Rates of Advertising

One square, one insertion,	$1 00
Each subsequent insertion,	50
Business and Editorial Notices, per line,	10
One square, one year,	8 00
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Half column one year,	45 00
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THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS.

VOL. 15, No. 49. RAVENNA, O., THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1883. WHOLE No. 777.

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.

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M. H. CARTER, M. E. H. P.

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Will attend to all calls in the line of his profession, both day and night.
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MISS L. C. JACKSON,
MILLINERY GOODS of all kinds, Opera Block, Ravenna, O.

PETER FLATH.
Clothier and Merchant Tailor, Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods. Phenix Block, Main Street, Ravenna, Ohio.
Oct. 15, '82, 1y.

Kent Beer Bottling Works.
LOUIS GIEK, PROPRIETOR.
Will furnish to families Cincinnati and Milwaukee Lager of the best kind. Orders promptly attended. Address LOUIS GIEKING, KENT, OHIO.

JULY 4th.

After this date trade usually remains quiet until about September 1st.

We propose to offer bargains in

Furniture, Crockery, Silverware and Lamps

which will

MAKE TRADE LIVELY!

during these dull months.

DON'T FORGET IT

During July Great Bargains, at

Geo. E. Fairchild's

NO. 8, PHENIX BLOCK. RAVENNA, O.

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

A. B. FAIRCHILD, Undertaker,

Residence on Pratt street, third house South on West side.

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES AND WAGONS!

WE CAN SHOW YOU BETTER WORK,

Both in make and Finish, and Work that will last longer and give better satisfaction for the price asked, than any of the cheap factory jobs which are being peddled through the country

GOOD WORK AT FAIR PRICES

is our motto, and we invite all in want of anything in the Carriage line to call and see us.

Special attention paid to REPAIRING in all its branches.

SEYMOUR & HELT,
Chestnut Street, Opposite Court House. 766 Ravenna, O.

W. M. REINECK, Merchant Tailor!
OLD DEMOCRAT BUILDING
WEST MAIN ST. (up stairs),
RAVENNA, OHIO.

I have on hand a quantity of **Spring and Summer Goods,** and have arrangements for obtaining the latest and most desirable styles, from samples of which my patrons can select.

Forty years experience in the business enables me to guarantee satisfaction to customers.

W. M. REINECK.
Ravenna, February 28, 1882. 737

Machine and Repair WORKS.

Prospect Street, Ravenna, O.

JOHN F. BYERS

Will pay special attention to the Repairing of

STEAM ENGINES,

and all kinds of machinery.

Has on hand seven

NEW STEAM ENGINES,

From two to six-horse power, of his own manufacture, suitable for Cheese Factories, and other light work, which will be put in for parties desiring, on reasonable terms.

All work promptly attended to at reasonable prices.

JOHN F. BYERS
Ravenna, March 1, 1883. 738

AUGUSTUS S COLE, ABSTRACTOR.
Office with W. B. Thomas, in Empire Building, Ravenna, Ohio. 756-1y

Desirable Outlying Lots FOR SALE!

I HAVE laid out into one acre lots the territory known as the Old Fair Ground in Ravenna, and offer them for sale.

This affords parties who desire to secure a location for building or other purposes, an opportunity to purchase one or more acres of land in the pleasantest and most healthy part of town, at about the cost of ordinary village lots, and upon reasonable terms.

J. D. KING.
Ravenna, February 8, 1883. 754-3m

GOODSELL'S PATENT
Axle Cutting Machine!
May be found at the shop of
B. F. BOOSINGER & SON,
on alley east of Court House.
Ravenna, January 22, 1881. 649

NEW SILVER GOODS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, CLOCKS, NOTIONS, LAMPS, CHAINS BRACELETS, RINGS LOCKETS. **NEW**
WAIT BROTHERS.

PATENT OFFICE

BRADFORD HOWLAND,
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Office over the 2nd National Bank, Ravenna, O. 668-1y

STOP AND SEE
THE PILES OF NEW
SPRING GOODS!
Arriving at the reliable old
CLOTHING HOUSE
—OF—
P. FLATH!
No. 3 PHENIX BLOCK!

His stock comprises all the new and desirable styles of

Gents' Suitings, Furnishing Goods, Hats and Caps.

Which will be sold as low as any other establishment in Northern Ohio can sell the same class of Goods.

