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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WILLIAM H. COOKE,
Attorney at Law & Notary Public,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
Office over Ketterer & Hoeffler's store, S. W. corner of Public Square. Nov. 11, '79-1y.

J. W. HOLLISTER.......J. J. HOLLISTER
HOLLISTER & HOLLISTER,
Attorneys at Law,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
Will practice in Monroe and adjoining counties. feb20,'77y.

DAVID OKEY.
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Woodsfield, Ohio.
Will practice in the Courts of Monroe and adjoining counties. Office over Ketterer & Hoeffler's store. mch2,'80.

WM. F. OKEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
—AND—
Notary Public
Will practice in Monroe and adjoining counties. Office south of Public Square, formerly occupied by Hollister & Okey. feb24,'80

Jasper Lisk,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
—AND—
NOTARY PUBLIC,
NEW MATAMORAS, OHIO.
☞ Office in Mays' building. apr3,'80m6

W. S. WILEY,
PROSECUTING ATTORNEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
—AND—
REAL ESTATE AGENT,
(Office up stairs in the Court House.)
NEW MARTINSVILLE, WEST VA.
jan20,'78y.

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Pros. Attorney.
SPRIGGS & DRIGGS,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law
And Claim Agents,
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OFFICE—Up stairs in Court House.
apr26,'74.

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Master Commissioner.
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(Office—South of Public Square.)
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Will practice in Monroe and adjoining counties. july27,'78y.

W. F. HUNTER..................W. E. MALLORY
Notary Public
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ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Office—Southwest corner Public Square
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Will practice in Monroe and adjoining counties. apr28,'74y.

CARD COLLECTIONS.

FIRST.
Buy Seven Bars of DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP of your Grocer.

SECOND.
Ask him to give you a bill of it.

THIRD.
Mail us the bill and your full address.

FOURTH.
We will mail you FREE seven beautiful cards, in six colors and gold, representing Shakspeare's "Seven Ages of Man."

I. L. CRAGIN & CO.,
116 South Fourth street, Philadelphia, Pa.
may31,'81.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. mch8,'81y.

PHYSICIANS.

T. H. ARMSTRONG, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
☞ Office over Pope & Castle's drug store.
jy6,'75y.

DR. B. DENNIE.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
BEALLSVILLE, OHIO.
Office in the Armstrong property.
apr30,'78y.

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. A. M. COVERT,
Physician and Surgeon,
Antioch, Monroe Co., Ohio.
may11,'80y.

DR. S. L. STEWARD,
Physician and Surgeon,
MILTONSBURG, OHIO.
All calls promptly attended during the day or night. Office one door south of Stout's Hotel. apr13,'80y1.

I. P. FARQUHAR, M. D.
(Formerly of Zanesville, Ohio,)
Physician and Surgeon,
Office and residence in the Walton 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,'75y

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,'76y Beallsville, Monroe Co. Ohio

S. D. Ford
Has reopened his SILVERSMITH
—AND—
JEWELRY STORE
IN NEUHART'S NEW BUILDING,
East of the Public Square, where he is prepared to repair Clocks, Watches and Jewelry. He has a stock of jewelry on hand which he is selling at cost. If you want work done in a workmanlike manner, at fair rates, give me a call. may18,'80.

Ohio Farmers Fire Insurance Com.
LEROY, OHIO.
Insures nothing but Farm property. Rates lower than those of any other Company doing business in this county.
Assets, : : : : $900,000
All Losses promptly paid.
JOHN JEFFERS,
Beallsville, Ohio,
nov12,'78. Agent for Monroe County.

Harness and Saddle Shop.
Woodsfield, O.
H. KERCHNER informs the citizens of Woodsfield and vicinity that he has opened a
SADDLE AND HARNESS SHOP
In Neuhart's building, and will manufacture harness, saddles, bridles, and all other articles in his business that the trade demands. Repairing done on short notice and at fair rates. Pieces of harness, whips and straps kept on hand. Call and examine goods and obtain prices. Goods warranted to be exactly as represented, and rates reasonable.
nov30,'80m3.

BANKS.

