. DUSSELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Counsel in English and German. Office over Belding & Armstrong's Drug Store, Main Street, Ravenna, Ohio.

I. H. PHELPS
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Frazer's Building, West Main St., Ravenna, Ohio.

J. D. HORTON.
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Ravenna, Ohio. Office in Phenix Block, over Second National Bank.
May 6, 1869. 55-1y.

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.

I. T. SIDDALL,
Attorney at Law. Office in Phenix Block, Ravenna, Ohio 479

PETER FLATH.
Clothier and Merchant Tailor, Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods. Poe's Building, Main Street, Ravenna, Ohio.
Oct. 15, 1866. 17.

D. L. ROCKWELL. E. P. HATFIELD.
ROCKWELL & HATFIELD,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law. Office in Seymour's building, north side of Main street, Ravenna, Ohio. 169—tf.

J. H. NICHOLS.
Attorney at Law and Notary Public. Office in Phenix Block, over Brainerd & Son's Drug Store.
November 30. 1872. 222-tf.

ROCKWELL & NORRIS,
Attorneys at Law and Notary Public. Deuel Block, Kent, Ohio.
Dec. 10, 1869. 1y.

O. P. SPERRA,
Attorney at Law. Office over C. E. Poe's Store, Seymour's Building, Ravenna, O. 560

C. D. INGELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW and Notary Public. Office in over Mrs. Smith's Millinery Store Mantua Station, Ohio. 542-tf.

E. W. MAXSON,
Attorney and Counselor at Law possesses superior facilities for making collections in all parts of the United States. Office over First National Bank, Garrettsville, Ohio.

J. WAGGONER, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon, Office East end of Phenix Block, Ravenna, Ohio.
March 27th. 1872 197-tf.

C. L. BELDEN,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.—Office in Empire Building; Residence on King Street, first door south of Main.
Ravenna, May 22, 1876. 404-y*

G. M. PROCTOR, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
SHALERSVILLE, OHIO.
Will attend to all calls in the line of his profession, both day and night.
Office, one door East of Shalersville Exchange Hotel. 418-1y

C. H. GRIFFIN,
DENTIST. Office over First National Bank Office hours from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.

F. R. MORATH, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon. Office in Empire Block, where he may be found at all hours of day or night, except when absent on professional business. 719

W. W. WHITE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon. OFFICE, East end of Phenix Block, up stairs, Ravenna, O. Residence, on Pratt Street, west side, first house south of Main. 710-6m*

GEO. E. FAIRCHILD,

—DEALER IN—

FURNITURE!

American and English

Iron Stone China!

Haviland's French China,

Silver Plated Ware,

Table Cutlery,

Lamps,

Gift Specialties,

For Wooden, Tin, China, China Crystal and Silver Weddings.

Large assortment to select from.

Quality of all goods sold by us GUARANTEED to be standard, and equal to any offered in this market.

PRICES LOW and sales rapid.

No. 8 Phenix Block,

RAVENNA, OHIO.

All Necessaries for the Burial of the Dead Furnished on short Notice and on the most Reasonable Terms. Considerate Attention Guaranteed.

March 15th, 1882.

A. T. SMITH

CARPETS,

RUGS,

LINOLEUM,

OIL CLOTHS,

MATTINGS, &C.

CURTAINS,

And all Curtain Fixtures.

We are just opening our SPRING CARPETS Styles and colorings are unusually beautiful and desirable. Our stock, in all grades is immense.

We have the VERY LATEST PATTERNS

Body and Tapestry Brussels, Hartford and Lowell Extra Supers, &c.,

to be found in the market.

Purchasers will find it to their interest to examine this

Magnificent Stock!

which we are prepared to sell, cut, and make up as cheap as any other dealer.

Our Stock of CURTAINS and all Curtain Goods is unequalled.

Very elegant Lace Goods—White and Ecru by the piece and pattern.

We have lately added to this department a full stock of

Window Cornice,

Curtain Poles, and all

Curtain Fixtures.

ALL NEW GOODS!

of the latest and most desirable styles.

A. T. SMITH,

No. 6

Phenix Block.

NEW SILVER GOODS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, CLOCKS, NOTIONS,

LAMPS, CHAINS BRACELETS, RINGS LOCKETS. **NEW**

WAIT BROTHERS.

PATENT OFFICE

BRADFORD HOWLAND,

Attorney and Solicitor of PATENTS.

Office over the 2nd National Bank, Ravenna, O. 685-1y

Imaginative Travel.

I have no need of a stately ship,
No fear of a stately ship.
In chosen books I take my trip
With the goodliest company;
And whether I read of Southern skies
Or the wealth of an Eastern port,
I may see the world through an author's eyes,
May dwell in camp or court.

Through wonderful sketch books that belong
To an artist friend of mine,
I visit the places of legend and song
So famous along the Rhine;
I breathe the spirit of old romance
As I sail the Northern main;
I tread the vine-clad vales of France,
And look for my castles in Spain.

