TIFFIN TRIBUNE.

TERMS, $2.00 PER YEAR. TIFFIN, OHIO, THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 24, 1879. VOLUME 31—NUMBER 30.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ATTORNEYS.

C. H. CRAMER.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tiffin, Ohio. Office over National Exchange Bank.

U. F. CRMER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW (late Judge of Probate Court). Office on Washington street, over E. W. Sheaman's store, Tiffin, O. 18-79.

S.M. LANG. L. L. LANG.

LANG & SON,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Lang House Block, Market Street, Tiffin, O.

G. W. BACHMAN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office over National Exchange Bank, corner of Washington and Market Streets, Tiffin, O. Nov. 12, '74-n6.

G. B. KEPPEL. H. C. KEPPEL.

G. B. & H. C. KEPPEL,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office in Grumbein's Block, opposite the Court House, Tiffin, O.

RUSH ABBOTT,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in National Exchange Bank Block, Tiffin, O. 27-79tf.

W. P. NOBLE. P. M. ADAMS.

NOBLE & ADAMS,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Singer's Block, Tiffin, O. 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 10.

WARREN W. SAMPSELL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office with Hon. James Pillars, National Hall, Tiffin, O. Office hours—9 to 12 A. M.; 1 to 5 P. M.

FRANK DILDINE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in Miller's Block, Washington Street, opposite the Court House. 36-1y.

J. H. RIDGELY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tiffin, Ohio. Office over Lehner's Hat Store, opposite the Court House. Sept. 24, 1874.

ALFRED LANDON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in Grummelt's new block, nearly opposite Commercial Bank, Tiffin, Ohio. April 12, 1871.

A. J. RUESS,

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

HARRISON NOBLE. NELSON B. LUTES.

NOBLE & LUTES,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Tiffin, Ohio, office in Noble's Block, over Gruss' Crockery Store, opposite National Hall Block. May 1, '74-n31-1y.

N. L. BREWER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Special attention given to all kinds of Military Claims, Back pay, Bounty, Pension, etc. Office in National Exchange Bank Block, opposite the Court House, Tiffin, Ohio. Jan. 17.

MEDICAL.

DR. WAUGAMAN.

21 MADISON STREET, Tiffin, O. Office hours from 10 A. M. to 2 P. M.

H. B. MARTIN,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office in Ensminger's Stone Front, Washington Street. Room formerly occupied by Dr. Stover. n40-'77.

DR. W. H. STOVER.

HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office on Monroe street, one door south of the Postoffice. Office hours, 9 A. M. to 12 M.; 2 to 4 P. M.; 6 to 8 P. M. No. 26-tf.

B. F. HITTLE, M. D.,

OF ALLENTOWN, PA., OFFICE over Kirchner & Bormuth's Grocery Store. Special attention given to female diseases. Speaks English and German. Night calls answered at the office. 25-79

J. R. HUSS,

HOMOEPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON; Graduate of Pulte Medical College, Cincinnati, Ohio. Office over Book Store, in Loomis' Stone Front. Entrance main hall, opposite Hayford's Dental Rooms. Night calls answered at the office. 25-79

WILLIAM J. CRAWFORD, M. D.,

ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Thankful for patronage during the seven years, and will continue to serve the public in all branches of the Medical Profession. Residence and office, No. 20 Perry Street, two doors west of Washington. Aug. 17, '76tf.

J. P. KINNAMAN. H. K. HERSHISER.

DRS. KINNAMAN & HERSHISER.

OFFICE OVER MELIGH'S CLOTHING Store, Washington Street, 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 9 A. M. and 2 to 4 P. M. Dr. Kinnaman's residence, Greenfield Street, near Heidelberg College; Dr. Hershiser's, first door west of Lingle's store, West Madison Street.

DENTISTS.

DR. P. J. KINNAMAN,

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

DR. J. W. HAYFORD,

SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL DENTIST. Office on Washington Street, over Huss' Book Store, 1st door leading to Frees' Photograph Gallery, Tiffin, Ohio.

DR. J. W. MARTIN,

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

HOTELS.

TIFFIN HOUSE.

G. KINSER, 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.

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. Price 25 cents. Sold by all Druggists.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, Erie, Pa.

Five Vials by mail for one dollar.

NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK,

TIFFIN, OHIO.

Capital and Surplus, $150,000.

J. D. LOOMIS.....President.
J. W. CHAMBERLIN.....Cashier.

DIRECTORS.

