THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

A Family Newspaper---Devoted to Politics, Foreign and Domestic News, Literature, the Arts and Sciences, Education, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements &c

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ATTORNEYS.

J. T. MORRILL,
Attorney at Law and Notary Public,
Clarington (Sunfish) Monroe Co., O.
☞ For twenty-four years Justice of the Peace. dec1,'74r.

NATHAN HOLLISTER.....J. J. HOLLISTER.
HOLLISTER & HOLLISTER,
Attorneys at Law,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
Will practice in Monroe and adjoining counties. feb20,'77r

DAVID OKEY.....WM. P. OKEY
OKEY & OKEY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
At the office formerly occupied by Hollister & Okey. Feb20,77r.

W. P. HUNTER.....W. E. MALLORY
Notary Public
HUNTER & MALLORY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
OFFICE—Southwest corner Public Square
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
Will practice in Monroe and adjoining counties. apr28.'74r.

S. P. SPRIGGS.....J. B. DRIGGS
SPRIGGS & DRIGGS,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
And Claim Agents,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
OFFICE—Up stairs in Hoeffler's building. April26,'74.

A. J. PEARSON.....JOHN W. DOHERTY.
Pros. Attorney.
PEARSON & DOHERTY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
(Office—Up stairs, in Court House.)
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
Will practice in Monroe and adjoining counties. july27,'75r.

PENSIONS.
A. W. McCORMICK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARIETTA, OHIO.
PROCURES Pensions for Soldiers, one-fourth or more disabled by disease, contracted in United States Service. Also, for Widows and Minors of soldiers who die of diseases so contracted, and increased Pensions for invalids who have grown worse. Write him. aug29,'76r.

PAINTING AND PAPER HANGING

HOUSE PAINTER.
THE undersigned is prepared to do all manner of house painting at low rates. He has had ten years experience in the business and solicits the patronage of the public generally. WILLIAM E. SLOAN,
jan4,'76r. Antioch P. O., Monroe Co., O.

ARCHITECTS.

H. C. K. HUBBARD. GEO H. HUBBARD;
HUBBARD & HUBBARD.
Architects and Builders,
Antioch, Monroe County, Ohio.
WILL prepare plans and specifications, and contract for the erection of buildings on more reasonable terms than any other firm in Monroe county. jan4,'76r.

Mill Building and Mill Machinery.
I AM PREPARED TO FURNISH PLANS and Specifications of Steam Flouring Mills, Grist Mills, Saw Mills and Factories will take contracts for the erection of all kinds of mills, and to furnish the latest improved machinery for them. Have had 28 years experience in the business. Address GEORGE RICHNER,
Jerusalem, Monroe Co., Ohio.
mch14,'76r.

JOHN E. MIRACLE,
COUNTY SURVEYOR,
STAFFORD, MONROE CO., O.
Surveying promptly attended to on application or by letter. mch14,'76r.

DENTISTRY.

DR. KEEPERS,
DENTIST,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
Teeth extracted without pain by the use of nitrous oxide or laughing gas.
☞ Office in Hoeffler's building.—mar25'75r.

PHYSICIANS.

W. FOSTER, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon,
Malaga, Monroe County, Ohio.
july 1, 1873—r.

WILLIAM WALTON, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
(Office on Main street,)
WOODSFIELD, OHIO
Feb'26,

W. L. WEST, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
JOLLY, MONROE COUNTY, OHIO.
WILL attend promptly to all calls during the day or night. feb2,'75r.

T. H. ARMSTRONG, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
Office and residence in the Hollister property, west side of town, near Union School House
jy6,75r.

Dr. J. WAY,
Physician and Surgeon,
ELM COVE, Washington Tp, Monroe County, Ohio.
All calls promptly attended to, during the day or night.
feb23,'69.

I. P. FARQUHAR, M. D.
(Formerly of Zanesville, Ohio,)
Physician and Surgeon,
Office and residence in the Kirkbride property,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
Having located at the above place, offers his Professional services, where he hopes by close attention to business to merit public confidence and patronage.
Chronic Diseases will receive special attention. may4,'75r.

NOTARY PUBLIC.
THE undersigned, having been appointed Notary Public, would inform his friends, and the public generally, that he is prepared to fill Pensioners' Blanks, administer Oaths, take Depositions, acknowledge Deeds, Mortgages, and other instruments of writing. JOHN JEFFERS.
apr18,'76r. Beallsville, Monroe Co., Ohio.