The song of Venetian gondoliers,
As they guide their moonlit boats,
I seem to hear, or the mountaineer's
Tyrolean echo notes.
I may see the heather's purple plumes
Among the banks and braes,
Or wander where the primrose blooms
Along the English ways.

I seek the Land of the Midnight Sun,
Or trace the source of the Nile;
I find the cedars of Lebanon,
Or study Crete awhile.
Whenever I tire of time and tide,
No matter how far I roam,
I have only to lay my book aside
To find myself at home.

The world is wide, and the world is fair,
And heroes good to see,
But a hearth and home, and friends to share,
Are all the world to me;
And to sigh in vain for foreign sights
There surely is no need,
As long as people live to write,
And I may live to read.

—[Harper's Bazar.

EFFIE'S MANAGER.

"I won't!" said Effie Stretton, giving her jaunty garden hat a twitch, and folding her plump pink arms defiantly; "it's no use to talk—I can't stay in the house and be a carved image of dignity all my days, and if your fastidious Mrs. Hastings don't like it, she may—whistle!"

"You want to disgrace us all," said her elder sister, Mildred, drawing her black eyebrows together, "digging in that old garden like a ridiculous tomboy as you are, just where all the neighbors can see! Mrs. Hastings says——"

"I don't care if she does," interrupted Effie, stuffing a package of seed into her apron pocket. "I always did want a chance to do something; and, what's the use of renting a suburban cottage and paying a good price for a piece of ground with it if you daren't grow a few onions or a bit of spinach for amusement?"

"I doubt if you'll have the chance long," sighed Mrs. Stretton, a thin, faded woman, with a perpetually worried expression; "the rent is too high; I don't think we can stay——"

"Now, mother!"

Mildred jerked herself up from her lounging position on the green damask-covered sofa and kicked over a footstool with gathering ill-temper.

"We *must* stay, at least until——"

"Until when?" weakly asked Mrs. Stretton, who had a nervous dread of her dark-browed daughter's temper.

"Until Mrs. Hastings' brother comes home," admitted Mildred, a vivid blush staining her handsome face. "She promised to bring him to see us, but she is so exclusive, it is positively necessary for us to keep up every appearance of elegance. And here's Effie doing her best to upset it all. If she only would cultivate a little dignity——"

"I would rather cultivate cabbages," averred Effie, tipping her pert head on one side to straighten her hat, which had a habit of sliding about in every direction. "Never mind, Millie; it will give you a better chance when the hero puts in an appearance."

"But the rent," nervously began Mrs. Stretton.

"Bother the rent!" retorted Mildred, crossly, settling back comfortably on the sofa and paying no further attention to her mother. But Effie, trotting undignifiedly down the garden walk with a pan of seeds in one hand, a hoe in the other, and her hat sliding over one ear, paused a moment thoughtfully.

"Poor mammy, she's always worried!" she sighed. "I ought to do something to help her."

* * * * *

"Your sister seems to enjoy out-door exercise," remarked the exclusive Mrs. Hastings, who had honored the Strettons with an afternoon call.

"Yes," smiled Mildred, waving her fan with languid grace; "she is such a dear little romp—has such a fancy for amateur gardening, and——"

There was a sound of banging doors, a frisky clatter of light heels in the hall, and Effie's fresh voice was heard, clear and distinct:

"Mammy! Mildred! where are you? I've found a way to pay the rent. They are starting a pickle manufactory in that large building across the fields, and they're going to buy all the onions and gherkins in the neighborhood."

A demented-looking young lady, in an untidy white apron with one pocket ripped off, a cloud of light hair down her back and a newspaper in her hand, bounced into the drawing-room, never doubting that the voices she heard there were those of her mother and sister, but perceiving the visitor, dropped her paper and stood staring in dismay, and finally catching her sister's disconcerted looks and furtive frowns, she bit her lip and fled from the room with swift tears of mortification dimming her sunny eyes.

"But I'll grow all I can in the garden and make some money all the same," was the reflection that consoled her.

And thereafter Effie devoured treatises on vegetable culture, and dug, spaded, and raked her bit of garden indefatigably, and strange to say, in spite of her inexperience, her onions flourished and multiplied until the long beds were crowded with the smooth, shining roots. A freckled youth dwelling hard by was the delegate at whose hands the pickle-making establishment daily received baskets heaped with the results of the young lady's toil, while the fair gardener herself made weekly trips to the manufactory for collecting purposes.

The Autumn days had come and were fast departing, and one evening Effie came home with a glow in her cheeks and eyes.

"I—I've had an offer," she confessed, "from the manager of the pickle factory."

"For Heaven's sake!" wailed Mildred, dropping limply back in her chair, "has it come to this? I knew something dreadful would come of your low-bred tastes—but this is too much."

"But, Mill," urged Effie, "he's good, and handsome, and——"

"Don't tell me what he is! He is in a horrid, vulgar business—that is sufficient."

