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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HENRY R. WEST,
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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.

George G. Jennings,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WILL practice in Monroe and adjoining counties. Office south of Public Square, up stairs in Ketterer's building. apr14,'85

G. W. HAMILTON,
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(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.

J. P. SPRIGGS,
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WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
Will practice in Monroe and adjoining counties.
Office up stairs in Monroe Bank building. June2,'85.

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Will practice in Monroe and adjoining counties. Office in the room formerly occupied by Hunter & Mallory. June2,'85.

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AND
REAL ESTATE AGENT,
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NEW MARTINSVILLE, WEST VA.
jan29,'78.

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IMMENSE STOCK
—OF—
FURNITURE!
—AT—
KELBLING & 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,'82.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

Trade Mark. QUALITY NOT QUANTITY. PURITY. On Every Bottle.

THE BEST TONIC.

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 a wonderfully 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,'84.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. B. DENNIE.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
BEALLSVILLE, OHIO.
Office in the Armstrong property.
apr30,'81.

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,
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Ag't for the following Companies:
Also for Tornadoes, Cyclones, Hurricanes and Wind Storms.
AMAZON, - - Cincinnati.
ROYAL Of Liverpool, England.
THE NORTHERN, - - 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.

DOWN TO THE SEA.

I know not what its course may be
Down from the mountain to the sea;

The spring I know, alone and still,
Where bubbles forth a little rill.

The clear, brown streamlet well I know,
And how its hurrying waters flow.

At first the grasses turn to make
A softer runnel for its sake;

The careless buttercup looks down
And sends a petal to the town,

As, whispering to the happy day,
The brook sets forth upon its way.

Further, bright pebbles line its bed
And gleam and glance beneath its tread.

It rushes through the alder shade
Nor loiters for the open glade.

Down swift cascades it flies and sings—
Shakes the white spray in airy wings;

Then plunging, with a deepened roar,
Through the cleft rock its waters pour.

The solid basin far below
Is hollowed wide beneath its flow.

Here for a space it stops, to gain
New volume for the open plain.

At length, full-swelling, broad and free,
It sets serenely toward the sea.

Beside the green, dark pool I wait,
Stayed by thy warning hand, O Fate!

I may not follow, though I hear
The siren's song within my ear;

Nor may, for me, the motion stay
That rolls the river on its way.

I only know its path must be
Down from the mountain to the sea.

The brook that lightly sped away
Lies weltering ocean-wide to-day.

The child, whose days were bound with mine,
Is tossed and torn on life's cold brine.

—D. H. R. GOODALE, *in N. Y. Independent.*

Select Story.

BYERS' FOLLY.

A PRIZE STORY.

"What did ye say yer name was?"

We stood outside the wire fence, Georgie and I, and looked at the old man who leaned on his plow surveying us, while the two shaggy horses attached to it languidly hung their heads as if intending a furtive nap.

"I'm Charline Boyd; this is Georgie, my little brother We've come all the way from Kansas City: we're your own grandchildren; mother's dead; father sent us here; he's gone to Arizona to work in a mine."

He looked dazed.

"Clarissy dead, 'n' you her children? Wal, it do beat all! An' you sich a big gal, an' him her livin pictur, an' I not knowin' she was gone. Come in deare; the gate's bevant, but ye kin crawl under the wires. There! Now lemme look at ver. Laws, child! don't try to kiss me; my face ain't none too clean."

He was a pleasant-faced, blue-eyed old man with long, curling white hair; his teeth were gone, but otherwise he seemed unlike old men, for he was straight and tall, his arms brawny and strong. His clothing was neat, but neglected-looking, the buttons hanging, with little tears widening into large rents I was only fourteen but mother had taught me to do a grown woman's work; beside, Georgie was five, and such a baby made me feel older.

"Where's grandma?" I asked.

For answer he pointed his athumb at a mound away at the end of the level field where a rude wooden cross was planted

"She's thar; she went a year ago; I've lived alone sence, an' it's the blessin' of Providence you children is come. Ometimes I've feared I might grow deaprat out o' sheer lonesomeness an' sorrer. Maybe you didn't know't, but Clarissy an' mother quarreled in years gone an' never got fre'nly, which was because yer ma married yer pa, wich seemed to me a good man 'nuf; but wimmen is queer, an mother looked high for Clarissy."

