Marshall County Republican.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

BY J. W SIDERS & CO.

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Our Job Rooms are supplied with every facility for doing printing neatly, cheaply and promptly we respectfully solicit your patronage, guaranteeing satisfaction.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Office in Post Office Block. Dwelling on East Side South Michigan Street,

PLYMOUTH, INDIANA.

Dr. J. M. JENNINGS.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office with Dr. N. Sherman over Lauer's Store, on Michigan street, Plymouth, Ind. Residence on Center street, opposite Catholic church. bm nov6

AMASA JOHNSON

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Prompt attention given to collections, settlement of decedents' estates and guardianships, deeds, mortgages, and other contracts drawn up and acknowledgments taken. Office ovrr Buck & Toan's Hardware Store.

P O. JONES,

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Prompt attention given to all claims and collections left in his care. Office in corner of Sear's brick block. Plymouth Ind.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW. Located in 1846. Collections and conveyancing a specility. Buys and sells real estate on commission. Insures lives and property in A. 1 companies. Desirable real estate for sale in the city and adjoining. Nov1-75

DR I. BOWER.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, will be pleased to receive patients at his office, No. 31 Michigan street, where he may be found at all times, except when professionally absent, his residence being at the same place.

July 1st, 1876. 6m

Wm. N. BAILEY, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. Thirty years practice. Graduate of two Medical colleges, and six years Surgeon in the army of the U. S. (vol, serv.) Can compete successfully with any quack in the United States. Thankful for past favors, is still in regular practice, and only requires to be better known to have an extensive one. Office in Sears' new brick, cor. of Michigan and LaPorte streets.

Plymouth, Ind., July 1st, 1876. 1y

J. O., S. D. & J. W. PARKS,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Notaries Public and Authorized War Claim Agents; Offices at Bourbon and Plymouth, Indiana. Especial attention given to the settlement of decedents Estates, Conveyancing, and the collection of Soldiers' Claims for Pensions; will attend promptly to all professional business entrusted to them, and practice in Marshall and adjoining counties. Plymouth office on Gano street between Michigan and Center streets. Bourbon office over Mirror printing office, 23tf

C. R. CHANEY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Will practice in all the courts in the state. Office in Wheeler's block, over Becker & Wolf's dry goods store, Plymouth, Ind. aug1-1yr

MRS. E. W. DUNLAP,

HOMEOPATHIC Physician and Dentist, and Dr. J. A. Dunlap, regular physician and surgeon, respectfully offer their services to the public. Office in Corbin's block; residence on East Gano street.

WILLIA M .HESS,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Plymouth, Indiana. jan1y1

JOHN S. BENDER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

AND NOTARY PUBLIC,

BALCONY BLOCK, - - - - - PLYMOUTH, IND.

Especial attention given to the settlement of estates, and partition of lands; also the collection of claims and foreclosure of mortgages. Remittances prompt. 1y n1

A. C. & A. S. CAPRON,

Attorneys & Counsellors

AT LAW

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.

OFFICE—A. L. WHEELER'S BLOCK,

yn PLYOUTH, IND.

DR. J. T. DOKE.

PHYSICAN & SURGEON. Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Walnut and vicinity. All calls promptly attended to. Charges reasonable. 1y jny77

25 extra fine calling cards 10 cents; 40 tinted bristol 10 cents. C. Lamson, Plymouth, Ind.

DENTISTS.

F. M. BURKET,

Dentist, Office over A. Becker's grocery, opposite Post Office. All work warranted to give entire satisfaction in every respect. Diseases of the mouth and teeth successfully treated. Teeth extracted without pain by the use of nitrous oxid gas. Consultation free. All work warranted. I am in

Bourbon Tuesday and Wednesday of Each Week.

DR. A. C. HUME,

DENTIST!

Office in Second story, Post Office Building

Teeth from one only, to a full set, so cheap that the rich and poor can all GET THEM.

Preservation of the Natural Teeth

A SPECIALITY.

C. C. DURR,

DENTIST!

Office over Parks Bros.' Law Office, Gano Street.

Plymouth, Ind.

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PATENT MEDICINES.

VEGETINE.

Rev. J. P. Ludlow Writes:

178 Baltic St., Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1874.

H. R. Stevens, Esq:

Dear Sir—From personal benefit received by its use, as well as from personal knowledge of cures thereby that have seemed almost miraculous, I can most heartily and sincerely recommend the Vegetine for the complaints which it is claimed to cure.

