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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ATTORNEYS.

J. T. MORRILL.
Attorney at Law and Notary Public,
Clarington (Sunfish) Monroe Co., O.
☞ For twenty-four years Justice of the Peace. dec1,'74r.

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

WILLIAM OKEY
HOLLISTER & OKEY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
WOODSFIELD, MONROE CO., O.
Practice in Monroe and adjoining counties
June 8, 1873—r.

J. P. SPRIGGS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
And Claim Agent,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
OFFICE—Up stairs in Hoeffler's building. April26,'74.

W. E. HALLORA
W. P. HUNTER
Notary Public
HUNTER & MALLORY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
OFFICE—Southwest corner Public Square.
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
Will practice in Monroe and adjoining counties. apr25,'74r.

JOHN W. DOHERTY
A. J. PEARSON
Pros. Attorney.
PEARSON & DOHERTY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
(Office—Up stairs, in Court House.)
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
Will practice in Monroe and adjoining counties, july27,'75r.

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. aug29,'76r.

PAINTING AND PAPER HANGING

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,
Jan4,'76r. Antioch P. O., Monroe Co., O.

ROB'T C. OKEY.
Paper Hanger & House Painter
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
Outside and inside painting done in a workmanlike manner, and at reasonable rates. Paper hanging and whitewashing attended to with neatness and dispatch. apr25,'76m3.

ARCHITECTS.

J. O. K. 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. jan4,'76r.

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 RICHNER,
Jerusalem, Monroe Co., Ohio.
mch14,'76r.

A. F. KISAR,
SILVERSMITH,
Ozark, Monroe County, Ohio.
Repairs Watches, Clocks and Jewelry in a workmanlike manner, and at reasonable prices. july11,'75m3.

DENTISTRY.

DRS. HUNTER & KEEPERS,
DENTISTS,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
Teeth extracted without pain by the use of nitrous oxide or laughing gas.
☞ Office in Hoeffler's building.—ma25'75r

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.

T. H. ARMSTRONG, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
Office and residence in the Hollister property, west side of town, near Union School House
jy6,'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,'76r.

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.

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.

JOHN E. MIRACLE,
COUNTY SURVEYOR,
STAFFORD, MONROE CO., O.
Surveying promptly attended to on application or by letter. mch14,'76r.

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. JOHN JEFFERS.
apr18,'76r. Beallsville Monroe Co., Ohio.

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. HOGUE.
S. B. MOONEY. H. WHITTACRE.
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, M. HOEFFLER.
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.

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.
ap23ly. FRITZ REEF

Poetry.

WE SHALL KNOW.

When the mists have rolled in splendor,
From the beauty of the hills,
And the sunshine warm and tender,
Falls in splendor on the rills,
We may read love's shining letter
In the rainbow of the spray;
We shall know each other better,
When the mists have cleared away.
We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

If we err in human blindness,
And forgot that we are dust,
If we miss the law of kindness,
When we struggle to be just,
Snowy wings of peace shall cover
All the pains that cloud our day,
When the weary watch is over,
And the mists have cleared away,
We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

When the silvery mists have veiled us
From the faces of our own,
Oft we deem their love has failed us,
And we tread our path alone;
We should see them near and truly,
We should trust them day by day,
Neither love nor blame unduly,
If the mists were cleared away,
We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

When the mists have risen above us,
As our father knows his own,
Face to face with those that love us,
We shall know as we are known.
Love beyond the orient meadows,
Floats the golden fringe of day;
Heart to heart we hide the shadows,
Till the mists have cleared away,
We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone.
When the day of light is dawning,
And the mists have cleared away.

—*Dining Room Magazine.*

Select Story.

THE COQUETTE OF ARLON.

(From the French of J. Collin de Plancy.)

In very ancient times the inhabitants of Arlon worshipped the moon, and the learned maintained that the name Arlon is derived from the two words *ara luna*, signifying "Altar of the Moon." It is perhaps for this reason that the young women of this ancient town now and then have odd fancies. Apropos of this, I propose to relate a story which Mr. Adolphe Decamps must have listened to when he was Governor of Luxembourg, for it is one of the traditions of the provinces All the Arlone-e know it, and I write it down for the benefit of those who have not been governors of provinces, and whose ancestors have not worshipped the moon.

