

The Belmont Chronicle.

Established in 1813.

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, OHIO, THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1886.

New Series—Vol. 26, No. 28

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS!
That Ache in Small of Back.
BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS
Weary, Aching Bones.
BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS
Dyspepsia.

Genes—I feel it my duty to say respecting Burdock Blood Bitters, that it is the best medicine I ever took. I suffered two or three years from stomach troubles and dyspepsia, as well as from liver and kidney complaint. I was not able to attend to my business. My wife was afflicted in much the same way. We read of your Bitters in the papers and made up our minds that we would try them. The result is my wife and I began to improve at once, and I am now able to do more hard work than before in ten years. It relieved my kidney troubles as well. We both wish you, the makers of the Bitters, to prosper.

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1886-6—Belmont County, Ohio.

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23 Saturday of Mar at Barnesville.
24 Saturday of April at St. Clairsville.
25 Saturday of May at Bellair.
26 Saturday of June at Morrisport.
St. Clairsville at close of Institute in Aug.

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Belmont Chronicle

W. A. HUNT,
Editor and Proprietor.

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FOR

Man and Beast.

Mustang Liniment is older than most men, and used more and more every year.

Are precious few total abstainers connected with any Socialist organization, and temperance has an intimate connection with Anarchy as with most other forms of devility.

THE New York Herald publishes a sensational story to the effect that the late Col. Corkhill, who prosecuted Guitau, had evidence showing that well known public men were in conspiracy with Guitau and were privy to his assassination of President Garfield. This story which assumes the gross and deliberate violation of his sworn duty by Col. Corkhill is altogether inconsistent with all the known facts and circumstances of the case. There was nothing of the conspirator about Guitau. He was a monster of egotism and self-sufficiency.

If the President were consistent in his vetoes he might at least win respect for his good intentions. But he has approved a number of bills for public buildings in small villages in the South, while he has vetoed similar measures providing for buildings in fair-sized Northern cities. There is no doubt that the erection of public buildings in small places is to a large degree a waste of public money. But the President's veto of the bill to provide a building for Duluth, Minn., which is a port of entry, is wholly inconsistent with his approval of bills for public buildings in such places as Fort Smith, Arkansas, and San Antonio, Texas. But Arkansas and Texas are "solid" for the Democracy, while Minnesota is a safe Republican state.—N. Y. Tribune.

PROBABLY nothing except the fear of the shotgun or the chain gang has so long deterred the colored workmen in the South from imitating their Northern brethren in seeking to compel employers to pay higher wages. But they are beginning to pluck up enough courage to undertake this method of improving their condition, as appears in dispatches from Arkansas. If ever there is justification for strikes it can be found in the condition of the colored laborers in the South. Wages average from \$5 to \$10 a month, with rations of about three and a half pounds of meat and a peck of meal a week. But the colored laborers, through the store order system, are cheated out of the greater portion of even the small pittance promised them. It is no wonder that thievery is so common there, as the wages paid seem to be based on the supposition that families will be partially supported in that way. If the shotgun were not freely used on the slightest indication that the colored man is preparing to try and better himself, strikes would probably be frequent in the South, where there is more apparent justification for them than in the North.—N. Y. Tribune.

In his long talk, Monday of last week at the Tammany celebration, Senator Vance congratulated the society on the return of the Democratic party to power, and admitted that "in the hour of victory we have had some little demoralization, and we have permitted a tendency toward bureaucratic administration to appear in what is called Civil Service Reform." Just so. "What is called Civil Service Reform" is good. The Senator announced the good old Democratic doctrine when he said: "If the spoils do not belong to the victors, to whom do they belong? Do they belong to those who fight on the other side, or to those who fight on this side, but lie on all sides? It is unsafe and absurd to undertake to run a Government upon principles opposed to human nature. But although the Democratic party has been a backslider in this regard, it will trace its steps and recover from its demoralization." Tammany received these remarks with enthusiastic applause, which will not doubt thoroughly delight President Cleveland, who is so patiently waiting for the time when the foes of Civil Service Reform in the Democratic party shall be much fewer than they are at present.

