TIFFIN TRIBUNE.

TERMS, $2 00 PER YEAR. TIFFIN, OHIO, THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 16, 1872. VOLUME 24—NUMBER 31

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ATTORNEYS.

J. K. HUDDLE.
ATTORNEY at Law and Notary Public, Office over Vollmer's Kinnaer's Clothing Store, Tiffin, O. April 25, 1872-1y.

H. E. THOMPSON.
ATTORNEY AT LAW, office second floor Nat. Exchange Bank Block, corner Washington and Market st. Mar. 14-1y.

G. W. RACKMAN, U. F. CRAMER.
RACHMAN & CRAMER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office over Brown schioser,& Co's store, opposite Naylor's Hardware Store, Washington street, Tiffin, Ohio. Nov. 14.

ALFRED LANDON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in Grummell'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. 90, Washington street. Mrr. 30, 1871.

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

A. H. BYERS. JOHN GWYNN.
BYERS & GWYNN.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW and Patent Solicitors Offices, National Exchange Bank Block. BYERS & GWYNN. May 16, 1872-1f.

JOHN McCAULEY.
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tiffin, Ohio. Office opposite the Court House. June 16.

WM. H. GIBSON. S. G. PENNINGTON.
GIBSON & PENNINGTON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Tiffin, Ohio. Office, opposite National Block. May 16.

G. J. KEEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Notary Public Real Estate, Claim, and General Insurance Agent, Tiffin, Ohio. Office in Grummell's Block, opposite the First National Bank. 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. 5.

GEORGE GASSMAN
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, and Interpreter. The German, French and Italian language 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. Crawford. Feb. 24.

W. H. PEARCE,
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. STOVER,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Tiffin, Ohio. Office hours from 9 to 10 A. M., and from 2 to 4 P. M. Saturdays from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. Office No. 38 Market Street, Up Stairs. [April 11.

DR. G. E. SWAN.
HOMEOPATHIST. Office and Residence first door West of the Shawnan House, Tiffin, Ohio. Apl. 11, 1872.

H. C. WELLS.
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Office in Kirchner's Block, over Wolf's Shoe Store. Mar28-1y.

DR. W. O. McLEOD.
DRUGGIST, Bloomville, Ohio, keeps on hand a full assortment of Drugs and Medicine, etc. Will attend to all professional calls promptly. Has had an experience of fifteen years in the practice of medicine. Dec. 16, 1871-1y.

J. P. KINNAMAN, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office over Hartman's Jewelry Store, next to Post office, Tiffin, Ohio. Residence No. 4 Clay street, Third Ward.

WILLIAM J. CRAWFORD, M. D.,
ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office in Empire Block, over Weirick & Non's store. Thankful for patronage during the past three years, and will continue to serve the public in all branches of the Medical Profession. Residence, 2d Ward, River side. Nov. 16, 1871.-1y.

T. J. CRONISE, M. D.,
OFFERS his professional services to the people of Tiffin and vicinity. Office on Market street, opposite Fiege's Furniture Store. Nov. 9, 1871.

W. H. BROWN, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office in Fuchs Block, over Bennett's Drug Store, Green Springs, Ohio. June 22, 1871.-1y.

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 Homœopathic systems, and practically tested their remedial virtues. Still devoted to the Healing Art, he will assiduously apply himself to professional visits. Particular attention given to the care of sickly children, &c. Office prescriptions prepared in the most agreeable form for medicinal use. April 29, 1871.-1y.

A. S. ROSENBERGER, M. D.,
HOMŒOPATHIST, Carey, Ohio, will promptly attend to all professional calls. Jan. 26, 1871-1f.

A. A. FREYMAN, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, South-west corner of Market and Jefferson streets, opposite the Episcopal church, office 2d 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 attention given to diseases of women and children. Medicine furnished when desired.

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

DENTISTS.

Dr. C. C. BEILHARZ,
SURGEON DENTIST. Office at his residence, corner Monroe and Madison treets, opposite German Reformed Church. no16.

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., Walstein Failing, Proprietor. This old and favorite Hotel reduced its price per day to $2 00 on January 1, 1871. January 5, 1871.-1y.

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

D. C. MYERS,
CARPENTER AND JOINER. Will take Contracts to erect any kind of buildings.

GEO. C. SMALL.
ARCHITECT, Tiffin, O. Plans and Specifications for buildings of all kinds furnished in the best style and at reasonable prices. Orders left with Adams & Letterhos, or addressed by mail will receive prompt attention. Mar. 14-1y.

