THE JEFFERSONIAN

E. G. DEWOLFE. O. J. DEWOLFE.

DEWOLFE BROS.

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JEFFERSONIAN
Steam Printing Office.

THOSE who recognize the magic power of printers' ink, (and all successful business men do,) are informed that we have refitted our office, which is now furnished with the latest and most beautiful styles of type, Taylor Mammoth Drum Cylinder, Nonpareil Half Medium and Gordon (latest improved) Presses, run by steam, under the supervision of an experienced and careful foreman, and together with our low rents added to the fact that we use steam power, gives us a great advantage over city offices. Call and examine our work.

Fine Job Work a Specialty.

Findlay Business Directory

J. M. PALMER,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Findlay, Ohio. Office over Patterson's store. Entrance second door, up st'rs. feb 19 '75-tf

P. R. BEARDSLEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW and Claim Agent Will practice law in State and U.S. Court and attend promptly to business intrusted to his care. As Justice of the Peace will attend to Conveyancing and taking depositions. Office—Room No. 1 Melodeon Building, Findlay, O.

E. T. DUNN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in the New Bank Building, West side Main Street, No 93.
Nov. 22-tf.

J. H. JOHNSTON,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT Law, Findlay, Ohio. Office in "Headquarters Building," North-east of Court House Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care April 28, 1872.

JAMES A. HOPE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Office over W. L. Davis & Co.'s Store Main street, Findlay, Ohio. [apr. 14, '71

JACOB F. BURKET,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW and Notary Public. Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care. Particular attention given to Collections, Partitioning of lands, and business in Probate Court.
OFFICE on Main Street, in Rossmann's Block nearly opposite the Court House. May 7.

HENRY BROWN,
ATTORNEY at Law. Office up Stairs, First Door South of Court House, Findlay, O
Nov. 21, 1874 tf

S. A. KELTNER, D. D. S.
OPERATIVE and Mechanical Dentist. Office—Si Main Street, above K. S. Baker & Co's shoe Store.

C. E. RUHL,
OPERATIVE AND MECHANICAL DENtist, over Green, D ck & Co's. All operations pertaining to the profession, carefully and skillfully performed. Residence, No 29, West Hardin Street.

J. & J. M. HUBER & CO.,
DEALERS IN DRUGS, Stationery, School Books, etc. Prescriptions accurately compounded at all hours—day or night. Perfectly pure Drugs—guaranteed. Corner Main and Main Cross Streets.

J. A. KIMMEL, M. D.
OFFICE 94 Main Street, over Lem. McMannes's Grocery Store, Findlay, Ohio.
March 12, 1875. tf.

F. BALLARD. G. W. GALLOWAY
BALLARD & GALLOWAY,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.
OFFICE—In Ewing's Block, over Ruthrauff's Hardware Store, West side of Main Street, Findlay, Ohio.
August 18 1872-tf

WM. M. DETWILER, M. D.,
HOMOEOPATHIC Physician and Surgeon (Main St.) Two Doors North of Huber's Drug Store, Findlay, Ohio.
Office Hours—from 8 to 7½ A. M., 11 A. M. to 2 P. M., 8 to 9 P. M. May 16 '73-tf

P. CLINE & SONS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER in Groceries, Flour, Fish and a General variety in the Grocery and Provision line.—Cash prices paid for Butter, Eggs, and Country Produce generally. East side of Main St., first door north of Golt House Block, Findlay Ohio. [April 15, '70-tf.

ISAAC DAVIS. HENRY S. GREEN.
DAVIS & GREEN,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCERS and Commission Merchants and Dealers in Flour, Salt, Fish, Wooden and Willow Ware &c. &c. Corner of Main and Sandusky Streets.

W. L. DAVIS. J. W. DAVIS. S. L. DETWILER
DAVIS BROS. & CO.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCERS and dealers in Flour, Provisions, Wooden Willow and Stone Ware, Confectionery, Fruits Notions and general variety. Goods at Wholesale, at Cleveland and Toledo prices Nos. 21 and 23, Main Street

L. A. BALDWIN,
GENERAL PRODUCE MERCHANTS, Dealers in Butter, Eggs, Lard, Feathers, Seeds, Dried Fruits, Beeswax, Pelts, Hides and Country Produce of all descriptions

CITIZEN'S BANK.
CARLINS & CO., BANKERS. Banking Hours in Rawson's Block No. 66, Main Street, Findlay, Ohio. Banking Hours from 9 o'clock, A. M. and from 1 to 4 o'clock, P. M.—General banking business done. Interest allowed on deposits.

