

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

A Family Newspaper--Devoted to Politics, Foreign and Domestic News, Literature, the Arts and Sciences, Education, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements, &c.

VOLUME XXIII.

WOODSFIELD, MONROE COUNTY, OHIO, FEBRUARY 26, 1867.

NUMBER 52

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY

Published Every Tuesday.

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JOB PRINTING Executed with neatness and dispatch at this office, and at reasonable prices.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:
One square, three weeks.....\$2 00
One square, six months..... 3 00
One square, one year..... 5 00
One square, two years..... 8 00
One square, three years..... 10 00
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All legal advertisements will be charged by the line.

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ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS TO AND FROM WOODSFIELD.

Barnesville, which now includes Beavertown and Galena mails, arrive each evening at 3 P. M. Leaves each morning at 9 A. M.
Western Marietta arrives Tuesdays and Fridays. Leaves Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 7 A. M.
Sunshine arrives every Tuesday evening. Leaves Wednesday morning at 7 A. M.
Southern Marietta arrives Tuesdays and Fridays. Leaves Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 7 A. M.

Professional Cards.

Dr. W. T. SINCLAIR.
Having resumed the practice of Medicine, tenders his Professional services to the citizens of Woodsfield and vicinity.
Residence one door North of Driggs' Store.

W. F. HUNTER, D.D.
W. F. HUNTER, JR.

HUNTER & HUNTER.
Attorneys at Law,
Woodsfield, Monroe County, Ohio.
Will practice in Monroe and adjoining Counties.

JACOB T. MORRILL.
Attorney & Counsellor at Law
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Clarington, Monroe County, O.
Will promptly and faithfully attend to business entrusted to his care. Compromise and amicable adjustment always first sought, and litigation used only as the last resort.
Oct. 31, 66.

J. W. SHANNON.
Attorney at Law,
BELLAIRE, BELMONT CO., OHIO.
1864.

JAMES B. MORRIS.
JOHN S. WATSON.
MORRIS & WATSON.
Attorneys & Counsellors
AT LAW,
Woodsfield, Monroe County, Ohio.
Office, over Walton's New Store.
April 26, 1865.

J. C. ANGE.
Notary Public.
AMOS & SPRIGGS.
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
and Licensed Claim Agents,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
Office--Up stairs in the old Bloomer House.
April 26, 1865.

EDWARD ARCHBOLD.
Attorney at Law, Notary Public
AND
Military Claim Agent
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
July 5, 1866-7.

J. J. COCHRAN & CO.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
And Dealers in
FLOUR AND MESS PORK.
No. 131, West Columbus Street,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.
Sole agents of PRODUCE of every description, and orders for the purchase of all kinds of MERCHANDISE.

For our customers' assurance we are permitted to use the following names as REFERENCES:
Daholt & Angar, Cincinnati, O. W. W. Haney & Co., Cincinnati, O. List, Morrison & Co., Wheeling, W. Va. M. & J. Pollock, Wheeling, W. Va. Roworth, Wells & Co., Marietta, O. St. Andrew & Co., Gallipolis, O. C. P. Tracy & Co., Portsmouth, O. Capt. J. K. Booth, S. & O. R. E. Line of Steamers. Hon. Wm. F. Cutler, General Sup't. M. & C. R. Ry. - 1865.

John Surratt Arrested
GREAT BARGAINS!
SIX FARMS FOR SALE

TERMS TO SUIT PURCHASERS!
The undersigned offers for sale SIX FARMS, all lying in Monroe County, Ohio, and containing 265 acres, 250 acres, 130 acres, 100 acres, and two 80 acres each.

These farms are well calculated for farming purposes, being well watered and timbered. Persons wishing to purchase will receive all necessary information by calling at the office of the undersigned.
JOHN S. WATSON,
Woodsfield, Ohio.

The Little Pauper.

BY FRANK LEE BENDISOT.

