Republican

Every Thursday Morning, by

PIETRO CUNEO,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

One year,

Six months,

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Wyandot County Republican.

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Republican Job Office.

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CIRCULARS, BILL-HEADS,
HAND-BILLS, BLANKS,
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Business Directory.

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OFFICE & RESIDENCE, One Square North of Wyandot House, Main Street, Upper Sandusky, O. 10-y

M'KELLY & HOYT,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Upper Sandusky, Ohio. Office in M'Kelly's Block, upstairs, Main street. no12'66-tf
E. M'KELLY. H. A. HOYT.

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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. Office with Dr. Cressinger, over Beery's Store. Will attend promptly to all professional calls.

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Upper Sandusky, O.

OFFICE:—2d Floor, Beerys' Block.

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DEALER IN DRUGS, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Books, Stationery, Wall Paper, etc., in Post-Office Building, Upper Sandusky, O.

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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, offers his professional services to the citizens of Upper Sandusky and vicinity. Office south room McConnell's Block, second story.

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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. Office in Beery's Block, second floor, in the office formerly occupied by Ferris & Byron.

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DEALERS IN FAMILY GROCERIES of all kinds, Roberts' Block. The highest price paid for country produce

WYANDOT COUNTY BANK,

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BUY and sell Government Securities, Exchange, Gold, Silver and Uncurrent Money. Deposits received, and a general banking business conducted. Collections made and promptly remitted. Interest paid on time deposits.
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FRED. ELLSWORTH'S

LIVERY & FEED STABLE. Horses and vehicles to be had at any hour of the day. Stable in rear of Van Marter House. ma16-6m*

Notice to Teachers.

The Board of School Examiners of Wyandot county, Ohio, will hold meetings for the examination of teachers, in the town of Upper Sandusky, as follows: On the 1st and 3d Saturdays of September, October, November March, April, May and the first Saturdays of all other months.

No certificate will be granted except at a regular meeting, nor will any be granted unless the applicant appears in person and submits to an examination.

Written testimonials of Moral Character will be required of all applicants and those who have taught will be required to present testimonials, showing their success in teaching, and signed by the Local Directors of the school in which the applicant was last engaged.

Examinations to commence at 9 o'clock, A. M., at the School House in said town. Applicants are requested to be punctual, as none will be admitted into the class after the examination has commenced.

By order of the Board of Examiners.

J. H. MYERS, Clerk.

January 18, 1869.—tf.

TO THE AFFLICTED.

MRS. LOUISA FROSCH,

HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN!

Cleveland, Ohio.

Has great success in curing Chronic Diseases, using Internal and External Remedies, Electricity, Life-resuitator, (Baunsheidt) Liniments, Baths and Poultices.

Mrs. Frosch will be here again on the 10th, 11th, and 12th days of July, 1869.

Nov. 19, 1868.-6m

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 mo.	2 mo's	3 mo's	6 mo's	1 yr
1 square,	$3	$5	$6	$8	$10
2 squares,	5	7	8	10	13
½ column	6	8	10	12	20
¼ column	12	15	15	20	35
1 column	15	20	25	35	60

Administrator's and Attachment notices, $3.

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Local notices, per line, first insertion, 15 cts. Each subsequent insertion, per line, 10 cts

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Misses Bell & Logan announce to their numerous patrons that they receive EVERY WEEK

NEW AND FASHIONABLE

SUPPLIES OF

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For which they pay Cash, enabling them to sell very low FOR CASH ONLY!

We are always ready to execute all orders left with us—employ none but the best workmen and especially warrant nice and EXCELLENT FITS. Special pains taken with apprentices

Cutting and Basting

done on short notice. They have on hand and will constantly keep for sale, Madam Foy's Corset Skirt Supporter. This supporter combines in one garment a perfect fitting corset, and the most desirable skirt supporter ever offered to the public. Rooms in Christ's Block, nearly opposite Van Marter House.

EVERYBODY KNOWS

WHO DOES

COMPOSE

GEN. GRANT'S

CABINET.