"I so hungry!" cried poor little Georgie, his lips quivering and his round eyes filling with tears

"Bless his little heart!" said grandfather recovering himself and patting my cheek softly. "Here you be, jest off a long journey an' me keepin' yer in the cold an' meanderin' on as if thar wan't no to-day, but all yesterdays. How did yer come?" he asked, unharnessing the horses.

"By rail to D——; then a gentleman gave us a ride here in his fine carriage We came in the train with his daughter, Miss Bessie Little; he owns a big ranch near here"

"A fine young lady," broke in grandfather. "She was like a darter to yer grandma, an' though she lived miles away she was over night an' day, a-gallopin' 'cross the plains on a black horse as is a thoroughbred an' a fine specimen of horse flesh as is seen in these parts. She kin ride too, an' sin't afeard of nothin', Mother set a sight by her."

We were now at the house, a neat little one-story cottage containing four rooms. A comfortable barn and yard for the cattle were near and a well close by the door. There was a cosy kitchen, a sitting room and two bed-rooms—one the 'spare room' grandfather said proudly. It looked neat and precise but was as cold and damp as the tomb. The lonely old man had faithfully swept and dusted, and kept everything where his wife had placed it, even her work-basket with a needle sticking in the half-finished gingham sleeve.

Georgie and I took the spare room and I built a fire and aired the bedding In a few days I grew competent to take charge of the house, put things where she had placed them and cook the simple meals—and these were very simple for grandfather was poor. Two old horses, two cows and a calf comprised the stock.

"I don't hev no luck wi' poultry, Charley," he said. He called me Charley for Charline was too "new fangled," and Charley was the name of his dead son. "Mother used to raise a sight, but arter she went they begun dyin' an' what didn't die was eat by cayotes."

The last day of my first week on the ranch Miss Bessie Little rode up to the cabin on her coal black horse. She was a sweet-faced girl, blue eyed and yellow-haired and rode beautifully. She made herself at home, petted Georgie, and I, shy as I was, found myself confiding to her all my troubles and hopes She sympathized with me and helped me, cutting a frock for Georgie and a basque for me, and when she rode off she promised to come often.

The next day a wagon came from her home and in it was a fine rooster and six hens and a big bundle of clothing she had outgrown and that fitted me.

How dreary the howls of the cayotes were at night, especially when one of their number was killed! They would seem to unite in a chorus of maledictions.

Miss Bessie rode up one day and at her heels was an overgrown shepherd puppy with big paws and jolly little black eyes.

"Here's a cayote exterminator, grandfather Byers," she said as she jumped from the saddle, and the black horse fell eagerly to eating the short, crisp buffalo grass just as though he was not stuffed at home.

She imitated the cayote's cry; the dog bristled, his eyes shot fire, he looked in all points of the compass and then, with a fierce howl, tore madly around the house.

Through Miss Bessie's kindness I found a ready market for my eggs and chickens and for the butter I learned to make; and she showed me how to "lay butter down" for winter use.

Though she never had to work she knew every task in a farmer's wife's existence; and perhaps it was best, for there was a young man living near her father's ranch, who himself owned a big ranch, and who took tea every Sunday afternoon with her father, and went to church down in the village every Sunday evening with her.

About two miles from our ranch were three low hills, or mounds. Behind one, in a sort of valley, hedged in by the hills and facing the plains, was a well ninety feet deep called, I regret to say, "Byers' Folly." Poor grandfather had had the well dug hoping to obtain water to irrigate his land. He could not see ahead to the time when a company of capitalists would intersect the region with irrigating ditches, and each man's land could be benefitted by paying a small annual water-tax

Grandfather's money gave out before the well was finished and the wide, deep, black hole, carelessly crossed by rotten boards, and a big pile of earth, was all that was left of his labor and his fortune.

Not only was his money sunk in the hole, but also large sums borrowed from Mr. Little who, I knew had forgiven it, and five hundred dollars borrowed from a Mr. Davieson, of D——, and to this man our ranch was mortgaged.

Grandfather grew gloomy and sad as spring came on. He brightened up a little when I showed him my account book —Miss Bessie showed me how to keep it—and I proved to him how much money I had made with the hens and the butter; but he sighed a moment after

"E' I hadn't a done that how comfortable we'd a been. You're such a smart gal, a son more'n a gal, Charley. But Davieson's a hard man; danno as ter-morrer'll find us with a roof to cover us, an' 'tis a fine property too, now the irrergatin ditch crosses it."