Custom Work!

The Custom Department will continue under the charge of the proprietor, whose long experience in the business enables him to guarantee perfect satisfaction to customers.

P. FLATH.
Ravenna, February 20, 1883.

CHOICE VARIETIES
—OF—
STRAWBERRIES, RASPBERRIES, BLACKBERRIES,
—AT—
REASONABLE PRICES.
—o—
A. E. STEPHENSON,
CHARLESTOWN, O.,

Offers to the people of Portage County the following unexcelled varieties, which have invariably received the higest commendations wherever exhibited, taking the First Premiums in every competitive test as to Hardiness, Size, Flavor, and Prolific Bearing.

WHITE ANN ARBOR GRAPE—Hardy, prolific, large and delicious. Ripens ten days or two weeks before the Concord. Never mildews nor rots. Second size, one year old, small, 50 cents each.

We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Agricultural and Horticultural Society of Washtenaw Co., Michigan, to act as Judges in the Pomological Department at their Fair in October, 1882, had under consideration 29 varieties of Grapes, and it was their decided opinion that the "White Ann Arbor" seedling was far the most desirable of the lot.

For size, flavor and *beauty*, it took the lead of all our standard varieties, and we believe it will yet become one of the most popular Grapes in this country.

MARTIN CLARK,
J. D. WILLIAMS,
Committee.
ANN ARBOR, MICH., Dec. 23, 1882.

RUSSIAN MULBERRY—HARDY.—A beautiful, quick growing tree for the lawn while the fruit is valuable for table use. By mail, 12 to 18 inch size, 15 cents each, $1,50 per dozen.

THE WAGER PEACH.—This is, without exception, the best and richest Peach we are acquainted with, for table use and canning purposes. It is of good size, yellow skin, and flesh as yellow as gold; thick meated, small pit, very hardy, and one of the most abundant bearers of any sort known. It reproduces itself every time from the pit. One year old trees, by express, 2 to 3 feet, 25 cents each; $2,50 per dozen.

WATERLOO PEACH.—2 to 4 ft. 25 cts. each. The largest and best very early peach grown. Ripens about middle of July.

"BIG BOB"—THE COMING STRAWBERRY.—The biggest and most uniform in size, the best flavored and most productive, and the vines the hardiest. Price by mail, $1 00 per doz., or $6 per 100.

A. E. STEPHENSON.
Ravenna, March 30, 1883. 763-8m

New Stock!
Spring and Summer BOOTS AND SHOES!
AT THE
NEW Shoe Store!

Better Bargains Than Ever!

It will Pay You to See Them Before Buying!

SMALLEST PROFITS, AND STRICTLY CASH.

☞ Best Repairing at Lowest Prices.

W. F. TOWNS,
Frazer Building,
RAVENNA, O.

NEW
California Meat Market!

WE have opened in the room in Mechanics Block, recently occupied by E. H. Wait as a grocery store, a new meat market, where may at all times be found

FRESH MEATS, HAMS, SAUSAGES, &c.

☞ None but the best will be kept, and prices as low as the market will afford.

POTTS, PHELPS & CO.
Ravenna, February 27, 1883. 757

Valuable Farm for Sale!
For particulars, call on or address
I. T. SIDDALL, Ravenna, O.

Black Birch.

Are there black birch trees agrowing in the far off woods, I wonder,
With a wealth of balmy essence in their branches lithe and strong?
In the spring time do the children reach with eager hands to plunder,
While the quiet woodland arches ring with laugh and shout and song?

I can see an old gray school house with a ledge and wood beside it,
And the rumpled, mossy pasture land runs close up to its door;
While, away back in its greenness, with a tuft of fern to hide it,
And a flash like purest crystal, a spring bubbles and runs o'er.

There's a battered tin cup hanging on a drooping bough close by it,
Where the sunlight comes in flickers and the shadows gather dim.
Oh, the rush of childish footsteps when at recess times they spy it,
Oh, the flash of cooling water. Oh, the warm lips at its brim.

Then the pulling at the birches, the delightful swish and rustle,
And the crackling of the tender twigs, the noisy bursts of glee;
When the sharp rap on the window calls—oh, what a merry tussle,
In the filling out of pockets so that no sharp eye may see.

