TIFFIN TRIBUNE.

TERMS, $2 00 PER YEAR. TIFFIN, OHIO, THURSDAY EVENING, MARCH 11, 1875. VOLUME 27—NUMBER 23.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ATTORNEYS

WILLIAM LANG,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office opposite Plege & Co's. Furniture Store, East Market St., Tiffin, O. n14-75

W. P. NOBLE.
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Singer's Block Tiffin, Ohio. n31-'73-ly.

J. F. BUNN.
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office over Neligh's Clothing Store, Tiffin, Ohio. n24-73-ly.

GEORGE E. SENEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tiffin, Ohio. Office corner Main and Perry streets. May 9.

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

FRANK DILDINE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office in Miller's Block, Washington Street, opposite the Court House. 38-ly

J. H. RIDGELY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tiffin, Ohio. Office over Huss' Book Store, opposite the Court House. Sept. 24, 1874.

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

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

ALFRED LANDON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in Grummell's new block, nearly opposite First National Bank, Tiffin, Ohio. April 15, 1871.

A. B. STEWART,
NOTARY PUBLIC and General Collection Agency. Will attend to any business intrusted to him promptly. Office at Bloomville, Ohio. 23-

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. STERS.
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Legal business of all kinds, conveyancing, examination of title, &c., promptly attended to. Patents obtained by *direct* application to the Patent Office. Office over Neligh's Clothing Store.

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.

HARRISON BORLE. NELSON B. LUTES
BORLE & LUTES.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Tiffin, O., Office in Noble's Block, over Col. Bowman's Crockery Store, opposite National Block. May 7, '74-n8-1y.

N. K. 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.

G. W. BACHMAN. H. C. KEPPEL.
BACHMAN & KEPPEL,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office over National Exchange Bank, corner of Washington and Market streets, Tiffin, O. Nov. 12, '74-n8

GEORGE GASSMAN
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW and Intelligent Agent for 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. 14

JOHN GWYNN & SON.
JOHN GWYNN & SON, Attorneys at Law. Legal business of all kinds, Conveyancing, Examination of Titles, and collections promptly attended to. Patents obtained direct from the Patent Office.
The undersigned, having had our business in the Patent Office done by John Gwynn, and being fully satisfied therewith, would recommend him to other Inventors who wish to secure to themselves all that rightfully belongs to them:
Henry Crook, David A. Boyle, W. Burns, H. Cromer, J. Flabbaugh, Chas. Flabbaugh, Lemuel Lee, Jas. Scribner, D. M. Burrier, E. Gwynn, H. K. Hoffman, D. C. Baughman, Amh. Wrestle, John Neligh, W. H. Strong, James McKenzie, Wm. Strode, J. Williams Edwin Quadling, and Wm. May, all of London, England, by E. Gwynn, their Assignee. Office—National Exchange Bank Block. Rejected applications solicited. 1y.

MEDICAL.

W. SAMPSON, M.D. W. A. TINGLING, M.D.
SAMPSON & YINGLING,
PHYSICIANS and Surgeons, McCutchenville, O. All calls promptly attended to at all hours. n6-

H. B. 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. Mch28-1y.

J. P. KINNAMAN, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office over W. H. Schoser & 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 3 P. M. Office over Boskirk's Grocery Store. [April 11.

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 Stinchcom's Store.

J. J. MOBY, M. D. L. H. COOPER, M. D.
MOBY & COOPER,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, has opened an office in Prof. Rust's Block, on the corner of Washington and Madison streets and are ready at all hours during day and night to attend to professional calls. May be consulted in German or English. n14-

WILLIAM J. CRAWFORD, M. D.,
ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office in Empire Block, over Wilson & Lamberton's Grocery store. Thankful 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, 1873.-1y.

DENTISTS.

DR. P. J. KINNAMAN.
DENTIST, TIFFIN, OHIO. OFFICE over Vollmer & Kirchner's Clothing Store. Dec. 3, 1874.

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

J. W. HAYFORD,
SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL DENTIST. Office on Washington St., over Boskirk'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 warranted. Administering Gas used for the painless extraction of teeth. Work done at as low a price as can be had elsewhere, for first-class work.

HOTELS.