THE MONROE BANK.
WOODSFIELD, OHIO
Capital, - - - - - $50,000.
L. MOONEY, Pres. WM. BEARDMORE, V. Pres
W. C. MOONEY, Cashier.
DIRECTORS:
S. L. MOONEY, WM BEARDMORE
HENRY MILLER, JAMES WATSON.
DAVID OKEY, M. HOEFFLER.
CHRISTIAN WEBER.
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,'78y.

NOTICE.
VALUABLE PROPERTY FOR SALE
—IN—
SARDIS, MONROE CO., O.
I WILL OFFER at private sale the following named property: Lot No. 4; lot No. 28 and west half of lot No. 24, with a large 2 story dwelling containing eight rooms, in good repair, wash house, stable and other out buildings; good cistern on the premises. Also, one store house and granary situate on lot No. 16. JOS. RICHARDSON.
may3,'81m2.

Select Story.

SAVED BY LOVE.

The work room of the jewelry manufactory of Jacobs & Co., at Attleboro, was just being closed. The tired girls were just finishing their day's work, while their thoughts had already preceded time, and were anticipating the delights of the evening's pleasure or rest. Pretty, well dressed girls they were, too, when their large work aprons were removed, graceful and lady-like; not one whit less so that they had to earn their own living.

Jessie Clifford was somewhat behind hand with her work and the girls were nearly all gone when she had completed it. She arose hurriedly, threw aside her apron and went into the little dressing-room from which the last girl was emerging, who said:

"Why, Jessie, how late you are! I am afraid some one will have to wait to-night"

"Oh, I shall be ready in a moment!" Jessie said ignoring the last part of the remark.

She washed her hands hurriedly, then threw on her short, light sacque, and looked for her hat in its accustomed place, but it was not there. A little wave of impatience arose within her as she searched for it hastily and found it laid carefully away under the lounge.

"It's that mischievous Maud Raynor,' thought she as she put it on before the glass. "She thinks it annoys me to keep Milton Kent waiting. She don't know—'

The door of the work room closed with a loud, decided bang. Her heart gave a great leap, and she rushed across the room, shook the door and called loudly. But the boy who had closed it, thinking that all had gone, was already at the foot of the stairs, having descended two steps at a time, his thoughts full of some fun he he had on hand. Jessie realized with a heart-sickening sensation, that she was locked up for the night. She went to the windows with vague hopes of escape, but there were none facing the street. They looked down upon a vacant lot and a close, narrow court between tall brick buildings. There was no chance of making any one hear and she knew that she would have to keep a lonely night vigil.

But Jessie was not a coward by any means, and, besides, had cultivated a philosophical spirit of making the best of everything. So thinking "No real harm can come to me here, she went back slowly to the little dressing-room "It's an ill-wind that blows nobody good," she thought as she removed her hat and sat down upon the lounge.

"Milton Kent will think I went out the side entrance to avoid him, and I am glad of it, for I want to discourage his attentions. I know he is as good as can be, but he isn't my fancy; perhaps I might have cared for him if—"

And then the handsome face of Gilbert Knight came before her mental vision and the remembrance of his dark, passionate eyes, his tender kiss and his words of love thrilled her pulse with boundings of true affection.

The twilight shadows deepened, the tall buildings shut out the last rays of the departing sun, and the objects became more and more indistinct. She began to feel a loneliness creeping over her, but fought against it, and paced the floor slowly, determined to be brave. She looked out of the windows wondering if it would kill any one to jump down if the place was on fire, and finally settled down again upon the lounge and recounted George Knight's tender speeches, and recalled how he looked into her eyes with those thrilling orbs of his, and how tenderly he kissed her good night when he parted from her only the evening before.

The shadows grew still darker and the stars came out. She could see them twinkling in the soft, clear evening sky above the towering buildings. And with pleasant thoughts for company, and wishing that the author of them was beside her, she passed into dreamland.

How long she had slept she did not know, but she awoke from a troubled dream with a start of terror.

Hark! what was that sound? She started up with perspiration standing on her forehead. She heard the window next to the dressing-room lifted, and in a moment more steps on the floor. Listening with painful intentness, her heart throbbing so loudly that she feared it would betray her proximity, she heard that there were two. They walked past the door of the dressing-room and Jessie quaked with fear of discovery. But under cover of the darkness she remained unmolested, and it was evident also that the workroom was not the goal of their ambition.

