TIFFIN TRIBUNE.

TERMS, $2 00 PER YEAR. TIFFIN, OHIO, THURSDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 17, 1878. VOLUME 31—NUMBER 3.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ATTORNEYS.

WM. LANG. LANG & SON, LANG.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, La House Block, Market St., Tiffin, O.

G. W. BACHMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office over National Exchange Bank, Washington and Market streets. ner Nat'l Bank, Tiffin, O. Nov. 12, '74-n6

G. R. KEPPEL. G. R. & H. C. KEPPEL.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office Grumnell's Block, opposite the Court House, Tiffin, O.

RUSH ABBOTT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office over Hubbard's Drug Store, corner of Washington and Market Sts., Tiffin, Ohio. 27'8tf

J. F. BUNN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in National Exchange Block, Tiffin, Ohio.

W. P. NOBLE.
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Stings a Block Tiffin, Ohio. n31-'73-1y.

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

McCAULEY & PENNINGTON.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Tiffin, Ohio. Office opposite the Court House. June 16.

FRANK DILDINE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office in Miller's Block, Washington Street, opposite the Court House. 35-1y

J. H. RIDGELY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tiffin, Ohio. Office over Hoss' Book Store, opposite the Court House. Sept. 24, 1875.

ALFRED LANDON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in Grunnell'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. 21.

A. J. RUESS,
NOTARY PUBLIC AND SUCCESSOR TO A. G. Byers' Fire Insurance Agency. The oldest and best tested Companies represented. Solicits a continuance of the favors extended to his predecessor.

HARRISON NOBLE. NELSON S. LUTES
NOBLE & LUTES.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Tiffin, O., Office in Noble's Block, over Col. Bowman's Crockery Store, opposite National Block. May 7, '74-n31-1y.

N. L. BREWER.
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Special attention given to all kinds of Military Claims, Back pay, Bounty, Pensions, &c. Office in National Exchange Bank Block, opposite the Court House, Tiffin, Ohio Jan. 17.

MEDICAL.

R. F. HITTELL, M. D.,
OF ALLENTOWN, PA. OFFICE over Kirchner's Grocery Store. Special attention given to female diseases. Speaks English and German. Night calls answered at the office.

H. R. MARTIN,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office over Kendall's Jewelry Store, Market Street. Residence at Mrs. Doerle's, Madison street. n40'77.

DOCTOR WAUGAMAN,
OCULIST AND AURIST HAS JUST RETURNED from a visit to the Hospitals of London, Paris and New York. Long, Short and Weak Sight Corrected by the aid of French Trial Glasses. OFFICE HOURS—9 A. M. to 3 P. M. 21 Madison St., Tiffin, O.

WILLIAM J. CRAWFORD, M. D.,
ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Thankful for patronage during the past seven years, and will continue to serve the public in all branches of the Medical Profession. Residence and office, No. 30 Perry St., two doors west of Washington.

W. H. STOVER,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Tiffin, Ohio. Office hours from 9 to 10 A. M., and from 2 to P. M Saturdays from 10 A. M. to 2 P. M. Office over Emmert's Grocery Store. [April 11.

J. P. KINNAMAN. H. K. HERSHISER.
DRS. KINNAMAN & HERSHISER,
OFFICE OVER NELIGH'S CLOTHING Store, Washington St., are ready to attend to all calls day and night. Special attention paid to the treatment of the diseases of females and children. Office hours from 8 to 10 A. M. and 2 to 4 P. M. Dr. Kinnaman's residence, Greenfield St., near Heidelberg College; Dr. Hershiser's, first door west of Tingling's store, West Madison St.

DENTISTS.

Dr. C. C. BEILHARE,
SURGEON DENTIST. Office in Emp e Block, over the Pennsylvania Store.

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

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

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

HOTELS.

TIFFIN HOUSE.
G. KINZER, Proprietor, Market St., Tiffin, Ohio. This hotel has been thoroughly overhauled, has good stabling, and is prepared to furnish the traveling public with all accomodations in good style.

Sick Headache
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Positively Cured by these Little Pills.
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and cheapest. Only one pill a dose. Vegetable. Price 25 cents. Sold by all Druggists.
CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, Erie, Pa.
Sent Pills by mail for one dollar.

REAL ESTATE
AND
Collecting Agency
OF
P. HUDDLE.

OFFICE—Over Hubbard's Drug Store, Tiffin, Ohio.

Real Estate taken for Sale on small commission; also, to exchange.

PROMPT ATTENTION GIVEN TO COLLECTIONS.

A BEAUTIFUL HOME of 32 acres, situated one mile south of Clyde, Sandusky county, Ohio.

