THE STANDARD
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# THE JACKSON STANDARD.


A Progressive Newspaper, Devoted to Politics and Miscellaneous Reading, and Particularly to the Interests of Jackson County.

VOL. 33-----NO. 15. OLDEST PAPER IN THE COUNTY. JACKSON C. H., OHIO, THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1877. ESTABLISHED IN MARCH, 1847. WHOLE NO. 1556.



RATES OF ADVERTISING.

| SPACE. | 1 w. | 2 w. | 3 w. | 1 m. | 3 m. | 6 m. | 1 y. |
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| 1 inch | $1 00 | $1 50 | $2 00 | $2 50 | $4 00 | $6 00 | $10 00 |
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Obituary Notices under ten lines, free. Over 10 lines, $1.00.
Legal advertisements, rates fixed by Statute.
Marriage notices, 50 cents each.
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JACKSON COUNTY OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

1877.

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Representative—Arthur B. Monahan.
Probate Judge—John J. C. Evans.
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Keystone—
Cimba—B. B. Evans.
Rocky Hill—E. W. Marvin.
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### Church Directory for Jackson, O.—1877.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.—Elder William H. Devore, Pastor. Preaching every 2d and 4th Lord's Day at 10½ A. M., and at night. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night, and every 1st and 3d Lord's Day at 10½ A. M. Sabbath School every Lord's Day at 9 A. M.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. J. K. Gibson, Pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 10½ A. M., and at night. Sabbath School every Sabbath at 9 A. M. Teachers' meeting Tuesday evening. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening. Choir meeting Friday evening. Woman's Missionary meeting 1st Monday in every month. Communion service 1st Sabbath in March, June, September and December.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Rev. J. F. Williams, Pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 10½ A. M., and at night. Teachers' meeting Tuesday evening. Prayer meeting Thursday evening. Sabbath School every Sabbath at 9 A. M.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—No regular service.

### Post-Office Bulletin for Jackson, Ohio.

Post-Office is open during the week from 6:30 a. m. to 7:30 p. m., but never on Sunday.

MAIL GOING NORTH—Closes at 10:30 a. m. and 5:40 p. m. The mail closing at 5:40 p. m. is a through mail to Cincinnati, Ohio, and all points West and South of there, and Grafton, W. Va., and all points East and North of there.

MAIL GOING SOUTH—Closes at 4:45 p. m., daily, being all the mail South.

WEBER, GRAHAMSVILLE & MABEE'S—Closes at 7 a. m. on Friday.

BEAVER & MEADOW BRANCH—Closes at 12 m. every Saturday.

EUREKAVILLE—Closes at 1 p. m. every Wednesday and Saturday.

S. P. BALDRIDGE, P. M.


## PHYSICIANS.

A. B. & W. H. MONAHAN,
Physicians and Operative Surgeons.
*Office at their residence, Main St., opp. Public Square,*
Jackson C. H., Ohio.

C. K. CRUMIT,
Physician and Surgeon,
*JACKSON C. H., OHIO.*
When not professionally engaged he may be found at his office, on Broadway Street, over Thomas' Shoe Store.

B. F. HOLCOMB,
Physician and Surgeon,
*JACKSON C. H., OHIO.*
Office over Miller's Drug Store, corner Pearl and Broadway Sts.

G. L. MONAHAN,
Physician and Surgeon,
WELLSTON; OHIO.

J. F. WHITE,
Physician and Surgeon,
*JACKSON C. H., OHIO.*
Office and residence, Main street, opposite Rupp's Tinshop. 30nov76m6

W. E. PRICER,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
JACKSON, OHIO.
Office at the Isham House, on Broadway Street. mar29 77tf

## ATTORNEYS.

J. L. JONES.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
*JACKSON, OHIO.*
Office over the Hardware Store of T. S. Matthews, Broadway Street.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
*JACKSON, OHIO.*
Office in Scott's Building, Broadway Street. Will attend promptly to all business intrusted to him. feb1, 1877ly

## SADDLES AND HARNESS.

J. RULE,
Manufacturer of
Saddles, Harness,
Bridles, Whips, Collars, &c.,
*PORTLAND, OHIO.*

NOTICE TO FARMERS AND STOCK DEALERS.
MOSES STERNBERGER
will buy and sell
CATTLE & HOGS,
And will also buy and sell desirable
REAL ESTATE.
Office at Jackson, Jackson county, Ohio, south West Corner of Main and Broadway Sts., up stairs. apr15-76y

## BANKS.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
—OF—
Jackson, Ohio.
*(Successor to Chapman, Clare & Co.)*
Paid up Capital, $50,000.
Solicit the accounts of business men and individuals of Jackson, Vinton and adjoining counties, deal in
Exchange, Uncurrent Money and Coin,
make collections in all parts of the country, and remit proceeds promptly on the day we get returns.
Government Securities
for sale.
Persons wishing to remit money to foreign countries, can obtain at our office, drafts on
England, Ireland, Scotland & Wales.
Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

PETER PICKREL, President; J. D. CLARE, Vice President; D. ARMSTRONG, Cashier; T. J. EDWARDS, Assistant Cashier and Bookkeeper.
*Directors*—H. L. Chapman, J. D. Clare, John D Davis, Peter Pickrel, T. S. Matthews, John Sanders and O. S. Miller.

