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HILLSBORO, O.
OFFICE—In McKibben block, S. High street.

Physician and Surgeon.
HILLSBORO, O.
OFFICE—Main street, over Daviler's store.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
HILLSBORO, O.
OFFICE—Rooms 1 and 2 Smith Block, corner Main and High streets. A Notary Public in office.

DENTIST.
HILLSBORO, O.
OFFICE—Hilborn block, formerly Herald office.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
HILLSBORO, O.
OFFICE—Corner of Main and High streets, Merchants' National Bank Building.

ATTORNEY AT LAW.
HILLSBORO, O.
OFFICE—Over Fehel's Clothing Store.

DENTIST.
HILLSBORO, O.
OFFICE—Over Fehel's Clothing Store, Main street, first door to the right, up stairs.

ATTORNEY AT LAW.
HILLSBORO, O.
OFFICE—Southeast corner Main and High streets, room up stairs.

DENTIST.
HILLSBORO, O.
OFFICE—Opposite Dr. Hoyt's, W. Main street.

Physicians and Surgeons.
HILLSBORO, O.
OFFICE—No. 38 West Main street, above Medical's Tobacco Factory.

Attorney at Law and Notary Public.
HILLSBORO, O.
OFFICE—In Strauss Building, over Fehel's Clothing Store.

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
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OFFICE—Smith Block, S. W. Cor. Main and High Streets.

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OFFICE—Over Quinn Brothers' drug-store, opposite Court-house.

Citizens' National Bank.
Of Hillsboro, O.
Capital, \$100,000. Surplus, \$50,000.

First National Bank.
HILLSBORO, OHIO.
Capital \$100,000. Surplus \$30,000.

INSURE IN
The PHOENIX, of Hartford, Conn.

Fire, Tornado and Farm Insurance.
FRANK S. GLENN, Agent.

SCHOOL EXAMINERS.
THE Board of School Examiners of Highland county give notice, that examinations of Applicants for Certificates will take place in the Hillsboro Union School building on the first Tuesday of February, March, April, August, September and October. The Examination fee prescribed by law is 50 cents. By order of the Board.

TRAMP PRINTER

Invades the Land of the Knickerbockers,

And Writes About Buffalo and Rochester,

With a Few Lines about Grover Cleveland and Sam Patch.

Where Cleveland was Sheriff—The Flour City—The Famous Falls of the Genesee—A Pretty Watering Place—Stories About Cuba—A Little Verse.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., June 7th, 1886.
Ma. Editor:—I finished my last epistle to the Hillsborians at Cleveland—pretty Cleveland. Soon after I climbed aboard my special palace car and started eastward over the Lake Shore road—one of the best equipped in the country, (I may say a *pass some day*) and proceeded along the rich belt of land that borders the billows of Lake Erie. It was about daybreak that we passed Ashtabula—with the name of which will always be coupled a memory of the terrible disaster in which P. P. Bliss, "the sweet singer," lost his life a few years ago. By and by, we reached the thriving city of Erie, by the waters of the Lake, after which the place is named. Then we rattled along across the little neck of land that is Pennsylvania, crossed the State line and found ourselves in the LAND OF THE KNICKERBOCKERS—"The Empire State"—more officially the State of New York. I rather like New York, and the more I see of the State the better I like it. It reminds me very much of Ohio; more so in fact, than any other State in which I have ever been. Enroute from the western border to Buffalo, we passed through a splendidly improved country—nice farms, fine residences, large barns, picturesque windmills, charming summer hotels and villas along the beach, all combining to present to the observer an air of thrift that is really pleasing.

