TIFFIN TRIBUNE.

TERMS, $2.00 PER YEAR. TIFFIN, OHIO, THURSDAY EVENING, JANUARY 2, 1879. VOLUME 31---NUMBER 14.

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Jan. 17.

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n40 '75.

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Aug. 17, '76tf.

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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.
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DENTIST. Office over Commercial Bank, Tiffin, Ohio. All operations first-class, and work warranted. Laughing Gas used for the painless extraction of teeth. Work done at as low a price as can be had elsewhere, for first-class work.

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G. KINZER, Proprietor, Market Street, 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.

Real Estate
AND
COLLECTING AGENCY
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P. HUDDLE.

OFFICE over Hubbard's Drug Store, Tiffin, Ohio.

Real Estate taken for Sale on small Commission; also, for exchange.
PROMPT ATTENTION GIVEN TO COLLECTIONS.

A BEAUTIFUL HOME of 22 acres, situated one mile south of Clyde, Sandusky county, Ohio.

80 ACRES of timber land 5/8 of a mile from the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, two miles east from Deshler, Wood county, Ohio.

38 ACRES WITH EXTRA IMPROVEMENTS; limestone soil, situated two and one-half miles north 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.

A FINE BUSINESS PROPERTY, CONSISTING of two lots with large store building, warehouse and barn, situated in the village of Bujlo, Crawford county, O. Excellent location for a business man.
Will be sold very cheap.

LOT No. 567 and 60x200 feet. New house; five rooms; fruits of all kinds. Situated on the south side of Adams street, near the C., B. & C. 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 north of Kenton, on the Blanchard 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 doors and windows. Barn, wood-house and cistern; picket front; all in the best of order. Price, $900.

FINE BRICK RESIDENCE OF EIGHT rooms; barn; three lots; a choice lot of fruit; well and cistern; no repairing needed. Property centrally situated in the village of Republic, Seneca county, Ohio.

160 ACRES, three miles from Tiffin, of which 120 acres are in good cultivation; balance fine timber. Running water, supported by a No. 1 spring; two orchards, 1,000 bushels of wheat harvested in 1878. Will sell for the nominal sum of $62.50 per acre, on reasonable time.

94½ ACRES, seven and one-half miles north of Tiffin. All river bottom and black walnut soil. 55 acres under fine cultivation. Excellent apple and peach orchards. Frame house of five rooms. Large barn. Living water in both house and barn yards. Cash will buy this farm remarkably low.

Also 32½ acres of No. 1 farming 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 county, Ohio. Two and one-half acres in orchard, and one of the best grafted varieties. Small fruits of all kinds. House nearly new, with six rooms and painted in the most modern style. Barn, Wood House, Shed, 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 of Tiffin, and one-half mile west of Fremont road in the northwest corner of Clinton township, of which 130 acres are under good cultivation, and is equal to any land in the county for the production of grain; balance is well timbered. Good orchard and buildings. Two never-failing wells, and all other conveniences. Will exchange, or divide into two farms if purchaser desires. Price low, and terms to suit the purchaser.
Address, or inquire of
P. HUDDLE,
n44 '76-tf Real Estate Agent, Tiffin, O.

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 easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. Sold by all Druggists.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, Erie, Pa.
Five Vials by mail for one dollar.

Assignee's Notice.

IN BANKRUPTCY.

NORTHERN DISTRICT OF OHIO, ss.:

AT MANSFIELD, O., IN SAID DISTRICT, on the 4th day of December, A. D. 1878, the undersigned hereby gives notice of his appointment as Assignee of Henry C. Myers and Benj. F. Myers, of Tiffin, in the county of Seneca and State of Ohio, within said District, who have been adjudged bankrupts upon their own petition, by the District Court of the United States, in and for said district.

ANDREW H. KESICKER,
TIFFIN, O., Dec. 20, 1878. Assignee. n52-3t.

TIFFIN TRIBUNE.

LOCKE & BROTHER,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

OFFICE,
58 FIRST FLOOR, MARKET STREET. 58

PUBLISHED
EVERY THURSDAY EVENING

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Tribune has a larger circulation than the combined number of paying subscribers to any THREE 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 in any first-class paper.

