TIFFIN TRIBUNE.

Tiffin, Thursday Eve., Sept. 5, 1878.

MRS. PINCUS' BABY.

The Wonderful Little Child That Delights Its Parents and Grandparents.

/ ...ding by a winding, uncar... way to the third sto..., ...rth Fourth street, a visitor was yesterday ushered into the room where dwell Mrs. Pincus and her wonderful little baby. The room contains a small cook stove and serves as kitchen, bed-room and parlor for the family, which consists of Mr. Pincus, his wife, a healthy, robust boy of eighteen months and the little mite of humanity whose fame, although only fourteen days have passed since its tiny wail first quivered on the air of this world, has spread even beyond the limits of the great city in which it was born. The room was decently furnished, but the family are evidently very poor. Several persons besides the mother and child were present. They all seemed in excellent spirits. Mrs. Pincus, a pleasant-faced, healthy-looking young German-American, apparently twenty years old, stepped smiling to the bed and removing a small hem-stitched handkerchief, which served as a counterpane, proudly displayed the small specimen.

"It weighs just sixteen ounces and is perfect," she said carefully brushing away a fly which seemed disposed to settle on the little nose.

"Sixteen ounces! it cannot be so much," said the visitor doubtingly. Then, after a pause, a thought struck him and he said: "Ah, yes; sixteen ounces, that's only a pound. I see." The infant was asleep. Occasionally it smiled the smallest kind of a smile.

"Just look at its hand," said the mother, "and at its little nails, and look at its feet, and you ought to see its eyes. And see these," she said, bustling to a table and holding up some doll's things—a pair of socks of crochet work, about an inch long, and a little lace cap, trimmed with blue ribbons, too small to fit a good sized ...ge-pippin.

The visitor raised the tiny red hand on the tip of his little finger carefully, so as not to break it or disturb the midget's dreams. Its palm is no bigger than a dry goods clerk's thumb nail, and its fingers are about half an inch long, and scarcely larger than the graphite in a reporter's pencil. To show the size of the arm the mother took off her wedding ring and slipped it over the child's hand and up to its elbow.

"Does this—this—this baby eat, and how?" said the visitor, blushing.

"Eat! ha! ha! ha!" laughed Mrs. Pincus, slapping her knees in glee, as she sat on the side of the bed. "I guess she does eat. She hangs on like a leech and never lets go as long as there is a drop left."

"I am de gran'fader," said a slim, mercurial German, who had sat, his black eyes sparkling with pleasure, while his daughter was exhibiting her prize. He could not restrain himself any longer and he skipped about the room, gesticulating and expatiating delightedly in broken English upon the wonderful small points of little Estelle.

"What is your name?" said the visitor.

The old German's manner changed suddenly. He became grave and cautious. "I don't vant my name in de paper," he said seriously. "Not dat I am ashamed of de baby, for I am broud off it, but I haf udder reasons, I haf udder reasons, my friend."

"And are you proud of it, too?" said the visitor, turning to the father, a decent-looking young man, who up to this time had said nothing.

"Y-e-s," he replied, with a sort of sheepish smile. Then, suddenly raising his head, with a different expression on his face, he said in a manly voice: "Yes, I am proud of it, and I love it."

"Dere was been more dan twenty-eight doctors here to see it," broke in the grandmother, "and dey all say dat it is de greatest vondar of de vorld, and dat it ish de schmallest shild dat vas ever porn and lived, and more dan a dausand peoples haf been here to look at it. More dan tree hunnered men, vimmen and schilden haf been down dere in the street at von time valting to get a schance."

"We haven't let any strangers in since Saturday said the mother. "They filled the room so that it was too close and hot for the baby. They keep coming now all the time, but we don't let them come up stairs."

The maternal grandmother, a middle-aged, substantial-looking, well-dressed woman, was also present and seemed delighted with the little one. "The only way," she said, "that we can account for its being so small is that it is a gift from God." The grandparents, from their appearance, would seem to be in much better circumstances financially than the young folks.