The dark room grows strongly cheerful as the little smugglers gather,
And a spicy, woodsy fragrance penetrates its dingy nooks,
Ah, how sly the rodents nibble, while they make a vain endeavor
To appear absorbed in gleaning from the wisdom of their books.

When the daily tasks are ended, and with dinner baskets swaying
All the little folks bound homeward and the house is left in gloom,
Then across the teacher's weary face a pleasant smile is straying
As she brushes out the litter with her dusty hemlock broom.

—[Boston Transcript.

HEART TO HEART.

Drawing the soft fur of her wrap closer about her, Alice Howard pauses on the doorstep while she wafts a kiss from the tips of her gloved fingers to the old gentleman who is standing watching her with such a pleased proud expression.

"Good-bye, papa dear. I do wish you were going. But don't worry about me. Mrs. Grayson is the best of chaperons, and she will see that your little girl comes back safely. Good-bye."

Another moment and the carriage-door has closed, and Alice is being whirled to the festive scene of which she will be the bright particular star.

It is not because she is rich that our heroine is the favorite that she is, nor yet because she is beautiful, although the most indifferent observer would pronounce her that, with the queenly grace of her bearing, and her face with its brilliant sapphire-blue eyes, and her skin as purely fair and downy as the velvety petals of a white rosebud.

But it is something besides that attracts everyone to Alice Howard, for goodness and amiability are stamped upon each exquisite feature, proclaiming unmistakably the existance of a noble character beneath that fair exterior.

She looks more than usually lovely tonight, and there is one whose dark eyes light up with a peculiar glow as they rest admiringly upon her.

It is two years since Douglas Rhodes and Alice first met, and their friendship since then has pursued an even, uneventful course, until of late a change has come.

Alice sees that upon no other do Douglas's handsome eyes rest with such a gentle tenderness of expression, and that when he speaks the softest, richest tones of his voice are for her alone. Why it is so is a riddle not hard to read. That Douglas loves her she feels and hopes, for she knows that within her own heart the tendrils of her warm young affection have long since twined themselves about his image.

The hours glide rapidly and delightfully by upon pleasure's radiant pinions, amid sweet sounds and sweeter scents.

"My darling! my queen!" the young man thinks rapturously, "this night must not pass over my head without my telling her how deeply, fervently I love her. I can wait no longer."

But Mrs. Grayson proves to be the most rigid of chaperons, and no opportunity occurs long enough for Douglas to utter the words that tremble upon his lips.

"Have you enjoyed yourself?" he asks, as he stands with his hand on the carriage door.

Alice draws a deep breath. "It has been lovely!" she exclaims.

"May I come to-morrow morning to see how you are feeling after your fatigue?" he asks.

"Do I look fatigued now?" she says, raising her lustrous brilliant eyes laughingly to his.

"I cannot truthfully say that you do," he replies with an answering smile. "But all the same, with your permission, I will call in the morning."

The next day the Howard mansion is the scene of two momentous interviews—one in the library with the master of house, and another in the tapestry-hung drawing-room.

There is a great bow-window at one end of the apartment, and there, with no other listeners than the lilies, that lift their snowy heads from the *jardinieres*, and the maiden by his side as stately fair as they, Douglas tells his story and receives his answer.

A month slips away, and it is a changed Alice we see to-day, with the carnation gone from cheeks and lips, and great tears in the sapphire-blue eyes.

"Be brave, my own; it will not be for long."

"But, Douglas, I cannot be brave! it has come so unexpectedly, and you are going so far, so very, very far away. What if something should happen to part us from each other?"

Douglas draws her closer to him and kisses her tear-wet face.

"What could happen, my darling? What could ever come between us save death alone? Surely you know, Alice, that nothing could have induced me to go so far from you were it not that I felt that it would be tempting Providence to reject such an advantageous opening. A year will not be long passing, and then, my dear, I can return with the wings of love to your side."

So they part, and Douglas goes to the distant country whither bright prospects of a certain fortune have allured him.

The year glides slowly along to Alice, whose happiest hours are those brightened by reading Douglas's frequent letters. But suddenly they cease to come, and months intervene, and still she hears naught of the lover who, by this time, was to have been once more with her.

Then the maiden's heart sinks within her tender breast as she remembers his emphatic words:

"Nothing can come between us save death alone."

Twelve months more of anxious waiting fail to bring any news, and then one day a servant brings to Alice a card upon which is engraved an old foreign name.

