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From the Chicago Republican.
The Public Domain.
Last week we published the speech of Mr. J. J. Jones, of Indiana, on the subject of the public domain. We now print the report of the House Committee on the Public Lands making an additional exposure equally significant.

The more we investigate the subject the more we are convinced that the beneficent operation of the pre-emption and homestead system must speedily cease, unless an abrupt and immediate stop be put to the policy of spoliation which of late years has made land sharks and monopolists the real recipients of the benefits that were intended to inure to actual settlers. At the rate this pernicious absorption is going on all the choice acres that remain of the vast territorial possessions of the United States will, in a very few years, pass into the hands of a few wealthy individuals or corporations, to be opened up to improvement only when the prices which cupidity and rapacity affix shall be realized. This would delay indefinitely the development that would otherwise take place speedily throughout immense acres of forest, plain, or wilderness. That once started, a steady stream of immigration to our shores from the Old World must quickly be checked when the right to purchase the public lands, and create homes, shall be limited to the extreme limits of civilization, or to undesirable localities. The day, say, the very hour, has arrived when paramount public interest can no longer palter with the reckless spirit of land speculation, without retarding and dwarfing national growth.

The public domain comprises what remains unsold or not donated of the territory defined by the treaty of 1783, on achieving our independence of Great Britain; sessions made by New York, Virginia, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Georgia, at various times during 1802; acquisitions from European Powers, embracing Louisiana, Florida and the Gadsden purchase; and New Mexico and California, obtained by treaty with Mexico. These lands originally aggregated 145,000,000 acres, exclusive of water covered. Up to Sept. 30, '57, there had been disposed of 363,862,464 acres, in various ways, leaving a remainder of 1,086,137,536. For the six years ending Sept. 30, 1863, there were disposed of 41,508,083 acres more, leaving a balance of 1,044,629,453 at that date, still owned by the Government. This aggregate has been largely diminished by the location of military bounty-land warrants, agricultural college scrip, and other land scrip, these new appropriations generally going into the possession of monopolists, to be looked up from productive industry, until exorbitant charges can be realized. Under the proposed bill, granting bounty-land to Union soldiers in the late war of the rebellion, 324,979,050 acres of the public domain, or in excess of one third of it, and probably fully half of the arable portion will be absorbed. These assignable warrants, to be 2,245,659 in number, and calling respectively for 100,80, or 40 acres each, will be thrown upon the market for sale, the intended beneficiaries, in most instances, it is to be presumed, judging by the past history of such bounties, preferring the money they will fetch, to carving homes for themselves out of the government lands. Capitalists will make purchase at a small fraction of the entry price per acre, perhaps as low as the average cost to the United States of acquiring title, making survey, measuring and selling, when coin was circulating medium, amounted to 21,80 cents. The immense quantity of these land warrants which would be seeking buyers at one time, would naturally depreciate the selling rate, which might be depressed to 25 cents, or less, per acre. In that case the landsharks would reap a harvest indeed, for the purchaser of a warrant calling for 100 acres would be able to secure that quantity of the public domain, subject to entry, for \$40, while the honest immigrant to our shores from the Old World, bringing with him the fruits of frugal, yet only partially compensated toil, would have to expend, in locating farm of the same size, \$200, or five times as much as the rich man. Nor would the mass of the people, who might desire to avail themselves of the advantages of buying a land warrant at the ruling rate, with the intention of reducing the land to occupancy, have a chance to purchase, equal with the monopolist, for offices would be opened all over the country to buy in these warrants, and every one parted with in such purchasing shops would go to swell the number in the hands of some wealthy individual or powerful corporation, intent on gobbling broad acres of the public domain in one solid aggregate.

With these facts in view, the Committee rightly reported adversely to the bill submitted to their examination. Its passage would fall signally to realize the wishes or needs of the soldiers. Its title might truthfully altered so as to read, "A bill to be entitled an act to pay twenty per cent. of certain land bounties to men who have been in the military service of the United States, in the war of the rebellion, and to transfer into the pockets of certain landsharks the remaining eighty per cent. with a view to make the pre-emption and homestead laws inoperative." Such would be the effect of enacting the measure, and such might as well be its title.

