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NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE

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OPTUM

"ONLY A WOMAN.

Only a woman, perhaps dedicat-
See how the water drips from her hair,
Golden, and tangled, and silken, and wild;
And her little hands, they are soft and fair,
How long the lashes that lie on her cheek!
How mournful the curve of those perfect lips
That never again will smile or speak!
So lovely! God! how the water drips.

Only a woman, the people say,
Friendless, despairing and gone to her death;
Such sad things happen every day,
O that those lips again had breath!
What would they murmur of sorrow and pain?
Of mad, wild passion, and blank despair?
Of the dark night passed in the driving rain,
And the people's freezing, merciless stare?

God pity her! She was very fair,
How can a lily, frail and white,
Brave the rude storm that shakes the air,
And feel no touch of the frost or blight?
And she was no stronger—O helpless thing!
And her love was grater than all of earth
Or heaven. O take her away from the sting
Of the pitiless eyes, and the jeering mirth.

Only a woman. Ah! lay her away—
Poor, worn, and weary, and friendless one.
Maybap she hath found Gods radiant day,
And dwells forever beneath the sun.
Who knows? Enfold her in spotless white.
A broken, beautiful, trampled flow'r,
Lay her away in the dim, dark night,
To await God's shining eternal hour.

FAINT HEART.

John Everett had known Elinor ever since he could remember; they had gone to school together; he had spelled above her and refused to take first place; he had envied the more daring boys who walked home with her through the green lanes beneath embowering elms, as if it were the most commonplace thing to do in the world while he, with his heart in his mouth, tried o find courage for the effort, and found himself left behind for his pains. Later when they first began to go out in the world together, what tortures she endured when she danced with some handsome stranger; if she rode with his braver companions; if Carl Hughes took her off in his wherry down the silver length of the river, and lost his way among the creeks of the silent marshes, only returning home when the evening was far spent, and the stars trembled in the heavens, and unwittingly brushing past poor John, waiting on the wharf in the shadow of some warehouse to see them landed and safe! Life began early to seem like a pleasant difficulty to him. He was always wondering what she was doing; how she passed the long days while he was busy in the counting room; what were her every-day thoughts, her dreams, and did he hold any share therein. Sunday, too, soon became the first of holidays, for then he was sure to see her. His father's square, old-fashioned pew almost faced the congregation, and not a breath or a blush the flutter of an eyelid or the ghost of a dimple, was lost upon him. In the meantime it is probable that Elinor was not blind. Glances are easily interpreted; actions sometimes speak louder than words. There is little doubt, when Carl Hughes or any of the others stepped out of a concert or lecture room and offered an arm to her door, but she understood that John had been waiting and wavering and longing for the favorable moment in which to anticipate this attention, which moment would have arrived, sooner or later, but that Carl intent on his purpose, and unhesitating in its performance, had pushed his desperate way through the crowd to her side, and had gained the day before John had thought of losing it.

But by insensible degrees one outgrows this sort of faint-heartedness, and pushes out before Carl Hughes and the indulgent crowd, and wins the prize for the nonce, but delays to take the next decided step in the right path. And so it was with John. One day he heard that Elinor had given away her heart to Mr. Denormandy, now on his travels. However much pain this announcement gave John, faint-heartedness—which, perhaps, was only an exaggerated appreciation of the object of desire—became a something superfluous, since, if he had already lost her, why should he fear? It is at this stage that one ceases to doubt and begins to suffer. So, now that he had nothing to lose, he went in and out of her presence, with a fatal fascination, as bold as a lion. He asked her hand in the dance without a qualm; he took her out to supper or down to dinner, as the case might be; he strolled with her on the moon-lighted terrace; he played melodies of his own composition upon the flute; he eyen ventured to take her in his own wherry down the dazzling reach of the river; and though he failed to entangle himself among the ribbons of the marshes, yet the wherry sprung aleak, and while he pulled home against the tide—as it seemed to him he had always been doing—Elinor bailed the boat with her slipper, which he begged when they were safe ashore, and the slipper of no further use to the owner.