The First National Bank
Main Street, FINDLAY O.
F. P. JONES, Pres. THAS. E. SILES, Cash
FRANK I. KARG, Teller.
Authorized Capital, $100 000
Bank of Discount, Circulation, Deposit and Exchange
INTEREST paid on Savings Deposits. Gold and Silver bought. Drafts on all parts of America and Europe for sale. Collections promptly made. Interest allowed on time deposits. THOS. E. SILES, Cash. FRANK I. KARG, Teller. [April 17, '74-tf

Administrator's Notice.
Estate of Adam Bates, deceased.
THE undersigned hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the State of Ohio, Administrator of the estate of Adam Bates, deceased, late of Hancock county, Ohio, and all persons having claims against said estate will please present them to him for payment.
March 26, 1875. ISRAEL H. ROSEN, Adm'r.
Henry Brown, Att'y.

E. H. CHILCOTE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN and Surgeon, Van Buren, Ohio. Will attend promptly to all professional calls. Feb. 19, '74—

J. C. JOHNSON,
ARCHITECT
FREMONT, OHIO.
ap 27, 1 73-1y.

O. J. JUNE. D. S. JUNE
D. L. June & Son,
MANUFACTURERS and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in the celebrated Fremont White Lime, the best brands of Cement for sale. Also manufacturers of Freestone of all kinds, stoves and tiles for building purposes. For best Building Materials now in use, address D. L. & S. M. S. R. R. Fremont, Ohio July 4-1y

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GOULD BROTHERS,
PLUMBERS,
Gas & Steam Fitters,
Keep on hand all kinds of
Gas Fixtures, Steam Cocks Tank, and Cistern Pumps, &c.
28 Perry Street, Toledo, O.
All orders from a distance promptly executed. For information inquire of FRANK MAUKLE, Findlay, Ohio.
April 17, '71—4m.

GOODWIN & GASSMAN,
HOUSE, SIGN AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTERS
All orders for work promptly attended to, and SATISFACTION GUARANTEED in all cases. Special attention given to PAPER HANGING, CALSOMINING and DECORATING.
Estimates furnished on application. Shop and Paint Rooms in Carlin's Block, in the room formerly occupied by J. F. Burket.
Jan. 26—tf

Valuable Property for sale!
THERE is a desirable property for sale on West Hardin Street. The house is a story and a half new with large rooms, conveniently arranged. The property is in a good location and will be sold at a reasonable price and on easy payments. Enquire of C. M. Hasler, M. S. Fellers & Co.'s grocery Store.
March 12, 1875-tf.

Poetical

ACROSS THE RIVER.

One by one across the river,
Members of the household band;
And we saw the frail bark waiting,
Moored upon the golden stand;
First our Willie, blue-eyed baby,
All at once forgot to play,
And an angel came and bore him
O'er the river far away.

One by one the bark they entered,
Loved ones from our own fireside;
And I watch them o'er the river
In the light boat swiftly glide;
Willie first, then Maggie, darling,
With her curls of golden hair,
Unimprisoned on her pinion,
Floating o'er her shoulders bare.

One by one the bark they entered,
And I saw it home away
O'er the waves upon the river
Lost amid the dashing spray.
Next my stately, dark-eyed brother,
As his breath came soft and low,
Smiled, and said the boat is waiting
All unmoored, and I must go.

One by one, and still the boatman
Moored the shallop to the shore,
And we held our breath expecting
Soon to hear him at the door.
Sister Cora heard him knocking,
Pale her cheeks as driven snow,
And the death dews bathed her forehead;
She, too, whispered, I must go.

One by one they crossed the river,
Four from out our household band,
When one morn I saw the shallop
Moored by angels reach the sand.
Here were Willie, Maggie, darling,
And my dark-eyed brother too
And my sister Cora whispered,
We have come to visit you.

One by one they crossed the river
In a shallop light and frail;
But they all returned together
In a bark with snowy sail.
Cora spoke of lovely flowers,
Brother of the farther shore,
Willie dear, and darling Maggie
Kissed my forehead o'er and o'er.

Miscellaneous.

THE MISSING FINGER-JOINT.

It was my first visit to London since I had taken up my abode and entered on the practice of my profession as a solicitor at Southampton

In London I had a very dear friend, my old college chum, George Dickson; and as he was the only person I knew in the great metropolis, of course I lost no time in looking him up. Three years had passed since our last meeting; but ten could scarcely have produced a change more marked than had taken place in the appearance and manner of my friend.

Our first greetings and friendly inquiries over, I longed, yet feared, to ask the cause of my friend's melancholy. I felt sure, in due time, of being made the confidant of the secret, provided no motive of delicacy prompted its concealment.

That evening, at my room at the hotel, George told me his story. He had formed an attachment for a young lady, whose graces of mind and person he portrayed with all the fervor of a lover's eloquence. She had returned his affection; but her father had opposed his suit, having set his heart on the marriage of his daughter to a nephew of his. This nephew was a young surgeon, of profligate character, my friend assured me—but that may have been prejudice—who had long, but unsuccessfully, wooed his cousin, to whom his proffers were as repugnant as they were to her father acceptable.

