[CONTINUED FROM 2d PAGE]

grew in culture they came into frequent use. So, many of our own words came from this source that we are constantly speaking Greek and Latin without knowing it. The practice of adding to the English vocabulary, words adopted from these languages is still carried on with activity, and there is little prospect of a change. It is absolutely necessary as a means of denoting those new objects, ideas and relations which are continually appearing and demanding expression. The resources of English for the formation of new words are so limited that aid from other languages are indispensible. New terms which are required by the progress of science are almost wholly drawn from the inexhaustable storehouse of Greek and Latin.

The terms derived from these languages are descriptive of their properties or objects which they represent. Thus a Greek scholar upon hearing the words "thermometer" and "telescope," will immediately know what they mean, for they are derived directly from the Greek. The former is derived from *thermos*, heat, and *meter*, measure, or heat measure; and the latter from *tele*, distance, and *scopio*, to see, or to see at a distance. You can readily see that the definition of the word is contained in the etymology. But one ignorant of Greek, although he might know that certain objects were called by these names, could give no reason why a thermometer might not as well be called telescope, and indeed could easily mistake the one for the other.

The classics furnish names for all the sciences and many of the arts; of many geometrical figures; of almost every mathematical, astronomical and physical instrument; of almost all surgical instruments; almost all various instruments employed in the practical applications of science; in botany it has given names to all the classes and orders of the Linden system. There is no department of life, no line of business, not even a column in the newspaper that is not bristling with Greek or Latin words. How can we expect to understand any of these terms without a knowledge of the classics? These are the arguments for sustaining the classics in modern education. Yet in the face of all these existing facts our opponents would dispense with those studies. What language is strong enough to denounce their vandalism? What penalty is severe enough for those who with ruthless hands would tear down and destroy these mountains of past greatness, those relics sacred to every true scholar's heart? Must we consign to oblivion the eloquence of Demosthenes, the wisdom of the sages, the valiant deeds of Cæsar and the philosophy of that grand old Plato? Believe me, never!

THE GRACE OF CONFORMITY.

BY ALMA H. M'CARTHY.

The graciousness that wins our admiration is an excellency to which we involuntarily do reverence. Ere the devout spirit of man lifted up his voice in the solemn aisles of groves, Nature claimed his first attention to her beauty and "filled his heart with psalmody and his ear with song."

As insensibly as the mountain blends with the plain, do the harmonious developments of the successive creations combine themselves in fitness with Nature's taste. The recognition of the earthy materials in strata, continuous over large areas, and resembling each other in different countries, accords with the grander conception of the wisdom and perfection of God's labors; and, diversely, hints at the inconsistency of the discontented elements.

The earth's surface is covered with soil; but over this the gracious hand has thrown a "beautiful garment, with which, in their season, interweave and mingle leaves, blossoms and flowers of every hue by which the eye can be delighted. Over all its necessities and struggles and utilities, we may throw a sentiment, a romance, a poetry which shall make our existence nobler."

The murmur of the brook, the rush of the river, the roar of the sea, the sighing of the winds, the song of the birds, the opening bud of spring, the fall of the autumnal leaf, and the twinkling stars are melodies which the heart cannot help but connect with a beautiful moral feeling.

So the government of man relates to the revelation of the Divine will.

As Nature adjusts and sustains, she also agitates the elements.

The impending cloud shuts out the smile of the brotherhood, the stars, and the music made by the tenor of their felicity is unheard in roar of the thunder-storm.—The discord, however, is but as the comet or meteor in the serenity of the skies, as "tinkling symbals" in the harmony of the universe.

Every man's mind is to him a kingdom, a universe, and in this mental structure he is to seek for uniformity in character and reputation, a consistent rhymthic movement of parts, and the crowning grace of all conformity is the harmony of a well-ordered life.

In the developments of human attainments, the moral and social qualities, each one's peculiar field of power is presented.

The great part of the infelicity of men arises not so much from their circumstances, or the manner in which they are situated, as from their pride, vanity and ambitious desires.

It seems an unfortunate propensity in human nature that an individual should overrate his personal connection with the world, and so in hours of suffering, reach out yearningly for sympathy and brotherhood to others as self-absorbed and carrying different, though perhaps as heavy burdens, as his.

