Spirit of Democracy.

WM. HAMILTON.....W. S. VANLAW.
HAMILTON & VANLAW,
PROPRIETORS.

$1.50 Per Year in Advance.
FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS, $2.00.

No Subscriptions Taken for Less than Six Months.

OFFICE—In Bank Building.

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

VOLUME 43. WOODSFIELD, MONROE COUNTY, OHIO, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1886. NUMBER 41.

RATES OF ADVERTISI

	1 w'k.	4 w'k	3 m's.	
1 square	$1 00	$2 50	$5 00	
2 squ'es	2 00	4 00	7 00	
⅛ Col	3 00	5 00	7 00	
¼ Col	4 00	7 00	12 00	
½ Col	6 00	12 00	18 00	
1 Col	10 00	15 00	25 00	

Legal advertisements at legal rat Administrator's or Executor's, A and Road Notices, $2.

Death and charitable notices no 20 lines inserted free.

The Largest Circulation in ty. Advertisers Should Const

POETRY

"MOTHER'S COME."

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

Where the red-stemmed brier grew
In a city of the dead,
That I idly wandered through,
By capricious fancy led,
'Mid a group of graves I found
Something ne'er to be forgot,
O'er the largest, greenest mound
This inscription,"Children!" "What?"
"Mother's come!"

And I asked myself with tears,
Had they slept this little throng,
All the lonely, silent years—
Had the children waited long?
Babes, were you afraid or cold?
Did the years seem long or not
Till the birds and flowers told
Of her coming? "Children!" "What?"
"Mother's come!"

Select Story.

An Unwelcome Passenger.

A cold winter's night found a stage load of us gathered about the warm fire of a tavern bar-room in a New England village. Shortly after we arrived a peddler drove up and ordered that his horse should be stabled for the night. After we had eaten supper we had repaired to the bar-room, and as soon as the ice was broken the conversation flowed freely. Several anecdotes had been related, and finally the peddler was asked to give us a story, as men of his profession were generally full of adventure and anecdote. He was a short, thick-set man somewhere about forty years of age, and gave evidence of great physical strength. He gave his name as Lemuel Viney, and his home was in Dover, N. H.

"Well, geetlemen," he commenced, knocking the ashes from his pipe and putting it in his pocket, "suppose I tell you of about the last thing of any consequence that happened to me. You see I am now right from the far West and on my way home for winter quarters. It was about two months ago, one pleasant evening, that I pulled up at the door of a small inn in a small village in Hacock County, Indiana. I said 'twas pleasant—I meant 'twas warm, but it was cloudy and likely to be very dark. I went in and called for supper, and had my horse taken care of, and after I had eaten I sat down in the bar-room. It began to rain about 8 o'clock, and for a while it poured down hard and it was very dark outdoors.

"Now I wanted to be in Jackson early the next morning, for I expected a load of goods there for me, which I meant to dispose of on my way home. The moon rose about midnight, and I knew if it did not rain that I could get along very comfortably through the mud after that. I asked the landlord if he would not see that my horse was fed about midnight, as I wished to be off about two. He expressed some surprise at this, and asked me why I did not stay to breakfast. I told him that I had sold the last load about out, and that a new lot of goods was waiting for me at Jackson, and I wanted to be there for them before the express again left in the morning. There was a number of people about while I told this, but I took little notice of them, one man only arresting my attention. I had a small package of placords which I was to deliver to the Sheriff at Jackson, and they were notices for the detection of a notorious robber named Dick Hardhead. These bills gave a description of his person, and the man before me answered very well to it. In fact it was perfect. He was a tall, well-formed man, rather slight in frame, and had the appearance of a gentleman, save that his face bore those hard, cruel marks which an observing man cannot mistake for anything but the index of a villainous disposition.

"When I went up to my chamber I asked the landlord who that man was, describing the suspicious individual. He said he did not know him. He had come there that afternoon and intended to leave some time the next day. The host asked me why I wished to know, and I simply told him that the man's countenance looked familiar, and I wished to know if I had ever been acquainted with him. I resolved not to let the landlord into the secret, but to hurry on to Jackson and give information to the Sheriff, and perhaps he might reach the inn before the villain left; for I had no doubts with regard to his identity.

