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For the Hartford Herald. MAKING UP DOUGH.

BY ALEX. H. CUMMINS.

"Twas a beautiful evening,
And sweet shone the moon,
Her soft rays were as bright
As mid-day in June,
As away to the well
I concluded to go,
Where a beautiful girl
Was making up dough.
The tea-kettle at home
Was simmering low,
For want of the fluid
To boil it, you know,
So I drew up the water,
Reluctant and slow,
And gazed long at the girl
A making up dough.
I sat down to the table
Quite thoughtful and sad,
The "Young Myron" was weak,
The beef steak was bad,
So I took up a biscuit,
Quite natural, you know,
And I thought of the girl
A making up dough.
I dreamed in my sleep,
While the stars shone above,
Like so many warm biscuits,
All wrapp'd up in love;
Of the white tapering arms,
And cheeks all aglow,
Of the sweet witching creature
A making up dough.
I concluded each evening
To visit the well,
And draw up the water,
Enticed by the spell
That gleam'd from the window,
Until I should know
The angelic creature
A making up dough.
Twas a lucky evening—
I remember it well—
Just as I was leaving,
I stumbled and fell:
My head struck the window—
It frightened her so—
The timid young creature
A making up dough.
All matters explained,
She laugh'd at her fear,
And blush'd when I told her
The fault was all hers;
To me, nothing more beautiful,
E'en the roses that blow,
Than the witching young creature
A making up dough.
Time, with his troubles,
Has rolled on each year,
Changing joy into sorrow
And doubt into fear,
And I sigh at the changes—
The road to know—
On the cheeks of my darling
Who made up the dough.

THE BLACK TULIP.

BY ALEXANDRE DU MAN,
Author of the "Count of Monte Cristo,"
"The Three Musketeers," "Twenty
Years After," "Brigandage," "The
Son of Athos," "The Lionel in
Valencia," "The Iron
Mask," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER V.

THE TULIP FINANCER AND HIS NEIGHBOR.
Whilst the burghers of the Hague
were tearing in pieces the bodies of John
and Cornelius De Witte, and whilst Wil-
liam of Orange, after having made sure
that his two antagonists were dead, was
galloping on the Leyden road, followed by
Captain Van Deken, whom he found a
little too compassionate to honor him any
longer with his confidence, Craeke, the
faithful servant, mounted on a good
horse, and little suspecting what terrible
events had taken place since his depart-
ure, proceeded along the high road lined
with trees, until he was clear of the town
and the neighboring villages.

Being once safe, he, with a view of
avoiding suspicion, left his horse at a
livery stable, and, quietly continuing his
journey on the canal-boats to Dort, soon
descended that cheerful city, at the foot of
a hill dotted with windmills. He saw the
fine red brick houses, mortared in white
linens, standing on the edge of the water,
and their balconies, open towards the
river decked with silk tapestry embroid-
ered with gold flowers, the wonderful
manufacture of India and China; and
near the brilliant stuffs, large lines set
to catch the voracious eels, which are at-
tracted towards the houses by the gar-
bage thrown every day from the kitchen
into the river.

Craeke, standing on the deck of the
boat, saw, across the moving sails of the
windmills, on the slope of the hill, the
red and pink house which was the goal
of his errand. The outlines of its roof
were merging in the yellow foliage of a
certain of poplar-trees, the whole hav-
ing for background a dark grove of
gigantic elms. The mansion was situ-
ated in such a way, that the sun, fall-
ing on it as into a funnel, dried up
warmed, and fertilized the mist which
the verdant screen could not prevent the
river-wind from carrying there ever morn-
ing and evening.

Having disembarked unobserved among
the usual bustle of the city, Craeke at
once directed his steps towards the house
which we have just described, and which
—white, trim, and tidy, even more clean-
ly sound and more carefully waxed in
the hidden corners than in the places
which were exposed to view—inclosed a
truly happy mortal.

