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.

WILLIAM OKEY.....WILLIAM F. OKEY
Notary Public.

WM. OKEY & SON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
Will practice in Monroe and adjoining counties. Office south of Public Square, formerly occupied by Hollister & Okey. mch14,'82.

A. J. PEARSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
(OFFICE OVER KETTERER'S STORE.)
Woodsfield, O.
sep18,'82.

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

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Attorney at Law & Notary Public.
(Office over Pope & Castle's Drug Store.)
Woodsfield, Ohio.
Will practice in Monroe and other counties.
jan17,'82.

James Watson,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
MASTER COMMISSIONER,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
jan31,'82

W. S. WILEY,
PROSECUTING ATTORNEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
REAL ESTATE AGENT,
(Office up stairs in the Court House.)
NEW MARTINSVILLE, WEST VA.
jan29,'78y.

S. P. SPRIGGS.....J. B. DRIGGS
Pros. Att'ney.
SPRIGGS & DRIGGS,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law
And Claim Agents,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
OFFICE—Up stairs in Court House.
Apr26,'74.

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OFFICE—Southwest corner Public Square
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
Will practice in Monroe and adjoining counties. apr28,'74y.

PHYSICIANS.

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. JAMES A. McCOY,
DENTIST,
(FORMERLY OF COBURN AND M'COY.)
WHEELING,
Makes regular visits to
WOODSFIELD,
Antioch, Graysville, Lebanon, Stafford, Calais, and Lewisville. See local notices and posters for each trip. All work fully guaranteed, first class in every particular. jy11,'82.

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

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.

CATARRH ELY'S
Cream Balm
has gained an enviable reputation wherever known, displacing all other preparations. An article of undoubted merit.
CURES
ROSE COLD.
IS NOT A
LIQUID or SNUFF.
HAY-FEVER Apply by the little finger into the nostrils. It will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membranal linings of the head from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are obtained by a few applications.
A Thorough Treatment Will Cure!
Unequaled for COLD in the HEAD, Headache and Deafness, or any kind of mucous membranal irritation. Send for circular By mail, prepaid, 50c a package—stamps received. Sold by all wholesale and retail druggists. ELY BROTHERS,
feb27,'83r. Owego, N. Y.

Fine Art Marble Works,
JOHN M. EBERLE, Proprietor.
Miltonsburg, O.

DEALER IN
FINE GRANITE
MONUMENTS
Of all kinds. Also manufacturer of Monuments, Tombstones, etc., of both
Italian and American Marble,
which he will sell at prices that
DEFY COMPETITION.
Selling Granite is no experiment with me. I have been handling it so extensively this season, and competition so severe, that it was necessary to make
Special Arrangements
for selling it. Parties buying of me or of my agent, SIMON J DORR, Woodsfield, Ohio can secure work 25 or 30 per cent cheaper than elsewhere.
Designs and Estimates Furnished on application. Mr. Eberle is the builder of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument at Bellaire, Ohio. aug1'82y.

MILLINERY.

New Millinery
GOODS.
MRS. N. J. CLARK
Keeps constantly on hand
MILLINERY GOODS & FANCY GOODS,
which are offered at prices to suit the times All work entrusted to my care will be promptly done. Please call and examine Goods and learn prices.
MRS. N. J. CLARK,
sept14,'80. Woodsfield, Ohio.

FURNITURE.

IMMENSE STOCK
—OF—
FURNITURE!
—AT—
HELBLING & STOEHR'S,
MAIN STREET,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
Extra inducements to customers in the way of
GOOD GOODS FOR LOW PRICES
and as cheap as the cheapest.
Wardrobes, Chairs, Tables, Bureaus, Bedsteads, Looking Glasses, Hat Racks, Picture Frames,
And everything else in the Furniture Line.
Pictures Framed to Order,
IN BEST OF STYLE.
UNDERTAKING
Promptly and carefully attended to. All kinds of Undertaking Goods always on hand, consisting of Coffins, Caskets, Shrouds and Burial Robes of all sizes. dec27,'81.

LEGAL NOTICE.

