

SUNDAY GLOBE REPUBLIC Published Every Sunday Morning GLOBE-REPUBLIC BUILDING, WEST HIGH ST. Two Dollars Per Year, Five Cents Per Copy.

DAILY WEATHER REPORT FOR THIS LOCALITY, AS RECORDED BY J. DEWEY, PROPRIETOR OF THE GLOBE-REPUBLIC.

Table with 4 columns: Date, Time, Wind, Weather. Shows weather for March 21, 1885, with wind directions and speeds, and weather conditions like 'Clear' or 'Fair'.

Col. Coates Kinney is some better. He had almost recovered from an attack of erysipelas when fever followed, and though generally prostrated, he is improving slowly.

The revised Old Testament will be issued May 17th. It will probably take the back seat with the revised New Testament.

The New York Tribune says that there is little cause for people to borrow trouble from the much-feared ravages of the cholera, when pneumonia is now slaying 150 victims per week, in that city.

It is the opinion of many persons that the atmosphere must continue decidedly chilly in which there cannot be found "cause" for the removal of Republican incumbency of office, under a Democratic administration.

The convention of striking miners at Strainsville, with delegates from Hocking Valley mines, decided on Wednesday to accept 50 cents per ton. This ends the strike that began last April, and closes, as it is hoped, the history of such affairs forever.

Now comes that old-time sinner, the everlasting Mormon. He swears up the beautiful Idaho Valley, over-runs Montana, and crowns it Arizona like the pebbles, and "boomer" that he is. He is probably doomed to a saddening disappointment in his great expectations under the new President.

Springfield has a citizen who, it is reported (remember, kind reader, we only say reported), has actually declined the position of Second Assistant Secretary of State. Being a Democrat, an inquest of political insanity might be in order.—O. S. Journal.

Wrong again! This was only a case of mistaken identity. The man must live in the other county.

The new experiment known as the tented delivery stamp on letters is likely to make trouble in the postoffice department. To insure a fair test of efficiency, it should have had a trial in one or two postoffices before its general adoption for the whole country. The difficulty will be in the small offices.

The uprising of the El Mahdi in the Sudan may possibly make agerum arabic famine. This will seriously interfere with the pleasure of the new Democratic postage-stamp lickers. Additional address also, when it is considered that the taste for the gun is but recently, also unexpectedly gratified.

The Postmaster General gathered his (Malcolm) Hay while the Mayor of Springfield slept.—O. S. Journal. No, the Mayor of Springfield was not asleep, whatever else he may have been. The Mayor of Springfield is wakeful enough, but he seems to have missed getting the "permissum pole" while at Washington recently.

The announcement of the death of Rev. George H. Ball, of Buffalo, and the cutting sarcasm obituaries by the Democratic editors, prove to be premature. Bro. Ball has decided not to leave us yet, but Mr. Burchard, the other clerical gentleman who rendered such valuable (?) assistance to Mr. Blaine lately, has retired from the ministry, on a pension.

It is remarkable, by way of abounding superfluity in audacity, to note that Germany forbids the landing of returned indigent emigrants who have once left her shores and have failed in means to begin life in this country. Of late the steerage-passenger rate war between the ocean steamship lines has made it possible for such emigrants to return home, who have become a pauper burden upon the American ports where the had been landed without means or ability of self support.

America has received without murmur the poor and pauperized of Europe, to say nothing of the criminals, and has filled her almshouses with foreign paupers, but since Germany sets the example of repudiating her own poor, our country may well consider the question of limitation to pauper immigration.

The strikes on the Jay Gould system of railroads in the west and southwest have ended, and the strikers, after a great jubilee, have returned to work at former wages.

The Oklahoma "boomers," to the number of about 1,200, who surrounded the above lands, ready to pounce upon them for settlement as soon as the new Administration gave the expected orders to move upon the "spoils," are disappointed in the President's proclamation. The cry of "public lands for actual settlers only," was evidently not intended for such sudden application.

