THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

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

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HENRY R. WEST,
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ATTORNEYS.

WILLIAM 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,'83.

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,'86

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,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO,
jan31,'82.

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

D. B. DRIGGS, *Pres. Attorney.* W. S. MALLORY, *Notary Public.*

Driggs & Mallory,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
Will practice in Monroe and adjoining counties. Office in the room formerly occupied by Hunter & Mallory. June2'85.

W. S. WILEY,
PROSECUTING ATTORNEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
—AND—
REAL ESTATE AGENT,
(Office up stairs in the Court House.)
NEW MARTINSVILLE, WEST VA.
jan30,'79r.

CITY BAKERY
—AND—
CONFECTIONERY!
—
JACOB REINHERR, Prop'r,
WOODSFIELD, O.
Just received, the largest stock of
Common and Fancy Candies,
Which were made to order, and are free from adulterations. All kinds of
Tropical Fruits & Nuts,
And all kinds of
CANNED FRUITS,
Raisins, Figs, Jellies, Preserves Mincemeat,
Tobacco & Cigars.
☞ Hot Coffee, Sandwiches, Cheese, Cakes, Crackers, Pies, Bologna, &c. ☞ Toys will be sold at cost. mch18,'84.
Meals and lunch served day and night.

MASONIC DIRECTORY.

Monroe Lodge, No. 189, F. and A. M.--Meets at Masonic Hall in Woodsfield, on Wednesday evenings, on or before each full moon. H. B. HILL, W. M.; JAS. R. MORRIS, Secretary.

Woodsfield Chapter, No. 85, R. A. M.--Meets in Masonic Hall, Woodsfield, on Monday evening after full moon. J. P. SPRIGGS M. E. H. P.; JAS. R. MORRIS, Secretary.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Christian Church.--No resident Minister. Social meeting and communion every Lord's day morning at 10½ o'clock. Sunday school at 9 o'clock A. M.

St. Sylvester's Catholic Church.--Rev. Father WEISKOPF, Pastor. Services at 8 and 10 o'clock A. M. Sunday school at 2 P. M. Vespers and Benediction at 3 P. M.

M. E. Church.--Services at the M. E. Church, Woodsfield, every Sabbath. Preaching at 10:30 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday school 11:30 A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday at 7 P. M. Pastor, Rev. H. D. STAUFFER.

St. Paul's German Evangelical Church.--Services every two weeks at 10 o'clock A. M. Sunday school every Sunday at 9 o'clock A. M. Services every alternate Sunday at Lewisville at 10 o'clock A. M. Pastor, Rev. A. J. WINTERICK.

Presbyterian Church.--Services at the Presbyterian Church, Woodsfield, every two weeks at 2½ o'clock P. M. Sunday school every Sunday at 1 o'clock P. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 6½ o'clock.--Pastor, Rev. W. T. GARROWAY.

PHYSICIANS.

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

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 B. V. 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.
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.

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. dec7,'85.

Poetry.

THE NEW BONNET.

BY M. T. MORRISON.

A foolish little maiden bought a foolish little bonnet,
With a ribbon and a feather and a bit of lace upon it;
And that the other maidens of the little town might know it,
She thought she'd go to meeting the next Sunday just to show it.

But though the little bonnet was scarce larger than a dime,
The getting of it settled proved to be a work of time;
So, when 'twas fairly tied, all the bells had stopped their ringing,
And when she came to meeting, sure enough the folks were singing.

So the foolish little maiden stood and waited at the door,
And she shook her ruffles out behind and smoothed them down before.
"Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" sang the choir above her head.
"Hardly knew you! Hardly knew you!" were the words she thought they said.

This made the little maiden feel so very, very cross,
That she gave her little mouth a twist, her little head a toss;
For she thought the very hymn they sang was all about her bonnet,
With the ribbon and the feather and the bit of lace upon it.