It is said that about one hundred years ago there resided in Arlon a young girl named Gertrude. She was eighteen years of age, and was gay, frank and good natured, always smiling and happy, and full of life and activity. She was the daughter of Charles Stock, a wealthy proprietor of the little town, and generally designated as Stock, Jr, to distinguish him from his father and grandfather, who were yet living. "They last long in that family," was a local expression.

Gertrude had many admirers, but none of them appeared to make any impression on her heart. This, together with her fascinating manners, gave her the name of the "Coquette of Arlon."—Do not take this appellation in its harshest sense, for her father and mother allowed her to do as she pleased, having the utmost confidence in her. And it was not misplaced. Among the many who sought her hand in marriage were four young men of the town who deserve special mention. Their names were Sigismond de Vletter, Gilles Collin, Wenceslas Stroobant and Lambert Von Moll. The first named was so calm and undemonstrative that the other three gave themselves no uneasiness about him.—They, on the contrary, were so pressing that the neighbors all expected that she would certainly marry one of them

The four suitors pressed their claims, each one in his own way, urging her to decide in his own favor. So one day in September, 1743, she devised a strategem by which to test their strength and affection. Her parents once more allowed her to have her own way, for as she never undertook anything without first consulting them, we may suppose that they were not stern and tyrannical parents that usually fall to the lot of the unfortunate heroines of modern romances. About a quarter of a league from Arlon, in a field belonging to her father, Gertrude had often noticed an old Roman tomb, which no one dared to approach on account of its ghostly reputation. All sorts of stories were told about it. This tomb has now disappeared—I cannot say how. Gertrude resolved to make it the center of her batteries Gilles Collin came as usual and uttered more ardent and passionate protestations of love than ever, declaring that he would willingly walk over burning coals to please her.

"I am not so unreasonable as to require that of you," said she; all things considered, I do not refuse to marry you, but I wish to have proof of your devotion, and at the same time of your courage."

"Very well," answered Gilles; "I will give you any proof that you can demand; only say what it shall be."

"You know," said she, "the ancient tomb which is situated on the knoll, not a quarter of a league from town?"

"Yes," replied the puzzled Gilles, "I have seen it from a distance; there is nothing remarkable about it."

"Well, this evening at nine o'clock, I want you to go, without saying a word to any one about it, and lie down in the old tomb."

"In the witches' den? What a caprice!"

"And you must remain motionless until midnight."

"But, Gertrude, what are you thinking of? What is your object?"

"You are a coward; you are trembling already. Perhaps it is a caprice; but I have my object and I wish to try you If you do as I wish, I shall know that I can trust you, and provided you remain there from nine o'clock until midnight my heart is yours; if you refuse, I shall marry some one else."

Struck by the decided tone of the young girl, Gilles dared not offer further objection, but he thought of the freezing recitals to which he had listened—of apparitions from another world that were seen gliding around the tomb, and of witches who there held their nocturnal meetings and made as a place of deposit for their argument and diabolical compounds In truth, fires had sometimes been seen burning near there through the night, and surrounded by groups of sinister and grotesque looking faces, but they were undoubtedly gipsies, with which Luxembourg and Limbourg were at that period infested. But some persons professed to have seen supernatural beings, and a thousand wonderful stories were related about them. For a year, however, nothing had been seen there, and though Gilles was more afraid than he would have cared to acknowledge, he was so deeply enamored of the young girl that he accepted the condition and promised to do what was required of him without divulging his intention to any one.

Shortly afterward Wenceslas Stroobant came in his turn. Gertrude gave him a very gracious reception; he was handsome and rich; and fully conscious of these advantages he felt confident of success in his suit.

"It is not your fortune that tempts me," said Gertrude to him, greatly flattered.

Wenceslas bowed as if he would say, "I understand. I have other attractions."

"I feel a deep interest in you," she said, "and would willingly give you my hand if you will render me a service that will prove your courage."

"You have but to command me," said the handsome young man; "I am entirely at your service"

"Well, then, you must know that one of my relatives has been killed in a duel. He is in the woods, and we are making every effort to secure him an honorable burial. In the meantime the body is to be placed in the Roman tomb at nine o'clock this evening. As the tomb is neither covered nor enclosed, we greatly fear it may be disturbed; therefore I beg of you to go there at half past nine."

"To the witches' den? What an idea!"

"Are you afraid already? *Mon dieu*, how faint hearted the young men are."

