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THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS.

VOL. 16, No. 28. RAVENNA, O., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1884. WHOLE No. 808.

THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS.

PUBLISHED EACH THURSDAY, BY
S. D. HARRIS & SON.

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1884.

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Best Goods and Lowest Prices.

☞ We Solicit Your Patronage.

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

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—TO CALL ON—

FRANK J. SMITH
THE
TAILOR

Who has just received the LARGEST and FINEST line of

FOREIGN and DOMESTIC WOOLENS

(in Samples to select from)

I've been in any Merchant Tailoring Establishment in the County.

STYLE AND PRICE CANNOT BE EXCELLED.

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Attorney at Law and Notary Public. Office in Phenix Block, over Second National Bank, Ravenna, Ohio.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW, Co[illegible] English and German Office over [illegible]'s Clothing Store, Phenix Block, Ravenna.

P. B. CONANT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ravenna, O Office in Blackstone Block, North Chestnut street, Ravenna Ohio

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Dec. 10, 1883, 1y.

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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

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Clothier and Merchant Tailor, Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods. Phenix Block, Main Street, Ravenna, Ohio.
Oct. 15, 1868, 1y.

A. W. BEMAN,
Attorney at Law. OFFICE, No 2608 Broadway (18th Ward), Cleveland, Ohio. 772

JOB PRINTING OF A K
Promptly and neatly execu

Tea! Tea! Tea! Tea!

The best 50c, 60c, 80c Tea in Portage County, We have Young Hyson, Gunpowder, Oolong and Japan Teas—Basket Fired and Sun Dried.

Call and Get a Sample!

A pair of Gloves gave a young man in Cleveland a House and Lot valued at $4,000,00. One dollar's worth of Tea may give you a GOLD WATCH, or some one of the other Presents.

Remember, the Distribution will be made

MARCH 4, 1884.

It will soon be here. Secure all the Tickets you can before that time.

Remember the Place!

Risdon & Taylor,

No. 3 MARVIN'S BLOCK, MAIN ST.,

RAVENNA, OHIO.

Live Poultry Wanted!

☞ Cash Paid for Choice Table Butter ☜

WE HAVE RECEIVED OUR

Fall Goods

AND ARE NOW MAKING

Great Reductions in Prices.

It is agreed by everybody that the Clothier who buys for CASH has the BEST choice of stock, and can sell the cheapest.

We PAY cash for our stock, and invite the competition of Northern Ohio in Quality and Prices.

Long experience creates confidence. Our old customers never go back on us. We always seek to give satisfaction.

Our new stock is of the choicest selection. We have one of the most complete stocks of

Overcoats

Ever put before the people of Portage County. In fact, everything desirable in Men's, Boys', and even Children's Wear, and at Rock Bottom Figures.

We buy for CASH, and can sell at the lowest prices.

Our Piece Goods Cannot be Excelled!

We have a most superb line of FOREIGN and DOMESTIC GOODS, which we will make up in fine style, and perfect fits guaranteed.

Examine our line of HATS, the finest in the county.

Look at our NECK WEAR, which is of every description.

Remember our stock of Clothing is complete CALL AND SEE US.

P. FLATH

No. 3 Phenix Block.

ONCE AGAIN

We have to announce to the public that we have just received the largest and finest assortment of

HARDWARE!

for Winter trade in the County

LOOK, LOOK!

at our stock of Saws, Axes, X Cuts, One Man and Wood Saws, Do not fail to examine our CELEBRATED

ALL STEEL AXES!

Meat Cutters and Sausage Stuffers, Skates and Sleigh Bells; in fact, everything to make up a most complete assortment. We have knocked the BOTTOM OUT OF PRICES, and are SELLING LOWER THAN THE LOWEST, at the Old Stand, No. 3 Etna Block, Ravenna, O.

BALDWIN & WALLER.

G. P. REED,

—DEALER IN—

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Varnishes,

Dye Stuffs, Standard Patent Medicines, Candies, Cigars and Tobacco, together with a large variety of

FANCY AND TOILET ARTICLES!