Every indication promises unfavorable for the grand Old Commander, who silently but bravely fights his last foe. Fortress after fortress have fallen before him, yet many hearts have stood strongly against him, but as the sad days of suffering grow into weeks and lengthen into months, the surrenders increase, and this thought will make less bitter the fate of the great hero of the great civil war.

A bill has been introduced into the California Legislature to have Shrove Tuesday celebrated by an annual Mardi Gras Festival, in San Francisco; Rex to be an appointee of the governor, and \$50,000 to be expended by the State on each occasion. According to the terms of the bill, Rex is to be supreme ruler on that day, the city, county and State officials being absolutely under his control and subject to his command.

What is the matter with the big pine tree timber for building an insane asylum in California for the "blooming idiot" who originated this bill?

The end of the great Hocking Valley strike was formally announced by the miners on Wednesday. It has been near for a month past, and little remained but the distrustful and uneasy feeling on both sides of the unhappy question. The usual lesson of strikes generally has been emphasized; that they are not new. They have followed in fearful consequences to those who have been blindly led to anticipate great benefits from an appeal to force in the settlement of questions properly belonging to peaceful arbitration. It is to be hoped that as the miners return to their work, and to the reclaiming of their once happy homes, they may have ample leisure at their evening firesides to consider how they have been the dupes of unprincipled leaders who have sought their own profit at the expense of the suffering and wretchedness so evident in Hocking Valley.

Turn which way she may, England's situation is critical. France under Napoleon Bonaparte was not more so. England and Italy have a great war in Egypt. France has a war in China, and should Germany and England become embroiled, Russia will no doubt enter the ring. It is probable, however, that Bismarck will "pool issues" with England. The questions involved in this foreign muddle, which seem to require the arbitrament of the sword, constantly increase rather than diminish. England's consuming desire to advance civilization, for revenue only, into the semi-barbaric nations of the East has turned a multiplicity of serious questions to the surface, and they do so perplex Her Majesty's representative military and administrative ability that the result is anticipated with no little anxiety. One thing is likely, however, that England will make some show of justice toward Ireland, to win an approving smile from America.

I tell you, if a notice should be put up over the gates of hell that colored men would not be admitted we would try to enter, because we have a right to it. It is on the principle of rights that belong to us that we want this bill passed and public places thrown open.

The remarkable exclamation was made by a colored member of the Massachusetts Legislature in his plea for the passage of a bill against the exclusion of colored people from the skating rinks. It is a growing belief in many quarters that some of the leaders of the colored people are somewhat more rumpusous than may be necessary. Wonderful strides have been made in the direction of the welfare of the race, but it is very true that social equality cannot be accomplished by law, and it is just as true of white as of colored people.

It would be a good joke if some wagish imp would hang out the sign, "No admission to colored people," over the above-mentioned gates, just to see how much heat the "member from Massachusetts" could stand.

A SUGGESTION. The location of the new Government building being under consideration, suggestions bearing on the subject are in order. The old jail lot, corner of High and Spring streets, is undoubtedly a good location, being central and sufficiently roomy. It is owned by two of Springfield's wealthiest and most prominent citizens, who are largely interested in the material success and prosperity of the city. The Government appropriation is for \$100,000. This is a very handsome sum and will cover the cost of a very creditable structure. But no part of it ought to be diverted to the purchase of the grounds. The whole sum should go into the building.

Now, then, if these two gentlemen, who are abundantly able to afford it, will come forward with an offer to donate the lot, for the above purpose, they will do an act that will be remembered with feelings of gratitude by their fellow-citizens for long years to come. The occasion seems, indeed, opportune for them to do a most handsome thing.

ABOUT OUR OWN PEOPLE.

WHERE THEY GO AND WHAT THEY ARE DOING. The Events of a Week Whittled Down to a Fine Point—Miscellaneous Matter Suitable for Sunday Reading and Meditation—Sharp and Plain Gathered from Our City and Surrounding Towns.

