HOLMES COUNTY REPUBLICAN.

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

Old Series, VOL. XXVII. MILLERSBURG, HOLMES COUNTY, O., THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1871. New Series, VOL. I, No. 48.

Holmes Co. Republican,

Dedicated to the interests of the Republican Party, to 'olmes County, and to local and general news.

Laubach, White & Cunningham,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.
OFFICE—Commercial Block, over Mulvane' Dry Goods Store.
MIL LERSBURG, OIO.

Terms of Subscription:
One year (in advance) - - - - $2,00
Six months - - - - 1,00

Job Printing.
The REPUBLICAN Job Printing Office is one of the best furnished country offices in the State.

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,	W. C. MCDOWELL.
Commissioners,	ABM WORKMAN. JACOB FISHER. DAN'L BAUGHMAN.
Surveyor,	JOSHUA SPONAGLE.
Coroner,	HENRY SHAFFER.
Infirmary Directors,	LUELLEN ALLISON. JOHN SHARP. WASHINGTON COWEN.

Church Directory.

M. E. CHURCH,
G. A. HUGHES, PASTOR, SERVICE EVERY Sabbath at 10½ o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock, P. M. Prayer Meeting Thursday evening.

ST. JOHN'S CONGREGATION.
GERMAN SERVICE BY REV. J. SPOERRI, every Sabbath morning, at 11 o'clock. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock.

EVANG. LUTHERAN CHURCH.
SERVICES EVERY OTHER SABBATH AFternoon, by Rev. Isaac Culler.

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 6½ 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,	5:24 A. M.	12:08 P. M.
" Holmesville,	5:38 "	12:29 "
" Fredericksburg,	5:51 "	12:55 "
" Apple Creek,	6:08 "	1:26 "
" Orrville,	6:28 "	2:06 "
" Marshallville,	7:14 "	2:49 "
" Akron,	8:08 "	4:30 "
Arr. at Cleveland,	10:10 "	7:30 "

GOING SOUTH.

	Accom'dn.	Ex. & Mail.
Leave Cleveland,		4:30 P. M.
" Akron,	6:50 A. M.	6:28 "
" Marshallville,	8:58 "	7:28 "
" Orrville,	9:23 "	7:43 "
" Apple Creek,	10:08 "	8:07 "
" Fredericksb'rg,	10:37 "	8:24 "
" Holmesville,	11:02 "	8:36 "
Arr. at Millersburg,	11:22 "	8:50 "

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

Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne & Chicago R. R.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

	No. 1 Fast Ex.	No. 7 Pac. Ex.	No. 5 Mail.	No. 3 Night Ex.
Pittsburg,	1.35 A.M.	10.35 A.M.	7.10 A.M.	3.00 P.M.
Rochester	2.48 "	12.05 P.M.	8.45 "	4.08 "
Alliance,	4.55 "	3.00 "	11.45 "	6.55 "
Orrville,	6.28 "	4.42 "	1.55 P.M.	8.33 "
Mansfield,	8.38 "	6.40 "	4.22 "	10.31 "
Crestline { ar	8.55 "	7.10 "	5.00 "	11.00 "
Crestline { d	9.20 "	7.45 "	5.55 A.M.	11.30 "
Forest,	10.37 "	9.39 "	7.23 "	1.26 A.M.
Lima,	11.32 "	10.50 "	8.50 "	2.55 "
Ft. Wayne,	1.45 P.M.	1.25 A.M.	11.40 "	6.00 "
Plymouth,	3.32 "	3.45 "	2.25 P.M.	8.35 "
Chicago,	6.20 "	7.20 "	6.00 "	12.10 P.M.

TRAINS GOING EAST.

	No. 8 Mail.	No. 2 Fast Ex.	No. 6 Pac. Ex.	No. 4 Night Ex.
Chicago,	5.50 A.M.	9.20 A.M.	5.35 P.M.	9.20 P.M.
Plymouth,	9.45 "	11.53 "	9.05 "	12.20 A.M.
Ft. Wayne,	12.40 P.M.	2.15 P.M.	11.30 "	3.15 "
Lima,	3.07 "	3.56 "	1.37 A.M.	5.15 "
Forest,	4.27 "	4.58 "	2.50 "	6.35 "
Crestline { ar	6.00 "	6.15 "	4.20 "	8.20 "
Crestline { d	12.45 P.M.	6.35 "	4.30 "	8.55 "
Mansfield,	1.23 "	7.05 "	5.00 "	9.28 "
Orrville,	3.45 "	9.00 "	6.57 "	11.42 "
Alliance,	5.50 "	10.25 "	8.50 "	1.45 P.M.
Rochester,	8.25 "	12.27 A.M.	11.05 "	4.22 "
Pittsburgh,	9.35 "	1.25 "	12.10 P.M.	5.30 "

No. 1, Daily except Monday; Nos. 5, 3, 8 and 2, Daily except Sunday; Nos. 7 and 6, Daily; No. 4, Daily except Saturday and Sunday.
F. R. MYERS, *Gen. Ticket Agent.*

C., R. I. & P. Railway.