He seemed to take little interest in the farm work. He would harness the horse, plow a few furrows, and then stand in a helpless attitude looking toward D—— He would wander down to the road to ask passers if they had a letter for him, and then would sit outside the kitchen door, his face hidden in his hands. Georgie playing near by would try to comfort him in his loving baby way.

One day, however, a man came up on horseback. He tossed me a letter—I've hated yellow envelopes ever since—for grandpa was down in the field with his team; it was such a sunny March day it gave him new life for his work.

I could not bear to take it so I put Georgie's sunbonnet on him and pinned the letter to his frock, and with a big cookie in his hand sent him down to "danpa."

They came back later hand in hand, the same old horse following. Grandfather hurried past me into his chamber and shut the door. His face was ash-colored and his eyes bloodshot. I waited a long time; I feared he might be dead so I rapped on the door He opened it; he was dressed in his worn black broadcloth suit, with his old-fashioned high collar. I remembered then it was the first time I had ever seen him wear a white shirt. He held an old beaver hat in his hand and was absently brushing the nap with his sleeve.

"It's come, dear. That! I'm goin' ter D——. I'll try if he won't wait till fall I'll work hard. Maybe the crops'll do summat. I'll sell the stock"—those old horses were so dear to him! "No, don't kiss me, dear; it 'ud break me down. I've just found out I'm a weak old man. I never felt it afore"

He staggered out to the barn; I followed him

"I mayn't be back for two days or so Will you be afeered?"

"No," I said, but I was. I helped him into the wagon. He seemed dazed and half-blinded by his misfortune. Oh, if I could help him! I did the work faithfully when he was gone, driving the cows and milking them, and taking care of the house and Georgie and the poultry.

The next day a band of Indians—ten or twelve—rode up to the cabin. I was frightened, but met them as coolly as if I had plenty to protect me. Georgie, in wild alarm, hid under the bed. The Indians seemed kind, and only wanted a drink of milk. There were four squaws among them, with kind, bright eyes; one gave me a necklace of beads as they rode off.

Shortly afterward Mr. Little and Tom Gray rode up in haste, their horses white with foam.

"Bessie!" shouted Mr. Little, as he came up over the hill. "Is she here? Have you seen her?"

"Not for a week," I said. "Has anything happened?"

"She went to ride yesterday afternoon, and hasn't returned yet, nor has she been seen. We hoped she was here."

"She hasn't been."

They looked white and scared Mr Little seemed to have aged in a night.

"There was a band of Indians here," said Gray; "they may have taken her."

I told them of the Indian's visit, and thought it improbable, as they seemed so kindly disposed; but they rode off following the trail

That night was more dreadful than the first, and the dog seemed frenzied over the cayotes, who yelled till morning, and I cried myself into hysterics and frightened poor little Georgie, who sat up in bed and screamed the "kiyos were eating his dirl." He always called Miss Bessie his "dirl."

The next morning a number of people came up; they were hunting for Bessie The whole neighborhood was searched.

I could not leave home, but Georgie and I walked over the ranch, looking in every hole, and wistfully across the plains. Our dog, Smarty, ran after us, and silly old turkey-gobbler, my pet and the pride of my poultry yard, joined in the procession. Smarty chased him, and Gobble flew over the wire-fence and rushed down the hill, through a valley, across the road, and I saw the two, mere specks, tearing up the hill near the well.

"He'll kill Gobble!" I shouted, seizing Georgie's hand, and we rushed after them, Georgie crying at the top of his lungs and being winded at every step.—At last I took him on my back, and finished the race with a heavy burden.

At the foot of the hill was the well, and there Gobble stood, scolding and skaking his red neck, while Smarty seemed to have forgotten his very existence, but was running around the well, uttering short, quick barks.

The planks around and over the well were gone, and the earth about it was plowed as if there had been a struggle. I dropped Georgie's hand and rushed down. I pushed Smarty away, and looked down. It was dark, but I fancied I saw something white away down. Just then a faint voice from the depths of the earth shouted:

"Help! Help!"

"I'm Charley Boyd. Who's here?—Shout again!"

"Bessie Little. My horse fell; he's dead, away down. I'm clinging to a plank in the side. I can't hold on much longer. My arms are breaking!"