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.

STEWART,
LOCKSMITH & CUTLER, repairs locks, clocks, Sewing Machines, Trunks, Umbrellas, &c. Grinds Surgeon's instruments, razors, knives, shears, and all kinds of small edged tools. All work attended to promptly and satisfaction guaranteed. National Hotel Block, under Marquardt's Drug Store, Tiffin, O. Mar. 8, 1871-1y.

PHILIPP EMICH,
NOTARY PUBLIC and Dealer in Books, Periodicals and Stationery. Cider Vinegar on hand. South of Court House, Market street, Tiffin. Oct. 26, 1871.-1y.

CHARLES BOWER,
GENERAL Insurance, Real Estate and Collecting Agent. Life, Health and Accident, and Fire Insurance. Special attention given to collecting. Office, Market Street, over Hartman's Jewelry Store, Second Floor, Tiffin, O. May, 181070-1yr.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

FASHIONABLE AND CHEAP!

The undersigned has opened out a full and complete stock of

Beautiful Spring Goods.

A FULL STOCK OF

FASHIONABLE SPRING DRESS GOODS

Handsome Spring Shawls.

White and Colored Counterpanes

Lace Curtains, Corsets, Hosiery

By the Cord. The best brand of

DOMETICS OF ALL KINDS!

CASSIMERES, TWEEDS, AND NOTIONS IN ENDLESS VARIETY.

A Large Stock of

Ladies' and Childrens' Shoes & Gaiters, Mens' Boots & Shoes, (CUSTOM MADE.)

Call and examine our stock for yourselves and be convinced that I am Selling Cheap. My motto is "ONE PRICE AND FAIR DEALING WITH ALL."

Thankful for the liberal patronage given me in the past, I hope to merit a continuance of the same in the future.

Respectfully, MRS. S. SULLIVAN.

April 18, 1872.

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New Goods! New Store!

BUT THE SAME OLD BOSS!

E. P. BLISS

Has just returned from New York and other Eastern Cities, and has filled his splendid New Store with a stock of goods never before equalled in this vicinity.

As he buys for cash, and knows just who to buy of in order to get "bottom prices," he will be enabled to offer greater inducements to the people of Bloomville and vicinity than ever before to

PATRONIZE HOME ENTERPRISE!

And hopes to prove to residents of the neighboring towns, that they can make money by visiting s

THRIFTY RAIL ROAD TOWN.

His stock comprises every grade, style and quality of

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS,

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES, QUEENSWARE, NOTIONS, and Groceries, of which he makes a speciality.

He wants it distinctly understood that he means business and wants everybody to call and give him a trial.

PRODUCE WANTED!

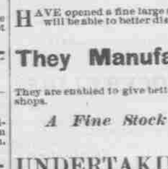
The Highest Market Price paid for Country Produce.

Thanking my patrons for their liberal patronage in the past, and soliciting a continuance of their favors, I remain, Yours, Truly,

E. P. BLISS.

March 28-6m

LOOK HERE, SEE HERE,



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AT THE

SIGN OF BIG CHAIR!

H. F. FIEGE & CO.

HAVE opened a fine large salesroom on the corner adjoining the old stand where they will be able to better display their goods. As

They Manufacture All Their Own Work

They are enabled to give better satisfaction than can be given by that made in Eastern shops.

A Fine Stock Now on Hand at Low Prices.

UNDERTAKING. A FINE HEARSE suitably equipped for Funeral occasions. Coffins and Cases on hand and made on the shortest notice.

Remember the place, at the sign of Big Chair, Market street, near the Court House, Tiffin, Ohio. H. F. FIEGE & CO.

TIFFIN MARBLE WORKS!

JOHN THOM,

MANUFACTURER of Monuments, Tombstones and Mantels, of American and Italian Marble. Marblelized Slate Mantels; these elegant, ornamental and useful Mantels are something that everybody can have, as they are very cheap. In polish they are equal to the genuine marble, and of all colors.

He also has on hand a large stock of TABLE and BUREAU TOPS, CHESS TABLES, BRACKETS, SHELVES, &c., &c. Remember the place, TIFFIN, O. Washington Street, South of Wire Bridge. SAMUEL HEADLER, Traveling Agt. West Dofl. June 16, 1870.-y33-tf.