STATIONS.	Going West. Pac. Ex. No. 1.	Going West. Ex. Mail. No. 3.	Going East. Atl. Ex. No. 2.	Going East. Ex. Mail No. 4.
Chicago,	10,00 a m	10,00 p m.	4,15 p m	7,00 a m
Englewood,	10,35	10,30	3,45	6,30
Joliet,	12,00 m	11,55	2,27	5,03
La Salle,	2,19 p m	2,22 a m.	12,18	2,38
Bureau,	3,20‡	3,20	11,30 a m‡	1,50
C.B.&Q.Cross.	4,09	4,08	10,27	12,50
Rock Island,	6,45	6,50	8,00	10,30 pm
Davenport,	7,25†	7,25§	7,45§	10,15†
Wilton,	8,40	8,40	6,15	8,40
West Liberty,	9,16	9,20	5,32	8,00
Iowa City,	10,00	10,05	4,52	7,20
Des Moines,	3,15 a m	4,10 pm	11,35 p m	1,40‡
Avoca,	8,05§	9,05†	7,00†	8,05§ a"
Council Bluffs	9,50	10,45	5,00	6,00
Mo. River, ar.	10,00	11,00	dep. 4.45	5,50

Nos. 1 and 4 daily except Sunday; Nos. 2 and 3 daily except Saturday.
§ Breakfast. ‡ Dinner. † Supper.
Distance 498 miles. Trains are run by Chicago time.
Connects at Council Bluffs and Omaha with Missouri River Steamers for Benton and all Upper Missouri River Trading Posts and Union Pacific Railroad.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Physicians.

J. W. GUTHRIE, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office in first building north of Post-office, Wooster, Wayne County, Ohio. Office hours, Wednesdays and Saturdays, from 9 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 4 P. M. All accounts considered due as soon as services rendered.

W. C. STOUT, M. D.
SUCCESSOR OF E. BARNES, M. D., ECLECtic Physician and Surgeon, Oxford, Holmes County, Ohio. Special attention given to Chronic and Female Diseases. Consultation free. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M., on Tuesdays and Saturdays. 39m3*

S. P. WISE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, MILLERSburg, O. Office with Dr. Pomerene. 30tf

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 3 o'clock P. M. 1tf

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

DR. S. WILSON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OFFICE AND Residence, West Liberty Street, Wooster, O. All accounts considered due as soon as services are rendered. 3t9

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

DR. JOHN LEHMAN,
German Physician. Treats Chronic Diseases, especially Female Complaints, with great success. Office on East Liberty Street, Wooster, O.

Dentists.

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

T. L. PIERCE,
PRACTICAL & OPERATIVE DENTIST, UPstairs 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.

L. R. HOAGLAND. J. M. ROBINSON.
HOAGLAND & ROBINSON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, MILLERSBURG, O. Office over Mayer's store, Millersburg. O.

G. W. EVERETT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, MILLERSBURG, OHIO. 2tf

H. D. McDOWELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, MILLERSBURG, O. Office—Second floor in McDowell's building west of the Court House. 1tf

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

A. J. BELL,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. COLLECTIONS promptly made. Office above Long, Brown & Co.'s Bank. 1tf

Hotels.

EMPIRE HOUSE,
A. J. HAMPSON, Proprietor. Passengers conveyed to and from the Cars, free of charge. General Stage Office. 1tf

BUTLER HOUSE,
WEST END MAIN STREET, MILLERSburg, Ohio, JOSEPH BUTLER, Proprietor. This House is in good order, and its guests will be well cared for. 1tf

J. B. KOCH. J. H. KOCH.
J. B. KOCH & SON,
Proprietors of the AMERICAN HOTEL, East Liberty Street, Wooster, O. 1tf

Miscellaneous.

MILTON W. BROWN,
AGENT FOR THE MASON & HAMLIN ORgan. All communications addressed to him at Millersburg, O., will receive due attention

P. W. BAHL,
LAND AGENT AND NOTARY PUBLIC, Fredonia, Wilson County, Kansas. 4tf

JACOB EBERHART,
Agent for the Estey Cottage Organ for Holmes Ashland and part of Wayne Counties. For particulars call on or address S. Eberhart, at Shreve, Wayne County, O.

FRENCH'S LIVERY & FEED STABLE,
Clay Street, Immediately North of the Court House.
Millersburg, O.
4tf

Flour, Feed,
—AND—
PROVISION STORE!

J. P. LARIMER,

HAVING taken possession of the "old Smiley Corner," intends to keep a first-class Flour, Feed and Provision Store.
I have purchased a stock of

GROCERIES,

Such as Coffee, Tea, Sugar, Syrup, Carbon Oil, Kentucky Hominy, Peas, Currants, Oranges, Lemons, Raisins, Figs, extract, Spices, Starch

Also, Marvin's celebrated SUGAR, LEMON SODA and FRENCH

CRACKERS.

Sugar Jumbles,
Cinger Snaps,
Cigars, *of the best manufacture.*
Tobacco, *all kinds, at wholesale and retail.*

All goods sold at small profits and delivered to any part of the town.

HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR

Corn, Potatoes, Bea ns and ountry Produce, Furs & Sheep Pelts.

Feb. 9. 1871.—25tf J. P. LARIMER.

No. 1, Commercial Block.
No. 1, Commercial Block.
No. 1, Commercial Block.

J. MULVANE,
J. MULVANE,
J. MULVANE,

HAS JUST RECEIVED HIS
HAS JUST RECEIVED HIS
HAS JUST RECEIVED HIS

Spring Stock
Spring Stock
Spring Stock

Spring Styles Dress Goods.
Spring Styles Dress Goods.
Spring Styles Dress Goods.

SHAWLS.
SHAWLS.
SHAWLS.