What could I do?

"Bessie," I shouted, "hold on a little while; I'm going for help!"

"I've been unconscious. I'm faint. I shall die. Don't leave me. The dirt falling brought me to life."

"I'll leave Georgie here. Here, Georgie, your dirl is in that hole; sit there and talk to her. Don't you cry"

Georgie's lip trembled, but he minded bravely, pleading the dog should stay, but I was afraid to trust him. "Gobble tay wif Dorgie," he said, piteously; but that sagacious bird was already winging and hopping his way homeward. I left Bessie answering Georgie's scared 'Hal loo!'

If she could keep conscious till I got back! How I thanked grandpa for his careful habits. I knew just where the new clothes-line was, the crowbar and the hatchet. We were eight miles from any ranch, and I must act as if there was no one in the world to help her.

How I got back I never knew. I saw Georgie from the top of the hill He had crawled to the edge of the well, and was singing a little baby-song I had taught him. His cheeks were red and feverish, and his voice hoarse.

"Bessie!" I shouted.

"All right. Georgie kept me from fainting. I made him sing."

"Dit dirl out! dit dirl out!" Georgie screamed, clinging to my skirts I pushed him away; there was no time to pet or comfort him.

"Run to the road, Georgie, that way; now halloo for help. Yes, take the dog. Tell everybody your dirl is in Byers' well"

I knew his white, tear-wet face would bring the most unbelieving stranger, and I watched his chubby form, in the bright plaid dress, and the panting dog disappear over the hill. All the while I was digging a deep hole with the hatchet, and scooping the earth out with my hands, and shouting every few moments to Bessie. I buried the crowbar halfway, then I tried my weight; it did not move I had seen men wind lines around a post to raise heavy objects.

"Put this noose around your waist!" I shouted

"I dare not," she answered, faintly—"You couldn't help me. Oh, go for help!"

"You must. The end's fast to a crowbar. I can't find anybody. They're all hunting for you."

"I can't!" she cried, piteously.

"Then I'll leave you!" I shouted.—"It's getting late; it's your last chance!"

There was a ghastly stillness for a few moments. I wound the line around the bar and around my waist.

"Look out!" she screamed. I heard the beam go rattling down, and a fearful strain tightened the cord I thought it would cut me in two. For a moment I thought I was going over. Happily, the ridge of earth was a protection. The rope loosened

"Haul easy!" she cried. "I can catch my feet in the sides; the earth is soft"

I wound the rope around the bar and myself. I was in a perfect snarl.

Suddenly the rope grew loose, there was no weight. Was she lost? Everything grew black, and I knew nothing

When I came to, there were two men bending over me, trying to force brandy in my mouth.

"Where's Bessie?" God be thanked she answered me herself! She had climbed up the last few yards by the broken timbers The earth was torn up around me, my hands were raw and bleeding, and I bear the marks of the rope on my body to this day.

Just then we heard a shouting, and Mr. Little and Mr. Gray rode up, and the latter wasn't ashamed to kiss Bessie just as her father did, and before all the people.

Georgie was up in the lap of Mr. Little, and Smarty lay down at my feet, worn out. A party of the searchers met the poor baby and dog, and caught at the fearful meaning in the baby's incoherent words, dashed up to the well, and found us both on the brink.

They could not believe it was I who had rescued her till they saw my hands and the rope and the crowbar still firm in the earth.

Grandpa was there, and kissed me and cried over me, as if I too had been down the well.

Miss Bessie had lost her way in the dark after a long ride across the plains, and her horse had stumbled over the planks and fallen through and broken his spine. Miss Bessie's habit had caught on a projecting beam, and she clung there two nights and nearly two days. Yet with all the horrors of her situation, she was only fifteen feet down.

When Mr Little learned that our ranch was mortgaged, he went to Mr. Davieson, paid the money, and gave the farm back to grandfather. He made me a present of a sum of money, and Mr. Gray gave Georgie a like present.

In the two years since that time, our ranch has come to be one of the most prosperous in the country. We have a fine herd of cattle, and an immense poultry-yard, and grandfather hires a man to help him, while I have a Swede girl to work in the house

Miss Bessie is Mrs. Gray now, and still my best friend. She never rides alone, and is less daring than she used to be.

