TIFFIN TRIBUNE.

TERMS, $2 00 PER YEAR. TIFFIN, OHIO, FRIDAY, JUNE 10, 1870. VOLUME 22—NUMBER 34

Business Directory.

ATTORNEYS.

J. R. UMSTED,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tiffin, Ohio, Office No. 96 Washington Street.
June 3d, 1870.

JOHN H. RIDGELY.
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Special attention given to collections and settling estates. Office over Grummel's Tobacco Store, Tiffin, Ohio.
Jan. 7th, 1870.-ly.

GEORGE E. SENEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tiffin, Ohio. Office corner Main and Perry streets.
May 5.

A. H. BYERS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW and Solicitor in Chancery; and General Insurance Agent. Attention given to prosecuting claims, selling estates, making collections and securing patents. Office in National Exchange Block, Tiffin, Ohio.
Jan. 1, '69.

JOHN McCAULEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tiffin, Ohio. Office opposite the Court House.
June 10.

WM. H. GIBSON. R. G. PENNINGTON.
GIBSON & PENNINGTON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Tiffin, Ohio. Office in First National Bank Block.
May 10.

G. J. KEEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Notary Public Real Estate, Claim, and General Insurance Agent, Tiffin, Ohio. Office in Commercial Row, opposite the First National Bank.
June 11.

J. C. LEE. N. L. REEWEE.
LEE & BREWER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Special attention given to all kinds of Military Claims, Back pay, Bounty, Pensions, &c. Office in National Exchange Bank Block, opposite the Court House, Tiffin, Ohio
Jan. 17.

G. W. BACHMAN, U. P. CRAMER.
BACHMAN & CRAMER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Special attention given to collections and the sale of Real Estate. Office over F. K. Shawhan & Co's store, Washington street, Tiffin, Ohio.
Nov. 14.

W. J. RIGBY. J. V. JONES.
RIGBY & JONES,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Fostoria, Ohio, will attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care. Especial attention given to home and foreign collections, taking depositions, collecting pay and pensions of soldiers, widows and orphans.
Nov. 5.

GEORGE GASSMAN
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, and interpreter in the German, French and Italian languages before the civil and criminal Courts of the State. A close study and application to these and other languages, in a sojourn of five years in France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Greece, Syria, Palestine, Turkey-Proper and England, will, it is believed, the better recommend him in this branch of his profession. Office with Dr. Chamberlain.
Feb. 14.

W. H. PEARCE,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Republic, O., will give prompt attention to collections and all business pertaining to his office.—Blanks kept on hand. Also, Agent for the Hartford Fire Insurance Company, of Hartford, Conn. Office in Town Hall, front room, on the left.
June 3d, 1870-tf.

N. P. COLWELL.
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Notary Public, and Licensed Claim Agent. Prompt attention given to all kinds of collections, Soldiers' claims, pensions, &c., obtained in the shortest time possible. Office 2d door to the right in Town Hall, Republic, Ohio.
April 29.

MEDICAL.

H. B. MARTIN, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office in Empire Block Washington street Tiffin, Ohio.

J. P. KINNAMAN, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office in Kirchner's Block, Main street, Tiffin, Ohio. Residence No. 9 Clay street, Second Ward. [July 2.

W. H. STOVER,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Tiffin, Ohio. Office hours from 9 to 10 A. M., and from 2 to 3 P. M. Saturdays from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. Office on Market street, 2d door east of the M. E. church. [April 11.

WM. J. CRAWFORD, M. D.,
ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON solicits the patronage of the citizens of Tiffin and surrounding country. Special attention given to the treatment of chronic diseases. Office over St. John's drug store. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Residence west side of Silver on Mill street near Hunter's mill dam. [Dec. 3.

Dr. J. D. O'CONNOR,
HAVING now permanently located in Tiffin, has opened an office in Tombs' Block, immediately over the Post-office. He hopes, by strict attention to business, with twenty-four years' experience in the profession, to merit a liberal share of the public patronage. Office hours from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M. Residence one mile south of Tiffin, on the Plank Road. [Nov. 22.

DENTISTS.

KINNAMAN & MARTIN,
TEETH inserted and extracted in a scientific manner. All work warranted to give satisfaction. We are the only Dentists in the county who have a license for making the Rubber Work. All persons wearing rubber plates made by dentists having no license, liable to prosecution. Rooms over First National Bank. [Nov. 6.

Dr. C. C. BEILHARZ,
SURGEON DENTIST. Office at his residence, corner Monroe and Madison streets, opposite German Reformed Church. n036.

MERCHANT TAILORS.

VOLLMER & KIRCHNER.
MERCHANT TAILORS and dealers in Ready-made Clothing, Gent's Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, etc. Constantly on hand Broadcloths, Cassimeres and Vestings. Washington street, Tiffin, Ohio. Particular attention given to Custom Work. All orders will meet with prompt attention. N. B.—We have the agency for the best Sewing Machine now in use. [Nov. 8.

