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# The Herald, March 7. 1891

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# The Herald.

VOL. 12

CEDARVILLE, OHIO, SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1891

NO

## Our Necessity is your Opportunity

To the purchaser of \$1.00 worth or more of

## DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS AND SHOES,

we will give a discount of

### 10 PER CENT FOR CASH ONLY

## On Tuesday, Wednesday AND Thursday

next, March 10th, 11th and 12th. Now is your time to purchase your spring DRY GOODS.

### AT BIRD'S MAMMOTH STORE.

Mrs. A. H. Creswell, it is reported is dangerously ill. Lung trouble is the cause.

Miss Carrie E. Badger returned home yesterday from Paducah, Ky., where she has been teaching school.

Miss Daisy Gray entertained a few friends Monday evening with crokinole. Refreshments were served during the evening.

Mrs. Harry Wilson has had a severe attack of la grippe it being so severe as to cause several severe hemorrhages but she is now recovering slowly.

The entertainment at East Point which was repeated Thursday evening was a successful and very pleasant affair, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather on both evenings, and the society are to be congratulated on the neat littlesum which they realized. Much of the success was due to the efficient management of Mrs. Marshall.

#### The Centennial Anniversary of Methodism.

John Benjamin Wesley was born in 1703, at Epworth, England, and died March 2, 1791. The centennial anniversary of his translation to heaven is being celebrated throughout the world by his admiring followers. Wesley's father was a noted minister of the church of England, for thirty-nine years rector of Epworth. He was learned, laborious and godly, a voluminous writer in both prose and poetry, a master of several oriental and classical languages. Pope in a letter to Swift expressed almost a reverence for Samuel Wesley's piety, learning and industry.

Wesley's mother, Susanna, was a remarkable woman. She possessed a rare intellect, a most discriminating judgment, a peculiar faculty for family government. Her family of nineteen children were under perfect control. They never cried aloud after they were one year old. The mother was their preceptress until they left home for the schools in London. With two exceptions, the children were taught their a, b, c's in one day. One daughter was able to read the New Testament in Greek when eight years of age.

John Wesley spent fifteen years at Oxford University as student, fellow, lecturer, tutor and moderator of the classes. All parties recognized his talents and his learning, while his skill in logic was remarkable. Dr. Samuel Johnson, one of the greatest of conversationalists, anxiously sought the society of Wesley. Said he to Wesley's sister, who was Johnson's intimate friend, "I could talk all day,

and all night too, with your brother." Says Lord Macaulay of Wesley: "He was a man whose eloquence and logical acuteness might have rendered him eminent in literature, whose genius for government was not inferior to that of Richelieu, and who devoted all his powers in defiance of obloquy and derision, to what he sincerely considered the highest good of his species."

In 1729 while they were at Oxford, John and Charles Wesley, with a few other college friends, among whom was George Whitefield, organized the Methodist movement. They were called "Methodists" in derision, because of their methodical ways. Thus Methodism, which was destined to become the greatest religious factor of the world, was born and cradled in a great university, nurtured by college professors, and in its incipency, composed only of college-bred men. The world needed another reformation. England was on the borders of anarchy. These were the men, and this the church whom God chose for this stupendous work. They waded through seas of persecution, baffled mobs, brooked scorn and ridicule, and had the flood-gates of a nation's wrath opened upon them.

It is only voicing the declarations of history to say that Methodism is the most potential fact in the annals of church history. To prove this statement, compare with two other great movements. The Apostolic church in two centuries gained 2,000,000 converts, and spread over most of the Roman empire, which was 3,000 miles in length and 2,000 miles in breadth. This was marvelous success. The German Reformation under Luther in the 16th century shook the papal throne to its base, extended to nearly all parts of Europe, and bequeathed the legacy of Protestantism to coming ages. But becoming involved with political life, it lost its aggressive power before two centuries had passed, and when Wesley appeared, Europe was plunged into religious formalism.