80 ACRES of timber land ¾ 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 north of Tiffin, Seneca county, O. 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. 593 and 60x202 feet. New house; five rooms; fruit of all kinds. Situated on the south side of Adams street, near the C., S. & C. depot. Price reasonable and terms easy. Owner wishes to remove to Toledo.

160 ACRES, three miles from Tiffin, of which 130 acres are in good cultivation; balance fine timber. Abounding water, supported by a No. 1 spring; two orchards, 1,000 bushels of wheat, harvested in 1878. Will sell for the wheat alone, at $2.50 per acre, on reasonable time. P. HUDDLE.

80 ACRES of well timbered land, situated in Hardin county, Ohio, seven miles north of Kenton, on the Blanchard river, four miles west from a globe of coppery fire and found as still clanking on. I had joined the Sheriff and the leader of the soldiers. We were a silent trio until I ventured:

"Are you certain, Sheriff, of our men?"

"Sure as the moon," said the old man, tersely, drinking in the sweet air of the sublime night with a sigh that seemed to say, "Let me alone. I know what I'm about, and won't be questioned."

He added the latter sentence reflectively, never relaxing the scrutiny of the mounted stranger. That person was a "likely boy," indeed. Afoot he might have stood nearly six feet on his bare soles. His swarthy face, handsome as a gypsy girl's, and delicately-shaped and set as any lady's, was framed with a shock of tangled, wavy hair, of whose black, glossy glory any court dame might have been proud; and his eyes, full, black and lustrous as those of a race horse, flashed under the finely-pencilled brows. The hand which rested lazily on his knee was large, and in perfect keeping with his well-knit figure, but in shape clean cut and handsome as a woman's.

I was still scrutinizing this somewhat singular apparition with more than ordinary curiosity, when the Sheriff turned suddenly on me.

"What's yer pony, Tom?" he asked.

"In the shed!"

"Saddled?"

"With a loose girth—yes."

"The sogers is in the Hundred Horn Gulch," he went on, speaking rapidly. "Slide forerd an' bring 'em up. May the big wolf of Devil's Run devour me if them ain't two of our men."

I knew the Sheriff too well to hesitate or question further. As I girted my pony in the shed, a shadow glided across the doorway and was gone. When I rode out the two strangers were cantering off to the southward, pointing for the Republican River, and as I gave my pony rein and galloped in the opposite direction, I saw the Sheriff mounting his big gray mare, which had been tied to the corner-post of the store.

The Sheriff and a party of soldiers from Fort Hills were on the watch for the trainrobbers, who had stopped the western-bound train at Big Springs eight days before, and who were supposed to be striking for the Texas border with their rich spoil. The soldiers, as the sheriff had said, were posted in a ravine known as the Hundred Horn Gulch, a few miles from the station, and where the main trail from the North Platte crossed the railroad track.

The sun was just dipping when I rode up to the station ahead of my troopers. The sheriff, who was studying the written description of the marauders by the wandering light, put himself at our head with a word, and we trailed off, a long line of creaking, jingling, hoof-beating clamor through the windy silence and gloom of the darkening prairie.

The ride was a long one, for our quarry had an hour's start of us, and the moon rose a globe of coppery fire and found us still clanking on. I had joined the Sheriff and the leader of the soldiers. We were a silent trio until I ventured:

"Are you certain, Sheriff, of our men?"

"Sure as the moon," said the old man, tersely, drinking in the sweet air of the sublime night with a sigh that seemed to say, "Let me alone. I know what I'm about, and won't be questioned."

Silence again. The brisk breeze was blowing rifted clouds across the face of the moon, mottling the dim plain with fantastic shadows. Suddenly these clouds swept away. A full, clear burst of light flooded the prairie, and not half a mile away we saw three moving figures which, in the now marvellously brilliant illumination, could be easily distinguished as those of two mounted men and a pack animal.

The wind was in our faces, blowing the noise of our approach from the fugitives' ears, and though we rode hard, and with no attempt at stealthiness, it was not until we were close upon them that they suddenly drew in and faced about, both men sitting bold upright in their saddles, with their hands at their hips. In gesture and bearing they meant fight, and looked every inch desperate and dangerous men.

We halted, too. For a moment a dead silence fell on. Then the Sheriff's gray mare neighed, and the charm was broken.

"Who's there?" called one of the fugitives in Spanish, emphasizing the challenge by the sharp click of his pistol as he brought it to a cock.

The rattle of a dozen carbines falling into position drowned the Sheriff's reply. Then the clear voice of the younger fugitive arose: "If we must die, we might as well die like men," it said.

