THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

A Family Newspaper---Devoted to Politics, Foreign and Domestic News, Literature, the Arts and Sciences, Education, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements &c

VOLUME 42. WOODSFIELD, MONROE COUNTY, OHIO, TUESDAY, APRIL 21, 1885. NUMBER 11.

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
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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.

OSMAN OKEY.....WILLIAM P. 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.

S. 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. 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. DRIGGS.....J. B. DRIGGS
Pros. Att'rney.
DRIGGS & DRIGGS,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law
And Claim Agents,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
OFFICE—Up stairs in Court House.
y26,'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 Six 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.—61-3x.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
QUALITY PURITY NOT QUANTITY
Trade Mark. On Every Bottle.
—THE BEST TONIC.
PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.
This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.
It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.
It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives.
It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*
It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.
For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.
The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.
Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.
nov25,'84y.

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,
CALDWELL, OHIO.
Visits Woodsfield Regularly. I guarantee better work and use better materials than any Dentist in the county, apr15,'84

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, : : $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. augl,'82x.

Poetry.

IN APRIL.

What did the sparrow do yesterday?
Nobody knew but the sparrows:
He were too bold who should try to say
They have forgotten it all to day,
Why does it haunt my thoughts this way,
With a joy that piques and harrows,
As the birds fly past,
And the chimes ring fast,
And the long spring shadows sweet shadow cast!

There's a maple bud redder to-day;
It will almost flower to-morrow;
I could swear 'twas only yesterday,
In a sheath of ice and snow it lay,
With fierce winds blowing it every way;
Whose surety had it to borrow,
Till birds should fly past,
And chimes ring fast,
And the long spring shadows sweet shadow cast!

"Was there ever a day like to-day,
So clear, so shining, so tender?"
The old cry out; and the children say,
With a laugh, aside: "That's always the way,
With the old, in spring; as long as they stay,
They find it in greater splendor,
When the birds fly past,
And the chimes ring fast.
And the long spring shadows sweet shadows cast."

Then that may be why my thoughts all day—
I see I am old by the token—
Are so haunted by sounds, now so sad, now gay,
Of the words I hear the sparrows say,
And the maple bud's mysterious way
By which from its sheath it has broken,
While the birds fly past,
And the chimes ring fast,
And the long spring shadows sweet shadow cast. —*The Century.*

Select Story.

AN EVENTFUL DAY.

There had been a thunder shower in the night. All the pink, shell-like petals were beaten off the apple blooms; the high grass in the orchard lay in long, flat waves close to the ground; the very daffodils and tulips in the borders were crushed into the rich black mold, and Janie Barr was trying to tie them up again with as tender a sympathy as if they had been little children fallen down.

When suddenly Mrs. Barr came out with a perturbed face.

"There!" said she, "I knew there would be trouble."

"What is it, mother?' said Jasie cheerily.

"It's those worn out shingles on the roof," said Mrs. Barr in the melancholy half whine which was habitual to her. The rain leaked in on the boarder's bureau all night long; and she says she won't stay here if she isn't to be properly protected against the elements."

Janie tied the last puce-colored tulip to its stake and straightened herself up

"We must have the roof mended," she said.

"Who is to do it?" sighed Mrs. Barr. "There ain't a carpenter to be had since 'Squire Follett commenced the new cottage; and even Crazy Jim won't go up on that steep roof. And if Mrs. Lepell goes away what shall we do about the interest on your father's old note?"

"She won't go away, mother, never fear," said Janie brightly. "Don't fret. You'll see that things will come right."

"But the shingles must be fixed right away," said Mrs Barr

"They shall be fixed, mother," said Janie

"Who will do it?" impatiently repeated the widow.

"I will," said Janie.

"That's all nonsense," groaned Mrs. Barr.

"Why shouldn't I, mother?" said Janie merrily. "Of course I haven't been brought up to the carpenter's trade, but any one could manage a few shingles and a handful of nails You shall see, little mother! Only wait!"

"Janet, if you think of such a thing I shall be very angry," said Mrs. Barr.

"Then I'll leave off thinking of it," said Janie. "Where's the basket and clasp-knife, mother? I am going to cut some dandelion greens for dinner."

