THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

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

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THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

Published Every Tuesday.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
One Dollar and Fifty Cents per year.

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

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J. T. MORRILL.
Attorney at Law and Notary Public,
Clarington (Sunfish) Monroe Co., O.
For twenty-four years Justice of the Peace. decl,'74r.

NATHAN HOLLISTER.....WILLIAM OKEY.
HOLLISTER & OKEY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
WOODSFIELD, MONROE CO., O.
Practice in Monroe and adjoining counties, ap 3, 18 Ja73—y.

W. P. HUNTER.....W. S. MALLORY
Notary Public.
HUNTER & MALLORY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
OFFICE—Southwest corner Public Square.
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
Will practice in Monroe and adjoining counties. apr28.'74r.

J. P. SPRIGGS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
And Claim Agent,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
OFFICE—Up stairs in the old Bloomer House.
Feb. 17, 1874.

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY.....ATTORNEY AT LAW
A. J. PEARSON,
Attorney at Law,
Woodsfield, Monroe County, Ohio.
ALL business entrusted to my care will receive prompt attention, Office up stairs in the Court House. jy2r.

LOUIS HOEFFLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Master Commissioner,
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Woodsfield, Monroe County, Ohio,
WILL attend to cases entrusted to him with promptness, Collections attended to punctually. Oaths administered, and deeds, mortgages, and other instruments of writing acknowledged. Sep2,1873r.

PENSIONS.
A. W. McCORMICK.
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARIETTA, OHIO.
PROCURES Pensions for Soldiers, one-fourth or more disabled by disease, contracted in United States Service. Also, for Widows and Minors of Soldiers who die of diseases so contracted, and increased Pensions for invalids who have grown worse. Write him. aug25,'74r.

WATCHES, CLOCKS, &C.

C. P. BROWN.
Dealer in all kinds of
AMERICAN & FOREIGN WATCHES,
JEWELRY & SILVER WARE,
No. 51 (Washington Hall,) 12th street,
Wheeling, W. Va.
WATCHES, CLOCKS & JEWELRY REPAIRED apr20,'75r.

FRITZ REEF.

JEWELRY DEPOT.
WOODSFIELD, OHIO
My motto is
FAIR DEALING,
with ALL, I solicit a share of the public patronage. Particular attention paid to the repairing of
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry,
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry for sale on reasonable terms. WORK WARRANTED.
ap28ly. FRITZ REEF.

NOTARY PUBLIC.
THE undersigned, having been appointed Notary Public, would inform his friends, and the public generally, that he is prepared to fill Pensioners' Blanks, administer Oaths, take Depositions, acknowledge Deeds, Mortgages, and other instruments of writing.
aug4,'74tf. WM. WORKMAN.

PHYSICIANS.

W. FOSTER, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon,
Malaga, Monroe County, Ohio.
july 1, 1873—r.

WILLIAM WALTON, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
(Office on Main street,)
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
Feb'16,

W. L. WEST, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
JOLLY, MONROE COUNTY, OHIO.
WILL attend promptly to all calls during the day or night. feb2,'75r.

Dr. J. WAY,
Physician and Surgeon,
ELM COVE, Washington Tp, Monroe County, Ohio.
All calls promptly attended to, during the day or night.
feb23,'69.

DR. JOHN E. DILLON,
Physician and Surgeon.
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
WILL attend to calls at all hours of the day and night.
Office at his residence on East side of town. mch17,'74r.

DR. A. M. F. McCULLOUGH,
Physician and Surgeon,
HAVING located in Beallsville, Ohio, offers his professional services to the citizens of the town and adjacent country.
All calls promptly attended to day and night.
Office at room formerly occupied by J. J. Roberts. apr20,'75m4.

I. P. FARQUHAR, M. D.
(Formerly of Zanesville, Ohio,)
Physician and Surgeon,
Office and residence in the Kirkbride property,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
Having located at the above place, offers his Professional services, where he hopes by close attention to business to merit public confidence and patronage.
Chronic Diseases will receive special attention. may4,'75r.

BANKS.

BELMONT BANK,
SOMERTON, OHIO.
Capital----------$50,000.
R. C. MILES, Pres. S. HOGE, Vice Pres.
T. F. MARTIN, Cashier.
DIRECTORS.
R. C. MILES. S. L. MOONEY.
S HOGUE. W. H. ATKINSON.
S. STARBUCK. H. WHITACRE.
Does a General Banking Business.
Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Collections Made on all Points.
BANKING HOURS FROM 9 A.M. to 3 P.M. may4,'75r.

