THE FREMONT JOURNAL.
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EVERY VARIETY OF
JOB PRINTING
NEATLY AND QUICKLY DONE.

The Fremont Weekly Journal.

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FREMONT, SANDUSKY COUNTY, OHIO; FRIDAY, APRIL 12, 1867.

Business Directory.

I. O. G. T.

THE REGULAR Communications of the Lodge of Good Templars are held in their hall in Shomo's Block, every Tuesday evening. Visiting Brothers and Sisters are invited. All who feel an interest in the cause of Temperance and the welfare of the community, are requested to join us. [36tf.]

DRY GOODS.

BRISTOL & TAYLOR,
DEALERS in Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Domestics, White Goods, Woolen Goods, Notions, &c., corner Front and State Streets, FREMONT, OHIO.

HERMON, SMITH & WILSON,
DEALERS in Dry Goods, Shawls & Cloaks, White Goods, Hosiery and Gloves, Flannels, Blankets, Notions, &c., Front Street, FREMONT, OHIO.

EMMERICH & CO.,
DEALERS in Dry Goods, Ready-Made Clothing, Groceries, &c., Front Street, FREMONT, OHIO.

WM. A. RICE,
DEALER in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hats & Caps, Boots and Shoes, Merchant Tailoring, &c., Front Street, FREMONT, OHIO.

CLOTHING.

DRYFOOS & BRO.,
DEALERS in Clothing, and Merchant Tailoring, one door north of National Bank, FREMONT, OHIO.

HARDWARE.

ROBERTS & SHELDON,
DEALERS in Hardware, Nails, Stoves, Agricultural Implements, &c., and manufacturers of Copper, Tinned Sheet-iron ware, Front Street, FREMONT, OHIO.

THOMPSON & CO.,
HARDWARE, Stoves, Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Ware, Front Street, FREMONT, OHIO.

CROCKERY, &C.

E. R. MOORE,
DEALER in Crockery, China and Glassware, Britania Ware, Looking Glasses, Lamps, &c., Front Street, FREMONT, OHIO.

HOTELS.

CROGHAN HOUSE,
FRANK N. GURNEY, Proprietor. Passengers carried to and from the House free of charge. Situate corner of State and Front Streets, FREMONT, OHIO.

PETER KESSLER. E. R. BELDING
KESSLER'S HOUSE.
KESSLER & BELDING, Proprietors. Passengers carried to and from the House free of charge. Situate corner Front and State Streets, FREMONT, OHIO.

Young America Dining Saloon.
WARM MEALS SERVEDAT ALL HOURS. OYSTERS by the Can and half Can can always be obtained as low as can be bought elsewhere.—Come and see for yourself. CLEVELAND & MILLIOUS.
Fremont, Dec 7, 1866—49tf

DENTISTRY.

H. M. SHAW,
DENTIST, is prepared to do all work in the Dental Profession with promptness and satisfaction to all who may need his services. He is prepared to set from a single tooth to forming complete sets for up per and lower jaws. Teeth inserted on pivot, or gold, or silver plate.—OFFICE—In Buckland's old Block, up-stairs, FREMONT, OHIO. [Jan 63]

G. J. SALZMAN,
DENTIST, will be in his office, at Clyde, the last two weeks of each month, to perform all operations required in his profession. Satisfaction guaranteed in all cases.—Rooms at the old stand, [Oct 27, 66—43tf] CLYDE, OHIO.

DRUGGISTS.

DR. E. DILLON & SON,
DRUGGISTS and dealers in Paints, Oils, Dye-stuffs, Window Glass, Patent Medicines, Fancy Articles, &c., Front Street, FREMONT, OHIO.

C. R. McCULLOCH,
DEALER in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Dye-Stuffs, Glass, Books, Stationery, Wall Paper, Fancy Goods, &c., &c., No. 2, Buckland's old Block, FREMONT, OHIO.

S. BUCKLAND & SONS,
DEALERS in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Dye-Stuffs, Glass, Books, Stationery, Wall Paper, Fancy Goods, &c., &c., No. 1, Buckland's old Block, FREMONT, OHIO.

MEDICAL.

H. F. BAKER, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR. Private diseases carefully treated and promptly cured. Office and residence on State Street, East side of the river, four doors east of the Brick Tavern, FREMONT, OHIO. [18tf

J. M. COREY, M D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office—Up-stairs, over Hesher's Hat and Cap Store, next door to Baker's Drug Store. FREMONT, OHIO. [oct20'65.]

J. W. GOODSON, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, has changed his residence to the building one door south of the Congregational Church. 19 BELLEVUE.

H. F. BOSWORTH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office, Shomo's Block, over Post Office, Front Street, FREMONT, OHIO. 44y1

J. W. FAILING, M. D.,
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office hours—From 1 to 3 P. M.—Saturdays, from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. Particular attention paid to Diseases of the Throat and Lungs. OFFICE, Buckland's Old Block, second floor. FREMONT, OHIO. [April 1864.]