"I had an alarm watch, and having set it to give the alarm at one o'clock, I went to sleep. I was aroused at the proper time and immediately got up and dressed myself. When I reached the yard I found the clouds all passed away and the moon was shining brightly. The hostler was easily aroused, and by 2 o'clock I was on the road. The mud was deep and my horse could not travel very fast—yet it struck me that the beast made more work than there was any need of, for the cart was nearly empty, my whole stock consisting of about half a dozen tin pans and a lot of loose rags.

"However, on we went, and in the course of half an hour I was clear of the village and at a short distance ahead lay a large tract of forest, mostly of green pines. The road led directly through the woods, and as near as I could remember the distance was not far from 12 miles. The moon was in the east, and as the road ran nearly west I should have light enough. I had entered the wood and had gone perhaps half a mile when my wagon wheels settled, with a bump and a jerk, into a deep hole. I uttered an exclamation of astonishment; but that was not all. I heard another exclamation from another source!

"What could it be? I looked around quickly but could see nothing, and yet I knew that the sound I had heard was very close to me. As the wheels came up I felt something besides the jerk of the hole. I heard something roll or tumble from one side to the other of my wagon, and I could also feel the jar occasioned by the movement. It was simply a man in my cart. I knew this on the instant. You may have noticed my cart as I came up this evening. The main part of it opens behind, and there is room enough within for quite a party, provided they'd stow themselves close enough. Of course I felt puzzled. At last I wondered if some poor fellow had not taken this method to obtain a ride. But I soon gave this up, for I knew that any decent man would have asked me for a ride and taken it comfortably. My next idea was that somebody had got in there to sleep. But this passed away as quickly as it came, for no man would have broken into my cart for that purpose. And that thought, gentlemen, opened my eyes. Whoever was in there had broken in.

"My next thought was of Mr. Dick Hardhead. He had heard me say that my load was all sold out, and of course he supposed that I had some money with me. And in this he was right—for I had over two thousand dollars. I also thought that he meant to leave the cart when he supposed I had reached a safe place, and then either creep over and shoot me, or knock me down—or perhaps slip out and ask for a ride, or something of that sort. All this passed through my mind before I had got a rod from the hole.

"Now, I never make it a point to brag of myself, but yet I have seen a great deal of the world, and I am pretty cool and clear-headed under a difficulty. In a very few moments my resolution was formed. My horse was now knee deep in the mud and I knew I could slip off without noise. So drew my revolver—I never travel in that country without it—it is a six-barrelled one and sure I drew this, and, having twined the reins around the whipstock, I carefully slid down into the mud, and as the cart went on I went behind it and examined the hasp. The door of the cart lets down and is fastened by a hasp which slips over the staple, and is then secured by a padlock. The padlock was gone and the hasp was secured in its place by a bit of pine stick—so that a slight push from within could break it. My wheel wrench hung in a leather bucket on the side of the cart, and I quickly took it out and slipped it into the staple, the iron handle just sliding down.

"Now I had him. My cart was almost new, with a stout frame of white oak, and made on purpose for hard usage, heavy loads and service. I did not believe that any ordinary man could break out. I got onto my cart as noiseless as I got off, and then urged my horse on, still keeping my pistol handy. I knew that at the distance of half a mile further I should come to a hard, good road, and I allowed my horse to pick his own way through this mud. It was about ten minutes after this that I heard a motion in the cart, followed by a grinding noise as though some heavy force was being applied to the door. This continued some moments, and then a heavy thump as though the sole of a boot were applied to the door. I said nothing but the idea struck me that the villain might try to judge about where I sat and shoot up through the top of the cart at me, so I sat down on the footboard.

"Of course I knew now that my unexpected passsenger was a villain, for he must have been awake ever since I started, and nothing else in the world but absolute villainy would have caused him to remain quiet so long, and then start up in this particular place. The thumping and pushing grew louder and louder and and pretty soon I heard a human voice.

"'Let me out of this!' he cried, and he yelled pretty loud.

"I lifted my head so as to make him think I was sitting in my usual place, and then asked him what he was doing in there.

"'Let me out and I'll tell ye,' he replied.

"'Tell me what you're in there for,' I said.

"'I got in here to sleep on your rags,' he answered.

"'How'd ye get in?' I asked.

"'Let me get out, or I'll shoot yon through the head,' he yelled.

