TIFFIN TRIBUNE.

TERMS, $2 00 PER YEAR. TIFFIN, OHIO, THURSDAY EVENING, JULY 16, 1874. VOLUME 26—NUMBER 41.

Business Directory.

ATTORNEYS.

W. P. SOBIE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Singer's Block Tiffin, Ohio. n31-'73-1y.

J. F. BUNN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office over Neligh's Clothing Store, Tiffin, Ohio. n21-73-1y.

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

JOHN McCAULEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tiffin, Ohio. Office opposite the Court House. June 13.

FRANK DILDINE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office in Miller's Block, Washington Street, opposite the Court House. 28-1y

GEORGE W. RACHMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office over National Exchange Bank, Washington street, Tiffin, Ohio. Nov. 14.
SETTLE CHRONISE. FLORENCE CHRONISE.

N. & F. CRONISE.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office opposite the First National Bank, Tiffin, Ohio.

JOHN L. COLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY Public. Collections promptly attended to. Office in Town Hall, Republic, Ohio.

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

GUILFORD B. REPPEL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office opposite National Hall Block, over Bowman's Crockery Store, with Gibson & Pennington.

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

A. H. STEWART,
NOTARY PUBLIC and General Collection Agent. Will attend to any business intrusted to him promptly. Office at Bliss House, Bloomville, Ohio. 22-

JOHN ANDREWS,
NOTARY PUBLIC, Bloomville, Ohio, will give special attention to the purchase and sale of real estate, conveyancing, &c. Office at his residence, in Bloomville.

A. H. BYERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Legal business of all kinds, conveyancing, examination of titles, etc., promptly attended to. Patents obtained by direct application to the Patent Office. Office over Neligh's Clothing Store.

G. J. REES,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Notary Public Real Estate, Claim, and General Insurance Agent, Tiffin, Ohio. Office in Grumman's Block, opposite the First National Bank. June 11.

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

HARRISON SCOBLE. NELSON R. LUTES
SOBLE & LUTES.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Tiffin, O., Office over Crosby's Block, opposite Old Bowman's Crockery Store, opposite National Block. May 7, 74-n31-1y.

E.C. BOYD. J. R. RIDGELY.
BOYD & RIDGELY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Tiffin, Ohio. Office over Huss' Book Store, opposite the Court House. Mar. 26, 1874.

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. 17.

JOHN GWYNN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Legal business of kinds, Conveyancing, Examination of Title and Collections promptly attended to. Patents obtained by *direct* application to the Patent Office. Office in National Exchange Bank Building. Apl 25-

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, Europe, Syria, Palestine, Turkey, Egypt and England, will, it is believed, the better recommend him in this branch of his profession. Office with Dr. Crawford. Feb. 14

N. P. COLWELL.
THANKFUL for past patronage, especially from his many personal friends in the Republic and vicinity, who have come to his house to do their business during his long confinement, would say that his health is much improved and he is prepared with Blanks, etc. to do all kinds of Pension and soldiers' claim business. Also, Deeds, Mortages and all kinds of Notarial Business done on short notice. Office at his house in the east part of Republic. n16-6m.

MEDICAL.

J. A. ROYER, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Carey, O. Will attend promptly to all professional calls. 38-tf

H. S. MARTIN, M. D.
PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Office Empire Block, Main street, Tiffin, O. n22-74-

H. C. WELLS,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Office in Kirchner's Block, over Wolf's Shoe Store. Mch26-1y.

T. J. CRONISE, M. D.,
OFFERS his professional services to the people of Tiffin and vicinity. Office opposite First National Bank.

J. P. KINNAMAN, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office over Brown, Schlosser & Co.'s Dry Goods Store, Tiffin, Ohio. Residence, Greenfield street, near Heidelberg College.

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 2 P. M. Office over Buskirk's Grocery Store. [April 11.

DR. J. J. MOBY
HAS opened an office in Prof. Rust's Block, on the corner of Market and Jefferson streets, and is ready at all hours during day and night to attend to professional calls. May be consulted in German or English. 18-tf

GEO. E. LONG, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Green Spring, Ohio, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Green Spring and vicinity, and will give strict attention to all professional calls. Office over Stinchcomb's Store.

J. ROGP, M. D.
PHYSIO-MEDICAL PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, offers his professional services to the people of Republic and vicinity. This system rejects all poisons and strong medicines and uses only such as are harmless, but powerful remedies of nature. Office one square South of the Public Well. Dec. 4, 73-1y.