"Of course she's only joking," said Mrs. Barr to herself as she returned slowly to the house

But Janie had never been more seriously earnest in all her life.

Mrs. Barr went to the parish sewing society that afternoon

Colonel Addison, from the Galley Hotel, who was paying his addresses to Mrs Lepell, the boarder, came with a spirited horse and a buggy to take her to the sea beach where a merry bathing party were to take advantage of the tide and practice the noble art of swimming.

"Now is my time," said Janie exultantly to herself

But Mrs. Leppell came back before she had got twenty yards from the house

"Janie," she said, "I forgot to tell you that I left my three diamond rings in the little left hand drawer of the bureau; I might lose them in the water. I thought I would tell you in case of fire, you know, or any other accident."

"Yes," said Janie; "but there won't be any accident."

Mrs. Lepell laughed and ran back to the carriage and the impatient Colonel.

And not until then did Janie perceive that a tall, half-grown lad, lurking behind the porch rails, was waiting to speak to her.

"Who are you?" said Jane briskly "What do you want? No, we haven't any old clothes. If you really want work you had better go on to the new buildings a mile up the road. I dare say they can find something for you to do there"

The lad mumbled but something, whether thanks or otherwise Janie was unable to discriminate, and shuffled away.

And our heroine slipping on her hat and bolting the front door ran across the back meadows to Ralph Parson's carpenter shop, some quarter of a mile by the wood path.

"I wan't a few shingles,' said she, 'and a pound of shingle nails."

"What for?" said Ralph.

"No matter," calmly retorted Janie. "How much will they cost?"

"They'll cost about a quarter," said Ralph. "Is it a hen coop you are going to build? Because if you'll wait until Saturday I could do it for you."

"It isn't a hen coop and I can't wait until Saturday," said Janie shaking the bright brown curls out of her eyes "Here's the quarter; and you needn't think, Ralph Parsons, that we are going to call upon you again until we've paid something on the bill that we owe you already."

She nodded good-by and hurried away under the canopy of pink apple blossoms. Ralph looked admiringly after her.

"She's a regular clipper of a girl, that Janie Barr," said he. "If ever I'm able to support a wife that will be the one I'd choose."

Light as a thistledown Janie hurried back with her precious bundle of shingles, and the pound of nails in her pocket.

"Now I'll show him whether I can mend the roof or not," said she, as with a hammer added to her stock in trade she ascended to the garret and climbed an odd little ladder that led out through a rusty trap-door to the steep roof.

The slant was abrupt, the old shingles were wet with the recent rain and slippery with green moss incrustations; but Janie Barr was not one lightly to be discouraged and presently she found herself nestly balanced with her feet braced against the broad gutter, one elbow leaning on the roof and the other hand busily tearing away the old shingles and replacing them deftly with overlapping rows of new fragrant wood.

The click of the hammer, the ring of the nails, was like music in her ears. It meant that she had saved her mother a bill of several dollars, to say nothing of mental tribulations, which could not be estimated; that Mrs Lepell would remain with them and that she, Janie, had proved herself of some use in the world.

"I've always wished I had been born a boy instead of a girl," mused Janie. "But now," with an exultant glance at the neat row of shingles, "I am not so dissatisfied with my lot in life."

Suddenly, however, as she sat perched like a squirrel on the slanting roof the sound of voices struck on her ear. She paused to listen.

"Three diamond rings! I heard her say so herself. In the left hand drawer of some bureau," said the same accents which half an hour ago had asked her for charity; "and no one but a woman in the house."

"Sure of that?" said a deeper voice

"Yes, plum sure," was the answer; "and I wouldn't wonder if there were other things for the picking up."

"Come on then," said the other one, "and step lively; we can't stand here jawing all day. The door is bolted, is it? Wait a minute; I've got a little joker here as would start any staples this side of Denver"

Janie had listened in breathless horror In an instant, as it were, she comprehended the full danger that menaced Mrs Lepell's treasured gems—the three diamond rings that the boarder had once told her were worth thousands of dollars, and here she was alone and helpless!