THE MONROE BANK.
WOODSFIELD, OHIO
Capital, - - - - - $50.000.
S. L. MOONEY, Pres. WM. BEARDMORE, V. Pres.
JERE. WILLIAMS, Cashier.
DIRECTORS:
S. L. MOONEY, WM BEARDMORE.
H. C. KOTZEBUE, JAMES WATSON,
WILLIAM OKEY, CHRIS. CEHRS,
THOMAS A. WAY.
Does a General Banking Business.
Interest paid on Special Deposits
Make collections on all points promptly.
BANKING HOURS FROM 9 A.M. TO 3 P.M. mch3,'74r.

LIVERY.

ACCOMMODATION.
Passengers, Baggage, Packages
Or Light Freight of any kind.
Conveyed to any point on Short Notice.
COVERED VEHICLES.
HAVING PROCURED A
GOOD AND SAFE TEAM.
It is expected to supply a want the public has long needed. Address or call on the undersigned.
No. 16 Corner Main and Market Streets,
Clarington, (Sunfish) Monroe Co., O.
JAMES C. MORRILL,
decl,'74r. for Proprietor.

BUCHANAN & BURKHEAD,
Livery and Sale Stable,
North of the Court House,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
Funerals and Parties attended at reasonable rates.
Particular Attention will be Paid to Boarding Horses.
PRICES WILL BE REASONABLE, and they solicit the patronage of their friends and the public generally. may30,'73.

JOHN POOL.
HOUSE PAINTER
AND
PAPER HANGER,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
WILL attend to all business in his line promptly. All work done in the best style and at low rates. june16,'74r.

Poetry.

GOIN' WEST TO DIE.

Well, here we are, my good old wife, on board
the train at last!
Our little all packed in a trunk, with look and
strap made fast.
I hear the bell a ringin', and the whistle's
piercin' cry;
There, wife, we're movin' out of town—we're
goin' West to die!

We've been from Jane's to John's house, from
John's house back to Jane's,
Till now, they've laid their burdens down on
board this Western train:
'Tis rather hard to send us off, all crippled up
and gray,
To find a place in which to die, two thousand
miles away.

Since we broke up keepin' house, they've carted
us around,
Till now it seems, a home for us on earth can't
be found;
As sure as this old face of mine can ne'er look
young again,
So sure we'll never more return to trouble John
and Jane.

They send us to a stranger land, o'er an untraveled road,
That Mary, in her Western home, may bear
the heavy load:
It isn't to be wondered at that my eyes are
filled with tears,
Or that my form is bending with more than
weight of years.

I didnt think 'twould come to this—I didn't
mean it should—
No home is like your own, tho' made with logs
of wood;
No bread is sweet when eating it 'mid bitterness and strife:
Few care to fill with peace and joy, an old man's
closing life.

Now, o'er a long untraveled road, we seek a
stranger land—
The old home circle broken up at cruel time's
command;
But time cannot destroy our love, 'tis stronger
now than when
Our heads wore not the silvery locks of three
score years and ten.

Since we broke up keepin' house, we've led a
wretched life;
Jane puts the blame upon her man, and John
upon his wife;
They think not of their infancy—of all those
tender years
When we toiled day and night for them, and
wiped their flowing tears.

We leave behind us all the scenes of early
years, dear wife,
And all the friends with whom we've won the
victories of life;
We leave behind the little church, where oft
we've knelt in prayer,
But, my good wife, we'll never leave the God
that met us there.

Although these eyes are growing dim, I still
can see to read
The precious truth in God's own Word, that
children all should heed;
"Honor thy father," saith the Lord—"honor
thy mother, too;
"Then shalt thou live long in the land that
God hath given you."

Our latest day will dawn are long—our journey's end is nigh—
We're making West to Mary's home, we're
going West to die.
Then He who sees the sparrow fall, who counts
the ocean sands,
Will take us to the better home—the house
not made with hands.

Select Story.

OVERBOARD!

BY PROFESSOR GEORGE L. AUSTIN.

"A man overboard!"