"Lady and gentleman for missus," announced the new servant-girl from the girl. "I tole 'em you's in the settin' room, 'n they could come in."

"You needn't mind us, you know," and it was Mrs. Hastings who swept into the room. "I've brought my brother Dick."

"Why, Mr. Hardy," fluttered Effie, turning pinker than a rosebud. "He's the manager of the pickle-factory," she explained to her astonished mother and sister.

"Certainly!" said the young man, holding Effie's hand tightly, "for a time. The real foreman met with an accident, and I being a partner in the affair, and the company could not find anyone to fill his place, I consented to accept it until he was able to do so, partly to keep it open for him, and partly because I was tired of laziness and felt a longing to be useful."

"And he gave all his salary to the poor man's family to support him until he could work again," broke in Mrs. Hastings.

"But I would be a foreman all my life rather than miss one experience I have had," said Mr. Hardy. "The question is, Mrs. Stretton—can I have Effie?"

"I think she has settled the question," answered Mrs. Stretton, with a gentle laugh, the worry fading out of her face for once.

"And poor mammy won't have to be bothered about rent any more, will she?" Effie asked, pleadingly of her lover.

"No, indeed! nor about anything else. And you won't have to earn your living any more by cultivating onions," with a kiss on the rosy mouth.

And Mildred realized that she had missed the chance she had watched for all the summer, while Effie—hoyden Effie—had planted onions, paid the rent, and won a sensible, appreciative husband.

The Washington Monument.

Progress of the Work—The Signal Office Station

The white, tall; plain shaft of the Washington monument is foot by foot daily rising skyward, and its completion, in due course of time, is now assured, says the Washington *Post*. It is already a landmark visible from any part of Washington, and the inhabitants, after a generation of ridicule, are beginning to be proud of it. Apart from its unique character as an architectural wonder, modern science proposes to utilize it for the public benefit. The signal office expects to have a permanent station at its summit, and its officers say that observations of the air and atmospheric movements taken at an altitude of 550 feet will be of great value. Observations are taken, of course, at far greater altitudes than this, but the gradual slope of even the most precipitous mountains and the presence of large masses of rock near the observatory create surface currents, even on mountain heights, and interfere with the study of phenomena of the higher levels of the atmosphere. It has often been proposed to institute a series of experiments by means of captive balloons, but the expense of such work prevented the plans being carried out. At the time of the centennial it was proposed to erect a skeleton tower to the height of 1,000 feet in Fairmount park. Had this been done the signal officers would have utilized the observatory for the benefit of meteorological science, but the tower stopped at 300 feet. The signal officers say it would not be impracticable to build a tower 1,000 feet high or even higher, and that the erection of such a tower would be of great service. The monument is now 290 feet high. The original design contemplated a height of 500 feet, but at a meeting of the commissioners two years ago, when it was decided to resume work, it was voted to make the monument the loftiest artificial structure in the world. The commissioners examined the heights of all the noted monuments, towers, pagodas, spires, buildings, and flag-poles, and found that to safely distance all rivalry a height of 550 feet would be necessary. It was therefore determined to complete the shafts on this plan, and the drawings were modified to that end. What was the surprise and gratification of the commissioners to find subsequently that the new proportions of the shaft as now adopted were exactly those of an Egyptian obelisk.

Diseased Cattle.

The outbreak of what is known as splenic fever, in this State and in Pennsylvania, has caused considerable alarm among drovers and large cattle owners. About Pittsburg it has proved very fatal. The splenic fever has been commonly known as Texas fever, and Northern cattle have taken the disease recently in most cases where they have come in contact with Texas cattle. It is a disease peculiar to the ox tribe, and occurs among Southern cattle in a mild form in the early Spring. In others the germs of the disease remain latent and are developed with great rapidity when the animal is subject to shock, such as stampede, or to hardships consequent on railroad travel. It is indigenous to Texas, but exceedingly fatal to Northern cattle.

Owners of cattle in the Northern States will probably take active measures to prevent Southern cattle mixing with their herds. The United States have adopted meaures to prevent the introduction of disease from imported cattle. The law provides that the importer shall select a place for the detention of imported cattle. They are transferred thence by another vessel, and must be kept 300 feet away from any other cattle. The term of quarantine is ninety days, but the time of the voyage is to be counted as a part of the period. The importer has to file bonds in twice the value of the animals for the observance of quarantine restrictions. In connection with the Federal quarantine, the War Department in 1880 ceded to the Treasury Department a tongue of land on the inside of Sandy Hook.

The Cattle Commissioners have been studying the contagious diseases of cattle, and Professor James Law, of Cornell University, has been for some time experimenting on the prevention of pleuro-pneumonia by means of inoculation. His experiments, however, are not so complete that he is ready to give them to the public. The Commissioners have had the subject of the Texas fever brought to their attention, and it is presumed all possible measures will be taken to prevent the spread of the disease. The particulars of the malady afflicting the cattle of Central New York have been specially reported to the Commissioners.—*Rochester Democrat.*

Late Tests With Improved Gatlings.

