

Gallipolis Journal.

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NUMBER 36.

W. H. NASH, Proprietor.

"Truth and Justice."

GALLIPOLIS, OHIO, THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1875.

VOLUME XL.

BANKING.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK, GALLIPOLIS.
EDWARD DELETOMBRE, President.
JOSEPH HUNT, Vice-President.
JNO. A. HAMILTON, Cashier.

Capital Stock, - - \$100,000.
DIRECTORS:
Edward Deletombe, Jno. A. Hamilton,
Reuben Aleshire, Jos. Hunt,
John Hutsinger, J. S. Blackaller.

OHIO VALLEY BANK, GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.
Cash Capital, \$100,000.
Individual Liability, \$800,000.

A. HENKING, President.
J. T. HALLIDAY, Vice President.
W. T. MINTURN, Cashier.

CENTREVILLE National Bank
OF THURMAN, OHIO.
AUTHORIZED CAPITAL, \$100,000.

BANK OF CIRCULATION, DISCOUNT AND EXCHANGE.
Interest paid on Time Deposits. Good paper purchased. Drafts on New York, Cincinnati and other cities for sale.

MILLINERY.
MRS. J. HOWELL,
DEALER IN
MILLINERY GOODS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

MILLINERY.
Miss ALICE HILL,
Has removed her MILLINERY establishment to
CREUZET BLOCK,

MILLING.
R. ALESHIRE & CO.,
DEALERS IN
Flour, Wheat,
Mill-Feed, &c.

CASH FOR WHEAT,
EUREKA MILLS,
GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.

Wanted!
WHEAT, CORN AND OATS;
FOR which we will pay the highest market price—delivered at our Mill or Warehouse.

Best Family Flour
For Sale at our Mill.
H. H. R. H. N. H.

SADDLES AND SADDLERY.
H. R. BELL,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
SADDLES, BRIDLES,
Harness, Collars,
Trace-Chains, Curry-Combs
Horse-Brushes, &c.

GALLIPOLIS WHARF-BOAT.
R. ALESHIRE, JR.,
Forwarding and Commission
MERCHANT.

\$5 to \$20 Per Day at home.
Terms free. Address
G. S. S. S. & Co.,
Jan. 28, 1875.—ly

ATTORNEYS.
WHITE & HOLCOMB,
Attorneys at Law,
AND
REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
Partition of Real Estate, Examination of Titles, Conveyancing and Business for Administrators, Executors and Guardians promptly attended to. Special attention given to Collections. OFFICE—NEAR THE COURT HOUSE.

E. N. HARPER,
Attorney at Law,
GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.
Pensions obtained and Government Claims prosecuted.
Office—Second street, one door above Vander & Son
March 14, 1872.

BIRD & ECKER,
Attorneys-at-Law,
Gallipolis, - - - Ohio.
Will attend to all business entrusted to their care in Gallia and adjoining counties, also in Mason county, West Va.
Special attention given to Collections, Probate business, etc.
Office on Second Street, five doors below Locust.
Nov. 12, 1874.—tl

DENTISTRY!
DR. J. R. SAFFORD,
Office—2d St., over J. H. Wells & Store,
P. S.—Preserving the Natural Teeth, a specialty.
March 19, 1874.

Rio Grande Hotel,
BY
M. S. GILES.
PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

Broadway Hotel,
MAC. POLLARD, Prop'r.
Formerly of U. S. Hotel, Louisville, Ky.
Terms, - - \$2.00 per Day.
CINCINNATI.

HARDWARE.
J. M. Kerr & Co.
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
GENERAL HARDWARE,
Upper corner Public Square
GALLIPOLIS, O.
J. M. KERR. J. W. CHEMINGTON.
January 22, 1874.

J. L. KUHN,
DEALER IN
STOVES, TIN WARE,
SPOUTING,
ROOFING, &c.,
SECOND STREET, GALLIPOLIS.

MARBLE WORKS.
MILES & KERR,
MARBLE CUTTERS,
AND MANUFACTURERS OF
MONUMENTS,
Tomb-Stones, &c.
SECOND STREET, ABOVE PUBLIC SQUARE,
Gallipolis, - - - Ohio.

Meats, &c.
A. NEWTON,
BUTCHER and Dealer in Fresh Meats, will keep constantly on hand.
Hams, Shoulders and Side
MEAT;
Lard, Dried Beef, Smoked Tongues, Bologna Sausage, and Poultry.
February 5, 1874.

