TIFFIN TRIBUNE.

TERMS, $2 00 PER YEAR. TIFFIN, OHIO, THURSDAY EVENING, JULY 20, 1871. VOLUME 23—NUMBER 40

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ATTORNEYS.

ALFRED LANDON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in Grumme's new block, nearly opposite First National Bank, Tiffin, Ohio.
April 13, 1871.

E. C. BOYD. J. H. RIDGELY.
BOYD & RIDGELY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Tiffin, Ohio. Office No. 36, Washington street.
Mar. 30, 1871.

GEORGE E. SENEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tiffin, Ohio. Office corner Main and Perry streets.
May 8.

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

JOHN McCAULEY,
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June 16.

WM. H. GIBSON. E. G. PENNINGTON.
GIBSON & PENNINGTON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Tiffin, Ohio. Office in First National Bank Block.
May 16.

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June 11.

N. L. BREWER,
ATTORNEY 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. 12.

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

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Feb. 14.

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JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Republic, O
Collections promptly attended to. Deeds and Mortgages executed. Fire and Life Insurance effected in first-class companies. Office in Town Hall, front room, on the left.

MEDICAL.

W. H. BROWN, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office over Vollmer & Kirchner's Clothing Store.—Residence, junction of Sandusky and Portland streets, opposite the College.
June 22, 1871.-ly.

R. McD. GIBSON, M. D.,
NO. 25 Madison street, between Main and Jefferson streets, Tiffin, thirty years in the practice of Medicine and Surgery, untrammeled by the principles and dogmas of any particular school, he has impartially investigated the Botanic, Eclectic, Hydropathic and Homeopathic systems, and practically tested their remedial virtues. Still devoted to the Healing Art, he will assiduously apply himself to professional visits. Particular instruction given in Hygiene, the care of sickly children, &c. Office prescriptions prepared in the most agreeable forms for medicinal use.
April 29, 1871.-ly.

A. A. FREYMAN, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, South-west corner of Market and Jefferson streets, opposite the Episcopal church, office 24 door on Jefferson street, solicits and hopes to merit a liberal patronage, having the advantage of fifteen years experience in Eastern Pennsylvania and over three years in Tiffin, and being familiar with the English and German languages. Special attendance given to surgery, diseases of women and children. Medicine furnished when desired

A. R. ROSENBERGER, M. D.,
HOMEOPATHIST, Carey, Ohio, will promptly attend to all professional calls.
Jan. 26, 1871.-tf.

H. R. 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.

DENTISTS.

DR. GEO. S. TINGLING.
DENTIST, Tiffin Dental Place, Market St. opposite Fiege's Furniture Rooms, Tiffin, O. Teeth filled and inserted on Gold, Aluminum, Vulcanite, (Rubber) Pyroxyline, and the celebrated Coptotheon Gum. The extraction of fragments of the teeth in children will be faithfully attended to. Teeth extracted with modern improved Forceps.
Terms moderate. Office hours from A. M. to 5 P. M.

S. G. ASHCRAFT,
DENTIST. Artificial teeth inserted in the most approved manner. Teeth filled with Gold, Silver or Tin, warranted to preserve the teeth in every case, or money refunded. Any person living in Seneca county, wishing teeth extracted at home, preparatory to having artificial teeth, can be accommodated without extra charge by communicating with him by letter or otherwise. Teeth extracted without pain by the use of anæsthetics. All work warranted. Office in Stone Front Building, over H. A. Buskirk's Grocery Store, Tiffin, Ohio.
Mar. 16, 1871.-ly.

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, are liable to prosecution. Rooms over First National Bank. [Nov. 6.

Dr. C. C. BEILHARE,
SURGEON DENTIST. Office at his residence, corner Monroe and Maiden streets, opposite German Reformed Church.
no16.

MERCHANT TAILORS.

VOLLMER & KIRCHNER,
MERCHANT TAILORS and dealers in Ready-made Clothing, Gent's Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, &c. 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.

NEIL HOUSE,
OPPOSITE the State House, Columbus, O. Waistain Falling, Proprietor. This old and favorite Hotel reduced. Its price per day to $1 00 and upwards. [January 4, 1871.

WEBSTER & SCOTT,
FASHIONABLE BARBERS. Shop under Geo. R. Russ' Book Store, Tiffin, Ohio. Everything kept clean, and tools sharp.
April 20, 1871.