Thorough test trials have been in progress at Sandy Hook with Dr. Gatling improved guns, before the United States Ordnance Board, for the past two weeks. These trials, which have been eminently successful, may be prolonged for another week. Dr. Gatling was present during the first ten days. The new feed allows the musket-caliber Gatling to be fired at any degree of elevation. The penetration at 3,000 yards was through one and a half inches of timber, and at 2,500 yards (giving the gun 56 degrees elevation), the bullets struck the targets (which were composed of boards lying flat on the ground) passing through two one-inch boards penetrating the sand four inches. At 2,000 yards—66½ elevation—the bullets passed through two one-inch boards and five or six inches in the sand. In every case the bullets struck the targets point on and retained their rotary motion. This was proved by the spiral scratches on the balls after they had passed through the boards. The gun is now being tried at shorter ranges.—These experiments have established the fact that a Gatling gun fired at various elevations can kill men in entrenched positions at all ranges from 100 to 3,500 yards. The elevation required for different distances is determined by a quadrant and noted. As the gun remains quite steady while being fired, the bullets can be made to drop at the point desired. The value of such a weapon of warfare is unquestioned. Dr. Gatling's new torpedo, one-barreled gun was also fired and worked well, making excellent targets at one mile range.—*Army and Navy Journal*

Mountaineers and Turkeys.

The mode of hunting wild turkeys, adopted by the Blue Mountain hunters of Tennessee, is to "corn" a suitable part of the woods frequented by the birds—generally in old clearings.—Corning is simply the scattering of corn upon the ground and making choice feeding places, that the turkeys, which fly in flocks, are not long in discovering. When a hunter discovers the presence of a flock in his "field" he corns it, and generally feels certain that in time he will have every one of the turkeys bagged. When the clearing is scattered with the corn, the hunter takes a position in it from which he has a view of the feeding-place, but where he cannot be seen by the birds. The turkeys drop into the clearing with a great flutter and much gobbling by the males. The hunter picks out the bird he wishes to secure on the ground, and another at which he will shoot when they rise. He shoots the one on the ground and the other in the air. Large shot are used, and heavy charges of powder, as the feathers of the game are very close and the skin tough. A skilful hunter rarely fails to bring down his two birds, but a novice usually sees both birds take wing without any apparent damages from his charges. It is almost useless to try to get a shot at a flock of turkeys by flushing them, as their hearing and sight are extremely acute, and a flock always gets up and removes itself from harm's way long before the hunter is within gunshot.

But while so wily in that respect, they lack all semblance of shrewdness in visiting the "corned" places. No matter how large a flock is, it will continue being reduced in number by regularly visiting the place in the morning where it was shot at the evening before, and in the evening after having been shot into in the morning. This is kept up until only one bird comes to feed where all of its companions were killed.—Sometimes, when a pair of turkeys remain, the two will join another flock, and accompany it to the feeding place it has selected.

There are many pot-hunters among the Blue Mountain people who trap, snare, and net the turkeys, and the legitimate sportsmen destroy scores of their traps and nets every season. Hawks and foxes destroy many turkeys. The hawks are of immense size, some that have been killed measuring six feet from tip to tip. Wild turkeys weigh from eight to twenty pounds, and large numbers are sent from the Blue Mountain region to New York and Philadelphia markets. Sportsmen from the cities visit the region every season, and spend weeks at the cabins of the local hunters who serve as guides to the hunting-grounds.

Patented Articles.

The most valuable and money-making patents are those which are obtained upon small articles. The "return ball," which sells for ten cents, yields to the holder of the patent an income equal to that on a capital of five hundred thousand dollars. The rubber tip on the end of lead pencils, which is used for erasing false marks, is also secured by patent, and for every tip used the manufacturers pay a royalty to the inventor, which gives him an independent income. The consumption of these pencils is very great, and the simple idea of tipping them with rubber has placed the man who originated it beyond the reach of need in the future, so long as he clings to his patent. Another very simple but very valuable invention is the gummed paper wrappers, which obviate the necessity of using mucilage or paste to secure papers for the mails. The patent is on the application of the gum to the wrappers, and a royalty is paid to the inventor of every wrapper thus prepared. As the number of wrappers used daily in the forwarding of mails amounts to hundreds of thousands, the income derived by the inventor from his royalty will be seen to be a magnificent one. The gimlet-pointed screw was patented in 1846. It is familiar to everybody, and millions have been realized from its manufacture, yet so simple is the principle that the wonder is that it was not thought out and applied almost as far back as the age of iron. The patent shoe-tip, now universally used in boys' shoes, has brought its inventor somewhere about two millions of dollars. Probably the most valuable patent in the toy line ever taken out in any country is that which secures the Plympton roller-skates to its holder. Skating on rollers bears but a faint resemblance to skating on ice, but it is exhilarating sport, nevertheless, and sprang at once into popularity with the young of both sexes. In Brazil and tropical countries where ice is unknown and skating impossible, except upon artificially frozen ponds, the rollers were greeted as a veritable godsend, and rinks with smooth earthern floors sprang up like magic. The value of the patent on the roller skates to its holder is estimated at over one million dollars, and he expended over one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars in legal expenses alone to prevent the patent from infringement in England. The dancing negro, which can be seen in any toy-shop, and which is simply a figure of a Dinah or a Jumbo balanced by a wire, which is moved rapidly up and down by a system of clock work in the box upon which it dances, provides an income for its inventor of thirty thousand dollars a year. The common needle-threader, to be found on sale at nearly every street corner, is worth ten thousand dollars a year to the man who thought out the problem which might easily have been solved by a boy of ten years, only it was not. And these are but a few of the trifles which have enriched men.