"Don't shut me in there! Please don't shut me in there! I won't be bad again--oh, don't, don't!"
Such an appealing cry that it might have softened the heart of a granite image--such a pale, terror-stricken face that looked up with its childish eyes wild with fear--such a worn, wasted little creature, altogether, that clung so despairingly to the woman's hands, and pleaded for mercy in that despairing voice.

But there was neither mercy nor compassion in the woman's countenance--she only forced him more roughly out of the school-room where the children had watched the scene, a few precocious half-hearted from the evil lessons of their young lives laughing viciously, but most of them doing their best to keep back their tears lest they should share their companion's fate.

Perhaps the teacher did not realize her own cruelty--she had been sorely tried all day. She was tyrannical by nature, and the almost absolute power which she had wielded for years had warped and distorted her soul. She was really incapable of understanding how a diabolical cruelty animated her, when she believed herself administering justice, and carrying out to the letter the stern laws she had laid down for the government of those hapless children.

It was only a charity school attached to one of the public institutions near a great city--scarcely a child among the whole crowd that knew the meaning of the word home, or had any idea connected with the name of mother, beyond that which some merciful angel might have sent them in their dreams.

Perhaps the woman was worse off, for she had borne the routine of her desolate life so many years, and the recollections of her own childhood and youth had so completely died out in the ice which looked her heart, that no pitying angel could soften its hardness enough to have sunned any gentle dream through its depth.

Still the boy moaned piteously--"Don't shut me up! Only let me go! I will be good--oh, I will be good!"
She dragged him through the hall toward the door of the dark cellar, answering only:

"I know you will! I mean you shall!"
One hand was on the latch, the other grasping his collar, and when she opened the door and the awful blackness yawned below, the child wrenched himself from her hold and turned with a frantic idea of escape.

"Stop!" said Miss Folsom, and the very voice of his tyrant was enough to deprive his limbs of all strength. He could only fall on his knees, his utterance gone, and only a dull, dry sob when he strove to plead anew.

"You'll try to run away, will you?" she exclaimed, lifting him up and shaking him violently. "I'll teach you who is mistress here! Down with you! Now just sit there in the dark, and think what I've read to you in the Bible about the bad boys being eaten by bears."

She pushed him down the steps; the shutting of the door drowned the last wail of anguish which he found voice to utter, the key turned in the lock, and Miss Folsom went back to her other duties.

Charley Gates--he absolutely had a name--had once known a mother's love, and had been cared for and prayed over, but it was a long while ago--oh, a long, long while, it seemed to him, poor little innocent.

He was not eight years old yet--less than two years before, poverty and sickness had driven his mother into the hospital, and when she died there, Charley was placed among the asylum children, and came under the charge of Miss Folsom.

A pretty, timid boy, with golden hair that ought to have had gentle hands to brush it--a delicate, nervous organization that needed constant care and tenderness. But alas for the weakness of public charities, gentleness and tenderness cannot be hired, and the world over people notable for a talent where government is concerned, are likely to be a little wanting in the matter of heart.

There he sat, crouched on the steps, so paralyzed by fright that he could not even hide his face in his hands--so blinded by the sudden darkness that he could see nothing--expecting every moment some terrible thing would seize him--and almost with a child's terrible maddest--an imprisonment just as frightful as a dungeon for life would be to a man--oh, poor baby boy, with no more hope than if the blackness must be eternal, and Heaven so far away!

When he could think at all, he seemed to be trying to pray--the little prayer his mother had taught him in the life that lay such words back in the shadow never forgotten even in the desolation of the present existence; and oh, such a different prayer from those good people came into the school-room and made.

footstep--not his heart-beat--oh, the footstep of the invisible thing that was springing toward him in the darkness. She never would come! He had been there years--forever! And the night was clearing a little--most horrible of all! Accustomed to the gloom, his eyes began dimly to distinguish objects in the vault below. The most ordinary articles took hideous shapes--nothing was still--all moving toward him.

He tried to get back on the top step--he could not stir! Something on the stairs and he could not cry out--clouds of blackness rolling slowly back, and his agony growing keener with the restored power of sight.

