TIFFIN TRIBUNE.

TERMS, $2 00 PER YEAR. TIFFIN, OHIO, THURSDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 5, 1878. VOLUME 30—NUMBER 49.

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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.

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A BEAUTIFUL HOME of 2½ acres, situated one mile south of Clyde, Sandusky county, Ohio.

80 ACRES of Honey Creek second bottom, six miles south of Tiffin. Sixty-five acres under cultivation. This is an attractive farm and will be sold very low.

80 ACRES of timber land X of a mile from the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, two miles east from Deshler, Wood county, Ohio.

30 ACRES WITH EXTRA IMPROVEMENTS; limestone soil, situated two and one-half miles south of Republic, Seneca county, Ohio. Terms to suit purchaser.

400 Acres, two miles south of Chicago Junction, Huron county, Ohio. Well improved. Terms to suit purchaser, or will take good business property in part payment.

LOT No. 53 and 60x202 feet. New house; five rooms; fruit of all kinds. Situated on the south side of Adams street, near the L. S. & U. depot. Price reasonable and terms easy. Owner wishes to remove to Toledo.

80 ACRES of well timbered land, situated in Hardin county, Ohio, seven miles south of Kenton, on the Scioto river, four miles west of Patterson. It is all river bottom land, inexhaustible soil, and timber sufficient to pay for the land.

HOUSE AND LOT ON EAST STREET, in the village of Republic, Seneca county, Ohio. Good, substantial frame house, painted white; blinds on outside and windows. Barn, wood-house and cistern; pickets front; all in the very best of order. Price, $900.

120 ACRES, AS FINELY IMPROVED as any farm in Seneca county. Everything in the most favorable condition. 30 acres of splendid-looking wheat. Soil excellent, and situated eight and one-half miles from Tiffin, three and one-half miles from Bloomville. For sale at a low figure and on reasonable terms.

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Also 50½ acres of farm land, with good orchard, and within the incorporated limits. A great bargain to the purchaser.

FIVE ACRES OF LAND, SITUATED ON Kilbourn street, Republic, Seneca Co., Ohio. Good and one-half acre in Orchard and of the best grafted varieties. Small fruit of all kinds. House nearly new, with six rooms and painted in the most modern style. Barn, Wood House, Sheds, cistern and all the necessary out-buildings. Good fences, fine picket front.

This is a rare opportunity. Price low and terms to suit purchaser.

177 ACRES OF WELL-IMPROVED land, known as the Heaton farm. Situated three miles north Tiffin, and one-half mile west of Fremont road in the northwest corner of Clinton township, of which 150 acres are under good cultivation, and is equal to any land in the county for the production grain; balance is well timbered. Good orchard and buildings. Two never-failing wells, and all other conveniences; is convenient to divide into two farms if purchaser desires. Price low, and terms to suit the purchaser.

Address, or inquire of
P. HUDDLE,
n48 '76-tf Real Estate Agent, Tiffin, O.

College of Ursuline Sisters! TIFFIN, O.

This institution, authorized to issue Diplomas and confer Degrees, will resume studies Monday, September 2, 1878.

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Tuition and board, per year	$130 00
Weekly boarders, " "	100 00
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For further information send for circular, or apply to the Superiores. n6-y.

TIFFIN TRIBUNE.

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, - - 2520

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 any first-class paper.

POOLING THEIR ISSUES.

"You needn't work loafing, dear Mike,
But stay at home, my honey;
For Denny Kearney sure has said
You shall not lack for money
To buy us all our food and clothes,
And me fine shawls and fehows,
If you will only heed this talk,
And go and pool your issues."

Mike staggers home quite drunk at night,
And makes a fearful clatter;
Then Bridget meets him with the cry:
"Whatever is the matter?
Your clothes are torn, your nose is smashed,
And blooded are your tissues."
"I've only been around," says Mike,
"A-poolin' of my issues."

When Mike awakes he growls and asks
"Now, what's for supper, Bridget?"
Says she: "About that trifle, Mike,
I thought I wouldn't fidget;
For Denny Kearney says that we
Can easy fill our dishes,
If we will only tell our men
To go and pool their issues."

