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Three months, 50

EVERY VARIETY OF
JOB PRINTING
NEATLY AND QUICKLY DONE.

Business Directory.

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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Office over D. Garvin's Store, opposite Front st. Cropman street, FREMONT, O.

J. K. HORD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office in Buckland's New Block, FREMONT, O.

J. L. GREENE & SON,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW will attend to Legal Business in Sandusky and adjoining counties. Particular attention paid to the selling of Real Estate. Business transacted in German. Office, second story, Buckland's New Block, corner Room, up-stairs, Tyler's Block, FREMONT, O.

JOHN M. LEMMON,
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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.

HOTELS.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
BELIEVUE O. John Ford, Proprietor. Recently refitted and furnished.

KESSLER HOUSE,
E. B. BELDING, Proprietor. Passengers carried to and from the House free of charge. Situated corner of Front and State Sts., FREMONT.

COOPER HOUSE,
FORMERLY Croghan House, G. K. Cooper, Proprietor, corner of Front and State Sts., FREMONT.
Passengers carried to and from the Depot free of charge.

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CAMFIELD & CO.,
REAL ESTATE AGENTS; buy and sell Houses and Lots, and Farm property. Office in the Postoffice room, FREMONT.

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L. G. Rawson, Jas. Moore, Joseph L. Rawson.
J. L. RAWSON & CO.,
STORAGE, FORWARDING & COMMISSION Merchants, Dealers in Coarse Salt, Fine Salt, Dairy Salt, Land Plaster, Calcined Plaster, Water Lime, etc. Having purchased the entire property known as the Fremont Warehouse and Steam Elevators, at the head of Kingsley on the Sandusky River, we are prepared to receive, store and ship Grain, Lumber, Merchandise and other produce. Office, at Fremont Elevators, FREMONT. 1-1

BARBERS.

T. G. REESE,
BARBER and Hairdresser, St. Clair Block, opposite Postoffice, Front Street, FREMONT.
Curls, Switches and all kinds of Hair work made to order. The Highest price paid for Hair.

M. BROCKWAY,
HAIR DRESSING and Shaving Saloon, in Buckland's New Block. Ladies' and Children's Hair Dressing and Cutting; Switches, Curls, &c. FREMONT.

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LOCKSMITH AND CUTLER. Repairs Locks, Clocks, Sewing Machines, Trunks, Umbrellas, &c. Sells Surgeon's Instruments, Razors, Knives, Shears and all kinds of small edged tools. All work attended to promptly and satisfaction guaranteed. Shop on Croghan Street, south side, rear of Close's Grocery, FREMONT.

TOLEDO.

W. A. SMITH,
ARCHITECT, Toledo, O. Plans and Designs made of Public Buildings and private Residences.

DR. T. J. EATON,
OCULIST & AURIST,
Toledo, O.
DR. EATON has for the past ten years given special attention to the treatment of and operations upon the Eye and Ear, Club-Foot, Harelip, &c. Dr. Eaton is a graduate of the University of New York, AND has spent a year in attendance at the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary. Artificial Eyes inserted. Good board can be obtained in the city of Toledo at reduced rates. 26-3m
OFFICE—King's Block, Madison St., Toledo, O.

CLEVELAND.

MILO RESTEVENS,
GOVERNMENT Licensed Military Claim Agent. Applications by letter will receive immediate attention. Office, No. 12, Case Building, CLEVELAND.

BURRIDGE & CO.,
SOLICITORS and Attorneys for
U.S. AND FOREIGN PATENTS,
136 Bank Street, Cleveland, OHIO.
With Associate Offices in Washington and Foreign Countries. 47-47

J. FEATHERSTONE & CO.,
BOOK BINDERS
PRINTERS, AND
BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURERS
No. 84 Superior Street,
CLEVELAND, O.
HAVING facilities superior to any Book Binding Establishment in this part of the country, and equal to any in the United States—east or west—we are enabled to execute work in any style from the most Elegant Turkey Morocco, to the plainest Half Binding.
Less than New York Prices!
☞ We Warrant all Work.
By now looking up your Peterson's Magazine, Godey's Lady's Book, Ladies' Repositories, Young Folks, Atlantic, Harpers, &c.; your Law, Medical and Religious Journals; your old Family Bibles, Peloubet's Select Notes, Bibles, Testaments, Hymn Books, &c., you can have them bound in any style, at the very lowest prices. Mr. Frank Yale will call and receive them, and charge nothing extra for sending and returning them.
J. FEATHERSTONE & CO.
Cleveland, April, 1868. 15

CAMFIELD & COMPANY,
REAL ESTATE
AGENTS,
AT THE POST OFFICE,
FREMONT.