HOTELS.

TIFFIN HOUSE.
G. KINZER, Proprietor, Market St., Tiffin, Ohio. The house has been thoroughly overhauled, has good stabling, and is prepared to furnish the traveling public with all necessaries in good style.

AMERICAN EAGLE HOTEL.
THE American Eagle Hotel, Clyde, Ohio, T. M. Bride & Son Proprietors, offers first class accommodations for guests.
Oct. 22.

JOHN WALES,
AUCTIONEER, D. D. Nelkirk, Clerk, ready, at all times, to cry sales. Post Office address, Clyde, Ohio.
April 8, 1870-tf

NOVELTY HAIR DRESSING SALOON.
A. GEIGER, FASHIONABLE BARBER National Hall building, up stairs. Call and enjoy the New Sensation. Get your hair brushed by machinery.
April 1, 1870-1y.

EDWIN HOLMES
ARCHITECT AND BUILDER, solicts contracts for erecting buildings. Will furnish drafts and specifications promptly. Address, Box 610, Tiffin, O.
March 18, 1870-3m.

SCUDDER CHAMBERLAIN
ARCHITECT AND GENERAL BUILDER, will take contracts for putting up Blocks, Dwellings, etc., or will oversee such work. Drawings, Drafts, Plans, etc., for every description made and furnished on low terms. Residence, No. 142 Washington St., Tiffin, O.
Jan. 7th, 1870.-1y.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,

Of Tiffin, Ohio.

PAID IN CAPITAL, - - - $125,000

J. D. LOOMIS, - - - President.
O. C. ZELLAR, - - - - - Cashier
J. H. FLOST, - - - - - Teller

DIRECTORS.

A. B. HOVEY, E. T. STICKEY,
H. A. BUSKIRK, J. H. GOOD,
S. E. SNEATH, A. G. SNEATH,
R. W. SHAWHAN, J. M. NAYLOR,
J. D. LOOMIS.

Government Securities, Coin and Eastern Exchange, bought and sold at current rates Coupons cashed, Deposits received and a general Banking business transacted.
an 20, 1868.-tf.

TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS.—In order to let your customers know that you have your spring stock of goods you should advertise. We can get up neat bills on short notice cheaper than New York prices.

M. J. Kirchner.

REDUCED PRICES! INCREASED STOCK!

M. J. KIRCHNER

Has concluded to say but few words, but sell more

Than any other store in Tiffin.

Agent for MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS.

GROCERIES, FRUITS, SALT, WATER LIME YANKEE NOTIONS, CONFECTIONERIES, &c.

M. J. Kirchner.

JEWELRY STORE!

GALLUP & KENDALL

Opposite the Court House, Tiffin, O., have in their new room the finest stock of

Jewelry, Watches, Clocks;

Silver and Plated Ware,

Ever before, seen together, in this city.

WATCHES.

Appleton, Tracy & Co.; Elgin; Waltham; Ellery, and all other grades of American, English and Swiss Watches in gold and of Silver. The largest stock of LADIES' WATCHES between Cincinnati and Chicago.

CLOCKS.

Seth Thomas', Jerome, and every variety of time keepers. Warranted to the fullest extent.

GOLD PENS.

Of every known reliable Manufacturer.

Silver & Plated Ware.

Tea Setts, Spoons, Knives, Forks, &c., &c. The largest and best stock in the city.

Jewelry.

All kinds, all prices. Warranted just what we sell it for.

Spectacles.

We make a speciality of EDMUNSON'S PATENT BI FOCAL SPECTACLES. Warranted to suit every time. We also have all other kinds of Spectacles, Eye-glasses, Goggles, &c.

Call and examine our stock, it will pay you. GALLUP & KENDALL.
Nov. 26, 1869.-tf.

Wholesale and Retail

HAT, CAP & STRAW GOODS

Establishment.

Charles Leiner

THE Veteran Hatter, has received his Spring Stock of the best styles of

Hats, Caps,

Straw Goods,

Trunks, Valises,

Traveling Bags,

Umbrellas, &c.

The finest stock ever brought to this city during his long experience of 18 years.

A New Feature!

Any quality of Hats or Caps made to order on short notice.

BARGAINS!

I offer great bargains in cheap Hats and Caps, good in quality, but a little out of style, which I will sell from 25 cents each upwards.

I am thankful for past patronage, and cordially invite a continuance.

Opposite the Court House. CHARLES LEINER.

Eagle Bee Hive!

A. NIEBEL, TIFFIN, O.,

Inventor and Patentee.

THIS Hive has stood the tests of twelve years' use, and has never failed. Received the

First Premium!

At the Ohio State Fair for 1869, and also at the Seneca county Fair.