Such was the discordant element in the nature of the poet Shelley.

The antagonistic spirit fades to a wan flame, the gloom deepens to despondency and despair, and in the darkness the benighted soul is heard to say:

"Summer is dead, but yet I live to weep,
The instability of all but weeping."

Cut off from all association with the active interests, having no part or lot in the interests which absorb the minds of other men and women, it is easy to see that such lives must afterwhile run in a very narrow groove.—Though mortal may not know the purpose of his being, the end for which he was created and placed as he is, yet he may so live to his fellow creatures and his God; he may so imitate the features of the Divine Artist, as expressed in form and hue and proportion, that the mellowed sigh on his heart shall swell in the full majestic song of praise on his lips. For,

"We bind in form and hue and height,
The Finite with the Infinite."

RECITATION

BY HARRY SHOTWELL.

[From the Tragical History of Dr. Faustus.]

Faustus- I've now alas! Philosophy,
Medicine and jurisprudence too,
And to my cost theology,
With ardent labour studied through.
And here I stand with all my lore,
Poor fool, no wiser than before,
Master, ay doctor styled indeed,
Already these ten years I lead
Up, down, across, and to and fro
My pupils by the nose and learn,
That we in truth can nothing know!
This in my heart like fire doth burn.
True I've more wit than all your solemn fools;
Priests, doctors, scribes, magisters of schools,
Nor doubts nor scruple, torture now my breast,
Nor dread of hell or devil mars my rest;
Hence is my heart of every joy bereft;
No faith in knowledge to my soul is left;
No longer doth the hope delude my mind,
By truth to better and convert mankind.
Then I have neither goods nor treasure,
No worldly honor, rank or pleasure.
No dog would longer such a life desire!
Hence have I applied to magic to enquire
Whether the spirits voice and power to me
May not unveil full many a mystery.
That I no more the sweat upon my brow,
Need speak of things of which I nothing know
That I may recognize the hidden ties
That bind creations inmost energies.
So now I heathe my course upon all that windeth
Its coil of magic influence round the soul.
And before all curs'd be the high opinion
Wherein the spirit girds itse faround!
O! show's delusive curs'd be the dominion,
Within whose mocking sphere our sense is bound!
Accurs'd of lying dreams, the treacherous wiles,
The chest of glory, fame's exalted rage!
Accurs'd as property what each fancies;
As wife and child, as share and heritage!
Accurs'd be mammon, when with treasure
He doth to daring deeds excite;
Or when to steep the soul in pleasure,
He spreads the couch of soft delight.
Curs'd be the grape's balsamic juice!
Accursed love's dream, of joys the first!
Accurs'd be hope! accurs'd be faith!
And more than all be patience curs'd!

CHORUS.

Woe! Woe!
Thou hast destroyed
The beautiful world
With violent blow;
T'sshiver'd; 'tis shatter'd!
The fragments abroad by a demigod scatter'd
Now we sweep
The wrecks into nothingness!

Mephistopeles--Forbear to trifle longer with your grief,
Which, vulture like, consumes in this den.
The worst society has some relief,
You'll feel yourself as man with fellow men.
Not that I'd thrust you 'mid the vulgar throng,
Nor do you to the upper ranks belong.
But if through life I may your steps attend,
I will at once engage to be your friend.
I am your comrade, should I suit your need;
Your servent I, your very slave indeed!

F--Nay! Nay!
The devil is an egotist I know;
And never for God's sake doth kindness show;
Let the conditions plainly be expressed
Such a domestic is a dangerous guest.

M--I'll pledge myself to be your servent
HERE;
Ne'er at your call to slumber or be still;
But when together yonder we appear,
You shall submissively obey my will.

F--But small concern I feel for yonder world;
Hast thou this system into ruin hurl,d
Another may arise the void to fill.
This earth the fountain whence my pleasure flow,
This sun doth daily shine upon my woe,
And can I but from these divorce my lot,
Then come what may,—To me it matters not,
Whether hereafter we shall hate or love,
And whether, also, in those distant spheres,
There is a depth below or a height above.