THEORETICALLY the Democrats are strongly in favor of honesty in public office, as well as of all sorts of reforms, and they can roll up such an array of adjectives denunciatory of Republican acts of omission and commission as about exhausts the supply. But in practice the average Democrat goes in for getting everything there is in politics when the whirligig of time and circumstance puts his party in power. We all remember perfectly well the bitter denunciation bestowed upon President Grant and other leading Republicans for their nepotism, and the people were led to believe that it would be impossible for any Democrat of high or low degree to be guilty of the crime of looking after the interests of his own family and relatives. But since the return of the Democracy to power it has been demonstrated that whenever opportunity offered the Bourbon leaders could be counted on to quarrel as much with their brothers, sons, cousins, nephews and other relations upon the public treasury as they could find or make places for. The Hon. Zebulon B. Vance, Senator of the United States from North Carolina, furnishes a case in point. Twelve of his family connections, including one brother, two sons, six cousins and three nephews, are "subsisting on the enemy's country," drawing salaries ranging from six hundred to four thousand five hundred dollars. It may be that the whole Vance family has now been provided for, but if not, the Hon. Zebulon can be relied upon to find something more or less soft for all that are yet out in the cold.

THE man who asks: "Is it warm enough for you?" is out again. Don't kill him. Manslaughter is wrong and illegal. Lay him gently on the pavement and walk over him.

Current Anecdotes About the Habits and Tastes of Public Men.

Benj. Perley Poore, in his reminiscences of Congressional life, relates a characteristic story of John Randolph, of Roanoke. Among the Maryland members of the House at the time was Peter Little, who had in early life repaired clocks and watches. One day he had the temerity to move to amend a resolution by John Randolph on the subject of military claims. Mr. Randolph rose up after the amendment had been offered, and drawing his watch from his fob, asked the Hon. Peter what o'clock it was. He told him, "sir," replied the orator, "you can mend my watch, but not my motions. You understand tictics, sir, but not tactics."

The Hon. Joseph Cannon, the loud-talking M. C. from Illinois, cannot speak a minute without striking out vigorously with the left arm. The latter he talks the swifter his left fist flies through the air at the Democratic side of the House. His compliments in that direction are always left-handed. One day two or three sessions back "Sunset" Cox had the floor in the midst of an important debate. Cannon jumped up to ask him a question, and as usual set his left arm in motion, with the long, bony fore-finger violently vibrating toward the head of the New York humorist.

"I will grant the gentleman's request upon one condition," said Cox.

"What is it?" asked Cannon.

"That you put your left hand in your pocket and keep it there until you get through with your question," replied Mr. Cox.

Cannon was not a little nonplussed at the novelty of the contract, but proceeded to comply with terms. He did not get through with his question, however, before out flew his fist on a level with "Sunset."

"Stop," said Cox, "not another word. I knew you couldn't keep your promise. I am not going to have that left-handed lick at me forever." And he shut off the member from Illinois.

The recent attacks made upon Stanton by a rebel brigadier in Congress has caused a marked revival of popular interest in the personality of the great War Secretary and many good anecdotes are about in regard to him. Stanton called a spade a spade always. He had a holy horror of shoddy, and the Major General with his shoulder straps, his clanking sword and his strut of pomposity had not as much effect with him as had the tears of a soldier's widow. He spoke very sharply to officers who were found loafing about Washington when he thought they should be in the field, and it was not uncommon for him to say: "Well, sir, I would like to know what you, an officer of the United States Army, are doing at Washington? If they don't need you at the front, I'll see about mustering you out." Senators and Congressmen had not much weight with him, and he made no bones of saying what he thought in most characteristic language. At one time one of the other members of the Cabinet wanted Stanton to appoint a young friend of his as paymaster in the army.

"How old is he?" said Stanton.

"He is only 21," was the reply; but he is thoroughly respectable and honest."

"Mr. Secretary," responded Stanton, emphatically, "I would not appoint the angel Gabriel paymaster if he was only 21 years old."

