HOLMES COUNTY REPUBLICAN.

A Political and Family Journal, Devoted to the Interests of Holmes County, and Local and General Intelligence.

VOL. I. MILLERSBURG, HOLMES COUNTY, O., THURSDAY, SEPT. 1, 1870. NO. 2.

County Officials.

Common Pleas Judge,	William Reed.
Probate Judge,	Thomas Armor.
Prosecuting Attorney,	C. F. Voorhes.
County Clerk,	John S. Orr.
Sheriff,	James S. McComb.
Auditor,	Joseph H. Newton.
Treasurer,	Jacob Cherryholmes.
Recorder,	George L. Cook.
Commissioners,	Jesse A. Harris, Jacob Fisher, Dan'l Baughman.
Surveyor,	Joshua Sponagle.
Coroner,	Henry Shaffer.
Infirmary Directors,	Luellen Allison, John Sharp, Louis Mayer.

Church Directory.

U. P. CHURCH,

REV. W. M. GIBSON, PASTOR. HOURS FOR Service at 11½ o'clock, A. M. Sabbath school at 10½ o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting Thursday evenings at 7½ o'clock.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

REV. A. S. MILHOLLAND, PASTOR. MORNING service at 11 o'clock. Sabbath school 12½ o'clock. Evening service 7½ o'clock.—Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7½ o'clock.

DISCIPLE CHURCH,

ELDER WM. SHARP, PASTOR. HOURS for service 11 o'clock, A. M. Sabbath school 9 o'clock. Evening service 7½ o'clock.—Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7½ o'clock.

Railway Time Tables.

Cleveland, Mt. Vernon & Delaware R. R.

GOING NORTH.

	Ex. & Mail.	Accom'dn.
Leave Millersburg,	5:37 A. M.	1:19 P. M.
" Fredericksburg,	5:51 "	2:06 "
" Apple Creek,	6:21 "	2:37 "
" Orrville,	7:03 "	3:29 "
" Marshallville,	7:17 "	4:22 "
" Akron,	8:10 "	5:57 "
Arr. at Cleveland,	10:10 "	9:20 "

GOING SOUTH.

	Ex. & Mail.	Accom'dn.
Leave Cleveland,		3:45 P. M.
" Akron,	7:20 A. M.	5:37 "
" Marshallville,	8:58 "	6:29 "
" Orrville,	9:22 "	6:54 "
" Apple Creek,	10:08 "	7:18 "
" Fredericksb'rg,	10:37 "	7:35 "
Arr. at Millersburg,	11:22 "	8:01 "

R. C. HURD, *President.*
G. A. JONES, *Superintendent.*

Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne & Chicago R. R.

☞On and after June 12th, 1870, trains will leave stations daily, Sundays excepted, as follows: (Train leaving Chicago at 5:35 P. M. leaves daily.) (Trains leaving Pittsburg at 2:55 P. M., leaves daily.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

	Exp'ss.	Exp'ss.	Mail.	Exp'ss.
Pittsburg,	12.15A.M.	2.55P.M.	6.45A.M.	10.30A.M.
Rochester		3.58 "	8.20 "	11.35 "
Salem,	2.48 "	5.50 "	10.21 "	1.27P.M.
Alliance, ar	3.15 "	6.20 "	10.55 "	2.00 "
d	3.20 "	6.40 "	11.15 "	2.20 "
Canton,	3.55 "	7.24 "	12.15P.M.	2.57 "
Massillon,	4.11 "	7.44 "	12.40 "	3.15 "
Orrville,	4.39 "	8.18 "	1.25 "	3.50 "
Wooster,	5.00 "	8.45 "	2.01 "	4.20 "
Mansfield,	6.15 "	10.20 "	4.02 "	5.58 "
Crestline, ar	6.40 "	10.50 "	4.40 "	6.30 "
d	7.00 "	11.05 "	6.00A.M.	6.50 "
Bucyrus,	7.20 "	11.29 "	6.28 "	7.33 "
Lima,	8.56 "	1.30A.M.	9.05 "	10.20 "
FtWayne, ar	10.35 "	3.35 "	11.35 "	12.40A.M.
d	10.40 "	3.40 "	11.50 "	12.50 "
Plymouth,	12.40P.M.	6.10 "	2.50P.M.	3.08 "
Chicago,	3.20 "	9.20 "	6.30 "	6.30 "

TRAINS GOING EAST.

	Exp'ss.	Exp'ss.	Mail.	Exp'ss.
Chicago,	11.30A.M.	9.20P.M.	6.10A.M.	5.35P.M.
Plymouth,	1.50P.M.	1.50A.M.	9.50 "	9.05 "
FtWayne, ar	3.15 "	5.15 "	12.40P.M.	11.10 "
d	3.20 "	5.45 "	12.55 "	11.20 "
Lima,	4.40 "	8.05 "	3.15 "	1.30 "
Bucyrus,	6.15 "	10.45 "	5.50 "	3.52 "
Crestline, ar	6.40 "	11.15 "	6.20 "	4.20 "
d	6.55 "	12.05P.M.	6.00A.M.	4.30 "
Mansfield,	7.16 "	12.34 "	6.42 "	5.00 "
Wooster,	8.23 "	2.01 "	8.25 "	6.23 "
Orrville,	8.42 "	2.27 "	8.57 "	6.45 "
Massillon,	9.06 "	2.58 "	9.25 "	7.17 "
Canton,	9.19 "	3.13 "	9.57 "	7.35 "
Alliance, ar	9.50 "	3.50 "	10.45 "	8.20 "
d	9.55 "	3.55 "	11.00 "	8.40 "
Salem,	10.18 "	4.23 "	11.40 "	9.08 "
Rochester,		6.02 "	2.05P.M.	10.52 "
Pittsburgh,	12.30A.M.	7.05 "	3.15 "	11.55 "

F. R. MYERS, *Gen. Ticket Agent.*

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Physicians.