"I should like to keep it myself," she said, "as a memento of the day in which we made shipwreck together; but you may have it."

One day he happened to say something about the time when Mr. Denormandy should return from aboard and carry her beyond his reach.

"Mr. Denormandy!" said she, knitting her brows; "what should possess him to carry me anywhere?"

"The right of possession."

"I don't understand you. Mr. Denormandy has no right of any sort in me."

"Excuse me; but I thought—I heard heard—"

"That I was going to marry him? Don't believe what you hear again. The truth is, he never asked me, though my friends declare that he wished it, and I myself had some reason to expect it; but faint, you know."

"Never won fair lady. And you?

"I was relieved when he left for Europe. It is so hard to say 'No' that one is in danger of saying 'Yes' from compassion. Love is so sweet that it is difficult to refuse it; and then one has a haunting fear of some time needing it."

"And a woeful waste makes a woeful want. What a pity that Mr. Denormandy had not known your compassionate temperament and been enabled to take advantage of it!"

"Do you think so?" she asked.

"No; I shouldn't wish a goddess to marry me from compassion—a thousand times no!"

But this did not mend matters. Now that there was everything to gain or lose—now that the affair was assuming a critical aspect, since the responsibility of the crisis and the event were his—the native timidity of his character stepped in to hinder him. Not that he abandoned his position at once; it had become too much a matter of habit for him to meet her at home and abroad on terms of intimacy, and the habit was too precious to be easily broken. Only inch by inch, and almost without his own consent, he retreated from the ground he had honestly won. He invited her for no more lonely pleasurings down the river; if they went together, it was with a crowd of friends. On one such excursion they became detached from the others by some accident, and were left, like shells, forgotten upon the sands; for walking around the bend of the beach, where a bluff hid them from sight, with the wind blowing the other way, they neither heard nor saw their companions embark for home, too busy with their own affairs to remark the absence of John and Elinor, who only understood the situation when they turned back to where the boat had been moored and found the tents struck and the beach lonely and deserted, except for some bare-footed children gathering drift-wood, and a flock of sand-birds daring the waves. The afternoon was just melting into the tender atmosphere of early twilight, when all things wear an unreal aspect, and half-guessed stars sift themselves through the gloom, and the radiance from the nether half of the sphere—from the morning world—seemed running over into this along the horizon's brim. Far away a sail picked itself out against the heavens a moment, and was gone; a fishing craft was dropping down over the bar; and a pleasure boat, bubbling over with song and laughter, pushed its way toward home. John shouted to them and waved his hat, but the wind blew his voice down his throat, and the gay revelers fled on wings of mirth.

"What shall we do?" asked Elinor. "How shall we reach home?"

"The gods help those who help themselves," said he. "We will ask those gypsy children if there isn't a boat to be found. There isn't so much as a shed for shelter on this lonely beach." But neither the children nor their seniors—a party of half-gypsy folks, who had encamped on the sands to carry off the beach-plums, and as a sort of economical method of spending the summer at the sea-shore, with plenty of firewood at first cost and birds tame as chickens—had anything but a leaky skiff to offer, but who, with the ready hospitality of the dwellers in tents, invited them to share the shelter of their canvas roof; but as the oars of the skiff were broken, and Elinor's slipper was not at hand, it seemed of little use. Thus at their wit's ends they paced the sands, upon which the waves encroached more and more, making green hollows in the moonlight when they broke, and fringing the lone line of coast with spray like tangles of pearls. John heaped a cushion of beach grass, and they sat in the pale light of a moon that was slowly dipping behind the dunes, and watched the great untamed monster shake its mane at their very feet, and listened to its endless *da capos*, and wondered if the silver bridge which the moonbeams threw across the water would bear them home, and repeated love lines from the poets, or he sang to her:

"Oh, listen to the howling sea,
That beats on the remorseless shore!
Oh, listen, for that sound shall be
When our wild hearts shall beat no more!
Oh, listen well and listen long,
For, sitting folded close to me,
You could not hear a sweeter song
Than that hoarse murmur of the sea!"