In 1739 the first Methodist society was organized. What has Methodism done for the world during the one hundred and fifty years which have intervened? It has spread itself over the entire globe—Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, North and South America, and the isles of the sea. The sun never ceases to shine upon its spires. The sound of its church bells mingles the world round. Wesley has more followers than any other man. How many communicants? 6,000,000! How many receiving Methodist training every week in her churches and Sabbath schools? 25,000,000. Adding her 35,000 ministers and 80,000

local preachers, and what a family. Every day many additions are made to this family both on earth and in heaven. Her members outnumber those of the Baptist, Congregational and Pre-bbyterian churches combined. This is the largest denomination in America. Of the churches represented in our own town, in 1880 there were 82,000 members of the United Presbyterian church in the United States, 17,000 members of the Reformed Presbyterian (Covenanters,) and 3,574,000 Methodists. The first British Bible Society was projected by a Methodist. The London Missionary Society was the result of an appeal from one of Wesley's preachers. The first Tract Society was formed by Wesley and Coke. The first Dispensary the world ever had was founded by Wesley. A Methodist lady organized a Sunday school fourteen years before Robert Raikes had one, and Sophia Cooke, another Methodist, suggested the Sunday school idea to Raikes, and assisted him in organizing his first school. The Methodist was the first church to recognize the independency of the United States, and to promise support to Washington's administration. President Lincoln said: "The Methodist church has sent more soldiers to the field, more women to the hospitals, and more prayers to heaven than all others." The one branch of this denomination represented in Cedarville, is building four new churches every day, raises a million and a quarter dollars for missions annually, has the largest publishing house in the world, and preaches free salvation and a universal atonement in nearly every language and dialect of the world. "What hath God wrought?"

G. L. T.

Dried apples, peaches, prunes, grapes and raisins at McCorkell's.

Pie punkin, mince meat at McCorkell's.

Oranges, lemons and cranberries at McCorkell's.

Young Hyson tea 45 cents per pound at McCorkell's.

Jellies and apple butter at McCorkell's.

A number one butter bean at McCorkell's.

Rolled avena, oat meal and rolled oats at McCorkell's.

Syrup, Orleans and Sorghum molasses at McCorkell's.

**Crystal Rice! Crystal Rice!**

The most popular cereal food on the market. For plain cooking and pastry it has no equal. For sale at McCorkell's.

#### LOCALS.

Teeth extracted without pain by application of cocaine at Dr. Homan's office.

Avena, Oatmeal  
Cracked wheat  
Granulated Hominy  
Farino, Parched Farinose at GRAY'S.

New perfumes, very elegant at RIDGWAY'S PHARMACY.

Go to Dean & Barber's, for fresh meats of all kinds.

Irish and sweet potatoes at McCorkell's.

Housekeepers get a good feather duster at C. L. Crain's if you want to keep down the dust.

Syrup and Molasses at GRAY'S.

Buy your Furniture of Barr & Morton and save 10 per cent.

Butter, Jersey, Milk and Oyster Crackers at GRAY'S.

Canned corn, tomatoes, beans and peas at McCorkell's.

Cooked pickled pigs feet at McCorkell's.

Art materials, a complete stock at RIDGWAY'S PHARMACY.

Highest market price paid for wheat at ANDREW & BRO.

Dried Apples, Peaches, Apricots and Prunes at GRAY'S.

Tobacco and Cigars at GRAY'S.

Tid-Bdy whist, a novel game at RIDGWAY'S PHARMACY.

Remember you can save 10 per cent by buying your Furniture this next week of Barr & Morton.

Mackerel, herring and white fish at McCorkell's.

Buy your bed room suits of Barr & Morton.

Buggy Harness and Whips, a complete stock at rock bottom prices at C. L. CHAIN'S.

Fish at GRAY'S.

Wood and Willow ware at GRAY'S.

Some novelties in ladies purses at RIDGWAY'S PHARMACY.

Parties going West will do well by seeing C. L. Crain for Trunks, Valises and Shawl Straps.

Buckwheat flour and pure maple molasses at GRAY'S.

Sorghum, Syrup and New Orleans Molasses at GRAY'S.

Take your butter and eggs to Deau & Barber and get the highest cash price.

**For Cash and For Cash Only.**

We will give 10 per cent discount on all Furniture bought from the 21st to the 28th, of this month.

BARR & MORTON.