J. H. GOOD, J. D. LOOMIS,
A. B. BOVEY, R. W. SHAWHAN,
J. M. NAYLOR.

LOANS IN

Government and Local Bonds and Securities,

GOLD AND SILVER COIN,

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC EXCHANGE,

AND

Agents for the White Star Steamship Line.

Issues Certificates of Deposit bearing Interest. Discounts paper of every description and does a General Banking Business.

Real Estate!

AND

COLLECTING AGENCY

OF

P. HUDDLE.

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

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

PROMPT ATTENTION GIVEN TO COLLECTIONS.

36 ACRES, TWO MILES SOUTH OF TIFFIN, on the Mexico road. 3 acres in good cultivation; balance fine timber. Soil can not be excelled. Price reasonable.

40 ACRES BLACK SAND AND LOAM. Extra improvements, two and one-half miles from Bettsville; nine miles from Tiffin in Liberty Township. Price $2,200. Cheap.

160 ACRES SIX MILES SOUTH OF Tiffin. Seventy Acres in cultivation. Balance heavy timber. Dwelling nearly new and contains nine rooms; barn, grain house, well adapted for all kinds of grain. A cheap farm.

80 ACRES of well timbered land, situated in Hardin county, Ohio, seven miles north of Kenton, on the Blanchard river, four miles west of Dunkirk. It is all river bottom land, interspersed with black walnut, ash, and other valuable timber, and is equal to any land in the county for the production grain; half acre is well timbered, good orchard and buildings. Two never-failing wells, and all other conveniences; is convenient to divide into two farms if purchaser desires. Price low, and terms to suit the purchaser.

Address, or inquire of

P. HUDDLE.

946 76-tf Real Estate Agent, Tiffin, O.

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, - - 2544.

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.

"IN THE LONG RUN."

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

The old-fashioned saying,
So lightly expressed
And so carelessly uttered,
Is one of the best!
Oh, ponder, young triffler,
With life-work begun,
The deep, earnest meaning
Of "in the long run."

For "in the long run," boys,
The seed will spring up
That was sown in the garden,
Or dropped in the cup.
And, remember! no roses
Will spring from the weed;
And no beautiful fruit
From unworthy seed.

How many a stripling
In trouble to-day,
By riotous living
With comrades too gay,
With character shipwrecked
And duties undone,
Will do sorrow's harvesting
"In the long run."

And "in the long run," will
The toiler fare best,
Who performs honest labor
And takes honest rest;
Who contented and happy,
Hasten not, in a day
Or a year, to reap riches
That will pass away!

The good and the evil
That slide in the earth,
The joy and the sorrow,
The pain and the mirth,
The bottles unheeded,
The victories won,
Will yield what was sown, lads,
"In the long run!"

—*N. Y. Ledger.*

NICK PEPPER,

And How He Kept the Combination.

BY CARL BRENT.

"Nick Pepper, you ever expect to be any account in the world?"

"No use talking, Sarah. I have given up Nick as a bad job. I would never have thought that my brother's son would turn out so trifling."

Nick Pepper only smiled at these remarks. He was sunning himself on the deck of the canal boat *General Burnside*, bound from Buffalo for New York with a cargo of wheat, and just then descending the Hudson as one of a fleet in tow of a steamboat. The first speaker was his aunt, Sarah Pepper, and the second was his uncle, "Captain" Pepper, owner and commander of the *Burnside*. Nick may be said to have composed the crew, and it was the opinion of the first and second officers, above mentioned, that a more useless crew was never shipped.

"I have lived in hopes," said aunt Sarah, "that we would be able to make a man of him; but the older he grows the less use he is. He does nothing but fool around from sunrise to sunset."

Nick stretched himself and smiled again.

"Auntie," said he, "did you ever know me to lie or steal?"

"No. You are good enough boy as far as that goes. You never do anything at all. What's the use of being good, when you are only good for nothing?"

Nick raised himself up sufficiently to rest his head on his elbow.

"Auntie," said he, "just look at the *Burnside*. She toils not, neither does she spin, but she gets a fresh coat of paint every season. She lies in the basin at Buffalo till the elevators fill her up with grain; then a mule hauls her down the canal; then a steamboat hitches on to her and tows her to New York; then a tug yanks her over to an elevator that unloads her; and then she loafs around till somebody takes her up the river again. She don't do a stroke of what you might call work, and yet she makes a good living for you and uncle. Why should I be any better than the *Burnside*?"

Aunt Sarah was sharp enough to see the fallacy of this argument, but hardly sharp enough to expose it.

"What do you mean?" she asked, "by comparing yourself to a canal-boat? You are a boy, or almost a young man now, with a soul to be saved. The *Burnside* is only a lifeless lump of wood and iron, and when she rots and goes to pieces that's an end to her. I wish you were as useful as the *Burnside*, but there isn't no earthly thing that you have learned to do."