We glided past all this and these, and shortly after the sun reached its meridian height we sighted the smoke of BUFFALO, which isn't such a bad place, after all, though the streets are laid out just a little more irregular than those of any other place I can at present remember. I forgot to ask the hotel clerk what the population of Buffalo was; but its about as big as Cleveland, and seems to be growing. It contains some beautiful buildings and in a little park almost in the center of the city, has been erected a tawdry—a grand—monument to the memory of the soldiers who fell in the war for the Union. I spent Memorial Day in Buffalo, at which time the monument and the artistic bronze statuary with which it is ornamented, were festooned with flowers and evergreens. Buffalo is celebrated as being the home of Ex-Sheriff Cleveland, who went and got married last week. I wasn't invited but then—they've got to draw the line somewhere, you know, and so I was not bothered by having to send my regrets. Among the beautiful edifices of the city is the court-house—a palatial brown stone structure, and a neat and spacious jail, where, in other days, not so long ago, our present, happy, blushing, Chief Magistrate officiated as hangman. Verily, verily, I say unto you, time's cycle brings strange changes of fortune, even sometimes to Sheriffs. And yet Dick McConaughey is not a member of Congress, and Carey Pope has to be satisfied with a little office like postmaster.

I WAS GOING to go to Niagara Falls while in Buffalo, but unfortunately, kept procrastinating until too late, though I hope to yet have an opportunity of seeing that wonder, during the season. In the meantime I shall cudgel my gigantic intellect to find a new and suitable joke on the exorbitant charges of the hackmen. In anticipation of visiting the Falls, I paid two bits for a "descriptive guide" such as the News-Herald could print for three cents a copy and still make money on. You don't have to go to the Falls to be robbed. However, I should save the book, and when there's nothing else to much to write about I'll write up a description of the place as given therein; so when you see it you may know it's genuine.

Yesterday morning we journeyed hither through another fine stretch of country. Rochester is surpassed, because of its extensive milling interests, the Genesee river furnishing splendid water-power. It is a city with much to be proud of and is the home of almost 90,000 people. Right in the city is the famous falls of the Genesee the picturesque of which, even the dozens of mills that overhang it and the adjacent cliffs can not destroy. The stream is not navigable, being full of rocks and rapids and rather shallow and it dumps itself into Lake Ontario, less than a dozen miles north of the city. As I write (in the Genesee Park Hotel) I am within a square from the Fall which is ninety six feet high, and from which Sam Patch made the fatal leap at once into the pool below and into eternity.

SAM PATCH was no particular personage. He was a wild, harum-scarum, devil-may-care sort of a youth, who had a fondness for making high leaps. In 1829 he made two leaps from a scaffold built by the Niagara river, near the falls, and in both was highly successful. Later, he made a leap from the falls here, also in safety. His fame spread far and wide, and his name became known all over the country. He then erected a scaffold or tower at these falls, thirty-four feet higher than the crest of the cataract, making the leap one hundred and thirty feet. A date was set for the foolhardy exhibition, and people flocked from far and near to witness it, the high cliffs and house-tops near by being covered with interested spectators. Sam came and ascended the scaffold, but he had been looking upon the wine when it was red and the result was to make him unsteady and careless. He leaped into the foaming, foaming pool, and disappeared beneath the spray, while the myriads of spectators breathlessly waited for him to appear upon the surface and swim out as he had previously done, but they waited in vain. He failed to come to the top. Some days after a body was found in the Genesee river, several miles below the city. It was the lifeless body of Sam Patch.

I am going to interview some of the "oldest inhabitants," and will give a more complete story of Sam and his famous feats in a future letter. Ten miles north of this city is Charlotte Beach, by the waters of Lake Ontario, another Long Branch. CHARLOTTE BEACH is one of the prettiest watering places in the country. It has fine large hotels, big pavilions, spacious promenades and nice bathing houses. I spent last evening out there. On Sunday's trains leave the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R., depart every hour, and the place is well worth a visit. When I reached the beach yesterday evening the sun was just setting across the lake and its reflection gilded and crimsoned the gently undulating waters, forming a scene of bewitching beauty. Music was furnished by Sumner's 54th Regiment Band, N. G. S. N. Y., of about thirty pieces—the best I have heard since I heard Gilmore. The promenades and piazzas were thronged with dudes and giddy dames, and lots of other folks, walking, talking, flirting and disposing of ice cream—and other refreshments. It offered a refreshing animation, and I like the place so well that I have almost concluded to spend the first year of my honeymoon there—this, of course, is not official. In a few short weeks I will be "way down East" among the New England Yankees. But in the meantime, I will see a great deal more of York State.