A preventive from

Millers and Worms.

By the use of this hive more honey is made, and of a better quality, than can be made in any hive which is troubled with worms.

Manufactured by Saffel & Baldwin, Tiffin, at whose factory the Hive may be seen. Send for circulars to

A. NIEBEL, Proprietor, Tiffin.
April 1, 1870-3m.

TIFFIN TRIBUNE.

PUBLISHED EVERY

FRIDAY MORNING.

O. T. LOCKE. C. N. LOCKE. W. G. BLYMYER.

LOCKES & BLYMYER,
PROPRIETORS.

Bona Fide Circulation, - - 1,600.

TERMS—One year, in advance, $2 00; Six months, $1 00; Three months, 50 cents.

ADVERTISING—The TRIBUNE as an advertising medium has no superior. It has a large circulation, and is read by a thrifty, energetic class of people. Advertisements inserted as low as in any first-class paper.

IN JUNE.

BY NORAH PERRY.

So sweet, so sweet the roses in their blowing,
So sweet the daffodils, so fair to see;
So little and gay the humming bird a-going
From flower to flower, a-hunting with the bee.

So sweet, so sweet the calling of the thrushes,
The calling, cooing, wooing, everywhere,
So sweet, the water's song through reeds and rushes,
The plover's piping note, now here, now —there.

So sweet, so sweet from off the fields of clover,
The west wind blowing, blowing up the hill;
So sweet so sweet with news of some one's lover,
Fleet footsteps ringing nearer, nearer still.

So near, so near, now listen, listen, thrushes,
Now plover, blackbird, cease, and let me hear;
And water, hush your song through reeds and rushes,
That I may know whose love cometh near.

So loud, so loud, the thrushes kept their calling,
Plover or blackbird never heeding me;
So loud the mill-stream too kept fretting, falling,
O'er bar and bank, in brawling, boisterous glee.

So loud so loud; yet blackbird, thrush nor plover,
Nor noisy mill-stream, in its fret and fall,
Could drown the voice, the low voice of my lover,
My lover calling through the thrushes' call.

"Come down, come down!" he called, and straight the thrushes,
From mate to mate sang all at once, "Come down!"
And while the water laughed through reeds and rushes,
The blackbird chirped, the plover piped, "Come down!"

Then down and off, and through the fields of clover,
I followed, at my lover's call;
Listening no more to blackbird, thrush or plover,
The water's laugh, the mill-stream's fret and fall.

THE MYOSOTIS.

An Anecdote of the French Empire.

In 1809 the twelfth regiment of the line was garrisoned at Strasburg.—Among the noncommissioned officers was a sergeant, by name Pierre Pitois, a native of that demicivilized portion of Burgundy called Morvan. Brave as a lion—ever the first to advance, and the last to retreat, Pierre's comrades were accustomed to say that he loved but two things in the world, the smell of powder and the hissing of bullets.—Those who had seen him on the field of battle, his eyes flashing fire, his teeth set, his nostrils dilated, and his moustache bristling like the whiskers of a hungry catamount, were of opinion that carnage was pastime to Pierre Pitois, so much so that after a while his real name was dropped, and he was known to the regiment by the *sobriquet*, "*Avale-tout-cru.*"

One day Pierre asked leave of absence to attend on his mother, who was lying dangerously ill, with no one to attend upon her. He promised to return as soon as she should have recovered.

The reply to this petition was that the regiment was in daily expectation of receiving orders to march, and that furloughs, for whatever reason, were out of the question.

Pierre submitted and said nothing.

Two weeks went by, and the colonel received another letter, wherein Pierre announced that his mother had died without the comfort of his presence. He renewed his petition for a furlough of four weeks. He could not specify the reason of his second request—it was a family secret—but a visit to his home was imperative, and he earnestly implored the colonel not to refuse him this one favor, the first he had ever asked.

The same answer! But this time the refusal was softened by a verbal message through the Captain.

"Pierre," said he to the poor fellow, "the Colonel is very, very sorry not grant your petition; but you will see the impossibility of the thing when I tell you that marching orders have been received, and to-morrow we quit Strasburg."

"Ah! We quit Strasburg? Whither do we march.

"To Austria, my brave Pierre, to Vienna. We are about to have an engagement with the enemy, and that, to you, is better than a dozen furloughs. Hey, Pierre?"

To this enthusiastic appeal Pierre made no answer. He seemed buried in his own reflections. Thereupon the Captain caught him by the hand, and shaking it vigorously, exclaimed: "Why, Pierre, are you deaf, my boy? I tell you, that before the week is over, you will have a brush with the Austrians, and you look at me as if you had not heard a word I have been saying?"

"I hear you, Captain," replied Pierre, wearily, "and thank you for the information."

"I thought so, I thought so."

"And so there is no hope of a furlough, Captain?"