"There is one thing that I can do, auntie."

"I would like to know what that is."

"I can keep a secret."

"As if anybody would give you a secret to keep."

The *General Burnside* reached New York safely, was left in the basin on the Jersey to await unloading. Nick Pepper put on his coat and prepared to go ashore.

"Where are you going?" asked aunt Sarah.

"Out in town to do an errand for a man."

"I pity the errand that anybody gets you to do?"

Nick went ashore, whistling.

Jacob Messner, a wealthy manufacturer of Jersey City, was seated in his office, and with him was Mr. White, a lawyer. Mr. Messner was reading, not for the first time, a letter which is given here in full:

BUFFALO, Aug. 3, 1878.

"MY DEAR MR. MESSNER:—When I left your place so hurriedly, called to the death-bed of my father, at this city, I was very sorry you were absent, so that I was unable to explan to you, as I wished to, the result of my investigations of your business affairs. The surpicions which I had previously imparted to you were confirmed, and I became convinced that you had been systematically robbed by your trusted clerks, Ebbitt and Alberson. I secured the books and papers which proved their crime conclusively, and locked them up in the old safe, giving the combination to no one, as I did not know whom to trust. I expected to return shortly after my father's funeral, and have since been unable to leave my bed. I have been troubled to decide how I should send you the combination, as you will need it to get the books and papers I speak of, though not for any other purpose. I can not send it to you by letter, as I am sure that Ebbitt or Alberson will read the letter, before you get it, nor do I know any trustworthy person who is going direct to New York. Therefore I was compelled to send it by a roundabout route. I gave it to a boy named Nick Pepper, of the canal-boat, *General Burnside*, which left here three days ago. In this boy I place entire confidence. He will visit you as soon as his boat lands, and will give you the password which we formerly agreed upon. When you give the countersign, he will tell you the combination. I must run the risk of having this letter read by Ebbit or Alberson, but I hardly think they will decamp. As soon as you get the books and papers out of the old safe they should be arrested, and I hope to be with you soon enough to furnish other proofs.

Yours very truly,

THOS. F. BENDIX.

"Queer, isn't it?" remarked Jacob Messner, when he had read this letter aloud to the lawyer.

"Very queer," replied Mr. White. "Do you suppose that the letter was read by those parties before it reached you?"

"That is what Mr. Bendix seems to have calculated on. There was a delay of several hours before the letter was put into my hands, and I judged by the post-mark that the delay was at this end of the route. Therefore I suppose that they read it."

"And they have decamped?"

"They are still at work, as if they had no suspicion of any trouble."

"Then it is my opinion," said the lawyer, "that they rely upon intercepting the boy and getting possession of the combination, so that they can destroy books and papers upon which Mr. Bendix relies for proof. Do they know the password of which he speaks?"

"No person knows it but Mr. Bendix and myself—and the boy, of course."

"There would seem to be no danger, then, unless they can intimidate the boy."

"I have tried to provide against that," said Jacob Messner. "I have employed a private detective, who is to watch the canal-boat, to see the boy as he arrives, and to bring him to me. If they should make any attempt to scare or corrupt him, they will be pounced upon and arrested at once."

There was a knock at the door, and a man entered who hurriedly whispered to Mr. Messner. That gentleman jumped up and put on his hat.

"Come, Mr. White," he said. It seems they have been sharper than we were, and have got ahead of us. Come; there is not a moment to lose. We will pick up a policeman or two on the way. This is the detective of whom I just spoke to you."

It was no more than half-past nine at night when Nick Pepper left the *General Burnside*. He had not gone far from the wharf, whistling as he went, when he was accosted by two men, one middle-aged and the other considerably younger. They were well-dressed, and in appearance very gentlemanly.

"Good evening," said the elder of the two. "May I ask if you came from the canal-boat *General Burnside*."

"That's where I came from," replied Nick, who had a slight suspicion that they might be confidence men."

"And is your name Nick Pepper?"

"That's my name," said Nick, wondering how they got hold of it.

"Then you are looking for Mr. Jacob Messner. He has been anxiously expecting you, and has sent us to meet you. We are two of his confidential clerks."

"That's all right then," said Nick his suspicions vanishing at once. "Just take me straight to Mr. Messner, and I will be obliged to you."

"Perhaps that will hardly be worth while," said the spokesman. "He is an old gentleman and doesn't like to be disturbed. He said that you had some figures to tell him, and that you might tell them to us."