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

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

W. A. BURDICK,
AGENT, SMITH QUARRIES, Manufacturer of Granite Monuments, etc., Westerly, R. I. n16-6m. J'l, '75.

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

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

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.

SAFFELL & BALDWIN,
MANUFACTURERS OF THE UNION CHURN Union Grooved Washboard, Adjustable Clothes Racks, Hand Sleds, Saw Cutters, and all kinds of Turned Work. South End Wire Bridge, Tiffin, O. jel5-1y

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

SCUDDER CHAMBERLAIN
ARCHITECT AND GENERAL BUILDER, will take contracts for putting up Blocks, Dwellings, etc., or will furnish such work. Drawings, Draft, Plans, etc., for every description made and furnished on low terms. Residence, No. 147 Washington St., Tiffin, O.

LOOMIS & NYMAN,
MANUFACTURERS of Steam Engine 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 Castings and Repairing done to order. Market St., Tiffin, Ohio. n44

ADAM DERRENBERGER.
GENERAL BUILDER AND CONTRACTOR for Blocks and Dwellings. Specifications and Drawings furnished at reasonable prices; will contract or superintend a job if desired. Best of references given. Address at Tiffin, Ohio. n41-1y.

HOUSE AND LOTS FOR SALE IN REPUBLIC.
THE TROXEL PROPERTY, CONSISTING of a first-class house, and three lots, two of which are on corner of Broadway and Jefferson streets, with barn, Shed, Out-houses, also plenty of good water. Fruit and many other conveniences, will be sold cheap. Apply to W. F. GOLWELL, Republic, Ohio. n18-3m-81

A FARM AT PRIVATE SALE

Containing 108 3-10 Acres,
In Pleasant Township, on the East bank of Sandusky River. For particulars, call on J. P. Baker, North end of Washington street, Tiffin, Ohio. n30-tf

Valuable Property AT Private Sale.

Lot No. 1, in Davis' Addition, containing two Acres, well improved. For better information call on J. P. Baker, north end Washington St., Tiffin. n30-tf.

ESTABLISHED IN 1847.
ORGANIZED AS A NATIONAL BANK IN 1865.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,

Of Tiffin, Ohio.

BENJAMIN TOMB, - - - President
JOHN T. HUSS, - - - Cashier
T. B. TOMB, - - - Ass't Cashier

DIRECTORS.

BENJ. TOMB, JOHN T. HUSS,
HENRY EBBERT, R. R. TITUS,
R. G. PENNIMAN, GEO. R. TOMB,
THOMAS B. TOMB.

Receives Deposits and pays interest thereon.

Discounts Paper.

BUYS AND SELLS

Specie, Government, State AND CITY BONDS.

DRAFTS FOR SALE available in any part of the United States and Europe.

NOTES secured by mortgage or otherwise negotiated.

MERCHANT TAILORING

G. F. HERTZER,

Has removed his Merchant Tailoring Establishment to his residence,

Cor. Washington & Charlotte Sts.

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. n15-tf

CARRIAGE AND WAGON

MANUFACTORY

H. S. WENNER

JEFFERSON ST., TIFFIN, O.

CARRIAGES AND BUGGIES

WAGONS AND SLEIGHS

Of every description kept on hand or manufactured to order. My Carriages, Buggies, Spring Wagons and Sleighs are made of the best materials and are equal in style to the

Best in the Market!

All of the latest and most valuable improvements are used in the manufacture of my vehicles and I

DEFY COMPETITION!

both in cheapness and durability

SARVEN'S PATENT WHEEL

And all other late improvements, keepin fully up with the times, will be found at my manufactory.

The attention of the public is respectfully invited to my work, and they are solicited to call and examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere. H. S. WENNER. Oct. 8 1874-1y

KUDER & FREY

CARRIAGE MANUFACTURERS.

CARRIAGES, WAGONS!

TOP BUGGIES, OPEN BUGGIES,

And every 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.

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! 26-31-1y

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 has 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.

IRISH WIT.

[An Irish photograph as conveyed in a letter from Pat to his sweetheart, showing how he was "taken."]