"Just at that moment my horse's feet struck the hard road and I knew that the rest of the road to Jackson would be good going. The distance was twelve miles. I slipped back upon the footboard and took the whip. I had the same horse that I've got now—a tall, stout, powerful bay mare—and you may believe there's some go in her. At any rate she struck a gait that even astonished me. She had had a mess of good oats, the night air was cool, and in fifteen minutes we cleared the wood and away we went at a great pace. The chap inside kept yelling to be let out, and threatening to shoot if I didn't let him out. Finally he stopped, and in a few moments came the reports of a pistol—one—two—three—four—one after the other, and I heard the balls whiz over my head. If I had been on my seat one of those balls, if not two, must have gone through me. I popped up my head again and gave a yell, a deep groan, and then I said, 'O, save me, I'm a dead man!' Then I made a shuffling noise as though I were falling off, and finally settled down again on the foot-board. I now urged up the old mare by giving her an occasional poke with the butt of the whip, and she went along faster than ever.

"The man called to me twice more pretty soon after this, and as he got no reply he made some tremendous efforts to break the door open, and as this failed him he made several attempts on the top. But I had no fear of his doing anything there, for the top of my cart is framed in with dovetails and each sleeper bolted to the posts with an iron bolt. I had it made so I could carry heavy loads there. By and by, after all else had failed, the scamp commenced to holler 'whoa' to the horse, and kept it up until he became hoarse. All this time I kept perfectly quiet, holding the reins firmly and poking the beast with the whip.

"We wasn't an hour going that dozen miles—not a bit of it. I hadn't much fear—perhaps I might tell the truth and say that I had none, for I had a good pistol, and more than that, my passenger was safe—yet I did feel glad when I came to the old flour barrel factory that stands at the edge of Jacksonville, and in ten minutes more I hauled up in front of the tavern and found a couple of men in the barn cleaning down some stage horses.

"'Well, old feller,' says I, as I got down and went round to the back of the wagon, 'you've had a good ride, haven't ye?'

"'Who are you?' he cried, and his voice trembled a little, too, as he asked the question.

"'I am the man you tried to shoot,' I told him.

"'Where am I? Let me out!' he yelled.

"'Look here,' said I, 'we've come to a safe stopping place, and mind ye, I've got a revolver ready for ye the moment ye show yourself. Now lay quiet.'

"By this time the two 'ostlers had come to see what was the matter, and I explained it all to them. After this I got one of them to run and find the sheriff and tell him what I believed I'd got for him. The first streaks of day-light were just coming up, and in half an hour it would be broad daylight. In less than that time the sherlfl came and two other men with him. I told him the whole story in a few words—exhibited the handbills I had for him—and then he made for the cart. He told the chap inside who he was, and that if he made the least resistance he'd be a dead man. But, mind you, the sheriff didn't tell him the suspicions we had about him. Then I slipped the iron wrench out, and as I let the door open the fellow made a spring. I caught him by the ankle and he came down on his face, and in a few moments more the officers had him. It was now daylight, and the moment I saw the chap I recognized him. He was the very man I had suspected, and his fine black clothes were pretty well covered with lint and dirt. He was marched off to the lockup, and I told the sheriff I should remain in town all day.

"After breakfast the sheriff came down to the tavern and told me I had caught the very bird, and that if I would remain until the next morning I should have the reward of two hundred dollars which had been offered. I found my goods all safe, paid the express agent for bringing them from Indianapolis, and then went down to work to stow them away in my cart. I found the bullet-holes in the top of my vehicle just as I expected. They were in a line, about five inches apart, and had I been where I usually sit, two of them would have hit me about the small of the back and passed upward, for they were sent with a heavy charge of powder, and his pistol was a heavy one.

"On the next morning the sheriff called upon me and paid me two hundred dollars in gold, for he had made himself sure that he had got the villain. After an early dinner I set out, and here I am. I've sold my load all out, and am now ready to lay up for the winter. I found a letter in the office at Portsmouth for me, from the sheriff of Hancock county, and he informed me that Mr. Hardhead is now in prison for life."

So ended the peddler's story. In the morning I had the curiosity to look at his cart, and I found the four bullet-holes just as he had told us, though they were now plugged up with phial corks. Viney came out while I was looking, and showed the prints of the villian's feet upon the cart. They were plain and must have been given with great force.

SOMEBODY'S CHILD.

Somebody's child is dying—dying with the flush of hope on his young face, and somebody's mother thinking of the time when that dear face will be hidden where no ray of hope can brighten it—because there was no cure for consumption. Reader, if the child be your neighbor's, take this comforting word to the mother's heart before it is too late. Tell her that consumption is curable; that men are living to-day whom the physicians pronounced incurable, because one lung had been almost destroyed by the disease. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured hundreds; surpasses cod liver oil, hypophosphites, and other medicines in curing this disease. Sold by druggists.