"I am not afraid, but you are giving me a very queer commission."

"Call it a fancy if you will, but I can only confide this to one who is very devoted, for it is absolutely necessary to conceal this mystery from everybody.—You must go there at exactly half-past nine, and you must dress yourself to personate an angel of light, and carry a torch in your hand. The fearful stories of which the tomb has been the subject will be of service to you, and those who may be scheming to carry away or rob the dead will, upon seeing you sitting at the foot of the tomb with your torch in your hand, be so terrified that none will dare to approach. At midnight you can return home Will you do it?"

"I will," said Wenceslas, who feared to displease her

"I must be certain that you have performed this service; but remember, not a word about it to any one, and at this price my hand is yours."

Winceslas regained his usual composure, smothering as best he could those superstitious fears which sometimes assail the strongest minds. He swore that he would be both obedient and discreet, and that at half past nine precisely he would be at his post, where he would watch the dead so closely that not even a bat should approach. He soon took his leave in order to make his preparations.

A few moments afterward Lambert Von Moll, the faithful, appeared to render his homage to the young lady. He was a lawyer, and everybody predicted a brilliant future for him.

"If you really love me," said the coquette, "I am going to prove it. Some of the neighbors whom you know, and are our enemies, wish to injure us. For this purpose they have placed a dead body in the Roman tomb, which belongs to our family. I wish you to make every effort to carry off the corpse."

"I!" interrupted Lambert.

"Certainly. I know that you are brave"

"That is true; but this is such a ridiculous commission."

"The body will doubtless be guarded by mere children, and in order to disperse these you must blacken your face and make yourself as ugly as you are handsome, in short, disguise yourself as a demon. Call it a ridiculous commission if you will; but go to the Roman tomb at precisely ten; take up the body and bring it here, and you will gain all my gratitude."

Lambert Von Moll reflected for a moment, and deciding that it was not too too great a price to pay for the heart of Gertrude, he, like the two others, promised punctuality and discretion, and accordingly withdrew to make his preparations

Sigismond de Vletter then came to pay his respects to Mr. and Mrs. Stock; he wished Gertrude good evening, and conversed a few moments with her, while taking a turn in the garden. Having taken him aside, Gertrude, who had her project, proposed he should in his turn assume a character in her comedy. But Sigismond, who perceived some malicious intention in spite of her grave tones, told her that for anything serious or important she might command him, but that such childishness was only proper for children. The coquette not finding him very complaisant left him.

The night was very cold, and at nine o'clock Gilles Collin arrived at the Roman tomb. He had furnished himself with a small lantern, not being very courageous. He went all around the tomb and carefully examined the bushes and every place in which he thought any one might be concealed, and then, not at all reassured by the silence and solitude which surrounded him, he extinguished his light and enveloped himself from head to foot in a long white sheet which he had brought concealed under his coat; then extending himself at full length in the tomb, soon became as gloomy and motionless as the body he personated. Very lugubrious were the thoughts that passed through his mind while lying there in his winding-sheet—A very long quarter of an hour had elapsed, when he was startled by the cry of a screech owl. He uncovered his eyes and looked around, but could see nothing except some vague reflections of light in the direction of the town Soon, however, he heard, through the silence of the night, footsteps which were evidently coming toward him; he raised his head; rays of light caught his eyes, and he saw, not far off, a mysterious phantom, habited in a long robe of cloth of silver which was confined by a blue girdle. The head of this apparition was crowned with stars (made of gilt paper) while from its shoulder floated two large pieces of muslin, representing wings.

Poor Gilles, who had not foreseen such an incident, cowered down under his sheet, utterly unable to explain the meaning of what he saw

"It is an angel," said he to himself, but the angel coughed.

"It is not an inhabitant of heaven," thought Gilles; "if it is one of the sorcerers, I am in a very bad situation"

The angel, on his part, appeared to be ill at ease. He cast an oblique glance at the winding-sheet that covered the dead, and did not appear anxious to make a closer examination. Holding the torch in his hand, Wenceslas Stroobant, thus transformed into an angel, appeared to make a great effort to seat himself at the foot of the tomb, and if the dead had not been in such a state of perturbation he would have noticed that the angel was trembling with cold Wenceslas seemed to have contracted a very bad cold, which was manifested by a very severe fit of sneezing and coughing, and being unable to find his handkerchief, he was obliged to use one of his wings to wipe the moisture from his nose and mantle.