And she would not wait to listen to the sermon or the prayer,
But pattered down the silent street, and hurried down the stairs,
Till she reached her little bureau, and in a bandbox on it,
Had hidden, safe from critic's eye, her foolish little bonnet.

Which proves, my little maidens, that each of you will find
In every Sabbath service but an echo of your mind;
And the silly little head that's filled with silly little pride,
Will never get a blessing from sermon or from prayers.

Select Story.

Aunt's Disappointment.

For a wonder Kate Burton's chattering tongue had been silent for the last ten minutes, during which time she had been watching Aunt Hetty's active movements in the clothes-yard below.

"Nellie, what do you suppose is the reason Aunt Hettie never married?"

Nellie did not raise her eyes from the book she was reading, but well knowing that Kate would give her no peace until she answered said:

"I don't know; perhaps she never had an offer."

"Pshaw! Nellie, there's no woman but what has offers."

"Well, then, perhaps she didn't have one that suited her."

"I don't believe it's that, either. It's my belief,"—here Kate dropped her voice to a low mysterious whisper—"that she has been disappointed."

"As most girls set their hearts on being married, and she has failed to reach that height of earthly felicity, no doubt she has been," said Nellie dryly.

"What nonsense, Nellie; you know what I mean—that she has been disappointed in love."

Knowing that it was useless to try to read, now that Kate had mounted her favorite hobby, Nellie closed her book in despair.

"I should think that even your active imagination would despair of making a heroine of romance out of so unpromising a subject as Aunt Hetty."

"You may laugh as much you like, but I've watched her for some time, and it's my belief that she's the victim of some deeply rooted sorrow."

"She don't seem to have wasted away much under it's consuming influence."

"Well, no," returned Kate, regarding Aunt Hetty's portly figure with an injured aspect, as though she considered it in the light of a personal grievance that she had not wasted away to a shadow, after the most approved model of modern heroines; "but then grief don't affect every one alike. Anyway, I am convinced that my conjectures are correct, from circumstances that have come to my knowledge."

"What circumstances?"

"Oh, a variety. Did you ever see the ring she wears? She told me the other day that she had worn it for twenty years and that nothing could tempt her to remove it. I'm convinced that it's some love token; and then, one night, I opened the door of her room suddenly, and she seemed very much confused, hiding what looked like a piece of folded paper in her bosom."

"Most people would feel rather confused at having the door of their room opened so unceremoniously," returned Nellie. "I believe it is customary to knock on such occasions; but one can scarcely expect you to descend to any common-sense measure."

"I'll ask Aunt Hetty about it this very evening," said Kate with a toss of her head, "and then we'll see which of us is right."

Kate was as good as her word.

After the tea things were cleared away and Aunt Hetty brought forward the inevitable knitting work with which she occupied her spare hours, Kate drew her chair close to the old lady's, putting her in the best of humor by praising the soft, white lamb's-wool mittens she was knitting and offering to hold the skein of yarn for her to wind.

"Aunt," she said, giving a significant glance at Nellie to see if she was listening, "didn't you have a good many beaux when you was a girl?"

"No, child; when I was young, girls didn't have so many fixings an' furbelows as they have now-a days."

"I don't mean that kind, aunt," returned Kate biting her lips as she met Nellie's mischievous glance; "but young men admirers?"

"I wan't never troubled with them kind, neither. You see, Bridgewater was a quiet sort of a place; most of the young men was either married or moved out west."

"But you must have had offers of marriage, aunt. Please tell me all about them."

"La, child! there ain't none of 'em worth mentioning. There was Joe Higgins, whose first wife was a Parsons. You see he had a house full of children, as wild and unmanageable as so many cubs, and he wanted some one to look arter 'em. But, sakes alive! I had no idee of makin' such a slave of myself."

"And that was all, aunt?" said Kate in a disappointed tone.