The history of land warrants shows that the intended beneficiaries do not want it bestowed, but, as a general thing, the money it will fetch. Bearing this in mind, the Committee reported a bill in lieu, providing that the public lands, open to entry, shall be absolutely free to our honorably discharged soldiers and sailors, and that the trifling fees of the land officers, if it is intended further to compensate the brave defenders of nationality, even when they do not desire homesteads out of the government territory,

The Indiana American.

"THE UNION, THE CONSTITUTION, AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS."
VOL. 7, NO. 21.1
BROOKVILLE, IND., FRIDAY, MAY 22, 1868.
[WHOLE NO. 334.]

The most ineffectual and worst possible policy that could be adopted would be to inflict spoliation upon the national domain by an indiscriminate issue of land warrants. Far better would it be, as the Committee suggests, to pay each soldier, in addition to what he has received, a fixed sum per month during the period of his service.

Reform in the management of our land system must commence soon, if we would preserve ourselves from the fearful ravages of legalized landgrabbing, dooming vast tracts of fertile lands to indefinite barrenness. Our true policy is to coin the wilderness into wealth by the productive forces of actual settlement. The further we depart from this policy, the more pernicious are the consequences. It will be too late to return to it, after 2,245,659 bounty-land warrants, absorbing 334,979,050 acres of our choicest land, shall have been issued. We must decide now, once for all, whether the public domain shall be rigidly subdivided and parcelled out to the people, or prostituted to aid the self-aggrandizement, non-improvement, anti-settlement schemes of landjobbers and soil-monopolists. Between the two, the choice ought not to be doubtful. The former represents the spirit of enterprise and development; the latter the spirit of retardation and unproductiveness. Even the wayfarer man needs no monitor to tell him which most conforms to the temper of our people, and best conserves the welfare of coming generations.

Family Troubles of the Democracy.
From the New York Times.
Mr. Belmont's claim to be the dictator of the Democratic party is the occasion of more than a little murmuring. As Chairman of the National Committee, he is engaged in an effort to outmaneuver the friends of Mr. Pendleton, and with New York help succeeded in postponing the nomination until July. Democratic Congressmen protest, but Mr. Belmont is unyielding. A respectful request for the naming of an earlier day is met with a gruff assertion that the proposal for a change comes too late. There is grumbling in consequence; and some of the journals are unbending their minds by some plain talk about the arrogance and blustering of more than a little murmuring. As Chairman of the National Committee, he is engaged in an effort to outmaneuver the friends of Mr. Pendleton, and with New York help succeeded in postponing the nomination until July. Democratic Congressmen protest, but Mr. Belmont is unyielding. A respectful request for the naming of an earlier day is met with a gruff assertion that the proposal for a change comes too late. There is grumbling in consequence; and some of the journals are unbending their minds by some plain talk about the arrogance and blustering of more than a little murmuring.

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The Revenue Frauds.
Our special dispatches from Washington imply that the new revenue bill, soon to be reported, will continue the \$2 excise on whisky, with a six months' limitation of the time of payment on whisky in bond, and a considerable increase of special taxes on distilleries. In short we are to continue the present system, with a few nominal turns of the screw. No matter how honest the motives in this, the inevitable effect will be to play into the hands of the whisky ring of plunderers, by preserving all the conditions which have worked to transfer from 80 to 100 millions of dollars a year, from the pockets of the people to their pockets, under the name of revenue to uphold the public faith, and to support the best government the sun ever shone on.

To maintain this tax, will do just what this powerful organization of thieves is working to have done; just what it has its agents at the capital to do, and just what it is ready to spend, and undoubtedly is spending, millions of dollars to accomplish. And every turn of the impost screw, in the way of more severe penalties, and more sacrifices of all the safeguards of law, under pretense of summary action against these thieves, will only put more power in the hands of this organization of dealers and revenue officers, to crush all business outside of their own ring, and thus to swell their monopoly and their profits. When it is perfectly plain that this course of legislation is just what the whisky ring want, and what they can afford to pay millions of dollars to preserve, it suggests grave doubts of its legislative wisdom.

We do not suppose that there is a practical business man who believes that anything which Congress can do will help the collection of this excise, or that a tax of \$2 a gallon can ever be collected. It has reached a point far beyond the reforming power of a new administration, and more especially of one which is but a temporary provision, while an election canvass is already open. When the gang of thieves embraces the whole revenue service, with but rare exceptions, the more arbitrary the laws, the more power it puts in their hands to crush those who would distill honestly, to destroy all the influences that would investigate their exposure, and to monopolize the profits of the whole trade in their own hands.