Some months since, Mr. Parsons, the young lady's father had gone into Hampshire on business, accompanied by his nephew. At Southampton he had been seized by a sudden illness, which terminated fatally in three days.

On the day preceding his death he had executed a will which had since been destroyed, the day [illegible] attending a solemn request [illegible] had to leave his estate, should I accept the hand of his nephew in marriage coupled with the provision that in case the latter offered, and she refused, within a specified period to enter into the proposed union, the entire estate devised to the daughter should be forfeited to the nephew.

To sacrifice her fortune to her heart's choice would not have cost Julia Parsons a moment's hesitation; and nothing could have more delighted George Dickson than so fair an opportunity of showing how superior his devotion was to all considerations of personal advantage. But her father's dying request, in Julia's eyes was sacred. It had surprised and stunned her, it is true; for in their many conferences on the subject, he had never gone beyond the most kindly remonstrance, and had never even hinted at anything like coercion.

Young Parsons, the nephew, had not the magnanimity to forego his ungenerous advantage. He might have been content with his cousin's fortune alone, but his right to that depended on his offer and her rejection of an alliance which she felt in consequence bound to accept. The brief season of grace, which she had been compelled to beg even with tears, had already almost passed, and a few more days would witness the condemnation of two lives to hopeless misery.

At the conclusion of my friend's narrative, in which, for reasons that may hereafter be developed, I felt a peculiar interest, I prevailed upon him to accompany me to a place of amusement, to which I had previously procured tickets.

When we reached the theater, the performance had already begun; but we succeeded in finding seats which commanded a fair view both of the stage and the audience.

In a few moments George touched my elbow.

"Observe the gentleman nearly opposite, in the front row, seated next the column, leaning his arm on his cane," he whispered.

I looked in the direction indicated, and saw a face whose striking resemblance to one I had seen before caused me to start with surprise.

"Who is it," I asked.

"Eldridge Parsons," was the reply,

"The one of whom you spoke?"

"The same," my friend answered.

"Does he resemble his uncle?" I was on the point of inquiring; but just then the stranger drew the glove from his right hand, and I saw that the first joint of the middle finger was wanting, a circumstance which, for sufficient reason, absorbed my attention.

"Do you know the exact date of Mr. Parson's death?" I asked when we had gained the street at the close of the performance.

"Yes," said George; "it was the 23d of December. His daughter received a telegram from her cousin, announcing the fact the same day. But why do you ask?"

"I have a reason which may or may not prove a good one," I returned; and stating that I had business engagements for the whole of the next day, I parted with my friend, promising to meet him on the following evening.

Next afternoon found me at the abode of Mr. Parsons, the surgeon.

"Mr. Parsons, I presume?" were the words with which I accosted the man I had seen at the theater.

"Yes, sir."

"You may not remember me, Mr. Parsons, but I believe we met before."

"I beg your pardon, sir, for not recollecting the occasion."

"You were in Southampton last winter, were you not?"

"I was," he answered, with some embarrassment.

"I am the solicitor on whom you called to take a draft of a will."

He turned pale, but made no reply.

"I saw a copy of that will at Doctors Commons this morning," I resumed, "and——"

"You speak of my *uncle's* will," he hastily interrupted.

"And yet," I continued, "you said it was yours when you applied to have it written. You represented yourself as desirous of executing such a document preparatory to embarking on a perilous voyage. The paper was drawn in accordance with your instructions, leaving the date to be filled at the time of signing. Your locks were gray then, and you certainly looked old enough to have a marriageable daughter; but your disguise was not perfect." And I pointed to the mutilated finger.

"What do you mean?" he shouted, in a defiant tone.

"Simply that your uncle's signature to that will is a forgery!" I answered, rising and confronting him. "He died on the 23d of December. Your own telegram to that effect is in existence. It was on the 24th, the day before Christmas, that you called on me to prepare that document now on record as his will. The inference is plain; you undertook to manufacture this spurious testament after your uncle's death, and wishing to clothe your villainy in legal form, you procured from me the required draft. You, or some one at your instigation, simulated the signature of the deceased. The witnesses who have since perjured themselves in their depositions, were procured in some manner best known to yourself——"

"Enough, sir," he ejaculated, placing his back against the door; "you have shown yourself in possession of a secret the custody of which may prove dangerous!"

"I am not unprepared for your threat," I replied. "In the first place, I did not come here unarmed. In the next, I have prepared a full written statement of the facts to which I have alluded, with information, besides, of my present visit to yourself. This paper will be delivered to the friend to whom it is directed, unless within an hour I reclaim it from the messenger, who has been instructed for that length of time to retain it."

His face grew livid. His frame quivered with mingled fear and rage, and his eye gleamed like that of a wild beast at bay.

"What is your purpose?" he exclaimed in a voice hoarse with suppressed passion.

"To keep your secret while you live," I answered, "on one condition."