AND

Everybody

DOES KNOW

THAT

W. A. WIDMAN

KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON

HAND A

SPLENDID STOCK

of

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES,

AND VESTINGS,

Ready Made Clothing,

AND

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS!

Of every style and description, which he is offering at the very lowest prices.

Custom Work

Done to order in the latest and most approved style.

The public is most respectfully invite to call and examine the stock and prices

Remember the place,

No. 3 Beerys' Block

Upper Sandusky, Jan. 1, 1869. 1-y

THE WORLD IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

BY W. H. SHELDON.

Oh! call not this a vale of tears,
A world of gloom and sorrow;
One half the grief that o'er us comes,
From self we often borrow.
The earth is beautiful and good;
How long will man mistake it?
The folly is within ourselves;
"The world is what we made it."

Did we but strive to make the best
Of troubles that befall us,
Instead of meeting ca es half way,
They would not so appall us.
Earth has a spell for loving hearts;
Why should we seek to break it?
Let's scatter flowers instead of thorns—
"The world is what we make it."

If truth, and love, and gentle words,
We took the pains to nourish,
The seeds of discontent would die,
And peace and concord flourish.
Oh! has not each some kindly thought?
Then let's at once awake it;
Believing that for good or ill,
"The world is what we make it."

THE CHILD ANGEL.

Little tongues that chatter, chatter—
Little feet that patter, patter,
With a ceaseless motion all the day—
Little eyes that softly lighten—
Little cheeks that flush and brighten—
Little voices singing at their play.

In my memory awaken
Thoughts of one who has been taken—
Of a little heart that beats no more—
Of a little voice that's ringing,
'Mid the angels sweetly singing,
Songs of gladness on a distant shore.

PAY AS YOU GO.

BY WILLIAM T COGGESHALL.

There is not quite as much originality as there is prejudice in the world, else men and women would not so often be led into extravagance and difficulty by the example of others. Too many people are prone to do as their neighbors, simply because said neighbors have numerous servants, own a front pew in a fashionable church, and ride in a handsome carriage. It is very well that we should imitate our neighbors when they do right, but, unfortunately, we are oftener inclined to pattern after coats, or take the style of their bonnets, than to imitate their social excellence or private virtues.

Many times a passion to look as well as other people, is encouraged at the expense of more important matters. Then as poor Richard says in his almanac, "we pay too dear for the whistle."

"Turn over a new leaf," is a good proverb for more than one man and woman in every community. There can be no better time for opening a new page than on the opening of a new year.

I know a man who, on New Year's day (1864,) turned over a new leaf, which has proved a great profit to him.

He was a young merchant. His store had been opened but a few months, he was doing a good business, he could afford to be quite liberal in his household. His wife had as pretty a home as any young merchant's in the city, and she had as pretty dresses as any woman on the street where she lived, and she took great delight in the consciousness of the fact that she was pretty and prettily attired, and so did her husband.

There was some talk that the wife was a little extravagant, but it did not effect the merchant's business, and the number of her admirers continued to increase.

The pretty little woman had so many pretty things that it would have been a great pity for her to stay at home all the time, and show them only to her husband. She was of a benevolent turn of mind, and consequently she desired that other people should take pleasure in them as well as he. So she went frequently to balls and concerts.

The season advanced; winter set in, business became dull; and money was scarce, but balls and parties became numerous, and to all the best went the young merchant and his pretty wife. They made fashionable friends, and there were invited suppers given at their house.

As the New Year drew nigh, Mr. Farley began to realize a pressure in the money market. He would have liked to reduce his current expenses, but it would break his wife's heart to deny her, and his credit was good.

The pretty wife sat beside her husband on a pretty [illegible] when she looked lovingly into his eyes and said—

"You couldn't guess who was here to day?"

Of course he couldn't, so she told him.

"It was Mrs. P. Her folks are going to the theater on New Year's night. There is to be such a pretty piece played. I do wish we could go, but I haven't a bonnet that's fit; Mrs P., had on a love of a one to-day; it became her so much."

