

The Ohio Democrat.

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WHICH ONE?

I have a garden full of flowers, Of blossoms sweet and rare, And which, my friend, has asked of me, I hold to be the best?

To answer him, we enter through A gate which leads to heaven, And when among the flowers, methinks, My secret best I give.

A glow of color greets the eye, And fragrance fills the air, From tulips gay, and daffodils, And violets here and there.

The jonquils bright are in bloom, And pink and white are seen, And heartseasies and columbines, And dainty harebells too.

The nodding poppies, blushing red, Grow near fair lilies tall, And creeping ivy tendrils spread Upon the garden wall.

The lilacs, with their drooping spray— The purple and the white— Are found near buttercups that drop Their pollen on the breeze.

The marigolds stand all arrayed, Each with a crown of gold, 'Mid Johnny-jumpers springing up, Like little white daisies bold.

A wealth of color, rich and warm, Is seen at every turn, While sheltered by the leafy hedge, Peep out the rounded fern.

My friend, his plain is at a loss To name the flowers here, And yet before him, bright and fair, My dear old garden lies.

Then I tell him, if he'd know The secret of my bliss, That he must say which he loves, His blue-eyed girl or boy.

He does not answer, so I feel My secret he has guessed, Ah, yes, he knows, full well he knows, I love each one the best!

—Josephine Cavendish, Good Housekeeping.

KOLLER'S VICTORY.

A Genuine Love Affair at a Water-Place.

It has been so many years since a genuine love affair occurred at a water-place that the one between Koller and the French governess was regarded as a succession of phenomena. The Brandon was the latest type of aesthetic summer hotel—a large Queen Anne mansion, surrounded with cottages equally Queen Anne, high in altitude as in tariff, as the Anglo-Saxons say. The cottages were the resort of those favorites of fortune who, wearying of Newport and Lenox, sought a place where they could have a fortnight's rest from the business of pleasure. The style of dress was severely plain among the women, and the men affected Norfolk jackets and shooting coats. These peculiarities were unknown to the Burt-Robinsons when they took the most expensive cottage for the season. They only knew it was very high priced and very exclusive. The time came during the sojourn when they brushed for the numberless gorgeous toilets displayed by Lillian Burt-Robinson, and for Mrs. Burt-Robinson's dress, which was as large as a pea, which she wore every evening. The Burt-Robinsons had been evolved thus: First, there was Josiah B. Robinson, hardware merchant and dealer in agricultural implements, then a fine house on Fifty-eighth street, and cards engraved "Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Burt-Robinson." There was a large party given, noticed in the society papers as that of the Burt-Robinsons; and at last simply the Burt-Robinsons, as people say the Howard Redelphes.

She was not without that grain of romance that is seldom left out in women. The Countess Maurice Koller was not that quite as good as the half dozen countesses she read about in the society columns of the papers? And then the romance, although it was not as well known to her as it was widely known; and if it was a money trouble, were there not many hundred thousand dollars belonging to the Burt-Robinsons, and but three to divide it among? Then Maurice was so handsome, and played so gracefully, and the sooner he stopped playing the better. And so Miss Lillian dreamed and planned, sitting in a faultless attitude in a large arm-chair, slowly fluttering her Watteau fan, while the breeze as softly fluttered her filmy draperies. Next to her sat mamma, as dutiful and obedient as the American mamma usually is in families of the Burt-Robinson stamp, and back of them the French girl with Gwendolen sprawled all over her lap. The first time the eyes of Jeanne Lefevre and Koller met, something went electric shock and passed between them. Jeanne had thought it was hate, although it might have been love, as the boundary line between these two emotions is not always clearly defined. Jeanne's father had been an officer in the French army, from Alsace, and had been killed in the sort of manner that is common to the soldiers of the army of occupation, and had spent two years in garrison at Strasburg, as she found out in some way. Naturally she hated him, and Koller, seeing the fierceness of the hatred that flamed in her pretty face, had determined to be revenged on her. He had had his victories, and he said to himself that he would make this black-browed French girl yet give him a soft glance out of her Southern eyes.

He had a way of looking at her—tenderly, intently, that exasperated her. He played at cards, but he knew, full of sentiment and longing, that made her yearn to box his ears. And yet he was so stealthy about it! He saw, what every body saw, what filled Mrs. Burt-Robinson with anguish, that Lillian was making what is vulgarly and with vilification called "a dent set" at him. Why, he could not imagine. Why any girl on earth, with Lillian's beauty, her youth and her money, should want to marry a man whom everybody supposed to be a penniless French violinist, was beyond him. He mistook her father, that fitted her without money were not valued in this glorious Republic; and having squandered all that he could lay his hands on, and having nothing but his violin at present between himself and starvation, he saw no more reason why Lillian should devote herself to his capture than the officer of the corner, who was also a remarkably good-looking young fellow. But Miss Lillian knew her game. Count Koller's palace in Munich fixed it. She would not in the least mind being Countess Koller, and if the violin episode got out it could be treated as a lark.

