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 XXXIII. WOODSFIELD, MONROE COUNTY, OHIO, TUESDAY, APRIL 4, 1876. NUMBER 7.

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, on reasonable prices.

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ATTORNEYS.

J. T. MORRILL,
Attorney at Law and Notary Public,
Caldwell, Noble County, Ohio.
For twenty-two years Justice of the Peace. [nov11,'75.

J. J. HOLLISTER,
Attorney at Law,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
Will practice in Monroe and adjoining counties. jy6,'75.

WAYNE HOLLISTER.....WILLIAM OKEY.
HOLLISTER & OKEY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
WOODSFIELD, MONROE CO., O.
Practice in Monroe and adjoining counties. [ap4,'73.

W. S. HAYWARD.....Notary Public.
HUNTER & MALLORY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Over Southwest corner Public Square.
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
Will practice in Monroe and adjoining counties. apr22.'74r.

JOHN F. SPRIGGS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
And Claim Agent,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
OFFICE—Up stairs in the old Bloomer Block. April 26,'74.

A. J. PEARSON. JOHN W. DOHERTY. JAS. E. WAY.
Pres. Attorney.
PEARSON, DOHERTY & WAY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Office—Up stairs, in Court House,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
Will practice in Monroe and adjoining counties. july26,'75m

POPE, HOFFLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
And Master Commissioner,
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Woodsfield, Monroe County, Ohio
WILL attend to cases entrusted to him in this county. Collections attended to promptly. Oaths administered, deeds and mortgages, and other instruments of writing drawn. [feb8,1875r.

CLAIMS
PENSIONS.
P. W. KECHICK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BELLAIRE, OHIO.
PROCURES Pensions for Soldiers, and prosecutes claims against the United States Government. Also, for Widows and Minors of soldiers who die of diseases contracted in service, and procures Pensions for invalids who have grown worse. Write with stamp a detailed letter. [aug25,'74r.

JOHN R. MIRACLE,
CIVIL ENGINEER, SURVEYOR,
STAFFORD, MONROE CO., O.
Surveying promptly attended to on application or by letter. mch14,'74r.

Mill Building and Mill Machinery.
I AM PREPARED TO FURNISH PLANS and Specifications of Steam Flouring Mills, Grist Mills, Saw Mills and Factories; will take contracts for the erection of all kinds of mills, and to furnish the latest improved machinery for them. Have had 28 years experience in the business. Address GEORGE RICHARD, Jerusalem, Monroe Co., Ohio. [aug25,'74r.

WATCHES, CLOCKS, &C.

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.
ap22ly. FRITZ REEF.

DENTISTRY.

DRS. HUNTER & KEAPERS,
DENTISTS,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
Teeth extracted without pain by the use of nitrous oxide or laughing gas.
Office near the M. E. Church—may25'75r.

PHYSICIANS.

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

DR. W. M. SCHOOLEY,
Physician and Surgeon,
Antioch, Monroe County, Ohio.
sep26,'75r.

T. H. ARMSTRONG, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
Office and residence in Bank Building. jy6,'75r.

WILLIAM WALTON, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
(Office on Main street,)
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
feb5,'75.

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. JOHN E. DILLON
Physician and Surgeon,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
Office and lodging at his residence, east side of town, is prepared to attend to all calls promptly, day or night. feb22,'75r.

DR. J. W. A. V.
Physician and Surgeon,
NEW CONCORD, Washington Tp., Monroe County, Ohio.
All calls promptly attended to, during the day or night. [feb22,'75.

E. P. PARQUHAR, M. D.
(Formerly of Zanesville, Ohio,)
Physician and Surgeon,
Office and residence in the Kirkbride property,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
Having located in 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. may 4 '75r

BANKS.

BELMONT BANK,
SOMERTON, OHIO.
Capital.....$50,000.
R. C. MILES, Pres. S. HOGE, Vice Pres.
T. C. MARTIN, Cashier.
DIRECTORS.
R. C. MILES. S. HOGE.
S. L. MOONEY. H. WHITTAKER.
S. STARBUCK. ISAAC HATCHER.
ANDREW ANDREWS.
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.
JESE WILLIAMS, Cashier.
DIRECTORS:
S. L. MOONEY, WM. BEARDMORE.
H. C. KOTZEBUE, JAMES WATSON.
WILLIAM OKEY, R. HOFFLER.
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.