PHOTOGRAPHER.

A. D. WILES'
PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY, in St. Clair's Block, opposite the Post Office, FREMONT, OHIO.

AUCTIONEER.

J. H. HOOD,
LICENCED City and County Auctioneer. Office at C & T R R Depot, Fremont. Particular attention given to Public Vendues; P. O. Drawer, 84, FREMONT, OHIO. (61m8)

LEGAL.

JOHN M. LEMMON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW and Notary Public. Also authorized agent for collection of all kinds of Military, Bounty, and Pension Claims, 44y1 CLYDE, OHIO.

C. W. PAGE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW and Notary Public. Insurance, Real Estate and General Collecting Agent for all kinds of War and Patent Claims. CLYDE, OHIO.

J. L. GREENE & SON,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, will attend to Legal Business in Sandusky and adjoining counties. Particular attention paid to the collection of Claims, Soldiers' Back Pay, Bounty and Pension claims promptly attended to. OFFICE—Front, corner room, up-stairs, Tyler Block, FREMONT, OHIO.

A. H. HORD. HARLON CHANCE.
HORD & CHANCE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Buckland's New Block, FREMONT, OHIO. [35y1]

J. R. BARTLETT,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Office over D. Garvis & Co.'s Store, corner Front and Croghan streets, FREMONT, OHIO.

H. W. WINSLOW,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, will attend to Professional Business in Sandusky and adjoining counties. Special attention given to procuring Soldier's Pay, Bounty, and Pensions. OFFICE—Second Story Tyler's Block. FREMONT, OHIO.
November, 27, 1863.

H. EVERETT. JAS. M. FOWLER.
EVERETT & FOWLER,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, and Solicitors in Chancery; will attend to professional business in Sandusky and adjoining counties. Office, Second story Buckland's NEW Block. v14-n16 FREMONT, OHIO.

FREDERICK CYRIAX.
FRENCH FANCY STEAM DYEING AND CLEANING WORKS,
104 Seneca Street, Cleveland, Ohio.
Agency for Fremont,
MR ALBERT H. RICE, FRONT STREET.
First class dyeing in all its branches. I call the especial attention of gentlemen to the improved French style of cleaning or redyeing of made up garments. (10m3.)

STEWART,
LOCKSMITH & CUTLER. Repairs Locks, Clocks, Sewing Machines, Trunks, Umbrellas, &c., &c.—Grinds Surgeon's Intruments, Razors, Knives, Shears, and all kinds of small edge tools. All work attended to promptly and satisfaction guaranteed. Shop on Croghan Street, South side, rear of Perry Cless's Grocery, FREMONT, OHIO. 4y1

Hardware, Stoves and Tinware.

THOMPSON & CO.

Now offer for sale a Large Stock of

HARDWARE!

STOVES!

TIN, COPPER,

AND

Sheet-Iron Ware!

VERY LOW.

THOMPSON & CO.

FREMONT, June 1, 1866.—22tf.

The War is Over!
Gold has Gone Down!
AND
ROBERTS & SHELDON
Have reduced the Price
ON HARDWARE
TO CORRESPOND.

WE ask the Farmers to call and examine our stock of

Tools and Implements,

which consist in part of

Combination Steel Plow,
Curtis' Iron Beam,
Fostoria Cast Plow,
Corn Plows,
Shovel Plows, double & single
Cultivators,
Road Scrapers,
Corn Shellers, iron and wood,
Straw Cutters,
Horse Rakes,
Horse Forks,
Hoes and Forks,
Rakes and Scythes,
Grain Cradles,
Scythe Sticks and Stones,
Shovels and Spades,
Wheelbarrows,
Churns, Tubs, Pails, Brooms,
Clothes' Wringers,
Spinning Wheels and Reels,
Sheep Shears & Wool Twine,
Land Plaster,
Water Lime,
Stucco, &c., &c., &c.

Together with a complete stock of
Nails,
House and Barn Trimmings,
Builders' & Farmers' Hardware,

STOVES,

Tin and Sheet Iron Ware,
All of which we offer at
Prices which defy Competition!
ALSO AGENTS FOR THE
CHAMPION
Mower and Reaper
Cider Mills,
Buckeye Wood Sawing Machines,
Fairbanks' Scales,

Our Tin Shop,

Is in order, and will fill your orders with despatch.

ROBERTS & SHELDON.

Boots and Shoes.

