

THE OHIO DEMOCRAT.

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LOGAN, O., SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1886.

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LINES.

COMPOSED WHILE WATCHING A BEE.

I am a busy honey bee,
Calling sweets from flower and clover;
Homeward fly, loaded with thy love,
Found in yards and fields, all over.

Sometimes a child attempts to catch
And squeeze me in his little hand;
But he quickly finds he's met his match—
Such ill treatment I cannot stand.

For self protection I go armed,
But seldom sting unless abused.
If unmolested, they're unharmed;
My honeyed store is never refused.

Buzz—buzz. All day I live and work,
People say, "busy as a bee."
Our hives don't harbor drones to shrink—
To fly and sting—scourge of me.

"I can't," some little youngster cries;
"I can't," some little children say,
The little humming bird replies,
The busy, dear, while it is day.

Logan, O. A MUSE.

Autobiography of a Horse.

Out over the northern hills, in a valley where my fire-breathing counterpart, the iron horse, does not intrude, I was born ten years ago. Ten years ago! It seems ten centuries. My oppressor, man, holds that we horses have no souls. I grant mankind the merit of consistency, for certainly I have been treated as one without soul or without feeling.

My earliest sensations, as I wobbled about my dear mother's pasture, was a feeling of wonder at the uncertainty of my legs. They didn't seem to take me where I wanted to go. And very often my fore legs apparently desired to go forward, just at the moment when my hind legs were inspired with a wish to double up and lie down. By the time I had lived a few short weeks, these embarrassing peculiarities disappeared, and all my legs acted in harmony and with unanimity.

How queer it all seemed! My dear mother at first surprised me each time she put her blessed nose to the ground and bit off the green stuff that seemed only made to lie down on. Soon, however, I put off childhood, became a vegetarian, and learned to distinguish grass from clover. When my lips grew in instinct, I could eat all around a stalk of thistle or bitterweed, and tell by touch what was wholesome and what was indigestible. I was a colt of spirit and promise. That's what my owner said, at any rate, and I re-echoed his sentiments.

It was some time before I became reconciled to seeing my dear mother carrying my master's fat wife to and from the village store, and to see her in harness filled me with indignation. My time was coming. I soon had other things to occupy my mind than weekly excursions with my mother to the village, and playful romps with the geese and calves on the grassy pasture and by the rippling brook. I ripened daily for the "breaking in" process. Ah, the humiliation of that day! My master's oldest son was chief tormentor. He it was who first placed a cold bit of metal in my tender mouth; a jointed piece of steel that pinched my tongue and galled the corners of my mouth. He it was who flung himself astride of my back, from which I tried in vain to dislodge him. And from a neighboring field my mother witnessed my degradation and lifted up her voice and whinnied bitterly. I was "broke" in fact and in spirit. But an elastic nature and a sound constitution came to my aid, and this stage of my career was not wholly without its recompense. I was soon to enlarge my field of observation and cultivate a more intimate acquaintance with my oppressors and the world in general.

One morning a great, tall, lank, biped creature, at the instigation of my young master, took the most impertinent liberties with my mouth. He pushed up my lips, wrenched my jaws apart, ran his hand up and down my legs, tapped my ribs and did other things that filled me with a desire to bite a piece from the back of his bony neck. But I had a reputation of gentleness to maintain, and so I acted as becomes a well-bred young horse. In doing so I sealed my fate. Something bright and jingling and something grass-colored and crisp, passed from the tall biped's hand into that of my master. I was sold. They say a horse cannot weep. This is folly. Tears as big as acorns rolled down my mother's hairy cheeks as I was led away from her sight forever.

I was now a "three-year-old," and life was at its brightest. I heard words of praise that turned my head, and when I found myself in the possession of a really good and considerate master, and knew that I was worth \$900, and could trot a mile in 2:40, I was puffed up with pride, and forgot all about my poor old mother and the happy days in Old Butler County. I was a city nag and held my head high. (I had

to, or the check-rein would blister my tongue.) My contempt for the poor creatures I easily passed on the road, and for the abject horses I saw pulling street-cars and ash-carts was lofty and supreme.