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| | |
|---|---|
| H. L. Chapman, | T. L. Hughes sr., |
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John P. Jones.

ISAAC BROWN, *President.* T. P. SUTHERLAND, *Vice-President.*

IRON BANK of JACKSON,
MAIN STREET,
Opposite the Court House.
Capital, - - - - $74,000 00.
Stockholders Individually Liable.
Receive Deposits, Discount Notes and Bills deal in Exchange, also issue Drafts on all parts of Great Britain and the Continent of Europe, buy and sell Gold, Silver and Government Bonds and do a general banking business on the most reasonable terms.
*Collections Made and Remitted for Promptly.*
Interest Paid on Deposits.
The accounts of business men and individuals in Jackson and adjoining counties respectfully solicited.
W. T. SAPPINGTON, Cashier.

DIRECTORS:—Isaac Brown, W. T. Sappington, James Tripp, James Chestnut, T. P. Sutherland, B. Kahn and C. S. Dickason.

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| | |
|---|---|
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| T. P. Sutherland, | W. C. Evans, |
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| James Tripp, | H. C. Robbins, |
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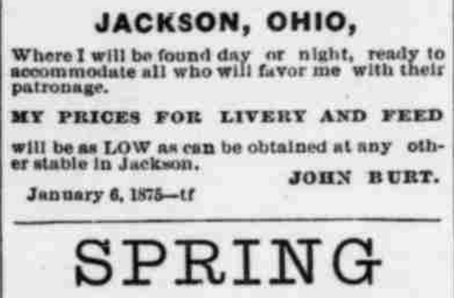
## LIVERY STABLE.

LIVERY

—AND—
Feed Stable.
I take this method of informing the public, that I have opened a
Livery and Feed Stables.
On Portsmouth Street, near Orange Shaft.
JACKSON, OHIO,
Where I will be found day or night, ready to accommodate all who will favor me with their patronage.
MY PRICES FOR LIVERY AND FEED will be as LOW as can be obtained at any other stable in Jackson.
JOHN BURT.
January 6, 1875—tf

SPRING CAMPAIGN!



The Livery Stable of
THOMAS DELAY
near Broadway street, back of the Patton House, is now fitted up for
THE SPRING CAMPAIGN!
Buggies repaired and painted.
Horses Fat, Sleek and well shod.
Harness repaired and oiled.
Horses fed a little cheaper than at any other Stable in town.
Straw for beds always on hand, clean and well threshed.
Good, fresh Manure for gardens, for sale cheap.
*CALL AND SEE ME.*
THOMAS DELAY.
March 1, 1877.-tf


## EDUCATIONAL.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.
The Board of School Examiners of Jackson County, Ohio, will hold regular meetings for the examination of Teachers, at Jackson, on the
*FIRST FRIDAY IN EVERY MONTH*
Examinations will begin at 10 o'clock, A. M on the first day of each session, and continue from day to day if necessary.
Applicants unknown to the Board, must produce testimonials of good moral character. Certificates will only be granted at a regular meeting, and will, in no case, be either antedated, or postdated.
*By order of the Board of Examiners.*
Nov 11, '7—tf J. W. LONGBON, Clerk


## LUMBER.

H. LEET & CO.,
—OF—
PORTSMOUTH, OHIO,
Keep constantly on hand at
JACKSON,
*FINISHING LUMBER*
OF ALL KINDS,
*WEATHERBOARDING,*
*FLOORING*
*SHINGLES, LATH.*
Enquire at First National Bank.
H. L. CHAPMAN, Ag't.

## TOWN LOTS.

BARGAINS
—IN—
TOWN LOTS!
THE JACKSON COUNTY
COAL AND IRON CO.
NOW OFFER TOWN LOTS AT
Greatly Reduced Prices.
In their Addition to the town of Wellston.
They have a large number of very fine lots, which they will sell low until the cars are running on the new railroad. Persons desiring lots should secure them
NOW,
As the price will surely advance in a few months, when the road will have been completed. The Company mean just what they say, when they propose to sell these lots very low, at the present time.
A few lots will be exchanged for good horses, or for two horse teams, or for work on the railroad. This is a
A RARE OPPORTUNITY
to secure real estate for trade. For further particulars, call on the undersigned.
H. F. AUSTIN.
sept7-tf

Here is the Place
—TO GET—
YOUR MONEY BACK!
MORRIS
STERNBERGER,
SUCCESSOR TO
I. & M. STERNBERGER
Has a very full stock of
Dry Goods, Clothing,
Boots and Shoes,
Hats and Caps,
DRESS GOODS.
And in fact every style and variety of goods found in a
Complete General Store.
He has his large and well arranged room, on the
CORNER MAIN AND BROADWAY,
Well filled, and can accommodate all who favor him with a call. oct5 76 ly

DRAIN TILE.
We have on hand, and for sale a Superior Drain Tile, of various sizes, from 2 to 8½ inches, which we can furnish at from 20 cents to $1 15 per rod, at manufactory.

