The Highland Weekly News.

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Respectfully announce to the Ladies of Hillsboro and Surrounding Country, that they will open their
SPRING AND SUMMER STYLES
OF MILLINERY,
On Saturday, April 30, 1881,
And continue all the Following Week, when they will be pleased to show their Goods to All who may Call. Their Stock includes
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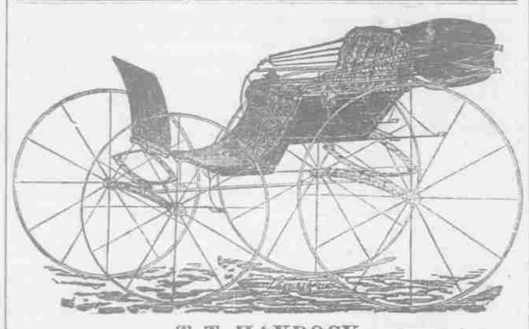

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Entirely New and Original in Style, from our own Drawings, together with a Style of
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The Highland News.
HILLSBOROUGH, OHIO.
THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1881.

THE JOURNALIST.

[Mrs. Mary Clemmer's Poem Before the New York Press Association.]

Man of the eagle eyes and teeming brain!
Small is the honor that men dole to thee;
They snatch the fruitage of thy years of pain—
Devour—yet scorn the tree.

What though the treasure of thy nervous force,
Thy rich vitality of mind and heart,
Goes swiftly down before thy Moloch's course—
Men cry: "it is not art!"

The poet, dallying with his fitful muse,
On laging Pegasus, whose halting stride
Sometimes gives out—he scorns the man of "news"—
Cries: "See, we're parted wide!"

The novelist, date, from lofty crest
Of fiction's lovely palace of the air,
Looks down and sighs: "Only a journalist!
"My height is his despair."

The jays minute of feebler "literature,"
Who lightly chatter on its outmost rim—
Of aught but of their small "position" sure—
Point scornfully at Him!

The statesman snirched, with pallid malice grim,
Or red with wrath, doth in the morning read
Of fair faith bartered, of fine honor dim,
In his recorded deed.

Lo, look for thunder then! His fierce reply
In House or Senate, as he leads the van;
Time-server and place-seller, loud his cry:
"Down, cursed newspaper man!"

Who takes the daily journal, cool and damp,
And weighs its ceaseless toll on nerve and brain?
Nor morning sun, nor genial evening lamp,
Reveals its birth of pain.

"Only a newspaper!" Quick read, quick lost,
Who sums the treasure that it carries hence?
Torn, trampled under feet, who counts thy cost?
Star-eyed Intelligence!

And ye, the nameless! Best-beloved host!
My heart recalls more than one vanish'd face,
Struck from the rank of toilers—early lost,
And leaving not a trace.

Martyrs of news! Young martyrs of the press!
Princes of giving from largess of brain;
One leaf of laurel steeped in tenderness,
Take ye, O early slain!

Though in the authors' pantheon no niche obscure
Your waning names can hold forever fast;
The seeds of truth ye blew afar are sure
To spring and live at last.

On lonely wastes, within the swarming marts,
In silent dream, in speaking deeds of men;
Quick with momentum from your deathless hearts,
Your thoughts will live again.

O, living journalist! When faith hath fled,
When men crush men; amid the thick of strife,
Bethink thee of one Man, divine, who said:
"I am the truth, the life!"

Leave science, leave philosophy its crown,
Yet sweeter ever must be that man's sleep,
Who, still his "mother's boy," prays, lying down:
"His Lord his soul to keep."

Whate'er our prizes, or how fair our crown,
Or deep our losses, only this is best—
The soul's great peace. Nor sneer, nor smile, nor frown,
Can shake it from its rest.

Exalt thy calling! On its spotless shield
Write truth, write honor—valor first and last,
Cravens may clutch thy stars, and thou not yield;
Love them and hold them fast!

* * * * * * *

Defender of the people, of the State;
Kindler and quickener of majestic thought,
Sure of thy final triumph—there canst wait
The crown thy patience wrought.

To serve thy generation, this thy fate,
"Written in water" swiftly fades thy name;
But he who loves his kind does first, and late,
A work too great for fame.

[For the News.

THE HUMANITIES OF CHICAGO.

HOW WEALTH AND CHARITY GO HAND IN HAND.

1. Going out to Central Park, which lies on the western limits of Chicago, I passed a green and beautiful spot, on which were growing large trees, abundance of flowers, and grass kept green by irrigation. There were also fountains, benches and rustic seats. The whole was enclosed, and seemed to be a delightful retreat from the sun, with its long and shaded vistas, but what struck me with surprise was a large placard, bearing the legend:

"This is the People's Park. Never Mind the Grass."