The moon fell lower while he sang, and left the world to starlight; the wind blew freshly off the sea; Elinor shivered in the blast. "Shall we accept the gypsies invitation," he asked, "or shall we walk to town?"

"How far is it, John?" She called him "John." It seemed a new name as spoken by her. She gave it a new meaning.

"It is eight miles, Elinor, over marshy places and rough roads."

"Let us try it." But before they had gone half a mile on the beach her strength gave out. "I am so tired!" she said. "If one could only fly!" At that moment he felt an almost irresistible impulse to seize the little hand resting on his arm and cover it with kisses; to fold her in his arms then and there, and whisper, "if you are tired, darling, rest here, for love is rest and blessedness supreme; and I love you." But the old haunting distrust recurred; what if she should answer, "not here; your love is not large enough for me, not blessedness enough." And while he hesitated and doubted and half believed, a boat shot along the shore and buried its keel in the sand. They had sent relief from town.

They sailed up the wide river, and watched the lighthouse send its flame far out on the waters, and met the wraith-like forms of ships at the wharves, silent as ghosts, the town-lights like jack-o'-lanterns and the tide setting round the piers, and when they reached home, and he left Elinor at her father's door, the clocks were striking midnight, and a startled robbin in the elm tree overhead was trilling a sleepy note.

But fortune was not to be severe with John for one neglect of opportunity, and meant to offer him greater inducements and more tempting chances. Elinor's father awoke one morning and found himself bankrupt. Somewhat later John went to purchase a pair of gloves, in which to worthily pay his respects to his love, when who should step forth behind the counter to wait upon his demand but Elinor herself.

"You, Elinor!" he excaimed. "Thinking of angels, you her the rustle of their wings."

"The wheel of fortune has made a revolution, you see, and here I am. But not crushed by it."

"That is well. For man is man, the poet sings, and master of his fate."

"I don't think it means woman, though," said she. "What can I do for you? I am at your service. Gloves? Jouvin's.

"Yes. Are you going to Mr. Swell's to-morrow night?"

"Am I going? The Swells have forgotten my existence. I have gone under, so to speak, as far as they are concerned."

"Indeed! I was looking forward to meeting you there."

"And you meet we here instead."

"But if you are not to be there, I shall not care to go."

"Thank you; but I should be sorry to deprive you of a happiness."

"Should you?" leaning across the counter. "You asked just now what you could do for me. Shall I tell you?"

"Yes, you may tell me."

His eyes held hers, intense with meaning his lips trembled with the burden of his heart; all his desire was leaping up, and shaping itself into tender words. What was it that stayed them, caused them to falter into common places? What power locked the cager lips upon the half-uttered secret? Why did the intense eyes lose their sweet significance, the hand relax its gentle grasp?

"You may stretch this pair of gloves for me, then, if you please," he said, recovering himself.

"Isn't it a little droll," said she, hiding whatever chagrin she experienced behind her smile—"isn't it a little droll that stretching the stocking should be such a sin, while stretching the glove is perfectly harmless?"

"Confound my folly!" he thought, walking away. "Why didn't I say it? She looked almost as if she expected something. I gave her the right to. But did she care to listen? To be sure, the place was unfortunate; but people have made and heard proposals in ball-rooms, in crowds, before this—at street corners, and at book-stalls. There was Captain Wiles: he proposed to Mary on board of the cars, and, notwithstanding him, she cried: 'What?' So he had to scream it all over again, and the train stopped at a station before he finished. He must have been a plucky fellow! They say that women do half the courting, but bless me if I've had any help in this affair! And, at this rate, it's like a small journey; I take one step forward, and slip back two. The deuce! I wonder how they get on! It must be tiresome standing behind a counter all day, with the Guilford pride on her shoulders, and the home troubles tugging at her heart. If I had only asked her before the breaking of the bubble. But now it would seem like taking advantage of her circumstances; and if I could not endure that she should consent to marry me from pity, how much less from prudence? Yet, if she cares for me— But how am I to know? She is not likely to tell me without being asked, and why should I ask her unless I am certain?"