What followed was almost like the flaming of a flash of lightning. I heard the Sheriff call out, "Throw up your hands!" and saw him spur straight for the strangers; then came a flash, a rattling fire of carbines and revolvers, and a fierce oath from a trooper behind me, who tumbled from his saddle with his thigh smashed. At the same time, and before I could kick clear of the stirrups, my poor pony staggered and fell dead, with a pistol ball between his eyes, and, in his fall, pinned me to the earth.

The fight was as brief as it was furious, and like all other desperate encounters I ever witnessed, was an almost silent one, as far as any sound of voices went. But the sharp reports of revolvers, and the duller discharge of carbines, freighted the night wind, and the ground owls lumbered into a clumsy flight at the unwonted noises. Finally a single flash of light flamed across the light, thin vapor from the firing, a single report was blown to leaward, sharp and clear, and then the discharges ceased. With a desperate effort I dragged myself clear of my dead animal and limped to my feet.

The Sheriff and half a dozen soldiers were grouped about the body of one of the fugitives. Another soldier supported the figure of the "likely boy." Some black shapes on the prairie marked the whereabouts of the rest of the dozen troopers, and told at what cost the victory had been won.

The boy himself, only held upright by the soldier's strong arm, was still alive. The bright moonlight shining on his handsome, girlish face, lighted it to unearthly beauty. In the struggle his coat had been torn off, and a broad, dark, slowly-spreading smear was visible on his coarse, gray shirt. His breathing was hoarse and quick, the sure index to a shot in the lungs.

"He's goin'," said the sheriff, mopping the blood from a bad cut in his forehead with his sleeve. "Great snakes! what a fight he made!"

"Here's the pony, Sheriff."

One of the men led the pack pony, which during the entire fight had been quietly grazing at a little distance off, up to the group. With a quick jerk he dragged off the tattered blanket which covered the pack.

There was a few camp utensils, some provisions, and a bulging sort of double bag thrown over the fronts of the pannier. With an effort he pulled this off, but its weight tore it from his hands, and it fell with a metallic crash. As it struck the earth its seams burst. The queer-shaped sack was simply an old pair of pants with the legs tied up, and it contents rolled, jingling and sparkling over the short grass, a cascade of minted gold.

Before the ring of the precious metal had died away, the group about the dead man and the wounded boy parted with an exclamation of startled surprise. The boy had suddenly struggled to his feet. He stood swinging dizzily to and fro for an instant, and then, snatching a revolver from the belt of the amazed soldier, who stood beside him, fired point blank at one of his captors directly in front of him.

The man fell dead, and his murderer, with the smoking pistol still in his hand, tottered forward a step and sank in a heap on the corpse of his companion, with his face upon its breast and one arm about its neck.

Strange! Well, however, that may be so far, the strangest part is to come yet. Of course, you have suspected all along that the handsome boy was a woman. Well, he wasn't and what was more, the moon, far from being the train robbers, were a worthy Texan drover and his son, who had sold out their beasts at North Platte and were on their way home with the money. They had $11,000 in coin with them, and probably fancied that they were as safe as any others for whom we mistook them. The boys had the laugh on the Sheriff for many a long day after. For once his vaunted acuteness had failed him.

What was done to him? Why, great Scott, stranger, what do you suppose? Are we not all liable to mistakes?

Death of "Washboard" Hale.

We see by the Jefferson county papers that "Washboard" Hale died in the poor house recently. He was a character. For thirty years he had lived in that vicinity on a wash-board as may be said. He made a few washboards, and he would take one under his arm and go to a farm house and allow the wife to use it. If she bought it, all right, if not it was all the same. He would have a dozen washboards scattered around and they was always the guest of the house, got his meals, moved his washboard to another locality, and ate and drank on the board. He always managed to arrive at the house about meal time, and as he had all the news to tell he was welcome. If a housewife had wood to split, a cow to milk, or the man had steers to break, hogs to kill, or a wagon to grease, old Hale was ready to help. At times when the good housewife had not much in the house for dinner, the arrival of Washboard Hale would cause a cloud to rest on her brow, but a cheerful word from him would soon dispel it, and we do not believe he ever went hungry a day of his life. He was a tramp, always on the move—in summer with his coat over his arm, and in winter bundled up and always on the march. However hard up he might be, he could manage to get zinc enough for a washboard, and any friendly carpenter would allow him to do the work in his shop, and his stock being completed he was on the road. In all his thirty years' travel about Jefferson county, no one ever heard him use an unkind word and he never injured a soul. Children would chaff him until he got an opportunity to be of assistance to them, after which they were his friends. He would make a kite for them or draw them miles on a sled for the asking. He was a great character, and will be missed.

How the Condition of the Workingmen May be Improved.