FEBRUARY 1, 1867

Notice.
From this date till further notice
We Propose to Close Out Our —STOCK OF— WINTER GOODS AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES, Preparatory to getting in our Spring Stock.
WE HAVE A GOOD SUPPLY
—OF ALL KINDS OF—
BOOTS & SHOES
To be Found in the Market,
Which we don't propose to sell quite at cost,
BUT SO NEAR IT
That the Profits Amount to Nothing
To the buyer and furnish us with just enough stamps to pay expenses cast.
DON'T FOOL AWAY YOUR TIME But Come At Once While you can Buy for less than the Market price.
Our Manufacturing Shop is in good order and prepared to get up anything in the Boot and Shoe line in the best style.
REPAIRING
NEATLY DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.
Also a good supply, cheap, of
LEATHER & FINDINGS.
[No. 4 Buckland's Old Block—H. Lesher's Place.]
SMITH BROTHERS.

GREAT
CLEANING-OUT SALE!!!
—:o:—
BARGAINS! BARGAINS!!
—:o:—
HOOT & MENG,
NOW OFFER THEIR SPLENDID STOCK OF
Boots, Shoes & Rubbers,
AT A GREAT
Reduction of Price.
MANY GOODS WILL BE SOLD AT
LESS THAN COST.
We are determined to close down our stock to the LOWEST possible amount. The best quality of Goods manufactured, is now offered at as Low Prices as you have been paying for your Auction Goods elsewhere. Don't fail to call and make your selections before the stock is broken. Our sale will continue
For Forty Days
From this date, at which time we propose to make our Spring purchases.
REMEMBER:
We mean what we say, and will not be undersold by any one in the Trade. You will find us at our Old Stand in BUCKLAND'S NEW BLOCK.
Manufacturing & Repairing
Done in the best style and on short notice.
HOOT & MENG.
Fremont, February 22, 1867.—39v1.

Come to Fremont
—:o:—
IF YOU WANT BARGAINS IN
BOOTS & SHOES,
GO TO
SHERMAN & CO.'S
Cheap Boot and Shoe Store, and save 25 per cent.
If you want the best custom made Boots and Shoes go to SHERMAN & CO.'S.
If you want the best sewed or pegged boots in Sandusky County, go to SHERMAN & CO'S.
If you want a nice fit, go to SHERMAN & CO.'S.
If you want the new styles for Winter and Spring, go to SHERMAN & CO.'S.
If you want Excelsior Ladies' Boots, go to SHERMAN & CO.'S.
We give new pairs for all which prove defective after reasonable wear. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case. Mending done on short notice. Leather and findings for sale.
SHERMAN & CO.
No. 3 FARING & HEIR'S BLOCK, State Street, Fremont, O.
Fremont, February 22, 1867.—v15n8.

DORR & SON.
New and Complete Winter assortment of
BOOTS AND SHOES,
CONSISTING IN PART OF
LADIES' GAITERS,
LADIES' BALMORALS,
LADIES' BOOTS,
LADIES' SLIPPERS,
CHILDREN'S SHOES,
MEN'S CALF BOOTS,
MEN'S KIP BOOTS,
MEN'S COARSE BOOTS,
MEN'S OVER SHOES,
CHEAP FOR CASH.
CUSTOM WORK done in the best style at fair prices.
REPAIRING neatly done. DORR & SON.
Fremont, Jan 11, '67—v16n2tf.

LADIES' and GENTS'
FURS
—OF ALL KINDS—
A good variety can be bought at not cost, at [16n3m2] H. LESHER'S Hat Store, Fremont.
Sweet Opoponax From Mexico! New very rare, rich and fashionable perfume. This finest ever imported or manufactured in the United States. Try it and be convinced.

Original Poetry.

HOPE.

Swiftly the tide of time rolls on;
The seasons come and go as ever;
We walk the earth, till death shall come,
To bear us o'er the mighty river.

Then let us spend our moments well,
And learn each day to bless the giver;
And leave, when time shall ring our knell,
A name that will be green forever.

'Tis true that we must learn to stem
The angry blast, tho' e'er so dire—
That, properly, is not a gem,
That can't be tested by the fire.

In all the busy haunts of life,
Whate'er may be our occupation,
We must be valiant in the strife,
Tho' high or low may be our station.

We may be rich, we may be poor—
In either case we have our sorrow;
But hope knocks gently at the door,
And whispers faintly of to-morrow.

Then let us not despair tho' dark
May be the clouds that hover o'er us;
We'll nerve our arms and steer our bark,
Towards the beacon light before us.

FREMONT, OHIO. S. A. B.

OLD TIMES.

Here is an exquisite little poem, which appeared in the Chicago *Journal*, and is probably from the pen of B. F. TAYLOR. It is a perfect gem:

There's a beautiful song on the slumbrous air,
That drifts through the valley of dreams;
It comes from a clime where the roses were,
And tuneful heart and bright brown hair
That waved in the morning beams.

Soft eyes of azure and eyes of brown,
And snow-white foreheads are there;
A glimmering Cross and a glittering Crown,
A thorny bed and a couch of down,
Lost hopes and leaflets of prayer.