Fine Perfumeries, Stationery, Blank Books, School Books, and School Stationery

Mr. MYRON JAY, a thoroughly competent and reliable Druggist, has charge of the prescription Department. Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours, night and day.

The Old Plow.

I.

Many a time, old plow, I've followed you
From early morn, when weeds were damp with dew,
Till twilight donned her somber robes of night,
And bellowing bull-bats winged their hurried flight.
Ah, how long the smoking furrows seemed,
When on my head the hot sun fiercely beamed;
How oft amid the rank and waving corn,
Have I listened for the dinner-horn,
A blast proclaiming "jowl" and turnip-greens,
Molasses, buttermilk, cold pie, and beans.
How gladly did I leave you when it rained,
And how with loyish glee the creek I seined,
But what a blow, when welcome clouds were gone,
The voice that said, "Go an' plow that co'n,"
Dispelled at once my glad and joyous dream,
Like pouring clabber into sweetest cream.

II.

The hand of time has used you roughly plow;
Your once bright bar is worn and rusty, now,
And the faded letters on your rotting stock,
Like time-worn carvings on "memorial rock,"
Only in the dreamiest way can tend,
The souls of past and present things to blend.
Old Gray, the lazy horse that used to draw
You through the soil, is long since dead.
His "maw"
It always seemed to me, was never full.
How I used to yell and jerk and pull,
But all in vain, for stubborn Gray, alas!
Would turn aside and munch the fox-tail grass.
His "mouth for green stuff" one day took him off,
For while out grazing near the water-trough,
He stumbled o'er a cruel stone and fell,
Ker chunk, heels over head, into the well.
We drew him out with cable, ropes, and steers,
And my young eyes were filled with scalding tears,
When they stretched his lifeless body on the ground,
While mournfully I sobbed and stood around.
A highly-colored picture of the "blues,"
Good old friend, I took from him his shoes,
And then I ran with heart not half so sore,
And sold them at the neighboring village store.

III.

A saddening change now marks the farm, old plow;
Fences moved and trees cut down. Oh, how
I'd like to see it as it used to be,
It had been better both for you and me,
If there had been no change from old time then,
For pleasures are for boys, not for men.
Soon you will moulder down into dust,
And I will sink into the damp earth's crust.
But ah, o'd plow, you're better off than I,
For you have nought to do but id y lie
Upon a bed made soft by rain and dews,
While I am wearing agonizing shoes.
You have no tantalizing bills to meet,
No pug-nosed rooster stops you on the street,
And tells you with a sinner's hardened grin,
That he must have that "small amount of tin,"
Which you have owed his house a month or so.
You have no such trying ordeals, plow, oh no!

—Drake's Magazine.

SOMETHING ABOUT EYES.

It has been lately asserted that blue eyes do not sparkle; it is only the black that do that. But the gentle loveliness of blue eyes is not denied.

Probably no eye is without its attractions, no matter what its color may be; and the curious circumstance about eyes is that each sort is best wherever it is found.

The color goes with the complexion, the tint of the face, and the hue of the hair, and usually complementary to these.

It would not make a blue-eyed girl prettier, whose complexion would naturally be delicate, and whose hair would be light, to change her eyes to black if that process could be accomplished.

The harmony of what the artists call the *ensemble* would be broken up by such a change and a similar damage would happen if a pair of black eyes were changed, in any particular case, to blue.

This compensatory character of a feature is strikingly shown by the fact that red hair—which we usually find ill spoken of—is almost always accompanied by the purest and clearest complexion possible.

Another circumstance about eyes is, that except in very noted instances, we do not easily remember the particular color of those possessed by our acquaintances.

This is so well understood that at parties frequently a large number will go out and reappear with their whole forms covered, except their eyes, which are left wholly visible; those left behind are asked, with ludicrous results, to tell from the eyes alone the different members of the masked party. And where many are so concealed it is never done with success, the guesses being, for the most part, widely at fault.

Yet it is conceded that we owe to the eye the best part of the beauty and animation of the face. Sometimes where there is no other feature to attract attention, the eye alone will seem almost to endow a person with beauty.