Not changing the subject, I heard some talk in front of our hotel a few days ago that made me laugh. "The gang" were talking about one thing and another, and the conversation turned upon Cuba. "Do you know," said Sam Romollo, "that I come within an inch of getting into Castle Mora when I was in Havana? Well I did; and when a fellow gets in there his jig's up. They say down there that when they lock the cell on a prisoner they throw the key over the parapet into the sea. Its built by the sea, you know, and is one of the most dismal places you ever saw—why, the sight of it is enough to give you the chills. Its a gray, gloomy looking old place, and few people who ever get into it—as prisoners—were ever seen after-ward. Well, I got mad at a Spanish officer one day and struck him, and if they hadn't hid me with care and promptness I'd got it sure. Its a big offence to resist a Spanish official over there.

"And they're the most lazy, indolent, people in the world—particularly the Spanish soldiers. So help me gracious, if I didn't see forty-five soldiers digging on a little hill about as big as that three story building over there for six weeks, and when I came away you couldn't see where they'd been digging. They'd stand six feet from the cart and instead of throwing the shovelful of dirt, each would walk over and let it slide off of the shovel. Then they'd make a cigarette, very leisurely, and after a while carry over another shovelful of dirt. "Cockroaches! why you don't know what a cockroach is until you go to Cuba. They are monsters over there. I used to go to a cafe where they had a pet one to show to visitors, and it was four inches long. It would come when called and they would feed it as they would a cat or any other pet. Cockroaches! well I should smile!

"And how they do load the poor little donkeys. You'll see what you think is a load of hay coming down the street, and you'll wonder what in the dickens makes it go. If you get down low and peep under it you can see four little legs. "But the funniest thing over there is the way they peddle milk. They're too lazy to milk the cows and put it on a vehicle and peddle it around, so they just drive the cows around and milk it in quantities to suit the customer at their own doors. It did look awful funny."

I should think so myself. Imagine Harry Richards driving a brindle heifer through town and stopping in front of the gate and milking a pint or quart as the case might be, and after exchanging news or political views with the kitchen girl, driving his cow to the next gate, go through with the same performance again. Wouldn't it look funny? Yes, I think it would.

This is about the time of year that the last "strolling players" run in for the summer. They are closing and giving each other good-bye and separating and I am reminded of some lines I wrote on the register of a hotel up in Wisconsin about a year ago:

Now we will part to seek home and rest,
And bid adieu to the beautiful West,
Some of us soon will go 'er the sea,
Some on the Downy soon will be,
Some will make tracks for Chicago,
To spend the time on the Illinois—
(But I shall sneak for O-hi-o)—
And some there may be of our little band,
Who say good-bye till the last—last stand!
But who can tell?
So in cheerful grasp our hands we'll clasp
As we say farewell.

Tramp Printer

We are selling Abolition and it gives good satisfaction. I never heard of a case of failure, and all of our rhomboid customers are leading it. E. W. Besser, druggist, Ashland, O.

D. Lothrop & Co. have just issued three books for girls which will prove not only fascinating to them, but extremely attractive to older members of the household, notably the mothers and all specially interested in the welfare of girls.

Though alike in their main purpose of proving helpful and useful to girls, there is decided originality in each of these three little volumes, and their construction and general treatment are altogether different.