"We've done the thing neatly, so far," said one voice. "If we can only finish as well as we have begun we shall be lucky."

"Hush!" said the other in a low tone. "What if we should be discovered before the job is done?"

"No danger of that," the first returned. "There is no one within hearing distance, Knight. I came in here in the *role* of book agent the other day and took the position of the rooms."

The sound of the second voice had struck with a painful suspicion of familiarity upon Jessie's ear—and that name! What did it mean? Could it be possible that he was her lover? Was she not mistaken in the voice?

He spoke again?

"After all, there are worse robberies committed every day under the guise of business transactions than we are meditating. Old Jacobs has been a miser all his life and cheated people out of thousands. It's no more than fair to take some of his ill-gotten gains."

"No, she was not mistaken. There was no doubt of that voice. It had a characteristic ring that could not be mistaken. Something darker than night shadows settled upon her mind. She remained in her position as if bound hand and foot.

But they passed along and she heard them working with the lock of the door, which had closed upon her so untimely. For a few moments there was a dull, rasping sound, and she knew they had succeeded in opening it and were passing down stairs. There were two more doors to open before they could gain an entrance into the store below. She rose to her feet and listening intently she could hear the first one below yield to their hands.

She felt as if she must follow them. She did not care whether or not she was discovered. When they had opened the last door and were within the front store, she followed them noiselessly—she had removed her shoes and stood in the shadow watching their movements, as by the light of a dark lantern they proceeded to open a safe which, they judged, contained the most valuable jewels.

As Jessie stood there, motionless and pale, there was no feeling of scorn for him. The wound was too deep for that. But there was pathetic despair in the depths of the eyes which only a few hours before had been full of tender love-light for him, and a dreadful pain at her heart, an infinite sadness to find that her idol, whom she had set up for worship so much higher than his fellows, was made of baser clay than ordinary men.

By the light which he held she could discover his face dimly. Hardly conscious of what she was doing she went forward to him as he bent over the safe he had opened. Both had their backs toward her. Without a word she laid her hand upon his arm. At the touch, so quick and unexpected, he started as if he had been shot and flashed the light quickly in her face. With a low cry of surprise he met the pathetic sadness of Jessie's eyes. His companion rose hastily from his kneeling position, exclaiming, "What does this mean?" as he saw the strange, dazed look upon Knight's face, and saw, too, that the girl was no stranger to him.

"O, Gilbert, Gilbert! Can this be possible?" Jessie said with a pitiful wail in her voice that would have moved a heart of adamant.

He stood dumb before her. Had she reproached him he could have retorted angrily; but he had no words to meet the look in the fair, sad face upturned to his, which he had kissed so often, just to see it flush and brighten under the powerful magnetism which had been the ruin of more than one woman before he had seen Jessie.

It was a scene for a painter. The bolted and barred windows showing in the dim light; the confused, shamed expression on Knight's face; the pained, grieved look on Jessie's, and the angry disappointment of the other. At length, without a word, Knight took the jewels he had secreted about his person and flung them down.

"You can do as you like, Kris," he said. "I wash my hands of the affair. It is the last time I shall undertake such a thing. Jessie, you will despise me, of course, and I deserve it. But I shall remember you always as the best and dearest girl I ever knew. Good-by. Come, Chris, let us get out of this scrape as soon as we can."

They left empty-handed, as they had come, and made their escape as they had effected their entrance, by an ingenious communication with a tall building that rose only a few feet from the workroom.

Jessie groped her way back upstairs to the little dressing-room, and sitting down again upon the lounge burst into tears. It had been a sad awakening from her sweet love-dreams, for Jessie's ideal had been good, and manly, and honorable, and the real had fallen so far, far below it!

She began to realize that she must conceal the fact that she had been there all night, for of course she would be questioned, and she shrank from answering them. So in the morning she contrived to make it appear that she had come in with the other girls, and then later she went out and ate a warm breakfast, or rather tried to force it down, to cure the fainting sensation that came over her.

Great was the surprise of all the next morning to find the doors open, and greater still was the surprise to find the safe open and no jewels missing.