In court next day poor Mike appears,
A battered, abject being,
And Bridget, with her eyes too black
For beauty or for seeing,
She says: "He swore to take my life
And make me fool for fishes,
And then he beat me black and blue
To help me pool my issues."

The Judge looks hard at Mike and says:
"You've taken too much blarney
From that conceited, silly chap
Called California Kearney.
Go home and try to make it up—
You have my kindest wishes—
Or I will give you ninety days
For pooling all your issues."

MAKING THE MOST OF ONESELF.

Something to Think About.

"Fine talk for the girls," a reader was heard to say over the last article, with this heading, "those who have nothing to do but paint and curl their hair, may bathe and diet, and watch their complexions. But where is a girl who has anything else to do, to find time for such things?"

"They may take care of their health, and look as pretty as they are girls, but they will have to give it up afterwards," thinks a well-dressed woman, putting the papers down, while thoughts of duties ahead float before her. The new bride to call upon, the lawn party to get up for the church, the brother's wife expected home, dressmaker coming next month and dresses to rip and sponge for her to alter, and the boys' trousers to be mended and pressed like new, the store-room to look over, chocolate and jelly-cake to bake, for the merry physics is getting low, and an essay to write for the Sunday school concert, or temperance union. How can any woman think of taking time to bathe and rub and rest, for the good of her health? And as for looks, the idea is really sinful.

The point is yielded at once that bridal calls and lawn parties are not to be foregone, and that chocolate and jelly-cake are desirable if she sees much company. Much of the housekeeper's pride and pleasure lies in such things. Emerson may talk in fine philosophic fashion, about giving our friends less of a feast and more of ourselves when they come to see us, but they must have something to eat, and it is just as easy to bake cake, as to have bean soup all the time. I never saw a philosopher yet who couldn't eat his share of good things with the rest of mankind. The refined utilitarians who "aspire to a higher plane of being," above such considerations as calls and jelly-cake, breathe an atmosphere too rare to support common life. Duty has to be mixed with the bran of non-essentials to make good living. A family must have all the good things, and all the sociability its income will allow, to bring up children fit to live with the rest of the world, and to hold their own among their fellows. A needlessly limited style of living produces narrow and sour natures. Health and education must hold the highest place, and yet, looking at the desirable things to be the best for mind and body, the only conclusion is, that taste must be done, and the others not be left undone.

The business of a girl till she is twenty or twenty-five years old, is to learn how to live. She wants to know how to do all sorts of things before she has to do them, so that when her turn for responsibility comes, instead of shrinking from the duties of church fairs and visitors, housekeeping and calls, she will be glad to go forward, and try her skill. She wants to do these things with ease and certainty, by no means leaving out her baths and reading, any more than, being a good Christian, she leaves out her daily prayer.

The smart women will find nothing in this letter that they will think worth reading, or that they don't know already, so I beg them to leave me to the only reader I crave, the girl at the window, who wants to do the best by soul and body, but cannot find time for all that she sees to do.

Time and energy are the most elastic things in the world, and the more one wants to do, the more time one can do. Was there ever the man or woman who couldn't find time, ordinarily, to stop and look at a newspaper, just from the postoffice, or chat with a neighbor, of a morning? More time is wasted talking about the affairs of the world, than in taking care of them. Take a day in the life of a woman who can't find time to take care of health, and see if there is no time to be gained in it.