BANKS.

BELMONT BANK,
SOMERTON, OHIO.
Capital.....$50,000.
R. C. MILES, Pres. S. HOGUE, Vice Pres.
T. C. MARTIN, Cashier.
DIRECTORS.
R. C. MILES. S. HOGUE.
S. L. MOONEY. H. WHITTACRE.
S. STARBUCK. ISAAC HATCHER.
ANDREW ANDREWS.
Does a General Banking Business.
Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Collections Made on all Points.
BANKING HOURS FROM 9 A.M. to 3 P.M.
may4,'75r.

THE MONROE BANK.
WOODSFIELD, OHIO
Capital, - - - - - - $50.000.
S. L. MOONEY, Pres. WM. BEARDMORE, V. Pres.
JERE. WILLIAMS, Cashier.
DIRECTORS:
S. L. MOONEY, WM BEARDMORE.
HENRY MILLER, JAMES WATSON,
DAVID OKEY, M. HOEFFLER.
THOMAS A. WAY.
Does a General Banking Business.
Interest paid on Special Deposits
Make collections on all points promptly.
BANKING HOURS FROM 9 A.M. TO 3 P.M.
mch3,'74r.

WATCHES, CLOCKS, &C.

FRITZ REEF.

JEWELRY DEPOT.
WOODSFIELD, OHIO
My motto is
FAIR DEALING,
with ALL, I solicit a share of the public patronage. Particular attention paid to the repairing of
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry,
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry for sale on reasonable terms. WORK WARRANTED.
ap23ly. FRITZ REEF

A Great Reduction in Prices of
GUNS, REVOLVERS, &C.
Prices reduced from 20 to 30 per cent. Write for Illustrated Catalogue, with reduced prices for 1877. Address,
GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS,
91 Smithfield street, Pittsburgh, Pa.
jan23,'77m3.

Select Story.

Aunt Jemima's Experience in Ghosts.

"Do I believe in ghosts? Now you know well enough I'm no fool, Mary Ann, so what's the use of asking?

"Ha, ha, ha! I'm laughing now as I think of a kind of adventure a set of us had in my young days. It don't amount to much as a story, but it had one important point in it that ought to be of some interest to you, so I don't mind telling you if you don't mind listening.

"You must know there was a fine looking chap called Dick—I'll tell you the rest of his name by and by—who used to come to our village, and was generally looked up to on account of being a professional man, and our folks said he was sure to rise; I had a real pretty young friend—Dode was what we called her then, though she too has set up a better name since.

"Now I had a kind of notion that Dick came to our town especially to see Dode, until once they had a talling out, and a flashy sort of girl—Ellen Belmont by name—just set herself to catch Dick, and as far as folks could see was succeeding very well.

"Three miles from our house there stood in those days a large old house that the country people all knew as 'Bertram's Sorrow.' It hadn't been lived in for many years, though it was once a grand place, and the country seat of the Bertram family—very fine people of English stock.

"As the story went, Mr. Harold Bertram, the one to whom the property fell, was about to be married to a wonderfully beautiful young lady, and he filled it all up superfine to receive her.

"She was English born, and very fond of dogs and horses. She used to come riding over to inspect the improvements, and I've heard my grandmother say that it was a sight to see the pair, so young and handsome, riding side by side with their dogs capering around her; she was so proud of the beasts that it seemed a dreadful pity they should be her bane; but they were, for a tall grey hound bit her hand while he was playing with her, and her lover shot him on the spot, and nearly frightened her into a fit by the passion he was in, they say.

"It was just before they were to be married, and her hand healed so soon it was not put off, but was performed with grand ceremony and pomp, and I've heard a prettier sight was never seen than the bridal train.

"It's a long time since I've thought of the circumstance, and I'm half-sorry that I started in to tell it, for it's awful sorrowful.

"On the night of her wedding, dear, the poor bride was taken with that horrible curse, hydrophobia. They had all the great doctors that they could gather together, but the end of it was there was no hope, and she was smothered in her own bridal bed!

"Awful, wasn't it? Well, young Bertrand fled from the house and the country after it was over, and went abroad; but he soon came back—was kind of rooted to the dreadful spot, you see, and never could get away from it.

"Folks used to see him wandering about it like a desolate spirit, and so they gave it the name of 'Bertram's Sorrow;' very suitable, too for they found him dead there at last, and after that the place was shut up and deserted, all except a back wing, where an old man and his wife lived to keep it from going to ruin.