Meanwhile, in his room, Gilbert Knight was writing this note:

"MISS CLIFFORD: I dare not call you dear Jessie, as my heart dictates, because I know myself unworthy. I have cared for you—let me confess it—as I have cared for many others, but I never realized till last night that you were one woman of a thousand. Something in the tender womanliness that never uttered a reproach to the wretch who had dared to contaminate her with his touch went to my heart. You see I am not altogether hardened. If I did not feel the vast gulf there is between us I would go to you now and beg your forgiveness. As it is, I have the grace to stay away. Sometime, when I have redeemed myself, may I come back?"

And Jessie received the letter and cried over it, then laid it away and waited.

Milton Kent tried in vain to win a place in her heart. She knew he could never be guilty of the deed from which she had saved the man she loved, but she could not transfer her affections to him. Her heart yearned over that other, and she waited.

At the end of two years he came back, and found her patient and somewhat sad, but with the old-lovelight kindling in her eyes at the sight of him.

"I have lived an honest, upright life before God and man since I left," he said humbly. "Jessie, will you be my wife? Can you forgive and forget?"

For all answer she reached out her arms toward him and was held in a close embrace.

The Chicago Tribune advises Vice President Arthur to go and cut bait for Vice President Wheeler, or do something else that is decent as compared with his present occupation at Albany.

The Brooklyn doctors examined a man to see if he was insane, and as they found six letters from other men's wives concealed in the lining of his coat, where his own wife had never found them, concluded that he was able to transact business.

Women that have been pronounced incurable by the best physicians in the country, have been completely cured of female weakness by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

JOHN'S WIFE.

Whatever possessed Brother John to go up to the city and marry that yellow-haired, blue-eyed bit of a school girl, when he could have had just his pick of girls nearer home, was something I could not understand. There was Lida Handscombe, just dead in love with him, as anybody could see, and the best bread-maker in the whole country, beside taking prizes at the State Fair for pickles and jellies, and ever so much better looking, too, than Myra. No yellow bangs over her eyes, she just combed it back off her face and did it up in a hard knot that staid. She sent John a birthday cake, and knit him a comforter, and everybody thought it would be a match, but John said he didn't like her eyes; they were handsome eyes, to my idea, and could look you through and through, they were that clear and bright; but did you ever know a man to take advice? "Marry that ferret," said John, "and never have any peace of my life; well, I guess not!" and with that off he goes to town and telegraphs back, "Expect me and my wife." Dear! such a shock as it gave me, and our spring cleaning not done, and the minister coming to board with us while his wife went home on a visit—it was a trial, you may be sure!

And when she did come, it was more like having a wax doll in the way than anything else, with her big wondering eyes, and childish ways, and silly questions, and hanging on John's arm, and leaning over John's chair, with two little insignificant feet in the rungs at the back, and her clothes! Such fallals, just like a doll's rigging, and I just set my foot down that if she was to live with us, she must conform to our ways. I hadn't been forty years in this world for nothing. If she wanted to wear fine white laces and ruffled aprons, she had to wash and iron them herself. I wouldn't be her slave. And such silly questions as she asked, they just made me sick: "When did the cows shed their horns? Which cow gave the buttermilk? Were there any dear little yellow chicks?"

Dear little yellow chicks, indeed! They were dear enough before we raised them ready for market, and if that silly child didn't sit down and cry because they were killed; said she had named every one of them and watched them grow up. And she was our John's wife! bah!

Then she did the silliest thing of all—went and bought a book celled "What I Know About Farming," and used to sit out under a tree studying it by the hour; and one night, when she went down to the bars to meet John, I heard her ask:

"John, why don't you get a washing machine and a wringer, and save your own flesh and blood. Look at the blisters on my hands!"

And the next thing it was the talk of the neighborhood that we Elliots, who had set our faces aginst modern improvements, had given out before that little pale-faced thing, and not only got a wringer and washer in our kitchen, but several hundred dollars' worth of farm machinery at work. John said he could afford it, but I spoke my mind, and told her what I thought of it after he went out to his work. She looked kind of frightened, and pretended she was going to cry, and then she spoke up quick like and said:

"Sister Jenet, it's a triumph of mind over matter. You can wash now, and not be all tired out, and sick and nervous, and—and—John can afford it."