The merchant had a [illegible] for his wife from [illegible] parents' house. He had forgotten to speak of it before, but it [illegible] occurred to him when his wife hinted at a new bonnet. He knew his notes in the bank could equal all the money he could spare for [illegible]

The wife [illegible] and—p[illegible] was from [illegible] early all about [illegible] announces, furbelows [illegible] and amusements. A new bonnet was described; the wife read the description, and added a graphic picture of the very pretty bonnet which Mrs. P., had worn.

The merchant was compelled to consider the bonnet question, and he told his wife he thought he might arrange his affairs so that he and she could go with Mrs. P., and her folks to the theater.

Christmas came, and it cost Mr. Farley a round sum. He was in a fever to retrench, but how could he without letting his wife know that his affairs were embarrassed, and surely some of his friends would assist him if he should not be able out of his own resource to meet his own pecuniary engagements. He must make his wife some kind of a New Year's present, and it might as well be a new bonnet, to be exhibited first on that eventful day, and then worn to Mrs. P's, in the evening, to be left for inspection, while the ladies went with veils on their heads to see the pretty New Year's piece which was to be performed at the theater. The pretty wife was duly advised, and her generous heart swelled with gratitude—not pride. Her husband was the kindest, best man in the world.

On the last day of December, a heavy note against Mr. Farley fell due. He went up street and down street to borrow—he tried friend after friend, but money was very "tight." The hour for closing the banks was drawing near, the merchant was in a deep perplexity—how many times he thought of the old saying about "fair weather friends," but bitter thoughts would not pay his note.

He sat down and wrote in his memorandum book the names of such friends as he had not called upon, who he was certain might help him if they would. He went to one and another with a heavy heart. He was not cordially received. One had been disappointed, money promised him had not come; a second was very "short" that day; a third had just paid his last five dollars on a little account, several heavy bills had been met that day. At length the harrassed merchant became discouraged, and to a usurer he went, determined at some rate to have the money he needed. The usurer knew he had a desperate man to deal with, and he drove a hard bargain. He took a judgment note at twenty days, and Mr. Farley had money enough to meet his obligation and buy his wife a new bonnet.

He went to bed that night with a heavy heart, but when in the morning his wife greeted him with a cordial "Happy New Year" his heart was cheered and it gave him pleasure to see how much joy she would have when the new bonnet and new dress he had bought as a New Year's gift were sent home. She did not say a word about presents, but there was a peculiar twinkle in her eye, and a half knowing smile expressed on her lips.

It was yet rather early for callers when the door bell rang. The wife too impatient to wait the slow motion of a servant, she answered it herself. A little boy had caused its welcome tintingabulum and had a band box under his arm.

A happier wife there was not in the world. She bestowed upon her husband the fondest of caresses and could only speak of him as a dear sweet husband. He forgot usurers and notes in bank, and went to the theater and saw everybody admire his pretty wife in her new dress with such satisfaction as a doting husband can alone appreciate. The New Year bonnet was "a little gem" in the opinion of all P.'s folks, and that added another large drop to the cup of joy from which the young wife drank in the fullness of grateful love.

One month in the New Year had not passed before she drank from another cup—a cup of bitterness. Her husband was not at home regularly, and when at home he was gloomy always—sometimes sullen; he became haggard in his appearance—denied his wife any confidence in regard to what weighed upon him. She had no surmise of the true cause of his depression of spirits, and she borrowed grievous trouble about it. The new dress afforded her no comfort now, she had no joy in her "love for a bonnet," balls and concerts had no attractions—the husband made a show of cheerfulness to the wife, and the wife smiled faintly in return, but both recognized mutual deception, and the once happy home became a place of torment to its occupants. The husband shunned it and the wife wept in it. The note given to the usurer meantime fell due. He would extend the time at the same high rate of usury on which the money for it was given, and this bankrupt policy was a necessity of the merchant's circumstances—he dare not let his business creditors know that he was the victim of a "keen shave"—and week after week he paid the usurer money, which, if invested in his business, would have relieved, while its loss created additional embarrassments.

Every day the load of care which he carried from the store to his home increased in weight, and at last he became so morose that his wife's patience was tried beyond endurance. She became as peevish as he was sullen. The poor man did not condemn her, but he could not always brook her peevishness, and the smooth current of domestic felicity which had flowed through the household was changed into a brawling stream whose waves were embittered with discontent and peevish bickerings.