The Fremont Weekly Journal.

Established 1829. Vol. XXXIX. New Series, Vol. XVI, No. 34.

FREMONT, SANDUSKY COUNTY, OHIO; FRIDAY, AUGUST 21, 1868.

YOU ALL
HAVE HEARD OF
Hoofland's German Bitters.

YOU ALL
HAVE HEARD OF
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,
AND
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.

Prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia. Their introduction into this country from Germany occurred in
1825.
THEY CURED YOUR
FATHERS AND MOTHERS,
And will cure you and your children. They are entirely different from the many preparations now called Bitters or Tonics. They are no known preparation, or anything like one; but good, honest, reliable medicines. They are
The greatest known remedies for
Liver Complaint,
DYSPEPSIA,
Nervous Debility,
JAUNDICE,
Diseases of the Kidneys,
ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN,
and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach, or
IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.
Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil and Great Depression of Spirits.
All these indicate disease of the Liver or Digestive Organs, combined with impure blood.

Hoofland's German Bitters
is entirely vegetable, and contains no liquor. It is a compound of Fluid Extracts. The Roots, Herbs, and Barks from which these extracts are made are gathered in Germany. All the medicinal virtues are extracted from them by a scientific chemist. These extracts are then forwarded to this country to be used expressly for the manufacture of these Bitters. There is no alcoholic substance of any kind used in compounding the Bitters, therefore it is the only Bitters that can be used in cases where alcoholic stimulants are not advisable.

Hoofland's German Tonic
is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with pure Santa Cruz Rum, Orange, etc. It is used for the same diseases as the Bitters, in cases where some pure alcoholic stimulus is required. You will hear in mind that these remedies are entirely different from any others advertised for the cure of the diseases named, these being scientific preparations of medicinal extracts, while the others are mere decoctions of rum in some form. The TONIC is decidedly one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public. Its taste is exquisite. It is a pleasure to take it, while its life-giving, sustaining, and medicinal qualities have caused it to be known as the greatest of all tonics.

DEBILITY.
There is no medicine equal to Hoofland's German Bitters or Tonic in cases of Debility. They impart a new and healthy tone to the whole system, strengthen the appetite, cause an enjoyment of the same food, enable the stomach to digest it, purify the blood, give it good, sound, healthy complexion, eradicate the yellow tinge from the eye, impart a bloom to the cheeks, and change the patient from a short-breathed, emaciated, weak, and nervous invalid, to a full-faced, stout, and vigorous person.
Weak and Delicate Children are made strong by using the Bitters or Tonic. In short, they are Family Medicines. They can be administered with perfect safety to a child three months old, the most delicate female, or a man of ninety.
These Remedies are the best
Blood Purifiers
ever known, and will cure all diseases resulting from bad blood. Keep your blood pure; keep your Liver in order; keep your digestive organs in a sound, healthy condition, by the use of these remedies, and no disease will ever assail you. The best men in the country recommend them. If years of honest reputation go for anything you must try these preparations.

FROM HON. GEO. W. WOODWARD,
Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.
PHILADELPHIA, March 16, 1867.
I find "Hoofland's German Bitters" is not an intoxicating beverage, but is a good tonic, useful in disorders of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility and want of nervous action, in the system.
Yours truly, GEO. W. WOODWARD.

FROM HON. JAMES THOMPSON,
Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.
PHILADELPHIA, April 23, 1866.
I consider "Hoofland's German Bitters" a valuable medicine in case of attacks of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it. Yours, with respect, JAMES THOMPSON.

FROM REV. JOSEPH H. KENNARD, D. D.,
Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.
DR. JACKSON—DEAR SIR:—I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that for general debility of the system, and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a valuable and valuable preparation. In some cases it may fail; but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes. Yours, very respectfully, J. H. KENNARD, Eighth, below Coates street.

CAUTION.
Hoofland's German Remedies are counterfeited. The genuine have the signature of C. M. Jackson, on the front of the outside wrapper of each bottle, and the name of the article blown in each bottle. All others are counterfeit.