There is in Springfield a euche party that has met quite regular for twenty-one years. Township Trustee Joseph Harrison says: "The situation is right smart lighter. Fewer calls by considerable last week. Same old story, though—a little coal and a little groceries."

Elder D. B. Green, of the Baptist church, is one of the council that will convene in Lebanon this week to settle a difficulty in the church there. Miss Kaufman has returned from Xenia. Miss Ida Monheim has been confined to the house with asthma.

Miss Ella Fisher and Wilda Gerard, of London, O., visited in the city during the week, the guests of Miss Ella Baker. While John Armstrong, of 292 South Mechanic street, was working at his machine at Mast, Foss & Co's, the lever in some manner, flew up and struck him just above the eye, fracturing the skull and otherwise injuring him severely. Dr. Russell, who was summoned, apprehends no very serious results.

Pension agent Chas. Berry states that during the four years he has been in that business he has secured for persons living within the limits of this city alone, back pay to the amount of two hundred and thirteen thousand dollars, and that the monthly pay on all of these pensions, of from \$2 to \$75 per month, is going steady on.

House bill to refund taxes illegally collected, including the Scott law liquor tax, was defeated. Mrs. Rice and family, of Springfield, have moved into the Cased property. Many improvements have been made on the building till now it is one of the most convenient dwelling houses in town.—Yellow Springs Review.

The Springfield District Telegraph Company has been incorporated. Capital stock \$45,000. Mr. George Spence, of Springfield, Ohio, who came on to attend the inauguration ceremonies of President Cleveland, is visiting her cousin, Mrs. J. H. Wilkinson, 329 East Capital street. Mrs. Spence is a lady of high literary attainments, and is a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.—Washington D. C.

The County Commissioners have enacted an ordinance against driving over the turnpikes with loads of over 2,800 pounds from November to May, except when the ground is frozen so that greater weights will not cause the wagon-wheels to cut through the surface. Penalty \$5 to \$50 for violation.

Enquirer Washington correspondence: "Major Constantine says that Captain S. H. Bowler, of Clark county, is ambitious to be Postmaster at Springfield; that he has had a very cordial interview with Senator Payne, and has called upon Vice-President Hendricks, who has agreed to interest himself in Captain Bowler's behalf."

Wm. Seybold has gone to Springfield, to locate. He will engage in the manufacture of shoes as a partner with Brede & Reidel, who left here lately.—Hamilton (O.) News.

Dr. W. G. Bryant will not be a candidate for re-election as Director of the Agricultural Board. He presented the name of Mr. C. E. Thorne, as his successor.

The eclipse, on Monday, was eclipsed by the clouds in this locality. It is claimed by some that for about one minute the sun was seen and presented the appearance of the moon in the third quarter.

Dr. L. E. Russell is officially informed that the National Gun Association will hold its first shoot in this city, for a purse of \$2,000, May 6, 7, 8 and 9.

The Clerk of the Board of Education reports for February: Amount in fund, \$29,167.43; disbursements, \$6,868.97; balance, \$22,298.47.

The Lagoda objects to school annexation will make no further objection. Pleasant township is liable to get her town hall, about which there has been so much unnecessary squabbling, at last. The trustees have purchased a desirable lot in Catawba of N. S. Conaway for \$300, upon which to erect the building this city.

An Evansville, Ind., paper intimates that the reports of the intended removal of the plow works from South Bend, Ind., was a scheme got up by the owners to scare the South Bend people into making some concessions which had been demanded, and that it was never intended to remove the concern at all.

Misses Minaie and Nellie Thompson attended the opening of the Columbus skating rink. They were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Thompson.

The following gentlemen and their families, of this county, are preparing to move to Paulsboro, Ky.: John Weller, N. H. Shaffer, F. M. Harris, H. T. Wike, J. R. Shaler.