Dear Kilty: With this I send word I am taken,
Capital paid in and Surplus - - $120,000
But drink;
But here on a glass sure it is I am taken,
An' 'tis not a very bad likeness, I think.
They took me up stairs to a room decorated
With calico curtains and rods made of brass;
I stared when I found myself so elevated,
To find every shake on the roof made of glass.
The gentleman then axed me to plase be seated,
Then clapped a crowled crutch on the back of my head;
I'm sure that he thought I was intoxicated—
"I was just for to keep me steady," he said.
He then took direct aim with a blunderbuss at me,
With a jump I cried out, "now to take life you shan't."
"Don't be frightened," said he smilin' at me;
It is not your life, but your focus I want."
He then put his head in a big like a boo-man,
An' axed me to plase to be steady the while;
I felt all the time like a modest young woman,
Objecting to frown yet still fearing to smile.
And then to conclude with the grand operation,
In less space of time than a minute could pass,
Held out in his hand my identification;
An' there sure enough was my own face on glass.
P. S. Dear Kilty, when viewing this profiel be careful,
Of any small blemishes envy may trace.
You'd be sartain to give its fair examination,
An' wont see any faults if you look in my face,
But if ever chance my faults you discover,
Ah, pity me then as a victim of "art,"
'Twas only me face sure was left to be taken,
For darling, remember 'twas you took my heart.

—*Photograph Ballet tin.*

Airy Lilian.

Ariano, Who'r thou beest (6) he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know; thy pulse
Beats as of flesh and blood.

The Tempest, Act 5, Scene 1.

It was through an atmosphere hazy and laden to the saturation point with nicotine that I looked at length with a sort of compassion at Tom, who sat with his feet on the other side of the little open-grate stove which, by a bold fiction of the imagination, was supposed to warm my office. His silence ought, perhaps, to have been construed as a tacit reverence for the arguments which I had been advancing with considerable fluency during the last fifteen minutes. They were certainly incontrovertible, sustained as they were by the only too material and acknowledged facts about us. Certainly, had he been disposed to assail my proposition, that the work of establishing a practice by a young physician without connections was one of poverty and misery and long-suffering, the auction-room furniture would have cracked a denial, my unused instruments would have snapped their joints with indignation in the drawer at the other side of the little room, and the gray ashes that so nearly crowded out the coals from the grate would have glowed again in remonstrance. This last event could not have been wholly disagreeable, since we had been sitting for warmth rather than for enjoyment, and my pipe had gone out in the ardor of discourse.

But controversy was not what my heart sought; rather sympathy. And Tom, to whom my plaint had lost its soul-moving quality by frequent repetition, replying at first with words that became inarticulate in the struggle to pass his pipe-stem, had then punctuated my remarks with meaningless gutturals, and finally subsided into the quiet of abstraction. It was not speechless conviction then, but quite another state of mind that I saw portrayed on my friends countenance; and there fell upon me that sense of loss which comes with the conviction that a well-expressed and forcible grumble has been thrown away on deaf ears.

Whether it was the unnamed influence which popular superstition assigns to the gaze of the human eye, or whether it was the abrupt cessation of the sound of my voice, something caused Tom to raise his glance, and, as it were, to gather himself together again from the scattered condition into which he had lapsed. From vacancy, his eyes enlarged the visual angle until probably my figure came in sight, and he spoke:

"Too bad. Didn't you collect anything?"

"Collect your senses, Tom," said I, with some indignation at this irrelevant speech.

"So I will, so I will," was Tom's unoffended reply, as he drew that long breath which accompanies a change of mental occupation—or, to speak with more scientific exactness, which it caused by the involuntary respiratory muscles relieving themselves from restraint. "I was thinking of something else."

Now, this mood of abstraction had been growing on Tom of late. His occasional visits of friendship and condolence at my office had been given up more completely to that fumigation which is so admirable an accompaniment to, but not wholly a substitute for sympathetic companionship; and the evidence that he had something on his mind whose contemplation was more absorbing than even the picture of my words had at length become irresistible. I have no hesitation in saying that I was more selfish than my friend. Miserable egotist that I was, my own affairs filled my mind so entirely that, although perceiving that he had a trouble, I shut my eyes to the fact, and inflicted myself upon him more persistently than ever.