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The smaller cities in which they have located, and having a number of Galleries in different places they are enabled to sustain Artists of the highest merit in

Crayon, India Ink, Water Colors, Oil and Negative Retouching,

AND ARE THUS PREPARED TO PRODUCE PICTURES OF A

Superior Order and Excellence!

Special attention given to large and finely finished work and copying and enlarging old Pictures of Deceased persons. Call at the Platt Gallery and see our work. CHAS. LANPHEAR, Photographer

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EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

G. T. COCKE. C. N. COCKE. W. G. BLYMYER

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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.

Fooling A Pirate.

There lived many years ago, on the eastern shore of Mount Desert, a large island off the coast of Maine, (a now fashionable place of summer resort) an old fisherman by the name of Jedediah Spinnet, who owned a schooner of some hundred tons burden, in which, together with four stout sons, he was wont to go about once a year to the Grand Bank for the purpose of catching cod-fish. The old man had five things about which he loved to boast—his schooner, "Betsy Jenkins," and his four sons.

The four sons were all that the father represented them to be, and no one ever doubted his word when he said that their like was not to be found in fifty miles around. The oldest was twenty-two, while the youngest had reached his sixteenth year, and they answered to the names of Seth, Andrew, John and Samuel.

One morning in the spring called upon Jedediah Spinnet to engage him to take to Havana some iron machinery belonging to steam engines or sugar plantations; the terms were soon agreed upon, and the old man and his sons immediately set about putting the machinery on board; that accomplished, they set sail for Havana, with a fair wind, and for several days proceeded on their course without an adventure of any kind.—One morning, however, a vessel was descried off the starboard quarter, which with some hesitation the old man pronounced to be a pirate. There was not much time for doubting, for the vessel soon saluted them with the not very agreeable whizzing of an eighteen pound shot just under the stern.

"That means for us to heave to," said the old man.

"Then I guess we had better do it, hadn't we?" said Seth.

"Of course."

Accordingly the "Betsy Jenkins" was brought up into the wind, and her main boom hauled over to windward.

"Now boys," said the old man, as soon as the schooner had come to a stand, "all we can do is to be as cool as possible, and trust to fortune.—There is no way to escape that I see now, but perhaps if we are civil, they will take such stuff as they want and let us go. At any rate there is no use crying about it for it can't be helped. Now get your pistols and see that they are surely loaded, and have your knives ready, but be sure and hide them so that the pirates shall see no signs of resistance." In a few minutes all the arms which the schooner afforded, with the exception of one of the muskets, were secured around the person of our Down Easters, and they quietly awaited the coming of the schooner.

"One word more boys," said the old man, just as the pirates came round under the stern. "Now watch every motion I make, and be ready to jump the moment I speak."

As Captain Spinnet ceased speaking, the pirate luffed up under the fisherman's lee quarter, and in a moment more the latter's deck was graced by the presence of a dozen as savage looking mortals as ever eyes looked upon.

"Are you the Captain of this boat?" asked the leader of the boarders, as he quietly approached the old man.

"Yes sir."

"What is your cargo?"

"Machinery for engines."

"Nothing else?" asked the pirate, with a searching look.

At this moment Captain Spinnet's eye caught what looked like a sail off to the south and east'rd but not a sign betrayed the discovery, and while a brilliant idea shot through his mind he hesitatingly replied:

"Well there is a little something else."

"Ha, what is it?"

"Why, sir, p'raps I hadn't ought to tell," said Captain Spinnet, counterfiting the most extreme perturbation. "Yer see it was given me as a sort of trust, and it wouldn't be right for me to give it up. You can take anything else you please, for I can't help myself."

"You are an honest codger at any rate," said the pirate; "but if you would live ten minutes longer, just let me know what you've got on board and exactly the place where it lays."

The sight of a cocked pistol brought the old man to his senses, and in a deprecating tone he muttered—

"Don't kill me sir, don't, I'll tell you all. We've got forty thousand silver dollars nailed up in boxes just for'ard 'o the cabin bulkhead, but Mr. Before didn't suspect anybody would have thought of looking for it there."

"Perhaps so," chuckled the pirate, while his eyes sparkled with delight. And then turning to his own vessel he ordered all of his men except three to run and jump on board the Yankee.

In a few minutes the pirates had taken off the hatches, and in their haste to get at the "silver dollars," they forgot all else; but not so with Spinnet; he had his wits at work, and no sooner had the last of the pirates disappeared below the hatch-way than he turned to his boys.