And thus, while he let the occasion slip by, while he dawled and perplexed himself, the firm in which he was junior partner required his presence in Europe to establish a branch house. He went to bid Elinor good-bye—perhaps to say something more earnest. He would not tell; he could not count upon himself nor his moods. He found her in a dark, narrow street of the city, where the sunshine was only a morning visitor of the most ceremonious kind; in rooms whose shabbiness smote him to the heart. She sat before a flickering flame, and embroidered in linen. He understood that by this means she was eking out her insufficient wages. But otherwise she was the same being whom he had known in luxury. The blush had not deserted her fair cheek, the dimple still hid there; the eyes were as radiant with light and spirit, the expression as enchanting, the voice as liquid and full of soft, lingering tones and bewitching accents, as in the brightest days of her prosperity. They talked about his journey, the sights he was to see, the sounds he was to hear; and she sighed and said, "Oh, I wonder if I shall ever go to Europe!" with that wild hope which most of us long to realize. They were sitting together upon a tete-a-tete, a relic of past magnificence. He had been looking at her embroidery, and when he gave it back their hands touched, and lingered almost lovingly. The words were on his lips, "Will you go to Europe with me, Elinor?"

"Will you," he faltered; "will you—you will—forget me, I suppose, as soon as I am gone. Out of sight, out of mind!"

"If you wish me to forget you, I will," she laughed.

"And if I do not wish it?"

"Ah, I cannot promise; you are to be absent a whole year."

"If she could not promise to remember him a year, was it likely that she would promise to love him a lifetime?

So he went to Europe and tried to forget himself in the details of business; to satisfy himself with the public galleries and gardens, with art and nature in holiday attire. He visited the Mer de Glace, and dwelt in the shadow of the Matterhorn, and heard the mountain echoes reverberating upon the mountain air. But to whom could he confide all his fine thoughts? Who could respond to his moods with such perfect sympathy as Elinor? Half the charm of travel was lost without her. At the Lake of Como he fell in with an elderly gentleman, solitary like himself.

"Ah," said he, "this traveling alone is almost like staying at home."

"And why, sir, did you not bring your wife?" ventured John.

"Because I was a fool once. I have no wife. Twenty-five years ago I was in love, but I was, at the same time, too great a dunce to tell her so. Young man, if you ever chance to fall in love, lose no time in letting her know it. Don't defer speaking."

"And if she—"

"No matter what she answers. You will have done your duty; you will have nothing with which to reproach yourself."

John left the Lake of Como at once. He traveled night and day to London, and embarked for home. He went to the shabby by-street where he had left Elinor; but the bird had flown. Mr. Guilford, with that happy faculty some men have for always coming to the surface in good condition, had speculated himself into another fortune during John's absence, and was only to be found on Queen's street, in the mansion of his forefathers. A servant ushered John into a cheerful morning-room, looking out into a garden full of sunshine and flowers, and went to find Miss Elinor, while he looked at Elinor's portrait in crayon, read the name of Granville Dormandy in the corner, and wondered if he did it before going away, and why he, John, had never seen it before. Just then voices that had all along been faintly audible drew nearer, so that he could hear the words as well as the tones. He turned his head and looked out into the garden, where, in the neighborhood of a hundred-leaved rose tree, Elinor had paused, leaning on the arm of a tall young man.

"I thought at that time," the tall young man was saying, and they stood so near the window that John could not fail to hear—was obliged to listen—"I thought at that time that you had a fancy for Everett—John, wasn't it? By the way, I met him abroad, and decided that you must have refused him, he was so distraught."

Elinor stirred, and a shower of petals stirred with her. "I may as well be frank with you," she said; "it makes no difference now. I did. I was in love with him, Granville; I believed that he loved me. I should have married him if he had asked me. But that was a year ago, and when one deserts you, what can you do better than forget him?"