Cloths and Cassimeres.
Cloths and Cassimeres.
Cloths and Cassimeres.

Hats, Caps, Boots & Shoes.
Hats, Caps, Boots & Shoes.
Hats, Caps, Boots & Shoes.

GROCERIES, &c.
GROCERIES, &c.
GROCERIES, &c.

No. 1, Commercial Block.
No. 1, Commercial Block.
No. 1, Commercial Block.

A. S. LOWTHER,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR!
Jackson St., Millersburg, O.
Above Maxwell's Clothing Store.

ALL work entrusted in his hands, will be made up in the latest style, most durable manner, and guaranteed to give entire satisfaction in every case. Give him a trial.
We are also agent for the Howe Sewing Machine, and keep on hand Needles, Fixtures and Findings; Oil by the bottle or gross.
3tf A. S. LOWTHER.

SPRING & SUMMER GOODS

E. NEGELSPACH,

Has bought at the best time, a full line of

DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS
MEN AND BOY'S
CLOTHING,
HATS AND CAPS,
KNIT GOODS AND YARNS,
Queensware & Groceries,

Which he offers for

Cash and Trade!

AT SMALL PROFITS.

Please call and examine. I flatter myself that I can offer you the cheapest stock of goods ever in Millersburg.
I also pay as good a price for produce, in cash or trade, as the market will allow.
1tf E. NEGELSPACH.

New Garden Seeds.

NO ADVANCE IN PRICE.

All New Seeds!
Warranted to Crow, or Money Refunded,
AT THE
BOOK STORE!
Seeds at Wholesale and Retail.
Seeds from four different Houses.

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

J. & G. ADAMS,
BANKERS.
Do a General Banking, Discount and Deposit Business,
MAKE COLLECTIONS AND SELL REVENUE STAMPS.
OFFICE IN T. B. RAIFF'S CORNER,
Millersburg, Ohio.
1y1

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE
HISTORY OF
THE WAR
IN EUROPE!

It contains over 100 fine engravings of Battle Scenes and incidents of the War, and is the only AUTHENTIC and OFFICIAL history of that great conflict.
Published in both English and German.
Caution. Inferior histories are being circulated. See that the book you buy contains 100 fine engravings and maps.
Send for circulars and see our terms and a full description of the work. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, Cincinnati, O.

IF YOU WANT THE
Best Threshing Machine!
NOW IN USE,
Call on THORNTON BOLINC,
NASHVILLE, OHIO,
Agent for the
Aultman & Taylor Machines,
Of Mansfield, O. 34tf

Mrs. BATTIN,

TAKES this method of announcing to her patrons and the public generally, that she has removed to the room recently occupied by C. H. Dix, where she is now receiving a lager and splendid assortment of

SPRING & SUMMER GOODS

French Flowers,
Willow Feathers,
Ostrich & Vulture Plumes,
Sash & Bonnet Ribbons,

Flats & Bonnets

French Corsets, Skeletons, Linen Collars and Cuffs, Elastic Ribbon, Hose and Half Hose and Notions.

Thankful for past patronage, she hopes by strict attention to business to merit of the public favor. 12tf

Shreve Tailor Shop.
W. O. FLINN,
Has removed East of Depot, where he will make
Garments Cheap!
CUT GARMENTS ON SHORT NOTICE.
Every article warranted to fit and give entire satisfaction
W. O. FLINN,
Shreve,
May 10—39tf. Wayne Co. Ohio.

FARM BALLAD.

OVER THE HILL TO THE POOR HOUSE.

[Here is the most touching ballad, by CARLETON, we have read for many a day. "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child!"]

Over the hill to the poor-house I'm trudgin' my weary way—
I, a woman of seventy, and only a trifle gray—
I, who am smart an' chipper, for all the years I've told,
As many another woman that's only half as old.

Over the hill to the poor-house—I can't quite make it clear!
Over the hill to the poor-house—it seems so horrid queer!
Many a step I've taken a toilin' to and fro,
But this is a sort of journey I never thought to go.

What is the use of heapen' on me a pauper's shame?
Am I lazy or crazy? am I blind or lame?
True, I'm not so supple, nor yet so awful stout;
But charity ain't no favor, if one can live without.

I am willin' and anxious an' ready any day
To work for a decent livin' an' pay my honest way;
For I can earn my vituals, an' more too I'll be bound,
If any body is willin to have me around.

Once I was young an' han'some—I was, upon my soul—
Once my cheeks were roses, my eyes as black as coal;
And I can't remember, in them days, of hearin' people say,
For any kind of reason, that I was in their way.

Taint no use of boastin', or talkin' over free,
But many a house an' home was open then to me;
Many a han'some offer I had from likely men,
And nobody ever hinted that I was a burden then.

And when to John I was married; sure he was good and smart,
But he and all the neighbors own I done my my part;
For life was all before me, an' I was young an' strong,
And I worked the best that I could in tryin' to get along.

And so we worked together; and life was hard but gay,
With now and then a baby to cheer us on our way;
Till we had half a dozen, an' all growed clean and neat,
An' went to school like others, an' had enough to eat.

So we worked for the child'rn, and raised 'em every one:
Worked for 'em summer and winter, just as we ought to 've done;
Only perhaps we humored 'em, which some good folks condemn,
But every couple's child'rn a heap the best to them.

Strange how much we think of our blessed little ones!—
I'de have died for my daughters, I'de have died for my sons;
And God he made that rule of love; but when we're old and gray,
I've noticed it sometimes somehow fails to work the other way.