The hostler told some one the other day that I was at least seven years old. How awfully hard those city roadways are, and what queer pains I am having in my knees and shoulders! I haven't passed a horse on the road for a month, and to-day a rough-looking man came to the stable and said: "I guess he'll do for the bob-tail route." What does that mean?

I have learned what the rough man meant. Ah, for the good old times. And oh, for just one day's rest among the clover and the dandelions, and under the trees in old Butler County. Life is a pretty serious thing to a car-horse. A year ago no creature with two legs would have dared labor me with a strap or a car-hook, and swear at me in Irish. But poor food and little rest and drudgery makes one spiritless and hopeless. I can feel that I am aging fast. I wonder what my mother died of? Or if she still lives? At least she was spared the misery of being hitched to a street-car full of our biped oppressors. The aches and pains are awful. And there are strange lumps growing on various portions of my body. I can't stand this sort of thing much longer. Fell down three times yesterday and thought I should never get up again.

Here's a strange thing! I have not been hitched to a car for two days. And I have just been surrounded by the worst looking set of bipeds that ever called themselves men. The ugliest fellow of the lot stood on a barrel, with a hammer in one hand, and did nothing but yell. There were other horses besides myself there. Such awful-looking beasts! Can I look like they did? Heard the man with the hammer say, "Can-I-have-five-an-a-half-half-half?" Great Centaur! And I, who was worth nine hundred a few short years ago, was "knocked down at five!" The pains in my joints grow keener. I can't help limping, and my shoulders are so sore! Five dollars! This is awful! They say I am nine years old and past, and that they can prove it by my teeth. This seems odd. I have more than nine teeth.

It does seem queer that the less I have to do, the harder it seems to do it. It costs me more pains and aches and effort to drag a wagon load of ashes two squares than it did to take my second master a four mile spin a few years ago. Do the wheels stick, or what is the matter? My driver is very rude and heartless. He pounds me with a barrel stave at least once a day. I can't help slipping and stumbling. Somehow or other I have no strength left. I'm hungry, for I don't get half enough to eat. That bite of real country grass I got the other day by nibbling at the roadside was delicious. It made me think of the good old days I passed near the Connoquenessing. Why are my eyes so dim? They say Pittsburg air is getting clearer. They are mistaken. I can hardly see to stagger along. I have great bruises on my shoulders, and every step I take is a sharp pain. My owner has remarked in my hearing lately: "Git up, yo' beast! Guess your wuf moah at de bone mill an' de glue factory dan in de ha'ness! Git up, you ole beast!" I remember the words more distinctly, because at each word the barrel-stave came down upon me. The "bone-mill" and the "glue-factory," what does that mean?

All is dark and very still. I cannot get up. Though it is dark about me—and very cold—I can see the sunlit pasture; the flash of the bright water of the Connoquenessing. I see my mother. I will go to her.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Extracts from a Letter from Sweller's Corners.

July 27, 1886.

Ma says the public must be interested in Sweller's Corners, on account of the high and exalted position my pa holds; and she says it would be a great injustice to longer withhold the news and things that are happening and going on around here.

She says I am cut out for a great man, and that I will make my mark in the world, or something, and even beat pa; and you can just bet your last nickel he ain't an easy one, for he's been gittin' listed a

little higher, right along, ever since he was in the war and got to be captain. Granny says that was only foolin'—Granny, she's my pa's mother-in-law, and she don't take much stock in pa's greatness. She says his comrades thought he ought to be promoted, 'cause he wasn't so scared but what he killed a lame hen-hawk after the battle was over, that got hurt with a piece of shell when the other fellows were fighting; so they called him Captain Sweller, and that kinder set him up and stuck to him when he moved up here where folks did not know him; and they put him in as constable, and after that he talked so big and bragg that he got office every time he asked for anything. She says now there's haint no end to it, and like as not they'll put him in President yet.

Granny is a Prolid—and that's what's the matter with Granny. My pa is a Republican, and he's got a pile of New York Tribunes bigger than old Jumbo could draw. He says Horace Greeley was a great man in his day, but he would not do for these times—he didn't have policy enough. He says Whitelaw Reid is the right sort of stuff, and he is just about the slickest and cutest editorial man there is out, and that's why he named me Whitelaw; but the boys at school call me White Swell for short. Ma don't like it.

