

It is hard on Indian Agent Smith that even Chandler should talk of removing him.

The Pennsylvania Democrats are very sensibly making efforts to leave the currency question out of the present fight.

The Dayton Journal brings the depressing intelligence that the crop of hickory nuts this year is very light.

AGAIN we have the rumor that Mr. Stillson Hutchins, a St. Louis journalist, has purchased a leading New York paper. What in the world will he do when he gets hold of it?

SECRETARY BRISTOW denies the rumors that the suits against members of the St. Louis whisky ring have been compromised, and intimates pretty strongly that he is not that kind of a person.

SEVENTEEN dioceses have already cast their votes in favor of the consecration of Dr. McLaren as Episcopal Bishop of Illinois, and there is now no doubt of his receiving almost a unanimous vote.

The terrible increase of crime within the last few years in our immediate vicinity, as well as in almost every other part of the country, forces the question, "Is our system of procedure against and punishment of criminals all that it should be?"

We see on the one hand the arrest of a prisoner and his arraignment, trial and execution follow each other with wonderful promptness. There is scarcely a check in the proceedings; no interpositions for producing delay, no strenuous efforts to extenuate his offense, relieve him of his terrible accountability or save his wretched life. He has neither money nor earnest and influential friends, and the course of justice is so speedy that even mercy has scarcely an opportunity to make her appeals.

On the other hand where the crime is just as great, and perhaps the sense of responsibility far greater from the criminal being a person of more intelligence, the result is often the very opposite. Friends interest themselves in behalf of the offender; able and zealous counsel take up his defense; every possible hindrance is put in the way of the progress of justice; the crime is palliated; the responsibility of the accused brought in question; public sympathy appealed to and no effort spared to the last moment to prevent or mitigate the penalty.

The end is that the prisoner is either altogether acquitted or his punishment is made so light that the people consider that justice has been cheated of its right. Continuous atrocities and neglects by such means to punish rouse the people to demand that something be done. Then comes mob law with its terrible effects on the community, and, above all, its awful mistakes. But a few days ago a body of well-meaning but excited citizens in Pembroke, Massachusetts, desired to hang an unfortunate man who was found in the woods at the time a little girl was most atrociously murdered. The crime was one calculated to arouse all the feelings that call for revenge. But the advice of the more cool-headed prevailed and the neck of the prisoner was spared. In a few days the apparently strong array of evidence against him was explained away and he is now believed not to have had anything to do with the horrible deed for which he was arrested. Another instance much nearer home might be cited where, in the excitement following one terrible crime, the people were moved to commit another. These acts do not arise from a desire to take part in such scenes, but from a loss of faith in the power of courts to render even and exact justice. The people feel that something must be done, and in doing the only thing in their power they contribute still further towards unsettling the means of securing a calm and steady administration of the law. The press, too, is somewhat responsible for the present state of things in that it does not in all cases inculcate those sound principles that create respect for the courts and a determination to elevate them to the standard that a fair administration of criminal laws seems to require.

The New York World, a few days ago, speaking of the giant prize-fighter, O'Balduin's death, in consequence of a bullet from the pistol of his partner, took occasion to rather rejoice that the huge prize-fighter had gone to his last ring—six feet plus, instead of twenty-four. Whatever the character of a man, society can scarcely afford to rejoice over his death, slain by another as if he were a dog. And so thought the New York Herald, which called for "equal justice to all," and condemned the comments of the press, which generally expressed satisfaction because of the killing of the giant fighter. If society is better off by the killing of such a man, it does not follow that the manner and means of his death are unimportant. And the same may truthfully be said of the work of mobs that take the rendering of justice into their own hands. If they rid the world of criminals they generally do much more harm by unsettling the even course that justice should be left to pursue. The law and the courts, properly administered, are alone the proper means to deal with all criminals, and as the Herald aptly remarks, there should be but one rule of punishment for all classes. Justice is altogether too much in the habit of finding standards according to their ideas of the character, the merits of the murdered person. They should have nothing to do with any personal preju-

dice. The Court gives them the law, the witnesses, the evidence, and according to these should be their verdict. One rule of conduct, one of punishment for the guilty, whether pugilist or parson, one law, one application. These are demands which the advance in our civilization makes of those who have the organization of courts and the administration of justice. And it brings us back to the original inquiry, "Is our system of procedure and punishment of criminals all that it should be?"