Strange, another thing; when our boys and girls are grown,
And when, exceptin' Charley, they'd left us there alone;
When John he nearer an' nearer come, an' dearer seemed to be,
The Lord of hosts he come one day an' took him away from me.

Still I was bound to struggle, an' never to cringe or fail—
Still I worked for Charley, for Charley, was now my all;
And Charley was pretty good to me, with scarce a word or frown,
Till at last he went a courtin', and brought a wife from town.

She was somewhat dressy, an' hadn't a pleasant smile—
She was quite conceity, and carried a heap of style;
But if ever I tried to be friends, I did with her, I know;
But she was hard and proud, an I couldn't make it go.

She had an education, an' that was good for her;
But when she twitted me on mine, 'twas carryin' things too fur;
And I told her once, 'fore company [an' it almost made her sick,]
That I never swallowed a grammer, or 'et a rithmetic.

So 'twas only a few days before the thing was done—
They was a family of themselves, and I another one;
And a very little cottage one family will do.
But I never seen a house that was big enough for two.

And I never could speak to suit her, never could please her eye,
And it made me independent, and then I didn't try;
But I was terribly staggered, an' felt it like a blow,
When Charley turned ag'in me, an' told me I could go.

I went to live with Susan, but Susan's house was small,
And she was always a hintin' how snug it was for us all;
And what with her husband's sisters, and what with children three,
'Twas easy to discover that there wasn't room for me.

And then I went to Thomas, the oldest son I've got,
For Thomas' building covered the half of an acre lot;
But all the children was on me—I couldn't stand their sauce—
And Thomas said I needn't think I was coming there to boss.

And then I wrote to Rebecca, my girl who lives out West,
And to Isaac, not far from her—some twenty miles at best;
And one of 'em said 'twas too warm there for any one so old,
And other had an opinion the climate was too cold.

So they had shirked and slighted me' an' shifted me about—
So they have well-nigh soured me an' wore my old heart out;
But still I've bore up pretty well, an' wasn't much put down,
Till Charley went to the poor-master an' put me on the town.

Over the hill to the poor-house—my child'rn dear, good-by!
Many a night I've watched you when only God was nigh;
And God'll judge between us; but I will always pray
That you shall never suffer the half I do to-day.

A married lady who was in the habit of spending most of her time in the society of her neighbors, happened one day to be taken ill, and sent her husband in great haste for a physician. The husband ran a short distance, and then returned exclaiming:

'My dear, where shall I find you when I come back?'

A sly old deacon, wishing to give his pastor a hint to put more juice into his sermons, said to him one day:

'I must get a seat nearer the pulpit, for by the time your words reach my ears, the people in front of me have so taken out the pitch out of them, that they are as dry dish water.'

'Never be critical upon the ladies,' was the maxim of an old Irish peer remarkable for his homage to the sex. 'The only way in the world that a true gentleman will attempt to look at the faults of a pretty woman is with his eyes shut.'

WANTED--A WIFE.

BY S. ANNIE EROST.

'I wonder,' said pretty Lizzie Thorndyke, looking up from a newspaper, whose columns had held her attention for nearly half an hour, 'I wonder if any of these matrimonial advertisements are ever put in the papers in good faith? Here are no less than five, commencing,—'Wanted—a wife.''

'I should think,' responded Anna Green, cousin to Lizzie, 'that if a man wanted a wife very badly, his best plan was to go court one. There are plenty of nice girls to be won.'

'Just fancy advertiting for a husband, Anna.'

'Can't. My imagination cannot compass such an absurdity. But what makes you so interested to-day? I'm sure that trash has been in the papers for years.'

'Why, three of these enterprising gentlemen are modest enough to ask for photographs, and I was thinking it would be fun to send some of those in the box Bob left up stairs.'

'What box?'

'Have you never seen it? You know Bob learned to photograph just before he left for California, to be able to take views of scenery. He took lessons of the foreman at Wright & Hill's, who were burnt out just before Bob left. Bob was at the fire, trying to save all he could and amongst other things he rescued a box of pictures that they told him to keep. There is the greatest mix-of-stuff in it—copies of pictures and statues, groups, heads, and quite a lot of pretty faces.'

'But we might send some picture of a person who would get into trouble by it.'

'Oh, no! I wouldn't send anything but a fancy head; there are plenty of those. I'll get the box and let you see them.'

The box proved to be a treasure for passing time. It was quite large and will filled, and the two girls found the morning slipping away rapidly as they examined the contents. Suddenly Anna gave a cry of admiration.

'What an exquisite face!'

'That is one of the. fancy heads,' said Lizzie, taking the picture from her cousin's hand.

'Are you certain, Lizzie? It is very life like.'

'But very fanciful, Anna. Nobody in these days sits for a photograph with a wreath of field daisies and green leaves round their head, and who ever saw such hair? Why, there is enough to start a chignon factory in flourishing business.'

Anna looked again at the picture. It certainly was fanciful enough to justify Lizzie's assertion, although the face had an animated expression rarely attained by the pencil. There was only the head set in a framework of clouds, the dimpled shoulders rising from the fleecy clusters, and the sweet face encircled by them. The regular features, exquisite mouth, and large, soft eyes were framed in masses of heavy curls, just caught from the low brow and little ears by a wreath of field daisies and grasses and leaves.