As she enters the drawing-room and her caller rises, Alice thinks that never before have her eyes rested upon beauty so dazzling.

"I am from Russia," the stranger explains in correct English, though with a decided foreign accent, "and am wintering here in England with some friends. On hearing your name I recognised it as one I have often heard upon the lips of my betrothed, Mr. Rhodes. When I left home he asked me, if by chance I should meet you, if I would give this to you from him."

Here she hands a sealed envelope to Alice, who has been listening, scarcely crediting her own powers of hearing. Who is she, this darkly handsome stranger? And what does she mean by speaking of one she has taught herself to think of as no more among the living as her betrothed?

Mechanically Alice breaks the seal and reads the letter placed within her hands, and signed "Douglas Rhodes." There is silence in the room; but suddenly it is broken by a plaintive heart-broken cry, and the reader's slight figure sways forward and falls prone upon the floor at her successful rival's feet.

Ringing a bell to summon a servant, the stranger only pauses to give one glance down at Alice's white, stricken face; then, with a triumphant smile upon her own, she trails her silken draperies from the room.

* * * * * * *

Three years have elapsed. Is this Alice—this quiet, somberly-dressed young woman bending her sad face over her needle?

Yes, it is she. It is the old tragic story of a father's failure and sudden death, followed by the flight, like swallows before a frost, of the friends whose name during her days of prosperity had been legion.

Alone, poor, and friendless, too proud to sue for help, Alice had left her native city, and here we find her in the humble position of companion to an invalid lady.

A gay voice sounds in the hall, and the door opening, there enters the young daughter of the house.

"Ah, Miss Howard, here you are. I have been seeking you to ask of you a favor. It is this: Will you play awhile this evening for us to dance? Cousin Hal writes that he is coming with a friend—the one-armed hero he is always talking about—and I've invited a few others to make it lively. Now please say 'yes.' I know your distaste for meeting strangers; but the piano can be moved into the alcove, and you will be quite secluded."

The evening has come, and the guests have assembled. Alice has been playing until she is tired, and now she sits, her fingers idly resting upon the keys.

The piano stands within a lace-draped recess adjoining a small conservatory; and just as she is about to begin the opening bars of a favorite waltz, voices fall upon her ears, and a name is uttered that causes the blood to rush in a startled flood through her veins.

"Here, Rhodes, is a quiet cool spot. Come, let's sit down an have an old-time chat," one says. "I didn't half want to come this evening; but had I known I should meet you, I should have felt differently. I didn't even hear you had returned. When did you arrive? And where is your wife?"

"My wife? Montague, are you crazy?"

"Why, didn't you marry the incomparable Olga, after all? Now, old fellow, don't pretend ignorance. I chanced to meet in society the handsome creature whose fascinations caused you to remain so long in that frigid Russia, and when she found out that I knew you she confided to me all about your engagement. Of course I supposed, if betrothed then, you would be married by this. What broke it off?"

"Stay, Montague; give me a chance to put a word in edgeways, and, as you know part of the story, I will tell you all.

With suspended breath, and hands clasped tightly together, Alice listens.

"To the 'incomparable Olga,' as you term her," Douglas goes on, "you will perhaps be surprised to hear that I owe the injury that lost me my arm, and ten dreary months of suffering in a Russian prison.

"To be brief, I met her through visiting her uncle and guardian, a prominent official, who seemed bent on friendship with me. His niece I was polite to, as I would be to any lady, although what I saw of her character and domineering disposition would have rendered me impervous to the attractions of her beauty had I not already possessed the safeguard of as pure and faithful a love as ever a man was blessed with.

"In the course of time he uncle formally tendered me his niece's hand in marriage, offering me, should I consent to his plans, a position that would ensure me wealth beyond my most sanguine expectations.

"You know how hasty and passionate the Russian temper is. Well, my decided and prompt refusal angered both the gentleman and his niece to such a degree that another month had not passed over my head before I found myself arrested, charged with being a foreign agent of that secret society that in the name of justice exerts such a terrible and dreaded influence in the country.

"I was imprisoned. Though, of course, I was not certain, I suspected whose were the machinations that had brought me into such a strait.

"But the love of life within me was too strong to allow me to remain quietly and unresistingly in my bondage.

"Twice I attempted to escape when opportunity occurred. The first time I received the bullet which shattered my arm and maimed me for life.