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Caliber—Inches... | 2 | 2¾ | 3¼ | 4¼ | 5¼ | 7 | 8¼ |
| Rods per ton...... | 58 | 39 | 29 | 21 | 14 | 10 | 8 |
| Price per rod-cts. | 20 | 27 | 35 | 50 | 65 | 90 | 115 |

For further information write to WEBSTER FIRE BRICK CO., Iron Furnace P. O., Scioto County, Ohio. mar1, '77tf
[Chillicothe Gazette, Lancaster Gazette and Circleville Herald copy 3 months, and send bill to Standard office.]

DRAIN TILE.
WE HAVE ON HAND, FOR SALE,
....DRAIN TILE....
Of various sizes, from 2 to 7 inches, which we can furnish at from 20 to 90 cents per rod, at the manufactory. For further information, inquire of Price Brothers, Agents, Jackson, or write to Drain Tile Co., Wheelersburg, O.
March 23, 1876.-ly


## The Days.

BY MARY CLEMMER.

The days! The days! The swift, mute days
That fly across our fitful ways,
That bear us through the tangled maze
We call our life. The days! The days!

Ah! I would hold them back betimes,
I would not haste to reach the climes
Whose glad inhabitants ne'er say:
"To-day, mine own! Oh! dear to-day!"

I sigh not for the dazzling ways
That blaze above our checkered days.
I love these days that fly so fast.
Ye beautiful! Oh! why not last!

All made of days our meager span,
In links that bind for bliss or ban.
They fold us in their shadows dun;
They bear the splendors of the sun.

The days! The days! The chill, void days
That give us naught. The day that preys
And eats our life, while slow we smile
Upon the crowd with piteous guile.

Sometimes our eyes must see it rise
Above our tents of Paradise,
The little cloud that dims the skies,
Till utter darkness round us lies.

As slow the long night wanes away,
I dread thee in the dawning gray,
O dark to-day! O dire to-day!
That smites so low and smites to slay.

Who, pausing, turns his eyelids back
Sees not upon the mottled track
A day? That day I must have died,
If anguish killed that crucified.

Who sees not in the shining line
A day of days, a day divine?
Thy joy supreme on me was laid,
For thee all other days were made.

We bind them slowly in our sheaves,
The day that robs the day that grieves,
Slow moving on, we cry: "Forget,
Flee from the dark land of regret."

Then on the altars of our slain
A light not joy, nor yet all pain,
All pure and pallid, slow doth shine,
Light from the later day divine.

Heart, gather in thine aftermath;
What far, faint fragrances it hath;
What calms brood down the storm-swept way;
Dear heart, hold fast thy perfect day.

What music murmurs fine and clear;
what peace pervades its atmosphere;
What love, what dear companionship
Pour from the eyes, the voice, the lip.

What courage, what high patience meet:
What faith, what tenderness complete;
What trust in God, what love for man,
For woman meet, in one day's span.

The noontide of thy perfect beam
May faint and fall, O day supreme;
Thy bliss die out of mortal skies,
To dawn far on in Paradise.

O day of days! Thy pulses run
Into my life, and we are one;
Far on in deep content I'll say:
"My life began that day, that day!

In memory they gloom and shine,
The symbols sad. The red-rose sign
Of Love's own day. A leaf or line
Tells where it filled or spilled its wine.

The days! The days, the swift, mute days,
The day that robs, the day that slays,
It hath been mine. It shall be thine;
So to shall be the day divine.

## NOT TO BE DONE.

### The Confession of a London Detective.

For a long time I had been on the track of a gang of coiners, which in my professional pride, I had vowed to capture. More than once I pounced down upon them in their haunts; but all vanished like magic, and being unable to produce proofs, the chief, whom I desired to convict, fairly laughed at me and my efforts.

This naturally gave me considerable annoyance, and with some heat I ejaculated: "You have escaped me this time, Jim Bradley, but I'm not John Spindler if you do the next."

"When you catch me, hold me," he grinned. "How dare you malign an innocent man?"

"Well, it was nearly nine months before I again ran down Jim and his gang; then I detected them in a low, wretched street. The house they used was kept by an old Irish woman.

Having watched the house until I was sure of my game, I went to Scotland Yard, saw the chief, reported my news, got some men, and on a dark, gusty winter's night made a swoop upon them.

Leaving the police I had brought at a little distance, I knocked at the door. Getting no answer, I stepped back and looked up at the house.

