PIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

A Family Newspap — tics, Foreign and Domestic News, Literature, the Arts and Sciences, Education, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements &c

VOLUME 41. — WOODSFIELD, MONROE COUNTY, OHIO, TUESDAY, JANUARY 27, 1885. — NUMBER 51.

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY.

HENRY R. WEST,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

☞ OFFICE West Side of Main Street, two doors North of the Public Square.

TERMS:

One copy, one year,	$1 50
One copy, six months,	75
One copy, three months,	50
Single copy,	5

Outside of Monroe County, after September 1st, 1882, postage paid by the Publisher--$2 in advance.

☞ Subscriptions can be commenced at any time.

Advertising Rates:

One square, one week,	$1 00
Each subsequent insertion for five weeks,	50
One square, two months,	4 00
One square, three months	5 00
One square, six months,	7 00
One square, one year,	10 00
One eighth column, one month,	5 00
One eighth column, three months,	10 00
One eighth column, six months,	15 00
One eighth column, one year,	20 00
One fourth column, one month,	7 50
One fourth column, three months,	15 00
One fourth column, six months,	20 00
One fourth column, one year,	30 00
One half column, one month,	10 00
One half column, three months,	20 00
One half column, six months,	30 00
One half column, one year,	50 00
One column, one week,	10 00
One column, one month,	15 00
One column, three months,	30 00
One column, six months,	45 00
One column, one year,	80 00

☞ Legal advertisements charged at the rate of one dollar per square for first insertion, and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion.

Administrator's or Executor's, Attachment and Road Notices, $2 00.

Local Notices, per line, first insertion, 10 cents, and five cents per line for each additional week.

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 KRITZER'S STORE.)
Woodsfield, O.
sep19,'82.

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

J. F. 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.

FURNITURE.

IMMENSE STOCK
—OF—
FURNITURE!
—AT—
HELBLING & STOEHR'S,
NEAR THE DEPOT,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO

Extra inducements to customers in the way o
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,'87.

A PRIZE. Send 6ix cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.—41-87.

insures nothing but Farm property. Rates lower than those of any other Company doing business in this county.
Assets, : : $1,187,236 03
All Losses promptly paid.
JOHN JEFFERS,
Beallsville, Ohio,
nov12,'78. Agent for Monroe County.

ORGANS.
CHURCH COMMITTEES, School Boards or private families desiring to purchase an ORGAN can procure first class instruments at lowest cash prices by calling on or addressing REV. W. T. GARROWAY,
Woodsfield, Ohio.
Estey Organs a Specialty.

A. G. W. POTTS,
General Insurance Agent,
Hannibal, Ohio,
Ag't for the following Companies:
Also for Tornadoes, Cyclones, Hurricanes and Wind Storms.
AMAZON, - - Cincinnati.
ROYAL Of Liverpool, England.
LONDON and LANCASHIRE, England.
QUEEN of Liverpool, England.
OHIO, of Dayton, - Dayton.
Applications also taken for various other Companies, all of which are the most reliable Companies in the United States. All classes of
Town and Country Buildings, Merchandise, Lumber, Stock, Grain and Farm Implements,
insured at low rates in good Companies. Applications either by mail or in person promptly attended to. ma27,'84r.

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. 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,'82r.

Poetry.

NOT FOR ME.

ACTS 1: 7.

'Tis not for me to know each time
And season known
To Him alone who sits sublime
Upon His throne;
Enough for me to know that, though unseen,
He governs still,
And not an arm can intervene
To thwart His will.

Not mine to ask explained to me
The plans He makes;
Enough for me to know that He
Makes no mistakes;
What He ordained in His decrees
I cannot tell,
But this I know, that He in these
Does all things well.

His judgments deep on either hand,
I cannot plumb;
Amid their mysteries I stand
Before Him dumb;
But these, though wrapped to human ken
In gloom throughout,
Shall yet be solved, and naught shall then
Be left in doubt.

I through the veil that intercepts
Ask not to see,
If He but shows my way by steps
Enough for me;
Though round about me all be dark,
With Him is day,
And at His word I launch my bark
Unawed away.

Here though I oftentimes in tears,
Forsaken seem,
And fleeting all in earth appears
As in a dream,
Yet with His presence ever nigh
I onward tread,
And leave to Him the reasons why
Without a dread.