"Nothing, darling; I could not advise anything that would please me more. Poor fellow! And I am his heir! Well, perhaps I shouldn't have been here myself but for a lucky chance. I loved you, Elinor, when I left you. One evening I was drifting in a gondola beneath the marble ruins of Venice, when two youths, idly pleasuring like myself, passed so near that I distinctly heard one say, 'Faint heart never won fair lady, Denis.' I took it for an omen, and determined not to lose you through a faint heert, dearest; I left Venice that night."

"You were right. Ah, Margaret, a gentlemen waiting to see me? We will be in presently."

John had listened, like one in a trance, in spite of himself; then he moved slowly into the hall, possessed himself of his hat, and went away, repeating, "A faint heart never won a fair lady; and she would have married me if I had askep her! And Granville Denormandy is my heir!"

"Margaret, Margaret! called Elinor, "you said there was a gentleman here to see me. What have you done with him?"

"I showed him in here, 'pon my honor, miss," cried the astonished maid; "I left him a-looking at your picter as if he could eat it. He can't hev got into the dining-room ter the silver, can't he? He wasn't a ghost nor nothing, was he?"

"And Winpenny?" said Elinor, picking up a handkerchief, and reading the name of Jack Everett, Jr., in the corner: "I—think—not. Never mind, Maggie, if he wants to see me he'll come again."

But he never came again. And to-day Elinor wears, among other charms, a tiny slipper of gold, embroidered with pearls, which every one knows was a wedding gift, but which few know to be a monument of the day when she and John Everett made shipwreck together.

Rubber Gathering on the Amazon.

The rubber-swamps are all around, but land traveling is out of the question. So an Indian canoe-man is engaged—a good, natured fellow, and an adept in woodcraft. He sets us across the river at a half-ruined hut, where bright vines clamber over the broken thatch and hang in long festoons in front of the low door-way; but within, the floor is sodden black clay, and dark mold hangs on the side, and the air is like a sepulcher. The single slovenly *mamaluca* woman who inhabits the place complains bitterly of the ague which tortures her; yet year after year, until the house falls to pieces, she will go on dying here, because, forsooth, it is her own and the rubber trees are near. She will not even repair the structure. You can see sky through the roof, but if rain drives in, she will swing her hammock in another corner, and shiver on through the night as best she may; for to-morrow there are rubber trees to be tapped, and a fresh harvest of the precious milk to be brought home—and what will you have? One must expect discomfort in a swamp.

Back of the house the rubber trees are scattered through marshy forest, where we clamber over logs and sink into pools of mud and leap the puddles; where the mosquitoes are bloodthirsty, and nature is damp and dark and threatening; where the silence is unbroken by beast or bird—a silence that can be felt; it is like a tomb in which we are buried away from the sunshine, away from brute and man, alone with rotting death. The very beauty of our forest tomb makes us shudder by its intenseness.

In the early morning men and women come with baskets of clay cups on their backs, and little hatchets to gash the trees. Where the white milk drips down from the gash they stick their cupsou the trunk to catch the drops of clay, moulded so as to catch the whole flow. If the tree is a large one four or five gashes may be cut in a circle around the trunk. On the next day other gashes are made a little below these, and so on until the gashes reach the ground. By 11 o'clock the flow of milk has ceased, and the *seringueiros* come to collect the contents of the cups in calabash jugs. A gill or so is the utmost yield from each tree, and a single gatherer may attend to 120 trees or more, wading always through these dark marshes, and paying dearly for his profit in fever and weakness.