WILLIAM J. CRAWFORD, M. D.,
ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in Empire Block, over Williard's Grocery store. Thanks for patronage during the past three years, and will continue to serve the public in all branches of the Medical Profession. Residence, Perry St., two doors west of Washington. Nov. 16, 1871-1y.

A. FREYMAN, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office on Madison street, between Washington and Monroe, solicits and hopes to merit a liberal patronage, having the advantage of fifteen years experience in Eastern cemeteries and over three years in Tiffin, and being familiar with the English and German languages. Special attendance given to surgery, uterine and bowel complaints and diseases of women and children. Medicine furnished when desired

DENTISTS

Dr. C. C. REILHARZ,
SURGEON DENTIST. Office in Empire Block, over the Pennsylvania Store.

J. W. HATTEN,
SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL DENTIST. Office on Washington St., over Buskirk's Grocery Store, 1st door leading to Tunison & Son's Photograph Gallery, Tiffin, Ohio.

DR. J. W. MARTIN.
DENTIST. Office over First National Bank, Tiffin, Ohio. All operations first-class, and work warranted. Laughing gas used for the painless extraction of teeth. Work done at as low a price as can be had elsewhere, for first-class work.

DR. P. J. KINNAMAN
HAS removed his Dental Office to his new rooms over Vollmer & Schlosser's Clothing Store, where he intends doing all kinds of Dentistry in the most skillful manner. Superior teeth in sets or single, quality and cheap can be had at my office. Special attention paid to the preservation of natural teeth. All work warranted. n28-1yr

HOTELS.

HAYS HOUSE.
W. REED Proprietor, Fostoria, O. Newly refitted and will be kept in the best style.

SHAWHAN HOUSE.
P. Myers, Proprietor, Tiffin, O. Full accommodations for Commercial Travelers as well as for the public generally. n2-1y

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.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

E. C. COOKE,
SURVEYOR AND CIVIL ENGINEER. Office with W. P. Noble. Surveys, Maps, etc., made promptly, accurately and on reasonable terms.

G. W. BRESTEL,
AUCTIONEER. Speaks both German and English. Will answer calls for town and country at reasonable rates. Address, Green Spring, Ohio. 21-1y

TIFFIN BOILER WORKS.
JACOB YOUNG, Manufacturer of Steam Boilers, Smoke Stacks, &c. Repairing promptly done. Works on River street, near the Woolen Mills, Tiffin, Ohio.

JAMES BURGER.
DEALER in Butter, Eggs, Lard, Poultry, and all kinds of Produce, for which he pays the HIGHEST PRICE IN CASH. Farmers will do well to call at his room in Empire Block under Pennsylvania Store, Empire Block. n29-1yr

SAUFLEY & BALDWIN,
MANUFACTURERS OF THE UNION CHURN, Union Grooved Washboard, Adjustable Clothes Racks, Hand Sleds, Saw Outlaters, and all kinds of Turned Work. South End Wire Bridge, Tiffin, O. jel3-1y

SCUDDY & CHAMBERLAIN
ARCHITECT AND GENERAL BUILDER, will take contracts for putting up Blocks, Dwellings, etc., or will oversee such work. Drawing, Draft, Plans, etc., for every descriptiocr made and furnished on low terms. Residence, No. 142 Washington St., Tiffin, O.

LOOMIS & NYMAN,
MANUFACTURERS of Steam Engines, Circular Saw Mills, Mill Gearing, Shafting and Pulleys, Wood Sawing Machines, Iron and Wooden Beam Plows, Road Scrapers and Brick Machines, Columns, Caps and Sills for Buildings. All kinds of Casting and Repairing done to order. Market St., Tiffin, Ohio. n44

New Stove and Tin Store.

HEILMAN, LEBAR & CO.,

Have opened out a full stock of

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,

Which will be sold at fair, living rates. They are prepared to do all manner of JOBBING, such as

ROOFING, SPOUTING, &c., &c., &c.,

Done on the Shortest Notice. Call at

Heilman's New Block, Washington St., Tiffin, O.

Tiffin Tribune

BINDERY!

Having opened a Bindery, we are prepared to do all kinds of

BOOK - BINDING

In the best manner.

Magazines, Pamphlets, Music, School Books, &c.,

Bound in GOOD STYLE and PROMPTLY.

Old Books Re-bound and Lettering Done!

Leave orders in the TRIBUNE COUNTING ROOM, or in BUSINESS Office, adjoining the office. LOCKE & BRO. 27-6-tf

KENDALL

HAS THE FINEST STOCK IN THE CITY OF

Jewelry

Of Every Description

Watches

Of the Best Manufacture,

Clocks,

A Full Assortment,

And all will be sold Cheap for CASH.