A NEW DEPARTURE FOR GIRLS. By Margaret Sidney. Tells the story of two young sisters left dependent upon their own exertions for support, and the brave, sensible way in which, ignoring false pride, they set about the unexpected task of supporting themselves. Instead of resorting to any of the conventional methods, such as taking music pupils, doing fancy work, or teaching school, for which they are conscious of possessing no aptitude, they resolve to utilize the training they have received in careful patching and mending, by undertaking such homely work as the repairing of old clothes. They make a beginning with a worn carpet, and succeed so well that from that time forth Fortune smiles upon them.

The characters are brightly drawn, and Miss Leverett Saltus, the eccentric old-Boston lady, in whose eminently respectable mansion the girls find a room and set up business, stands out as if photographed from life. The story is an encouraging one, and will offer suggestion to that large class of young workers who with only ordinary ability and training find themselves obliged to face the difficult problem of self-support. It will show them what energy and perseverance will do, and will inspire them with fresh courage and ambition. Price 75 cents.

HOW THEY LEARNED HOUSEWORK. By Christina Goodwin. Tells in the pleasant, most natural manner, the way in which four merry schoolgirls were inducted into the mysteries of cooking, washing, ironing, making beds, sweeping, putting up preserves, cutting out and making up under-clothing, under the careful supervision of the mother of one of the girls; the whole thing being made as delightful as a play to them; and with the accessories of a regular uniform, assumed names, and all the delightful fiction so pleasing to the schoolgirl fancy. The girls will not only want to read the book, but having read it, will be wild to go and do likewise, and we can readily believe that many a well ordered household will find its quiet invaded by a lively band of amateur housekeepers, eager to serve an apprenticeship in the business of learning housework. We hope they may all have as experienced and wise a teachers as Mrs. Ellis. Price 75 cents.

HOLD UP YOUR HEADS GIRLS! By Annie H. Ryder. Is aptly called "Helps for girls in school and out." It is a series of bright, wholesome, earnest talks, by a teacher who loves girls, as is plain to be seen by her simple dedication, "To my girls everywhere." These talks, which are not in the least pedantic, embrace such subjects as "How to Talk," "How to make the Most of Work," "What to Study," "Moods," "Womenliness," "What Can I do?" "Girls and their Friends," etc., etc., and are so bright and pleasant as well as sensible, that the average girl who doesn't like anything overly or too much like preaching will find a charm in the pretty brown basket-cloth volume from beginning to end. The suggestions are so practical and given with so much spirit and magnetic force, as to instinctively recall the title, and to cause a pleasant sense of life and action, which are always delightful to young readers. It is a long time since we have seen ordinary subject treated with so much freshness and interest. Price \$1.00.

ALABAMA.

A Tourist Tells Us of Tuscaloosa County.

Wild Pine, Wild Deer, Wild Cats, and Wild Snake-Stories.

A Lively Letter from a Lively Writer in the Sunny South.

One day while in the beautiful city of Knoxville, loitering around our hotel, anxiously waiting like Micouber, "for something to turn up", I received a letter calling me to Tuscaloosa co., this state. I procured a map of the state marked off in counties and while others of these small political divisions of the state were dotted all over with cities and towns, and seemed from the atlas to be the abode of man, Tuscaloosa county looked like the map of the great unexplored regions of Africa. Then I began to speculate on this revelation. "I wondered why it was that there was such a large spot in 'Old Alabama,' which was shunned by man, and showed so little encouragement to the 'progenial son' whose lot was about to be cast within its borders. My mind conjured up all sorts of fancies, dire and dreadful, of the wild experiences which awaited me there. In my dreams I encountered the king of beasts, wild-cats, huge snakes, and a great many nameless something, which no one ever saw before or since, and only the night before leaving Knoxville the treacherous roddan surprised me, carried me off, and stuck me on top of a sharpened-pine tree.

From Chattanooga to Tuscaloosa on the A. G. S. road one sees very little cleared or cultivated land; nothing but forest, in some places so dense as to be almost impenetrable. For a distance of about eighty miles after leaving Chattanooga the road runs along the base of a high ridge, the northern terminus of which is the grand old Lookout. Along the entire length of this ridge near the top is a perpendicular cliff of gray stone, from thirty to fifty feet in height, giving to it a strange, and at the same time a magic appearance. Through all this country one sees but little of civilization except the few "clearings" and cabins surrounding the stations.