Anyone having an account with the undersigned will please call and settle before April 1st. We are buying our spring millinery and need the money. We also invite you to call and see our remnants of ribbon which we are closing out to make room for spring stock.

BARBER & McMILLAN.

Flaked Pineapple, at GRAY'S.

Cash paid for furs at S. L. WALKER'S.

Next week is bargain week at BARR & MORTON'S.

Choice white clover honey at GRAY'S.

See our new papatie at 25 cents. RIDGWAY.

Honey at GRAY'S.

Gloves, good stock, low prices. ANDREW & BRO.

Custard pie pumpkin, mince meat pie, at GRAY'S.

Glover and Timothy Seed at ANDREW & BRO.

Irish and Jersey Sweets Potatoes, at GRAY'S.

Pure old Dutch Java Coffee at ANDREW & BRO.

Corn, Tomatoes, Beans, &c., at GRAY'S.

Sweet, spiced and sour pickles at GRAY'S.

Old Kentucky fine cut tobacco 40 cents per pound, at ANDREW BROS.

Cheese, Crackers and Ginger snaps at GRAY'S.

Hard and Soft refined Sugars at GRAY'S.

Sugar, Sea, Coffee, &c., at GRAY'S.

Fur and Plush Robes and Horse Blankets at reduced prices to close out stock at C. L. CHAIN'S.

Buy your fresh and salt meats at the old reliable meat store of C. W. Crouse.

Rolled Avena and Wheat, Oatmeal and Cracked Wheat, Farino and Parched Farinose, Pearl Barley, Granulated Hominy at GRAY'S.

#### For Sale.

Tile factory in good running order also house and lot, house of six good rooms, cellar and eastern, spring and spring house, stable, buggy shed, corn crib, etc., also four acres of good ground suitable for pasture, gardening or small fruit. Will sell very cheap. For further particulars inquire of B. W. Northrup, Cedarville, O.



## The Cedarville Herald.

W. H. BLAIR, Publisher.

CEDARVILLE, OHIO.

### AN AWFUL HONEYMOON.

Bride Imprisoned in an Elevator and Groom Struggling With the Green-eyed Monster.

A bridal couple, well-known young people of this city, returned a day or two ago from their honeymoon trip to San Francisco, where their new-found happiness was nearly wrecked. The day after their arrival they started out together, the bride wishing to do some shopping. They were not too happy, for an old lover of the girl had, by mere coincidence, gone up on the same train, and, by another coincidence, had stopped at the same hotel. The bride, perhaps feeling a little sorry for him, had foolishly exerted herself to be pleasant, and the result was that the husband, who is naturally very jealous, allowed unworthy suspicions to enter his mind.

As they walked along Market street the ex-rival passed them, and the husband was irritated by the gracious salutation his wife gave. However, he endeavored to cheer up, and when they reached a large dry-goods store, where his wife of two days intended to purchase some stuff to adorn herself with, he pulled out his pocketbook and handed it to her, and told her to go ahead and purchase whatever she wished.

"I'll finish my cigar and come right in and see what you buy," he added, and she flushed with pleasure at his goodness, gave his hand a squeeze as she took the purse, and walked into the store.

He smoked for a short time, and then sought his wife in the store. She was not to be found. He started to go up to the upper floor on the elevator, but was met by a boy stationed there, who explained that something had just broken about the machinery, and the car was stuck fast up against the roof, so he walked up stairs and hunted thoroughly but fruitlessly. As he came down he thought he saw his former rival ahead of him, but the crowd was so great he could not be sure. It made him feel uneasy, and he began inquiring of the clerks. At last he found one who remembered seeing a lady of good looks to a lady who answered his wife's description, and she had ordered them delivered at the hotel she was staying at, so there was no mistake about her identity. The clerk knew nothing else about her.

Another search of the establishment resulted in nothing. Perhaps she had missed him in the crowd and gone back to the hotel. He jumped into a cab and drove there post haste, to find that she had not returned. By this time he began to get wild with worry and suspicion. The presence of that hated ex-lover at the store, his wife's sudden disappearance, all suggested horrible ideas to him. Two hours had passed and no trace of her. He hurried to the police headquarters and told his story. A big detective, to whom he talked, smiled pityingly at him and at once accepted the elopement theory. Officers were sent out to find the detestable wretch suspected of having wrecked the budding happiness of two souls.