REPAIRING DONE PROMPTLY AND WARRANTED.

It is a treat to see his goods as he has the **Neatest Stock in Tiffin.**

H. L. KENDALL.

Gas, Steam & Water Fitting

J. W. GWYNN,

(GAS AND STEAM FITTER),

GROSS' BLOCK, with the AMERICAN EXPRESS CO.,

Keeps a Full Stock of

Gas Chandeliers,

Both Ordinary, and the New Patterns in GLASS—

the Latest and Neatest Styles.

Steam Fitting

Of every kind for Mills, Manufactories or Private Residences.

All work done at reasonable prices and satisfaction given. 25-31-1y

AGENTS WANTED!

OCCUPATION

IN A NOBLE WORK. THE

Commentary on the Scriptures

AND

HISTORY OF THE BIBLE

Set with the POLYGLOT BIBLE, is certainly the best aid ever offered to all classes of minds, even the child and infidel, for the study of God's word.

Being UNSECTARIAN, it gives the Agent access to all Protestants.

The immense sales make it a profitable business.

Persons wishing employment can apply to

GEO. DEMPSEIE,
Gen'l Agt. for Northwestern Ohio.
Southwest Corner of Market and Jefferson Streets, Tiffin, Ohio. 29-31-tf

LIME.

THE BEST QUALITY OF

WHITE LIME

AND

Building Stone

Constantly on hand at the Patent Lime Kiln, 1 mile south of Clinton House, at lowest market prices.

KLOPP, MATTISON & CO.
37-21-3t

G. F. HERTZER,

Merchant-Tailor,

Occupies the room with L. ROSE, opposite the Court House, and has a fine stock of

Tweeds, Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c.

Which he will make to order in the LATEST STYLES.

☞ No Charge for Cutting Goods purchased of him. Cutting done for Gents and Children in the latest fashion. 27-31-1y

Lots for Sale.

Out Lots Nos. 10 and 11

IN BLOCK "Z,"

In the Sub-division of Hedges' Estate, adjoining the city on Jefferson St. No. 10 contains 2 68-100 acres. No. 11, 3 40-100 acres. They are bounded on the north side by Perry Street Extension, so that it will be available soon as town lots. Also,

Two Lots

Of 60 feet front on Market street, running back 180 feet. Splendid building lots and just outside the corporation line.

N. N. SPIELMAN.
May 4, 1874—31-23-tf

Notice to Bridge Builders.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Commissioners of Seneca County, Ohio, will receive sealed proposals at the Auditor's office in said County, until the 14th day of August, A. D., 1874, at 1 o'clock P. M., for the building of a wrought iron Bridge across the Sandusky river at Washington street in the City of Tiffin. Bids will be received for the following plans:

Bridge two (2) spans of about one hundred and five (105) feet each, and single roadway twenty (20) feet wide in the clear. Bridge two (2) spans of about one hundred and five (105) feet each. Double roadway seventeen (17) feet wide in the clear. All proposals to be per foot linear measure.

The Commissioners reserve the right to adopt either of the above plans. Bidders will be required to furnish full specifications and capacity per square foot. Stone work to be 25 feet per perch. Specifications can be seen at the Auditor's office at all reasonable hours. L. D. KAGY,
Auditor, Seneca County, Ohio.
n40-6t.

Mammoth Boot and Shoe Store.

Are offering greater inducements than ever to CLOSE CASH BUYERS. Their stock of

Boots AND Shoes

IS FULL AND COMPLETE.

A LARGE STOCK OF

ARMY BOOTS AND SHOES,

Made by hand and of the Best Material, will be sold

Far Below Cost.

LEATHER and FINDINGS, a Full Stock, to which we call the attention of country dealers. 24-71-tf

PRICE J. WILSON, Late of Persons & Wilson. S. C. LAMBERSON

WILSON & LAMBERSON,

(Successors to G. W. Williard,)

DEALERS IN

GROCERIES,

Crockery & Produce

Will constantly keep on hand all kinds of goods usually kept in such stores, and which we respectfully offer to the public at the

LOWEST PRICES FOR CASH OR PRODUCE.

WALTER KROH,

Who has been so long connected with this store, is still in charge and will be glad to see his many friends.

CHOICE TABLE BUTTER

AND

Fresh Eggs

Always on hand. All kinds of DOMESTIC FRUITS and VEGETABLES in their season.