"Why, man, you must have lost your senses, to dream of such a thing. A furlough on the eve of a campaign! The very request smacks of insubordination."

"Ah! Does it? Well, then, I withdraw my petition."

"You are right."

On the morrow of the twelfth regiment marched into Austria, but Pierre remained behind. He had deserted.

The battle of Wagram was fought, and three months later the regiment re-entered Strasburg in triumph while poor Pierre was being conveyed to the barracks a prisoner—a captured deserter.

A counsel of war was called, and it was proved that *Avale-tout-cru* had deserted at the very time when his regiment was about to face the enemy.

The trial was a very singular one. The prosecution made the following address to the prisoner:

"*Pierre Pitois:* You, one of the bravest soldiers that ever fought for France; who wear the legion of honor; you, who have never infringed the most trifling regulation of the service, cannot have deserted your colors on the eve of battle without some motive so imperative that your desertion must be attended by extenuating circumstances. What these circumstances are, the council would gladly learn. They have no power to acquit you, but they would be happy to recommend you to the clemency of the Emperor, and make an attempt to obtain some mitigation of your sentence."

The prisoner's only reply was this: "I deserted without any motive that would recommend me to the mercy of the Emperor. Were it to do again, I would do it; therefore I deserve death, and am here to receive my sentence."

Everybody was astounded; but a majority of Pierre's comrades believed him to be insane, and said that he ought to be treated as a lunatic and sent to the hospital. And Pierre's desertion was so inexplicable to all that knew him—it so completely set at defiance all calculations based upon knowledge of the man's character, that the idea of his lunacy gained ground, and the propriety of commuting his sentence to confinement in a hospital for the insane, was seriously discussed. When re-examined, however, the accused was so positive in asserting his guilt, and in proclaiming his impenitence that it was impossible to put in any plea whatever for mercy, and he was condemned to be shot.

He heard his sentence with unruffled composure, and, though strongly urged to make an appeal for pardon, refused, on the ground that the decree was just, and discipline required that it should be carried out.

In spite of his contumacy, his judges were one and all convinced that some mystery lay the bottom of his strange behavior, and he was remanded to prison. There he was told that, in consequence of his past exemplary conduct, he had a respite of sixty-two hours, in case he should change his mind; whereupon he thanked his judges, but said that his decision was made.

On the night preceding his execution, the door of Pierr's dungeon was softly opened, and a sub-officer of the old guard advanced to the campbed where the prisoner was sleeping, contemplated his tranquil features for a while, and finally aroused him from his slumbers with a good shake.

Pierre rubbed his eyes, looked around, and seeing the officer with a lantern in his hand, murmured:

"Ah! I must have slept very soundly. Is it time to go?"

"No, Pierre, not yet? but the hour is not far off. You have but a short while to live."

"If it is not time, why did you wake me?"

"You do not know me, Pierre," replied the lieutenant, "but I know you. I saw you at Austerlitz, and you fought nobly. From that day, I liked and respected you. On my arrival at Strasburg yesterday, I learned your crime and condemnation. I learned with amazement, and with heart-felt sorrow. The jailor of the prison being one of my celatives, I got his permission to pay you a last visit. Pierre, a man that is about to die, has always some confidence to pour into the ear of a sympathizing friend; some wish to express, or some message to send. I have come to be that friend to you. Have you anything you wish to say?"

"Thank you, Lieutenant," answered Pierre, extending his hand, "I have nothing."

"Nothing to say to me, my poor fellow! No last words—no message?"

"None."

"Not a parting word for your betrothed or your sister?"

"I have neither sister or sweetheart, comrade."

"But your father?"

"Ah, my poor father died two months ago in my arms."

"And your mother?"

"My mother," cried Pirre, his voice growing tremulous and husky. "Comrade, spare me all mention of my mother, I cannot hear her name!"

"And why not?"

"Because, the very thought of her brings tears to my eyes. And do you think I could bear to go out and meet death with tears on my face?" exclaimed he, passionately.

"You are too stoical, Pierre," said the officer. "I believe, thank heaven! that I am as much of a man as any officer in the army, but I would not be ashamed of tears that sprung from mention of my mother's name."

"Indeed!" cried Pierre, seizing the hand of the officer, "is this true? Are you a man and a soldier, and yet not ashamed of shedding tears?"

"Shedding tears at the thought of my mother! God forbid! She is so good a mother, and I love her so dearly?"

"You love her so dearly?" echoed Pierre. "Oh, then I may speak to you of my mother—my dear, idolized mother! My heart is full—full to bursting; but I thought I should die without confiding the secret of my desertion to any living soul. My lieutenant, I was afraid of being ridiculed, and of being thought unmanly. But your sympathy assures me that however much you may wonder at my feeling and behavior, you will not sneer at them. You were right, comrade; no man dies sonobed that dies with a secret weighing on his heart. Mine is unimportant, but—"

"But I came hither to invite your confidence, and I am prepared to receive it in the same spirit as you make it. Come, Pierre, we have not, alas! "much time to spare."