The Big Trees Going.

The "big trees" of California will soon be extinct. Seventeen lumber companies, owning from 3,000 to 25,000 acres of redwood forest each, are waging a war of extermination with all the weapons known to the modern logging-camp. The demand for the wood is unlimited and all the mills are kept at work to the limit of their capacity. The forests are large, but the forces employed against them are swift and irresistible.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

are made pallid and unattractive by functional irregulrrities, which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will intallibly cure. Thousands of testimoniais. By druggists.

"Only a Tramp."

Only a tramp!

Only a poor, sorrowing, downtrodden human being, waiting to grow wings and fly to a home beyond the skies!

Only a tramp! Only a chap weighing from 130 to 210 pounds, down weight—ragged and greasy old clothes—long hair and dirty neck—heels out to the weather and his pockets clear of cash. The angels look down and pity him—not much.

Only a tramp! Only a man whose wife longer refused to bend her back at the washboard to buy him whisky and tobacco, and whose children have grown tired of begging his bread and butter. He has been forced out on the wide, cold world to get his own living, and every human heart must go out to him in sympathy—in a horn!

"Only a tramp!" was the verdict as a stranger was found dead by the roadside. No eye filled with tears—no heart sorrowed over his sad fate. He was only a tramp; the great world would go on the same. Perhaps some grief-stricken mother awaited him in a far-off home, and as night fell she clasped her hands in sorrow and murmured: "Where, oh! where is my Henri to-night?"—Just as like as not, but the verdict of the coroner's jury was: "Shot while stealing chickens, and that's what's the matter with her Henri."

"Only a tramp!" they said as they found pieces of an old hat, one boot-heel and three shirt-buttons along the railroad track. The birds sang just the same as before—the sun shone just as fair—the daisies winked at the gurgling brook, and the meadow lark soared still higher and sent his voice almost to Heaven's gates. Men gathered around the fragments and chewed plug tobacco and talked politics and tried to get up a fight between Jim Daily's bob-tailed pup and old Simons' rat terrier.

"Only a tramp" had suddenly dropped out of this life, and who should care? A thousand miles away a sweet-faced child might be asking: "Will my papa come home to-night?" No, sissy, he won't.—While the "sad remains" were being viewed the old man turned up all right in the nearest barn, and was sent to the county jail for three months. He may come s'mother night.

"Only a tramp!" some one whispered, as a group surrounded a dark object lying in the snow on a winter's night. That's all. The wind blew a requium over the housetops, and the snow-flakes whirled round and round the aged head and nestled among the grizzly locks. What cared the world that a poor old tramp had passed from earth away? Would the bells jingle less merrily on the morrow? Would one home in the great city have one shadow the more for his taking off? And yet, in some vine-clad home beyond the sea a woman about 30 years of age and wearing the newest things in bangles may cease to caress her poodle and cry out: "Oh! Josepheus, my heart pines for thee! Come back to your Hanner!" But he won't—not this week. The dark object on the snow previously alluded to attempted to rise, fell down with a whoop, and the patrol wagon took him down for a ninety-day sentence. Hannah will have to wait until his term expires.

"Only a tramp!" is the unfeeling exclamation as they pull 'em out of dry goods boxes, from under horse barns and from the middle of old straw-stacks. "Only a tramp!" is the exclamation when they are lynched for rape or murder, and sent to jail for arson and robbery. It is sad—very sad. An association should be formed to weep bitter tears when one of them dies of too much dirty shirt, or falls like a sparrow by the wayside with a broken heart because some one asked him why he didn't earn his living.

WIVES! MOTHERS! DAUGHTERS!

BE YOUR OWN PHYSICIAN! A lady who was for years a great sufferer from Female Complaints and weaknesses, so common to her sex, and despaired of being cured, finally found remedies which completely cured her, after all else had failed. Any lady can use the remedies and cure herself, without being subjected to a medical examination. From gratitude she will send FREE, Recipes, Illustrated Treatise and full directions, *sealed*. Address (with stamp), MRS. W. C. HOLMES, 658 Broadway, N. Y. (*Name paper.*)

It Might be Right.

Traveler—"Is this the right road to Greenville?"

Rustic—"Well, er—it may be."

Traveler—"It *may* be? What do you mean by that?"