CASH Price for all kinds of Farm Produce

Goods delivered free to any part of the city.
WILSON & LAMBERSON,
No 4 Empire Block, Tiffin.
Tiffin, Ohio, June 18, 1874—37-71-

KUDER & FREY

CARRIAGE MANUFACTURERS.

CARRIAGES, WAGONS!

TOP BUGGIES,

OPEN BUGGIES,

And a very kind of Road Vehicles on hand, or made to order.

We Use the Best Material

And our Work is equal to the Best in the Market.

SARVEN'S PATENT WHEEL,

And all other late and valuable improvements, are used in the manufacture of our Vehicles. We purpose always to manufacture

Latest Styles of Carriages

And defy competition, both in Cheapness and Durability.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Room and Shop on Market street, west side of Sandusky River.
June 15, 1871.-tf KUDER & FREY.

TIFFIN TRIBUNE.

O. T. LOCKE. C. N. LOCKE.

LOCKE & BROTHER,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

OFFICE
FIRST FLOOR, WEST MARKET STREET

PUBLISHED EVERY

THURSDAY EVENING.

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, - - 2304

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.

THE COMET.

[GEORGE LUNT, IN BOSTON ADVERTISER.]

You car of fire, though veiled to day,
Along that field of gleaming blue,
When twilight folded earth in gray,
A world-wide wonder flew.

Duly in turn each orb of light,
From out the darkening obscure broke;
Eve's glowing herald swam in light,
And every star awoke.

The Lyre re-strung its burning chords,
Streamed from the Cross its earliest ray,
Then rose Ariadne, more sweet than words
On music's soul could say.

They, from old time in course the same,
Familiar set, familiar rise;
But what art thou, wild, lovely flame,
Across the startled skies?

Mysterious yet, as when it burst
Through the vast void of nature hurled
And shook their shrinking hearts, at first,
The fathers of the world.

No curious sage the scroll unseals—
Vain quest! Baffled science given—
Its orbit ages, while it wheels,
The miracle of heaven.

In Nature's plan, thy sphere unknown,
Save that no sphere, His order made,
Whose law could guide thy path alone,
In realms beyond the stars.

God's minister! We know no more
Of thee, thy frame, thy mission still,
Than he who watched the flight, of yore,
On the Chaldean hill.

Yet thus, transcendant from thy blaze
Beams light to pierce this mortal clod;
Scarcely a fool on thee could gaze,
And say—There is no God!

"411"

"411?"

"That's me, sir."

"Let me see your arm."

"It's all right, sir."

"All right, is it?" In my humble opinion, it's about as wrong as wrong can be."

411 looked down at the bruised flesh and broken bones he had affirmed to "all right" with a half-contemptuous smile, and then, resigning himself to the inevitable, laid quietly watching the white hands of the young doctor as he prepared splints, bandages, etc., and commenced the work of setting the bone, now rendered doubly difficult by the swelling of the bruised flesh.

The light of the setting sun stole into the room, illuminating with a sudden glory the bare walls and comfortless surroundings, and throwing into strong relief the two figures which gave life to the picture. The doctor's frank, good-humored face, slight, easy figure, and air of careless good-breeding could not have been out of place under any circumstances; but the other seemed strangely in unison with, and yet in contradiction to, his surroundings. His muscular frame might have served as a model for strength and beauty—a Hercules in a prison dress! His hands, roughened and hardened by toil, had been as slender and well shaped as the doctor's own. His face, bronzed by exposure to all weathers, was still highbred and refined—aquiline features; clear, brave eyes, and, above all, the close-cropped hair of a convict. He had that air of reserve, totally distinct from rudeness, which only well-bred people possess, and which impresses even the most vulgar and obtuse.

Though the sensitive mouth betrayed his delicate, nervous organization, nothing could be more stoical than the composure with which he bore the torture he was suffering.

"Why on earth, man, don't you say something, or cry out?" exclaimed the doctor, half indignantly.

Noticing the gathering whiteness round his patient's lips, the doctor hastily poured something in a glass, and, bidding him drink it, went quickly or with his work. After a few minutes' silence, he glanced up suddenly.

"What's that?" pointing to a small blue figure on the brawny wrist.

"That? O! my crest. I did it when I was a boy," said the man, indifferently.

"Your crest?"

"Yes, I say that?" and a flush crept over his face. "I must have been dreaming; people do dream, sometimes, don't they?"

The doctor did not answer, but looked keenly at him, as he turned away his head with a short, embarrassed laugh.

"What's your name?"

"No. 411."

"I don't mean that; I mean your *name*," persisted the doctor.

"Jim Brown."