The wife neglected domestic duty and the merchant neglected business till he was sorely pressed to pay the usurer the weekly sum which kept the sheriff from his store.

One day he was in a very unhappy mood. He had been home for his dinner and everything about the house seemed to reproach him. He was tempted to open his heart to his fading wife, but his heart failed him—he returned to his store thinking of what his fashionable acquaintances might be saying about the marked change that had come over him and his wife.

He had not yet been able to cast out such perplexing reflections when the usurer's collector with a bow and a patronizing smile entered the store and presented the uneasy merchant with a receipt for another installment of interest.

The merchant snatched the piece of paper and tore it into small fragments very deliberately, while the astonished collector thrust his hands very deep into his breeches pockets.

"Get out of my store!" cried the merchant; "go and tell your master I'll never pay him another cent. He can sell me out as soon as he pleases. I have paid him now in interest more than half the original sum. I'll pay him half the original sum. I'll pay no more, I tell you. Let him get it all. Leave my store, sir!"

Out went the collector in a nervous trepidation and with him went a burden the merchant had borne far too long.

He was entirely prepared to meet the usurer, when an hour afterwards he called to propose a compromise—he would be very sorry to levy on any goods—he thought some arrangements might be made.

"No, sir," answered the merchant, "Get your money as best you can. I made an assignment an hour ago—make your levy when you please, and sell what is necessary to pay you, and other creditors will take the remainder. I've turned over a new leaf. I am a happy man now, compared to what I was on yesterday."

The usurer went away thinking the merchant demented — entirely out of his wits; but the merchant hastened home with the light of joy in his eye—a light which flowed out of a heart over which indecision had for a long time exercised a sorrowful influence.

There he met his wife; she looked sadder to him than she ever did before. He had designed to meet her with a cheerful face and an affectionate manner, but his loving design was frustrated by her appearance.

In a very sad tone she invited him into the parlor, there she threw herself upon her knees and sobbed "O, its frightful" He would have lifted her up but she begged him to hear her, and then sobbed again.

"I was on the street this morning, and I accidentaly heard two men talk about you. They said you was a bankrupt, and it was because of your wife's extravagance. Tell me, is it true?"

"I am a broken merchant, and that's what makes me happier to-day than I was yesterday, but be assured my dear, it was not because of your extravagance. It was because I was a weak, silly man; now dry up your tears—look at me. I have a more cheerful face than you have seen me wear for many a day."

"Oh, yes!" answered the wife, "you have been a changed man ever since last New Year; something happened then; you didn't fail because I had a new bonnet and dress then — that can't be. You don't know how I have grieved to see you so changed. I feared something I might have done made you so, and I have prayed to know what it was. I have not been informed—I dare not ask you, you looked so forbidding."

"Would that you could have said this three months ago—it would have saved me much trouble—we've both been very foolish. No my dear, I have not failed because you had a New Year present; but before that time we had been trying to live in as good style as richer and older people; we had too much fine company; carriages came to our house; they cost us a great deal of money, and they didn't stop at my store often enough; or if they did, the fine ladies didn't buy enough to make up what it cost us to live in a style corresponding to their idea; so my business affairs became embarrassed. I was afraid to tell you—I could not change my style of living without doing so, and I kept on becoming more embarrassed, and more miserable, till finally I was driven to desperation, and now I'm a broken merchant. I've given up everything and we must take a cheaper house and let our rich friends cut our acquaintance."

With a burning kiss the wife assured her husband that his plan met her entire approbation, and he acknowledged how foolish he had been in not giving her his confidence when his troubles began

"We'll turn over a new leaf," said he. You'll never think that I'm richer than I am. Hereafter I'll know what my income is, and we'll live within it. Rich acquaintances, balls, and concerts—costly suppers, or none of them; just as we can afford it I'm not the first man who's failed from the same causes. I have some friends yet and I think I can rise again. Anyhow I'd rather be a clerk than a merchant as I have been."

"When must we move?" inquired his wife calmly.

"Next week," Mr. Farley answered, "if we can find such a house as we can afford."