The only way of raising workingmen, and thus to some extent equalizing the means and comfort of society, is one which few workingmen care to hear about. Let them give up all payments to societies to mismanage their affairs, and waste no time in attending trade or secret society meetings. Let them adjure, as one man and forever, all intoxicating drinks and tobacco, and let every man determine to rise in the world by his own skill, industry, economy and integrity, instead of depending on a society, to secure him a communistic divide of wages with all the dissipated loafers of his trade. Let every man see that his wife and children are as comfortable as he can make them, and train up the latter in good habits and the fear of the Lord. It will not take many years of such a course as this to obviate all the worst difficulties of which workingmen complain and in the next generation their children may to a great extent change places with the present millionaires.

The common reply to any appeal to the workingmen to give up liquor and tobacco is, "Why do you not call on the rich men to give them up?" The answer is two-fold: Whilst wasting money, health and comfort in these baleful indulgences, rich men do not ask the public to maintain their families, as poor men sometimes do; and the more rich men waste the means with which they are intrusted by Providence, the sooner will workingmen and their children, if they be wise, rise into their places. It is difficult to reach poor men with good advice, just because of their poverty, but it is more difficult to reach rich men just because of their wealth. We offer first-rate advice to both, when we exhort them to abstain from intoxicating drinks and tobacco.—*N. Y. Witness.*

How to Tell Bad News.

Visitors from the country at the door of a South Side residence, to a German next door.

"Jane not at home, did you say?"

German—"Nein, Chane's not at home."

Visitor—"Where is she?"

German—"She's gone der cemetery down."

Visitor—"When will she come back?"

German—"Oh, she won't come back already any more; she gone to stay; she's det."—*Indianapolis News.*

FAIR ELECTIONS.

The Attorney-General Sends Instructions to Officials in the South.

WASHINGTON, October 7.—Attorney-General Devens has sent the following letter to United States Attorneys in Louisana, Alabama and South Carolina:

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
WASHINGTON, October 3.

Charles E. Mayer, Esq., Attorney-General, Montgomery, Alabama:

SIR:—Information has been given me of certain outrages alleged to have been committed and threatened to be committed in the northern and middle districts of Alabama in connection with the approaching Congressional election. This information is of such a character that I deem it proper to call your attention to the law of Congress intended to protect the freedom and purity of such elections, in order that proper steps may be taken to bring to justice those who offend against them, and to secure to all citizens without distinction of party, while election is pending, their just rights. The statement of crimes against election franchise is condensed in chapter seventh, title seventy of the Revised Statutes, and your attention is especially called to section 5,520, which enacts—

"If two or more persons in any State or Territory conspire to prevent by force, intimidation or threat any citizen who is lawfully entitled to vote from giving his support or advocacy in a legal manner toward or in favor of the election of any lawfully qualified person as elector for President or Vice President, or as a member of Congress, or to injure any citizens in person or property on account of such support or advocacy; each of such persons shall be punished by a fine not less than $500 nor more than $5,000, or by imprisonment with or without hard labor not less than six months nor more than six years, or by both such fine and imprisonment."

The enforcement of this provision is essential to the proper discussion of the merits of citizens who come forward as candidates for Congress. When therefore it is invaded by combinations as conspiracy, by force, intimidation or threats to prevent citizens from giving their support and advocacy to any lawfully qualified person as a member of Congress of the United States, and sufficient evidence of this is brought to your attention, you will act energetically in bringing those entering into such conspiracies to justice by causing warrants to be issued against them by some firm and impartial United States Commissioner, and by having such parties brought promptly before him to be dealt with according to law.

Such warrants should be made returnable where you or your assistant can attend at the hearing. On account of the importance of the matter, I deem it proper also to add that in such cases you should personally select those whom you are satisfied are leaders of such conspiracies rather than the mere followers. In no case will you permit any warrants to be wantonly or carelessly issued. The laws are to be executed firmly, but always fairly and impartially.

You can rely upon my aid to the marshal if you should have occasion to place warrants in his hands relating to this subject.

[Signed] Very respectfully,
CHARLES DEVENS,
Atty. General.

Remarkable Conduct of a Dog.

A Broughty Ferry lady, writing to her friends from Dublin, gives an account of a strange occurrence by which her husband was saved from being taken down in a ferry boat. The gentleman was just about to step into the ferryboat to cross the river, when a large retriever rushed upon him, caught hold of his trousers with his teeth, and at the same time kept up a constant howl. It was only after considerable difficulty that he could get himself released, and by that time the ferryboat had been shoved off in to the river. The gentleman naturally felt much annoyed at being prevented from crossing, but his feelings were changed when a minute later, he saw the ferryboat run down by a steamer which had approached without noticing the boat. The passengers were thrown into the water, but, fortunately the crew of the steamer were successful in saving them all, some being very much exhausted, however. While thinking of the singular means by which he had been saved from the accident, the gentlemen could not help noticing the conduct of the dog, which followed closely at his heels. He tried every means to get rid of it during the day, but in the afternoon the animal was still following him, and he was obliged to take it home with him. The dog has now been installed as watchman of the house, and has already shown great attachment to the gentleman and his family.—*Dundee Advertiser.*

ONE WOMAN'S LIFE.