Miss Milligan, living close to South Charleston, had a large fatty tumor removed from her left shoulder by Dr. Patterson & Welsh Tuesday morning. The tumor was of long standing, and required quite a capital operation, as it covered some of the main arteries and nerves of the axillary region.

Bob Burdette says that the world hardly knows which to admire most, the Springfield boy, three-years-old, who smokes so many cigars of the darling liar who invented him.

Come right down to Springfield, Id. Bob, you doubting liar of the Age, and we will introduce you to our Petey Spangenberg, our champion pug smoker.

Mrs. P. A. Campbell and family bought tickets for San Francisco Tuesday night by way of the Great B. & W.

Mr. R. D. Brain went to Cincinnati to revel in the luxury of German opera as rendered by the great Dramoch, and remained through the week.

ert Brown, two, grain binder and cutter, and cutter guard for harvesters and mowers; Thomas J. Kirkpatrick, bicycle saddle. Mr. E. R. Herrington, of this city, understands that he is challenged by Bob Farrell. Mr. Herrington wishes to say positively that he is not in the ring, and does not desire or enjoy any such notoriety.

Dan. Dugan, of Springfield, is visiting friends in the city.—Kenton Republican. Major Birkham, of the Dayton Journal, is credited with the statement that he would bet good odds against Springfield having a public building in the next three years. He said Dayton got such an appropriation several years ago, but the money, sent to the building yet. General Keifer says that the Dayton bill was mismanaged, hence its defeat, but that Springfield's appropriation is assured beyond all doubt, and will suffer no delay.

The city Gas bill (and sundries) for February was \$1,592.54. Mr. J. C. Holloway and daughter have returned from the country, after an absence of three weeks, and are "at home."

After an absence of years Dr. Samuel Ridenour, formerly of this city, now of Mexico, Ind., is in the city, looking up former friends. Conductor A. Reaser, of the P. C. & St. L. Railroad, lost a large black pocket-book on Sunday. He thinks he must have dropped it between the Lagoda Hotel and the Arcade restaurant. The book contained a cash fare receipt book; a pass from Columbus to Akron and return via C. A. & C. Railroad, also a one hundred dollar bill and several twenties. Mr. Reaser is especially concerned about his railroad papers, which are only valuable to himself. The finder will be suitably rewarded by conferring with Mr. Reaser.

The council passed the ordinance doing away with the whole system of chain gang fees, as paid the Mayor and Marshal from the city treasury, making a saving of from \$100 to \$150 per month in case of each officer. This goes into effect with the officials to be elected next month.

The Wittenberg class of '88 burned their "chemistry" Tuesday night. At a late hour the citizens of the college end of the city were startled by the music of a full band winding the dolefullest of dirges, and by the ghostly spectacle of a long procession of white-robed figures slowly trailing along behind the band. But they divined the truth when the column, halting in the very midst of the college campus, proceeded, with a series of mysterious performances about a large fire—classically, "pyre"—ending in a great flashing of unceremoniously colored fires, chorus of sepulchral groans and base drum solo.

Mr. Geo. Steele arrived home Thursday morning from Ft. Wayne, Ind., where he was on business for the Blakely Foundry Company.

Miss Lida Ohmer, one of Dayton's handsome and accomplished young ladies, visited Miss Nora Wood, of the North Side, on Thursday.

Mr. R. F. Ludlow, of this city, was re-elected Grand Treasurer of Ohio Royal Arcanum. The next session will be held in Cleveland, third Tuesday of March, 1886.

Dr. Russell, with the assistance of Drs. McLaughlin, Meranda and Reynolds, removed a tumor weighing two pounds from the neck of Mrs. Chris. Swells, of Pearl street, on Wednesday.

Perhaps one of the most enjoyable evenings of the season (for the youngsters), was Wednesday at the residence of Mr. John Coony, it being the 13th anniversary of his oldest son, John, Jr. The crowded house showed that Johnnie has lots of friends. Good music and dancing intervened until 9:30, when all went home wishing Johnnie many returns.

