Perrysburg Journal.

JAMES TIMMONS, Publisher.

PERRYSBURG, : : OHIO.

LUKE — COLORADO PARK, 1873.

Wot's that you're readin'?— a novel? A nove
—well, darn my skin!
You a man grown and bearded, and listen'
su h stuff as that in—
Stuff about gals and their sweethearts! no
wonder you're thin as a knife.
Look at me!—clar two hundred—and never
read one in my life!

That's my opinion o' novels. And as to their
lyin' round here,
They belonged to the Judge's daughter—the
Judge who c me up last year
On account of his lungs and the mountains,
and the balsam o' pine and fir;
And his daughter—well, she read novels, and
that's what's the matter with her.

Yet she was sweet on the Judge, and stuck by
him day and night,
Alone in the cabin up yer—till she grew like a
ghost all white;
She was only a slip of a thing, as light and as
up and away
As rifle smoke blown through the woods, but
she wasn't my kind—no way!

Speakin' o' gals—d'ye mind that house as you
rise the hill,
A mile and a half from White's, and just above
Mattingby's mill?
You do? Well, now, that's a gal! What, you
saw her? O, come now, that quit!
She was only fed with novels, for to me she
don't cotton one bit.

But what was I talkin' of? O! the Judge and
his daughter—she read
Novels the whole day long, and I reckon she
read them abed;
An' sometimes she read them out loud to the
Judge on the porch where he sat,
And 'twas how "Lord Augustus" said this, and
how "Lady Blanche" she said that.

But the sickest of all that I heard, was a yarn
that they read 'bout a chap,
"Leather-stocking" by name, and a hunter
chock full o' the greenest o' sap;
And they asked me to hear; but I says: "Miss
Mabel, not any for me;
When I likes I kin sling my own lies, and that
chap and I shouldn't agree."

Yet somehow or other she always was sayin' I
brought her to mind
Of folks about whom she had read, or suthin'
bellke of that kind;
And thar warn't no end o' the names that she
gave me thet summer up here,
"Robin Hood," "Leather-stocking," "Rob Roy"
—O, I tell you, the critter was queer.

And yet of she hadn't been spiled, she was
harmless enough in her way;
She could jabber in French to her dad, and
they said thet she knew how to play,
And she worked me that shot pouch up thar—
which the man doesn't liv ex kin use,
And slippers—you set down down yer—ez would
cradle an Injin's pappoose.

Yet along o' them novels, you see, she was
wastin' and mopin' away,
And then she got shy with her tongue, and at
last had nothing to say;
And whenever I happened around, her face it
was hid by a book,
And it wasn't until she left that she gave me
ez much ez a look.

And this was the way it was: It was night
when I came up yer
To say to 'em all good-by, for I reckoned to go
for deer
At sun-up the day they left, so I shook 'em all
by the hand,
'Cept Mabel, and she was sick, ez they gave
me to understand.

But just ez I passed the house the next morn-
ing at dawn, some one,
Like a little waver o' mist, got up on the hill
with the sun;
Miss Mabel it was, alone—all wrapped up in a
mantle of lace—
And she stood there straight in the road, with
a touch o' the sun in her face.

And she looked at me right in the eye—I'd
seen suthin' like it before
When I hunted a wounded doe to the edge o'
the Clear Lake shore,
And I had my knee on its neck, and jist was
raisin' my knife
When it gave me a look like that—well, it got
off with its life.

"We are going to-day," she said, "and I
thought I would say good-by
To you in your own house, Luke—these woods
and the bright blue sky.
You've always been kind to us, Luke, and
papa has found you still
As good as the air he breathes, and wholesome
as Laurel Tree Hill.

"And we'll always think of you, Luke, as the
thing we could not take away—
The balsam that dwells in the woods, the rain-
bow that lives in the spray,
And you'll sometimes think of me, Luke, as
you know you once used to say,
As rifle-smoke blown through the woods, a
moment, but never to stay."

And then we shook hands. She turned, but a
sudden she tottered and fell,
And I caught her sharp by the waist, and held
her a minit—well—
It was only a minit, you know, that ez cold and
ez white she lay
Ez a snowflake here on my breast, and then
—well, she melted away—

And was gone * * * And thar are her
books; but I say not any for me,
Good enough may be for some, but them and
I mightn't agree.
They spiled a decent girl ez might have made
some chap a wife,
And look at me!—clar two hundred—and never
read one in my life!

—*Bret Harte.*

A CHANGE IN FORTUNE.

Mr. Timothy Bloom, salesman in Mr. Crabb's big retail dry-goods store, was stealthily eating his lunch in a dusty corner amongst some empty packing boxes. It was not a very good lunch, and warm as the day was, he had but one glass of ice water to drink with it.