It may be that Tom thought himself lacking in generosity while permitting me to unbosom myself and offering nothing of his own in return; or, perhaps, the time and the occasion were peculiarly appropriate. Whatever the case may have been, he was silent only for one moment, long enough to blow a large ring of smoke, thick as a ship's cable, and then to send another, slim as the bracelet of the daintiest wrist, whirling through the exact center of the first, when, just as they broke on the side of the stove, he continued:

"Roger, what are the signs of incipient insanity?"

The inconsequence of this remark made its substance rather startling.

"What in the world do you ask about that for, old fellow?" said I. "There's Maudsley's treatise will tell you all about it, if you really want to know; but, you see when every body is more or less insane, it breaks out in all sorts of ways. You have to watch for it."

"No; but seriously, now did you ever see anything in me that made you think—that made you suspect—"

"Nonsense, Tom! what has got into your head?"

"That's exactly what I want to talk to you about. I want you to feel my pulse"—here is stretched out an arm that would have been formidable, indeed, had a madman's mind controlled its action. "Does it run along furiously? Look at my eyes, are the pupils dilated and glaring? Is there anything bloodshot and feverish there? No I avoid your glance? Look me straight in the eye. Now give your professional judgment."

I must have grinned in a manner most exasperating to an earnest inquirer as I gazed into Tom's honest face and calm blue eyes, and felt a pulse full, strong, and perfectly regular in its beat, as my sense told me, quite below seventy-eight.

"I don't know as I can trust you Tom," said I, laughing. "You are, doubtless, as mad as a March hare; but probably, there is nothing here to excite a display of your mania."

"It's no fooling matter," responded my friend. "I want to know exactly what you think; whether you see anything strange about me."

"Dear old fellow," said I, at last, a little troubled, "your head is as sound as a nut, and don't you go to crack it with such botheration. There is no surer way to get the hypo than to think about it."

"Well, I believe you," said Tom. "But that settles the question. If I'm not going crazy, I know what I am."

"What's that?"

"Floored."

"Eh?"

"Smitten! Smashed! Done up entirely! Spooney on a ghost!" ejaculated Tom, as if to exhaust the synonyms of slang in aiding my comprehension.

Now, as neither Tom nor myself was ever approaching that condition of material prosperity which is thought a necessary precedent of matrimony, it should, perhaps, have been considered an act of profound discretion on his part to fall in love, if fall he must, with a creature so inexpressibly tangible as a ghost; but the statement was none the less strange and possibly alarming. It certainly required explanation.

"That's about the long and short of it," continued Tom, leaning back his head and sending the smoke through his nostrils toward the ceiling. "If ever there was a case of that kind of thing, I'm all right; it is only an insane imagining. If my head is clear, as you say it is, then I won't answer for myself. The first time I saw her at Madame L'Astra's——"

"You don't mean to say you've been running after this sort of humbug, Tom," I exclaimed in amazement.

"I mean to say exactly that," replied he; "and I don't know about its being a humbug, either; or, that a lawyer hasn't as much right to investigate psychical phenomena as a physician. But I was going to say that the first time I went to one of those materializing seances I fell in love with that girl."

"Then she's isn't a ghost?"

"Oh! you know what I mean. They call it a materialized spirit. I don't mind talking to you about her, Roger, and I have been burning to talk to some one. I find I can't keep it to myself; she is really growing fond of me."

"A true spirit love."

"And isn't that the truest kind? She always wears my flowers now when she appears; and Madame says that if I am not there she seems more shadowy and sad. Two weeks ago she let me kiss her hand, and when I had a private sitting she really put her cheek against mine. If it were not for those touches I should think with you that it is all a humbug; but they thrill me so. There is no doubt but perhaps, I was not all right in my head. Perhaps you can't tell. Are you sure? But your brain is clear enough, and you shall come with me and see for yourself."

"When?"

"This evening," answered Tom, pulling open his watch. "Madame begins her seance at 8. We shall have just fifteen minutes to get there."