J. G. BIGHAM, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, MILLERSBURG, Ohio. Office and Residence, at South part of Washington Street. 1tf

J. POMERENE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, MILLERSBURG, Ohio. Office—On Main St., 4 doors East of the Bank. Office hours—Wednesdays, from 1 to 5 o'clock P. M., and on Saturdays from 9 o'clock A. M., to 5 o'clock P. M. 1tf

R. H. VORHES, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, MILLERSBURG, Ohio. Office with Dr. Pomerene. 1m6.

P. P. POMERENE,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, BERLIN, OHIO. 1tf

W. M. ROSS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, MILLERSburg, Ohio. Office—First door West of Corner formerly occupied by Mulvane. Residence, second door south of T. B. Raiff's corner. Office days, Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. 1tf

Dentists.

W. R. POMEROY,
MECHANICAL & OPERATIVE DENTIST, Millersburg, Ohio. Office—Two doors West of Commercial Block. 1tf

T. L. PIERCE,
PRACTICAL & OPERATIVE DENTIST, UP-Stairs in Herzer's Building, opposite the Book Store. All work executed in the best possible manner, and warranted to give the best satisfaction. 1tf

Attorneys.

JOHN W. VORHES,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, MILLERSBURG, O. Office over the Book Store. 1tf

L. R. HOAGLAND. H. D. M'DOWELL.
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WEST END MAIN STREET, MILLERSburg, Ohio, JOSEPH BUTLER, Proprietor. This House is in good order, and its guests will be well cared for. 1tf

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1y1

HENRY HERZER.] [BALDWIN HERZER.
H. & B. HERZER,
Produce and Commission Merchants,
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Flour, Grain and Mill Stuffs,
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WHITE & WATER LIME &c.,
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WHEAT, RYE, CORN, OATS, WOOL, DRIED FRUIT, BUTTER, EGGS, &C.
At the Red Warehouse,
Millersburg, - - - Ohio.

Cheap Glassware!
RETAILING AT WHOLESALE PRICES.
MUST BE SOLD!
War in Europe nothing to do with it.
1m9 At the BOOK STORE.

HOLD THE LIGHT.

Ho! thou traveler on life's highway
Moving carelessly along—
Pausing not to watch the shadows
Lowering o'er the mighty throng!
Stand aside, and mark how feebly
Some are struggling in the fight,
Turning on thee wistful glances—
Begging thee to hold the light!

Look! upon thy right, a brother
Wanders blindly from the way;
And upon thy left, a sister,
Frail and erring, turns astray;
One kind word, perchance, may save them—
Guide their wayward steps aright;
Canst thou, then, withhold thy counsel?
No, but fly and hold the light!

Hark! a feeble wail of sorrow
Bursts from the advancing throng,
And a little child is groping
Through the darkness, deep and long.
'Tis a timid orphan, shivering
'Neath misfortune's withering blight;
Friends, home, love are all denied her;
Oh! in pity hold the light.

Not alone from heathen darkness,
Where the pagan bows the knee
Worshiping his brazen image
With a blind idolatry—
Where no blessed gospel teachings
E'er illume the soul's dark night,
Come the cry to fellow mortals,
Wild and pleading, "Hold the light."

Here as well, in life's broad highway,
Are benighted wanderers found;
And if all the strong would heed them,
Lights would glimmer all around.
Acts of love and deeds of kindness
Then would make earth's pathway bright,
And there'd be no need of calling,
"Ho! thou traveler, hold the light."

THE LEMON PIE.

A SKETCH OF VILLAGE LIFE.

BY MARY A. KEABLES.

"Horrible?"

"Is it possible?"

The two women stood aghast, and Mrs. Brown, the retailer of the terrible gossip, put on her shaker to go, her mission being accomplished.

"Don't say nothing about it as a coming from me—it might git me into a fuss, and I can't go fusses," said Mrs. Brown, tying and untying her bonnet strings.

"Oh, of course not," replied Mrs. and Miss Ludlow, in a breath, and then their visitor took up the basket of tomato plants for which she had made her morning call—ostensibly—and after parrying a few compliments, left the house.

Just at that moment who should enter but Miss Ludlow's lover, young lawyer Emerson. He and his affianced were on familiar terms, and he "ran in" from his office at any hour of the day he chose, never lacking a welcome. He went right into the large kitchen where Jennie stood with her hands in the bread-dough, and Mrs. Ludlow was doing up the morning's work.

Charlie Emerson threw himself into a rush bottomed chair, tossed his palm-leaf hat into the clothes basket which stood conveniently near, placed one dusty patent leather boot across the other, and taking his handkerchief from his pocket, wiped the perspiration from his handsome forehead.

"Just met the 'Oracle,'" he said, pointing from the window to where Mrs. Brown was disappearing around the corner.

"Well, for once," said Mrs. Ludlow, the horrified, indignant look not yet vanished from her face, "Mrs. Brown enlivened us."

"Terrified us!" broke in Jennie.

"Enlivened us," continued Mrs. Ludlow, "with something besides her usual gossip—she seemed greatly excited."