A very mild, pleasant-looking young fellow was Timothy Bloom, with eyes like a pretty girl's, and fair hair parted down the middle; but he was rather doleful at this moment, for Crabbe, senior, had just been abusing him for permitting a lady, who was not to be suited by mortal tidesman, to get off without buying anything, and had likewise informed him that he had been five seconds late that morning and would in consequence "be deducted an eighth" on Saturday evening.

That was not pleasant, and Mr. Crabbe's manner was not pleasant, and the dusty corner and the stale sandwich were not pleasant. And who can wonder that poor Timothy Bloom, looking up at a row of decorated corset boxes above his head, and taking his idea from the winged infant pictured upon them, remarked, under his breath: "I wish *I* was a cherub."

At this moment, even as the wish fluttered up to the corset boxes, a little boy, about three feet high, bearing on his bosom a badge with the enormous number 1189, came around the counter, and fixed his pathetic eyes on Mr. Bloom's glass of water.

"I say, Mr. Bloom," he whispered, pathetically, "won't you give me just a mouthful of that water? Mr. Crabbe says us cashes ain't to have no drinks, and I'm chokin'."

Mr. Bloom smiled pitifully at the child, a forlorn widow's bread-winner, and said mildly, as he held out the glass:

"Here, Johnny, take half. I'd let you have it all if we were not limited to one glass ourselves."

"Guess water is gettin' dear," said Johnny, eagerly swallowing the share allowed of the cooling draught, but scrupulously careful not to exceed the permission.

"Thank 'ee. You're a brick. Mr. Bumps hit me a lick when I asked him. Here, have the paper? A customer left it on the desk. Save it for me to take home to mar when I go home to-night. She likes to read the murders and them things—"

"Cash 1189!" shrieked a female voice. "Cash! Cash!"

"It's Miss Pringle. I must go," whispered Johnny, and sped away in terror.

There were ten cash boys in the store, and they had been numbered high to sound well.

Mr. Bloom peeped around the boxes at the clock, saw he had ten minutes more to himself, and opened the paper. The first thing his eyes lighted upon was an advertisement of a fine country seat for sale, and he read it through—the description of the stables, barns, bath-tubs, conservatory, veranda, lawn and kitchen garden; the well, the octagon parlors and the cupola; the tiled halls and frescoed ceilings, as though he intended to buy it for himself that afternoon.

Then he cast his eye upon an account of how Mr. Mullen had beaten Mrs. Mullen, and been arrested for so doing; and then he found himself reading a paragraph to the effect that the heirs of Timothy Bloom, of Lancaster, England, if living, might hear of something to their advantage by applying to Jones & Johnson, —— street.

"My name," thought Mr. Bloom, at first. Then, with a start, he remembered that he had heard his grandfather was named Timothy. Certainly, he came from Lancaster, England. His father, David Bloom, had been an only son. *He* was an only son himself. Well, then, *he* was Timothy Bloom's heir, if it should prove that the Timothy Bloom inquired for was really his father's father.

"But, oh, pshaw!" said Mr. Bloom. "This sort of thing couldn't happen to *me*. It's some other Timothy, not poor old grandfather." And he copied the address of Jones & Johnson into his pocket-book, and went back to his counter quite calmly, though he wrote to Jones & Johnson that night.

However, wonders will never cease. When Tim Bloom, the meekest of all young salesmen, went home that Saturday evening with a "deducted" salary and a scolding, he found Mr. Johnson himself in his boarding-house parlor, and an examination of the family Bible in his possession, and of a certain bundle of yellow letters that Mr. Bloom had more than once decided to burn, but had, fortunately, spared, settled the matter. Half a million of money had come to him in the regular course of nature, and he was richer not only than Mr. Crabbe, but than any of his most fashionable customers.

It was a wonderful surprise to little Tim Bloom, and he scarcely grasped the idea at first. Even after he told his chief confidant, his landlady's pretty grand-daughter, Mehitable White, a pretty, pink-cheeked, capable damsel, called Hetty, for short—he only went so far as to think of a pair of patent-leather boots and a diamond cravat-pin.

Hetty awakened him to a full realization of his changed condition by saying, rather seriously, and looking away from him:

"Of course, grandma's won't suit you any longer, Mr. Bloom, and you'll never have to go back to Crabbe & Co.'s again."

"By George! I never thought of it; so I sha'n't," said Tim Bloom. "No more counter-jumping for me; and if Mrs. White will let me hire the back parlor, I'll take that. Go away? Not I!"

"Not yet; it's too soon," said Hetty, to herself; "but he'll go when he quite understands."