A Few Words From the Horse.

Don't beat our sore sides so hard and so often, and we shall be stronger and better servants to you. You know how oppression only makes you set up your back, but you will do anything for a kind master. Don't ride and drive us about till we are ready to drop, and our wind is almost broken, and we are reeking with heat and rough usage. Pray let us have a little more water when we stand, weary and thirsty, with our poor dry tongues, unable to ask for it. You have felt the suffering of thirst. "And for pity's sake," the horse would say, "loosen this torturing bearing-rein: we toss and shake our heads, or we try to keep them still, and nothing gives us a moment's ease. You, master, would suffer severely if your head were held in such a position, and we could do more work and much better without it. Please remember that we can always hear your voice, and shall understand what you want us to do so much more quickly if you speak to us quietly, than if you roar at us, and drag our tender, worn mouths about. We get so puzzled and frightened when you are in a rage with us, that we only flounder and plunge, and make you more and more angry. Our last entreaty is, that when we get old and past our work, you will not let our poor, wasted bodies stagger along under some load, when our lives have been spent in your service, but that you will reward us by having us immediately put out of our pain.

A Jersey veteran is claiming a pension and seventeen years' arrears on the ground of "chronic laziness, contracted in the army."

The best thing in bonnets continues to be as in the past—a pretty face.

Life in a Maine Village.

To properly understand the folk-life of this simple village, one must know first that its best elements have been sapped off yearly, for at least the space of a generation, by emigration. There is a steady annual exodus of the bright, active, ambitious young men and women to better fields. Only the dullards remain on the native soil. And a queer community these latter make.

The chief feature of this life is its total lack of concentration. What little there is of individual energy is diffused over the whole sphere of activity. The jeweler of the town is also the barber, the general mechanic and the tinker; he likes to "hay it" a little, to fish a little, to "berry it" a little, and to raise some garden truck. He is a sample, and a pleasant one, of all his fellows. If they are tradesmen, they keep a little of everything; if mechanics, they turn a hand to a little of everything; if day laborers, they want to shift around into a dozen or more varieties of work during the year. No one works hard. Fish, clams and vegetables are the food staples. Perhaps it is impossible to base labor upon these; perhaps it is the influence of the lazy atmosphere; perhaps, again, it is in the breed. But whatever the cause, the result is very clear; no Castinian knows what the word "work" means. The stores open in an indolent manner at 9 or so in the morning. They close with more promptness at noon; reopen sleepily about two hours later, and thenceforward are likely to shut up at any time. There is a delightful uncertainty about every phase of what they call business. It is the exception to find a merchant in his own store, even in the busiest times; the tinsmith, his boy will tell you, may be over at the butcher's; perhaps you could find him at the drug store; possibly he is on the wharf; there is a chance of encountering him at the hotel. What is true of the tinsmith is true of all the others. The leading manufacturing establishment of the village—almost the only one—is a canning factory, where lobsters, mackerel, clams, etc., are put up for the market. There is a steady demand for the goods of this factory, to which it seems utterly indifferent. When the village boys feel like working at that particular thing, the factory opens, and stays open until the boys take a notion to go fishing or haying or mining—for there are mines in these parts. Then, wholly regardless of the state of the market, its demand or its supply, the factory stops. Here labor is autocratic. It chooses its own times, hours and fields. When it is lethargic, no inducement is strong enough, no emergency grave enough, to stir it into action.

There is absolutely no enterprise, or suggestion of enterprise, among the natives. The lobster-pots are set in the same places, the mackerel-boats go to the same coves, year after year. If the lobsters do not come into the pots, if the mackerel do not bite, so much the worse; nobody looks for them anywhere else. Once on a time Castine had a good deal of business; now she has next to none. Nobody thinks of asking why, or, at least, going out after the retreating trade, and striving to bring it back. Traffic is now altogether local, and as narrow and short-ranged as may be. A Castine man, with $800 worth of fish on hand, which were on the very verge of taint, found another willing to purchase. There was a difference of $40 between their views, and no sale was made that day. The next day there was only a difference of $18, but no sale. That night the owner of the fish had to throw the whole lot into the sea. He was rather proud than otherwise of his refusal to be cheated out of $18 though. The people there know no steak-cut save the tough round. They buy that because there is no bone in it; the porterhouse is sold for roasts; they like it better for steaks, they say, but cannot afford to buy so much bone. Living, however, is exceedingly cheap there, and all through this section—cheaper than in any other part of the country, perhaps.