M—In this mood you may venture it. But make
The compact, and at once I'll undertake
To charm you with mine arts. I'll give you more
That mortal eye hath ere beheld before.

F—And what poor devil, hast thou to bestow?
Was mortal spirit, in its high endeavor,
Ever fashioned by a being such as thou?
Yet food thou hast that satisfieth never,
Red gold indeed thou hast that swiftly flies,
Gliding like restless quicksilver away.
A game at which none ever win who play,
A damsel, who, on her breast she lies,
To lure a neighbor kindly doth essay,
Thine, too, ambitious bright and godlike dream,
Bareless and transient as the metior's gleam;
Show me the fruits that ere they're pluck'd decay
And trees whose verdure buddeth every day.

M—Such a demand affrights me not; with ease
I can provide you treasures such as these,
But in due course a season will come round
When on what's good we may regale in peace.

F—If ever in indolent repose I'm found,
Then let my life upon the instant cease!
Can't thou thy flatt'ring spells around me cast,
And cheat me into self complacent pride,
Or sweet enjoyment—Be that hour my last.
Be this our wager!

M—'Tis done; 'tis ratified.

Faustus—Ah, Gentlemen!
First Scholar—What ails Faustus?
F.—Ah, my dear friends, had I live'd with thee, then had I lived still; but now I die eternally! Look, comes he not? comes he not?

Second Scholar—What means Faustus?
Third Scholar—Belike he has grown into some sickness by being over solitary.
F.S.—If it be so, we'll have physicians to cure him. 'Tis but a surfeit; never fear, man.
F.—A surfeit of deadly sin, that hath damned both body and soul.
S.S.—Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven; remember God's mercies are infinite.

F.—But Faustus's offense can ne'er be pardoned; the serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. Ah, gentlemen, hear me with patience and tremble not at my speeches! Though my heart pants and quivers to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, oh, would I had never seen Wertemberg, never read book! and what wonders have I done, all Germany can witness, yea, all the world; for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world, yea, heaven itself—heaven, the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy—and must remain in hell forever—hell, ah, hell, forever! Dear friends, what shall become of Faustus, being in hell forever?

T.S.—Yet, Faustus, call on God.
F.—On God, whom Faustus hath abjured! On God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed! Ah, my God, I would weep! but the devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood, instead of tears! yea, life and soul! Oh, he stays my tongue! I would lift up my hands; but see, they hold them, they hold them!
All—Who, Faustus?
F.—Lucifer and Mephistopheles. Ah, gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my cunning.
All—God forbid!
F.—God forbade it, indeed; but Faustus hath done it; for vain pleasure of twenty-four years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood: the date is expired; the time will come, and he will fetch me.

F.S.—Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee?
F.—Oft have I thought to have done so; but the devil threatened to tear me to pieces if I named God, to fetch both body and soul if I once gave ear to divinity; and now 'tis too late. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with me.
S.S.—Oh, what shall we do to save Faustus?
F.—Talk not of me, but save you selves, and depart.
T.S.—God will strengthen me; I will stay with Faustus.
F.S.—Tempt not God, sweet friend; but let us into the next room, and there pray for him.
F.—Ay, pray for me, pray for me; and what noise soever ye hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.
S.S.—Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee.
F.—Gentleman, farewell; if I live till morning, I'll visit you; if not, Faustus is gone to hell.
All—Faustus, farewell.

F. Ah, Faustus.
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually!
Stand still, you ever moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come;
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a week, a month, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!
O LENTE, LENTE CURRITE, NOCTIS EQUI!
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd!
Oh, I'll leap up to my God;—Who pulls me down?—
See, See, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!
One drop would save my soul, half a drop; ah, my Christ!—
Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!
Yet will I call on him: Oh, spare me, Lucifer!
Where is it now? 'tis gone: and see, where God
Stretcheth out His arm, and bends His ireful brows?
Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!
No, no!
Then will I headlong run into the earth:
Earth, gape: Oh, no, it will not harbor me!
You stars that reigned at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist,
Into the entrails of you laboring cloud,
That, when you vomit fourth, into air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,
So that my soul may but ascend to heaven!
Ah, half the hour is past! 'twill all be past anon.
Oh, God,
If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
Yet for Christ's sake, whose blood hath ransom'd me,
Impose some end to my incessant pain;
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and at last be saved!
Oh, no end is limited to damned souls?
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Oh why is this immortal that thou hast?
Ah, Pythagoras' metempschois, were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be changed
Into some brutish beast! all beasts are happy,
For when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements;
But mine must live still to be plagued in hell.
Curs'd be the parents that engendered me!
No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer
That hath deprived thee of the joys of heaven.