"Name it."

"That you write instantly to Julia Parsons, renouncing all pretensions to to her hand, and absolutely withdraw ing your proposal of marriage."

After a moment's pause he hastily penned a brief note, which he submitted to my inspection; it was quite satisfactory.

"Be so good as to seal and address it," I said.

He did so.

"I will see that it is delivered," I remarked, taking it up and bowing myself out.

When I met George Dixon that evening, his old college look had come back. He had great news to tell me. The next thing was to take me to see Julia; and it is needless to tell what a happy evening we three spent together, and what a happy marriage followed not long after.

Eldridge Parsons, I have just learned, emigrated for Australia, on board the London, and went down in that ill-fated ship.

SORROWFUL WASHINGTON BELLES.—"Griselda," in the Hartford *Times* says: "The same scene is now witnessed in all the hotels and boarding houses—packing and leave-taking. The young ladies are in the pouts. They say it is "so stupid at home." In truth, they will miss the excitement upon which they have lived for the last three months. They took so much pleasure in wearing their elegant silk dresses every day. Then, too, they had just acquired the art of being tied back until they were like trussed fowls. The sidling gait, the bow of recognition, which resembles the shy of a horse, the affected smirk on the face, the insipid conversation, will all have to be laid aside among the plain home friends, who laugh at all such conceits. There are some pretty spoiled girls who need the change to bring them back to their common sense. One throws herself backward, kisses her hand, and throws the kiss back in return for every word spoken to her. She seems to think this the most touching and irresistible coquetry that could be practiced. Another's favorite style is to languish. She is too tall and large to affect the infantile or playful, so she promenades, leaning heavily and dreamily upon the arms of perhaps two gentlemen. She would take in a third if she only had more sides; for instance, if she was octagon shaped; then she could display more trophies. When a lady accidentally becomes one of her party, she makes the remark, as though it was very creditable, "that she must confess she only enjoys the society of gentlemen. Ladies have no attraction for her" She pointedly and rudely omits introducing gentlemen who visit her to any other girl. Since she aspired to be a belle she has become vain, selfish and conceited. The very best thing for her is to be relegated back to her humble home, for she is now only ridiculous and absurd."

NEW BONNETS FOR THE SEASON.

The intensely cold weather we experience has not kept many establishments from opening their spring bonnets. It is, however, scarcely possible to judge at present what form will be worn this spring, for after importation many shapes are adopted and many rejected; this accounts for our fashions generally differing vastly at the end of the season from Parisian styles. We make French patterns as it were our starting point, and change them to suit the American taste. This being the case we cannot announce as a certainty what the favorite shape will be. From the many imported bonnets we have seen we judge there is a decided tendency to make them larger: with this exception there is little variation of form noticeable. For very young ladies the English walking hat is most certain to meet with general favor. It covers the forehead, and is generally trimmed with long ostrich feathers. For trimmings broche scarfs will be much in vogue, and flowers will be used in much profusion. Many bonnets have half wreaths, which are generally composed of fine flowers of two or three kinds; sometimes the whole bonnet is surrounded with poppies, and, in short, with flowers of every imaginable sort all bunched in every conceivable manner. Many of the bonnets are surrounded with poppies, Ivy and geranium leaves are mixed with the various flowers. But few of the new styles have jet ornaments. These are replaced by gold, and silver, and pearl beading and white galloon worked with silver. We have also seen velvet worked in several colors. This is quite a new idea, and a decided relief from the perpetual jet ornaments we have been condemned to have recourse to for so long a time. Birds and feathers will also be used, but not nearly so liberally as they have been. Gilded and silver buckles, and ornaments covered with pearls, are likely to be much in favor. Some of the hats have plaid scarfs around the crown these are generally made to correspond with the suits worn.

Almost all the imported bonnets are of chip. The prevailing color is likely to be canary.

We have seen a very elegant white chip bonnet, with a brim lined with straw-colored gros grain: on the outside were loops of white gros grain, lined with straw color. The entire front underneath was covered with wheat and fine white flowers intermixed; these extended to the back and fell in sprays.

A white chip bonnet had a band of black velvet around the crown worked in red, green, and golden flowers; on one side were poppies and daisies; over the crown was a blue feather, and a little toward the back was a dark gray bird's wing; at the back of the bonnet, a little on one side, was a single loop of black velvet worked like the band, in the center was a full plaited trimming of light blue silk; from this fell long blue loops and ends.

Another white chip had a brim lined with pink silk, over which was a twisted piece of pink silk; a wreath of rosebuds with a profusion of green wheat extended from the center of the bonnet on the inside of the back. A twisted piece of pink silk slightly fringed on each side surrounded the crown: at the back hung long tulle strings.

A stylish black chip bonnet, turned up in the middle in front, was trimmed underneath with a wreath of mignonette, with roses with different colors intermixed. The crown had a silk scarf with a large loop in front and another in the back.