Nor was this the worst of it. A gust of wind, a squall, was approaching us from the east, and the sailors were exerting every energy to meet it. When the captain shouted those words, which, when once heard, can never be forgotten, all work was momentarily suspended.

"A man overboard!"

"Who? Where? Nobody on deck knew; but somebody on the main-topsail yard knew before the unfortunate struck water. Yes, Ericson knew.

"He can't swim any more than a stone," said Ericson.

"And no use if he could," said another, for the water is all in a boil."

The sailors flew round, unmindful of their appointed duties, conscious of the exigency of the moment At the first alarm the skylight gratings had been thrown overboard. Though the sky was dusky with cloud, just enough light was spread over the water to enable a keen eye to distinguish objects in the immediate vicinity of the vessel.

But where was the victim of the mishap? Even the most searching eye could not discern him; and had he been visible, I doubt whether any one would have risked his own life to save that of another. The sea looked deep, and humanity was heartless and shallow on board the "Commodore."

There was somebody else perched on the main-top-sail yard, none the less worthy by being a youth, none the less brave by being called a coward, and carrying a little red book in his pocket, and studying it night and morning.

He was acting under orders; and as he wondered what the squall would bring, a gurgling shriek of despair, rising up from the sea, had caused him to look downwards. He saw a dark speck, slowly drifting, as it seemed, under the keel of the ship, and struggling with the little sense that remained to keep himself afloat.

"He might be saved," said he, the middy, balancing himself with one hand on the yard-arm.

"Not a bit of it," said Ericson his companion; "and don't you be a fool and throw away your life. Don't you see the squall, boy? Look out for that; we've seen the last of poor Doubles."

"Of whom?"

"Doubles; he's gone"

A blue cap and a blue shirt were thrown to the deck; a pair of strong hands were brought together.

"Ericson—my mother—break the news gently if I don't come back.—Good——"

Another splash, a whistle, a squall.—Nobody heard the former; everybody saw the meaning of the latter.

I have never known such a gale at sea, and I never should have had to write about it had we not been prepared to meet it.

Only a short time had elapsed since the first little speck of cloud made its appearance, and gave us warning of the tornado, and now it came down upon us in all its fury. Rain fell in torrents; it came in sheets of water, and not in drops. Lightning flashed in fearful succession, accompanied by a continuous peal of awful thunder. The sea, when it was rendered visible by the lightning, was seen to be dashed into an angry foam, while the same glaring flash would show the tall masts of the ship up to the trucks bending with the fierce wind, which drove us through the water with irresistible fury, and again and again lay the ship almost broadside upon it.

It was well for us that the gale had not taken us quite unawares. Helpless as we were, we were tolerably secure amidst the war of elements, although the oldest and bravest among us were awe-stricken as they held on by shrouds and ropes, looking aloft at intervals to see, by the lightning's glare, the yards swinging madly, and the top masts dipping, now to starboard and now to larboard, as the wind whirled the ship round, regardless of wheel and rudder.

Occasionally in this conflict there was a temporary lull, and in such a calm it was that a hand was laid on my trembling arm.

"Richard?"

"Yes, Ned; what do you want?"

"You ought to be below along with the other passengers."

"Ought I?"

"Didn't you hear the orders?"

"No."

"Bad luck to you, then. The hatches are all nailed down; and so you'll have to stand out and face the worst of it—How do you feel?"

"A little queer; I don't mind it however."

"Not afeared?"

I didn't like to say "yes," and I dared not say "no." In a sea-storm it's the hardest thing in the world to speak a lie.

"You ain't afeard, did you say, Richard?"

"Not much, Ned; only we'll stick together—that's all"

"So you shall, and if you go overboard, God bless you, Richard, I'll go with you." And he gave me a grasp such as only a friend can give.

"Say, Ned; won't you tell me about my father now?"

"Hush, boy! Did you hear that wail, as it came out of the sea? Did you hear it?"

"Yes; what was it?"

"You don't know what it means; but I've heard such sounds afore now.—Hush again!"

The wail was heard again. I cannot describe it, and I do not wish to remember it. Sailors are superstitious, you know, and Ned was a sailor.

"There's more of it to come——"

Ned said no more, for the squall freshened, and the blackness grew blacker.

'Ay! there goes the mizzen-top mast,' shouted Ned, at length, who had not released his hold of me. There was a flash of lightning just then, and the mizzen-top mast was hanging among the rigging.