Price of the Bitters, $1 00 per bottle; Or, a half dozen for $5 00.
Price of the Tonic, $1 50 per bottle; Or, a half dozen for $7 50.
The tonic is put up in quart bottles.
Recollect that the Hoofland's German Remedies that are so universally used and so highly recommended; and no wonder that unprincipled druggists try to induce you to take something else that they say is just as good, but what is a larger profit on it. These Remedies will be sent by express to any locality upon application to the
PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,
No. 631 ARCH STREET, Philadelphia.
CHAS. M. EVANS,
Proprietor,
Formerly C. M. JACKSON & CO.
These Remedies are for sale by Druggists, Storekeepers, and Medicine Dealers everywhere.
Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, in order to get the genuine.

Merchant Tailoring & Ready-made Clothing.
Emporium of Fashion!
New Firm and New Goods!
Crane & Wykes
FASHIONABLE
MERCHANT TAILORS,
Vallette's Block, (OLD STAND OF HERMON & WILSON.)
FREMONT, O.
Respectfully inform the public that they have just received and are now opening a large and beautiful assortment of
SPRING & SUMMER GOODS!
—CONSISTING OF—
BLUE, BROWN AND BLACK FRENCH BROAD CLOTH
FRENCH, ENGLISH, GERMAN AND AMERICAN
COATINGS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, &C.
☞ And having engaged the Cutter lately employed by T. L. Barker, we are prepared to make up goods in the latest and most fashionable styles. We guarantee a fit and perfect satisfaction or no sale. Especial attention is called to our varied assortment of
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
Gents' Furnishing Goods,
HATS, TRUNKS, VALISES &c.
Our Goods were purchased in New York and Philadelphia for cash, and having bought at the very lowest Market Price, we are able to offer them to the public on the same liberal terms. Please call and examine our goods and prices.
J. W. Crane, T. L. Wykes. 21 Crane & Wykes.

R. THOMAS
MERCHANT
TAILOR.
Mr. Thomas has removed his Merchant Tailoring Rooms to
RUSSELL'S BLOCK
Front Street, Fremont, O.,
Where he has a splendid stock of first-class Goods. Confident that he can suit his old customers and all new ones with
FIRST CLASS WORK.
He cuts in the most fashionable style, keeps the best Goods and never fails to make a neat and stylish garment. He also keeps a splendid line of
Furnishing Goods,
of every description.
He also Cuts and Makes SHIRTS to Order, and Warrants them to Fit.
☞ Give him a call at his new establishment in Russell's Block. ☜
Dean's Popular Woolen Goods!
—SOLD BY— R. Thomas.
22

Dry Goods, &c.
Latest by GRAPEVINE!
EMRICH & CO.,
ARE CONSTANTLY RECEIVING NEW GOODS of all kinds needed for family use which they are selling
CHEAP.
THE Finest Dress Goods at Emrich & Co.'s
CHEAP.
THE best Crockery at Emrich & Co.'s
CHEAP.
THE best Tea's at Emrich & Co.'s
CHEAP.
THE best Coffee at Emrich & Co.'s
CHEAP.
THE best Sugars at Emrich & Co.'s
CHEAP.
THE best Groceries for Family use,
CHEAP.
THE best Ready Made Clothing at Emrich & Co.,
CHEAP.
NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS.
DON'T FORGET
That GUSDORF still has an office at his old store and pays the highest cash prices for
DRESSED HOGS,
LIVE HOGS,
WHEAT,
CORN,
RYE,
OATS,
SEEDS,
WOOL,
&c.
8-tf. EMRICH & CO.

Dry Goods, &c
WM. A. RICE & BRO'S.
—DEALERS IN—
Fancy and Staple
DRY GOODS,
CARPETS,
OIL CLOTHS, &C.
FREMOMT, OHIO.
WE take pleasure in announcing to our customers that after ten years of successful business, we are again in the field, wide awake for trade and intend to use all honorable means to secure your favors permanently. Being working men, young and ambitious, we shall always be on the alert, using our utmost skill in making purchases, and expect to present throughout the coming season a stock of wares than ordinary pretensions and
Unequaled Quality!
Having extensive arrangements with large Eastern Manufacturers, for the first and best line of Goods for
OUR SPECIAL TRADE!
we shall be able to meet the demand and tastes of our customers more fully than heretofore and to promptly exhibit all
New and Desirable Styles!
as fast as the are produced. As we aim to build up a valuable reputation and have determined to extend our trade just now rather than to make profits, we shall sell at the
MARKET RATES!
This is our motto, and we cordially invite our friends to increase their trade with us, and those who are not our customers we urge to make with us at least one experiment. One of the firm is always in New York to take advantage of the
LOW PRICES!
Give us a call and you shall be paid for your pains
Wm. A. Rice & Bro's.
11tf

Poetry.