LINCOLN SLACK, whose residence is unknown, will take notice, that Elma Evans, on the 26th day of July, 1883, filed her affidavit before C. M. Blowers, a Justice of the Peace in and for the county of Monroe, and State of Ohio, that she is pregnant with child, which if born alive will be a bastard, and that Lincoln Slack is the father of said child; and that afterward, to wit: On the 27th day of July, 1883, a transcript of the proceedings before said Justice was filed in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, and an order of attachment issued in said action.—Said cause will be for hearing on and after the 19th day of September, 1883.

SPRIGGS & DRIGGS,
Aug. 7, '83-7t. Att'ys for Plaintiff.

Democratic State Ticket.

For Governor,
GEORGE HOADLY,
Of Hamilton County.

Lieutenant Governor,
JOHN G. WARWICK.
Of Stark County.

Supreme Judge—(Short Term.)
MARTIN D. FOLLETT,
Of Washington County.

Supreme Judge—(Long and Unexpired Term,)
SELWYN N. OWEN,
Of Williams County.

Supreme Court Clerk,
JOHN J. CRUIKSHANK,
Of Miami County.

Attorney General,
JAMES LAWRENCE,
Of Cuyahoga County.

Auditor of State,
EMIL KIESEWETTER,
Of Franklin County.

Treasurer of State,
PETER BRADY,
Of Sandusky County.

School Commissioner,
LEROY D. BROWN,
Of Butler County.

Member Board Public Works,
JOHN P. MARTIN,
Of Greene County.

DEMOCRATIC DISTRICT TICKET.

For Senator,
18th and 19th Senatorial District,
W. S. CROWELL.

Democratic County Ticket.

For Representative.
JAMES H. HAMILTON.

For Treasurer,
JOHN RUEGSEGGER.

For Sheriff,
CHRISTIAN LUDE.

For Surveyor,
ARTHUR OKEY.

For Commissioner,
JOHN RUBY.

For Recorder,
EDWARD J. GRAHAM.

For Infirmary Director,
HENRY SMITH.

For Coroner,
JAMES ANDERSON.

The Worth of Money.

Did the man get anything for his money who spent several thousand dollars for a team of horses, but who never drove them himself and cared nothing about driving? No, he got nothing for his money.

Did the man get anything for his money who, liking poultry, bought twelve hens and a rooster and spent much of his spare time "puttering" about hen coops, making hen coops, repairing hen-coops, white washing hen-coops, planning new hen-coops, studying treatises on poultry, comparing notes with his neighbor who kept hens and rejoicing every morning over truly fresh eggs, hot from his hen-coop? Yes; he got lots for his money and is still getting it.

Did the man get much for his money who, caring little or nothing for flowers, spent many thousands of dollars for keeping up his lawn and fancy flower garden besides a hot-house and a high salaried gardener, but who dared not cut a bouquet for his friend during the gardener's absence? No. He got very little for his money.

Does the woman on the fifth floor who has but a box of mignonette on the window-sill, which she so carefully watches over and cultivates, get anything for her money? Yes; the mignonette has paid for itself one hundred times over

Then what is money worth? Money is worth the amount of pleasure it brings Some people have spent one hundred dollars on a Fourth of July spree and got only a headache for it.—Others have bought a cheaper article of the same sort for two dollars and realized comfort at the rate of five cents a minute. The main point is to use Wisdom with a big "W" in the expenditure of cash. The wise man seeth green apples on the stand, but avoids them and clears the colic. The simple boy passeth on. He seeth He buyeth. He eateth and soon he crampeth. Money is not all. Oh, no! But money and knowledge how to use it are a great deal.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

More Evidence.

S B. HARTMAN & Co., Osborn, O.—*Gentlemen:* Your valuable *Peruna* is the best medicine I ever used
NANCY FETTERMAN,
Cookport, Indiana Co., Pa.

Your *Peruna* for Indigestion and Liver troubles helps me. W. P. BRANDON, East Liverpool, O.

I was suffering with pain in the chest, palpitation of the heart, with great swelling of the stomach. *Peruna* is doing wonders for me. JOHN DONAHUE.
Sharpsburg, Allegheny County, Pa.

I have had liver complaint for three years; I thought I would have to quit work; I have taken two bottles of your *Peruna* and am well.
THOS BRADFORD,
314 Western avenue,
Allegheny City, Pa.