This happy mortal, rare and rare, was

Doctor Van Baerle, the godson of Corne-
lius De Witte. He had inhabited the
same house ever since his childhood; for
it was the house in which his father and
grandfather, old-established princely
merchants of the princely city of Dort,
were born.

Myneer Van Baerle, the father, had
amassed in the Indian trade, three or
four hundred thousand guilders, which
Myneer Van Baerle, the son, at the
death of his dear and worthy parents,
found still quite new, although one set of
them bore the date of coinage of 1640,
and the other that of 1610, a fact which
proved that they were guilders of Van
Baerle the father, and of Van Baerle the
grandfather, but we will inform the read-
er at once, that these three or four hun-
dred thousand guilders were only the
pocket-money, or a sort of purse, for
Cornelius Van Baerle, the hero of this
story, and his landed property in the
province yielded him an income of about
ten thousand guilders a year.

When the worthy citizen, the father of
Cornelius, passed from time into eternity,
three months after having buried his
wife, who seemed to have departed first
to smooth for him the path of death as
she had smoothed for him the path of
life, he said to his son as he embraced
him for the last time,—

"Eat, drink, and spend your money, if
you wish to know what life really is; for
as to toiling from morn to evening on a
wooden stool, or a leathern chair, in a
counting-house or a laboratory, that cer-
tainly is not living. Your time to die
will also come; and if you are not then
so fortunate as to have a son, you will let
my name grow extinct, and my guilders
which no one has ever fingered but my
father, myself, and the coiner, will have
the surprise of passing to an unknown
master. And least of all imitate the ex-
ample of our godfather Cornelius De
Witte, who has plunged into politics,
the most ungrateful of all careers, and
who will certainly come to an untimely
end."

Having given utterance to this pater-
nel advice, the worthy Myneer Van
Baerle died, to the intense grief of his
son Cornelius, who cared very little for
the guilders, and very much for his father.

Cornelius, then, remained alone in his
large house. In vain his godfather of-
fered to him a place in the public service;
in vain did he try to give him a taste for
glory. Cornelius Van Baerle, who was
present in De Rynter's flag-ship, "The
Seven Provinces," at the battle of South-
wold Bay, only calculated after the fight
was over, how much time a man, who
likes to shut himself up within his own
thoughts, is obliged to waste in closing
his eyes and stopping his ears, whilst his
fellow-creatures indulge in the pleasure
of shooting at each other with cannon-
balls. He, therefore, bade farewell to
De Rynter, to his godfather, and to glory;
kissed the hands of the Grand Pension-
ary, for whom he felt a profound veneration,
and retired to his house at Dort, he
possessed every element of what alone
was happiness to him.

He studied plants and insects, collected
and classified the Flora of all the Dutch
islands, arranged the whole entomology
of the province, on which he wrote a
treatise, with plates drawn by his own
hands, and at last, being at a loss what
to do with his time, and especially with
his money, which went on accumulating
at a most alarming rate, he took it into
his head to select for himself, from all the
folies of his country and of his age, one
of the most elegant and expensive,—he
became a tulip fancier.

It was the time when the Dutch and
the Portuguese, rivalling each other in
this branch of horticulture, had begun to
idolize and almost worship that flower,
which originally had come from the East.

Some people from Dort to Mons began
to talk of Myneer Van Baerle's tulips;
and his beds, pits, drying-rooms, and
drawers of bulbs were visited, as the gal-
eries and libraries of Alexandria were by
illustrious Roman travelers.

Van Baerle began by expending his
yearly revenue in laying the ground-
work of his collection, after which he
broke in upon his new guilders to bring
it to perfection. His exertions, indeed,
were crowned with a most magnificent
result: he procured three new tulips,
which he called the "Jane," after his
mother; the "Van Baerle," after his
father; and the "Cornelius," after his
godfather; the other names have escaped us,
but the fanciers will be sure to find
them in the catalogues of the times.