"Joe," said Nick, quite abruptly.

"What?"

"Joe," repeated Nick.

"My name is not Joe. What do you mean?"

"I mean that you don't get no figures from me. Mr. Messner is the man I want to see."

"Come on, then."

The two men stopped in front of a saloon and invited the boy to walk in and drink with them.

"No, thank you," replied Nick. I never drink."

"Won't you stop in, then, and see us take something?"

"I would rather wait out here."

"Well, never mind. We don't care to drink. We only wanted to be polite to you as a stranger. We will go now and see Mr. Messner, and we will be likely to find him in his down-town office, as he has had some troublesome settlements to make lately, and has been going through his books at night."

After walking a few blocks further they turned into a narrow street which seemed to be deserted, as there was nothing in it but warehouses, in which no business was done at that hour.

They stopped at a warehouse on the corner of an alley, and the elder of the two men took a key from his pocket and opened the door, first looking around to make sure that no one was watching him. He probably did not see a man who had followed the party at a short distance, and who ran off in another direction as they entered the warehouse.

As soon as the three were within, the elder man inserted a key in the side of the lock, and locked the door.

"The old gentleman is afraid of robbers," he said, "and always insists in keeping the door locked."

The place was dark as it is possible for darkness to be, and it was not until one of the men had touched a match and lighted a lantern that Nick Pepper was able to look about. He then saw that he was in a long room which was entirely empty, with the exception of a broken counter and an old box.

"This is a queer place," said Nick, as he accompanied his conductors to the rear end of the room. "It don't look as if any business—"

Before he could finish the sentence, he was was seized around the body by the elder man, and the younger one tied his hands behind his back with a handkerchief.

The attack was so sudden and startling that he did not think to scream before their object was accomplished. Then, as soon as he opened his mouth, a cocked pistol was thrust into his face, and he was threatened with instant death if he should make an outcry.

"What is the matter with you?" he asked. "What do you mean?"

"We want these numbers," said the elder man, "and we mean to have them. Give them to us and you may go free. If not I will blow you brains out."

"You don't get no figures from me," doggedly replied the boy.

The man hesitated, and then laid down his pistol.

"Give me that cord, Sam," he said, "we will see how he likes to be strung up."

The young man produced a long stout cord, and the elder made a slip-noose in one end, which he placed around the boy's neck, throwing the other end over a beam.

"Give us the numbers," he said, "or up you go."

"See you in Halifax first," muttered Nick.

The next instant he was in the air hanging by the cord around his neck. When he was let down, the numbers again demanded, he could only refuse by signs.

"Run him up again!" said the elder man, and this time he was let down limp and breathless.

As he sunk on the floor, a side door was burst in with a crash, and Jacob Messner's detective rushed in, followed by two police men, Mr. Messner and Mr. White. Nick's two tormentors were at once seized and handcuffed, and the cord was loosened from the boy's neck.

"I am afraid the scoundrels have killed him," said Jacob Messner. "Run for a doctor!"

The detective hurried out, and Mr. White took the boy's head on his knee, while Mr. Messner fanned him vigorously with his hat. Soon Nick opened his eyes and mouth, breathed audibly and faintly whispered the name of "Messner."

Mr. Messner kneeled down by the boy and placed his ear near his lips.

"Joe," whispered Nick.

"King," replied Jacob Messner, with a sob in his voice.

"That's right. Thirteen, eighteen, twenty-eight. Tell Aunt Sarah there was one thing I knew how to do."

Then his head fell back on Mr. White's knee.

It seemed to be a long time, although it was not many minutes, before the doctor arrived.

"Any fee you may ask shall be yours," said Jacob Messner, "if you can save the boy's life."

The physician felt his pulse and his heart.

"It was a close shave," he said; but we will save him."

At a meeting of the directors of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company, last week, a semi-annual dividend of four per cent. was declared on the capital stock, main stem, payable in the stock of the company, and a semi-annual dividend of five per cent. on the stock of the Washington branch railroad, payable in cash. The net earnings of the main stem for the six months ending March 31st, were $2,06,013, being $466,318 more than the same period the preceding year. After the payment of interest and taxes, and in addition to the expenditure of $200,000 in cash for new locomotives and cars built at the shops of the company and investments for sinking funds in reduction of mortgage debt, amounting to $329,743, the floating debt (incurred in aiding the construction of connecting roads) was further reduced during the six months by the application of net earnings to the extent of $761,840. The stock dividend will aggregate 5,633 shares at par, an equivalent of $568,300.

CHISHOLM MASSACRE.

A Letter From the Widow Recalling the Brutal Crime.