No—truly, we have very little time. Well, Lieutenant—from as far back as I remember anything, I remember loving my mother better than any human being on earth. As soon as I could see, hear, and speak, my whole existence lay in the atmosphere of her love. I understood a glance from her eyes as plainly as I did the words that were spoken by the rest of mankind. We were all in all to each other. I never had a friend, a companion, or a mistress. There was no room in my heart for any one but my mother. When it came to my turn to serve in the army, and to part from her, I was in a paroxysm of despair at the mere thought of separation, and swore that I would sooner die at her feet than leave her.

"My mother was a brave and religious woman. She fixed her eyes upon me, and a few words from her dear lips subdued me.

"'Pierre,' said she, 'you must go; it is your mother's wish.'

"In a second I was on my knees before her, and promised to obey.

"'My child,' continued she, 'you have always been a good son, and I thank God for the joy you have given me up to this moment. But a man has other duties besides parental obligations. Your country calls you, and are no longer mine. You are the child of France, and if France demands your life give it freely, my darling. If God wills that you die before me, though my heart will bleed, it shall acknowledge His justice. The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.'

"Oh how I treasured her words!—And for her sake it is that I have never infringed the most trifling rules of the service. For her sake I have fought without ever giving one thought to my safety. She bade me give my life to France, and for love of her I gave it without stint. This, Lieutenant, is the reason why I have been considered one of the bravest men in my regiment. My bravery was nothing but an expression of love—love for the best of mothers!"

Here Pierre bent his head and began to weep. Presently he wiped his eyes and went on. "One day a letter came, informing me that she was very sick, and I went at once to beg permission to see her. 'Twas the first time I had ever asked for a furlough; it was denied me. My heart was ready to burst with grief, but I pondered on her words, 'Your country calls you and you are no longer mine,' and, comrade, submitted to my fate without a murmur. Not long after came a second letter. *She was dead!* Dead—and she had not blessed me! Dead—and I had not one kiss! Oh, then! I lost my senses, and when a second time my furlough was denied me, I went in spite of denial. What cared I for life or death, for honor or reputation? She was gone, and no love of country could keep me from her grave. Comrade, you have said that you loved your mother, and that she loved you. If so, you at least will think indulgently of my desertion, when I tell you why I was so frantic to visit my mother's grave.

"Among my native hills the peasantry are simple and credulous. They are not enlightened, and it may be that they are superstitious. Be that as it may, we have our traditions, and no power on earth can shake our faith in them. One of our most cherished beliefs is this: whoever gathers from a grave the first flower that blossoms there, will cherish the memory of the one that lies below, and will forever be remembered in the departed one's prayers. Sweet, comforting thought, that robs death of its sting, and likens it to gentle sleep.

"Lieutenant, without that flower I could not live, and I deserted. After ten days of weary march, I reached my mother's grave. As yet no flower had taken root in the fresh mould, and I went home to wait. Six weeks passed by, when, on a bright morning, just after sunrise, I beheld a leafy cup, from whose center arose an opening flower that gardners call the Myosotis, but which, with us, is known as the "Forget-me-not." I bent over and kissed it, for it seemed to me a messenger from my mother, and my mission was at an end. I had now no further reason for absenting myself from the army. I had culled my flower, and forged a link between myself and heaven. I remembered my mother's counsels, and, following the dictates of conscience, sought the *gens d'armes* and surrendered myself as a deserter.

"I am about to die, and have no complaint to make. If, as you assure me, you have come to me as a friend, I hope I may rely upon you to do me one last service. The flower that I purchased with my life is in this little *sachet* that you see hanging around my neck. Promise me that it shall not be removed, and I will die content."

"I promise, Pierre," replied the officer, huskily, for he could scarcely control his emotion.

"God bless you! Give me your hand! I almost wish that I could live, were it only to dedicate the remainder of my life to you."

Two friends parted, and Pierre, after praying for God's blessing on his comforter, threw himself once more upon his cot, and slept.

The next morning he was led out to execution. While the sentence was being read, a commotion arose among the soldiers, which grew greater and louder, until it burst into cries of "The Emperor! 'Tis the Emperor! Long live the Emperor!"

He rode rapidly forward, until he reached the spot where Pierre stood, resolutely awaiting his fate. Then dismounting, he turned towards the prisoner, and looked him fixedly in the face.

Pierre returned the gaze without speaking, but his face flushed, for he recognized the officer to whom he had confided the history of his maternal love which had proved to be stronger than death.