NEWS!
HATS AND BONNETS
BLEACHED AND PRESSED
on shortest notice; also,
DRESS MAKING,
at corner of Front and Pine Streets
(opposite Post of Island), Gallipolis, O.
MRS. M. A. ROOTON,
April 22, 1875.—3m*

WHOLESALE GROCERS.
HENKING, ALLEMONG & CO.,
WHOLESALE
GROCERS
AND
Commission Merchants,
—DEALERS IN—
Produce, Provisions,
and **Liquors**
GALLIPOLIS, - - - OHIO

Manufacturer's Agents
—FOR—
RIFLE & BLASTING POWDER,
Clifton Iron and Nail Co.,
HURT'S CELEBRATED VIRGINIA TOBACCO
Jan. 7, 1872

GROCERIES, &c.
CHARLES SEMON,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Groceries, Confectionaries, Provisions, &c.
COURT ST., BET. SECOND & THIRD,
GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.

Respectfully asks the citizens of Gallipolis to call at his establishment and examine his stock of
GROCERIES.
Consisting of all articles to be found in a
FAMILY GROCERY STORE.
My stock of CONFECTIONERIES are large and complete; such as
Candies, Cakes, Nuts, Fruits, &c.

OYSTERS
By the can and half can—the best quality, and warranted to be fresh.
COUNTRY PRODUCE of all kinds wanted, for which the highest market price will be paid.
C. SEMON.

D. S. FORD,
Wholesale and Retail
GROCER,
—AND DEALER IN—
Provisions, Produce, &c.,
DROUILLARD'S BLOCK,
COURT ST., - - - GALLIPOLIS, O.
January 15, 1874.

OYSTERS!
S. GOETZ,
CORNER OF GRAPE AND THIRD
STREETS.
The very best quality of FRESH OYSTERS are received by Mr. Goetz every morning. This is the place.
Nov. 5, 1874.—tl

THE RED FLAG!
THE PLACE FOR EVERYBODY!
NEW GOODS!
CALL UPON
BLAGG
FOR YOUR
Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions,
Boots, Shoes, &c.
Supplies large and prices low.

WANTED, for cash or in exchange for goods, all kinds of country produce, such as butter, eggs, dried fruits, lard, tallow, beans, &c., &c. Store—Second street, between Cedar and Locust, sign of the Red Flag.
Dec. 10, 1874.

A. B. & A. R. CLARK & CO.,
(Successors to A. B. CLARK & BRO.),
Wholesale Grocers
AND
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 39 Walnut St., Cincinnati, O.
January 1, 1875.—ly

Choice Family Flour!
ALWAYS ON HAND,
At D. S. FORD'S.
May 14, 1874.

Poor Little Joe.
BY FELIX ARKWRIGHT.

Prop your eyes wide open, Joe,
For I've brought you smuttin' great.
Apples? No, a durned sight better!
Don't you take no 'trest. Wait,
Flowers, Joe—I know you'd like 'em—
Ain't them scrumptious? Ain't them high?
Tears, my boy! Wa's them fur, Joe?
There—poor little Joe—don't cry!

I was skippin' past a window,
Where a bang-up ripper, Joe,
All amongst a lot of bushes—
Each one climbin' from a pot;
Every bush had flowers on it—
Pretty? Well, no! Oh, no!
Wish you could a seen 'em growin',
It was such a stunnin' show.

Well, I thought of you, poor feller,
Lying here so sick and weak,
Never knowin' any cheer,
And I puts on lots of 'em,
"Missus," says I, "if you please, mum,
Could I ax you for a rose?"
For my little brother, missus—
Never seed one, I suppose.

Then I told her all about you—
How I brought you up—poor Joe!
"Lackin' women folks to do it,"
Such a feller you was, you know—
Till you got that awful tumble,
Just as I had broke yer in
(Hard work too), to earn yer livin'
"Black'n' boots for honest tin."

How that tumble crippled of you,
So's you couldn't hyper much—
Joe, it hurted you, you know,
"But," I says, "he's laid up, now,
mum,
"Pears to weaken every day,"
Joe, she up and went to cuttin'—
"That's the how of this bokay."

Kind! It seems to me, ole feller,
You is quite yerself to night;
Say, ole chirk—it's been a fortnit
Sense yer eyes has to be bright!
Better? Well, I'm glad to hear it,
"Flowers, Joe, I want to see you!
Smellin' of 'em's made you happy?
Well, I thought it would, you know!