BURKHEAD & CO.,
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.

HOUSE PAINTER.
THE undersigned is prepared to do all manner of house painting at low rates. He has had ten years experience in the business and solicits the patronage of the public generally. WILLIAM E. SLOAN,
jun4,'75r. Witten's P. O., Monroe Co., O.

J. O. E. HUBBARD. GEO. E. HUBBARD.
HUBBARD & HUBBARD.
Architects and Builders,
Antioch, Monroe County, Ohio.
WILL prepare plans and specifications, and contract for the erection of buildings on more reasonable terms than any other firm in Monroe county. jun4,'75r.

Select Story.

INDIAN JUGGLERS.

[From the Bulgravia Magazine.]

Just as luncheon had been finished, the dubash, Ramaswammy, entered the room and announced that the jugglers were in attendance in the verandah, upon which, Mr. Gingham leading the way, the whole party adjourned to it, and were soon seated in comfortable fashion, each betaking himself to a pipe or cigar as pleased him best.

The jugglers' party consisted of two men, a woman, a lad, and a child of about four years of age. They had with them a large basket, containing their stock in trade; and, with the exception of the woman, were but scantily clad. The latter had a small Italian tabor before her, which she occasionally snatched up and struck with the tips of her fingers to add expression to some of the wild chants which were introduced during the phases of the exhibition. We pass over the dexterous manipulations of the cups and balls—the whirling of a dozen oranges in the air, not one of which ever touched the ground, or clashed with another—the passing of the long blade of a knife down the throat—the steadiness of hand and eye which kept from four to six sharp knives flashing and circling in the air, without inflicting a scratch on the performer of the exploit. Wonderful, too, was the performance of the pigmy goat, made of wood or some other substance, and covered with the skin of that animal, which drank up a pint of water presented to it in an earthen vessel, without any visible increase of bulk. We mention these rather as feats of dexterity, though they excited in no small degree the admiration of the spectators; but what followed could not be referred to a like cause.

For instance, the lad was made to drink a powder dissolved in a little water, at which he made a wry face: the premonitory symptoms of an attack of retching intervened, amid a choral recitative accompanied by the rat-tat-tat of the tabor; there was a spasmodic action of the stomach—a body seemed to ascend through the gullet—the mouth was filled—was opened—and there dropped out on the floor a large smooth stone.—In another minute this phenomenon was repeated; this time the stone being so large as to pass out with difficulty between the teeth; another and another, and again another followed, till some ten stones of different shapes and sizes, but all smooth, lay on the floor, weighing in the aggregate probably about two pounds.

A leathern strap was unrolled and laid on the ground open to view—a subdued choral incantation followed—there was a slight but perceptible nervous twitching motion in the strap, when one of the performers, crying out, "Cover him up, cover him up, or he will bite us!" placed a large wicker-work basket, called a tapah, over it, and covered it with a cloth; then, seizing a strange-looking musical instrument, the body of which consisted of a small dry gourd, he produced a succession of wild droning notes, not unlike the treble of a bagpipe. His companion removed the basket, and in lieu of the leathern strap, there was an enormous live cobra, a hooded snake, with crest erect, darting out his double tongue, and swaying about a foot of its body from side to side, the rest being arranged in a close coil; all drew back their chairs in undisguised alarm.

Meanwhile the snake, though evidently charmed with the music, kept his bright eyes directed on the movements of the party, which he seemed to regard as his natural foes. The woman was the first to attack her ancient enemy, by slily attempting to nip his tail. He hissed forth his displeasure and made a dart at her hand, but she was too quick for him. With equal success the lad and the man who was not playing continued to provoke the reptile for a minute or two, but he at length bit the latter in the hand. The blood trickled slowly from the wound, but the man drew from a small bag about his person what appeared to be a small, dark-colored, flat stone, and pressing it upon the hand, left it there, for it appeared to have adhesive and styptic properties. In about two minutes the blood ceased to flow, and the quasi stone dropped off. A small basket was then put before the snake, into which he quietly glided and was hid from sight.