Oh it strikes, it strikes! Now, body turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear the quick to hell!
Oh, soul, be changed into little water-drops,
And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found!
My God my God, look not so fierce on me!
Adders, and serpents, let me breathe awhile!
Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!
I'll burn my books!—Ah, Mephistopheles!

THE MERMAID'S COMPLAINT.

BY MARY ISAMINGER.

The day had come to the twilight hour;
O'er lovely earth the moonlight lay,
Poured from out the silver ship
That follows after the king of day.

The Hocking river rolled in its bed,
And tossed and moaned and would not sleep;
For it was filled with troubled dreams,
And would only murmur and sigh and weep.

Along the banks the leafy trees,
Were casting shadows deep and wide;
And in the shadows the restless waves
Their tearful faces sought to hide.

Among the caves along the shore,
The Sprites and Naiads and Mermaids dwell;
And when the stars are twinkling bright,
They often meet in a shady dell.

To gambol and gossip among themselves,
To run and skip in gleeful play,
Until the great white day returns,
When they grow shy and hide away.

To-night they meet not as of old,
To sing and dance within the dale;
The air is filled with sighs and groans,
And every face is sad and pale.

Neptune stood in his pearly boat,
And waved his trident o'er the stream,
And bade the river cease her strife,
And wake up from her troubled dream.

And when he spoke the noise was stilled;
The waters rolled in peace along;
The sighs were hushed and silence reigned,
With power supreme, among the throng.

One Mermaid bolder than the rest,
Rose and addressed the ocean God;
"Our home is in the old canal,
Which runs adown this valley broad."

Upon the lock at Boardman's Mill,
For many years I've combed my hair,
And never have molested been,
Nor troubled with a single care.

But now the hand of mighty man,
Has snatched from me that throne so dear,
And torn my soul with anguish such,
That I can not even shed a tear.

And I am not the only nymph,
That by his hand has suffered so,
For every one that dwelt there-in,
From out the placid stream must go.

The stream itself is doomed to death;
It is not swift enough for man;
And in its place he needs must put
An iron railroad;—that's his plan.

Over which the cars will rush,
So that we can not even see,
The spots we all so sacred hold,
And where our lovely homes should be.

The Mermaid looked upon the God,
If from his aspect, she could learn,
Whether he would interfere,
And fortune's fickle wheel would turn.

His face with indignation burned;
His eyes flashed fire; his breath came hard;
He gnashed his teeth and curses rained,
On those whose hand their peace had marred.

His grand, impassioned eloquence,
Was terrifying to the sprites,
Although they knew the cause of it,
Was man's transgression o. their rights.

A curse upon the man who dared
To doom the old canal to death;
May all the air grow hot and dry,
And he not get e'en one pure breath.

May every fish pond that he makes,
Grow stagnant in the solar heat;
May all his cattle die of thirst——
And thus deprive him of his meat.

May drought lay hold on all his crops,
To scorch the wheat stock's graceful head;
To ruin all the other grain ——
And thus deprive him of his bread.

May chills and headache hold him fast;
And when the fever is burning so,
Then may the springs and wells all fail.
To yield one drop of H2O.

Let cruel ague shake his frame,
And let him thurst and pine and sigh,
And call for lemonade in vain,
And take his quinine powders dry.

Go to your homes in the old canal,
And I will plead 'gainst cruel man,
And with the help of Jupiter,
Will turn him from his direful plan.

With joyful hearts they went away,
With lightsome step and faces bright,
Prizing their native stream much more,
Since passing through that dreadful night.

The Hocking river lay in its bed,
And laughing, playing, tossing along,
Over its clean and pebbly couch,
To itself it sang a low sweet song,

For all its troubles were past and gone;
It's dreams of terror had flown away,
As over the top of the eastern hills,
Arose the herald of the Day.