Rustic—"You see, if you take the right hand road down here at the forks this *is* the right road, but if you are fool 'nuff to take the left hand road then this is *not* the right road."

DR. J. H. MCLEAN'S Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier, by its vitalizing properties, will brighten pale cheeks, and transform a pale huggard dispirited woman into one of sparkling health and beauty. $1.00 per bottle.

Blind Bill, a colored inmate of a Georgia poorhouse, has a most remarkable sense of touch. He can tell any one whom he has met by feeling of his hand. A man whom he had not met for ten years shook hands with him the other day and Bill at once called him by name, though not a word had before been spoken.

FOR RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA, CRAMP and Colic there is no remedy superior to the genuine Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil.

LIFE'S TWILIGHT.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

Shadows! Shadows!

As I sit dreaming in the twilight of the day, and the twilight of life, what visions I see in the bed of coals, whose glow only half lights my room, leaving the rest all in shadow! Visions of what might have been, rather than what has been, until I find it hard to discriminate between the real and the ideal. Only when the vision is too bright, puff! comes a fall of ashes, and my rose color turns to black.

Then the shadows come!

Here are several chairs that to the ordinary eye are vacant, but not to mine. On this one nearest to me sits a radiant being who looks at me with love-lit, yet sorrowful eyes.

"Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listened to your lullaby song!"

No need to tell her that I have sorrowed or suffered. Where she is, they know all. The ashes in the grate fall. She is gone, but another comes;

"Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her little hand in mine."

The same luminous brow, the same love-lit eyes, the same high and holy look and over all, youth eternal. Gone in a moment from this world to the next, lifted in the heavenly arms far above all earthly sorrows.

"She is not dead, the child of our affections."

The ashes fall. Other shadows filt through the room. I am never alone. Some of the shadows are dark and they trouble me! But as I look they take light and form.—This one is little sister. This is the name I remember her by. She was sick a long time, and we used to say to each other, "When little sister gets better." And ever since, when we recall the events of those early days, we say, "It was when little sister was better." Oh, yes! She has been better ever since. But she went away to be better, and we have missed her. She often comes to me in this way, and although her lips are mute I seem to hear her say:

"You will be better, too, when you come where I am."

Shadows! more shadows!

The old faces with silver hair.—They cannot be old there, but how would I know them if they did not retain their earth semblance? It is she, the mother of many children; her eyes grew sunken watching by death-beds. They were "homes of silent prayer." Her lips move. She is singing. It is an old tune that I have often heard:

"All e-h-i-l-d-r-e-n of the l-i-v-i-n-g God,
To H-i-s c-o-m-m-ands we bow;
Part of the h-o-s-t h-a-v-e e-r-o-s-sed the flood
A-n-d p-a-r-t are e-r-o-s-sing now."

Again the ashes fall. There is darkness, the day of life is almost over. Ah, there is light! It is in the east. What, is the night over? The shadows are gone!

"We shall go home at evening,
And find it morning there."

Trying a Lawyer.

A writer in the Fairfield (Me.) Journal hears a story with a moral from Poland Spring. One of the boarders there this summer was a young country lawyer with a small practice, who came to the hotel with an invalid sister. A rich old fellow from Philadelphia made his acquaintance at the springside and was pleased with him. Now, this rich old man wanted an honest man to send to Europe on an important business mission. He thought this young lawyer would fill the bill, but proceeded to test him first. After gaining his confidence he told him of a plan he had for making money by a short but very dishonest method. The young man listened attentively, and then firmly declined to be a party to any such arrangement. In vain the old man pleaded that scores of men occupying high positions to-day had made their start in precisely such a way. The young man was firm as a rock. The result was that the Philadelphian, being convinced of the young man's integrity, engaged his services, and he is now on his way to Europe.

PILES! PILES!! PILES!!!

Sure cure for Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles. One box has cured the worst cases of 20 years standing. No one need suffer five minutes after using William's Indian Pile Ointment. It absorbs tumors, allays itching, acts as poultice gives instant relief. Prepared only for Piles, itching of the private parts, nothing else. Sold by druggists and mailed on receipt of price 50c and $1.
WILLIAMS MF'G CO., Prop's, Cleveland, O.

TO YOUNG LADIES.

If your life is made a burden owing to Blackheads, Pimples, and other eruptions on the face, marring your beauty and causing so much chagrin, it is no longer necessary for you to endure it. Dr. Flagg's Family Ointment will certainly remove all such blemishes and leave your *Skin Soft, Smooth and Beautiful*. Sold by all druggists, and mailed on receipt of price, 25 cents.
WILLIAMS MF'G CO., Prop's, Cleveland, O.