"It was to pay a moonlight visit to 'Bertram's Sorrow' and see the ghost that everybody said walked there on the 25th of September, the anniversary of the bride's awful death, that Dick got up a party and asked me and Dode to join him.

"There was Robert Arnold, and Clinton White, and Ellen Belmont, and Dode and me—just half a dozen. A good sized party, but not too many.

"Robert Arnold was about head over ears in love with Ellen, but he wasnt the style to suit her; Clint White was a good natured soul, willing to be pleasant to anybody, and ready to do the work that any one else shirked.

"They started from our house, and I had quite a time to make Dode consent to go. I knew all along that the quarrel between her and Dick was caused by Ellen Belmont, and I saw that the idea of spending an evening in the room with the woman who had injured her was very painful to little Dode; still I urged her to go, and at last got her persuaded.

"Ellen came in time for tea, and so did Dick; I asked him in on purpose, but it did not seem to do much good, for Ellen monopolized the conversation with him, and poor Dode sat pale and silent

"I took a basket and packed it with buns and cookies and things, and a-top of all I put a good thick bologna. Folks can laugh as they please, but a good bologna isn't to be despised; and, as I had no beau to bother about, thinks I, 'watching and waiting for ghosts is sure to make folks hungry, so I'll put in a morsel spiece to stay their stomachs,' and I did.

"Ellen declared that she had never known what it was to have an emotion of fear.

"'I despise weak, scary women,' said she, looking hard at Dode, who didn't seem very courageous just then; for you see, she was sort of put out at Ellen and Dick being so very intimate and interested in each other right before her face.

"I watched them both narrowly, I can tell you, for I was determined to find out, if I could, what had caused the mischief that had been made between 'em.

"Well,' said Dick, and he looked straight at Dode as he spoke, and his manly face flushed a good deal, 'I believe I have been called a great lubberly fellow, without the spirit of a mouse, or sense enough to keep myself warm; but with all submission to this flattering opinion I have never yet believed myself a fool or a sneak, and so I'm not afraid to try an hour or two with the ghosts for my part.'

"I saw Dode's face change color in the bright moonlight as we rode along, and I heard her breathe hard, and she put up her hand to hide her face.

"'I shouldn't wonder if we should come at the bottom of the mischief tonight,' thought I triumphantly, for I remembered hearing Dode say something like Dick had quoted, only it was about *overgrown people in general*, one day when Ellen Belmont teased her about being so light and slender.

"Well, we reached 'Bertram's Sorrow,' and drove up an avenue of ghostly poplars to the great hall door.

"'Let's tell each other terrible stories of all sorts of horrors,' proposed Bob Arnold, 'so as to work up our feelings to the right pitch of fear, when the ghost makes its appearance. I'll begin.'

"And he did, by telling a terrible murder tale, where the victim appeared after death, with her severed head under her arm. Clint White followed with another quite as bad; and then Ellen Belmont started in with a tale of blood, while poor Dode grew paler and paler, and had a hard time to keep from shivering, as I could easily see.

"Dick watched her, too; and though she never said a word or made a sound, I could easily tell how badly he felt to have her alarmed, because he tried his best to change the subject.

"Presently we heard a latch lifted out side, and a regular though rather soft footstep began to move across the floor of an adjoining room.

"'Listen!' cried Ellen Belmont in a voice of terror; and as the steps drew near she jumped up, over-turning the box that supported her end of the plank, and bringing us all to the floor at once.

"I don't know which of us knocked the candles down, but when we scrambled on our feet we were in darkness, except from the glimmer of the expiring brush, and the footsteps sounded plainly outside the door.

"There was a moment's pause; the door swung open; *something* walked in, crossed the floor with soft but audible footsteps, and paused in the opposite corner of the room.

"The light on the hearth was nothing but a dying glow, that did not spread a ray outside its walls. We could only feel that *something* moved before us, without being able to tell its size or form.

"It made a shuffling sound for a moment and then retired, dragging, as it seemed to my ears, some one over the floor with *it*.

"I knew it wasn't Ellen Belmont, for she uttered a yell close beside my ear, and fainted, with an awful thump, right on the ground at my feet.

"I was trying to lift her when I heard some one scraping a match, and then a light, feeble at first, but gradually growing brighter as the wick of the candle took the blaze, shone over the scene. I must say it made me feel rather queer for a minute, for it showed our Dode, with Dick's arm tight around her waist, and she holding the candle in her hand

"I guessed it out to myself that when she was frightened she ran straight to the man she loved for shelter, and he had caught her in his arms.

