URBANA UNION.

"TELL THEM TO OBEY THE LAWS AND UPHOLD THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES."—Last Words of Stephen A. Douglas.

VOLUME VI. NO. 45. URBANA, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1868. WHOLE NUMBER 303.

URBANA UNION.

J. W. HOUX, PROP'R.

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-1y.

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$100 REWARD

For a medicine that will cure
COUGHS,
INFLUENZA,
TICKLING in the THROAT,
WHOOPING COUGH,
relieve
CONSUMPTIVE COUGHS,
quick as
COE'S COUGH BALSAM!

OVER ONE MILLION BOTTLES

have been sold and not a single instance of its failure known. We have in our possession, any quantity of certificates, some of them from

EMINENT PHYSICIANS

who have used it in their practice, and give it the pre-eminence over every other compound.

It does not Dry up a Cough,
but
LOOSENS IT,
so as to enable the patient to expectorate freely.
Two or three doses
Will Invariably Cure Tickling in the Throat!

A half bottle has often completely cured the most Stubborn Cough, and yet, though it is so sure and speedy in its operation, it is perfectly harmless, being purely vegetable. It is very agreeable to the taste, and may be administered to children of any age.

In case of CROUP we will guarantee a cure if taken in season.

No Family should be Without It!

It is within the reach of all, it being the cheapest and best medicine extant.

C. G. CLARK & CO., Proprietors,
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

n252-1y.

COE'S
DYSPEPSIA CURE!

THIS GREAT REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES of the
STOMACH,
is the discovery of the inventor of Coe's valuable Cough Balsam, while experimenting for his own health. It cured Cramp in the Stomach for him which had before yielded to nothing but chloroform.

The almost daily testimony from various parts of the country encourages us to believe there is no disease caused by a disordered stomach it will not speedily cure.

Physicians Endorse and Use it!

MINISTERS GIVE TESTIMONY OF ITS EFFICACY!

And from all directions we receive tidings of cures performed.

DYSPEPSIA!
It is sure to cure.
HEARTBURN!
One dose will cure.
SICK-HEADACHE!
It has cured in hundreds of cases.
HEADACHE AND DIZZINESS!
It stops in thirty minutes.
ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH!
It corrects at once.
RISING OF THE FOOD!
It stops immediately.
DISTRESS AFTER EATING!
One dose will remove.
CHOLERA MORBUS!
Repeated attends to a few doses.
BAD BREATH!
Will be changed with half a bottle.

IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS!

UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS is owing to the fact that

It Cures by Assisting Nature
TO RE-ASSERT HER SWAY IN THE SYSTEM!

Nearly every dealer in the United States sells it at
ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.

C. G. CLARK & CO., Proprietors,
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232-1y E.O.W.

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JOB PRINTING

J. W. HOUX,

Job Printer, Union Office,

Will execute all work entrusted him, with neatness and dispatch, in the

Latest and Most Attractive Styles.

BUSINESS CARDS.

YOUNG & CHANCE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
URBANA, OHIO.

Practice in Champaign and adjoining counties and in the Supreme and Federal Courts of Ohio.
Nov. 22, 1864.-n198

ZAMES TAYLOR. JOHN S. LEEDOM.
TAYLOR & LEEDOM,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Office, one Door West of Post Office,
URBANA, OHIO.
n204-tf.

L. H. LONG,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
URBANA, OHIO.

Will practice in Champaign and adjoining counties.

Will give attention to the collection of claims and and accounts, and especially to the collection of Soldiers' Pay, Bounty and Pension Money.
Will do a Notary business.
Office.—On second floor of Kauffman & Nelson's Building, Public Square.
Apr. 26, 1865.-1y

J. H. AYERS, M.D.,
RESIDENT PHYSICIAN,
URBANA, O.

Office: No. 9 North Main-street, over Bennett's Jewelry Store.

Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Urbana and vicinity. 180-y

JAMES TAYLOR,
MILITARY CLAIM AGENT,
—AND—
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Office: One Door West of the Post Office!
URBANA, O.

Having had considerable experience since the beginning of the present war, in the pay department of the army, and being familiar with that business, offers his services to discharged, wounded, and the relatives of deceased soldiers, for obtaining their
Back Pay, Bounty Money and Pensions
No Charge Made unless the Claim is Allowed or Paid, and then only a reasonable fee. Jan21n43

JOHN S. JAMES.....HERRITT NILES.....JOHN H. JAMES, JR
JAMES, NILES, & JAMES,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
URBANA, O.
Office in Urbana Insurance Company Building

GROCERIES.