Paniers.

The paniers will certainly be revived this season. The *robe collante* is to be banished, and will be superseded by puffings, which are to take the form of *ailes de pigeon.—Parisian Code of Fashion.*

"All the world must Paniers carry."
Thus the edict comes from "Parry."
Little donkeys long have worn 'em,
Little darlings have forsworn 'em,
But the mandate comes from "Parry,"
So the world must Paniers carry!

"On the hips there must be puffing."
"In the dress there will be stuffing."
Little geese with sage are *farcies*;
Little girls must not be "sarcy."
Being sage, they'll take to stuffing;
Modiste's wares must have good puffing!

"*Robes collantes* are henceforth banished."
"Tail and trailing train have vanished."
Little ducks have short tails surely
Little dears must walk demurely,
Tailless, with their long tails banished,
All their borrowed trimmings vanished.

"*Ailes de pigeon*" since they call 'em,
What alls pigeons may befall 'em!
Little pigeons all are "pouters"—
Little pets are out-and-outers—
"Winging" may perchance befall 'em
When they spoil the what d'you call 'em!

All the world of fos at "Parry"
Paniers wear. Then do not tarry!
Run, my dears, and change your figure.
Puffs and paddings are *de rigueur*
For the promenade or "swarry,"
Thus the edict comes from "Parry."

Punch.

The Rescue.

A Tale of Lake Winnipisseogee.

CHAPTER I.

Nothing can be more interesting to him who was reared among the hills of New England, than to read or hear of the great sufferings and dangers of his forefathers, in the early settlement of that country. He is familiar with the localities where occurred the desperate conflict, or the horrid massacre—though now, perhaps, the spot is the site of a pretty village, or the plow of the husbandman has leveled the green mounds that marked the resting-place of the dead.

Honor to the memory of those stern spirits, before whom the red man disappeared, the wilderness melted away, and New England became what she now is, and what we hope she will ever be—the land of intelligence, happiness, and sterling worth. Sometimes a shade of romance is cast over their deeds and history and

"Many a legend wild of stately story"

is reared upon those foundations.

New Hampshire is styled the "Granite State"—the "Switzerland of America," and the traveler who views her wild and romantic scenery, acknowledges the propriety of titles. Here are found the loftiest mountains in the Eastern States, and lakes and rivers combining the beautiful and the picturesque. The west may boast of the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi, but though they excel in fertility, they cannot equal in scenery the valley of the Connecticut. Viewed from a neighboring hill, the river resembles a broad silver thread winding its way through a carpet of green; in some places foaming and dashing over its rocky bed, and then gliding smoothly through verdant meadows; here passing a pleasant village, and beneath towering the dark forest—the tall pines shutting the sunlight from its waters. One of our New England poets said—

"No brighter waves thro' happier village shine,
Nor drinks the sea a purer stream than mine."

But the lakes of the Granite State are perhaps its loveliest feature, and it was on the shores of one of them—Lake Winnipiseogee—that the incidents of our story occurred.

The name of this sheet of water, in the figurative and mysterious language of the Indians, signifies the "smile of the Great Spirit." From the summit of Red Hill, an elevation of about two thousand feet, a fine view may be obtained. At the base lies the lake, twenty miles in length and from two to twelve miles in breadth; three hundred and sixty-five islands dot its surface, here and there one of many acres inhabited and highly cultivated, while the majority are but few rods in circumference, covered with trees, grass, and a few wild flowers. In the north is seen the great range of the White Mountains, with the snow-clad summit of Mt. Washington rising more than a mile above the level of the sea; in other directions towns, villages and villages and cultivated country, and we picture to ourselves that—

Long years have passed since the first pioneer
And wily trapper built their camp first here;
Then the lone woods in primal grandeur stood,
And rolled the lake its dark unheeded flood.
No laden barge upon its breast was seen,
Nor towns, nor farms, adorned its shores of green;
Then, wild and high, the savage warrior's shout
Above the battle's din rang strictly out,
And in his rude magnificence arrayed,
The Indian reigned—unchallenged king of the shade;
With deadly bow pursued the flying chase,
Or sought in war the foeman of his race.
But, like a vision that has passed away,
And frail, and fitful, scarce its mem'ries stay.