The scores of happy children, tumbling around in all the abandon of joy, contrasted strangely with the wearied and distressed looks of the same class, sitting on the hot benches in the Cincinnati parks, while everywhere they are warned by little boards stuck up, to *"keep off the grass."* What is grass for, if the children cannot roll on it and over it, "Like bees all over, in seas of clover?" Even in fashionable Lincoln Park, in Chicago, great spaces and commons are devoted to *the people*,

2. Jutting out from Lincoln Park is a pier, running far into the lake, and fretted and washed by its green waters, and here a building has been erected and is kept up at the expense of the city, where *all* children may come and get the fresh air, and feel the glow of health, as it comes with the waves of the inland sea. Here the children of the poor are taken care of, nourished, brought back to health, and given free of charge what their more fortunate fellow-creatures who have wealth obtain for money.

3. Drinking Fountains innumerable may be found all around the city, elaborately finished, and always running with pure, sparkling water, for the dumb creatures who serve man so faithfully and well. You see no tired, thirsty, famishing horses, for they, like man, find every provision made for their comfort, and the drinking fountains speak louder than any words in praise of our advancing civilization.

There are many other institutions, such as Free Libraries, Free Concerts, Free Museums, Art Galleries, Zoological Gardens, and so forth, in the interests of the people, to be found in the great Metropolis of the Northwest, but the three that I have above singled out satisfied me that the love of all the fair humanities of life, and the most perfect and true religion, can exist side by side with the greatest material prosperity, and as this great country grows, during the swift-gliding years, richer and grander, the people will share more and more in its strength and glory.

The Pessimist, or the gentleman who persists in finding something intensely lovely in the past, and in predicting all manner of evil to our country and to the people thereof by reason of the growth of immense fortunes, has but to go to Chicago.—*There*, he will find that people like these, who turned a swampy lagoon into a Venice and Paris combined, and who, when the labors of years were destroyed in a single night, plucked courage, fortune and success from the ashes of desolation, do not obtain wealth except to adorn it, and this wealth and the power it gives, will be turned into a stream of blessing for all, and not hoarded for the gratification of the few. The miser, hoarding his gold year by year, for the benefit of spendthrift heirs, who will make his hard-earned dollars "take unto themselves the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth," may contemplate the vast public works of Chicago *in the interests of the people, and all the people*, and learn a lesson of wisdom, and he who decries the acquisition of wealth, and in village obscurity retails his profound saws about the danger to the country from the Jay Goulds, the Vanderbilts, the Marshal Fields, *et cetera*, has but to visit Chicago, and see what men like these courageous, intellectual, brainy lords of commerce accomplish, and his soul, dwarfed by its "pent-up Utica" surroundings, will leap into new life, and flow in a channel as different from its present one as the once sluggish, creeping Chicago River from the great artery this sort of men have now made it.

The glory of America is in its boundless resources, not of rivers or lakes, or plains, or mountains, or mines, but of *brains*, in the men who control its commerce, and to see these men Chicago is the place of all places to visit. C. H. C.

Wyoming Women.

An Albany lecturer recently spoke as follows concerning elections in Wyoming:

The elections, though sometimes closely contested and very animated, are entirely peaceful and orderly. A lady no more hears low language or meets rough treatment at the polls than she does in her home. Some ladies stay about the polls and electioneer for votes, and no one finds fault with this. At the election for delegate to Congress Mrs. Corbett, wife of the successful candidate, a handsome young bride of a few months, went from house to house in Cheyenne and sent out carriages and wagons many miles into the country to bring the women to the polls. Mr. Corbett owed his election largely to the efforts of his wife and the women whose aid she enlisted. No one found any fault with her; every one felt her action to be necessary and creditable. Plucky? Rather. There are no cowards among these women. The most refined and stylish of them can drive or ride the ranch horses and ponies, and are capital shots with pistols or Winchester rifles. They think nothing of riding out, carrying a rifle and shooting a prairie wolf, a bear or a mountain lion. When the hostile Indians were roaming the country the women who lived at lonely ranches, where they often had to be left alone for some time, talked freely about the matter, but showed no fear. One woman that I know kept her doors and windows fastened and her rifle within reach, but expressed no dread and kept on with her usual work. One night she heard a great noise in her corral (cattle-pen), and in the morning found the Indians had been there and stolen three or four horses and kine, but they did not go near the house. They had heard how well she could shoot. In Cheyenne there are many colored people, and the colored servant girls vote the same as their mistresses, and are often brought to the polls in the same carriages. When I lived at Chugwater Station, on the road to the Black Hills, about fifty miles north of Cheyenne, the poll for that district was about a mile south of us on that road. We were all wanted to vote to help elect Frank Hamilton, from Baltimore, a horseback reporter from the Cheyenne papers, justice of the peace. So they took an old-fashioned Rocky Mountain stage-coach that was standing disused at the public ranch (tavern), loaded in twelve or fifteen men who worked about the ranch, three ladies and the colored servant girl, put to the coach a pair of wild horses, they wanted to break in, harnessed two well-broken horses before them, put the ranch in charge of a young colored man from Baltimore who had not lived in the Territory long enough to be a voter, and away we bowled down the road together to the poll and voted. The wagons were bringing women to the poll for thirty miles around, and in the evening the people from the poll came up to the public ranch and had a grand supper and dance in honor of Frank Hamilton's election.

