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T. A. PLANTS, Editor.

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Select Poetry.

TRUST IN GOD.
Am I weak? Thine arm will lead me
Safe through every danger, Lord,
Am I hungry? Thou wilt feed me
With the manna of thy word.
Am I thirsty? Thou wilt guide me
Where refreshing waters flow,
Faint or feeble? Thou wilt provide me
Grace for every want, I know.
Am I fearful? Thou wilt take me
Underneath thy wings, my God,
Am I forsaken? Thou wilt make me
Bow beneath thy cheering rod.
Am I drooping? Thou art near me,
Next to me on my way,
Am I spinning? Thou wilt hear me
Hear and answer when I pray.
Then, my soul, since God doth love thee,
Faint not, droop not, do not fear,
For though here is high above thee,
He himself is ever near.

Miscellany.

WOMAN'S EMPLOYMENTS.

BY LOTS.

"Well I declare I don't see what the world is coming to. These 'Woman's Rights' people will destroy all the modesty and refinement of the sex, if they keep on."
"Why, Martha, what new thing has happened now?"
"Nothing, only I saw Mrs. Syles standing in market this morning, and I should think a woman of her education might find other employment; but I suppose she is only practicing what these new reformers teach."
"And pray, what harm is there in standing in market, if she chooses?"
"None, that I know of. It she makes herself coarse and unduly-like, it is no affair of mine; but it she is neglected by her former associates I hope she will not complain."
"And what has she done, that she should be neglected?"
"What has she done! No lady would stand there, by the hour, exposed to the contact of everything that passes; and it she voluntarily places herself beneath her friends, she cannot expect them to stoop to her."
"But I cannot see that she is placing herself beneath them; she must support her family in some way, and so long as she does it without crime I do not see where the shame is."
"Well, Addie, I always knew that you were very democratic in your notions; but I did not suppose that you would carry them quite so far. Why don't you make associates of your kitchen girl and wash-woman?"
"If they had the necessary cultivation, their employment would not prevent me from doing so, I assure you."
"But I hold that a woman of cultivation has no need to follow an occupation that has a tendency to make her coarse and vulgar."
"And I hold that one's occupation, if an honest one, does not degrade them in the least. But even if it did, it is not always possible for persons of intelligence and refinement to avoid such occupation. Necessity is a stern master, and those who are forced to obey his mandates, against their natural inclinations, are more to be pitied than blamed."
"Perhaps they are, but tell me, if you can, what there is to necessitate Mrs. Syles to become a market-woman; she can teach, and that you well know, and with success, too."
"Yes, with a success which left her so broken in health that it took years for her to recover, and her children had to depend on the care of strangers the while."
"Well she can draw, paint, embroider, and is expert with her needle in almost any department, why does she not employ herself in some of these ways?"
"They are all sedentary employments, and how much soever she might wish to do, she could not, without the same disastrous consequences as before, broken health."
"Why, then, does she not support herself by her pen, she writes well; I should think she might do it easily, and have plenty of time left for recreation and exercise."
"Perhaps you will not think it quite so easy, when I tell you that for all that she has written she has never received what would be a fair compensation for one month's work, and while you are sitting in your parlor being amused or instructed by what she has penned, she is struggling to obtain the means of support for those who are dearer to her than life."
"Why, then, does she write at all; I would not if they would not pay me!"
"Why does she write at all, or the dew fall? She writes because she must; it is a necessity of her being, and as a compensation she is treated with scorn, because she has not the wealth to sit in idleness, or the health to endure your genteel employments."
"I must own that you have placed the subject in an entirely new light, but is there no danger of woman's losing that delicacy which constitutes her peculiar charm, by mingling so freely with the common mass with which she must thus inevitably come in contact?"
"There is a false delicacy which would be no loss, and the quicker that is swept away, the better, but the true delicacy which springs from purity of heart, will not suffer. How can there be more danger in selling to, than buying of a vicious person, and you would think me very foolish if I insisted that a lady should not go to market to select what was needed for the family, because some who sell there are vulgar or vile. If woman must be kept from coming in contact with vice or vulgarity, she had better shut herself up from the world at once; for the fair lady who arrays herself in silks, and goes out