"Now, boys, for your lives. Seth you clap your knife across the fore and peak halyards, and you John, cut the main. Be quick, now, and the moment you have done it jump aboard the pirate. Andrew and Sam you cast off the pirate's grapplings, and then you jump—then we'll walk into them 3 three chaps abroad the clipper. Now for it."

No sooner were the words out of the old man's mouth, than his sons did exactly as they were directed. The fore and main halyards were cut and the two grapplings cast off at the same instant, and as the heavy gaffs came rattling down, our heroes leaped on board the pirate. The moment the clipper felt at liberty, she had swung off, and before the astonished buccaneers could gain the deck of the fishe.man, their own vessel was near half a cable's length to the leeward, sweeping gracefully away before the wind, while the three men who had been left in charge were easily secured.

"Hallos, there!" shouted Captain Spinnet, as the luckless pirates crowded around the lee gangway of their prize. "What ye got there 'ere silver dollars just let me know, will you?"

Half a dozen pistol shots was all the answer the old man got, but they did him no harm; and crowding on sail, he made for the vessel he had discovered, which lay dead to leeward of him, and which he now made out to be a large ship. The clipper cut through the water like a dolphin, and in a short space of time Spinnet luffed up under the ship's stern, and explained all that had happened. The ship proved to be an East Indiaman, bound for Charleston having, all told, thirty men on board, a portion of whom at once jumped into the clipper and offered their services in helping to take the pirates.

Before dark Captain Spinnet once more within hailing distance of his own vessel, and raising a trumpet to his mouth he shouted aloud:

"Schooner ahoy! will you quietly surrender yourselves prisoners if we come on board?"

"Come and try it!" returned the pirate Captain, as he brandished his cutlass above his head in a very threatening manner, which seemed to indicate that he would fight to the last.

But this was his last movement; for Seth crouched below the bulwarks taking deliberate aim along the barrel of a heavy rifle, and as the bloody villain was in the act of turning to his men, the sharp crack of Seth Spinnet's weapon rang its death peal, and the next moment the pirate Captain fell back into the arms of his men with a brace of bullets through his heart.

"Now," said the old gentleman, as he leveled the long pivot gun, and seized a lighted match, "I'll give you just five minutes to make up your minds in, and if you don't surrender, I'll blow every one of you into the other world."

The death of their captain, and withal, the sight of the pointed pivot gun—the peculiar properties of which they knew full well—brought the pirates to their senses, and they threw down their weapons and agreed to give up themselves.

In two days from that time, Captain Spinnet delivered his cargo safely at Havana, gave the pirates into the hands of the civil authorities, and delivered the clipper up to the government, in return for which he received a sum of money sufficient for independence for life, as well as a very handsome medal from the governor.

A Burning Ship.

In an editorial of the London *Telegraph* of April 22d occurs this statement;