UNDER THE BEAUTIFUL MOON.

BY A. A. HOPKINS.

Under the beautiful moon to-night,
Silently sleeps the crowded town,
Tenderly, dreamily floats the light,
Over the wanderers up and down;
Echoing faintly along the street,
Ever are heard the restless feet
Plodding so wearily,
Sadly and drearily,
Onward the last of a hope to meet.

Under the beautiful moon there sleeps
Many and many a fair young face,
Many and many a mother weeps
Bitterly over her child's disgrace;
Smiles, be they false, till the sun is set,
Under the moon may the cheeks be wet,
Sighingly, tearfully,
Sadly and fearfully,
Many a heart that would fain forget.

Under the beautiful moon there go,
Flaunting their shame in its holy light,
Faces of loveliness to and fro,
Straying from purity far by night.
Goodness and truth for the light of day,
Under the moon may the bad have sway;
O! could the beautiful
Ever be dutiful,
Loving night gladden their hearts away!

Under the beautiful moon there rest
Vicious and pure as the hours go on,
Souls that in love and in life are blest,
Faces of wretchedness pale and wan;
Happiness under the moon may sleep,
Misery under the moon may weep,
Grievingly, sobbingly,
Painfully, throbbingly,
Hearts may make moan over sorrows deep!

Under the beautiful moon to-night,
Many will dream of the loved and lost;
Many live over with sad delight
Hours when they suffered and sorrowed most,
Tears for the lost when the day is fled,
Under the moon may their names be said
Fondly, endearingly,
Never so cheeringly
Memory breathes of the loved and dead.

[RURAL NEW YORKER.

Miscellaneous Selections.

A LOVE STORY.

About twenty miles from New York lives a rich man, who has a fine estate and an enterprising family, of which the eldest is a beautiful young lady, her father's pride and hope. Last year, while his elegant mansion was building, a young carpenter, who had just finished his trade, and whose sole property consisted in a pair of large hands, a stout, good heart, and habits of industry and soberness, came to work upon the premises. Very naturally the young knight of the broad ax soon fell in love with the young lady; and, not strange to say, the young lady fell equally in love with him. She spent considerable time each day in watching the progress of the work, particularly that performed by the young mechanic, and he found his greatest incentive and joy in working under the watch of her loving eyes.

The secret, however, soon became an open one, and finally was broken to the young lady's father. He heard the sad news without apparent concern, but, in a few minutes, set off for the village, where he made dilligent inquiry respecting the young carpenter, who, he saw was the only son and support of a widow, but was an intelligent capable, promising young man. The father returned home, and calling his daughter to his room, asked her how the matter stood between herself and the young carpenter. It was a critical moment to her, and for a moment her fears triumphed over all her other feelings, and she burst into tears. The tears were followed by a confession of an attachment which had grown stronger every day, even with the fear of cruel disappointment—for the object of it was nothing but a poor mechanic. 'But I love him with all my heart, and would give my life for him," said the honest girl.

"Does he reciprocate your affection?" asked the father.

'That he does,' replied the daughter.

"But he knows that you would never consent to his paying his addresses to me, and he has been very reserved about it. He talks about going away, because he can't live without seeing me, and thinks you would not be willing to have him visit the house."

The latter sent for the young carpenter, who came to the room with the greatest trepidation. He suspected what was in the wind and anticipating an immediate dismissal, his heart was in his throat, when the father said to him, 'Young man, how is it that you have dared to carry on a flirtation with my daughter, without my consent?

"That is false, sir, utterly false, sir," the young man replied; your daughter came to the house where I was at work, and I saw her and loved her. I could not keep my eyes from looking at her. She returned my look with interest and asked me questions. Almost every day she has been to the house, and her coming makes it seem a heaven to me, sir. But I knew I was only a poor mechanic, with a mother on my hands, and that you would never consent to my offering her any particular attention. So I have kept away. I'm going off, sir, as soon as the job is done, for I cannot live without seeing her, and I would not do anything dishonorable, or that her father woul I disapprove.