The doorway before which Tom halted me was the entrance to one of those semi-public buildings in which rooms may be hired for any conceivable purpose on payment of rent week-ly in advance, whether one may wish to use them for preaching, for manufacturing, or for lodging. There was evidently a photographer's room in the upper story, for padlocked shutters hid what must have been a remarkable display of "art" just inside the wall of the passage. The words "Intelligence Office" mocked the passer in brilliant letters on one side; and opposite swung a flattened representation of the human leg, which, when viewed in profile, illustrated the legend of "Gaiters made to Order," and when seen in simple profile suggested a victim of the torture of the iron boot. There was of course a dentist up one flight, and the sign of a patent invention of some sort was very fresh at the foot of the staircase.

The street lamp shone brightly, on the modest tin plate tacked on one of the jambs of the doorway, announcing "Madame Estelle L'Astra, Clairvoyant," would have been invisible. Tom preceded me up the stairs, turned to the right through a close darkness that seemed to make itself smelt, and climbing another flight at the top of vision seemed to melt rather than to shedding oily rays on two cards of the showcase order, one of which read: "Madame Estelle L'Astra, Business and Healing Medium;" and, the other, "Seance To-night;" while the hand of an unprofessional letterer had added in rickety print beneath, "Walk In."

"As I followed my companion through the door, which he opened as if familiar with the peculiar weakness-es of the loose knob and the rattling latch, there smote upon my senses that odor, indescribable in words, which is found only in apartments bearing more than their share of the burdens of daily human existence. There was a suggestion of tea and toast in the air, with possibly something fried; a sofa-bed and a curtained recess, which was doubtless a lavatory, hinted other family uses of the room; a faint flavor of wet gingham floated in from the umbrella-stand in the entry to mingle with the scent of the lamps; and when to these were added the burdened exhalations of some dozen persons already assembled for the exhibition, it did not seem altogether incredible that from such an atmosphere a spirit having synthetic power could easily gather the means of materialization.

"Fifty cents admission, if you please," said a large and not unkindly looking woman as we passed into this home of mysteries, advancing with an evidently unfeigned surprise out of keeping with the nature of her demand. "Ah! Mr. Bolter; I am glad to see you. We had a beautiful seance last evening. They were all so harmonious. We don't often get the conditions so perfect; harmony is so essential. There was a lady here who received a wonderful test. It was her brother, killed two years ago by the Indians in Arizona. I was under the control of Big Mountain, and he described it exactly. He gave the initials of the name—J. V. R.—which are very uncommon initials. Lilian didn't seem in good spirits last night and couldn't materialize, only for a few minutes. It was a great disappointment. Do you know she tells me she is never so strong as when you are in the room. She draws a great deal from you, and that is a relief to me; it is so exhausting to my magnetism to keep up the supply of her currents when she materializes."

During the progress of this professional monologue, I had opportunity to regard the person who had such familiar relations with the unseen. She was a tall woman with a frame implying considerable physical power, dressed plainly in black that showed signs of wear and of careful preservation; her hair, which gave intimation of gray, arranged close to her head, and her face, while not yet what might be called aged, showing the hardness which generally precedes the wrinkling of the skin. Her figure was full, and her teeth, when she smiled in welcome of Tom, appeared preternaturally regular.

"This is my friend Mr. Atkinson," said Tom, introducing me; "I hope Lilian will appear to-night; for I wish him to see her very much."

"I have no doubt she will," said the seress, addressing me. "She told me she would come and bring your flowers, Mr. Bolter; although the weather is so bad that the conditions are not very favorable. I don't know as we shall get the flowers."

I mentioned my gratification, and referred to the interest which her name had awakened in me.

"That is my spirit name," was her reply. "They gave it to me. Estelle L'Astra—it is Alwato language, and means the Starry One. They say I have great influence among them."

There had been several fresh arrivals during our conversation, and after collecting fifty cents from each, Madame L'Astra, whose manner interpreted, seemed sufficiently appropriate, announced that she felt the influence coming on, and that harmony would be gained if somebody would sing. Song was quaveringly furnished by two ladies of elderly habit, in whom I thought I saw habitues of of the entertainment. Nor was harmony disturbed when, on the entrance of a rapidly disciple, the medium, arrousel from the magnetic sleep that was rapidly possessing her through sighs, and gaspings, and contortions, calmly made change for fifty cents, and was speedily under "control" again.