It was dark as pitch, save a faint glimmer in the first floor windows. As I returned I felt certain I saw the blind of the lower room move. Trusting if I was being inspected, that the darkness had concealed my identity, I repeated my summons, when, after a long delay, the door was opened by the old landlady bearing a flaming tallow candle.

'Didy e knock afore?' she said, peering feebly at me. "Sure, I'm just as deaf as a post, yer honor, and I don't hear a bit. Who do you want?"

"One of your respectable lodgers, Mrs. O'Brien," I answered, entering the passage and putting my foot so as to prevent the door closing. "Thanks, old lady; I won't trouble you further."

Giving a preconcerted whistle, my men came rapidly forward.

"Oh, the perleese! oh, holy St. Patrick! have mercy upon a lone widder woman! Oh, good jintlemen, what's the matter, sure?" shrieked the dag.

Paying no heed to these ejaculations, I placed one policeman on guard and with the others sprang up the stairs.

Reaching the landing I found all dark, save a faint glimmer which issued from under the door in front of us. I tried the handle. It was locked.

"We have him this time!" I whispered, exultingly, for I had caught the sound of Jim Bradley's voice. "I have examined the house well, and there is no means of egress either by the roof or the windows. They are trapped. Open in the queen's name!" I exclaimed aloud.

"Hollo, is that you my dear Spindler?" cried Jim from within. "Happy to see you I'm sure. Remember what I said: 'Hold me when you catch me,' old boy! The thing is to trap your bird!"

"I will take care of that, Mr. Jim," I rejoined. "Open or we will break in the door!"

"Oh, plaze jintlemen—dear, good, jintlemen, for the love of the saints don't make a noise. There's a poor soul just partin' this life up stairs, and his poor, young widdy's almost distracted! Sorra a one of ye jintleman hev any pity. Don't terrify the colleen, nor the partin' soul, who, sure, has troubles enough."

"Silence, you old crone!" I exclaimed, "and fetch a light or I'll have you arrested as an accomplice."

With a regular howl of disappointment, she hobbled away, declaring she'd do anything for us, imploring pity for a poor, lone woman, and compassion for the partin' soul up stairs.

We didn't wait for her to return. Aware no one could pass us on the stairs, and believing Jim might by trying to destroy the moulds, we put our shoulders against the door and drove the lock from the box.

I had prepared for the light to be extinguished and a rush made.

I was disappointed. Jim sat composedly at the table, with another man, playing cards.

"Hollo! you don't stand on ceremony, John, my friend," he remarked, laughing; "I thought every man's house was his castle."

"So it is, Jim, until he makes it a shield for law-breaking," I answered.

"Prove your words, my man."

"I intend to, I hope; so you will consider yourself my prisoner, while I search."

"Please yourself, and take the consequence," he replied, and carelessly went on with his game.

Putting my men on guard, I began to examine the apartments.

I sounded the walls, groped up the chimneys, tried the flooring.

"No, not a sign; while Jim Bradley's utter indifference, I own, perplexed me.

"Done again!" I muttered, when I heard a heavy step in the room above.

"What's that up stairs?" I asked.

"You should know by this time," answered Jim. "I can only say that confounded Irish hag is always screechin' as a chap's a-dying, which ain't much concern of mine, as long as he keeps hisself to hisself, and don't groan too loud 'Igh low game, without even the Jack. Phil," he added to his companion, putting down his cards.

The sick man's ruse, perhaps, thought I "Come, lads," I said aloud; "we'll go up."

Regardless of the old woman's entreaties not to disturb "the poor dyin' soul," we mounted.

The back attic was as bare as bare could be. When I was about to enter the other, the door opened and a grave looking, respectably dressed man crossed the threshhold.

"Hush!" he said, in a low tone. "May I ask the meaning of this disturbance? It is most unseemly and out of place! The poor fellow here but a few moments to live. His unfortunate young wife is distracted?"

I looked keenly at him.

"If it isn't an impertinent question, sir," I asked, "pray who may you be?"

"Who am I?" he smiled. "I am Doctor Alexander, of Jude street, close by. Now in my turn, who are you?"

I instantly acquainted him with my business. He looked serious and interested.

"Humph!" he said, drawing me a little aside; "I have only visited this place once or twice, but I own I have had my doubts of its respectability. We medical men see strange scenes. Still I don't fancy the poor woman and her husband have had any connivance with the people below. He is a bricklayer. Though, of course, in such matters, you are the best judge. Such persons are capable of all manner of tricks. It is, of course, your duty to make certain. Only in case you are wrong be gentle with the wretched wife and mother. Come in."

We entered. The room was almost devoid of furniture, and barely supplied with the common necessaries of existence.

At one side was a miserable mattress, laid on the floor, and stretched on it was the dying man.

Kneeling by him, her head bowed down to his, her black hair streaming over the tattered patchwork covering, was the young wife weeping bitterly, as she pressed her baby to her bosom.