Brooklyn is chucking over an oratorical mishap that befell ex-Senator Chas. H. Russell, an eloquent and well known New York politician. Recently he delivered an address at a school commencement. There was a large attendance, and the ex-Senator was so loudly applauded when he arose to speak that he dropped at once into his most pleasing vein and related a humorous anecdote of a man who spoke too frequently and too long at school commencements, and was therefore called a bore.

"Now, children," asked ex-Senator Russell, "what is a bore?"

There was no response.

"It is not possible, children," said the ex-Senator, "that you are not able to tell me what a bore is. Now I see a bright-looking little fellow sitting in that front row. I am sure he knows. Tell me, sonny, what is a bore?"

The bright boy looked just then a trifle bewildered, but said nothing, and Mr. Russell to encourage him, remarked:—"Come, my boy, speak up; I know you can tell me. Now what is a bore?"

The boy's face reddened. He seemed anxious to avoid observation as he twisted uneasily in his chair, but the whole school with parents, friends, teachers, principal and distinguished guests awaited eagerly and in dead silence his answer. There was no escape for him, and just as the long pause was becoming painful he blurted out:—"A Senator!"

"Such a shout of laughter was never before heard in a Brooklyn school building. It was so prolonged that ex-Senator Russell waited three minutes before attempting to renew his speech. Then the audience roared again, and again the ex-Senator was compelled to wait till the laugh rolled by. A few minutes later during the course of his speech, he tried to aim a witty shot at the boy who had knocked him out, but the audience was in sympathy with the boy, and for the third time the laugh was against the Senator. Mr. Russell says that he would now rather deliver an address to a hostile political club than attempt again to catchise an audience of schoolboys.

Forty-five years ago the engagement of P. J. Jones and his sweetheart was broken, and each married. She became Mrs. N. Clark, of McLane, Ill., and he settled in Hancock, Mass. Mrs. Jones died and so did Mr. Clark, and a few days ago Mr. Jones went to Rod. Mrs. Clark and the two who had not met for 45 years, were made man and wife. Each is over 70 years old.

"I LOVE YOU."

She climbed upon my willing knee,
And softly whispered unto me,
"I love you."

Her dainty arms were round my neck,
Her sunny curls were in my face,
And in her tender eyes I saw
The soul of innocence and grace.

And like a sunbeam gliding through
The clouds that hid the skies of blue,
Her smile found access to my heart,
And made the shadows all depart.

O, moment of apocalypse,
In which I saw the stately ships
That erstwhile sailed away from me,
Come riding back across the sea;
I would you might return and stay
Within my lonely heart always.

God bless the darling little child
Who looked up in my face and smiled,
As that brief moment was to me,
More sweet than songs of Israel.

O, angels, listen while I pray
That you will make her life as sweet
As that brief moment was to me,
When'er I heard her lips repeat,
"I love you."

THE GOLDEN CROSS.

About the beginning of the late war a man bent on weighty business, and bearing important dispatches and a large sum of money about his person, found himself belated at night in one of the wildest and most thinly populated quarters of a Southern State.

He was in the heart of a dense wood and not far from a deadly and treacherous swamp. To lie down to rest would have been simply suicide; yet he was worn with fatigue and no habitation appeared in sight. Dismounting he led his horse by the bridle and tried in vain to discover by the sense of touch the road he should follow.

"I must find some shelter for the night," he said. "The people hereabout have not a very good reputation; but I am not afraid of men, and I do fear swamp fever and scorpions. I'll call; there may be someone within hearing." On this he sent up a shout that proved his lungs to be in good condition, and followed it by another and another. After the third he paused and listened. A faint "hello" seemed to echo his, and in a moment more there appeared among the trees the figure of an old man who held a lantern in one hand and shaded his eyes with the other.

"Who is that?" cried this personage; "one of the boys?"

"A stranger," said the traveler. "I'm lost in this confounded place. Can you tell me where I can get shelter?"

"Who are you and where do you come from?"

"I came from farther north; traveling on business; my name is Hogan. I can pay for anything I ask, and shall be thankful, too."

"All right. Come along. My house ain't far off. And, turning, he tottered away into the darkness.