The child is seated on the floor; the father and mother simulated a quarrel; the former takes up and brandishes a sword, and the child, seeing its mother threatened, yells lustily, whereupon the father's rage is directed toward it; but the mother, seeing its danger, hastily covers it with the large basket before used, over which she throws a large cloth; nevertheless, the man thrusts his sword through it into the basket and makes a lunge or two; then the shrieks of the child are heard, the basket is moved violently about, and presently all is still; a small stream of blood is seen issuing from under the basket, which is lifted up, and the apparently dead body of the child is shown lying face downward; the mother snatches it up, presses it to her bosom, and otherwise handles it, and after a minute places it with an air of resignation under the basket, seemingly a lifeless corpse. Meanwhile the blood has been wiped up by the other confederates, and a short incantation follows, at the end of which the basket is again raised, and lo! the child is found seated, quite unhurt, its laughing face indicating the satisfaction it is deriving from the juice of a short stick of sugar cane which it is crunching between its gleaming teeth.

One of the jugglers then brought forth a ball of fine twine, and unwound about fifty yards of it in a coil in his hand; this coil he cut through with a knife, at each end of its diameter; then doubling the several lengths he cut through them again, and repeated the operation until the twine had been divided into pieces not exceeding four inches in length. Taking up these disjecta he put them into the lad's mouth, and bade him swallow them, which, after some effort, he to all appearance did. Then, asking one of the company for a sharp penknife, the man obviously made an incision in the lad's stomach; from this he picked out, with the point of the knife, the end of a thread; this thread he pulled forth, at first gently, then faster, then hand over hand, until he had coiled down on the ground a continuous length of about 100 yards of wet sewing thread. This, if a deception, was a marvelous one; for the operation had all the appearance and tokens of reality, since the skin of the stomach was slightly raised around the orifice through which the thread was being evidently drawn.

Our friends were fairly puzzled; and to add to their perplexity the operator cut off the thread close to the skin, and placed a piece of sticking plaster over it, leaving it to be inferred that the supply of thread was unlimited, and could be drawn upon "to order."

"Master give me one piece of money," said he who appeared to be the principal juggler, suddenly speaking in English to Mr. Hawthorne.

"Why?" asked the latter, taking a rupee from his pocket and handing it to the man.

"Good rupee!" said the man, jerking the coin into the air with a sharp flip of the thumb nail, and drawing the true ring from the metal; "good rupee! master sure can hold him tight in his hand, so as cannot run away?"

"To be sure I can," replied the young gentleman.

"Master try, then," said the juggler, taking Mr. Hawthorne's left hand and placing the rupee on the palm of it. He then requested the gentleman to place the palm of his right hand over the coin, to close both hands tightly, and not let the money by any means escape.

Thoroughly determined on that point, our young friend pressed his hands together till he was red in the face.

"Master, quite sure got money in his hand?" asked the juggler.

"Quite," was the reply.

"Can feel him, master?"

"Yes."

The juggler took the gentleman's two hands between his own, and muttered some cabalistic words; then blowing upon them and giving them a heavy shake, he asked with a grin:

"Can feel him now, master?"

Starting from his chair with a bound, and, we are sorry to record it, with an oath, the young Englishman, with an affrighted look, unclasped his hands, and there fell on the floor beneath, not the rupee, but a lively wriggling little brown snake, about fifteen inches long, which made immediately for the legs of Capt. McTurk.

Now this gentleman, who under ordinary circumstances was as brave as a lion, by no means relished, or was prepared for, an encounter with the devil, of whom he doubtless believed the approaching reptile was an incarnation; so hastily tossing both legs high in the air the worthy captain lost his balance, and together with his chair came heavily to the floor, though fortunately with no serious consequences beyond a broken back—of the chair, we mean.

The worthy skipper soon picked himself up, and seeing that the snake had been captured by the lad, round whose arm it was now entwined, joined in the general laugh, and seated himself again in another chair that was placed for him.

"Master take his rupee again," said the juggler, offering the coin to Mr Hawthorne with, it must be confessed, a regretful look.

"By Jupiter, no!" said the gentleman; "you have fairly earned it; besides—"

"It might turn into a snake again in your pocket, you were going to add, Hawthorne," said Mr Kemp. "Come, confess."