IMMENSE EXCITEMENT!!

AND STILL ANOTHER
VETO!

H. G. & D. W. HAPPERSETT

Have placed their VETO on the old method of conducting business.

QUICK SALES
AND READY PAY
IS THEIR MOTTO.

The idea of selling Goods on long credits and immense profits is disastrous to both buyer and seller.

The undersigned have purchased the "Cincinnati Grocery" stand, and opened out a

Large and Choice Stock
—OF—
FAMILY GROCERIES,

direct from the Eastern market, and which will be sold lower than the lowest *for cash*.

They have everything belonging to the stock of a well supplied and well regulated

PROVISION STORE,

Flour and Meal, Yankee Notions &c.

And in fact everything generally kept for sale in a No. 1 Grocery and Provision Store.

☞ Butter, Lard, Eggs, Apples, Chickens and everything of the produce kind taken in exchange for Groceries. The HIGHEST MARKET PRICES paid in all cases.

The patronage of a liberal public is solicited.

☞ Don't Forget the Place!

South-east corner of Public Square, Urbana, Ohio.

n226-tf. H. G. & D. W. HAPPERSETT.

MEATS.

MEAT MARKET!

The undersigned has opened a Meat Market in Urbana at Dan'l O'Connor's Grocery, on

Tuesday, August 27th, 1867.

He respectfully solicits a share of the public patronage; and will keep an assortment of meats of the best quality. Call and see for yourselves.

262-tf. DENNIS CASEY.

ALE.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC—WHERE TO BUY

ALE FOR FAMILY USE.

E. VANDERBURG,
Cor. Russell and Court-Sts.,
URBANA, O.,

is now prepared to supply families, parties, and others with the

Celebrated Wheeling Ale,
PALE, KENNETT & STOCK

in bottles, from the brewery of Reiley, Barnes, & Hobbs. It will be found the best brand in the market. Call and try it. E. VANDERBURG.
Urbana, May 22, 1867. 267-tf.

PAY UP:

All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to A. & J. M. Mosgrove, are respectfully requested to call and settle immediately, by cash or due bill.
Jan. 1, 1868. A. & J. M. MOSGROVE.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

DR. CONE'S APPOINTMENTS.

DR. CONE has visited Urbana about eight years, and treats and cures all variety of diseases, and may be consulted at his offices at the following times and places:

In Urbana, at the Exchange Hotel, on Wednesdays, Nov. 13; Dec. 18; Jan. 22; Feb. 26; April 1; May 6.

In Springfield, at the Willis House, on Thursdays, Oct. 10; Nov. 14; Dec. 19; Jan. 23; Feb. 27; April 2; May 7.

In London, at the Phifer House, on Fridays, Oct. 11; Nov. 15; Dec. 20; Jan. 24; Feb. 28; April 3; May 8.

Dr. Cone has now practiced, at the above offices, nearly nine years, and if he have life and health, he will fill the above seven appointments; but after that time he will not practice at any of the above offices for some months, and he may discontinue his visits entirely.

Dr. Cone cures all forms of Chronic Diseases, as Dyspepsia in all its various varieties; all diseases of the Lungs and Air Passages, as Caryngitis, and Consumption; all diseases of the Kidney, Liver, Pancreas, and the Glands generally; all diseases of the Heart, Blood and Blood Vessels; all diseases of the Brain and Nerves, as Epilepsy, Chorea, or St. Vitus Dance, Neuralgia, Palsy, and general nervous innutrition; all diseases of females, enlarged tonsils, and all forms of Scrofula, as also all diseases of the Eye and Ear; and all other Chronic Diseases. No charge for consultation, but cash for medicines. Be sure not to delay your application too long. n238-tf.

DR. TUCKER'S VISITS.

Dr. Tucker may be consulted at

Urbana—Weaver House, Nov. 14th, Jan. 4th, Feb. 20th, April 9th, May 21st.

Springfield—Willis House, Nov. 15th, Jan. 6th, Feb. 21st, April 10th, May 21st.