shopping, escapes coming in contact with licentiousness, she will do better than I think she can. And if she can converse with such on business, in a fashionable store, without fear of contamination, why can she not in any other place where duty or necessity may call her?"
"It may be as you say, but if she does not suffer in morals, she will from people's remarks; and as plausible as your reasoning may seem, I have thought and still think, that the doctrine, which gives to woman the right to mingle in the employments common to men, has a tendency to make her character less lovely. One writer says that 'The honors of the forum, the insignia of political success, and the entrance of commercial life are withheld from us in mercy,' and I believe it."
"Yes, and the same writer says, 'Who among women would barter the innocence of domestic life, the respectful love of husband and children, for the empty honors, the gainings of insatiate ambition?' I would not, as God knows my heart, but all women are not, and may never be wives and mothers. The woman who would sacrifice all or any of the blessings of an affectionate home for the mad promptings of ambition, is worse than insane."
"But is there no motive, but ambition that may cause woman to leave the beaten track that she may come before the public? God forgive those who judge her so narrowly. As for political success, no true woman will care for it so far as herself is concerned. She will feel no interest in it further than the great principles of right or wrong may be involved, and in these she has a right to feel an interest, neither will she care for the honors of the forum. Unless the cause of truth and virtue is borne forward on their rising tide."
"The busy world of commercial life, however, are a different thing. That they are withheld from her in mercy, I deny, or that they are withheld from her at all, only from the opposition of her own sex. Man opposes no obstacle here, and though woman seldom enters them from choice, yet there are circumstances in which it would be cruelly instead of mercy, to prevent her."
"Will you please state some of those circumstances?"
"Most willingly. Look at that poor widow with a family depending upon her for support; her husband was in business, and with his careful supervision it yielded them a competence, but he is gone now. While he lived, she was his companion and confidant, as every wife should be; she knows enough of the business to carry it on successfully. In doing so she will have to encounter much, but she cares not for that; her love is strong, and what matters it, if her children can be brought up, comfortably educated and fitted for useful stations in society, would it be mercy to deny her this, because she is a woman?"
"Certainly not, but such a case would be an exception."
"Well, I think if you will look about upon all the females who have loved ones depending upon them for support, you will find a multitude of exceptions, and if all the ignorant men and women, and all the children that are growing up to be such because their mothers are and were denied remunerative employments, could be placed before you once, you would wish there had never been any occasion for such exceptions."
"But it seems to me we have wandered from the point; we were talking of an intelligent woman assuming the coarser avocations of life."
"So we were, and the same principle is involved here as in the other case. I wish there was not an ignorant woman in the land, but if that were the case, and intelligent women were allowed to engage only in the so-called lady-like employments we should be in a sad condition, truly. Society would be like a person who was all head, if we can conceive of such an anomaly."
"Then you would have women buy and sell, plan, calculate, in short, mingle in all the rough jostle of life, the same as man?"
"I would have her to do whatever she chooses, if she is qualified for it, and especially if those who are dear as life itself are dependent on her for support. I have too much confidence in my sex to believe that they will become coarse and vulgar merely because they are allowed to choose their own employments, and I believe that those who say that we shall assimilate to the vices instead of the virtues of man, if we share his employments, are guilty of a gross libel."
"Woman has a right to consult her health and the welfare of those depending upon her care, if there are such in the choice of her employment. She has a right as much as her brother to select for herself, and they who would stamp her as indolent or unwomanly for so doing, are doing their best to drive her into the vortex of pollution, and if she falls not, it will not be their fault."
"How can we be driving them to ruin by striving to keep them from that which we fear will blunt the delicacy of their feelings?"
"Because hunger, cold, and the wants of loved ones, are stronger than even your frowns. If the truth could be known, I doubt not that thousands are to-day in the way of her whose steps take hold on hell, who would not have been there if the indignant frowns of their own sex had not kept them from engaging in some one of the more remunerative employments that are now filled by men."
"They have struggled on in an occupation that yielded barely enough to keep absolute want at bay, till their own worn-out frames, and the wants of their offspring have rendered them desperate, and in an evil hour, under the veil of secrecy, they have fallen. The first steps taken, the rest are easy; they feel the bitterness of their wrongs, the hopelessness of their