'It is a lovely, lovely face, Lizzie, is it not?'

'Yes. I think,' said Lizzie, musingly, 'that I will send this to Mr. Edgar Holmes; ain't that the name? Yes,' she added, after a reference to the paper. 'Mr. Edgar Holmes, Box No. 47, Waterford, Illinois. Illinois is a good ways from Hilton, Massachusetts, Anna, so I guess he will not come to look for the original very soon. There! how does that look?' and she tossed the picture to her cousin, having written on the margin, 'Ever yours, with love, Ida.'

'But, Lizzie, suppose, after all, this should be a real portrait?'

'Nonsense! We certainly know everybody in Hilton.'

'I don't half like it, Lizzie.'

'Oh, pshaw! You are always fussy. I mean to get some answers from Mr. Edgar Holmes & Co. It will be real fun. Here is one from California and one from New York; pick out two more pictures. O Anna, here is that hateful old maid, Matilda Truefit. I have half a mind to send her.'

'No, I won't let you, Lizzie. Send only fancy heads.'

'Well, just as you say. Now for the letters. See how nicely I can disguise my hand,' and she wrote a few lines in a stiff, angular hand as legible and almost as unrecognizable as print.

'Anybody can see that it is a disguised hand.'

'Of course they can; but that's of no consequence. I shall only write a few lines at first, professing deep interest and a desire for further acquaintance. You are as grave as a deacon, Anna.'

'Because it seems to me foolish, a waste of time, to say the best of it, and it may get you into trouble, Lizzie.'

'I'm not afraid. It is all for fun. I shall sign them all 'Ida,' and have the answers directed to the same name.'

An hour passed away, almost in silence. Lizzie wrote three letters of the character she had described, while Anna pondered over the pictures, read the newspaper which had inspired her cousin with the new piece of mischief, and perused the letters as they were finished and tossed over to her for criticism.

There were not two prettier girls in Hilton than these cousins—one a resident of the village from her birth, the other a regular visitor for the summer months. Lizzie Thorndyke was a brown-eyed, dark-haired beauty, with a short, plump figure, fair complexion, a tongue that was the terror of every dull-witted youth in the village, and a love of mischief and excitement that made her the leader in every picnic, festival, and frolic for miles around. Anna, a tall, slender blonde, was more quiet and reserved, a resident of Boston, fond of music and literature, but yet ready to enjoy heartily all the pleasures offered during a visit to Hilton in the summer months. Twice her father had taken herself and Lizzie for a trip to Niagara, the lakes and the White Mountains; but generally Anna spent the summer in Hilton, and Lizzie a portion of each winter in Boston. Many a heedless prank originating in Lizzie's busy brain Anna had checked in time to prevent mischief and confusion, while her own grave nature was cheered and made happier by intercouse with her lively little cousin. She sat, now, rather soberly perusing Lizzie's daring epistles, very doubtful of the results of sending them away, yet not trusting her own powers of persuasion to prevent a freak which she saw had taken strong hold of her cousin's imagination. The letters were all sealed and directed at last, and depositing them in the post-office being postponed for an afternoon walk. Lizzie yawned, declared she was tired to death, and threw herself upon the sofa for a nap, while Anna took up an intricate piece of knitting to pass the time before dinner.

One of the letters only is of interest to our readers, that we will follow to its destination. It was directed to 'Mr. Edgar Holmes, Waterford, Illinois,' and contained the beautiful photograph of the girl crowned with field daisies.

Lying upon the table, in a neatly-furnished lawyer's office, half-hidden by a number of other epistles, it was there found by two young gentlemen, who came in chatting and laughing soon after the office-boy had brought the mail from the post-office.

'More answers to my matrimonial advertisement, Al,' said one of the gentlemen, a handsome, bright-eyed young fellow, whose sunny face spoke of a life free from care, and formed quite a contrast to that of his companion, who was evidently an earnest man, a deep thinker, and of a grave, rather reserved nature.

'How can you tell before opening them?' he inquired, courteously, but evidently feeling no interest in the matter.

'Oh! they are so daintily enveloped and directed, and I can feel the photograph cards.'

As he spoke he was rapidly breaking open his batch ot letters, whilst his companion scanned the columns of a morning paper. Suddenly a cry broke from the lips of the younger man.

'What an exquisite face! It cannot be a portrait, but it is lovely. Direct 'Ida, Hilton, Massachusetts.' Look at it, Al.'

Albert Clayton languidly stretched out his hand for the card, but the instant his eyes fell upon the picture the whole expression of his face changed. In the place of the look of indifference, there now flashed from his eyes a look, first of utter surprise, then bitter anger, and finally a contempt that was the strongest of all. Once he turned the card to see the name of the artist, and then slowly there gathered upon his brow and round his lip a set, determined look that it was painful to see.

'Why, Al, what ails you?' suddenly cried his friend. 'One would think Miss Ida' was a gorgon's head.'

The forced smile of answer would never have deceived a keener observer, but Edgar Holmes was satisfied with it.

Let me see the letter, Ned?'

'Certainly. You can be reading it while I am in court. Shall I find you here when I return?'

'Yes. I shall wait for you, for I must leave this evening, you know, for home.'

'I know. I shall miss you constantly. Well, good morning!'

Left alone, Albert Clayton, after reading the letter signed 'Ida,' drew from his vest pocket a card-case and from its folds a photograph, an exact copy of the daisy-crowned beauty. Well remembered he the day when the lovely face had been so crowned. The original of the picture was his promised wife, into whose keeping he had put the whole treasure of his love, to whom he had given a heart, which sorely tried by suffering, had never before bowed before the charms of a woman.