"Well, there's no knowing what that imp of darkness might do, after what we have witnessed," replied his friend.

An empty flower pot was now placed upon the floor by the juggler, who requested that his comrade might be allowed to bring up some garden mold from the little plot of ground below.—Permission being accorded, the man went, and in two minutes returned with a small quantity of fresh earth, tied up in a corner of his chudder, which was deposited in the flower pot and lightly pressed down. Taking from his basket a dry mango-stone, and handing it around to the company that they might examine it and satisfy themselves that it was really what it seemed to be, the juggler scooped out a little earth from the center of the flower pot and placed the stone in the cavity; he then turned the earth lightly over it, and having poured a little water over the surface, shut the flower pot out of view by means of a sheet thrown over a small triangle.

And now amid a full chorus of voices and the rat-tat-tat accompaniment of the tabor, the stone germinated; presently a section of the cloth was drawn aside, and gave to view the tender shoot, characterized by two long leaves of a blackish brown color. The cloth was readjusted and the incantation resumed. Not long was it however, before the cloth was again drawn aside, and it was then seen that the two first leaves had given place to several green ones, and that the plant now stood nine or ten inches high. A third time, and the foliage was much thicker, the sapling being about thirteen to fourteen inches in height. A fourth time and the little miniature tree, now about eighteen inches in height, had ten or twelve mangoes about the size of walnuts hanging about its branches. Finally, after the lapse of three or four minutes, the cloth was altogether removed, and the fruit, having attained the perfection of size, though not of maturity, was plucked and handed to the spectators, and on being tasted was found to be approaching ripeness, being "sweetly acid."

This concluded the entertainment, and the jugglers having been handsomely rewarded made their obeisance, and retired well pleased.

Another One on Belknap.

MANCHESTER, N. H., March 26.—An evening paper here publishes a statement that J. Q. A. Sargent, of this place, paid Secretary Belknap $12,000 for a contract to furnish a heating apparatus in the Government buildings at Fort Leavenworth.

Get a Brooklyn girl thoroughly mad and the fruits of a careful religious training are not conspicuous in the fury with which she unships her bustle and wrecks it over the head of her adversary.—*Brooklyn Argus.*

Miscellany.

Ruined by the Lottery.

They who hanker to get possession of wealth by ventures of chance, or dishonest speculation, may find another warning in this story, from the Indianapolis Journal, of "what the lottery wheel did for two men:"

About two years ago two Indianapolis commercial tourists drew a portion of the capital prize of the Louisville Library lottery, one acquiring $7,500 and the other $5,000. The $7,500 man at once bought an interest in the grocery house by which he was employed, at the same time keeping his former position, his experience and capital realizing an increase of $3,000 or $4,000 per annum.

This was not enough, however, to satisfy his ambition, and in two or three months he sold out to his partners, who gladly paid him $7,500 for his interest. In six months, by his fast living, he reached his last dollar, and was in search of a situation.

For a time he was employed about a "ticket-scalping" office, and afterward traveled for three wholesale houses, never retaining a position longer than a month. Business men eyed him with something bordering on suspicion, and he could no longer get work.

He found plenty of time for drinks between meals, though; and at last, overcome by his misfortunes and drink, he determined to end his mortal career, and a night or two ago he was trying to buy morphine or arsenic at several drug-stores. His efforts in this direction were unsuccessful, for the drug clerks turned a deaf ear to his pathetic appeals, and his demise has not yet been announced. It is presumed that he has decided to take the slower but equally certain path to the other shore.

The $5,000 man, who was also an employe of the same firm, took his windfall and went to Kansas, where he engaged in the lumber business; now he, too, is back in the city of concentric circles, "busted," looking for a job. And so the world moves.

Old Sojourner and the Mob.

Cool courage and the power of sacred song have ever been the best subduers of wicked rage. The following incident is related of that remarkable negro woman, Sojourner Truth, in her life, by Mrs. Titus, recently published:

At one time she was at camp-meeting, and a mob of young ruffians were determined to break up the meeting. She at first hid herself, from fear, but afterwards said to herself:

"What! shall I turn and hide from the Devil—me, a servant of the living God? Have I not faith enough to go out and quell that mob, when I know it is written, 'One shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight?' I'll go to the rescue, and the Lord will go with me to protect me."