"A catastrophe almost unparalleled in horror—disclosing the gross cruelties of the Macao emigrant trade by one last and most terrible demonstration—happened in the China seas last May, and is recorded in a Parliamentary report just published. A vessel called the *Don Juan*, set sail on the 8th of that month from Macao, bound to Peru with six hundred and fifty-five coolies on board, who had been kidnapped and shipped under the flag and with the authority of the Portuguese government. Once on board, this large multitude was placed literally in prison—pensed on the main deck and fastened down by three iron gratings, which closed the hatches, let coolies at a time only being allowed to come on deck. The ship sailed in fair weather from Macao. On the second day of the voyage, as declared by Herker, an Austrian seamen, the captain selected twenty coolies and put them in irons, with much brutality, as an example to the others. On the third day a difficulty arose about the food passed down to the emigrants. The interpreter got angry and struck these who complained with his cane, whereupon the wretched coolies made a rush at their European jailers. The iron hatches were immediately slammed back upon them, and, when the poor creatures beat upon the beams and planks to get air, muskets were fired into the crowd. It then appears that, in desperation, some of the few coolies set fire to a store-room forward, hoping, no doubt, to force the crew to throw their prison open. The sailors tried to pump water down upon the seat of the conflagration, but the frenzied men below passed the hose out of the portholes so that the pumping became useless. Then the fire spread beyond all control, and volumes of thick smoke rolled into the main deck—choking the mass of coolies at either end, who had taken no part in the proceedings. Red tongues of flame and suffocating clouds filled the ship below hatches—while the miserable coolies beat at the iron gratings, tore at the fastenings of the decks, and even endeavored to get up to the air through the ventilators. The port holes, however, were fastened, the dead lights were too small to allow of a man's body passing, and the ventilators were barred, so that there was no escape. In two hour's time the fire was "established on the main deck," which means that scores of the Chinese had already roasted or smothered; yet the crew never took a single step towards saving the lives of the imprisoned wretches. They merely lowered the boats down the main account, and pushed off from the burning vessel, leaving all that mass of human creatures pent in a floating hell of fear and agony. The sea was calm; the hatches might surely have been opened at the last moment; yet the *Don Juan's* captains and hands shoved off, while the ship blazed, and while the coolies perished inside with frightful cries and screams. The scoundrel master and crew saved their villanous lives; a junk picked them up; and the same witness who tells this says that when the twenty Chinese in irons who were upon the forecastle broke away their fetters and swam towards the junk, they were pushed off into the sea to drown. Meantime, in their awful agony, some the survivors of the six hundred and fifty-five below found some means of bursting the fore hatch. Scores were by this time killed by the flames or the smoke; scores had been trampled down in the frenzied rush for life to the upper deck. About a hundred in all at last emerged from that Golgotha of anguish, and leaped at once into the sea. A few managed to get hold of spars and floating gear, and hung upon these till some fishing boats picked them up the next morning. The majority were already mortally injured when they escaped, or were drowned, crushed by the falling chains and spars of the ship. But at least five hundred were first scorched to death, or choked and trampled dead, before the infernal prison-gate was forced by the breaking open of the hatches, which the captain and crew had so shamefully left fast."

Why Some are Poor.

Cream is allowed to mould and spoil.

Silver spoons are used to scrape kettles.

The scrubbing brush is left in the water.

Bones are burned that would make soup.

Nice handled knives are thrown in to hot water.

Brooms are never hung up, and are soon spoiled.

Dish cloths are thrown where mice can destroy them.

Tubs and barrels are left in the sun to dry and fall apart.

Clothes are left on the line to whip to pieces in the wind

Pie crust is left to sour, instead of making a few tarts for tea.

Vegetables are thrown away that would warm for break fast.

Dried fruit is not taken care of in season and becomes wormy.

Bits of meat are thrown out that would make hashed meat or hash.

The cork is left out of the molasses jug, and the flies take possession.

Pork spoils for the want of salt, and beef because the brine wants scalding.

Potatoes in the cellar grow, and the sprouts are not removed until they become useless.

The bread is sifted in a wasteful manner, and the bread pan left with the dough sticking to it.

Vinegar is drawn in a tin basin, and allowed to stand till both basin and vinegar are spoiled.

Cold puddings are considered good for nothing, when often they can be steamed for the next day.

Mr. Greeley consiters the present month the best time for grafting baked-bean trees and pruning celery vines. The pork crop should be transplanted from the hot-beds at soon as the 20th, or the ears will not fill out well and the curculio will devour the fruit as fast as it falls from the limbs. Lettuce should be planted about four seeds in a hill, on ground plowed at least six feet deep with a sub-soil plow, and poles should be set for them 'ere silver dollars just let me know, will you?"

They are organizing a colony in Boston which is to be recommended as a means of getting rid of virtuous and correct young men. Excellent land to the extent of about twelve townships, has been secured in Minnesota, and is to be sold to the colonists at moderate prices. No one is admitted to membership in the colony except young men of temperate habits and good moral character, who will pledge themselves not to sell or countenance the sale of liquor. This is a good thing for the Minnesota colony but how about Boston? Can she afford to send off this class of young men?

Dolly Vardens.

It husbands are to be mistaken in "Dolly Varden" dresses as was an unfortunate husband in Philadelphia, the better will it be for the peace of society. The husband in question came home last night missed from the supper table his wife Matilda, and inquired of his little boy whither she had gone; and just at that moment the dining-room door swung open and a lady entered. The husband observed a wild look in her eye and also noticed that she was attired in an outlandish style, having on, as he says, a dress with sunflowers, cabbages and pumpkins worked all over it, and a lot of snakes squirming around for a back-ground

Rising, the man said, "Madam, whom do you wish to see?" and then said aside, "Poor thing, she's crazy." That last remark settled the business for him, as the wierd female made a bolt and tightly grasped his Adam's apple and choked him until his face assumed the color of a banner of the Commune. After she had enjoyed a surfeit of choking her husband, she flopped into a chair, and with tears coursing each other down her cheeks, exclaimed: "That I should ever live to hear my husband say that I was crazy." This amused the husband, and elevating himself to his full proportions, he said:

"You can't blame me, madam, for supposing you an insane woman, and now that I know you are really the mother of these interesting children, will you have the kindness to retire to the sanctity of your chamber and peel yourself of that piece of furniture chintz, or window curtain, or whatever it is you call it."