The young man turned his face toward the window to hide a few stray tears which came to his eyes. The father looked steadily at the Secretary, as if it contained something of unusual interest. After a not unwelcome silence, he turned to the young man and said: 'You shall see my daughter all you please. I hear that you are a worthy, industrious young man, and I prefer such a one for my son-in-law to any despicable snob. I regret your education has been so neglected. But it is not too late too remedy that matter. I will pay your wages to your mother, and send you to school for a year or two. After you get a good foundation laid, I will take you into business, and if you bear yourself in a worthy manner, one of these days my daughter shall be your wife."

Our readers can imagine the joy that followed this speech, of a wise and kind father, far better than we can now describe them. The young man has just finished a year's course at school, where he has made wonderful progress. The father seems to be as proud of him as he well can be, and he has found that life in his new and elegant mansion on the banks of the Hudson, with an accomplished daughter who cannot sufficiently express her gratitude, and the occasional visits of a noble minded young man who is working his way up in the world, is only a sweet foretaste of elysium. If other rich fathers would follow his example, there would be fewer elopements, and less misery than at present, and a great many happier hearts and happier homes.

Our Great Commoner.

[We can add nothing to the following sketch from the Cincinnati Gazette:]

A great figure in American Politics has been removed. Thaddeus Stevens is dead. As he once predicted would be his lot, he was taken up into a mountain and shown the beauty of the land, but was not permitted to enter it. He lived long enough to see the closing conflict of the struggle, and to know that the end was sure; but his eyes were not suffered to see the full brightness of the final triumph that even now approaches. Yet he fell as he had wished, with his armor on; to the last he fought the good fight and kept the faith.

Since John Randolph's, there has not been such a death. Since Henry Clay breathed out his life at Ashland, so much actual power over the politics of the country has not vanished with the breath of a single weak old man.

There have been wiser statemen among us than Thaddeus Stevens. There have been men of purer lives. There have been more graceful writers, more eloquent speakers. But in the grace of a pure purpose, in the eloquence of a whole-hearted devotion, in the wisdom of a statesmanship that might err as to means, but never as to nobility of aims, he has been without superiors; in lofty courage, an antique Roman fidelity, and iron purpose, he has been without equal.

What a space this old man who, at midnight last night, quietly and peacefully sank to rest on Capitol Hill, within sight of the scene of his services and his triumphs, has filled in the crowded history of the country, we cannot now hope to outline. How through the war, he was one of the bravest and most hopeful of those who never despaired, and in the darkest hours had the highest hopes of the Republic; how he held up the hands of those who were ready to faint, and infused his own courage and faith into the Government; how clearly he saw from the beginning the vital points of the struggle; with what sublime trust he declared that the war could end only in the freedom of the slaves, and with what relentless purpose he drove a reluctant party to emancipation as the only means of securing success; what fervor of religious zeal he brought into the contest, and how solemnly he believed that he was doing God's work in pushing the war against the rebellion to the uttermost; all this is written in the imperishable records of the Government, in the hearts of the race he helped to liberate, and in the grateful memory of the people he helped to save.

Not less clear are the thronging recollections of his later and still higher services. His was the piercing vision that penetrated the dangers of Johnson's reconstruction; his the inexorable will that forced the Republican party into the refusal to admit at once to power in Congress the rebels just conquered in the field, his warning voice that, amid the confusions and cowardice of the hour, proclaimed that there was no safety for the white Union men in the South save in doing justice to the black Union men of the South, and no security for the nation until it learned to rule righteously.

Others did their full share. It was a noble struggle, and every soldier in that war deserves the highest praise, but it is injustice to none, not even to Charles Sumner to say that through the whole contest for a Reconstruction on a basis of justice to all Thaddeus Stevens was the pioneer. When a faithless President, at last, seemed likely to plunge the country in civil war rather than permit the completion of the benificent work, the old man tottering now on the brink of the open grave that yawned before him, was still the clearest sighted, highest hearted, most fearless and most resolute. He led in the demand for impeachment, led in driving it through the House and pressing it on the Senate, and with a manner worthy of his last great performance, delivered the ablest argument made for the conviction of the Executive.

Of his earlier achievements we cannot speak. He was a native of Caledonia county, Vermont, where he was born in April, 1792. At twenty-two he was a graduate of Dartmouth, and an emigrant to Pennsylvania. He taught an academy, and while thus supporting himself, studied law. There he built up a great practice, and came to be known as the most successful and cynical lawyer of that part of Pennsylvania. He was already past the prime of manhood, when in 1833, he entered the Legislature of Pennsylvania. There he remained with intervals of two or three terms, until 1841—having meantime served also in the State Constitutional Convention, and having already won conspicuous and, for the time unenviable attention by his devotion to the equal rights of all, he entered the thirty-first Congress, was re-elected to the thirty-second, then remained at home for three terms; then, as the anti-slavery movement began to take a tangible form, returned to the thirty-sixth, and thenceforward remained a soldier enlisted for the war, till, at midnight last night—after a career as wonderful and a fame as noble as any won on our battle-fields—he received his discharge. Peace to his ashes; to his faults charity; to his memory immortal honor.