Hurriedly she turned over the crisis in her mind. If she were to re-enter the house by the same way in which she left it, she must certainly meet the ruffians and any resistance which she could offer would be speedily overpowered. But—

Janie Barr was not one to hesitate long. While the thoughts yet careered through her brain, she sprang from the eaves into the blooming boughs of the great cherry tree which grew so close to the house that its branches scraped the roof on windy March days

It was a hazardous thing for any one to do who was not swift of limb and accurate of eye; but Janie alighted, like a cat, in the fork of the tree, climbed lightly down until she reached its lower bough and thence leaped breathlessly to the ground, springing swiftly across the meadows to Ralph's carpenter shop.

"If he is not there," she thought, "some of his men will be."

"Janie, what is it?"

Ralph Parsons himself rose up out of the green hedge directly across her path

"I was drinking at the ice cold spring,' he said, "when I heard your footsteps What is it?"

She told him as well as she could for excitement and breathlessness.

"Come!" she cried. "Oh, do make haste!"

He paused only to blow a small willow whistle which hung on his steel watch guard.

"That will bring my workmen," he said. "It's a signal we have agreed upon among ourselves for just such an emergency as this. You and Jones, Janie, shall go around to the back door, Hall and Robbins will watch the front and I'll go up and settle the fellows"

Janie glanced with shy admiration into his set, determined face; after all, it was something to be a man.

The little campaign was skillfully conducted The two thieves were taken red-handed; the diamond rings were delivered into Janie Barr's keeping and the ruffians were dragged to the nearest jail.

"Oh, Ralph," said Janie when all the little crowd was gone, "how can I ever thank you?"

He smiled.

"By letting me put on those shingles for you," said he.

"I can't!" said Janie laughing and blushing. "They are put on already; but I'll promise you my next job of carpentering."

"Will you let me be your carpenter always, Janie?" he asked. "Will you promise one day to be my wife?"

The words had risen almost involuntarily to his lips as he held her hand in his—the words he so longed yet dreaded to speak.

And Janie hung her head and colored like a carnation, and said "she would see."

And Ralph Parsons knew that he had won the day.

Mrs. Barr and the boarder were alike amazed when they returned home

"Our Janie to circumvent a gang of burglars!" said the proud mother.

"To save my three diamond rings!" hysterically cried Mrs Lepell.

"But that isn't all I have done, mother," said Janie laughing. "I have shingled the roof. And—I have promised to marry Ralph Parsons next spring. Upon the whole, I think it has been rather an eventful day, mother, don't you?"

He only Wanted to See.

Judge Gerald Cummings is a respected resident of Fort Worth, Texas, notwithstanding that he is immensely stout and a member of the legal profession He tried many anti fat remedies to reduce his weight, but without any satisfactory result. He finally went to the Hot Springs in Arkansaw, and much to his joy he lost considerable adipose tissue, and returned to Fort Worth in a most happy frame of mind. He thought and talked of nothing else except his loss of flesh.

He went to market one morning recently, and said to the butcher:

"Cut me off twenty pounds of pork."

The request was complied with. The judge looked at the meat for some time, and then walked off.

"Shall I send the meat to your house, judge?" asked the butcher.

"O, no," was the reply, "I don't want it. I have fallen off just twenty pounds, and I only wanted to see how much it was."—*Siftings.*

El Mahdi's Soldiers.

The correspondent of the London Times, writing from the advance post of the British army in the Soudan, says: "The Arabs seem to be more like wild beasts than human beings. Even women and children fight in their ranks, and when our men sought to afford aid to some of the men who could not walk they crawled toward them with their spears between their teeth, striving even yet to slay a Kaffir These traits somewhat diminish the sympathy which we should otherwise feel for such brave antagonists. Were their ferocity shown in the heat of battle it would be excusable, but these wretches hours after were animated by a fiendish desire to injure those who sought to relieve their sufferings Even the nobler animals have some ideas of gratitude, and Arabs must henceforth be regarded in the light of the most savage of the worst description of beasts of prey. The fact is they are maddened into brutality by fanaticism."

A Head for Business.

Algernon: "Ah! my desh boy; so glad to see you, and how is your suit with Miss De Rich coming on?"

Augustus: "Weally, my boy, I can't say that I've made much progress so far, but I believe I've hit on the right idea now. Do you see this dawg?"

"Of course. What a delightfully English pug; just like the one that Miss De Rich admired, by the way."

"It's the very one, my boy. She went into ecstacies over it at the dawg show."