In the autumn of 1675, a party of about thirty whites made a settlement on the shore of the above mentioned lake. It was pronounced by the pioneers the most desirable location in that part of the country. Moose and deer were plenty; the lake furnished not only the finest fish, but its bays and islands were the resort for thousands of wild fowl.

The first care of the settlers was to build a block-house, as a defense against the Indians with whom they expected to have much trouble. During the winter they felt somewhat secure, knowing that the savages, at that season, seldom ventured far from their camps, on account of the deep snow and intense cold. But as spring approached, greater caution was necessary; and while engaged in the labor of the field, a sentinel was constantly stationed. Several months passed away—large clearings had been made, and the first crops of the settlers were springing up. But the Indian scouts had not been idle—every movement of the whites had been observed, and they anxiously awaited a favorable opportunity to make a successful attack.

At length the time arrived, and Paugus, the celebrated chief of the Tarratowns—a powerful tribe of Indians occupying the country in the vicinity of the White Mountains, collected a band of warriors, and prepared to destroy the little settlement. Having seen no trace of Indians, the vigilance of the pioneers relaxed, and as the warm weather came on, several of the families had left the shelter of the block house, and dwelt in their own cabins, thinking that in case of a surprise they could easily reach the fort. Among the number was an old man, his wife and only child, a beautiful girl of seventeen, named Louisa. Though reared in the wilderness, she had been carefully instructed by her parents, and her winning manner and lively disposition made her the pride and joy of the little colony. The old man had often been warned of his imprudence in remaining out of the block-house after nightfall, but he persisted, saying that the savages would never harm people old as himself and wife, or a child like his little daughter. But the Indian, when on the war path, knows neither age nor sex, his sole object being the number of scalps he can obtain.

After carefully reconnoitering, Paugus determined to use canoes in making the attack and retreating, thus leaving no trail, and destroying the boats of the settlers, preventing pursuit. The night was dark and gloomy, but savage instinct guided them towards the doomed settlement, about midnight they silently landed at a short distance from the dwellings. Leaving a guard at their canoes, they noiselessly prepared for the massacre of the unsuspecting slumberers. Paugus had ordered his followers to spare none, reserving to himself the sole right to spare life or secure prisoners.

Dividing into small parties, and stealthily approaching the buildings, they set them on fire, together with large piles of dry [illegible] and about, and at the same moment, with loud yells they commenced the work of death. The flames rapidly spread over the bark roofs of the cabins, and lighted up the horrid scene with a strange and unnatural glare. The surprise was complete—scarcely any resistance was made, and the terrified inhabitants were dragged from their beds, and butchered in cold blood.

It happened that the cabin in which Louisa and her parents resided, was attacked by Paugus and one of his followers. Awakened by the tumult and glare of the flames, the old people sprang from their bed, and as they stood trembling and dismayed, the door was burst open, and the Indians, hideously painted, bounded into the room. Louisa, terrified, sank to the floor; in an instant the tomahawk of the nearest savage sank deep into her father's head—his scalp was torn off, and he lay a quivering corpse. Her mother shared the same fate, and then the quick eye of the chief glanced on the horror-stricken girl. With a fierce whoop he sprang towards her, and wanding his bloody hand in her long, dark hair, dragged her to his feet. The knife was raised—but suddenly the chief changed his purpose, and grasping the senseless form of the young girl in his brawny arms, he hurried to the lake, and leaving her in the care of the guard, again joined in the strife. All the families outside of the block-house had been massacred, and several attacks had been made on that building, but its strong walls, and the vigorous defense made by its inmates, rendered them unsuccessful.

The Indians, satisfied with their success, now retired, carrying with them, as was their custom, the bodies of two warriors killed in the skirmish. Fourteen scalps and much plunder had been taken; all the buildings, except the block-house were on fire; a captive had also been secured, and when it was known to the party, whoops of joy resounded on all sides. The poor girl was securely bound, placed in the bottom of Paugus' canoe, then embarking, they paddled swiftly up the lake.