The broken merchant had been settled in a humble home but a few months when New Year's came again. He was well satisfied with his experiment of living according to his means, and to suit himself, not other people; to gratify his own tastes consistently with his circumstances, not to please other people consistently with extravagant notions.

On New Year's day, Mrs. Farley received a plain gold ring inside of which was engraved these words: "OUR NEW LEAF—PAY AS YOU GO!"

The once broken merchant has found this a profitable motto. He is now able to pay as he goes; and at the same time makes his wife a more costly New Year's gift than the dress and the bonnet which the money of the usurer bought.

To those who would turn over a new leaf on next New Year's day, I recommend the merchant's motto—PAY AS YOU GO! It will never allow dues to perplex nor bailiffs to harrass you—compared with the man or woman who runs up bills at the grocery, the store of the bakeshop—or who indulges fancy in any particular on credit, you will be most happily independent.

The Fifteenth Amendment and the Canvass in Ohio.

The Republican party is squarely commited to the Fifteenth Amendment. It was originated and adopted by a Republican Congress; it has received the unqualified sanction of a Republican President; it has been ratified by more than a score of Republican Legislatures. From beginning to end it is a Republican measure. There is nothing about it that is Democratic, except the principal of political equality, which it embodies; and that is sufficient to secure for it the hostility of a party whose chief business, in its day of power, was to preserve inequalities among men, and shield under the protecting ægis of the States a form of despotism more outrageous than any outgrowth of feudalism.

The Republican party is morally bound to maintain the Amendment until it shall have become a part of the supreme law of the land. It is as logical a result of emancipation as emancipation was a logical result of a war waged in the interest of slavery against the Union. The complement of citizenship is the ballot. There can be no permanent half-way house between the grant of civil rights and the franchise that protects them. Defeat of a measure intended to abolish political distinctions, based upon race and color means simply a protection of agitation. Empedocles will not be quiet while the mountain presses upon him. Either we must go backward to the enslavement of the emancipated, or forward to their political enfranchisement.

As a practical question in Ohio, affecting the numerical strength of parties, the enfranchisement of her colored citizens is of small consequence. In 1860 the entire colored population of the State was but 36,673 against 2,302,808 whites. Of this comparatively small number but 18,231 were males, and but 8,092 over the age of twenty. Of the males eight thousand were mulattoes one half of whom at least were already voters The enfranchisement of the remaining adults would not have added five thousand to the voting population of the State. It is doubtful whether it would be increased to that extent were every adult negro made a voter to day. Practically, therefore, the limitation or extention of suffrage in Ohio is, as a partisan measure, an inconsequential affair. The twaddle of politicians about the Africanization of the State is insufferable nonsense.

But the question must be considered in its larger import. It rises to the significance of a national issue, which must be decided by the several States. Their assent is required to the principle of the Amendment before it can be incorporated into the Constitution of the United States. The Republicans of Ohio can not escape this issue if they would. It is upon them. They can no more remain neutral in such a contest than Kentucky could remain neutral in the war. Let it be conceded that the Amendment will be ratified without the assent of Ohio; does that relieve the Republican voters of their responsibility? If ratified without the vote of Ohio, well and good; but if ratified with her assisting voice, well and better. It is the seal of the third State in the Union to a principal that her children will wonder was so long unrecognized.

The Republican State Convention must come up to the mark. To ignore this, almost the only issue that can be raised, would be a confession of moral cowardice that ought to condemn the party to over whelming defeat. It can better afford to lose office than abandon its colors. If it is attempted to confine the canvass to local issues, as has been intimated, what are they? The extravagance of the late Legislature? the general character of its legislation? the location of the Agricultural College? the establishment of a new penitentiary? the enlargement of the Toledo canal? the Morgan raid claims? What local issue, in short, is there about which there is sufficient interest to make a decent canvass?

But let us suppose that the Convention does ignore the Amendment, and seek refuge in affected neutrality. Is there a man in the State so stupid as not to perceive that in determining the political complexion of the next Legislature, he is determining the fate of the Amendment so far as Ohio is concerned? The issue will be before the people, whether it is in the platform or out of it. In every district of the State the candidates will find it thrust upon them, and they will not be permitted to take refuge upon a platform so delicately constructed that it will come rattling down before one vigorous blow.