He will cure every case he promises to.—Treats Consumption, Bronchitis, loss of voice, Sore Throat, Dyspepsia, Liver Disease, Kidney, Bladder, and Eruptive Skin Complaints, Rheumatism, Scrofula, Epilepsy Neuralgia, Sick-Headache, and Female Diseases with wonderful success. Let no one despair of a cure till they have consulted Dr. Tucker.

Dr. Tucker has had more experience and better success in curing ALL CHRONIC and obstinate diseases than any doctor in the West.

Ten years of successful business on one circuit is, or ought to be, sufficient to convince all who need medicine and wish to be cured, that they had best consult Dr. Tucker at once.

Energetic Men and Ladies Wanted to Canvass for the
ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF THE
BOOKS OF THE BIBLE.
BY PROF. CALVIN E. STOWE, D. D.

Showing what the Bible is not: what it is, and how to use it; tracing the history of each book up to its origin with the inspired authors, and completely answering all infidel cavils and objections to the Scriptures. It is an ordinary library of Biblical History in a single volume, brief, clear, accurate, conclusive and highly interesting. A master-piece of common sense. It is needed in every family where the Bible is read, as well as by every Sabbath School teacher, student and clergyman, and being the only book on the subject ever published or sold in this country, agents can easily see the advantage of canvassing for this work. Send for circular containing notices and indorsements from leading ministers of all denominations.

Address ZEIGLER, McCURDY & CO.,
No. 177 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, O.
291-4m.

ALL AROUND THE WORLD!

THE FIRST PREMIUM Of a Silver Medal WAS AWARDED TO BARRETT'S HAIR RESTORATIVE By the N. H. State Agricultural Society, at its Fair, holden in Nashua, Sept. 26, 1860.

BARRETT'S
Vegetable Hair Restorative

Restores Gray Hair to its Natural Color; promotes the growth of the Hair; changes the roots to their original organic action; eradicates Dandruff and Humors; prevents Hair falling out; is a superior Dressing. It contains no injurious ingredients, and is the most popular and reliable article throughout the East, West, North, and South.

J. R. BARRETT & CO., Proprietors,
MANCHESTER, N. H.

FISLER & CHANCE, Wholesale and Retail Agents for Urbana.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

Buckeye Business and Commercial College
SANDUSKY, OHIO.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
Address S. P. HARE, President, Sandusky, O.
n263-tf

SETTLE UP!

THE notes and accounts due the undersigned, can be found at Jacob Ambaugh & Co.'s Store No. 1 Public Square. Payment may be made to M. Gallagher or Madison C. Powell

These notes and accounts must now be settled, and those who neglect to call and make satisfactory arrangements on or before the 1st of July, will find them in the hands of proper officers for collection.

271-tf. J. AULABAUGH.

LEGAL.

Legal Notice.

To Thomas Chance, Mary C. Wiant and Jasper Wiant, her husband, Maria T. Chance, Madeline Chance, Eliza J. Chance, Noah S. Chance, Sarah V. Chance and James Thomas Chance, who reside in Champaign County, Ohio. And Rowena Snyder and David Snyder, her husband, who reside in the State of Indiana.

You will take notice that on the 12th day of December, A. D. 1867, the undersigned filed a Petition in the Court of Common Pleas of Champaign County, Ohio, where the same is now pending, demanding partition of the following premises: Situate in said County of Champaign, State of Ohio, and in Mad-river Township, and being so much of the West half of the N. W. quarter of Sec. 22, T. 4, R. 11, as lies South of the Urbana & Troy Road—except 40 acres off the West side thereof, heretofore sold and conveyed to Benj. Kite, containing 77½ acres of land more or less.

The undersigned demands that partition be made of said premises, as follows: to the undersigned, one-ninth thereof, to Mary C. Wiant, wife of Jasper Wiant, Rowena Snyder, wife of David Snyder, Maria T. Chance, Madaline Chance, Sarah V. Chance, Noah S. Chance, Eliza J. Chance and James Thomas Chance, each one-ninth thereof. To said Thomas Chance, life estate in the whole. At the next term of said Court an application will be made by the undersigned for an order that partition &c., may be made of said premises.

FRANK CHANCE.
297-6w. By Young & Chance, his Attorneys.

Sheppard Corbin's Estate.

Notice is hereby given that the subscriber has been appointed and qualified as administrator on the Estate of Sheppard Corbin, late of Champaign County, deceased.

Dated at Urbana, this 17th day of Dec. A. D., 1867.
301-5w. A. F. LICKLIDER.