So rapid had been the work of the Indians, there were still several hours of darkness, and knowing that the remaining settlers were unable to pursue them, they slackened their speed, and near daylight landed at one of the small islands on their way, for rest and refreshment. Here Louisa was taken from the canoe and seated on the shore, and some water offered her—it was refused, while her convulsive sobs told her agony and fear. Soon they were on their way again, and to enable him to use his paddle with greater vigor, the chief stripped his blanket from his shoulders and threw it, stained with her parent's blood, upon Louisa, as she lay shivering at his feet.

About noon they reached the upper end of the lake, where they found the residue of their party, who received them with every demonstration of savage joy. Louisa was carried to a lodge and left in the care of some old woman, and the warriors assembled to exhibit their trophies and decide her fate.

CHAPTER II.

When day dawned on the ruins of the little settlement, sad and melancholy was the spectacle! Heaps of smoking ashes marked the sites of the cabins, and many a half-burned corpse lay among the glowing coals. Some bodies were found a short distance from the scene, where they had been stricken down in attempting to escape.

Suspecting some stratagem of the Indians, the people of the block-house waited several hours before they ventured forth to gaze on the scene of desolation and collect the mutilated remains of their friends for burial.

Having discovered that their canoes were rendered useless, messengers were dispatched to the nearest settlements for aid. As the cabin of Louisa's parents was burned, and a few charred bones were found among the embers, it was supposed that all the inmates had perished. With saddened hearts, the survivors gazed from the walls of their fort and eagerly awaited the expected assistance, hoping then to pursue their enemies and avenge their slain friends.

In the meantime the savages had assembled in council. The fires were lighted, and the usual forms having been observed, Paugus proceeded to give an account of the expedition and ask the opinion of the warriors as to the manner of disposing of the prisoner. As two of their warriors had fallen in the attack, he was in favor of burning the victim at the stake, as an offering to the spirits of the slain; a majority of the council concurring, her fate was determined, and the "setting of the sun" was fixed as the hour of execution. Active preparations were commenced for this dreadful ceremony so dear to every savage heart, and Louisa was informed of her doom. The poor girl could scarcely realize her situation; her faculties were chilled, and when told of the intent of the chieftains she manifested but little emotion. The place selected for the torture was a smooth grassy knoll near the lake shore. A large post, painted after the customary manner, with stripes of red and black, was set in concave and bundles of dry wood, and pitch knots, and combustibles heaped around it. The day passed away, and evening drew her curtain round the Indian camps.

The moon at that time set about midnight, and the hour was anxiously awaited by the savage throng. At length it drew nigh; the last moonbeams gilded the tree tops and glimmered on the still waters of the lake as the pale orb sank behind the stunted mit of Red Hill. The hoot of the owl sounded dismally in the recess of the forest, and the plaintive cry of the waterfowl quivered on the night breeze. The young Indians prepared their bows and tomahawks, the old men gathered round the camp fires, while the fierce warriors, arrayed in their hideous fashion, were impatient to join in the war dance and songs of death.

Among the band was a young chief named Metalleck, distinguished for his bravery as a hunter; he was a favorite with his tribe. Several years previous, during the peace that existed, this youthful chief, while hunting in the vicinity of Dover, was so seriously injured by a fall as to be unable to move. In this condition he was discovered by Louisa's father, who, taking him to his house, treated him with great kindness until he was able to join his tribe. As the Indian never forgets an injury, so the remembrance of an act of kindness abides forever in his breast, and when he recognized Louisa as the daughter of his benefactor, he determined to save her life and restore her to her friends. Accordingly, in the council he made an effort to obtain her release, but was unsuccessful; then he resolved to rescue her by force, and abide the judgment of his people. As the hour approached, he had proceeded to the margin of the lake, where lay the canoes, and with his tomahawk destroyed all but one; this he brought around to a point near the camp, and having placed his arms and a robe of deerskin within it, he returned to the party and mingled with his friends. He knew that if successful in reaching his canoe with the maiden, and once getting clear from the shore he would be almost safe, for the warriors could not pursue him until the canoes were repaired, when he hoped to be far away.