The Royal Purple of Manhood.

BY MERT. F. SMITH.

The rarest product of the Phœnecian art was Tyrian dye, and with this costly principle they colored the finest fabric of the Sidonian looms. Of more value than an equal weight of gold, it dropped only into the service of wealth and became at once the distinguishing characteristic between king and peasant; noble and debased; true and false.—But as the planets revolve and time runs, bringing with it at every new tide fresh ranks of civilization, we notice that it also conveys new customs and ideas. In modern times the merit of persons is not judged by the color of their garments, neither by the jewels of their hands; but instead of this an idea now occupies the place where once material stood. This idea may be justly called the "Royal Purple of Manhood," (being found to exist in true character and absent in one of less worth) and is judged mainly by action.

Among the requisites of a true manhood is a good moral character. If the young man has this characteristic he will of course tend to virtue and will win the confidence and respect of others. As Daniel Webster has said, "nothing of character is really permanent but virtue and personal worth." But we must understand that morality does not pertain merely to the obvious character. The constitutional law controls or rather restricts the outward actions as apparent to the eye, but the moral law has for her scope the silent workings of the heart. The former guards the actions of the muscles, while the latter has dominion over our delicate internal nature. Then let him be not only obviously moral, but let his very thoughts be so. For his thoughts will shape themselves into actions and action of worth and good live forever; in fact goodness is the only true greatness. Then let him remember that these thoughts are not worthless, for some of the greatest conquests ever made have been achieved after the hero himself was dead.

Another requisite of this true manhood is a strong will in connection with moral courage. His strong will, will enable him to command himself so that he may overcome the common trials of life, while his moral courage being exercised often and to good effect will strengthen his moral character. It may here be truly said that the common and seemingly small temptations of every day life are the greatest enemies to mankind. They slip in upon us at our weakest times and finally bind us captive. But the boy who can say "no" without faltering to those who would tempt him, is stronger than a lion. Vice always assumes the most attractive form, and placing herself on the shore of some fascinating pleasure, sings forth in sweet and melodious strains, as the mythological Sirens, luring the unfortunate mariners nearer and near only to sport in their destruction on the deceitful and spear-like rocks. Thus many a pure and innocent youth has been led into the ways of evil and finally surrounded by her clutching coils, is dragged into the marshes of debauchery, till at length the once fair child, created a little lower than the angels, has sunk so low that he has to look upward to the plat, form of the lowest brute. But why is this so frequently happening? It is simply because these young men have neither the strong will nor moral courage to resist. Like Ulyses, they must fill their ears, as it were, with wax, so that they may dismiss even the remotest inclination to yield to temptation. Samuel Smiles has said, "nothing can work me danger but myself," and we find that this is generally true, for on this broad and vast ocean of life each man is his own helmsman and his safety depends upon the skillfulness of his own movements. As the old proverb goes, "A strong man and a waterfall channel their own paths.—Therefore if this degraded nature had at the first temptation said "no," he might possibly exchanged from the extreme of degradation to the extreme of earthly nobleness.

Besides a moral character and strong will, our hero must needs have ambition to succeed; for without it these former qualities are little more than ornamental. He must feel an honorable anxiety to be continually changing his platform in life to a higher standard. While it is never advisable to leave anything of good until completed, he should at the same time watch vigilantly to see when it is completed, so that he may shift on to some more elevated rank. It has been remarked by one that he who remains on the same level through life is comparatively of little worth, and this is remarkably true; for no man was ever born great, but those who have proved so have done it by continual and gradual rise.

Another quality which is very necessary for perfect manhood is respect of self and others. While exercising his strong will or moral courage in connection with his ambition to succeed, he must at the same time shape them so that they will reflect no disrespect upon himself and others. If he should base his ambition upon things out of his sphere and not suited to himself he has made a sad mistake and degraded rather than elevated himself. However when he has followed these rules he has begun his career upon principles that will last; and these qualities cemented together by judicious and conscientious thought will form a foundation for the grandest earthly lite we can know, for the foundation foretells the structure. When we look upon a broad and deep foundation we know it to be that for a large building. So when we look upon this foundation of solid principles we foretell a structure as massive as Chimborazo. Then before us we see one who is a type of nobility; a star of the first magnitude shining with all his splendor, and as it seems a model of perfect manhood; but in the hours of his silent thought there comes to him as it were an echo reverberating in the ether of an unknown atmosphere whispering in accents clear and definite, "Well done, well done," most noble man, but one thing yet remains for you to do, which will give the brightest lustre to your crown, a gem of gems; a set more lovely than all the rest, of manhood's royal purple the most royal; that act is namely this: "The duty you owe to God."