"And no wonder; it's enough to excite any one!" exclaimed Jennie, rubbing the dough from her fingers vehemently.

Young Emerson whistled.

"Oh, you needn't put on that incredulous look," pouted Jennie, "this story is no gossip at all. Mrs. Brown didn't wish anything said about it, but we can tell you—you'll never divulge, Charlie's no gossip, you know, Miriam," appealing to her sister-in-law, "now, the story's just this—"

Miss Ludlow paused only long enough to replenish the stove with fuel, and put in her pies to bake, then sitting down by the window, and smoothing the hair back from her heated forehead, she continued:

"You know Mrs. Steinheardt?"

"Storekeeper Steinheardt's handsome wife? Yes, I've met her several times, and her dashing cousin Vaux, too, for that matter—"

"Her cousin!" cried Jennie, contemptuously, "he is not her cousin at all; he's her lover—followed her clear from Europe, and hood-winked poor Mr. Steinheardt into thinking he's his wife's cousin—and they are going to murder Mr. Steinheardt, and then the guilty wife and her old adorer, will of course be married in due time. What do you think of that?"

"Think? why, I think if that was the case, they'd be cute enough not to let Mrs. Brown know of it," replied Emerson, laughing.

"Now that just shows all you know about it!" said Miss Ludlow, indignantly; "of course Mrs. Steinheardt did not intend Mrs. Brown should find it out. The way it happened, though, was by her employing a girl to help her in her diabolical work, bribing her to keep the secret. The girl, however, carelessly let the 'cat out of the bag,' and as soon as Mr. Steinheardt gets home, which will be this evening, I suppose he will be poisoned, unless some one steps in and prevents the crime from being perpetrated—and you see Dr. Kennedy is away with his wife at B., on a visit. The time was carefully chosen."

"So it would seem," said the young lawyer, musingly. He was wondering just how much and how little could be true of this wonderful story. "Did Mrs. Brown tell you where she derived her information?" questioned Charlie.

"No, she did not, but she said it came straight, and there was no mistake about it."

Just at this moment the sound of horses' hoofs were heard, and Mrs. Steinheardt, her graceful form arrayed in a dark blue riding-habit, her golden curls mingling with the snowy plume of her cap, galloped past, attended by a handsome, foreign looking gentleman, whose head was bent towards his beautiful companion, as if in earnest conversation.

"There they go, now," exclaimed Mrs. Ludlow, and I just believe it's so!"

And from that moment the young lawyer joined in the belief.

"Another Lucretia Borgia," he muttered, flinging on his straw hat. "I guess I'll run back to the office."

"Mrs. Brown didn't want anything said about this, you know, Charlie," called out Miss Ludlow, "but, stay—couldn't you write an anonymous letter to Mr. Steinheardt to warn him?"

"I'll see about it," replied Charlie, pulling his hat over his eyes, and slamming the little picket gate unusually hard after him.

And the way he did see about it was to go straight to Squire Hammers (a florid, hot headed old gentleman with whom he was in partnership) who gave him important instruction, which the young man acted upon without delay.

Mr. Emerson went back to Mrs. Ludlow's and inquired into all the particulars, which he found were many and important. Lue Myers, a girl of bad repute, had been shut up with Mrs. Steinheardt in the kitchen, all the afternoon, before the morning of which we write, ingeniously compounding a deadly poison (which Mrs. Steinheardt had obtained of an old witch in Germany, long before) with some of Mr. Steinheardt's favorite kinds of pastry.—For this important service Lue Myers had received a large sum of money, which was to be doubled in case everything went off to suit.—The girl, it would seem, but half witted, had told a friend of this confidentially, and thus it had gone like wild fire from mouth to mouth, until it had reached the young lawyer's ears, as we have seen.

Mr. Steinheardt must be saved at all hazards, was the conclusion arrived at. Had Dr. Kennedy been at home, with his stomach pumps, ready to relieve the poor fellow at a moment's notice, it might have been suffered; as it was, it would never do to risk the man's life for the sake of bringing Mrs. Steinheardt and Lue Myers up for murder or attempted murder.

So, with a very humane and philanthropic spirit, young lawyer Emerson volunteered to meet Mr. Steinheardt at the depot, when he arrived on the afternoon train, and warn him of his wife's treachery, and thus save to the community one of its most valuable members, and cause this wretched woman to be caught in a trap of her own setting.

In his eagerness to render the wealthy storekeeper this valuable service, the young man was at the station long before the time, and he had a full half hour to wait before the engine with its train of cars came thundering into the village.—While he uneasily promenaded the platform, who should make her appearance but Mrs. Steinheardt, leaning on the arm of the handsome, dashing Mr. Vaux. The lady never appeared more charming; arrayed in a most becoming toilet, her beautiful face flushed, her eyes sparkling and her every expression full of eager expectancy. As for Vaux, he was aristocratic and self-possessed in his bearing as usual, but he failed not every few moments to bestow a fond and admiring glance upon his lovely companion.

The young lawyer overheard a remark that rendered him more certain than ever, that his convictions were well founded. Mrs. Steinheardt murmured, but the voice was so clear and distinct he heard every word perfectly:

"Vaux, dear, I don't believe he'll have suspicion. I put on the frosting myself, and I was very particular that there should be nothing to lead him to suspect in the least."

"I think it'll have the desired effect!" replied Mr. Vaux, with a sardonic smile.