"Pierre," said the Emperor "do you remember what you said to me last night? God has granted you a new lease of life. Dedicate the remainder of it, not to me, but to France. To those who love her, she is a good and tender mother. Let her replace the one you have lost."

In another moment, Napoleon had leaped into his saddle, and followed by cheers and acclamations had galloped away.

Some years after, Pierre, then a distinguished officer in the Old Guard, fell, mortally wounded, at Waterloo. He had but time to say "Long live Napoleon! Mother! My own dear mother!" when he gave one long sigh, and expired.

What a Young Woman is Doing.

The Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* contains the following account of Miss Linda Gilbert, with whose indefatigable labor to secure certain measures of prison reform, some of our readers are acquainted:

"Miss Gilbert, when a little girl, in the city of Chicago, used to pass the jail on her way to school, and would sometimes stop and talk to the prisoners through the iron bars that guarded the windows. She used to take papers and magazines from her home and pass them through the windows for the prisoners to read.

On one occasion her attention was attracted to a prisoner who appeared to her, in her youthful innocence and purity, to be a noble looking man.—He possessed a fine, intelligent countenance, and his hair and beard was tinged with gray. He asked her to let him look at her school books, and after complimenting her upon her brightness and intelligence, asked her to bring him something to read, which she did, and stopped frequently to talk to him. He had been a man of the highest respectability and character, but in an evil hour, under the pressure of pecuniary embarrassment, he had been tempted to commit a forgery. In a short time this prisoner became sick and finally died, but before his death he sent for the little girl who had brought him books and papers to read, and asked her to read a certain chapter in the Psalms, and told her how much good she had done in furnishing reading matter for the prisoners, and drew from her a promise that she would continue to visit the prisoners, and bring them something good to read. When this man died, this little girl, who had been a ministering angel to him when sick and in prison, was present, and closed his eyes in death. True to her promise and the noble impulses of her generous heart, she continued to visit, and talk with, and read to the prisoners, and take them delicacies when sick; and the more she saw the misery consequent upon a system that almost totally ignored the laws of health, both of body and mind, the more did she become strengthened in a resolution to make it a labor of love to devote herself to the work of bringing about a reform in the treatment of the inmates of jails and prisons.

Miss Gilbert has visited many of the Eastern prisons to learn from comparison of the different systems in practice in different States, what experience has demonstrated, that would be best adapted to her great work of philanthropic work. She found that in cities, especially in Michigan—where that noble apostle of prison reform, Mr. Brockway, has accomplished a great work—they were far in advance of us in theory and practice upon this subject. In Chicago Miss Gilbert has obtained hundreds of volumes for the use of the prisoners there, by soliciting voluntary contributions of money and books. In the course of her work she has many times to endure the gibes and sneers and arrows which "patient merit of the unworthy" gets when its energies are directed against evils which the world has either sanctioned or acquiesced in, until it is almost regarded as a breach of the peace of society to speak against them. But every opposition has served but to strengthen her in her in the determination to press on in the work which in her heart she feels God has marked out for her."

Curious Facts about Water.

The extent to which water mingles with bodies apparently the most solid, is very wonderful. The glittering opal which beauty wears as an ornament, is only flint and water. Of every 1,200 tons of earth which a landlord has on his estate, 400 are water. The snow-capped summits of Snowden and Ben Nevis have many million tons of water in a solidified form. In every plaster-of-paris statue, which an Italian carries through our streets for sale, there is one pound of water to four ponnds of chalk. The air we breathe contains five grains of water to each cubic foot of its bulk.

The potatoes and turnips which are boiled for our dinner have—in the raw state—the one, seventy-five per cent., and the other, ninety per cent. of water. If a man weighing ten stones and were squeezed in a hydraulic press, seven and a half stone of water would run out, and only two and a half of dry residue remain. A man is—chemically speaking—forty-five pounds of carbon and nitrogen, diffused through five and a half pails full of water. In plants, we find water mingling no less wonderfully. The sun-flower evaporates one and a quarter pints of water a day; and a cabbage, about the same quantity. A wheat plant exhales, in 175 days, about 100,000 grains of water. An acre of growing wheat, on this calculation, draws, and passes out ten tons of water per day. The sap of the plant is the medium through which the mass of the fluid is conveyed. It forms a delicate pump, up which it flows with the rapidity of a swift stream. By the action of the sap, various properties may be assimilated to the growing plant. Timber, in France, is, for instance, dyed by various colors being mixed with water, and sprinkled over the roots of the tree. Dahlias are also colored by a similar process.

How to Unhitch a Team.

There is always a right way to everything, and the right way to unhitch a team is, that which is the quickest and safest. We have often noticed farm boys, and not only farm boys, but men, disconnect a team from a wagon in a very unsafe manner—something as follows: The driver springs from his wagon, goes to the side of the horses, puts up the lines, unbuckles them at the bits, lets down the neck-yoke, unhitches the tugs and leads the horses away disconnected.