Though night its shades may darkly lay
On hills and lakes,
Yet this I know, that day by day
The morning breaks;
So let life's light and shadows drear
Be what they may,
His voice enjoining faith I hear
And I obey.

Then ask I not to have revealed
My future lot;
But though my way be all concealed,
I falter not;
Where my Redeemer bids me go,
He'll give me light;
And though inscrutable I know
His way is right.

Select Story.

The Green-Coated Soldier.

Harper's Young People.

Many a long year ago three or four regiments of Russian soldiers were encamped on a flat, sandy plain upon the shore of the Gulf of Finland, not far from a new town which had just been built at the mouth of the river Neva, and called St. Petersburg. The sun was beginning to set and the men, having finished their marching and exercising, were having a rest after the day's work, or beginning to get their supper ready.

Most of them were strong and sturdy fellows, who looked as if they could stand a good deal of hard work and hard fighting, too, before giving in. But they cer-

arms, stumbled against him by accident. Like lightning Big Michael faced around and dealt the poor little fellow a kick which sent him to the ground, screaming with pain, and causing him to spill every drop of the water that had cost so much trouble to bring.

An angry murmur ran through the group of Russians and the Silesian turned savagely upon them.

"What are you growling at dogs? If you have anything to say to me, say it out. You ought to know by this time, I should think, that one honest Silesian is a match for half a dozen such as you!"

"Are you quite sure of that?" asked a deep voice behind him.

Every one looked around with a start, for nobody had noticed a soldier standing near the group and listening to the Silesian's boastful talk with a smile.

The new comer picked up the little drummer-boy very tenderly, refilled his can from a bucket that stood near and sent him away rejoicing; then he came slowly up to the tall Silesian and looked him full in the face.

Kratsch eyed the stranger from head to foot and did not altogether like the looks of him. His dress was nothing very grand, to be sure, being simply the plain green coat of a Russian private, so soiled and threadbare that an old-clothes man would scarcely have taken it as a gift. But he was as tall as Big Michael himself, while his huge limbs and brawny chest made such a show of strength that most people would have thought it much better to shake hands with him than to fight him.

"So," said the green-coated man quietly, "one Silesian is a match for half a dozen Russians, eh? Well, I can see that he's their match at bragging, anyhow."

The Russians chuckled at this unexpected hit and one of them laughed outright. Kratsch's face flashed purple with rage and for a moment he seemed just about to fly at the speaker's throat; but there was something in the stranger's bearing, and in the calm, steadfast glance of his keen black eye which cowed the fierce soldier who drew back with a sudden growl.

"Well," said Greencoat quietly, "we Russians have a saying that corn doesn't grow by talking. If you are a match, as you say, for any half dozen of us, let us see what you can do."

"Could you throw that stone further than I can?" asked the Silesian, pointing to a heavy stone at his feet.

"I can better answer that when I have seen you throw it," replied Greencoat as coolly as ever.

Michael Kratsch threw off his coat and baring an arm as thick as an ordinary man's knee, hurled the stone seven good yards away.

The unknown threw, in his turn, so carelessly that he seemed hardly to exert himself at all, yet the stone fell more than a foot beyond Kratsch's mark

The Russians raised a shout of triumph and Michael's face grew black as midnight.

"Are you as nimble with your feet as with your hands?" growled he through his set teeth.

"Try," answered Greencoat simply.

Kratsch pointed to a broad ditch a little behind them, and, taking a short run, shot through the air like an arrow. The ditch was fully fifteen feet wide from bank to bank, yet he alighted several inches beyond it.

"Pretty fair," said the unknown smiling; "but I think I can match it."

And so he did, for his leap overpassed Kratsch's by six inches at least. At the sight of the heavy Russian faces grinning from ear to ear over his discomfiture the Silesian's eyes flashed fire.

"You haven't done with me yet," he roared, "smart though you think yourself. Dare you wrestle a fall with me?"

Without a word, the stranger threw off his coat and stepped forward.

It was a grand and terrible sight to see the two giants strain their mighty limbs, and seize each other with their iron arms, both faces growing suddenly hard and stern as they grappled. Every man among the lookers-on held his breath as that great struggle began.

Thrice did the Silesian make a tremendous effort to throw his enemy with a strength that seemed able to bear up an oak tree by the roots. But the Russian, though shaken, stubbornly kept his feet, until Kratsch paused, breathless and utterly spent.