She went out into the open field, among the wild and reckless mob, and commenced to sing in the most fervid manner, and with powerful voice:

"It was early in the morning, it was early in the morning,
Just at the break of day,
When he rose, when he rose, when he rose,
And went to heaven on a cloud."

Soon the crowd surrounded her, armed with clubs and sticks; as she ceased, one spoke up:

"Sing on, old woman; nobody shall hurt you!" Another said, "Talk to us, old woman!" Another, "Pray, old woman, and tell us your experience!"

So she talked, and sung, and prayed, until the subdued and convicted mob quietly dispersed, and the exercises of the camp-meeting proceeded peacefully to the close.

The Simplicity of Wisdom.

The late Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander, of Princeton Theological Seminary, was a very wise man; great, however, as was his wisdom, it was paralleled by his singular simplicity of character. An epitaph written by Pope might have been appropriately cut on the gravestone of the venerable man:

"Of manners gentle, of affection mild,
In wit a man, simplicity a child."

While great men wondered at the wisdom of the sage, the humblest could understand him.

The students of the seminary were in the habit of preaching at neighboring school houses, in order to improve their "gift." A constant hearer at one of these preaching stations was an old colored man; he was an humble Christian, but unlearned. Uncle Sam, as he was called, would often try to tell his mistrees what he could remember of the sermon; but his general complaint was that the preaching of the students was too learned and deep for him.

One Sunday afternoon he came home in an unusually good humor. A *poor unlarnt* old man, just like himself, he said, had preached at the school house. He didn't suppose the old man was hardly fit to preach to white people; but Uncle Sam was glad he came, *for he could remember everything he had said.*

The "unlarnt old man" was Dr. Alexander, who, when he heard of the colored man's criticism, said it was the highest compliment ever paid to his preaching.

Another $100,000 Steal.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 26.—The Committee on Pensions struck a bonanza yesterday in unearthing a $400,000 fraud in the Pension Bureau. Seaton, Chief Clerk in the Bureau under the Van Arnim Administration of 1869 and 1871, was summoned from Albany New York, and testified that while he was in office there was a ring consisting of Van Arnim, Chaney, Orange, Mass, Van Meter, Lyons, of New York; Hill & Dunkirk, of New York. These men forged some 2,300 fraudulent land bounties of the war of 1812 and the Mexican and Indian wars, valued at $170 and $200 each, presented them to the Bureau and received payment on the same. Afterward the parties entitled to the bounties tried to procure payment and found they had been represented as being dead, and the ring had collected the pensions as administrators of their estates. Seaton and other clerks tried to expose the fraud and were discharged in consequence.

How to Carry an Ox to Market.

This from a correspondent at Rivere du Loup, Canada.

When the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada was completed in 1860, many farmers had never heard of, much less seen, a railway, but it soon got reported around that passengers could travel by it, and even cattle. A backwoodsman, who was indebted to a country merchant was *pushed* by the latter for payment of the amount due, and the only means of liquidating the debt was by taking a fat ox to the Quebec market. For this purpose he tied his ox to the back of his cart, and drove to the railway station, a distance of nine miles.—On surveying the train and seeing an iron railing around the platform of the hind car, he concluded that *that was* the place to tie his ox, which he accordingly did, taking a place in a second class car himself forward. Presently the train began to move off slowly. The speed increased; quicker and quicker it went. The poor man got very fidgety, the speed still increasing, until large drops of sweat became visible on his brow. By this time the conductor had reached his car to collect his tickets.—Nearly out of breath the man ran to him, exclaiming:

'My *dear* conductor, my ox will never be able to keep up to this pace; it is not possible.'

'Your ox! Keep up to this pace!—What do you mean? I don't understand you. Have you an ox on board?'

'Not on board, of course. I tied him to the railing of the hind car.'

'You tied your ox to the railing of the hind car? Who told you to do so?'

"No one; but that is the way we always do in the country.'

Of course the conductor could not stop his train before reaching the next station, when, needless to say, on looking for the ox, they found attached to the rope a pair of horns, with a small portion of the neck.

Mr Bergh could scarcely call this cruelty to animals, as it was not intended.