And her work was lost last night, by sitting up too late, and she will be behind all the morning for want of energy. She is one of the people who never feel rested on waking, and she goes languidly, and dully at the business of life. There is no spring of body and soul to give her a good send-off for the day. Some city people confessed at breakfast, the other morning, that they always felt when they woke as if they wanted to turn right around, and go to sleep again. They were not sickened with work or care, but not one of them knew what it was to feel fresh in the morning. If this is the case, one has either too little fresh air, or too little sleep. If the room is well aired through the night, and the drowsiness is left, one needs more sleep and must have it to either work or study well. There is no use trying to keep the mind or body brisk on short allowance of sleep. The difference between a bright, sweet-tempered, able woman and a slow, irritable one, is made by two hours of sleep at night. Your hopes of ability and distinction probably depend on sleep and food as anything books and teachers will ever do for you. If you want to be a gay, witty woman, with spirits and contrivance for any emergency, by all your ambitions, never neglect sleep. It may be delightful for girls to gather in each other's rooms, hair brush in hand, to gossip till after midnight, and it may be exhilarating to throw care to the winds, the holiday weeks at New Year, and dance and frolic the hours away from dusk till dawn, and wake to begin the fun again. Do not deny the occasional week of dissipation when life seems too sweet to be so much of it spent in sleep, but for love of yourself, and all you wish for, be sparing of these indulgences, never admit them when you are at study, or regular work. If hours are lost from sleep, make them up by the bath, and afternoon nap. Take a book and lie down if you can't go to sleep, and get rest, anyhow. It will surely tell. It would not be surprising if sufficient sleep for a fortnight introduced you to a new and delightful self, you will feel so fresh and bright by contrast. There are plenty of people going about the world, vexed with their own slowness, who hear the clever things of others, with a mortified, "Why couldn't I think of that, too," whose obtuseness is due to the way they treat their own brains, clogging them with indigestion and straining them with want of sleep. Others spoil the effect of unusual cultivation and advantages, by a hesitating, stammering habit of speech, or a dreamy silly way in society, that is explained by the fact that they are all the time half dead for want of sleep. The young men think it fine to sit up till four in the morning, talking over the last review, or the new poem, smoking themselves sick, and come down at nine the next morning, with the sleep not brushed out of their eyes, unable to give a begoming answer to the lady who hands them their coffee with a rallying word, unable to put two ideas together in any but the most commonplace manner, not seeing the point of a joke till it is too late to answer it, and altogether as much profit and comfort as bear cubs. The young woman who wants to be smart follows their example inside her chamber door—reading a novel through by daylight, and sitting up every night for a week, if she can get some one foolish enough to listen to her. She is eloquent possibly after midnight, but she makes up for it by being dangerously stupid all the rest of the time, or if not stupid, fractious, feather-headed, extravagant, after a sort which shocks her, when she gets her balance again. It is not safe to trille with one's brains by robbing them of sleep, for it unhinges the judgement, and upsets prudence like a cup of champagne. If I could tell you of the foolish, mortifying things that I have known done and said, that had to be apologized for which the excuse that the person in fault was not himself or herself on the occasion, that is, had lost sleep, or eaten too much, or eaten too much, or eaten something indigestible, you would be afraid to risk sense or temper in the same way. And I am not speaking of those whom society is pleased to call "wanting" or weak-minded. It comes in my way to see some of those it calls celebrities occasionally, and the impression left on meeting most of them is, what a delightful person you would be, if you hadn't a particle of talent or genius, but had plain sense and balance, and knew how to take care of yourself a little better. A case in point comes to mind in spite of me, in the man whose name the newspapers and magazines have not done celebrating. The poetry of Bryant was my familiar and delight through childhood, as it has been through life, so much so that my teacher allowed me to make a reading book of it all one summer. In the stately flow of his verse, its tender and noble imagery and its exceeding inspiration, what American writer besides him shall we group with Milton in the same family of poets, if not of the same degree? Yet the personality of the poet must remain associated with his work for me. In his later years at least, I do not think, however much he honored Mr. Bryant's character and genius, any one found it pleasant to be with him. The sudden blush that would fall upon the sparkling gossip and badinage of cultivated editors in the offices when the little severe-eyed old gentleman glanced into the rooms on his way to his own, was significant, and to tell a plain fact about a poet, at risk of a scalping for it, if Mr. Bryant had been anybody but a celebrity, he would have been set down as a rigid, weak-ish, dictatorial old gentleman, with a decided habit of objecting to everybody else. He was high minded and true, and doubtless kind under it all, but the disagreeable was very prominent in his manner. As in the case of Mr. Greeley, a purely physical ailment could be given for all the cranks of disposition which tried the souls of his friends. I always liked Mr. Greeley better for the terrific temper which was the 'prevent of Printing House Square, because it was so excellently deserved, where he used it. Long before the tragedy of his end, friends knew his brain was overweighted by care and work. What Mr. Bryant needed, before he was too old to have his habits meddled with, was change. It would have done him good to be dropped out in Deadwood, say among all the swearing and tobacco chewing and rough, mixed society his soul hated, away from his oatmeal and precise hours and opinions, to find there was something worth saving in human nature at its wildest. What Mr. Greeley needed was rest, and dissipation. A genuine taste for society and small, refined interests keeps many a public men from going to pieces by the relief he is able to take in them from the strain of greater ones. Macaulay could throw himself into his sister's gossip or read a novel with as much gusto as if he were the veriest born fribbler of the drawing room, and he was one of the best balanced men of modern fame. You may take a lesson from these luminous examples, how to treat yourself to bring out the best that is in you, and neither waste in serious concerns or frivolous ones the time and rest needed to keep the energies bright and spirits even. Never mind the mending or the new book, and do not urge the caller from over the way to stay late, for you can have those things tomorrow too and you cannot sleep then, or if you can, it will not rest you. If you are perfectly strong and healthy, you can sit up till eleven or later every night provided you follow common habits and don't rise till half past six or seven next morning, but if you are conscious of not feeling entirely brisk and strong, in general, treat yourself to all the sleep you can coax out of the twenty-four hours. Nature will not allow you to take too much. If you want to get a great deal done, take sleep enough and eat well. If you want to do things finely and successfully, sleep well and eat well. The successful women all do it. The great singers all take vastly good care of themselves. A friend who knew her well, used to tell how exacting Lucca was in this respect. One could hardly have a chance to pay an evening visit, for off-nights, when there was no opera, she always went to bed at 8 o'clock. Imagine the care with a family of young children dependent on her life and strength, would think she could indulge in the habit of going to bed at 8 o'clock, however muscles and eyes might ache? Lucca did not go to bed because she was tired, but because she did not want to be tired. Clara Kellogg coddles herself, and her mother coddles her, with rest and titbits, and pleasant wines, and air, and exercise, as men do a favorite racer, and they are sensible women to do so, for all—we will not say what age above thirty, Kellogg, is fair and fresh as a young girl. These women of the stage need great strength and freshness and brightness for their work, and to be sure when they call upon their chest for these magnificent notes that thrill in memory years after the hearing, no traitorous, ill-fed, nerve or muscle will give way.