The accident which caused the death of Wau-ne-pe-wink-a (the Indian Princess,) at La Crosse, Wisconsin, is narrated as follows: She was standing at the railway depot with her two fatherless children, waiting the arrival of the train. One of the little ones got upon the track. Seeing its danger, the mother, regardless of her own life, sprang forward and snatched the child from the very jaws of death. She threw the little one upon the platform, but it was too late to save herself. The rushing locomotive caught her blanket and threw her upon the track the wheels caught her foot, and run over it, crushing the bones to atoms, tearing off the flesh and making a frightful wound. The bone up to the knee was splintered. Such an injury could not but be excruciatingly painful, yet the Indian mother, with wonderful nerve, drew her knife from her belt, and cutting off the loosely-hanging flesh, washed the limb and bound it up with her own hands, refusing all assistance. A physician was called, who recommended amputation as the only possible way in which to save her life. She refused to have the operation performed, mortification took place, and death soon after ensued.

Seymour's Next Speech to a Mob.

[From the Detroit Post.]

After Seymour gets into the White House (if he ever gets there), and the Southern Democrats, led by Wade Hampton, "the butcher" Forest, "Admiral" Semmes, Beauregard and Wise, have risen in insurrection and "dispersed the carpet-bag governments," they may make a sudden rush on Washington, to seize the Capital, "compel the Senate to submit," and declare Southern independence. President Seymour will then address them from the steps of the Capitol, as follows:

MY FRIENDS: I have come over here from the quiet of the White House to see what was the difficulty, to learn what the trouble was concerning the Government. Let me assure you that I am your friend. [Uproarious rebel yells, led by Wade Hampton.] You have been my friends, [cries from Forrest's butchers, 'Yes, that's so,'] and now I assure you, my fellow Democrats, that I am here to show you a test of my friendship. [The old rebel yell from Wise's battallion.] I wish to inform you that I have sent my private Secretary to the different departments to have this government suspended and stopped. [Prolonged rebel yells.] I now ask you, as good Democrats, to wait for his return; and I assure you that I will do all I can to see that there is no resistance, and no harm done to any of you. I wish you to take care of all Government property, as good Democrats, and see that Admiral Semmes only gets his share. The safe keeping of public property and archives rests with you; and I charge you to take care of them. It is you; duty to maintain possession of the city and I know you will do it. I wish you now to separate as good Democrats, and you can assemble again whenever you wish to do so. I ask you to leave all to me now, and I will see to your rights. Wait till my Private Secretary returns from the departments, and you will be satisfied. Listen to me, and see that no Radical escapes with any of the public property, but dispatch him peaceably."

What Causes Hard Times.

Capt. E. B. Ward of Detroit, the President of the National Manufacturers' Association, in his address to the Convention of Woolgrowers and Manufacturers recently assembled at Chicago, used the following plain but expressive language:

The great misfortune in this country is the constant and increasing tendency to idleness and extravagance. Our boys complain of the hardships of the smallest amount of manual labor; they all want to be clerks or Government officials, where they can get good pay, with little or nothing to do; our girls waste their time on pianos and dress; our mechanics want large pay for very little work; and we see, as the result, high prices for all products of industry, large importations of foreign commodities to supply the deficiences partly caused by our own idleness, a steadily increasing foreign debt, and gold at a high and steadily increasing premium. A large number of the able bodied men of the country are seeking public offices as a means of an easy support.

Captain Ward is in himself a living and striking witness of the success of the labor doctrines which he advocates, since by his own industry, prudence and foresight he has become one of the wealthiest citizens of the Northwest. He alluded to his early connection with Chicago, in which city he has a large property, when he said in his beginning: "In 1834 I landed flour and merchandise in a small boat from a schooner lying at anchor off the mouth of the creek called the Chicago river. There were then a few scattering balloon houses, a dilapidated building called a warehouse, an old fort, and a miserable excuse for a hotel on this then open prarie, but now magnificent city."

Spelling Matches.