The Central Ohio Eclectic doctors held their monthly meeting at the Lagoda House, Wednesday, with a good attendance. Drs. Russell and Butcher gave interesting lectures. The Central are arranging for the meeting of the State Association here in May. The Art Hall at the Fair Ground will be rented, and refreshments of all kinds will be served.

Easter Sunday will soon be here, let the eggs be silently hidden away. The Soil Tillers have been in session at the court house during the week, and many very important questions to the farmers have been ably discussed.

Thursday afternoon Wm. Peel, a well known resident, brought suit in Squire Rightmyer's court against the new proprietors of the Columbus rink for \$500 damages for refusing his wife admission to the rink. An attachment was gotten out and served early in the evening, eighty-eight pairs of roller skates being seized, bagged up and taken to Squire Rightmyer's office and dumped in a pile on the floor. The suit is supposed to have resulted from the fact that the proprietors requested Mrs. Peel to stay away from the rink. The skates were replenished Friday, as they belonged to Mr. C. A. Welch. The rink will go on as usual. Messrs. Schmidt and Kuntz seem determined to merit the patronage of the best class of people who desire to avail themselves of the beautiful and invigorating exercise on the rollers.

Mrs. Rebecca A. Stratton was granted a divorce on Friday from Robert Stratton, on grounds of cruelty.

The 5th Battery has received vouchers for the balance of their pay for recent services.

Mayor Constantine arrived home on Tuesday evening, in time for the Democratic convention.

Andy Gaier, a well known saloonist, was fined \$40 and costs in Mayor's court, Tuesday afternoon, for violation of the ten o'clock ordinance.

Mr. Newman, of the local lodge of the United Order of Honor, presented the lodge a few evenings ago, with a nice new altar for use in the services.

A letter from California says that good hands for farm and fruit ranches command from \$20 to \$25 a month and board, while females for housework usually get from \$15 to \$25 per month. Mechanics of all kinds obtain good wages, ranging from \$2 to \$3.50 per day. As to rents of private houses, a house of four or five rooms, unapplied, but having papered walls, rents from \$8 to \$11 per month, according to the amount of fruit on the lot. A good plastered house of five rooms rents for \$12.50. Very few houses are supplied with wells. The water is generally brought out as usual by the fire-plugs, and a wind pump near by, at the rate of \$2 per month. All the large private residences have these wind pumps—a great many of them being manufactured by Mast, Foss & Co., Springfield, Ohio, but no rented houses in town are supplied with these pumps.

The first number of the Wiley Chapel Visitor has been received. Rev. Henry W. Tate, editor. It is very readable.

THE JOLLIEST FAD.

FINE WINTER SPORT FOR SOCIETY GIRLS. Clara Belle on a Bob-Sled—Great Winter Sport at Albany—Flannel Petticoats and Old-Fashioned Skirts Necessary to Successful Bob-Sledding—Bibbly Ketting and Fashionable Sport.

The jolliest fad among society girls is to make a trip to Albany, for the purpose of bob-sledding. Big parties go up the Hudson to the old Dutch city. I have been on one of these giddy excursions. Happily, I had a resident friend, Nellie, who put me in a way of enjoying the diversion at its best. When the time came to get ready, she said in her mischievous way that I must pass an examination very like that of a girl who wants to join the ballet.

"Put your foot upon that chair," she said. "I couldn't save my neck," said I, "unless I take off my skirts, which I don't propose to do."

"That's just what you've got to do," said she, and then, seeing my startled look, she added, "and put on these," and she flung out a flannel petticoat, two white skirts and a dress, all of the fashion of three years ago.

She had a similar suit complete, and we both undressed and dressed up again in these voluminous skirts. Once again she bade me put my foot on a chair, and, catching her spirit, I responded by lifting one heel to the top of the back of a low arm-chair. She laughed as she said: "You'll do; now you can mount the biggest bob in Albany."