James P. Ludlow,
Late Pastor Calvary Baptist Church,
Sacramento, Cal.

VEGETINE.

SHE RESTS WELL.

South Poland, Me., Oct. 11, 1878.

Mr. H. R. Stevens:—

Dear Sir—I have been sick for two years with the liver complaint, and during that time have taken a great many different medicines, but none of them did me any good. I was restless nights, and had no appetite. Since taking the Vegetine I rest well and relish my food. Can recommend the Vegetine for what it has done for me.

Yours respectfully,
Mrs. Albert Ricker.

Witness of the above,
Mr. George M. Vaughn,
Medford, Mass.

VEGETINE

GOOD FOR CHILDREN.

Boston House, 14 Tyler Street,
Boston, April, 1876.

Mr. H. R. Stevens:—

Dear Sir—We feel that the children in our home have been greatly benefited by the Vegetine you have so kindly given us from time to time, especially those troubled with the Scrofula.

With Respect,
Mrs. N. Wormell, Matron.

VEGETINE.

REY. O. T. WALKER SAYS:

Providence, R. I., 164 Transf. Street.

Mr. H. R. Stevens:—

I feel bound to express with my signature the high value I place upon your VEGETINE. My family have used it for the last two years. In nervous debility it is invaluable, and I recommend it to all who may need an invigorating, renovating tone.

O. T. WALKER,
Formerly Pastor of Bowdin-square Church Boston.

VEGETINE

NOTHING EQUAL TO IT.

South Salem, Mass., Nov. 14, 1876.

Mr. H. R. Stevens:

I have been troubled with Scrofula, Canker, and Liver Complaint for three years. Nothing ever did me any good until I commenced using the VEGETINE. I am now getting along first-rate, and still using the Vegetine. I consider there is nothing equal to it for such complaints. Can heartily recommend it to everybody.

Yours Truly,
Mrs. Lizzie M Packard,
No. 16 Lagrange Street, South Salem.

VEGETINE.

RECOMMEND IT HEARTILY.

South Boston.

Mr. Stevens:

Dear Sir:—I have taken several bottles of your Vegetine, and an convinced it is a valuable remedy for Dyspepsia, Kidney Complaint, as a General Debility of the System. I can heartily recommend it to all sufferers from the above complaints.

Yours Respectfully,
Mrs. Munroe Parker.

VEGETINE

Is The Best

SPRING MEDICINE.

VEGETINE.

Prepared by

H. R. Stevens, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is sold by all Druggists.

TUTT'S PILLS

For ten years Tutt's Pills have been the recognized Standard Family Medicine in the Atlantic States. Scarcely a family can be found from Maine to Mexico that does not use them. It is now proposed to make their virtues known in the West.

A Single Trial will Establish their Merits.

Do They Cure Every Thing?

NO.—They are for Diseases that result from MALARIAL POISON and a DERANGED LIVER, such as Dyspepsia, Bilious and Typhoid Fevers Chills, Colic, Sick-Headache, Chronic Diarrhœa, Nervousness, Dizziness, Palpitation of the Heart, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, Chronic Constipation, Piles, &c.

NATURE WARNS YOU

That Your LIVER IS DISORDERED

When you have a Dull pain in Shoulders; Coated Tongue; Costive Bowels; Weight in the Stomach after Eating; Sour Eructations; Aversion to Exertion of Body or Mind.

BE ADVISED, and AT ONCE

TAKE TUTT'S PILLS!!

The first dose produces an effect which often astonishes the sufferer, and in a short time follows an Appetite, good Digestion, SOLID FLESH & HARD MUSCLE.

THE WEST SPEAKS.

"BEST PILL IN EXISTENCE."

Dr. Tutt—I have used your Pills for Dyspepsia, Weak Stomach and Nervousness. I never had anything to do me so much good in the way of medicine. They are as good as you represent them. They are the best Pill in Existence, and I do all I can to acquaint others with their good merits. J. W. TIBBETTS, Dacota, Minn.

Sold by Druggists, or sent by Mail on receipt of 25 cents.

Office, 35 Murray St., New York.