I'm not hard hearted, but the sight took me back, especially the countenance of the husband, upon which the hue of death had already settled.

I was following the doctor, when, abruptly, he leaned forward, then drawing back, placed his hand on my arm.

"I thought as much," he whispered, "all is over."

The words were scarcely audible, yet they reached the wife's ears.

I shall never forget the scream she gave. Starting up on her knees she gazed wildly in the face of the dead, then shrieked, turning appealingly to the doctor.

"Oh, no, no; not dead! Don't tell me that! Not dead! O, Tom, Tom—dear Tom speak to me—speak to Lizzie."

And casting herself on the body, she went off into violent hysterics.

"Poor thing," said the doctor raising her. "Pray, my good fellow, take her to a chair, while I close the poor man's eyes."

That done, he rejoined me.

"You want to search the room," he said. "It is a pity that this should have happened at such a time, but duty is duty. Pray, do yours quietly before this poor woman recovers Her trouble is enough without any addition."

Duty was duty, yet I felt like a hard hearted, mean spirited cur as I performed mine, and professed to have lacked my usual acuteness, for more than once the disciple of Galen aided me in my suggestions.

Nothing, however, came of it. I could not find a trace.

"Yes," I said, "I'd take my oath the dies are in this house, and it's one hundred pounds in my pocket if I find them."

"Then I most decidedly should try," said the doctor. "That sum is not to be got every day."

"No; I'll keep a watch in this house till I've found them."

"In the room?" he asked.

"No. I ain't quite made of stone," I replied, a bit hurt. "But I shall inspect all who go out or come in."

"Quite right; and I wish you success, for there's no telling the sufferings these coiners occasion."

We then descended, and the doctor left, after telling the old Irish woman he would call, as he went home, on the parish undertaker, and give the necessary orders for the funeral.

Well, I needn't lengthen out my story.

I rented the parlor (by compulsion) of the landlady, and established a watch night and day upon who and what went out of and entered the house.

Jim Bradley came and went, of course, unmolested, and chaffed me considerably when we met, while without the slightest demur he let me visit his room whenever I pleased.

What did it mean?

"I also made a call now and then on the widow.

Poor thing! she was always crying and so meek and full of grief as she moved about the room where her confined husband was—for she wouldn't leave it—that the sight was pitiable.

The medical attendant dropped in once to inquire how I got on, and shook his head on hearing my want of success.

"I fear if the dies are really here," he said, the fellow you call Bradley is too deep for you."

"Not if I know it," I said. "I have applied at headquarters for permission to make a better search, and I'll take up the flooring."

"I fancy that's the most likely place. What is that?" he asked.

"Only the undertaker's men," I said, putting the door open. "It's the poor fellow's funeral to-day."

"Indeed! Ah, they hasten these matters with the poor."

Just at that moment the wretched coffin and its bearers passed along the passage, followed by the weeping widow leaning on the old Irish woman. They were the soul mourners.

The doctor respectfully removed his hat and we stood in silence until it had gone by.

"Poor—poor thing!" my companion remarked, with a sigh, then, giving me his card and asking me to call if I proved successful, he went away.

Well, the hours crept by and the silence of the house began to surprise me. Bradley had gone out early and hadn't been home since. My assistant came in about eight o'clock, but neither the widow nor the landlady returned.

I waited and waited. Eleven o'clock struck.

I began to get suspicious.

Had I been done?

I turned hot and cold; then seizing the candle, darted up stairs. Bradley's room was as usual, but the attic—the sight of it made me ready to drop.

"Done—cleverly done!" I cried, waving my candle around.

Yes, the bitter humiliation—I had been duped. I had been the victim of sensibility and a clever trick.

There was the mattress ripped up, and here, where the coffin had stood, was a hole in the floor where the plank had been removed. That had been the place of concealment.

But where were the dies? Where—why, in the coffin, of which, no doubt, the dead man had been one of the bearers.

"Nonsense!" I ejaculated. "The man must have been dead. It isn't likely he could deceive the doctor—a kind-hearted fellow, and a keen one; I'll go to him!"

Leaving my assistant in charge, I hastened to Jude street with his card in my hand.

The red "danger signal" indicated the house, and knocking, I asked to see the doctor.

The servant, showing me into the surgery, went in to summon him.

In a few minutes he appeared—that is, a gentleman appeared; a gentleman of about sixty, with silver gray hair.

"I beg your pardon," I said, "it is Dr. Alexander I wish to see."

"Alexander! My name, sir, is Lindsay, and I am the only professional man in this house—nay, in the street. There must be a mistake."

"Impossible!" I cried. "See, sir, here is his card!"

"Humph! I have never heard the name in the neighborhood," he remarked, perusing it. "Wait a moment—if you will allow me, I will see."

"Taking down one or two thick volumes from the book shelves, he ran over lists under the initial A.

"No," he said, "as I thought—his name is not here. I fear the title of 'doctor' must be assumed, and he is not a certificated medical man."