Ask your druggist for Dr. Hartman's book on the "Ills of Life"—gratis.

Proctor Knott's Statement of Republican Principles.

The following is the platform of the Republican party, as defined by J. Proctor Knott:

1. Steal all you can.
3. Keep all you get.
4. If you don't see what you want, ask for it.

Select Story.

"Till Death Us Do Part."

"Till death us do part," rang out the low, clear voice of the officiating minister throughout the quiet church. And "Till death us do part" spoke the man who knelt before him; and "Till death us do part" in her turn repeated the woman.

Thus they plighted their troth in the face of the world and before Heaven that man and woman, Humphrey Carbonel and Emma Crane They had promised to love and cherish and honor each other, and he to comfort her and she to obey him in sickness and in health, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, *until death did them part!*

May breezes stole softly in through the open porch; May violets filled the air with perfume; May birds were singing; May dews yet sparkled on the jeweled grass It was a true bridal morning; and, amid the almost Sabbath stillness and the spring tide loveliness, the vows were exchanged that made them one

Until death! The lover husband glanced down upon the timid girl whose hand lay in his, feeling suddenly how terrible was that word—*death!* Why should the thought have come to him? He clasped the trembling hand closer as if he felt already the chilling of those warm pulses Even in the midst of the solemn service, his imagination traveled forward to a day when those solemn promises would have been fulfilled, and death had ended all—*her* death It did not occur to Captain Carbonel to think that it might be his own.

The young girl, happy and smiling in her bridal robes, never once thought of death at all. How should she? And how—still less, *how*—could either of them call up a picture of something worse than death to break the marriage vow?

A young couple they, supremely happy on that May morning Sunshine, and glistening dew, and opening flowers, and the joyous song of birds—*they* do not put forth notions of winter chill and gloom. No, nor portend it.

"What God hath joined together let no man put asunder.!"

The tremulous voice of the clergyman, for he was agitated, pronounced those words very solemnly The smile upon the bridegroom's lip echoed but that of his heart. *Who* should have power to put asunder two who loved so well? And Emma? She thought only of the strong, manly form by her side It was the old, old story of the oak and the vine. The present happiness was perfect, and the future would be like unto it; nay, much more abundant.

So reason we in our blindness, in the inexperienced youth of our early morning, when the glamour of hope is upon us and all looks radiant. Later, standing before the calm-faced teacher, whose name is Life, we learn that no earthly existence is perfect; that the sunniest life hath shadows, and that the sweet spring time, the brightest summer, must give place to faded flowers, to dying leaves.

"You cannot have Emma unless you retire altogether from the army or get put upon half-pay," had said Emma Crane's stern old guardian to Captain Carbonel; for she had neither father nor mother, brother nor sister. And Humphrey Carbonel, tired perhaps of a soldier's life, for all the world seemed to have been at peace for ages and likely to remain so, got put upon half-pay.

Sure never did a couple begin life under more promising auspices! They had a pretty homestead of their own—it was Emma's, not his—amid a small colony of other pretty homesteads, and they had between them a handsome competency, and there was pleasant society around; and life was as delightful as a morning dream.

A child was born to them, but it died. That brought sorrow No other child came, and time went on. And here some lines that I met with in a periodical in youthful days occur to me. I don't know whose they are If I knew them I have forgotten:

"Alas, that early love should fly,
That friendship's self should fade and die;
And glad hearts pine with cankering fears,
And starry eyes grow dim with tears!
For years are sad and withered things,
And sorrow lingers, and joy has wings;
And falsehood steals into sunny bowers,
And Time's dull footstep treads on flowers,
And the waters of life flow deep and fast,
And they bear to the sorrowful grave at last."

Why should the lines be put in here?

Because they just express the altered condition of things that fell upon Humphrey and Emma Carbonel. They grew estranged from each other, hardly knowing how or why. He said she no longer cared to please him, her husband; she said he liked other wives better than her—that he gave them all his attention and gave her none. And again time went on

Seven times had the May violets opened their blue eyes in the mossy dells since that lovely day when he and she had vowed to love and cherish each other until death did them part; seven times the May dew-drops had made the green meadows all aglow with sparkles; and se en times the sweet spring flowers had faded beneath the scorching heat of summer. Ah, if violets had been the only things that had died out in these seven years!