The moon had gone down, and the darkness was only dispelled by the blazing fires. Louisa was led forth—as she approached the fatal post she trembled with horror and fright; her helpless situation was apparent. Before her was a death of dreadful torture, and the lurid light showed scores of demon-like forms whose exulting shouts were loud and frequent. She saw the scalps of her parents hanging at Paugus' belt as he bound her to the stake, and it was only the hope of soon being freed from her sufferings that sustained her. Metalleck gazed for a moment upon the fair form of the victim—her hands were clasped, her dark eyes were seemingly uplifted in prayer, and her raven hair hung wildly about her snowy shoulders. The throng fell back, and Paugus lighted the death fire. The flames were kindling when Metalleck bounded forward, severed the cord which bound her, caught her in his arms, and before his comrades could recover from their astonishment, had reached his canoe, and with his paddle urged the light bark rapidly from the shore. Then with cries of rage and disappointment the savages rushed to the beach. Paugus whirling his huge war club around his head launched it after the receding boat, but it was beyond his reach, and the weapon plunged harmlessly into the dark waters. The chief then gave orders for immediate pursuit, and they repaired to their canoes, which to their surprise they found useless; Metalleck had done his work surely, and the enraged and baffled warriors returned to the burning pile in silence.

Impelled by the strong arm of the Indian, the canoe glided swiftly down the lake in the direction of the settlement. He endeavored to quiet the alarm of the maiden, assuring her of her safety, and of a speedy return to her friends. Wrapping his deerskin mantle around her he resumed his paddle in silence, and Louisa, exhausted by fatigue, sank into a quiet slumber. Towards the middle of the forenoon, Metalleck drew near the settlement, using great caution lest he should be discovered, taken for an enemy, and fired upon by the pioneers, who were doubtless on the watch. At length the canoe touched the shore, and Louisa awakening saw the smoking ashes—all that remained of her once pleasant home. She thought of her murdered parents, of her own helpless situation, and she almost regretted she had escaped death. But when she realized her obligations to him who had periled his life to save her, she was overcome with gratitude. As the chief placed her on the shore, she fell at his feet, and with streaming eyes and broken utterance, thanked him for her deliverance, and begged him to quit his savage life and dwell among the whites. But the stern Indian spoke not—gently releasing himself from her grasp, he turned away, and waving his hand in adieu, seized his paddle, and with a few strokes was far from the shore. Louisa watched him until he disappeared among the islands, and then sinking on the sand poured forth an earnest prayer for her safety. While thus engaged she heard footsteps approaching, and turning around, fell into the arms of her friends, whose surprise and joy may be imagined when she told the incident of her capture and rescue.

Aid soon arrived to the colony, the savages were driven away, and the cabins rebuilt, but it was long ere the settlement fully recovered from the terrible blow. As for Louisa, the horrid scenes she had passed through, unsettled her mind, and the poor orphan became deranged. Sometimes she would roam about the woods and then sit and grieve for hours upon the lake, or relate to those who cared for her, the fate of her father and mother, and her own rescue from the savages. When autumn came, and the falling leaves strewed the forest aisles, the crazed girl died, and they buried her by the tall elm that shadowed the graves of the fallen pioneers.

Metalleck never joined his tribe again but sought a home on the head waters of the Connecticut, where he lived many years. The death of Paugus, which happened at the battle of Lovwell's Pond, put an end to the Indian wars in that part of the country, which was soon occupied by the whites.

Long years have gone by, and now a large village occupies the place of those rude cabins, the blue waters of the lake now bear the steamer instead of the canoe, and the adjoining mountains are widely celebrated as a place of fashionable resort during the summer months.

ANOTHER HAND IS BECKONING US.

Another hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given;
And glows upon the path we walk angel's step.
The path that leads to heaven.

O, half we deemed she heeded not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to heaven a shining one,
Who walked an angel here.