JOHN WALTS,
AUCTIONEER, R. R. Station, Clyde, Ohio, ready, at all times, to cry sales. Post Office address, Clyde, Ohio.
April 8, 1870-tf

EDWIN HOLMES
ARCHITECT AND BUILDER, solicits contracts for erecting buildings. Will furnish drafts and specifications promptly. Address, Box 610, Tiffin, O.
March 18, 1870-6m.

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.-ly.

WILLIAM WOLFF & SON,
MANUFACTURERS of Blank Books and Book Binders. Bindery between 4th. Seward's Scourer and Lemp's Cabinet Shop, Washington street, Tiffin, O.
Sept. 22, 1870-n49-tf.

STEWART,
LOCKSMITH & CUTLER, repairs locks, clocks, Sewing Machines, Kunks, Umbrellas, &c. Grinds Surgeon's Instruments, razors, Knives, shears, and all Kinds of small edged tools. All work attended to promptly and satisfactorily guaranteed. National Hall Block, under Marquardt's Drug Store, Tiffin, O.
May, 9, 1871.-ly.

CHARLES SOWER,
GENERAL Insurance, Real Estate and Collecting Agent. Life, Health and Accident and Fire Insurance. Special attention given to Collections. Office, No. 12 Washington Street, Room 2 Second Floor, Tiffin, O.
May 16, 1870-tf.

For Sale.---Cheap.
A NEW FRAME HOUSE containing eleven rooms, with every convenience necessary, location good, north-east of Washington street. For terms, call on
S. H. STONER.
June 1, 1871.-n23-tf.

TIFFIN TRIBUNE.
PUBLISHED EVERY
THURSDAY EVENING.
G. T. LOCKE. C. N. LOCKE. W. G. BLYMYER.
LOCKES & BLYMYER,
PROPRIETORS.

TO ADVERTISERS—The Tribune has a larger circulation than the combined number of paying subscribers to any TWO papers in the county.

Bona Fide Circulation, - - 1,701.

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.

OVER THE HILL TO THE POOR-HOUSE.

BY WILL M. CARLETON.

Over the hill to the poor-house I'm trudgin' my weary way—
I, a woman of seventy, and only a trifle gray—
I, who am proud of my gallop, for all the years I've told,
As none of the paupers or anything else but old.

Over the hill to the poor-house—I can't quite make it clear!
Over the hill to the poor-house—it seems so horrid queer!
Many a step I've taken a-toddlin' to and fro,
But this is a sort of journey I never thought to go.

What is the use of heapin' on me a pauper's shame?
Am I lazy or crazy? am I blind or lame?
True, I am not so supple, nor yet so awful spry
As I used to be—but that's no cause why
But charity ain't no favor, if one can live without.
I am willin' an' anxious an' ready any day
To work for a decent livin' an' pay my board-and-way;
For I can earn my victuals, an' more too, I'll be bound,
If anybody only is willin' to have me round.
Once I was young and han'some—I was, upon my soul—
Once my cheeks was roses, my eyes as black as coal;
And I can't remember, in them days, of hearin' people say,
For any kind of a reason, that I was in their way.
Taint no use of boastin' or talkin' over free,
But many a house an' home was open then to me;
Many a han'some offer I had from likely men,
An' nobody ever hinted that I was a burden then.
And when to John I was married, sure he was good and smart,
But he and all the neighbors would own I done my part;
For life was all before me an' I was young an' strong,
An' I worked the best I could in livin' to get along.
And so we worked together, and life was hard, but gay,
With now and then a baby for to cheer us on our way:
Till we had half a dozen, an' all growed clean an' great,
An' went to school like others, an' had enough to eat.
So we worked for the children, and raised 'em every one;
Worked for 'em summer and winter, just as we ought to've done;
Only, perhaps, we humored 'em, which some good folks condemn,
But every couple's children's an hemp-fine best to 'em.
Strange, another thing, when our boys an' girls were grown,
And when, exceptin' Charley, they'd left us alone;
When John he nearer an' nearer come, an' dearer seemed to be,
The Lord of Hosts he comes one day an' took him away from me.
Still I was bound to struggle, an' never to cringe or fall—
Still I worked for Charley, for Charley was now my all;
And Charley was pretty good to me, with scarce a word or frown,
Till at last he went a courtin', an' brought a wife from town.
She was somewhat dressy, an' had n' a pleasant smile—
She was quite comely, and carried a heap o'style;
But if ever I tried to be friends, I did with her, I know;
But she was hard and proud, an' I couldn't make it go.
She had an education, an' that was good for her;
But when she twitted me on mine, I was sarcastic things too fur;
An' I told her once, 'twas company, an' it also enough for two.
An' I never could speak to suit her, never could please her eye,
An' it made me independent, and then I didn't try;
But I was terribly staggered, an' felt it like a blow,
When Charley turned agin me, an' told me I could go.
I went to live with Susan, but Susan's house was small,
And she was always a-hintin, how sing it was for us all;
And what with her husband's sisters, and what with children's noise,
'Twas easy to discover that there wasn't no room for me,
An' then I went to Thomas, the oldest son I've got,
For Thomas' buildings 'a cover half of an acre lot;
But all the child'n was on me—I couldn't stand their sauce—
And Thomas said I needn't think I was comin' there to boss.
An' then I wrote to Rebecca, my girl who lives out West,
And to Isaac, not far from her—some twenty miles at best;
And one of 'em said 'was too warm there for any one so old,
And t'other had an opinion the climate was too cold.
So they have shirked and slighted me, an' shifted me about—
So they have well-nigh worn the life out of my old heart out;
But still I've borne my poverty well an' wasn't much put down,
Till Charley went to the poor-master, an' put me on the town.
Over the hill to the poor-house—my child'rn dear good-bye!
Many a night I've watched you when only God was nigh;
And God'll judge between us; but I will always pray
That you shall never suffer the hell I do to-day.
—*Harper's Weekly.*