A breath of Spring in the breezy woods,
Sweet wafts from the quivering pines—
Blue violet eyes beneath green hoods,
A bubble of brooklets, a scent of buds,
Bird warbles and clambering vines.

A rosy wreath and dimpled hand,
A ring and a slighted vow—
Three golden links of a broken band,
A tiny track on the snow-white sand,
A tear and a sinless brow.

There's a tincture of grief in the beautiful song
That sobs on the slumbrous air,
And loneliness felt in the festive throng,
Sinks down on the soul as it trembles along
From a clime where the roses were.

We heard it first at the dawn of day,
And it mingled with matin chimes,
But years have distanced the beautiful lay,
And its melody floweth from far away,
And we call it, now, Old Times.

Miscellaneous Selections.

The Sin of James Armstrong.

It was a household with no joy in it. The very dog and cat moved round soberly, as you never saw dogs and cats in other houses. There were never any boquets on those mantels, or gay pictures on those walls. There were no merry-makings there. Even the children, a girl and two boys, had grown used to this sober atmosphere, and they went on their way like automatons, without mirth and without complaining. You thought inevitably, as you entered that dwelling, of a house whence the unburied dead had not yet been carried. And that was it Their dead lay unburied still. For there had been no tender funeral rites, no tears shed, or flowers scattered above a grave.

And yet time was when that house was the abode of love and joy—when James Armstrong brought home his bride, a girl fair as the fairest, gay as the gayest. Like the carol of a bird, her glad voice filled the house with melody All day her husband looked forward to her blithe welcome. Then the little yard was full of blossoms. Honeysuckles clambered over the porch, roses nodded their saucy heads in at the windows, and all winter Jenny Armstrong tended a great stand of flowers in her sunny south sitting-room. Then, one after another, the children came making the home brighter and blither, each one; and never was there a prouder father than James Armstrong, when he looked into the gentle eyes of his little girl, or felt his bold boys tugging at his coat.

Can I bear to tell you how, upon this home of love and joy, the blow descended, which in one day laid all waste? How could James Armstrong, with that wife, with those children, have been tempted to sin? It must have been, after all, for their sakes; prompted by a weak ambition for them.

He lived a little way out of town, and went in, every day, to his business; and daily he heard stories of successful speculations—of great fortunes made in a few weeks—and grew mad with covetous desire. He had a small sum in the bank, and that he invested in fancy stock. He succeeded beyond his hopes; and then he tried again, and yet again. And at last, one day, he lost all, and was frantic with grief and rage. How could he go home and tell Jenny that the fund on which they had depended to educate their children—their provisions against a rainy day—was gone? Think of him gently as you can. I know he was not in his right mind when he forged the indorsement of the firm for whom he was book-keeper, upon a note, and procured the money on it. With this money he made one grand investment, by which, with the wild madness belonging to speculation, he meant to retrieve and establish his fortunes. Think what the man suffered as time went on, and he saw this scheme like the others, come to nought, and then saw the day dawning nigh on which the note with the forged signature would be presented for payment.

All this time he had kept his own counsel. He had made efforts, which it would have been pitiful to see, had there been any looker-on who understood the case, to be the same at home—to keep the shadow of his woe and his doom from resting on that wife and those children. He had never loved them so before, he thought. When they did not observe him, he studied their faces, each one, so that he could close his eyes and see them still—so that, as he whispered to himself with choking agony, if he were shut away from them for years, he would never forget one curve of their features or one shade of meaning.

And at last the night came which was to have such fearful morrow. The next day the note would be due. He had not one thought of concealment or escape. He had not been able to redeem the note, as he had intended to do in the beginning, and now he felt that detection and punishment were inevitable. And with the instinct of a wounded animal, which creeps to its lair to die, he went home and told his wife he was sick, and he did not think he should be able to go to town the next day. How her tender care stirred his poor heart to its depths! Would she ever so minister to him again? Once—it was after the children had gone to bed—he caught her hands, and crushed them a moment in his own, looking into her eyes as if he would read her very soul.

"Jenny, wife," he gasped huskily, "do you think you would love me through every thing?"

One of Jenny Armstrong's most vital characteristics was her love of truth—a love almost morbid, indeed, in its action—which would never let her answer any thing without consideration, and which made her pause now, and run over possibilities in her own mind before she replied, heedless of the agony of supplication in his eyes.

"Yes," she said slowly; "I could love you if you were deaf, or blind, or lame, or mad—any thing but wicked."

The man dropped her hands with a bitter groan. It seemed to him that love and life were failing him together. But when he saw her startled eyes, he commanded himself again, and murmured feebly,—

"I was in pain, O Jenny I'm sick!"