"Let me congratulate you, my dear Mr. Bloom," said Mr. Crabbe, bowing, as he parted from the departing clerk as he did to the carriage-customers at the very store-door. "I have always felt a superiority in you over the other young men. I said to my daughter, Belinda, the other day: 'If it were not for giving offense to others I should ask Mr. Timothy Bloom to our little evenings. Something of the Prince in disguise about him; but an employer has his duties. They sometimes make his heart ache; but he must perform them.'"

Mr. Bloom remembered the placard over the water-cooler: "Cashes not allowed drinks;" "a cash who drinks deducted one-half," and thought that if Mr. Crabbe really had a heart this must be true.

Tim Bloom was a rich man; but he had no rich friends as yet. The clerks at Crabbe & Co.'s had been always quarreling amongst themselves, and he had not known one in private.

The boarders were not "sociable;" he treated them to ice cream several times, and took Hetty White to a concert or two.

He improved his mind in libraries and museums, and set up a book-case of his own, into which he put a miscellaneous assortment of volumes; but when one day he received a perfumed envelope, inviting him to a lawn tennis party at Mr. Crabbe's country seat, he felt that the dissipations of the wealthy had just begun for him. He accepted, of course, and went attired in perfect style, and looking very well, indeed.

He returned bewildered. Miss Crabbe was very handsome. She played and sang and danced, and was "stylish." She had set her cap for him, and Mr. Crabbe—yes, actually Mr. Crabbe—had plainly allowed him to see that he would give his consent to the match.

"Two months ago he called me a 'stupid idiot.' Two months ago he snubbed me, whenever he spoke to me," thought Tim Bloom. "Yes, this is the old story; everybody, everybody, even old Mrs. White, flattering and cringing to my money. I wonder whether Hetty is the same?" And in the seclusion of his own apartment, poor, young Tim Bloom actually cried; though Mr. Crabbe called that evening and took him to a charming stag party, where the guests were principally in the dry-goods line, and in every direction one's ear caught the remark, "sold a bill of goods to a man," and where every one scorned to drink anything less costly than champagne.

"You rascal," said the excellent father, on the way home, "I see you are afraid to speak, but I know you couldn't keep your eyes off my Belinda last Wednesday."

"Could I hope for your consent, if she—"

"My dear boy—ha! ha! ha! Why, ask her and see!" cried Mr. Crabbe. "It has always been the wish of my heart, even when you were a poor clerk, and she (don't say I told you) *always* admired you—always!"

At nine o'clock, one night, Mrs. White's door bell rang, and a messenger boy handed in a letter—a big letter, with a big seal, and "immediate" on it. What could it be? Something about the property of course. Mrs. White carried it herself to Mr. Bloom's room, and as she handed it in, saw him seated beside a table, on which stood wine and a tray of de icacies. Mr. Crabbe was at supper with her boarder.

"Excuse me," said Timothy.

"Oh! certainly," said Mr. Crabbe.

Timothy opened the letter, read it, uttered a deep sigh, and passed it to Mr. Crabbe. Mr. Crabbe read it and turned purple.

"Do I understand it?" said Timothy, hiding his face.

"Your lawyer says the property is no longer yours—that your grandfather was not the right Timothy Bloom, and that the real heir will demand a restoration of all that you have spent already."

"Yes, I was right," said Mr. Bloom. "But, Mr. Crabbe, after all, I shall do very well. I can go back to your store, and Miss Belinda has quite a sufficient little fortune of her own. We can still be happy."

Mr. Crabbe leaped to his feet.

"Sir! sir!" he said. "this is a great piece of impertinence, sir. You haven't spoken to Belinda."

"But you assured me—" began Timothy.

"I didn't!" shrieked Mr. Crabbe. "At least, I was mistaken. I came here with the intention of telling you upon my word and honor, that she can't endure you; and as for the store, you were a most incompetent salesman. There is no situation open. Sorry for you, but—Good-night. Good-night."

"Good-night," said Timothy.

Then, as the door closed, he took up his letter and carried it to old Mrs. White, who, with Hetty as assistant, was seeding raisins for next days's pudding, sitting one on either side of the drop-light in the dining-room.

"I shall have to give up the back parlor," said poor Timothy. "And as for my half hall bedroom, I don't know how to pay for *that*; for Mr. Crabbe won't take me back."

"Time-serving old wretch!" said Mrs. White. "No matter, Mr. Bloom. I'll trust you. Intentions being right, I never will be hard on my boarders, and you can keep the parlor until it is hired, because it's more comfortable."

"And try to keep up your spirits," said Hetty; "for, after all, money isn't everything."

"It seemed too sudden to last," said Mrs. White. "I never trust these lawyers."

So the good souls comforted him, and after a while, when he asked Hetty to take a little walk with him, she consented.

There was a little park on the opposite side of the street, and though the gates were locked they walked around its railings. Their talk was long and earnest, and at last Timothy said:

"Well, Hetty, poor as I am, will you promise to marry me some day?"