case, and find a sort of fanatical satisfaction in striving to make others like themselves. We shall never have that freedom that belongs to a truly virtuous society till we can fearlessly choose our own avocations, and are willing to allow others the same privilege."
THE SUMMER IS PAST.
The three short months of summer have passed, and autumn with its yellow and scarred leaf is before us. It seems but yesterday when the earth put forth the flowers and blossoms of spring, and yet during this brief period summer has succeeded spring, and now autumn to summer. Day follows day and year follows year in quick and rapid succession, and amidst the turmoil and excitement and bustle of life we forget how rapidly we are moving on that "journey from whose bourne no traveler returns."
The summer is past! What a sad and instructive lesson does the rapid change of seasons leave us of our destiny. In the spring-time of life our hearts have been high with the hope and delightful anticipations of future years of promise. The summer's sun may have risen upon us without a cloud, and its last rays of light may have been more beautiful than the first. And when the autumn gales are around us, testing the hopes of our earlier years, and stamping upon all either disappointment or success, according as we have treasured up the talents bestowed upon us by our Maker. Then comes the winter of life, when the joyous hopes of boyhood are looked upon as wild enthusiasm, and when the judgment matured by experience, will unite with the wise man of Israel in saying, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."
The summer is past, and perhaps with the writer and reader it has passed forever. To us the balmy breath of spring may never come again. We may never again see the budding rose and springing flower of that beautiful season. Change is stamped upon all things of this world, "here-to-day and gone-to-morrow," and then all that remains of us is a little handful of earth, an affecting comment on our vanity and folly. Ah! did we realize and feel this important truth, how different how very different would be the course of our lives. Did we in the moments of our temptation, when we find our hearts turning towards the things of this world but reflect that its enjoyments are as fading as a dream, how little should we care for all its honors. What to us would be the homage of a thousand--what to us the adulation of the multitude? A few rapid rolling years, and our heads will lie as low in the dust as theirs, and "places that now know us will then know us no more forever."

Out-of-Door Exercise.

There is probably not another people to be found, that take so little exercise out of doors, as those living in cities and large towns of the Northern States. This in-door confinement is the direct occasion of two great evils; impaired health and a destruction of vivacity. To be healthful and cheerful, much time must be passed in sunlight, where oxygen may be inhaled without stint. Stay in the house, shop, store, office, study, sanctum, or other confinement, where carbonic acid gas and other impurities are breathed again and again, and it would be extraordinary if such persons always maintained cheerful spirits, and enjoyed good health.

Among the Germans in faterland, (and it may be true of them here,) their constant cheerfulness and gaiety would be a marvel to our sour and grumbling people, out of health and out of spirits. Early in the morning, from four o'clock until ten in the evening, the thoroughfares in and about the cities of Germany are thronged with hazy and lassies, wending their way to public gardens and other places of resort, where social pleasures are freely enjoyed, and the heart made glad and the health and vigor of the body improved and preserved.

When the men and women have finished their work, or business, they, too, go forth to amusement. And what is worthy of note, the ladies are not afraid of being broiled by the sun's rays and the health-giving breezes. They will spend hours in the sun-light, daily, and do marvel that any should object to such an airing.