Di Murska takes a warm bath of an hour, with the water flowing over her and a siesta most of the afternoon to make ready for her evening's work. And what splendid results these self-kept energies give, when she turned in other directions! Madam Rudersdorf, the English singer, who won a title by her voice and beauty, and now reigns in musical circles in Boston, has a farm for the summer, out in Dedham. I am told, where she has taken scholars with her, young ladies who do not wish to interrupt their training for vacation, and lose in three months what they gained in a year. The brilliant Donna, who looks like a confection in white and rose sugar, gets up at five in the morning and makes her butter herself before breakfast, and teaches pupils and carries on the farm, walking out in the fields to oversee the men, and looking after every detail of haying and harvesting, through the day. She has not taken care of herself fifty years for nothing, and when most women retire to white shetland shawls and semi-invalidism, she is brushing the dew away upon her upland lawn, as fresh as the youngest of pupils. Is this sermon a little off the subject of making the most of oneself? How are you to gain and grow, or be anything, unless you are good to yourself, as farmers are to yearling colts and young turkey poults and everything they expect to make twenty-five cents from in the market? The human body and soul are the only things people think they can afford to let go, neglected. Making the most of oneself is taking care of oneself, primarily, and the first factor in the work, for women especially is sleep.—*Shirley Dare, in Toledo Blade.*

Competition for a school medal often results in a prize fight.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE YELLOW FEVER—ITS HISTORY AND CONDITIONS.