At this time the arbitrary laws which were made for the summary treatment of fraudulent distillers, under the theory that the class were entitled to no protection of law, are simply instruments in the hands of the organized thieves to monopolize the whole business and to transfer the revenue from it to their own pockets. And so it will be with any further aggravations of this arbitrary legislation. There are acts of legislation on this matter, enacted under pretense of preventing and punishing frauds upon the revenue, which is a mockery to call laws, which strike down the principle of law, and which no revenue necessity could justify, even if they were effectual. But, in fact, they merely put weapons in the hands of corrupt officers to carry on their trade and to destroy any honest business.

There are acts to authorize seizures, which put it in the power of officers, notoriously corrupt, as a class, to ruin any business establishment into whose trade distilled spirits enter in any of the forms, either for drink or for mechanical uses. There is no necessity of revenue that could justify a Government in enacting such acts. They are not laws, for they destroy the principle of law. There is also an enactment that officers may seize all the distilleries in any district where distilled spirits are sold for less than the amount of the excise, which is merely a plunder law. It is a recognition that the revenue officers are corrupt, and a license to them to plunder the distillers. It is a sweeping act to pillage men against whom no charge is brought. It is a confession of failure, and a lashing out of impotence. No such act of legislation could stand before a competent court that was fit to exist.

Legislation has followed in degradation its administration. It has become a blind ragging of fanaticism. Upon the spur of a blind indignation against fraudulent dealers, the agony of arbitrary legislation is piled up higher, only to result in playing into the hands of the gang of thieves. The whole structure, the acts and their administrators, and the tax upon which they have arisen, ought to be swept away together into a common infamous memory.

And there is mingled with this fanaticism of legislative impotence, a moral fanaticism toward distilled spirits, which blindly regards the whole trade, and all the commerce that has any relations with it, as having no rights that anybody is bound to respect; which supports acts violating all rights of property, and vainly enacting indiscriminate penalties, upon the idea that they can not go amiss in such an iniquity. These have no concern because the people are robbed of 80 millions a year by the whisky gang. They look upon the whole trade as a matter of drink, and think it no matter how much drinkers are robbed. They are not excited at the plunder of the revenue. They think that somehow a moral work is being wrought. Or they are satisfied with legislation, if a matter how impotent, which treats the whole trade as infamous, and discards all principles of law in legislating upon it.

The moral work accomplished by this, consists in transferring 80 millions a year from the pockets of the people and the revenues of the Government, into the pockets of the gang of whisky thieves. The continuance of this system will destroy all the revenues, will break down the Government, and ought to break down any party that continues it. The continuance of the \$2 excise is a positive provision for the continuance of the whole system. It is just as certain as if the new revenue bill enacted in words that so much should be levied on distilled spirits and tobacco

for the benefit of the gang. New arbitrary measures will only give them more facilities. The \$2 tax is a disgraceful failure. It was conceived in sin, and begotten in iniquity, and its life has bedewed its breeding. It should be wiped out absolutely, or reduced to a rate so low as to take away the enormous profits which support this gang, and have built up thousands of distilleries in places where, but for the illicit gains, they would not exist.

The material interests destroyed by this corrupt system, are the smallest consideration for its abolition; but they are very great, vastly greater than are generally supposed, particularly by those whose laudable zeal against drinking ardent spirit has run to a fanaticism which makes them intolerant of its existence, and oblivious to any good use of it. All the numerous mechanical and chemical arts and manufactures, of which alcohol is a material, are either obliged to close business, or to operate at a loss, in consequence of the revenue officers making the material cheaper, or they are obliged to risk their establishments by entering into the fraud. And at the best, they are liable to have their establishments seized at any moment, and themselves ruined in credit, and brought to bankruptcy, by the arbitrary power which the law puts in the hands of corrupt officers, whom they have neglected to placate.

The great whisky trade of Cincinnati—the principal market in the world—has declined to small dimensions. The manufacturing, which was carried on in a great grain-growing district, of which this was the center, has gone to Eastern cities and to the South. The cost of the material is now of little consequence, compared with the revenue arrangements. And thus sugar and molasses are imported to be distilled, and our own product, corn, is neglected. Our rectifiers can lay down whisky bought in Eastern cities, for less than they can buy it here. Our manufacturers of varnishes, and all sorts of chemicals into which alcohol enters, can not now compete with those of Eastern cities, unless they go there to buy the raw material.