Mrs. H. C. Ingersoll, Secretary of the Chisholm Monument Association, has sent the following letter to the New York *Tribune*:

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 29, 1879.

MY DEAR FRIEND: One month from to-day and two years will have passed since the terrible 29th of April 1877, which those who blackened with crime that sunny Sabbath, jestingly or threateningly, according to their mood, call the "black Sunday." In answer to your kindly request that I should write you when I succeeded in bringing away the remains of my husband and children who on that day fell martyrs to the unhallowed hate of the 200 so called "best citizens of Kemper county" I now address you.

For weary months I have planned and been disappointed in my hopes, till my heart grew sick, but on the 4th of the present month, I received from our true friend, Mr. Charles Rosenbaum, a telegram telling me they had been sent by express. Three days later, came a letter giving me particulars. When they were disinterred, the coffins were found in so perfect a state, they were not even soiled. These coffins were inclosed in boxes lined with zinc and soldered, and the name of each dear occupant was written thereon. These details were very grateful to me.

I left Washington the morning of the 5th of the present month, passing through Harrisburg, where my son, Clay, joined me, and we proceeded to Lock Haven, the county seat of Clinton county, Pa. Here we were met by Mr. J. C. Sigmund, of the town of Salona, which lies in a rich valley between two mountain ranges, about five miles from Lock Haven. My kind friends advised me not to attempt the meeting with my beloved, who are called dead; but with me, in my thoughts awake and in my dreams asleep, they are always present, and I felt that next to meeting them in Heaven, I desired to be with them once more on earth. All nature was robbed in spotless snow, as if in emblem of their own purity. The mountain tops on every side pointed upward, and the evergreens on their sides reminded me that heaven is eternal. I need not tell you of the graceful welcome extended by Mr. Sigmund's family and the friends of his household who were there. You can easily perceive that those who had so generously proffered me for my friends the hospitality of a grave among the grand scenery of their mountain, knew how to make it acceptable. I can not tell you of that night. I wonder that even I, who have lived through so much, did not die before it was over. And yet, O, my God! the delightful happiness of once more being assembled an unbroken family circle under the same roof—my husband, myself—Cornelia the first to awaken parental love in our hearts. Johnnie the first sacrifice on the altar of filial love—Clay and Willie. Truly, dear madam, amid all my sorrows I always remember I am his wife and their mother. I hug it ever to my heart as the sweetest, most comforting memory, giving promise that the Father will not forget me altogether, however much I may be called to endure. In the hours of the night I lived over the beautiful twenty years of my married life to the last; and over and again could I hear Johnnie, my brave, delicate boy, the last words he spoke to me "Mother, if I leave father they will kill him"

He did not leave him, and, true to his words, the vile demon killed "anybody who gets in the way of my killing Judge Chisholm;" killed him, first shooting off, with deliberation, his hand, and then pierced his heart. Send my husband's last whisper, "Jesus, Father—wife, precious wife," Cornelia's last sweet words as I gave her a white lilly: "Mamma, you're a sick baby this morning." Again I saw her little white fingers hold it up and whisper, "Mamma, how fine?" "Yes," said I, "it is the emblem of purity," and over and over again she whispered the word "purity." I told her the angels in Heaven were not more pure than my baby girl. She smiled back at me, and in an hour God had healed her wounds and made her well in Heaven.

"O! the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." But it is hard to perceive why the bravest and grandest of men; the fairest, gentlest, most fearless of boys; the most delicate, winsome rosebud of girls should in time of "peace" (?) anarchy, be called on to die by the brutal hands of those incarnate demons who are styled men—to die for a country which "does not see the legal means to punish the guilty murderers"—hard for the wife and mother of those three to comprehend. May that God who has justice as well as mercy—who has attributes which, with his direct curses the apologists, the instigators and the foul perpetrators of the murder of the five persons who fell victims to their hate on the 29th day of April, A. D. 1877. Amen!