Unto our Father's will alone
One thought has reconciled;
That He whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home His child.

Fold her, O Father, in Thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee.

Still let her mild rebukings stand
Between us and the wrong;
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong.

—J. G. Whittier.

Oatmeal as an Article of Diet.

It is surprising how enormously the consumption of oatmeal has increased in our cities within the past few years; but we suspect that its merits as a cheap and highly nutritious food are not so generally appreciated in the country. Every one knows how generally it is eaten in Scotland, and in some parts of England it is equally popular as an article of diet. A correspondent of an English exchange says: "In West Cumberland, Westmoreland, and North Lancashire, especially in the rural parts, it forms the staple of our food, not only amongst the laboring classes, but also in the families of tradesmen and the well-to-do; the children of most of them have porridge at least once a day. For the past forty years I have made my breakfast of a pint of oatmeal porridge, with very rare exceptions, and nothing else, fasting for four hours afterward. If, however, I be for any reason, out of breakfast, I find myself very hungry before the next meal, which is never the case when I have had my porridge. I feel assured that if the laborers of the southern counties, with their children, would but eat their morning oatmeal and milk porridge night and morning, with such other food as can procure in the interval, we should have a much stronger and healthier race of men and women than now exist. A few years ago I had a Lincolnshire girl living with me as a servant. The girl was willing enough to work, but had not the stamina to perform it. This I found on questioning her arose from the deficient and ill-divised diet on the part of her parents. She short-ly began to take her porridge night and morning, and this, with a daily mid-day meal of meat, enabled her to perform her duties with ease."

Women in the Olden Time.

From the subversion of the Roman Empire to the fourteenth or fifteenth century, women spent most of their time alone, almost entire strangers to the joys of social life; they seldom went abroad, but to spectators of such public diversions and amusements as the fashions of the times countenanced. Francis I was the first who introduced women on public days to Court; before his time nothing was to be seen at any of the Courts of Europe, but gray-bearded politicians, plotting the destruction of the rights and liberties of mankind, and warriors clad in complete armor, ready to put their plots in execution. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries elegance had scarcely any existence, and even cleanliness was hardly considered as laudable. The use of linen was not known; and the most delicate of the fair sex wore woolen shirts. In Paris they had meat only three times a week; and 100 livres (about £5), was a large portion for a young lady. The better sort of citizens used splinters of wood and rags dipped in oil, instead of candles, which, in those days, were a rarity hardly to be met with. Wine was only to be had at the shops of the apothecaries, where it was sold as a cordial; and to ride in a two-wheeled cart, along the dirty, ungraded streets, was reckoned a grandeur of so enviable a nature, that Philip the Fair prohibited the wives of citizens from enjoying it. In the time of Henry VIII., of England, the peers of the realm carried their wives behind them on horseback when they went to London; and in the same manner took them back to their country-seats, with hoods of waxed linen over their heads, and wrapped in mantles of cloth to secure them from the cold.

Legal Circumlocution.

What a round-about way lawyers have of drawing up deeds and documents. It is almost enough to keep a nervous person from "going to law at all." The following is a fair sample:—"Suppose a man wished to give another an orange. Instead of making a simple declaration, and saying, 'I give you that orange,' he must set forth his 'act and deed' in this way: 'I do hereby give you, all and singular, my estate and interest, right, title, and claim, and advantage of and in that orange, with all its rind, skin, juice, pulp and pips, and all rights and advantages therein with full power to cut, suck or bite, or otherwise eat the same orange, or give the same away, with or without its skin, rind, juice, pulp, and pips, anything heretofore and hereinafter, or in any other deed or deeds, instruments of whatever kind or nature, to the contrary or anywise, notwithstanding.'"

(From the Miami (Ohio) Democrat.)

RENO'S FATE.

The General Killed by One of His Own Men—An Account of the Tragedy Related by an Eye-Witness.

Major General Jesse L. Reno was killed at South Mountain, Md., on the 14th day of September, 1862. He was in temporary command of the Ninth Corps, Army of the Potomac, in the absence of Major General A. E. Burnside. The tragic manner of his death, though kept from the public ear at the time, was the theme of the campfire conversation for many a night after. Within the past two or three months somebody with a fondness for relating reminiscences of army life, has revived the story of General Reno's death, and it has got into the newspapers in several forms.