They can not even carry on business without liability to seizure and ruin; for, unless they go into market and pay from 50 cents to 100 cents a gallon more than is asked, they will have spirits at a price which in the eye of the law is *prima facie* evidence of fraud and cause of seizure. Our commerce and manufactures are being robbed by this whisky tax alone. The public generally have little idea how wide and deep the ramifications of the trade in distilled spirits, and how it concerns every person.

For example, take the manufacture of vinegar. Almost all pure vinegar is now made from whisky. Cider is chiefly spirituous. Whisky makes the best vinegar, and is the only material abundant enough for it. This is an article used by every family. Its manufacture probably reaches 30,000 barrels a year in this city. It takes about five gallons of proof whisky to make a barrel of vinegar. A manufacturer of this city informs us that formerly he made 5,000 barrels a year, but that since January his factory has been lying idle, because vinegar made at Buffalo and other Eastern cities, by their better facilities for getting whisky, and sold cheaper in this market than he could make it.

But, as we said, although this has robbed us of many millions of dollars of trade, and has destroyed the investments of capital in manufactures to a very large amount; yet these material interests are the lesser of the reasons for the abolition of this odious system. It has become infamous. The whole country is disgusted at it. It is destroying all respect for government, and making men indifferent to the discharge of any obligations to a revenue which is thus abandoned to thieves. Its continuance will destroy all the revenues, will bring reputation, and will break down the Government. Its existence from one day to another is a daily disgrace. The country will be relieved morally and pecuniarily by its immediate and total abolition. But we suppose that a certain rate of tax—at the highest not more than 20 cents—which will not furnish the means to support this vast corruption, can be collected, by a greatly reduced force, and with the abolition of the bonding, warehousing and export drawback features, and that this will pay more than double the revenue that can be collected by a \$2 tax by any administration.—[Gazette.]

"Patrick" said a priest to an Irishman, "how much hay did you steal?" "Well," replied Pat, "I may as well confess to you; rivenance for the whole stack, for my wife and I are going to take the rest of it on the first dark night."

A little girl in Yorkshire, when water was scarce, saved as much rain water as she could, and sold it to a washerwoman for a penny a pailful, and in this way obtained several shillings for the missionary society. When she brought it to the society, she was not willing to tell her name. "But I must put down where the money came from," he said. "Call it then," replied the little girl, "rain from heaven."

CUT THIS OUT.—For a long time hydrophobia was thought to be incurable, and persons afflicted with it, were either strangled or smothered to death. But a German forester, dying a few years ago, made known a life secret by which many lives were saved, and which may serve a good turn to some of our readers. Bathe the wound constantly with hartshorn, and give three or four doses diluted during the day. The hartshorn decomposes chemically the virus in the wound, and immediately alters and destroys its deliriousness.

William Glasgow, a grocerman of St. Louis, has won half the capital prize in the Madrid Lottery, amounting to \$75,000.

The Origin of "Saving One's Bacon."
"Arrah, Teddy, yer eye doin' there," said Mick Casey, peering over the garden fence of his neighbor Timothy McGinnis, on a fine, sharp crisp-early December morning, "come along wid me mon, an' we'll go to Pheilm McLaughlin's berrin." (funeral.)

"No," says Teddy, "I can't go, for I have to dig this ridge of prates for Judy and the childer's breakfast, an' this I have to go to confession to Father O'Brian, who's holdin' a stashin beyant at his own house."

"Better take the stashin," says Mick, "I'm all for the funeral!"
Teddy dug the potatoes and then went into the cabin where his poor wife and children awaited him. Breakfast was soon ready and eaten, and then the head of this poor but good family arose, donned his frieze coat, and with that light-heeled whistle which betokens the possession of a clear conscience, sallied forth for the priest's residence, which was in a shady nook, about a mile off. Arriving in front of the woodbine-shadowed cottage, he gazed up at the windows in vain, for a glimpse of the venerable, smiling face of Father O'Brian, who was nowhere to be seen.

A knock at the door brought an aged female to answer it; it was Shela, the priest's house keeper.
"Top in the morning t'ye, Shela!" says Teddy, "where's his reverence?"
"He's busy wid Mrs. Blennerhassitt, the squereen's wife, just now. Step into the kitchen a minute an' it'll be your turn next."