"Window curtain! chintz!" said the spouse, "why it's you that's out of your head. That's a Dolly Varden, and a very pretty pattern, too."

"Madam," replied the husband, "we may be out of our head, but if that is a Dolly Varden we are most decidedly out of pocket. Why, it looks like a circus dress, and the idea of a woman at your time of life—"

"My time of life!!"

"Yes, your time of life. The next thing, I suppose, you will be practicing the trapeze act in the back yard. Why, it is enough to give a man the delirium tremens to look at it. Who ever saw such a pattern? It's flash wall paper run mad. You look exactly like some Japanese tea sign. And now just bounce out here with that Feeje battle flag, or you'll scare the baby to death!"

There was an ominous pause for a moment, and then the oldest daughter said:

"Why, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, father. It's all the style and I am going to have one, too; there now." "Yes, and I want one; all the girls have got them." Thus spoke Maria, the second oldest. "Any more?" gasped the husband. "Are there any more? Hadn't the baby better have one? I guess I'll get one myself. How do they make up for pantaloons? Ha! Ha! Ha!" maniacally. Let me clutch it. Bring me a pattern of monkeys scaling lamp-posts. How would a Chinese puzzle look, or a map of Fairmouth Park?" All the rest is a blank. The unhappy husband has just been liberated from an asylum and pronounced cured. But the only way they managed it was to dress him up in Dolly Varden marked out with the ground plan of the streets of Boston.

A Royal Siamese Game.

The Gossip of Lippincott's *Magazine* contains this:

The business of eating concluded, the king called upon his foreign friends to participate in a royal game which had been in vogue as far back as their historical records extended, and which no guest might refuse to share in without giving personal offense to the sovereign. After this introduction, at a signal given by the royal host, five huge baskets filled with very small limes were placed directly in front of the throne. Each of the foreigners was provided for the fruit, and telling them that whoever succeeded in getting the largest number should enjoy his highest favor, the king threw as many as he could hold between his two hands, in such a manner as to scatter them in every direction over the widest possible space. This was rapeated scores upon scores of times, and the guests, wishing to humor the whim of their host, entered heartily into the sport, scrambling about on hands and knees in pursuit of the limes, sometimes receiving from the merry old gentleman a hearty pelt over the head or knuckles, at which he would beg pardon and assure his friends that it was quite accidental. After an hour from time spent, and the foreigners begged leave to desist, and the native nobles took their turn at sport.

On examination, each lime was found to contain a gold or silver coin; and the amount thus obtained by each individual was quite considerable, the ladies and gentlemen of our party sent up the money to the king, stating that it would be a violation of the etiquette of our country to receive presents of money. But his majesty begged very earnestly that the coins should be retained, though merely, he said, as a token of royal favor, and in compliance with country usage—not at all for their intrinsic value.

Washington at Forty-Seven.

It is claimed that this description of the "Father of his Country," published in London in 1779, has not been printed in this country until this year:

"Gen. Washington is now in the forty-seventh year of his age. He is a tall, well made man, rather large-boned, and has a tolerable genteel address; his features are manly and bold; his eyes of a bluish cast, and very lively; his hair deep brown; his face very long and marked with the small-pox; his complexion sunburnt and without much color; his countenance sensible, composed and thoughtful. There is a remarkable air of dignity about him, with a striking degree of gracefulness. He has an excellent understanding, without much quickness; is strictly just, vigilant, and generous; an affectionate husband, a faithful friend, a father to the deserving soldier, a gentleman in his manners, in temper rather reserved. In his morals is irreproachable, and he was never known to exceed the bounds of the most rigid temperence. In a word, all his friends and acquaintances allow that no man can center in his own person a more perfect alliance of the virtues of a general. Candor, sincerity, affability, and simplicity seem to be the striking features of his character, till an occasion offers of displaying the most determined bravery and independence of spirit."

What the Prompter Told Him.