One more wild struggle--more frightful sounds--all those dreadful shapes coming closer and closer--a faint utterance of the words his mother had taught, "Our Father, which"
Then there was a long, dull noise--the child slid slowly from stair to stair, and lay motionless at the foot.

School was over, the children had dispersed, and were riotous with their hour of play. Miss Folsom still sat in the dull room; a few rays from the setting sun brightened it a little, but she did not notice. She was busy--writing a letter to the Guardians about her salary.

It was not until she rose to go out to supper that she remembered the boy--Never mind; to be sure she had left him longer than she meant, but it would do him good!

She went to the cellar door and opened it. "You can come out," she said. There was no answer. "Are you still in there? Take care, or I'll leave you all night. Come out this moment!"

Not a sound! Call louder, Miss Folsom, speak more sternly; how dare the little pauper disobey your voice!
She peered eagerly into the darkness. Nothing there. With a feeling at her heart such as had not stirred its pulses for years, the teacher moved cautiously down the steps. The light from the open door streamed in, and showed the little form huddled on the ground.

Miss Folsom raised the boy and carried him up stairs into her own room. God knows what she felt there--oh, well that He is merciful!

The next day the children knew that Charley Gates was in the sick room, but whether their blunted senses connected his illness with the punishment of the previous evening, mattered little; there was no one to whom they could complain.

It was a week later--just a week. The boy Charley lay in a little bed by the open window; the afternoon sun streamed in warm and pleasant.

All that day he had had his senses for the first time, but he was so weak that he could not talk much. The dull delirium of the past days was over--no more appeals to be taken out of the dark--no more cries of "Mother, mother," that had wrenched Miss Folsom's soul whenever her duties permitted her to enter the apartment.

Charley had been asleep--he had awakened only a few moments before, and begged to have the window opened, and just then Miss Folsom came in.

He saw her, and put up his little thin hands, while a wild terror, such as his face had worn in his delirium, shot over his features.

"I'll be good! I'll be good!" he cried faintly.
"You'd better go away," said the nurse gruffly; "you'll make him as bad as ever."
"I won't hurt you, Charley," groaned Miss Folsom. "Oh, Charley, Charley, I won't hurt you!"

"Don't make such a fuss," retorted the other; "you didn't mean any harm, but if it gets out you'll lose your place."
But Miss Folsom was on her knees by the bed, kissing wildly the pale hand which lay over the covert, and begging for mercy.

Charley was not frightened any longer; he lay looking at her with a staring wonder.
"Who are you?" he whispered.
"I'm your teacher, Charley. Oh, forgive me."
"I didn't know you could cry," he said quietly, but the words would haunt the woman to her death.

She could not talk to him much; very soon he seemed sleep again, and lay for a little time with his eyes closed.
"You stay here," said the nurse; "I'll come back right away."
Miss Folsom took the chair she had left, and sat watching the little pale face, with a remorse such as I pray you and I may never feel.

Suddenly he opened his eyes, and a strange brightness illuminated his whole countenance.

The Mechanics and Laborers Famine--Twenty Thousand Dock Laborers Not Earning a Shilling in Two Months.