Mr. Pincus is a baker by trade, but has been out of employment for a long time. Mrs. Pincus says that she has enjoyed excellent health all the time before the baby was born. It is said that many of little Estelle's visitors have left substantial tokens.—*Phila. Times.*

Be wanted a Poetic License.

He was a tall, spare man, with a sharp, sunburned nose, and an unshaven face. He wore a chip hat, well sweated through in front, with the rim turned down all around, and a dark, narrow bit of braid for a band. His butternut pants were neatly tucked into his cowhide boots, and the thumbs of his bronzed hands were thrust into the armholes of his vest. He entered the Mayor's office with the air of a man of business, and, marching up to his Honor, said, inquiringly:

"Be you the Mayor?"

"Yes, I have that honor."

"Well, I want a license for my daughter, Maria Jane."

"Ah, I see; your daughter is about to get married, and you wish to procure a marriage-license. We do not issue those papers here. You must go over to the North Side, to the county building."

"No, 'Squire, you are mistaken—as as much mistaken as if you had burnt your shirt, or had accidentally got in the wrong pew in meeting; but Maria Jane doesn't want a license to get married, not by no means—not by more thun considerable. She is a darned smart girl, if she is my daughter, and if I do say it, as I hadn't ought to. She has been keeping school and boarding round up in the Persimmon deestrict, and writing verses for the Summerfield *Weekly Eagle*. She thinks now of givin' up teachin' and devotin' her hull time to literary persoots, and, 'Squire, as I'm a law-abidin' man and loyal to the core—three of my boys went clean through to the sea with Sherman—'Squire, and I want to do the business for the girl on the square, and so I called to take out a poetic license for Maria Jane. You see, Will Morrison, who has been to college, told Maria that anybody must have a license before he writ much poetry."

Here the Mayor's face turned very red, as if suffering from some intense internal disease, and it was observed that his eyes were suffused with tears. His Secretary suddenly approached the window and gazed abstractedly outupon the trees in the tubs whose emerald branches were gracefully swaying in the summer breeze in front of the saloons across the way. The farmer fixed his curious eyes upon the Mayor for a moment, who finally sufficiently recovered himself to say:

"My dear sir, your daughter needs no license to write poetry. She can write as much as ever she pleases and it will be all right."

"Won't it be agin the law to do it without a license?" inquired the man. "She has heard that Byron and Mrs. Hemans used a great many poetic licenses in their writin's, and she thought she'd better do as the the rest of them did. But if it's all right without, it's probably owin' to the freedom of our institutions, and sich like."

"Exactly," said the Mayor.

And the satisfied rustic walked out of the office picking his teeth with a straw.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A writer in *Vanity Fair* tells this: "A gentleman was sitting at a dinner party next to a beautiful lady, whose dress was what the French call very *decollete*, which means, I believe, very beautiful. A footman was handing round the ice, the lady was leaning forward, but as the footman passed, suddenly leaned back and struck his hand holding the dish. The spoon containing a lump of ice, fell down her back inside the beautiful or *decollete* dress! What was the gentleman to do? I ask for no answer, and am trying to forget the case."

A MINUTE'S WORK.

Mr. Swift, of Rochester, Tells How He Discovered the Planet Vulcan.

In a letter to the New York *Tribune*, Lewis Swift, the Rochester astronomer, thus describes how he saw what he takes to be the planet Vulcan during the recent eclipse of the sun:

Almost immediately after I began my search I saw two stars where I felt certain only one existed, viz: Theta Cancri. They instantly engaged my undivided attention until I had written down, on the retina of my memory, every distinctive feature about them, designing to reobserve them just before the end of the totality, but the movement of the instrument was so uncontrollable I found I soon had them in the field again. I then made another sweep to the westward, but there was no regularity about them, and again I found them in the field. This was the last view I had of them; a little cloud, the only one within 50 deg. of the sun, prevented the observation I intended making a few seconds before the reappearance of the sun. These observations were all made during the first minute of totality. Though I searched over considerable space, those were the only stars I saw, and every time they passed across the field of view, and I instantly recognized them, and their general appearance was every time identical. Thinking my time was about up I left the search for the closing phenomena and the end of the total phase. As soon as totality was over I wrote in my notebook as follows, which I read to Professor Hough and to my two assistants: "Saw two stars about three degrees southwest of the sun, apparently of the fifth magnitude, some twelve minutes apart, pointing toward sun. Red." On my homeward journey the thought occurred to me that the distance between the two stars was a little more than half that between Mizar and Alcor, (whatever that might be,) which, upon arriving home and consulting "Webb's Celestial Objects," I found it to be less then twelve minutes, so the distance between the two objects seen could not have been more than about seven minutes instead of twelve, as I had hastily recorded. I have consulted Argelander's Chart, and find only one chart of that magnitupe existing there, and the inference seems to me conclusive that at least one of them is the elusive Vulcan, but which one I have no data to determine.

[Chicago Times.]

How a Young Lady Captured a Wealthy Widower.

* * * When the rich widower arrived with his two children and servants and horses and equipages, etc., our stylish young lady was fully prepared for an attack upon them all. It was just after sunset when she came out upon the piazza with a volume of Taine in her hands. She looked at no one, but seated herself in the most graceful of attitudes, and in the very best light, and buried herself in the brilliancy of this great and persistent candidate for the French Academy. She was dressed in a gauzy black robe, all flecked over with old gold. Her black silk stockings were embroidered in gold tints, and her pretty little slippers did their very best for her delicate feet that refused isolation under her tie back. Gold sequins encircled her white throat below a ruche of old yellow lace. Her elbow sleeves were filled in with the same family treasure, and long Chantilly gloves whitened and exhibited her arms. Not a ring broke the shapely outlines of her aristocratic fingers, and only a fillet of gold banded her head, the hair of which was brushed in a loose coil and held in position by an arrow of gold tipped with filligree. A rich cluster of Jaqueminot roses was fastened to her belt, and a fan of peacock feathers waved softly in her right hand. All other ladies were costumed in white muslins with many ribbons, frizzed, or waived, or curled coiffures, but the stylish young lady. Oh! she knows but too well the powerful effect of the contrast. The widower's pretty little daughter was walking up and down in front of her, but the child was apparently unnoticed. (Oh! wasn't she?) Her little white dress and black sash fluttered not in the eyes of this wise actress. (Didn't they?) By and by the heavy volume of Taine slipped from her hands, at the exact moment, by accident, you know, and it fell upon the feet of the passing child. If you could have heard the parring sorrow, the sweet soothings and the tender apologies, all mingled with flattery to the really unhurt child, while the father stood by endeavoring to say that it was of no consequence at all, which, of course it was not, as the little one was laughing and liked it, and also have seen the eloquent upturned face of the stylish girl as she said to the father, "Pray, permit me to take the little one to its mamma and make my apologies to her," you would exclaim, "What great genius is lost to the dramatic world while this young woman performed only for limited audiences!" While I am writing (and the volume of Taine fell only five days ago), I look from my window to see him lift the stylish girl into a saddle for a gallop with him through the twilight upon one of his own superb horses. She never looks handsomer than in her riding habit upon a fine steed.

The soldiers' and sailors' reunion was held in Galion, on Friday last. It is estimated that 12,000 people were in attendance. Gen. Gibson was one of the speakers. The *Leader* correspondent says:

The "Red, White and Blue" was sung, when General W. H. Gibson was introduced and received. He spoke at considerable length, and said that he felt as if it was good to be at the reunion. He had attended many, but believed Galion and Crawford county had now eclipsed them all, especially in the quartermaster's department. The war was not one in which any soldier of the North thought to exhibit physical prowess. They went out to bring States back, and this they did. During the rebellion scenes took place which can never be forgotten. That mother who gave up her boy can never forget it, though she little thought what she was doing at the time. The mothers of Galion and Crawford county little thought what was going on when her sons joined the army and went to war. But we are present as survivors of a great struggle which ended in the preservation of this glorious Union, which will stand for all time. Accursed be he who attempts to destroy it.