"That is not an angel, certainly," thought the dead; "it must be a sorcerer. Who knows if he be not master of ceremonies? He is there with his torch to call the others and I shall find myself in the midst of their revels, and if the devil presides over them, what shall I do?"

While making these disagreeable reflections he was struck by the sudden agitation of the angel of the torch, who appeared to behold some fearful object. It was the third person approaching.

This latter (Lambert Von Moll) was disguised as a spectre of darkness. As he drew near the light of the torch, which gleamed upon him at intervals, gave him a fearful appearance. He did not appear greatly terrified, but probably from motives of prudence he approached in a zigzag line, pausing now and then, as though he saw something he did not expect. The silvery robe of the angel glittered in the torchlight, and Lambert could not account to himself for this singular costume.

As the angel, whose trembling limbs refused to support him, remained fixed in his place, Lambert decided to make a flank movement, and accordingly he passed around the other end of the tomb.

His disguise was frightful; he was muffled in an oxhide, which was adorned with the long horns and the ears; his face was blackened, and the lower part of it concealed by an immense red beard, In his hand he carried one of those wooden forks which are used to spread new mown hay.

Wenceslas, who had not lost sight of the demon, now signalized himself by the greatest effort of courage he had ever made in his life. He suddenly advanced, with the torch at arm's length before him, and the spectre recoiled—But the flame touched Lambert's great heard, and in an instant it was in a blaze He quickly tore it off and sprang on the angel, whose torch fell and was extinguished

They seized each other by the hair, mutually astonished, perhaps, at finding each other palpable.

The corpse, who had seen all, and had begun to question whether it was really a scene among the witches, now took Wenceslas and Lambert for a good and a bad angel who were disputing possession of him, and overcome by a terrible fear, he suddenly sprang out of the tomb with his winding sheet around him, and took to flight across the fields.

The two champions seeing the dead rush forth, were seized with the same terror, and letting go of each other by common consent, they fled as though pursued by all the witches.

The three lovers returned to their respective lodgings, utterly overcome with what they had seen and passed through; and the next day none of them were able to leave their beds, To finish their adventures, Gertrude sent word to them that they must have very little esteem for her, since, instead of fulfilling their promises, they had run away in such a ridiculous manner. And she married Sigismond.

Silliness of Swearing.

The habit of swearing is as silly as it is wicked. Boys, thinking it manuish, sometimes use oaths to show off their smartness. Rev. Sydney Smith was once conveyed in a stage-coach by a youth who mixed his conversation with many swear words The clerical wit, having endured the annoyance for some time, determined to punish the youth, and put a stop to his bad manners—Having asked permission of the company to tell them a story, he said:

"Once on a time there was a king (boots, sugar-tongs and tinder-boxes!) who, at a grand ball (boots, sugar-tongs and tinder boxes!) picked up the Countess of Shrewsbury's garter (boots, sugar-tongs and tinder boxes!) and said, '*Honi soit qui mal y pense*,' (boots, sugar-tongs and tinder boxes!)"

"Rather old, that story," said the youth; but what —— have boots, sugar-tongs and tinder boxes to do with it?"

"I wi l tell you, my young friend," replied Smith, "when you tell me what your oaths have to do with your conversation. In the meantime allow me to say that that is my style of swearing."

Sense and Nonsense.

Moody says: "God is rich, and I am working for Him."

It will surprise many people to hear that Norway now ranks as the third maritime power on earth.

A child died in Huntingdon county, Pennsylvania, recently, from an over dose of "soothing syrup."

The idea of postal cards originated with the German Empire.

Chicken-pie sociables are popular in Wisconsin—not among the chickens, however.

A little boy had been sent to dry a towl before the nursery fire "Mamma, is it done when it is brown?" he inquired.

"Ma, dear," said an Intelligent pet, "what do they play the organ so loud for when church is over? Is it to wake us up?"

Queen Victoria has received from the Empress of Brazil a present of a dress woven of the webs of the large South American spider.

Boss Tweed regrets that he should be the cause of a general European war, and offers to go back to Spain if it will promote harmony.

Since the Centennial opened over 2,000 old umbrellas, 1,000 parasols, and 500 babies have been returned to their owners, by the committee on Lost Things.