Our *mamaluca* hostess has brought in her day's gathering—a calabash full of white liquid, in appearance precisely like milk. If left in this condition it coagulates after a while and forms an inferior whitish gum. To make the black rubber of commerce the milk must go through a peculiar process of manufacture, for which our guide has been preparing. Over a smoldering fire, fed with hard nuts of the *tucuma* palm, he places a kind of clay chimney, like a wide-mounted, bottomless jug; through this *boiao* the thick smoke pours in a constant stream. Now he takes his mold—in this case a wooden one, like a round-bladed paddle—washes it with the milk, and holds it over the smoke until the liquid coagulates. Then another coat is added, only now, as the wood is heated, the milk coagulates faster. It may take the gatherings of two or three days to cover the the mold thickly enough. Then the rubber is still dull white, but in a short time it turns brown and finally almost black, as it is sent to the market. The mass is cut from the paddle and sold to traders in the village. Bottles are sometimes made by molding the rubber over a clay ball, which is then broken up and removed. Our old fashioned rubber shoes used to be made in this way.—[From Scribner for June.

Josh Billing's Philosophy.

I believe in temperance awfully, but mi experience thus far has ben when I cum akrost a man who tells that he never smoked a smoke, never chewed a chaw, never swore a sware and never drunk a drink, I find that this is about all there iz ov him that will do to bet on.

The Ohio state convention of Hibernians have elected John Haggerty, of Cincinnati, as state delegate; B. F. Milligan, of Tiffin, state secretary; George A. Manley, of Chillicothe, state treasurer.

GARRIBALDI'S CHILDREN.

The Singular Matrimonial Relations of the Italian Liberator.

The difficulties that may beset the children of Garribaldi in the settlement of his estate after his death are being discussed by the Italian journals, which, with their usual fondness for hyperbole, describe the heroic old General as a father whose children are not his own, and a husband without a wife. Garibaldi has six children. They are the offspring of three women, with only two of whom he has lived, yet, strangely, it was only to the woman with whom he never co-habited that he was married. At the time of his contest against the Dictator Rosas, in La Plata, he met a woman of Brazilian birth called Annita. She was married, but falling in love with the adventurer, she left her husband, and, after accompanying Garibaldi through his most perilous experiences in South America, she followed him to Europe. She was the mother of Garibaldi's eldest three children, Menotti, Ricciotti and Mme. Canzio. She died in the forest of Ravenna when Garibaldi was fleeing from Rome, after the arrival there of the French troops in 1849. Ten years later, at the time of his campaign in Lombardy, Garibaldi met the youthful daughter of the Marquis Basmondi. This damsel loved unwisely one of Garibaldi's aids-de-camp, a young officer named Confrimi. When the Italian troops moved away from Como, her father's home, she determined to follow her lover. She went after him on horseback, and her father went after her. When the Marquis found her she told him she had conceived for Garibaldi a passion she could not govern. Garibaldi was informed of this declaration, and as he was pleased with the girl, he married her. The marriage ceremony was little more than over when the young woman informed her husband that she loved his aid-de-camp, Confrimi, that there was a good reason why he should be her husband, and that she had lied to her father, when she told him she loved Garibaldi, because she was afraid to tell him she loved Confrimi, to whom, she felt certain, he would never let her be married. Garibaldi solved the difficulty thus raised by leaving his young wife at once. He is said by some never to have seen her again. Others assert that, several years later, she called on him and implored him to take her as his wife in fact. A few months after her marriage to him she gave birth to a child, now living, of whom Signor Confrimi was the real father. When the veteran revolutionist first returned to Caprera, after the struggle of Aspromonte, his daughter, Mme. Canzio, accompanied him. As she was on the eve of accouchment, she took with her a nurse named Francesca. This woman cared tenderly for Garibaldi in his sickness. One morning he summoned his daughter and said to her: "You must get another nurse for your infant. From this day forward Francesca will be one of the family, and will eat with us." A very short time later Francesca became a mother. She has since had two children. One of her children is dead. The others, Menlio and Clelia, are now in Rome with Garibaldi and Francesca. These two beginning illegitimate, and the offspring of Annita being illegitimate, the Italian journals contemplate with interest the fact that Garibaldi's only lawful child is the the daughter of the Marquis of Basmondi, with whom the never cohabited.