My grandmother and uncle died of the yellow fever in 1794, in New Haven, Ct. My mother had it. My father remained in Philadelphia during its mortal prevalence in 1798, and I visited New York in 1822, when it prevailed there. These circumstances, proving that yellow fever had prevailed and might prevail in Northern cities, drew my attention to its history and condition. The results may be interesting to the reader at a time when this plague is so prevalent in the Mississippi Valley. First, of its history: There is no mention of the yellow fever previous to the middle of the seventeenth century—say 1650, and one of the most remarkable instances of its appearance was in the city of Philadelphia, now (and possibly then) the cleanest city in the United States. In 1699 William Penn returned from England to his Pennsylvania colony in December. He found it had been ravaged by the yellow fever, which is thus mentioned in Holmes' *Annals*: "A mortal disease, called the yellow fever, had swept away great numbers of people just before his arrival." To understand how it may prevail in Northern cities, take the case of Philadelphia. It has appeared there several times, and in two remarkable years with great mortality. In 1793 no less than 5,000 persons died in Philadelphia from yellow fever. In 1798 3,645 persons died of this disease. Philadelphia in 1793-98 had about 50,000 inhabitants, so that about one in fifteen of the inhabitants died in less than three months. This is a mortality far exceeding that of the south now. If we suppose that 15,000 of the people of Cincinnati were to die between the 1st of August and the 1st of November, we should get a correct idea of the proportion of mortality in Philadelphia. Yellow fever has been there at other times, but very seldom in the present century. It has visited New York twenty-two times, but never as fatally as in Philadelphia. In 1822, when I was there a day or two, the three lower wards were boarded off, and the fence was marked, "The Infected District." It had begun at the foot of Rector street, and never got into the upper part of the city, but within the infected district it was quite fatal. It visited New Haven, Ct., as I have said, in 1794. The mortality was not great, but the town was small. Yellow fever and cholera are prevalent every year, and the deaths by both were about one in eighteen. The cases I have mentioned, and some of them attended with extreme mortality, show that the cities of the North are not exempt from it, even in its most malignant form. Let us now attend to the mode of its transmission. Of the facts there is no doubt, but of the theory the doctors, as usual, have various opinions.

Secondly—Of its transmission. Yellow fever, like cholera, follows the great lines of commercial intercourse. In New Haven in 1794 it was traced distinctly to a vessel from the West Indies. It has been traced, in many cases, to the arrival of persons or goods from infected districts. To quarrel about its being contagious or not contagious is of no use whatever. The practical result is the same as if it was contagious. If a person comes from New Orleans to Cincinnati and brings the yellow fever, it is no matter whether it was communicated by the touch or by the clothing or in any manner. It is enough that he brought it. The cholera is a signal example of this. It landed at Quebec from an emigrant ship, and thence proceeded all over the United States by canals, rivers, and other lines of commercial communication. Yellow fever seems to proceed from a local poison, which may become personal, in the prison or clothing of its subject. We have seen it go into a dozen towns of Mississippi just as a regular sick person came there from other places, or as the freight of goods on commercial lines. This principle is, however, arrested by a modification under certain condition. If a patient with the yellow fever came on, and brought that all that can be can said of it. In a city where yellow fever is not a native, as in Cincinnati, the best preventive is to clean it perfectly; and especially all sewers, cesspools, and places of local filth. In such places cholera, yellow fever, and typhoid fever prevail with most malignancy.

As to remedies, I believe it is not pretended there is any. One of the doctors in the South said certain persons had recovered, and it was due more to good nursing than anything which was also the testimony of a distinguished physician of England as to most diseases.—*E. D. M. in Cincinnati Gazette.*

A New Use for a Husband.

At the entertainment given by Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bancroft in honor of Mrs. Hayes, at Newport, the dresses of the ladies were elegant in the extreme, but there was one dress which attracted so much deserved attention as that worn by Mrs. Heap, wife of Captain David Porter Heap, of the U. S. Engineer Corps. It was made of heavy white silk, and ornamented with painting by hand. Around the dress were several bands of delicate blue, on which were painted roses budding and in full bloom, besides most exquisite little birds. The colors blended most beautifully, the whole making a charming and at the same time very rare picture. The painting itself was the work of the lady's husband, Captain Heap.

A NIGHT WITH BURGLARS.

[New York Times.]

A Fearful Encounter of an Aged Couple with Four Masked Men.