The husband wandered frantically about the streets until he found that, unwittingly, he had walked back to his hotel. He was weary, and mechanically took the elevator up to his room. He opened the door, and there on the sofa lay his wife, who, as he entered, exclaimed: "Oh, my dear, I've been shut up in an elevator for hours in that horrible store. Something broke and the car went to the roof and bumped so hard I fell down, and oh! it was dreadful. I fainted at first, and it was a long time before any one knew I was in it. Then I came to, and had to sit there hour after hour while the men were working. Oh, I'm so glad to get back to my lovely!" and two round arms were around his neck in a minute and a kissing match was in progress, when it was interrupted by a bell boy, who ushered in a big policeman, accompanied by the hated ex-rival.

This detestable man was smiling in a most exasperating manner.

"This officer wants to arrest me," he said to the husband, "for eloping with your wife." There was no necessity to finish the sentence. The husband swore a little to himself, gave the officer a \$10 gold piece, and made a mumbling apology to the young man, who was the only one of the trio who seemed to enjoy the situation.—Los Angeles Herald.

### Bank of England Relics.

The Bank of England is the custodian of a large number of boxes deposited by customers for safety during the past two hundred years, and in not a few instances forgotten. Many of these consignments are not only of rare intrinsic and historical value, but of great romantic interest. For instance, some years ago the servants of the bank discovered in its vaults a chest, which on being moved literally fell to pieces. On examining the contents, a quantity of massive plate of the period of Charles II. was discovered, along with a bundle of love letters indited during the period of the Restoration. The directors of the bank caused search to be made in their books, the representative of the original depositor of the box was discovered, and the plate and love letters handed over.—Chambers' Journal.

—When the somersault thrower dies there is no other all-turn-ative for him.—Texas Sittings.

## THE BATTLE FIELD.

### CLOSED UP THE COURT.

An Incident of the Civil War Overlooked by History.

General Schuyler Hamilton, the veteran of three wars, is one of the most picturesque figures in the military history of the United States. His record as a soldier was such as to call for the special commendation of President Lincoln when he resigned his command in 1863 on account of ill-health and disability. "Incurred," to use Secretary Stanton's words, "in the service of his country, wherein he was highly distinguished for ability and good conduct."

Although during his long military career General Hamilton had his lungs pierced with a lance and his skull fractured by a blow, yet he finds himself now at nearly seventy years of age in the possession of all his mental and physical faculties. His bearing is as soldierly and his eye as clear as when he led his command to battle. The General often recalls incidents in his military service.

Perhaps the most remarkable event in his military career occurred in Washington in 1861, when the Supreme Court of the United States was temporarily closed. This story, the General believes, has never before appeared in print. He recalled it the other day while in conversation with some friends, and subsequently related it substantially as follows:

"It was in the early days of the civil war in 1861, when a writ of habeas corpus was issued by Justice Wayne, of the United States Supreme Court, in the matter of a private in Colonel Willis Gorman's regiment of Minnesota volunteers. The point involved in the case was practically the right of the President to call out the volunteer militia to aid in the suppression of the rebellion. The writ was finally served upon General Winfield Scott, and the importance attaching to the subject may be imagined from the fact that a Cabinet meeting was called to consider the matter. The Attorney General was appointed General Scott's legal adviser.

"I was absent at the moment, giving liberty to a collateral descendant of Washington without parole. When I returned General Scott asked: 'Colonel, is your horse saddled?' My reply was: 'My horse is always saddled; only drop the bit in his mouth.'

"He then told me about the writ, which was deemed defective. He thought the Sergeant knew the servant of the writ and we started out with orders from General Scott: 'Get the papers; use violence if necessary.' Secretary Stanton added: 'We do not care for the man; we want the papers.'

"We started on the search at once, but the Sergeant could not recognize the man. He pointed out half a dozen in the block in front of Willard's Hotel. We ran our horses to the Capitol, where I saw Mr. Carroll, clerk of the Supreme Court, and advised him of the dilemma. He gave orders that no papers should go on file unless indorsed by him. I then invited him to be temporarily ill, provided a coach, a luncheon, and a guard of cavalry, with orders to shoot any one who attempted to approach the carriage.