Women's pay in Wyoming is as good as men's, or better.

In Cheyenne the waiter girls and chambermaids get $25 to $30 a month, while men's pay in different employments is $18 to $25.

At Chugwater Station, where I kept the public ranch, collected the Black Hills stage fares and acted as postmaster, I received $35 to $50 a month, and the stage drivers, whose work is at times very hard, as they have to drive through in the face of wind, rain, hail or snow, told me they did not get as much as I.

Stage Terms.

The general term used to designate an actor is "fakir," a word which originally meant a magician. From it is coined the verb "fake," which means to imitate or sham. Few actors are willing to acknowledge that other actors are good; hence the slang of the theater abounds in terms used to designate bad actors. Of these the most frequent are "duffer," "snide actor," and "bum actor." The "variety" player is looked down upon by the legitimate actor, and is called "a sash.

Some Things About Words.

Words are queer things in some respects. Perhaps you think that they have always the same meaning. For instance, that "prevent" and "charity" and "pitiful," and many others I could mention, always meant just what they do nowadays. If you think this, you greatly mistake.

A word is not like a house, which, if let alone, stands still and has the same look yesterday and to-day. It is more like a landscape, which varies from time to time. Some words have, in the course of several hundred years, so changed their signification that they mean the very opposite of what they used to.

There is the common word "prevent." It comes from the Latin words *venire*, to go, and *pre*, before. Now any one can *go before* another for either one of two purposes. He may go in front of him, to help him along; or he may come in front of him, to push him back. Now, just think of it; three hundred years ago, this word "prevent" meant the former; it now means the latter. Nowadays you *prevent* a person by stopping, hindering him; your forefathers used to *prevent* persons by assisting the—*i. e.*, "going before," to lead them on, as it were, by the hand, not to keep them back and impede them, as *prevent* means in these days.

"Quick" is another word that has changed its meaning. It used to mean *alive*: "quick and dead" means the living and the deceased. We do not often use the word nowadays in that sense.

"Saints" once meant all holy persons: now, it signifies chiefly dead persons who are esteemed holy.

"Pitiful," meant showing pity; now, it means, as you know, something entirely different.

"Gossip" is from the two words—"God" and "Sib;" and did mean Godparent; now, by a gossip, we understand a talkative, tale-telling person.

At the christening of Queen Elizabeth, in his great play of Henry the Eighth, Shakespeare makes the king say to the Godparents:

"My noble Gossips, ye have been too prodigal:
I thank ye heartily; so should this lady,
When she has so much English."

Another word that has lost its old sense is *sober*. Among us of to-day, in ordinary use, the word means *not intoxicated*. Some hundreds of years ago, and in certain uses still, it had the sense of *sedate* only; when we use it in this way nowadays, we frequently say "sober-minded," in order fully to express our meaning.

"Charity" now usually signifies the giving of alms to the poor. But not so in the early life of the word. It then meant simply *love*—love to God and to man.

The derivation of words is also a very interesting study. There is the word "husband." He is (or ought to be) what his name indicates—the *house-bond*.

"Wife" is another very interesting word. It originally meant the one who *weave*—weaving being a common industry of women in other days.

"Saunter" is from *saint-terre*, or holy land. When the Crusaders—who had gone in great numbers to rescue the Holy Land from the Saracen, who had invaded and conquered it—returned to their respective countries, they had so long led the lazy life of the soldier that they had acquired a slow, indolent way of walking and persons would say of them: "There is one who has just come from *saint-terre*." Hence, *saunter*—to walk indolently, leisurely.