Never seed the country, did you?
"Flowers growin' every where!
Some time when you're better, Joe,
Mebbe I kin take you there.
Powers in heaven, you're a rose so;
Dunno much about it, though;
Ain't as fly as I might be;
On them topics, little Joe.

But I've heard it hinted somewhere
That in heaven's golden gates
Things is everlastin' cheerful—
"Flowers in heaven," says you—
"Likewise, there folks don't git hungry;
So good people when they dies,
Finds themselves well fixed forever—
Joe, my boy, wot all yer eyes?

Thought they looked a little sing'er.
Oh, no! Don't you have no fear?
Heaven was made for you, as you is—
Joe, wot makes you look so queer?
Here—wake up! Oh, don't look that way!
Joe! My boy! Hold up your head!
Here's flowers—your droppin' 'em,
Joe,
Oh, my God, can Joe be dead?

Entirely unconscious of this, Doctor Marrowfat continued, "I'll look in upon you in the morning. I leave you in good hands. Take good care of him, Mollie!" He stepped through the window, as he went down the steps.
Mollie obeyed the doctor's instructions to the letter. She not only saw that his patient was provided with every comfort, but used to come and sit by him, talking or reading, as she frequently told him, "to keep time from hanging heavily on his hands."
We need hardly say that Mollie's efforts in this direction were entirely successful. Time did not hang at all heavily on Philander's hands. On the contrary, it flew all too quickly.
Doctor Marrowfat fulfilled the promise he made of "looking in upon him," which he did almost daily, apparently very well pleased with the progress his patient was making.

But things the most pleasant must come to an end, and in confirmation of this, one morning, bright and early, the doctor came to take him away. "I think you are in a fair way to gain what you come for," remarked the doctor, as the carriage rolled swiftly from the door.
"You think I have gained in flesh any?" said Philander, his face brightening.
"I think, if you keep on, you'll gain more than I did, and in less time. Cousin Mollie must weigh all of twenty-five pounds more than my wife does."

"Your wife?" said Philander, in amazement; "I didn't know you had one!"
"I've just got the sweetest and dearest wife in the world! Noy! I let you into the secret of my gaining the hundred pounds I told you of—I got married!"
"What all?" ejaculated Philander in a disbelieving tone.
"All?" responded the doctor, rather indignantly. "I should think it was quite enough, as you would say if you were as happy as I am, or you might be, if you chose. Yes, sir, that is the way I gained the hundred pounds—I got married! And all that I can say to you, is: 'Go thou and do likewise.'"

Philander followed the doctor's advice; gaining his hundred and odd pounds by the same summary and pleasant process.
And such is the effect of the happiness upon the health, that it has produced a decided change in the personal appearance; his face is getting to be so round and ruddy as hardly to be recognized.
Now, as this receipt might not work in all cases we would not advise all our thin readers to get married, though we would respectfully present this "One Way to Gain a Hundred Pounds."

"That I shall gain a hundred pounds in six months?"
"That you shall gain a hundred pounds if not more, and in less than the time I mentioned. That is, if you will put yourself under my care and do exactly as I tell you."
"Done. Where did you go?"
"Oh, to a nice place about fifty miles from here. Now, I shan't answer another question. All you have to do is to get ready for an early start in the morning."
"All right—I'll be ready."
Philander was as good as his word; he was on hand at the appointed time, and the two started off on their trip in the best possible spirits.

Though very talkative, the doctor was inclined to talk of anything but what Philander was most anxious to hear.
"It's a nice place, and there are nice people in it; and that's all you need know at present!" was his curt rejoinder, as he tried to turn the conversation in that direction.
It was near the close of a pleasant Juneday. They had nearly reached their destination, having left the cars and hired a carriage to convey them to a beautiful village, two or three miles from the main road.

On their way thither, they passed a house half hidden by vines and shrubbery, on the broad piazza of which a young lady sat reading.
She glanced up, smiling and nodding as she saw the doctor, who, suddenly reining his horse, jumped out, saying to his companion:
"Here is somebody I want to say a word to."

As he opened the gate out sprang a little dog, barking furiously, flying directly at the throat of the high-spirited animal.
Philander had been so intent upon the lovely creature upon the porch, that he let the reins fall beneath the horse's feet; the carriage gave a sudden lurch, throwing him heavily to the ground.