"We meandered through the Rock Creek region until sundown. Upon returning to General Scott's headquarters I found him in his chair and not in a very amiable mood. He began to scold. I smiled and asked him to hear me. He said: 'Young man, I have sent you on very many important missions, to-day perhaps on the most important of them all, and here you are phillandering away the whole day without any report.'

"I then simply told him that I had taken the clerk of the Supreme Court off in the Rock Creek country, guarded by a cavalry escort, to prevent the filing of the return to the writ of habeas corpus which he deemed erroneous or defective. 'Capital! Capital!' he cried. 'Sent up the Supreme Court of the United States for the first time since its inauguration by law, without violation of law or order. Take this return to President Lincoln and tell him what you have done and what I have said.'

"I did so. The President approved the return, and added, jocosely: 'I should not have thought of that way of shutting up the Supreme Court of the United States by carrying away the Clerk; take this to Mr. Seward.' I took the letter to Secretary of State Seward. Archbishop Hughes was with him. They conned it over. Mr. Seward then wrote a note to Justice Wayne. I was requested to bear it to him and to bring back an answer, which I did.

"The decision was made by Justice Wayne in chambers. It was to the effect as I afterwards learned from Mr. Seward, that the President had the right, under the Constitution, had the right to select preferable volunteers from the militia.

"I took this to Secretary Seward, and, by his request to President Lincoln, General Scott and Secretary Stanton. I afterwards saw the papers locked in the safe of the Department of State, and took a tete-a-tete dinner with Secretary Seward that evening."

Search for the paper was recently made among the archives of the State Department, but it could not be found. What became of it nobody seems to know.—N. Y. World.

There are no less than 10,000 Union veterans residing in Colorado and Wyoming. Of these only about 3,000 are members of the Grand Army of the Republic.

## A SUNDAY IN THE ARMY.

Two Pictures Illustrative of the Varying Fortunes of War.

While to a certain extent the soldiers of the war of the rebellion had experienced in common, the survivors find upon comparing notes more than a quarter of a century after the war closed that their lines frequently diverged in a far greater degree than they at that time even dreamed of. Hence the recollections of years ago, of the camp-fire, the march and bivouac, which have been securely hidden away in memory's cloisters, are of profound interest to both soldier and civilian.

In March 1865, while the writer had command of a fort on Grant's line of defenses at City Point, he was awakened one day, at all events, to a vivid realization of the horrors and vicissitudes of war.

One Sunday morning the boys had formed alignment in their respective company streets for the usual nine o'clock inspection. The weather was delightful. The sun shone brightly, and the temperature was that of a morning in May. Every boy in blue seemed to possess an intimation respecting an early closing of the dreadful four-years' war, and every heart beat high with the anticipations born of a return to the homes and friends in the North. How quickly the transformation came can scarcely yet be realized by the actors in one of the closing scenes of the great war drama.

Scarcely had the inspection begun, however, ere a mounted orderly dashed up to the head of each company street, handed dispatches to each company commander and was off again like a shot. Then came the ominous order: "Unslung knapsacks, and run for the fort!" There was apparently no time to be lost; knapsacks were unslung and tossed into the tents of the owners and a grand scurrying for the various forts along the line ensued.

By this time the artillery duel, which had been of a desultory character all the morning, had developed into what seemed a continuous roar, and thoughts of "the loved ones at home" had been changed in a moment, as it were, into those of apprehension for personal safety. Within a half-hour subsequently a body of soldiers was descried approaching from City Point. Nearer they came until the fez, scarlet trousers and white leggings of the Zouave uniform bespoke the One Hundred and Fourteenth Pennsylvania. On they came, with band playing lively airs and their colors waving in the sunshine and light morning breeze, as if they were on parade rather than on their way, as subsequent events demonstrated, into the jaws of death in front of the formidable Confederate defenses of Petersburg.

To the strains of an inspiring music as was ever heard in Virginia, the brave Pennsylvanians passed through the gateway of our line, near Fort McKoon, moved over the plain toward Petersburg in columns of fours, and within an hour were lost to sight because of a small piece of intervening woodland.