It was May again now; but it brought no cherished bridal flowers to Humphrey Carbonel and his wife, no clasping of hands, no fulfilment of love's glorious prophecy. Estrangement had but deepened and they were parting in pride and anger. Tired with the state of affairs at home—the unbending coldness, the resentful tones, the cruel bickerings in which both indulged—Captain Carbonel had got placed on full service again. He was going out to be shot at, if fate so willed; for we were at war now.

The day of departure dawned and they parted with bitter words. Heaven and their own hearts knew how much or how little they suffered, there was no outward sign of it. People, who had ceased to wonder at the suspected estrangement between Captain and Mrs. Carbonel, said that it was brave of him to go out voluntarily to the war. "Marlbrouck s'n-va-t-en-guerre!" So he went off with an indifferent countenance and a jaunty air; and she stayed behind equally jaunty, equally indifferent.

One year passed on. Emma Carbonel began to feel lonely, to sicken of her unsatisfactory life; bit by bit she had grown to see that she and Humphrey had been foolish, both of them, the one as much as the other. Did he feel the same? It might be. Yet their letters continued to be of the scantiest and coldest.

Another year dragged itself on, and then she made no pretense of keeping up the farce of resentment to her own heart. Time, generally speaking, shows up our past mistakes in their true colors. Emma Carbonel longed for her husband to come, she grew feverishly impatient to become reconciled. Marians in the Moated Grange was a favorite reading of hers just now:

"She said: 'I am a weary, weary,
He cometh not,' she said:
'He cometh not, and all is dreary—
I would that I were dead!'"

Humphrey Carbonel came not. Nothing came but the details of the fighting; wars and rumors of wars.

May was in again; another May; Mrs Carbonel sat at her window in the twilight of a chilly, drizzling day. The gloom without harmonized with the gloom within. And yet, hardly so The rain might be cold, dreary, dispiriting, but it was nothing as compared with the desolation of her heart. Childless, and worse than widowed! She had hoped, ah! for a year or two now, that Humphrey's old love for her might overrule his pride and bitterness, and prompt him to write to her a word of tender regret for their conduct to one another. But he did not. She was feeling it all to her heart's core this miserable evening; unavailing remorse lay heavily upon her; she wished she could die and end it. No sign of reconciliation had passed since they parted in pride and anger; not a word of repentance on either side had crossed the dreary gulf that flowed between them Words of another poet, dead and gone, floated through her mind as she sat. Night and day lately they had seemed to haunt it:

"Alas! they had been friends in youth—
But whispering tongues can poison truth,
And constancy lives in realms above,
And life is thorny and youth is vain;
And to be wrath with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain."

Should she go mad? There came moments when she feared she should if this state of things continued. A week ago there had been some talk in the papers that the war would, in all probability, soon be over. Then Humphrey would come home again.

Her thoughts turned to this phase; she began to dwell upon it, and what it would involve to him and her. Presently she lost herself in fond anticipations, realizing it all as in a picture Somehow she felt a strange nearness to him, as if he were coming then, were almost there. She heard the rain beating against the windows and she glanced to see that the fire in the grate was bright when he came in. She gazed beyond the house gate down the road in the gathering gloom, almost, *almost* expecting to see him approach as she used to see him in the days gone by. She had been wretchedly lonely so long now, and she wanted to hear his footstep in the hall, to feel his caressing hand on her sunny hair and to hear his bright words, "Good evening, Emma, my dear!" It did not seem strange to her that this should happen, or that she was expecting it, though she had never once had this feeling through all these separated years. It did not seem marvelous that he should come thus from beyond the seas without notice. Had he opened the door and stood there by her side she would not have felt startled or surprised or at all wondered at it. The bewilderment wrought by long continued sorrow has stolen over her senses.

But Humphrey did not come; only, instead, the postman came in at the gate and knocked at the door. Mechanically she wondered why he was so late this evening. She heard the servant who answered the knock say the same to the man

"Yes, it's late," he answered; "a mail from the war is in, you see, and brought a good many letters."