Now this mode is very common and risky. Let us notice why. In the first place, as soon as your lines are put up, you have lost your means of control; as soon as the pole is down your horses are in peril. Supposing they should take fright, which is common to the most quiet animals, the result of a team running with only the tugs hitched can be imagined.—We have cases in mind when horses have sped away with maddened fury in exactly this condition, the pole ploughing the ground, and at every plunge of the frenzied animals, the wagon striking on their heels frightening them to desperation. Now the right way or the good way, at least, is to keep the lines in hand, or where they can be reached until the tugs are all unhitched, then your team is free from the wagon unless a stationary neck-yoke is used; next go directly in front of the horses and let down the neck-yoke; and after this, separate them as convenient.—*Ohio Farmer.*

A school master asked one of his fair pupils, "Can you decline a kiss?" Dropping a perplexed courtesy, she readily replied, "Yes, sir, but I don't like to."

Married—Died.

"MARRIED YESTERDAY."—Every day in the journal, that with the first gleam of the sun is flung within our doors, we read this little sentence: "Married yesterday, So and So." Every day there is a wedding feast in some of the mansions of earth; a clasping of hands and a union of hearts in the dim isles of some holy temple; a pledge of eternal love and constancy during all the hours that are yet to come down like spring flowers upon life's pathway. Each day some new marriage crown is put on, and she that wears it, leaning upon him whose love is the brightest jewel set amidst its leaves, steals away from the "dear old home," and nestles tremblingly in the fair cot where Love's hand has trained the honeysuckle over the latticed patch, and placed Æolian lyres in all easements.

"MARRIED YESTERDAY."—There are pearls and gold shining now amid the flowers that fringe Love's pathway, and stars gleaming like great chandeliers in the firmament of Hope. There are harps thinking now, whose melody is sweeter than the sound of evening bells, and joys falling like a shower of amethysts upon the hearts that yesterday were wed. Life now is becoming beautiful; the soul soars upward from the dust like a bird loosed from its cage; there is a melody in every breeze and every place; yea, there are angels in every path, with crowns for those who are pressing onward with prayer and song.

"MARRIED YESTERDAY."—It seems now a long distance to the grave—a long road to find rest. But soon the shadows will come, and life loses its summer bloom. Then the patter of tiny feet is heard about the grandfather's house, and little bairns cluster about his knee, those who were "married yesterday" mayhap will turn back to records of the past, weeping silently the while, remembering that their summer is gone, their harvest is ended, and that soon, gathering up their leaves, they must pass beyond the gates of pearl, where there will evermore be but one marriage—that of the Lamb with his chosen people.

"DIED YESTERDAY."—Every day is written this little sentence; "Died yesterday, So and So." Every day a flower is plucked from some sunny home; a breach made in some happy circle; a jewel stolen from some treasury of love. Each day, from summer fields of life, some harvest disappears—yea, every hour some sentinel falls from his post, and is thrown from the ramparts of time into the surging waters of eternity. Even as we write, the funeral of one who "died yesterday" winds like a shadow along the streets.

"DIED YESTERDAY."—Who died? Perhaps it was a gentle babe, sinless as an angel, pure as a zephyr's hymn—one whose laugh was the gush of summer rills loitering in a bower of roses—whose little life was a perpetual litany, a Maytime crowned with the passion flowers that never fade.—Or mayhap it was a youth, hopeful and generous—one whose path was lavished by flowers, with not a serpent lurking underneath; one whose soul panted for communion with the great and good, and reached forth with earnest struggle for the guerdon in the distance. But that heart or his is still now, for he "died yesterday."

"DIED YESTERDAY." A young girl, pure as the orange flower that clasped her forehead, was stricken down as she stood at the altar; and from the dim aisle of the temple, she was borne to the "garden of slumbers." A tall, brown man, girted with the halo of victory, and at the day's close, undermine was vine and fig tree, fell to dust as the anthem trembled on his lips; and he, too, was laid "where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." An aged patriarch bowed down with age and care, even as he looked out upon the distant hills for the coming of the angel hosts, sank into a dreamless slumber; and on the door post next day was written, "Died, yesterday."

"DIED YESTERDAY."—Daily, men, women and children are passing away; and hourly, in some graveyard, the soil is flung upon the dead. As often in the many we fell some flower that blushed sweetly in the sunset have withered up forever, so daily, when we rise from bivouac to stand again at our posts, we miss some brother whose chery cry in the sieges and struggles of the past has been as fire from heaven upon our hearts.—Each day, some pearls drop from the jeweled thread of friendship, some lyre to which we have been wont to listen, has been hushed forever. But wise is he who mourns not the pearl and music lost; for life with him shall pass away gently as an eastern shadow from the hills, and death will be a triumph and a gain.