A favorite amusement in the more intimate circle of Louis Napoleon's Court is contests in spelling. At a recent trial, for which words of extraordinary difficulty were selected, Napoleon made nine blunders, Prince Metternich six, Baron Corvisart eight, the Prince Imperial eleven, and M. Octave Feuillet, the author, fourteen. But as M. Feuillet had before proved himself a very successful courtier, the suspicion that he spelled so many words wrong on purpose is not unnatural.

It is rather remarkable, too, that spelling was a favorite diversion with the party of journalists whom the Union Pacific Railroad Company recently entertained in a journey to the Rocky Mountains and back. In that collection of wits and scholars, some of the brightest showed themselves very uncertain in the spelling of the vernacular. One promising young writer, setting out to spell ten words on a wager, failed on the first four; and another gentleman of long experience, a graduate of Princeton College, and a bright and shining light in the literary circles of Boston, went out of a similar contest with his plumes draggled and his spirit broken. Five other gentlemen, one of them a distinguished member of Yale College, were all floored together by the word *innuendo*, and bravely lost money on their faith. Another, who had stood all other tests, gave way before the word *ipecacuanha*, and another, who till then had successfully contended against the dictionary, went to the ground at *apopothegm*. In short, though nobody blundered so badly as Louis Napoleon or Octave Feuillet, there was not a man in the whole crowd who was able to spell correctly every one of perhaps a hundred English words that were successively propounded.

Certainty of Punishment.

As you stood some stormy day upon a sea-cliff, and marked the giant billow rise from the deep to rush on with foaming crest, and throw itself thundering on the trembling shore, did you ever fancy that you could stay its course, and hurl it back to the depths of the ocean? Did you ever stand beneath the leaden, lowering cloud and mark the lightning's leap, as it shot and flashed, dazzling, athwart the gloom, and think that you could grasp the bolt and change its path? Still more foolish his thought, who fancies that he can arrest or turn aside the the purpose of God, saying: 'What is the Almighty that we should serve him? Let us break his bands asunder, and cast away His cords from us.' Break His bands asunder? How He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh!

A Little Nonsense.

A photographer in one of the country towns of Massachusetts was recently visited by a young woman, who, with sweet simplicity asked: "How long does it take to get a photograph after you have left your measure?"

Mrs. Stowe, in her Chimney Corner papers, quotes the story of a young Methodist who felt that he had a call to preach, and who was crushed by the question of an elder, who asked, "Hast thou noticed whether people seem to have a call to hear thee?"

A Yankee lawyer, who was pleading the cause of a little boy, took him up in his arms, and held him up to to the jury, suffused in tears. This had a great effect until the opposite lawyer asked the boy, "What makes you cry?" "He's pinching me," said the boy.

Among the gifts to a newly married pair at a town in New Jersey, the other evening, was a broom sent to the lady, accompanied with the following sentiment: 'This trifling gift accept from me, its use I would commend; in sunshine use the brushy part, in storm the other end."

A young lady—a sensible girl—gives the following catalogue of different kinds of love:—'The sweetest, a mother's love; the longest, a brother's love; the strongest, a woman's love; the dearest, a man's love; and the sweetest, longest, strongest, dearest love—a 'love of a bonnet."

A characteristic anecdote is related of an out-the-elbow poet, who, by some freak of fortune, came into possession of a five dollar bill. He called a lad and said, "Johnny, my boy, take this William and get it changed." "What do you mean by calling it William?" inquired the wondering lad." "Why John," replied the poet, "I am not sufficiently familiar with it to take the liberty of calling it bill.

The story is told in 'College Days" that at one of the rhetorical classes in Ripon College a preparatory student had written an essay on the subject of the habit some people have of bestowing too much attention on the affairs of others. He had enunciated his topic in a very modest way, when the professor, who had failed to catch the words, interrupted him with a question calculated to throw light upon his subject. Turning to him, the young man responded, innocently, but firmly.—"*Mind your own Business!*" The greatest confusion prevailed.

A gentleman who had carefully trained up his servant in the way he should go, so that when his wife was present he might not depart from it, sent him with a box-ticket for the theatre to a young lady. The servant returned when the gentleman and his wife were at dinner. He had of course, been told, in giving answer to a certain kind of questions, to substitute the masculine for the feminpronoun in speaking of the lady.

"Did you see him?" said the gentleman giving him the cue.

Yes sir;" replied the servant; "he said he'd go with a great deal of pleasure, and that he'd wait for you, sir."