Accordingly Teddy doffed his hat and strode into the room where a blazing turf fire sent forth its cheering blaze and genial warmth through the room. He drew his coat-tails about him and turned his back to the fire with the air of a man who will make himself at home, whether or no, when the warmth admonishes him either to turn "about face," or walk away. The former was his evolution, and he wheeled about only to find himself *vis-a-vis* to a well corned and smoked leg of the animal whose ascetic organ cannot be converted into a silex *post-mortem*.

"Powers o' mud," says Teddy, "but that's the illigant pig's ham entirely; how the pore watter is runnin' in my mouth at the site it is. Wouldn't it be the glorious taste to Judy an' the childerren, to say nothin' i' meself, that hasn't tasted the likes for many a long day? I'll just take that home—No, I won't neither, for it's only the inemy i' mankind that's temptin' me to be stalin' it, anyhow. But I'll just feel and smell it, for it'll do me a power o' good." Here Teddy lifted down the savory ham from the hook where it hung and raised it to the red nose that ornamented his frontpiece.

"Glory be to goodness," says Teddy, "but the smell it is that's been 'ad bring a man to life either he was chirored an' kilt dead intirely. Ock, blar'nyons, but it had the wonderful flavor, intirely." Here there came a rattling noise, and Teddy, becoming frightened, threw the ham under his coat-tail and then put it into his pocket, when the door opened and Shela exclaimed, "Teddy, his reverence is ready for ye now." The enormity of Teddy's sin now fully burst upon him, and he was now ready to drop dead between the fright and shame of his position.

"Mills murder!" mentally ejaculated Teddy, "but I'm rained here with foot, be Jaher, oh werra wirra, an' feshat will I do, at all, at all. Well, I'll try an' make the best i' it anyhow."
Into the little parlor stalked Timothy, looking the very picture of guilt and remorse. Kneeling down before the reverend father, Teddy told over a number of trivial offences, and was about to receive the balmy words of reprove and pardon, when he suddenly exclaimed:
"Oh stop, Father Brian, stop, for goodness, God's sake, stop, intirely stop, sir—yer reverence I mane. I've man more sin to tell ye, an' I'm afraid to tell, because I never done the likes before."
"Come, Teddy," says the priest, "you must tell what it is. Is it riotin? Have ye been breakin' any more heads?"
"No, yer reverence."
"Is it arson? Have ye been at a burnin' in' with the Rock boys?" inquired Father Brian.
"No, yer reverence."
"Is it a love scrape? Oh Teddy, shame on ye; it's some baggage ye've been tatherin' wid, is it?"
"No, yer reverence, I was always true to Judy, intirely."
"Well," said the priest, "what did you do?"
"Wall, sur—yer reverence I mane—there was wan day this week I went to see a jittlemann—the finest wan in this district, an' long life till him—in a small bit of business, an' sure he wasn't ready to spake to me thin, so I was shown in the kitchen to wait till he'd be ready for me. While I was there, my eyes fell on an illigant fitch o' bacon that was hangin' in the chimney-place, an' me teeth began to wather like if they was rivers, an' I put me hand on it, an' then the ould divil wid the high horns ken in and tempted me, an' I put it in my pocket. But I have it here now, an' I'll give it to yer reverence."
"Give it to me?" said the priest, "no, no, Teddy, take it and give it to its lawful owner."
"Wal, sur—yer reverence I mane—I offered it to him an' he said, he wouldn't take it."
"Then, take it home, Teddy," said the holy man, "and eat it with your family."
"Thank yer reverence kindly, so I will; but first an' foremost, I'll take the abolition if ye please."
The reverend father now gave the abolition and Teddy rose to leave.
"Good day, Father Brian," says he; and then, sinking his voice to a whisper, he said to himself, "Oh Teddy, avie, ye saved yer soul an' what's more, ye've saved yer bacon, intirely."

Democratic Sensitiveness.
How refreshing to observe the sensitiveness of our political opponents to the term "Rebel Democracy." We have not space in this column to print the epithets used by that party against those who opposed the extension of slavery, against those who fought for the support of the Government, and against those who do not favor the restoration to power of conquered Confederates.

If those who took up arms against the Government, and set up a confederacy, were rebels, then it is not improper to call them "rebels." If the Democratic party favored those armed in rebellion against the Government to which the owed fealty, and did all in their power to obstruct and hinder their defeat, they too were rebels, and the distinction Rebel Democracy is not inapplicable. We consider it highly proper, truthful, and enlightening, and we shall adhere to it as the only title the party ought to claim, having earned it in a long and arduous service in trying to secure success to rebellion.—[Lawrenceburg Press.]