"Gospel" is God's-pel, or *good-tidings*. "Angel" is a *messenger*; "God," the *good* Being.—*Dr. Lowrie.*

Teaching the Young Idea.

"Attention, children!" said the principal, entering the class-room, followed by a stranger; this gentleman will ask you a few questions in arithmetic. He is the superintendent of schools at Mule Gulch, Nevada, that great Western State of which you have so often heard."

"Which his name are Dodd—Shorty Dodd," said the visitor, and mounting the platform he drew a bowie-knife from his boot-leg and tapped for attention on the desk. "We will now proceed to do a sum in simple edition. A gentleman who had a head on him from last night met another gentleman in Dew-Drop Inn, who put a head on him. How many heads did that gentleman have on him? Three!' Now you're talking. We will next proceed to substraction. Wall-eyed Bob had five fingers on his left hand (including his thumb) when he injudiciously called Buckskin Joe a limping mule. Buckskin Joe drawed his eleven-inch tooth-pick, and the bar-keeper subsequently swept up two fingers. How many fingers had Wall-eyed Bob left? 'Three!' You're right, and I,ve $500 here in this little pocket-book that says you are."

"We generally do these sums in apples and other domestic fruit," said the principal, timidly.

"Quite right, quite right," said the gentleman from the Far West, "but my plan is universally admitted to be more national—more patriotic. It was criticised some at our last convention at Gallows Forks, but a majority favored it, and the gentleman who opposed it walks with a crutch yet. Now, then, kids, hump yourselves for a problem in multiplication and edition. A gentleman held a full at a social game of poker—three nines and two sevens. How many spots was on his cards? 'Forty-one!' Surely! Mister, your class is no slouch of a class at 'rithmatic. I will just give the kids one more—an easy one. Five hoss thieves had operated for five days before the Vigilantes hung them, and had stolen twenty-eight head of stock. How many hosses a day did each hoss-thief steal? 'One and three-twenty-fifths of a hoss!' Right, and if any man says you ain't, don't take it from him, if he's as big as a grain-elevator. Now, mister man, trot out your class in moral philosophy!"—*Chic.*

A Wonderful Lake in Iowa.

Burlington Hawkeye.

The greatest wonder in the State of Iowa, and perhaps in any other State, is what is called the Walled Lake, in Wright county, twelve miles north of the Dubuque and Pacific Railway, and 150 miles west of Dubuque City. The lake is two or three feet higher than the earth's surface. In some places the wall is ten feet high, fifteen feet wide at the bottom and five feet wide at the top. Another fact is the size of the stone used in its construction, the whole of them varying in weight from three tons down to 100 pounds. There is an abundance of stones in Wright county, but surrounding the lake to the extent of five or ten miles there are none. No one can form an idea of the means employed to bring them to the spot or who constructed it. Around the entire lake is a belt of woodland half a mile in length, composed of oak. With this exception the country is a rolling prairie. The trees must have been planted there at the time of the building of the wall. In the Spring of the year 1856 there was a great storm, and the ice on the lake broke the wall in several places, and the farmers in the vacinity were obliged to repair the damages to prevent inundation. The lake occupies a ground surface of 2,800 acres; depth of water as great as twenty-five feet. The water is clear and cold, soil sandy and loamy. It is singular that no one has been able to ascertain where the water comes from or where it goes, yet it is always clear and fresh.

WAIFS.

A basket full of onions will not hold water, because it is full of leeks.

The Cincinnati Art Club is doing finely. Six more pork-packers have joined.—*Philadelphia News.*

A "papered" house may give thinkers of applause, but it is attended by a lightning of receipts.

A man should do all his romance and lovemaking before the rheumatism sets in.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

The demand for planks two inches thick is now very active. They are to be sawed into bottoms for strawberry boxes.

Lots of people are willing to rob Peter to pay Paul, only they get tired when the job is half done. They neglect to pay Paul.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

The small boy thinks it must be fun to be a carpenter. It is probably, and that is the reason that the carpenter gets so little pay for his work.

Beaconsfield didn't die because the doctors say he would. It was only after they said he wouldn't that *he* gave up the ghost.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Prof. Swift's comet cannot be found by any other astronomer. His suspected that some evil disposed boy painted a comet on the professor's lens.

The tiger does not naturally possess, but easily acquires a love of human flesh. When he has once tasted it the spell of man's supremacy is broken.

A Nihilistic fiend in human form is trying to induce American mowing-machines into Russia in hopes that the Czar will try one to see how it works.