In the beginning of the year 1672, Cor-
nelius De Witte came to Dort for three
months, to live at his old family mansion;
for not only was he in that city, but his
family had been resident there for
centuries.

Cornelius, at that period, as William
of Orange said, began to enjoy the most
perfect unpopularity. To his fellow-
citizens, the good burghers of Dort,
however, he did not appear in the light
of a criminal who deserved to be hung.
It is true, they did not particularly like
his somewhat austere republicanism, but
they were proud of his valor; and when
he made his entrance into their town, the
cup of honor was offered to him, readily

enough in the name of the city.
After having thanked his fellow-citi-
zens, Cornelius proceeded to his old pater-
nal house, and gave directions for some
repairs, which he wished to have execu-
ted before the arrival of his wife and
children; and thence he wended his way
to the house of his godson, who, per-
haps, was the only person in Dort as yet
unacquainted with the presence of Cor-
nelius in the town.

In the same degree as Cornelius De
Witte had excited the hatred of the peo-
ple, by sowing those evil seeds which
are called political passions, Van Baerle
had gained the affections of his fellow-
citizens by completely shunning the pur-
suit of politics, absorbed as he was in the
peaceful pursuit of cultivating tulips.

Van Baerle was truly beloved by his
servants and laborers; nor had he any
conception that there was in this world
a man who wished ill to another.

And yet it must be said, to the dis-
grace of mankind, that Cornelius Van
Baerle, without being aware of the fact,
had a much more ferocious, fierce, and
implacable enemy than the Grand Pen-
sionary and his brother had among the
Orange party.

At the time when Cornelius Van
Baerle began to devote himself to tulip-
growing, expending on this hobby his
yearly revenue and the guilders of his
father, there was at Dort, living next
door to him, a citizen of the name of
Isaac Boxtel, who, from the age when he
was able to think for himself, had in-
dulged the same fancy, and who was in-
coincidentally at the mere mention of the word
tulips.

Boxtel had not the good fortune of be-
ing rich like Van Baerle. He had, there-
fore, with great care and patience, and
by dint of strenuous exertions, laid out
near his house at Dort, a garden fit for
the culture of his cherished flower; he
had mixed the soil according to the most
approved prescriptions, and given to his
tulips just as much heat and air as the
strictest rules of horticulture exact.

Isaac knew the temperature of his
frames to the twentieth part of a degree.
He knew the strength of the current of
air, and tempered it so as to adapt it to
the wave of the stems of his flowers.
His productions also began to meet with
the favor of the public. They were beau-
tiful, nay, distinguished. Several fan-
ciers had come to see Boxtel's tulips. He
had even started a tulip which bore his
name, and which, after having traveled
all through France, had found its way
into Spain, and penetrated as far as Por-
tugal; and the King, Don Alphonse VI.,
—who, being expelled from Lisbon, re-
tired to the Island of Terceira, where he
amused himself, not, like the Great Con-
de, with watering his carnations, but
with growing tulips—had, on seeing the
Boxtel tulip, exclaimed, "Not so bad, by
any means."

All at once, Cornelius Van Baerle,
who, after all his learned pursuits, had
been seized with the tulipomania, made
some changes in his house at Dort, which,
as we have stated, was next door to that
of Boxtel. He raised a certain building
in his courtyard by a story, which, shut-
ting out the sun, took half a degree of
warmth from Boxtel's garden, and, on the
other hand, added half a degree of cold
in the winter; not to mention that it cut
the wind, and disturbed all the horticul-
tural circulations and arrangements of
his neighbor.

After all, this mishap appeared to Box-
tel of no great consequence. Van Baerle
was but a painter, a sort of fool who tried
to reproduce, and disfigure on canvases
the wonders of nature. The painter, he
thought, had raised his studio by a story
to get better light, and thus he had only
been in the right. Myneer Van Baerle
was a painter, as Myneer Boxtel was a
tulip grower; he wanted somewhat more
sun for his paintings, and he took half a
degree from his neighbor's tulips.