Then the watching eyes all around saw the stranger's arms tighten suddenly, and Big Michael's huge, broad back bend slowly in. Furiously he struggled against the over-mastering clutch; but he had no more chance than an ox in the coils of a boa. At last the unknown lifted him fairly off his feet, and hurled him backward with such force that he fell with a dull crash against a large stone behind him, and lay stunned and motionless.

Just then was heard a cry of "There he is! there he is!" and several richly dressed men, running up to the spot, bowed reverently to the green-coated soldier.

"We have been looking for your Majesty," said one of them, "to give you these dispatches, which a courier has just brought from Moscow."

At the word "Majesty" the Russian recruits all fell on their knees, considerably startled to find that this shabby coated private was no other than the Czar himself—Peter the Great of Russia.

"Up with you, lads!" cried Peter; "kneel to no one but God. You are Russian soldiers, and I'm your general; that's all."

Then he turned to Kratsch, who lay groaning on the ground, with his left arm broken.

"I'll forgive thee this time, fellow," said the Czar; "but if ever I catch thee ill-treating a child again, look out! As for these soldiers of mine at whom you laugh, within five years they shall be the wonder of all Europe."

And so they were.

I have been bothered with catarrh for about twenty years. I could not tell how many different remedies I have tried, and none seemed to reach my case like Ely's Cream Balm. I had lost my smell entirely for the last fifteen years, and I had almost lost my hearing. My eyes were getting so dim I had to get some one to thread my needle. Now I have my hearing as well as I ever had, and I can see to thread as fine a needle as ever I did, and my smell is partly restored, and it seems to be improving all the time. I think there is nothing like Ely's Cream Balm for Catarrh. I always had a trouble with my throat and a little hacking cough, and I am almost well of that. Mrs. E. E. Grimes, 67 Valley St., Rendrill, Perry Co., Ohio.

Mrs. Hillis, of Elgin, Illinois has a copy of the poem, "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" in the handwriting of Abraham Lincoln, given her by himself.

CURE FOR CROUP.—Use Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil according to directions. It is the best remedy for all sudden attacks of colds, pain and inflammation, *and injuries*

One hundred and fifty pounds of pure gold and a basketful of rubies were among the valuables of the Dowager Queen of Burmah before she was removed from power.

Thousands are being cured of Catarrh every year with Hall's Catarrh Cure, that the doctors had given up, and said could not be cured. 75 cents a bottle. Sold by R. W. Pope.

HABITS OF YOUTH.

Some Good Advice in M. Quad's Short Talks With Boys.

The human being is a curious study, my boy.

When you come to consider him by piecemeal, nothing is more curious about him than this thing we call habit. It has more to do with his success or failure in life than you have reflected on. While we make our habits, they make or unmake us. A habit is a something which is at first undefined, but which in time may become a positive monster. The tie is at first a weak thread which an infant could snap in twain, but as the years go by the thread becomes a cord—a rope—a chain which no human effort can break. Lecture a man on his vicious habits and while he will admit the justice of your assertions, he cannot break his bonds without putting forth such efforts as discourage forty-nine out of fifty at the start. Let me talk to you a little while as a boy, and warn you how habit may spoil you as a man.

While it is true that some persons seem born good-natured and others peevish, the peevishness is more a habit than a birth-right. You can let little things vex and annoy you, or you can throw them off. You may have heard a child snarl and cry by the half hour because refused something. The mother will make a peevish youth of that child. You have met boys who were always whining that their kites were lost, or some one made up faces at them, or their knives were mislaid, or some one called 'em names. If those boys grow to be men they will have no friends. Their whining is simply a habit.

On the other hand, you can name boys who never appear to have cause for complaint. They are good-natured, cheerful and willing, and they never want for friends or favors. You can class yourself with either, just as you will. All your little annoyances and vexations can be trodden under foot, or, you can magnify them until you firmly believe that you were born into the world for a first-class martyr.

Great numbers of the male population of this country use profane language.—Why? Ask any man and his answer will be: "Oh, I got into the habit of it and I don't think."

He doesn't swear because he wants to be classed as wicked, but habit has him on the hip, and men dressed as gentlemen go about blurting out oaths that shock you. You can become just such a man, or you can carry a clean mouth and win respect where they secure disgust.