I then told my story.

"Sir," remarked Dr. Lindsay, unable to suppress a smile, "I fancy you have not only been duped by a dying man, but also by his medical attendant."

And so it proved.

The whole had been a clever trick—from the widow to the doctor and "parish" funeral.

Nevertheless, I might have remained in doubt to the last, had not my "pride of place" been so wounded that I did not rest until I had tracked Jim Bradley again, and, this time, succeeded in capturing him and his gang; among which I not only discovered the young, disconsolate widow of the dead husband, but the doctor, the greatest rogue of the lot, as it was he who, under his gentlemanly appearance, circulated the spurious coin.

To my satisfaction, I saw them all sent off for a considerable term to Portland, with a small chance of ticket of leave.

[From Harper's Magazine for April.]

### Uncle Zeke's Conscience.

BY T. L. M'CREADY.

Some years ago there moved to the neighborhood of Uncle Zeke's cabin a gentleman from New York, whose identity may be disguised under the name of Smith. The new-comer engaged vigorously in farming, and by liberal employment and prompt payment soon gained the good will of all the colored men around him. Uncle Zeke in particular was never weary of chanting his praises, and many a bushel of oysters did Ezekiel convert into money at Bellevue, as Smith's estate was called. But all the good will of his humble neighbors did not suffice to protect Mr Smith from pilferings. Shoats would disappear mysteriously during the night, geese and turkeys would take wing for parts unknown, and in particular the corn-crib would frequently show by unmistakable signs that its sanctity has been violated. To the story of these various losses would Uncle Zeke incline a sympathetic ear, and his "Well, now, who ever hear de like o' dat? clar to goodness dese yere boys is gittin' wusser an' wusser," evidenced alike his detestation of the crime and his contempt for the offender.

Smith's patience was at last exhausted, and he determined upon vigorous measures for the protection of his property. His first experiment was to place a large spring rat-trap, artistically concealed in a heap of shelled corn, close by the cat hole in the corn-crib door, expecting that the unwary thief, plunging his hand recklessly through the hole into the heap, would be caught and held till some one came to set him free. But lo! next morning the trap was found sprung and the heap of corn diminished, but the thief had vanished and left no trace behind.

At last a good sized box arrived from New York, and the next day the local carpenter was ordered to fix two brass handles to the corncrib; one to be put alongside the door for convenience, as Mr. Smith publicly explained, of steadying one's self while turning the other. The second handle had a latch attached to it by which the door was secured on the inside, and was set in such a position that any one turning it must hold on by the other knob to prevent being thrown backward by the opening door. Both handles were profusely decorated with glass, and elicited much admiration from the hands, who submitted them to a critical examination. The carpenter's work being finished, Smith, in presence of all his colored employes, solemnly repeated, in front of the corncrib, the first two lines of the second book of Virgil's Æneid, and announced that his corn was thenceforward secure. A box, stated to contain seeds, was that afternoon deposited in the crib, and during the early part of the ensuing night the proprietor of Bellevue secretly busied himself with a coil of insulated wire.

Numerous and diverse were the speculations among the darkies. Jim Oakley "'lowed Mis' Smith done 'witched dat ar corn house, sho 'nuff. Tell you, gemmen, you touch dem 'ere handles, evil sperit carry you 'way. No such ting's evil sperit? How you know dere no such ting? Hush, boy; go see what de Bible say 'bout dem ting." Pete Lee "didn' b'lieve in no sperits; got a gun fix somewhar inside dat house; turn de handle an' de gun go off. Seen dem tings afore up country, when I live in Goozleum." Another theorist averred that "while Mis' Smith savin' dat ar Scripter ober dem handles, he seen a white pigeon come a-sailin' roun' an' roun' an' roun', and done light on de peak o' de cornhouse roof. High! tell you, Sar, sumpin up, sho."

Uncle Zeke, like the rest, was troubled in his mind, but, unlike his fellows, he determined to waste no time in speculation, but to seek his information from head quarters. Prepared with half a bushel of oysters, as an excuse for conversation, he sought an interview with Mr. Smith, and boldly propounded his questions.

"Mis' Smith, what you bin a doin' to dat ar crib o' yourn?"

"Why, Uncle Zeke, what do you want to know for?"

"Oh, nuffin, Sar; sorter curus like. Hearn all de boys talkin' 'bout it—neber see nuffin like dat afore."

"Well, Uncle Zeke, I can't very well explain it to you; but I just advise you—don't go near that crib after dark, or you may see something you won't like." And Uncle Zeke departed, revolving many things in his mind.

It was midnight—the hour when church yards are said to yawn, not with exhaustion, but returning animation. In front of the enchanted corn house stood Brother Ezekiel, a lengthy pole in his hand, and a capacious meal bag over his shoulder. In silent meditation he stood for some five minutes, deliberating on the best plan of attack. The great Newfoundland watch dog bounded toward him, evidently in rejoicing welcome. Forth from his pocket the old man drew a savory bit of fried bacon, which the faithless Bos'en eagerly devoured. The reflection ended, the dog lay contentedly on the ground, and watched the subsequent proceedings with the air of a totally disinterested observer.