Can any one wonder at the superior business and cheerfulness of the women of Germany, Italy and other European countries, over the women of the northern cities of our country, after contemplating the difference in their habits?

Mothers should encourage their daughters, especially to take much exercise in the open air, and not compel them to take the measured, boarding-school step. Allow them to run, skip and hop, as if they were really alive and full of joy and life.

Any girl, from the age of ten to twenty years, who is in possession of ordinary health, should accustom herself to walking, as not to be dependent on the cars or the omnibuses, in case she desires to visit Mount Auburn or any other desirable place of resort within six miles of the city. Yet, as daughters are now brought up, it would be difficult to find a girl in the city, of the period of life indicated, that could walk to Mount Auburn and back, without endangering health and perhaps life.

If not accustomed to walking, begin by exercising moderately, increasing a little every day, until you are able to walk three, six or twelve miles a day.

The pleasure of life will be greatly enhanced by exercising as now indicated or in some other not less efficient way. It is no unusual thing for girls to begin to lose their freshness and beauty of girlhood--that delightful period of life; before they get out of their teens. Take our advice, providing it meets the approval of your mothers, and you will preserve and magnify the priceless graces of girlhood as well as of womanhood; health, beauty and cheerfulness, and secure that which every body desires, a long, healthy, happy and useful life.--Boston Transcript.

THE HEART.--Few people hold close communion with their hearts. It is a terrible thing to question it continuously--severely--and feel the truth of its replies, wrung out fraction by fraction till the questioner sees himself revealed, and humbled at the revelation. There is far more of profound and far-reaching knowledge than most men are willing to perceive in the exclamation of the Royal Psalmist, "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." And yet men need not be deceived. It is because they dare not learn the truth--they fear to know themselves. I share this fear. On a few occasions I have torn the mask away, and looked on the nakedness of the heart--but I shut my eyes, and tried to cheat myself into the belief that there was no devil there. It is not a more difficult matter to know more of our neighbor than ourself, for we do not fear to study him. We read him as an open book, and although we cannot pry closely in every page, we can peruse the table of contents, and learn more than he would be willing to tell. I thank God for the restraining influences which he throws around man--for his motions without and within to keep and cherish the spirit of goodly in the human heart, that it may not wholly die. But for these, soon would the light of the inner temple go out in darkness, and a midnight of despair and horror wrap the soul!

VERY COOL.--An apparently unsophisticated youth went into one of our refreshment places a few days ago, and asked for something to appease his hunger. The keeper discovered the neck of a wild goose peering through a neighboring fence.

"Stop your noise," said U, "and wait a bit. I'll have him, just back of the eye--you can bet your life on that."
Stepping back a pace, and bringing the old ruddy to his face, U, barked away.
"Hallo, there!" followed back the report, "what are you shooting here for? Don't you know the difference between the handle of a corn plow and the neck of a goose?"
"Twice enough! U, had shot the handle off from a corn plow, 'jest back of the eye!"
A GOOD CONJUNCTION.--A Western paper contains the announcement of the marriage of Mr. Gaines to Miss Meanes, a good conjunction. He has added much to his means and she will do a great deal toward increasing his gains.

Getting Rich on Poor Land, and Poor on Rich Land.

A close observer of men and things told us the following little history, which we hope will plow very deeply into the attention of all who plow very shallow in their soils:
Two brothers settled together in a country. One of them on a cold, ugly, clay soil, covered with black-jack oak, not one of which was large enough to make a half dozen rails. This man would never drive any but large, powerful, Conestoga horses, seventeen hands high. He always put three horses to a large plow, and ploughed it in some ten inches deep. This deep ploughing he invariably practised and cultivated thoroughly afterward. He raised his seventy bushels of corn to the acre.

This man had a brother about six miles off, settled on a rich White River bottom-land farm--and while a black-jack oak soil yielded seventy bushels to the acre, this fine bottom-land would not average fifty. One brother was sturdily growing rich on poor land, and the other steadily growing poor on rich land.