And she had answered, "Yes, Tim," very simply—and so it was settled; and for a young man, recently reduced from affluence to poverty, Mr. Bloom certainly looked very happy as they went home together. But it was only when Mrs. White had given her loving consent to his marrying Hetty when they had enough for bread and butter, that he made confession:

"I can't keep it to myself any longer, grandma. I wrote that letter myself. I'm as rich as I ever was, and I've tested my friends. Old Crabbe has proven false, and you have proven true. I felt sure about Hetty all the while; and when we are married you must live with us, and there shall be no more hard work and boarders for you in this world, you dear old soul."

After which the reader is to understand a wedding and a happy life for all.—*Mary Kyle Dallas, in N. Y. Ledger.*

The "Fund" Speculation in Massachusetts.

The chief topic of conversation this week has been the sudden and unaccountable changes in certain business places, and the collapse of the Chicago grain speculators' expectations. Various reasons are assigned for the business changes, and different people believe different stories. Some of the tales are scarcely to be credited, and it is said that persons of whom they are being told threaten to make the gossipers prove their assertions. It is to be hoped if they make the attempt they will succeed, and not find themselves in the predicament a certain politician is said to have once found himself. Returning home one night in quite "a state of mind" his wife asked what the matter was. "That scoundrel Jones called me a liar before the whole meeting," he replied. "But that hadn't ought to annoy you," she said, "for he couldn't prove it." "There's the trouble," roared the husband, "for he did prove it." The revelation that has come with the closing up of the grain swindling firms is rather startling to people who little guessed how the mania for speculation had pervaded our community. For months the thing has been going on, and during that time scores, aye hundreds, of men and women, girls and boys have been drawn into the seductive vortex and invested from $10 to $500, in many cases their little all, thinking to become wealthy. The history of the matter is but a repitition of the old, old story of swindlers and swindled. A few months ago several persons received circulars from Chicago parties relative to grain speculations, purporting to show the enormous profits made by shrewd purchasers, explaining the "fund scheme," and offering the recipient $1 on every $10 forwarded from other parties. Most of these people threw the circulars into the fire, knowing that the scheme was a swindle, and only lit to be classed with cheap lotteries. But three or four took it up and we see the result to-day in an aggregate loss of several thousand dollars. These "agents" or "fund formers," took at first a few shares and induced their friends to do the same, on the Chicago men's promise of twenty-five per cent dividends every three months, and also smaller occasional dividends. This promise was, of course, kept for a time, and the showing of the dividend checks and profitable balance-sheets set lots of people fairly wild to get into it. Men and women who had $50, $100 or $300, saved by years of hard work, made haste to invest. One man who put in a few hundred dollars, after getting his first dividend-check, announced that he had given up working and was going to live on the profits of his investment. Not wilder were the dreams of the dupes of Law's historical Mississippi and West India colonization scheme, nearly two centuries ago, than were those of our over-credulous grain speculators. But they had a similar ending. Not the least surprising feature is that quite a number of men were bitten who have had the credit heretofore of "having their eye teeth cut." These excuse themselves by saying they knew the thing was a fraud but thought they could get their money back and more with it before the scheme went up. A business man who put in $500 makes no bones of frankly saying he has lost every dollar of it. One of the worst features of the matter is that even school pupils were induced to thus early in their lives begin gambling. Led by one of their associates several high school boys invested from $10 to $50 each, and have lost nearly all of it. If this experience serves to keep them from such things in future the lesson has not been too dearly paid for.

But the blame of this state of affairs lies not wholly with these dupes of Chicago swindlers. Rather it falls on the men of wealth and standing in the community who have for years made speculative stocks a considerable source of profit—or loss. They were able to put up large margins in the New York markets and frequently make quite a stake, which they were not slow to tell of, but seldom let anything be known of their losses. Not many months ago one speculator told your correspondent that he held $2,000,000 worth of various kinds of stocks on margins, but he apparently has had good cause since to regret his investment. Even the local mining enterprise aided in fostering the speculative fever, although that has been conducted honestly and economically, and as yet has produced only an assessment instead of hoped-for dividends. This week's collapse will probably prove a warning that is likely to be heeded for a long time to come against intrusting money to unknown firms who have no business rating and promise enormous profits.—*Westfield (Mass.) Cor. Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

Important Legal Decision.

"So you say he called you a liar and kicked you twice. Now what did you give him back in return for these assets?" inquired the Austin Recorder of the accused.

"I just kicked him twice and called him a liar," was the reply.

"Did you kick him with the same emphasis with which he kicked you, and on the same portion of his body?"

"I did, your honor."

"Then you paid him back just as much as you got?"

"I did."