I am happy to say no one ever reproached grandfather for his carelessness in leaving the well so poorly protected He suffered enough for it, and it is filled in now

Though Mrs Gray never says anything, yet I think she often mourns for the noble black horse, who, with shoes on, saddle and bridle, found a burial on the plains—the plains where he had so often roamed with his fearless young mistress under the blue Colorado skies, in the shadow of the Rockies.—*Youth's Companion*

An Army Routed by Locusts.

Of all destructive foes none are more dreaded in eastern lands than the locusts, whose dire visitations may well be national calamities. In point of fact, the lands which are exempt from their occasional presence are the favored few A very few details of their invasion in Southern Russia in the years 1879 and 1880, will give us some idea of their multitude. They fell upon the province of Caucasus, utterly destroying vineyards and gardens, blockading the streets so that traffic was suspended, filling the ovens so that for several days baking was quite out of the question, and so choking the water courses that not a cup of water could be drunk until filtered.

In Georgia they fairly routed a detachment of Russian troops, who, not liking to turn aside on their march repelled by mere insects attempted to face the locust army, although reports said it covered twenty square miles of the country. So the soldiers advanced, but soon found themselves literally covered by the clinging, creeping insects, which crawled all over them, until finally the men turned and fled, slipping and sliding as they ran over the crushed and oily bodies of their martyred foes. For forty-eight hours they were detained, taking refuge in a village, and assisting the inhabitants to kill millions of the invaders, whose corpses they carried off to manure the fields, which, however, were in the meantime stripped of every blade of grass or corn, and the trees shorn of every green leaf.

On the road from Tiflis to Poti the locusts lay so thick on the line that the trains were obstructed. Large districts of Southern Russia were swept as bare of all vegetation as if a fire had raged over the land, and hundreds of peasants utterly beggared, abandoned their homes to seek bread wherever it might be found. In the province of Chersom alone 50,000 roubles was voted by government for expenditure in the effort to free the land of this plague; in another district 20,000 persons were employed daily for three months in the same work; the government expenditure on the whole organization was estimated at 200,000 roubles, without any calculation of the loss on crops of all descriptions.

Another notable scene of locust plague was Algeria in the year 1866, when the damage done by these insects was estimated at 50,000,000 francs, and resulted in a famine so appalling that 200 000 natives died of starvation.—*All the Year Round.*

A Good Creed.

About forty-two years ago the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was editor of the Indiana Farmer and Gardener, a monthly magazine published in Indianapolis. His first work was to establish a creed, which was as follows:

"We believe in small farms and thorough cultivation.

"We believe that soil loves to eat as well as its owner, and ought therefore to be manured.

"We believe in large crops which leave the land better than they found it—making both the farmer and the farm rich at once.

"We believe in going to the bottom of things, and therefore in deep plowing, and enough of it. All the better if with a subsoil plow.

"We believe that every farm should own a good farmer.

"We believe that the best fertilizer of any soil is a spirit of industry, enterprise and intelligence—without this, lime and gypsum, bones and green manure, marl and guano will be of little use.

"We believe in good fences, good barns, good farm house, good stock, good orchards, and children enough to gather the fruit."

"100 Doses One Dollar" is true only of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it is an unanswerable argument as to strength and economy.

Count Esterhazy is perfecting arrangements to settle 20 000 Hungarians in the Canadian Pacific railway belt in the Northwest.

THE THREE OUTLETS of disease are the bowels, the skin and the kidneys Regulate their action with the best purifying tonic, Burdock Blood Bitters.

General Bryant and Messrs McDonald and Sharp, of the Post-office department, are preparing a manual of instructions for the guidance of the postoffice inspectors.

COWBOYS WITH A LASSO

Their Wonderful Skill in Handling the Lariat.

Throwing the Rope With Marvellous Precision—Catching a Bull by the Horns.

In a letter describing life among the cowboys, a Montana letter to the Cleveland Leader says: I noticed a variety of lariats with a round-up party, nearly all of which were made of the very best quality of hemp, twisted so extremely tight that it was almost impossible to untwist the strands. Others were made of sinew cords, and were braided very neatly, the ends or lassoing parts being greased so as to slip easily. These lasoes were about sixty or seventy-five feet long, one-third of which forms the noose, and when swinging it is grasped a little above the loop, so as to prevent the same from sliping until launched through the air. The lasso is swung over the head and left shoulder and back over the right shoulder, a peculiar turn of the wrist as it begins to return, keeping the loop wide open. When flying through the air the noose takes a slightly oval form, but remains open and settles quietly around the object aimed at. McGaigan exhibited to me the modus operandi of handling the rope, and some of his feats performed in my presence were not only executed with marvellous precision, but were also beautiful to look at. This model cowboy is certainly an expert in his profession, perhaps the best rider and lassoist in the whole Northwest. What Slosson is to billiards, McGaigan is to his profession.