One-third, perhaps, of the men of America chew and smoke. Ask that man who just discharged half a gill of tobacco-juice on the sidewalk if he chews because he loves the weed, and he will answer: "Bless you, no! It's a filthy, unhealthy, abominable thing, but I've got into the habit of it and can't stop." And so from the day he begins chewing, say at 16, until he dies, say at the age of 60, his tobacco not only costs him twenty-five cents per week at the lowest estimate, but for forty-four long years he soils his clothes, dirties his house, disgusts his best friends and weakens his physical and mental system. Habit, my boy—all habit. The first few chews make him terribly sick and he could easily stop. He perseveres, however, and the habit begins to gain strength.—Let your first chew be your last. Let your first smoke end the matter of pipe and cigars with you.

If you live in a town or village there is an "over town," or "up town," or "down town," or "across the river," which has its charms for a boy of your age, or you can imagine such to be the case. There is a drug store or grocery or barber shop where certain men gather in the evening to brag and lie and swear and discuss all subjects. At 16 I looked upon these men as heroes and sages. At 20 I was ready to kick myself for ever having given them fifteen minutes of my time. Ask them why they thus idle away two or three hours which could be so pleasantly spent at home with books, and any one of them will answer: "Oh, I've kind o' got in the habit of it, I suppose." There may be nothing so very wicked about it, but you can see for yourself how silly it is to waste time in that manner. It is the first starting point in the careers of lazy men and loafers. Look around among your business acquaintances and you will find that nine-tenths of the successful ones, and entirely all of the representatives of good society, have no "down town" loafing places.

When a boy I argued with the rest that such things as harvest apples, melons, grapes and peaches were free plunder for boys. It did not seem in the least a crime to make a night raid after those things, and the farmer who defended his orchard was set down as an old curmudgeon. While an occasional thief may be born to steal, the majority are made by just such practices. After a few raids after melons it did not seem so very bad to steal the wheel off a wagon, or hide some one's horse in the woods, or wheel away a bunch of shingles where they could not be found.—Let a boy begin to-day to "coon" fruit and have his swing for a year and he will commit some offense for which the law can send him to jail.

The leading traits of every man's character comes from this or that habit. Give a boy a problem in mathematics to work out in his head while walking half a mile, and in a year he will have acquired a slow gait and perhaps carry it through life. On the other hand, take a boy with a naturally slow gait and give him speedy errands to do and his pace will soon be naturally increased. I once heard a mother ask her boy some question which she suspected he might not readily answer correctly, and she added: "Now, take a good long time to think it over." She told me that this was a common habit of hers, but she forgot that the boy might be forming a habit as well. Long years after, when I met him again, if you had asked him the name of the President, his own age, or the day of the week, he would have scratched his head, rubbed his right leg with his left, and finally drawled out: "W-a-l-l, sir, I'm sure this is Wednesday." One need not be so rapid of speech as to do all the talking, nor so prompt to answer that they may be mistaken three times out of five, but speech and memory can fall into the habit of lagging or be kept on a fair edge. All men are born with memories, but one with a memory better than another has cultivated it.

"John, are you coming in?"

"Y-a-a-s."

"William, are you coming in?"

"Yes, sir."

There is an example of habit. John has just as much respect for his father as William has, but he has fallen into the habit of answering in the handiest way, and his father has fallen into the habit of permitting it. "Oh, what's the difference?" you exclaim. Well, John let that habit grow on him until it will be "yaas" and "naw" to strangers—ladies—everybody, and he will create aversion in place of friendship. And more than that, I stood in a store the other day when a boy came in and applied for a situation.

"Can you write a good hand?" was asked.

"Yaas."

"Good at figures?"

"Yaas."

"Know the city well?"

"Yaas."

"That will do—I don't want you," said the merchant.

"But," I said, when the boy had gone, "I know that lad to be an honest, industrious boy. Why don't you give him a chance?"

"Because he hasn't learned to say 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir.' If he answers me as he did when applying for a situation, how will he answer customers after being here a month?"

What could I say to that? He had fallen into a habit, young as he was, that had turned him away from the first situation he had ever applied for.

Good Reason for Being Down on Lawyers.

Detroit Free Press.

"Dat's what ye git from foolin' round wid dem yere lawyers!" he said as he joined a group of colored idlers on the market place.

Being asked why he went to a lawyer, he explained:

"You know dat Buck Williams? Powerful bad nigger he am. Gits drunk an' kicks in doahs an' clubs winders. Come round to my cabin one night las' week an' stove de doah in an' wanted to clean out de shanty. I falls out o' bed an' goes fur him wid an axe handle, an' dey war' gwine to 'rest me for 'sault wid intent to kill."