Witchcraft in England.

A local paper reports the following case of alleged witchcraft, which recently was heard at the East Dereham Sessions: William Bulwer, of Etling-green, was charged with assaulting Christiana Martins, a young girl, who resides near the Etling-green toll-bar. Complainant deposed that she was 18 years of age, and on Wednesday, the 2d instant, the defendant came to her and abused her. The complainant, who looked scarce more than a child, repeated, despite the efforts of the magistrates' clerk to stop her, and without being in the least abashed, some of the worst language it was possible to conceive—an execration of the most gross description, alleged to have taken place between herself and the defendant. They appeared to have got from words to blows, and, while trying to fasten the gate, the defendant hit her across the hand with a stick. She alleged that there was no cause for the abuse and the assault, so far as she knew, and in reply to rigid cross-examination as to the origin of the quarrel, adhered to this statement. Mrs Susannah Gathercole also corroborated the statement as to the assault, adding that the defendant said the complainant's mother was a witch. Defendant then blazed forth in righteous indignation, and, when the witness said she knew no more about the origin of the quarrel, he said, "Mrs. Martins is an old witch, gentlemen, that is what she is, and she charmed me, and I got no sleep for her for three nights, and one night, at 11:30 o'clock, I got up because I could not sleep, and went out and found a 'walking toad' under a clod that had been dug up with a three-pronged fork. That is why I could not rest; she is a bad woman; she put this toad under there to charm me, and her daughter is just as bad, gentlemen. She would bewitch any one; she charmed me, and I got no rest day nor night for her, till I found this 'walking toad' [laughter] under the turf. She dug a hole and put it there to charm me, gentlemen, and that is the truth; she is a bad old witch. I got the toad out, and put it in a cloth, and took it up-stairs and showed it to my mother, and 'throwed' it into the pit in the garden. I can bring it and show it to you, gentlemen." Mr. Hyde (laughing)—What do you say, she bewitched you? Defendant—Yes, sir. She went round this here "walking toad" after she had buried it; and I could not rest by day or leep by night till I found it. She is a bad old witch, and is not going to come it over me, though. Her daughter is and encourager her in it. The Bench—Do you go to church? Defendant—Sometimes I goes to church and sometimes to chapel, and sometimes I don't go nowhere. Her mother is bad enough to do anything; and to go and put the "walking toad" in the hole like that for a man which never did nothing to her, she is not fit to live, gentlemen; to go and do such a thing, it is not as if I had done anything to her. She looks at lots of people, and I know she will do some one harm. [Laughter.] The Chairman—Do you know this man, Superintendent Symonds? Is he sane? [Laughter.] Superintendent Symonds—Yes, sir; perfectly [Laughter.] Defendant—It is quite true, gentlemen, I showed the toad to my mother, and I can bring it for you to see. The Chairman said he was very sorry the defendant was so foolish as to believe such rubbish, and he would be fined 1 shilling, and 12 shillings 6 pence costs.

An Old Fashioned Reaper.

One day just before harvest an Ohio farmer went to Cincinnati to buy a reaper. A delighted agent collared the granger and dragged him into his warehouse. As they walked down the well stocked room the farmer, in a meditative mood, quoted the line, "There is a reaper whose name is Death," but before he could start the second line the agent broke in; "Ah, yes, I know it sir: I know it like a book. We handled that reaper one season, sir, and I'd take $5,000 out of my pocket this minute if it could undo the damage that reaper did our business in that one year. You don't want it sir. You don't want to look at it. The machinery is complicated; it gets out of order easily; you have to send clear to Akron for a new piece of gearing; it doesn't cut clean, and it nearly kills the horses; jams their shoulders all to pieces, sir. I know that reaper, sir. It's an old, old style, sir, and you don't want it. Now here, sir, I can show you a reaper that—" But the astonished farmer just interrupted him to say that he knew the reaper he mentioned was an old style, but he was certain it did its work well, though, all the same. It wasn't the kind he wanted, and he had no idea of buying it to work on his farm. He bought another reaper, blood-thirsty as a Cossack, and red as an autumn sunset, and the agent told how nicely he sold a reaper to an old fellow just dead set for some old machine that he had never heard of before.—[Western Farmers Almanac.