Dora Lacy.

"Dora, I have done the best for you I know how. Had you inherited any of your father's genius or your mother's beauty, I might have died with more courage at my heart; but, as it is, I must leave you to struggle alone. It is a hard fight at best, and I pity you." Cold pity it was; for Dora's father had little or no sympathy with anything outside of his art, and Dora was a perpetual disappointment.

She was not particularly sensitive, but her father's words stung her terribly; for he was dying, and those harsh words were a bitter legacy to leave a loving child.

She battled her very best. With any less practical person John Lacy might have starved on into recognition, as many another genius has done before him; but, with Dora's willing hands and ready assistance, he had been enabled to keep the wolf from the door while he worked away at his easel. Not of the highest order or genius was this man who had painted his last picture, and was waiting, with nerveless hands, the approach of the death angel.

Poor Dora! Life seemed blank and desolate enough, without her father, and she felt though she herself were approaching dissolution; and death was far less terrible to her than life. But it was over at last. The neighbors came in to the funeral and attested their sympathy, the little cemetery had another tenant and Dora Lacy was alone in the world.

No genius, no beauty! Not gifted in any extraordinary way, or inclined to any peculiarity of thought or action, it seemed likely that she would drift on the wave of circumstances and be lost in the commonplace crowd.

She had no lover; no link in the chain of incidents that would keep her from slipping into already overcrowded channels; no prospect from the lighthouse of Hope that would help her over these rough places.

"Well, as it is, so it is," said Dora, rocking pulsously in her chair as tho' she were driving away the demons that arose to torment her. "I'm neither my father nor my mother, and how I came to be their child the Lord only knows! But I've got all my fingers and all my faculties, and, such as they are, I must make use of them!"

Poverty of resource is infinitely worse than poverty of purse, and Dora was not one to sit down and repine over any deviation of her possessions; so she finished her rocking, and set about re-arranging the rooms.

John Lacy had found his way to Moriches by a singular disposition of Providence. He had left England with his young wife to establish a home and reputation in the New World, intending to take up his residence in New York or Chicago, then in their early infancy.

But the vessel missed its course, and becoming locked in the sands of Long Island was obliged to discharge its freight then and there.

The perils of maternity came suddenly upon Margaret Lacy, and in a warm corner of a hospitable farm house Dora opened her eyes upon a world that was cruel from her birth.

For she was motherless!

Nothing but John Lacy's ambition kept him from taking a return passage to Liverpool; nothing but his love of art could have kept him from despair at the rude shattering of his heart's idol. That it embittered his whole life and made him sour and misanthropical, only those would have realized who had known him in his English home, when the love of long-sighted Hope was his every day with unspeakable enjoyment. And then Dora's sex was such a disappointment!

John found his way to New York, established himself at once, and, with a transatlantic reputation, bade fair to win success as a painter of landscapes.

Dora was left in care of Mrs. Fletcher, whose home had been her first shelter, and whose heart adopted the motherless child immediately, and grew into a sturdy, homely maiden, whose only attraction was her remarkable good nature.

"You can't put her out of temper," said Mrs. Fletcher to Parson Medway, who was making his pastoral calls; "she really don't seem to have a particle of spirit!"

"A peculiar child," said the Parson. "I doubt if there are many like her in Moriches."