He was aroused to consciousness by a sharp pain through his arm, and on opening his eyes he found himself lying on a lounge, the doctor splintering the fractured bone, while the young lady to whom he had been so unceremoniously introduced, was standing by, pale, but self-possessed, holding a handkerchief to her eye.
The doctor treated the whole matter with professional coolness.
"Now you're all right," he said, as he adjusted the bandage. "If you had any flesh on your bones, they wouldn't have broken so easily."
Philander blushed as he thought what a fright he must appear in the eyes of the lovely creature at his side, inwardly highly indignant at the doctor for this unfeeling allusion.

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A GENTLEMAN said to a lady who had brought up a family of children near a river, "I should think you would have lived in constant fear that some of them would have got drowned." "Oh, no," replied the old lady, "we only lost three or four that way."

A Good Indian Story.
The recent celebration at Maysville, Ky., of the centennial of the first corn-planting in Mason county brought out the following story: On the 22d of June, 1780, a company of six hundred Canadians and Indians under Col. Byrd, a British officer, came with six cannons, in boats or canoes, down the Big Miami river, up the Ohio to where Covington now stands, thence up the Licking river to Ruddle's or Hinkson's Station. Their approach was most painfully heralded to the little company of settlers by the booming of a cannon—a sound which had never before waked the echoes in Kentucky.

A surrender was demanded, with promise of protection by the British from Indian ferocity and indignities, and of kind treatment as prisoners. But no white man ever yet could restrain the terrible passions of Indian warriors with prisoners in their hands, and in this case several were murdered and others threatened with death and barbarously treated before Col. Byrd could arrest their terrible fate by threats of instantly returning to Canada and abandoning the expedition. Martin's Station, five miles distant and three miles below Paris, on Stoner creek, was surrounded afterward; but the prisoners were saved from death by Col. Byrd, although the Indians divided the spoils among themselves. Among the captured at Ruddle's Station were several boys. John Ruddle could not travel because of a stone bruise on his foot; he was tomahawked and scalped, but his two young brothers, Abraham and Stephen, were spared because of their cheerfulness and bravery. George and John Salt, two little boys, the latter only two years old, were about to be tomahawked, as too young to be of any value as prisoners, when a warrior less bloodthirsty than the rest proposed a test of John's capability of endurance and nerve. To ascertain if he would make a plucky Indian, and so be worth the raising, they determined to roll him down a high and steep stony bank, where the knicks and bruises would sorely try him. He underwent the cruel ordeal without whimper or showing, or any show of fear or suffering, and with a smile, began to clamber up the bank, seeming to say, "Do that again." Such coolness and self-possession in a little child struck them with intense admiration, and they adopted him and his brother. George grew up to manhood and married among them; but John was ransomed in a few years, returned to Harrison county, and lived a long and useful life.

Music by Electricity.
The name of machine music appears to have been reached in an ingenious instrument which was exhibited to a select few at Philadelphia recently. The apparatus reads notes and plays upon an organ with absolute correctness of time and touch, the only assistance given to the operator being to feed in the card which contains the music and start the machine in motion. Organs have been played by electricity before, but the only part performed by the electric fluid has been to transmit the power from a distant bank of keys to open the valve of the instrument. Such an electrical organ has been exhibited in London for some time past. In the Schoele instrument the electric current is enlivened with a seeming intelligence, and distinguishes the notes in the same way that a blind man does—by feeling. Marrowfat's machine appears at first thought, it is simple enough. The score is written on a long roll of stout paper by cutting holes through it in the form of squares or parallelograms. The reading instrument, which is about as large as a sewing machine, is provided with a multitude of small brass fingers, each of which is connected by a wire with the pipe of the organ which it operates. The roll of music is fed in over a brass tube. When the fingers rest on the paper no electric current is transmitted, because paper is a non-conductor; but whenever they fall into the holes cut in it they touch the brass below, the current is transmitted, and the sound produced. The length of the note is governed by the length of the slit in the paper. A noiseless bellows machine, run by wind, conducted through a pipe from the organ, is producing the orchestral effects, drums, cymbals, bells, etc., are added to the ordinary pipe organ, and operated by electricity in the same manner as the pipes. A greatly increased volume of sound and much more harmony can be made by this instrument than it is possible for a single performer to produce upon an organ in consequence of the fact that the performer has only ten fingers, while at once as desired. All the notes on the organ that can be combined into a chord can be brought out together.

She tried to sit down in the street, but was pinned back so tight she couldn't. Old lady peeped over her specs and asked her, "How long have you been afflicted that way?" The young lady blushed and made a "break," sitting down sideways, and holding her knees together so tight that she looked as if she had on a one-legged pair of breeches. Old lady noticed her sitting in this awkward position, and whistled— "Hile, I s'pose, I have had 'em that myself!"—Homesville Plaindealer.