This versatile and exquisite part of the facial endowment has the power also of continuing by its brightness the reign of youth.

As a bright eye almost disarms age, and gives multiplied power to youth, it is no wonder this charm is so coveted. For this reason artificial devices are frequently resorted to, to produce the requisite lustre, and sometimes with sad effects.

It is said that a lady at one of our most fashionable and popular summer resorts so over-did the prescription for eye-brightness with a powerful drug, the past season, that she has entirely lost her sight. This is certainly, as all will admit, a terrible price to pay for beauty that would not be bribed.

It would take the full dimensions of and encyclopædia to record the wise, and witty, and pertinent things that have been said about eyes by various writers.

Stephenson, the great mechanic and inventor, when asked what was the greatest mechanical power, said it was the eye of a maiden; for it is able to draw her lover around the whole circuit of the globe.

Shakspeare has made nearly a thousand allusions to eyes in general, and the ones he wished specially to celebrate. In fact, his expressions on this subject are altogether too numerous to refer to adequately.

Perhaps the passage next in importance to the famous example in "Romeo and Juliet" is that where he says, in "Measure for Measure":

Take, O take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn.

Ben Johnson says to his Celia:

Drink to me only with thine eyes.

As if they were sweeter than any elixir. Otway speaks of something "dear as these eyes," and Milton tells of "love-darting eyes."

In Byron's wonderful description of that scene preceding the Battle of Waterloo, he says:

Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spoke again
And all went merry as a marriage bell.

Walter Scott says, in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel":

Her blue eyes sought the west afar,
For lovers love the western star.

And Tennyson signalises one of his characters by this happy description:

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer.

Of course, there is no limit to these instances, and, if we were to speak of the eye in the singular number, there are Wordsworth's "harvest of a quiet eye," and "the apple of the eye" of the Old Testament, to be considered, along with countless allusions.

Mr. Emerson, who has, perhaps, rung as many changes on this subject, in a brief space, as any writer, says:

"The eye obeys exactly the action of the mind." "Eyes are bold as a lion's—roaring, running, leaping here and there, far and near. They speak all languages. They wait for no introductions, ask no leave of age or rank; they respect neither poverty nor riches; neither learning, nor power, nor virtue, nor sex, but intrude and come again, and go through and through you in a moment of time. What inundations of life and thought are discharged from one soul into another through them. The glance is natural magic.

"The eyes of men converse as much as their tongues. When the eyes say one thing, and the tongue another, a practised man relies on the language of the first.

"There are eyes, to be sure, that give no more admission into the man than blueberries. Others are liquid and deep—wells that a man might fall into. There are asking eyes, asserting eyes, and eyes full of fate, some of good and some of sinister omen."

And there is much more which this writer has seen in and tabulated of the eyes. His friend and neighbor, Thoreau, always believed in the popular proverb, which asserts that character as well as beauty is manifested by the eye.

But we began this subject with a reference to blue eyes, and no other appeal to us so much in the way of affection.

Many years ago that staid old periodical, the Westminster *Review*, startled its readers by the publication of an elaborate essay written to prove that blue eyes were going out of fashion.

The writer offered an array of statistics which showed a tendency of those orbs towards a gradual elimination. If they were really decreasing rapidly, the time would soon come, of course, when they must cease altogether.

It was a frightful thought.

But a quarter of a century has passed since the prediction was made, and no special scarcity of blue eyes is yet apparent. And we have faith to say that they will always exist.

Little Known Cities.