"Or anywhere else," said Mrs. Fletcher. "I sometimes wish she wouldn't be so much like a patient old cow, for I am so used to being answered back when I scold that it vexes me to have your looks at me as Dora does and not say a single word. Now that's the truth."

At which confession the parson laughed heartily, and said it reminded him of the boys who didn't like to hunt hares, for they never turned on their associates.

John sent frequent letters and remittances, and came himself during the summer months to finish up the sketches made during the winter, and also to add to the contents of his portfolio.

In later years, when his health gave way and he was able to do but little with his brush, he bought himself a home in this quiet retreat, and Dora was installed as housekeeper.

As months and years went by, leaving him a still more confirmed invalid, and drawing heavily on the purse he was incompetent to supply, they were forced to let out the lower part of the cottage and confine themselves to rooms on the upper floor.

Here, surrounded with few evidences of wealth or refinement, John Lacy breathed his last, grieving only that he could not see his genius reflected in his offspring, nor leave her any better heritage than his untarnished name.

To live for herself was not in Dora's nature; so, after straightening the furniture, and adapting her wardrobe to meet the exigencies of the occasion, she set about looking for some sphere of action. According to her father's idea, no woman had any right to a sphere who had neither beauty nor brains; but she had no time to consider the disadvantages of her position, nor inclination to hide behind them.

But first she must consult Mrs. Fletcher, her foster-mother.

"Do?" said the good old lady in response to Dora's question. "You poor child, what can you do? You'd better bring your duds here and live with me, and trust to luck to have a better home offered you."

"I don't want any better home," said Dora; "and if you mean marriage, I never want to think of that."

"No, of course not; it comes without thinking, if it comes at all. But I don't like the idea of your being off all alone, when you've got my house to come to."

"Oh, but, auntie, your house is full, and running over, and you neither need my help or company, and I'm never lonely."

But Mrs. Fletcher had nothing better to propose. Moriches was not an enterprising village, and all available places for women were already occupied. Tailoresses, seamstresses and housekeepers were out of proportion to the demand for them; and as for women doing anything else but what their hands could find to do was out of the question, unless it was teaching, and the district school neither offered advantages in one way or the other.

So when Dora turned her back on Mrs. Fletcher's home and hospitality, she felt as though she had indeed severed the segment of the circle by which she was bound to Moriches, and there was no sphere for her there, at all events.

You may think that being a woman, she went to her little room and had a good refreshing cry, and then sat immediately down to writing a novel, in which Dora Lacy would appear as the persecuted heroine.

No such thing. She went home with her mind made up to seek a place and position in the city, where her father had found possible it to obtain there. She had not made up her mind as to what she could do, but she felt confident that some field would offer itself to the combined forces of youth, hope and energy.

She laid off her bonnet with a sigh, for sighs are natural to the human heart, and started as she saw on the table a small triangular bit of paper addressed to her.

There was no outstanding debts that she knew of; but if this should be one, would the creditors wait until she could earn some money? She seized it desperately, for the suspense was terrible to her, and she read aloud, for she seemed to require the aid of all her senses:

"If Dora Lacy wants employment, let her call on Sylvester Prime."

Yet Prime! all Moriches knew him; and his reputation as an enthusiast, visionary, antiquarian and encyclopedia of useful and curious information had even gone beyond the precincts of the village that had been his home long before Dora Lacy was received into it.

It was still early in the afternoon, so she put on her bonnet again and started for the place, at the end of which hope stood with her beacon of encouragement. I don't know that she thought of what might be wanted of her, indifferent as she was to the kind of work in which she was engaged, so that it was honorable. Certain it is that she hummed a cheerful song as she went, and plucked golden-rod, buttercups, and other wild flowers that called her out of the stillness and the shadows. For to her very blossoms had a voice of their own.

There was a small gate at the end of the lane, and as she reached this she paused, more to collect her thoughts and prepare for the meeting than to question the propriety of going any further.

Dora Lacy's courage never would have led her thus far to play her false. She might not have some of her own second, but she had been sent for; and though the old house looked worn and dilapidated, and village gossip had said all manner of queer things about the occupant, that was no concern of hers and should not prove a barrier between her and prosperity. She might be nearer heaven than she knew, and certainly no one ever reached Canaan without taking a step in that direction.

The upper half of the front door was open and she knocked gently. There was no response, so Dora passed through into the narrow hall and knocked first at door on the right and then at then the door on the left. Only the echo of her own demand broke the stillness of the place, so she pushed open the door and let the daylight in—on what?