To Measure an Acre.
Land, 30 1/2 square yards make one square rod; 40 square rods make one acre; 640 acres one square mile, 4,840 square rods or 160 rods, make one acre. In measuring an acre by yards, the usual practice is to trace off 70 yards in length and 70 yards in width. This is a rough way, may be considered near enough for practical purposes; but as 70 yards, either way make 4,900 square yards, it exceeds one acre by 60 yards. To determine an accurate acre it may be measured 70 yards in length by 60 yards in width. The same result may be arrived at by measuring 220 feet in length and 180 in width, or by measuring 83 1/2 yards in length by 66 yards in breadth.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—We know not the author of the following, but it is one of the most beautiful productions we ever read:

Nature will be reported. All things are engaged in writing their own history. The plant and public go attended by their own shadow. The rock leaves its scratches on the mountain side, the river its bed in the soil, the animal leaves bone in the stratum, the fern and the leaf their modest epitaph in the sand or stone; not a footprint in the snow or along the ground, but prints in characters more or less lasting, a map of its march; every act of man inscribes itself on the memories of its fellows, and in his own face. The air is full of sound, the ground is all memoranda signatures, and every object is covered over with hints which speak to the intelligent.

Dr.—noted for his pills that were described in the flouting advertisements to cure almost every ill to which poor humanity is heir, was sitting in his office one day, when a battered specimen of the genus *homo*, with his nasal protuberance hidden by a huge plaster, presented himself, and asked—
"Are you Dr.?"
"Yes, what do you want?"
"I came to tell you that I don't think your pills are just the thing they are cracked up to be."
"Why, what is there wrong?"
"Well, I have been taking them and they don't seem to cure me," and he raised the plaster and displayed to the horrified physician the most minute particle of a nose—the rest having been eaten away by a cancer!

"How many pills have you taken?"
"nought the disciple of Esculapius."
"One box."
"Get out of my office," exclaimed Dr.—starting up and rushing towards the man with his uplifted cane; "Get out of my office, you—(a word more forcible than polite or religious) rascal! Do you think I'd put a new nose on your face for twenty-five cents?"

A Yankee having told an Englishman that he shot, on one particular occasion, 999 snipe, his interlocutor asked him why he didn't make it 1,000 at once. "No," said he; "it's not likely I'm going to tell to tell a lie for one snipe." Whereupon the Englishman, determined not to be outdone, began to tell a story of a man having swam from Liverpool to Boston. "Did you see him yourself?" asked the Yankee, suddenly; "did you see him yourself?"
"Why, yes, of course I did, I was coming across, and our vessel passed him a mile out of Boston harbor."
"Well, I'm glad ye saw him, stranger, cos yer a witness that I did it. That was me!"

A Frenchman, who was arrested in 1849, for crying "Vive l'Empereur," was sent to prison the other day for shouting "Vive la Republique." The judge told him he must not only learn what to cry, but when.

At a wedding in Delaware, when all was arranged and the minister called on one to speak who objected to the marriage, a husky voice from the corner cried out, "I do!" All eyes were turned in that direction, when a man emerged from the crowd, holding his bankers' check up to his eyes and blubbering. "Why do you object?" asked the minister. "Because I want her for myself!"

WHEN TO CLEAN TEETH.—All admit that acids are almost the exclusive agents in commencing the decay in teeth. The action is undoubtedly begun in sleep. Through the day a person is occasionally drinking, eating, &c., and acids are continually disturbed in their action, but during sleep they are active, and, if present, will certainly prey upon the teeth. Therefore, before retiring is the proper time to clean them if done only once a day.

Household Words—Domestic quarrels.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
TRANSIENT.
One square, 10 lines, one insertion..... \$1.00
One square, two insertions..... 1.50
One square, three insertions..... 2.00
All subsequent insertions..... 75 CENTS
YEARLY.
One column, changeable quarterly..... \$75.00
Three-quarters of a column..... 60.00
One-half of a column..... 45.00
One-quarter of a column..... 30.00
One-eighth of a column..... 15.00
Transient advertisements should, in all cases be paid for in advance.
Unless a particular time is specified with regard to advertising, it will be published until ordered out and charged accordingly.