The Post Office

BOOK STORE

GRAND OPENING

of New and Stylish Spring Goods at the Post Office Book Store.

Wall Paper and Window Shades

in Great Variety, of Endless Designs and at Prices LOWER THAN EVER.

Fishing Tackle,
Croquet Sets,
Base Ball Goods,
Toys, Books,
Magazines,

in fact, anything you want for Spring or Summer Amusement.

CALL and EXAMINE STOCK.

W. M. KENDALL.

3tf

Bob Sutton at Memphis.

HE TELLS HIS BROTHER JOHN ABOUT "THEM YANKEE BLANKITS."

Yes, John, I was down thar at Memphis
A-workin' round at the boats,
A-heavin' o' cotton with emph'sis
An' a-loadin' her onto the floats.
I was a-comin' away from old Texas
Whar I went, you know, arter the wah—
'Bout it, now, I'll make no reflexes,
But wait tell I git ter long taw!

Well, while I was down thar, the fever,
As yaller an' as pizen as sin,
Broke out; an' of you'll believe her,
Wherever she hit she struck in;
It didn't take long in the hatchin',
It jes' fa'rly treed in the air,
Tell a hospitel camp warn't a patchin'
An' we'd plenty o' corpses to spare.

I volunteered then with the Howards—
I thought thet my duty was clear—
An' I didn't look back'ards but for'ards
An' went to my work 'thout fear,
One day, howsomever, she got me
As quick as the shot of a gun,
An' they toted me off ter allot me
A bunk tell my life-race was run.

The doctors and nurses they wrestled
But it didn't do me any good;
An' the drugger he pounded an' pestl'd,
But he didn't git up the right food,
"No blankits nor ice in the city"—
I hear'd 'm say that from my bed—
An' some cried: "Oh, God! who'll take pity
On the dyin' thet soon'll be dead?"

Next day, howsomever, the doctor
Come in with a smile on his brow;
"Old boy, jest as yit we hain't knocked her."
Said he, "but we'll do fer her now!"
For yer see, John, them folks ter the nor'ward
Had hear'd us afore we call'd twice
An' they'd sent us a full cargo forward
Of them much-needed blankits an' ice!"

Well, brother, I've been mighty solid
Agin' Yankees, yer know, since the wah,
An' agin' reconstructin' was stolid,
Not keerin' for kongriss or law;
But, John, I got onder that kiver,
That God-blest gift o' the Yanks,
An' it saved me from fordin' "the river,"
An' I'm prayin' 'em oceans o' thanks.

I tell yer, old boy, thar's er streak in us
Old Rebels an' Yanks that is warm—
It's er brotherly love thet'll speak in us
An' fetch us together in storm;
We may snarl about "niggers an' francheese,"
But, whenever thar's sufferin' afoot,
The two trees'll unite in the branches
The same as they do at the root.

—*Sam W. Small "Old Si."*

ONLY AN ADVENTURE.

BY F. O. VAN GALDER.

It was in the fall of '62 that it happened, the story I am about to relate, and I have often laughed at the real vein of humor that ran through the whole affair.

At this time I was engaged to report on the Reno (Nev.) *Chieftain*. Now, reporting on an Eastern paper meant wearing kid gloves, white linen, and polished boots, and serving up news in sensational style; the more sensational the better, just so we were not too regardless of facts. But here in Reno it was different. At the time of which I write a gloved hand was looked upon with contempt, while white shirts and polished boots called forth open insult, and often caused trouble attended with fights and bloodshed, if the wearing apparel happened, as was often the case, to be the property of a man inclined to stick out for his supposed rights—supposed, because any one at all familiar with the laws of custom will see at a glance that a man really could have no right to intrude white shirts into a community where red flannel and buckskin was king. But of this latter I knew but very little, so when I made my debut one morning in October, clad in neat-fitting dress coat, white shirt, kid gloves, and polished boots, and cane to match, and started up the main street of the town toward a corner where a dog fight was being inaugurated. I was destined to reap a partial reward for my ignorance. I had loved a dog fight ever since my boyhood days on the farm, when, with old Bob, our family watch-dog, I had roamed the neighborhood, the terror of stray dogs and cats, and old women who prophesied I would yet come to some bad end, which prophecy became verified when I turned reporter. But I had not seen a fight for years, and I now rushed into the crowd, with my lips ready to form a "s-s-s," and drew up near a large man in red shirt, who was holding an ugly-looking, short-eared bull pup by the collar. Said pup, not the one in red shirt, was making frantic efforts to reach a sad-eyed dog held by a young fellow, almost a boy in years. Blood was on the ground, and both dogs were bleeding when I came up.