She gave an involuntary scream, as her eyes became accustomed to the darkness and she saw into what a den of devils she had entered. The odor almost made her faint, and still holding back the door with one hand and shading her eyes with the other, looking as though she had seen emblazoned on the walls these terrible words, 'the who enters here leaves hope behind!"

As she stood in this attitude a door opened at the further end of the room, and a bent and distorted form approached Dora, who became petrified with horror.

"Is this Dora Lacy?" he asked, hobbling slowly through the chamber of horrors, himself as strange and weird as anything there.

"It is," said Dora, coming out of the swoon of surprise at the metallic ring of his voice.

"I meant to receive you better than this, but my housekeeper is away.—Come into my study."

Dora mechanically followed his lead, pity overcoming all fear or repugnance; and though she started as some reptile glared upon her out of the darkness, curiosity did much toward sustaining her fortitude. The room they entered was small but cozy; books and papers were scattered about in more of a hospitable way, while the walls were ornamented with bugs of every description, at sight of which Dora could not conceal a look of disgust.

"Those are my pictures," said Mr. Prime noticing the expression of Dora's face, "unapproachable, great Artist. Are they not beautiful?"

"Beautiful to look at, perhaps, but horrible to handle," said Dora.

"Oh no," said he with a voice that seemed to embrace all God's creatures. "If you could only see them under the microscope!"

He took down one of the impaled insects as tenderly as though it had been a little child and putting it under the glass, signed to Dora to come nearer.

Dora looked, and was fascinated.—She took stepping out of the magic circle in which she had walked, and entered a world of whose existence she had scarcely known.

The shadows gathered closer and closer around the old house, but Dora never noticed them, never thought of darkness approaching in order to reach her home; the enchanter had woven his spell about her, and she was powerless to escape.

Bit after bit of wonderful workmanship was brought within the range of her intensified vision; and when a voice from behind her told her what it was, she had been suddenly thrown down a mighty precipice from whose height she had entered the land of visions.

"It is growing dark, and you have some distance to go—alone," he added after a pause full of sadness. "I would like your careless companionship, Mr. Medway spoke of you as being well fitted for the work. You see what it is, 'beautiful to look at, but horrible to handle,' he said, quoting his own words. "Will you undertake to help me?"

"I will, indeed," said Dora, still keeping her eye on the microscope.

"Then I may expect you—when?"

"To-morrow morning;" and as their eyes met they smiled at each other's enthusiasm.

Dora went back through the lane, but she had no eyes or ears for the many blossoms that touched her with a good night whisper as she passed them by.

She had entered a new world; she had crossed the threshold of a new existence; and who could tell into what labyrinths of beauty her feet might unconsciously be tempted.

"Well, if I ever!", exclaimed Mrs. Fletcher, to whom Dora immediately imparted her business engagement.

"Who would have thought of your going to such a bugbear as Sylvester Prime."

"That comes of being neither a beauty nor a genius," said Dora laughing heartily at Mrs. Fletcher's unconscious pun.

"And you are going there every day?" she inquired.

"Every day," said Dora.

"Well, I don't see as there's any great luck in it; but I can say you look almost as delighted as if there were."

"And so there is," said Dora, "lots of luck; and if I don't line my pokets with pence, I shall most assuredly fill my head with wisdom."

"I suppose I may tell the parson about it?" said good Mrs. Fletcher, who don't propose taking a step in this world or the next without the parson's advice.

"Yes, if he hasn't told you himself."

"Does he know anything about it?" asked the astonished woman.

"Not more than I do," said Dora, kissin her, and passing out into the the darkness that had settled out-of-doors; leaving Mrs. Fletcher somewhat bewildered, though less concerned about the respectibility of the undertaking since she was assured Parson Medway had the management of the whole affair.

With an eagerness and interest that belonged to her practical nature, Dora Lacy entered upon her new duties, and every day found herself entering some new field of knowledge.

Sitting in his easy chair, Sylvester Prime would dictate the material for her pen, which was furnished so freely by the microscope; and occasionally, as some new wonder would cause an exclamation of surprise from the scholar, Dora's pen would drop from her hand, that with her own eyes she might behold what she was describing on paper.

She was as much in love with the work as was Mr. Prime himself, and already in imagination saw the neatly bound volumes that would give to the public such amazing evidence of God's skill and man's interpretation of it.

But in proportion as Dora's courage and determination increased by the glowing interest she felt in the work, Sylvester Prime was conscious on his part of a restlessness and indifference to some life.