Perhaps if I had known that she had paid for it all, and it hadn't cost John a cent, I might have been more forgiving, but I just straightened up and said:

"Mrs. Elliot, you may go on and run your husband with your boarding-school ideas, but, as for me, I'll never touch the things. I can work, thank goodness, while I've got my health. I wasn't brought up in idleness."

She never took it to heart a bit; the next thing I knew she was at the little parlor organ she had singing and playing as if that was all there was in life.

And that silly old minister—men never do have a bit of sense, but you expect more of a preacher of the gospel—but he just sat and talked to her as if she was a companion for him, and they walked about the fields and stayed down where John was working, and all around 'em souls a perishing for want of the bread of life; such a sinful waste of time I never saw!

"Janet, do you love the hills?" she asked, one day when I was scouring the knives outside the door. She had offered to do them for me, but law! her white hands were not fit for anything so useful.

"Love the hills! Well, I'd like to know what there is to love about them. I guess if you climbed them a spell you wouldn't love 'em much."

"They'er so high and grand," she said, looking up at them; "they seem so near the cool, far-off heaven! I love to climb to the top and drink in the sweet fresh air; it does me good here—here."

She laid her hand on her heart, and stood looking off with a strange expression on her face, and I thought maybe she was homesick, and I told her to go in and cut some carpet rags, and sew 'em together, and, would you believe it, she up and refused.

"No," she said, "I cannot cut any carpet rags I hate them!"

I never saw her so excited before.

"A fine temper you have!" was all the answer I made her, but I never felt so insulted in all my life.

For a week or two I didn't see much of her; she was either out with John "sketching," as she called it, dabbling away at some bits of pasteboard with a lead pencil, or up in her room where I never went. She came down, singing away, with a large package in her hand, and soon John came up with the ponies, and they drove off to town together, laughing like two children. I hope none of the neighbors noticed them. Anyway, they never saw him conduct himself in that way with me.

When they came home she was all tired out, and they had a big roll of stuff they dumped down in the entry.

"It's something for you, Janet," she said, laughing hysterical-like. "It's carpet-rags."

I unrolled it, and there were twenty yards of bright ingrain carpet!

"Myra," said I, "this is wicked extravagance," for I knew her money was all paid out.

"But it isn't," she said, laughing; "I earned it myself by drawing and painting those bits of sketches. I sold them all, and can sell all I can do. That was my way of cutting carpet rags."

Well, we put the carpet down, and it did look pretty—though I didn't say so. It isn't my way to spoil anybody with flattery, and I saw John's wife was getting the upper hand too fast. The neighbors were beginning to notice her, and that foolish old minister, when his wife came back, had been over there; and she led the singing in church and pretended she had got religion, and all the time she never scrubbed a floor, or washed a dish, or put her hands to the churn.

"John can afford to hire help," she said to me one day, "and I'm not very strong, and my mother died of consumption." Then she began to cry like a baby, and John came in and looked at me as if it was my doing.

I must say she could succeed in doing all sorts of useless things—raising flowers in every nook and corner, making pets of all the animals, and painting, or playing on the organ. She was real ornamental, and I suppose some folks thought she was pretty. John did for one. I don't know that she made me much work either. She did her own washing as long as John would let her, and kept her room neat enough, though it was mostly littered up with flowers and birds and her sketches, and at first she sang from morning till night, and she did have a real lovely voice. I'll allow that, but after a while she didn't talk much, and then John began taking her meals up to her. The first time I saw him getting a tray ready, I said:

"It's a good thing you were brought up to be handy, John, seeing you've got an invalid wife."

He didn't say anything then, but a few days after he came to me and said:

"Janet, get a girl as soon as you can, and let Aunt Betsy come over and stay with Myra; she is nervous and low spirited, and needs company."

"Well, I suppose you've guessed the upshot of it all; a little daughter was born to John, and it seemed to me that a miracle was worked in the house. Perhaps I had never really loved John's wife—she was so different in her ways from me—but when I heard that baby cry, I felt thrilled to my very soul, and I just threw my work-apron over my head and cried for the first time in years.