The Moody and Sankey guarantee fund at Boston of $30,000, is so nearly subscribed that work on the Tremont Street Tabernacle is to be begun at once.

A compositor, setting up a report of a horse race, said the "fool sellers were busy," instead of the "pool-sellers."—But it did not alter the sense of the paragraph.

Doctor—"Only winged again! You won't get much of a bag to-day, Charlie." Charlie (nettled)—"Impossible to kill every time. I don't load with prescriptions."

Huxley contends that a frog is only a bird without feathers, and so a fish ball with the wrapper knocked off, and a stone is only an apple dumpling gone to seed.

An old Dutchman froze his nose.—While thawing the frost out, he said, "I haf carry dat nose fordy year, unt he nefer freeze hisself before. I no under stan dis ting."

The Chicago Times puts the solemn conundrum: "How can we escape fire?" A New York paper answers: "The Gospel offers you every encouragement, but perhaps your best 'hold' is to get out of Chicago."

An editor, who speaks with the air of a man who has discovered a new fact by experience, says that the new way to prevent bleeding at the nose is to keep your nose out of other people's business.

We should advise the Republican leaders before making up another Electoral ticket to read the whole of the United States Constitution. They will find that it consists of several things besides the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments.

It would be affectation to pretend that admiration, when it is opeuly expressed, is not very sweet to girls. Extremely few people are above the influence of vanity, and maidens, as a class, are certainly not among those who are.—*Home Journal.*

A woman, hearing a great deal about "preserving autumn leaves," concluded to put up a few jars of them She told a neighbor yesterday that she didn't think they would ever be fit to eat, and that she might as well have thrown her sugar away.

A father of five sons and three daughters was asked how many children he had.

The answer was, "I have five sons and each of them has three sisters."

"Mercy!" interrupted his interrogator, "sic a family ye maun have."

In a debate in the Vermont Legislature, the other day, a member related this incident: A man borrowed three thousand dollars of a widow, erected therewith a handsome monument in a church-yard sacred to his own memory. failed within six months, and paid the widow, who could ill afford to lose it, ten per cent. of her claim.

A man in Virginia City, Nevada, whose Chinese cook left him, was unable to retain any of numerous "Johns" for over a day, until he induced one of them to explain that some apparently meaningless strips of red paper on the kitchen wall contained the Chinese inscription: "Boss woman, long time tongue Muchee jaw-jaw."

Burlington Hawk-Eye: Winter is coming again, and the bewildered populace of Rhode Island will get up early in the morning and hastily empty their ashes over into the adjoining States, and cuddle back into the house before the Connecticut police or the Massachusets people are awake. War will grow out of this thing before many years.

A bright-eyed blonde young man bought a front seat every night and spent $6 on bouquets to throw to her when she made her entrance, and now he's taken to wandering out into the country, simply because he discovered that the man who sat next to him was her son and that she sold the bouquets backs to the flower-woman.—*New Orleans Bulletin.*

A bickering pair of Quakers were lately heard in high controversy, the husband exclaiming: "I am determined to have one quiet week with thee!"—"But how wilt thou be able to get it?" said the taunting spouse, in that sort of reiteration which married ladies so provokingly indulge in. "I will keep thee a week after thou art dead," was the Quaker's rejoinder.

One night we were sitting out of doors in the moonlight, unusually quiet, almost sad. Suddenly some one—a poetic looking man, with a gentle, lovely face—said in a low tone: "Did you ever think of the beautiful lesson the stars teach us?" We gave a vague, appreciative murmur, but some soulless clod said: "No; what is it?" "How to wink," he answered, in a sad, sweet voice.

Miscellany.

Turkey and Russia.

In the first place, let us recall three facts. One is, that Constantinople, the present capital of Turkey, was the seat of the Greek church, of which Russia is now the head, before the Turks invaded Europe.

The second is, that a large portion of the inhabitants of Turkey are not only Christians, but are "Sclaves," that is, of the same race and blood as the great body of the Russians themselves

The third fact to be kept in mind is, that for two centuries the Russians have covated Constantinople, for two reasons; because she has her ambition that that city should once more be the capital of the Greek church, and because she desires to be a great naval power. Now the possession of Constantinople would give her the command, not only of the Black Sea, but also of the Eastern Mediterranean

Peter the Great left it as an injunction on the Czars who should succeed him, to conquer Constantinople; and this has accordingly been the aim of the Czars ever since. The Crimean War was the result of an attempt to make this conquest on the part of the Czar Nicholas; but England and France came to the Sultan's rescue, and Russian ambition was checked by the fall of Sebastopol

Russia still covets Constantinople, and is believed to be, at this moment, taking advantage of Turkey's difficulties with that end in view. She has encouraged the rebellions in Bosnia and Bulgaria, and undoubtedly urged Servia to declare war against Turkey; and the Servian army is full of Russian officers and soldiers.