"I'll bet yer ten ounces ter two thet this perp is the boss," said the young fellow.

"Yer will," said the other, with a leer. "I'll bet yer you are a derned lying skunk;" and red shirt touched the hilt of a knife in his belt.

The young man jumped to his feet, drew his own knife and was stepping forward, amid cries of "Make a ring," "Give 'em room," etc., from the crowd which flocked toward the side of the one whom I mentally recognized by the title of "red shirt," when I cried, "Give him a fair show, then."

"Maybe you want to take his part, dandy," said a black-looking individual in buckskin, crowding roughly against me.

"I shan't ask your permission, at any rate," I returned with equal warmth, returning his jostle with a thrust of my elbow about his fifth rib, at the same time drawing a knife to meet his own movement.

"H—l and furies!" screamed the man, and the crowd drew back; "do you know to whom you are talking, you white-livered chicken?"

"Don't care to know," I replied, looking him over; "should judge, though, that you were related to his Satantic Majesty from the language you use."

Where the row would have ended I cannot say, had not a young lady put a stop to proceedings by rushing into the very arms of my antagonist and beseeching him not to fight.

"I'll see you again," he hissed as he passed me, "and give you a chance to smell brimstone, or my name is not 'Dark' Darrel."

The young man and "red shirt" had stopped proceedings as if by mutual consen' when my row had begun, and now the young fellow came forward:

"I am sorry, sir, that you got inter a row with him on my account," he said, "for I know him."

"You know him? What do you mean?"

"Well, sir, when I came here, two years ago, I came with my father."

"Well?" I questioned.

"Oh, that's all; only that man you were going ter fight is the same indentical chap as what I came out with."

"No!"

"Ya-as."

"Your father?"

"My beloved parent."

"Then why should he have insulted me for taking your part?"

"Well, yer see, my dear sir, the old man is a little pe-culiar, and don't like to have any one as wears wimmen's shirts fight our battles. Do yer see?" and he left me.

I saw the point of his argument, went back to the office, held a consultation with my employer, changed my store-clothes for a "frontier rig," broke my eye-glasses, threw away my cane, and ended by finally marrying the very same young lady that interfered when I was going to fight her father, "Dark" Darrel. I got a jewel of a wife, but, as I had no especial love for the male members of the Darrel family, we came East and located at Sycamore, Ill.

Democratic and Republican Financiering.

The Democratic party in 1860 issued $4,840,000 in Treasury notes at a discount equivalent to 12 per cent. interest. In 1861 the Buchanan administration was again hard up. Bonds amounting to $18,415,000 were sold at a discount of $2,019,776.10; or in other words, the Government received only $89.10 for 5 per cent. bonds, the par value of each of which was $100. Uncle Sam was never before nor since compelled to submit to so severe a shave for the use of a small amount of pocket money. The Democratic party turned over the Government to their successors with a debt of over $90,000,000, a portion of it drawing over $3,000,000 in interest per annum.

Soon after the Republican party came into power Secretary Chase paid these claims and stopped the interest. The public credit began almost immediately to strengthen, even against the inauguration of the pro-slavery rebellion. Government bonds were at par, and went up rapidly after the suppression of the war. In August, 1875, the Secretary of the Treasury was receiving $105.05 in gold for 100 in 5 per cent. bonds, and about the same rate of premium for other denominations. About the same time (August 24, 1875) a contract was entered into for placing 4½ per cent. bonds at par in exchange for bonds bearing 6 per cent. interest. And now 4 per cent. bonds are in demand at home and abroad. It will thus be seen that, while the credit of the Government was at its lowest point in 1860—'61, it has now reached the highest and strongest condition ever attained.

Peculiarities of Yellow Fever.