The English are beginning in a vague way to realize the magnitude of India, and to comprehend that it contains some 50,000,000 more people than all Europe west of the Vistula. Few, however, are quite aware of the number of its cities, or believe that it includes sixty-two with more than 50,000 people and twenty-two with more than 100,000; namely, Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, Hyderabad, Lucknow, Benares, Delhi, Patna, Arga, Bangalore, Umritsur, Cawnpore, Lahore, Allahabad, Jeypore, Rangoon, Poona, Ahmedabad, Bareilly, Surat, Howra, and Baroda. We give them in order of population; but, properly speaking, in the English way of counting, Howra, the Southwark of Calcutta, should be included in the capital, which with it contains above 866,000 souls, and it is the greatest, as it is by far the wealthiest, in the Empire. Below the limit of 50,000 the towns become much more numerous, and there are hundreds with populations above 20,000. The majority of the latter are quite unknown to Europeans, an active magistrate or two excepted; and, so far as we are aware, there is no book in English which gives the slightest account of their organization, or of the life and people in them. Yet many of them have histories of 2,000 years, and in all flourish families which think themselves noble, and have long pedigrees and stirring tales to narrate. We hear every now and then much of Indian princes who, in India, are hardly mentioned, and of "educated natives," a scarcely perceptible class, but of the true "British India" as little is known at home as of the eastern provinces of Peru.—*London Spectator.*

A 300-Year-Old Bible.

A curious and valuable book has recently come into the possession of Mr. S. A. Thompson, of this city, it being a Danish Bible of the year of 1583. It was printed at Copenhagen by Matz Bengaardt, and is one of the second edition ever issued in the Scandinavian peninsula. Its history is known for the past 300 years, having been in the Svendsgaardt family for that time, and it contains the family record for most of this period. About seven years ago it was brought to this country by L. Svendsgaardt, and, after changing hands several times, was recently purchased by Mr. Thompson in Otter Tail county.

The book shows traces of its age, both from its worn condition and the style of its binding. The covers are of Norway pine, some five-eighths of an inch in thickness, and covered with hog-skin. The corners are finished in brass, figured in fanciful shapes, which have been battered and worn till whatever beauty they may once have had has been lost. The work is profuse in its illustrations, and is valuable chiefly for these, as being well preserved specimens of the engravings of three centuries ago. Quaint and curious are some of them. The creation of Eve is one such, the idea being taken from the literal wording of the Scriptures. Adam is asleep, and the Creator is drawing a fully-developed woman from his side. A curious thing is that in the sky the sun, moon and stars are all to be seen at the same time. Many of the engravings, if not all, are made in accordance with modern rules of aerial perspective, a thing not always done in works of that century.

A singular fact is that in the New Testament there are no engravings until Revelation is reached. The life of Christ had not a single scene, and the only representation of Him is where He appears to John in Revelation. The value of the book is not far from $1,000, and Mr. Thompson is in communication with parties who wish to purchase it.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

Unintelligible Occupations.

The avocation of a "worm eater," or one who makes pretended worm-holes in various objects in order to give them an appearance of antiquity, was humorously referred to by Sir Charles Dilke in his recent speech at Hammersmith. This does not, however, appear to be by any means a solitary example of an unintelligible designation of a man's calling. The census commissioners cite no fewer than a hundred names of occupations of the people which are stated to be in common use, and yet are such that in all probability an ordinary educated man would know at most but one or two, and often would not know even a single one. Sometimes, when he might fancy that the term gave some clew, he would find, we are told on inquiry, that the supposed clew was completely misleading. As specimens we may note the following: All-rounder, barker, blabber, black picker, bomb-setter, branner, budget-trimmer, bulldog-burner, buttoner-up, can-breaker, checker, crutter, dasher, doctor-maker, doler, duler, egger, faster, flat-keeper, fluker, idle back-maker, impression-maker, keelbuley, lurer, maiden-maker, oil-bearer, oliver man, orange-raiser, ponty-sticker, ransacker, sand-badger, spragger, sprigger, toother, trowler, walk-flatter, westerman, wheel-glutter, whim-driver and whistler.—*London Daily News.*

A Four Year Old Boy Who Smokes Twenty Cigars a Day.

While making his rounds recently your correspondent was much amused to see a little boy, apparently about four years of age, who was puffing away at a huge black cigar with all the nonchalance of the most habitual user of the weed. On being informed by several neighbors standing near, that the boy had been a confirmed smoker since the age of fourteen months, the reporter determined to investigate the case.