One day the bottom-land brother came down to see the black-jack oak farmer, and they began to talk about their crops and farms, as farmers are very apt to do.

"How is it," said the first, "that you manage on this poor soil to beat us in crops?"
The reply was, "I work my land."
That was it exactly. Some men have such rich land that they won't work it; and they never get a step beyond where they began. They rely on the soil, not on labor, or skill, or care. Some men expect their lands to work, and some men expect to work their land--and that is just the difference between a good farmer and a bad one.

When we had written thus far, and read it to our informant, he said: "Three years ago I travelled through that section, and the only good farm I saw was this very one of which you have just written. All the others were desolate--fences down, cabins abandoned, the settlers discouraged and moved off. I thought I saw the same old stable door hanging by one hinge, that used to disgust me ten years ago; and I saw no change except for worse in the whole country, with the single exception of this one farm."

Look on the bright side. It is the right side. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier to wear a gloomy and sad countenance. It is the sunshine, and not a cloud, that makes the flower. There is always that before or around us which should cheer and all the heart with warmth. The sky is blue ten times where it is black one. You have troubles, it may be. So have others. None are free from them. Perhaps it is as well that none should be. They give sinew and tone to life--fortitude and courage to man. That would be a dull sea, and the sailor would never get skill where there was nothing to disturb the surface of the ocean. It is the duty of every one to extract all the happiness and enjoyment he can without and within, and above all, he should look on the bright side of things. What though times do look a little dark? The lane will turn, and the night will end in broad day. In the long run the great balance rights itself. What is ill becomes well--what is wrong, right. Men are not made to hang down their heads or lips, and those who do only show that they are departing from the paths of true common sense and right. There is more virtue in one sunbeam than a whole hemisphere of clouds and gloom. Therefore, we repeat, look on the bright side of things. Cultivate what is warm and genial--not the cold and repulsive, the dark and morose.--Aton.

ATTEMPT TO POISON A WHOLE FAMILY.--The Washington, Fayette Co., O., "Register" gives the particulars of a diabolical attempt to poison a whole family last week. It appears that Patrick McCoy, living near Washington, had his brother-in-law get a sack of corn meal at the Rock Mills, and Mrs. McCoy made some corn bread for dinner, but the bread coming in as early as usual, dinner was delayed, and one of the children broke a piece of the bread off and tasted it, when he told his mother it was not good--it was bitter. The husband and father, coming in, was advised of the peculiar taste, and to try the effects, threw pieces of the bread to some dogs, who ate them and in a short time died. A cake was then baked of meal further down in the sack and given to other dogs who ate and died. Still another cake was baked of meal from the bottom of the sack, which had no effect on dogs or on human beings. Portions of the meal was examined and found to contain large quantities of strychnine. Mrs. McCoy openly accused the brothers-in-law, Abram Post and B. F. McCarty, who brought the meal from the mill, of mixing in the poison. The affair created great excitement and has not yet been settled.

MARRIAGE.--I never, says Mrs. Childs, saw a marriage happier for money than that did not end unhappily. Yet managing mothers and heartless daughters are continually playing the same unlucky game. I believe men more frequently marry for love than women, because they have a larger choice. I am afraid to conjecture how large a portion of women marry because they think they will never have a better chance, and dread becoming dependent. Such marriages do sometimes prove tolerably comfortable, but a greater number would have been far happier single. If I may judge by my observation of such matters, marrying for a home is a most tiresome way of getting a living.

The Abominations of Men's Beards and Shaws.

A correspondent of the Dayton "Religious Telescope," the organ of the United Brethren Church, is much exercised at the prevalence of some of the fashions of the present day.

In regard to wearing the beard, after attempting to refute all the arguments urged in favor of the tolerance of that appendage, he says:
To my mind it avors of barbarism and a lack of civilization. To see ministers of the gospel sit in time of worship, and tug and pull at their beards, like a Yankee milk miking a goat, is perfectly ridiculous, and incompatible with their calling.