"I heard him whisper to her, 'I deserve twice as much as I have endured for believing what she said; I might have known the truth; but I know it now, darling, never again to be deceived.'

"You see, Ellen had told him that Dode said *he* hadn't the spirit of a mouse in him, or sense enough to keep himself warm, when poor Dode just worshipped him and thought him a hero; and when she talked that way to Ellen she only meant to defend herself by declaring that some large folks could be lubbers, etc.

"Well, when both candles were lighted and the alarm had subsided so as to allow the gentlemen's courage to arise above it, a search was made.

"Ellen Belmont came to when she found Dick did not go near her, and she joined in it.

"'Who can say they doubt the existence of spirits again?' she cried in tragic tones. 'I could plainly discern the outlines of a tall figure, clothed in white, as it darted by me, and the touch of its icy robe made me insensible.'

"It required both Clinton and Robert to sustain her, but Dick never once looked in her direction; *he* was otherwise engaged.

"'It wasn't a ghost! I'm sure of that!' cried Dode, who had been using her candle effectively in the corner. 'Jemima's bologna is gone, and no ghost ever in this world carried off a bologna.'

"That made us all laugh and gave us courage, too; we followed the retreating footsteps through the open doors, and came upon a great Newfoundland dog curled up on a mat outside, discussing the big sausage.

"We called out the old people and pointed to the solution of our ghostly experience.

"They showed no surprise, and admitted that old Pompey could open every latch in the house.

"'Maybe it is his step we hear around of nights,' said the old woman. 'I always said he was a knowing beast, and would get under cover when it rains, if he could; and you know, James' she continued, 'that it was mostly of wet nights we heard the spirits tramping through the great house.'

"That was explanation enough for me, Mary Ann. I was quite willing to lose the bologna for the sake of it, more particularly as Dode and Dick were so happy, and Ellen Belmont looked as if she could bite a nail in two.

"I told Dode afterward that I believed she just pretended to be scared, and ran straight into the arms of Dick on purpose. You can ask her about it, for she is your mother now. Dorinda was her right name, and your father's name is Richard Hartley, Esq., attorney at law; but we used to call him Dick in those days."

☞ A Nevada journal states that "a certain candidate has lost thirteen votes through making a rash promise to his wife. He had promised that in the event of his election he would buy her a seal-skin cloak and a pair of navy blue stockings, and she couldn't rest until she told thirteen lady friends all about it. The ladies expressed themselves as 'awful glad' to hear it, but threatened their husbands with a suit for divorce if they dared to vote for this particular candidate. 'That old cat would look nice in a seal-skin coat and navy blue stockings, wouldn't she?' is the way they expressd themselves in speaking of the candidate's wife. Who says that women have no political influence?"

Sense and Nonsense.

When you can cel a note, you can't sell it.

An old bachelor says that when he wooed she wouldn't.

He that refuseth to buy good counsel cheap, must buy repentance dear.

Embark in no enterprise which you cannot submit to the test of prayer.

Prayer is a shield to the soul, a sacrifice to God and a scourge to Satan.

A long life without rest or peace in God is nothing but a long martyrdom.

Do not forget that while you fold your hands, Time folds not up his wings.

A little philosophy inclineth a man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.

An Indianapolis girl hung up her stocking, and the boys, for fun, threw in a reaper and mower, and two barrel organs. Their motto was: "Though lost to view, to memory dear."

A resident of Silver City, Nevada, has a beard four feet and one inch in length, and still growing. He has never shaved his face, but up to seven years ago kept his beard trimmed to twenty inches in length.

"O, yes," said an old lady, "the modern cook-stove is a great invention; and when my boy James gets through his studies in practical engineering, so he can come home and run it, I'll buy one of 'em, but not afore."

An imaginative Irishman has improved upon Ossian. "I returned," says he, "to the halls of my fathers by night, and I found them in ruins. I cried aloud, "My fathers, where! are they?'—And echo responded, 'Is that you, Patrick McClathery?'"

Johnny was telling his ma how he was going to dress and show off when he was a man. His ma asked, "Johnny, how do you expect to get your living when you get to be a man?" "Well," said Johnny, "I'll get married and live with my wife's pa."

"I don't care much for a quiet baby, but I dote on a squalling one," said an old bachelor. "Why, how strange!" admiringly chorused all the mothers in the room. "Not at all," responded the bachelor, "because, you see, as soon as the brat begins to squall it's always taken from the room."