[From the London Times, Jan. 22.]
At a meeting held at the Mansion House a number of communications on the subject, which had been forwarded to the Lord Mayor, were handed in by him, with a request that as they appeared to contain much information in reference to the state of the population in the distressed districts, and to be furnished by persons on the spot, our reporter would give the material parts of them. At a meeting of the Poplar Board of Guardians, held on the 8th of January, it was stated that the number of out-door paupers had increased to such an extent that the relieving officers had found it utterly impossible for them to visit all who had applied for relief. Mr. Jeffrey, the relieving officer for the South District, had nearly 1,000 families on his books, each family representing at least five persons. He had been at work night and day, and felt quite unequal to the strain. On the previous day he had given away two tons and five hundredweight of bread. The total number of persons relieved out of the house that week was 8,319, being an increase on that of the corresponding week of last year of 5,453, and the contractor had supplied the Union with 16 tons 13 cwt. of bread in a week, or 9,324 loaves. That was in Poplar alone. A gentleman residing in the West India road, writing on Sunday last states that he had visited many of the working people at their homes in that neighborhood, and that the distress among the laborers and mechanics is appalling. Many of them, he says, is quite disheartened, sitting within bare walls, with neither bed nor clothing, and with their children all naked and famishing. Strong young men had burst into tears on seeing him enter, and pointed to their starving wives and children in silent despair. Some among them had been very improvident; but others quite the reverse. He had that day relieved a young man with four children, who was an iron-worker, and had been out of employment for many months. He was a teetotaler, and had husbanded his saved earnings to the last, and now, with his family, had nothing to lie upon but the bare floor, and nothing to cover them but a single sheet. The Rector of Bethnal Green (Mr. Hansard) writes that there is a great deal of distress there; that the commercial panic, the cholera, and the frost had severely affected the working classes; that the rates are now in the proportion of 8s. in the pound per year; that the work-house is full, every spare place being occupied by a bed, and that on Tuesday last eight hours were spent in inquiring into the out-door cases. The pittance of 2s. or 3s. a week, he says might well be supplemented by private benevolence. The Secretary of the Dock and Wharf Laborers' Association, High Street, Shadwell, writing on Saturday last, thinks he may safely say 20,000 of those classes are now quite out of employment and had not earned a shilling for the last two months; that probably 15,000 of them are dragging out a miserable existence by pledging little things and selling articles of furniture; and that the rest are receiving scanty relief from the charities of White Chapel, Bethnal Green, Spitalfields, Shadwell, Poplar and Wapping. Another correspondent writes: Sickening and heartrending have been the scenes of distress I have witnessed during my four months' voluntary employment of doing what I could, in my humble degree, to assist in alleviating the misery of some of my fellow-creatures. Upwards of 500 families during that time have been brought under my notice, and I can unhesitatingly affirm such a season of distress and misery was never before experienced in this locality. He adds that during all the summer months, owing to the scarcity of work and the visitation of cholera, many families had to part with articles of clothing, bedding, and everything upon which money could be obtained, so that when the winter set in they had nothing left to dispose of, and the pawnbrokers, whose shops are already crammed with goods, care to give the merest trifle for things which may never be redeemed. Now the distress was fearfully and palpably developed by the continuance of cold weather. To particularize cases of distress, he says, is almost beyond his power. It is wide-spread, and almost universal. He has seen three and four families of children in one house, where the fathers have had perhaps not more than a few weeks' work since the middle of last May, and twenty, thirty, and even as many as sixty duplicates had sometimes been shown him, the silent but mournful representatives of what was once a comfortable home.

Rev. Mrs. McFarland, a Scotchwoman, is preaching in London, and some of the papers praise her efforts.

Lord Ernest Vane Tempest has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment for contempt of court.

Whittier is said to be about to marry a widow whom he courted thirty years ago, when she was a maid.

Brownlow threatens to return to private life, and the Boston Post offers its condolence to private life.

Dr. Richard Macdonnell, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, is dead, and Dr. Humphrey Lloyd is talked of as his successor.

A private letter from Paris, January 25, says that Gen. McClellan is still at Villeneuve, on Lake Geneva, and well.

Recruiting for the regular army in New York is very brisk, owing to the number of men out of employment.

CONGRESSIONAL.

WASHINGTON, February 13.