"Let me see," responded the old lady her round, good-natured face assuming a reflective air. "Yes, there was Zeke Underbill; he was sort o' sneakin' round arter me when I was a gal. But father, he took a mortal dislikin' to him; said he was a poor shiftless critter, and I guess, on the hull, he was in the right on't. He married Jerushy Dean, as smart a woman ever stepped, and I don't wish myself in her shoes. I hear that he loaf's about the tavern the heft of the time, an' his wife don't know from one meal to anoher what they'll have to eat, or if they'll have anything."

"But where did you get the ring that you always wear?" persisted Kate.

"I arned it picking berries. I got most of my clothes that way when I was a gal."

"But why don't you ever take it off?"

"Oh! 'cause it isn't a good sign. Don't never take a ring off your finger unless you want to change your luck; an' on the hull I'm pretty well satisfied with mine.

"It's nigh onto twenty-five years," resumed Aunt Hitty, "but I remember the first time I wore it as if 'twas yesterday. 'Twas the day that Dan Quinby made his proposal."

"There, aunt, I've caught you," interrupted Kate shaking her fingers archly at the old lady. "So Dan Quinby proposed to you, did he? Please tell me about it."

"La, child! there ain't no'hin' to tell."

"Oh, yes there is, aunt! there must be. "Now, commence at the beginning and tell me everything he said and you said."

"Lawful sakes! how the child does run on! I never saw the beat on't, never I'll tell you all there is to tell as nigh as I can recollect it. You see, huckleberries were just gettin' ripe, an' arter dinner I took a pail an' went out calculatin' to be able to pick a half dozen quarts afore supper.

"Jest as I got to the foot of 'Huckleberry Hill,' who should I see but Dan Quinby?

"As soon as I set eye on him I knew he'd got somethin' on his mind, but he didn't say nothin', for he was sort o' bashful, but kept walkin' alongside of me pickin' berries until he had got nigh onto a hatful.

"Then he hemmed and hawed and says:

"'Hetty, you know I've been thinkin' of getting married this long time.'

"Here he sort of stuttered and stopped.'

"'Didn't your heart palpitate, aunt?'

"'No, dear; I wasn't troubled with the palpitation of the heart in them days.

"'Yes, Dan,' says I; 'and I should say that you'd been thinking on't quite long enough.'

"'So I think,' says Dan, 'and I've concluded that I might as well get spliced next Thursday as any time. She wanted me to sex you to stand up with her; and if it be so that you could to come over to her house to-night, sure.'

"'Dear me, aunt,' exclaimed Kate opening her eyes wide at this unexpected conclusion, 'didn't you feel terribly?'

"'La, no, child! what was there to feel terrible about? I knew Dan Quinby and Sue Prouty had been keeping company for more'n a year; and all the wonder was that they hadn't got married afore.'

"And what about the letter, Aunt Hetty," said Nellie a little maliciously, "that Kate saw you hiding in your bosom when she opened the door on you so suddenly?"

"La me, child! that wasn't a letter. It was a plaster that Dr. Cureall gin me for my rumatis; and it's done me a heap of good.'

Here Nellie burst into a hearty laugh under cover of which Kate beat a hasty retreat to her own room, where she had both time and opportunity to reflect upon the terrible nature of Aunt Hetty's disappointment.

"One Nail Drives Out Another,"
is a French saying that finds exemplification in the way one disease will substitute itself for another and graver one, in very many cases. Liver disease for instance will soon induce blood disorders, throat ailments, skin affections and eventually, because of impoverished blood, consumption itself, unless, indeed, it be treated in its incipiency and early progress by Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" which acts as a specific in these ailments, accomplishing a rapid cure by its powerful alterative action upon the great organs of the body.

Fir Pillows.

The new craze in the fir pillow, consisting of an unbleached cotton case filled with the twigs of the fir tree dried in the sunlight. The pillow case is of linen, canvas, satin, or plush, according to the taste and the pocket of the maker, and upon the surface is embroidered a likeness of the fir itself, or some emblematic motto, such as "Give me of thy balm, O fir tree!" The pillows are said to have a soothing effect on the nerves sleeper, giving sweet and dreamless slumbers as if by magic.