One afternoon, while loafing around the camp fire on the Musselshell, McGaigan and I got talking about the skill he had acquired in throwing cattle and I had little difficulty in persuading him to let me into the secrets of his wonderful dexterity and actually showing me some of the finer points of the business. Mounting our bronchos we rode off through the sage brush and out on the open prairie, where numberless cattle were peacefully munching the luxuriant buffalo grass. My friend had his best lariat fastened to the pommel of the saddle, and first showed me many fancy shots, throwing the lasso from or to any point, over either shoulder, behind or in front. He caught a tremendous bull by the horns, who looked up in surprise and started off like a steam engine, but the pony bestrode by the cow-boy planted his forefeet firmly in the ground and checked Mr. Bull in his mad career before the latter got well started. The enraged steer went round and round in a circle at a 2:40 gait, the pony acting as a perfect pivot and turning slowly around with him, but it was no use; the bull was a prisoner and would have remained so had not McGaigan taken pity on him, and passed the wonderful ring down the line, upon which the rope leaped from around the horns and fell to the ground.

McGaigan remarked that it was no credit to catch a bull by the horns, for he cannot be thrown by them, and is simply held as a prisoner, but the skill in throwing a lasso is to pitch the noose just in front of the animal when he is going at full gallop, so that at the next step he treads into it. He tried it on another bull while both of our ponies were jumping along on a dead run. The old fellow was going about as fast as we were, but the fatal loop shot through the air at a tangent and fell, wide open, just in front of him on the ground. The left forefoot plunged square into the circle, the rope was tightened with a sudden jerk and the steer rolled over in the dust, as cleverly caught as anything I ever saw. The broncho, too, understood his part of the business thoroughly, for he bore at the right moment in the opposite direction, else he might have been thrown instead of the bull, to which he was much inferior in weight. McGaigan also caught great big steers galloping past at an angle by any leg I named.—Not once was judgment at fault. The noose whizzing through the air in every direction went as true to the mark as a bullet shot from a rifle.

I was much taken with the free and easy sort of life experienced by this round-up party and enjoyed the trip and camping out experience so hugely that I was almost tempted to give up profession of a scribe and become a cow-boy myself, but I thought better of it next day and, although I had lots of fun and enjoyment, I concluded that cow boy life must have its dark as well as its bright, sunny side.

That Dirty Dandruff.

Dandruff is dirty and disagreeable in every way. It soils the clothing continually, and is accompanied by a hardly less annoying sensation of itching. The scalp is diseased. There is nothing in the world so thoroughly adapted to this trouble as Parker's Hair Balsam. It cleanses and heals the scalp, stops the falling hair and restores its original softness, gloss and color. Is not only, highly perfumed, an elegant dressing. Very economical, as only a small occasional application keeps the hair in perfect condition.

☞ At a recent sale in London an historical taper sold for thirty dollars. It was declared to be the identical one carried in penance by Henry II. to the shrine of Thomas a Becket, in Canterbury Cathedral. It was found, in the year 1773 in the shrine, and by some means was obtained by Dr. Menish, of Chelmsford, in whose museum it remained for many years, until it passed into the hands of the late owner. Whether it be the identical taper may be a question, but it is remarkable that it should bear the arms of England embossed upon it.—*Chicago Herald.*

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast. This does not refer, however, to that particular sort of music that rouses us from our beds at night, to wit: the cries of children suffering from a sudden attack of cramp colic, pain in the stomach or bowels. Such an emergency is safely provided against if Mishler's Herb Bitters is kept in the house. It is an invaluable remedy for such complaints.

A WAR STORY.

How a Band of Confederates on Northern Soil Escaped.

A Frankfort (Ky.,) letter to the Cincinnati Enquirer says: The following rather romantic incident of the late war has been known to the immediate friends of the two gentlemen concerned for several months, but this is the first time it has been given to the public, and will be read with much interest by a large number of Kentuckians and Indianians, not for the sake of the incident alone, but also on account of the prominence of the parties.