Assignees Notice.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned have been constituted and duly qualified Assignees for the benefit of creditors of S. E. Northcut & William Blair, partners as S. E. Northcut & Co. All creditors holding claims against said persons or firm, are required to prove and present such claims as are required by law, for dividend within thirty days.

JOHN G. WALLACE, } Assignees.
S. L. P. STONE, }
302-30d.

Miscellany.

[From the Farmer's Chronicle.]

A Governor in a Hay Mow—A Legislator in a Night Gown.

The junior editor of the Farmer's Chronicle writes me a strictly confidential note urging me, as one of his old time friends, to give him an article for his next number on thoroughbred cattle. The atmosphere of this old farm house from which I write, bright now with the rich tints of Christmas just past, and a new year just introduced, is not congenial to the consideration of such a subject. I have been so thoroughly bred in the traditionary laws of the farm house holiday season, that I would as soon think of carrying a rifle into a Quaker meeting as of attempting to write about thoroughbred cattle at this time and in this place. I submit, however, a proposition that I am sure will be accepted. Let the editors of the Chronicle set aside for me a corner in their paper, an unpretentious one, devoted to nothing in particular, to every thing in general; a place where I can hang up for the reader's view, farm house pictures, fire-side scenes, and where I can produce the tales I hear at every country home I visit.

Years on years ago, the charm of life to me was centered in a young girl just budding into womanhood. The girl became my wife, and life had a new charm in the home existence she created. Children came, and I had no other ambition than to be at home, so great was the charm. The wife went from me to a better world—children went from me to other homes, and life for a time had not a single charm. The favorite cows, my children's pets, the old dog that commenced life with my marriage, the old horse that as a prancing piece of perfection had been my wife's wedding present, still lingered at the old farm and I could not desert it. The love that I had for the human seemed to turn in part to the brute friends, and hence I became a stock fancier. I grew into an enthusiast and found that life had another charm. This could not last. It was but the reaction that was to save me from gloom. An old man now only in years, with heart as warm as when I first loved, with a sacred presence always seeming to hover about me, with the memories of a pleasant home ever present, the charm of life to me now is to find a home circle that looks as mine did before the presiding genius left it. There are dozens of such circles to which I find a hearty welcome, and so great is my happiness that I fain would have others see it and partake of it. I always go to such places with the determination to remain but two days, but always by a series of resolves and re-resolves, manage to remain two weeks. To one who has seen as I have seen, a home fade away from him, the spirit of this old farm-house circle becomes peculiarly soothing. When a boy I built air castles with an intoxicating sort of energy, I revel now in realities that are pleasanter than my boyish dreams.

Without being personal, I desire to have the reader see our fireside here. A young fellow just home from Oxford seems to me to be just now the autocrat of the hearthstone. His four sisters think he is "perfectly splendid" and listen with open eyes to his slightly exaggerated stories of college life. The father and mother, and the grandmother, the best knitting machine I ever saw—acknowledge his authority, under the suspension of rules. His two younger brothers, in the terse language of the younger, "acknowledge nothing," and two old gentlemen, hale, hearty and sixty, with Judge and Hon. prefixed to their names, depose him whenever they come in, and this they do very frequently. The great old wood fire is always glorious, the cider pitcher always full, the apple bowl always piled full and high and the supply of hickory nuts apparently inexhaustible. These are inspirers of almost anything good, and when the evening is half done words flow freely and pleasant tales are told.

Fancy now the jolly, round-faced, grey-haired Judge sitting astride his chair, back in front, with his cane held in one hand, its silver head under his chin or nose, or tapping his forehead as the case may be, and you are ready for the following:

"A chance for a warm tussle this year in the Legislature," says our young Oxford friend. "You will see the inauguration I suppose, Judge?"

"Of course, sir, I have been present at every inauguration for the last twenty years. It does one good, sir, to go. It is a grand sight, sir, to see Ohio honoring her Governor as she honors him now. The time was, sir, when such was not the case. We thought as much of our Governor then, perhaps, as we do now, but we didn't show it. You recollect old Governor Morrow, squire—splendid man. (Cane goes down on the floor with a sudden emphasis that rouses the little girl at the corner from a nap). He did not live at the Capital but on his farm as a farmer, and I have often changed work with him and always got good return.