Myra didn't get strong, and the days went on and still she didn't get up, and I felt it was my duty to go and tell her that she musn't favor herself that way, that she couldn't lie abed and let strangers take care of her child, and that she'd never get strong till she'd got out, but I made up my mind to speak in a gentler sort of way. I had been thinking it over and about concluded to let Myra live her own way and not try to make her over, especially since John seemed so well satisfied with her, and I went up-stairs and opened the door softly and stepped inside. John was standing at one window looking out at the sunset—it was all red and gold, and the room was in a flame. He turned as I came in, and the tears were rolling down his cheeks. I never saw John cry before since he was a grown man!

"What is it?" I whispered, going up close to him.

He made a motion with the back of his head in the direction of the bed. I went over there. Aunt Betsy was in a rocker by the side of it, reading the Bible. Myra was looking at the sunset, then at her baby's sleeping face. I'm not dull to see things, and I saw there what made my heart turn cold—it was the valley of the shadow of death!

That all happened these three years ago. There is a simple rustic cross up in the graveyard with "Myra" carved on it, and little Myra and I go up there every Sunday and carry flowers to decorate it, and the dear child sits in my lap and puts her blessed little arms about my neck and whispers: "Auntie, talk about my mamma in heaven," and I tell how patient and gentle she was, and how she sang and played, and how she shall do the very same thing some day—for I know, now, that flowers are as necessary to God's creation as the wood and grain, and the least little thing that makes sunshine in the world is of great value in the dark places, and I feel sure, when I look up to the hills she loved, that Myra has reached far-off heaven before me. Perhaps—perhaps, she will intercede for me there.

COLORADO EXCURSION TICKETS.

SEASON OF 1881.

Commencing May 1st, the Baltimore and Ohio Railway Company will place on sale round trip tickets to Denver, Pueblo and Colorado springs good returning to October 31st Tourists can obtain round trip tickets good going one route and returning another enabling them to visit all the notable points in the Rocky Mountains and the mining regions. The through fast trains with the new B. and O. palace sleeping cars and Dining car attached make the B. and O. the most pleasant and comfortable route for invalids and pleasure seekers. For rates, time tables, guides, and the different routes address W. E. REPPERT, Passenger Agent, 205½ North High street, Columbus, Ohio.

Cheek.

The Holmes County Farmer puts it in this manner: "Forty-three acts of the lately adjourned Legislature have been declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, and now some Republicans have the cheek to blame it on the Democratic members, just as though 15 Democrats in the Senate could outvote 22 Republicans, and 45 Democrats in the House get away with 69 Republicans!

How it was Done.

"How do you manage," said a lady to her friend, "to appear so happy and good natured all the time?" "I always have Parker's Ginger Tonic handy," was the reply, "and thus easily keep myself and family in good health. When I am well I always feel good natured." Read about it in another column.

BERNHARDT'S METHODS.

An Eccentric Performance That Scared a Hotel Proprietor.

One of Sara Bernhardt's most marked peculiarities says a correspondent, is the manner in which she is constantly, almost unconsciously, experimenting with and studying her art, through even the most irival and insignificant incidents of daily life. Mrs. Siddons is said to have ordered a beefstake with the air of a tragedy queen, but the Bernhardt avails herself of every chance remark or action to test her ideas of naturalness and *vraisemblance*, and to watch the effect of her acting on others. For illustration, one night, while she was stopping at Mobile, the hotel servant who responded to her bell was astonished to behold the star start suddenly as he opened the door, turn pale, clutch a chair for support, and whisper hoarsely, though in very broken English of course: "Great heavens! It is he! Quick! Conceal yourself in this cabinet!" followed by the hasty closing of the closet door. If this had occurred at a hotel here, the waiter would have discreetly withdrawn. In this instance, however, he reported the incident at the office, and the proprietor at once proceeded to enforce the proprieties As the landlord entered the suspected apartment the star tripped smilingly toward him with the naive, fresh, girlish affection of a 16-year-old daughter.

"Be seated, dear father," she said. "You must, indeed, be fatigued by your long walk from Rouen."

"W-h-a-t?" stammered the hotel-keeper. The actress instantly changed her manner to that of a proud woman struggling with rage and jealously.