"Then I dismiss the case. This court holds that where litigants among themselves harmoniously make a friendly exchange, each one receiving a valuable consideration for services rendered, the arrangement between them will not be disturbed, the object of the law being to promote the harmonious relations already established."—*Texas Siftings.*

—The New York *Commercial Advertiser* says that it is difficult to conceive how so large and unwieldly a body as a railroad car could be smuggled, and yet the Toronto car work people at London, Ont., declare that $50,000 worth of American cars have been smuggled into Canada. It would not surprise us to hear that an entire court-house had been stolen and way into the dominion.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Mrs. Mark Hopkins, of San Francisco, gave her son's bride $100,000 as a wedding present.

—It is hinted that Mr. Oscar Wilde intends to be very severe in his contemplated book about America.

—The mother of Josh Billings is ninety-two years old. "She has evidently resolved to live until her son learns how to spell," says the Norristown *Herald.*

—Of Leon Gambetta, at the age of nine years, one of his school-masters wrote: "Leon Gambetta is a dirty little pig of a violent character, but intelligent and witty."

—The Encyclopedia Britannica, a work of 30,000 pages, is to be eclipsed in size by the works of Samuel Arden Smith, who is going to write a complete history of the Smith family.

—Rev. George Allen, of Worcester, Mass., has completed his ninety-first year. He is the oldest male citizen of Worcester, the oldest clergyman in the State, and probably the only survivor of his class (1813) in Yale College.—*Boston Herald.*

—Mother Frances Ward Xavier, the founder of the Sisters of Mercy in America, celebrated her golden jubilee at Manchester, N. H., the other day. She received the white veil in 1832. She came to this country in 1843, accompanied by six sisters, and established the first convent in the United States at Pittsburgh.

—When the new Colorado Senator Bowen was in command at Fort Smith, Arkansas, during the war, he captured one of the rebels there and still holds the prisoner. This was one of the beautiful girls of the South, and when she surrendered, she did so unconditionally and has stayed surrendered ever since—a lovely, devoted wife.—*Detroit Post.*

—Russell Sturges was a poor Boston boy, and became a ten-millionaire in London through his connection with the famous banking-house of Baring Brothers. He always attributed his success in life to the fact that he got on the wrong steamer by mistake, and was thus led to make the acquaintance of the firm in which he made his money.

—Mr. Thomas Imlay and wife, of Trenton, N. J., celebrated a few days ago the seventieth anniversary of their wedding. When they were married he was twenty-two and she eighteen years of age. They have had twelve children, and ten of them are now living with large families of their own, there being about one hundred and twenty grandchildren.—*N. Y. Times.*

—Isaac Price, who was appointed Postmaster of Schuylkill, a little hamlet of Chester County, Pennsylvania, when General Jackson was President, has just resigned the post he has held for fifty years. His successor is his son, B. F. Price. The hamlet contains now but one house in addition to those there when he took the office. Scores of busy towns have been built up around it, but Schuylkill remains as it was when the century opened, because it is out of the way of railroad travel.

HUMOROUS.

—Pill-makers are among the most expert boxers.—*Lowell Courier.*

—In these days it should be changed around so as to read: "Where there's a will there's a way to break it."

—Never sit without a coat at an open window when heated.—*Graphic.* It has been scientifically determined that there is nothing more absolutely dangerous than a heated open window.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—It does look sometimes as if the only way to stop these interminable disasters at sea would be to adopt Max Adeler's suggestion of having a man walk along the bottom and hold the blamed things up with a pole.

—"Do you believe that a woman, nowadays, would die for the object of her love?" asked a bachelor friend. "I don't know whether she'd die or not," answered the benedict, "but I've known her to go wild when the trimming didn't suit her.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—An Englishman shooting small game in Germany said to his host that there was a spice of danger in shooting in America. "Ah," said the host, "you like danger mit your sport? Then you go shooting mit me. The last time I shoot mine bruder-in-law in the schtomack."—*Chicago Herald.*

—Explaining the tracks: Mistress (who has long suspected her servant of having a follower and thinks she has caught her at last)—"Mary, your master wishes to know the meaning of these large foot-marks; can you explain?" Mary—"Oh, yes, mum! My sister's been here and she's got the gout so bad she has to wear big boots.—*London Judy.*

—Little Mrs. Whedleim spent forty-five minutes in a vain effort to convince Mr. W. that a sealskin sacque was necessary to her existence. Then she startled him by the question: "John, hadn't you better sell me for a carwheel?" "Why?" "Because I've got a cast-iron Hub." She got the sacque.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

—"By Jove!" exclaimed Adolphus, stroking the capillary suggestions on his superior lip; "the fellows say that a mustache hides the expression of a fellow's face, and they're all going to shave before taking part in our theatricals." "How fortunate!" was the sympathetic reply of Julia; "you won't have to shave, will you?"—*Boston Transcript.*