The social side of this village life is very meager and cold. The women rule matters here very generally. The men of snap and stuff having sought their fortunes elsewhere, those who remain are easily domineered by their wives, mothers and sisters. This fact accounts for much that is otherwise odd in Maine's condition. Dancing is almost a lost art here. Music is sober and serious. New Yorkers are regarded with uneasiness. The wilder Western man is looked upon with positive distrust. A person who confesses to a liking for lager beer is viewed in Castine as a confirmed opium-eater would be in Albany. The gregarious instinct of the two sexes finds a vent in mite societies, singing classes, and a grand camp meeting once a year. Camp meetings reach their climax of popularity in Maine. There is not much religious fervor or excitement in them, but much sedate and quiet comfort, for the women at least. As to masculine diversions, it is not easy to hit upon their identity. The men of the village do not seem to get much fun. Perhaps their sport is spread so evenly through their listless lives, along with their labor, that there is no call to break out in spots. Certainly there is no such thing as hilarity among them. After supper they are wont to stand or sit in little groups of two or three in front of the closed stores on the main street, talking little, chewing or smoking tobacco invariably, laughing never.

Play.

Play, you think, comes naturally to puppies, kittens, children, and all young things—yes, if they lead natural lives. But shut your kitten, for a week, up in a box, without much light or air, or even a cotton reel to roll about, and see how much it will play when it is at last set free. * * * Play is the voluntary exercise of all our faculties under a sense of freedom; where we exert ourselves because we like, and not because we must, that power is developed by exercise—and exercise only. It is, in fact, a branch of education that is very much neglected.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

Where Cattle Come From.

When we read of 250,000 head of cattle being driven every year from Texas to the Northern markets, and when we are assured that in 1870 as many as 560,000 were driven on foot to Colorado, Wyoming and Kansas, besides thousands shipped by steamer to New Orleans and elsewhere, we are surprised to learn that this immense drain on the herds of Texas does not perceptibly decrease the number of cattle in the State. When we visit the great ranches of Western Texas we are no longer surprised, but rather wonder that the United States hold people enough to eat and use all the cattle we see. It has been found, from careful examination of the Census Bureau reports, that to every 100 persons in the United States there is required eighty head of cattle, and that this requirement has not varied 1 per cent. in thirty years. Taking this as a basis of calculation, we find that the Northern and Eastern States have less than the requisite number, and it is to these States that the East looks for her beef supply.—*From "Through Texas."*

As a saloon was burning in New York, the other night, a friend of some of the patrons said to a pipeman, "For mercy's sake play on the slate!"

Egyptian Soldiers.

Colonel Dye has much to say concerning the fighting capacity of the fallahin, and seeing that he speaks from experience, gained both in the barrack and the field, his strictures possess at the present moment a more than ordinary value. His estimate of the Egyptian peasant's soldierly aptitude is very low. Through gifted with a wonderful power of physical endurance, and a docile and a good campaigner, the fellah is neither combative nor intelligent, has not a spark of patriotism, dislikes and distrusts his officers, and hates soldiering with so intense a hatred that, in order to avoid it, he will often cut off one of his fingers or put out one of his eyes. When Col. Dye was in Egypt the artillery, as well as the cavalry, consisted exclusively of fellahin. The gunners were taken from a class superior to that which supplied recruits to the other arms of the service. The officers, moreover, were better instructed than their brethren of the line, an advantage which they owed to the exertions of the commandant of the artillery school, a highly educated French officer. To the teaching of this Frenchman probably the stout defense made recently by the forts at Alexandria is in some measure due. A great drawback to the efficiency of the fellah as a fighting man is the shortness of his sight, resulting from ophthalmia. So defective is the vision of Egyptian soldiers, says Col. Dye, that hardly any of them can see further through a rifle-sight than a few rods. The eyes of the black soldiers are better. Under the same conditions he can mark 30 to 40 per cent more hits than his Egyptian comrade. This superior shooting may, however, be in part due to the negro's greater nerve, confidence and eagerness to excel. The black regiments, being officered exclusively by Egyptians, are in no way better organized than the other regiments; albeit, the negroes being inured from childhood to war and the chase, they make far better fighting material than the fellahin. With the exception of a few who have risen from the ranks, the higher officers are the descendants of Turkish fathers and Circassian mothers. They are generally sufficiently brave, but cruel, avaricious, corrupt and fearfully immoral, mentally inert and physically lazy. The younger regimental and staff officers are, for the most part, the sons of pashas and beys in government service, trained in the military schools established by Ismail. They are inferior, morally and physically, to the men they command.