Dr. Harris laughed. "Jim Brown! Why don't you say, Bill Scroggins? One name would suit about as well as the other."

411 frowned slightly. "Why should I tell you my name?"

"I'm sure I don't know," was the answer; "unless because I want you, to. That crest on your arm is very like my own. I thought perhaps we were related."

"And if we were? You wouldn't own me."

"Why not? I'm not a bad fellow in my way, neither do I think you are?" "Why shouldn't I own you?" The man raised himself on his arm, and looked searchingly in the doctor's face.

"A *convict?*" he said, slowly.

"Well," said the doctor, dryly, "I don't see much society except convicts, at present, and I can't say but what I like them as well as I do those who think themselves a good deal better. I've found out it isn't always the worst that are caught, by any means. I'm a 'radical,' you must know," he added, quaintly, "and very much disapproved of by the family."

411 looked out into the gathering darkness for some minutes, and then said quietly:

"Well, sir, if you care to hear a convict's story, sit down awhile. I've never told it to any one, and I don't know why I should tell it to you, but the mood's on me, and I might as well talk as think, maybe; and then you've guessed my secret partly—at least, you know I'm not Jim Brown"—and a smile flashed across his face. "How old do you think I am," he continued.

Dr. Harris looked at the powerful frame of the man—at the strong, hard lines in his face.

"Between forty and fifty, I should say."

"Thirty-six, yesterday. I was twenty-four the day I was sentenced; a pleasant way of celebrating one's birthday, wasn't it? There was a lot of stuff in the papers about my youth, and my being so 'hardened.' Did they think I was going to beg for mercy?—not I. I've been out here twelve years now, and escaped twice and been caught again; but I'll try it once more, some time."

"You ought not tell me that," said the doctor smiling.

"Why not? They watch me all the time, anyway. Just give me some water, will you? Thanks. Well, I ought to commence with my name, I suppose. It is Edward Tracy. I was the second son of a Northumberland squire, who had just enough money to keep up the place for my brother, and no more. A fine old place it was, and the only happy days I can look back to were spent there. That was when I was a boy—home for the holiday, eager about cricket and foot-ball, and to whom a gun and the range of the rabbit-warren were perfect happiness. After awhile, it was unpleasant enough. My brother—a lazy, good-looking fellow, who knew how to ride and to shoot, and only that—was the idol of my mother and sisters. All deferred to him except little Mary, my pet, who used to follow me round like a kitten. Poor little girl! I wonder if she ever thinks of me now. Youngest sons are poor family have a hard time of it. I only wonder more don't go to the bad than do. Brought up as gentlemen, they are then thrown on their own resources, to live by their wits, either in some beggarly profession, or as hangers-on where there are any rich relations. They must put up with being snubbed and thrown over, whenever they come in the way—made use of and then cast aside; at least, such was my experience. I was proud and passionate, and so felt these things more than others, I dare say. I wanted to go into the army, but my father said he couldn't afford it—I "would be always getting into debt," etc.—and so I was apprenticed to a London barrister—a great, pompous man, whom I cordially detested before a month was out. He had a way of aggravating me whenever we came in contact that used to make me long for an excuse to pitch him down stairs. I believe in presentiments. I knew that man would injure me some day. I saw more trickery and underhand dealing while in that office than I had ever seen in my life before. Mr. Pierson was a man of *tact*, not talent. He had gained several good cases, which made his reputation, and he had a way of making people believe that if black was not just white, it was certainly gray, which proved very successful to him.

"I was about twenty-two when I went into Kent for a few weeks, partly on business for Mr. Pierson, and partly to visit an uncle of mine. Am I tiring you, sir, with this long story?"

"Not at all, Tracy; go on."

411 started at the unfamiliar name, which the doctor slightly emphasized. His breath came quickly, and his voice was husky when he spoke again:

"Would you think, now, that a man could hear his own name so seldom that when it was spoken as you spoke mine it could make the past come back like a great wave, almost blotting out the present! I haven't heard my name for more than ten years," he went on, musingly. "I don't wonder it sounds strange to me. It was in the summer when I went to Kent; the time for 'falling in love,' as it is called, and, of course I did it. I don't wonder at myself, even now, when I remember all that has passed. We were very much together, Lucy was an orphan, living with a rich maiden aunt, whose place adjoined my uncle's. I had always a fondness for playing the part of protector, and she was a clinging, dependent little thing, with long golden curls and a delicate pink-and-white daisy face. I had never cared for any girl before, and from the first I loved her madly. It's the 'old, old story,' and I needn't make a fool of myself again by telling it to you. Before I went back to town we had exchanged rings, and she had promised to love me through eternity. A lengthy eternity it proved!"