"Ah! I see; so you've bought it for her?"

"No; for myself."

"For yourself? What good can that do you?"

"Why, my boy, can't you see? By-jove, the dear girl will have to take me or lose the dawg you know.—*Philadelphia Call.*

She was a Good Deal Disappointed.

An English lord who visited this country was at a dinner given in his honor at a private residence up town. A little daughter of his host, who was too well-bred to stare, but who eyed him covertly as the occasion presented itself, finally ventured to remark:

"And are you really and truly an English lord?"

"Yes," he responded pleasantly, "really and truly."

"I have often thought that I would like to see an English Lord," she went on, "and—and—"

"And now you are satisfied at last," he interrupted, laughingly.

"N—no," replied the truthful little girl. "I'm not satisfied. I'm a good deal disappointed."—*San Francisco Inqleside.*

A Bad Spell in Maine.

"Horatius," said the schoolmaster to a nine-year-old boy with two imposing freckles on his nose and two equally imposing freckles on the knees of his pants. "Horatius, please form a sentence with the word toward in it, and write the sentence on the board."

Horatius went to the blackboard and after much scratching of head and friction of brain printed with the crayon in letters that looked like a lot of half-feathered Shanghai chickens running after a piece of dough, the following sentence:

"I toward my trousers."—*Lewiston Journal.*

Imitating Adult Generosity.

Scene—Two little girls playing that they are grown-up people:

"You must accept this ring as a present"

"Oh, no, I couldn't think of it."

"Really you will oblige me if you will take it; you know it doesn't become my complexion"

"Thanks, and in return I beg you will receive this pocket-book."

"I believe I must decline"

"Please don't; I was just about to throw it in the ash-barrel."—*Boston Budget*

Good for the Child.

The ailments of childhood need careful attention and wise treatment. Some people think "anything is good enough for a child, and there isn't much the matter with it anyhow." But judicious mothers know better, and do as Mrs. H W. Perry, of Richmond, Va., does. She says: "I take Brown's Iron Bitters and give it to my children with the most satisfactory results" Sold everywhere.

Straight whiskies make crooked roads.

Down in front—the young man's moustache.

Those who employ the plumber must pay the piper.

A cent vat you find vas more worth as two vat you lose.—*Carl Pretzel*

What you don't know about men often-times makes them respectable.—*Whitehall Times.*

M. L. Blair, Alderman 5th Ward, Scranton, Pa., stated Nov. 9, '83: He had used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for sprains, burns, cuts, bruises and rheumatism. Cured every time.

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

Why a Young Telegrapher's Hair Turned White.

Struggling to Keep Awake when Sleep Meant Destruction to a Train.

"Yes, we operators sometimes have dangerous experiences," said the young joking, white-haired telegrapher, replying to an interrogatory of the *Call* representative. "By all odds the most thrilling incident that ever came within my own experience," he continued, musingly, "occurred one night about twelve years ago. I was then a young operator on the Northern Pacific Railroad, at a small station in Eastern Minnesota, called Kimberly. I was doing the night work—from 7 P. M. to 7 A. M., and being of a social disposition, used to sleep only when there was nothing of interest going on. Kimberly was quite a resort for picnics, being situated on the edge of one of those beautiful lakes for which Minnesota is famed, and on the day referred to I had been out with a party of young folks, and by night was thoroughly tired out. There was no possible way to escape from work though, and I had to report for duty as usual. Well, I struggled along until about three o'clock, when I was aroused from a light doze by the ticking of my instrument.—I dragged myself over to where it stood and received the following dispatch:

"'To Operator, Kimberly: Hold all the west-bound trains. Bridge No. 6 is washed away.'