The village of Fairfield, N. J., was thrown into intense excitement at 2 o'clock yesterday morning by a report that the house of one of its oldest inhabitants had been entered by burglars, and its inmates dangerously wounded. A general outpouring of the men of the village took place, and scouring parties went in every direction, in hope of capturing the burglars. Near the railroad depot is the house of Andrew T. Engle, a gentleman more than eighty years of age, wealthy, and reputed to have large sums of money in the house. The building is occupied in part by Mr. Engle and wife, and in the rear by Simeon Engle, a grandnephew, his wife and two little girls, and Peter Earle, seventy years of age. The young man worked the farm, and for the protection of the property kept two large and fierce mastiffs. About 1:30 o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Engle, sr., were awakened by the opening of their bedroom door, which had been locked. Four men, wearing masks and holding revolvers, were at the side of the bed of the old couple before they could raise an alarm. Two took position by the side of the Mr. Engle, and two by the lady. One in a whisper asked Mr. Engle where he kept his money, but, as the old gentleman was deaf, he did not understand the question, and made no answer. Instantly the leader of the burglars struck him a violent blow on the left temple with some instrument, and Mr. Engle became unconscious. The leader fastened a bamboo gag in the old man's mouth and securely tied his feet. They demanded of Mrs. Engle information about the money, and, in hope of deceiving them, she told them that they would find some between the leaves of a book on the bureau. This sum amounted to about $90, and they demanded more. Receiving no answer, one of the men struck her two violent blows over each eye, and she also became unconscious. To still further stupefy the old people the burglars must have applied chloroform to them, for the room afterward smelt strongly of it. After tying the feet of Mrs. Engle the men went down stairs into the rear part of the house. Failing to find any person there, they ascended the back stairs and found old Peter Earle in one room, and the two little girls in another. Mr. Earle heard some persons coming and rose from his bed. The burglars entered, carrying a lighted lamp, and the foremost immediately covered Mr. Earle with a revolver, at the same time promising the old man if he made no noise he would not be hurt. After shackling him, they took the oldest girl out of her room, where she had lain paralyzed with fright, and said: "Don't be frightened, sissy. We won't hurt you." The child, eight years old, submitted to having her hands tied behind her back. She was carried down to the dining room, as also was Mr. Earle's niece, six years old, who was asleep. During this time only one room had been unsearched—the bedroom of Simeon Engle and wife, back of the dining room. Toward this two of the men were approaching when the door opened and Simeon looked out. He took in the situation, pulled the door back and locked it. One of the burglars seized an old musket with a bayonet attached, and attempted to lift the door from its hinges. At this Simeon fired his revolver from the inner room, and the ball and report so alarmed the burglars that they ran in a body to the kitchen and attempted to escape through the open window by which they had entered. After firing, Simeon opened his door and followed the men into the kitchen. The lamp had been put out, but he fired at random. The fire was answered, and a dozen shots exchanged, Simeon delivering five. His last shot was made by the flash of one of the burglars' pistols, and Simeon saw the man he fired at throw up his hands and fall to the floor. Simeon ran through a side door and called for help. He unchained his dogs, but the brutes refused to come out of their kennels, having probably been drugged. Aid came quickly from the neighbors, but the brutes had escaped, and carried their injured companion with them. Blood spots were found outside the window at which they entered and left the house, and a scouring party found blood stains on the plank walk to the village. Mrs. Engle was almost unconscious when found, and suffering terribly from fright and the shock. Mr. Engle remained unconscious for many hours, and his injuries were so severe, so that his life is despaired of. For clues a silk handkerchief was found with a name upon it. This is withheld. There was also found four bamboo gags, a pair of handcuffs, a twenty-inch "jimmy," two black cloth masks, and where the burglar fell when shot was picked up a small revolver with the chambers all loaded. No trace of the burglars was discovered to-day. New York detectives have been employed. The four were described as young men, and well dressed quietly and skillfully. They are believed to be from this city.

The fight among the Democrats of the Toledo District still still goes on. The anti-Hurd Democrats held a meeting in Toledo on last Saturday evening, when the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we, Democrats of Lucas County, while giving our cordial and earnest support to the Democratic State and County ticket, believe it to be our honest duty to the Democratic party to defeat the election of Frank H. Hurd to Congress, and to accomplish that object will contribute our best efforts to induce the Democrats of the several counties comprising this district to oppose Hurd's election.