His walks and talks had been for years with these soulless creatures, and both had been somewhat controlled by the condition of things. Bugs and creeping things had been sent to him from every quarter of the globe, until his collection had become quite an extensive museum, and the study of their habits and peculiarities the end and aim of his circumscribed life.

Mrs. Matheweon, the housekeeper, had expressed very little sympathy for his pursuits, there being a direct antagonism between bugs and brooms and the latter was her speciality. They never met except at meals, when Mrs. Matheweon would retail the gossip of the village—tell who had been to see her and where she had visited last, who proposed matrimony and who contemplated going on a sea voyage.

If Dora was conscious of any change in the scholar whose wisdom she was inclined to reverence, it did not affect her pen or fill her with that suspicious shyness in which our modern maidens are apt to indulge in the presence of gentlemen. She had learned to pity and endure, but she was hardly ready yet to embrace.

And he, knowing how he must appear to her—old and disfigured as he was—suffered more acutely because hopelessly.

Sometimes when his hand rested upon hers he thought he must break down the barrier and declare himself, even though she should reject him with scorn. The suppressed passion was consuming him.

One look, however, at her unconscious face would decide him, and he would resume his dictation with a sigh. There were pauses in the work, as, when he read from the poets or prose writers with such a wonderfully magnetic voice that Dora was for the nonce among the scenes portrayed, and breathed an atmosphere of wondrous purity and enchantment.

"I will speak to-morrow," whispered Sylvester's heart as he stood in the doorway watching for Dora's good-night wave of the hand as she closed the gate and entered the leafy curtained lane—"I will speak to-morrow," but to-morrow seemed to put the goal still further away; and Dora's utter unconsciousness and imperturbability gave him no excuse for breaking the spell of silence.

Dora's walk home one afternoon was through fields and lanes that the poet's fancy had tricked out with indescribable beauty. One picture after another floated before her waking vision and even gave some coloring to her dreams.

Toward morning she was suddenly aroused to the consciousness of unwonted excitement in the house and an unusual illumination out-of-doors; and before she was fairly awake Mr. Fletcher's voice outside the door, exclaiming, 'Dora! Dora! Mr. Prime's house is on fire!" aroused her to immediate action. Hastily dressing herself, and with but one thought prominent in her mind—the inevitable ruin of the manuscripts—she hurried with Mrs. Fletcher to the scene of the conflagration.

The house was old, and did not burn easily; so that by the time they reached the place the flames were subdued, and the neighbors returned to their early morning avocations.

While Mrs. Fletcher and Mrs. Matheweson went over the details of the occurrence, as they assisted each other in restoring order out of the chaos, Dora found her way to the study, and stood horror-struck at the desolation. Here had the flames done their most fiery work; holocaust complete. Not a vestige of the manuscripts could she find; and those wonderful revelations that had been to her as a revelation were scattered to the four winds of heaven.

Tears filled her eyes at the sight, and, half blinded, she found her way to the summer house, there to pour out her feelings of sympathy and regret.

'What will he do? what will he do?' she would exclaim at intervals, as she glanced toward the house whose roof was yet smoking. 'It was cruel, too cruel!'

She had not thought to inquire about Mr. Prime, taking it for granted that he had escaped unhurched. In her absorbed state of mind the man was less than his masterpiece; and when she felt the old familiar pressure of his hand, as it lay upon the rustic table, she screamed aloud, as if some ghost had seized upon her.

'I am so sorry!' she said, as soon as she could find voice to speak. 'What will we do?'

'Nothing!' And there was an ocean of despair in the tone.

'Nothing, Mr. Prime? Can you see the labor of years annihilated in a few moments, and not feel that something must be done? Perhaps I can recall most of the text—I know I can considerable—and the loss may not be so great after all,' said Dora, more hopefully, and making room for him to sit beside her.

'I shall not trouble you, Dora; certainly not very much,' he replied. 'The work could never give me the same interest it once did.'

'But your friends from abroad will still continue to send you specimens,' she interrupted.

'Yes,' he said, abstractedly, fixing his large intellectual eyes on Dora's face, all animation and eager interest.

'Then my term of service ends with to-day?' she said, with a sigh and a sudden change of expression, as she thought of what would be shut out of her life by such a procedure.

'Yes,' said Mr. Prime; 'there will be nothing for you to do. But may I not be your friend all the same?'

'Certainly,' said Dora, looking up frankly and honestly in the face of her benefactor, and starting to find it shadowed with tears.

'Mr. Prime, were you injured by the fire? What is the matter?' her heart keenly alive to his suffering, though unconscious of the cause.