A black lace bonnet was also turned up in front, and had a wreath of mignonette on the outside. The inside was trimmed with a band of pink ribbon; in the center of this band were loops; a small green bird was placed upon the loops; the inside of the brim had a small border of jet beads.

A white chip bonnet was surrounded with poppies and had a heavy white broche scarf around the crown. A large bow of the same material was in the middle in front.

A similar bonnet was trimmed with light blue; it had very fine blue and white flowers intermixed with green leaves, and at the side was an aigrette of blue feathers. From the back depended long blue and white ends.

Another had a large bird on the top of the crown; the brim was bordered with white silk and had scarlet ribbon ends at the back.

One of the most beautiful and newest bonnets we have seen had a heavy white broche scarf around the crown, and large loops over which were fine purple and white flowers, with ivy; on the left side were also loops; at the back was a bunch of purple flowers with leaves; there were also flowers upon the crown. The principal novelty of this bonnet consisted in the brim having both inside and outside a white galloon worked with silver.

The "Housekeeper" of Our Health.

The liver is the great depurating or blood cleansing organ of the system. Set the great housekeeper of our health at work, and the foul corruptions which gender in the blood and rot out, as it were, the machinery of life, are gradually expelled from the system. For this purpose Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, with small daily doses of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are pre-eminently the articles needed. They cure every kind of humor from the worst scrofula to the common pimple, blotch or eruption. Great eating ulcers kindly heal under their mighty curative influence. Virulent blood poisons that lurk in the system are by them robbed of their terrors, and by their persevering and somewhat protracted use the most tainted system may be completely renovated and built up anew. Enlarged glands, tumors and swellings dwindle away and disappear under the influence of their great dissolvents. Sold by all dealers in medicines.

WHAT they think of us in Paris may be interred from some advertisements in the local papers. A stationer heads his advertisements: "To Americans and Russians." Another advertisement in regard to a hotel, announces that it is "patronized by the principal Royal Families of Europe and leading American Families." Mr. Hogg—ominous name!—Rue Castiglione says he is an "English and American Chemist." The "Hotel des Princes" commends itself as "highly recommended for Americans." Evidently over there, Americans, Russians royal families, are princes, all belonging to the same category.

THEY COULDN'T TRADE.

Keyser had lightning rods placed upon his barn three or four years ago, but during last summer the building was struck by lightning and burned. When he got the new barn done a man came around with a rod wagon and wanted to sell him a set of Bolt & Barnum's patent lightning rods.

"I believe not," said Keyser; "I had rods on the barn at the time of the"—

"I know," exclaimed the agent. "I know you had, and very likely that's the reason you were struck. Nothin's more likely to attract lightnin' than worthless rods."

"How do you know they were worthless?"

"Why, I was drivin' by yer in the spring and I seen them rods, and I says to myself, that barn will be struck some time, but there's no use in tryin' to convince Mr. Keyser, so I didn't call. I knowed it, because they had iron tips. A rod with iron tips is no better'n a clothes prop to ward off lightnin'."

"The man who sold them to me said they had platinum tips," remarked Keyser.

"Ah! this is a wicked world, Mr. Keyser. You can't be too cautious. Some of these yer agents lie like a gasmeter. It's awful, sir. They are wholly untrustworthy. Them rods was the most ridiculous I ever see. A regular gouge. They wa'nt worth the labor it took to put 'em up. They wan't now, that's the honest truth."

"What kind do you offer?"

"Well, sir, I've got the only genuine lightnin'-rod that's made. It's constructed on scientific principles. Prof. Huxley says it's sure to run off the electric fluid every time. Twisted charcoal iron, glass insulators, eight points on each rod, warranted solid platinum. We give a written guarantee with each rod. Never had a house struck since we began to offer this rod to the public. Positive fact. The lightnin'll play all around your house with one of 'em and never touch it. A thunder-storm that'd tear the bowls out of the American continent would leave your house as safe as a polar bear in the middle of an iceberg. Shall I run you one up?"

"I don't know," said Keyser, musingly.

"I'll put you up one cheap, and then you'll have somethin' reliable. Somethin' there's no discount on."

"You say the old rod was a fraud?"

"The deadliest fraud you ever heard of. It hadn't an ounce of platinum within a mile of it. The man that sold it ought to be prosecuted, and the fellow that put it up without insulators should be shot. It's too bad the farmers should be gouged in this sort of way."

"And Bolt & Barnum's rod is not a fraud?"

"A fraud!" Why really, my dear sir, just cast your eye over Prof. Huxley's letter and these certificates, and remember that we give a *written guarantee*—a positive protection, of course."

"Just cast *your* eye over that," said Keyser, handing him a piece of paper.

"Well, upon my word! This is indeed somewhat—that is to say it is, as it were—it looks—it looks a little like one of our own certificates."