A correspondent of the New York Christian Advocate says that Catherine Rood of Hamburg, Vt., aged 103 years, is the oldest Methodist in America. She has been a professing Christian for over eighty years, and when in her prime was noted for her faith and power in prayer. "On one occasion," writes the correspondent, "Sister Rood was exhorting at a camp meeting. A young man spoke in a trifling way of her exercises. As she rebuked him the scorner fell as one dead. He soon sought God."

Billy Dougan of Leadville shot and wounded an elk up on Grand River and followed it. At dusk he tracked it to a clump of timber, and thought he saw a mountain lion crouched over the elk's body. So he fired, and killed Dave Heinman, a well-known hunter, who had come upon the elk, killed it, and was in the act of skinning the carcass.

DURING winter the blood gets thick and sluggish, now is the time to purify it, to build up your system and fit yourself for hard work, by using Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier. $1.00 per bottle.

AMERICAN CHARITY.

What One of England's Most Influential Magazines Says About It.

No people are so tender, so generous, so lavish of active sympathy towards the sick, the bereaved and the unfortunate. In States which, probably from an instinct under their circumstances just and wise, refuse to recognize the right to subsistence by a legal provision for the poor—whereby the idle and vicious would chiefly benefit—nevertheless paupers by the visitation of God, the aged and infirm, the blind, the deaf and dumb, lunatics and idiots, are amply provided for by public and private charity, with all that can alleviate their lot, or teach them, as far as possible, the means of self-dependence. American charity towards the victims of great natural catastrophe, far more common there than here—communities burned out by a forest fire or ruined by a flood—and yet more the personal sacrifices made, the readiness with which men and women devote their leisure, thought and energy to the supervision of their public institutions, the succor and nursing of a community stricken by pestilence, the efficient distribution of public subscriptions, are above praise. A careful study of transatlantic examples might put our own boasted lavishness to shame. —*British Quarterly Review.*

Old Baby.

Poor "old baby;" he hung about the halls and on the stairway, and everybody snubbed him and said: "Oh, your nose is out of joint," and he was told to be quiet or it would disturb "new baby," and he was sent off to bed alone and nobody cuddled him or kissed him to sleep.—His papa told him he had a little angel brother, but he wanted to be angel brother himself, and he just hated new baby. But one day when the nurse was making gruel in another part of the room he was told that he might look at the bundle that lay in his own crib. All he could see was a cross red face and fisticuffs. Ha! a though struck old baby. A cruel, wicked thought; revenge!! He leans over the bundle, he watches the pink fingers unclinch, he puts his rosebud mouth down stealthily, he bites! There is a great cry from new baby, the nurse drops the gruel, all the family fly to the rescue, and bad old baby is summarily bounced. And he wanders about heart broken, and at last goes and gets lost in a cave of gloom.—And he is of some consequence after all, when they cannot find him until some one looks under the hall table, where he is asleep with a very dirty face—

"A smile on his lip and a tear in his eye."

Poor "old baby!"

Drunkenness, or Liquor Habit, can be Cured by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been made temperate men who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effects results from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race St., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Nov. 9, '86y.

Twenty-four Hours to Live.

From John Kuhn, Lafayette, Ind., who announces that he is now in "perfect health," we have the following: "One year ago I was, to all appearance, in the last stages of Consumption. Our best physicians gave my case up. I finally got so low that our doctor said I could only live twenty-four hours. My friends then purchased a bottle of DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, which considerably benefitted me. I continued until I took nine bottles, and I am now in perfect health."

Perhaps no local disease has puzzled and baffled the medical profession more than nasal catarrh. While not immediately fatal it is among the most distressing, nauseous and disgusting ills the flesh is heir to, and the records show very few or no cases of radical cure of chronic catarrh by any of the multitude of modes of treatment until the introduction of Ely's Cream Balm a few years ago. The success of this preparation has been most gratifying and surprising.

About the most cruel thing that has been reported from Connecticut lately was the conduct of three citizens of Norwich, who were on Niantic Bay recently in search of ducks. A gale was blowing, and a bevy of quail, which had evidently been blown off shore, alighted on the duck shooters' boat, too weary to fly any further. The shooters deliberately shot ten of the tired little fellows, and the few that escaped went wearily winging their way out over the bay, and doubtless were drowned.