"What was he doing?" asked the wife, carelessly.

"He was putting on his bonnet," was the reply.

There was "fat in the fire" immediately.

Foreign Gossip.

There is a man in a lunatic asylum in England, who believes that the British Government wishes to built an iron foundry in his stomoch.

In a recent thunder-storm in England a soldier was struck by lightning and made blind; and a woman who had been stone-blind for eight years was as suddenly restored to sight.

The walls of Paris are now placarded with posters, bearing in letters of enormous size the legend—"Don't go to the sea shore without Amelia." This indispensable companion is not, as might be supposed, an agreeable young woman, but a species of shoe adapted to walking on the sand.

A man recently ascended the column in the Place Vendome, Paris, for the purpose of committing suicide. As he was about taking the fatal leap, a gentleman touched him on the shoulder and said, "My friend, be careful what you do. There is a fine of ten thousand francs for leaping from the top of this monument." The man walked down the spiral staircase, not having the means to indulge in such a luxury.

The crew of an English vessel recently planned a mutiny on the voyage from Bombay to Southampton. An elephant and his keeper were on board. The keeper discovering the designs of the mutineers, loosened the elephant, which laid about it right and left with its trunk, and the astonished sailors were quickly prostrated on the deck, wounded and shouting loudly for mercy. The Captain hearing the disturbance, was quickly on the spot; and, having been made acquainted with the facts of the case, caused the mutineers to be put in irons, to be dealt with at the first port at which they touched.

Proof-Reading.

Few persons outside of printing offices know the importance of "proof-reading"—that is, the careful revision of the type after it is set up, for the purpose of removing wrong letters, etc. For example, a miserably scrawled marriage notice is handed in which ought to read as follows:

"Married—On August 1st, A. Conkney, Esq., Attorney-at-Law, to Miss Euphemia Wiggins.

'Love is the union of two hearts that beat
in softest melody;
Time with its ravages imparts no bitter
fusion to its ecstasy."

The notice is handed to the compositor, or type-setter, whose rapid fingers fly among the little type-boxes for a brief space. A "proof" or first print, is then taken of the type, and the proof-reader has the following version before him:

"Married—On April 1st, A Donkey, Esq., Eternally at Law, to Miss Euphunia Piggins.

'Love is an onion with two heads that beat
in softest melody;
Time with its cabbages imparts no better
food to an extra dray."

The proof is then handed back to the compositor to be corrected. "D" is taken out of Conkney's name, and a C inserted; "Eternally" is altered to Attorney, and so on, until the whole paragraph is in proper shape for the public eye.

Anecdotes.

An anecdote is in circulation which professes to explain the foundation of Count Bismarck's fortune. King William went out hunting, and fired at a hare, which most incontinently ran away, to the great discomfiture of the King.

'Ah,' observed Bismarck, who was in attendance, 'that hare was no true courtier.'

'Why not?' inquired the King, who really could have had no reason to suppose that he would be.

'Sire, had he known the first duty of a courtier, he would have feigned death, since the King intended to kill him.'

This clear appreciation of the duties of office so impressed his Majesty that he speedily offered Bismarck an opportunity of displaying his talents in positions of trust.

For a fortunate *mot* has more influence in directing the fortunes of those who depend on the royal favor than any other circumstance. Thus, during the reign of Louis Philippe and the administration of Guizot, M. de Sartiges was sent as envoy to a little Turkish town, already endowed with a French consul. Shortly after his arrival an *emeute* occurred, in which the consul distinguished himself, greatly to his own approbation, and wrote an account of the proceedings to M. Guizot. 'Thanks to my energy, you Excellency, your envoy has been saved. I have encountered immense dangers in my efforts for him.' M. de Sartiges added in a postscript: 'And I also have not escaped unscathed. I was hit by an immense stone in the back of my servant.'

At this witty commentary on the consul's zeal, Guizot laughed heartily, and showed the letter to the King, who shared his amusement. 'Since that young man has been so cruelly stoned in Turkey,' said the monarch, 'we must find him a mission somewhere in Europe,' and from that time M. de Sartiges continued to rise.

Good Spelling.

A pious but illiterate deacon, in a certain town in Massachusetts, gave a stage driver a slip of paper, upon which, he said were written the names of a couple of books, which he wished him to call for at the bookstore. The driver called at the store, and handing the memorandum to the clerk, said: There is a couple of books which Deacon B. wished you to send him." The clerk, after a careful examination of