We should profit by the past. How many Democratic platforms, built by cunning and skilled workmen, were constructed with the express view of keeping the question of slavery out of politics. But was it ever less an issue because of them? The roar and tumult of the battle went on though the trumpets of uncertain sound called a truce to the combatants. We can no more evade or ignore the question whether political equality shall prevail throughout the United States, than the Democracy could ignore the question of the nationalization of slavery. Let it then be met in a manly way, and whether defeat or victory follow, we shall have the consciousness of having given our best effort to the constitutional incorporation of a principle that has common sense, justice, and the spirit of Democracy on its side.—*Cin. Com.*

A Countryman Bent on Suicide.

A Butler County farmer came to town day before yesterday and got drunk. Being drunk, and having no use whatever for a weapon of any kind, he bought a pistol Having a pistol, he went into a barber-shop, No. 199 West Fourth street, and signified his intention of shooting himself immediately below the fifth rib. He might have released himself from the cares of this world outside the shop, but he wanted a few hair-dressers of good repute to die and become partakers of glory with him. He made this known to all in the shop, and besought the puzzled barbers, one and all, to throw themselves on their razors and expire like men. Several of the knights of the brush and curling-tongs expressed themselves adverse to so sudden a departure from their present sphere of usefulness, when Mr. Fitch,—that's the farmer's name—became very much excited, pulled out his revolver, and swore by Jehosaphat that they should go with him to the realms of bliss, willingly or reluctantly, and that if they did not choose their own instruments of death, he would make a selection for them. He had drawn a good sight on one of the colored gentleman, when the "boss" shaver sprang upon him, bore him to the ground, and wrenched his pistol out of his hand. Mr. Fitch took very unkindly to the floor, and with tears in his eyes begged to be allowed to die, even expressing his willingness to undertake the journey to the other land alone, if the boss would but let him up. But the head scenter of the somber circle refused to give him his pins, but sent him, instead, to the Ninth Street Stationhouse, where he remained all night. He appeared in the Police Court, yesterday morning, and for his extraordinary behavior was fined $15 and costs, the Court admonishing him to keep sober in the future, and to permit his colored brethren to take their time in preparing for heaven. Mr. Fitch was, to tell the truth, much nearer his eternal rest than he supposed. Just let him exchange Butler County for Cincinnati whisky a few times more, and we will guarantee that no pistol will be necessary to secure him the heavenly tranquility which he was so anxious to enjoy last Wednesday.—*Cin. Commercial.*

AN AFFECTIONATE BROTHER.—A correspondent of the Boston Traveler, now wandering over the battle fields of the rebellion, has been at some pains to hunt up and identify the graves of Northern soldiers, especially from New England, and notify the relatives. In answer to one of his letters of notification, giving information of a grave identified in Norfolk, he received from a brother of the deceased the following curious epistle:

MAY 2d, 1869.

DEAR SIR: Glad to have heard from you always. Our Bill was always a bully sort of a fellow, and we thought a good deal on him, especially the old woman. Glad, too, that you have found him after so much fuss. He wrote home that he had shot two or three rebels, and I be damned if that wasn't just what I wanted to have him do. We have got his last letter to the old woman, which he wrote when he was sick, and he was a taking on then about a cussed sanitary commission that sent him nothing only sweetmeats. He wasn't used to that fodder. If you will tell the grave digger to send Bill along by the Express Company, when he gets time to box him up, why I'll pay the express on him at this end. Am obliged to you, sir. Just send me your bill.

Yours truly,

ABORTIVE SPITE.—The Democratic Legislature passed a Visible Admixture Law, intended to exclude from the polls a citizen having colorable suspicion of African descent, and grossly insulting those even faintly suspected. The Supreme Court disposed of the iniqutous measure by declaring it unconstitutional. Another Visible Admixture Law, amendatory to the first, was passed, denouncing extraordinary penalties on those who violated the law. Attorney General West, on the application of a citizen, has pulled the fangs of this last Democratic viper by showing that it cannot affect those already declared by the Constitution and the Supreme Court to be voters—the half white; that it has not and cannot change the status of a voter; and that consequently it is "mere sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Can any civil engineer inform us how it is that the mouths of rivers are larger than their heads?