The little boy's name is Petey Spangenberger, a son of John Spangenberger, the well-known saloonist at 87 East Main street. When asked about it, the father seemed proud of his son's accomplishment, and gave the reporter the following account of the commencement of the habit: "When the little boy was an infant in the arms, fourteen months of age, a cigar was given to him once in fun by one of the customers in the saloon. Instead of growing deathly sick and dropping it, the little fellow clutched it with his baby fingers, and seemed to enjoy it, smoking it to the very end. From the first cigar his taste for smoking commenced, and from that day the child cried for cigars as an ordinary child cries for candy. The taste seemed to take such a terrific hold on his baby appetite that he was soon smoking, all the time, one cigar after another, until he reached the appalling number of twenty per day. Nothing else would pacify him, and he would cry bitterly when not allowed his twenty cigars per day. Though the parents could see no evil effects from the use of the weed, they grew alarmed and called a physician, who made a minute examination of the little fellow, and finding no evil results from the use of tobacco, told the parents that the habit would do the child no harm.

Reassured by this statement the parents allowed free rein to their child's appetite, and he has been an habitual smoker from that day to this. Pipes, cigars, cigarettes, everything of a smokable nature that fell in his way, were eagerly devoured. He commenced to chew, also, but this second habit was promptly prohibited.

The little boy is now in kilt suits and is 4 years old. His habit attracts unbounded amusement and admiration from the patrons of his father's saloon, and many are the cigars which fall to his share from customers who desire to see him smoke. For the last few months he has averaged only from ten to twelve cigars a day, and smokes slower and seems to enjoy it more.

The little boy was shown to the reporter, who was surprised to find a fat, chunky little fellow, with a pronounced German appearance, and the fat hanging in ropes from his little cheeks. He seemed of a lively, jolly disposition, and betrays not the least traces of nervousness. The parents attribute his fatness to the smoking, as he avoids all fat food in eating, and never drinks wine or beer. He will only smoke one particular brand of cigars—a very black, strong variety—and it is extremely amusing to see him toddle down in the morning before breakfast and demand a cigar from his papa. This obtained, he will light it with the most profound gravity, and puff away with the air of a man of fifty. The only peculiarity about him is his odd ways, his every action reminding one of the most dignified adult. His brothers and sisters show not the least disposition toward tobacco. His parents are both wholesome and hearty Germans. Dr. McLaughlin, who examined the boy recently assured your correspondent that all his functions are in a normal condition, and his nervous system fails to exhibit the slightest trace of the tobacco or nicotine influence. He considers that the habit has become so natural that the effects of the poison is lost on the boy's system. The parents believe that the tobacco has saved their son's life, and announce their intention to continue the child's gratification of his appetite.—*Springfield, O., Commercial Gazette.*

Sights in Java.

Probably the most interesting thing I saw in Java was an American circus, and it was curious to see the crowds of Malays and Chinese as eager to catch a glimpse of the lion or to get a seat near the ring as the average American small boy. It was American in every respect, and I believe they are getting to be an institution of our country. To get a warm reception anywhere all the manager has to do is to advertise it as such; draw attention to the bareback riders all as Miss Emma, or some such good English name, instead of Mlle. Lucie de la Vere, as is the custom with us, and that Sam Johnson, the great American negro lion tamer, will give an entertainment with his five tame lions captured in the wilds of Missouri. Yes, the American circus is gaining a world-wide reputation, and even here in Batavia was the excitement of the week.

Java is the home of the upas tree, and as it is only recently that true scientific explanations have been given of them, probably one theory may be interesting. Wonderful stories were told about the valleys where they grew. No living creature was able to live an instant exposed to its effects, and even birds in flying over would drop dead, so that the whole valleys were covered with their skeletons. When scientific men first began to inquire into it, they could only with the greatest difficulty induce the natives to accompany them to the spots, with such dread and superstition were they held. A peculiar feature in the earthquakes in this part of the world soon [illegible] them and exploded the theory as to the trees themselves. It was found that at certain times the sulphurous vapors and noxious gases escaping through the cracks of the earth in these valleys were so dense and poisonous as to be destructive to animal life, and at such times had so affected the natives that they had retained the memory of such places and avoided them forever afterward. No evil effects were experienced by those who traversed the valleys, though there was unmistakable evidence that at periodic intervals they were deservingly to be avoided.