We each put on a pair of woolen stockings over our shoes and wore our rubbers over them "to keep the cold and the snow out," Nellie said, and then we walked along to the crest of Madison avenue, while Nellie's brother Tom pulled a big bob, "Double Ripper" was the name painted on it along the middle of the road behind us. Here and there Tom stopped and notified the young men and women of his and his sister's acquaintance who lived in the neighborhood, and as they had gotten ready beforehand, we made a party of fifteen when we got to the hilltop. The bob-sled was nearly thirty feet in length, and consisted of a two-inch plank bolted on to two immense sleds. It had a ball's-eye lantern, a big brass gong, a steering-wheel, like a car-brake, and a huge ox-chain to be let down under the hind sled to act as a brake when the bob was to be stopped. I thought I'd freeze to death, or at least get pneumonia, as I stood on that bleak hilltop waiting for the party to start.

"Now watch me," said Nellie; "it's easy, though it looks a trifle hard, to do it with propriety."

She sat on the board, lifted her feet, wheeled around as if she was on a pivot, put up her knees and spread them so as to hold her skirts in place, and then stepped one foot after another over the sides of the big sled, holding them up from the ground, so that nothing more than her shoes were in sight. Some of the other girls were not so skilful, for I saw sections of stockings here and there and one little miss, in a rather short dress, bungled the operation in a way not to be described. My heart sank at these sights.

"I don't if it's worth it," said I, in a whisper. "Why, diabolicals!" said Nellie; "it's dark, and all over in a second."

So I tried it, and I flatter myself I did as well as Nellie herself. There was a young gentleman in front of me, and, to my consternation, he began tumbling at my feet. Before I knew what he was about he was by the toe of each boot. I looked around and saw that some one of the men was holding up each girl's feet in apparently the same way, and just then some of the men produced fish-bones and began to throw them, and the sled commenced to slide down hill. It moved slowly only for an instant, and then it literally plunged downward, as a block of ice descends a board into a cellar. There was a rush of cold wind, a sense like that of falling from a horse, a confused blur of the faces of the men, women and children strung along both sides of the roadway, a bump that sent my heart between my teeth when we crossed a horse-car track, and then a long, swift flight to the foot of the hill and out on the level street below. But the young gentleman who held my toes allowed my heels to dig into the snow, and from each of them there played a fountain of ground-up ice and snow that shot right into my clothes and began to pack up my neck and shoulders under my knees. On the long and dreary journey up the hill I told Nellie, and she became indignant.

"Held your toes, did he?" she also shouted; "well, he's a perfect Miss Nancy. I'll give you my partner next time!"

When I reached the top of the hill I was all aglow with the exercise, and the sight of a score of long elastic, flying bobs, made me eager for another ride. Again I put the big board between my knees with all the skill that was necessary, and held my feet up for Nellie's partner, who now sat in front of me, to clutch them. But he did nothing of the sort. His hands grasped my ankles firmly, and away we went, with a rush and a roar, over the bumps, through the lines of spectators, and so on to the end. My face was scarlet as I described my experience to Nellie. I got no sympathy from her. "Yes," said she, "he knows how to hold one's feet up. He's perfectly splendid, he is."

Well, I slid down hill and climbed up hill for three hours, and never did I enjoy sport more thoroughly. Had I known, as I do now, of the frightful accidents, the broken limbs, torn scalps, fractured skulls and bruised bodies that have resulted from bob-sledding on these precipitous hills, I doubt whether I could have been hired to try even one ride, but all this was kept from me. However, the police were on guard all along the avenue, keeping vehicles and people out of the way, and no mishaps occurred. Bob-sledding is peculiar. The speed and confusion are exhilarating. The custom of packing one's self in between men as tight as one can squeeze on a slender board is of doubtful propriety unless you know your men, but it seems fascinating to those who indulge in it, and is highly fashionable. It is not so electric as skating along on the little slips of veneer they use on the toboggan hills in Canada. That is like one long drawn-out shock from a mild battery. But bob-sledding is faster, more exciting, and better adapted to free America, because all classes can enjoy it, and nature provides the slides.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

FROM THE FOUR WINDS.