Dr. C. O. Allen, the very excellent gentleman and popular physician of Haydenville was in the city yesterday on professional business. Dr. Allen is one of the best of our country Physicians, and always meets with a hearty welcome from the profession and his many personal friends when he visits Logan.

Judge Friesner is holding Court this week in New Lexington.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Mrs. Chas. Bowlby is visiting friends and relatives in Cardington.

The 58th O. V. I. will hold a Reunion in Logan on July 4th.

The Sons of Veterans will celebrate the Fourth in Logan.

The Misses McGillivray of McArthur, were guests last week of Mrs. Phil Thompson.

Dr. Ira Hamblin, assistant physician at the Columbus Asylum, visited his parents in Logan this week.

The infant child of James Gilmore, of Haydenville, was buried in Oak Grove Cemetery, at Logan, last Friday.

Mr. Amos Beery, of Brice, Franklin Co. was a visitor among his Logan friends last week.

Frank Baird broke one of his ribs on last Tuesday night, falling against a coal car at the furnace. He soon recovered and is out and able to attend conventions again.

Death of Morgan Richards.

Morgan Richards, murderer of Mrs. Terrel, died in the insane hospital at the Penitentiary on last Sunday. He had been insane from the time of his confinement.

Bro. Gould of the Jackson Herald, came over to Logan, Tuesday, intending to "go fishing with the boys," but the rain spoilt the fun this time as it did on his former visit. We have placed him on Frank Myer's weather regulating staff, and when we want rain, will send for him to come over on a fishing expedition.

The Graduating Class Addresses.

We present this week the Addresses of the Graduates of the Logan High School, which we think will be interesting to the patrons of our schools as well as to all the teachers of our county. The Addresses indicate thought and culture, and a literary ability of an exceptionally high order,

The Address of Prof. Rathmell will appear next week.

Mrs. Harlow White, Mrs. Jno. Schempp and Mrs. R. W. Keynes returned home Friday from a week's visit to friends in Circleville.

Dr. Ira Hamblin, of Dayton, is visiting his parents in Logan this week.

Misses Finefrock, daughters of Judge Finefrock of Fremont, O., were visiting Logan last week, the guests of their cousin Miss Kate Finefrock.

Mrs. Geo. Kienschmidt and mother visited friends and relatives at Berne Station last week.

Mr. Ulrick of Lancaster was in our city last week arranging for the purchasing of wool.

Mr. L. D. Vickers who was quite ill last week is able to be out and about again.

Mrs. Mumford and Brashears are visiting in the west, and will remain for some months.

Mrs. J. B. Butin and son Roy are spending the summer in Garnett, Kas., guests of Mrs. B's mother.

Mrs. Con. Weitzel of Macon, Georgia, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Smith in Logan.

Mrs. E. B. Comly and son Roy, are visiting this week in New Lexington.

Comly & Higgins will present next week some advertising items of interest to the farmers of Hocking county.

Mr. George Turner, of Independence, Kansas, who has been visiting friends and relatives in this city, returned home last Tuesday.

Grandfather Till, one of our oldest and most esteemed citizens, who has been sick for a long time, still survives, and it is the hope and prayer of his many friends that his life may yet be prolonged.

Last week, when Mr. Godecke was handling a bunch of bananas, a bird flew out from a nest, and after flying about the room for a few moments escaped. The bananas were from Central America.

The Council last Tuesday evening appointed John Stedem and Flave Davey as Night Police for the ensuing year. The appointments are good ones, and will be endorsed by the entire public of Logan.

Dr. Jas. Little is supplying the Logan, Nelsonville, Straitsville and surrounding towns with the very best quality of Strawberries. He employs about a dozen boys and girls picking and packing. His shipments average about 200 quarts daily.