A lady, whose cook went to a wake, was given notice by her a fortnight afterward that she was going to be married. "Who to?" asked the mistress. "Plase, mam, to the husband of the corpse." "Why, does he love you?" was the next question. "Oh yes, mam; he said I was the light of the funeral."

Years ago the King of Prussia Jokingly complained that his physician, Dr. Lauer, kept him on short commons in the hope of making an octogenarian of him and so earning for himself the title of Excellency. The Doctor is now an Excellency, sure enough. On the Kaiser's birthday he was named Privy Councillor.

A Frenchman has invented a solder to seal up holes in tinware, which is not only pronounced perfect, but awful cheap. But he'll lose money if he comes over here with it, for the American nation is so surely wedded to the use of a small piece of rag, that the most elaborate combination can not wean it from its idol.—*Fulton Times.*

It has been said that unmilitary men imagine that soldiers are always fighting. One of the Duke of Marlborough's Generals dining with the Lord Mayor, an Alderman who sat next him said:—"Sir, yours must be a very laborious profession. "No," replied the General, "we fight about four hours in the morning, and two or three after dinner, and then we have all the rest of the day to ourselves."

"The baby has got a new tooth, but the old lady is laid up with a cold in the head," remarked a gentleman to a defeated candidate. "What do I care?" was the reply. "Well," said the gentleman, slowly, "before the election you used to take me aside and ask me how my family was coming on, and I've been hunting you all over town to tell you, and that's the way you talk to me. But it don't make any difference. I voted for the other candidate, anyhow."

A novel license law for taverns is proposed in Virginia. Instead of rating the license at so much, or classifying the taverns according to sales, the system proposed by a bill pending in the Virginia Legislature is a direct tax up on the "drinks." "There is to be levied upon every drink of wine or spirits two and a half cents, and upon every drink of malt liquor a half cent. The barkeepers are required to register the drinks by using "bell punches," and the proposed law abounds in precautions for protecting the revenue, and penalties for "beating the punch."

The Hawkeye man on a recent lecture tour fell in with a drummer from Chicago, and tells his experience. "And what are you selling?" asked the man from the city on the lake. "Music," calmly responded the liar from the town on the river. "Sheet music?" queried the Chicago representative. "Chin music," briefly replied the good man from Burlington. And the Chicago man only got behind the seat, and made a gurgling noise with a leather covered bottle, and emerged to remark that his colleague would have a blamed sight better line of samples if he would sell 'cheek.'

The punishment by the *knout*, which formerly was general throughout Russia for almost every variety of crime, and which barbarously murdered many persons by slow and prolonged, and most horrible torture, was abolished by the present Czar, Alexander II. The culprit was bound to two stakes, and received on his bare back the specified number of lashes from a whip of plaited thongs interwoven with wire. From 100 to 220 lashes were the highest number inflicted, and were considered equivalent to a sentence of death. If the criminal survived he was banished for life to Siberia. Formerly, the nose was slit, the ears cut off and the letter V (for *var, roque*) branded on the forehead.

Miscellany.

The Leopard of the Air.

(Paul du Chaillu.)

"Yes," said Querlaoun, "In my younger days, I remember, my wife and myself were on our plantation with some of our slaves, and one day we heard the cries of a baby and saw a child carried up into the air by one of these guanionens. The baby had been laid on the ground, and the guanionien, whose eyes never miss anything, and which had not been noticed soaring above our heads, pounced on its prey, and then laughed at us as he rose and flew to a distant part of the forest."

Then Querlaoun showed me a fetich partly made of two huge claws of this bird. What tremendous things these talons were! how deep they could go into the flesh!

Then came the wonderful stories of the great strength of the bird. The people were afraid of them, and they were compelled to be very careful of their babies. These grand eagles do not feed on fowls; they are too small game for them. Monkeys are what they like best; they can watch them as they float over the top of the trees in the forest; but sometimes the monkeys get the better of them.

"People had better not try to get hold of the guanionien young, if they want to keep their right," said Gambo, "for, as sure as we live, the old bird will pounce upon the man that touches its young."

For a long time I heard the people talking of the guanionien, but had never yet had a glimpse of one. Now, looking up again, I saw several of them.—How high they were! At times they would appear to be quite still in the air; at other times they would soar. They were so high that I do not see how they could possibly see the trees; everything must have been in a haze to them; monkeys, of course, could not be seen. They were no doubt amusing themselves; and I wonder if they tried to see how near they could go to the sun. Some at times flew so high that I lost sight of them.