The morning after my arrival in Salona, I was invited down to the family parlor; there I found all assembled. The son, young Mr. Sigmund, read a portion of the Scripture appropriate to the circumstances, and all kneeling, a lady present raised her soft voice in prayer. The prayer was not a burden of complaints that the Lord had so neglected us, as we are prone too often to make, but seemed an earnest expression of thanks for all His mercies. The day proved bitter cold, with a driving rain direct from the north, and a heavy snow under foot, yet when all repaired to the Methodist Church about 10 o'clock the large house was full. In the pulpit were the pastor, the Rev. L. G. Heck, the Rev. R. H. Flecher, the Rev. Mr. Diven, and the Rev. Mr. Haughawaut. The Rev. Mr. Diven was the principal speaker. He recapitulated many of the facts, paid a beautiful tribute to the patrotism of the father, the filial devotion of the son, and the wonderful love of the daughter, which overcame every sense of natural timidity and made her forget herself and gladly die for her father. I remember he thanked the man who made it possible they could find a resting place in the midst of their neighborhood; and in the name of the community at large bade both the dead and the living members of my husband's family welcome in their midst; assured his hearers that there would be a monument erected, and bade them note the moral it would point. "Twas said that notwithstanding the inclemency of the day, people were gathered in from ten to twelve miles, and I heard it said afterward that if the day had been fine the cemetery itself would not have held the number. The fine Salona Band volunteered their attendance, preceding the precious remains, playing a solemnly sweet dirge. At the grave were gathered a great number, and after the burial service once more did mother earth take into her bosom those who are dear to all who love patriotism and filial devotion. I can not love or thank the people enough for their kind sympathy, but I can and will honor them for their genuine loyal devotion to their country's friends who so completely all this. I did not hope to remove my dear ones to a sweeter spot for their last rest than they had before, or that the wild bird's song would trill forth a softer melody, or that the flowers above them would shed a sweeter perfume. It was not that the place where they were already resting was not endeared by many ties. Others dear to me sleep there; near by is the pleasant cottage to which my husband took me as his young wife, where were born Cornelia and Clay. All these sweet memories rose to bid me sleep unmisturbed. But no, I could not let them rest in the soil of the State which for two years has failed even to put the seal of her disapproval on a crime which appalled Satan himself, and caused his lesser demons to cry out and hide themselves in horror. They now rest on a beautiful hillside, at whose foot ripples a clear stream, and among whose evergreens the spring bird's song will trill above them. Gentle hands will wreathe fresh flowers above their breasts, and modest violets and pure white lilies will perfume the air. The rocks on the mountains are fit symbols of the freemen forming the community, and they will be the last people to surrender the battle flag under which they will be found, ever ready to contend for their country's rights.

My long letter has now closed. If it conveys to you the information so kindly asked, it is well; if not, take for my apology the great difficulty for me of all others on earth to write a descriptive letter on this subject, which is the one emotion of my life.

Very respectfully your friend,

MRS. W. W. CHISHOLM.

To Mrs. H. C. Ingersoll, Secretary Chisholm Monument Association.

[Cleveland Leader.]

A GENEROUS OFFER.

The Son of "Old John Brown" Offers His Services to the Aid of the Colored Race.

PUT-IN-BAY ISLAND, LAKE ERIE, OTTAWA CO., O., April 14, 1879.

To the Editor of the Leader:

Your kind favor is before me, in which you say:

"If you could at an early date, give your views on the new plan to solve the negro question in the Southern States by emigration, we would be glad to publish them."

With thanks for your generous offer, I will now say briefly in reply, that, so far as I understand the plan referred to, it has my heartiest approval; and I will further say that my desire that this emigration movement shall be a success in every sense of the word is much greater than I have words to express. I will write at another time, giving my views more fully. For the present, and in proof of the sincerity of my feeling and purpose, I will say that if necessary traveling and subsistence expenses can be met, I will devote my time and labor to this emigration work without charge, hoping thereby to aid somewhat this move of the oppressed to better their condition.

Though I am nearly 58 years of age, my health was never better, and I have yet left an amount of physical strength and endurance rarely possessed by men of my age. Believing that my experience in pioneer life may be of value to those emigrants, though I cannot do more, I can and do make a free offer to this, and of my best efforts to aid them. I will go for this purpose to Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, or to any portion of the West and Northwest where it may be considered that I can work in this cause most efficiently.

A large, immediate emigration, it seems to me, is of less importance than the successful establishment of those who have already reached their new homes, or may be now on their way to them.

Be so kind as to make public my resolve in regard to this matter, that it may reach the attention of those interested. My time for action, it seems to me, has once more come, I would not "be found wanting."

Yours for the right, through weal or woe, JOHN BROWN, JR.

Motley and Bismarck at Vienna.