The woman came in with a thick letter and the lights; her mistress took it with nervous haste; a *thick* letter and from her husband! until now his letters had been of the thinnest and slightest The writing—*was* it Humphrey's? Why, yes, it was his; but what could make it look so shaky? She opened it carefully and some inclosures fell out A fond letter or two of hers written to him after their marriage, during a temporary separation; a curl of her sunny hair; a plain gold ring which he had worn ever since his wedding day; and a little folded note with a few trembling lines in it.

"I am dying, Emma; fell to-day in battle. God forgive us our folly, my precious wife! I believe we loved one another all the while. There is another Life, my dear one; I shall be waiting for you there.
HUMPHREY."

Emma Carbonel did not cry, did not faint; she lay back in a low, large chair, her meek hands clasped in supplication, praying to be pardoned for all her wickedness to her dead husband, feebly beseeching God in His mercy to take her to that better life.

The next day the papers published a list of the fallen. Fourteen soldiers and two officers, one of the latter being Captain Humphrey Carbonel.

So it was all over; death had parted them. They had taken their marriage vows to love and cherish one another until death did them part—and lo! now it had stepped in to do its work

Ah! but something else had stepped in previously; angry passions indulged in, malice not suppressed. But for that, Humphrey Carbonel had never gone out to the fatal plain where death was indiscriminately putting in his sickle. Emma Carbonel would have given now her own life to recall the past.

Experience must be bought, sometimes all too dearly; she saw how worse than foolish it is, taking it at the best, to render our short existence here one of marring anger. Evil temper bears up at the moment, but time must bring the reaction and the repentance. A little forbearance on both sides, especially on hers, a few soothing words, instead of spiteful retorts, and this bitter retribution had not been hers; or his, in dying. "A soft answer turneth away wrath." If they had but obeyed the words of holy writ!

And now what was left to them? Death had claimed him and all was over. To her a life-long time of anguished remorse, a vain longing to undo what never could be undone in this world Could not some of us, hot and hasty in our dealings, learn a lesson from it?"

But something better was in store for Emma Carbonel. Humphrey did not die. Within a week the news came to her that the injuries which had induced a death-like swoon, mistaken at the time for death, had not yet been fatal. He was removed to the hospital, was being treated there by skillful surgeons, and the issue was as yet uncertain.

The issue was not for death, but life. Some months later he came home, a maimed soldier, bearing about him marks which time would never efface.

Just at the dusk of evening, as she had pictured it in her fond dream, he came. When the fly drove up to the door with him she was surprised, for he was not expected until the next day. He came in slowly, limping. The bustle over, the servants shaken hands with, he lay back, fatigued, in the easy chair, Emma kneeling before him, clinging to him in passionate emotion, tears streaming from her eyes, whispering to him in deprecating terms to forgive her.

"Upon condition that you forgive me, Emma," he answered, agitated as herself. "It has been a sharp experience for us both. My darling wife, I do not think we shall ever quarrel with one another again."

"Never again; never a single misword again, Humphrey, so long as life shall last."—*Argosy*

Number Three.

On Brady street a boy about 13 years old stood outside the fence and received a hatfull of cherries from a boy of nine or ten on the inside. There was something so sweetly friendly and charitable in the action that a pedestrian crossed over and said to the small boy after the big one had moved on:

"Sonny, did you sell him the cherries?"

"No, sir."

"Gave them of your own free will eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, he looks like a poor boy who can't buy fruit, and it was a noble action of yours"

"That's what I think, too, sir. He's been licking me all summer, and—"

"And you heaped coals of fire on his head?"

"No, sir. I fixed to heap a quart of half ripe cherries into his stomach, and if he doesn't howl and twist and yell and tie up in hard knots before night then he's too mean for the colic to tackle! He's the third one I've paid off that way this week."—*Detroit Free Press*

Following a Safe Lead.