A Queer Cradle.

Macon Telegraph and Messenger.

Rowan Ward, of Steward county, recently found on his place a gourd four feet six inches long, and about as broad. He hollowed it out, put rockers on it, and now it serves as a cradle for his baby.

An Immense Amount.

New York Herald.

Meissonier has painted a full-length miniature of himself in which the face is said to be no bigger than a man's finger nail, and yet there must be an immense amount of cheek about it, as the little picture is priced at $3,000.

Sense and Nonsense.

If your pet canary has fits, put a drop of spirits of nitre into the water the bird drinks.

The pleasantest days of a woman are her marriage day and the day of her funeral.

Cigarette smoking is the cheapest, nastiest, meanest way of committing suicide that we know of.

Education begins the gentleman but reading good company and reflection must finish him.—*Locke.*

The skull of Douglass, the Indian war chief, is used as a paper weight by the editor of the Glenwood (Col.) Echo.

My heart like the world above me came forth to meet the sunshine, and thawed after its long winter.—*Jean Englow.*

The great difference between virtue and vice is this—for virtue you have a price to receive; for voice you have a price to pay.

The combination, proportion, and process in preparing Hood's Sarsaparilla, are peculiar to this medicine, and unknown to others.

Let us begin our heaven on earth, and, being ourselves tempted, let us be pitiful and considerate and generous in judging others.—*John Page Hopps.*

The mule has one more leg than a milking-stool, and he can stand on one and wave the other three round in as many different directions.

Mr Isaacs (whose son has fallen over the railing into the pit)—"Jakey, Jakey, come up so quick vot you can. Dey charge a dollar und a halef down dere."

Though reason is not to be relied upon as universally sufficient to direct us what to do, yet it is generally to be relied upon and obeyed when it tells us what we ought not to do.

A man wrote to a scientist that he had an apple which he had preserved for fifty-three years, and on being requested to forward it for inspection, he replied that he could not, as it was the apple of his eye.

"Can I make a trade with you for your daughter?" "Well, I don't know but you might. You'd make a pretty good son-in-law, I guess. I always like to get something to boot when I make a trade."

Young or middle-aged men, suffering from nervous debility and kindred weakness, should send ten cents in stamps for large treatise giving successful treatment. Worlds Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

At a negro wedding, when the minister read the words, "love, honor and obey," the groom interrupted him and said: "Read dat again, sah; read dat wunce mo', so de lady kin ketch de full solemnity of de meanin'. I'se been married befo'!"

Coffee made with distilled water has a greatly improved aroma. It seems that the mineral carbonate in common water render the tannin of the coffee berry soluble, but the drug will not dissolve in distilled water.

The expression of the eyes of persons killed by violence is considered an important matter in criminal jurisprudence, by reason of its evanescent nature. A French scientist has found a means of restoring the life-like expression. It consists in applying a few drops of glycerine and water to the cornea.

Minks—Yes, sir, I have oatmeal on my table every morning. I consider it the most wholesome, most—— Jinks—But see here, Minks, don't you know that oatmeal is the principal dish in Scotland, and that country is a nation of dyspeptics? "O, it's not the oatmeal that causes dyspepsia over there." "What is it?" "The bagpipes."

Mrs Rogers, the cattle queen of Texas, inherited from her first husband a herd of 40,000 cattle. The widow managed the business, and in due time married a preacher twenty years younger than herself, who had seven children. She attends to her estate herself, rides among her cowboys on horseback, and can tell just what a promising steer or cow is worth at any size or age.

"Do I keep a cyclone pit?" echoed a passenger from the West. "Yes, I keep one not far from my house, but, Lord bless you, I ain't afraid of cyclones. The cyclone was never born that would scare me or make me run." "But what have you got the cyclone pit for?" "Well, you see my old woman has spells o' temper, when 'taint safe for a feller to be around, 'spesbully wash days. On them occasions I find my little cyclone pit right smart handy.