[From the American Eclectic Medical Review.]

Medical Men and the Insanity Plea.

The several attempts which have been made in the courts of this State during the last four months to shield and save from punishment the perpetrators of the foulest and most dreadful murders, show an alarming condition of things. For this the medical profession is in a great measure directly responsible. There are those who have been found so ignorant or so insensible to the high claims which their profession has upon them as to lend themselves in a way that has defeated the ends of justice, by allowing murderers of the foulest character to escape upon the plea of insanity. The juries who are impaneled to try these cases, do, under the very nature of the circumstances, rely almost implicity upon the expressed opinion of medical men when the plea of insanity is entered by the counsel for the defense.—On this account they are the more easily deceived, as they do not for a moment presume that a medical man would sell himself and lower his professional standing to save a criminal from suffering the penalty of a violated law; yet this is done, and the result is the jury return a verdict accordingly.

An important murder trial has just terminated in Brooklyn. It was one of the most brutal murders ever committed in any country—one of such a character as would have resulted in the execution of the murderer by the populace at the time, if the military had not been called out, and the strongest assurances given by officials that the man should be tried speedily. So aggravated were all the cir cumstances connected with the murder—unjustified and unprovoked—that his friends and legal counsel put their whole chances of saving him by endeavoring to prove the murderer to be insane. How was this done? By finding men in the medical profession who were either so ignorant of their profession as to be unable to determine the sanity of a man, or who, for considerations, were willing to assist in saving such a man from being hung. They gave such testimony as to deceive the jury and the Court, which resulted in the verdict of not guilty of murder—only manslaughter—the defendant being insane. Upon this verdict the judge promptly ordered the murderer to the State Lunatic Asylum.

As soon as this order was entered, which was the end of the trial under the indictment for murder, and when no further criminal prosecution could be had against the murderer, he made a full expose of these medical men who had pronounced him a lunatic by boldly saying that he was no more insane than they, accompanying the statement with unmistakable evidence of the truth of what he said. We have not the least doubt that if these same medical men were called upon in a court of insanity to try this pretended lunatic, that they, for the same reasons which influenced their action before the jury in the trial under the indictment for murder, would pronounce him a sane man, and plead for his release from unwarrantable imprisonment in a lunatic asylum.

Mrs. E. of Star City, Nevada, recently lost her husband, and running over to the house of a relation, without waiting for the usual salutations, said:

"Why, John's dead!" (her husband.)

"Dead! Is it possible?"

"Yes, dead! Died last night! Want you all to come to the funeral. The Masons and Odd Fellows are going to turn out, and we shall have a beautiful time." Deaths being of rare occurrence in the settlement, of course everybody went to the funeral. Next day somebody remarked to the old lady that there was a large turnout.—"Yes indeed, there was," she replied; "but I didn't enjoy myself as well as I have at some funerals, the horses cut up so."

The Good in Us!

In Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's extraordinary article on Lady Byron, there was one striking incident. Lady Byron, after recalling the attrocities of her married life—her husband's indifference, cruelty, and desertion,—the harrowing recital of the infamy and pain of that strange union,—spoke of her deep love for him while living, and his memory after death.—"You love him, after all this!" said Mrs. Stowe; "how can it be possible?" "Because, my dear, there was the angel in him."

The sentiment which underlies all true love and charity is that expressed by Lady Byron. There can be no true love,—no charity which embraces all things,—no true religious and missionary effort, that does not seek the angel in man. Poverty, crime, evil associations, natural depravity,—the sin that comes with man's nature, the corrupting civilization, which pampers only to destroy, may take the best and purest human soul and warp it. What strange stories come to us in the confessions and experiences that much of our clergymen hear in their calling! How one has drifted into a life of sin and shame,—by some eddying current of temptation that sweep across an early life! How many have fallen,—because the mother's voice that might have won them to virtue and peace was silent in death before life became thorny! How many giddy and vain young men have been dazzled into crime, in the vain attempt to achieve the false splendor of some brilliant adventurer! The angel was in them, but no voice called upon it to live. Courage, hope ambition, pride died away, and vir, tue died with them.

Our common religion loses sense and goodness because it is simply fancy, a vision upon the wall—like the strange delusions of the magic lantern. We make our faith a matter of custom, and fashion, and variety; we worship tapestry and architecture, the silvery words of a smooth Ciceronian, and the good company which sits in surrounding pews. Our faith becomes an aristocracy, and we make our churches Houses of Lords, and not the house of the Lord. The wide world, with its abundant and crying miseries and sins, is dead to us. We accept all beyond as so much heresy, or hopeless depravity or wretchedness. We forget that the angel may be found in any of us—no matter how dumb, and vile, and vain, and unbelieving.

It is true charity, and wisdom, and Christian duty, to recognize that there is an angel in all, even the worst. The pale, wretched drab, who crawls