In the afternoon I thought I would ramble round. I took a double barrel smooth bore gun, and loaded one side with bullet in case I should see larger game; the other barrel I loaded with shot No. 2. Then I carefully plunged into the woods till I reached the banks of a little stream, and there I heard the cry of the mondi (Colobus Satanus,) which is one of the largest monkeys of these forests. From their shrill cries I thought there might be at least half a dozen. I was glad indeed that I had one barrel loaded with big shot. If the mondis were not too far off, I would be able to get a fair shot and kill one.

I advanced very cautiously until I got near to them; I could then see their big bodies, long tails, and long, jet-black shining hair; what handsome beasts they were! what a nice looking muff their skins would make, I thought.

Just as I was considering which of them I would fire at, I saw some big thing, like a shadow, suddenly come down upon the tree. Then I heard the flapping of heavy wings and also the death-cry of a poor mondi; then I saw a huge bird, with a breast spotted somewhat like a leopard, raise itself slowly into the air carrying the monkey in its powerful, finger-like talons; the claws of one leg were fast in the upper part of the neck of the monkey, so deep were they in the flesh that they were completely buried and a few drops of blood fell upon the leaves below; the other leg had its claws quite deep into the back of the monkey; the left leg was kept higher than the right, and I could see that the great strength of the bird was used at that time to keep the neck and also the back of the victim from moving. The bird rose higher and higher, the monkey's tail swayed to and fro, and then both disappeared. It was a guanionien. Its prey was no doubt taken to some big tree where it could be devoured.

The natives say that the first thing the guanionien does is to take out the eyes of the monkeys they catch; but there must be a fearful struggle, for these mondis are powerful beasts, and do not die at the eagle's will. There must be a great trial of strength, for if the monkey is not seized at an exact place on the neck he can turn his head, and then inflicts a fearful bite on the breast of the eagle, or on his neck or leg, which disables his most terrible enemy, and then both falling meet their death.

I looked on without firing; the monkeys seemed paralyzed with fear when the eagle came down upon them and did not move until after the bird of prey had taken one of their number and decamped. When I looked for them they had fled to parts unknown to me in the forest; I was looking so intently at the eagle and its prey that for a while I had forgotten the mondis. I do not wonder at it, for monkeys I could see often, but it is only once in a great while that such a scene as I witnessed could be seen by a man. It was grand; and I wondered not that the natives called the guanionien the leopard of the air.

Latest Paris Fashions.

PARIS, March 31—The rage for orange tints in trimmings has caused the Parisian belles to change the color of their hair. Blondes have suddenly become brunettes, and it is now difficult to recognize one's acquaintances of the fair sex. The newest bonnet is called "La reine des fees." It is all daisies and buttercups. The young look charming in it, and suggest all manner of pastoral odes. The dowagers are taking it in the hope of being taken for fairies, but the result in the case of those blessed with liberal proportions is to give the idea of a boquet of spring flowers on the top of a cart load of hay, showing in spite of their young fancies, that their season of life is more advanced than daisies would suggest. The newest thing in foot-covering is "La botte chimere," which is laced down the heels. The superfluities of female pedals have now a tendency to run backward.

A Modern Republican Reformer.

Among the items of Republican robbery in South Carolina, in the proceeds of which Chamberlain shared, was the fraudulent issue of $14,000,000 in State bonds, for which the State received no equivalent.—*Courier Journal.*

How to Explode a Lamp.

The Scientific American gives some of the circumstances which lead to the explosion of kerosene lamps, the philosophy of all of them being that the flame may pass down the wick and ignite the vapor which accumulates in the under portion of the lamp. This vapor is not an explosive, as the term is ordinarily understood, but when it is confined so that the gases resulting from its combustion can not escape freely into the open air, the vessel confining it will be shattered. This ignition of the vapor may be brought about as follows:

1. A lamp may be standing on a table or mantel, and a slight puff of air from the open window or door may cause an explosion.

2. A lamp may be taken up quickly from a table or mantel and instantly exploded.

3. A lamp is taken out into the entry where there is a draft, or out of doors, and an explosion ensues

4. A lighted lamp is taken up a flight of stairs, or is raised quickly to place it on the mantel, resulting in an explosion. In these cases the mischief is done by the air movement—either by suddenly checking the draft, or forcing air down the chimney against the flame.