Watching Nightly for the Husband Who was Brought Home to Her Dead Years Ago.

People who cross City hall square at night have noticed a little old woman dressed in an odd brown gown, a light sacque, and a frilled cap scrupulously clean. She walks the square from 9 P. M. till past midnight to and fro, scanning every man's face, and after many disappointments every night goes slowly, very late, up to her home in Mulberry street. About four years ago John Reilley, her husband, was employed in the press-room of the *Herald*. About 9 o'clock every night he met his wife, who brought down his lunch and carried back the dishes. One cold dark night he did not meet her, and as she did not know the press-room number she waited some time and then went home. In her room she found his dead body upon the bed. He had been killed by the falling of a roll of paper. She did not die, though she was near dying, and she still waits every night to meet her husband. Winter and summer she allies cold and no weather delays her, though she is sixty years of age.—*N. Y. World.*

The Tricks of the Cigar Trade.

Cigars are being made here in almost exact imitation of Havana brands. They are made in every way like the imported article, and are sold as such without detection. The tricks by which this has been exposed in the Custom House in the seizure of 20,000 fine regalias, reinas, and Henry Clays by an officer of the night watch, who saw them being driven through West street, and became suspicious that they had been smuggled from an Havana steamship. The offer of $200 by the driver to let him go made the officer feel certain that they had been smuggled. Some of the cigars were shown to the government expert for appraisement, and he reported them to be imported, and worth at the rate of $125 a thousand. The seizing officer rubbed his hands with an expected moiety from Washington. On Saturday three cigar makers called on Deputy Collector Phelps and said that they believed the lot to be cigars that had been stolen from them a few days ago, and they gave trademarks and numbers which corresponded with those on the boxes in the seizure room. They admitted that their business was to manufacture cigars in imitation of any Havana brand wanted by their customers. When shown the cigars they made affidavits that they were the ones stolen from them and they were given up to them. The officer lost his moiety and the government the duties.—*N. Y. Sun.*

"Well, what do you think of the donkey show?" said a young lady to a companion of her own sex, as they passed out of church, after listening to a tedious sermon. The companion did not understand, and the young lady proceeded to elucidate. "You observe those young men who stand before the church door ogling the ladies? Well, they are the donkeys, and every Sunday exhibit themselves. You are a stranger in this town, but you will soon be deeply interested in our Sunday menagerie."

Said Old Deacon Holden: "I don't like a man who is intimate on short acquaintance, because he is almost sure to be short on intimate acquaintance."

EXECUTION OF MAXIMILIAN.

Carlotta's brief delirium of joy had began to be clouded with other sorrows before she had found cause to suspect the loyalty of their new subject to the empire. Almost at the beginning of the signs of coming troubles, news came from beyond the sea of the death of her loved and honored father, Leopold, King of Belgium. The emperor, left alone, and beset on every hand by those whom he could not trust, while the whole country seemed to be going over to the enemy, felt, as never before, his loneliness, and the need of the support that the presence of the empress might have afforded him. But not only was she gone from him, but after a few months the sad news came to him that she had become demented, and her speedy death was expected. Then, it is said, for the first and only time in his sad experience the power of his nerves gave way, and, with streaming eyes and trembling voice, he paced the floor, moaning continually, "Poor Carlotta! poor Carlotta!" It would be alike unpleasant and unedifying to follow him to the tribunal before which he was summoned; but to which summons he responded only by saying:

"If I am to be condemned, then my presence or absence will make no difference."

His condemnation ensued, as a matter of course; but that was followed by a reprieve, but soon the fatal sentence was pronounced and executed. It is said that Juarez would have been glad to spare his life, but for reasons of state, and out of regard to the voice of his chief supporters he gave his sanction to the execution.

A little before this time might have been seen away beyond the ocean, another scarcely less tragical scene. It was the young and beautiful, but now almost demented, Empress of Mexico, prostrated before the Holy Father at Rome, interceding for the pope's interference in behalf of her husband, betrayed and abandoned among his enemies. But the pope was powerless in the case, and he had indeed consented to the arrangements that now threatened to terminate so fatally. Then came upon her the sudden frenzy of fear that she was to be poisoned if she left the protection of the Vatican; and this was followed by gradual sinking away of the noble and refined spirit into a quiet, moping madness; from which not even the terrible scenes of her loved Miramar sufficed to rouse her. She saw nothing more of the dark cloud that was gathering around her husband, nor was she aroused to consciousness by the thunder-crash that soon after sounded through the brilliant halls of the Tuileries, and the more majestic palace of Schonbrunn, announcing that the stern decree of death had been executed upon the brave and accomplished young emperor. That sorrow was spared her, which, had she been capable of feeling it, must itself have driven her to frenzied madness.