The law was for Van Baerle, and Box-
tel had to abide by it.

Besides which, Isaac had made the dis-
covery that too much sun was injurious
to tulips, and that this flower grew quick-
er, and had a better coloring, with the
temperate warmth of morning, than with
the powerful heat of the midday sun. He,
therefore, felt almost grateful to Corne-
lius Van Baerle for having given him a
screen gratis.

May be this was not quite in accord-
ance with the true state of things, in gen-
eral, and of Isaac Boxtel's feelings in
particular. It is certainly astonishing
what rich comfort great minds, in the
midst of mountainous catastrophes, will
derive from the consolations of philoso-
phy.

But, alas! what was the agony of the
unfortunate Boxtel on seeing the win-
dows of the new story set out with bulbs
and seedlings of tulips for the border, and
tulips in pots; in short, with everything
pertaining to the pursuit of a tulip-fan-
cier.

There were bundles of labels, cup-
boards, and drawers with compartments,
and wire-guards for the cupboards, to al-
low free access to the air whilst keeping
out the slugs, mice, dormice, and rats,
all of them very curious fanciers of tulips
at two thousand francs a bulb.

Boxtel was quite amazed when he saw
all this apparatus, but he was not as yet

aware of the full extent of his misfortune.
Van Baerle was known to be fond of ev-
erything that pleases the eye. He studied
nature in all her aspects for the benefit
of his paintings, which were as minutely
finished as those of Gerard Dow, his mas-
ter, and of Mieris, his friend. Was it
not possible, that, having to paint the in-
terior of a tulip grower's, he had collect-
ed in his new studio all the accessories
of decoration?

Yet, although thus consoling himself
with illusory suppositions, Boxtel was not
able to resist the burning curiosity which
was devouring him. In the evening,
therefore, he placed a ladder against the
partition-wall between their gardens, and,
looking into that of his neighbor Van
Baerle, he convulsed himself, the soil of a
large square bed, which had formerly
been occupied by different plants, was re-
moved, and the ground disposed in beds
of loam mixed with river mud (a combi-
nation which is particularly favorable to
the tulip), and the whole surrounded by
a border of turf to keep the soil in its
place. Besides this, sufficient shade to
temper the noon-day heat, aspect S.S.W.;
water in abundant supply, and at hand;
in short, every requirement to insure not
only success but also progress. There
could not be a doubt but that Van Baerle
had become a tulip-grower.

Boxtel at once pictured to himself this
learned man, with a capital of four
hundred thousand, and a yearly income
of ten thousand guilders, devoting all his
intellectual and financial resources to the
cultivation of the tulip. He foresaw his
neighbor's success, and he felt such a
 pang at the mere idea of his success,
that his hands dropped powerless, his
knees trembled, and he fell in despair
from the ladder.

And thus it was not for the sake of paint-
ed tulips, but for real ones, that Van
Baerle took from him half a degree of
warmth. And thus Van Baerle was to
have the most admirably fitted aspect,
and, besides, a large, airy and well-ven-
tilated chamber, where to preserve his
bulbs and seedlings whilst he, Boxtel, had
been obliged to give up for this purpose
his bed-room, and, lest his sleeping in the
same apartment might injure his bulbs
and seedlings, had taken up his abode in
a miserable garret.

Boxtel, then, was to have next door to
him a rival and successful competitor;
his rival, instead of being some un-
known, obscure gardener, was the god-
son of Myneer Cornelius De Witte, that
is to say, a celebrity.

Boxtel, as the reader may see, was not
possessed of the spirit of Poros, who, on
being conquered by Alexander, consoled
himself with the celebrity of his con-
queror.
And now if Van Baerle produced a
new tulip, and named it the John De
Witte, after having named one the Cor-
nelius? It was indeed enough to choke
honest Isaac with rage.