"I guess he'll never trouble me any more," laughed the lady, and then the next few words Charlie failed to hear.

Just at the moment the whistle was heard and Charlie stepped forward to meet the doomed man, before his wife could see him.

In this, however, he failed, for that gentleman, after two weeks' absence, was so over-joyed to see his wife awaiting him, that he shook of the young lawyer's hand when it would have detained him.

"You dear Carl," Emerson heard the lady say, "you haven't had any dinner, I know, and you look fagged out; come right home. I'll have some tea for you directly."

The lawyer felt he must make a bold strike, or all was lost—it must also be done in such a manner as to give the false wife no inkling of the real state of affairs. So, he stepped up, and touching his hat politely to Mrs. Steinheardt, said, after begging pardon for the intrusion:

"I must see you a moment, Mr. Steinheardt, on business—that Lawrence and Crawford case, you know; I have been waiting this half hour for you, to catch you the first minute after you arrived—just walk up by my office, and I'll give you the papers."

The ruse was successful, and the lady went home with a little pout on her lips, that even the no doubt tender words of young Vaux failed to dissipate.

When out of hearing, Charlie Emerson laid his hand imperiously upon the merchant's shoulder—informed him that he had something of greater importance than the Crawford suit of which to tell him.

We have not described this Carl Steinheardt—you have seen such Germans many a day—rather portly and fine looking, a pair of keen steel-blue eyes, lighting up a frank, honest face, perhaps rather severe at times; then there was a way about him that made the young lawyer's task a hard one.

"In the first place, then," he began, his face flushing very red beneath the close, keen scrutiny of the merchant's piercing eyes, "a report has reached my ears to-day, that I think you should know before you return home."

"Ah!"

"In regard to your wife, Mr. Steinheardt."

"Ah!"

"The story is out that she and an accomplice, who is known here in the town as Lue Myers, have been preparing certain articles of food of which you are very fond, in which is introduced the most subtle and deadly poison."

The German's face was white as ashes, but his voice was calm and steady, as he inquired:

"For what purpose?"

"That after death she might marry that old beau of hers, Vaux, I believe his name is."

The husband's face was crimson now.

"Who tell you so much—'report'—I tink you call him?"

"The story was told by Mrs. Brown, who declares that it come straight, and that there is no mistake about it, replied Charlie, beginning to wish he was well out of the business.

"I tink it is von big lie!" said the German, "but we will see dis Mrs. Brown."

Charlie saw that he was in for it; he made a slight resistance, suggesting to the irritated foreigner that it would be as well for him to go home and eat only what he saw his wife and Vaux partake of, telling him of what he had heard from the two at the depot; but the outraged husband's strong hand was on his arm and he had no choice but to accompany him into the Widow Brown's cottage, the door of which stood invitingly open. Mrs. Brown was at work in the garden, but came in when she saw her visitors.

"Vat is dat leetle tam lie you've been telling about mine vife?" cried the Dutchman, forgetting alike his politeness and English, in his anger.

"I—I—ah, Mr. Steinheardt, what do you mean? what does he mean, Mr. Emerson? are we gwine to have a fuss?" cried the terrified Mrs. Brown.

"Don't know vat you calls him!" began Steinheardt, savagely, but the young lawyer interrupted him.

"It's that story about his wife; you know you was telling Mrs. Ludlow and Jennie, this morning," exclaimed he.

"Oh, that—do sit down gentlemen—I'll tell you all I know—but dear me, I didn't reckon as how Mrs. Ludlow would be for tellin' of it, kase I telled her as how I didn't want nary fuss about it. Only this mornin' as I was riddenin' up the front room, Miss Tallall—you know the old maid that takes in talerin' here, as lives by the tavern—well she comes in, and sez she to me, sez she, "Widdy,"—now I never did like bein' called 'Widdy,' but I wouldn't hev no fuss with the likes of her about it—sez she, 'Widdy, hev ye heard that awful thing about Miss Steinheardt?" and sez I no, and sez she, "It's the awfulest thing ye ever did hear of in all your born days," and sez I, what is it—and she sed as how she didn't want notin' sed about it, but a girl told her that Lue Myers told her that Mrs. Steinheardt had got her to help her about her cookin' and they put pizen into the things so as to kill you, sir, when you got home—she said as how she'd no doubt as your wife was intendin' to marry that Vaux that's been a sneakin' arter her since you've been gone."

Mr. Steinheardt forgot politeness and English and said a few shocking words in German.

"Is that all?" asked Charlie.

"All that I mind just now; but you skeered the wits outen a body; but don't go to Miss Tallall about it; she'll be powerful mad at me for tellin' of it, and I'm afeerd as how I'll slip up on the sweet potato plants she promised me, if you do."

"Den you slip!" exclaimed the Dutchman, vehemently; "why for you tell such lies, voman?"

"Don't let's hev a fuss!" cried Mrs. Brown, entreatingly. "I just told what I heard on."

Mr. Steinheardt brought the interview to a close, hurriedly, and half dragging Charlie, (who repented sorely in having stepped out of the line of his own immediate business) towards the cottage of Miss Tallall, and finding that lady at home, their business was announced by the desperate husband in words more forcible than polite.