"What will you take, madam?" said the soda water drug clerk. "A little strawberry in mine," said she. "And you, sir?" to the husband. "Let me see," scanning the row of bottles which contained syrups "O, yes, a little spiritus vini Gallici, if you please." And as they went off, after drinking their soda-water, she said softly: "O George, how much better that is than drinking nasty, horrid brandy, as you used to do before you joined the Murphy men, isn't it?" And he said he "rather guessed it was."

Since all feminity has taken into its head to watch the baseball games from the vantage grounds of the best seats in the grand stand, it is interesting to listen to learned comments made upon the progress of the game. "Wasn't that a splendid hit? There, now, why didn't he run?" "Why, my dear, that was a foul ball." "Well, I'd run anyhow." "But the umpire wouldn't let you." "Of course not. The umpire is all the time yelling and running about and interfering with the game. If it wasn't for him baseball would be real interesting."

The commercial traveler of a Philadelphia house while in Tennessee, approached a stranger as the train was about to start and said: "Are you going on this train?" "I am." "Have you any baggage?" "No." "Well, friend, you can do me a favor, and it won't cost you anything. You see, I've got two trunks, and they always make me pay extra for one of them. You can get one checked on your ticket, and we'll euchre them. See?" "Yes, I see; but I haven't any ticket." "But I thought you said you were going on this train?" "So I am; I'm the conductor." "Oh!" He paid extra as usual.

THE OLDEN DAYS.

An Old Man Discourses on the Decline of Legal Oratory.

N. Y. Tribune.

The Judge and jury were quietly dozing in one of the New York court rooms the other day, while counsel was trying to prove by long lists of figures and incomprehensible accounts that his client was one of the salt of the earth. The attendance was small. On one of the back seats was a white-haired old man with a smooth-shaven face, who seemed to watch the proceedings with more interest than any of the other spectators. He leaned forward in his seat with his hands folded over the head of an old-fashioned walking stick, and shook his head mournfully from time to time, as if to express a sort of indulgent pity for the counsel, the court and the jury. At last his feelings seemed to demand relief in speech and he began to unbosom himself to his neighbor.

"Well, well, well," said he, dropping the pitch of his voice as he pronounced each successive exclamation, "is that the kind of lawyers you have nowadays?—Why, folks would rather go to meeting than come to hear a man talk like that. An auctioneer makes a better speech than his'n," nodding toward the lawyer who was struggling with the figures, "when he wants to make you believe that a spavined horse is sound as a nut.—What's the good of your colleges and your law schools if you're going to turn out such wheezing little monkeys as that fellow? Why, sir, I ain't been inside of a court of law these forty years, but when I was a young fellow I used to follow all the cases and I used to be able to make a better speech than any of the lawyers I hear now.

"Ah! I tell you in my day it was different. A lawyer that was going to argue a case would get up and look all around the court room, and then he'd look at the jury, and then he'd look at the floor, as if he wasn't quite certain how he'd best begin. At last he'd get his inspiration, as they used to say, and he'd run his fingers through his hair to help along the ideas like. Then, 'Gentlemen of the Jury,' says he, very impressive and in a low voice. But he'd soon get well under way and give you a regular rattler. There'd be a deal of pathos, and sometimes his voice would sort of fail him, and then he'd take out his handkerchief and blow his nose very loud to get control of his feelings. Then he'd get very mad, and you'd have supposed that he was going to walk right in and fight the jury and Judge to boot. There'd be gestures and similes, and Latin quotations a yard or more long. Latin quotations always had a great convincing power, and a man was sure to win a case if he had enough of them. Well, with all this eloquence he'd finally get the Judge and the jury so mixed that they wouldn't know which side of the question he was speaking for; and the more he mixed them up the better lawyer we used to think him.