Educated in a different school, Albert Clayton might have been a trusting, frank nature, but he had been trained from childhood to suspect and question all around him. He had worshiped his parents, and his father, a wealthy Western lawyer, had given him love for love. When that father died, he was a boy at school, and returned for a summer vacation less than two years from the time he was left fatherless to find his mother again married, and to a man whom he had every reason to believe unworthy of any good woman's affection. Too fully were all his fears for the future realized. His own share of his father's property was squandered by the new guardian before he was of an age to claim it; his mother, oppressed and ill-treated, died broken-hearted; and his only sister, driven to desperation, eloped with a young scamp, attracted to her by her father's wealth.

Orphaned and almost penniless before he was quite twenty one, Albert was offered a home and an opportunity to continue the study of law by his father's partner, continuing with him long after he knew that he was a mere drudge, half-paid for services his own intellect and hard study soon made valuable to his employer. The practice of his profession was not calculated to increase the young lawyer's faith in mankind; and when, at the age of thirty, he opened an office of his own in Cincinnati, he had acquired a reputation as a shrewd, long-headed lawyer, impossible to cheat, but a hard, reserved man. devoid of affection for any one.

This was the man who, coming one summer to Hilton to investigate a law case in his care, met there Sadie Elkington, the neice of his client, paying a summer visit to her aunt. Something in the pure, sweet face of the young girl, just stepping into womanhood, attracted first the world-hardened man. Watching her jealously, he found a nature open and frank, yet modest, full of all womanly grace and sweetness, and the closed portals of his heart opened, at last, to fold in a close embrace this true woman, who, in winning his love, all unconsciously had given him her own.

It was pronounced rather a dull summer at Hilton. Many of the young people were away, the cousins Lizzie Thorndyke and Anna Green were at Niagara, and picnics, drives, and dances were 'few and far between.' But the month occupied by Albert Clayton in the investigation of old Mrs. Elkington's papers flew by on gilded wings; and when he returned to Cincinnati, Sadie to her father's home in Boston, it was with mutual promises of constancy, and bright hopes for the future.

Well did Albert Clayton remember the day when the lovely photograph was taken at his request. They had been for a long ramble in the fields, and he had crowned her with daisies, making her so beautiful in her loving eyes that he would not rest until she consented to allow him to carry away the picture of her face as he had adorned it. One year of betrothal, and the wedding day was set for a certain seventh of October, when, again absent from home on a professional visit, Albert found the face of the woman he had loved almost to idolatry inclosed in a letter answering a matrimonial advertisement.

It is impossible to describe the shock given to the fastidious, suspicious nature of this man. He had given, for the first time in many years, the confidence of his heart to another's keeping. He had thrown aside the suspicions of all human nature, that had warped his own character, to give a trusting, perfect love to one woman. In her he had found all that his starved heart craved of gentleness, affection, and modesty. All her letters were filled with a spirit of devotion, toned down by a sweet, maidenly reserve, that had commanded his respect as well as his affection. Loving faithfully, trusting utterly, he had looked forward to his future happiness as a thing assured and certain.

And now, to find this women, his promised wife, his ideal of modest refinement, answering a vulgar matrimonial advertisement, sending the picture, for which he had been forced to plead and petition for hours, to be the sport of an unknown man, writing a letter that was an invitation for future correspondence, and covering all only by the flimsy veil of a disguised hand, and a post office address a few miles from home. Some friend in Hilton, probably, mailed this precious letter, and would call for the answer. Well. his dream was over. He brooded for a long time over his duplicate pictures, then, tossing one back upon young Holmes' pile of letters, he inclosed the one he had carried over his heart for a twelvemonth in a short letter, directed and sealed it, and, taking up his hat, left the office. His return to Cincinnati the same evening had been settled before the receipt of the momentous letter, so his friend was prepared for his departure, though scarcely for his abrupt and hasty farewell.

And while strangers and her dearest were thus ruthlessly destroying Sadie Elkington's love dream and hopes of happiness, she was living her life of peaceful daily duty, making the sunshine of home, and looking forward to a future of married biiss. Already there were piles of snowy linen, daintily embroidered by her own skillful fingers, lying in readiness for the *trousseau*, and daily some such needlework passed through her busy hands, while she sat and dreamed of Albert, his love, and her own powers of rendering him happy. It was a very pure, unselfish love this fair young girl had given to her betrothed. With quick, womanly instinct she had read the character of the reserved suspicious man, penetrated the crust of his proud reticence, and knew that her love was to him almost his sole hope of faith in any human excellence. She knew also, that from this hard mistrust and cynicism, it was often but one step to positive infidelity, and it was her earnest prayer that she might be permitted so to soften this noble heart as to let in upon it a fuller light and higher faith than it could ever know whilst clouded by doubts of all mankind. Sadie Elkington would have smiled had any one suggested to her that there was any sacrifice in her prospects for the future. She loved Albert Clayton with all the fervor of a first love, and it had never occurred to her to contrast her own home with the one awaiting her. The eldest of a family of nine children, she had learned early to make all the little sacrifices of her own comfort daily required from the oldest sister in a large family. Her father almost worshiped her, while her mother could scarcely endure the prospect of seeing this loving, tender daughter leave the home she had brightened so long, for one so far away.