At sea, in a tornado, an hour is long. The scene changed after a while. The sea was agitated, and that was all.

Above was a cloudless sky pierced with stars, the moon was slowly gliding upward and smiling on the shadow beneath her, the wind had sunk into a soft whisper, and the ship rocked like a cradle on the bosom of the motionless deep.

All was activity now. Some of the men were clearing the wreck at the mizzen-top, others were at the pumps; for, in spite of closed hatches, the water had been shipped and it was thought that a slight leak had been sprung.—Several of the passengers, too, had come on deck, glad to be released from their enforced confinement.

The order was given to call over the ship's muster. The circle was formed, and every heart throbbed, as one after another the names were spoken. Only two were missing—Doubles and "Middy."

"Ahoy—ahoy, on deck, there!" It was the same cry that had arisen mysteriously out of the darkness, and which had been set down by all who heard it then as a portentous warning of coming doom.

"I say," said one to another, "that's no ghost."

"It's the ghost of Doubles, rather," was the solemn answer.

The cry came again, and the crew rushed to the ship's sides, and, leaning over the bulkwarks, looked over the waters. But nothing could be seen.

Again, the cry. Those who listened declared that it proceeded from the ship's stern. There was a rush in that direction, and several of the officers and a few of the passengers were already there, but the voice seemed to have no substance.

Once more the cry—fainter than before. "Ahoy, help! we can't hold no longer!"

"Where away?" shouted the mate

"In—the—rudder chains"

In less than a minute the stern ladder was dropped, and the captain himself was upon it; while almost at the same time, a boat was lowered from the starboard side and manned. Shouts were heard, and when the boat came in sight again it had others in it beside the rowers.

Doubles was swung on deck almost helpless and senseless, but otherwise uninjured On plunging into the sea, to the rescue of the drowning man, "Middy" was so happy as to lay hold of him before he sank, and to keep him afloat, swimming with him to the ship, hoping that a rope would be flung over to his assistance. All hope must have been abandoned if at that very time the ship had not swung round and placed within reach of "Middy's hand the rudder chain, which proved the preserver of both.

In stripping the young midshipman a dark purple bruise was seen on his breast, caused, it was conjectured, by concussion in first striking the water.

But human as well as divine sight can sometimes tear away mysteries. It was no concussion that had caused the pain and the scar, for even I had seen the blow given, and no one else ever knew that it was the angry, passionate blow of the tyrant and bully, to save whose worthless life a young Christian middy had risked his own.

Miscellany.

THE MAN WITH THE TIN TRUNK.

Canvassing Under Disadvantages --The Proprietor of an Exterminator in Danger of Extermination--A Match for an Agent.

(From the Detroit Free Press.)

He smiled blandly as he halted for a moment in front of the City Hall. He looked like a man who could palm off almost anything on the public at 100 per cent profit, and yet leave each customer in a grateful mood. He had a tin trunk in his hand, and as he sailed down Lafayette avenue the boys wondered whether the trunk contained tax receipts or horse liniment. The stranger halted in front of a residence, his smile deepened, and he mounted the steps and pulled the bell.

"Is the lady at home?" he inquired of the girl who answered the bell.

The girl thought he was the census-taker, and she seated him in the parlor and called the lady of the house. When the lady entered, the stranger rose, bowed and said:

"Madam, I have just arrived in this town after a tour extending clear down to Florida, and wherever I went I was received with glad welcome."

"Do you wish to see my husband?" she asked as he opened the tin trunk

"No, madam; I deal directly with the lady of the house in all cases. A lady will appreciate the virtues of my exterminator and purchase a bottle where a man would order me off the steps without glancing at it."

"Your—your what?" she asked.

"Madam," he replied, as he placed a four ounce phial of dark liquid on the palm of his left hand, "madam, I desire to call your attention to my Sunset Bed-bug Exterminator. It has been tried at home and abroad, and in no case has it failed to—"

"What do you mean, sir?" she demanded, getting very red in the face.—"Leave this house instantly."

"Madam, I do not wish you to infer from my—"

I want you to leave this 'house!" she shrieked.

"Madam allow me to explain my—"

"I will call the police!" she screamed, making for the door, and he hastily locked his trunk and hurried out.