Miss Lefevre, sitting far back, and glowering darkly at the handsome young German, rather amused Lillian, until, in a paroxysm of ill-temper one day, she remarked that she didn't believe Koller was a Count at all. Some things like that fill of fear through Lillian's heart. Suppose, after all her languishing and posing, the violinist should turn out no more than the corner? But she reassured herself; she had Mr. Prescott Fairbanks' word for it, and when, after a triumphal progress to Munich, glided by the Burt-Robinsons' carriage, she saw New York in a blaze of glory as the Countess Maurice Koller, she would reap a rich harvest for her penetration.

After a while a little rivulet of talk began to trickle between the violinist and the sofa whereon the Burt-Robinson sat. Very deftly Koller would get the violinist in conversation. They would talk about music in general, and Koller would, inadvertently as it were, drop into French. This made Jeanne tingle the first time he did so. The violinist was over, and the people would stream out of the vast room. Koller got into the way of continuing along toward the Burt-Robinson cottage, and finally to sitting on the little red and green porch. In vain Mrs. Burt-Robinson entreated, almost wept, and pointed out to Lillian how necessary it was for them to do like other people, and go to the opera to other cottages. Pink and white Lillian had some of that nerve and enterprise about her that had helped to make Josiah Burt-Robinson out of small beginnings, one of the greatest hardware men in New York. The Van Santvoords and the Vans were Lillian's great-grandfathers to Koller on the strength of the floating reports, which day by day became crystallized, about his superiority to his employment, and of this Miss Lillian did not fail to remind her mother. And so, with heart-burnings and anxieties and much gossip, Koller gradually became a habitue of the Burt-Robinson cottage.

For himself, he thought it much better to sit in the shade and watch Lillian's graceful white-robed figure swinging in the hammock than to drink beer and play dominoes with the countess. His whole mind was absorbed in one thing, to make money enough to get back to Germany, and with an outfit which would not reveal the straits to which he had been put after getting rid of the handsome allowance made him for his tour. Jeanne Lefevre was an English girl, and she was puzzled at this French girl he saw through easily enough. She hated Germans; she laid her orphanhood, her poverty, her changed position, all to the Germans, and she fed her resentment on this cool, handsome young fellow. Koller adored her eyes, and Jeanne's glowed so charmingly when they rested on little Gwendolen, which was the only genuine thing in the Burt-Robinson family. By slow degrees he got Jeanne to look at him, and then gradually the fierceness melted out of her face; and when she smiled she was beautiful. The first time she saw him, she was playing Chopin in the half-light, Koller felt that he had won a hard-fought battle.

It was getting late in the season; summer had uttered her mysterious "Hush!" before she takes her flight; there were but few people left at the Brandon House, when, late one afternoon, Koller and Lillian, numbering along, met Miss Lefevre. Gwendolen, for one, was not with her. The two young women saluted each other coldly, and Lillian walked on when she saw Koller disposed to loiter behind. In a moment or two they had disappeared. Miss Lefevre stood still when they were out of sight, that they might get a long way ahead. Presently, as she moved slowly down the winding path, she saw a fan, an expensive trifle that she recognized at once as belonging to Lillian, lying in the path. At that moment Koller appeared, and she saw that it was Lillian's. "Good-evening, mademoiselle," said he, addressing her in French. "Mademoiselle Lillian requested me to return and look for her fan, which she had dropped; and as it led me toward you, I came willingly."

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—Pezon, the French lion-tamer, keeps his money in a box in his lion's cage.

—The piles of old London bridge, put down in the year 900, are still sound, the water and the blue mud of the Thames having preserved them.

THE WASHINGTONS.

Three Hundred Members of the Family Residing in the United States.

At the dedication of the Washington National Monument, invitations were sent to nearly three hundred members of the Washington family, by direct descent or by collateral marriages.

HE WAS EXCUSSED.

An Old Ducky's Striking Argument in a Question of Natural History.

Down in the woods of the Chickamauga battle fields rabbits skurry from one brush-hack to another, and the squirrels chatter as they look down from their perches at men wandering from point to point in the openings.

MEASURING LAND.

A Simple Way of Obtaining a Nearly Correct Measurement of Fields.

Farmers generally are not aware how easily they may obtain a nearly correct measurement of their square fields and patches of ground.

LIFE IN SHANGHAI.

Population, Climate and Government of the Great Oriental City.

The population of Shanghai is 500,000 Chinese and 4,000 of all other nationalities, including about 1,100 British males, 250 each of Germans and Frenchmen, and 125 registered American citizens.

AN ENRAGED BEAST.

Seventeen Men Killed and Much Property Destroyed by a Mad Elephant.

A terrible elephant story comes from India. One morning, while an elephant was being ridden by its keeper in the district of Sultapore, in Oude, the animal resented prodding with a spear.

REPTILES IN MEXICO.