Yellow fever is a most mysterious and in many respects an incomprehensible disease. the few general facts that seem to have been learned about it, after close and varied observation, are not unfrequently contradicted by new experience. One of its widely-supposed peculiarities is that it cannot live at certain elevations, 2,500 feet above sea-level being sufficient, it is thought, to exclude it completely. Yet long before Cortez invaded Mexico the natives of the country suffered terribly from an epidemic which was, beyond all rational doubt, indentical with what is now known as the yellow fever. This epidemic—it was called *matlazahuatl*—prevailed repeatedly, with virulence and mortality during the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries, on the table-lands of Mexico, from 7,200 to 7,800 feet above the sea. If it has raged at that hight it may rage at an equal height again, and thus the favorite and now universally-accepted theory be overthrown. It is surprising how very little is known of the yellow fever as to its symptoms, consequences, general course, and treatment; for, while it has been recognized only about 200 years as a distinctive disease, it has been a fearful scourge at least since the beginning of the fifteenth century. It used to be called the plague, and it is little less hideous and destructive than that frightful pestilence, now happily confined to the hot and filthy East.

A Mean Man.

A man who will read a newspaper three or four years without paying for it is mean enough to pasture his goat on the grave of his grandfather.—*Exchange.*

Yes, and the man who will read it that long a time without paying for it, and then complain that it is dull and uninteresting, would, after pasturing his goat on the grave of his grandfather, curse the old gent for not being equal to guano or superphosphate as a fertilizer of the soil.—*Albion New Era.*

The Yellow Fever Record.

The yellow fever has been raging in the Southern States for over two months. The total number of deaths at sixty points, from which reports have been received, is 8,339. This includes all deaths from yellow fever at points North and South, from July 21 to Oct. 1, and the record is certainly a frightful one. The greatest number of deaths have occurred at New Orleans, Memphis standing second on the list, Vicksburg third, Grenada fourth, and Greenville fifth. Since Aug. 1, 2,845 deaths have occurred at New Orleans, 2,676 at Memphis, one thousand at Vicksburg, 279 at Grenada, 245 at Greenville, 167 at Holly Springs, 113 at Hickman, Ky., 112 at Port Gibson, and 102 at Canton.

The disease has been more violent than in 1867, but not as violent as in 1853. In New Orleans in 1867 there were 255 deaths in August, 1,637 in September, and 431 in October, the disease abating about Oct. 10. This year, according to reports published in the New Orleans papers, there were 39 deaths in July, 877 in August, and 1,968 in September, with a death rate of 50 per day extending into October. In 1853 there were in August alone 5,516 deaths in New Orleans, and the mortality in other cities was corresopndingly great. In 1867 the mortality in Galveston was greater proportionately than in New Orleans. This year Galveston and other cities on the Texan coast have escaped.

Nearly every established theory as to yellow fever has been exploded or modified by the experience of this season. In previous years children were less subject to the disease than adults. This year they have been more liable to attack and the fatality among them has been greater. In accounting for this, the physicians at New Orleans argue that as the fever has not prevailed to any great extent for eleven years, all children born within that time were as unused to the poison as children born in the North. In a majority of cases children were first attacked by malaral-remittent fever, which, after several days, degenerated into yellow fever.

In previous years acclimated persons stood in little fear of the disease, This year the fatalities among acclimated persons have been startingly numerous. In accounting for this, one writer advances the theory that a man having the yellow fever once will not have it again, should the disease prevail every season. But if the city is freed from the poison for a number of years, he will lose the effect of the first attack and be susceptible to another attack.

Another queer point in the experience of the season is that quarantine has in a majority availed little. Memphis, Grenada, Vicksburg, Mobile, and Canton, all declared a stringent quarantine against New Orleans, but all have suffered from the fever. Of the twenty towns not declaring quarantine, only one was severely stricken.

Never before in the history of the yellow fever in this country has a more sympathetic and helpful spirit been exhibited by the people. All that could be done to prevent the spread of the disease, and in the way of care of the sick, has been done. There has been no lack of skill in treatment or of funds to provide for the comfort of the afflicted, and it will be strange if we do not come out of such an experience with more knowledge as to the disease and with softer hearts for those in trouble.