Mr. Sumner was in the habit of telling, with much humor, one amusing incident in Motley's diplomatic career in Vienna. After the close of the joint war of Prussia and Austria against Denmark on the question of the duchies, Bismarck came to Vienna to settle the terms of peace with the Emperor. He arrived too late to go to the office of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and remembering that his old university chum, Motley, was the American minister, he drove directly to his house, and found Motley just retiring from a modest family dinner, with nothing but the remains of the dessert on the table. The old friends cordially joined hands and hearts; fresh viands were furnished from Motley's kitchen and fresh Burgundy from his cellar, and hour after hour the old collegians went over their student experience and frolics at the University of Berlin, without speaking a word about politics. After cracking his last walnut and swallowing his last glass of wine, Bismarck, long after midnight, left Motley's house, and sauntered away whistling to his hotel with an immense internal satisfaction at the entertainment he had derived from his first night's experience at Vienna. But the eyes of Europe were all this time on the terrible man of "blood and iron." The foreign embassies were in an uproar. Was it possible that there was to be an alliance between Prussia and the United States? It was known that New York was, in respect to its German population, the third or fourth German city in the world. What meant this mysterious visit to the American minister—the first visit the dreaded Prussian statesman had made on entering Vienna? Telegrams flew to London, Paris, Turin, and St. Petersburg. The ingenuity of diplomatists was taxed to account for what was accountable. Sumner himself, as chairman of the Senate Committee of Foreign Affairs, received private letters from eminent persons abroad earnestly inquiring whether the United States had resolved to depart from non-interference with the affairs of Europe, as recommended by the immortal Washington, etc.—absurd letters, at which Sumner, who knew Motley's early associations with Bismarck, exhibited his teeth in the most genial and humorous of smiles. He laughed with Motley over the occurrence some years afterward, when the affair was explained to him just as he had divined it. It is a pity that this one humorous incident in the whole dreary correspondence of the American Department of State with its ministers abroad is not recorded in any State paper. But it is certain that for a day or two it seriously disturbed the consultations of every cabinet in Europe.—*J. P. Whipple, in Harper's Magazine for May.*

Among the hill tribes of the Anglo-Indian frontier, cunning is quite as highly esteemed as personal prowess, and there is ample foundation for the native proverb that "it is easier to find snow in summer than to outwita Kyberee." But even these masters of stratagem occasionally meet their match, as the following adventure, told in the words of its hero, a Hindoo trader, sufficiently shows: "When I started to go from Peshawur to Herat, I knew that I couldn't expect to pass through the Kyberee without being robber or two, and I made my preparations accordingly. I laid out all my money in several large diamonds, which I bound around my head in a soiled rag, made to look like the bandage of a wound. Then I put on the raggedest clothes I could get, and loaded a donkey with loaves of spiced bread, such as the mountaineers like, putting a good dose of opium in every one of them. I then went driving my beast before me. It wasn't long before I fell in with half a dozen 'ghor-umsaugs' (brigands), who never troubled themselves about me, seeing what a miserable object I looked, but few at once upon the bread and devoured it all. The opium was not long in producing its effect, and as soon as they were fast asleep I took what money they had, packed all their weapons and the best of their clothes upon my donkey, and went on my way. But I can tell you, Sahib, I took care never to travel by that road again."

Meditation.

The great fault with people in America is their haste to labor and accomplish something without stopping to think. This precipitous manner of acting has been the cause of many bankruptcies and failures in business here in this country. And we do not think we are far out of the way when we say that it has greatly increased the financial difficulties. People should stop and consider, and consider well before undertaking any work of importance. But thought is just as requisite after work is commenced to carry it on to successful completion. Thought is necessary at first in order to begin the work right, otherwise all our labor would be in vain, and after perhaps several years of hard work we find ourselves bankrupt and worse than when we started. It seems scarcely necessary to say, that after the work is commenced, we should cultivate thought more rather than labor in order to direct every effort to the right point. This is something Americans should learn. They should think a great deal more and not rush into the work so quickly.

The Sabbath.

We are more and more sure, by experience, that the reason for the observance of the Sabbath lies deep in the everlasting necessities of human nature, and that as long as a man is man, the blessedness of keeping it, not as a day of rest only, but as a day of spiritual rest, will never be annulled. We certainly feel by experience the eternal obligation, because of the eternal necessity, of the Sabbath. The soul withers without it. It thrives in proportion to its observance. The Sabbath was made for man. God made it for men in a certain spiritual state, because they needed it. The need, therefore, is deeply hidden in human nature. He who can dispense with it must be holy and spiritual indeed. And he who, still unholy and unspiritual, would yet dispense with it, is a man that would fain be wiser than his Maker.

Anointing in Infantile Disorders—Scarlet Fever.

More than twenty years ago a correspondent communicated to the *Scientific American* the following simple treatment for scarlet fever.

When the first symptoms of the disease appear anoint the flesh of the victim from head to foot with the inside of the rind or fatty portion of a smoked ham, and renew the application as often as the flesh becomes dry. The writer has saved his own children, and after our application we received a number of letters from persons who had tried the simple remedy in their own families with satisfactory success.