A Country Infested by Thousands of Creeping and Crawling Creatures.

As Eden had its serpent, so all these Mexican paradises are infested by a thousand dangerous creeping and crawling creatures, writes a correspondent.

PITH AND POINT.

—Where one man wants but here below, three others are wailing distance who want all.—Chicago Ledger.

—Another author of Shakespeare been discovered. William is getting to be about as numerous as Washington nurses.—New Haven News.

—An exchange says that Lee two inches thick will support a man. In midsummer it supports the lee man and his entire family.—Philadelphia Call.

—Philanthropic Gents—Do you ever wash your face? Methinks you wash it every morning with great regularity, sir. P. Gent—I would advise you to wash it with soap, too.—Chicago Mail.

—Young Lady—My dear Professor, I want to thank you for your lecture. You made it all so plain that I could understand every word. Professor—I am truly glad you did understand it. I have studied the subject for about thirteen years, and I flatter myself that I can bring the subject within the comprehension of the weakest intellect.—School Journal.

—"I'll engage you," said the theater manager to the actor in search of a job. "But times are hard just now and I can't give you any Patti prices. How would one hundred dollars a week suit you?" "No, only," said the actor, "that won't do at all. That isn't enough. Say, see here! Suppose you give me ten dollars a week and pay it."—Somerville Journal.

—New Haven Grandmothers make presents of ten thousand dollar checks when their grand-children are married. The custom is a laudable one and would, doubtless, become very popular with marriageable young men, even in Boston, although, of course, culture and the ability to bake beans are the only indispensable requisites of a bride herabout.—Boston Globe.

—Young lady—Are you going shopping, ma? Mother—Yes, my darling, Y. L.—Will you bring me a quarter of a yard of navy blue serge? M.—Certainly. Do you want it to patch? Y. L.—No. I want it for a bathing suit, and please bring me some of the new styles of trimming. M.—Yes, but hadn't you better use the trimming for a suit and the navy blue serge for the trimming?—Chicago Tribune.

—"Then you are going to the seaside soon, Cleely, dear," said her morning caller. "O, bless you, no! We go to the mountains this year. The seaside is too damp. It ruins all one's new summer dresses." "Yes, that's so. Especially if you try to make them do two seasons, you know." No need of a fan to close that interview. It was cool enough without.—Hartford Post.

GOOD SHOOTING.

Some Remarkable Hunting Adventures Related by an Old Toledo Settler.

"Game used to be thick near Toledo," remarked an old citizen. "I have heard so." "Yes; there were lots of deer and ducks and squirrels. Why, Captain Huntley shot seventeen squirrels off one tree on the east side of the river, not far from where the brickyard now is.

Old hunters did not think it much of a trick to shoot three or four deer or one hundred wild ducks in a day. Right down down there, where Point Place Club House stands, I shot two deer with a rifle on a tree. It rained all night, and I sat in my house, all he had to do was to pick up his rifle and go out for an hour or two and shoot all he wanted. And fish, why, I have seen the spawn of whitefish roll up along the shore of the lake until it was at least two inches deep. You don't see that now. Whitefish have been pretty well cleaned out of the lake.

"Out where Fitch lived I saw a man shoot four rabbits with a rifle at one shot, and down at Presque Isle a man shot eleven wild ducks at one shot. You see he got their heads in line and clipped the whole eleven of them as easy as rolling off a log."

"That was doing pretty well," suggested the scribble.

"Yes, fairly well, but not as well as old man Odeon did. You know Odeon had in this city and Odeon Island are called after him. He was a great shot, and I was told of a shot he made that would make some of our modern-day hunters blow their bazooks for ten years if they would make such a one. But old Odeon did not think it any great thing."

"What was it?"

"Well, he went out hunting near the bay shore one day, and came across a deer. He killed the deer. The ball went right through it, killed a swan in the lake and bored right through the heads of nine wild ducks. Now that was a shot. But Odeon could shoot, and please don't forget what I have told you about Odeon, when I hear these modern-day snipe and sparrow hunters blow about what they have shot."—Toledo Blade.

HE KNEW ALL ABOUT IT.

"Come, Ned, let's take this table over here."

"No, no, old man, come down in the corner there, furthest from the door."

"But look here, Ned, just see the table-girl over here. Isn't she a daisy? She's the prettiest one in the place. I don't want to go down there to be waited on by that old crow."

"There, there, my boy; you just stop your nonsense and come along with me. I've been getting a restaurant and long to be fooled by any such talk as that. You want to flirt you can get a prettier girl outside. If you want to eat you come here and pick out the homely waiter. The waiter-girl who is pretty doesn't have time to do any thing else. It's the homely girl who brings your order straight and gets your dinner hot every single time."—Somerville Journal.

—Mrs. Mitchell, of Chabouren, N. C., was very ill in bed, and sent her eight-year-old boy to the well for water.

He fell in, and being unable to swim, he was forced to lie there and hear his screams until his voice was still in death.