After a protracted struggle and an exciting day's session in the House the bill reported on February 5 from the Reconstruction Committee, to divide the South into military districts, and to place every inhabitant within them under military control, was passed by a vote of 100 to 55. Such Radicals as Banks, Baker, Baldwin, and Loan, joined the Democrats in voting against the measure. It will be noticed that a two-thirds vote over a veto is hardly probable. Blaine, of Maine, proposed an amendment, in the way of a substitute for the bill, providing that when the South shall ratify the pending constitutional amendment, and so amend their laws as to give universal suffrage, said States shall be admitted to representation in Congress. A parliamentary movement was necessary to get this measure before the House by a reference to the Judiciary Committee, with instructions to report it back immediately. It was apparent that the Democratic vote was necessary to secure this reference, and so Raymond, Bingham, and other weak-kneed Radicals went over among the Democrats and commenced an active personal canvass to secure their support. At first the Democrats decided to help them out, and voted on the roll call for the reference. The confusion and excitement, however, were very great at this point, as the members were out of their seats, and in the aisles and gathered in groups in the hall. The Thad. Stevens Radicals looked discomfited. Amid this scene the Democrats reconsidered their decision, and determined to force the dominant party to show their colors or retreat again, as they have for days past, in a demoralized condition. Before the result was announced nearly every Democrat changed his vote against the reference. This caused derisive laughter among the Blaine and Raymond men, while shouts of approval came from the Stevens crowd as the malcontents went back into the Radical ring, the galleries enjoyed the scene and its fan intensely. The Blaine proposition was therefore lost by sixty-nine to ninety-three, and the House was brought to a vote on the Military Government bill. Thad. Stevens made the closing speech, and denounced Banks' plan to commence reconstruction by reorganizing the government at the mouth of the Mississippi River as being based too much on the hydraulic principle.

An attempt to secure a vote in the Senate to-day, on the Louisiana bill, failed.

February 14.

THE NEW PLAN OF RECONSTRUCTION.
A dispatch from the North Carolina Legislature shows that the new plan of reconstruction proposed by the Southern Governors cannot pass that body. Another effort is, therefore, being made here to see if some plan cannot be drawn up to which the President will give his assent. A meeting was held last night and to-night, by several conservative Republicans who are on good terms with the Executive to ascertain if by some slight mutual concessions not amounting to any sacrifice of principle, a measure of reconstruction could not be agreed upon that would meet the views of both the Legislative and Executive branches of the government. The comparison of views expressed served to cause the belief that the interview may lead to practical results hereafter, though no definite steps were taken. One of the Congressmen who participated in this movement intimated to-day that the President would give his adhesion to the Blaine proposition, which is the pending constitutional amendment and universal suffrage, if nothing more satisfactory could be agreed on, but better authority doubts the statement to be true.

CONGRESS.
The Philadelphia League Island Navy yard scheme passed the Senate to-day just as it came from the House, and goes to the President for approval. The New London interest left bitterly disappointed, but console themselves with the belief that they will get the Naval School away from Annapolis. Senators Dixon and Foster spoke earnestly for New London. The Senate also passed the loan certificate funding bill with an amendment increasing the amount from eighty to one hundred millions. The rate of interest is fixed at 3 per cent. There was no debate on the subject. The military government bill for the South, which passed the House on yesterday, is likely to receive material amendment in the Senate. Fessenden gave notice that he should move to substitute the Blaine proposition, voted down yesterday in the House, which it will be recollected is based on the pending constitutional amendment, coupled with universal suffrage. This endangers the passage of the measure. The Louisiana bill will probably come up in the Senate to-morrow, but Sumner intends to amend it. An attempt will be made to rush it through, and the Massachusetts Radical will probably be voted out of the way.

LOVE OF MARRIED LIFE.--The affection that links together man and wife is a far holier and more enduring passion than young love. It may wait in gorgeousness--it may wait in imaginative character, but it is far richer in holy trusting attributes. Talk not to us of the absence of love in wedded life! What furnace? No, it but burns with a staid flame, shedding a benign influence upon existence, a million times more precious and delightful than the cold dreams of philosophy.

FROM COLUMBUS.

COLUMBUS, Feb. 15, 1867.

ED. SPIRIT: We here are very busy all day, and get nothing done that ought to be done.

There is a big fight in the House to-day in regard to Senate Bill No. 210, to amend section 7 of an act defining the jurisdiction and regulating the practice of Probate Courts, passed March 14, 1853. This bill provides that no Probate Judge, nor his partner, shall practice as an attorney or in any way be engaged as claim agent, or prosecute any claim against the United States whatever. It is not, when a law, worth the time and expense of passing and making it a law. I am rather indifferent in regard to this bill, for in a Democratic County, there is no danger of our Probate Judges being corrupt.