I cannot close without a last word about the earthquakes. I was in Batavia only a week from the time they happened, and from what I saw I must say that the newspaper accounts at home were very much exaggerated. The destruction was great enough when it happened, but why extend it to Batavia itself, when, save for a few ashes that fell harmlessly around, and for a tidal wave that threw down a few hundred yards of breakwater, they were perfectly secure. According to some of the papers at home it was totally destroyed, whereas I think the city was never in a more healthy or enterprising condition, and heard less of the earthquake than the people at home.—*Cor. New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

President Arthur prevents much of the fatigue and lameness of the arm one must undergo in shaking hands with so many people by doing all the shaking himself. He never allows the visitor to seize his hand first, but takes the outstretched hand himself, and can thus let go when he pleases.

Chesterfield's Maxims.

Mixed Company, Learning, Pedants.—In mixed companies, whoever is admitted to make part of them, for the time at least, is supposed to be on a footing of equality with the rest; and, consequently, as there is no one particular object of awe and respect, people are apt to take a greater latitude in their behavior, and to be less on their guard; and so they may, provided it be within certain bounds, which are upon no occasion to be transgressed. But, upon these occasions, though no one is entitled to distinguished marks of respect, every one claims, and very justly, every mark of civility and good breeding. Ease is allowed, but carelessness and negligence are strictly forbidden. If a man accosts you, and talks to you ever so dully and frivolously, it is worse than rudeness, it is brutality, to show him by a manifest inattention to what he says, that you think him a fool or a blockhead, and not worth hearing. It is much more so with regard to women, who, of whatever rank they are, are entitled, in consideration of their sex, not only to an attentive but to an officious good breeding from men.

Too Ready Friends.—Be upon your guard against those who, upon every slight acquaintance, obtrude their unasked and unmerited friendship and confidence upon you; for they probably cram you with them for their own eating; but at the same time do not roughly reject them upon that general supposition. Examine further, and see if those unexpected offers flow from a warm heart and a silly head, or from a designing head and a cold heart; for knavery and folly often have the same symptoms. In the first case there is no danger in accepting them, *valeant quantum valere possunt.* In the latter case, it may be useful to seem to accept them, and artfully to turn the battery upon him who raised it.

There is an incontinency of friendship among young fellows, who are associated by their mutual pleasures only, which has very frequently bad consequences. A parcel of warm hearts and unexperienced heads, heated by convivial mirth and possibly a little too much wine, vow, and really mean at the time, eternal friendship to each other and indiscreetly pour out their whole souls in common, and without the slightest reserve. These confidences are as indiscreetly repealed as they are made; for new pleasures and new places soon dissolve this ill cemented connection, and then very ill uses are made of these rash confidences. Bear your part, however, in young companies; nay, excel if you can, in all the social and convivial joy and festivity that becomes youth. Trust them with your love tales, if you please, but keep your serious views secret.

Pride and Pedantry.—The costly liberality of a purse-proud man insults the distresses it sometimes relieves; he takes care to make you feel your own misfortunes, and the difference between your situation and his, both of which he insinuates to be justly merited; yours by your folly, his by his wisdom. The arrogant pedant does not communicate, but promulgates his knowledge. He does not give it to you, but he inflicts it upon you; and is (if possible) more anxious to show you your own ignorance than his own learning. Such manners as these, not only in the particular instances which I have mentioned, but likewise in all others, shock and revolt that little pride which every man has in his heart, and obliterate in us the obligation for the favor conferred, by reminding us of the motive which produced and the manner which accompanied it.

How To Select A Wife.

It is not an easy matter for one to succeed in any vocation without a pleasant, restful, inspiring home to repair to when the day's business is over, but the farmer, above all others, needs it. But man cannot, alone, found and construct a home. He can build a beautiful dwelling, having all the conveniences, interiorally and exteriorally for the residence of a family, but a dwelling is the mere husk or shell of a home. A home is something higher, sweeter, purer, holier, than any temple made with hands, it is a living, growing family. One of the first requisites of a home is a woman, a wife to preside over it. Woman is queen of a *true home* and none such ever existed where there was not such a queen, or where the wife was not enthroned.