"Clar to goodness, now," muttered Uncle Zeke, "wish't I un'stood 'bout dis ting. Can't be no spring trap like a las' time, kase how he gwine to spring froo de do'? Ke! ke! Done bodder Mis' Smith sho 'nuff when he find dat ole rat trap sprung and nuffin cotch. High! Can' fool disser chile wid no traps. No, Sar! done see too much for dat."

Uncle Zeke paused, scratched his head meditatively, and then resumed his soliloquy:

"Well, I declar', ef disser don't beat preachin'! Mus' be a gun in dar. Ef ain't no gun, den der ain't nuffin dere—all foo'shness. Anyway, I's gwine for try him."

Uncle Zeke threw his bag to the ground, stepped to one side of the house, and with his pole struck a sharp blow on the brass knob nearest him. Nothing followed. He pried against it with his stick, but still without effect. He went to the other side of the house and repeated his experiments on the second knob, but still all remained quiet.

Uncle Zeke now drew from his pocket a skeleton key, mounted the ladder, and in a trice had opened the padlock which held the door.

"Dar now, jus' 's I t'ought De boss done humbug dem fool nigger, make um tink disser house 'witched. Ain' nuffin dar, sho 'nuff."

The old darkey reached up and cautiously turned the handle. The door opened a little, and, casting away all fear, Uncle Zeke boldly reached for the other knob, to steady himself while he swung back the door.

Literally like a flash of lightning the electric discharge passed through him. The muscles of his fingers contracted, and he could not release his hold of the enchanted handles. At last his feet slipped from the ladder, and the weight of his body tore his hands adrift. Like a log the old man dropped to the ground, and lay groaning, praying, and generally bewildered.

"Oh, de lawsgoramity! Oh, my hebenly Marster! Who eber t'ought o' dat! My consc'ence done wake up! my consc'ence done wake up! Heern 'bout it often, an' now I knows it. Oh, my hebenly Marster! ef you lets up on me dis time, Uncle Zeke neber touch nuffin no mo'. Clar to goodness I's a change' man f'om dis day. B—r-r-r-r—" And what with the shock, the fright, and the fall, Uncle Zeke's senses seemed leaving him

"Ezekiel!" said a solemn voice. Instinctively Uncle Zeke answered, "Here me," and looked in the direction of the sound. Oh, horror! A figure clad in white was nearing him with slow and solemn steps. As the mysterious visitor approached, it seemed to rise until it towered to the height of at least ten feet. The wretched Ezekiel, on his hands and knees, his eyes protruding, and his jaw dropped, remained as if paralyzed.

Suddenly the phantom bowed itself, and its head descending with incredible swiftness, smote the unfortunate Uncle Zeke senseless to the earth.

Three days later, as poor Uncle Zeke lay, racked with rheumatism and tormented with spiritual fear, upon his bed in the single room at his cabin, the door opened, and in walked Mr. Smith of Bellevue.

"Good morning, Uncle Zeke. Why, what's the matter with you, old man?"

"Oh, Mis' Smith! oh, Mis' Smith, I done had some turrible sperences lately. De angel ob de Lord done wrastle wid me, an' my consc'ence done woke, an', oh, my heabenly Marster, I's one sufferin' sinner. Mis' Smith, is you bin—is you done— is you m miss any ting wid dat ar corn house o' yourn?"

"No, indeed, Uncle Zeke; nobody been near it. Every thing all right now."

"An' nobody done touch de lock? Do' lock' ebery mornin'?"

"Yes, indeed. Why, who do you think would touch it, old man?"

Uncle Zeke answered not, but his lips moved convulsively, as he muttered, "Knock me down fus, an' den lock de do' an' took de key. Now I knows it was de angel ob de Lord."

### Applying Manure.

We recently referred to the necessity of farmers making experiments for themselves to ascertain the requirements of particular soils and crops. There are some old questions in agriculture that ought to be settled, but they never will be until farmers do it themselves, and they will never do it until they experiment systematically. This question about applying manure is one that we would think ought to have been settled to the satisfaction of everybody, long ago; but it is not settled yet. Get a dozen good, reading, observing, practical farmers together anywhere, and ask their opinions; one will say, "apply manure green, as it is made;" another, "compost it before applying;" another, "apply it only at seeding-time, and have it well rotted;" another, apply it at any time, haul it out and spread it in the winter, nothing will be lost, the soil absorbs it all."