Going down the street about two blocks he saw the lady of the house at the parlor window, and instead of climbing the steps he stood under the window and politely said:

"Madam, I don't wish to even hint that any of the bedsteads in your house were infested by bedbugs, but—"

"Take yourself out of this yard!" she shouted, snatching a tidy off the back of a chair and brandishing it at him.

"Beg pardon, madam, but I should like to call your—"

"Get out!" she screamed; "get out, or I'll call the gardener!"

"I will get out, madam; but I wish you understood—"

"J-a-w-n! J-a-w-n!" she shouted out of a side window, but the exterminator agent was out of the yard before John could get around the house.

He seemed discouraged as he walked down the street, but he had traveled less than a block when he saw a stout woman sitting on the front steps of a fine residence, fanning herself.

"Stout women are always good natured," he soliloquized as he opened the gate.

"Haven't got anything for the grass-hopper sufferers!" she called out as he entered

There was an angelic smile on his face as he approached the steps, set his trunk down, and said:

"My mission, madam, is even nobler than acting as an agent for a distressed community. The grass hopper sufferers do not comprise a one-hundredth part of the world's population, while my mission is to relieve the whole world."

"I don't want any peppermint essence,' she continued as he started to unlock the trunk.

"Great heavens, madam, do I resemble a peddler of cheap essences?" he exclaimed. "I am not one. I am here in Detroit to enhance the comforts of the night—to produce pleasant dreams. Let me call your attention to my Sunset Bed-bug Exterminator, a liquid warranted to—"

"Bed what?" she screamed, ceasing to fan her fat cheeks.

"My Sunset Bed-bug Exterminator—It is to day in use in the humble negro cabins on the banks of the Arkansaw, as well as in the royal palace of her Majesty Q—"

"You r-r rascal! you villain!" she wheezed; "how dare you insult me!"

"No insult, madam, it is a pure matter of—"

"Leave! Git o-w-t!" she screamed, clutching at his hair, and he had to go out in such a hurry that he couldn't lock the trunk until he reached the walk.

He traveled several blocks and turned several corners before he halted again, and his smile faded away to a melancholy grin. He saw two or three ragged children at a gate, noticed that the house was old, and he braced up and entered.

"I vhants no zoap," said the woman of the house as she stood in the door.

"Soap, madam, soap? I have no soap. I noticed that you lived in an old house, and as old houses are pretty apt to be infested—"

"I vhants no bins or needles to-day!" she shouted

"Madam I am not a peddler of Yankee notions," he replied. "I am selling a liquid, prepared only by myself, which is warranted to—"

"I vhant's no baber gollars!" she exclaimed, motioning for him to leave.

"Paper collars! I have often been mistaken for Shakspeare, madam; but never before for a paper collar peddler. Let me unlock my trunk and show—"

"I vhants no matches—no dobacco—no sigars!" she interrupted; and her husband came around the corner, and, after eyeing the agent for a moment, remarked:

"If yout don't be quick out of here I shall not have any shoking about it!"

At dusk last night the agent was sitting on a salt barrel in front of a commission house, and the shadows of the evening were slowly deepening the melancholy look on his face.

The Man Who Never Smiles.

That insignificant individual of diminutive body and unprepossessing features who stands leaning against a marble column in the rotunda of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, is one of the most remarkable men of the country.

No living American, not excepting Gen. Grant, has been so much talked about during the past ten years. He is the observed of all observers, but takes no notice of any one himself beyond the person he is conversing with. Some member of nearly every group of individuals who enter the door points to him and in a whisper or undertone tells his companion who he is. They gaze upon him with mingled feelings of awe, fear and surprise. He is only thirty-seven years old, and there is nothing about him to indicate any force or power of mind, body or will. His face, however, is always the same.

Those who have been with him ever since he came to public notice assure me that he has never been known to smile. He lives and thrives and amasses colossal sums upon the misfortunes of others He obtains control of a railroad, and, having largely watered the stock, floods the market with it before the fact becomes known. The road is ruined, and hundreds of shareholders and speculators hold the worthless stock, while their money has passed into his exchequer.

Or he obtains control of a road, and under pretense of wanting to put down steel rails or extending the track, issues and sells enough bonds to eventually bankrupt the corporation. His later style of tactics is to undermine without attempting to obtain control of railroad properties The recent raids upon Erie and Pacific Mail are notable instances of this.