Resolved, That General James B. Steedman be and he is hereby requested to address the citizens of Toledo twice between August 15 and 5 p. m., from the steps of the post-office.

Resolved, That a Committee of three from this county be appointed to cooperate with like committees of the other counties of this district for the purpose of requesting and effecting Hurd's withdrawal.

As such Committee Gilbert Hamlin, Esq., of the Board of Education, His Honor Mayor W. W. Jones and John Sullivan, of Spencer township, were appointed. The previous proposition of an Independed Greenback nomination was discussed unfavorably particularly by General Steedman, who, while he would, he said, abide by the decision his friends might make, yet thought that better and surer means might be employed of defeating Hurd. There is certainly no sign of abatement of the ill-feeling.

Our College Boys.

A New England periodical has a paper on religious life in college, which says that almost one half of the eastern student pursuing regular courses in the Republic are "professing Christians," and that their religion is thoroughly ingrained. It adds that the increase in the proportion of Christian collegians during the past twenty-five years has been marked. This may be, but the behavior of students has certainly deteriorated in that time. In the last ten years particularly, they have acted abominably, and many of them have rendered themselves extremely obnoxious to the towns and cities where the colleges are by their reckless and riotous proceedings. Students, the world over, are anything but exemplary, and the average American student is no exception. Instead of reading the Bible and sound religious works, of indulging in self-examination and prayer, too many of our students devour licentious French novels of the "Faublas" and "Mme. de Maupin" school; keep on hand private bottles and abominable pipes, photographs of burlesque actresses, revolvers and daggers, sporting journals, and questionable correspondence, and commit daily any number of transgressions. Of course, these are the unconverted, unregenerate youth, who need the influence and teaching of the truly religious collegian. Wouldn't it be well, by the by, to use the 10,000 pious students to evangelize the other half? The latter sorely need to be reformed, and here are the means of reformation at their own doors.—*N. Y. Times (Rep.).*

1,000 MILES BY WAGON.

From Texas to New Jersey and Back.

Robert Elder and his wife, who reside near Brazoria, Texas, a town about sixty miles west of Galveston, decided that they would pay a visit to friends residing in Norristown, Pa. Years ago, when Elder was young, and he and his wife traveled in a wagon from Shreveport, La., to the place in Texas where they settled, and since then, having no occasion to move, the use of railroads and Pullman cars remained unknown to them, whilst the possibilities of a "prairie schooner" (canvass-covered wagon) was a bright memory. They recognized in it all that was necessary to pleasantly journey 2,000 miles from home and back, and accordingly they hitched up the sorrel team, and on the 10th of January last they left Brazoria, and on the 21 of August they arrived in Philadelphia. Yesterday they started on their long journey home, drawn by the same sorrel team and riding in the identical "prairie schooner" in which they left the Lone Star State. Their friends had moved from Norristown, and the main object of their journey was not accomplished. Nevertheless they had a good time, and drove to Absecon, and from there rode over to Atlantic City in the cars, their first railroad experience, to see the ocean. They spent a day there and drove over to Camden and encamped at the foot of Spruce street for a few days, having the wagon repaired and laying in supplies. They were just 250 days on their trip, averaging ten miles a day on the road. If they make the same time back the sorrel team will draw up at Brazoria on the 10th of next March, and the travelers will have been gone just fourteen months. It is not much over years since prairie schooners in fleets spotted the plains west of the Missouri, and in the far West there is many a family that journeyed across the Rockies and Sierras to their new home. But the completion of the Central Union Pacific Railroad throttled the prosperity of the prairie schooner and as an institution it ceased to exist, although it is still used to a limited extent. Two lines of railroad stretch from St. Louis to the Gulf, and steamships ply between ports on the Texan coast and New Orleans and New York, so that Robert Eder's method of coming North was evidently chosen not out of necessity.