'These are womanly tears, Dora, that pride has done her best to keep back. It pains me to see the labor of years destroyed much less than it grieves me to know that I am shut out from future happiness.'

'Of what sort?' asked Dora, full of sympathetic interest.

'Of the sort that comes with reciprocated affection, of the sort that will never, never come to me!' and he leaned his head upon the table in an agony of tears that was absolutely terrifying to Dora.

There was silence for a few moments, unbroken by aught save the heavy sobs of the weeping man and the quick heart beats of the questioning woman.

Suddenly there flashed across Dora's comprehension one of those gleams of revelation that afford an easy solution to the most difficult problem; and all that had seemed to her mysterious and strange became as clear as a landscape at noonday.

She thought of all that she owed to this man, and of the intense admiration of genius, and it was not gratitude alone that occupied her heart

'Dear friend,' she said, laying her hand upon the bowed head before her—'dear friend, if this fire that has interrupted our work should be the means of strengthening our friendship, would that comfort you?'

Her heart had found its voice at last!

'Dora!'—and he showered passionate kisses on the hand whose touch had been to him like a benediction—'it would be Heaven's own recompense!'

And in the light of that October morning, and in the midst of the desolation and destruction of those household gods, was erected a new altar, where Love alone presided; and here, in more world-worn souls met in blissful recognition, had no speech so eloquent as their silence.

[Paris Correspondence London Globe.]

A Paris Horror.

I heard, yesterday, this incident related, and am quite satisfied that it is true. A few days after the overthrow of the Commune, a member of the National Assembly had the curiosity to go to some of the female captives of Paris confined at Versailles. Shortly after entering a yard in which two or three hundred of them were assembled, one of them, in dirty garments, caught him by the arm and cried, "You shall not leave me, M——." He tried to shake her off, but she clung tighter, and said, "Do not leave me, for God's sake! Look at me!" He looked at her and exclaimed in astonishment, "Gracious heavens! Madame——. You here?" He recognized in her a friend, a lady of wealth in Paris. She burst into tears and told her tale. On Thursday, the 25th of May, fighting having ceased in her *quartier*, she she went out and called at the shop of a dyer, to inquire about some things she had given to be dyed. On leaving she found herself among several women, who were flying before a horde of soldiers crying, "Stop them, they are *petroleuses*." The women were surrounded, and she with them, and she, in spite of her earnest remonstrances, was with them and many others sent to Versailles. They were insulted and abused on the way, and she suffered from fatigue and thirst, and agony of mind, no one, she says, can imagine. At Versailles all her efforts to communicate with her friends and family were vain, for no one would believe that she was a lady and not an incendiary. The M. P., of course, hastened to get her released. But for him she might have been sent with her fellow-prisoners to a penitentiary colony, or like some of them, shot. Her family in Paris were surprised at her absence but never supposed that she could be among the *petroleuses* of Versailles, and so made no inquiries there. The lady is convinced that many of her fellow-prisoners were as innocent as she, but says they were treated with as much cruelty as those whose guilt was undoubted.

Heaving the Lead.

The steamer "Fanny" was coming down the Upper Mississippi, loaded with pig-lead. As she was going over a shoal place, the pilot gave the signal to heave the lead. The only man forward at the time was a green Irishman;

"Why don't you heave the lead?"

"Is it to heave the lead, your honor. Where to?

"Overboard, you blockhead!"

The Irishman snatched up one of the pigs of lead and threw it overboard; the mate, in endeavoring to prevent him, lost his balance and fell into the river.

The captain, running to the edge of the deck, asked: "Why don't you heave the lead, and sing out how much water there is?"

"The lead is heaved, your honor," said Pat, "and the mate's gone down to see how much water there is."

The wonderful ice cave in Decorah, Winneshiek county, Iowa, is a vertical fissure in the face of the cliff of Trenton limestone; that forms a part of the bank of the Upper Iowa River. It is about 100 feet deep in all its windings, is from two to eight feet in width, and varies still more in height. In the winter the cave is free from ice, but on the approach of hot weather the ice begins to accumulate, and solid, hard and dry cakes encrust the sides and bottom of the cave. When the weather is hottest the cave is most abundantly stored with ice.

Ashtabula county jail is without a prisoner.

The Divine Beneficence.

Suppose that, early in this year, the whole world had bent itself in supplication to the Infinite Ruler—every man and woman, from the Arctic Circle to the hot Equator, kneeling in the humility of conscious dependence, and lifting up from every zone the prayer, "Forsake us not this year, great Benefactor, but bless us in our helplessness, from the treasury of thy goodness!" And suppose that, after such a verbal petition, the supply had come—that in every house had been found the water and the store, the bounties of vegetable and animal food—how surprising would the miraculous mercy have seemed.