A late issue of the Chicago *Tribune* contained a letter from General S. D. Sturgis, of the regular army, in which he says General Reno was accidentally killed by a volley from a Massachusetts regiment.

I was an eye-witness to Reno's death, and am positive he was killed neither by accident nor a Massachusetts regiment. The shot that closed his life came from the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteers, Col. R. B. Hayes' command, and was not fired at random. I was a member of the Eleventh Ohio, Kanawha division, which was composed of the Eleventh, Twelfth, Twenty-third, Twenty-eighth, Thirty-sixth and Forty-seventh Ohio Infantry, and commanded by Major J. D. Cox. Before the engagement at South Mountain became general, my regiment and the Twenty-third were ordered to the skirmish line. Shortly after we arrived there General Reno and his staff came out and rode along in front of us. There was but little firing going on, and that was very irregularly. The Twenty-third was on our right, and when he was shot General Reno was immediately in front of Hayes' regiment, riding forward and with his back toward them. Here it was that he was shot through the body, the ball coming out in front. He threw up his hands and exclaimed, "I'm shot by my own men." He was not more than seventy-five or one hundred yards from us, and the enemy more than a mile away. Previous to our regiment and the Twenty-third being ordered to the skirmish line, and while our brigade was lying along the foot of the hill, General Reno passed along by us and seemed to be in a terrible rage about something, and remarked in a voice loud enough to be heard by almost the whole brigade: "The Kanawha division are d—d Western s—s of b—s, and can't fight." I heard these words as plainly as I ever heard any in my life, and there are hundreds of the boys who served in our brigade who will remember them. I have learned since that General Reno was very abusive to the Twenty-third the night before, because they used some wheat straw for bedding purposes. Of this, however, I cannot speak from personal knowledge. Of the other I can and do. After the battle of South Mountain was over, it was a common talk of our camp that a soldier of the Twenty-third had killed Reno. The matter was kept quiet officially for many reasons, but as to the facts as I have narrated, I think there can be no reasonable doubt. I mean that the killing was purposely done. All the attending circumstances sustained this statement.

General Reno was not a popular officer with the volunteers. He was an old regular army man, haughty and tyrannical in disposition. He was a good officer, speaking in a military sense, but his death did not occasion much regret among the men. If, as General Sturgis says, his last words were: "I can no longer be with my men; let them know I will still be with them in spirit," I think he expressed a sentiment not generally shared by the Kanawha division at the time.

C. W. B.

PIQUA, O., December 3, 1878.

A Flirtation.

"What flirts all you men are!" said she. "But oh, my sakes! ain't the tree lovely? and the smell of flowers. Hold me up, Mr. Slick, till I get a branch of that apple-tree. Oh, dear! how sweet it smells."

"Well, I took her in my arms and lifted her up, but she was a little time-a-choosin' of a wreath, and that one she put round my hat, and then she gathered some sprigs for a nosegay.

"Don't hold me up so high, please. There, smell that, ain't it beautiful? I hope I ain't shakin' of you, Mr. Slick.

"'Lucy, how my heart beats,' says I; and it did too, it thundered like a sledge hammer; I actually thought it would burst from my waistcoat buttons off. "'Don't you hear it go bump, bump, bump, Lucy? I wonder if it ever busts like a biler, for holdin' such a gal as you be, Lucy, in one's arms ain't safe; it is as much as one's—'

"'Don't be silly,' said she, laffin, 'or I'll get down this minit. No,' said she, 'I don't hear it bump; I don't believe you have got any heart at all.'

"'There,' said I, bringing her a little farther forward, 'don't you hear it now? Listen?'

"'No,' said she, 'it's nothin' but your watch tickin;' and she laffin like anything; 'I thought so.'

"'You haven't got no heart at all, have you?' says I.

"'It never has been tried yet,' said she; 'I hardly know whether I have or not.'