A notable tragedian being engaged to play Macbeth at a country theatre, at the latest moment the man who was to represent the messenger in the fifth scene of the act fell ill. The prompter, however, was equal to the occasion. He got hold of a "super" Irishman, whom he drilled to repeat the few ill-omened lines, and instructed him how to deliver them. When Macbeth was ready for him, on went the Irishman, and got bravely through his task:

"As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I looked toward Birnam, and anon, me thought,
The wood began to move."

"Liar! slave!" cries the great tragedian, flying upon the terrified "super," and grasping his throat.—Down on his knees dropped the messenger, gasping his agony:

"On my sowl, sir, that's exactly what the prompter told me to say."

A couple of boatmen rowed a clergyman over a mile stretch of water the other day, in some part of Massachusetts, and as they recognized him they were a little more choice in their words than usual—for we regret to say they were somewhat given to the too common habit of profanity—but on the way back they had two ministers who were strangers to them. As they pulled from the landing one of the boatmen remarked to his fellow, sprinkling several good round oaths into the speech. "Well mate, we are lucky this trip; I never can pull when we have a parson aboard. But I can make her spin now for we can talk our own language!" The passengers winked to each other, but said nothing.

The Missouri *Democrat* says that one of the leading Republicans of St. Louis dates his admiration for Horace Greeley from a visit to Chappaqua, where he learned that the *Tribune* philosopher "hoped to raise a fine article of silk by crossing the South-Down ram with the Bengalese cocoon."

A Manly Answer.

All honor to the boy who cannot be laughed out of doing right. A writer in the American *Messenger* says:

Five boys, pupils in a boarding-school, were in the room. Four of them, contrary to the express rules, engaged in a game of cards. The fifth was not standing and looking on to see how the game would go, but engaged in some work of his own. One of the players was called out.

"Come," said the others to their companion; "it is too bad to have the game stop in the middle. Come and take his place."

"I do not know one card from another."

"That makes no difference. We will teach you. Come. Do not let our sport be spoiled."

The boy perceived that this was the decisive moment. Ah, just such are the critical points, sometimes the turning point of life. His resolution was instantly taken. He made no more excuses, but at once planted himself square upon principle.

"My father does not wish me to play cards, and I shall not act contrary to his wishes."

This ended the matter. It did more. It established his position among his companions. It compelled their respect, and preserved him from temptation for the future.

Such a boy inspires confidence. The incident may seem small in itself but it gives promise of the future better than thousands of gold. Three sterling qualities are manifested; a conscientious regard for the wishes of parents, superiority to the fear of the ridicule of his companions, and decision. These qualities form a shield and a buckler in regard to all temptations. Happy the boy who is possessed of them. You would expect that his career would be honorable and successful.

Years have passed. That boy has become a man. Various and trying have been the scenes through which he has been called. Severe have been the temptations to which he has been exposed. But he has come forth as gold. No parent weeps, no friend blushes for him.

Are you a son, rich in youth, rich in hope, rich in a good conscience? *Always regard the wishes of your parents.*

A Lone Widow Under Ground.

The other day, on the Metropolitan railway, I noticed to a little long-nosed man with red whiskers. Opposite to us sat a middle aged lady in black. The little man stared at her very hard, fidgeted a good deal, and opened a conversation.

"In mourning, ma'am. I see."

"Eh? Yes," (spoken rather sharply.)

"Sad thing that. One of the old people perhaps?"

"No."

"One of the young ones? Baby, Eh?"

"I have no babies."

"Of course not. The guvnor—husband you know?"

"Yes." (Very sharply.)

"Sorry for that. Sudden, perhaps?"

"No."

"Ah! lingering illness; that's worse sometimes. In trade was he?"

"He was a sailor."

"Caught a fever, perhaps?"

"He was drowned."

After a pause—

"Save his chest?"

"My husbands effects were not lost."

"Religious sort of a man was he?"

"Yes, he was."

"Glad of that. Suppose you are glad the chest wasn't lost?"

"I suppose so."

After another pause—

"Suppose you'll get married again soon?"

The lady made no reply to this, but got out at the next station.

The little, long-nosed man looked around as though in search of another victim. At last he fixed on me.

"Got a tail-band on, I see?"

"Yes, I put it on because my hat was shabby."

After a brief interval—

"Would you feel inclined to swap your umbrella for my walking stick and five shillings?"