"The second effort—made with the assistance of a keeper whom I had bribed—was successful.

"I came to my own country to find the being I loved before all others lost to me. It was then that I learned, for the first time, of the appearance one season of the handsome Russian lady, who had so boldly asserted the fact—which was, of course, believed—of her betrothal to me, and of the forged letter, which, purporting, to come from me, had been the means of almost breaking my gentle love's heart.

"No wonder my friends were indignant, and until I explained, had only the coldest, most averted looks for me.

"Do you know, Montague, I have never known a really happy moment since then; for though I have searched unceasingly, I have never found a trace of my Alice, whose trusting heart was so cruelly bruised."

Unheard, Alice rises, and gently draws aside the lace draperies that part the alcove from the flower-filled nook where the friends are conversing, and now, as Douglas concludes and glances up, his eyes rest upon her face. With a cry he springs to his feet.

One long questioning gaze, and then, surroundings, another's presence, all else forgotten save the unexpected bliss of their meeting, the long parted lovers are clasped Heart to Heart.

An Ungentle Reminder.

"I saw a lady get a gentle reminder one day when I was driver on a bobtail and before I got to be a conductor," he continued. "After she had gone through the usual performance of accepting a gentleman's seat—as if she was conferring a great favor on him—she held out her hand with the coin. Perhaps you think he took the money and ambled forward to arrange the necessary pecuniary compensation. Well, sir, that's just where you are wrong. He was very busily engaged in looking out of the window on the other side of the car, and when the lady got up to transact her business he quietly took—"

"—S'teen street—"

"The seat he had given up a moment before. And he kept it until an elderly lady, wearing a tired look and carrying a big bundle in her arms, came in, when he jumped up, gave her his seat, and, with a sly glance at lady No. 1, left the car with a smile of satisfaction."
—*Philadelphia Times.*

A very wealthy New York girl has adopted a Japanese baby of two years. She paid $3,000 for him, and has named him James A. Garfield.

"The Verdict will Stand."

A tailor had brought a suit against a delinquent debtor for the pay for some worn-out-and forgotten clothes. When the case came up for a hearing, one of the attorneys asked for the continuance upon some frivolous pretext, and, of course, the other opposed it. A wrangle followed, the result of which was a written stipulation, signed by both attorneys, that the suit should be tried on a certain designated day at 2 o'clock and this stipulation was filed with the justice, so that there might be no further delay.

At the appointed hour the defendant and his counsel entered the court room and found his honor on the bench.

"Why were ye not here this marnin'?" inquired the Justice, looking over his spectacles.

"Because I had no occasion to come until now. Will your Honor please call the case of Tailor vs. Blank?" said the attorney.

"Oh, ye had no bizniss to come this marnin', is it? Ye think ye're dom shmart, don't ye? It's loikely ye had razors for breakfast this marnin'! Ye'd loike to have me call the case of Tailor vs. Blank 'if I plaze.' Well, I don't plaze. It plazed me to call it this marnin', and as it didn't plaze ye to be prisint it plazed me to give a vardict aginst ye, and ye'll plaze pay the same and me costs at yer airliest convanience, if ye plaze."

"But, your Honor, the case was set down by stipulation for 2 o'clock this afternoon!"

"I'll bet ye the dhrinks it wasn't!"

"Done!"

The court drew out the stipulation from drawer of his desk and discovered his error.

"I've lost the dhrinks, but ye've lost yer case!"

"But I haven't lost my case, your Honor! By that stipulation the case couldn't be tried until 2 o'clock. Your Honor's verdict is illegal!"

"It's illegal, is it? Well, it'll sthand just the same!"

"But, your Honor, the case was set down absolutely for this hour. It could not be disposed of before, and must be disposed of now. I ask for a non-suit."

"Oh, ye do! Well, ye'll ask a long time before ye git it! Didn't I tell ye the vardict will stand? P'r'aps ye didn't understhand me. I'll say it agin for ye:

"The vardict will sthand!"

Lost City Retaken.

The Chillans have at present several thousand men advancing from different directions into the Araucanian territory. Up to now they have met with slight opposition, although past events have led the government to anticipate that stubborn opposition would be encountered. Among a number of letters from correspondents accompanying the different expeditions is one descriptive of the newly discovered site of the city of Villarica, a populous and opulent city, which, after a siege of two years and eleven months, fell into the hands of the Araucanians in 1692.