—Two little girls, one eight years old, the other six, sleep in the same chamber. In the morning the oldest one says: "O, I have had such a nice dream!" "What was it?" "I was in a large pastry cook-shop, and I ate as many cakes, strawberry-tarts and bonbons as I wanted." "Was I with you?" asked the little one. "No." And the little one began to sob.—*Paris Wit.*

—A New York dress-maker has built a dress containing eighteen hundred buttons. When the edicts of fashion compel a man to wear a coat and pair of trousers with eighteen hundred buttons there's going to be trouble and profanity—especially if he is a member of a fire company and there is an alarm at midnight. Half of the town would be burned down before he had buttoned that ten hundredth button.—*Norristown Herald.*

The Archbishop of Canterbury.

Although appointed by her Majesty, Dr. Benson did not fully become elect-Archbishop of Canterbury until January 2d, on which day the chapter of Canterbury Cathedral gathered in the cathedral library, and in strictest privacy perfo med the quaint ceremony which has been regularly observed in electing every Arch ishop since the time of Henry VIII. The Dean announced the purpose for which the chapter had been called, read the *congé d'elire*, a companied by the letter recommendatory from her Majesty and a voluminous formula requiring the chapter to elect the Right Rev. Dr. Benson, Bishop of Truro, as Archbishop of Canterbury. The chapter then proceeded to the election, each member voting separately on paper, the royal request being observed by the unanimous vote of the chapter. Two official notifications of the proceedings were then prepared, one for the Crown and one for the Arch ishop, setting forth that Dr. Benson was elected Archbishop. A record of the proceedings was then read and signed by the chapter and four witnesses. A thanksgiving peal was rung on the cathedral bells at the close of the chapter, and the Dean announced the election to the congregation at the cathedral in the afternoon, when a special Te Deum was sung.

How News Was Carried Forty Years Ago.

If not the oldest of all, Mr. W. F. Miskey, now of Media, Pa., is certainly one of the oldest newspaper men in the State. His journalistic career began in October, 1836, when he entered the service of the *United States Gazette*, of Philadelphia, which was then published at No. 66 Dock Street. Mr. Miskey, in reviewing his early experience as a news gatherer draws upon an almost exhaustless fund of interesting reminiscences. One of his achievements was to get a copy of Governor David R. Porter's message from Harrisburg to Philadelphia in time for publication the morning after it was read. Snow had obstructed the track, but the conductor heeded the earnest appeals of the solitary messenger, who was the only passenger on the train, and made up time enough to strike a connecting train at Lancaster. That conductor was John Brown, now a clerk in the Philadelphia Postoffice. The editor of the *Gazette* at that time was Hon. Joseph R. Chandler, and in commenting on the message he said that, "having no extra hands at our office, we rather dragged in the publication, for it is of most learned length."

A noteworthy incident of Mr. Miskey's experience was the manner in which, before the telegraph came into existence, the first news of the vote in the Presidential election of 1840, as cast by the voters in a distant county of New Jersey, was forwarded to New York. Mr. Miskey tells the story thus: "It was hoped that the lower counties in New Jersey, Cape May, Cumberland and Salem would give their votes to General Harrison, and, as the Presidential election was not held, as now, on the same day throughout the United States (New York State voting the day after New Jersey), it was thought if the result was favorable for the Whigs, that the news should be sent in time to New York to influence the election there. Mr. Burgess, a news agent, arranged to bring in by express those three counties, and it was settled that I should bring in the returns from the most out-of-the-way county in the State—Atlantic. This county had no railroads, and was then strongly Democratic, and it was important to get the vote immediately after the polls closed, so that if a very close vote was cast it could not be tampered with to elect Van Buren. I engaged a livery stable keeper in Camden to put three good horses on the road—at May's Landing (the county seat), Blue Anchor Tavern and Haddonfield—and a few days before the election I arranged with persons in May's Landing to bring in by express the vote of the eight outlying voting places as soon as counted. The last of these riders came in about one o'clock in the morning, when my ride was to begin. It was foggy, dark and drizzling—a real November night. To attempt to see or pick out the road was out of the question, so I concluded to give the animal his head and 'go it blind.' The horse was spirited and away we went through sand and small streams, over bridges and log roads, but arrived safe in good time at the first change, where landlord and hostler awaited me. From Longacoming to Haddonfield the country is more open, and before I got to Camden gleams of daylight were perceptible. I was in good time for the six a. m. train for New York. The Whig Executive Committee decorated the locomotive with flags, an extra was issued by the *Gazette* and all the Whigs held a grand jubilee."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Two Very "Thick" Friends.

Is there anything more awkward than to have a man rush at you as an old and dear friend when the most frantic efforts of your memory fail to recall either his face or his name?