Miss Tallall, a maiden lady of uncertain age, was shocked beyond description, that Mrs. Brown should have mentioned what she said. Miranda Jones, her wash-girl, came in the evening before and told her as a great secret, that Lue Myers told her that she had been over to Mrs. Steinheardt's, helping her to cook all yesterday afternoon, and that they were putting poison into the cooking, she said she supposed to poison Mr. Steinheardt, as Mrs. S. paid Lue Myers for helping her do the wicked work, and for keeping the secret. Miranda Jones said that she did not believe Vaux was Mrs. Steinheardt's relative at all, as people had said he was—but my stars!" cried Miss Tallall, unconsciously pulling her wig awry, "when I told all this casually to Widow Brown, I didn't presume she would repeat it; she promised never to mention it."

Mr. Steinheardt inquired after Miranda Jones' whereabouts and discovered that she was washing in an adjoining house.

"I wish you wouldn't say anything to Miranda about it," plead Miss Tallall; "she will be very angry with me for repeating what she said, and I dare say she'll ask me a shilling more a day for washing, though gracious knows I pay too much already."

The latter part of the lady's speech was, however, unheeded by the village merchant, who was even then calling to Miranda Jones, who was hanging out clothes upon a line near the fence.

Miranda came forward—an overgrown, ignorant girl, with a pair of bare arms, reminding one of twin sawlogs; and a face whose only recommendation was its healthful color.

"Yes, I did tell Miss Tallall that Lue Myers telled me that she was a makin' pizen things over to Miss Steinheardt's yesterday arternoon."

"And that Mrs. Steinheardt paid her for making the poison cooking, eh?" questioned Charlie, "and that—"

"Yes, but you needn't go for to tell Lue Myers that I telled of it, as she'd be powerful mad if she knowed Mr. Steinheardt had hearn of it, cas as how Mrs. Steinheardt made her promise never to tell nary thing about it so he'd hear of it."

"He?"

"Yes—him," pointing to Mr. Steinheardt, who was already on his way to the house where dwelt Lue Myers and her mother.

Charlie once thought of cutting across the village to his office, but feeling a curiosity to see how it all would end, followed the German whose quick steps had taken him nearly to that young lady's door.

Miss Lue Myers did not bear an extra good character. She had been up for picking pockets once, and it had been hinted that she dressed better than a poor seamstress' daughter could honestly afford to dress; but Lue always looked well, and the surroundings of the house were neat and tasteful. The German's knock brought the young lady in question to the door. She was arrayed in a pink chintz, amply ruffled, snowy collar and cuffs, and her beautiful black hair was arranged in the prevailing fashion. She ushered them into a neat little parlor with snowy curtains, a bright, rag carpet on the floor, and flowers upon the mantel-shelf and table.

Here, thought Charlie, is the originator of the wicked story, or, if the story should be correct, this neat, tasteful girl is an accomplice in an intended murder. Mr. Steinheardt made known the object of his visit by the question:

"Miss Myers, you cook some for mine wife yesterday?"

"How did you know I did?" A vivid flush over-spread the girl's countenance.

"I learn of it, miss. What lie you tell about my vife hiring you to put poison in mine victuals?"

"Poison!"

The girl started to her feet aghast.

"You poison—and that mine vife gave you money so to do."

"Holy mother?" ejaculated the girl. 'I never said such a thing in the world, never, never!"

"What you tell dat wash girl, den; what for you tell her dat?" cried the exasperated German, seizing the girl's arm tightly, and holding her as in a vice.

Charlie pitied the girl, she seemed so terrified, and tried to explain.—She burst into tears.

"Dear me, I didn't tell her that.—I was over to Mrs. Steinheardt's yesterday afternoon, I may as well tell you; as things are now, I don't think your wife would care for my telling how it was; I did help her about her cooking yesterday, and when I came away she asked me to please say nothing about helping her, and she paid me half a dollar for my work As I was coming home I met Miranda Jones, who inquired where I had been; I replied without thinking:

"Over to Mrs. Steinheardt's;" then she asked me what for, and I told her making *pies and things*, so as to have the cooking done when you came home, sir. And then she said, 'I s'pose you got paid for it. and I said yes, of course I did; and then I happened to think your wife didn't wish anything said about it, so I told Miranda she needn't mind about repeating what I had said."

"Were pies and things the words you used?"

"Yes, sir."

"Hurrah! Pizen things! don't you see, don't you see, Steinheardt?—That's the way it all come—"

"I see: it's all like a letter you call V, it commences very leetel, it gets very big at the other end. You think now mine vife likes to poison me, eh? you must go mit me to supper."

No excuse that Charlie could make would satisfy the German, who was determined that one who had taken so much interest in his affairs should see the end, which had not yet arrived.

So it was not long before our young lawyer found himself walking up the broad steps, traversing the hall, and almost ere he knew it, in the German's parlor, being introduced to Mrs. Steinheardt, and her brother, Mr. Vaux, who, as the village merchant expressed it "is von fine mon, if he is not mine vife's cousin."

Tea was waiting, and the pout had all left the rosy lips of the fair young wife, who by word or gesture, did not express any wonder or vexation at the additional guest.

"Here is some of your favorite pie, dear Carl," said the lovely young mistress of the house, handing her husband a delicious piece of frosted lemon pie.

The German tasted it, and pushed it a little to one side, as he said:

"Very goot, mine dear; but not so excellent as when your own hands do make them; you tink so, mine Blanche?"

"Lost your wager, Blanche," cried Vaux, clapping his hands.

"I tink the sippeas and the smoking-cap I shall have," he said; "though I thought I should lose that leetle—what you call him—wager.—I bought you the beautifullest black pony, which will be here to-morrow; and which," continued the German, his face all aglow with love and pride for his young wife, "you shall have at any rate."