The writer states that he has walked among the ruins, now thickly studded with well grown oaks, and among them has traced streets which were fully one mile in length, and which had been divided into blocks of 100 yards square, as was customary in most of the cities founded by the Spaniards. The city had been surrounded by a wall, which is yet in a fair state of preservation from three to six feet from the ground—a sufficient defense in former days against any ordinary Indian attack. Tiles were found which have hardened to the consistency of stone, and which are in better condition than when they were the mute witnesses of the destruction of this inland city so many years ago.

In the vicinity there is a very extensive lake, in which an island is situated which is reported to be swarming with the descendants of the domestic animals belonging to the Spaniards who were here sacrificed by the victorious Araucanians. The description given is brief in the extreme, but it will soon be supplemented by fuller and yet more interesting reports of this and other cities which were destroyed at the same time.

All the districts now being explored—and notably that surrounding Villarica—abound in mines, which returned large sums during the Spanish occupancy. These mines will again be worked under different auspices, and will lend their assistance in promoting the rapid settlement and development of Araucania, so long occupied by the scattered bands claiming dominion over it, but which now promises to become one of the richest provinces of Chili.—*Panama Star and Herald.*

A Premium for Babies.

The proposed French law provides that every head of a family who has more than four children shall be entitled to a reduction of 15 per cent. in his annual taxes, and to an additional reduction of 5 per cent. for each child in excess of five. In case the head of the family pays no taxes, or if his taxes do not exceed 100 francs a year, then he shall be entitled to a premium of 200 francs for his fifth child and to another premium, in each case larger by 100 francs than the preceding, for each additional child he may have. The project of Mr. Pieyre—for that is the name of the author of the bill—may seem empirical, not to say comical, but the fact is, that the population of France is at a standstill, is not actually diminishing. The pernicious example of limiting children is set by the upper classes of society. Among the wealthy and middle classes large families are looked upon as misfortunes—not so much on account of the immediate expense attending upon the birth, support and education of children as on account of the necessity for making the provisions for their future that the social custom of this nation enforce. If the children are girls, the parents must set aside annually a sufficient sum to provide them with a dot or dowry, without which they cannot hope to find husbands for their daughters; if the children are boys, the capital to start them in business must be provided. This means years of saving and economy, even among the wealthy classes of society, and parents find it a much simpler matter to economize in the number of their children. Two or at most three children, are admissible, and there are very few families in easy circumstances that exceed that number. So deeply has this feeling become rooted in the social life of the nation that parents who have large families are looked upon as being culpably and indecently improvident. As by far the great majority of marriages among those in moderate or easy circumstances are formed upon purely financial conditions, and are arranged by the parents, the affections have but little to do with them; and hence this violation of the laws of nature is not difficult as you might suppose.

Lady Stafford, who was a shining light in the higher ranks of English aristocracy 100 years ago, wrote of the death struggle of her favorite dog, "Poor, charming Fubs," as follows: "As it leved soe it dyed, full of lov leening its head in my bosom, never offered to snap at anybody in his horrid tortur but nussle its head to us and loock earnestly upon me and Sue, whoe cryed for thre days as if it had been a childe or husband."

Business and Banking.

There are nearly one hundred banks in New York, everyone of which holds some proportion of what is known in discount circles as "swamp paper." The recent failures in the leather and other trades have consequently excited no little discussion among bank officials, and the question is eagerly canvassed, What is the soft place in the present system which enables a firm to carry on its transactions upon borrowed capital until nearly all its assets have disappeared?