Soon the spirit spoke. It was an Indian warrior who claimed possession of the Starry One. He announced his presence by a whoop, and he chuckled and grunted as he pictured the spirit forms which he saw standing in that close and stuffy chamber, now over the shoulder of this, and again by the side of another. One he summoned to clasp the hand of the medium and listen to a revelation from a guardian angel giving his name as John, to the effect that perseverance in the right will bring happiness, and that the future has changes of importance in store. A woman, in whose dress there is a conspicuous absence of bright color, is compelled to ply her handkerchief freely as she hears what is to her the lisping voice of her child, assuring her that heaven is much nicer than she expected, and that dear papa is there by her side, anxious to speak with dear mamma at a private sitting with this excellent medium, price $2. A substantial business man hears, with staring eyes, the assertion of a spirit giving his name as William, to the effect that the enterprise in which he is now engaged is in danger of failure through the treachery of a man with dark hair, and his alarm is only partially allayed when the spirit proceeds to influence him toward the right course, especially if he will inquire again through the medium. A young man, with resplendent scarf-ring and huge dangling locket, is inclined to skepticism, and prone to indulge in scoffing and gentle raillery, and is startled into wondering faith by the spirit's revelation of the fact, known only to the young man himself, that his appetite is not good in the morning, and that he frequently feels it necessary to take bitters. When the Indian warrior adds that chamomile flowers are as beneficial as bitter wort, the youth gives a conscious start, thrusts something into his cheek with his tongue, and sides away to his seat astonished.

During all this and much more, I was occupied in watching Tom's expression. It was that of one bored, half-contemptuous and on the verge of disgust. Neither did he display evidence of a truly harmonious spiritual frame of mind when Madame L'Astra, shaking off her possession, stood with one knee under the piano and summoned by her word stout spirits, who lifted and bumped like a heavy instrument in time to music. It was only when she stretched two heavy shawls across one end of the room that a spark of interest seemed to flash in his face.

"I can't stay and hear their doubts and ridicule, or their twaddling belief either, after that," he at last spoke, as we buttoned up our coats and turned down the street toward my office. "Now, what do you say, Roger?"

"I should like to see the young lady in a less dramatic situation—without so much of stage effect, if I may say so—for it is rather distracting to sober judgment upon her."

"But you understand me. I mean what do you say about me? Am I under an hallucination, or is that the loveliest creature in the world?"

Although fully confident that the apparition of the fair young girl with which the exhibition closed was of the same fictitious character as the spirit revelations and the tippings that had preceded it, it was impossible for me to dislodge from Tom's mind the ridiculous notion that the purity and beauty of the face guaranteed its celestial origin, and that, where all else might be deception, Lilian was a truth. He tried to explain to me the difference in the feeling which he experienced toward this inaccessible spirit-love as compared with that which he must feel toward one of less evanescent flesh and blood. The hopelessness of all thoughts of possession, the intangibility of the object of his affection except for a few moments at a time, the brief interviews permitted, all tended to give an elevation to his passion such as no earthly conditions could produce.

I began to fear that my friend was indeed infected with a mania on this subject; and as the weeks wore on this impression was confirmed, and gave me exceeding pain. For Tom neglected his law reading, neglected me, neglected everything, apparently, except the ghostly Lilian. He was a constant visitor at Madame L'Astra's; and twice, as I passed the doorway, did I encounter him coming out with a countenance expressive of such exaliation of soul that his failure to recognize me, his old friend, was no surprise.

My anxiety was at its height, when one afternoon there came a hasty ring at my office bell. It was not office hours, to be sure, but at that time those distinctions had little meaning in my practice. I was wanted by Mrs. Lunt. No other doctor on the street was to be found, and I must come at once. The girl who brought the message wore a water-proof cloak—for it was raining—with the hood put up over her head. She waited in the passage while I hastily armed myself with rubbers and umbrella, and then hurried me along. She led me through a passage, up a staircase, then turning and up again, until she placed her hand on the rattling knob of a door on which were the words: "Madame L'Astra, Business and Healing Medium."

"Isn't there some mistake here?" I asked, for I was young in the profession, and more sensitive to possible association with quackery, and to other violations of the code of ethics, than I am now."