Thus Boxtel, with jealous foreboding,
became the prophet of his own misfor-
tune. And, after having made this mel-
ancholy discovery, he passed the most
wretched night imaginable.

[Continued next week.]
INTERVIEWING A FARMER.
The Discouragement of a Crop Re-
porter.

[Louisville Ledger.]
Wishing to keep posted as to the con-
dition of the crops, and to ascertain the
exact amount of damage done by the re-
cent flood, a reporter of the Ledger start-
ed out this morning on an interviewing
expedition. He was fortunate enough to
encounter a farmer at the edge of town,
bringing a load of hay into the city.

Burning with enthusiasm, the reporter
halted him. He halted, and the follow-
ing colloquy took place:
"How are you, friend?"
"Tired,"
"What's the matter?"
"Same as it always was."
"What's that?"
"Dried grass."
"What did you think of the rain?"
"Thought it was damp."
"Didn't raise anything then, eh?"
"Nothing but an umbrella."
"What did your neighbors get?"
"Chills and fever."
"What are you doing now?"
"Sitting out here in the sun, and maybe
missing a chance to sell this hay. Come
up here if you want to talk."

The reporter scrambled up to the side of
his new made acquaintance, and as they
jolted on he again produced his note book
and continued:
"What did the farmers do last spring?"
"Ran everything in the ground as usual."
"Did your wheat do anything?"
"Yes."
"What?"
"Sprouted."
"Can you raise any tobacco?"
"Yes. Do you want a chew?"
"How are the potatoes?"
"Under the weather somewhat, but
able to be out."

Becoming just the least bit discouraged,
the reporter asked timidly:
"Will you bring many beets to the city
this year?"
"Got a good load now," was the re-
ply, as he checked his horses and

said, "guess you'd better plant what I've
told you, and see what it'll yield. Here's
where you get off."

Remembering that it was just about
time to report at the office, the baffled
reporter after news climbed down the
side of the wagon, and thinking that a
soft answer turneth away wrath, he
calmly said:
"That's nice hay, my friend; where
did it come from?"

"Timothy seed," was the reply.

The interrogator grew faint, but he
summoned up courage enough to ask:
"What do you think you will get for
it?"

"Cash of course. Get up whitey, this
fellow will talk us blind in a minute. He
asks more questions than a catechism,"
and before the discouraged representative
of the press could recover from his sur-
prise, the hay wagon had turned an ad-
jacent corner.

Farmers and Newspapers.
We have been frequently surprised to
see how many farmers well to do in
worldly riches, neglect or refuse to take
some good paper for the benefit of him-
self and family. They seem to think
they have no interest in the affairs of the
world; that they have to deal with nothing
except the land they plow or the stock
they feed, and their children rearing into
ignorance. They forget they are a part
of the human family, placed upon this
orb to work out the plans of the good
and wise Creator, and as such have no right
to hamper the great streams of progress.

The laws of progression are as unalter-
able as any others of nature and that
man who impedes those laws with an off-
spring—children uneducated and besotted
with ignorance—commits a sin which
reacts not only upon himself but on his
descendants for long years in the future.

Newspapers are made to spread intelli-
gence and improve the morals of man-
kind. To the farmers above all men,
they should be a necessity, from the fact
that they afford him in his isolated con-
dition the only means of mixing in the
busy scenes of life. Man in his innate
state becomes a personification of selfish-
ness, caring only for himself. Develop-
ment comes alone from associating with
our fellow men, and appropriating to our-
selves the advancement which they make.

No farmer should do without this social
schooling, both for his own good and
that of his children; and in no way can
it be obtained so fully and cheaply as
through the newspaper and periodicals
literature of the day; and he who neglects
to receive these advantages deprives him-
self of light, and lives out his days in
worse than heathen darkness.

The Southern Mocking Bird.
Methodist Recorder.