About forty miles beyond Birmingham—which, by the way, is the coming city of the South, and which I will write more particularly about at some future time, if Gath don't get ahead of me—the train stopped at Coaling, Tuscaloosa county, the place to which I was ticketed. I stepped upon the ground, and as the train moved on, I gazed about me. Nothing but pine forest on every side. The dense thickets run up almost to the railroad track, and although, when in a safe place, I was always noted for my bravery, I confess that my knees had a violent attack of the ague when I thought of bears and their hugging propensities.

On examination I found quite a number of people scattered about Coaling, their dwellings being constructed in small clearings in the pine forest. This was formerly a mining town, and the inhabitants will tell you that when the mines were in operation and liquor was sold, this was a very lively place, and I don't doubt it in the least. But thanks to local option, the traffic has been removed from all the little towns and cross-roads, and if a man here feels that he must have some of the oh-be-joyful, he must go either to Tuscaloosa or Birmingham to get it. The country about here seems to be entirely underlaid with coal and at one time mining was carried on very extensively. But further up the road the better and more accessible mines were developed, causing those at this place to rapidly decrease in business, and finally became entirely defunct. Nothing now tells the tale but a few forlorn looking holes in the ground, and a greater number of ugly blind holes in the old depot which stands out a deserted monument of old mining days and liquor.

It seems that when the mining interests played out, the wonderful riches of the magnificent pine forests attracted the attention of the people, and drew a great many men of wealth, who put in saw and planing mills and supply lumber both north and dressed to the rapidly growing Southern cities, as well as a great many in the North. Aside from this, thousands of ties and poles are being hewn out and sold to the railroad companies. It is nothing strange to see fifty darkies at work for one man, getting out ties and poles. It will take years to consume all the timber even in this county, and then the awful question arises in my mind, What will be done for another growth of pine, for, strange to say, when a pine forest is demolished, it grows up with scrub-oak.

The land is so poor it would have to be well phosphated to rust a nail, and of course can never be used for farming purposes. This question has bothered me considerably and I can think of but one use to which it could be put. I think it would make an elegant place to hold the Spargur Reunion. That reminds me, a great many people here are talking of attending the reunion this fall.

About ten miles north of this place is the Warrior River, a branch of the Tombigby. The country bordering it is entirely wild, scarcely a cabin can be seen for a long distance along its basin. It is

the home of deer, bear and wild-cat, and the waters are inhabited by a multitude of the finny tribe weighing from forty pounds down. I started to talk about a big fish I caught in Rocky Fork, one day—I believe it weighed two and a half pounds—when an old hunter close by very calmly remarked that "he generally used that size for bait over the Warrior." If you want to tell a fish or snake story, don't come South to do it. I have tried it two or three times and have always come to grief. A ghost story is all right and will pass for a premium.

As I before remarked, deer is plenty and can be found over there in droves. Wild turkeys are there in abundance, but are very hard to kill. The festive rattlesnake also has his home there and will take great delight in playing a tune for you with his tail and introducing you into the secrets of his black art. The wild-cat congress along between the gloaming and the shank of the evening engage in a friendly conversation, sing a few songs, and practice some difficult acrobatic feats. These concerts are free to all, but are very solemnly attended. In this case "distance lends enchantment," and the greater the distance, the more enchanting I am going hunting one of these days and will give you an account of my adventures; but if I tell you I killed a deer, choked two cats or beat a bear's brains out against a pine tree, don't believe it. I simply make this suggestion now that I may be relieved from all responsibility.