SICK headache, is the bane of many lives to cure and prevent this annoying complaint use Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Pellets, they are agreeable to take and gentle in their action. 25 cents a vial.

PERSONS who lead a life of exposure are subject to rheumatism, neuralgia and lumbago and will find a valuable remedy in Dr. J. H. McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment, it will banish pain and subdue inflammation.

The ballot is king to-day.—Columbus Dispatch. This is an open-handed slap in King Bob's face.

SUBSCRIBE
FOR THE SPIRIT.

THE BEST LOCAL PAPER IN THE COUNTY.

IF YOU ARE A PUBLIC-SPIRITED CITIZEN, YOU WILL TAKE YOUR HOME PAPER BEFORE ALL OTHERS.

ROYAL
BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y. ly27,'86y.

Volina Cordial
CURES
DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, WEAKNESS, CHILLS AND FEVERS, MALARIA, LIVER COMPLAINT, KIDNEY TROUBLES, NEURALGIA AND RHEUMATISM.

IT is Invigorating and Delightful to take, and a great value as a Medicine for weak and Ailing Women and Children.

IT gives NEW LIFE to the whole SYSTEM by Strengthening the Muscles, Toning the NERVES, and completely Digesting the food.

Volina Cordial

Book, 'Volina,' sent free, telling how to treat diseases at HOME, sent free, together with a handsome card of new Music, sent free, on receipt of 10c.

ONLY BY
Volina Drug and Chemical Company,
Louisville, Ky., U. S. A.
sep.21,86.

DIRECTORIES.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judge	ST. CLAIR KELLEY.
Representative	HENRY LYONS.
Probate Judge	A. J. PEARSON.
Auditor	H. R. MUHLEMAN.
Treasurer	CYRUS E. MILLER.
Clerk	ASHER OKEY.
Recorder	E. J. GRAHAM.
Prosecuting Attorney	H. S. ARMSTRONG.
Sheriff	L. SULSBERGER.
Surveyor	ARTHUR OKEY.
Commissioners,	N. D. GARDEN. JOHN RUBY. ALEX. HARMON.
Infirmary Directors	HENRY SMITH. FRED STORER. G. L. GILLESPIE.

MUNICIPAL.

Mayor	JOHN W. DOHERTY.
Recorder	GEO. P. DORR.
Treasurer	FRITZ REEF.
Marshal	WM. LANG.
Councilmen	J. P. SPRIGGS. R. W. POPE. C. LUDE. J. REINHERR. I. P. FARQUHAR.
Street Commissioner	JOHN DOHERTY.

CHURCH.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.—Rev. W. H. DEVORE, Pastor. Social meeting and communion each Lord's Day at 10½ o'clock A. M. Services on second Sunday in each month at 11 o'clock A. M.; also, 7 o'clock P. M. Sunday School 9 o'clock A. M.

M. E. CHURCH.—Services at the M. E. Church, Woodsfield, each Sabbath. Preaching at 10.30 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday School 11.30 A. M. Prayer meeting each Thursday at 7 P. M. Pastor, Rev. S. P. DOUGLASS.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Services at the Presbyterian Church, every two weeks at 2½ o'clock P. M. Sunday School each Sunday at 1 o'clock P. M. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 6½ o'clock. Pastor, Rev. W. T. GARROWAY.

ST. SYLVESTER'S CATHOLIC CHURCH.—Rev. Father WEISINGER, Pastor. Services at 8 and 10 o'clock A. M. Sunday School at 2 P. M. Vespers and Benediction at 3 P. M.

ST. PAUL'S GERMAN EVANGELICAL CHURCH.—Services every two weeks at 10 o'clock A. M. Sunday School each Sunday at 9 o'clock A. M. Services each alternate Sunday at Lewisville at 10 o'clock A. M. Pastor, Rev. A. J. WINTERICK.

SOCIETIES.

WOODSFIELD LODGE NO. 377, I. O. O. F.—Meets eve ry Tuesday evening. A. J. PEARSON, N. G.; G. G. JENNINGS, Sec'y.

WOODSFIELD ENCAMPMENT, NO. 168.—Meets in Lodge Room the first and third Friday evening of each month. ASHER OKEY, C. P.; FRITZ REEF, Scribe.

MONROE LODGE NO. 189, F. & A. M.—Meets at Masonic Hall in Woodsfield, on Wednesday evenings, on or before each full moon. J. P. SPRIGGS, 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, Sec'y.