All through the long morning hours next day he watched his children—little Jennie, Robert, and Jamie, his eldest born. Every one of their merry ways, their innocent carresses, was to him the keenest of tortures, yet he would not have missed one of them for worlds. How slowly the hours wore on! It was three o'clock in the afternoon before a carriage stopped at the gate, and he knew that his sin had found him out.

Still, with that same pathetic submission to a just fate, he uttered no denials. At his trial he pleaded guilty, and made no petition for mercy. Forsaken, as it seemed, of God and man, he sat there in his place, quite alone. When he was sentenced to five years in the State's Prison, he merely bowed his stricken head a little lower in dumb assent.

Then, before the prison walls closed on him, they persuaded his wife to go to him for a few moments. It was the first time since his arrest; for the disgrace, the utter ruin which he had brought upon her and her children, seemed to have turned her very nature to gall. She listened to him coldly, while he poured out in frenzied words the story of his temptation and of his sin. Coldly, then, as if a statue had opened its mouth and spoken, she said,—

"Wrong is wrong. I see no excuse for your crime. Have you done with what you wished to say?"

And, just as when he heard from the judge's lips his sentence, he bowed mutely his stricken head, and she went out.

After that the prison wall shut him in.

The generosity of those who might legally have claimed the little home where all Jane Armstrong's wedded life had been passed, spared it to the stricken woman and her children. So she lived on there, doing any work she could obtain, managing to keep the household in decent comfort; but living such a life as I have told you—a life utterly barren of grace, and beauty, and joy. In this shadow the children had dwelt, till their faces were sad with a premature despair which I could never describe.

And now the five years were almost over; and next week it would be time for James Armstrong to come home. In all this time no word or message from his wife had ever once reached him. She had never been known to mention his name. At first the children had asked for him; but she had always hushed them so sternly that soon they had learned to understand her will, and had gone on silently in the shadow which overhung the house.

It was Saturday afternoon—of that last week before the one in which her husband would be free—when she looked out, and saw the minister coming up the path from the gate to the door; the minister in whose church she used to sit Sunday after Sunday by her husband's side. It was long since she had seen him—she had never been to church since the shadow came—and on his few visits she had shown him so plainly how unwelcome he was, that he had been constrained to say aye. He came now with a message as urgent as that of Nathan the prophet when he went to King David with his "Thou art the man;" an errant that would not brook delay or denial.

She offered him a chair in gloomy silence that promised ill. She motioned to the children to go out, and they obeyed her noislessly as spirits. Then she looked at him, as if waiting to know his purpose.

"Daughter," he said, in low, penetrating tones that seemed to search her very heart, "did you ever sin against God?"

Every transgression of her life seemed as if it summoned for judgment by his will, to rise before her. Even as James Armstrong had done, when he heard his sentence, she bowed her head in shame and silence.

"Do you hope, then, ever to be received into His heavenly home?"

"Through grace, through infinite mercy, I hope," she answered in low, awe stricken tones.

The old man rose and looked down on her as the angel of justice might at the last. His voice rang clear and solemn through the low room.

"Is any mercy promised to them who have shown no mercy? With what measure you mete it shall be measured to you again."

She understood his meaning. Then She bowed her head lower still, and her spare, bent figure shook like a reed in the tempest of her emotion.

"I dared not forgive him or love him," she murmered. 'I thought it would be fellowship with evil—touching the accursed thing."

"And so you limited God's mercy!—This and this I may do and be forgiven—this other thing he did, and even erring, earthly love must shut the door against the sinner, stricken and repentant! That James Armstrong should be judged and punished by the law which he had violated was just and right; but who made you his judge, or gave you the right to say to him, humbled in the dust before you. 'I am holier than thou?' I tell you the sin which he suffered will be blotted out long before you will be forgiven for your hard thoughts of him—for the bitterness of all these cruel years."

And then, leaving these last words to ring and echo in her ears like a sentence of doom, he went his way.

The next day was Sunday, and Jane Armstrong passed it in strong prayers and crying. She had been cold and bitter, and resentful, before—looking forward to her husband's return as a new burden, a fresh disgrace, a trial too heavy to be borne. Now her heart began to soften toward him. Once persuaded that she had a right to care for him—to show him mercy would not be debasing her own soul—the old love poured in upon her like a flood-tide. She found herself growing feverishly eager for his coming.

Monday morning she went to work, trying to restore to her home some of its old brightness. Ornaments that had been hidden away for years were brought out and restored to their places. She bought a pot or two of fragrant flowers for the windows of her south sitting-room, and tied the curtains back with gay ribbons. To the children, looking on with wondering eyes, she said, over and over again, only these three words of explanation:

"Father is coming."