FROM DAYTON. Holo-caust of the Hag Baby. Republicans Happy - A Suicidal Tragedy - Mrs. Putnam - Personal - Republican Motives, Etc.

DAYTON, O., Oct. 20. The Republican youth of this place took it upon themselves to cremate the Hag Baby on Saturday evening last. Grand orations, crackling tar barrels, booming cannon, flame and smoke, and enthusiastic yelling had made night hideous, save that the motive was so true a one, and politically triumphant Young America an institution readily put up with. Infants sisters bemoan the home-made dollies that had cornered themselves in their very hearts; if they wait at the horrible stories big brothers tell them of gypsies and tramps who steal and make way with these same recipients of their lavish affection; if merchant come out minus certain boxes had barrels from back-yards and alleys ways; if the roofs of houses do get a dangerous spark or two, why put out the fire, dry the tears, keep back the frowns, and give one a great cheer, instead, for the lifting of the miserable curse that threatened our fair land.

The streets are having their full complement of men who have lost on the clock, heavily and utterly, and who utter their cornea and gesticulate frantically. Very sad are their contortions and their pocket-books elephant-trodden, while lie is all a dismal blank since they have taken to cursing the apples of sorrow. Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud? is a conundrum in answerable, and they want us to "cut an easy one."

Still another terrible suicidal tragedy had been enacted some miles from here. Mr. Daniel Weybright, a man beloved and revered by all who knew him, in good circumstances, with a wife and children who showed him none but the most tender affection, deliberately ended his life by self-murder on Sunday last. He left his house to walk down to the west farm, he said, to note the progress of that part of his estate. A little boy saw him walking, as if in deep reverie, toward the wood. At 4 o'clock his wife became uneasy, and thinking she would find him at his brother's house, about a mile away, walked there only to be disappointed.

A search began, lasting until night, but no trace of him was found. Lanterns, some two hundred in number, were then provided for the searchers, who only gave up after the night was far gone. His brother, passing through the land at daybreak, discovered the body in a weed patch. The wrists were bound out through, severing the arteries, and the throat gashed in a horrible manner from ear to ear. Save a slight despondency in his moods of late nothing can be brought to light that can explain the cause of his rash act, for he was so well loved, so honored, and free from any touch of slander, and, besides the fact of his being in every way above what he was a Dunker minister of high standing.

The inmates of the Soldiers' Home number at present two thousand, seven hundred and ninety-nine souls. The work on the new depot for the accommodation of travelers is progressing rapidly forward and will be completed at no distant day. The depot proper will contain a waiting-room, a restaurant and superintendent's office.

Mrs. Mary Lowell Putnam, of Boston, the Benefactress of the Home, has annually sent a beautiful wreath upon the anniversary of the birthday of her son, Lieutenant Putnam, which with appropriate military honors and touching ceremony is placed above the portrait of the martyred youth. To-morrow, the 21st of October, another wreath will replace the one of last autumn, and the memory of his comrades will be awakened afresh to the beauty and courage of the young hero.

The fortieth anniversary of one's marriage is quite a wonderful day to the parties interested, and it is well worth recording. There have been two such wonder-days during the past week in this section of the country—one of them celebrated by the groom, Mr. J. N. Stevens and wife, the other by Mr. Samuel Claggett and wife—who are old landmarks of our beautiful Stillwater country. Presents, congratulations, laughter, music, beauty, and delicious edibles, in both cases, will mark these days white ones on this far-traveled highway of life.

W. H. Harrison, of Cincinnati, is visiting her relatives in this city. She is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Robert W. Steele.

On the 28th inst. the nuptials of Mr. John Harries, of this city, and Miss Lillie Semple, of Cincinnati, are to be celebrated. Miss Semple has no need of any enthusiastic remarks, we may feel inclined to make, since she is admired at home for loveliness other than that of grace of feature—but of our handsome young townsman we will say that, this once, at least, Cincinnati may proudly accept her position as mother-in-law.

DE LUSATIO. BY GEORGE S. BAKER, JR. The squad of the sun still hold the w... Their armor glances, low-seeded in their golden haunches. The shadows lurk about the shore. Where, in our row-bout lightly passes, The ripples, white and waving fingers— Like half-brown lilies gone aloft— The amorous water, coy, ingers.

I see you smile behind your book, Your sunny eyes concealing under Their drooping lids a fleeting look, That's partly fun, and partly wonder That I, a man of presence grave, Who fight for bread 'neath Thisie's banner, Should, at a lance, begin to rave In this, a lens, a lurid, sad man's.