The humane conductor made a collection among the passengers on the spot, realizing a larger amount than the ox would have brought at market, which he presented to the crest-fallen farmer, who immediately returned home, vowing he would never have oxen taken to market by railway again. He has kept his word, and to this day he leads his ox to market behind his own cart.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Religious Exercises.

She was a lady named Magruder, and somewhat strict in reference to family morals. Indeed, while Mr. Magruder was a good man, and endeavored to discharge his duties as a parent with propriety, yet his views as to what really was proper often ran counter to the views entertained on the same subject by his wife, and she had spunk. These differences on a certain occasion are thus described by a common friend.

'I called at Magruder's the other morning on my way down town, and as I knew them well, I entered the side door without knocking. I was shocked to find Mr. Magruder prostrate on the floor, while Mrs. Magruder sat on his chest, and rumpled among his hair as she bumped his head on the boards and scolded him vigorously. They rose when I came in, and Magruder, as he wiped the blood from his nose, tried to pretend it was only a joke. But Mrs Magruder interrupted him:

"Joke! joke!" I should think not. I was giving him a dressing down. He wanted to have family prayers before breakfast, and I was determined to have them afterward; and as he threw the Bible at me, and hit Mary Jane with the hymn-book, I soused down on him. If I can't rule this house, I'll know why. Pick up them Scriptures, and have prayers! You hear me, Magruder?—It's more trouble regulatin' the piety of this family than runnin' a saw-mill.—Mary Jane, give your pa that hymn book.'

"I left before the exercises began."—*Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for April.*

A Lesson in Politeness.

A friend of Dean Swift one day sent him a turbot as a present by a servant had who had frequently been on similar errands, but had never received anything for his trouble. Having gained admission, he opened the study door, and putting the fish on the floor, cried out rudely, "Master has sent you a turbot!" "Young man," says the Dean, rising from his easy chair, "is that the way you deliver a message? Let me teach you better manners; sit down in my chair; we will change places, and I will teach you how to behave in the future!" The boy sat down, and the Dean, going out, came to the door, and making a low bow, said "Sir, master presents his kind compliments, hopes you are well, and requests the acceptance of a small present." "Does he?" replied the boy; "return him my best thanks, and here's half a crown for yourself!" The Dean, thus caught in his own trap, laughed heartily, and gave the boy a crown for his ready wit.

Cure for Love of Liquor.

At a festival at a reformatory institution, recently, a gentleman said of the cure of the use of intoxicating drinks: "I overcame the appetite by a recipe given to me by old Dr. Hatfield, one of those good old physicians who do not have a percentage from a neighboring druggist. The prescription is simply an orange every morning a half hour before breakfast. 'Take that,' said the doctor, 'and you will neither want liquor nor medicine.' I have done so regularly, and find that liquor has become repulsive. The taste of the orange is in the saliva of my tongue, and it would be as well to mix water and oil as rum with my taste."

When a Missourian was recently on trial for murder, he didn't say he was insane. He simply said: "If yer Honor please, I am guilty. I killed the man because he took my gal from me. She was about the only thing I had; an' I didn't want to live after she went, and I didn't want him to live neither. An' I should be obleeged to your Honor if you would hang me as soon as possible."

Treatment of Girls.

How many unhappy girls have paid dearly for the early upbringing of their husbands, who, the first glamour of love passed, treat their wives as they were allowed to treat their sisters, as they saw their fathers treat their mothers, carelessly, disrespectfully, with a total want of that considerate tenderness which is worth all the passionate love in the world—thus, though they may pass muster outside as excellent husbands, never do anything really bad, and possessing many good and attractive qualities, yet contriving somehow quietly to break the poor womanly heart, or harden it into that passive acceptance of pain which is more fatal to married happiness than even temporary estrangement. Anger itself is a safer thing than stolid, hopeless indifference.

The best husbands I ever met came out of a family where the mother, a most heroic, and self denying woman, laid down the absolute law, "Girls first," not in any authority, but first to be thought of as to protection and tenderness. Consequently, the chivalrous care which these lads were taught to show to their own sisters naturally extended itself to all women. They grew up true gentleman—gentlemen—generous, unexacting, courteous of speech and kind of heart. In them was the protecting strength of manhood which scorns to use its strength except for protection; the proud honesty of manhood which infinitely prefers being lovingly and openly resisted to being "twisted round one's finger," as mean men are twisted, and mean women will always be found ready to do it; but which, I think, all honest men and brave women would not merely dislike, but utterly despise.—MISS MULOCH.