Yet hiding away their own grief, the loving parents were aiding in the preparation of a bridal outfit that was to be as perfect as ample means, taste, and loving care could make it. The mother and daughter were in the sitting room just before the dinner hour, discussing the merits of a new collar pattern, when Mr. Elkington came to the door, holding a bundle in one hand, a letter in the other.

'There, Miss Sadie,' he said, opening the paper to unroll a piece of superb blue silk, 'see if you can get a petticoat out of that. Mamma, there, will lend you some old cotton lace to trim it.'

'Not a yard,' laughed his wife. 'Why, you extravagant man, this is the third Irish poplin.'

'Fully paid for by the kisses Sadie has just given me. What are you gazing at this letter for, Sadie? Women are never satisfied. Give them finery and they want flattery. Well, there is your sugar plum.'

'Sadie! Sadie!'

It was a startled cry from the mother that broke the interval of silence following the opening of the letter. The young girl tried to answer the cry, but the stiff white lips were powerless to move, and with a moan of pain she fainted, falling heavily upon the dress just received with warm, shy blushes, and representing so much thoughtful love.

Mr. Elkington took up the letter which had fallen from the nerveless hand, and while his wife was trying to restore life to the insensible girl, he was seeking the cause of her sudden fall.

'Sadie's picture! Valueless when shared with others! Trusts her new love may prove more agreeable than the old! Shocked at her want of maidenly modesty! What does the fellow mean, mother? How dare he insult our Sadie by such a letter. Useless to answer, as he intends to leave Cincinnati at once. Well for him! He had better get beyond the reach of my horsewhip, far my arm is not yet too weak to thrash the scoundrel!'

'Hush, father; she is recovering,' said Mrs. Elkington, interrupting the passionate exclamations and bitter readings from the letter.

Sadie was, indeed, reviving, and trying to realize her position.

'Father,' she said, as her father came to her with the fatal letter still in his hand, 'what does he mean? How can he write so cruelly to me?'

'He is a rascal!' said the angry old gentleman; 'a scoundrel! He has found some newer face to flatter, and tries to make you to blame for his inconstancy. Why, the letter is perfectly absurd upon the face of it. Accusing you of having another love, and giving your photograph to some one else! You, who have lived like a nun ever since Sir Jealousy condescended to bestow his regards upon you! You, who are such a model of reserve and devotion, that your own old father has been jealous fifty times of your *finance*, to be accused of a want of maidenly modesty! I should like to wring the fellow's neck.'

'There is some terrible mistake, father.'

'Mistake! I should think there was a mistake! There was a mis take when we all believed him an honorable, upright, gentleman, if he was a grumpy, sulky companion; and a grand mistake we believed him capable of appreciating our Sadie, and making her an affectionate husband.

'But father, I am sure he has been deceived in some way.'

'He deceived! I think it is we who have been deceived! Well there, don't look at me so pitifully. I won't rave any more. Here, mother, you talk to her.'

And, conscious of his own inability to talk quietly, the angry, insulted father went off to the library to march up and down, and work off his wrath in solitude.

Poor Sadie! It was in vain she read the cruel letter over and over to try to find some solution of the mys tery. She could not accept her father's theory of Albert's voluntary renunciation of her love. Some influence had been at work upon his jealous, suspicious nature, she felt convinced, though what it was, she could not divine. It was a hard blow, and her cross seemed almost too heavy to carry, but she put out of sight the pretty clothing collected with so much care, and full of such loving associations, locked up the letters that she had welcomed so eagerly, responded to so fathfully, and bravely crushing her own sorrow out of sight, was always the loving child, the devoted sister to the home circle, fully appreciating the tender care her mother bestowed upon her, and the delicacy which kept back all her father's expressions of anger.

She had done no wrong, and perhaps at some future time Albert might learn how truly and faithfully she had loved him; in the mean time she would try to find happiness in her home, her parent's love, and her friends' society.

A very dull common-place view of the matter, perhaps, but one that required more real unselfish heroism than many an act admired by the world.

Four years passed away with many changes, and and Albert Clayton returned from a prolonged European trip to Cincinnati, and again opened an office for the practice of law. Amongst the many friends who came to offer him a word of welcome, he was surprised one morning to receive a call from Edgar Holmes.

'When I heard you had left Cincinnati, Al, I thought I would come for a while, and see if some of your clients would not fancy me for a substitute.'

'I hope you have done well!' said Albert politely.

'Oh, yes, pretty well. You must drop in when you are passing and see how the old office looks. By the way, you know I am a married man, don't you?'

'No, indeed! Did you marry Miss Elkington?

The name seemed almost to choke him, spoken for the first time in four years.

'Miss Elkington? Never heard of her in my life. What put that into your head?'

'I—was she not the lady who answered your advertisement for a wife?'

'O Al, I must tell you all about that. Can you listen to a long story?'

'Yes.'

'Well about two years ago I had business which called me to Boston, and amongst other friends there, was one Mr. Green, who made me welcome to a very pleasant home, and introducec me to a pretty daughter and equally pretty niece, Miss Lizzie Thordyke, of Hilton Mass.

Miss Lizzie was in Boston purchasing her bridal finery, being engaged to a young gentleman from New York.

It was not long before I noticed that the young lady avoided me as much as possible, seeming half afraid of me when thrown into my company.

My business was soon transacted but my heart was yielding to the charms of Anna Green, and I lingered in the city, trying to win an answering affection.