She made pies and cakes—every thing that James Armstrong liked best found place in her pantry. Wednesday morning she knew his prison doors would be opened, and by Wednesday night—but there she stopped, and a question choked her breath,—Would he come home? Would not he remember their last interview, and dread to meet her? She tried to comfort herself by recalling his love for his boys and his girl, and thinking that for their sakes, at least, he would be sure to come. She dressed them, all three, in the prettiest clothes they had; and then she made her own hair smooth, and tied at her throat such a ribbon as he used to like to see her wear. Then she waited through the slow hours.

Sunset kindled the sky with its flaming glories—a soft moon swung in the east with one star beside her. Then, looking from the window, she saw, stealing along the quiet lane, a bent figure—a figure which revealed in its object bearing no hope, only a heavy fear and dread. She could not wait, as she had planned, to open the door to his knock. She left the bright room, the expectant children, and went out into the night to meet the wanderer coming home.

"Jenny, I am unworthy—don't welcome me—don't!"

These words burst from his lips in a great gasping sob, as he tried to unwind the clinging arms. But the arms held him tightly—the wet face touched his—the voice, the dear, old voice whispered:

"Not unworthy of me, James—never of men."

And so she drew him in—where the warmth, and the light, and the expectant children all waited—where his welcome shone in every nook and corner—and where he, the sinner and the outcast, learned some faint hint of the infinite mercy promised to all repnetant souls by Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost, from the woman's heart, which, even in its bitterest hardness against him, had always held his image—which now opened its doors like a sanctuary, and took him into the shelter of its love and its rest forever more.

The Ant-Lion.

I was going into a deep forest alone on foot, with my blanket, and food, and cooking utensils on my back. The day was very hot, and the road seemed very lonely and long. Just before plunging into the woods, I passed over a piece of land which some hunter's fire had burned over. Nothing was left but here and there a tall stump of a tree, blackened by the fire and entirely dead, and now and then a great rock which had its covering all burned off, and it was left to be bleached in the sun, and to be pelted by the storms. Under the shadow of one of those huge rocks I sat down to rest. Every bird was still, and every leaf hung motionless on the trees, and the only sound to be heard was the murmur of a distant waterfall far away in the forest.

"I am now beyond the reach of men, and almost beyond animal life. I cannot see a living thing move. This is solitude." Thus I mused.

Just then I noticed something that caused the sand to fly up from the middle of my foot path, and looking carefully at it, I soon satisfied myself what it was. It was a small insect that had burrowed down in the sand, and with his tail or some other apparatus (I could not see what,) he was throwing up the sand fast and thick. How it flew! in a few minutes he had made for him a hole about the size and depth of a large coffee cup, as nearly so as the dry sand would take that shape. The sand was dry in a few moments, and of course would very readily roll down into the center. I had read of the creature, but had never seen one before. He was a little dark-looking fellow; and now he put himself in the very center of his den, and pushing himself into the sand, there was nothing to be seen but a little black horn, as it appeared to be, sticking out in sight. It looked as if it might be the point of a small rusty needle. This was the ant-lion, and that was his den.

After the sand was dry, and the hunter was still—buried in the sand, I had a specimen of his skill and power. A little red ant came running along, seeking food for herself and her young. So she climbed up on the rim of this sandy cup, and peeped over to see if she could see anything. Presently she seemed to suspect danger, and tried to scrabble off. Alas! it was too late; the sands rolled under her feet, and down she went to the bottom—when in an instant that little black horn opened like a pair of shears, and 'clip,' and the poor ant had one leg cut off! Now she saw her danger, and struggled to mount up the sides. The lion did not move or show himself. He knew what he was about. And now the poor thing struggles to climb up; but one leg is gone and she finds it hard work. But she has got almost to the top and almost out, when the sands slip, and down she rolls again to the bottom. Clip go the shears again, and a second leg is gone.

She now seems terrified beyond measure, and struggles hard; but she gets up but a little way before she slips again, and another leg is off. She now gives up the struggle, and the lion devours her in a few minutes, and then, with a snap of his tail or paddle, throws the skin of the ant entirely out of the cup, and the trap is now set for another. A fly crept down to see what was smelling so good there; and again 'clip,' and his wing was off! and he was a second course of the dinner.

I found several more such dens, and around them lay the skins of the dead, but the inside looked clean and innocent. There was no lion to be seen, but the destroyer is there! The dead are shoved out of sight.

O, ant-lion, you are a preacher to me, I now see how it is that our young men, as they walk over sandy places, have their feet slide. They go into the hotel. It is all fair and inviting. They take a glass of drink; and 'clip' they are crippled. They will soon roll back and take another, every time the destroyer cutting off their power to escape. They go to places of sin, and know not that the dead are there! Ah! every fall makes the next easier, and the probability of escape less and less.

I see how it is with our children. They go into the street—they fall into bad company, and every profane word they hear, every improper word they use, every indelicate thought they allow, is like having a leg cut off; they go feebly, and can hardly escape ruin.