Stolen Sweets.

The Vicksburg boy can stand up with any other boy in the world against an accusation. The other day when a Vicksburg mother discovered sugar on the pantry shelf she called to her boy and said:

"Some one has been stealing this sugar."

"Is it possible!" he exclaimed, rolling up his eyes in astonishment.

"Yes, it is possible, and the thief is not far away, either."

"Ain't he? Do you suspect father?"

"No, I don't."

"Couldn't be the cat, could it?" he inquired, glancing under the table in search of the feline.

"Cats don't eat sugar, young man!"

"They don't?"

"No, sir; the thief is a boy about your size!"

"He is, eh? I'd like to catch him in here just once!"

"If the sugar is disturbed again," she said, as she covered the box, "I know a boy who will get his jacket dusted."

"That's bully! I wish you'd let me stay out of school so's to see you catch and maul him!"

And he went out to devour the other lumps.—*Vicksburg Herald.*

Delano can Tell.

It now transpires that the true inwardness of the delay in Delano's resignation as Secretary of the Interior was a threat he held over the President's head in regard to Orvil's rascality in connection with the post-traderships.—When Grant demanded Delano's resignation last summer, he hastened to Long Branch and shook evidence of Orvil's roguery in the President's face, and defied Grant to push him from his place in the Interior Department. Grant saw that Delano was not in the humor to be trifled with, and he had to tamely submit and permit the Secretary to resign at leisure. It is now thought that if Delano can be summoned as a witness, evidence enough can be brought from him to impeach Grant. Delano, Cowen and that Board of Auditors are at Sacramento, California, ready to jump the country if an attempt is made to make them testify.—*Cin. Enquirer's Washington Dispatch.*

☞ Senator Jones, of the Pennsylvania Legislature, has written a letter to the Centennial Musical Director at Philadelphia, making a novel suggestion, which is worthy of thought. He proposes that at noon on the fourth day of July next all the people of the entire country should join in singing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," to the tune of "Old Hundred." Mr. Jones says that he believes "such an effect would be produced throughout the land and the civilized world that would never be forgotten." It is further proposed to print the verse in all languages, so that all tongues may join in the praise. The suggestion is certainly a remarkable one, and is worthy of the consideration of our religious people, as well as others. Ten thousand people in Capitol square singing 'Old Hundred' would be a novel sight.

☞ The Housekeeper gives the following suggestions for utilizing old tin cans. Take off the top of the can, punch holes on opposite sides near the rim, put in a wire bail; and you have a little bucket, which may serve for a paint pot, to keep nails in, or other handy purposes. Take off the top, cut to the proper shape, and fasten on a handle by means of a screw through a hole in the bottom, and a useful scoop may be made. A saucepan for small messes may be made by cutting down a can, leaving a strip to be bent at right angles, and turned around a stick, to serve as a handle. A coarse grater for crackers, etc., is easily formed from a piece of tin fastened to a board. The holes in the grater should be made with an old three cornered file.

Chinese Tea-Making.

A cup of good tea is not found in every household, and seldom, if at all, in a hotel or restaurant. A Chinese doctor explains the cause. He says that Americans boil tea, and thereby lose the flavor, while the Chinese make it by infusion. They place a small quantity of tea leaves in a bowl, pour boiling water upon it, and then cover the bowl. The strength of the tea depends on the time the tea is allowed to draw. "And," said the speaker, "when making an infusion, do not boil the water hastily at first. Milk or sugar, the Chinaman declares, should never be used with tea."

Sense and Nonsense.

The man who had a project on foot went to a good doctor.

Way [illegible] I left out in the drizzling [illegible] thoroughly [illegible] in a short time.

When a man [illegible] money says he will be indebted to you forever, you may believe him my boy.

Why should it be easy to break into an old man's house? A burglar has only a door to force, and his locks are few.

This is the season of the year when boils blossom and young men hold their heads as stiff as if they had swallowed a lightning rod.