"Just so," said Keyser. "That old rod was one of Bolt & Barnum's. You sold it to my son-in-law; you gave the certificate; you swore the plates were platinum, and your man put it up."

"Then I suppose we can't trade?"

"Well, I should think not," said Keyser.

Whereupon the man mounted the rod wagon and moved on.

GRANDMOTHER BEECHER.—Catherine Beecher, Henry Ward's sister, attributes much of her success in after life to certain traits in her mother's character, and their influence on her own early training. Mrs. Beecher had a habit of regarding all knowledge with reference to its practical usefulness, and her perseverance was persistent and unflinching. She commanded strict obedience from her children, and was particularly careful in seeing that everything was done with exactness and completion. Notwithstanding her excellent qualities, Mrs. Beecher would appear to have been rather a hard and unloving sort of a person. While the father was passionately fond of children, the mother was not. "I cannot remember," says the daughter, "that I ever saw her handle and caress her little ones as my father did; but her devotion to them seemed more like the pitying tenderness of a gentle angel." Old Mr. Beecher was a trained dialectician, and yet he considered his wife was not fully his equal in an argument. Grandma Beecher was a fine specimen of the Puritan character. She was strict with herself and strict with all around. Aunt Esther was so completely kept down by her mother, so reduced to perfec rule, that the result was most depressing to her character and happiness. She came to preside over the Beecher household upon the death of the mother, a charge which she undertook and carried out with characteristic care and prudence.

CALIFORNIA certainly appears to be the most prosperous State in the Union. Last year there was shipped from San Francisco ten million centals of wheat and flour reduced from wheat, the value of which was $15,000,000. The State produced thirty-nine million three hundred thousand pounds of wool, and forwarded thirty-six million pounds, being a gain of seven million pounds over the production of 1873. The value of the wool exported was $8,000,000. The vineyards of the State produced enough not only to satisfy all demands for their products as fruit, but also to yield seven million gallons of good wine, and two hundred thousand gallons of brandy. The yield of bullion amounted to $20,300,631, showing a gain over 1873 of $2,247,608. The receipts of lumber at San Francisco were 253,000,000 feet, an increase of 50,000,000 over 1873. The imports of coal were 531,947 tons, or a gain of 77,375 tons, this increased consumption implying a corresponding growth of population and increased manufacturing industries. The consumption of pig iron for the year was 14,800 tons, or an excess of 5,600 tons over 1873, showing a marked increase of all manufactured articles for building, mining, and other purposes. The best feature of the matter is, that this prosperity is not of a spasmodic character, but steady, normal and regular. California has a great future before it.—*Pittsburg Commercial.*

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN MADAGASCAR.

The following is the translation of a proclamation issued by the Queen of Madagascar, ordering the liberation of all slaves imported into her kingdom since the date of the treaty of 1865, entered into with Great Britain for the suppression of that traffic. The following is a translation of this document:

"I, Ranovalomanjaka, by the grace of God and the will of the people, Queen of Madagascar and defender of the laws of my country, have made an agreement with my relations across the seas that there shall not be allowed to be brought into my country people from across the seas to be made slaves. And on account of this, I command that if there are any Mozambiques lately come into my country since the 7th of June, 1875, which was the year of the completion of the agreement with my relations across the seas, they are to become "isan ny ambaniandro" (a phrase applied to the free inhabitants of Madagascar); and if they wish to dwell in this land, then they may do so, and be of the number of free people; and if they wish to return across the sea from whence they came, then they are at liberty to go. And if there are any who conceal Mozambiques lately come to be slaves, and do not set them at liberty to become "isan ny ambaniandro," according to my command, they shall be put in chains for ten years.

"Says, RANOVALMANJAKA,
Queen of Madagascar, &c.

"This is the word of Ranovalmanjaka, Queen of Madagascar.

"Says, RAINIJAIARIVONY,
"Prime Minister and Commander-in Chief in Madagascar.

"ANTANANARIVO, 2nd October, 1874."

JOKING A JUDGE.

Judson T. Mills, of South Carolina, was Judge of a District Court in Northern Texas and fond of a joke, but was very decided in the discharge of his duty. Thomas Fannin Smith was a practicing lawyer at the bar, and having shamefully misstated the law in his address to the jury, turned to the Court, and asked the Judge to charge the jury accordingly. The Judge was indignant, and replied:

"Does the counsel take the Court to be a fool?"

Smith was not abashed by this reproof, but instantly responded:

"I trust Your Honor will not insist on an answer to that question, as I might, in answering it truly, be considered guilty of contempt of Court."

"Fine the counsel $10, Mr. Clerk" said the Judge.

Smith immediately paid the money, and remarked, "It was $10 more than the Court could show."

"Fine the counsel $50," said the Judge

The fine was entered by the Clerk, and Smith not being able to respond in that sum, sat down.