I have got three sisters. Mary Ann married Pete Pumper, and they live out in the country on a farm. Cynthia has got a diploma and a new fiddle, and a fellow, and she's worn out three pairs of roller skates, and she ain't quite nineteen yet, either. Angelina is nine, and she goes to school and rides old Dolly around, evenings and mornings a-straddle. Ma always calls her Angel, so do the girls and Pa; but I don't—she's too piggyish. She never divides her black-jack with me. Granny don't either; she says it makes her sick to think of calling that sassy tom-boy an angel. Pa says "you just let Angel alone—she'll be sharp enough to get her living without work, or you can take my head for a foot-ball!"

Ma is nonpartisan on everything but styles. You can't honeyfudge her on those things, for she understands herself to a T. They tried to get her to join the W. C. T. U., but she says they can't catch her in that trap—her head is too level to monkey with anything that's going to hurt pa's prospects. He's running for the Legislature now, and Ma believes she'll stick to the missionary racket as long as it don't run into politics.

Pa says it don't pay to be a politician, for it costs more to get an office than it all comes to; but we live in a nice house now, and we didn't use to; and we have napkins and silver forks and spoons, and pa keeps beer in the cellar, and wine, and things; and he runs the Sunday school and the church, and we have lots of folks come to see us.

Pa wants me to study politics, and try to be a man—not be a little boy always. Isn't it funny? And when such fellows as Pa gets to the Legislature or Congress, or anything, then they are "the boys" and the hair is often the tops of their heads, too, and they can't hardly button their jackets around 'em, their stomachs come out so far just like my Pa's.

I asked him one day, when I was reading the Tribune, what was the most interesting thing to study in politics, and Pa says "The hoodle, my boy, the hoodle, and don't you forget it!" My Pa is a great man.

"These candidate fellers," cries an exasperated farmer, "can talk pretty slick about the grandeur and independence of farm life, but I will wager my last year's straw hat that none of 'em ever tried to convince a pig that it ought to go out of the garden by way of the same hole in the fence that it came in."

"Is your son going to become a farmer?" asked Mrs. Blank of Mrs. Oates. "Why, lor' bless you, no," replied the latter. "My son is a graduate of the State Agricultural College, and has no intention of adopting such a profession."

It is estimated that the total acreage of wheat in the world is 183,000,000, of which North America has 40,500,000 acres, Europe 94,000,000 and India 25,000,000. Hungary, 4,169,127; France 4,565,620; Germany, 9,205,791; Italy, 1,162,916; Servia, 1,067,940. These are the only European countries that have a million or over.

A RIGHT HOT SPELL.

The Sort of Weather They Make in Kansas.

"They have hot days out'n Kansas," said Moses Fishback, a noted prevaricator of the Chicago Herald's Hurricane club, addressing the chair. "Four years ago the 9th of next month I was sittin' in my house lookin' out'n the window. You might say I was just restin' in my bones, for I had nearly all my duds off an' was takin' things purty easy. I'd seen the brass ball on the steeple of the Meth'dist church melt an' run down on the roof, an' I was thinkin' it must be purty hot outdoors, when four of my big Cochin hens came a-staggerin' an' a-pantin' through the orchard. Their eyes hung out like—like—" "Chestnuts!" suggested the president.

"No, sir; no chestnuts," thundered Moses with an injured air. "This is a new one, be gosh! I tell you their eyes hung out like Delaware grapes an' their wattles wuz of the color of an old boot. They staggered through the cabbages an' tomatoes an' had got purty high up to the house, when, all of a sudden, 'hey rolled over on their backs an' croaked. What do you think was matter with those hens?" "Sunstruck," shouted two-thirds of the club in a chorus.

"Sunstruck, nuthin'," drawled Moses, with a look of surprise. "They was laggin' round' too many eggs that had been biled by the sun."