With his shrewd business eye, and with the aid of spies and associate conspirators filling subordinate positions, he discovers when the directors of this or that road are manipulating it or running it behind hand. Having found a rotten spot in the management, he straightway puts all the necessary machinery in motion for a bear raid upon the road. The newspapers here which he either owns or controls, or whose services can be procured at any time, are immediately set to work assailing the management of the road in question. All manner of unfavorable stories are put in circulation upon the street. Brokers are sent into the Stock Exchange to hammer the market, and break down the stock. A congressional or legislative investigation is then secured. The rottenness begins to show itself, then the honest papers begin to pitch in, and as a result of all this the stock tumbles rapidly, and the man who never smiles scoops in a fortune. Having sold short before the decline sets in, he now covers his short stock at the lowest figures of the decline.

Your readers need not be told who this wonderful little man is. They have surmised before this that it is Jay Gould. —*N. Y. Correspondence Chicago Journal.*

A Cautious Witness.

Nobody knows who has not been on the witness stand how difficult it is to testify in a court of justice, especially when the lawyers determine to puzzle and confuse the unfortunate witness.—The following good story of Admiral Bailey is related in the New York Evening Post:

Bailey was once summoned as a witness in a civil suit—a position altogether new to him. His anxiety was increased by the warnings of his friends, who were constantly telling him to be on his guard as the lawyers would bother him, and make him contradict himself and appear to be a liar. The old fellow had a sleepless night before the day of trial, and when he entered the witness-box it was with a nervousness such as he had never experienced in going into battle.

When the first question, "What is your name?" was proposed to him, his hands fidgeted tremblingly about, and perspiration broke out on his brow. He was evidently in deep and perplexing thought, and remained silent.

The question was repeated with emphasis, "I ask, what is your name, sir?"

With a mighty effort, the old man jerked out the result of his deliberations, "The-o do-rus Bailey"—adding impressively, "*or words to that effect.*"

How He Made Himself at Home.

"Make yourself at home," is a common form of hospitable welcome, but the invitation may be awkwardly taken advantage of if our friend happens to be odd. The Nashville Banner says:

The eccentric "Brother Carr," whose name has become a household word in many families in this city, once paid an informal visit to a good religious family, as he was in the habit of doing when he came to Nashville. The lady of the house came in, but after some time excused herself to attend to some household duty, but begged Brother Carr to make himself at home.

When she returned she found the reverend gentleman on his knees in front of the fire place, taking up the ashes.

Perfectly taken aback at this spectacle, she said:

"Why, what in the world are you doing?"

He answered, "You told me to make myself at home; and if I were at home and the ashes needed taking out as badly as yours, I would do it myself"

She was not much comforted to find that he had been down in the back yard, had hunted up an old ash-pan with as much idea of being at home as she could have possibly desired.

When writing an article for the press,
Whether prose or verse, just try,
To utter your thoughts in the fewest words,
And let them be crisp and dry
And when it is finished, and you suppose
It is done exactly brown,
Just look it over again, and then
Boil it down.

School inspector to urchin: "Now, Johnny how many can you count?"—Johnny: "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. Inspector: "Good, Johnny; go on." Johnny (after a moment's thought): "Jack, queen, king, ace."

Cabinet Changes.

In the six years that have passed, during which the country has been under the administration of Gen. Grant, there have been four Secretaries of the Treasury—counting Mr. Washburne and Mr. Stewart—four Attorney Generals; and two each in all the other Cabinet offices; making eighteen in all. Or, to put it another way, during the six years there have been eleven changes.

Gen. Pierce was the only President who made no changes in his Cabinet.—The administration that came nearest to his in this respect was that of John Quincy Adams. Mr. Adams continued in office during his whole term, three of the Cabinet officers of Mr. Monroe.—Four were appointed at the beginning of his term, two of whom remained with him four years. The other retired after one year's service. Thus Mr. Adams made but one change in four years. Mr. Monroe made but five changes in eight years. Mr. Van Buren made four changes in four years, and Mr. Polk only three in the same time.

But these were exceptions. General Jackson had nineteen Cabinet officers during the eight years of his administration, and as the Ministry then only numbered six members, he made thirteen changes. Seven changes had been made by Mr. Lincoln when he was assassinated, after a four years' presidency. Mr. Buchanan also made seven changes in a single term. There were eighteen Ministers and eleven changes during the Taylor-Fillmore administration, but after Mr. Fillmore had really formed his Cabinet in September, 1850—three months after Gen. Taylor died—he made only three changes to the end of his term.