A REMINISCENCE.

Once, when I was a little boy,
I sat me down to cry,
Because my little brother had
The biggest piece of pie.

'Twas not but I had quite enough,
But then I could not see
The reason why a partial nurse
Should give him more than me.

They said I was a naughty boy,
But I have oft seen men
Behave themselves as foolishly
As I behaved then.

For we are often thankless for
Rich blessings when we sigh
To think some luckier neighbor has
A "bigger piece" of pie.

THE FORGED WILL.—A few years since, a man of high respectability was tried in England on a charge of forging a will, in which it was discovered he had an indirect interest to a large amount. Samuel Warner the celebrated author of the Diary of a Physician, etc., was associated with the prosecuting attorney, and the case was tried before Lord Dedham.

The prisoner being arraigned and the formalities gone through with, the prosecutor, placing his thumb over the seal, held up the will, and demanded of the prisoner if he had seen the testator sign the instrument; to which he promptly answered, he had.

"And did you sign it at his request, as subscribing witness?"

"I did."

"Was it sealed with red or black wax?"

"With red wax."

"Did you see him seal it with red wax?"

"I did."

"Where was the testator when he signed and sealed this will?"

"In his bed."

"Pray, how long a piece of wax did he use?"

"About three or four inches long."

"Who gave testator this piece of wax?"

"I did."

"Where did you get it?"

"From the drawer of his desk."

"How did you light that piece of wax?"

"With a candle."

"Where did that piece of candle come from?"

"I got it out of the cupboard in his room."

"How long was that piece of candle?"

"Perhaps four or five inches long?"

"Who lit that piece of candle?"

"I lit it."

"With what?"

"With a match."

"Where did you get that match?"

"On the mantel-shelf in the room."

Here Warren paused and fixed his large, deep blue eyes upon the prisoner; he held the will up above his head, his thumb still resting on the seal, and said in a solemn, measured tone:

"Now sir! upon your solemn oath you saw testator sign that will—he signed it in bed—at his request you signed it as a subscribing witness—you saw him seal it with red wax, a piece of wax two, three or four inches long; he lit that wax with a piece or candle, which you procured from a cupboard; you lit that candle by a match which you found on the mantle-shelf?"

"I did."

"My lord," exclaimed the triumphant attorney, "it's a wafer!"

At the decoration of soldiers' graves at Spring Grove cemetery, Cincinnati, a very touching scene occurred. An aged German lady appeared at one of the little mounds and begged the policeman on duty to permit her to pass to her husband's grave. She sat down by the same and burst into a flood of tears, for she was poor and had not even a single flower to place upon the sod that covered all that was dear to her. But some of the committee of ladies observed her, and basket after basket of the rarest and most beautiful flowers were brought, and fair hands assisted her in her labor of love Eyes "all unused to the melting mood" were moistened at the touching scenes, and that nameless grave was fairly burdened with the weight of the floral tribute rendered by sympathizing hearts.—*Cleveland Leader.*

A singular contest is in progress in Indianapolis. The police of the city made a descent upon the liquor sellers for violation of the Sunday law, and obliged them to close their places of business on that day. The liquor sellers thereupon filed complaints against all the people in the city whom they could find to be engaged in work on Sunday, and compelled their arrest. The victims of this counter-movement include the editors, reporters, and compositors employed on the daily journals, street-car drivers and conductors, livery stable-keepers, and others.

STATE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.—This body will meet in Cleveland the first Tuesday in July. The exercises will begin on Tuesday evening, and continue Wednesday and Thursday. The meeting of the College men will be on Monday, and of School Superintendents on Tuesday of the same week. A large meeting is expected.

To do the thing properly in New York, at a wedding, the bride must have eight bridesmaids and a hundred-dollar poodle besides the one she marries.

Rev. Dr. Fowler, of Chicago, calls the theater "the guillotine of the soul." He probably means that it cuts off the head and leaves the legs.