"No, sir," answered the girl, in a voice of rather coarse and metallic quality. This is where Mrs. Lunt lives. Her other name is Madame L'Astra. Come right in."

It was the same room, with but a slight change in appearance, while the odor of the stew of some medicinal herbs was added to the compound scent which I had analyzed on my former visit. The sofa-bed was in its bed form, and on it lay Madame L'Astra, evidently much nearer the spirit world than she ever before suspected herself of being.

As I raised my head from a brief examination of the sick woman to ask a question of the girl, who had thrown off her cloak and was standing at the side of the couch, I was conscious of a puzzling reminiscence. The face I had certainly seen before, yet I utterly failed to recall the circumstances. It was youthful and fresh; rather too fresh and obtrusively rosy for refinement, in fact; the texture of the skin seemed healthy, but coarse; the expression was that of self-consciousness with a tinge of boldness; and in the manner of dressing the hair there was a somewhat unpleasant suggestion of frowzy display. The features were in their shape not without beauty of a rather striking character, and this was what agitated my memory.

As I looked I became conscious that the feeble eyes of the seeress were upon me, evidently with recognition in their gaze. I bent my head to hear what she was struggling to utter.

"Do—you—know—her?" rolling her eyes in the direction of the girl.

At once it flashed through my mind. Here was the original of the spirit Lilian, in her permanent materialized form, as seen without the accessories of shadows and flowers, and probably under the same influence.

"Don't—expose—her. I—did it all—for her. She—will not—starve when I'm gone," gasped the old woman. "Lucy!"

"Well, mother?"

But whatever the poor woman had to say for her daughter was left unsaid. Her strength was exhausted by the short effort to excite my sympathy for her helplessness. The material instinct was strong even to the verge of death, and would have employed the last breath to the service of the child.

When I returned to my office there was Tom. Had he at this time put to me the question regarding his sanity my answer would have been less confident than it had been a month before. His delusion had grown apace. He had indulged in fancies that were actually wild at times. One of these was that, since he could never possess Lilian in this world, he would serve his own happiness by getting himself into the spirit world as quickly as possible. He would become restive under opposition, and when, as I met him now, he advanced with the statement that he had come to say good-bye, wished me to take the key of his room, and deliver in the morning a package I would find on the table, as he was to take the night train and wouldn't be back for some days, I thought the crisis had come. It required a sharp awakening, or his mania might indeed push him on to suicide.

"Have you bade good-bye to Lilian and the Madame?" I asked, with as close an imitation of pleasantry as I could summon up.

"Lilian, Lilian?" said Tom, with the strangest yearning in his voice and eyes. "No; Madame has been too sick to give sittings for a fortnight past, but I hope to see Lilian before I return."

"When does your train leave?"

"Oh, it makes no difference—I mean, about 9 o'clock, I believe."

"Then you will have time to walk a little way with me. I have a patient to whom I must return at once."

"Oh, yes," said Tom, wearily; "I'll walk along with you."

Now, thought to myself, for an experiment that will either kill or cure. If Tom would not yield his morbid fancy to reason, he must be startling fact.

"Here? You're surely not going up here?" said he, as I turned into the doorway of the passage leading to Madame L'Astra's apartments.

"Yes," I replied. "The Madame is my patient. Come up with me. It is a curious case, and I know she won't object to my bringing you in for a minute."

"It makes no difference! It makes no difference now!" I heard Tom mutter, as he followed me along the dim passages.

I presume upon my professional privilege for a purpose of my own, and entered without knocking, Madame lay as before, and the filial Lucy was engaged in ministering, with camphor and other such common medicants, to the sick mother's failing comfort. She was even less attractive than when I had seen her a few hours before. She had changed her gown for one of calico, which, without being absolutely slatternly, had a leaning in that direction. Her hair which she had worn loose, had become tangled and was ashew over her forehead. Her face looked redder and coarser than ever; and, but for those large and brilliant eyes, I doubt if Tom would have recognized the Lilian of his fancy.

Perhaps the eyes themselves would have been insufficient, had not a startled look come into them as their glance fell upon Tom; but that he saw it all, and took it all in at once, I was conscious.