"Oh, you dear old Carl!" cried Blanche, who was now behind his chair, playfully seizing his broad, kind face between her hands. "Tell me, how did you really know that I didn't make the pie? you always declared you could tell my cooking, but I always supposed it to be a whim of yours. I took so much pains in putting on the frosting, dear, I didn't think you really could suspect anything but what I grated the lemons, made the custard and crust, and did it all myself; for, I'm sure Lue Myers is as good a cook as I."

Mr. Steinheardt's face grew grave, and after finishing his pie, he pushed back his plate, and told the whole story to his wondering wife and her handsome brother; when he concluded Blanche's beautiful eyes were full of tears, her arms were about his neck.

"Dear Carl, and so you did not believe it of me? God bless you!"

And thus, in the gathering twilight, while the three were too busy talking to notice the stranger in their midst, Charlie Emerson stole from the room, and made his way into the street. Subsequently he and his pretty bride Jennie became quite intimate with the Steinheardts, but they never forgot the old proverb which remained to them a warning, "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth."

[From the Toledo Blade.]

NASBY.

Mr. Nasby Goes to New York to Call and Engineer a Meeting of Laborina Men in Opposition to the Employment of Chinese.

HARP UV ERIN S'LOON, 6TH WARD, NOO YORK, July 6, 1870.

I run up to Noo York last week on special biznis. I saw in a newspaper that 75 Chinese hed located theirselves in North Adams, Massychoosits, and therein I saw a gleam of light for the Dimocrisy. Here is wat will wunst more fire the Democratic heart and rouse Democratic indignation. The Dimocrisy must allus hev an inferior race, and now that we've lost the nigger, Providence steps in at the nick uv time and furnishes us the Chineman.

Immejitly on my arrival I sought out the Democratic Central Committee uv our ward, and called a meetin uv "all labrin Amerikans uv the 6th Ward opposed to the interduchshen uv forin pauper labor into Ameriky." Teddy O'Ryan, wich runs the Shamrock S'loon next door to mine, and Dennis O'Shaughnessy, and Pat O'Flynn, and Terrence McCoole, and Jemmy O'Brien, all uv em runnin S'loons in the block the Harp ov Erin is located in, entered into the matter with spirit. We're rivals in biznis, but, thank Heaven, in polities we kin act together ez a unit. Our interests are identikle.

We tried to git some shoemakers and brick masons and sich to attend the meetin, but they all insisted they wuz too bizzy.

In the evenin the meetin wuz convened in the back room of the Harp uv Erin, Teddy O'Ryan in the Chair, and Dennis O'Shaughnessy (bartender for Pat. O'Keefe,) Secretary. A Committee on Resolutions was appointed, consisting uv Jemm O'Fallon, Patsey McShane, and Jimmy Sheeney.

The Chairman remarked that the comin uv the barbarious Chinese to the Easter States hed filled him with profound alarm. Ez a labrin man he sollumly protested agin bringin forin pauper labor to these happy shores to compete with us. With all his sole he protested agin this importashun uv poverty-driven foreigners to Ameriky. He hoped the meetin wood do its dooty in this matter. He wood introdooce to the meetin Mr. Jean Jacques Pierre La Tourette, a gentleman uv North Adams, Massychoosets, where this outrage agin Amerikin labor wuz bein perpetrated.

Mr. La Tourette riz and addrest the meetin in French, ez he coodent speak English, he hevin bin in this country only ten months. We procoored a Frenchman wich cood speak English who translated him for our benefit. Mr. La Tourette remarkt that the principal thing labrin men had to contend with wuz importid pauper labor. The Chinese wich hed bin advented in North Adams wuz a inferior race wich cood live on nothin and cood consequently work for nothin. They hed none of the habits an tastes uv civilizashen. They did not drink likker; in fact one uv em, Ching Choy, did not know what likker wuz. (Expreshun uv disgust from the entire assembly.) One hundred of his people hed bin indoost ten months ago to come to the Yoonited States from Lower Canady by the promise uv ekal rites. Them wich emigrated with him from Lower Canady hedn't anything in pertikeler to eat in that country, and still less to wear; in fact, the half uv em was bein supportid by the parish authorities. We come to the Yoonited States, the manufakterers payin our fare on the railroads, expecting to find a land uv wages and plenty. Wat hez bin the result? Why, jest ez we hed all jined the Crispins and established who shood and who shood not labor in North Adams, and likewise wat wages shood be paid, and how they shood be paid, but before we got control, uv the books uv the concern, we are confronted, with forrin pauper labor brought from a forrin shore, and we are out in the cold. Mr. La Tourette remarked that when he sed "we" he spoke uv his associates' He didn't labor hisself—he wuz a friend of humanity, whose biznis it wuz to organize laborin men agin the encroachment uv capital.

Dennis O'Shaughnessey, our Sekretary, wanted to know wat wages wuz paid them ignerent Chinese.

Mr. La Tourette ansered about 22 cents a day, wich answer, ez it wuz considered essenshel to put on record, I wrote down, ez Mr. O'Shaughnessy's early edukashen had been neglected. "Good Lord!" ejackilated Teddy Ryan, "that's only two drinks and a fifth! We want no such labor ez that."

Father McGrath, after givin notice that next Sunday a beautiful image of St. Boniface, wich had bin presented his church, wood be displayed for the adorashun uv the devout, demanded that the most stringent laws shood be passed preventin the immigrashen to this country uv heathens and idolators. He bleeved in religions tolerashen, but the ijee uv a joss-house bein erectid in Noo York filled him with alarm, and he wood prevent it by all the power uv the law.