The greatest Cabinet-maker the country has had was John Tyler On the death of Gen Harrison he retained all the old ministers for five months. Afterwards, however, he was so industrious that he managed, in less than four years, to have the chair of the Secretary of State occupied by five men; that of the Treasury by four; of War, four; of the Navy, five There were two Postmasters-General, and three Attorneys-General, making twenty-three Cabinet officers in all, which involved seventeen changes, or four every year. Three of the Ministers died in office, however, and two were rejected by the Senate after some service. As three of the Ministers were transferred from one Department to another, there were really only twenty persons in all. But with all these allowances, Mr. Tyler surpassed all other Presidents in his frequent Cabinet changes.

The Face Not the Measure of the Man.

(From the Worcester Press.)

One of the feminine newspaper correspondents closes a critical review of Senator Booth's physiognomy with the remark that, "if there's any destiny in a man's face, Senator Booth's will carry him to the White House." But there isn't. The person who, of all others whom we have met, has the most poetical cast of features, and seemed destined to become the Byron of the present age, is now clerk in a New York coal-yard, and has no idea of going into poetry. The most sensitive, refined and spiritual countenance we ever had the pleasure of gazing upon belonged to a young man who was a regular "big bonanza" of awful blasphemy. We remember seeing a meek-looking little boy, with flaxen hair, clear blue eyes and a delicate blush on his smooth cheek, bashfully enter a Sunday-school and take a seat in the corner. One of the young lady teachers approached him and tenderly said: "Little boy, won't you recite your verses to me?"—The little boy did not burst into tears, as the teacher evidently expected he would, but, with marked emphasis, he planted his heel on the desk in front of him and delivered himself of a negative remark of such startling profanity that it is not permitted us to indicate, even by initials and dashes, the substance of his speech. He is now grown to be a man. The same clear blue eyes contrast with the delicate pink on his cheek; the same flaxen hair wreaths his forehead and gives him a look of sensitive innocence, and when last heard from he was pursuing the avocation of river thief on the lower Hudson.

Spider Web Power.

A correspondent writes us: I found the following interesting facts in the biography of Prof. Mitchel, given in 'Mitchel's Astronomy of the Bible.'—Prof Mitchel, when director of the Cincinnati Observatory, wished to make the astronomical clock record its beats automatically. A small cross of delicate wire was so arranged that it would rise and fall as the pendulum swung backward and forward, provided it could be in some way attached to the pendulum.

"The amount of power required of the pendulum to give motion to the delicate wire cross was almost imperceptible—The difficulty was to procure a fiber sufficiently minute and elastic to constitute the physical union between the top stem of the cross and the pendulum. Various materials were tried, among others, a human hair, the very finest that could be obtained, but this was too coarse and stiff.

"Finally an appeal was made to the spider, and his web, perfectly elastic and pliable, proved to be exactly the thing required. One single spider's web fulfilled the duty of lifting the wire cross every second of time for three years!—How much longer it might have faithfully performed the same service we do not know, for it became necessary to break this admirable bond to make some changes in the clock."

Oh! bury Bartholomew out in the wood,
In a beautiful hole in the ground,
Where the bumble-bees buzz and the woodpeckers ring,
And the straddle-bugs tumble around,
So that in the winter when the snow and the slush
Have covered his last little bed,
His brother Artemus can go out with Jane,
And visit the place with his sled.

The Government the other day sold an unfinished war ship, "The Autietam" for $5,500. Thousands had been expended upon it, an exchange estimating that the copper alone cost over $50,000. If this is not a great mistake it indicates a most wise Government surely.

Sense and Nonsense.

Hush money: The wages paid a baby's nurse.

If you wish to make a drum stick set it on the head of a tar barrel.

There is nothing so effective in bringing a man up the scratch as a healthy and high spirited flea.

The one thing needful for the perfect enjoyment of love is confidence. Same with hash and sausage.

A divorced Lafayette, Indiana wife, rather than give up the custody of her child, swore that it was illegitimate.