I succeeded, and won the father's suit. The day was set for a double wedding, the cousins wishing to be married at the same time. You look bored, Al!'

'Oh no, go on,' said, Albert, who certainly did look bored.

'Well, to make a long story short, Lizzie's fiance, Mr. Moreton, came came on from New York, preparations were going on for the wedding and everything was pleasant, when one evening we were all seated in the parlor chatting.

Amongst other subjects, the one of matrimonial advertisements came up. I saw that Lizzie looked distressed, but suspecting, I laughed about my correspondent Ida, and read two or three of her last letters—warm enough they were, too—for the benefit of the party. Mr. Moreton expressed his opinion on the indelicacy of such a correspondence in no measured terms, finally declaring that he would disown his own sister if she was guilty of such a proceeding.

Fancy my amazement when Lizzie, as white as ashes, started to her feet, crying out:—

'O Robert, don't say so? I am Ida!' and fell dead faint upon the floor.

'But the picture?' said Albert Clayton, himself as pale as a corpse.

'That was a fancy head her brother picked up in some photograph gallery in Hilton. Are you going to faint, Al?'

'No, no,' he said, rousing himself by a great effort; 'finish your story.'

'There is not much more to tell. Robert, touched by Lizzie's distress, and influenced by Anna's entreaties forgave her, but there came into his manner a reserve and coolness of which he, himself, I think, was unconscious, but which grated terribly on Lizzie's sensitive, high strung spirit. For a week or two there was a sort of enforced peace, and then the engagement was broken by mutual consent, Lizzie returning to Hilton, and Mr. Moreton to New York, before the wedding day which gave me the dearest wife in the world.

I was half afraid I should lose her for my share in the correspondence, but she never referred to it, and you may be sure I did not.

Ten o'clock! I must go. You will come soon to see us, Al? No.—fourth Street.'

He was gone at last. For hours Albert Clayton paced his office floor now and then sighing out:—

'O Sadie, Sadie, can you ever forgive me?'

Then he sat down to write to her whom he had so cruelly misjudged; but letter after letter was tossed into the fire, till, finally, giving up the task, he packed a valise and started for Boston.

It was Sadie's nature to be unforgiving when he pleaded for pardon.

He should have known her better, she thought, but she made all allowance for the strong evidence against her.

It was not so easy to win the old gentleman over; he growled and scolded, made sarcastic speeches, and was altogether most impenetrable, till Sadie's pleading face and great pitiful eyes silenced him.

'You really think you can forgive him, and trust your happiness?' he asked.

'Yes, father, was the quiet answer, but the expressive face lighted with pleasure.

'Well, get out your finery again, and I'—

'Will go buy more Irish poplins,' laughed his wife.

Nobody ever knew exactly how the story got to Hilton, but Lizzie—still Miss Thorndyke—found all eyes would turn upon her if, in any company, any allusion was made to the advertisements headed, 'Wanted, a wife.'

The Vagabond Sage.

And old man of very active physiognomy, answering to the name of Jacob Wilmot, was brought to the police court.

His clothes looked as though they might have been bought second hand in his youthful prime, for they had suffered more from rubs of the world than the proprietor himself.

'What business?'

'None; I'm a traveler.'

'A vagabond, perhaps?'

'You are not far wrong. Travelers and vagabonds about the same thing. The difference is that the latter travels without money, and the former without brains,'

'Where have you traveled?'

'All over the continent.'

'For what purpose?'

'Observation.'

'What have you observed?'

'A little to commend, much to censure, and a great deal to laugh at.'

'Humph! what do you commend?'

'A handsome woman who will stay at home; an eloquent preacher that will preach short sermons; a good writer that will not write too much, and a fool that has sense enough to hold his tongue.'

'What do you censure?'

'A man that marries a girl for her fine clothing; a youth who studies medicine while he has the use of his hands; and the people who will elect a drunkard to office.'

'What do you laugh at?'

'I laugh at a man who expects his position to command that respect which his personal qualifications and qualities do not merit.'

He was dismissed.

OUR ESCAPE FROM MONARCHY.

How a Frenchman Wanted to Ascend the American Throne.

The following curious anecdote is related in Paine's "Rights of Man," at page 68 of the London edition of 1791:

I will introduce an anecdote which I had from Dr. Benj. Franklin:

While the doctor resided in France as minister from America, during the war, he had numerous proposals made to him by projectors of every country and of every kind who wished to go to the land that floweth with milk and honey, America; and among the rest there was one who offered himself to be king.

He introduced his proposal to the doctor by letter, which is now in the hands of M. Beaumarchais, of Paris, stating, that, as the Americans had dismissed or sent away their king they would want another; secondly, that he himself was a Norman; thirdly, that he was of a more ancient family than the dukes of Normandy, of a more honorable desent, his line never having been bastardized; fourthly, that there was already a predecent in England of kings coming out of Normandy. And on these grounds he rested his offer, enjoining that the doctor would forward it to America.

But as the doctor neither did this, nor yet sent him an answer, the projector wrote a second letter, in which he did not, is true, threaten to go over and conquer America, but only with great dignity proposed that, if his offer was not accepted, an acknowledgment of about £30,000 might be made to him for his generosity.

'Look here, boy,' said a nervous old gentleman to an urchin, who was munching sugar candy at a lecture, 'you are annoying me very much.'

'No, I ain't; I'm agnawing this sugar candy,' replied the urchin.