Shawl wearing is thus disposed of. The same evil occurs in ministers of the gospel wearing shaws; and the reader will suffer me to remind him that those vulgar fashions, as a general thing, tell their origin in and about houses of ill-fame. Hence, the black-leg wears a shawl, next comes the merchant, (or it is his interest to sell them.) Next comes the lawyer, and the doctor, and last, the minister comes pacing up the rear, crying, "hallo! gentlemen of the shawl tribe, be ye not conformed to the world, but rather improve the world; I, therefore, admonish you, under the penalty of my calling, that you come out from the world, and be separate, that ye partake not of her plagues!"

Beautiful Extract.
"Men seldom think of the great extent of death until the shadows fall across their own path, hiding forever from their eyes the traces of loved ones whose living smiles were the sunlight of their existence. Death is the great antagonist of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its passage may lead to paradise; and, with Charles Lamb, we do not want to lie down in the muddy grave, even with kings and princes; for he follows. But the flat of nature is inexorable. There is no appeal or relief from the great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and we fade as the leaves of the forest and the flowers that blossom and wither in a day. Has not a fairer lot upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps? Generations of men appear and vanish as the grass, and the countless multitude that throng the world to day will to-morrow disappear as the foot steps in the sand on the sea shore."

Five Year Earnings.
The pecunia which apprentices, clerks and others have of spending their earnings as they accumulate, is one great reason why so many never attain a position above mediocrity in life. A person who receives but a small compensation for his services, will, with a little care over his expenditure, and system of regularity in his expenditures, find that at the end of the year he is prepared to encounter any emergency or mishap. But as a general thing they manage to get rid of their earnings quite as quick as they are due, leaving them wholly unprepared for emergencies, or sickness or other wise. A system of retarding unnecessary expenses, if adopted by our younger folks, will bring around the most happy and gratifying results, and be the means of raising to eminence and standing in society, many who have now contracted the habit of parting with their earnings so readily and so foolishly--the habit of keeping continually in debt, beguils indifference and dissipation, a lack of self-respect, and utter disregard for future prospects. The real cause for a great deal of crime may be traced to the habit of foolish expenditure of money in early days.--Albany Transcript.

Tax Contribution Box in California.--Those persons who go around with the contribution boxes in California churches plead and argue the case to the news as they go along. In one instance, the following dialogue occurred: Paul, a L. extended the box to Bill, and he slowly shook his head. "Come, William, give us something," said the parson. "Can't do it," replied Bill. "Why not? Is not the cause a good one?" "Yes, but I am not able to give anything." "Bill, I know better, you must give a better reason than that." "Well, I owe too much money--I must be just before I am generous, you know." "But, William, you owe God a larger debt than you owe any one else." "That's true, parson; but then he ain't pushing me like the balance of my creditors!"

Robert L. Curry, an alderman of the Twenty-Fourth Ward, Philadelphia, and a man named John Alexander, had a hearing on Wednesday before Recorder Egan, on a charge of conspiracy to extort money. The evidence went to show that Alexander was employed by the alderman to call at the taverns on Sundays, purchase liquor, and have it tavern keepers brought before Curry, and bound over for selling liquor on Sunday, compromise the matter afterward for a sum of money, and share the proceeds with the alderman. They were held to bail each in the sum of 1,000.

A clergyman not thirty miles from Boston, who was noted for his nice way of pronunciation, went to a shoemaker and engaged a pair of boots to be made. "A few days after, he called and inquired if they were ready, and was answered in the negative.

"Will they be ready by next Chatter-day?" asked the clergyman.
"No," said the shoemaker, "but you shall have them by next Chatter-day."

Lady Peel, widow of the late Sir Robert Peel, is dead. She retired to rest in apparent good health, and was found next morning dead in her bed.