In digging a cellar at St. Paul, Minn., the workmen unearthed a solid silver chalice and salver of fine workmanship, and they are thought to be part of a communion service taken from father Hennepin in 1680.

Ohio.

Morrow county democrats send a delegation to the state convention solid for Bishop.

Hon John Berry, who represented the Sandusky district in congress in 1874-75, died in that city Sunday, after a brief illness.

Joseph Jones, of Kenton, was arrested, charged with criminal intercourse with one Mary Born, claimed to be of unsound mind.

Hiram Skinner, Esq., one of the ablest active members of the Cambridge bar, died suddenly Sunday evening of hemorrhage of the stomach.

The democrats of Crawford county, Saturday, after stormy trials, were unable to "resolve" for anybody, or to make delegates, but voted to let democrats of the county present at the state convention cast the county's vote.

The residence of Robert Carter, Akron, was entered by burglars during the absence of the inmates, Friday night, and robbed of silk dresses, silverware, lace curtains, and whatever could be found up stairs, amounting to several hundred dollars value.

Hettie Mendenhall's farm dwelling, one mile east of Spring Valley, was burned, including valuable papers United States bonds, &c., to the amount of $17,000. Insured in the Ohio Farmer's for $5,000. Dry weather, wind and a defective flue, were the cause. About $100 were saved.

Policeman McCormack of Bellaire, was shot in the back of the head by Casper Powell, a young blood whose step-father the officer was in the act of arresting. The ball glanced from the skull, but the wound is severe, if not dangerous. Powell's own father was murdered at West Wheeling two years ago.

The Atlantic and Great Western depot at Warren, caught fire from sparks from an engine and in half an hour was destroyed, despite the efforts of the employes and the fire department. The loss cannot be fixed as all the books and records were destroyed. Considerable valuable freight was stored in the building. The depot is reported not insured.

The auditors of Muskingum, Perry, Pickaway, Fayette, Clinton and Warren met at Zanesville as a board to assess the property of the Cincinnati and Muskingum Valley railroad for taxation in 1879. The board elected Auditor Irvine president and Shurz of Pickaway secretary. They report the road bed (valuation), $850,000; personal property, rolling stock, at $144,894.

James Hood, of East Ironton, an employe of the Belfont Furnace, mysteriously disappeared on Thursday evening. He went to the office, drew the money coming to him and two of his sons who work at the same place, and has not been heard of since. Family trouble is supposed to be the cause. He is forty-seven years old, and has a wife and five children. The general supposition is that he has gone West.

The convention of the Ohio Mutual Fire Underwriters' Association adjourned last Thursday. A large number of the representatives of mutual fire insurance Cos. in Ohio wese present. The following were elected officers for the ensuing year: President, Dr. J. S. Carter, of Urbana; Vice-President, J. D. Stubbs, of Ashland; Secretary and Treasurer, D. J. Faust, of Shelby. Among the most important items of business was the appointment of a committee of three, consisting of J. L. Spangle, D. J. Faust, and N. S. Reed, with W. E. Douglass and J. S. Carter as alternates, to meet with the Ohio Underwriters at Cincinnati, June 5th, to confer with said association in reference to the effects, etc., of the "Howland Bill."

About two o'clock Thursday afternoon the boiler in Eberhole & Noble's grist mill at Fostoria exploded, totally demolishing the engine-room and tearing out one whole side of the main building. The fireman, C. Reilly, was literally blown into pieces; undistinguishable fragments of his body were found buried under the ruins. The engineer escaped with slight injuries. John Arnold had his shoulder dislocated; a boy named Reynolds had one arm broken; Ben Overmeier, a farmer, was found entirely covered with brick and mortar, but was not seriously injured. One end of the