"I don't remember having experienced a particularly hot day," said Amos Lester, pulling a piece of tin out of his right foot, "but I'll tell you what I have seen. One night, three years ago this fall, was camping out in the big woods of Wisconsin. The day had been pleasant, but along about midnight I experienced a peculiar sensation. It was with great difficulty that I could breathe. My throat and nose felt as though they had been choked up with something strangely disagreeable. A hot wind blew through the pine trees over my head, and the balsam boughs upon which I was lying burned my flesh like red-hot grid irons. I tried to move, but without success. I had lost all control over my muscles, and there I lay a helpless prisoner, listening to the ground cracking for miles around. After an hour of most excruciating agony I heard something patter upon the earth. It must be rain, I said to myself, closing my eyes. Then I fell asleep. When I awoke next morning it was freezing cold. I tried to get up, but I could move neither limb nor muscle. I was pinned to the ground."

"What was the matter with you?" inquired Moses Fishback, catching a drop of perspiration as it fell off the end of his nose.

"It had been so hot," continued Amos, "that it had started the gum out of the pines, and this beastly sticky stuff had fallen upon me drop by drop until it covered all my clothing and ran out upon the ground. Then the weather turned cold and froze the stuff, and there I was stuck to the ground. I had to lay there until the sun got hot enough to release me. The next day I passed lots of farms where popovers had been popped on the stalk, and a prettier sight I never saw. The stalks looked like huge sprays of white flowers and the —"

"It's getting too hot to stand any more of this talk," broke in President Ananias, "and I now adjourn this club for one week."

Creamery vs. Country But-ter.

The object of this article is to acquaint butter makers what is meant by a Creamery and its advantages and source of profit to the farming community at large. I shall first call the attention to market quotations of our cities where the demand is large for first-class butter. That ought to be conclusive evidence that farm-made butter has been superseded by an article of butter that is appreciated by everybody.

A Creamery is a building located in a central point of a farming community, substantially built, upon the system of a refrigerator, where an even temperature is concentrated. The building is equipped with the latest improved apparatus known to the butter interests; such as cream tempering vats, test churns and hot and cold water conducted all through the building and the whole operated by steam power. The operation of a Cream-

ery is as follows: Farmers supply themselves with the deep setting cans, constructed in such a way to exclude all air and obnoxious odors from the milk. The milk is set until the cream gatherer calls for the cream. The usual time for all the cream to rise under the Wilhelm system is from 4 to 6 hours in water at a temperature of 50 to 55 degrees. This cream is gathered daily by the parties operating the Creamery. The cream is graduated by a glass gauge on the side of the can, and the standard of cream is that it takes 113 cubic inches of cream to make one pound of butter. For this cream the farmer can realize from 25 to 50% more than they could if they had made it into butter and taken it into market. This system relieves the farmer of all labor but milking the cows and setting the milk. Routes are established on the roads leading to and from the Creamery so as to travel from 20 to 30 miles per day. The cream is transported in refrigerator cans, constructed so there is no agitation and delivered to the Creamery in a sweet condition. It is immediately strained into 290 gallon tempering vats, and brought to what is called the first stage of acidity, "sugar acid," and also to a proper temperature for churning. It is then churned upon the concussion system by which each granule of cream will make a perfect granule of butter; and then churning must cease, if not, the butter will be deteriorated by over churning. A perfect temperature is obtained by washing and salting in the granulated state, as soon as perfect granulation is produced the butter floats to the top. The buttermilk and casine is drawn from underneath and then the washing commences. Abundances of cold water at a temperature of about 50 degrees is drawn into the churn and then given 20 or 25 revolutions. Each little grain of the butter takes the temperature of the water and becomes hard and washes clean from all buttermilk and casine. This washing is repeated unless the water draws off clear, leaving the butter in the churn in a granulated state in a proper condition for salting. The salt is then added to the butter in the churn and the churn agitated so as to salt the butter in the churn; the butter will run from one side of the churn to the other like so much coarse corn meal and each grain of butter will become thoroughly salted. The churn is then agitated with a heavier motion, so as to cause the granules to adhere to one another, and all the working required is to pass the butter under a roller worker to press out the extra salt moisture which is caused by the addition of salt. Butter made upon this system has all the keeping qualities of properly rendered lard and retains all the aroma oil flavor of the butter, which is retained in the granules unbroken. Such butter placed under the trier will speak for itself as to its purity and commands a price in any market. Now, the question is, will the farmer continue to make butter in the old way, which is a disgrace to the cow at the present age, or avail themselves of the opportunity of making butter upon the most improved system, which lessens the labor to about 1/3 and advances the price of butter at least 50%.