General Gibson continued by saying that he was going into the next war if Governor Bishop would commission him as a sutler or a chaplain. He had known men in the army to build fires from fence rails, and boil pork not obtained from the quartermaster, and such conduct as this he was not very much opposed to. The Union soldier would have something to eat, and it was strange how he would ferret out a hog pen.

The speaker concluded by saying he was neither a Democrat nor a Republican nor a National, but an American. He also said that he came into the country when the population was ten millions, and he expected to stay till it is ninety millions and there are seventy States.

He proposed three cheers for Governor Bishop, the ladies of Galion and the old soldiers present, all of which were most heartily given.

Peach Poison in the Stone.

"A fatal case of poisoning by peach stones, which is noted in the French papers as having recently occured in Paris, should serve as a warning to families in which children are allowed to look after themselves for hours at a time. Probably very few adults themselves know how poisonous peach stones are. The victim of the recent accident in Paris secreted the stones of a number of peaches, and, obtaining a hammer, when left alone, broke them open industriously and ate them; the result being that he was fatally poisoned by hydrocynic (prussic) acid. Since the peach season is now upon us it is as well to explain what quantity of poison the peach stone possesses. Writers on texicology state that one ounce of the kernels contains about one grain of pure prussic acid, and this quantity, it is well known, is sufficient to kill any adult. Even two-thirds of a grain has very often proved fatal, and indeed may well be regarded as a fatal dose for any child.—*Scientific American.*

At one of the schools in Cornwall, England, the inspector asked the children if they could quote any text of Scripture which forbade any man having two wives. One of the children sagely quoted in reply the text, "No man can serve two masters."

THE FORECLOSURE OF THE MORTGAGE.

BY MRS. E. T. CORBETT.

Walk right in the settin'-room; it's all in a muddle, you see,
But I hadn't the heart to right it, so I've just let everything be.
Besides, I'm a'goin' to-morrer—I calk'late to start with the dawn—
And the house won't seem so home-like if it's all upset and forlorn.
I sent off the children this mornin'; they both on 'em begged to stay,
But I thought 'twould be easier, mebbe, if I was alone to-day.
For this was the very day, Deacon, jest twenty year ago,
That Caleb and me moved in; so I couldn't forget it, you know.
We was so busy, and happy!—we'd been married a month before—
And Caleb would clear the table and brush up the kitchen floor.
He said I was tired, and he'd help me; but, law! that was always his way—
Always handy and helpful, and kind, to the very last day.
Don't you remember, Deacon, that winter I broke my arm?
Why, Caleb skursely left me, not even to 'tend the farm.
There night and mornin' I saw him, a-settin' so close to my bed.
And I knew him in spite of the fever that made me so wild in my head.
He never did nothin' to grieve me, until he left me behind—
Yes, I know, there's no use in talkin' but somehow it eases my mind.
And he got such store by you, Deacon, I needn't tell you now,
But unless he had your judgment, he never would buy a cow,
Well, our cows is gone, and the horse too—poor Caleb was fond of Jack,
And I cried like a fool this mornin' when I looked at the empty rack.
I hope he'll 'so kindly treated; 'twould worry poor Caleb so
If them Joneses should whip the cretur—but I 'spose he wouldn't know.
I've been thinkin' it over lately, that when Mary sickened and died,
Her father's spirit was broken, for she was allus his pride.
He wasn't never so cheery; he'd smile, but the smile wasn't bright,
And he didn't care for the cattle, though once they'd ben his delight.
The neighbors all said he was sillin', and they tried to hint it to me;
They talked of a church-yard cough; but oh! the blind are those who won't see.
I never believed he was goin' till I saw him a-layin' here dead—
There, there! don't be anxious, Deacon; I haven't no tears to shed,
I've tried to keep things together—I've been slavin' early and late—
But I couldn't pay the int'rest, nor git the farm-work straight.
So of course I've gone behind hand, and if the farm should sell
For enough to pay the mortgage, I s'pose 'twill be doin' well.
I've prayed ag'inst all hard feelin's, and to walk as a Christian ought,
But it's hard to see Caleb's children turned out of the place he bought;
And readin' that text in the Bible 'bout widows and orphans you know,
I can't think the folks will prosper who are willin' to see us go.
But there, I'm a-keepin' you, Deacon, and it's nigh your time for tea;
"Won't *I come over?*" No, thank you; I feel better alone, you see,
Besides, I couldn't 'eat nothin'; whenever I've tried it to-day
There's somethin' here that chokes me. I'm narvous, I s'pose you'll say.
"I've worked too hard?" No, I haven't. Why, it's work that keeps me strong;
If I sot here thinkin', I'm sartain my heart would break before long.
Not that I care about livin'. I'd rather be laid away
In the place I've marked beside Caleb, to rest till the judgment day.
But there's the children to think of—that makes my dooty clear,
And I'll try to follor it, Deacon, though I'm tired of this earthly spear.
Good-by, then. I shan't forgit you, nor all the kindness you've showed;
'Twill help to cheer me to-morrer, as I go on my lonely road.
For—What are you sayin', Deacon? I needn't—I needn't go?
You've bought the mortage, and I can stay? Stop! say it over slow.—
Jest wait now—jest wait a minute—I'll take it in bimeby
That I can stay. Why, Deacon, I don't know what makes me cry!
I haven't no words to thank you. Ef Caleb was only here.
He'd such a head for speakin', he'd make my feelin's clear,
There's a picter in our Bible of an angel from the skies,
And though he hasn't no great-coat, and no spectacles on his eyes,
He looks jest like you, Deacon, with your smile so good and true,
And whenever I see that picter, 'twill make me think of you.
The children will be so happy! Why, Deby will 'most go wild;
She fretted so much at leavin' her garding behind, poor child!
And, law! I'm as glad as Deby, of only for jest one thing—
Now I can tend the posies I planted there last spring
On Caleb's grave; he loved the flowers, and it seems as ef he'll know
They're a-bloomin' all around him while he's sleepin' there below.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