O, ant-lion, I wish all our children could see thee, so cunning for mischief, so cruel to thy victims, so much like that great lion, the wicked one, who seeketh 'whom he may devower.—*Rev. Dr. Todd.*

West Virginia "Men."

A Northern born lady writing from a temporary home in Credo, West Virginia, thinks the sterner sex there are "poor sticks."

This family consists of father and five sons, four of them able to work on the farm; the mother and three daughters, two of them as large as her self. They own a thousand acres or more, mostly wild and hilly land, but over a hundred acres cleared for pasture and tillage. On the hills, where the blue grass is in abundance, feeds a flock of sheep. The women have the care of them exclusively. When shearing time comes, the neighbors help clip the wool. It is cleaned, carded by hand, spun, twisted and wove, and made into pantaloons, undershirts, shirts, coats, petticoats, gowns, bed-blankets, &c. At times, doubtless, every thread of clothing used in the family is the product of the farm. The women also have the care of the cows, and go for them, no matter how bad the weather, or how far away they may be. It is considered small business for the men to drive up, feed and milk the cows. The women must also get all the water used in the house. The great lubberly six-foot tall son in this family, got up from his chair to get a drink of water, and roughly ordered his sister to "go for a bucket of water" as he wanted some. She was mixing meal and water for the corn-dodgers, but cleaned the dough from her fingers and hurried away to get a pail of water by the time her affectionate brother had all the tobacco cleared from his mouth. The women have to cut the wood, too. Many times I have seen that, when the man of the house was sitting in the chimney-corner or leaning over the fence gossiping with a neighbor. If there are any garden luxuries in the house, the women have to raise them. The head of the house will tell you proudly that his old woman tends to the garden truck."

Now, then, what do you suppose the men do, after the women raise the sheep and geese and garden vegetables, provide all the bed-clothing and wearing apparel, and cook the corn meal and bacon? Why, they plant corn and harvest part of it, and get up the oxen occasionally, to haul tree trunks to the house for fire woood. I don't know as they do much other work. But then they have to know all about the business of their neighbors, and the probability and danger of negro suffrage must be discussed, although there are only three colored persons within fifty miles, and one of them a female.

An elderly lady, who was handling a pair of artificial plates in a dental office, and admiring the fluency with which the dentist described them, asked him: "Can a body eat with these things?" "My dear madam, mastication can be performed with them with a facility scarcely equaled by Nature herself." responded the dentist. "Yes, I know, but can a body eat with them?"

A Chicago citizen who left Sacramento February 18 and reached Chicago by the overland route April 3d, reports an immense quantity of snow all along the route, in the mountains and Plains. The snow on the Plains averages from six to seven feet in depth. The first bare ground he saw was on his arrival on the east side of the Mississippi river. He reports that, besides the snow obstructions, the dangers of attack from the Indians make an overland journey at present extremely unpleasant.

An artist invited a friend to criticise a portrait he had painted of Mr. Smith, who was given to drink. Putting his hand towards it, the artist exclaimed: "Don't touch it, it is not dry." "Then," said he, "it cannot be like my friend Smith."

"What does the minister say to our new cemetery?" asked Mr. Himes. "He don't like it at all; he says he won't be buried there as long as he lives." "Well," said Mr. Himes, "if the Lord spares my life, I will."

An editor has recently had a fine shirt collar presented to him, and is now waiting for some one to give him a shirt, so that he may be able to put the collar to some use, saying "that at present it is a perfect superfluity."

Here is one way to care a cold:
Put your feet in hot water
As high as your thighs;
Wrappe your head up in flannelle
As low as your eyes;
Take a quart of rummd gruelle,
When in bede as a dose;
With a number four dippe
Well tallow your nose.

A Maine paper says that a baby was recently carried off on a train and the mother accidentally left behind. The woman was put on board a spare engine at hand, which overtook the flying train, shackled on to the rear, the woman passed over the tender to the car without the train being stopped, and mother and baby were all right.

A member of the Kansas Senate, who had been pretty strongly advocating female suffrage, got a letter from his wife the other day. Said the tender spouse "Sam don't make a fool of yourself!"

A Russian miser is noticed as having learned to bark, in order to save the expense of keeping a watch dog.

"Whose son are you, my little boy?" "I ain't nobody's son; I'm Mr. Thompson's nephew, sir."

The Elyria Democrat says there is not now a single Democratic township in Lorain county. Two of the townships changed from Democratic to Republican at the recent election.

The recent cold snap has killed the peach buds in Eastern Kansas.

A Little Nonsense.

Railway "jams" are anything but preserves.

Too many poets mistake aspiration for inspiration.

How much does a fool weigh generally? A simple-ton.

What is better than a promising young man? A paying one.

Care for what you say, or what you say will make you care.

A regular life is the best philosophy; a pure conscience the best law.