In connection with the fearful record in New Orleans and Memphis comes up the almost forgotton fact that from 1741 to 1822 New York had eleven yellow fever seasons. In 1798 there were, in a population of 55,000, over 2,000 deaths, and in 1805 the havoc was so great that over half the people (37,000) left the city. In 1768 Philadelphia was nearly desolated by the yellow fever, the deaths in a population of 50,000 numbering 4,041. Five years later 50,000 out of the 70,000 inhabitants of Philadelphia fled from the city, and the death rate was oveer 100 per day. Since 1822 the disease has not prevailed in either city to any great extent, although in 1867 New York had 370 cases of quarantine and 117 deaths. How much the better systems of drainage and and better sahitary regulations generally have to do with the exemption of both cities in later years, is a subject of especial interest to New Orleans and Memphis.—*Inter-Ocean.*

"Shut Your Mouth."

Catlin taught the world the importance of shutting the mouth and breathing through the nose. It would seem that his little book entitled 'Shut your Mouth," is bearing fruit in Germany where new thoughts received more attention from physicians than anywhere else in the world. Respiration by the mouth is easier than by the nose, but it is not so safe. The nose to a certain extent fits the air for entering the lungs. The sense of smell warns us against breathing an air loaded with poisonous vapors. The moisture of the nasal cavities to some extent saturates the air, and makes it less irritating to the throat and larynx. The mucus of the nasal passage and the hairs catch the dust before it goes far enough to harm. On the other hand, breathing through the mouth dries the throat, and in children may cause false croup, catarrh, and it may so effect the Eustachin tube as to cause injury to the ear and deafness.

FOUND AT LAST.

How Harry Flotee Got the School at Cranberry Gulch.

[From San Francisco Chronicle.]

"Mister, no doubt you have all the learnin' that's required in a school teacher, but it wants more than learnin' to make a man able to teach school in Cranberry Gulch. You'll soon find that out if you try. We've had three who tried it on. One lays there in the graveyard, another lost his eye and left, the last one opened school and left before noon time for the benefit of his health. He hasn't been back since. Now you're a slender build, and all your learnin' will only make it worse, for all our young folks are roughs and don't stand no nonsense."

This was what one of the Trustees of the district said to my friend Harry Flotee, when he made application for the vacant position of teacher.

"Let me try. I know I am slender, but I am tough and I have a strong will," said Harry.

"Jest as you like. There's the school house, and I'll have notice given if you want it done," said the Trustees.

"I do," said Harry, "and I'll open next Monday at 9 a. m."

The notice was given and there was a good deal of excitement in the gulch and along the Yuba flats. More than fifty young people of both sexes made an excuse to drop into the tavern to get a sight at the fellow who thought he could keep school in that district, and many a contemptuous glance fell on the slender form and youthful face of the would-be teacher.

Eight o'clock on Monday morning came, and Harry Flotee went down to the school house with a key in one hand and a valise in the other.

"Ready to slope if he finds we're too much for him," said a cross-eyed, broad-shouldered fellow of eighteen.

The school house was unlocked and the new teacher went to the desk. Some of the young folks went in to see what he was going to do, though school was not called.

Harry opened his valise and took out a large belt. Then, after buckling it around his waist, he put three Colt's navy revolvers there, each of six barrels, and a bowie knife eighteen inches in the blade.

"Thunder!" He means business!" muttered the cross-eyed chap.

The new teacher now took out a square card about four inches each way, walked to the other end of the school house and tacked it up against the wall. Returning to his desk, he drew a revolver from his belt, and quick as thought sent ball after ball into the card, till there were six balls in a spot not much larger than a silver dollar.

By this time the school house was half full of large boys and girls. The little ones were afraid to come in.

Then the teacher walked halt way down the room with the bowie knife in his hand, and threw it with so true a hand that it stuck quivering in the very center of the card.

He left it there and put two more knives of the same kind in his belt and quietly reloaded his yet smoking pistol.

"Ring the bell; I am about to open school."

He spoke to the cross-eyed boy, the bully of the crowd, and the boy rang the bell without a word.

"The scholars will take their seats, I open school with prayer," he said sternly, five minutes later.

The scholars sat down silent, almost breathless.

After the prayer the teacher cocked a revolver and walked down on the floor.

"We will arrange the classes," he said, "all who can read, write and spell will rise. Of them we will form the first class."

Only six got up. He escorted them to upper seats, and then began to examine the rest. A whisper was heard behind him. In a second he wheeled, revolver in hand.

"No whispering allowed here!" he thundered, and for an instant his revolver lay on a level with the cross-eyed boy's head.

"I'll not do so any more," gasped the bully.