[Special Dispatch to the Enquirer.]

BARBARA FRETITCHIE.

A New Version of the Story, Minus the "Old Gray Head."

NEW YORK, August 24.—A new version of the Barbara Fritchie story is given by Mrs. M. J. Burnham, of this city, who was in Fredericksburg three months in 1863, and knew three old maids with a name like Fritetchie. They told her proudly how their neice Barbara—not an old woman, but a young and pretty girl—had been the the only one in that town who didn't back down when rebels came through the city. When she knew Stonewall Jackson's troops were coming she said: "I'll make them march under the Stars and Stripes anyway." Her friends tried to dissuade her, but she would have her own way; and when the troops marched by the little brick house where she lived, she opened up a window and waved the flag over the rebels. There was an order to fire from somebody but before it was executed Stonewall Jackson told them not to fire.

Barbara died in September, 1863, and was carried to her grave by soldiers. Every man in the hospital well enough to walk was ordered to attend the funeral. I don't know how it happened that Barbara Fritchie was represented as an old woman. Some one might have seen her grandmother and thought it was she who hung out the flag, or Whittier may have written it thus for effect. But I can't see but it was quite as heroic for a young girl to thus stand by the flag of the country as for an old gray-haired woman so to do. At all events, Barbara Fritchie was a young girl, and gave her life for her country, for she killed herself by overwork in nursing Union soldiers."

[From the Dayton Democrat.]

READY FOR RESURRECTIONISTS.

Putting Nitro-Glycerine in the Grave of a Young Woman to Keep off Exhumers.