"On one occasion, an officer from one of the Eastern States came to Columbus, as the agent in an important criminal case. The Governor was on his farm in a distant county, and as the case admitted of no delay, the agent went post haste to find him. Arriving at the old mansion, he asked for Governor Morrow. A lady directed him to the barn. Feeling that he was being humbugged, the man went under protest as directed. He found two men busy with a load of hay, one pitching to the mow—the other mowing away. He looked in vain for Governor Morrow, and, a little out of humor, asked the man on the wagon of his whereabouts. The individual addressed pitched his last forkful to the mow, and then taking off his hat, wiping the perspiration from his brow, said, 'I am Governor Morrow; what can I do for you, sir?' The agent, now sure of the humbug, became indignant, said he wished to see Governor Morrow on business and none of his servants. The farmer descended from the wagon, directed 'John' to drive the oxen out to the meadow, assured the man that he was the Governor, led the way to the house, and being one of the best talkers of the day, he soon convinced the indignant agent that the Governor of Ohio was the right man in the right place; that he understood the dignity of the Gubernatorial chair as well as the mysteries of the hay mow. Years afterwards I met this man in Boston, and he said that the strangest adventure in his career was his meeting with Governor Morrow in the barn."

Just here the little girls, who with their mother and grandmother as a screen, had disrobed in the corner, slipped by the Judge in their night gowns flitting into the bed-room adjoining with a graceful bashfulness that was charming.

"That reminds me," said the Judge, "of your question about the Legislature, Frank. Close as the fight may be this session it will be nothing to the fight we had when I was a member. The fight was then on Senator and the factions were just equal in numbers. This was many years ago, when the old Capitol building held place, and when Whig and Democrat were contestants. There were shrewd men on both sides and we watched each other like hawks. Motions, postponements, appeals, discussions, &c., took a double round and the morning of the deciding test vote arrived. Our side had maneuvered to have a vote for an adjournment, to take place the first thing in the morning, that would carry us past the day appointed for the vote on Senator. We had every man in place, having carried two sick men into the hall in their beds. One of the opposition roomed next to me at the old Neil. He was lazy, and as I passed I assured myself that he was asleep. When the House was called to order the opposition saw the trick. The lobby was crowded and there was intense excitement. The opposition leaders at once sent energetic members for the sleepy delinquents. The motion for adjournment was made, and we were sure of success. Our old friend, Charley Flood, I believe, was Clerk, and with the opposition in feeling. In calling the names he stammered, deliberated, called wrong, corrected himself, coughed, and managed to gain time. Members were shouting "go on;" the spectators were uproarous; almost the last name had been reached when the door swung open and in came my sleepy friend bareheaded, bare feet only half concealed by slippers, and in his night shirt, a cloak thrown loosly about his shoulders, a friend carrying his pants, vest, boots, and coat. As he entered the Clerk shouted his name, and out of breath as he was, he gasped out 'here!' The member proceeded to array himself in his clothing amidst the jokes of the people and took his seat, one of the queerest looking legislative specimens I ever saw.

"I say," said little Georgie, "did he—did he have his tother shirt on under his night shirt?"

"Oh; no!" said the Judge, considerately.

"Well then—then—then how could he dress up in there without having his tother shirt on?"

Georgie was sent to bed immediately. The judge took another drink of cider and went home.

A score of these little fireside tales claim expression at my hands, but for this time I must conclude under the rule that my "corner" is full.

Traddles.

A Most Strange Chapter.

A correspondent writes us from Waterloo, Iowa, asking if we knew of one Edgar Burnham, and of his history.

We do. And as it is a strange, true one, known to hundreds, we give it in the Democrat as it is, that we may correct some errors those who speak of him have fallen into. Eight years since, when we were engaged as city editor of a Milwaukee paper, there lived in this State an editor named Powell, now connected with a Chicago paper, we think. He is, unless he has quit it lately.

In 1862 Powell was married to a Miss Ellen Burnham, of Broadhead, Wisconsin, after a courtship of some months.—Miss Burnham's parents were old residents of Broadhead, and of high respectability. The daughter taught music, had a large number of pupils, and was very attractive. Powell lived with her as a husband two years, she being all that time a good wife in all respects, presenting him with but one child. At the expiration of two years, when about twenty-one years of age, Mrs. Powell's voice changed, she grew light whiskers, and gradually changed her sex, developing into a man, in all respects, as if nature, anxious for a freak, had turned a portion of herself wrong side out.