"Bridge No. 6 was several miles west of my station, and spanned a small stream in which logs were floated down from the pineries. I had heard that day of a big 'jam' near there and now realized that it had broken and swept the bridge away. The section men had reported it to the next station west of me and my order was the result. Still, I was in that somnolent state when nothing seems of immediate importance, and after mechanically lighting my signal-lantern, laid down again on the table from which I had risen, neglecting to hang the lantern out. I don't know how long I had slept, when I was conscious that a train was nearing the station, at the same time being unable to move or awaken myself. I knew that I was asleep, realized the necessity of stopping the train and that it would not stop at Kimberly if no signal was displayed. Yet I was powerless to save them from the inevitable destruction which awaited them if they were not warned of the carrying away of the bridge. I shall never forget the agony those thoughts brought me. I struggled to break the chain of sleep which held me. The effort was accompanied by a most peculiar sensation. I can only compare it with the action of a watch spring which has been drawn to its utmost tension and then let go. You know how it will buzz for a few moments as it unwinds itself. That is exactly the way my brain whirled as I sank back exhausted after each effort I felt the train draw nearer and nearer. It was like the approach of fate. If it passed I was a murderer.—Again and again I struggled, with the same result; I could not wake.

"I must have been but a few moments, yet I endured what seemed hours of torture. I think the jar and rumble of the train as it sped by must have awakened me. I jumped to my feet, seized the lantern, which was still burning beside my chair, and dashed out through the open window. The rear coach was just passing the west end of the platform. I screamed, and in my frenzy rushed after the departing train The noise and speed mocked me.

"Recollecting myself, I swung my lantern across the track—the usual signal of danger. There was no one in sight. Just as the train swept around the curve, a brakeman appeared on the rear platform. A moment later I heard what I have always considered the most welcome sound that ever reached my ears—a shriek from the engine and the rattle of the air-brakes. As I realized that the train was saved, a reaction overcame me, and I fell on the track unconscious.

"It was six weeks before I recovered from the brain fever that followed. Fortunately, the train men were old friends of mine, and the true cause of my illness never reached headquarters. Upon recovery I resigned my position at Kimberly and came west, being haunted with such a dread of a repetition of the experience of that night that I dared not resume work in that place. Since then I have had many remarkable experiences, but none which produced so startling or lasting an impression upon me The boys often laugh at my snow white hair, knowing me to be scarcely above thirty years of age, little imagining what caused it.'—*San Francisco Call.*

I have been afflicted with catarrh for 20 years in the left nostril. It had become chronic, and there was a constant dropping of mucous matter from the roof of my mouth. It extended to my throat, causing hoarseness and great difficulty in speaking, indeed for years I was not able to speak more than thirty minutes, and often this with great difficulty. I also, to a great extent, lost the sense of hearing in the left ear, and of taste. By the use of a few bottles of Ely's Cream Balm I have received more relief than from all other remedies beside. All dropping of mucous has ceased and my voice and hearing are greatly improved and will no doubt be entirely cured. Jas W. Davidson, Attorney at Law, Manmouth, Warren Co., Ill.

His Own Fault.

Customer—"See here, sir, this medicine is a fraud. You said it was good for colds and you charged me $2 a bottle for it and it isn't worth a cent"

Medicine Vender—"Oh! guess you did not take it right."

"Take it right! I began on the horrid stuff just as soon as the cold came on."

"That's what's the matter. You should have begun two days before the cold came on."—*Philadelphia Call.*

One More

Has been cured of Catarrh by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure Taken internally. Price 75 cents. For sale by R. W. Pope.

When a young woman marries a man for his money, would it be proper to say that the man has married his "hired girl?"

Boys On and Off the Farm.

Our Country Home.

We have listened with patient ears, for lo, these many years, to enough twaddle about "how to keep the boys on the farm," to disgust all the boys in the world with "the farm" and the farmers, and now we're going to call a halt. The way in which the subject is universally treated is a confession that there is something wrong with the boys or the farm, or both, and we don't believe a word of it. The boys are all right, and so is the farm; let them alone. It is nonsense to assume that all the boys are wanted on the farm, any more than all the girls, or calves, or colts. We don't need them all, and the towns and cities do. Where is the material for our future presidents, law-makers, judges, leading surgeons, eminent divines, successful railroad managers, and great engineers to come from, if not from the farm? The cities can't provide it, and the farms must And how are the boys to be fitted for these positions, and the thousands of others of trust and responsibility, waiting always for young men of sound bodies, clean hearts, and level heads to fill them, if they are not permitted to leave the farm and bump around the world a little, we would like to know? If they want to go, let them go. We want our boys to be successful, and to this end their life work must be done in the direction in which their talent lies. If the boy does not like the farm, you can not make him like it, nor can you make a successful farmer of him by forcing him to remain upon it. Study his tastes; note carefully the direction in which his inclinations run, and help him on in that Teach him to be courageous, thoughtful, earnest, self-reliant, and then encourage him to climb any ladder to ward the top of which he may be disposed to look. The chances are about even that after he has reached the top, and made himself a success, he will turn again to the old farm, or to a new and better one, and prove a better farmer than he will if you thwart his early ambitions.