"Our engagement was to remain a secret until I should become a great lawyer, and then I was to claim her. This was Lucy's idea. I wanted to speak to her aunt, but she begged me not, giving a dozen different reasons for my silence. I believe, even then she thought it best not to bind herself too closely; but, of course, I never suspected this, for with all my faults I had always been perfectly honest and truthful. In the winter Mr. Pierson told me that the business I had been attending to had now to be completed, and that he was going down himself. I was, of course, very anxious to go, but he did not give me the chance. Lucy met him at a couple of dinners, and from what she said, I knew he had been very attentive to her. He was a good-looking man about forty, and could make himself very agreeable when he chose to do so. I wrote to Lucy immediately, telling her what I thought of him. She replied, accusing me of being jealous, and saying she was sure I was prejudiced against Mr. Pierson, who had spoken very highly of me, and to whom she had confided the whole story of our engagement. I was very angry, and wrote rather harshly to her, I fancy, for I remember she told me I did not love her once as I did.' That was our first quarrel and was soon made up, and for a few weeks we corresponded as usual. Mr. Pierson returned to London, but went back again to Kent in a week or two. He said he was collecting evidence for an important case.

"Soon I noticed that Lucy's letters grew shorter and shorter, and finally one come saying that she 'had been thinking over our foolish engagement, and as there was no prospect of my being able to support her, she had come to the conclusion that for the sake of us both it had better be broken.'

"I know every word of that cool, heartless letter now. One remembers such things. Very soon after, I heard of her engagement to Mr. Pierson. I was a spirited man, and he was a snob; but he had money and I hadn't."

"'What's a gentleman born? Is it shillin's an' pence?'" quoted the doctor, softly.

"Eh!—what's that?"

"Only a quotation from *The Yorkshire Farmer*; go on."

"Well, of course I was furious, but what good did that do me? I thought if I only had *money*, I would find some means of revenge; but money was just what I hadn't got. About that time, I met a man calling himself St. John. He was clever and well educated, and seemed to read all my wild, restless longings at a glance. He led me on from bad to worse, till it ended in forgery; then he turned king's evidence, and I was locked up. I was always very strong, and finding one of the bars loose, I wrenched it out, and dropped from my window one dark night and escaped. On my way to the, I met this man—St. John. I might have got off if I could have let him alone, but I couldn't. I stopped him; he taunted me with my disgrace; told me that Mr. Pierson had known of the plan laid to rain me. 'The young lady throwing you over was a prime trump in our hand,' he added, with a leer. I warned him to be silent; but he, as if blinded to his danger, exasperated me in every way possible. I grappled with him, and remembering a trick I had learned at school, soon threw him. My hands were on his throat. A half minute more and the earth would have been rid of one sordid wretch; but his cries had been heard by some men in a neighboring field, and I was overpowered. This man—a ruined gamester, once a gentleman—had changed me from an honest, honorable lad, to a felon, and then, disregarding the 'honor' which is said to exist even 'among thieves,' threw me over to save himself. I would be content to give five years of my life—nay, more, so I could be content to *add* five years to my life—could it purchase that one half minute of which I was robbed.

"My family disowned me, and made no attempt even to procure counsel for me. All I struck one except little Mary, from whom I got a tear-stained letter inclosing a five-pound note, her quarterly allowance, and telling me that she would never forget me. My father had forbidden any of them to write to me, or even mention my name; but Mary had disobeyed him. 'It can't be wrong to write to you, dear,' she said, 'for you are my own brother, always.'

"There was a flaw in the evidence, which my counsel took advantage of but Mr. Pierson worked against him privately, collecting evidence for the crown, and I was convicted. Heaven grant there may not be many poor wretches who leave old England with the feelings with which I left it. If I had had the opportunity, I would have put an end to my miserable existence. I was taken in a cab, strongly guarded, from the jail to the wharf. We passed one of the parks on our way. I had been in prison some time, and the fresh green grass, the trees and flowers had never looked so beautiful as now, when I knew I was looking on them for the last time. I thought of the hedge-rows white with blossoms in Northumberland; the larks singing overhead; Mary perhaps in our favorite nook in the orchard, weeping bitter tears as a last good-by to her 'handsome Teddy,' as she fondly called me. No wonder my heart swelled when I thought of those who in the sight of God were guilty of my crime.