"Well?"

"Wall, when de tole me dot he had a cracked head, a broken arm, an' war all broke up, I wanted to settle de case. My ole woman coaxed me to go an' see a lawyer, an' de lawyer he taxed me $5, an' advised me to offer Buck my ole hoss an' wagin' an' $25 in cash."

"And you did?"

"An' I didn't! When I got home his wife was dar waitin' fur me, and she said if I didn't han' ober $2 in cash an' a sack o' flour she'd mutilate me wid a lawsuit. Took me just seventeen licks of de clock to settle on dat basis, an' now I can't be mutilated nohow. Lawyers! Dar I paid $5 to one of 'em to tell me dat I must reduce myself from poverty to affluence to settle a case whar' de complaint didn't ax but $3, an' would hev gin me fo'ty off on dat if I had kicked."

An Every Day Occurrence.

Once upon a time a donkey fell into a deep hole, and, after nearly starving, caught sight of a passing Fox and implored the stranger to help him out.

"I am too small to aid you," said the Fox, "but I will give you some good advice. Only a few rods away is a big, strong elephant. Call to him and he will get you out in a jiffy."

After the Fox had gone the Donkey thus reasoned to himself: "I am very weak for want of nourishment. Every move I make is just so much additional loss of strength. If I raise my voice to call the elephant I shall be weaker yet. No, I will not waste my substance that way. It is the duty of the elephant to come without calling."

So the Donkey settled himself back and eventually starved to death.

Long afterwards the Fox on passing the hole saw within it a whitening skeleton, and remarked: "If it be true that the souls of animals are transmigrated into men, that Donkey will become one of those merchants who can never afford to advertise."—*Philadelphia Call.*

One of the surgeons of the Mount Sinai Hospital recently administered the new anæsthetic hydrochlorate of cocoaine, and performed a severe operation without pain. Its great cost, five thousan dollars a pound, may prevent its general use.

A wealthy Greek by the name of Schilizzi, from the moment of the outbreak of the cholera, spent every day with his physician in the worst quarters of Naples, dispensing money, medicines and food, and at last falling a victim to the disease itself, but is recovering.

Not many years ago Belva Lockwood was arguing a case before Chief Justice Carter, who took occasion to overrule a demurrer she had filed. Mrs. Lockwood then made a motion which was denied. Rising in wrath the perplexed lady demanded: "I should like to have your Honor advise me what do next." Slowly and with a stammer the Chief Justice replied: "Mrs. Lockwood, the c-c-court would advise you to h h by all means em em-em-ploy a lawyer."

Affections of the throat are liable to strike persons at any time of the year, but especially at this season is extra caution necessary in guarding against diseases of this character. Mishler's Herb Bitters is the sovereign remedy for all bronchial affections. A Harshbergy, of Cheeseboro and Harshbergy, Prairie City, Ill., writes: "Mrs. Harshbergy suffered from bronchitis, and has used three bottles of Mishler's Herb Bitters with the most desirable results. Send me one dozen bottles."

Captain Mitchell, of the bark Antoine Sala, New York and Havana trade, came home in May, entirely helpless with rheumatism. He went to the mountains, but receiving no benefit, at his wife's request began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. He immediately began to improve; in two months his rheumatism was all gone, and he sailed in command of his vessel a well man. Hood's Sarsaparilla will help you. Sold by all druggists.

CHARGE OF THE TEXANS

In the Battle of Valverde, N. M., at the First of the War.

Philadelphia Times.

A narrative of the battle of Valverde, fought near Fort Craig, in New Mexico, on the 21st of February, 1862, appears in the current number of the Times. Some of the scenes are described so vividly as to warrant the repetition of several paragraphs here. The writer, Lieut. Cook, then of the regular army, says: About 3 o'clock p. m., Col. Canby and staff arrived. He assumed command and at once proceeded to make new dispositions, at which we were all well pleased, for we had been standing still in one position now for some two hours and were all very impatient thereat.