Among its answers to correspondents the Philadelphia Times ventures: "J. G. Hammer—You say you were not introduced and I were not dragged into the house and your wife after being a loaded pistol in the street and wounding a citizen in the leg. We venture to say that you ought to have been."

For the Gallipolis Journal.
Bill Allen in 1863.
William Allen was a democrat in 1863, and he is one in 1875. All Republican voters should read his speech at Dayton, Sept. 10th, 1863, and more especially the colored voters, before his speech here on the 21st. We have not forgotten the time when some folks were kicked out of the Court-house yard.

TRUE REPUBLICAN.
[From the Cincinnati Commercial.]
The spirit of prophecy, it may be remembered, was upon the great William Allen, at Hamilton, September 10, 1863. He said:
"Lincoln has shed enough blood to float the Great Eastern, and how much nearer the end does he get. His cry is still for blood. The Administration stands on tip-toe every day, with its eyes distended, and its arms stretched forth calling on the American people for more blood and more money. And their preachers—those Chicago priests that went to Detroit to get Lincoln to bite the forbidden fruit, to commit the first act, the initial sin, by the publication of an act emancipating the slaves—these priests, I would not like to have met these fellows; they went down canting and whining, their mouths all the way watering for the blood of the people. Every one of them thought that God had made it his special business to go and beg Lincoln to commence the business of murdering the American people."

"One of two things must happen. If these Abolitionists succeed, they can only do so by destroying the State Government of the South, and thereby destroy, in fact, the whole State Governments of the North; they can only succeed by establishing a despotism, garrisoning the whole of the South, seven or eight hundred thousand strong, the cost, nay, the interest of which would take the best farms from under your feet. And this would not be the greatest evil should they succeed. Here are four millions of negroes; they have hitherto been kept on that side of the line merely because they could not come this side of it. If the Abolition party succeeds, all we have to do will be to make our preparations to go where breadstuffs are cheap, and go from the region toward which the negro gravitates. These negroes will come flocking over our river by the hundred thousand. Now, what do you want of them? They will occupy the places left vacant by the murdered white men, men who have been murdered in order that these negroes should get a chance of settling here."

"They commence bringing in the nigger to push off the Irishman and Dutchman, not because they are angry with these people for voting the Democratic ticket, though that is a great reason; but I will tell you, my friends, if this abolition party succeeds in breaking up our Government, in breaking up the State Governments, tramping on the Constitution, the next thing they will do will be to inaugurate a religious war. They will appeal to the religious prejudices of the country; they will hold the disciples of Knox and Wesley against the followers of the head of the Catholic Church; they will say, We have succeeded in sending our legions to emancipate the negroes of the South when we had no right; we sent our army to Syria to fight for the Holy Land; now let Peter the Hermit make another crusade against the Church of Rome."

The Democracy and the Catholics.
From the Cleveland Herald.
The Democratic party may pass resolutions while their breath holds out, but the people believe there is a coalition between Democracy and Romanism; they believe Democratic resolutions are Jesuitical and that special dispensation has been granted to the Democratic leaders to say what they choose to deceive the people, and believing this, there is a fixed determination to rebuke the attempt to destroy our present free schools by the introduction of a sectarian religious element. This determination, as the matter now looks, will secure the Republicans a marked victory.

Japanese Money.
One of the greatest curiosities in Japan to the stranger is the wonderful variety of coins that are used daily. In some instances it takes 1,000 piccos to make \$1. These are called "cash," and are seldom received by foreigners, who as a general rule, refuse to take them in change. Imagine making a trade of five cents and giving a man a fifty-cent piece, then receiving in change 450 of these copiers. This coin is peculiarly made, having a square hole in the center. They are about the size of our dime pieces, and nearly two-thirds the thickness. Next to this comes the quarters of a cent, and the one and two-cent pieces. In silver coins they have the five, ten, twenty, fifty-cent and one-dollar pieces. In gold the one, two, five, ten, and twenty dollars, which are very pretty coins indeed. Next to this comes the gay, various series of paper money, in various denominations, ranging from five cents to \$100. This money is made on quite inferior paper to ours, and from general appearance will not last like the American money.

It is said that the man in Europe who went about wearing a woman's apparel was found out by inadvertently saying "thank you," when a gentleman gave up his seat in the horse car.

The fiddler of a minstrel company ran away the other day in debt to the manager, at which the manager facetiously declared that he had engaged the fellow for a fiddler, but he had taken the part of a base violinist.