Now I must tell you something about the people and then I will stop up my ink-bottle. Throughout my limited experience in traveling, it has never been my good fortune to come in contact with a more sociable, generous, kind-hearted people than I associate with here. If a stranger comes here, and conducts himself properly, he is received with open arms. (Don't mistake my meaning, boys.) Coaling has a very good school house and two churches—Baptist and Methodist. The Baptist church organized a Sabbath school a few weeks ago, and is doing well. The country is miserably healthy and you may enter the cemetery and find the graves of five doctors, whose head-stones are marked with the simple inscription—"Starved to Death."

I have a foot or so of spring poetry which I had intended working into this letter but out of respect for the Tramp Printer and the Local, will resist. So in goes the stopper. H. L. G.

"For economy and comfort, every spring, use Hood's Sarsaparilla, writes a Buffalo (N. Y.) lady. 100 Doses One Dollar.

Letter from Forest Home.

DEAR NEWS-HERALD:—Your weekly visits for the last eight months have not failed to cheer our desolate household, and it may almost seem selfish that no word from us, in all that time, has been dropped for your columns, either to try to instruct the young, to cheer the despondent, or lift the burden of care and sorrow from the oppressed.

We read the sad obituary of friend after friend as they pass the silent river. Memory drops the tear of sadness over the pale forms as they pass from earthly view, and time soon mitigates the poignancy of transient grief. Yet how little do we know of another's grief or woe, unless called to pass through a like crucible. When that gentle, loving spirit that perhaps for years has battled life's pathway with us, in a moment takes its flight for a brighter clime, and leaves us all alone and darkness seems to overwhelm us, the only ray of light and hope that can penetrate the grief-stricken soul is through the darkness of the tomb. Beyond its silent confines is the realm where beauty and youth never fade, and death never comes to "Can I forget, or must the grave eternal sever." Amid the world's rush and bustle, we may for the moment forget the past, amid society's demands we may smile at its blandishments and add to its enjoyments, yet amid the turmoil of life, amid its silence, in the stillness of night, memory will linger with loving sadness upon our loved ones gone before. Forged amid anguish and sorrow, it is a golden link that binds us to the New Jerusalem. REV. FOSTER HOWE, June 5th, 1886.

Obituary.

William Ambrose was born in Morgan county, Va., December 12th, 1808, and departed this life in Hillsboro, Ohio, June 1st, 1886, and was therefore 77 years, 5 months and 10 days. His parents came from Virginia to Ohio in 1814. Mr. Ambrose was married to Miss Rachel Miller, November 21st, 1832. The fruit of this union were seven children, namely: Sarah, six of whom are now living. Sarah preceded her father to the unseen land of bliss. The surviving children were: prescote, Mrs. Mary Riser, who resides in Kansas. Mr. Ambrose was a very industrious, economical man. With his good wife, they raised a large family of well disciplined children. Mr. Ambrose possessed a competence of this world's goods. The companion of his youth died December 31st, 1872. Her son died without a cloud to darken her spiritual sky. Such was her penetrating character that she constantly carried her children to the Father of all mercy, that she lived to see them hopefully converted. Dear children, your mother is laid by the throne. Mr. Ambrose was married twice. He married for his second wife, Mrs. Nancy H. Inkspey, August 18th, 1857, and never could be happy. During his severe afflictions this good woman did all in her power to make Mr. Ambrose comfortable. The children in like manner did all they could to perpetuate life. Mrs. Ambrose, God will succor you in your deep bereavement, for it is written, Christ is a husband to the widow, he is a father to the orphan. Mr. Ambrose was converted early in life, when church opportunities were not so now. He sustained an unbroken relation with the United Brethren in Christ church for over half a century. Two of his brothers were ministers in the same church, each were delegates to the general conference. They were also elected to the office of presiding elder. He was a sweet spirited man. His social nature won him many true friends. He was a safe spiritual counselor. In his death the church has lost a pillar, the community a good citizen, his children, a tender father, and the wife a noble, Christian husband.

The funeral services were held at Ambrose Chapel, June 5th, 1886, a large concourse of friends attending. His mortal remains were laid to rest in the Ambrose cemetery, his immortal spirit is among the faithful and white-robed saints. God bless the bereaved ones. J. W. CLEVELAND, Pastor.