5 Blowing down the chimney to extinguish the light is a frequent cause of explosion.

6. Lamp explosions have been caused by using a chimney broken off at the top, or one that has a piece broken out, whereby the draft is variable and the flame unsteady.

7. Sometimes a thoughtless person puts a small wick into a large burner, thus leaving considerable space along the edges of the wick. An old burner, with its air draft clogged up, which rightfully should be thrown away, is sometimes continued in use, and the final result is an explosion.

Endorsed by Wm. H. Vanderbilt.

(From the Ellenville Journal.)

One of our townsmen being in New York recently, had occasion to visit one of the city banks. A gentleman entered the bank, and with a nervous air pushed forward to the principal officer's desk, where he presented a note for a heavy amount and desired to have it discounted. The bank officer took the paper, examined it, and pointing to the name on the back, said, "That name, sir, is not good here; we can't take that paper." "Then," said the other. "I am ruined—ruined!" With a hurried glance at the bystanders, the man was about to withdraw the worthless note, but another gentleman who had been engaged close by, and who had evidently observed what was going on, quietly put forth his hand, took the rejected paper, scrutinized it, and then having taken a good look at the man who had presented it, lifted a pen from the desk, and deliberately wrote under the previous endorsement, "Wm. H. Vanderbilt." The action was accompanied by the simple words, "I guess that'll go."—Then the seventy-five millionaire—for he it was—turned hastily away and went about his own business. Henceforth, for him, at least, the name of Vanderbilt will mean something more than railroads, stock, and bonds.

How the Indians Climb Trees.

[Appleton's Journal.]

In South America even the weakest women may be not uncommonly seen plucking the fruit at the tree-tops. If the bark is so smooth and slippery that they can not go up by climbing they use other means; they make a loop of wild vines, and, putting their feet inside, they use it as a support in climbing.—The negro of the west coast of Africa makes a large hoop around the tree, and gets inside of it and jerks it up the tree with his hands, a little at a time, drawing his legs up after it. The Tahitian boys tie their feet together, four or five inches apart, with a piece of palm-bark, and with the aid of this fetter go up the cocoa-palms to gather nuts. The native women of Australia climb the gum-trees after opossums Where the bark is rough they chop holes with a hatchet, then one throws about the tree a rope twice as long as will go round it, puts her hatchet on her copper head, and, placing her feet against the tree and grasping the rope with her hands, she hitches it up by jerks and pulls herself up the enormous trunk almost as fast as a man will climb a ladder.

Weaning Colts.

A Vermont farmer says he weaned a last spring colt in the following manner: "I fed grain or meal to the mare when the colt was with her. The colt soon learned to meal with the dam.—After he has been taught to eat with the mare he will eat as readily when he is removed from her. I put my colt in a stable where he could have plenty of exercise in a large yard; fed him with hay and bran mixed with milk, which I soon taught him to drink without the bran. I weaned him from the mare in this way when he was three months old; he seemed contented, and I think did as well as though he had run with the mare two months longer. It is much better for the mare, and more convenient if one wants to use her, as most people do in the country, while the colt is with her. This way of weaning colts is very convenient, and one can feed milk at such times as seem judicious, substituting grain or shorts for the milk at any reasonable time."

A Good Mother.

(San Antonio Herald.)

"Look here," said an excited Fourth warder to a neighbor who had a biting dog, "you have got to kill that dog of yours or I'll do it He nearly bit my mother, an old lady of ninety five years and in feeble health. It's simply infamous." The owner of the dog looked sorry, and said he did not wonder at the other man for being so anxious about the health of the author of his being, to whom he owed so much.—"Tain't that," replied the kind son, "but she isn't long for this world, anyhow, and if she gets dog-bit at her time of life she will never split another stick of wood or fetch another bucket of water;" and his voice actually grew husky and he wiped a tear from the end of his nose.

Some Astonishing Dog Stories.

Mr. Robert Riddle, who resides in the vicinity of the floating dock, is the owner of a setter whose performances are worthy of record. Some months ago when Mr. Riddle, after a hard day's work, fell asleep behind the counter of his wine-room, a malicious person set fire to a bunch of oakum and placed it on Mr. Riddle's side. He then crept quietly out of the saloon. The setter "Fan" seized the smoldering oakum, and darting out of the door followed the retreating incendiary, and, under the pretense of fondling him, shoved, with her nose, the oakum into his coat-pocket. In a few moments the malicious rascal was in a blaze, and only saved himself from cremation by rushing into the bay.