"I have sent for you, M. le Prefect, to denounce a thief. Yesterday I was robbed of a case of jewels, and the criminal is that woman!" and she actually seemed to dilate in size, as with glaring eyes, and outstretched fingers she pointed to a dress lying on the bed.

"A women!" gasped the host, who was now convinced that he was talking to a maniac. "I thought there was a man in here, but I see I was mis——"

"Sh-s-s s-h!" whispered the star, with her finger on her lip and an expression of steadily horror that made the listener's blood curdle. "Do you not hear his blood still drip on the marble floor? He lies in the little cell yonder. Come, let us peep at him. Five stillettoes in his breast. How Venice will shout in the morning," and she dragged the trembling man to the wardrobe.

"I don't see any—anything," he faltered, meditating how he could make a running start for the door.

"Ah!" she said, peering into his eyes with a searching glance. "Wouldst betray us, then, hard heart? Then 'tis thou alone shall fire the palace. Quick, here's thy torch. I will guard the posten," and the facile Sarah handed the wretched man a match, and, seizing a property dagger from the mantlepiece, placed her back against the door.

"Now, if I yell out I suppose that I am a gone coon," said the landlord, the perspiration dripping from his forehead. "This crazy biliard cue will slice me all up." Just then his eyes fell upon the electric fire alarm button.

"Certainly, I'll fire the palace," he said aloud, and, lightning the match, he laid it under the indicator.

The result was that, in a few seconds, the door was burst open, and a porter with a Babcock extinguisher dashed in to the room and almost squirted the Bernhardt's head off. The landlord escaped in the confusion, and was about sending for a commissioner in lunacy, when Manager Abby appeared and explained matters. But up to the day the troupe left Mobile the landlord gave the tragedienne a wide birth, and never even heard her electric voice yelling over the banisters for the chambermaid, or more towels, without shutting his eyes and shivering like a dog swallowing a bone.

JUST AFTER THE WAR.

A Good Story Told by Senator Vest.

"Talking about these times right after the war," said Senator Vest the other day to a reporter of the Washington Capital, "we certainly did have a branch of hell down in Shreveport. Such a reign of terrorism I never expect to witness again. The town was held by colored troops. There were about 100-000 bales of cotton there at the time, and orders had been issued against smoking on the streets. Some of our men, through force of habit, had forgotten the order, and three or four had been shot down in cold blood for having a cigar in their mouths. One day, as a New Orleans packet came up to the wharf, I saw Major Duffle, of the lost cause, one of the bravest devils that ever breathed, and he was evidently going to land.

"I noticed that he was smoking as he jumped ashore, and I took the first chance to inform him of the order. He laughed and said: 'Oh, pshaw! That'll do well enough to play on boys and old women, but it won't do on me, Vest.'—I cautioned him again, feeling sure there would be trouble in the camp if any of those darkey sentinels should see him. We walked up into town, he smoking all the time, and got along well enough, till suddenly a big negro stepped out from behind a corner, and leveling his musket about five feet from Duffle's head observed, 'Drop that cigah!' Duffle surveyed the muzzle of that instrument about a second and a half and then he dropped it.

"'Tramp out de spahks!' was order number two, the musket meanwhile keeping this unpleasant position. Duffle tramped on it 'Tramp out dose uddah spahks!' again commanded the darkey. 'Dat's enough. Now you can move along.' I was an amused observer of this episode, but had nothing to say till we got off a few feet, when I meekly asked: 'Duffle, take a fresh cigar?' I don't think he was impressed with the personal liberty in and around Shreveport; but I tell you, gentlemen, there is more solid argument in a loaded gun than in all the decisions of the Supreme Court."

Back-ache is almost immediately relieved by wearing one of Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Back-ache Plasters. Try one and be free from pain.—Price 25 cents.

JAKE KEMPLE AT WASHINGTON.

Bowed Out of Blaine's Office Very Politely.

Washington Republican.

The following amusing incident is related by a prominent young Republican from West Virginia who has a keen sense of the ridiculous, a rich vein of humor, and fine intelligence. This young man had been strongly indorsed by the leading Republicans of his State for a position in the consular service. With his gripsack stuffed with papers and letters setting forth his claims to consideration, such as good character, talent, oratorical ability, campaign services rendered, etc., he came to this city in the early days of the present Administration. Immediately upon his arrival he hied himself to the State Department to remind Mr Blaine that West Virginia had been "solid" for him in his Presidential contest, and now she wanted to be remembered for it. The Secretary promised the young man an audience at a future date. Days and weeks passed, but the future date promised seemed to have been forgotten.