"But, bless you, listen to that fellow. He talks away as quietly as if he'd just dropped in to say good-morning. He hasn't made a single gesture yet, nor shouted a single quotation. He don't seem to get worked up with his subject as the men of my day used to do. They tell me the judges won't let the lawyers get too flowery nowadays, and say they haven't time to listen to long-winded quotations. More's the pity. They're discoursing eloquence, and they'll soon have the lawyers presenting their cases from their offices over the telephone."—So saying the old man took up his hat, dusted it with his handkerchief, and went out, still bemoaning the decline of oratory and the degeneration of the legal profession.

Webster and Jenny Lind.

"Webster was a very convivial man, fond of pleasure and social amenities.—On one occasion he was at a supper, at Brown's hotel, and, the wine being good, he imbibed a great deal of it. Jenny Lind was singing at the Canterbury theatre, and at a late hour Webster and his party of friends adjourned from the hotel to the theatre. When they arrived the curtain had just gone up for the last act, and the cantatrice appeared on the stage to sing 'Hail Columbia.' Webster joined in with his magnificent bass and accompanied her through the song. The audience yelled, stamped and shouted.—They began again, and again sang it through with the same enthusiasm pervading the audience. The procedure was repeated a third, a fourth, a fifth and a sixth time, before they were permitted to retire. At the close Webster made a magnificent bow to the diva, such as would have made him a prince had he made it at a drawing-room of Louis le Grand; the singer returned it, and Webster repeated it, and the courtesies continued until both had bowed in the most elaborate manner seven times.—During the whole peformance Webster held his fine silk hat in his hand and Mrs. Webster was tugging at his coat, signaling him to desist.—*Louisville Times.*

Country Schools.

The condition of the country schools of this State is receiving much attention from the State Commissioner, and from leading educators throughout the State. Commissioner Brown is bending his energies toward bettering these schools, first by securing more uniformity of action, and second, by securing judicious legislation at the coming session of the General Assembly. With this object in view he has called a convention of county boards of examiners and institute workers to meet in Columbus, during the holidays. The purpose of this is to have a full and free discussion of plans of work by these people and secure, if possible, something like uniformity in the examination of applicants for certificates and in the methods of instruction. At present every county board of examiners has a different set of questions.—In some States there is a State Board of Education, which prepares all these questions, and thus uniformity is secured.

"Kiss the baby while you can," admonishes a poet. We can kiss her just as well fifteen or twenty years from now—if she's that kind of a baby, cautiously remarks the Buffalo Express.

SONG OF THE CHILDREN.

Merry Elfins Stop the Throng With their Music--A Touch of Nature in the Maddening Crowd.

New York Herald.

A few steps from the corner of Broadway in Ann street there frequently arises above the rumble of wheels and the song of children:

King William was King James' son,
And upon a royal race he run;
Upon his breast he wore a star,
Which was called the life of war.
Go choose your east, go choose your west,
Go choose the one that you love best,
And if she's not there go take her part,
And choose the next out of your heart;
Then embrace your bride and kiss her sweet—
Rise and stand upon your feet.
King William was, etc., etc.

When people hear it they instinctively stop and listen. Be they ever so busy, they can spare a few seconds to hear these words, which recall to them, even in that dingy, bustling highway, juvenile days when their own hands clasped sweetheart's palms, and their own young feet kept time to the same jingling rhyme, and—sweetest of all—when their own childish lips touched those of the dearest girl on the block. The singers on Ann street are not of the same class as were those playmates they remember, but the song is the same, and it's the song that awakens the memory. These singers are ragged and, it must be confessed, mud-bespattered news girls.—There are no boys in the ring—they would scorn such pastime.

Blithely ran the song, "King William was King James' son," the other day. Several brokers who can count their millions crossed from the Astor House on their way lunching and, stopping, smiled, as they wouldn't have missed that sight and that song for a thousand cold dollars. John T. Raymond, the comedian, who was passing stopped and, leaning against the telegraph pole, watched the little ring with a pleased but dreamy look that might have come away back from the pavements of Buffalo forty odd years ago. His hand went to his trousers pocket and seemed about to come out with a handful of something, but he didn't interrupt the song. A heavy wagon turned the corner and, forging past two others, ran close to the sidewalk.