A fool's heart is in his tongue, but a wise man's tongue is in his heart.

There is a fellow down east, whose feet are so large that he is obliged to pull his boots on over his head.

"You seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend." "Yes, I have been straitened by circumstances."

An Irishman said he did not come to this country for want. He had an abundance of that in his own country.

Punch wants to know of what color is blind man's buff? Invisible yellow, perhaps.

Halifax papers advertise "Pick-me-up-Bitters." The "Knock-me-down" sort are most in use.

Can a man who has been fined by the magistrates, again and again, be said to be a re-fined man?

Why can persons occupied in canning fruit store away more of it than any one else? Because they can.

Why is a conscientious baker like a ship without ballast? Because being short of weight he gives a roll over

What proof is there that Robinson Crusoe found his Island inhabited? He saw a great swell pitching into a little cove.

An eastern editor asks his subscribers to pay up that he may play the same joke on his creditors. He likes to see good jokes go round.

"John, did Mrs. Green get the medicine I ordered?" "I guess so, for I saw crape on the door the next morning."

"Tommy my son, do you say your prayers night and morning?" "Yes—at night I do; but any smart boy can take care of himself in the day time."

A lawyer is something of a carpenter; he can file a bill, split a hair, make an entry, get up a case, frame an indictment, empannel a jury, put them in a box, nail a witness, hammer a Judge and bore a court.

"Why do you set your cup of coffee upon the chair, Mr. Jones?" inquired a worthy landlady one morning at breakfast. "It is so very weak, ma'am," replied Mr. Jones, demurely, "I thought I would give it a rest."

Foreign Gossip.

The Paris correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* gossips after this fashion:

One more item of the toilet. I was much amused one day by the recital of the trials of a lady of my acquaintance, whose husband, a learned entomologist, had refused to spare her out of his immense collection, a certain shining beetle that she wanted for a breastpin! I lent a sympathizing ear, and was inwardly much amazed at the whimsical notion of making a *parure* out of beetles. But yesterday, in one of the most brilliant windows in the Rue de la Paix, I discovered numerous "sets" of earrings, pins, bracelets, combs and even necklaces, where the places of precious stones were entirely supplied by beetles and other bugs, as the uninitiated are apt to style somewhat indiscriminately the entomological members of creation. The creatures were green and golden, and crimson and rainbow colored; they may have looked splendid and fantastic and grotesque in their golden mountings, when illuminated by gas in the evening; still, after all, they were bugs—dead if you please, Brazilian if you will, but nevertheless creatures that had crawled and crept and wriggled, and looked viciously capable of renewing their activity, even on the fair throats and arms they were expected to ornament. The fashion did not strike me pleasantly at all.

FANCY DRESSES.

While speaking of fancy dresses (and apparently they seem to be the only kind that the Parisians affect at present) I must not forget to mention the design of one that I saw the other day. The costume was intended to represent the flower well known as the "Marvel of Peru," or "four o'clock." The bodice, the skirt and sleeves of the dress each represented a corolla; the skirt was a corolla pale rose color, and made tolerably short, the bodice white, faintly striped with pink, the sleeves the more brilliant striped yellow, exactly the tint that enlivens our flower gardens. A cap of the same tint as the skirt, represented a corolla inverted on the head, and the top was finished off by a green stem. A second and shorter skirt fell over the first, and was made in imitation of leaves of the flower, overlapping each other. The shoes were tipped with green. The effect of the whole, on paper, was harmonious and captivating, like the real flowers. I do not know whether in silk such various colors could be obtained of sufficient delicacy to avoid incongruity in their assemblage.

CELIBACY.

From the top to the bottom of the social scale comes the unblushing asseveration, "I am a bachelor, I have been a bachelor, and I always will be a bachelor," and reasons are as fertile as formerly excuses. "I will not marry, because I wish to extend my youth to my last days." "I will not marry, because in 1867 it costs too much to dress a wife." "I will not marry, because I want peace at home." "I will not marry, because I want to be able to spend the evening where I please without being obliged to give an account of myself." "I will not marry because I dread a mother-in-law more than hydrophobia and earthquake."

The writer who laments these facts waxes learned, and remembers that in Sparta celibacy was considered a disgrace, and that at a certain yearly festival it was the custom for the women to drive all bachelors out of the temple of Venus with myrtle branches gathered on the borders of the Eurotas. As certain difficulties stand in the way of the revival of this classic custom, it is proposed to impose an annual tax, instead, upon all unmarried men.

For the Little Folks.

The Bear's Tail.

A NORTHERN LEGEND.

Did you ever see a bear? If you have, you know that it has a short tail. One would think, to look at it, that it had been broken off. The Norse folk have a legend which claims to tell how the bear's tail came to look like that. I'll tell you the story.

The bear one day met the fox. I was carrying a string of fish that it had stolen.

"Where did you get