Col. Carson's regiment was stationed below the bend in the river facing eastward. To his left was Pino, the militia commander, with his forces. Hall's battery, which remained all day in one position, was moved to the front across the river. McRae's battery was moved one-fourth of a mile up the river and advanced a little. In its front was a small cleared space of perhaps two acres, beyond which the woods were thick, but the enemy could be seen moving among the trees in considerable force, and it was known that he had some movement which was soon to be made. McRae began to shell them, and at this moment the report came that Hall's battery was threatened. Canby fearing that, in case of a charge upon Hall, Pino's regiment of militia would not stand its ground (there being but two small companies of regulars with it) detached three companies of the Fifth Infantry, under Capt. Wingate, to go in double quick to its relief. This was a fatal error, for no sooner had these troops been sent away than a body of the enemy, 1,000 strong, was seen to emerge from the woods into the clearing in front of McRae, making directly for him. He double loaded his guns with grape and canister and fired as rapidly as possible on the advancing foe, but the distance was so short that the pieces were aimed too high and did no execution.

Right on they came in spite of opposition, yelling like so many denizens of the infernal regions who had just made their escape. Armed with doubled-barreled shot-guns, six-shooters and bowie-knives, they waited until at short range, when they discharged their shot-guns at the artillerists with murderous effect. Then when their guns were empty they threw them away and mixed with the men at the cannon in a hand-to-hand encounter, using their pistols and knives. Our men did all that flesh and blood could do to save their battery, but the odds was more than four to one against them, and therefore in a fight of this kind but one termination was possible. Those who were not killed or wounded were driven with their supporters into the river together. Many were shot in the water while crossing, and their bodies were carried away by the current. Those who escaped, when they reached the other side, reformed their ranks and marched away towards the fort, their own guns hurling shot and shell after them to expedite the movement.

When Canby saw that McRae's battery was to be charged by the enemy he sent a hasty order for Wingate to return, but by the time that officer got the order he had all he could attend to in repulsing a squadron of cavalry that was charging him. They came on at a gallop with drawn sabres, making the woods resound with their usual demoniac yells. They, no doubt, expected to scare the blue coats into taking to their heels for safety, but that battalion happened to be made of the kind of material that does not do that sort of fighting. They stood their ground until the enemy was within fifty yards of them, when the captain's voice rang out clear and sharp, "Fire!" and the report which followed was as if one man had pulled all the triggers at once. When the smoke cleared away we looked for one moment at the heap of dead and wounded horses and men, but saw no enemy to oppose us. A second order to return now came from Canby, almost instantly followed by another saying that the battery was gone and for us to fall back across the river as quickly as possible.

Cameron and Butler.

NEW YORK, Jan. 19.—The re-election of Don. Cameron to the United States Senate from Pennsylvania, and the effort of some of his party associates to have his friendship for Senator Butler, of South Carolina, count against him, revives the story of the Butler-Patterson contest, in which Cameron took the side of Butler and defeated Patterson's effort to capture the seat. Many people couldn't understand Cameron's position, but the truth is that old Simon, the father of Don., was at the bottom of the matter, using his influence for Butler.

When the contest became prominent, old Simon hurried to Washington and interviewed his son in this manner: "Don., I want you to see that justice is done Senator Butler. Thirty years ago, his uncle, Judge Butler, then a United States Senator from South Carolina, was one of the most influential men in his party and was chairman of the committee on contested seats. My right to a seat was contested, and, though the senate was strongly democratic Judge Butler stood up against his party associates and secured me a just decision, and I got the seat. That was thirty years ago, but I don't want a Cameron to permit an injustice to be done to Senator Butler's nephew, whose seat is now contested. If Butler is not fairly elected a senator, of course I ask nothing for him; but if he is entitled to the place do not let any party feeling keep you from helping give it to him."

Don. voted and worked for Butler, and though the senate was republican he was given the seat and the second generation of senators are as warm friends as was the father and uncle. When Cameron's health was very bad Butler paired with him and asserted his determination to do so and continue the pair as long as Cameron desired, even though the senate was a tie, and Butler by taking advantage of his friend's illness could have thrown the senate into the hands of his own party.

This story was told in Harrisburg, but the partisans who tried to use it to the prejudice of Don. Cameron signally failed.

UTICA'S MODERN BORGIA.

The Most Revolting Murder in the Annals of Crime.

UTICA, N. Y., Jan. 19.—Wm. Druse, a farmer of moderate circumstances, living in the town of Warren, Herkimer County, has been missing a month. Suspicions of murder were caused by quarrels between him and his wife. For several days it was rumored that Druse had been murdered by his wife, his body cut and burned and the bones put into the swamp.