But what concern has England, so far distant, in this trouble between Russia and Turkey? What cares she whether Russia takes Constantinople, or what becomes of the Sultan's rule? She has two reasons for being deeply interested in the quarrel. In the first place, England is the foremost naval power in the world She boasts that her navy is the greatest, and that her fleets rule every sea. She dreads to see Russia, in possession of the Bosphorus, with a great port at Constantinople, rising to be a rival naval power.

But she has a yet more powerful reason than this. England rules over the great empire of India. She is most anxious to maintain that rule, and will fight to the last to maintain it.

Now Russia has been for years approaching Indian with her troops by way of Central Asia; and now her armies are almost in sight of the Indian frontier. There is little doubt that Russia is ambitious to possess India, as well as Constantinople.

Well, it happens that the nearest route for England to India is through the Mediterranean, and by the Suez Canal. Suppose, then, that the Russians had Constantinople. Her fleets could sail freely on the Mediterranean, and would prove an immense obstacle in the way of English ships going to India. She might be able to cut off English communication with India by this nearest route altogether.

In case of a war, then, we should see the Russian fleet in the Mediterranean stopping the way of the English, while with her armies in Central Asia she made an attack on India.

It is mainly this fear of losing India, and of Russia getting it, that impels England to sustain the Sultan, and to resist a Russian conquest of Constantinople; thus she fought for Turkey in the Crimean War, and will probably fight for her again, if the worst comes to the worst.

Austria has a deep interest in the Eastern problem, though which side she would take in the event of war is doubtful. Her empire is composed of several races, which do not live very amicably together under one rule. Within her limits are Germans, Magyars, or Hungarians, Czecs and Sclaves. Each of these races distrust the others, and fears that one of the others will gain the ascendency in the empire.

The Austrian Sclaves border upon the Serviars and Bosnians, who are also Sclaves. Austria is afraid of the latter becoming independent or part of Russia, for then she might lose her own Sclavic population So Austria has always sided with Turkey, and would be very likely to do so now. Besides, Austria would not like to see Russia become more powerful, and become mistress of the Danube.

Neither Germany nor Italy have a direct interest in the Eastern difficulty; their course, in case of a war, would be dictated by their alliances, and the gain they might expect from the promises of a power—probably Russia—in return for their aid Both would be inclined to favor Russia, for Germany desires Belgium, Holland and Denmark, and Italy craves a part of the Austrian Tyrol; and Russia would probably consent to aid in fulfilling these ambitions.

ANITHER WEE WIFIE.—A couple belonging to one of the coast towns of Fife, who had been but a few months married, recently took advantage of the railway to Edinburgh to see the ceremonial at the laying of a foundation-stone The young wife proposed staying a few days with her friends in Edinburgh, but it was necessary that her husband should proceed homeward by the boat on Saturday morning. To try the strength of his helpmate's affection, he remarked that he "doutit the boat wad be sae heavy laden that they wad a' gang to the bottom." "Dae ye think sae?" responded his affectionate partner. "Then, John Anderson, ye had better leave the key o' the house wi' me."

THE STRAIGHT TIP.—Occasionally barbers get hold of a poor quality of bay-rum, and when such is applied to the face of a man just shaved, it smarts like fire for a few moments. A case of this kind occurred in one of our barbers' shops the other day. "Whoop! Hold! Holy Moses!" yelled the man, springing wildly from the chair, and clasping his burning cheeks with both hands. "You may skin me—that's all right; but I'll be essentially cussed if I am going to have pepper sauce rubbed on it afterward Now, you hear me!"

Heller's Basket Trick.

The trick known as the "basket trick," which Mr Heller introduces as the last feature of his performance at the Wonder Theater, excites a good deal of surprise, as it is only natural it should.—The conditions of the trick are simply as follows: A large basket is brought out and placed in full view upon a bench supported on four primitive wooden legs and leaving an open space between the basket and the floor.