To Make Your Girls True Women.

Give them, first of all, a good practical education, and as good a one as your means will admit, but no more.

Give them a thorough knowledge of the truths of life, both good and bad, as taken from the leaves of your own experience; let them know the evils as well as the good of the world, and don't let anything persuade you to put a veil between them and knowledge of life as it is.

Teach them the most uncommon of all things—hard common sense.

Teach them to cook, to wash, to iron.

Teach them to sew on buttons, to make shirts, to make their own dresses.

Teach them that a girl with laugh in her eye, and the rose-tint of health in her cheek, is worth a dozen high-heeled, tight-laced, art-made misses.

Teach them that an honorable, practical man, even though he lacks "style," is worth more than a baker's dozen of "dudes."

Teach them that the "dollar of their daddy's" is only one hundred pennies

Teach them how to do marketing, and to look after the bills.

Teach them self-reliance.

Then there will be fewer divorces, less elopements, scandals, and the winds of happiness and contentment should waft them smoothly over the troubled sea of life.

Her Parrot and Her Mother.

During the excitement which a fire caused among the tenants of No. 337 East Fourteenth street Saturday night, Sergeant Welsing, of the Seventeenth Precinct, was standing on the side-walk when a pretty young woman accosted him.

"O, Sergeant," she said, "won't you please get my poor green parrot out.—He will be suffocated."

"Where is he?" demanded the officer.

"On the third floor"

"But there are several apartments on the third floor How can I find yours?"

"There will be no trouble about that," answered the sobbing girl. A lady is in the room"

"Who is the lady?"

"My mother."

Not Made in Politics.

"Didn't Senator Horsey make his money in politics?"

"Why bless you, no. Politicians never do. Supporting their party, and devoting time and attention to their political duties is a serious financial tax upon them."

"Don't they get rich?"

"Oh, yes; but not out of politics."

"There's Horsey, for instance. I'll guarantee politics have had thousands of his money. If it wasn't for running across a job now and then to dig a canal, or sell old boats, or build new ones, or stock mail routes for the Government, politics would ruin lots of people.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

Oil from Nature's Wells.

The skin on the head is kept soft and flexible by a secretion from the oil glands When these are clogged the hair dries and falls off. Parker's Hair Balsam renews their action, restores the original color to the hair and makes it soft and glossy. It also eradicates dandruff Not greasy, not a dye, deliciously perfumed. Delightful for a lady's toilet table. The best of dressings. Preferable to all similar articles because of its superior cleanliness and purity.

A dude's trousers beat a breach of contract all to pieces. They are breeches of contract.

"Reading maketh a full man," says Bacon. Curious that the libraries aren't patronized more.

A genius has invented steel knives which will cut cold iron. Now boarding-house beefsteak must yield.

Truth is mighty and must prevail. So, also, must Mishler's Herb Bitters prevail over all forms of kidney and liver diseases. Dyspepsia and indigestion likewise yield to the magic of its power. Read what Millard Mosier, of Barclay street, New York, says: "After suffering torments from dyspepsia and indigestion I found a complete cure in your remedy. My wife was also cured of severe neuralgia."

What He Got By It.

"Come mighty nigh killin' a fine buck dismawnin'," said an old negro.

"Comin' long through de woods an' er ole buck he jump up an' bookerty he run off a few yards an' stop still. Come in one er shootin' him, sah."

"Why didn't you shoot?"

"Didn't hab my gun wid me, sah."

"Then how did you come in one of shooting him?"

"Case, sah, I come in one o' takin' my gun wid me"

"Why didn't you take your gun?"