How sadly dramatic was the scene of the execution of Maximilian, the more so because all was so entirely unstudied and sincere! He handed his marriage ring to Dr. Basche, to be conveyed to his mother, the archduchess, for he believed that Carlotta was already dead. He carefully prepared his toilet, in preparation for his death, dressing himself in a plain, single-breasted, black frock-coat, closely buttoned; black neck-tie, and lower garment, and a broad-brimmed Mexican hat. He, the chief actor in the sad scene, was the calmest; while his attendants were so completely unnerved, that they were near fainting, as they witnessed the placid bearing of one so beloved and revered.

Slowly the cortege of three carriages with the escort of five mounted soldiers, and the battalion of infantry, guarding the road, moved toward the "Hill of Bells," where Maximilian had been captured, and where he was to be shot. The three victims stood side by side; Maximilian placing General Miramon in the center, as the post of honor, himself taking the stand on the left, with General Mejia on the right. Then followed the distribution of the twenty dollar gold pieces, containing the emperor's effigy, which he left for his executioners. The officers were there and more vivid, as placing his hand on his heart in a calm, clever voice, the imperial victim uttered the fatal command:

"Fire!"

Then followed the discharge of three guns, the instant death of the two generals, the reeling of the chief victim with his life not yet extinct, when he was heard to murmur indistinct words in Spanish. Some asserting them to have been, "O man! O man!" others thinking it, "Poor Mexico!" a second shot threugh his heart, a convulsive shudder, and Maximilian, Archduke of Austria, and Emperor of Mexico, lay dead on foreign soil.

The wife, once so full of enthusiasm at her transfer from beautiful Miramar to a imperial palace in far-off Mexico, had in anticipation of the sailing from Vera Cruz, or arrival on the Austrian coast, of the ship *Novara* with its bands of music wailing forth a funeral dirge; of mast and spar, pennon and flag, of the incoming vessel, and of all others lying moored in the harbor, dressed in black, and the cannons from ship and fortress firing funeral volleys. Nor did she, in her wild dreams, behold the monarch, her husband, cold and stark within his zinc coffin, clad in his military costume of blue and gold; nor was she a witness of the last doleful scene, when they laid the body of the royal victim in the sepulcher of his fathers, amid the sighs and tears of thousands who loved him, and over whose dust, now moldering in decay, a never-dying memory is preserved by nations who never saw his face and have no part in his life or people.—*National Repository for September.*

On the Banks of the D.

David Daldrom doatingly desired Dolly Doublechin. David devoted days dawdling, doubting Dolly's devotion. David's dreds delighted Dolly dear duck. David dubiously dodged Dolly daily, devouring doughnuts desoerately, drinking deeply, disgusting dainty, delicate Dolly. David decided different doings, dauntfully digging ditches—dirty difficult duty. David's doleful demeanor depressed Dolly dreadfully, dictating dreadful dreams, disturbing digestion, developing dyspepsia. David drove doctor down, diagnosing disease, directing divers doses, discreet diet, diluted decoctions, domestic drugs. Dolly demurred, desiring dancing, driving, diversion. David dismissed doctor, delightedly devoting double devoirs, directly dispelling Dolly's doleful disposition. Dolly deprecated David's dubious demonstrations, disapproving dilly-dallying. David daintily dressed, demanded Dolly's decision, declaring definite devotion. Dolly, desiring delay, discussed dinners, dancing school, Dick Digworthy's dram drinking, diverting David's dangerous direction. David, doughtily determined, dissuaded Dolly's diffuse dissertations. Dulcet dealings disarming Dolly, Dominie Dryasdust declared David Doldrum, Dolly Doublechin definitely doubled.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Woman's Love for the Beautiful.

A woman went into a barber's shop on C street some weeks ago and wanted to know how much it would cost to dye a man's hair and mustache. The price was named, and she then asked the barber to get his dye and follow her.

"Why can't the man come here?" asked the barber.

"He's dead," replied the woman, "and the last thing he said when he was passing away was: 'Sally, fix me up pretty for the funeral.' His hair curled beautiful, but was a little gray. It won't look well to see a woman crying round a coffin with an old graybearded man in it. So I want him fixed up a little. He was always a beauty when he had his hair dyed. I know I'd want mine fixed that way if I was gray and dead."