But we must throw aside a handful of
botanical specimens, and a page of mem-
oranda for letter writing, else we should
linger in these Mississippi woods all sum-
mer. Hark! "Listen to the mocking!"
Yonder on that water oak, how proudly
he balances himself on the swinging
bough. Will he sing? Yes. Only
hearken. His notes are clearer than the
notes of a flute, more shrill and ringing
than the falsettos of the most perfect fal-
set, endless in variety as if his octaves
reached into the ethereal skies, and modu-
lated with a grace beyond the range of
words to express. He takes up the song
of the thrush, the time-beat of the robin,
the caroling of some distant swallow too
faintly remote for our coarse ears to hear,
the victor call of the lark mounting into
the face of the sun, the chattering of the
blue bird and a score of remembered can-
cences from summers that are gone, and
—hearken! He transposes them into a
new creation. His original variations
surpass Gottschalk's grandest liberties
with "Home sweet Home." He swells
his mellow melodies into an anthem; it
rises, falls, repeats, strikes on, a very
blessed Babel of confusing bewitching,
captivating song, with notes too quick
for pulsing time or quivering heart to tell
—miracle of melody. And this from the
throat of a stray mocking-bird, one of a
million in the Mississippi woods? If God
has so endowed a wild warbler of the
forest, what rapturous surprise awaits us
in the eternal morning when the new
song shall strike our ravished ears!

Plains Talk on a Plains Subject.

The Rev. Dr. Bartol, of Boston, gave
expression to these emphatic views on
Sunday last when referring to the case of
Jesse Pomeroy: "If we would have no
monsters about us in the community, let
not idiots or insane pair, or scrofulous or
consumptives, those soaked in alcohol or
concealed in lust, entering the world dis-
eased in body or mind, or overweighed
with any propensity or passion, be al-
lowed to marry, any more than we would
have a nursery for wolves and bears, or
cultivate poisonous ivy, deadly night-
shade, or apple-fern in the inclosure of
our houses, our yards and fields. Society,
by righteous custom, if not by statute
law, has a right to prevent, to forbid the
multiplication of monstrous specimens of
humanity. That mewing, puking, droll-
ing, walling baby ought not to exist; it
is no blessing, but a curse of nature and
God on the mis-doing of men and women."

She Cured Him.

At last she completely cured him. For
month she had patiently endured the
pangs which so many thousand of young
wives are compelled to suffer. Almost
every morning at breakfast the husband
expressed the hope that he might live to
see the day when he could get such coffee
as he used to have at home. Or such
corn bread as his mother was wont to
make and bake. At dinner the meat
was overbaked in the range. To be sure
his mother used to roast the meat in an
old-fashioned tin oven, and the piece was
always dun to a turn—the last turn of the
revolving spit. Those days were forever
gone. But he might and ought to get
such a green apple pie, with new cheese
as his mother used to give him. At
length the long suffering wife arose in
her wrath, upset the table, sending the
dishes and their contents crashing to the
carpet, strided over to her astonished hus-
band, gave him a box on the ear, which
knocked him off the chair, and remarked:
"There's a clip over the head for you,
such as your mother used to give you
when you was a boy, golden yer." There-
after there was domestic peace and
quiet in that house, with never an allu-
sion to the paternal cookery and comforts
of the by-gone days.

Young Widows.

Dr. Austin Flint, of New York, an em-
inent physician and gentleman, has
written an elaborate essay on the impor-
tance of having trained and skilled nurses
for the sick.

We fully agree with the learned Doc-
tor. It is important. But where, outside
of hospitals, are such nurses to be found?
They can only be obtained by teaching
wives and mothers—not the aged but the
young women—to be nurses. And it
should be a part of the education in all
our fashionable seminaries. There is not
a professor in one of them whose instruc-
tion is so important to the comfort and
longevity of the race as what one "old
granny" knows.