There was a shriek of pain, then others of horror. Men crowded around the spot, and a gentleman in a Prince Albert coat tore off his kid gloves and lifted a little sufferer from the gutter. Black mud and dirty water ruined the $50 diagonal coat, but he held the little head close to him for all that. Then a policeman came; then there came the rolling sound of a press on the opposite side of the street, and the little singers ran like mad for the pressman's counter; then an ambulance, into which the slender little form was lifted, one arm hanging limp and useless, with the stain of blood upon the dress sleeve, and then the crowd rushed away, the wagons rattled, and the little singers darted everywhere with the evening papers.

A Family Journal.

In a certain farm house twenty years ago, a great blank book was kept and labeled Home Journal. Every night somebody made an entry in it. Father set down the sale of the calves, or mother the cutting of the baby's eye tooth; or perhaps Jenny wrote a full account of the sleighing party last night; or Bob scrawled the processions of the Phi Beta Club, or Tom scrawled "Tried my new gun. Bully. Shot into the fence and Thompson's old cat."

On toward the middle of the book there was an entry of Jenny's marriage and one of the younger girls had added a description of the brides-maids' dresses, and long afterwards there was written, "This day father died," in Bob's trembling hand. There was a blank o many months after that.

But nothing could have served better to bind that family of heads'rong boys and girls together than the keeping of this book. They come back to the old homestead now, men and women with grizzled hair, to see their mother who is still living, and turn over its pages reverently with many a hearty laugh, or the tears coming into their eyes. It is their childhood come back again in visible shape.

Advice to Boys.

Academy News.

Dr Lyman Abbott: Whatsoever thy hands find to do, do it with thy might.

E. P. Roe: Do one thing honorably and thoroughly and set about it at once.

Ex-President Hayes: Commit to memory and repeat Brown's letter to a young friend.

Gen. Lyon: No one will ever become a great scholar without constant study, close application, and without thoroughly understanding that which he may attempt before passing it by to take up some thing else.

Gen. Winfield S. Hancock, among other things: Be truthful, never try to appear what you are not, honor your father and your mother.

Rev. E. E. Hale: Tell the truth. Keep the commandments. Do not drink. If you have anything to say, say it, if not, certainly not.

Gen. D. S. Sanley: That next to exact regularity in their hours for prayer and pious reading, they allow nothing to interfere with their hours of study.

A Historical Door Sill.

Exchange.

Slaughter Bassette, of Lexington, Ky., paid $5 for the front door sill of the old court house at that place when the building was torn down. It is of stone, and is prized by Bassett because Henry Clay and Aaron Burr stood upon it when the latter asked Clay to defend him, and he pledged his honor that he was innocent of an attempt at a western conspiracy. Receiving the pledge, Clay appeared in Burr's defense, but afterward declined to speak to him when he found out that Burr had lied.

Not the Man.

Chicago News.

Since it appears that Matthew Arnold is neither the man who betrayed his country, nor the man who wrote the "Light of Asia," it is surmised he can't amount to much unless, perchance, he should happen to be the author of Arnold's writing ink.

Texan Rivers.

The Texas river is an institution that is peculiarly Texan. In the southern portion of the State many of the rivers and streams manage to get along during the Summer with very little water. Near El Paso it has frequently occurred that the natives have had to dig wells in the dry beds of the Rio Grande in order to get drinking water. For many miles the river bed was as dry as two volumes of the Congressional Record.

The writer has crossed the Nueces river without knowing it. The dust was so thick that he did not perceive that the road crossed the dry bed of the river.—About two hours after I crossed the Nueces river without knowing it, a tidal wave six feet high came rolling down that river bed. Six hours afterwards the river had risen thirty feet, and before twenty-four hours had passed away the river in some places was upward of three miles wide, and at the place where I stirred up the dust the raging waters were deep enough to float the Great Eastern.