Jemmy O'Fallon reportid the followin resolooshens:

WEREAS, Certin blotid aristocrats in Massychoosits hev importid ignerant and degraded Chinese to take the place uv the labrers in that State; and,

WEREAS, The leaders uv the Dimocracy uv Noo York is the especial champions uv labor; therefore, by the leaders uv the Dimocracy uv Noo York, be it

Resolved, That the Dimocracy hez allus held that free labor is the safeguard uv Amerikin liberty, 'ceptin south uv Mason and Dixon's line, where it hez allus seemed to us that labor shood be owned by the most dominent class.

Resolved, That the importashen uv forrin pauper labor into Massychoosits is an invashen uv the rites uv the Amerikin labrin class wich shood be resistid to the death. (Cries uv "Good for yez, Jemmy!" "Bed dad we'll all vote for that!" "Let Jemmy O'Fallon alone for putting a thing nately!" And under the excitement uv the moment, the assemblage all jined in singin "The Wearing uv the Green," ceptin La Tourette, who bust out into the Marseillais hymn.)

Resolved, That to the end that labor in this country may be free and unrestrictid, we counsel our friends in North Adams to immejitly kill all the Chinese, and all others who consent to work with em.

Resolved, That Ameriky hez bin the refuge uv the oppresst uv all nashens, and ez we are determined that it shall allus be sich, we protest agin any Chinese comin in on any terms watever.

Letters endorsin wat we shood do for the coz uv labor wuz reseeved from John Morrissey, Hon. Benj. Wood, Hon. Fernandy Wood and other distinguished friends uv labor.

Patsy McShane commenced a speech on the heenousnis uv importin pauper labor, wich wood hev hed a good effeck, but Johny McQuade, wich don't like him, interruptid by askin him how long ago it wuz that he and his brothers and cousins wuz taken out uv a work-house in Ireland and hed their fare paid to this country by a raleroad company, and whether when he landid he hed a decent rag to his back or a cint in his pockit. Mr. McShane retorted by wantin to know if the McQuades, ivery mother's son uv em, hedn't been in the same fix. The argument wuz conclooded by the two clinchin, and in a minit the entire assemblage wuz indulgin in ez bootiful a fite ez I hev ever seen in Noo York. Nevertheless good wuz accomplisht, ez we hev this labor movement fairly on its feet.

I shel go back to Delaware immejitly, for there is movements uv importance there wich is about to be commenst. I hev to draft an address to the Democrasy up that State.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
(Wich wuz Postmaster.)

BELLS AND BELL RINGING.

The Sheffield (English) *Times* of a late date has an interesting article entitled "The Belfry." After sketching the history of bells and belfries, from the earliest period, the writer says:

Let us next consider the duties of the bells as they hang, a musical octave, in their airy home. These duties are threefold—to chime, to ring in peal, and to toll—and they are thus defined in some quaint old versicles:

To call the folk to church in time,
We chime.
When joy and mirth are on the wing,
We ring.
When we lament a departed soul,
We toll.

Uncommon as the practice is—at least in this part of the country—only to chime the bells as the call to church, (this being generally done by a half an hour's good round-ringing with changes, and closing perhaps by tolling a single bell,) there is, nevertheless, no doubt of its being the proper way. Lest any of our readers, however, should not understand what chiming is, it consists of swinging the bell to and fro by the rope, so that it moves like the pendulum of a clock, and comes in contact with the clapper, which remains nearly stationery inside, owing to its weight and the loose manner of suspending it. Nor let any one despise this method as a substitute for the wilder peal, which seems to cheer the people on their walk to church by its sonorous changes. It is possible that those who object may never have listened to good chimes. If so, let them withhold their judgment; for we can assure them that eight sweet-toned bells, if well chimed, afford as beautiful music as ever charmed a Christian's ear. The effect too, being more solemnizing than inspiriting, is only more becoming the occasion; and this influence, though varying according to circumstances of place, time, health and state of mind, will seldom fail to induce feelings in harmony with devotional exercises, and to move the sensitive with tenderest impressions.

Ringing a peal has next to be noticed. This is done on all occasions of congratulation or festivity, such as marriages, births, victories, elections, the arrival of distinguished persons, etc. A peal in technical language, is a performance on the bells of more than five thousand changes; and it occupies the ringers a considerable period of time, generally more than three hours.—But a touch or flourish on the bells, which is the ordinary method of notifying any joyful occurrence, is round ringing varied by changes at the option of the ringers, or according to the custom of the belfry. It is usual, in the first instance, to set the bells—that is, to throw every bell with its mouth upward, in a stationary position on the frame. And then, every ringer being ready in his place, the treble bell is first dropped, and off they all go in quick succession, closing the round with the stroke of the heavy tenor. This performance, often repeated, is called round-ringing, to distinguish it from change-ringing; and formerly it was the custom to close every change, as well as every round with the tenor bell. But this practice is discontinued, as any bell may conclude a change.

A common peal of rejoicing might be arranged thus: First, round-ringing for 100 times; then firing a number of cannons, which means a simultaneous crash from all the bells; then the bells trip off lightly again, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, from treble to tenor. And again, and yet again, they go quicker at each rotation, until the sounds flash past the ear just as the strokes of a turning wheel dazzle the eye; and then, on a sudden, they all stop, as if the whole peal were demolished. But no; the bells are only set—mouths up again in their cage—and first one of them drops for a single stroke, and then another, just to prove that they had not lost their voices.