The traveler put his hand upon the pistol in his belt and followed him. A few steps forward, and amid a dense mass of foliage, they made their way to the door of a hut. Within, a fire burned on a rude hearth. Over it a girl crouched, lily looking into the embers.

"That's my darter," said the old man. "We're alone here, and it's a poor place, but you're welcome. Walk in; I'll see your horse is cared for."

The girl looked up sharply and looked down again with a flush on her face. The old man drew a broken chair toward the blaze and lit a pipe torch.

"A fire is comfortable these damp nights if it is warm," he said. "Make some coffee and some ash-cake for us, Nannie. The gentleman's hungry, no doubt."

"I confess I am," said Hogan, taking the proffered chair. "And I do not know what I should have done to-night without your hospitality."

Meanwhile, the girl, a handsome creature of 17, lazily prepared a meal. She moved slowly, but she did not do her work unthinkingly. The coffee smelled well and the ash cake was brown.

When it was done she sat apart and watched the men as they ate and listened to the old man's questions and the stranger's answers.

Afterward she spread upon the floor a bed of straw and a blanket and gilded out of the room.

"I hope you'll sleep well," said the old man. "Good night, sir."

"Good night," said Hogan, but he thought at the same time:

"You seem to be a very hospitable old gentleman, but you have the face of a rascal."

Throwing off his coat, he stretched himself upon the bed, and in five minutes found himself fast sinking into slumber. The pine torch flickered on the wall, the embers died out in the grate, when suddenly a hand rested on his arm and a voice whispered in his ear:

"Stranger, I've something to tell you."

Hogan started up. The girl knelt beside him with her finger on her lip.

"Get up," she said, "and put on your coat. The sooner you're off the better. The old man lied when he said I was his daughter; he has gone for the boys. He said to me just now: 'I've found out who money was spent freely,' and then goes him on better by adding:

"Mr. Harper's views are identical with those of the Gazette, excepting we hold that Mr. Payne had guilty knowledge of the extraordinary efforts in his behalf before the consummation of the sale of the Senatorship. But if he were even as innocent as he looks with benevolent smiles those famous gold-bowed spectacles, none the less is he the banished Democrat of Ohio that the purging process go on, not only with the guilty purchasers, but with the 'unfortunate beneficiary' as well."

Grains of Gold.

The heart of a fool is in his mouth, the language of the wise man is in his heart.

The chameleon, who is said to feed upon nothing but air, has of all animals the nimblest tongue.

Gold is an idol worshipped in all climates without a single temple, and by all classes without a single hypocrite.

Some persons would seem to have a right to spend their lives in trifling, since nature set the example by trilling when she made them.

One great reason why the work of reformation goes on slowly is because we all of us begin on our neighbors and never reach ourselves.

We are linked to both the past and the future, and our duty to the former, well fulfilled, will best fit us to discharge our duty to the latter.

An idle man always thinks he has a right to be affronted if a busy man does devote to him just as much time as he himself has leisure to waste.

Simple emotion will not suffice to elevate the character or improve the life. There must be strength of will, power of self-denial, persevering effort.

The seat of perfect contentment is not in the heart, but in the head; every individual being thoroughly satisfied with his own proportion of brains.

A man without discretion may be compared to a vessel without a helm; which, however ripe its cargo, is in continual danger of being wrecked.

Wit and gaiety answer the same purpose that fire does in a damp house, dispersing chills and drying up mould, and making all wholesome and cheerful.

Character, judgment, virtue, unselfishness, mastery of one's own self—it is these that tell in the long run, far more than the most brilliant qualities.

Hold yourself well in check. The weakness and inefficiency of the men and women who cannot hold a tight rein over themselves, in the emergencies of life are most pitiful.

The proud man hath no God; the envious man hath no neighbor; the angry man hath no himself. What good, then, in being a man, if one has neither himself, nor a neighbor, nor God?

Christian faith is like a grand cathedral, with divinely pictured windows. Standing without, you see no glory, nor possibly can imagine any; standing within, every ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendors.

Along with humility we should cultivate cheerfulness. Humility has no connection with pensive melancholy or timorous dejection. While the truly humble guard against the distraction of all violent passions and inordinate cares, they cherish a cheerful disposition of mind.