"My friends at home," he relates, "tried to dissuade me from goin' in a wagon, but I knowed we had comfort in it, and I reckoned on havin' a good time, not only when we got here, but on the road, too. Well, we've had it. You see I am paralyzed in my right side, and can't do much, and the old woman she knew she'd have to care of hosses, and she bein' right keen to come, I says to her, says I, 'We'll do it.' We fitted up the wagon with a stove and cookin' things, got the beddin', new harness for the hosses, and the boys gave us a send off. We left our two sons and their wives to look after the place, and on the 10th of January we started." The old man tells his story with many a deviation from the necessary line of narrative. So blowing away the chaff of his relation, the story of the trip may be put in this condensed form: The line of route was north 200 miles from Dallas, on the line of the Texas-Pacific Railroad, and thence east to Shreveport, Louisiana, where they crossed the Red river on the 1st of March. The first part of the journey was made in easy stages. The first day eleven miles was accomplished, and during the entire trip the most ground covered in one day was seventeen miles. The start was usually made early in the morning, and after the mid-day hours were spent in the shade where the horses could forage. When the shadows grew long they hitched the sorrels and prairie schooner together again and jogged along. When it was necessary to reach good camping ground, where there was water, pasture and fuel, they frequently drove the task of one day without stopping, and with the exception of the 4th of April, when they rested twenty-four hours and had their wagon repaired at Chattanooga, they shifted around daily. Elder is not exactly clear as to his dates, and he only remembers the day when some of the $120 he started with was expended. Such occasions he has a vivid recollection of.

From Shreveport the route was across the northern part of Louisiana, over bad roads to Vicksburg, at which point the Mississippi river was crossed, thence to Jackson and then north to the State line of Tennessee and Mississippi, near Corinth, where they entered the valley of the Tennessee river and followed its tortuous windings through Huntsville, Ala.; Chattanooga, Knoxville, Tenn.; Bristol, Lynchburg, Va., striking the Potomac at Alexandria. They stopped at Washington a few days, visited the Capitol, and thence through Baltimore, Havre de Grace and Wilmington.

"On the way back we think we will go by way of Baltimore and over the old national turnpike to Wheeling and Cincinnati, through St. Louis, Little Rock, Ark., to Shreveport, and down to the mouth of the Brazos, where I reckon the people will all turn out to see us, that is, if we ever get that, and I don't see why we shouldn't. We reckon we'll get into the Ohio Valley before winter breaks. So the roads will be all right. We will be on the turnpike during the fall, but we can keep warm in the wagon. Oh! I've figured it all out on this map." Elder displayed a thoroughly wrecked sheet of paper, cut from an old atlas. It was a map of all the States, with the principal towns given, and beyond the answers to personal inquiries, it was the only guide the sailors and passengers of the "prairie schooner" have had.

[Paris Correspondence San Francisco Bulletin.]

Fashions for Feminine Feet.

The low and sandal slipper is much worn by ladies here, and the display of ankles is one of the most attractive features of the Exposition. Heels are still higher and often glaisten with brass tips. There is a great variety of design in foot wear. Varies from a bare sole with barely two inches of toe covering to the delicate boot, buttoned far up into the clouds—of lace. Colors are also as variegated as form. There are black, bronze, lavender, white, and pale yellow. Canvas slippers worn with leather are much worn. Stockings no longer hide their light under bushels. The favorite color is a light blue. But we see as the striped stockings, *a la* barber pole; the perpendicularly striped stocking, black and white; the stocking with a brilliant bouquet interwoven above the ankle; the diamond-figured stocking in red and white, and the delicate open-work stocking. As fashion prevails at present, the female foot has become a rival of her head, and the male dilemma is whether to look up or down. With this development of style, all former sensitiveness as to the display of the walking anatomy seems to have asserted the female heart, and now as they recline on chairs and benches about the grounds, young women who wear costly stockings and slippers take good care that they do not waste their sweetness under dimity. The sand and gravel of the walks is of a most aggravating and troublesome character for low shoes, and it is not uncommon to see ladies retiring into corners, where the hasty removal of a delicate triumph of the shoemaker's shows that some little "grabbit stones" have intruded themselves in delicate quarters, as the Dutchman remarked when he poured snuffers out of his boot, after working in the field all day.

The Coolest Liar Yet.

As a "summer resort" Norristown stands at the head of the list. When the thermometer marked 100 degrees in Philadelphia and 85 degrees at Atlantic City and Cape