I felt that the time had come for decisive action. I struck the miscreant dead at my feet and stepped upon the platform. I believe he is buried. I have heard no more of him since.—*Judy.*

A Portrait from Life.

We find the following in the Court Journal:

"Waiter!" The waiter replied, "Sir!" "Waiter, I am a man of few words, and I don't like to be continually ringing the bell and disturbing the house. I'll thank you to pay attention to what I say, and to remember that, although there are different ways of doing things, I only like one way in those who have subordinate stations and minds. In the first place, bring me a glass of brandy and water, (cold,) with a little sugar and also a teaspoon. Wipe down this table, throw some coal on the fire, and sweep down the hearth. Bring me in a couple of candles, pen, ink and paper, some wafers, and a little sealing wax. Tell the hostler to take care of my horse, dress him well, stop his feet, and let me know when he's ready to feed. Order the chambermaid to prepare me a good bed; take care that the sheets are well aired, a clean nightcap, and a glass of water in the room. Send the 'boots' with a pair of slippers that I can walk to the stable in. Tell him I must have my boots cleaned and brought into the room to-night, and that I shall want to be called at five o'clock in the morning. Ask your mistress what I can have for supper; I should like a roast duck or something of that sort. Desire your master to step in, I want to ask him a few questions. He is in the interest of the Liberals, I believe, and so much the better, for I have a friend who will stand for the town at the next vacancy. Change this five shillings' worth of stamps into coin; none of the silver to be worn. When does the mail arrive with the letters, and what time before P. M. does the mail leave? Are there any soldiers quartered in the town, and how many? Just tell me what time it is by the clock on the landing, and leave the room!"

The School Master of California.

A pedagogue in Curlew, who was "had up" for unmercifully welting the back of a little girl, justified his action by exclaiming that "she persisted in dinging paper pellets at him when his back was turned." That was no excuse. The Town Crier once taught school up in the mountains, and about every half hour had to remove his coat and scrape off the dried paper wads adhering to the nap. He never permitted a trifle like this to ruffle his patience; he just kept on wearing that gaberdine until it had no nap, and the wads would not stick.—but when they took to dipping them in mucilage he made a complaint to the Board of Directors.

"Young man," said the Chairman, "if you don't like our ways, yu'd better sling yer blankit and git. Prentice Mulford tort skale yer fur mor'n six mentbs, and he never said a word agin the wads."

The Town Crier briefly explained that Mr. Mulford might have been brought up to paper wads and didn't mind them.

"It ain't no yuse," said another Director, "the children hev got to be amused."

The Town Crier here protested that there were many other amusements quite as diverting; but the third director here arose and remarked:

"I perfectly agree with the Cheer; this young-ter better travel. I consider as paper wads lies at the rate of poplar edycreashen; ther a necessary adjunx tv the skule sistim. Mr. Cheerman, I move and second that this yer skulemaster be shot."

The Town Crier did not remain to observe the result of the voting.

A farmer who was sympathizing with his neighbor Jones on the death of his son, said, "You should remember, Mr. Jones, there is no loss without some gain. John, you remember, was always a monstrous eater." "I know he was," responded the bereaved father; "but to think he was laid up with rheumatism all winter, and died *just in hoeing time*, is pretty tough, neighbor Jenkins, pretty tough!"

We, that is, we the people of the United States, soil and throw away two million paper collars a year, stuffing them behind bureaus, dropping them into coal hods, leaving them under the seats of sleeping cars, &c. It takes forty factories to keep the supply good.

A NEW "JOHNNY SCHMOKER."

The Chicago *Post* is one of the most spicy sheets in the country. The following parody on the famous old Dutch song, "Johnny Schmoker," is the latest "hit" from that source.—Every one who has heard the song (and who has not?) will appreciate it:

Grant's a smoker, Grant's a smoker,
He sold muskets, he sold carbines,
Howl, howl, howl, dat is my Schurz, ah!

Grant's a smoker, Grant's a smoker,
Won't return the civil service,
Growl, growl, growl, dat is my Trumbull;
Howl, howl, howl, dat is my Schurz, ah!
With my growl, growl, growl, and my howl, howl, howl, etc.

Grant's a smoker, Grant's a smoker,
And his wife has got relations,
Bray, bray, bray, dat is my Tipton;
Growl, growl, growl, dat is my Trumbull;
Howl, howl, howl, dat is my Schurz, ah!
With my bray, bray, bray, and my growl, growl, grow