The next morning, on the opening of court, Smith rose, and, with much deference of manner began:

"May it please Your Honor, the Clerk took that little joke of yours yesterday about the $50 as serious, as I perceive from the reading of the minutes. Will Your Honor please to inform him of his error, and have it erased?"

The coolness of the request, and implied apology, pleased the Judge, and he remitted the fine.

OLD SONGS.

A pretty song is never lost; somebody is cheered by it. The old, time-worn songs do not stir and enliven us like the new, but they are so resting when we need rest, so healing when we need balm. "Nearer, My God, to Thee," how strengthening it is! What power there is in it to lift a fainting Christian on his feet, just after some awkward pause in a prayer meeting.

"Do They Miss Me at Home?" is a cast-off old song, yet many of us hum it on the sly at eventide. I know a Boston editor, whose gay little wife has a lonely father and mother among the highlands of New York. An abundance of new songs grace her piano, yet on a lowery day, if you live next door, you will be attracted by a familiar old song which dies out in saying, "I wish you were here." And such a thrill of feeling she puts into it, too.

"The Star-Spangled Banner" will lift a fainting invalid into a sitting posture, and he will tell you that he is refreshed, when the same exertion would have wearied him without the song.

Let those sing for us who can sing so as to thrill us, make us laugh and dance and flutter. The great poet turns our very discords into harmony, for he knows well the pages of unwritten music and poetry that lie hidden in our simple souls. It is a great achievement to compose great songs, for it echoes so after we are gone. Like light from a star, it shines on and on after the orb has dropped from its place in the heavens.—*Mrs. B. C. Rude.*

"HAIL, COLUMBIA!"—"Hail, Columbia!" is said to have been composed under the following circumstances: In the year 1793, when patriotic feeling pervaded the country, and when there were several parties in the field, Mr. Fox, a young actor, called one morning upon his friend, Mr. Hopkinson, and, after stating that the following evening had been appointed for his benefit, begged his friend to do something in his behalf.

"If," said Fox, "you will write me some patriotic verses to the tune of the "President's March" I feel sure of a full house."

Mr. Hopkinson in a short time wrote the first verse and chorus, which were submitted to Mrs. Hopkinson, who sang them to a piano accompaniment, and proved the measure and music to be in keeping. In this way the second and other verses were written, and when Fox returned in the evening he received with delight the song as it now stands. The following morning the announcement was made that Mr. Fox would sing a new patriotic song. The theater was crowded; the song was sung and received with rapture; it was repeated eight times and again *encored*, and when sung the ninth time the whole audience stood up and joined in the chorus. Night after night "Hail, Columbia," cheered the visitors of the theater, and in a very few days it was the universal song of the boys in the streets, from one end of the city to another. Nor was the author forgotten. The street in which he resided was on one occasion crowded, and "Hail, Columbia" broke on the stillness of midnight from 500 patriotic voices

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

A GAMBLING HOUSE—BEECHER TILTON—A CHARITY—BUSINESS.

NEW YORK, March 30, 1875.

THE LAIR OF THE TIGER.

Last week I gave some idea of the cost of a grand hotel and the method of running it. This week I propose to devote my space to another kind of a resort for wayfarers—one that costs you more money to tarry in, but which will give you, possibly, more excitement, than even the best hotel in the great city.

On Broadway, near Union Square, is a plain, unpretending house, just such a one as you would suppose a good, solid, retired merchant would live in, were it farther removed from business. A good, solid, retired merchant does not live in it, however, nor is it a residence at all. It is a faro bank—or in other words a gambling hell; a place in which young men and old, strangers and residents, go either for gain or excitement, and where they meet ruin just as surely as they stay long enough and are sufficiently industrious and persevering.

The interior of the house belies the exterior—that is to say, the inside is as gorgeous as the outside is plain. The halls are all beautifully wide, the rooms are all high and spacious, and the furnishing is as magnificent as money can purchase. The reading-room is wonderfully fine. A velvet carpet of Persian design covers the floor. Silk and lace shades the windows. The most costly upholstery is scattered around. A stand upon which are placed all the leading daily journals of the country occupies the center of the floor. At the right of this is the wine room, where you see no liquors, but a gorgeous. Ethiopian, elaborately dressed, is in waiting, and all you have to do is to intimate your desire and whatever that is you get it without money or price. Everything is free.

Back of the wine-room is the gambling hall, which is more gorgeously furnished than any of the others. Lace curtains, costly carpets, costly pictures, exquisite statuary—everything that is tasteful and beautiful is here.

In the centre of the room the tables are ranged. That is a faro table at the right. There is an elevation in the centre, longer than it is wide, upon which are painted some cards of each suit. This is done that you can designate your favorite card without speaking. At every table at which cards are played all is fixed, that the game may move on in silence. Faro is the American gambling game, just as monte is Mexican. The next table is for English hazards; you stake your money on the throw of the dice. Then there is roulette, trente et quarante, and any other game that the devil ever invented to capture souls with.