The act to extend the jurisdiction of Justices of the Peace in replevin cases, to three hundred dollars, passed, and will become a law.

Nothing done as to Relief Fund, more than to try to keep it in the State Treasury.

In all cases requiring a two-thirds vote, the Radicals are forced to get one Democrat to vote with them, which holds them somewhat to the work. This was caused by an act of Providence, as Mr. Wright died last summer and a staunch Democrat elected in his place.

The bill in regard to the amendment to the Common School Law is substituted by an entire new bill, and I think it preferable.

There are now four different resolutions pending in the House to strike the word white out of the Constitution of the State. All emanated from the Oberlin side of the House. They do not know what to do in regard to the matter.

The Agricultural College Bill comes up to-day for action. This is in doubt, and I cannot give an expression. Unless advised, I shall vote for one College, and all the funds donated to be applied to a separate College for agricultural and mechanical purposes.

The question will come up to change our Judicial District, or to elect one other Judge for the entire District, all of which I shall oppose.

"Trade is a Little Dull."
We find the following story but truthful little sketch in the *Boston Commercial Bulletin*. It forcibly illustrates the fact that "trade is a little dull," and also that portion of the business community known as "drummers," or commercial travelers, despite their almost inexhaustible resources and invention, are often obliged to yield to the pressure of these stagnant times. The *Bulletin* says: One of these gentlemen who has recently returned from a trip for Thistle Brothers & Co., of this city, did not show a very large exhibit of orders to balance the liberal expense account allowed him by the firm, and Mr. Thistle, after looking over his return, said: "Mr. Ratanplan, I am afraid you do not approach the dealers in the right way; I used to be very successful in this line. Now just suppose me to be Mr. Bigger, of Newell, Ill., and show me the way you introduce the house."

Accordingly Ratanplan stopped out of the counting-room and re-entered, hat in hand, inquiring, "Is Mr. Bigger in?" "That is my name," said Thistle, urbanely.

"My name is Ratanplan, sir; I represent the house of Thistle Brothers & Co., of Boston." Thistle, in his character of Western merchant here rose, offered and salesman a chair, and expressed his pleasure at seeing him.

"I am stopping with Overcharge at the Stickem house, and have a fine unbroken lot of samples, which I should like to show you; think we can offer you some special advantages, &c." And Ratanplan delivered himself a neat speech in professional style.

"Very well, very well," said Thistle; "I don't see but that you understand the way to get at customers."
"Excuse me, Mr. Thistle," said Ratanplan; "I am afraid you do not understand the style of Western merchants just now; suppose you exchange places with me and repeat the rehearsal."
"Certainly," said Thistle, and picking up his hat, he stepped out. Returning, he found Ratanplan with his chair tilted back, hat cocked fiercely over his right eye, his heels planted on Thistle's polished desk, and a lighted cigar between his teeth.

Thistle looked a little staggered, but nevertheless he commenced: "Is Mr. Bigger in?" "Yes, he is," responded Ratanplan, blowing a cloud of pure Connecticut into Thistle's eyes, "Who in--are you?"

"I represented the house of Thistle Brothers & Co.," said the astonished employer, coughing out about a quart of smoke from his throat.

"The blazes you do; are you one of that concern?" "No, sir, I am not," said Thistle. "Well, it is a--d--d lucky for you that you are not, for I've had two drummers to one customer in my store for the last two months, and if I could get hold of one of the blasted fools that send me out here at this time, I'm durned if I wouldn't boot him clean out of the town of Sellout."
"That'll do, that'll do, Mr. Ratanplan," said Thistle; "I have no doubt you did the best you could for the interest of the house. Trade is a little dull."
The annual production of diamonds is estimated at \$4,400,000.

VARIETY.
A person asked Mr. Patrick Maguire if he knew Mr. Tim Duffy. "Know him!" said Pat. "Why, he's a very poor relation of mine. He once proposed to marry my sister!"