The husband and wife separated when the wife became a man, and Mrs. Ellen Powell took the name of Edgar Burnham, donned male attire, sought and obtained employment as a clerk in Chicago, and lived a single young man for one year.

During this time he fell in love with a niece of Senator Morgan, of New York but did not marry her, for reasons not pertinent to this article. But about the end of the year he did marry a young lady of Broadhead, Wisconsin, a Miss Gerta Everett, who was a music pupil of his when he was a Miss Ellen Burnham, over three years previous to the marriage. This second marriage was two years ago. Soon after this marriage 'Edgar' Burnham and wife removed to Waterloo, Iowa, where they now reside, or did not long since.

The former girl in now a man, the former wife is now a husband the former mother is now a father, the former young lady teacher of a young lady is now that young lady's husband! Truth is, indeed, stranger than fiction, and the above simple statement of facts borders so upon the marvelous we could not believe it did we not personally know nearly all the parties.

Any one can be convinced, by writing to the parties in either of the places we have named, of the full and entire truth of this most wonderful transformation which puzzles not only the medical but the entire scientific world, and which fact appears now for the first time in print, though the particulars have long been known to us and to many other newspaper men and prominent citizens of this State, as to nearly all the citizens of Broadhead, where the parties so long resided.—*La Crosse Dem.*

A Wedding Night Shirt.

It wasn't hardly the fair thing that the boys did to Joe Thompson the night he was married, but the temptation was irresistible. They couldn't have helped it to have saved their lives. I'll tell you how it was.

Joe was about the most fancy dressed buck in the town—over nice and particular—a perfect Miss Nancy in manners, always putting on airs, and more dainty and modest than a girl. Well, when his wedding night came, he was dressed trunk empty, and his pants especially fitted him as if they had been moulds and his legs candles, and run into them. Tight was no name for them. Their set was immense, and he was prouder than half a dozen peacocks.

"Aren't they nice, boys?" he asked of the two who were to be groomsmen and see that he threw himself away after the most approved fashion.

"Stunning! gorgeous!" repled Tom Bennet. "Never saw anything equal to them. But, I say, Joe, aren't they just the least bit tight? It strikes me that you will have some difficulty in bending, won't you?"

"Pshaw, no; they are as easy an old glove. See!"

To prove the matter he bent down so as to touch his patent leathers, when crack, crack, followed like the twin reports of a revolver.

"Thunder!" exclaimed Joe, as he put his hands behind, and found a rent in the cassimere from stem to stern. "Thunder! the pants have burst, and what shall I do?"

"I should rather think they had," answered Tom, getting purple in the face, as he endeavored to control his laughter. "But there is no time to get another pair. It only wants half an hour to standing up time, and we have got a mile to go. Carriage waiting, too."

"What shall I do; what shall I do?"

"I'll tell you what, if mine would fit you, you should have them in welcome, but they are about a mile too big; would set like a shirt on a bean pole. I see no way but to have them mended."

"Well, I am something of a tailor, and can fix them so that they won't show. Hold on a minute, and I'll get a needle and thread."

"Can you? May heaven bless you!"

"Off with your coat," commanded Tom, as he came back.

"Now, lay yourself over on the bed, and I will fix you in short order."

The command was obeyed; the pants mended; the coat tails carefully pinned over, so as to conceal the "distress for rent," and all went merry as a marriage bell, until Joe followed his blushing bride to the nuptial couch.

There was only a dim light in the room, but it enabled Joe, as he glanced bashfully around, to see the sweetest face in the world, the rosy cheeks and ripe lips, the lovely and loving blue eyes, and the golden curls just peeping from out the snowy sheets, and he extinguished it altogether, and hastened to disrobe himself. Off came coat, vest, fancy neck tie and collar, boots and socks, in a hurry, but somehow the pants stuck. The more he tried the more they wouldn't come, and hugged vainly for half an hour.

"Thunder!" muttered Joe.

"What is the matter, dear?" came in the softest of accents from the bed, where somebody was wondering if he was ever going to come to her arms.

It was a moment of desperation; Joe was entirely overcome by the situation, and, forgetting his accustomed bashfulness, blurted out:

"Moll, that cursed Tom Bennett has sewed my pants, drawers, shirt, and undershirt all together!"

"It is too bad. Wait a moment, my dear."