An ax, owned by Druse, was found in Weatherbee's pond Saturday, rolled in paper. A nephew of Mrs. Druse, named Gates, aged 18, has been "squeezed" by her neighbors. He confessed that Mrs. Druse shot her husband while he and his son were out, and put a rope around his neck and compelled him to shoot also. They burned the body and buried the bones. The odor of burning flesh was noticed December 18. Mrs Druse and Gates are under arrest.

The District Attorney and Coroner are conducting an examination into the death of Druse. Frank Gates, aged 14, nephew of Druse, living in the family, made an artless confession, showing the crime was committed December 10, and that Mrs. Druse compelled him to shoot her husband a second time and aid her to dispose of the body. They boiled it and fed the flesh to the hogs, and burned the bones, the ashes of which were buried in the swamp. The boy says the woman cut her husband's head off and put it first in the stove. The boy acted as fireman and had a terrible time destroying the evidence of crime. Neighbors who noticed the unusual smoke and odor were refused admittance, and papers were kept over the windows.

Advice to Travelers.

Paste it in your hat that the people of the highest position and greatest importance, as a rule, make the least trouble.

It may seem an absurd proposition to some people, but hotel clerks were really not invented for the sole purpose of answering foolish questions.

It isn't the "loudest" or most lordly person who receives the greatest attention. Every hotel in the land has shelterer bigger men than you.

Don't spend half your time trying to invent ingenious ways to make trouble for the servants and the other half in making a row over your bill.

A little genuine civility to waiters and employes goes further than a big "lip" with the politeness left out.

The hotel was not built for the exclusive convenience and exclusive accommodation of any one person. This is official and it will pay you to remember it.

There may be plenty of faults about the hostelry you honor with your presence, but don't make the mistake of trying to reform them. There is nothing in the Constitution of the United States to force you to remain if you are not satisfied.—*Hotel Register.*

The Trouble Safely Over.

Stomach trouble is serious business while it lasts; but what a blessed relief to have it depart! Mrs. F. G. Wells, of 19 Atlantic street, Hartford, Conn., writes that she tried Brown's Iron Bitters for stomach trouble, and that she experienced such relief that the trouble is now entirely over. She recommends this great iron medicine to all who are afflicted. It cures liver and kidney complaint.

☞ "I understand that you have stopped practicing," said the Secretary of State to an eminent colored physician. "Yes, sah, 'clude I ter gin up der trade and go ter preachin'. In dis country dar ain't no money ter be made in de practisin' o' medicine. W'y, sah, ef I had er 'voted my time ex close ter suthin' else ez I has ter dis business, I would er been putty well off by dis time. Ober two-thirds of my patients neber paid me, sah." "Why didn't you sue them?" "Twouldn' done no good, 'cause da was dead, sah. I got de wus' class o' patients. None o' 'em neber had no health an' constitution."

One Bottle Instead of a Dozen.

"And it took only one bottle to do it," said a gentleman, speaking of Parker's Hair Balsam. I had a run of fever, and when I got well of that my hair began to fall out so fast as to alarm me. I really didn't know what to do, until one day a friend said, 'Try Parker's Hair Balsam.' That was some months ago. What surprised me was the fact that one bottle was enough. I expected to use up a dozen." Clean, highly perfumed, not oily, not a dye. Restores original color.

One sometimes hears strange modes of reasoning during that favorite pastime of some women, shopping. "This little scent-bag is not quite perfect," said one at the Woman's Exchange, as she called the attention of a girl in waiting to an article that lay on a table. "Now, if it were for myself I should not care at all, but I would like to buy it to give as a present to a little niece, and she's so observing that she'd notice any defect in it in a moment. Couldn't you let me have it at half-price?"

Easy to See Through.

How can a watch—no matter how costly—be expected to go when the main-spring won't operate? How can anyone be well when his stomach, liver or kidneys are out of order? Of course you say, "He cannot." Yet thousands of people drag along miserably in that condition; not sick abed, but not able to work with comfort and energy. How foolish, when a bottle or two of Parker's Tonic would set them all right. Try it, and get back your health and spirits.

Victoria Alexandra Olga Mary of Wales is said to be a startling likeness of her grandmother, the Queen, at the same age, sixteen.

His eleven years' imprisonment has improved the condition of the Tichborne claimant by taking away a hundred pounds of his weight.

When General Fremont was famine-stricken on the Great American Desert he administered an oath to his men to die rather than to commit cannibalism.