Gen. Sherman is one of the most popular men in Washington, judging by the demand for him at social entertainments. He rarely, if ever dines at home. As he goes out so regularly he sometimes forgets where he is to go. One night he came out on his door step in a great hurry. He was in dinner dress, but hesitated after he came out of the door. Mrs Sherman, who was in the hall, asked what was the matter. "My George," said the General, "I was to go out to dinner somewhere to-night, and to save my blessed life I have forgotten where." Mrs. Sherman came to the door and pointing to Gen. Van Vliet who was going quietly up the street, said: "There goes Gen. Van Vliet. He is generally at dinner where you are invited. You follow him and go in where he goes." "My George, what a splendid idea! I can't miss it following that lead. Van Vliet can be trusted to find out the dinner places." Away sailed Tecumseh and, as he did not return, it was safe to conclude he found the right place.—*Forney's Progress.*

Damp Houses.

People who are unfortunate enough to live in damp houses, particularly near undrained land, are apt to think that there is no help for them save in removal. They are mistaken. Successful experiments have shown that is quite possible to materially improve the atmosphere in such neighborhoods in a very simple manner—by the planting of the laurel and the sunflower. The laurel gives off an abundance of ozone, while the sunflower is potent in destroying the malarial condition. These two, if planted on the most restricted scale in a garden close to the house, will be found to speedily increase the dryness and salubrity of the atmosphere, and rheumatism, if it does not entirely become a memory of the past, will be largely alleviated. Few people are aware of the anti-malarial properties of the sunflower.

Hay Fever.

From Col J. Maidhof, of New York: "I have suffered severely for the last ten years from Hay Fever in early and mid-summer and in the fall. I desire in the interest of my fellow sufferers to testify in favor of Ely's Cream Balm My short use of it demonstrated its efficacy. J. MAIDHOFF, 401 Broadway.

I can recommend Ely's Cream Balm to relieve all persons suffering from Rose Cold and Hay Fever. I have been a great sufferer from these complaints and have used it. I have recommended it to many of my friends for Catarrh, and in all cases where they have used the Balm freely they have been cured. T. KENNEY, Dry Goods Merchant, Ithaca, N. Y.

WHY SHE WORE RED.—"Yes," said young Symonds, "I think Lou wore that red dress out into the field on purpose to have that cow give her an excuse for climbing the tree and staying there till we fellows went to the rescue. At any rate she had a mighty elegant set of hose on."

"Two Dollars a Day, and Fifty Cents per pound for Wool," was the campaign cry of the Republicans in 1880. How have they kept the promise? Wool is thirty cents per pound, business depressed, and work and wages mighty uncertain.

Muff and Sultan.

It was Saturday afternoon, and Sue was out on the sunny veranda teaching Muff, her pet kitten, to jump through a hoop The hoop was wound with bright bits of ribbon, and it *was* a pity, when the fluttering winds made such a pretty contrast to Muff's white coat, that he could not be persuaded to jump, except as Sue jumped him.

Mamma and Will were out on the veranda, too. Mamma was sewing, and Will was watching Sue.

Will was fifteen, almost a man in six-year-old Sue's eyes, and he only came home one Saturday in four from the academy town, twenty miles away. Sue was always glad when he came for besides seeing Will, there was sure to be jelly cake and plum-sauce for tea.

But Muff would not jump, though he would catch at the flying ends of ribbon as Sue held the hoop before him, and hang with teeth and claws.

"It's no use, Sue," laughed Will, "Muff hasn't any brains."

"He's got as much as any cat!" flashed Sue.

"Not Muff!" Will laughed again.—"You ought to see Sultan. Tell you what, mother, you'd better let Sue go when John drives me over, Monday morning, and I'll take her to see Miss Hepworth's cat."

Away went the hoop trundling down the walk, and away went Muff after it. "O mamma! can't I?" cried Sue.

Mamma smiled. That was as good as yes any time.

So, early Monday morning, Sue was dressed in her pretty gray suit, with navy-blue ribbons, and settled on the back seat of the wagon beside Will; and John cracked the whip about the horses' ears, and off they went.

Miss Hepworth lived all alone in a little white house on a shady street, where she sold a few pins and needles, and a great many cakes, pies, candies and nuts.

She was a wee little Quaker lady, with silver-grey hair and eyes, and a plain drab gown, who came to the door when John pulled up before it, and gave Will a cherry smile, and Sue a kiss and a chirrupy "How do thee do, dear?" and then led the way into the little shop, where everything was as neat and shiny as a new pin.