You say our lake is—sad, but true! The mill-pond of a Yankee village; Its swelling sides, its rocky shoals, Its ripples, white and waving fingers: That you're no angel bright and fair, And I no lover young and glowing— Just an old, sober, married pair, Who, after tea, have gone out rowing.

Ab, dear, when memories old and sweet Have fooled my senses thus, believe me, Your eye is only in the cloud. Your voice could never un-leave me. I think it well that men, dear wife, Are sometimes with such madness smitten, Else it is joy—and in life, And little poetry be written.

The widow Hayes, who had passed through matrimonial experience, was some four years younger than the elder. She was still a buxom, comely woman, as widows are apt to be. Unfortunately the late Mr. Hayes had not been able to leave her sufficient to make her independent of the world. All that she possessed was the small old-fashioned house in which she lived, and a small amount of money which was insufficient to support a household in the schedule of her property, though hardly to be classed as "productive" of anything but mischief.

The widow was therefore obliged to take care of three boarders to eke out her scanty income, which, of course, imposed upon her considerable labor and anxiety. One day of fatiguing labor, Widow Hayes sat at the fire in the sitting-room, with her feet resting on the fender.

"If ever I am situated so as not to have to work so hard," she murmured, "I shall be happy. It's a hard life, keeping boarders. I'm only as well off as Edward's maid."

"I am glad to hear it, elder. You won't think strange of the question, but it happened to occur in my mind, and I thought I would like to have it satisfied."

"Certainly, widow, certainly," said the elder, abstractedly.

"And, elder, as you're here, I hope you will stop to dinner with us. It will be ready punctually at 12."

amount of gold; but then the house was one hundred and fifty years old, at the very least, and had had many occupants of which he knew nothing. It might be, after all. The widow's earnest desire to have him think it was only curiosity likewise gave additional probability to the supposition. I will wait and watch," thought the elder.

"It so happened that Elder Boyd was one of the directors in a saving institution situated in the next town, and accordingly used to ride over there once or twice a month to attend meetings of the board.

On the next occasion of this kind the widow Hayes sent over to know if he could carry her with him, as she had a little business to attend to there. The request was readily accorded. Arrived at the village, Mrs. Hayes desired to be set down at the bank.

"Ha, ha!" thought the elder, "that means something."

He said no-hing, however, but determined to come back and find out, as he could readily from the cashier, what business she had in the bank. The widow tripped into the office, pretending to look very nonchalant.

"Can you give small bills for a ten dollar gold piece?" she inquired.

"With pleasure," was the reply.

"By the way," said she, "the bank is in a very flourishing condition, is it not?"

"None in the State on a better footing," was the prompt response.

"You receive deposits, do you not?"

"Yes, madam; we are receiving them every day."

"Do you receive as high as ten thousand dollars?"

"No," said the cashier with some surprise; "for rather, we do not allow interest on so large a sum. One thousand dollars is our limit. Did you know of any one who—"

"It is of no consequence," said the widow hurriedly, "I only asked for curiosity. By the way, did you say how much interest you allowed on such deposits as come within your limit?"

"Five per cent, madam."

"Thank you, I am only asked for curiosity. What a beautiful morning it is!" and the widow tripped lightly out. Shortly after the elder entered.

"How's business, Mr. Cashier?" he inquired.

"Had many deposits lately?"

"None of any magnitude."

"I brought over a woman this morning, who seemed to have some business with you."

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MEDICAL. RUPTURE. Death is on the heels of Every Ruptured Person.

"And was that the reason you made inquiries at the bank?"

"Certainly. What else could it be?"

The elder went out to the barn, and for half an hour sat in silent meditation.

At the end of that time he ejaculated, as a closing consideration:

"After all she makes good mince pie."

It gives me pleasure to state that the union between the elder and the widow proved a very happy one, although to the end of his life he could never make up his mind about the "Pot of Gold."

The technical name of "hanks" applied to skeins of worsted yarn or other thread, it is supposed, was derived from one Hankens de Brabant, a Flemish weaver, upon, or father, who settled in York, England, in 1331.

The Pacific Mail fleet, organized and enlarged, now numbers twenty-seven vessels of 75,000 tons measurement. In addition to these the company have several fine English steamers upon charter. The City of Tokio is to be repaired at an expense of \$150,000.

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