There is many a young widow wearing
her weeds, who might dress in colors, to-
day, if she had only known how to take
care of her husband when illness over-
took him. This nursing is a matter, not
of policy and convenience, but of life and
death. And yet while young women
must thrust—we believe that is the kind
of phrase—pianos, if not till the crack of
doom, till we should think it would
crack—it is not deemed worth while to
teach them how to keep drinks cool for
paroled and fevered lips, and how to
change and place a pillow so as to make
it seem to those weary with illness almost
like the rest of heaven.

And so husbands, who might have
lived, die; and young widows abound;
but, then, you know, to some black is
more becoming than colors.

A marvelous piece of mechanism, in
the way of clocks, is described in the
French journals. It is an eight day in-
strument, with dead-beat escapement
maintaining power. It chimes the quar-
ters, plays sixteen tunes, plays three
times every twelve hours, or will play at
any time required. The hands go round
as follows: one, once a minute; one, once
an hour; one, once a week; one, once a
month; one, once a year. It shows the
moon's age; the rising and setting of the
sun; the time of high and low water,
half ebb, and half flood, and, by a beau-
tiful contrivance, there is a part which
represents the water which rises and falls,
lifting some ships at high water tide as if
they were in motion, and as it recedes,
leaves these little automaton ships dry on
the sands. The clock shows the hour of
the day, day of the week, day of the
month, month of the year, and in the day
of the month there is provisions made for
the long and short months. It shows
the sign of the zodiac; it strikes or not, it
chimes or not, as may be desired; and it
has the equation table, showing the dif-
ference of clock and sun every day of the
year.

A Run Cure.

At a festival at a reformatory institution
in New York recently, a gentleman said
for the cure of intoxicating drinks: "I
overcame the appetite by a receipt given
me by Dr. Hatfield, one of those good
old physicians who do not have percent-
age with a neighboring druggist. When
I called on him he said, 'now that you
have the moral courage, I'll tell you the
tonic which I have used with effect
among my friends for twenty years.' I
expected, of course, some nasty medicine
stuff, but no, he prescribed an orange
every morning, a half hour before break-
fast. 'Take that, and you will neither
want liquor or medicine.' I have done so
regularly and find that liquor has become
repulsive. The taste of the orange is in
the saliva of the tongue, and it would be
as well to mix water and oil as rum with
my taste."

Now Will the Festive Bed Bug Skirmish

around the "ragged edge" of the sheet
seeking a "soft spot" upon the "tall form"
of the "painfully modest" young lady who
arises "sleeping" and "screaming," strikes
a light, goes in search of the intruder,
murmuring, "I almost wish that I was
dead."

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Educational Matters.

The September number of the *Home
and School Journal* contains several im-
portant decisions of the State Superin-
tendent of Public Instruction, and the ac-
tions of the State Board of Education,
relative to school matters. Below we
give the decision of the State Board in
regard to the power and duty of a trustee
in assessing taxes for school purposes.

The trustee has power to assess a poll
or capitation tax of fifty cents per annum
on all the patrons of the district for pro-
viding the school house with fuel, etc.
What is the meaning of "patron"? Ev-
ery one having the right to vote in an
election for trustee is a "patron." Com-
mon schools are not instituted for private
benefit, but for the public good. The ob-
ject is to prepare for the better exercise
of the functions of citizenship. As the
general and district tax, when voted, is
levied upon all property-holders alike,
whether deriving any direct benefit from
the common-school or not, upon the the-
ory that intelligence is one of the an-
guards of liberty; so this poll tax is lev-
ied and must be paid, because the bene-
fit of a well-conducted common-school
accrues to the public.

A Mutual Misunderstanding.

Detroit Free Press.

Two colored citizens Saturday had a
little trouble on the postoffice corner.
"Sir, I stigmatize you as a falsehood-
teller!" exclaimed the first.
"And you, sir, are a entering hipel-
crit!" replied the second.
"Ah! talk away!" growled the first
"but my character is above reproach."
"And your influence don't detach from
my reputation one Iowa!" growled the
other.
And thus they parted.

Some of the company at tea with a