Items of Interest Caught as They Fly. Spring poetry has been carefully guarded against in these columns, but we defer to the following, which is borrowed for the occasion:

There's a music now heard in the morning As sweet as the tones of a lullaby, 'Tis the melody made by the fire-plugs, As they sizzle and sing in the griddle.

And 'tis now that the boarding house missus, The hearts of her boarders is chirrup, Bring out the light-colored molasses, And serves it as "pure maple syrup."

And the boarders, confiding and trustful, Partake of the saccharine staple, Hold out as much as they can get, and As if 'twere the sap of the maple.

Fashion items are generally stale because the style changes before the printers get the

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FRENCH CHINA TEA AND DINNER SETS. A Large line of DECORATED WARE, COAL VASES, TIN SETS and STANDS. And in fact everything that makes Home Happy on a Frosty Christmas Morning. Be sure and see us before making your purchases.

type up; but this one will keep: A buxom country girl rode into Carlisle, Pa., the other day, wearing a jaunty-looking hat of strictly domestic manufacture. It was made wholly of straw and corn shucks that grew upon her father's farm, and was trimmed with chickens' feathers dyed in pokeberry juice and blue writing fluid. She created a sensation.

On July 1st a new postal arrangement goes into effect. When addressing an important letter to a town of 4,000 inhabitants you can have it delivered on arrival by affixing a ten cent stamp aside from the regular postage. In this way the postmaster receiving the letter will just pay a boy ten cents to deliver it, if within one mile of the office.

You are naturally curious to know things that you can't know, my son; so is your mother, your aunts and your cousins, etc. You never saw the wind, but you may really see it by the following method: Take a polished metallic surface of two feet or more, with a straight edge—a large hand-saw will answer the purpose. Take a windy day, hot or cold, clear or cloudy, only let it not rain or the air be murky—in other words, let the air be dry or clear, but this is not essential. Hold your metallic surface at right angles to the direction of the wind—i. e., if the wind is north, hold your surface east and west, but instead of holding the surface vertical, incline it about forty-five degrees to the horizon, so that the wind striking, glances and flows over the edge (keeping it straight) as water over a dam. Now sight carefully over the edge at some minute and hardly defined object and you will see the air flows over as water flows over a dam. Make your observations carefully and you will hardly fail to see the air, no matter how cold. The result is even better when the sun is obscured.

The cry of "bones, bones, bones," so common on our streets, really represents one of the great industries of the country. Not a bone of any animal is thrown away. Many cattle skin bones are shipped to Europe for the making of knife handles, where they bring \$40 per ton. The thigh bones are the most valuable, being worth \$80 per ton for cutting into tooth-brush handles. The fore-leg bones are worth \$30 per ton, and are made into collar buttons, parasol handles, and jewelry, though sheep's legs are the staple for parasol handles. The water in which the bones are boiled is reduced to glue, the dust which comes from sawing the bones is fed to cattle and poultry, and all bone that can not be used as noted, or for bone black, used in refining the sugar we eat, and turned into fertilizers and made to help enrich the soil. As regards waste, it is the story of the pig. Nothing is lost except the squeal.

The most comical incident thus far developed in connection with the skating mania comes from St. Louis, where a young girl stole her grandmother's false teeth and sold them, in order to secure sufficient money to pay her way into the local skating hall. Any one with a vivid imagination can picture the hapless old lady gumming it in misery at home while her grandchild was whirling in the dizzy mazes of the rink on the profits of her grandma's grinders.

Survivors of Andersonville prison pen will be interested to know that many relics have been secured, and are on exhibition at the store of Robert East, East State street, Columbus. Pieces of the old south gate through which prisoners were received, discharged and marched for punishment; the half rotted stump of a post of the double-line, a chip from the north gate, a water-soaked post from the "building over the creek," and specimens of soil, shrubs and ammunition are among the miscellaneous contents of the box. Two bottles and a jug of water from the celebrated "Providence spring," and a bottle of sand from the bed of the spring attracted special attention.