Pisgah, Hocking County, O.

July 26, 1886.

Miss Frances McDonald, of Fairfield county, has been the guest of Mrs. G. V. McBroom for a few days. She is a genial and lively young lady.

Mr. Ed. Hiles, who has a saw mill on G. V. McBroom's farm, after being at home a few days, returned to his shanty, and found a copper-head snake in his bed; it was quietly concealed under the quilt. He felt no desire to sleep with his insolent bed-fellow, so he threw him out.

Jacob Poling narrowly escaped a snake bite, while making hay recently.

Children's Day services at Pisgah, July 25, was a grand success. The house was full, with a number outside.

The members of Pleasant Hill Sabbath School had their photographs taken in a group, by Mr. Tidd, whose home is in Fairfield county.

Misses Jennie McBroom and Dora Hansen are making the people of this vicinity a visit.

TAWNY.

The Board of Trade.

The machinery of the board of trade system is most expensive. Thousands upon thousands of men live and luxuriate in the various trade centres upon the ill-gotten gains of dealing in fictitious products. Brokers, whose name is legion, and who assume little if any risk in their operations between the flocks of the pit and the lambs of the country at large, swarm like buzzards wherever there is something to be plucked. These men accumulate vast fortunes, all of which—barring the income from the inconsiderable portion of their operations connected with the actual purchase and sale of market products—comes out of the pockets of people who get nothing whatever from it. Memberships in the leading boards of trade have sold for thousands each—and is any one credulous enough to suppose that they could bring a title of these prices if those who buy them enjoyed commissions only from legitimate purchase and sale. Could a title of the men thus engaged earn a bare living, were the gamblers' commissions eliminated from their incomes? Who has paid for the commercial palaces occupied by the boards of trade of a few of our leading cities? Why, farmers, merchants—anybody who invests in futures—all who dabble in any degree in this kind of speculation, are paying for all of these things.

The boards of trade owe their existence their prosperity, and their power largely to the practice of gambling in the products of the farm. As they now stand their possessions are to a great extent the fruits of this species of iniquity. They virtually live off the farmer— but behold their ingratitude! In the great effort being made just now to tax oleomargarine and buttermilk for the protection of our dairy interests, the first and most powerful opposition arrayed against the farmer are these same boards of trade. The Board of Trade of Chicago, which has done more in introducing corruption into the legitimate channels of business in this country than any other organization—we had almost said all other organizations—leads off in the battle for bogus butter, and is followed by all the leading societies of a similar kind in the country. The viper has been nourished and now its sting is felt—and the crops which it manipulates have furnished the strength for its sting.

We do not want to be understood as unqualifiedly denouncing the idea of a genuine board of trade. In just so far as it tends to facilitate the national interchange of commodities, the proper regulation of prices, and the collection and dissemination of commercial information of the highest value alike to producer and consumer, it is a valuable institution. The idea upon which the board of trade is based is a sound one, and a legitimate temple of trade, with its operations strictly confined to legitimate business, would be a blessing to every considerable market in the United States. The board of trade is a needed business convenience, and it is the abuse of the principle on which it rests that is to be so heartily condemned by every honest man. The institution has been prostituted to the vilest and most unwarranted of uses; and a question which our business men and lawmakers must one of these days consider, is whether it is worth while to attempt to correct the prevalent abuses, or whether it is not better to supplant the whole institution with something organized on radically different principles.—Farmer's Review.

There is a Dakota statute which imposes a fine on the farmer who does not destroy the Canada thistle, cockle and other noxious weeds on his premises.

It appears to be only half work to keep the weeds down on your farm while the roadsides are growing enough weeds to seed all the adjacent fields.

Serious damage is being done to the hop crop of central New York by the vermin and blight known as honey dew. The price of old hops, of which there are a good many in store, has doubled within a month.

On rocky road the tires of a wheel wear round, on clay, flat, while on sand they are grooved out in the center. In one district of Nevada the tires have a ridge in the centre, with a hollow place on each side and a high place on each edge. There must be a queer combination of soil in Nevada.