Strong in patience, but poor in pocket, the gallant young Republican went to his home.

A few days ago he returned, and, to use his own language, he proceeded to the Department to see what prospect there was for getting his grist ground.

He was ushered into the presence of the private secretary, Walker Blaine, Esq., and the following interview took place:

"You folks are nicely fixed here. Is your father at home?"

"Yes, sir; but he is engaged with the British Minister."

"Indeed! Is your father fond of ministers?"

P. Sec.—"I don't exactly comprehend you."

"I mean do the Methodist, Presbyterian and Campbellite ministers visit much with you?"

P. Sec.—"My dear sir, you seem to be ignorant of our foreign relations."

"I didn't know we had any foreign relations. I thought we were all Americans and run this country to suit ourselves."

P. Sec. (becoming important)—"Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

"You may tell your father that I am here and will advise him as to the proper distribution of good consular appointments.

P. Sec.—"My dear sir, permit me to say to you in all kindness that the time of the Secretary is so absorbed that he is unable to see many of his most intimate personal and political friends."

"You don't think he'll be disappointed at not getting to see me?"

P. Sec.—"I hope not, sir."

"Well, I hope not, too."

Then the young man was politely bowed to the door; but he hesitated, and returned and said:

"Just one more request, Mr. Private Secretary. I would like to take my papers from the pigeon-hole, dust them off and return them. They are nice clean papers, well written, on good paper, and I want good care taken of them. Don't handle them very often, not more than once a year. Read them at very rare intervals, as you would a lot of old love letters, just to remind you that I want to be a foreign relation, or something of that kind. If the walking is good I will come again next fall and dust them up again. You are a nice young man, and I will bring you a jug of cider and a bag of apples. Good bye."

A Woman's Way of Curing Diphtheria.

Diphtheria has ravaged many households in cities, and at present is creating sad havoc in certain districts, hence any remedy suggested to stay the fell disease will be eagerly taken advantage of. The scourge has been filling many graves in Brooklyn, New York, and recently the Board of Aldermen of the City of Churches discussed the cause of the prevalence of the disease and suggested remedies. On Tuesday afternoon a Pennsylvania lady living not many miles from Pittsburgh sent a communication on diphtheria and its cure to the lady named. She said she was the mother of six children, all of whom had been afflicted by the dreaded disease, and were cured by the following remedy: "Take a slice of fat bacon—side meat—the older the better; sew it on a soft piece of flannel; then saturate it with coal (petroleum) oil. Place it on the neck, having the meat reach from ear to ear. After pounding several raw onions into a poultice place enough of the same into the patient's stockings to cover the soles of the feet and have the patient put the stockings on. The poultice must be warm in order not to chill the patient. The throat should then be gargled with some tomato catsup, strong with red pepper, salt and vinegar, or pepper, salt and vinegar shaken well together will do. If the patient is too young to gargle, wet the throat with a few drops. If vomiting occurs, lime water, purchased at a drug store with directions, should be given. Be sure to cause an irritation of the neck." The above may be worth a trial.

Wonders of Broom Corn.

Broom corn is likely at no distant day to revolutionize the bread stuff supply of the world. A process has been discovered by which the finest and most delicious flour can be made from the seed to the extent of one-half its weight, and leave the other half a valuable food for making beef and milk. The average yield per acre is three hundred bushels, and in many instances five hundred bushels, or thirty thousand pounds have been secured. Nor does it exhaust the soil as Indian corn, from the fact that it feeds from the deeper soil, and assimilates its food from a cruder state. It belongs to the same genus as the sweet cane, comonly known as sorghum, which as an article of food is growing rapidly in public esteem, and from the seed of which a most nutritious flour can be obtained.

Many anxious restless nights are passed by parents and children when one dose of DENIG'S WORM SYRUP would remove all trouble and bring rest to all. The use of one bottle will convince you that it is the remedy for children.