HOTELS.

ARLINGTON HOUSE,
Lewisville, Ohio.
JOHN G. DISTLER, Proprietor.
The ARLINGTON HOTEL is newly fitted out, and the proprietor will spare no pains to accommodate the public in the best of style. Plenty of good stable room. ly13,'86.

Driggs Hotel,
JACOB BURKHART, Proprietor,
Main Street, Woodsfield, Ohio.
Guests will find the best accommodations at this hotel, and no pains will be spared to make them comfortable. Rates very reasonable. Special care will be taken of horses.
The proprietor of this Hotel is also General Insurance Agent for four of the leading companies of the United States. apr26,'85y.

THE HOWELL HOUSE,
Nos. 1208, 1210, 1212 & 1214,
Water Street, Wheeling, W. Va.,
Is the place to stop. All newly fitted up and in first-class shape. Monroe County people should make sure to stop there, as they are always welcome. W. B. HOWELL, Prop.
mch30,'86v

EAGLE HOUSE,
PAUL STREET,
Woodsfield, Ohio.
O. POULTON, - - Proprietor.
Having purchased the above named Hotel, and furnished it comfortably for the accommodation of travelers, I cordially invite them to visit me.
RATES REASONABLE.
Also, proprietor of TOWN HALL and SKATING RINK. Dancing parties accommodated at all times. dec4,'85y.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. B. DUNNIE,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
BEALLSVILLE, OHIO.
Office in the Armstrong property.
apr30,'78y.

JAS. SCHWYNN, M. D.,
(German,)
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Baresville, O.,
Will attend to all calls night or day.—nov9m2.

J. H. RUGH, M. D. J. W. WEBER, M. D
RUGH & WEBER,
Physicians and Surgeons,
Lewisville, Ohio.
Calls from all parts of the county will receive prompt attention. Chronic diseases and Surgery will receive prompt attention.—apr6,'85y.

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.

L. P. Diehl, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
LEWISVILLE, OHIO.
By close attention to business expects to merit public patronage. Calls from any part of the county will receive prompt attention day or night. mch30,'85.

W. J. GRIMES, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Woodsfield, O.
Office over Bert Jones' Grocery. Calls promptly attended. apr13,'86y.

ATTORNEYS.

G. W. HAMILTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
WOODSFIELD, OHIO

JAMES WATSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
jan31,'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,'86.

JOHN W. DOHERTY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Woodsfield, Ohio.
nov3,'81.

W. V. WALTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
—AND—
Notary Public,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
Office over Pope's Drug Store. jel5,'86.

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.

J. R. DRIGGS, *Pr's. Attorney.* W. E. 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. je2,'85.

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. je2,'85.

LEGAL NOTICE.

JOSEPHUS COX and Margaret L. Cox, whose postoffice address and place of residence are unknown, will take notice, that on the 11th day of September, 1886, Edward E. Zane, as guardian of George, John, Edward and James Schaub, minor heirs of Michael Schaub, deceased, filed his petition against them and others in the Court of Common Pleas of Monroe County, Ohio, in which petition, he asks for a finding that said Josephus Cox is indebted to him on a note dated April 1st, 1884, at two years, signed by Josephus Cox for Two hundred and fifty dollars and payable to the order of Michael Schaub, with eight per cent interest from date, payable annually,—interest paid to April 1st, 1885; also, to foreclose mortgage given to secure said notes signed by Josephus Cox and Margaret L. Cox, and to sell the following described real estate described in said mortgage, to-wit: The northwest quarter of the southwest quarter of section twenty-five, township three of range five, containing thirty-three acres, for the purpose of paying said indebtedness. You are required to answer said petition on or before the 18th day of November, 1886.
EDWARD E. ZANE, Guardian.
By DRIGGS & MALLORY, his Att'ys.
sept14,'86t7.

REDEMPTION NOTICE.

To Isaac Hatcher or Whom it may Concern:

Notice is hereby given that Michael Salisbury has paid into the County Treasury a sum sufficient to redeem the southeast quarter of the southwest quarter and the south half of the southeast quarter of range 5 of township 2 of section 5 containing 79 acres, sold at a Delinquent Tax Sale, by John Ruegsegger, Treasurer of Monroe County, Ohio, January 19, 1886 in the name of Michael Salisbury to Isaac Hatcher.
H. R. MUHLEMAN,
Auditor Monroe County, Ohio.
oct19,