Human experience teaches that man and woman are attracted to each other by a mysterious, an inexplicable power. That a young man may make the acquaintance of a hundred or a thousand young ladies, many of them beautiful and amiable, but he realizes none of that power called love. He becomes acquainted with another, with personal attractions much inferior (society being judge) to many of those he has before known, and yet she has an attraction for him that no other woman has. The sentimental say he has met his fate, and there is no other way than for him to yield, blindly, to destiny. Reason teaches that here is just where he should use his strongest critical powers. He should seek to become intimately acquainted with her character before deciding to form with her an indissoluble union for life. What qualities should a young farmer seek in a wife? 1st: *Health*, a sound constitution; 2nd: A woman who has been educated in all branches of housework.

The last quality that we shall mention to be sought for in choosing a wife by a young farmer, is a love of nature and a rural life, and an appreciation of the dignity and advantages of the farmer's vocation. There are many young women in the country as well as in town, to whom rural life has no charm; who are unable to find society in beautiful landscapes, in fruits and flowers, in birds and insects, and in domestic animals; who sigh for society, for dress, for operas or theatres, for balls and parties. Such young ladies are not adapted to farm life and not calculated to make a young farmer a happy home, or anything worthy of the name of a home.—*P. C. Reynolds in Rural Home.*

A Prehistoric Reservoir.

"I've seen a good many curious things in my travels," said a commercial traveler, "but the Walled Lake of Iowa rather lays over everything I ever saw. Just imagine a body of water covering nearly 3,000 acres, with a wall built up all around it, not a stone of which can be less than 100 pounds in weight, and some as heavy as three tons, and yet there is not a single stone to be found within ten miles of the lake. The wall is ten feet high, about fifteen feet wide at the bottom, and it may be five on top. The country is prairie land for miles around, except a heavy belt of timber that encircles the lake. This timber is oak, and it is plain that the trees were planted there. They are very large. The belt is probably half a mile wide. The water in the lake is probably twenty-five feet deep, as cold as ice and as clear as a crystal.

"What I would like to know is, who built that wall? And how did they hold the water back while building it? And how did they cart those immense stones for ten miles? If ever you go to Iowa don't fail to visit the Walled Lake. You'll find it in Wright county, 160 miles from Dubuque. The cars will take you almost to it."

How to Make Burnt Cork.

The popular impression about the application of burnt cork by minstrel performers is that it is rubbed on the face and hands of the performers from a cork whose end is charred in a convenient gas jet. This is incorrect. To supply the burnt cork used by minstrel performers of this city occupies the entire time and earnest attention of one interesting character. A little man whose place of business is on the curbstone on the north side of Pine street explained to a reporter the process of making it.

"I first gather my corks. I get them from the big bottling houses, who buy lots of bottles—many of them with corks that could'nt keep the air out of wine or beer.

"When I get ready to burn I put the corks into those three wash boilers you see there with holes punched in their sides and bottom, sprinkle alcohol over them, and set them afire. Then I fill one of those muslin sacks with the charred cork, and knead the sack in this barrel of water. That forces the powdered charcoal through the sack into the water.

"When I have worked all my charred cork through this sack into the water, I drain the water through a close canvas sack you see on that frame there, and what remains in the canvas sack is ready for the artists. I put it up in one pound tins, and they use it out of them. When a performer is ready to 'black up,' as they call it, he takes a little of this black paste in his hands and washes his face, neck, and hands in it, and he is blacked as you see him on the stage."—*San Francisco Call.*

Points About Sealskins.