"Didn't hab none, sah"

"You are an old fool"

"Look heah, dosn 'buse er man dat way when yer ain' got no cause. I ain't got no gun, fur a feller dat I wug erbout ter buy one frum, axed me jes' one dollar mo'n I could pay. So, I come in one o' gettin' de gun. Ef I had er got it, I would er tuck it 'long wid me, an' ef I'dat had it, I could er shot de buck easy, sah. So doan come 'roun' 'busin' er man when de facks is all ergin yer.—I hab knowed folks ter fetch trouble on dar'selves dat way. Er posson oughter be keertul in dis heah worl' o' science an' speckerlation. Good mawnin', sah. Since yer's acted dis way, I wouldentet gin yer none o' de meat ef I had er killed it. 'Fore yer talked dat way I wouldet made yer present o' some o' de buck.—See whut yer got by it, sah."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

What is a Gentleman?

The gentleman is distinguished from him who is not a gentleman by moral qualities which have justly won the highest place in the respect and admiration of the world. The gentleman restrains his passions and subdues his selfishness; he considers the comfort of others before his own; he respects the personality of those with whom he is brought in contact. He never takes an unfair advantage; he is scrupulously regardful of his own honor; doubly scrupulous if the honor of others be committed to his keeping.

He may lack mental culture, but he is never without moral refinement. He may have an unpolished exterior, but never a base nature.

Courage he has, but shows it less in facing danger than in meeting responsibility. If not always sincere he is always reliable, and to him may be safely committed all that others hold most dear; in simple reliance upon his honor he is a man whose many traits are penetrated and modified by the gentleness of women's nature, and who still represents and endeavors to constantly act upon the manliest of instincts.

The Æsthetic Name for Roller Skating.

"Can you tell me where the skating rink is?" asked a man on a Springfield avenue car of the conductor.

"The charioteer will inform you," was the reply.

The passenger sought the Jehu by the brake and repeated the inquiry.

"Wait until the postillion attaches the third horse and then I will have time to answer," said the lynx eyed head light on the car, referring to the boy with the superannuated nag who is posted opposite the court house.

"The collosseum where they rotate on casters is just at the brow of the acclivite," he said a moment afterward. "I am going to stop there myself to revolve an hour or two."

"To what?" asked the passenger eyeing the victim of rinkomania curiously.

"To revolve. That's the æsthetic slang for skating," said the driver as he threw the lines to his relief and made a break for the rink.—*New York Evening News.*

Smith and Jones.

John Smith was reading the morning paper. Suddenly he exclaimed:

"Jones is dead. I must go to his funeral. He went to mine, and one good turn deserves another"

"What do you mean by saying that he attended your funeral? That's all nonsense, said Mrs. Smith.

"No, it ain't Last year Jones read that John Smith was dead, and he thought it was me, so he attended the funeral, and now, of course, I ought to return the compliment."

"Well, before you go tramping through the mud, and standing in a graveyard with your hat off catching your death of cold, take a square look at the remains, and see that you are following up the right corpse. If you are going to attend the funeral of every Jones who dies you never will get through," remarked Mrs. Smith.

On the Instructor.

A sharp boy at a commercial college had addressed a letter to a firm as "Gents."

"You mustn't do that," said the instructor.

"Why not?' asked the boy.

"Because 'Gents' is vulgar. Don't you know that invitations to negro balls are always addressed that way?"

"Well, no; I never got one," replied the boy, with such significance that the instructor blushed and hurried on to the next desk.—*Merchant Traveler.*

The May number of Harper's promises to be very strong in its stories. Miss Woolson's story of "East Angels" grows in the strength of its study of characters as well as in interest as it proceeds; and "At the Red Glove," the anonymous story, illustrated from sketches made at Berne, the scene of the story, by Mr. Reinhart, draws to its close. The short stories include "Constance Royal," a strongly dramatic story, told in three pages, by Jeanie Spring Peet; a humorous love-story set forth in "Passages from the Diary of a Hong Kong Merchant," by F. J. Stimson ("J. S. of Dale"); and a charming story by Lucy C Lillie, with a full-page illustration by C D. Weldon.

"What will be the drink of the future?" asks Mr Moody. There will doubtless be many drinks, among which whiskey will loom up prominently.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Reciprocity is all very well in its way but when it comes to your wife wanting you to reciprocate a pair of fifty-cent braces with a fifty-dollar ring, you've got to brace up and figure out just where the reciprocity hits you on a sore spot.