It was, in my opinion, an even chance whether his mania would burst out into evident insanity on the spot, or whether his physical strength would collapse, and then probably a run of fever to work off his trouble. But Tom neither yelled nor fainted. All the man in him rose up at once and saved him, half crazed that he had been. This is what he said, speaking low in my ear:

"Don't hurry yourself, Roger; but when you get through with your patient you needn't wait for me. I want to speak with that young woman."

What was spoken at that interview Tom never told me exactly. It was enough to know, from the manner in which Madame sounded his praises at my subsequent visit, that he had behaved both handsomely and discreetly; and, from Tom himself that his delusion was over.

Madame L'Astra, perhaps I ought to say unfortunately, paid tribute to Lucy's nursing and my medical skill by recovering; and if the spirits that have gone before thus lost by the postponement of what would doubtless have been a distinguished arrival, the materialized ghosts visiting this sphere endured perhaps greater bereavement, for Lilian never reappeared. I think this must have been one of the conditions imposed by Tom for his silence on the subject; and whatever may have been Madame L'Astra's ambition for her very substantial familiar spirit, it could hardly have been that of which Tom shortly brought me news, in the announcement of the marriage of Lucy Lunt to the keeper of a small restaurant around the corner.—*Scribner for March.*

A Remarkable Stamp.

Some thirty or forty years ago there stood in the Lug Meadows, near Morton, a little north of Hereford, England, two very large oaks, about a hundred yards apart. They were massive and lofty trees, and known by the names of "Adam and Eve." They had, however, suffered greatly from storms, and lost many branches, and were perfectly hollow. During a violent storm, "Adam" was completely blown down, and lay for some years after in the meadow. "Eve," too, lost her top, and the whole of her remaining branches, leaving nothing but her immense hollow trunk. This trunk now measures twenty-five feet and eight inches in circumference, at five feet from the ground, and thirteen persons are said to have taken tea within it; twenty-one grown sheep, too, have been counted as they came out of it.

When the Shrewsbury and Hereford railway was made, the line included "Eve" in its boundaries, and its hollow hole was at once appropriated as a residence by an economical navy. The top was evenly sloped off and thatched, as it still remains; a brick fire-place was built in a low opening on the outside, with a chimney beside it, a door was fitted to the east side, and thus it was converted into a "family tenement, compact and convenient." For many months after the line was opened for public traffic, this hollow hole actually formed the only residence of the station master. It then became the lamp room, and was used for this purpose for fourteen years. "Eve" has now been dead for five years, and since 1869 her noble hole has been converted into a stable for a donkey.

A Russian Fete.

The correspondent of the London *Times* at St. Petersburg, writing on the 19th of January, says:

"Yesterday was a great day in the Russian empire. It was the 6th of January, according to the old style, the Feast of the Epiphany, and the waters were blessed in every place where 'orthodox' Christians reside. From the frontiers of Prussia to Kamschatka, and from Archangel to Tashkend, the whole of Russia was occupied yesterday in an open air ceremony, which is, perhaps the most picturesque of those customary in the Eastern church. In St. Petersburg, the presence of the Emperor and of the imperial family naturally adds much to the grandeur of the proceedings, and it is no exaggeration to say that one-half of the population of the city had crowded together on the quays, the bridges, and the frozen river, to have even a distant sight of the impressive ceremonial.

"Workmen have been busy for the last week erecting a wooden temple on the ice of the Neva just in front of the principal entrance of the Winter Palace; the dome had been painted a lovely blue, and golden stars were to be seen on it at first, but snow again covered it, and yesterday only that side on which the sun shone showed its bright colors. The cold was great—20° below zero, centigrade—and many people thought the Emperor would not yield to exposing himself to it, with uncovered head, during the consecration of the water. The advice of wise physicians prevailed; a portion of the service was performed in the church of the palace, and on the ice itself His Majesty stood, not like other mortals, from that of the sturgeon. It is made with extreme care, and then sent to the Emperor for this feast as the choicest production of the Don. Before the guests sat down the Emperor himself appeared, spoke a few words to the Ambassadors, and retired, as he followed by the Grand Dukes and a numerous staff