Let us try a wedding peal, which our fair readers may practice for amusement on the piano-forte, since it is certain that they will not attend to it when it gilds their own nuptial morn. We will first ring 12 rounds in regular order, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8; then 12 changes on the bells in the following rota: 1, 5, 2, 6, 3, 7, 4, 8; then 12 changes thus: 1, 3, 5, 7, 2, 4, 6, 8; then 12 chords thus $\begin{matrix}1 & 2 & 3 & 4\\ 5 & 6 & 7 & 8\end{matrix}$ and conclude the peal with 12 rounds as at starting.

Ah! was it not the merry peal just described which holds that poor lad's attention, who leans against a mile-stone at Halloway on a certain cold November morn? His small wallet is over his shoulder, containing all he has in the world. He has run away from his employer. He is going he knows not whither: anywhere to which a chance or a kind word may invite him. But who is there to speak to the lonely runaway? Hark! a voice of Providence through the air seems to greet him. The wind is gently blowing from the south-east, and it wafts the sound of eight bells in full peal into his ears; and, as he listens, his fancy extracts from them a clearer promise than Delphic oracle ever spoke.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Turn	a	gain	a	gain	Whit	ting	ton.
Lord	May'r	Lord	May'r	of	Lon	don	town.

And again in the chords; the notes of which are struck slightly apart, but they soon mingle in their vibrations:

15	9	37	
Turn	again	Whitting	ton.
Lord	May'r	London	town.

A dumb peal, to commemorate death, ought always to be conducted in round ringing order; and it is thus managed: One side of the bulb of the clapper is covered with thick cloth or felt, and over this a firm piece of leather is tightly strapped. When all the bells are thus prepared, one round is struck with the uncovered side of the clapper, and the usual tone, somewhat deadened, perhaps, is produced. At the next rotation, the padded side of the clapper strikes the bell, and a dull vibration, scarcely perceptible, follows. These alternations produce a very saddening effect.

But the ordinary way of noticing a death or a funeral is by tolling. This is done by a succession of single strokes on one bell. It needs no further explanation. Few who read this will not be able to recall at least one occasion in their past lives when each toll of the bell went like a shock to their own hearts, and they knew that nearer, every stroke, was the moment coming when the grave would evermore hold the beloved dead.

There are, generally, rules and regulations for good order in the bell-chamber; and it is very desirable to make these conducive to the decorous behavior of the ringers in the discharge of their important duties about a church. In All Saint's Church, at Hastings, a maudlin exertion in this direction seems to have been made by the subjoined inscription, which is painted on the wall:

This is a belfry that is free
For all those that civil be;
And if you please to chime or ring,
It is a very pleasant thing.

There is no music played or sung
Like unto bells when they're well rung:
Then ring your bells well if you can,
Silence is best for every man.

But if you ring in spur or hat,
Sixpence you pay—be sure of that:
And if your bell you overthrow,
Pray pay a groat before you go.
Dated 1756.

For a reformation of manners in the belfry we know of no efforts so earnest and practical as that made by the Rev. H. T. Ellacombe, in a small pamphlet called *Practical Remarks on Belfries and Ringers*, which is appropriately published by Mr. Bell. So much for the belfry.

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A Negro's Argument.

An old negro named Pete was very much troubled about his sins. Perceiving him one day with a very downcast look, his master asked him the cause.

"O, massa, I'm such a great sinner!"

"But, Pete," said his master, "you are foolish to take it so much to heart You never see me troubled about my sins."

"I know the reason, massa," said Pete. "When you go out duck-shooting, and kill one duck and wound another, don't you run after the wounded duck?"

"Yes, Pete;" and the master wondered what was coming next.

"Well, massa, dat is de way wid you and me. De debil has got you sure; but, as he am not sure ob me, he chases dis chile all de time."

Fatal Consequences of Folly.

An occurrence, which happened at a young ladies' seminary in New York, is mentioned in the *Times* of that city, which presents another proof of the folly of indulging in the thoughtless practice of attempting to frighten others. Two of the young ladies of the institution were engaged in their own room, conversing upon the science of anatomy, in the course of which one of them proceeded to relate some experience she had formerly acquired in a dissecting room. Just as the conversation reached this point, the door of the room opened, and another of the inmates of the seminary entered with slow and solemn tread, having a white sheet wrapped about her form and her face powdered to perfect whiteness, her jet-black hair, eyes, and brows presenting a contrast which gave a startling lividness to her ghost like countenance. The lady who was relating her experience, as already stated, is said to be mentally superior to any of her classmates, and noted for her strength of mind and freedom from nervousness and absurd sensibility. So sudden, however, was the approach of the figure, just at a moment when her mind was least prepared for any associated with the thoughts of the dead, that, upon beholding the apparition' she fell senseless to the floor, and awoke to the scenes around her only to show her anxious attendants that reason had fled and left sad tokens of the mental wreck. At last accounts no change was discoverable in the distressing symptoms of the unfortunate girl, and there is little encouragement to hope that reason will ever resume its seat. This occurrence, of course, has produced much distress, both in the seminary and in families of the respective parties.

Young lady physicians are multiplying rapidly throughout the country, and consequently the young men are decidedly more sickly than they used to be.

The slave of the ring—A new-made wife.

Green-Gages — Young lovers' vows.

How can you pull a house down if you raze it?

You can't marry a-miss if you marry a widow.