Fine close pile and soft, pliable pelts are the first consideration in choosing a first-rate sealskin, and, as several are required to make a mantle or cloak, or jacket of any considerable size, it is important that there should be uniformity of quality, hue and luster. Latterly the very dark colors have been most fashionable; but at the present there appears to be a tendency toward the red or Vandyke brown. Only the best skins, however, will take the rich, dark colors. Many skins are poor, and the fur is thin, in consequence of the animals having been killed in the Summer season. This defect is easily seen by imitating the method of the trapper—holding the skin upside down and blowing gently, in order to see whether the fur is close and fine—a plan which applies to most other furs beside seal. The price of seals this season are likely to vary so considerably, according to quality, that quotations alone are of little significance.

The wearing qualities of all furs depend largely on the care which is taken of them, and wearing them a few days in warm weather injures them more than months' use in cold weather. If a sealskin becomes wet from being caught in snow or rain, shake the water off and wipe with a soft, dry and perfectly clean cloth the way of the fur which should run upward. Then hang the garment up to dry, brush carefully, and no harm will result. If the fur should mat from neglect when wet, take it to a furrier, who will probably find no difficulty in restoring it to its original beauty and gloss.—*Boston Herald.*

Filling and Graduating Thermometers.

"When a thermometer is to be made," says a manufacturer, "the glass-blower first blows a bulb on the end of a long tube. While this bulb is hot the end of the tube is inserted in mercury, and as the bulb cools the mercury rises and fills the bulb. This process is repeated until the bulb and part of the tube are filled. The bulb is then immersed in snow and chipped ice and the mercury settles to the freezing point, which is marked on the tube as 32 degrees, if a Fahrenheit scale is to be followed. Next the bulb is put in boiling water and the point to which the mercury rises is marked on the scale as 212 degrees. Ten degrees of the mercury are now detached from the column by jarring and the whole length of the tube is tested. The process is repeated with five degrees of the column being measured all the time by a standard thermometer to see if the tube is conical at any point. Common thermometers generally vary about two or three degrees, owing to the irregularity of the opening in the tube, which causes the mercury to rise slowly where the opening is too large and too fast where the opening is too narrow. It requires great skill to blow a tube with a uniform opening the whole length. They should be allowed to stand not less than one month—one year is better—to allow the mercury to settle before the scale is made." The self-registering thermometer is used for marking the highest and lowest points reached within a given time. The bulb is filled with mercury, above which, in the tube, is inserted a fine piece of steel spring; the remainder of the tube is filled with carbolic acid or creosote. The steel spring rests at the highest point it is pushed to by the mercury, and is afterward drawn down by a small magnet. By a duplex arrangement and reversing the scale the lowest or coldest point is indicated in the same way. The deep-sea thermometer is of the same pattern, and is incased in a heavy copper tube to preserve it against the pressure of water. It has, besides, a self-regulating attachment. The fever or clinical thermometers are made with great nicety, and are used for determining the temperature of the human body.

An Atrocious Epistle.

A more atrocious epistle than the following could scarcely defile paper. It is from the electoral Prince of Hesse Cassel, and refers to the Hessians in the British army killed at the battle of Trenton, December 26, 1776. It is given for the first time in this country in Lessing's Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution, and the writer was the grandfather of the present Prince Hesse Cassel, one of the thirty-nine petty tyrants who ruled Germany at the time:

"You cannot think how much pleased I was to hear that, out of the 1,955 Hessians who took part in the battle, no more than 345 remain. There are, accordingly, 1,610 dead—no more and no less—so the treasury owes me, according to our contract, 634,000 florins. The Court of London says, it is true, that some hundred of them, are only wounded, who cannot be paid for like the dead; but I hope that remindful of my instructions given to you at Cassel, you have not tried to save, with inhuman help, those poor fellows who could have bought life only at the sacrifice of a leg or arm. That would be a sad present for them; and I am sure they prefer to die gloriously rather than live lamed and unfit for my service—Remember that out of the three hundred Spartans but one remains in life. Oh! how happy would I be if I could say the same of my brave Hessians."

The march of total abstinence in England has been interrupted for the moment by the farmers of Wiltshire. They have clubbed together and presented a purse of $500 to the man who, a little while ago, proved that he could pitch more wheat with the aid of beer than an opponent who drank water.