A little stockingless foot peeped out first, then a ruffled night dress, the lamp was lighted, a pair of scissors found, Joe released, and, although he denies it, Tom Bennett swears that his wedding shirt was of the shortest possible extent, reasoning *a posteriori*.

Some fishermen use cotton for bait; so do some women.

A Word to Democrats.

We would say to our Democratic friends; close up your ranks for the coming campaign. Let there be thorough organization effected in every school district. See that no stragglers are left behind. Do not allow the enemy to advance, but compel them to continue their retrograde movement begun at the last elections. To do this, see that every man who is halting between two opinions is supplied with the proper ammunition—that is a good Democratic newspaper. If you cannot get him to pay for a journal ask him to read one, which you must furnish gratuitously. A few dollars spent that way in each school district by the Democracy will produce a bountiful result. The people of this county and district must be kept aroused to a sense of the condition of the country. The truth must be spread before the masses of the people, and in no other way can it be done but by fireside reading. The political reaction that has taken place must be kept up by exposing the corruption of the present Radical party leaders, who love darkness rather than light. The skies of the political horizon, although bright, are very dark, and it behooves every lover of right to be a sentinel on watchtower of liberty. The enemies of constitutional government are using every means, no matter how arbitrary, to hold the reins of government, for the purpose of establishing an aristocratic or military power.—But with a thorough organization of the Democracy, and by keeping the camp fires burning, the enemy will be routed in November, 1868. Then let us throw our banners to the breeze, and inscribe thereon: "This is a white man's government, made by white men and their posterity. No special privileges for any, equal taxation for all."

Serious Advice to "Green Skaters."—Now that the skating mania has broken out with violence, the following directions may be useful to new beginners:

1. Never try to skate in two directions at once. This feat has often been attempted by new beginners, but never successfully. It always ends in sorrow.

2. Eat a few apples for refreshment sake while skating, and be sure to throw the cores on the ice, for fast skaters to break their necks over. Fast skaters are your natural enemies and should not be allowed to enjoy themselves peaceably.

3. Sit down occasionally, no matter where—right in the way of the rest of the party, if you want to. There is no law to prevent a new beginner from sitting down whenever he feels an inclination to do so.

4. When you meet a particularly handsome lady try to skate on both sides of her at once. This is very pretty, and sure to create a sensation. If the lady's big brother is in sight, it is well to omit this.

5. Skate over all the small boys at once. Knock 'em down. It makes great fun, and—they like it.

6. If you skate into a hole in the ice, take it coolly. Think how you would feel if the water was boiling hot.

7. If your skates are too slippery, buy a new pair. Keep buying new pairs till you find a pair that are not slippery.

8. In sitting down, do it gradually.—Don't be too sudden, you may break the ice.

9. When you fall headlong examine the straps of your skates very carefully before you get up. This will make every body think you fell because your skate was loose. Beginners always do, you know.

10. Wear a heavy overcoat or cloak till you get thoroughly warmed up, and then throw it off to let the wind cool you. This will insure you a fine cold that will last you as long as you live.

After you get so you can skate tollerably well, skate yourself sick immediately. Don't be reasonable about it; skate three or four hours; skate frantically, skate till you can't stand up.

A few simple directions for lady skaters are added:

1. If you wear tilters on the ice, be sure your calves are properly adjusted. The spectators along the bank are generally critical.

2. Scream prettily in passing an air hole, and give the arm of Charles Augustus a frantic squeeze. It makes him feel his oats in a protectional way.

3. If your skating partner is eligible, and your foot is pretty, don't hesitate in asking him to adjust your skate-straps every ten minutes. He will rather like it.

What Should be Considered.—One of our exchanges says that Mrs. Fuller, the wife of a soldier who lost one arm and one leg in the war, was compelled a few days ago, to walk, with her three children, from Lynn, Mass., to Philadelphia, to get her husband's pension—the pension agent, who is a Radical, having sought to swindle her out of it. Having accomplished her journey, she was compelled to receive her money, in greenbacks. The bondlords demand their money in gold and the Radicals swear they must have it.—*Springfield (Ill.) Register.*

We are in favor of renouncing the present policy of the Government. If we are to have in the future two currencies, we would pay the soldiers and sailors families pensions in gold, and the bondholders in legal tenders. If there is to be a distinction, let it be in favor of the man who risked his life, and lost his limbs and his health, instead of the man who really risked nothing, and otherwise was well paid for what he did.