A A. Dulu[illegible] brought home a dozen oranges and devoured them before his wife, in revenge for something she had said. At midnight he had an attack of bilious colic, and she chucked him under the chin and remarked that she'd see him in Texas before she would go for a doctor.

The New York Tribune publishes the names of 44 first-class hotels in that city which jeopardize the lives of their guests by their flimsy construction and their liability to be destroyed at any moment by fire. The authorities are looking after these traps. Defective flues, wooden mansard roofs and cornices abound.

If a certain Pennsylvanian had been riding home from a profane entertainment last Sunday when he was struck by lightning, it would have been manifestly a visitation of Providence, with a moral; but as he happened to be returning from church, they don't mention the circumstance as pointing any particular moral.

Cattle and hog buyers, being good judges of the live weight of animals, are constantly buying without weighing and frequently make large sums by farmers underestimating the weight of their stock. Weigh all your animals when you sell, and before you sell ascertain the true value at the time of sale.

He was lately asked by a friend his reasons for spending his bright morning hours in bed. "Well," said the sluggish gentleman, "you know the old proverb, 'the early bird catches the worm!'" "Yes," replied his friend, "but what has that to do with it?"—"Well, sir, I don't want the worm; I had one once."

"You may talk," says the Milwaukee News, "about marrying an heiress, a delicate human blossom, a fairy, an angel, but give us a girl like Nancy Terwilliger, of La Crosse, who ran out of doors the other night, and straddling a horse, yelled out: "Good night, old man; I'm off for the spellin' match!"

"Ish der some ledder here for me?" inquired a German at the general delivery window of the postoffice Saturday. "No, none here," was the reply. "Den hot is queer, he continued, getting his head into the window, "My neighbor gets somedimes dree ledders in one day, und I get none. I bays more taxes as he does, und I haf never got one ledder yet. How comes dose dings?"

A lady was telling a friend from the country of a very grand party she had given recently. "We had two generals, one judge, a popular author, and a play writer." "Yes," chimed in her wicked son, "and there was a deputy sheriff too, who said he wanted to see dad, and they went out before supper, and dad hasn't come back yet." When that youth went to school the next day with his head all tied up, he told the boys he had a dreadful toothache.

Every February about eight thousand straw hat-makers start from Belgium and take up their quarters in a suburb of Paris and form a little colony there. Most are married, but all leave their wives and children at home and live *en garcon* during their stay at Paris. An experienced man can make at least eight francs a day, and, therefore, by exercising a little economy, they can easily save thirty francs a week, or about five hundred francs during their four months' stay.

A writer in the St. Paul Press tells a new story of Horace Greeley. Horace wrote a note to a brother editor in New York, whose writing was equally illegible with his own. The recipient of the note, not being able to read it, sent it back by the same messenger to Mr. Greeley for elucidation. Supposing it to be the answer to his own note, Mr. Greeley looked over it, but likewise was unable to read it, and said to the boy: "Go, take it back. What does the fool mean?" "Yes, sir," said the boy, "that is just what he says."

THE KIND OF LEAD IN PENCILS.—The "lead" in lead pencils is not lead at all, though it is called "black lead." The weight, if nothing else, tells you that. It is a mineral, called *graphite*, (from the Greek word to write,) and is more nearly related to coal than to lead. You have learned that both coal and the diamond are forms of the element, carbon. Graphite is still another shape in which carbon is found; it usually contains a very little iron. Plumbago is another name for it. It cannot be melted, but at a very high heat will burn. The fine kinds are very scarce.

Some weeks ago a Chicago unbeliever offered a reward of $50,000 to the party, clergyman or layman, who would prove, incontrovertibly, the divine inspiration of the Bible. His challenge was addressed, we believe, in the first place, to members of the Reformed Episcopal Church; but latterly it became a general challenge to the whole Christian Church. Nobody seemed to accept the challenge in Chicago, and now Dr O. A. Burgess, President of the Western Christian University at Indianapolis, has taken up the gauntlet and announces himself ready to go into the defense The price of victory is certainly an inducement to the Doctor to ransack the libraries and burnish up his logic.—*Courier-Journal.*

THE INTERPOSITION OF PROVIDENCE.—It is not great battles alone that build the world's history, nor great poems alone that make the generations grow. There is a still small rain from Heaven that has more to do with the blessedness of nature, and of human nature, than the mightiest earthquake or the loveliest rainbow.