It will be remembered that toward the close of the war a plan was set afoot to liberate and arm the Confederate prisoners in Northern prisons, and let them commence operations in the rear of the Union armies. Quite a number of leaders in the Confederacy were engaged in working up the plan, and among others was a young man named Castleman, who had himself escaped from prison and succeeded in reaching Canada, the nearest point of safety, where he and ten others were assigned to certain duties in the scheme of liberation. They left Canada one at a time on their respective missions, agreeing to meet at Indianapolis, Ind., on a certain day and report progress, and arrange their future movements.

Before the day of meeting arrived, however, young Castleman was captured and condemned to be shot, and instead of going to Indianapolis to meet his comrades, he was taken there under guard to have his sentence executed. Strangely enough he landed there the very day agreed upon with his friends, and while waiting at the depot another train came in and he saw them descend from the cars and peer cautiously about as if looking for him. He knew they must leave Indianapolis at once or their capture was inevitable, but he was powerless to warn them himself, for that would cause them to be suspected, and thus bring about the very thing he wished to avoid. Just then his guard moved away a little distance, and he determined to take a desperate chance and ask some of the many strangers in the depot to warn his friends. Casting his eye over the throng he finally selected a man with a kind and benevolent countenance, who was standing a few steps away. If the stranger proved unfriendly it would be equal to an order of arrest to ask him to give warning, but he felt if they went unwarned they would be arrested anyhow, so he took the chances, desperate as they were, and sauntered casually up to the man and said:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I am in rather an unfortunate situation, being condemned to be shot in a few days, and, although you are a stranger, I want you to do me a favor."

"I will do it with great pleasure," replied the stranger, "if I can do so consistently."

"Do you see that small group of men standing over there?" said Castleman, pointing at the same time with his hand. "Well, unless they leave on the next train they will soon be in a condition similar to mine, and I want you to go at once and tell them to leave. Will you grant this request to a man who has but a few more days to live?"

"I will," said the stranger, and before young Castleman was taken from the depot he had the pleasurer of seeing his comrades board the train in obedience to his message.

Through the influence of friends a respite of thirty days was granted Castleman, and before that time expired the Southern armies had surrendered, peace reigned again and all prisoners were set at liberty. He never learned the name of the stranger who aided him in saving his friends from arrest; but some months since, Hon. Barbee W. Hanna was in the parlor at Alexander's hotel in Louisville, talking to some friends, when Adjutant-General John B. Castleman of this State walked in. General Castleman gazed very intently at Judge Hanna for several minutes, and then slowly walking up to him said:

"If I am not mistaken you are the man who did me a great favor about twenty years ago. I don't know your name, but I have never forgotten the face." He then related the circumstances as written above, and when he finished Judge Hanna said:

"I am the man, and I am delighted to see you again, and under more favorable circumstances this time, I see"

Of course they related the incident over and over again, in all its details, and it was much enjoyed by all those present.

Spelling Match.

Can you spell? Well, yes; almost anybody can spell. Then spell this, and make out what it means. If you can't then pass it on to your next neighbor:

B-R-E-I-N-H-O-O-R-E-S-E-T T-W.

Don't say it out loud, but just whisper in your pretty neighboy's ear, that if she will place these letters in proper position she will have the world's great tonic, which will enrich her impoverished blood, put roses on her pale cheeks and make her strong and happy. Go to the nearest drug store with a dollar in your hand, and ask for Brown's Iron Bitters.

There is one good thing about the seventeen-year locust. The female is mute.

Soggy pie is mentioned as one of the causes of dyspepsia. One of the causes of soggy pie is young married women.

The Canadians think of changing the name of Lake Missassaini to Lake Smith. This is pleasant for travelers, but tough for the lake.

Forepaugh says that elephants have a natural fondness for whisky. This may account for men going out to see the elephant.

"Time works wonders," says a young man of twenty-seven when he returned home and found his eldest sister only eighteen.

An ordinary woman's waist is thirty inches around. An ordinary man's arm is about thirty inches long. How admirable are thy works, oh, nature.

A Chicago girl fell out of a third story window and killed a dog, which her brother had fired at four times with a Flobert rifle and failed to hit. If a Chicago girl comes down feet first from anywhere, she can hit almost anything.