We are reminded of the above by reading in a recent number of the *Lancet* the following testimony of H. Guard Knaggs, M. D., F. L. S., on the value of anointing in infantile disorders of various kinds, reporting a number of remarkable cases in support of his theory:

"During the past eleven months I have been testing, with uniformly successful results, the value of a very simple method of treating such infantile complaints as atrophy, bronchitis, convulsions, diarrhea, febrile disturbances generally, and indeed all disorders of childhood which are accompanied by an unnatural state of the skin.

"The treatment simply consists in smearing with salad oil the whole surface of the body, from the crown of the head to the tips of the fingers and toes, the process being repeated every twelve, six, or even four hours, according to the urgency of the case. Of course, the use of a long flannel gown or small blanket is obvious, and the fluid should be slightly warmed.

"The application thus possesses the following immense advantage over the ordinary warm bath:

"1. Skin-action is more completely and permanently restored.

"2. The danger of reaction is avoided for there is no sudden change of temperature; and moreover, the sheet of oil protects the surface from atmospheric influences.

"3. It acts as a full-food, not only preventing waste of tissue, but actually increasing the bulk of the little patient.

"4. It does not depress, but, on the contrary, appears to exhilarate.

"It will scarcely be credited by many that the formidable affections above mentioned will frequently yield to this treatment, or, at any rate, show signs of abatement in from twenty minutes to four and twenty hours; but such is the case, though sometimes forty-eight or even seventy-two hours will elapse before any decided signs of improvement occur."—*Scientific American.*

In the Senate Monday Blaine opened the debate on the Army Appropriation Bill with a powerful speech. A few of the points are given below:

He declared that the Democrats were trying to impose a false issue on the country—trying to make it appear that the Republicans were attempting to keep themselves in power by the liberal use of the bayonet. He held in his hand a statement of the number of soldiers east of Omaha. Looking toward Bayard and Saulsbury, he asked them how many were in Delaware? They could not tell. Not one, said Blaine; and, therefore, the great State of Delaware is not in danger of being crushed by the mailed heel of military power. In West Virginia how many? Not one. Yet without the presence of a soldier on the soil of his State Senator Hereford had worked himself into a perspiration last Friday in his speech about the army. Hereford's face turned red and there was audible laughter in the galleries as Blaine demolished his great speech in a few sentences.

Turning to the Virginia Senators, Blaine asked them how many soldiers were in their State, and if they were afraid? He showed that there was not a soldier in the State outside of the artillery training school at Fortress Monroe. In North Carolina there are but thirty, South Carolina 120, Georgia twenty-nine, and in Tennessee and Mississippi none. In the whole South there are 1,125, not quite one to a county, and he might have said that nine-tenths of these had been ordered away to the Indian frontier.

"Why," cried Blaine, "no two Democratic Senators can go into the cloak room and look each other in the face without smiling and blushing." He showed that there were double as many soldiers in New England as in the South in proportion to the population, yet the people of that section did not feel crushed by the mailed heel of power, and had nothing to fear and otherwise to do than to applaud Blaine, advancing towards the Democratic side, "there is not in the whole South one soldier to a county, and only one to each sixteen polling places. Each soldier would have to be divided up into sixteen pieces to get enough to go around."

Williams, of Kentucky, said that he had seen soldiers at the polls. "When," cried Blaine. "In 1865," said Williams; at which Blaine replied that there were probably a great many in the South at that time, and he asked if Jeff. Davis' Democrats, who attempted to fight in the rebel army, and vote Kentucky out of the Union at the same time.

Senator Logan arose and said that at the time mentioned he commanded sixty-five thousand men in Kentucky; that the soldiers were not allowed near the polls, and that the election was as quiet and fair as any held in the State since.

Blaine charged that the political measure on the Army Bill had not been considered by the committee, but was matured by Democratic caucuses, and then thrust into the House, and thence into the Senate. He showed that the country was virtually under the rule of the Southern Democracy, they having thirty out of forty Democratic Senators, and a very large majority of the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives. As early as 1880 Alexander H. Stephens had said that a united South and their Northern allies would rule the country. That was only thirteen years ago. It was true to-day, and Stephens was alive to see the marvelous fulfillment of his prophecy.

Do It Now.

The best time to do anything is at the first convenient opportunity that offers after the doing becomes a necessity. We would not have a man leave a hay-field and go a mile or two for tools and appliances to replace a broken tooth in a rake, but we would have him replace it before the rake was again taken into the field. A strap or a string may serve