The End of the Trial.
Harper's Weekly contains the following pertinent and sensible remarks on the conclusion of the President's trial:

"For not the Senate only, but the whole country has been sitting as a Court of impeachment. The country will also render its verdict, whatever that of the Senate may be. It is not likely to be confused by the loud cry of Congressional absorption of power, because it sees that in the nature of government, however skillfully checks and balances may be devised, no checkmate can be supposed to be intended, and therefore the final, supreme power must reside somewhere. It knows that in our system it resides with the people, under certain prescribed forms. Under those forms it remains with them always and at every moment; and therefore, when the Executive of the United States, in the judgment of the People's Representatives, is accused of high misdemeanors, and removed from office, it is still the people exercising under those forms the supreme sovereign power. If the action of the President within the limit of those of his powers which are vague and doubtful betrays a disposition to thwart the will of the country as decidedly expressed in Congress, it is the duty of Congress to restrain and control his action as far as it lawfully may, and to prevent the mischief which he may contemplate. And when his dullness or daring transcend the plain bounds of his official discretion it is the duty of the House instantly to arraign him, and in the name of the People whom it represents to state why his removal is necessary. * * *

If the judgment of the Senate shall be what we have no doubt the intelligent public opinion of the country expects, Andrew Johnson will be removed from the office whose sworn duty he has violated; and which he has disgraced beyond precedent. He is not a man to remain silent. He will doubtless do all that he can do by speech upon the stump to secure the acquiescence of the party that was friendly to the rebellion, and hates the results which the war secured—results which will surely be gradually established in the national conviction and policy. If removed, he passes from public official life without a serious regret upon the part of any human being. He cannot claim for himself, nor will any man claim for him, the dignity and consideration of a martyr to great principles. If, indeed, his character and career had been spotless, noble and humane; had committed the same offense with a clear and palpably upright purpose, although it might have been necessary to show by the best resort that no man, with whatever honest intention, must presume to substitute his will for the law, yet then the homage that the world always gladly pays to honest error and humane purpose would have followed his retirement.

If the judgment of the Senate shall be other than we believe it must be, that of the intelligence and loyalty of the country will still remain. The corruption, indeed, will continue and increase. The national agitation will be deepened. The spirit that rebelled, and is still defiant, will be quickened into still more useful activity. The country will move one step nearer to breaking its pecuniary faith with its creditors, and its moral faith with the freedmen—The heart of every lover of liberty and of free institutions in the world will ache as he watches the results of the great victory of civilization delayed. But the conscience, and intelligence, and devotion, that successfully surmounted every trial of the past, will not decline the embittered political contest that the acquittal of the President would provoke; and the same sagacious, silent, resistless leader who triumphantly ended the war, would bring the old foe under a new face to unconditional surrender."

Brazilian Coffee.
Brazil has also had her peaceful triumphs. In the great exposition held at Paris, in 1867, Brazil attracted much attention by the display of her material resources. She succeeded in obtaining a number of prizes. To the uninitiated it may seem strange that from all the countries—Arabia, Java, Ceylon, Venezuela, the West Indies and Central America—contending for the production of the best coffee, Brazil bore away the palm. But it has long been known to dealers that coffee does not depend upon where it grows, but upon the length of time it remains upon the tree and upon the manner of its curing. The Southern and the South-western States became acquainted with coffee imported from Rio de Janeiro fifty years ago, at a time when Brazilians did not know how to cure coffee; but the taste of the South and West has since taken up the demand for the green, poorly cured coffee known in commerce as "Rio." The Brazilians themselves never use "Rio," and although three-fourths of all the coffee imported into the United States comes from Brazil, yet much of it is sold as Mocha and Java, or under any other name than "Rio." The English, Americans and Germans make the poorest drink from coffee in the world, while the Latin nations, who never boil their coffee, make the best beverages.—[Brazil and the Brazilians.]

"Owing to the peculiar arrangement of the programme, no piece can be repeated." was the answer White received from his landlady, upon asking for a second piece of pie at dinner.

Many horse owners aim to place the racks and mangers of their stables as high as the animals can reach and get their food. "It teaches a horse to hold up its head," they say, "and he looks better in the stall."
Mr. Bonner of New York, lets his horses take their grain from a simple box set down in front of them. He thinks that nature placed the horse's food at his feet, and in this respect it is wisest to do likewise.

Queer Kind of Love—A neuralgic affection.