Last Monday a friend of mine in the rotunda of the Capitol saw a tall, elegant young fellow rushing toward him, his face wreathed in smiles of delight. My friend could not recall him, but he smiled in return, as the fellow grasped him by the hand and said: "Old fellow, how are you? I am glad to see you. I have not seen you for some time."

The gentleman addressed could have sworn that he had never set eyes on his alleged friend. The conversation began so ardently by the party of the first part soon languished. The enthusiastic stranger, with a shade of embarrassment on his face said:

"By the way, as well as I know you, I cannot for the life of me recall your name."

The gentleman thus addressed said, with a complacent grin, "As well as I know you I cannot call your name."

"My name is Montgomery," said the stranger.

"My name is Williams," was the reply to this.

"O," said my friend, "I can place you now. You were formerly Marshal of the United States Court at Yokohama, Japan."

I never was in Japan in my life. But I can locate you better than that. You are in the Army or the Navy."

My dear sir, I never had a gun in my hand in my life. I am a newspaper correspondent."

"Is that so?"

"Is it not strange what old and intimate friends we are?"

"Yes, quite thick."

"Good morning, Mr. Montgomery."

"Good morning, Mr. Williams."—*Washington Sunday Herald.*

—A New York artist, a woman, whose husband and son had both been ruined by liquor, recently painted a picture for which Stokes, slayer of Jim Fisk, and proprietor of the Hoffman House barroom, offered her a large sum of money. On learning, however, that it was to be used to attract drinkers to his saloon she refused to make the sale.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The word seisologist does not mean a policeman, but a man who makes a study of the laws governing earthquakes.

THE MARKETS.

New York, February 26, 1883.

FLOUR—Extra Ohio	$6 25 @	$7 25
WHEAT—Red Winter	1 22½ @	1 24½
No. 1, White	1 16 @	1 16½
CORN—No. 2	71½ @	72½
OATS—Mixed Western	49 @	52
PORK—Mess	19 00 @	19 25
LARD—Prime steam	11 62½ @	11 70
BUTTER—Western	16 @	41
CHEESE—Ohio	7 @	13½
EGGS—Western	22 @	29
CATTLE	5 50 @	7 12½
HOGS	7 00 @	7 50
SHEEP	5 75 @	7 50
CLEVELAND.		
FLOUR—Country XX White	$3 00 @	$4 00
Minn. new process	7 50 @	8 00
Amber	5 00 @	5 25
WHEAT—No. 2	1 12 @	1 15
CORN	60 @	61
OATS—No. 1	45 @	46
CHEESE—Choice Factory	13 @	13½
Ohio Dairy	11 @	12
BUTTER—Choice	24 @	26
EGGS	23 @	24
POTATOES, per bushel	80 @	85
SEED—Timothy	2 00 @	2 10
Clover	8 00 @	8 10
CINCINNATI.		
FLOUR—Family	$5 00 @	$5 25
WHEAT	1 11 @	1 12
CORN	57 @	58
RYE	67 @	68
OATS	49 @	50
BUTTER	20 @	25
HOGS—Common to light	6 00 @	6 50
Packing	6 85 @	7 50
TOLEDO.		
WHEAT—Western	$1 14 @	$1 14½
No. 2, Red Winter	---- @	1 14
CORN—High Mixed	---- @	61½
No. 2	---- @	59½
OATS—No. 2	42½ @	44
BUFFALO.		
BEEVES—Best	$5 85 @	$6 00
Medium	4 90 @	5 40
HOGS—Common to Fair	6 80 @	6 90
Heavy	7 25 @	7 50
SHEEP—Common	4 50 @	5 25
Choice	5 45 @	5 80
PITTSBURGH.		
BEEVES—Best	$5 50 @	$6 25
Medium	5 00 @	5 75
HOGS—Yorkers	7 15 @	7 50
Philadelphias	7 70 @	7 75
SHEEP—Best	5 50 @	5 75
Medium	4 00 @	4 25
PHILADELPHIA.		
WOOL—Unwashed	28 @	37½
Pulled	33 @	37
Western	36 @	40

—A party of Hungarians and Irish stopped John Wallace near his home, a short distance from Williamsport, to ask him the way to Rockport. Because he could not understand what they said one of them raised his hand as if to strike him and he fell dead. The men ran away in fright, and it was reported that they had murdered him. It has been shown that he died from heart-disease, which was suddenly aggravated by the excitement.—*Philadelphia Press.*

The Tall Sycamore of the Wabash.

The special correspondent of the *Indianapolis (Ind.) Journal*, embodied in a recent communication the following from Hon. Daniel W. Voorhees: I consider St. Jacobs Oil a splendid remedy. I suffered from an affection of the back and kidneys, with some rheumatism—in fact it was rheumatism of the back. I used St. Jacobs Oil, and found it very efficacious. It gave me instantaneous relief, and finally cured me completely.