The barber dyed the man's hair in the highest style of the art, and the widow remarked, when all was over, that he was the loveliest corpse ever buried on the Comstock.—*Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle.*

A lady, joking about her nose, said: "I had nothing to do in shaping it. It was a birthday present."

THE VALUE OF CLEANLINESS.

The *Leader* in the following article shows the value of cleanliness, as a preventive of yellow fever, which has slain its thousands during the last two months in the southern cities:

It has been a matter of some surprise to those who have observed the spread of yellow fever in the South this year that Galveston, the city that had suffered so grievously in 1867 and other years, has this year been entirely exempt. A recent number of the Galveston *News* explains the secret and gives some facts that should be carefully considered, not only by the Yellow Fever Commission, but by the authorities of all Southern towns exposed to visitations of the plague. The writer of the article in question says of the great epidemic of 1867:

"The disease was introduced from Indianola, and it spread like fire among dry prairie grass, to nearly all parts of the city. At that time there was standing water under nearly all of the older houses in the city, and under many of the new ones, and it was noted that where this stagnant water was most abundant the fever spread most rapidly and was most fatal. After this discovery it was determined to raise the grade of the city four feet, and to require that the space beneath every building that had water under it should be filled up with sand. At the same time, the drainage of the city, which, like that of New Orleans, has to be upon the surface, was greatly improved, and more strict sanitary regulations were adopted and enforced. Ever since 1867 there have been frequent and thorough house-to-house inspections during the summer months, beginning on the first of May, the abatement of all nuisances and careful cleansing and disinfection of alleys and passages. In this way Galveston has been made the cleanest city in the United States, and public opinion there is such that *no interference with the Board of Health, which consists of eminent physicians who serve without pay, will be permitted.*"

The experience of Galveston has gone to show that where proper sanitary regulations are observed yellow fever will not become epidemic. It is required that cleanliness shall be maintained *all the time.* A filthy city which has neglected its streets and permitted its drains and soil to be soaked with poisonous matter during nine months of the year, cannot by any sudden spasm of cleanliness, eradicate the hotbeds from which the fever receives its encouragement. The experience of Holly Springs this year proves that. The conclusion is that in order to avoid periodical visitations of the plague, all Southern towns and cities must not only maintain a strict quarantine during the dangerous months of summer and autumn, but must adopt and enforce rigidly at all times the sanitary principles which experience has shown to be the religion of municipal hygiene. Stagnant water, noisome open drains and cesspools, decaying garbage and household slovenliness are the kindling-wood with which the death angel lights his ghastly path.

Parental Responsibility.

The importance of mothers teaching their daughters everything that would qualify them for wives and mothers, must be admitted by all; while it is equally true, that, to a great extent, it is neglected. The effort of many mothers seems now, to be, chiefly, to prepare their daughters to figure in the gay circles of society, and give them only an ornamental education, to the neglect of the more essential knowledge. Music, both instrumental and vocal, is useful and elevating, and should not be neglected. But the study of Physiology is the one most important, and without this study no one is properly prepared to take care of herself, or her children. There are a great variety of cares and duties to be performed for the children that cannot be done as they should, if the mother is ignorant of the laws of health. Many unfortunate ones we see around us, who are so in in consequence of ignorance, or neglect, on the part of those whom God has intended to be their guardians. The thousand and one evils that follow many through life, may be traced directly to this cause.

How few even of professing Christian parents, appreciate or comprehend the early spiritual yearnings of their children. Doubtless, if, at an early age, they were taught to fear God, it would save them from falling into many evils. Often their young minds reach out after the unknown, and are too timid to even let pa or ma know the hunger that is within, while they are struggling with doubt, and fear, and are unconscious of their responsibility, and their need of help from a higher power than that of parents. How tenderly should these young buds of promise be dealt with, lest the blast of some uncongenial or destroying influence may utterly discourage them, or perhaps turn their thirsty souls into a channel that will lead them away from God, and prove their ruin. Often has our heart been made to cry out to the great Father for wisdom and guidance, to enable us to lead aright the dear, but erring one, to that fountain of all knowledge, and of the only true wisdom; for we are told, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." If our children have not this fear before their eyes, they must be in a state of the saddest ignorance. May God help every parent to feel their responsibility.—*M. C. B. in Golden Censer.*

Dentistry on a Monkey.