Flowers.

(The following poem was written for Ohio's Day and is published by request.)

Flowers, Dune Nature's diadem;
Flowers, the models of all grace;
Flowers, the many-colored gems;
Brightening earth's desert waste;
Scattered pots of Nature's care,
Scattered freely everywhere.

When the chilly winter's over,
With the loads of sleet and snow,
On the hillside blooms the clover,
And in valleys violets grow,
While on all sides spring the scions
Of gold-headed dandelions.

Soon the pretty pink forenoon
Garnishes the orchard trees,
And magnolias tell their presence,
Through the odors on the breeze;
Daisy petals lift their heads
In pastured flower-beds.

When the squirrels are barking, bounding
In the woodlands, dense and deep,
But where all things else surrounding
Spin stark dead or fast asleep,
Spreading bushes intertwine
Weaving twigs of columbine.

On the brook's side spring the daisies,
With their flowers of creamy white,
And in Nature's many masses,
Sensé is lost in pure delight,
Where the wild bee softly sips
Honey from the buttercup.

Wild red roses in their splendor,
Deck the fields in early June,
Where the warbling songsters render
Carols, sweet on the tune,
And all Nature is as gay
As a queen's wedding day.

Flowers little differ from us;
They are likenesses of men,
Springing from the soil of promise,
Towering to the earth again;
Wasting through the scent they give,
Dying over as they live.

Man is like a feeble flower,
Fragile as the older power,
Losing ever strength and power,
Moved by every wind that blows,
Like the fields of ripening corn,
Waving in the breeze of morn.

As the flower gains existence
From nutrition in the soil,
Man obtains his best assistance
From an omnipotent God,
And beholds His tender care
In the sunshine and the air.

As by frost the flower is withered,
Grown of form and beauty all,
And the ice-sword, silver-billed,
Cuts the stems and lets them fall,
So life's dreary autumn day
Cuts our earthly joys away.

And as when old Winter settles
O'er the wreck that Autumn leaves,
Nought is found but scattered petals,
So when winter life receives
Summons from these scenes of mirth,
Nought is left but useless earth.

Dying flowers enrich the soil
With their debris that remain,
And man's life when truly loyal
To his Lord, is not in vain,
For a glowing light it sheds
On the path a follower tread.

Beauteous Nature round us thrown
Speaks to beauty hid within—
Comforts us in tender tones
Mid earth's constant jarring din,
And these changeable hours of sorrow
Are made better by the flowers. H. S. M.

Fisherman's Fun.

SAMANTHA, O., June 12th, 1886.
EDITOR NEWS-HERALD:—It was our good fortune a few days ago to be one of a fishing party, and had ours been the ordinary fisherman's luck, I should not have said a word about it. But we caught fish—young whales—and therefore pardon me for perpetrating this communication.

Isaac West, Esq., who lives one mile south of here, has a fine fish pond, bountifully stocked with German carp, and with the exception of a few he had taken with a hook, he had not used any of the finny beauties. It came to our ears that on Thursday afternoon of this week, he would take a lot of them with a seine and at once we determined to be on hand.

The pond is entirely too deep and wide for any ordinary seine, but they managed to land a large lot of fish, which were placed in tubs of water where they could be handled and examined thoroughly. Mr. West has four different varieties of carp in his pond and I can say truly, that some of them are the most beautiful fish I ever saw. I believe none of the fish were weighed or measured, but I think some of them were near eighteen inches long.

One object in using the seine was to get a better knowledge as to the number of minnows in the pond and it was found that they were present in vast numbers. After Mr. West had laid out upon the ground, what he wanted for himself and friends he put the balance back in the pond. We received two of the fish, for which, we wish to again express our thanks to the donor. They have been eaten, and we assure you they were as good as any fish we ever tasted. The largest of these fish are only two years old. P. C. W.