But how much more surprising and inspiring is the real wonder than such a shower upon the barren globe would be! With few prayers for it, the great miracle has been wrought, and in the double way of beauty and bounty. For what is the destiny of the seasons? Is not the quickening of nature in the early months of the year as though God smiles upon the earth at the Equator, and then the spreading wave of that benignity sweeps northward, rolling back the winter line, snows into fertilizing juices, pressing the cold clouds further and further back, and from the tropics to the edges of the polar seas, gladdening the soil till it utters in spreading verdure the visible green lyrics of its joy. And the summer? Is it not the warm effluence of his smile, that flows northward and reveals the infinite goodness as it floats through the southern southern groves and fills the fruit with sweetness, thickens the sap of the sugar fields, nourishes the rice plants, feeds the energies of the temperate clime, blesses the husbandman with the struggling wheat and corn, and dies amid the everlasting ice, after completing the circuit of its mission in clothing the northern woods with life? And then many-hued pomp of harvest comes, when the more ruddy light and the georgic music arising repeat the joy of the Creator in the vast witnesses of his beneficence, and the tired fields yield the laborers their ample bounty, and seem to whisper, "Take, O children of men, and be grateful, until the course of the stupendous miracle is renewed."

If we could see the wheat woven by fairy spinners, and the apples rounded and painted and packed with juice by elfin fingers—or if the sky were a vast granary or provision store, *from* which our needs were supplied in response to verbal prayer, who would help cherishing a constant undertone of wonder at the miraculous forces that encircle us? But consider how much more amazing is the fact! Consider how, out of the same moisture, the various flavors are compounded! How the last drops in the tropics transplanted into the rich orange liquor, and banana pulp, and sweet substance of the fig; the pomegranate stores itself with fine fragrance and savor from it, the various colors and qualities of the grape are drawn from it, and on the temperate orchards the juice is distilled in the cellars of trees, into the rich juice of the peach and the pear, the apple and the plum. When a traveling trickster pours several different liquors from one bottle into cups for the spectators, it is called magical. Yet nature, not by deception, the offender, pours forth his remorse and penitence, while the representative of religion, of peace and good will, told him to "go and sin no more."

Such a case has few parallels.

A Fox's Revenge.

A respectable man, of the county of Montgomery, resided on the Hudson River. One day he went to a bay on the river to shoot ducks or wild geese. When he came to the river he saw six geese beyond shot. He determined to wait for them to approach the shore. While sitting there, he saw a fox come down to the shore, and stand some time and watch the geese. At length he turned and went into the woods, and came out with a very large bunch of moss in his mouth. He then entered the water very silently, sank himself, and then, keeping the moss above the water,—himself concealed—he floated among the geese. Suddenly one of them was drawn under the water, and the fox soon appeared on the shore with the goose in his mouth. He ascended the bank, and found a hole made by the tearing up of a tree. This hole he cleared, placed in the goose, and covered it with great care, strewing leaves over it. The fox then left; and while he was away the hunter unburied the goose, and closed the hole, and then resolved to await the issue.

In about half an hour the fox returned, accompanied by another. They went directly to the place where the goose had been buried, and threw out the earth.

The goose could not be found. They stood regarding each other for some time, when suddenly, the second fox attacked the other furiously, as if offended by the trick of his friend. During the battle the man shot them.—*Murray's Creation.*

A Draft Fugitive.

The Newbern (N. C.) Republican is responsible for the following: "A man named Edward Brown, of Pitt county, who fled to the swamps during the late war to avoid the draft, has lately discovered living a hermit life in a dense and settlement of his own in a dense thicket near the bank of the river. When first discovered he fled to his hiding place, and upon being pursued he showed fight, but finally surrendered, and insisted upon refusing to go into the army. Upon being informed that the war was ended about six years ago, he concluded to abandon his hiding place and return to the old plantation, where he found many changes since the commencement of the rebellion. His only clothing was made from the skins of coons and of bee skinnds which he had captured during the time, having seen no one with whom to converse during about eight years. He had nearly lost the control of his language, except a few profane words. His father and mother have both died during the past year."

A Down East editor says that since the recent rains the farmers are "smiling like new shingles on a patched roof."

The Republican Party is a Crowding.

The general acceptance of the "New Departure" by the Democracy, shows to what straits that party is reduced. I overheard a conversation in the Postoffice Department a few days since, between a convert to the new departure and an old liner