"She came to see Sultan, Miss Hepworth," said Will, with a twinkle, after he had invested in a huge paper of candy which he tucked into Sue's hands.—"She's got a cat at home that won't jump."

"Has thee?" smiled Miss Hepworth at Sue; "and does the wan't to see my cat?"

"If you please," said Sue; and Miss Hepworth tripped to the door and called "Sultan!"

There was a streak along the little passage from somewhere, and Sultan stood on the threshold a great yellow cat, looking at his mistress with great green, intelligent eyes.

"Thee may come in," said Miss Hepworth. "Wipe thy feet."

Sultan obeyed, stepping upon the trim little mat before the door, and lifting his feet, one after another, daintily.

Will threw Sue a triumphant glance, and Miss Hepworth smiled

"Now, be a gentleman, Sultan," she said; and Sultan rose upon his hind feet and walked around the room, tipping his ear politely to his mistress and Sue.

"Can thee tell our little friend the sad story of the butcher's horse?" asked Miss Hepworth, stooping to pat the broad, yellow head.

Sultan began to limp, walking more and more slowly and painfully until at last he fell, rolled over on his side, quivered, and then lay limp and motionless

Sue's eyes were very big and bright. "Oh, he *isn't* dead!" she cried.

"Goosey!" laughed Will. "Won't you let him waltz, Miss Hepworth?"

"Ye-es," hesitated Miss Hepworth, "but thee must remember *that* is not of my teaching. It is my roguish nephew's work," she said to Sue. "Thee may waltz, Sultan."

Up rose Sultan again, whirling across the floor.

Then he tossed a bit of cake from his nose and caught it as it fell; he found Miss Hepworth's thimble, which had been tucked into Sue's pocket; he sat up, and lapped milk from a tiny dipper which he held in his paws; he turned somersaults; he sneezed; he went through so many performances that Sue would not have been greatly surprised to hear him speak.

"Will he jump?" asked Will, soberly

"I think he never tried," smiled Miss Hepworth. But she held up her yardstick. "Over, Sultan," she said, and Sultan, after an instant's hesitation, bounded over.

"Now we must go," said Will.—"Thank you, Miss Hepworth."

She drew a long breath "You *couldn't* sell him, could you?" she asked, wistfully.

"I fear thee could not keep him," said Miss Hepworth, patting her cheek—"But thee must come again to see him, and thee must not go now until thee has had a bite to eat."

So Miss Hepworth brought out a little tray with a tumbler of rich milk and a plate of sweet cakes, and Sue, when she had said good bye to Will for another four weeks, fed herself and Sultan generously, before she kissed Miss Hepworth and hugged Sultan and went away.

When she got home she unwound the hoop.

"I don't think it's any use, mamma," she said; "I guess Muff *hasn't* any brains. But," and she cuddled the little furry bunch in her arms, "he's a good deal the prettiest, ain't you, Muffy?"

And Muff said, "Me-ew!"—*Youth's Companion.*

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Is designed to meet the wants of those who need a medicine to build them up, give them an appetite, purify their blood, and oil up the machinery of their bodies. No other article takes hold of the system and hits exactly the spot like Hood's Sarsaparilla. It works like magic, reaching every part of the human through the blood, giving to all renewed life and energy. $1 a bottle; six for $5.

There never was a State canvass in Ohio in which the republicans were driven to such straights in order to accomplish their ends.

SMOKED OUT.

Foraker Declares Against the Scott Law, and Tells the Prohibitionists to Go to.