The death of Miss Susan Shepherd, of Wayne township, last week, cast a gloom over the entire community in which she lived and was so well and favorably known. Her funeral took place on Tuesday from the residence of her parents, and was unusually largely attended. The deceased was of unusual refinement and social culture and possessed those womanly virtues to an eminent degree which go so far to make womanhood honorable and honored. She was a member of the choir and Sabbath school of the M. E. Church at Osborn, and her demise leaves a vacancy which cannot be easily filled. Miss Shepherd's disease was of a character to baffle the skill of the best medical talent of that vicinity and of Osborn, and there was, it is said, great diversity of opinion as to the proper mode of treatment. After death her family offered the attending physicians an opportunity of making an autopsy, but they did not avail themselves of the privilege. The friends of the deceased seemed to feel that they had just reason to fear that her body would be exhumed, and the thought of her grave being robbed grew upon them so strongly and was so repulsive to them that as a matter of safety and precaution it was thought best to inter her remains in a grave in the yard at her parents' residence, instead of in the graveyard at Osborn. Accordingly, a grave was dug in the yard, a few feet from the front door of the residence, and her remains lie beneath the beautiful flowers and evergreens which she had loved so well, and which had been cultivated and reared by her own fair hands. To make assurance doubly sure, that her grave would not be despoiled, a quantity of nitro-glycerine was so placed in the grave that should ghouls attempt to rob it they would be hoisted by a petard that would effectually end their infamous career.

THE LITERARY CAREER.

A Poorly Paid Profession—A Discouraging Prospect for New Authors.

The Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, in commenting on the recent confessions of contributors in the *Atlantic Monthly*, makes the following pertinent remarks:

There are in this country less than half a dozen high class monthly magazines which pay good prices for contributions. Of second class magazines there are, perhaps, a dozen. If a writer should obtain admission to each of both classes once a year he might gain an income of from $700 to $800. But the chances against such success on the part of any writer are immeasurably great. The labor of securing good topics and preparing so much matter would be formidable, but all the odds would be in favor of the rejection of a very large portion of the material by the editors to whom it was offered. There are not many magazine writers in this country who, whatever their accomplishments, succeed in getting into print more than four or five articles in the course of a single year, and these are fortunate if they obtain $50 for each piece of work. There is a positive certainty of small remuneration at best, and there is always a distressing and harassing uncertainty that the work which costs so much pains and labor will find a market at all. Most magazine editors have on hand at any given time accepted manuscripts enough to supply a dozen numbers, and the writer who sells an article is quite likely to have to wait for several months before he sees it in type, conscious, meanwhile, that that market is closed to him until his contribution does appear.

There is not a more promising outlook for writers of books. The greatest book makers have not acquired fortunes. Dickens was far from being a very rich man when he died, and much of the money that he left behind him he earned at the reading desk. Thackeray had only a modest fortune after achieving his most brilliant successes, and he, too, acquired something by appearing upon the platform. Wild stories concerning the gains of popular writers, such as George Eliot, are constantly circulating, but generally they are incredible. If we could know the truth we should find that literary genius of the highest order obtains no such prizes as are won by talent in commerce, at the bar, and in some of the lucrative professions. If this is the truth, how hopeless is the case of a literary person of inferior abilities and no reputation, who determines to live by the pen! Such a person will find it difficult, in most instances, to persuade a publisher to handle his book. The publisher is a man of business. He will take a risk, perhaps, where there seems to be such a promise of profit as decided merit gives; but generally he will demand that an unknown author shall at least share the expense of production. A book that reaches a sale of 10,000 copies in a couple of years does remarkably well; there are not many so favored. Suppose such a book sells for $1.50, and the author gets a royalty of 10 per cent. At the end of two years he has obtained $1,500, or $750 a year. This is not much, but such a profit is exceptional. The number of American authors who can produce in succession two books that will obtain such circulation can very nearly be counted upon the fingers of both hands.

The literary men of this country, below the first class, earn their bread by submitting to the grind of work in newspaper offices, as Bayard Taylor, for example, has been compelled to do, or by doing editorial service for fixed wages upon magazines and other periodicals. Such a life clips their wings and checks their fancy. It shuts them out from the possibilities that independence and leisure would present to them; but it is the only method by which they can make themselves secure and keep themselves above want. Doubtless the world has lost much because Pegasus has been chained to the plow; for men who possess the ability to do great things can do anything worth doing in the idle hours that follow a day spent in drudgery; but that is simply the misfortune of the authors and of mankind; there is no help for it that can be discovered. The truth about the matter, however, may as well be told, so that those persons who conceive that a literary career is a pathway to affluence and glory may be persuaded to make their bread and butter secure in some other avocation before they attempt to irradiate the world with the creations of their intellects.