On another occasion a well-dressed man sauntered into Mr. Riddle's saloon and called for a whisky sour. Mr Riddle found that he had not a lime in his place, and whistled to "Fan," who immediately started off to the other side of the street and returned in a few moments with a lime in her mouth.

Once again old "Fan" show her extraordinary sagacity. A gander who long has ruled an extensive flock at the North Point Dock was one day attacked by a ferocious cat. "Fan" saw the incident and ran to the gander's assistance. Seizing the bloodthirsty feline by the back of the neck, she dashed with him into the tide and dropped him in a receding wave. Every time the cat attempted to land "Fan" kept him off, until at last he sank exhausted, and the gander triumphed.—*San Francisco Mail.*

☞ Mr. Stanley's last two letters from Africa are decidedly the most valuable that he has yet written, and place him in the very front rank of African explorers. He reached, for the second time, Lake Tanganyika, and, although Burton, Speke, Livingstone, and Cameron have also seen its blue waters, Stanley is the only white man who has twice made the difficult journey from Zanzibar to Ujiji. He alone of all European travelers has visited the three great equatorial lakes—Tanganyika, Victoria and Albert—and his circumnavigation of the two former is a work of inestimable value to geography. Unless he falls a victim to the climate or the hostility of the natives, he will undoubtedly complete the exploration of the Nile sources, and, rectifying the errors and supplementing the labors of his predecessors, will forever dispel the mysterys that has so long veiled the origin of the greatest river of the globe.—*N. Y. Times.*

The Roll-Call of the Next House

Indicates a Democratic majority of about twelve. Thus far, of the 293 certificates 285 have been received. Clerk Adams has not completed his list, nor given any authority to any one to state its composition. Of this number, however, 260 of the 293 members have received their monthly pay. If Mr. Adams were to place upon his rolls the names of all the Republicans whose election is claimed, the House would stand 149 Democrats to 144 Republicans, thus giving the Democrats a majority of five. The Republicans claim that the roll should be so made up. The doubtful districts, whose Representatives have not yet been placed upon the rolls by the Clerk, are nine in number, as follows: Two in Louisiana, two in Florida, two in Missouri, one in South Carolina, one in Colorado, and one in California.

☞ Oil City Derrick: Rather than be a clerk of any government on earth, Bob Ingersoll, in his Boston speech, Tuesday night, said he would much prefer "forty acres of land and a log house with one room, yes, and the woman I love, and some lattice work over the window, so that the sunlight would fall checkered on the baby in the cradle, and a few hollyhocks at the corner of the house; I would rather have that, and a nice path leading down to the spring, where I could go and hear the water gurgling." We are not all that way. There are a few of us who would take a two-thousand dollar clerkship, and let the other things go to grass, including the checkered baby at the corner of the house, the gurgling meadow path and the nice hollyhocks leading down to the spring-time.

Wendell Phillips' Slave Hound.

NASHVILLE, April 8.—The American this morning publishes an interview with Thos. Simms, the negro captured in Boston in 1851 under the fugitive slave act, when Gen Devens was United States Marshall. Devens' friends say that he raised the money and bought Simms' freedom. This was denied by Wendell Phillips, who denounced Devens as a slave hound. Simms says he was not freed till 1863, in Mississippi, when he entered the Federal lines.

Japanese Proverbs.

If you hate any one, let him live.—Regard an old man as thy father. We can not build a bridge to the clouds.—The world is just as a person's heart makes it. The tongue three inches long can kill a man six feet high. If you do not enter the tiger's den you can not get her cub. Send the child you love most on a journey, to save him from being spoiled by indulgence.

"What Men need Wives for" is discussed in the recent issue of an agricultural exchange. Any man who has gone around the house at 2 A. M., pistol in hand, looking for a burglar, with his wife ahead carrying the lamp, ought to be able to answer that question.

In China simple beheading is the mode of capital punishment, and the unfortunate victim is usually half starved before his execution, besides being exposed in view of the whole community, taunt him with the vilest and most abusive epithets, sometimes alternated by blows and the pelting of stones, sticks and mud. Sometimes the bastinado (a baton or cudgel) is used, and this punishment often destroys life.—Another Chinese mode of legal life-taking is horrible. The culprit is placed between two planks, around which a coil of rope is firmly bound, and the executioner saws limber and man through the middle.