An English clergyman recently preached a sermon in which he said that the newspaper was a part of life's earnest self-culture.

The famous proselytized Jewish boy, little Mortara, is to be made a priest.

Dickens disgusts his neighbors by playing croquet on his lawn on Sundays.

Professor Bacha the Superintendent of the Coast Survey, is lying at the point of death in Washington.

Carletta is reported perfectly sane, and expressing satisfaction at her husband's intention to stick to his throat.

A boy's idea of having a tooth extracted may be summed up as follows: "The doctor hitched fast to me, pulled his best, and just before it killed me, the tooth came out."

THE SHORTEST ROAD.--In this country the shortest political road is that which leads from a majority to a minority. Our party will take this road when it rashly begins impeachment.--N. Y. Tribune.

"Sally, how do you like your new place; is it a religious family?" "Well, I rather guess it is--they always have beans on Sunday."

A little girl in school being asked what a catarrh or waterfall was, replied that it was "hair wrapped around her dad's old stockings." The teacher and scholars were considerably enlightened.

A clerk in Iowa City says: A very pretty and nobby young lady called in the store the other day and requested to see our lavender kid gloves, whereupon she was shown several different shades of that color. Being a little overcome with so great a variety, she asked, "Which of these pairs are the lavender-est?"

The editor of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, speaking of female suffrage, petulantly says that women ought also to be enlisted in the army. How would the blood-thirsty editor like to see a file of ladies execute the order, "right shoulder shift!"--Seymour Times.

The second Adventists are numerous and active in Bangor, Me.

Queen Victoria is getting to be forty-eight and very fat.

"Charlie, my dear," said a loving mother to a hopeful son, just budded into breeches, "Charlie, my dear, come here and get some candy." "I guess I won't mind it now, mother," replied Charlie, "I've got in some tobacco."

The inhabitants of Troy are suffering from house-hunting and high rents.

The cost of lighting the public lamps in New York last year was \$781,053 44.

A Madison woman by the name of Canter, eloped with Mr. Gallup.--Indianapolis Herald.

We presume the effect of Mr. Gallup's Canter-loping will be little "trotters."--Princeton Democrat.

California can send wheat to New York and compete with the West.

A new attempt is being made to establish a reciprocity treaty with Canada.

The total gold yield of Nevada last year was \$15,821,379.

An ignorant quack doctor said that he could cure catarrhes in twenty-four hours.

The Herald's Washington special says: The decision of the Court of Claims at Washington in the case of the allowance for servants for officers of the army, from the 1st of May, 1864, to the 31st of March, 1865, entitles each officer who served during that period to \$40 extra for each servant, being the difference between \$11 and \$16, the amount paid and the amount which should have been paid.

CHARCOAL FOR TURKEYS.--A recent experiment has been tried in feeding charcoal for fattening turkeys. Two lots of four each were treated alike, except for one lot finely pulverized charcoal was mixed with mashed potatoes and meal, on which they were fed and broken pieces of coal also plentifully supplied. The difference in weight was one and a half pounds each in favor of the fowls supplied with coal, and the flesh was superior in tenderness and flavor.

Five factories in Waterbury, Conn., turn out nearly half the brass used in the United States.

In Cincinnati thirty-two insurance offices have a capital of five million dollars; risks of \$138,000,000, and \$2,000,000 premium.

Never despise counsel from whatever quarter it may reach you. Remember that the pearl is keenly sought for in spite of the coarse shell that envelops it.

The remaining portion of Table Rock, Niagara Falls, fell on the 15th inst. Fortunately, being at this season, no one was upon it.

The Executive Mansion in Washington has been thoroughly renovated at a cost of \$40,000. The new carpets and curtains were specially imported from England.

The quinquennial census of the population of France, just completed, gives 33,064,094 as the number of inhabitants, exclusive of 129,000 employed in Algeria, Mexico, &c. This is an increase of 680,933 over the census of 1861.