"See you do not. I never give a second warning," said the teacher, and the revolver fell.

It took two hours to organize the classes, but when done they were well organized. Then came recess. The teacher went out, too, for the room was crowded and hot. A hawk was circling overhead high in the air. The teacher drew a revolver, and the next second the hawk came tumbling down among the wondering scholars.

From that day on Harry kept school for two years in Cranberry Gulch, his salary doubled after the first quarter, and his pupils learned to love as well as to respect him, and the revolvers went out of sight within a month.

They had found a man at last who could keep school. This is a fact.

Items of Interest.

Wendell Phillips is too infirm to travel far this season, and will lecture only a few times near home.

From the spire of the Congregational Church at Pawlet, Vt., over 125 pounds of honey were taken recently.

W. A. Thompson, member of the Dominion Parliament for Welland, and projector of the Canada Southern railroad, is dead.

Senator Slater, of Oregon, was formerly a journalist. If he goes wrong and brings discredit upon the profession he knows what to expect.

A Missourian named Mann, who resides at Independence, is credited with being the father of an eight-year-old boy. The old gentleman is 105 years old.

Miss Mary W. Holbrook, of Holbrook, Mass., proves to be the donor of $20,000 to Oberlin College. The money is to establish a Holbrook professorship in the theological department.

Mrs. Phebe Haley, of North Pownal, Vermont, has just died at the age of one hundred and five, her husband having died many years ago at the age of ninety. She has three boys living, the youngest of whom is over eighty.

Mrs. Lewis Carbaugh, of Union township, Adams county, Pa., had her right hand amputated recently, to prevent the spread of mortification caused by the sting of a catfish, which she was in the act of cleaning. For a week or more her life was in imminent peril.

At a meeting of workingmen in San Francisco, recently one of the orators of the Kearney stripe declared that California would now be one of the most prosperous States in the Union but for the fact that over $4,000,000 in solid gold has been gobbled up by the Chinese and sent home to China.

An interesting relic was unearthed in Conway, Wales, not long ago, by some men who were digging a well. It is a Roman urn, two feet high, and containing a number of human bones. A Roman encampment once existed in that locality, and a number of other relics have been in times past found near the same spot.

Five tramps recklessly resolved to capture Kenton, Ohio. They marched into the village flourishing clubs, terrified a few women, and began to pillage a store. Their triumph was short. The villagers gathered in force, stripped them, dipped them into a barrel of tar, rolled them in sand, and drove them out of town.

Deputy United States Marshals Woodward and O'Donnell have returned from a successful raid on the illicit whisky distillers of Sharp, Baxter and Izard counties, Tennessee. The Marshals' posse consisted of twenty men. Ten prisoners were captured and brought to Memphis One very large still, with mash and whisky, was destoyed in Izard county, and another in Baxter county. The raid was confined to the counties bordering on the Missouri line.

Editor Ed. Cowles, of the Cleveland *Leader*, has got back from Paris, and has, of course, been interviewed by his enterprising neighbor of the *Herald*. He declares that, leaving out of view the fine arts and literature—in which, as a matter of course, it is to be supposed the old countries surpass us—our civilization is far in advance of that of Europe. He says we excel them "in the comforts of our homes, the beauty of our cities and villages, the general intelligence of our people, in our river steamboat and railway traveling, our hotels, and in the way we do business." After this, who that has not been able to go abroad and see for himself will not rejoice that he was not born in any of the effete monarchies of Europe.

About four years ago a man employed in the press-room of the New York *Herald* was killed by a roll of paper falling upon him. It had been the custom of his wife to bring him, about 9 o'clock every night, a lunch. He always met her in the City Hall Square. On the night of his death she waited as usual for his coming, but as he did not make his appearance she returned home, where she found his dead body upon the bed The shock of the discovery destroyed her reason, and since that night she regularly visits the square, where she walks to and fro from 9 o'clock till after midnight, closely scanning the countenance of every man who passes. No matter whether it be wet or dry, cold or warm, she is always on the watch during the above-named hours, watching in vain for her husband's coming. She is over sixty years old, and is always dressed with scrupulous neatness.

Indiana Patents.