Under the system which prevailed before the war, the bills in the market represented bona-fide mercantile transactions. If a merchant bought so many hides, he gave a bill for the amount. When he sold, he drew on his customer, and in each case the document bore on the face of it the consideration for which it was drawn. In those days credit was much longer than it is now. Three and six months were common usances, and even ten months was not unknown. Although there was no absolute hypothecation of the goods to meet the bill, yet the buyer had, or supposed he had, the security of a legitimate trade transaction at the back of it, and that the goods, when sold, would discharge the liability. The war, and the disorganization of currency caused by it, abolished all this. Credits were shortened. Currency was plentiful and depreciated in value. Every existing debtor made haste to discharge his liabilities in a medium so reduced from its face value that the creditors received only a percentage of his debt in discharge for the whole. This changed the entire system of mercantile transactions. National took the place of individual credit. The system of long usances disappeared, and trade transactions were reduced practically to a cash basis. The great majority of the business of this city is now transacted at from thirty to sixty days credit, and bills are rarely drawn except when the customer requires further indulgence. The amount of mercantile paper afloat representing specific mercantile transactions is probably not a tenth part of the turnover. A new system has consequently taken the place of the old. The merchant, instead of selling his customer's paper, furnishes a broker with his own notes, and these are sold to the banker generally upon the repute and credit of the firm alone, or with the support of an indorser. Under this system, the paper out bears no necessary proportion to the business done. Indeed, it seems as if some of the firms who have recently failed have added a paper factory to their leather business. The notes issued, which in a sound concern should go to purchase fresh stock, have simply represented an increasing deficiency, and the traders have gone on until the bulk of the assets have vanished.

Several remedies are proposed. It has been suggested that by some sort of freemasonry between the banks it might be possible to tell how much paper each firm has afloat. But this suggestion is scarcely feasible. Much of the paper is sold to private buyers in country towns, who could not be approached. The remedy really rests with the banks themselves. Instead of following each other like a flock of sheep and buying paper because the house is in good credit, they should insist on the merchant furnishing his broker with a certified balance-sheet to be shown to persons buying the paper. Such a system would enable bankers to gleam some idea of the risk they run, and firms who consider the suggestion derogatory to their dignity might better keep out of the market. There is another objection to the existing system in that it offers great opportunities for fraud, such paper being easily fabricated by a dishonest partner for his own purposes.—*New York Tribune.*

The Monkey Barber Talks Nonsense.

"Hullo! Yohannes," said the assistant of the German barber near the Cooper Institute on Friday, as the reporter came in to get shaved, "I got an idea you haf der gombination uf der doorhantle forgodden already. Also, I vos a-scared der olt man dalked glean troo your head a hole iasd dime you vos here. He haf vent home. I ton'd know if he's got a leedle someding he vood like to sbend a day dalking apowd mit his vife, or if he choost vants to gif his chaw a rest und prace up for der Saturday rush of drade yet.

"He can dalk choost so steady like a vintmill goes rount, und he browides his own wint pesides. He peats my Duesday night girl owitsite in—und dot's high braise us him, und don't you forgid somedings. Dot gall fills a pig lamp fresh, so soon vat I come effery Duesday night, und dalks dill der oil is purned avay. I haf been sex veeks to see her already, und der only vorts more as 'yes' und 'ho' vich I haf yet got a shance to said is, 'Clementina, do you dink you can finish on der lamp from der hall?'

"Und dot prakes her right avay up, pecause she knows it dakes der gondents of dot hall lamp to lighd der place vhile she been saying goot nighd. Her olt man's a blummer, und he's got to haf a bardner to make der bills owid. Dot is der bardickler goot boint apowd Clementina.

"Py Chimaneddy! If it vosn't for me der poss vould got only von gusdimer—dot's a deaf man, vich can'd see his ears owid. He vouldn't dumble to anyding unless der elefated railrote fell on dop of him. All vot der resd of der gusdimers come for is on account I know enough to keeb my mout shut: excebting if a fresh feller comes in, I dalk him sdone plind to safe my own life.

"Seddling a new goundry in is choost der same as if a man should owid uf a palloon drop, alretty. If he in a mut buddle sdrikes he vill sure come owid dirdy."

"But suppose he brings his mud puddle along with him?" the reporter suggested.

"Now, vot a voolish gwesdion dot vas," said the monkey barber. "You haf been gedding so long shafed mit der olt man you haf got upsite down your head, alretty."—*New York Sun.*

Officers and clerks of the Railway Mail Service are to be required to write the names of States in full in directing mail matter. It would be a good thing if the public would follow the rule, especially where the abbreviations are nearly the same or liable to be misleading.

Lightning struck a Florida man the other day in the side, ran down his leg to the knee, forked and burned two streaks to the sole of his foot. After leaving him it hunted up a can of powder, which it exploded and then knocked a sick man out of bed. The latter found himself cured of the chills when he recovered from the surprise, and the other fellow is none the worse for the lightning trick. The house, however, is a total wreck from the powder explosion.

Next year, 1884, will be the centennial