One of the large monkeys at the Alexandra Palace has been for some time suffering from decay of the right lower canine; and an abscess, forming a large protuberance on the jaw, had resulted. The pain seemed so great it was decided to consult a dentist, as to what should be done, and as the poor creature was at times very savage it was thought that if the tooth had to be extracted the gas should be used for the safety of the operator. Preparations were made accordingly, but the behavior of the monkey was quite a surprise to all who were concerned. He showed great fight on being taken out of his cage, and not only struggled against being put into a sack prepared, with a hole cut for his head, but forced one of his hands out and snapped and screamed and gave great promise of being very troublesome. Directly, however, Mr. Lewin Mosely, who had undertaken the operation, managed to get his head out of the sacque and gave relief, the monkey's demeanor changed entirely. He laid his head down quietly for examination, and without the use of the gas submitted to the removal of a stump and a tooth as quietly as possible.—*London Nature.*

Fall Shadows.

"Gem'len," said Brother Gardner, as he smiled down upon the brethren, "it am needless to remark dat de fall seazn am arrive. De days am gittin' in a hurry; and de nights am puttin' in heaps o' time, for de money. Folks who hez been in de habit of exhibitin' demselves on de front doah steps for an hour or two after supper am now to be foun' aroun' de kitchen stove, and ice cream begins to bite de coonhitin' tongue. De long evenin's am sort o' tiresome to de generah run o' men, an' I want to say a word right heah an' now. From and after dis date de club library will be open ebery evenin', an' members ar' invited to drop in an' read up on history, science, finance, astronomy, and all de odder sciences of de age. Dar will be slates an' pencils heah to figger wid; dar will be luxuries heah for writin' letters; dar will be war maps o' New Jersey heah; dar will be glee books, hymn books, an' a good fire, an' de man who doan' know nuffin' kin drop in heah an' fine out all about it, an' go home to his fam'ly wid a clean conscience an' a marble brow. De ideah am to keep off de streets an' outer de low places, an' at de same time plug de mind wid richness an' wisdom."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Eugene Hale speaks in high terms of his successful competitor, and says the latter has been very unjustly dealt with by the newspapers. In other words, Mr. Hale is a gentleman in his hour of defeat as well as in that of victory, and there is a prospect that his successor will turn out to be something of an angel in an exceedingly elaborate disguise.—*Buffalo Express.*

Jakie on Watermelon Pickle.

Old lady Jones borrowed Mrs. Brown's receipt for making watermelon pickle the other day, and being hard of hearing, and as she couldn't see to read well, she got her grandson, Jake, to read it to her. Jakie took the paper like a dutiful child, and holding it upside down, commenced:

"Take a green Watermelon—"

"Why, Jakie, ain't you mistaken? I thought the melon must be ripe."

"O wale the matter wid you? Jewever see a watermelon that was not green?"

"Cut the melon into four halves—"

"But there ain't only two halves to any one thing. I don't believe you ar reading that right, Jake."

"Well, don't halve to. But anyhow that is what the receipt says. Then soak the watermelon in a pint cup—"

"O, dear me, how in the world can you put a watermelon in a pint cup—"

"Well, I ain't here to tell you the wheresa and the howfores. I'm just reading the facts, and you can put them in the philosophy to suit your taste. After soaking the melon, put it into a skillet and fry it for four days."

"I wonder if Mrs. Brown sent me such a receipt as that," said the old lady; but Jakie kept on.

"Then put the watermelon in a quart bowl and pour over it a gallon of vinegar, taking care not to spill the vinegar—"

"I'd just like to know how you can pour a gallon into a quart without spilling any of it." But Jake continued:

"Then sift a peck of red peppers through a milk strainer over the melon; and to one cup of butter add the white and yolks of three eggs, and throw in the old hen that laid them, and four sticks of cinnamon drops, and a bottle of Dr. Mary Walker's Vinegar Bitters, and two teaspoonfuls of sassafras, and ten grains of quinine, and run it through a coffee mill, and let it stand till it ferments, and then put it in a tin can, and tie it to a dog's tail—this will stir it up to the right consistency—and then you can turn it off into crocks and have it ready for use. Serve it up cold, and then spread it on mince pie, and it makes a capital dessert;" and Jake slid out of the door and left the old lady looking like a wrinkle on a monument.

Dicken's Child Characters.

Much of Dicken's art in painting child characters generally lies in this mingling the threads of their fate with the schemes of heartless and villainous people. Oliver Twist may be cited as another example. He, too, is the helpless, innocent child, exciting one's sympathies because he is constantly subjected to heartless and cruel treatment. Mrs. Corney, Bumble, Noah Claypole, Fagin, and Sykes are his tormenters and tempters,—the black shades which by contrast make his appear good and attractive. Like little Nell, while he is made the spirit of harsh circumstances, he is himself passively, instinctively virtuous. Though the central figure of the story, he, too, is only sketched in outline, while the characters which darken his destiny are fully and dramatically wrought out. In most of his later works the novelist delineates his children with gre