THERE is an anecdote afloat which makes a tender appeal to every man who has had the toothache. We have read it again and again, with tearful eyes, because it brings up so many fond memories of the past. There are few moments in life which will compare with that exquisite one when, seated in the dentist's chair, you see flashing before your amazed eyes the forceps which are about to perform an urgent duty. At that time your birth seems to be the worst thing that ever happened to you. The beads of agony are on your brow, and the smiling operator is a double-dyed demon. When a gentleman on the parlor floor heard a terrible noise, a fall, a crash above him, he inquired if a murder were being committed in the house, and he was a great deal nearer the truth than he dreamed. But his friend quieted his alarm by saying, with a bland smile: "Oh, don't be troubled; that is nothing. The doctor has got another man down and is persuading him to have his tooth out."—*Chicago Herald.*

A Few Out-Door Sports.

Lawn Tennis, boating, fishing, hunting, riding, all such out-door exercises, impart a healthful glow to the cheeks and a buoyancy to the spirits. All invalids suffering from dyspepsia, kidney or liver troubles, biliousness, &c., can by using a few bottles of Mishler's Herb Bitters, costing only $1 a bottle, participate in all these health-giving recreations. Try it. The experiment is cheap, and the result certain.

THE man who was hanged at the yard-arm had his obituary under the head of "Ship news."

"Female Complaints."

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—I was sick for six years, and could scarcely walk about the house. My breath was short and I suffered from pain in my breast and stomach all the time; also from palpitation and an internal fever, or burning sensation, and experienced frequent smothering or choking sensations. I also suffered from pain low down across my bowels and in my back, and was much reduced in flesh. I have used your "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Favorite Prescription," and feel that I am well.

Very respectfully,
DELILAH B. MCMILLAN, Arlington, Ga.

THE toothless man ought to be a sweet talker, for all his words must of necessity be gum drops.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Another Life Saved.

J. Gray, Dadeville, Ala., writes us: I have been using your Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, and I can say, of a truth, it is far superior to any other Lung preparation in the world. My mother was confined to her bed four weeks with a cough, and had every attention by as good physicians as there are in the country, and they all failed to effect a cure; but when I got one bottle of your Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, she began to mend right away. I can say in truth, that IT WAS THE MEANS OF SAVING HER LIFE. I knew of five cases that Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam has cured, and my mother is better now than she has been for twenty years.

THE latest thing in homes—Husbands.—*N. Y. Journal.*

FOR weak lungs, spitting of blood, shortness of breath, consumption, night sweats and all lingering coughs, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a sovereign remedy. Superior to cod liver oil. By druggists.

IT is a very small potato, either in the vegetable or animal world, that is most likely to be mashed.

,"Test a man's profession by his practice. Physician, heal thyself!" Physicians not only heal themselves with Kidney-Wort, but prescribe it for others for the worst cases of biliousness and constipation, as well as for kidney complaints. If you feel out of sorts and don't know why, try a package of Kidney-Wort and you will feel like a new creature.

A BOARD full of nails is the worst we ever saw.—*N. Y. News.*

"I'M *happy to say Dr. Benson's Skin Cure has cured my Eczema of the scalp, of four years standing.*" John A. Andrews, Att'y at Law, Ashton, Ill. $1 at druggists. Endorsed by physicians.

A MAN'S mind is like his bed. It must be made up occasionally.

Cancers and Other Tumors are treated with unusual success by World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. Send stamp for pamphlet.

NO RESPECTABLE tailor ever pants for fame; it's something he never in-vests in.

"DR. BENSON'S Celery and Chamomile Pills for the cure of Neuralgia are a success."—Dr. G. P. Holman, Christianburg, Va. 50 cents at druggists.

ONE way to give a man "a chance to rise in the world"—knock him down

"BUCHUPAIBA." Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases. $1.

A TELEGRAPH wire is like a mustache. It is of no use when it is down.—*N. O. Picayune.*

DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE. "Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs. 15c.

A COOPER-SHOP must be a sorrowful place. You always find the barrels in tiers.

GENTLEMEN who witnessed the quail-eating performance at Gabe Case's say that the wager was won by the old of Gastrine, the only liquid which was drunk with the repast.

Personal!

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty day's trial is allowed.

CHROLITHION Collars and Cuffs for gentlemen are easily washed and do not require ironing.

THE man who was "largely instrumental" was probably of a mechanical turn of mind.

A SLIGHT COLD, if neglected, often attacks the lungs. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" give sure and immediate relief. *Sold only in boxes.*

A YOUNG man whose girl's name was Susan said that when he left this world he wanted to do so by Suey's side.

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar

Has cured many people of coughs. Pike's tooth