Santa Anna.
It is nearly forty years since when, at the battle of San Jacinto, 'Twas joyful to a Texan's eye To see Santa Anna's legions fly.
About thirty years have elapsed also since he opposed Taylor and Scott in the Mexican war. He still lives, however, correspondent of the Mobile Vilette thus describes his appearance:
We hardly had time to cast a hasty glance about us before a side door opened and Santa Anna himself stepped into the room. His Private Secretary, Col. Nosa, presented us, and after shaking hands and making a few commonplace remarks to each one of us, he motioned toward the chairs and we all moved over and sat down. My surprise at the appearance of the old General was shared by my companion. Instead of the gray-haired old man, that we had expected to see, an upright, soldierly figure stood before us. His form was not yet bowed down by the weight of years and his cool, black, flashing eyes told that the fires of early life were not yet all spent. Incredible as it may seem, Santa Anna's hair has not yet turned gray, and his face has a kindly, hopeful expression, strange in variance with the wide-spread ideas of his character. He wore no beard of any kind and is as smooth-faced as a woman. In talking he is much troubled by a badly fitting set of false teeth, which fall from the palate, and he is slightly deaf. It was moving across the room and seating himself on the sofa, however, that the infirmities of his age showed themselves most conspicuous. His false leg troubled him, and I thought he showed a disposition to hide it, for after seating himself very carefully, he threw it out directly before him and covered it with the left. He sat upright, nor did he lean back or change his position the whole hour that we were with him. Santa Anna is slim-built, about five feet ten in height, and in his younger days must have been a handsome man, as he is at present a fine-looking old gentleman. He is talkative and social, loves to relate his own exploits, and seems to live at present altogether in the past. He knows that the future holds nothing for him, consequently he takes very little interest in the passing events of the day. He did not even know the name of the President of the United States, and asked several little questions about our affairs that almost any school-boy would be capable of answering. After some general inquiries about his health, the effect of the recent rains on his disease (he is troubled with enteritis), and his prospects for passing the summer, something was said that led him off on the very track we had been hoping for, viz: himself and his own exploits. As he found himself drifting thirty, forty and even fifty years into the past, his old form straightened up, his eyes shone like those of a boy, and he seemed to be living it all over again. In describing the events of half a century ago, we were astonished at the accuracy with which he gave the minutest particulars. Every date and incident seemed to be as fresh in his memory as though it were an event of the day before.

Opinion of a Virginian on the Beecher Case.
[From the Huntington (Va.) Advertiser.]
It is a shame, indeed, that a band of foul cringing crows should be allowed to pick at the character of a man whose great fault is that he stands so far above them that he can not get down to their level, nor understand how to meet the petty malice and devilish spite of their little souls; we have no doubt that when the truth of this business is known, which it certainly will be at some day, the conspiracy of Tilton and Moulton will be found to be just as corrupt as that of Lozier and Price, who are now awaiting their trial for manufacturing false affidavits to help break down Mr. Beecher's reputation. As a Southern man, we are not friendly to Mr. Beecher, but were rather inclined to believe that he was guilty until we read the evidence in the case by which we have been convinced that the whole thing is a base conspiracy by Tilton to pull down a man whose genius overshadowed him. With him it was the old cry: "cut Caesar, notullius."

Japanese Money.
One of the greatest curiosities in Japan to the stranger is the wonderful variety of coins that are used daily. In some instances it takes 1,000 piccos to make \$1. These are called "cash," and are seldom received by foreigners, who as a general rule, refuse to take them in change. Imagine making a trade of five cents and giving a man a fifty-cent piece, then receiving in change 450 of these copiers. This coin is peculiarly made, having a square hole in the center. They are about the size of our dime pieces, and nearly two-thirds the thickness. Next to this comes the quarters of a cent, and the one and two-cent pieces. In silver coins they have the five, ten, twenty, fifty-cent and one-dollar pieces. In gold the one, two, five, ten, and twenty dollars, which are very pretty coins indeed. Next to this comes the gay, various series of paper money, in various denominations, ranging from five cents to \$100. This money is made on quite inferior paper to ours, and from general appearance will not last like the American money.

It is said that the man in Europe who went about wearing a woman's apparel was found out by inadvertently saying "thank you," when a gentleman gave up his seat in the horse car.

The fiddler of a minstrel company ran away the other day in debt to the manager, at which the manager facetiously declared that he had engaged the fellow for a fiddler, but he had taken the part of a base violinist.