At a printer's festival, the following toast was offered: "Woman—Second only to the press in the dissemination of news."

Mexico is a lazy country, but the sight of a drove of Texas cattle will fill a Mexican with the enterprise of a fruit-tree peddler.—*Chicago Times.*

When two women in a family are trying to tell the same thing at the same time, it is an auspicious opportunity for the men folks to vanish.—*Danbury News.*

"What is a conscience?" asked a school-master of his class. "An inward monitor," replied a bright little fellow. "And what's a monitor?" "One of the iron clads."

"Don't you think," said a husband in a mild form of rebuke to his wife, "that women are possessed by the devil?"—"Yes," was the answer, "as soon as they are married."

The Alta California says that it is as useless to try to keep the American adventurers out of the Black Hills as to try to keep a woman out of a dry goods store.

Spring has so far advanced in California that a woman can dig horse radish with an old barrel-stave, and her husband can leave his feet out of bed.—*Free Press.*

"If Jones undertakes to pull my ears," said a loud-mouthed fellow on a street corner, "he will just have his hands full." The crowd looked at the man's ears and thought so, too.

A wag, upon visiting a medical museum, was shown some dwarfs and specimens of mortality all preserved in alcohol. "Well," said he, "I never thought the dead could be in such spirits."

At a little gathering the other evening somebody asked a man if he was fond of opera. He said he was, passionately. He always liked that part where the lady rides around and jumps through the hoops.

A doctor attending a punster who was very ill, apologized for being late one day by saying that he had to stop to see a man who had fallen down a well. 'Did he kick the bucket, doctor?' groaned the punster.

P. B. Shillaber, "Mrs. Partington," is seventy-seven; has white hair. He is in California for his health. He says he studied the character of "Ike" from his own son. The old woman—man, we mean—is still jolly.—*New York Herald.*

A Chicago doctor says that superstition often kills people who are otherwise fitted for a long life. That may be so, but what is a fellow to do when his grandmother's ghost pokes him in the ribs at midnight and whispers: 'Refund that money—your hour has arrived?'

"Ugh! I'll tell you what it is, Jones; If there were burglars in my house, and I knew it, by jingo I'd——" "Well, what would you do?" "I'd do whatever they required of me. I never did my own way in that house yet, and it's too late to commence now—yes, too late."

An old Baptist minister enforced the necessity of difference of opinion by this argument: "Now, if everybody had been of my opinion everybody would have wanted my wife." One of the deacons who sat just behind him responded, "Yes, and if everybody were of my opinion, nobody would have had her."

It is stated, upon German authority, that the unpleasant taste imparted to milk and butter by feeding turnips, etc., may be removed by simply throwing into each pan of milk of 4 or 5 quarts as much saltpeter as will lie on the point of a knife, when a gelatinous mass will separate from the milk and settle to the bottom.

'Look up!' thundered the captain of a vessel, as his boy grew dizzy while gazing from the topmast. "Look up!" The boy looked up, and returned in safety. Young man, look up, and, with God's blessing, you will succeed. Never look down and despair. Leave dangers uncared for, and push on. If you falter you will lose. Do the right and put your trust in God.

"Yes," he said dreamily, "we are always striving for a subjective goal. Unconsciously, it may be, but still we strive. We lean over the verge of the infinite, longing to grasp its mysteries, and lost in the profundity of its immensity." "Yes," she replied thoughtfully, "but, John, would you mind my putting a brown patch on those old duck pants of yours?"

However false or unhealthy religious feeling may sometimes be, the great truth still remains behind, that *feeling* is the secret of doing. The heart must be engaged for Christ or the hands will soon hang down. The affections must be enlisted into his service, or our obedience will soon stand still. It will always be the loving workman who will do most in the Lord's vineyard.—*Ryle.*

A grocer in the town of Santa Clara, California, has adopted an original method of business. Each side of the store is fitted up for business on its own account. In the general arrangement each side is a duplicate of the other, the difference being that one side is cash and the other credit. When a customer comes in the first question asked is, "Do you wish to buy for cash or on account?" If it is a cash customer, the goods and prices on the cash side are shown, but if it is one who wants credit he is shown the other side, and made to realize the value of ready money.