You shall see in these rooms men of all ages and conditions. At the faro tables, side by side, will be seen grey-haired men and beardless boys. The grey-haired man has played faro since he was a beardless boy, and has wasted on the game all the fortune he inherited, all the profits of his business, and all he has begged, borrowed or stolen since. He believes that he has learned a system by which he can break any bank, and he has been trying to do it thirty years. He plays very low now, for five dollar notes are not easy to get, but his faith is unshaken. He will die some night and will be carted out to Potter's field. But as long as he can raise ten dollars and can keep a clean shirt collar, he is welcome.

The beardless boy has just commenced, but he will go the same road. He will play and play till he robs his father or employer, then he will either become a professional and plunder others, or he will degenerate into a perpetual pigeon, and, in time, become a miserable old man, playing constantly in the hope of retrieving his fortunes.

In addition to these there are a dozen or more country merchants who drop in to lose ten dollars or so for a night's amusement, and as many more wealthy New Yorkers, who play because they get up too heavy an excitement at their business during the day to let up without this to taper off with.

At midnight a gorgeous supper is served, which, like everything else, is free. The dining room and the kitchens below exceed Delmonico's in all that which goes to make their specialties perfection. Venison from the Adirondacks, birds from the Southern marshes, fish from the lonely woods where rolls the Oregon, which gives no sound but its own plashing, save that made by the fisherman casting in his net, frogs from the pond at the foot of Washington monument. All this is served on daintiest porcelain, freshest linen, purest glass. Waiters black as ebony, and silent as the shadows of Hades, move silently on their round of duties. Wines the most costly, and cigars the most expensive, are served and all free as water. The amiable proprietor charges nothing—all his profits come from the tables.

And how does he get his profits to sustain this enormous expenditure? Easy enough. The game is played fairly in the public rooms, but even then there is 25 per cent. in favor of the bank, so that in any event the bank is certain to win everything if the play is continued long enough. But on the upper floor there is the private game, to which the general public is not admitted. In these rooms the rich young idiot is filled with wine—he is lucky if he be not drugged—plays against a dealer who can deal the cards exactly as he chooses, and the young man, after he has been nursed sufficiently, is never allowed to go away without losing all that he can afford to pay without making a row about it. They calculate that a young broker with a rich father will stand plucky to the amount of $20,000, and they make him lose that amount. He will pay it as a rule rather than make a fuss, and before he gets sober they take his note.

And they have one of this kind on the carpet all the time.

These places are excellent ones to keep out of. No decent man should ever go into one, even for fun.

BEECHER-TILTON.

I shall not say much about this matter this time. The fact is, it has got too nasty to be fit matter for the public prints. Each day's proceedings grow nastier and nastier—in brief, is too filthy to touch. Bessie Turner, a girl of eighteen, is put upon the stand, and she talks flippantly of scenes that would disgrace a bagnio, and the prurient people in attendance applaud her. * * *

It is curious that the public does not insist upon a stoppage of this filth in some way. It is too bad that the public prints should be filled day after day with this horrid stuff. Good people, refuse to read it.

A "CHARITY" NURSERY.

While New York's private charities are absolutely magnificent in their extent and management, the public ones are as miserable as thieving politicians can make them. This is the way a charity nursery is managed, as shown by an investigating committee: Five hundred little children were in a building in which not only had the panes of glass disappeared, but the sash was also gone, and in one story of the building over two hundred panes of glass were broken out. The cold wind filled every room, but could not drive away the smell coming from the bath rooms and closets. The little children in the wards were generally huddled together at the lee side of one of the beds, for the purpose of keeping themselves warm. Their hands were red and swollen, and their faces blue and pinched with cold. The tax-payers have payed ten times enough to have made the building comfortable, but the money was stolen, and the children are dying four a day.

BUSINESS

is improving every day, and the prospect brightens. Thank heaven for that, for it has been a long and dreary wait. Merchants are buying freely, and there are many of them here. The prospect improves daily. PIETRO.

A NOVEL MATRIMONIAL SOCIETY.—We have heard of matrimonial agencies that profess to bring about happy unions, attended by the material comforts which are the fruits of wealth; but we have never foreseen that a society would be founded to encourage—or rather enforce—uneven marriages between rich men and poor women. Yet we have it as a fact, and on no less an authority than that of the well-known paper, the *Tagblatt* of Vienna, that a society has been created, entitled the Mariahilf Matrimonial Club, for this express purpose. The club, it will be seen, is named after one of the most fashionable suburbs of the Austrian capital. It was started by three gentlemen, and none can join it who are not wealthy. Each member binds himself to marry a poor girl who has no prospect of inheriting any property whatsoever. Should he, however, fail to resist the charms of one who is gifted with wealth, he is then bound to pay a forfeit of four hundred pounds sterling