There was a pleasant Birth Day party at Yank McCarthy's on last Sunday morning. The party was in honor of the youngest son, and the birth day, the first. May he live long and his anniversaries all as heartily welcomed as his first.

Will Maginnis, one of the popular and rising young attorneys of Zanesville, was in the city yesterday, and in company with a number of Athenians, visited the Rock House, and enjoyed a brief hour admiring the wonders of our western hills.

Logan Teachers.

The Logan School Board has appointed teachers for the ensuing year. Mr. Rathmell declined and Col. W. S. Friesner was appointed High School Teacher.—The selection of teachers for the various other departments has not yet been finally settled.

Hocking County Boys Recognized.

It is a matter of just pride to know that our young Hocking Democrats are meriting and receiving recognition from the Democratic State Administration. Bill England has a position in the Auditor of State's office; Charley Bowen in the clerical department of the Penitentiary; Ira Hamblin as Physician in the Columbus Lunatic Asylum; R. E. Hamblin, Steward at Athens; Mart Dumalt, guard at the Penitentiary; John McBride, Sup't., and Miss Maggie Case, Collector of the Hocking Canal.

The following complimentary letter, tendering a position to Mr. Carl Buerhaus, which was declined, shows also the esteem in which he was held:

INSURANCE DEPARTMENT,
Columbus May 9, 1882

Hon. Carl H. Buerhaus:

My Dear Friend—Knowing your zeal and work for George Hoadly's nomination and feeling you are entitled to substantial recognition, I desire to tender you the place of Deputy Insurance Commissioner. If you can find it to your interest to accept, please signify your willingness by not later than 20th of May.

Truly Yours,
HENRY J. REINMUND.

Come and Hear Old Folks.

There will be an "Old Folks" Singing in Logan, on the 24th of June, being the last Tuesday in this month. The singing will be held in the Presbyterian Church, at 2 o'clock and 8 o'clock, p. m. All are invited. We hope to have a grand good time. These singings are truly worthy of the attention of every one who may wish to hear the most heart cheering church music. Singers and friends from a distance are invited and will surely be here. Don't fail to come and have a good time. D

The Hocking County Board of Examiners met on Saturday and examined twenty three applicants, four of whom had received six month certificates during year and seven others had failed at a previous examination.

Following are the successful applicants: T. M. Cherry, Martha Dollison, Jennie Gage and Emma Westenhaver, two year certificates; B. H. Allen, W. E. Allen, E. A. Stoneburner, John M. White, Hannah See, W. F. Hood, Anny E. Redick, Perry L. Beal, Carrie Brand, and Jesse Beery, one year certificates.

There were 9 failures, among them one who has failed nine times.

Wedding.

Married at the residence of the brides parents, in Marion township, Hocking county, Ohio. Tuesday, June 3, 1884, Rev. Henry T. Rauh of Zanesville, Ohio, and Miss Fannie Belen Weaver. The ceremony was elegantly and solemnly performed by Rev. C. Dryer of Lancaster, O.

This was a noted event, at which a very large circle of friends and relative were present, all contributing to the joy of the occasion by their merry faces and kind words to the happy couple. There were a great many beautiful and costly presents, among which were the following:

Esty Organ, bride's parents.

Cash and tablecloth, Mr. and Mrs. Rauh.

Twenty five dollars cash, C as. Rauh.

Bed spread, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Kull.

Marble top stand and toilet set, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Beck.

Fine crome, toilet set and spittoon, Mr. Geo. Rudolph.

Bride's cake and set of silver knives and forks, C. Stolzenback and wife.

Set of silver spoons, Mrs. J. Northaven.

Silver butter knife and album, Mrs. F. Mayer.

Glass fruit stand, Miss Lola Rudolph.

Table cloth, Wash Weinman and wife.

Table cloth, John Miller and wife.

30 crocks of flowers, Geo. Bottles.

Fancy cup and saucer, Sue Bury.

Lamp, M. F. Weaver and wife.

Bed spread, Geo. Weidner and wife.

Chair Tidy, Sadie Weaver.

Clock and fancy painting, Rev. Frank.