A Boston clothing firm as an advertisement sents up balloons six feet high, and offers suits of clothes to any boys who will capture and return the balloons.

Water often gets so bad that people think themselves compelled to drink beer, but no one ever heard of beer getting so bad that everybody took to water. Strange!

Reader—For "loss of appetite" there is nothing so efficacious as a cheap boarding house. None genuine without the words "God Bless Our Home" hung on the walls.

When Ingersoll reads of the doings chronicled daily in Chicago papers, he probably murmurs to himself, "There's no such place—but there ought to be."—*Philadelphia News.*

A fashionable married couple, whose drawing room is adorned with a handsome motto "There's No Place Like Home," have just started on a trip to Europe, to be absent about one year.

Whenever you see a woman talking straight at a man, and beginning to nod her head and keep time to it with her unpraised index finger, it is about time for somebody to climb a tree.—*Steubenville Herald.*

In Chicago the police are ordered to bounce the "masher" who haunts the streets promenaded by women. The authorities are determined that the police shall have no such competition.—*Philadelphia News.*

At a recent prize fight it was put to a vote whether the battle should proceed, or be deferred one week. The ayes had it—and about fifteen minutes later both the ayes and the noes "had it"—and pretty badly, too.

Art in Boston—Some men have hard luck. A Boston artist painted a picture of a bullfrog having a spasm in a pot of red paint, and the critics pronounced it a fine copy of Turner's great painting, "The Slave Ship."—*Boston Post.*

A country debating society has just decided that the quickest way for a young man to get his portrait in a leading illustrated paper is to join a professional base ball club. Living a life of usefulness seldom accomplishes the same result.

A boy always shows a military promptness of action when there is a drum of figs in the pantry. Mining stocks were not invented in Banquo's time, although, he said, "The earth had bubbles as the waters hath."—*Boston Courier.*

Carlyle's neice has found instructions forbidding the publication of the "Reminiscences" without the strictest editing. It is a good thing that Mr. Froude printed them just as he found them; for they show exactly how unjust, cross-grained, and ill-mannered an old brute Carlyle was. If the "Reminiscences," had been carefully edited Carlyle's name would go down to posterity under false colors.

A lawyer stepped up to the witness box, and ask the trembling inmate what his occupation was. The witness replied that he was a barber. The lawyer, straightening himself up, and with a look of sarcasm, said, with a condescending nod: "So you are a barber, eh?" The tonsorial artist, stretching out his dexter paw, said: "Yes, we are both shavers—shake."

Good Words from Druggists.

"Malt Bitters are the best 'bitters.'"
"They promote sleep and allay nervousness."
"Best Liver and Kidney medicine we sell."
"They knock the 'chills' every time."
"Consumptive people gain flesh on them."
"Malt Bitters have no rivals in this town."
"Best thing for nursing mothers we have."
"We like to recommend Malt Bitters."
(Telegram&Co)

A bright little girl had successfully spelled the word "that," and was asked by her teacher what would remain after the "t" had been taken away. "The dirty cups and saucers," was the reply.

In the Times, of Philadelphia, we observe: Mr. John McGrath, 1236 Christian street, was cured by St. Jacob's Oil of severe rheumatism.

Young Folks' Corner.

No. 1—COMPOUND DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

[7 letters.]

1. To endure. 2. A Turkish official. 3. The greatest quantity or value attainable in a given case. 4. Any herb fitted for the table. 5. A substance used for coloring obtained from indigo. 6. One who dances. 7. Mariners.

PRIMALS. To imagine.
FINALS. Lights on a tree.
CONNECTED. Carved timbers.—[Cin. Times-Star.

No. 2—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

The 1 2 3
To knit must be;
The 3 to 6 is rare,
The 5 7 8
To steal or take.
Of this let us beware,
In the temple find COMPLETE;
Serving near the mercy seat.—[Ib.

No. 3—CROSS WORDS.

In growling, in prowling, in howling,
Not purring, nor stirring, nor cry;
In weaving, in leaving, in grieving;
Not knitting, nor fleeting, nor sigh;
In dreaming, in teaming, in scoming,
Not slumber, nor lumber, nor trail;
The WHOLE a carnivorous brute is
And dweller in bordering State.—[Ib.

Answers in two weeks.

Answers to Young Folks' Corner of July 7:

To No. 1—Catch-penny.

To No. 2—
S
SOD
TOPET
SOLOMAN
SOPORATED
DEMARCH
TATCH
NEH
D

To No. 3—
SEDENT
SLATER
DASTRE
ETTLES
NEBRIS
TRESSY

To No. 4—Sharpies.