A box of canes, a rifle barrel from Stone river and a bent, twisted bayonet from Look-out mountain.

How many boys and girls know how sleigh bells are made? The little iron ball is too big to be put through the holes in the bell, and yet it is inside. How did it get there?

This little iron ball is called "the jinglet." When you shake the sleigh bell it jingles. When the horse trots the bells jingle, jingle, jingle. In making the bell the jinglet is put inside a little ball of mud, just the shape of the inside of the bell. This mud ball, with the jinglet inside, is placed in the mold of the outside, and the metal is poured in, which fills up the space between the ball and the mold. When the mold is taken off you see a sleigh bell, but it will not ring as it is full of dirt. The hot metal dries the dirt that the bell is made of, so it can be shaken out. After the dirt is all shaken out of the holes in the bell, the little iron jinglet will still be in the bell, and will ring. It took a great many years to think out how to make a sleigh bell.

The following sentences from the Albuquerque (N. M.) Journal set a plain truth in a plain way: "There is no use trying to make a theological journal of a daily newspaper. Too many bad things happen."

Mrs. John L. Sullivan is authority for the statement that the champion has become addicted to opium smoking. Some of her stories of abuse at his hands are horrible. She says that he once became angry with her on a sleeping car on his last western trip. He was sitting opposite her, and she alleges that he kicked her legs above the ankle until the blood ran down into her shoes. She nearly fainted, but rather than expose him to the other passengers she made no signs of suffering. Mrs. Sullivan has remained concealed from her husband, and it was on account of his frequent threats against her life that she

secretly issued the almost unprecedented writ restraining him from interfering with her while the divorce suit is pending.

By way of old-time poetry, a Glens-Rapublic man, while toasting his shins with several old farmers at a comfortable cologne in the court-house, waiting for the opening of the Farmers' Institute, was permitted to bear our old friend, Isaac Miller, recite the following poem, which he had remembered from his boyhood days:

Of all pursuits by man invented, The farmer is the best contented. His profits good, his calling high, And on his labors all rely.

Mechanics all by him are led; Of him the merchant seeks to bread. We then, by vote, or by estate, The plow-man ranks among the great.

More independent than them all, That dwell upon this earthly ball, All hail ye farmers, young and old, Push on your plow with courage bold.

Your wealth arises from your plod; Your independence comes from God. If then the plow appears to you, And men of rank of every station, Let Kings to farmers make a bow, And all who can get a plow.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

Patriotic Order Sons of America. Camp 53, Dayton, are very anxious for a Commandery of the Blue Degree of our Order, and while under the laws of the Order they are not entitled to the same, only having one Camp in that (Montgomery) county, they are maneuvering in every direction to overcome this obstacle, and we would not wonder if they would go to the length of instituting the required number of Camps within the county to accomplish their end, if they can find no other way. The latest move was shown during the past week in the request of the Camps in Clark county to consent to the consolidation of the two districts, as this would give the required number of Camps to entitle the district to a Commandery. The greatest difficulty to this move being that after the consent of camps here is granted for them to get the State executive committee to see the wisdom of the move, but as State Commander R. L. Mills, of Columbus, has been enlisted in their behalf, there may be more in it than we see at first glance.

We learn upon pretty good authority that efforts are being made, with a very good showing for success, of the chartering of a new Camp at Xenia, but as to exactly who has the matter in charge we have been unable to learn.

Members holding certificates in the Mortuary Benefit Fund have received notice of the call of assessment number 11, which is due and payable at the office of the National Secretary, on or before April 9th. The first assessment for over a year desired to be reached is accomplished; and, by the way, Camp 51 is likely to follow suit.

It is desired that there be a large and full attendance of both Camps at the regular meeting of Springfield Union Degree Council, which will be on