One says plow it under; another says top-dress and harrow in, and so on. Now, nature does not do one thing for one man and another thing for another man, conditions being the same. There is evidently a lack of correct observation, of correct comparisons in experiments or experience of individuals. Different conditions have not been considered, and the rule of cause and effect has been ignored, to a certain extent. Many make up an opinion solely on testimony from one side of the question, and others base their action and opinions entirely upon the *ipse dixit* of others. Comparisons of results on different soils subject to the same treatment, or of the same soils in different seasons, are of little value in determining these questions. The same soil, the same season, the same conditions, and the same treatment are essential conditions of solution in all such cases.

## Miscellaneous.

A notorious eavesdropper—rain.

A grreen grocer—one who trusts.

Long division—separation for life.

A final report—the crack of doom.

Cutting words—scissoring a newspaper.

An expensive wife makes a pensive husband.

People who live in glass houses have blue panes.

The man at the wheel has a stern duty to perform.

Servants should attend roll-call when bakers deliver bread.

The colored boy who had eaten too much boiled cane juice felt like a sugar cured Ham.

"Boots Blacked Inside" is a sign on a Fourth Avenue window.

If you would know the value of money, go try and borrow some.

A hot mince-pie will keep a man awake as long as a guilty conscience.

One touch of rheumatism makes the whole world aching.

The particular young man, looking for a business to soot him, should try chimney sweeping.

If persons would take more trouble about living, they would be less troubled when dying.

Columbus was the first man to establish an iron foundry in America. He cast an anchor.

"I am a broken man," said a poet. "So I should think," was the answer; "for I have seen your pieces."

Husbands and fathers will be pleased to learn that "small checks" are to be fashionable for silks next summer.

The good are said to die young; but, according to insurance statistics, a New England clergyman lives to be 65 years old.

Sweet are the uses of adversity. A cross-eyed schoolmarm can keep twice the usual number of children in order at once.

A man who attempted to stand on his dignity the other day couldn't do it. The platform was too narrow.

A citizen of Albany wants $7,000 for breaking his collar bone on the street, and this when whole skeletons are selling at $35 each in New York.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague once said: "It goes far to reconcile me to being a woman when I reflect that I am thus in no danger of ever marrying one."

A Chicago girl, who claims to have proved it by experiment, says that by putting a lover in the light of a blue glass window he can be made to propose at one sitting.

If you want to be in style, you will wear an amethyst ring on the third finger of the left hand. Also cough sadly now and then, as if you were the last of an illustrious family.

Those were merry old days when it was accounted the proper thing for a gentleman who took snuff from a young lady's snuff box immediately to exclaim, with a bow: "I-kiss-you."

Captain Burnaby was asked by his Turcoman guide which an Englishman loves best, his horse or his wife. But the author answered diplomatically: "That depends on the woman."

A remark of Josh Billings: "I kno ov people so fond of contradickshun that it would not surprize me at all to hear them disputing with a guide board about the distance to the next town."

If the paragraphers of the press persist in making puns on Schurz's name, it will raise his choler. Then look out!

When does a man practically display his unwillingness to remain a narrow-minded man? When he remains abroad.

It takes longer to write "sage" than any other word in the English language. Because, after you make the first "s," there is an "age" before you can add the final letter.

A notorious criminal named Mollie Matches has just been imprisoned at Cleveland. She threatens, however, to break Lucifer friends will assist her.

A punster was once thrust into a closet with the threat that he would not be released until he made a pun. Almost instantaneously he exclaimed, "O pun the door!"

The Philadelphia North American, as it tries to put up its old blue cotton umbrella, growls out the opinion that these equinoxes are infernal nuisances.

From one Point of View—Scene British jury room All agreed on their verdict except Irish juryman (who holds out): "Ah, thin, div'n more obstinit men I nivir met in all me loife!"

"Oh! yes," said an old lady, "the modern cook stove is a great invention, and when my boy James gets through his studies in practical engineering, so he can come home and run it, I'll buy one of 'em; but not afore."

Pat Maginnis has a very stubborn mule, which he calls "Old Musket." On being asked why he gave the mule that name he said, "Because the stubborn beast won't go off without a kick."

A precocious boy of eight summers attributes the death of a pet goldfish—his sister's idol—to the fact that it couldn't take a joke By way of a joke he used to catch it occasionally with a bent pin.

It was an Irish pilot who, being asked if he knew the rocks in the harbor, replied with confidence: "I do, yer honor, ivery wan av them. That's wan," he added calmly, as the ship struck it, filled, and sank.

"All the world's a stage," he ruminated, "and all the men and women merely players, and most of the plays are from Shakspeare, too! Before we were married, Julia and I played 'Romeo and Juliet,' and now its mostly 'Tempest.'"

It must be exasperating to the enterprising merchant who puts two or three inches of advertising in the papers headed, "now is the time to top dress your lawns," to wake up the next morning and find the lawns "top-dressed" with six inches of snow.

"Barber," said a farmer to his tonsor, "now corn's cheap, you ought to shave for half price" "Can't, Mr. Jones," said the man of razors. "I really ought to charge more; for, when corn's down, the farmers make such long faces that I have twice the ground to go over."