Forsker, the Foster candidate for Governor, has been forced at last to show his hand respecting the proposed amendments to the Constitution on the liquor question. During the several weeks he has been upon the stump, although repeatedly questioned whether he intended to vote for or against the Second, or Prohibition amendment, he stubbornly refused to answer. His object was evident. He was afraid of offending the temperance people, and wished to get their votes But his profound silence finally alarmed his whisky friends, and they insisted that he should speak out. In a speech delivered at Ludlow Falls on Friday, August 31st, and reported in the Commercial-Gazette, he yielded to the clamor of the whisky men and declared himself against both amendments, as follows:

"It is not right that I should seek to drag these non-political questions that don't belong to politics into political discussion. And, therefore, with respect to these amendments, both of them, as a candidate of the Republican party, standing on its platform, it is my duty as well as my pleasure to leave them alone, both in the campaign and in the election. For that reason I shall neither discuss them nor vote for them. And that is the answer I give to my friend, Judge Hoadly, when he asked the question as he did the other day, whether or not I intended to vote for this Second Amendment? We leave that Second Amendment for the people to determine as they see it, just as we have the First Amendment. It is not for me to champion the one and oppose the other, or to champion the other and oppose the one."

Foraker claims to be a lawyer, and was a judge, and his refusal to discuss the propositions sought to be engrafted into the fundamental law of the State, will not recommend him to the favor of intelligent and honest voters. His declaration that he proposes to vote against the First Amendment is a direct slap in the face to the Republican party, and the "unkindest cut of all" to Governor Foster. The First Amendment proposed to submit the liquor traffic to legislative control, and is endorsed by the Republican platform. Under its adoption the Scott Law and like enactments, even to prohibition itself, would become constitutional. But Judge Foraker says he will not discuss the First Amendment and will vote against it. If opposed to the principle, why, then, of course, Foraker is against the Scott Law.

And he is also against the second, or Prohibition amendment. As he defines himself as against both propositions, we do not see how either the Republicans or the Prohibitionists can vote for Charley Foster's (ungrateful) candidate for Governor.

Poor Jack Cole.

Poor Jack Cole, who was engineer of the ill-fated Arctic steamer Jeannette, and who is now confined at the Government Insane Asylum, made a savage assault upon a fellow inmate yesterday.—Jack was standing at the iron bars which enclose his ward yesterday, when a lady, accompanied by a pretty little girl, came up to the bars to see the unfortunates who were pacing back and forth, muttering incoherent sentences and making strange motions with their hands. At the sight of the little girl with golden tresses and sparkling blue eyes Jack's face lighted up Then, hanging his head for a moment, memory seemed to carry the poor fellow to his own bonnie daughter or to his old home, his head bent sorrowfully to his breast. The next instant he was standing erect gazing at the child while a big tear drop ran down his weather-beaten cheek and mingled with a good-natured smile. Then, as if by some magic power, his clear, tenor voice broke forth into a weird sea song, beginning:

We are bounding away,
O'er the rolling main,
And my bonnie sweet lass is behind.

As he was beginning the second verse, the little girl gazing into his face with a look of mute pleasure, one of the inmates of the ward, a tall, low-browed man, who is considered a dangerous subject, crept up behind Jack and said to him: "If I only had a knife and a rope I would fix that baby," pointing to the little girl.

The smile on Jack's face fled instantly and a look of hate took its place.—Wheeling about he dealt the maniac a terrible blow with his fist, knocking him several yards, although he was nearly twice as large as Jack. Then, before he could recover, Jack unbuckled his army waist belt, and, springing upon the half fallen man, dealt him a rapid series of blows with the heavy lead buckle attached to it, making several gashes on his head, from which blood flowed freely.—The attendants, who were preparing dinner at the time, rushed up at this juncture and led the men away.—*Washington Republican.*

They Have Horns.

In his speech before the Lincoln club in Cincinnati, on Friday evening, Aug. 31, Judge Foraker insultingly spoke of Democrats, as follows:

"Everywhere over the Democratic plantation the fences seem to be down, the gates open, and the Democartic cattle going badly astray."

Judge Foraker will discover to his sorrow, when he is badly gored next October, that all the "Democratic cattle" have horns.

☞ We have word from Batesville that Hon. Frank Atkinson, who has been a long sufferer from chronic disease of the kidneys, is convalescing, with good prospect of a speedy restoration to good health. This will be gratifying intelligence to his many friends throughout the country.—*Caldwell Journal, 6th inst.*

Java, which was last week desolated by volcanic eruptions, is the most fertile and prosperous tropical island in the world. It supports a population as dense as that of the most populous European countries; in round numbers over nineteen millions of souls on forty-nine thousand square miles. Ohio for comparison, has an area of about 39,000 square miles.