[Correspondence Burlington Hawkeye.]

How Burdette Landed a Pickerel—An Exciting Time.

I landed my first pickerel the first evening we were on the lake. I am not a skillful fisherman. I told the boys that I could do a little plain fishing, but I didn't want to be set down for anything with any kind of fluting, embroidery, knife-pleating, or anything of that kind about it. I fished from the shore, by the side of the veteran fisher, Mr. A. K. Dunlap, of Titusville. He knew every fish in the lake by name. He can tell by the movement of the line what kind of a fish is at your hook. Something ran away with my line.

"It's a pickerel" shouted Mr. Dunly, in intense excitement. "A big fellow. Take out your lines," he yelled to the rest of them. "Give him plenty of room! Play him," he shrieked at me. "Let him run. Keep your line taut! Don't give him an inch of slack! Look out! Don't let him do that again! Let him run! Now, bring him in this——Look out! Don't let him do that again!"

By this time I was so exited I was on the point of throwing down the pole and rushing out in the lake, intending to run the fish down and kick it to death. I screamed to Mr. Dunlap:

"You take the pole and land him, I never can."

He refused. He turned and hurled his own pole, lance fashion, into the woods.

"Here!" he shouted rushing down the bank about twenty feet below me, stooping down and spreading out his arms. "Here! Now! Bring him in here through the shoal water! I'll get him! Careful, now? Careful! Steady! Ah——"

And flip, flip, I had him on the shore. He was a beauty. A little sunfish, about three and a half inches long.

It was a long time before we said anything. Mr. Dunlap climbed a big birch tree, in the top of which his pole had lodged, and we resumed our fishing. Presently Charley Armknecht coughed, and I said:

"How funny the frogs sound over in the marsh."

And then we laughed a long time at the frogs. A long, long time, and very heartily. They are very funny frogs.

But Mr. Dunlap fished on very silently, and by and by he said the fish wouldn't bite when there was very much noise. So we held our hush and the fish bit. But they didn't bite any of us very badly.

The fishing is excellent almost anywhere in the lake. That evening on the upper lake one of the boys caught nine large pickerel. When we came to count the fish, however it appeared that he had caught one pickerel nine times. It was a very large fish, and they are going to have his skin dried whole, for a spectacle case. I caught more fish than anyone else in the party, but they were all, with one exception, catfish, and I learned, to my amazement, that I had disgraced myself and the lake. Why isn't a fish a fish I'd like to know.

The Deadly Bite of a Man.

In the latter part of March, M. J. Russell, of 213 Franklin Street, Greenpoint, quarreled with one of his tenants named Thomas Kelly, and Kelly bit Russell severely on one of the fingers of his left hand. At first no special attention was paid to the bite, and the injured finger received an ordinary dressing. In a few weeks, however, it was found necessary to amputate the finger from the second joint. This operation was performed in Bellevue Hospital. After that the pain began to increase in Mr. Russell's hand, and in four weeks it became necessary to amputate the entire hand, the poison from the bite having impregnated it. When the second amputation was performed it was discovered that the victim's entire system wee so impregnated with the poison as to render it improbable that he could be cured, even by the sacrifice of his hand. These fears proved well founded, and Mr. Russell died in great agony yesterday morning at 10 o'clock. Within the last three weeks his left arm and the left side of his body became greatly swollen, and he became unconscious and remained so till he died. Kelly was arrested, and he is now in Raymond street jail awaiting the action of the Grand Jury.

TIFFIN TRIBUNE

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This Hotel has been newly furnished and refitted and affords comfortable accommodations for the traveling community and boarders.

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FOR MAN AND BEAST.

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