A Little Romance of Broadway.

Three pretty young girls from Jersey City had left the ferry boat to walk up to the elevated road, says a New York letter, and unluckily were provided with only one whalebone and silk covering for their heads. The narrow sidewalk made it almost impossible for the three to walk abreast, and consequently one of them, who was addressed as Annie, received all the drippings from the eaves of the umbrella upon her unselfish head.

A gentleman walking behind them noticed this, and tried, as unobtrusively as possible, to shelter her with his own. For a block or so she ignored the attempt, but finally was forced, in crossing the street, to accept the courtesy, which she did with an embarrassed bow. It happened that the youth had been well brought up, and understood her fear lest he should in any way take advantage of his courtesy to be impertinent, and being of a rather mischievous turn of mind, he waited until he caught her eye, as she looked slyly up, when, assuming that "far" look so often seen on the faces of the deaf and dumb, he pathetically touched his lips, and shook his head.

The girl looked so immensely relieved that he came near laughing right out; especially when announced that he was speechless she showed she wasn't by quietly observing to one of her friends,—

"Oh, Mary, isn't it too bad this handsome young man is deaf and dumb?"

Mary thought it was, and wondered how it was he ever got along in the world, and much to the amazement of this knight of the umbrella, the three proceeded to discuss him girl-fashion, and from the color of his eyes to the cut of his clothes he was fully criticised, "Annie" deciding that, as a husband, he would be *sans reproche*, never swearing, never scolding, making silence golden.

When they reached the station the three girls bowed and smiled and grimaced their gratitude, when, to their profound horror, the youth, with a sweet smile, raised his hat, remarking, with painful distinctness, that he "was very happy to have been of service." With a suppressed shriek, the merry maids rushed up the winding stairs, and the youth walked on, whistling "Beautiful Is-er-bellar."

Heilbron's Husband.

The Viscount de la Panouse, husband of Mme. Heilbron, the actress, has adroitly managed to get the better of his bourse creditors. When the late crash took place, the couple were supposed to be utterly ruined. The viscount had lost $500,000, and owed $200,000 to stock-brokers. He at once gave out his departure for the cape, while the viscountess was to return to the stage during his absence. But she had no sooner sold their hotel to pay off some of their debts than a rat was smelt, and the viscount, who had made over everything to his wife, was found to be living like a fighting cock in a quiet little village in Auvergne. The stock-brokers forthwith sued him. His counsel, however, took advantage of the code, which admits certain bourse speculations to be illegal, and the court has non-suited the plaintiffs on that ground.

A Petroleum Man's Protest.

In the flush days of petroleum, when thousands of gallons of the stuff went bubbling down the creeks because there was no storage for it, a stingy old Pitholer who had been drilling away for months suddenly tapped a reservoir and out came the oil at the rate of 200 barrels an hour. He had provided six empty barrels for such a contingency, and when these had been filled the dark liquid cut its way down the hillside in a roaring torrent. No one had tanks or barrels to spare, and the old man could only tear his hair as he stood by and realized that a fortune was oozing away from him. In the midst of his despair he noticed a stranger filling a pint bottle from the rushing stream. "Hold on—hold on, there!" he yelled as he ran down the hill—"this oil belongs to me!" "Yes, I know," replied the other, "but where 1,000 barrels are going to waste, you can spare me a pint, can't you?" "I—I suppose I can!" groaned the old man, "but I want you to understand that it's taking a mighty mean advantage of my misfortunes! Don't fill the bottle and grease your boots too!"

A lady living near Toronto became very sick. The doctor ordered a dose of brandy. The husband started for the city to get it, but thinking that the priest who lived near might have some brandy, he went to the priest's house and secured his flask. Afterwards he gave the priest money to replace the borrowed liquor. The priest was fined $75 for selling liquor without a license. Justice is mighty and must prevail in Canada.

Some Bang-up Stories.

A Georgia negro, while fishing, fastened his line to his leg for safety. He was soon seen to go overboard, and when his body and the fish were recovered it took the Coroner two days to determine whether the negro drowned the fish or the fish drowned the negro.

In Bayou Chicot, La., a full-grown wild-cat leaped upon Mrs. Griffith Thompson, fastening his teeth in her left arm. She grasped the savage beast by the throat and held it until it was choked to death, although it was biting and scratching her all the time.

A small red squirrel attempted to jump from one tree to another as Wm. Miles, of New Chester, Pa., drew on him. The squirrel fell into the Brandywine. It hardly touched the water when several bass came to the surface, and, pulling the squirrel under, drowned it.

Silas Hutchinson, of Pocopsin Township, Pa., relates as a fact that he saw one of his cows come up suddenly out of the Brandywine, where she had gone to cool, and as she ascended the river bank a black bass about eighteen inches long hung to one of her teats. Finding itself out of water it let go and wiggled back into the stream.