Chamber set, Susie Rauh.

Napkins and tidy, Sophia Rauh.

Cash, M. Weaver.

Boquet, Lucy Mayer.

Bed spread, Jacob Weaver and wife.

The happy couple left for a four weeks tour by way of Niagara Falls to the east. May happiness and prosperity ever attend them. W

Obituary.

Mrs. Eveline Nixon was born April 15, 1831, died June 5, 1884, in the 53d year of her age. The deceased was a sister of Mr. John Vanhorn of our city. Her remains were interred at Gore cemetery, Rev. Hart, of Logan, the officiating minister.

George Fox has just completed a new slaughter house on his lot in the Murphy Addition.—George has moved all his slaughtering apparatus and is better prepared than ever to do butchering in city style. He continues to kill the finest, first grade cattle, sheep and hogs in Ohio.

Go to Frank Myers for fresh honey.

Wm. Waner, at the Starr saloon, in Furnacetown, has purchased a stock of Clayton and Russell's Bitters which is highly recommended for the stomach.

Jacob Fox, the old reliable grocery and saloon man in Furnacetown wishes to say to the people that he is carrying nothing but fresh goods and will dispose of them cheap for cash.

Mrs. N. J. Haines has just received a fine assortment of the latest summer styles of millinery which she will sell at cost for the next thirty days. If you want a stylish hat or bonnet or a fashionable and tastily made dress give her a call.

Phil Slisher has not only the finest dancing hall in Logan, but he has also the most commodious refreshment rooms on East Main street. Phil has the newest room and keeps the freshest drinks. His post is at the counter where he surpasses in serving his customers.

George Hartman, whom his younger brothers called our George, is emphatically our George is down where the sun rises, makes his appearance with the dawn of day, and has drinks for sale as refreshing as the morning sun.

The leading saloon of the town is kept by Yank McCarthy. His stock of groceries are fresh, and are sold at prices that the laboring as well as the richer class of people can buy. In the saloon department, nothing but first class drinks put over the bar.

For Sale

In Laurelville, Friends Hotel and Saloon. Cheap.
May 24—1m.

NOTICE.

Blanks for such register are now ready at my office for individual and partnership trades required to record their names with the County Recorder.
JACOB WEAVER, Recorder.

Are the head lines for an article interesting to farmers in next issue of Sentinel.

An Ordinance.

Establishing a City Prison and authorizing the Mayor or Marshal and the Police to confine therein certain persons arrested for violation of City Ordinances, and providing for the sustenance of certain persons confined therein and payment therefor.

Section 1. Be it ordained by the Council of the Village of Logan, That the structure now known as the Village Prison, on the south end of lot number 55 in said Village be and the same is hereby established as the village Prison of said Village.

Section 2. That in all cases which by the ordinances of said village its Mayor is authorized or required to commit to, or confine in prison, persons arrested and brought before him for violation of its ordinances. The said Mayor be, and he is hereby authorized or required, as the case may be, to commit such persons to or confine them in said Village Prison.

Section 3. That whenever by the ordinances of said Village its Marshal or any of the Police of said Village are authorized or required to confine persons arrested for violating its ordinances, the said Marshal or Police are hereby authorized or required as the case may be to confine such person in the Village Prison.

Section 4. Said Village Prison shall be under the care of the Marshal of said Village who shall provide all persons confined therein with necessary food during such confinement, and see that such prison is kept clean and comfortable for the inmates thereof.

Section 5. Said Marshal shall receive for the sustenance of each person so confined in said Village Prison the sum of forty cents per day, to be paid out of the Village Treasury upon the approval of the Council of said Village.

Section 6. This ordinance to take effect and be in force from and after its passage and legal Publication.

Passed June 10th, 1884.
A. STEINMAN, Mayor.
G. G. GAGE, Clerk. Jun-12-2t.

PROBATE NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the following accounts and vouchers have been filed in the Probate Court of Hocking County, O., for settlement.

George W. Roehm, Administrator of the estate of Elias Dennis.

and the same will come on for hearing on the 7th day of July, 1884, at 10 o'clock, a. m. or as soon thereafter as may be convenient. W. T. ACKER, Probate Judge.
June 12-3w