There seems no possible way by which a human being once in could get out of that basket without being seen. The basket placed by Mr. Heller and his assistant, Mr. Heller next brings forward a pair of overalls which cover him to the neck and which have no outlet at the ends of the sleeves or legs. When the overalls are drawn on and a hood drawn over Mr. Heller's head and attached to the main garment by strings, there remains no outlet for so much as a finger of the performer to get through. But as Mr. Heller is about to remove his coat for the purpose of donning this garment he remembers that he is in New York instead of Australia—that is his carelessly stated excuse—and a screen, which reaches up to the performer's neck, is placed behind the basket, and the performer retires behind this and effects the change.

So far as one notices, his head does not once disappear during the time he is employed in drawing on the overalls. The last vision one has is of Mr. Heller's own face disappearing in the ample hood, and immediately he steps out from behind the screen, and, with the help of his assistant, climbs into the basket, the lid of which is closed upon him and locked.

As far as any human eye can discover this is Mr. Heller who has just gone into the basket, but in the same instant—almost before the cover is down—Mr. Heller makes his appearance in ordinary evening costume at the entrance of the theatre and walks down the aisle, inquiring "what was being done with him?" He immediately ascends the platform, opens the basket and nobody is within.

The question is still an open one—How did Mr. Heller cease to be the man in the basket, and whoever the man in the basket was, how did he get out?

Farmer Dolby.

I have a few words to say to you, farmer Dolby. I hear that you are considerably in debt, that some of the storekeepers refuse to trust you any more; and generally that your credit is at a very low ebb I have noticed the way you manage your farm; and I hope you will take it kindly, if I give you a little advice, and show you in what some of your greatest faults consist. In the first place you do not attend to business thoroughly. You lie in bed too late in the morning. Good farmers are the first up, then they see that their hired men get up, and do their part of the "chores" in good season. I have noticed also that you will stand by the road side and talk with anybody who comes along by the hour, if they would wait to hear your "yarns," while your crops are suffering for the want of being cultivated. Then you are in the habit of having your men to work by themselves while you go the village "to hear the news." You are generally ten days too late in getting in your crops, and you don't half attend to them when up and all are badly neglected. Not long ago your neighbor's cattle got into your corn, because you had neglected to repair your half of the fence. You say "the times are hard." But you have made them hard, so far as your case is concerned, by the shiftless manner in which you manage your farm. Your barn yard is on a side hill, and one-half of the manure you make is washed down in the brook. I could tell you of many other faults, but the cases I have cited will suffice for the present.

Muffling the Throat.

What is the best mode of protecting the throat from colds where a person is very susceptible to them? The common way of protecting the throat is to bundle and wrap it up closely, thus overheating and rendering it tender and sensitive, and more liable to colds and inflamation than before. Especially is this the case with children, and when, in addition to muffling the throat, the extremities are insufficiently clad, as is often the case, the best possible conditions are presented for the production of sore throats, coughs, croup, and all kinds of throat affections. If the neck is kept overheated a portion of the time, when it is exposed some form of disarrangement of the throat will be apt to occur. The rule in regard to clothing the neck should be to keep it as cool as comfort will allow. In doing so you will suffer much less from throat ailments than if you are always fearful of having a little cold air come in contact with your neck. Any one who has been accustomed to have his throat muffled should be careful to leave off gradually, and not all at once.

How to Lay Shingles.

Not one half the persons who lay shingles when making a roof on a building have any correct ideas in regard to making a roof that will be absolutely rain tight during a driving storm of rain. We have frequently seen men shingling, who, when they would meet with a worthless shingle, say once in laying two or three courses, would lay this poor shingle among good ones, saying: "It is only one poor shingle, one shingle cannot make a poor roof." But one poor shingle will make a leaky one. If first-rate shingles are employed, and one poor one is worked in among every one hundred, that roof might about as well have been without any shingles. If any poor shingles are to be used, let them all be laid together near the upper part of the roof. The best of shingles will not make a tight roof if they are not properly laid, while the same shingles would make excellent roof if laid as shingles should be laid.—*Scientific American.*

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat, a Republican paper, suggests that if "distinguished citizens of both political parties," are to go to New Orleans to assist in the count, Mr. Carl Schurz ought to go by all means, as he is "a distinguished citizen of both political parties."