"The Cibolo is a creek between Austin and Antonio, that for many miles runs almost altogether under ground. It consists of a succession of pools. The water sinks out of sight and reappears a mile of so distant. The banks of the Cibolo are quite steep, and in some places are forty or fifty feet, which makes it very difficult for wagons to cross, particularly in wet weather.

The San Antonio, Comal, San Marcos, Guadaloupe, Brazos and Sabin rivers do not become actually dry, but in the Summer they, like the Republican majority in many of the States, dwindle away to almost nothing. The statement that the water gets so shallow that the gamin fish have to stand on their heads and fan themselves with their tails to keep cool is exaggerated a little.

The habit of the Texas rivers have of rising sixty feet in twenty-four hours makes the building of railroads very expensive in Texas. The bridges over the apparently most insignificant streams have to be made very high and of the most durable material.

When a stranger sees an immense bridge over a small stream he is inclined to suggest that the people sell the bridge and buy some water to put in the creek; but after there has been a rise it would be more appropriate to sell some water to buy a new bridge.—*Texas Siftings.*

A WASTED JEWEL.

Time, More Precious Than Rubies, Treated as if It Were Worthless Clay.

The story is told among the mountaineers of North Carolina that the famous ruby discovered in that region, was used for months by the family who found it, as a weight to hold back the door of their hut. It was supposed to be a bit of glass embedded in clay, and was kicked about as worthless until some traveler, with keen eyes, bought it for a trifle.

The stupidity of the mountaineers appears pitiable enough. But have you, boys and girls, no jewel which you use as worthless clay? Two young girls, for instance, intimates and both debutantes this winter, met at a ball lately.

"What have you been doing with yourself all day?" asked one.

"Oh, I don't know! I was not up till twelve, and it was nearly two before I had breakfast and was dressed. Then I went to the matinee. Awful bore!—Then to dinner, and then here. Awfully stupid! Haven't seen a new thing all day? Everybody has on his old clothes. I have done one thing, though!" her face kindling. "I've decided to wear pale green to the fancy ball!"

Here were twelve hours of sunshine given to this young woman; here were books, art, music, to which she might have given some of them, and so made her soul higher and happier; here were tens of thousands of God's children, the poor, sick and ignorant, about her, whom she could have helped; here were her own mother, sisters, servants, to whom she could have brought cordial cheer, pleasant thoughts and comforts in these twelve hours. Yet the use she made of them was to decide on the color of a gown!

Time is more precious than rubies, yet we all of us treat it as if it were worthless as clay.

One of the most frivolous women of society died a year or two ago of a disease which attacked her suddenly. The physician told her that she had but half an hour to live. She covered her face and was silent.

"You will suffer no pain," he said.

"It is not that I am thinking of," she said. "It is of the years I have wasted."

Some day for each of us there will be left but a single half hour of life. How, then, shall we look back upon these years which are passing now?—*Youth's Companion.*

I have been afflicted with catarrh for 20 years. It became 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 Ely's Cream Balm all dropping of mucous has ceased and my voice and hearing has greatly improved.—Jas. W. Davidson, Attorney at Law, Monmouth, Ill.

The Life Beyond the Grave.

Imagination is all that is left to us, and any man may create his own ideal heaven; may be his own artist, and with his own palette and brush paint his own heaven in as glowing colors as his fancy can depict, always with the limitation of the spiritual knowledge that we have, that love is eternal, and that what is purest and loftiest, the noblest aspirations, the highest aims that man can conceive of, must enter into its composition. The grand panorama laid before us in the Revelations symbolize, the war waged with sin and the perfectness of the life hereafter. Our power of perception is simply impressed. Nothing definite is given us.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Faith is the most beautiful sentiment which can fill the heart of man. It is particularly beautiful in a landlady.