"As we went down the dock, a child passed us with a bunch of cowslips. Just two years before, I had gathered them for Lucy in the Kentish lanes! The child looked up wistfully, as I passed; presently she ran after us and put her cowslips in my hand. That was the drop too much in the cup already full; to save my life I could not have kept back the tears which rolled over my cheeks. I was handcuffed, but one of my guards thrust a handkerchief into my hands, with a few cheering words gruffly said. That touch of sympathy, and the child's gift, saved me from utter despair. That was the last I saw of England. My life here has been the same day after day, except the few nights I spent in the bush, the two times I got off. They mostly let me alone now. I keep by myself, and I've never told a word of this before. I had almost forgotten I wasn't 'Jim Brown,' until to-day. Did you hear how I hurt my arm?"

"One of the men told me you were helping to raise a heavy stone, and that you let the lever slip in some way, and so got your arm crushed."

"That's true, as far as it goes; a gang of us were working on the road when a carriage passed. I looked up as I stepped out of the way, and who do you think I saw?—Lucy and her husband! She was looking just the same as ever, only prouder. I was so near I could have touched her dress. She looked calmly at me—I was only a convict, covered with the dust from her carriage wheels. If she had recognized me, the color would have failed a little from her pink cheeks, I think. I wonder if she remembers the letter I wrote her, before I was transported? I told her some home truths then. She knows who to blame for my wasted—worse than wasted—life.

"Twelve years didn't seem much to me. I looked after the carriage like one stunned. The lever slipped from my hand—you saw my arm. I didn't think of it, until I found I couldn't lift it. Mr. Pierson has got some high appointment here, some one said. Of course his wife will be feted and flattered. I wonder how she would like to be reminded of that summer in Kent. How would she look if I should stop her carriage, and remind her of the time she swore to love me forever, or how often her bright head has rested on my shoulder. I can feel the thrill of her soft lips yet on my cheek. There, that's all. Do you believe in justice? I don't. The cause of evil should be attacked; now, it is only the victim. That woman is more guilty than I. She drove me mad—and yet she rides by in her carriage, respected and admired; while I, in my prison dress, can never be anything but what I am—411."—*July Overland.*

Naked Justice on a nate Post.

Our old friend, Judge Tom Farrar, of Lake Providence, says the New Orleans *Picayune*, who is known throughout the State as a lawyer and jurist of eminent abilities, and a gentleman of most lovable character, tells at his own expense, and with the keenest gusto, a story which we think too good to lose. It appears that some years ago, while riding through one of the prettiest districts of North Louisiana, he came, about sundown, to a creek which was so deep as to necessitate a swimming feat. The Judge being a man of vigorous and invincible determination, no sooner realized this emergency than he promptly dismounted, undressed himself with great dispatch, and attired only in his high plug hat and a pair of spectacles, bestride his gallant cob and urged him to the venture.

After a desperate struggle the other side was gained, and the Judge again dismounting, this time with a profound sigh or relief, was about to resume his integuments, when the horse, prompted by some diabolical spirit, started from his side and trotted slowly down the road.

Of course, the Judge had no recourse but to trot after him; and thereupon there ensued one of the most remarkable and picturesque chases ever known in history or tradition. The horse appeared to have no motive save that of keeping a certain distance ahead of the Judge, and of finding some comfortable barn-yard where he might refresh himself after such gigantic efforts. The Judge, whatever may have been his ambitions, confined himself to the effort of keeping the truant beast in sight. It must have been a cheerful and invigorating experience to see the Judge trotting briskly along that smooth and sandy road, his venerable plug hat pulled over his eyes, and his spectacles bobbing up and down upon his nose. The chase was long, and the moisture of great exertion would gather on his brow, and then when he reached around for his handkerchief, alas! it it was not there. All of which had the effect of impressing the Judge with his very peculiar and unfortunate situation, and imparting renewed play and lightness to his legs.

So the two bowled pleasantly along, preserving a steady relative distance, until just as the setting sun was reddening the distant hills and touching the Judge's manly form with gold, the horse whisked suddenly into a gate and bolted with eager haste toward a stable dimly visible in the distance.

The farm house sat in a grove of trees whose shadows made a great darkness round it, and from this grove, as the Judge was scampering furiously after his horse and wardrobe, there issued sundry yellow dogs, surly of mein and shaggy of appearance. The Judge felt that it would be utterly impossible, under these circumstances, to assume that majesty of aspect and fearlessness of gaze which is currently believed to be the correct thing with dogs, and so, seeing a friendly gate post near at hand, he gave one wild bound and reached its summit just as the leanest and fiercest of the dogs snapped viciously at his legs.