The following is a list of the patents issued to citizens of the State of Indiana, October 8, 1878, and each bearing date Sept. 24, 1878, furnished this paper by C. Bradford, Solicitor of Patents, 18 Hubbard's Block, Indianapolis, Ind., of whom copies and information may be obtained:

No. 208,318. To Nicholas H. Hull, of Peru, for improvement in tables.

No. 208,320. To David Kerschner, Thomas S. Monger and Francis M. Monger, of Connersville, for improvement in plows.

No. 208,346. To Thomas S. Taylor, of Fort Wayne, for improvement in printer's type measure.

No. 208,384. To Cyrus R. Furey, of Logansport, for improvement in shower baths.

No. 208,386. To Timothy J. Gaynor, of Indianapolis, for improvement in Animal traps.

No. 208,432. To Thomas Powell, of Martinsville, for improvment in Machine for cutting green corn from the cob.

An Ungraded Department in Graded Schools.

The advantages of the graded school system are too obvious to need mentioning. But its disadvantages are not generally known to those who have not had experience in organizing schools, in making promotions of scholars from grade to grade, and in classifying those who apply for admission from the ungraded country schools,

One of the first difficulties with the system is that it is a Procrustean bedstead; the pupils must be pared down or drawn out, to fit it. Many bright scholars could easily go through the common school course in one or two years less time than it takes the *machine* to run them through. Then, again, there are many others who are carried through in less time than they really need to learn the grades thoroughly. Promotions may be made at irregular intervals, of course but this always causes the pupil to omit something he needs to know. The pupil who fails in promotion, especially when these promotions are made annually, is usually put back farther then he needs to go; the work of the lower class is so easy for him that during a term or two he has much leisure time, and the result is not difficult to imagine—it is well known to all who have had much experience in graded school work.

There are large numbers of young men and women, in all our cities and towns who ought to be in school, but who are ashamed to go, because when examined by the principal they are found to be so deficient in some of the essential studies of the course that they must be graded down among the little children. Now all this trouble could be remedied by establishing in connection with each large graded school *an ungraded department.*

Such a department in the hands of a competent, energetic teacher would be of the greatest value. Here could be sent those vigorous-minded boys and girls who have been irregularly taught in country schools. Special attention could be given to their neglected branches until they were ready to enter regular grades. Here could be sent all scholars who have but a short time to remain at school. By teaching them only the essential branches, they could, in a short time, learn what would be of great value to them.

The Spanktrophone.

[From the Burlington Hawkeye.]

We remember meeting Mr. Edison, some years ago, when he was most deeply absorbed in his experiments relating to the conductibility of sound through various mediums, and had a long and interesting conversation with him upon that subject. We conversed upon the well-known fact that the same medium of transmission has different properties at different times, We both cited instances in which a man forty-three years old, though using his utmost strength of lung and voice, could not shout loud enough, at half-past six o'clock in the morning, to awaken a boy nine years old just on the other side of a lath and plaster partition, while at eleven o'clock that night the same boy would hear a low whistle on the sidewalk, through three doors and two flights of stairs, and would spring instantly out of a sound sleep in response to it. It was a belief of Mr. Edison's at that time, that sound could be made to travel as rapidly as feeling, and to test the matter he had invented a delicate machine called the spanctrophone, which he was just about trying when we met him. We were greatly interested in the machine, and readily agreed to assist in the experiment. By the aid of Mr. Edison and a street-car nickel, we enticed into the laboratory a boy about seven years old. After many times reassuring him and promising him solemnly that he would not be hurt, we got the machine attached to him, and the great inventor laid the boy across his knees in the most approved, old-fashioned Solomonic method. On a disc of the machine delicate indices were to record, one the exact time of the sound of the spank, the other the exact second the boy howled. The boy was a little suspicious at this point of the experiment, and with his head partly turned, was glaring fearfully at the inventor. Mr. Edison raised his hand. A piercing howl rent the air, followed by a sharp concussion like the snapping of a musket cap, and when we examined the dial plate of the machine, infallible science proudly demonstrated that the boy howled sixty-eight seconds before he was slapped. The boy went down stairs in three strides, with an injured look upon his fearful face. Mr. Edison threw the machine out of the window after the urchin, and we felt that it was no time to intrude upon the sorrows of a great soul, writhing under a humiliating sense of failure. We have never met Mr. Edison since, but we have always thought he didn't know much about boys, or he would know how utterly unreliable the best of them would be for a scientific experiment.