"'Oh! then you don't know whether it is in the right place or not.'

"'Yes, it is,' said she, pullin' of my whiskers; 'yes, it is just in the right place, just where it ought to be,' and she put my hand on it, 'where else would you have it, dear, but where it is? But, hush!' said she; 'I saw Eunice Snare just now; she's comin' round the turn there. Set me down quick, please. Ain't it provokin'? I look fairly fainty-like. I hope she didn't see me in your arms.'

"I'll lift *her* up to the tree, too," says I, "if you like; and then—

"'Oh, no!' said she, 'it ain't worth while. I don't care what she says or thinks one snap of my finger.'—*Sam Slick.*

The Young Man in a Photograph.

Did you ever notice how little character a young man's face expresses as a general thing, anyhow? Did you ever notice the photographs of young men? Go into any gallery and look at them, and all the conceit there is in a young man's nature and being, shines forth in his photograph. He can't help it. He may not be very conceited, naturally, but when he sits for his photograph, to save his never dying soul he can't help thinking about himself, and how he is going to look, and so, modest and retiring as he may be in his actual life, he sits there and thinks about himself all the time, and then, the picture is completed—self, self, self, is the only character stamped on the face. I don't make this digression for the purpose of being hard on the boys. Bless their manly hearts, no. But I just happened to think of it. This is the reason an old man's portrait is always more natural than a young man's. The old fellow has outlived the conceit that he doesn't care how he looks. His hair is tossed about, and that has a finer artistic effect than a youthful scalp that is plastered down until it shines like a billiard ball. If the old man is worried he looks worried; if he is as mad as a hornet he looks cross; if he is pleased the lurking smile around the corners of his mouth comes out. And then, too, the rounded fullness of the young man's face is gone, and lines and angles give play to the light and shadows on his face, and the marks of character make a man's portrait at fifty look manly and dignified and noble, when at twenty-three it only looked "pretty."—*R. J. Burdette, in Burlington Hawkeye.*

Another Musical Prodigy.

Master Milo Benedict, a little boy of about ten years of age, residing in Cortwright, Vt., is creating considerable interest and admiration among the people of that neighborhood and the northern part of the State, on account of his wonderful musical talent. This child, who has had little or no musical instruction, performs on the piano his own compositions, which are of great beauty and difficulty, with apparent ease. At three years of age he was delighted when he heard chords played on the piano, and soon imitated them and commenced to improvise pieces of moderate difficulty. Since then he has continued to improvise and play without hardly any instruction. The boy is very similar in many respects to Blind Tom, excepting he is a very intelligent and delicate little fellow, and has also a fine talent for painting and drawing.—*Rutland (Vt.) Herald.*

(Washington Correspondence of the N. Y. Graphic.)

WHAT THE CAPITOL HAS COST US.

Is It Worth the Money?—Some Expenditures for "Works of Art"—Apparently Useless Extravagance.

Last June Congress called upon the Secretary of the Treasury for a tabulated statement of all money spent by the Government since its origin in the District of Columbia. This statement has been prepared by Mr. Bailey, of the Warrant Division, and is full of interesting figures. The total expenditures for what may be called permanent improvements, including original expenditures, the cost of repairs, furnishing, and keeping in order the public institutions of Washington, are as follows:

The Capitol	$12,184,608 12
The Patent Office	13,197,904 19
The Treasury Department	7,852,982 42
Streets and Avenues of Washington	5,953,234 91
The State Department	4,399,348 41
Loans, etc., to the District of Col.	
Benevolent Institutions	4,732,446 92
Penal Institutions	4,418,324 79
Water Works	4,000,852 16
Navy Department (including yard	3,600,156 64
Department of Agriculture	3,174,196 23
Smithsonian Institution	2,205,439 56
Postoffice Department	2,124,501 69
War Department	2,044,614 47
Parks and Public Grounds	1,826,557 57
The Executive Mansion and Grounds	1,646,449 96
The Library of Congress	1,525,847 24
Bridges, etc	1,290,968 12
The Botanic Garden	722,813 88
Works of Art, paintings, statuary Corcoran Gallery	602,509