A big pickerel, hooked by J. F. Winthron, of Hydetown, Pa., lay so quiet that it was a query with him whether he had a fish or a snag. After trying to worry it without success a happy thought struck him. Taking the fish-line in his teeth, he established telephonic communication, and yelling "Hello!" at the top of his lungs, the fish darted like a shot, and was so active that it was with difficulty secured. It weighed five pounds.

A Wyoming man saw a Texas steer standing on the railroad track, and knowing that the express train was due tried to induce the beast to move. Several pieces of board thrown at the ferocious monster failed to move it, until at last, as the train rushed down the track at lightning speed, he seized the steer by the tail and twisted it like a wet towel. At this moment the train struck them both and the result was stupendous. The steer was found two days afterward browsing peacefully in a corn field, with two driving wheels hung on its horns. No trace of either the man or the engine has been heard of since.

The bossest snake story we ever heard of has just come to light in Twiggs, as follows: A few days since, while a certain farmer was cleaning out his fence corners, a huge rattle-snake struck at him, but, missing the intended victim, sunk its poisonous fangs deep into the hoe-handle which the man held in his hands. In less time than it takes to write it, the handle was swollen to such an extent that it bursted the eye of the hoe and split into a thousand pieces.—With the aid of two crowbars and an old army musket the snake was killed. The farmer skinned it, and now uses the hide for a wallet, in which he carries corn to his hogs. The "wallet" will hold three pecks and two quarts of shelled corn. Surely Twiggs deserves the belt.

How to Swim.

There really is no mystery in learning to swim—an accomplishment which is possessed in perfection by the most stupid of frogs. More than once I have explained how any one can teach himself. The trunk, less the arms, is heavier than water; with the arms, it is lighter; all, therefore, that a person has to do is to acquire the habit of drawing in the breath when he is preparing to make a stroke, and expelling the breath when he is making it. Let any one do this and keep calm, and he will find that he can swim. But, perhaps, it is better to acquire confidence by a preliminary course of floating. To do this it is only necessary to lie flat on the water, stretch out the arms with the palms of the hands downward, throw back the head, and whenever the body sinks low, slowly to fill the lungs with air.—*London Truth.*

Avenged.

"Stop that horse-car."

It was a balmy afternoon in August, all the world seemed wrapped in a mantle of loveliness. The wind was sighing through lawn and garden in a drowsy fashion, and the flowers that lined the graveled walks of Boastcliff Castle seemed to be beckoning with loving hands to the Lady Esmerelda as she sat in a graceful poise on a velvet-covered *fauteuil* and gazed in a languid, dreamy, no-washing-to-be-done-for-three-days manner upon the pageant of nature that was passing before her eyes.

But when the voice of one she knew, one she had loved with a deathless tenderness in the halcyon days gone by, came floating to her on the scented breath of the morning, a thrill passed through her, and the eyes, erstwhile so listless, gleamed with the baleful fires of revenge. Looking eagerly across the croquet-ground she saw Pizarro McGinness, the man who had scorned her love, coming across lots on a run, while far in advance, and now almost opposit Coastcliff Castle, was a horse-car. The girl smiled grimly to herself.

"Stop that car," shouted Pizarro again.

The smile had faded from the pretty face now, but no look of pity took its place. "Divil a stop will he get from me," she murmured, and went into the house.

In a few moments there was a rap at the door. Esmerelda answered it, and found Pizarro there.

"You have blighted my life, false woman," he said. "I had a job way out on Blue Island avenue, and now I shall lose it because you would not stop the car."

"Do you mean this?" asked the girl, kicking the dog off the front steps as she spoke.

"Yes," replied the man, "you have utterly blasted all my prospects."

"Then," said Esmerelda, a look of holy calm and peaceful joy stealing over her face, "the Mulcaheys are avenged."—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Outcome of Miscegnation.

The marriage of Ada Deyo, a pretty and accomplished white girl, and the adopted daughter of John Deyo, a wealthy farmer of Gardiner, Ulster county, N. Y. to a negro who worked for Deyo, in the autumn of 1880, was widely reported at the time. The girl is now an inmate of the Sullivan county poor-house, near Monticello, N. Y. Miss Deyo was engaged to be married to an estimable young man, but the engagement was broken, and shortly afterward she ran away with the negro Sampson. The pair went to all the ministers in Kingston, but were unable to get anyone to marry them until Miss Deyo had been transformed into a negress by the aid of burnt cork. When asked recently why she left her husband the young woman, after a moment's hesitation and crying, replied: "You see, as long as they kept coming to see us, and everybody was excited over our marriage, John was very kind to me. He protected me from inquisitive people, kept up my courage, and appeared to love me as I did him. But he gradually changed, and after our little boy was born he was never the same. Finally he failed to support me, and as I was unable to work for myself, I came here." Mr. Deyo has repeatedly offered to give her a home if she would only leave Sampson.