When the uproar had subsided, and the Judge, realizing the absurdity of the situation, had regained his customary frame of mind, a female voice was heard calling from the house:

"Who's there?"

"A fellow creature in distress, madam."

"Where are you?"

"On the gate-post," said the Judge, beginning to enjoy the joke.

"What can I do for you?"

It was too much. The old Judge's humor and quizzical love of merriment came over him—

"Call off these dogs, and *bring me all the fig-leaves on the place.*"

Games for Pic-Nics.

Unless there is some lively person at a pic-nic who knows all sorts of amusing games, and will "keep things agoing," the affair is very apt to prove a dull one. There are a plenty of games for in-doors, but most of these are not suited for out-door amusements. We know that for a set geese and such games, which are too boisterous for the parlor, are just the things for the open air, but these lively games are so few that it is a pity we had not more of them. We heard the other day of a game which boys can play for the amusement of the girls, as it is a little too rough for them to engage in it. It is called the "Prussian Drill." The boys are the soldiers, and are drawn up on the grass to be drilled in the presence of the young ladies. The captain takes his place in front and the sergeant in his place on the right of the company; these two only should know the trick. The captain should be quite pompous, and tell his troops to follow the motions of the sergeant. He begins by a few simple movements as "heads up," "eyes right," "front," "eyes left," etc. Then the order is given "ground right knees," and all follow the sergeant in kneeling on the right knee. "Right hands forward," "left hands backward," bring the arms out to front and rear. Then the captain gives the order to "fire," to which the sergeant gives the boy next to him a push, he tumbles against the next, and all being in this helpless position, go over like a row of bricks, to the great amusement of the spectators. If you know that there is any "touchy" boy in the party, who cannot get a harmless tumble upon the grass without being offended, you had better not try this trick; but with boys who like fun, even if it is at their own expense, it is amusing. Who will tell us some good games for picnics that both boys and girls can take a part in—not the old, old ones, but some that have come up of late years —*American Agriculturist.*

Little John wanted to go to church. His mother was afraid he would make a noise, but his father said, "Johnny knows better than to make a noise in church." So he went. He kept very still till the last prayer. By that time he had grown tired of sitting still, and was standing on the pew cushion with his back to the pulpit. When the lady in the next seat bowed down her head for prayer, Johnny thought she was crying. He leaned over and said to the lady in a tone that was meant for a whisper but which was only too plainly heard, "Poor lady! What ails her?" The very smartest woman has at last been discovered. She lives in New Hampshire, is ninety-three years old, and on a recent Saturday evening vigorously spanked an assortment of her descendants as follows: One own child, seventeen grandchildren, twenty-two great-grandchildren, and one great-great-grandchild. Next!

[Special Dispatch to the New York Times.]

SPEAKER BLAINE ACCEPTS THE RENOMINATION.

His Address of Acceptance—The New Democratic Policy—The Experiment in Maine.

AUGUSTA, ME., July 6.—Speaker Blaine accepts his renomination to Congress in a long letter, which will be made public to-morrow, mainly devoted to the consideration of the position of the platform of the Democratic party of the State adopted at the recent convention, denouncing the protective tariff, and declaring for free trade and an unfettered and unrestricted commerce, and the letter of acceptance of the candidate for Governor, Mr. Titcomb, in which he intimates his endurance of the lowest form of revenue tariff only until we shall be educated up to the idea of equal, direct and therefore moderate, taxation for the support of the Government, and "until this idea shall be brought into practical operation." Speaker Blaine believes that this startling dogma is in sympathy with more impressive movements to be made elsewhere, and is first thrown out in Maine as an experiment on public opinion, and so should be met. The issue proposed, he observes, is not the old and familiar one between those who advocate a tariff for protection and those who wish duties imposed only for revenue. It is assumed that all tariffs are more or less protective, and the demand is for free trade, pure and simple, absolute, and without qualification. What would be the effect of such a policy. For some years past, to deal in round numbers, the Federal Government has been collecting a revenue of $300,000,000, one-third from internal taxes, two, thirds from tariff duties. Under free trade, with an unfettered and unrestricted commerce, $200,000,000 in gold coin now obtained by tariff duties would have to be obtained by direct taxation or by a system of "excises," which might prove even more oppressive than direct taxation itself By direct taxation Maine's share of this would be something over $3,250,000 in gold coin, the constitution requiring the tax to be levied in proportion to population, and not according to wealth. If the direct tax were avoided heavy internal taxes would inevitably be levied on all manufactures; and, indeed, upon all the products of the field, and the forest, the ship yard and the quarry, and every form of industry would be burdened and borne down by the