This was one picture, and a bright one it must be conceded of army life. But the other! Alas! There was another, and one which causes an involuntary shudder even to this day.

On the following Tuesday, far away off toward Mead Station, the writer heard a locomotive whistle, indicating the approach of a train on Grant's army railroad. At the place where the railroad cut through our line there was quite an embankment, and to this place I hurried. As the train came nearer and nearer I observed it was made up of platform or flat-cars, and when it passed my point of observation I saw that car after car was covered with straw, and on that straw was all that was left of the 114th Pennsylvania, a very large percentage of the poor fellows with fatal wounds.

What a change was this in forty-eight hours! And as I closed my eyes upon the dreadful scene I saw again the waving colors, heard once more the soul-stirring music, and saw Pennsylvania's gallant sons on their march to death. But the names of those who thus sacrificed themselves upon their country's altar are printed in letters of living light on one of the most historic pages of which the world has knowledge.—National Tribune.

### RANDOM NOTES.

The G. A. R. intends to have a week set apart at the World's Fair at Chicago to be known as Grand Army week. It is proposed to have a grand reunion, to include the armies of the Cumberland, the Tennessee, the James, the Potomac, and all the other departments, with a grand parade, to eclipse anything since the grand review at the close of the war.

The movement to secure a monument to Philadelphia valor as exhibited during the late war by the Philadelphia Monument Association, promises to be a greater success than was at first expected. When completed the monument will be the finest erected to the memory of Union sailors and soldiers in the United States. Philadelphia sent more citizen soldiers to defend the Union than did any other city.

At the battle of Bull Run, Governor Alger met a breathless soldier fleeing with the rest of the army toward Washington. The soldier had a wound on his face. "That's a bad wound, my man," said the Governor as the soldier halted; "where did you get it?" "Got it at the Bull Run fight yesterday," "But how could you get hit in the face at Bull Run?" "Well, sir," said the man, half-apologetically, "I got careless, and looked back!"

## IN WOMAN'S BEHALF.

### THE WOMAN PHYSICIAN.

Why Her Presence So Positively Necessary in the Care of Women Suffering From Diseases, Either Physical, Mental or Moral.

Dr. Susan Dimock was but twenty-eight years old when her body, rescued from the wreck of the Schiller, was borne to its last resting place by eight of the physicians of Boston, who had known her and been in practice with her for three years before her death. Among them was Dr. Henry I. Bowditch, who, speaking from an experience of more than forty years' professional life, said of her, "I found her one of the most accomplished physicians I have met." Dr. Samuel Cabot, for years one of the leading surgeons of Boston, was also one of the pall-bearers. "In her short life," he said afterward, "she acquired, in the face of many obstacles, an amount of medical knowledge and of surgical skill such as but few possess. Her skill and self-command in operating no one can appreciate who has not witnessed it. Her brief and highly honorable career points surely to the high position she would have attained had her life been spared."

In lecturing to her students she said, "If I were obliged, in my practice, to do without sympathy or medicine, I should say do without medicine," and to a class in the training-school for nurses, "I wish you, of all my instructions, especially to remember this: when you go to nurse a patient, imagine that it is your own sister before you in that bed, and treat her in every respect as you would wish your own sister to be treated."

It was her inherent womanliness which constituted Dr. Dimock the ideal woman physician, and it is upon the womanliness of educated women that is based the strongest argument in favor of placing under their care women who are suffering from disease, physical or mental, and women who have lost their womanliness.

To the strong, to the well, to the good, to the happy, sympathy is not an essential—they can live without it; but to the weak, the suffering, the crushed, and the wicked, sympathy is the first necessity; they must have it or they can not be lifted and cured.

Now the sympathy which one woman can give to another is impossible that a man should give to a woman. Even the superficial sympathy with physical suffering which arises from like experience is rendered impossible by their different organizations; a man does not know what a woman is feeling, because he never has felt and never can feel the same. This, where women are simply ill, is sufficient to make the attendance of a woman physician of value; but to women who are suffering from disease, mental or moral, women who are torn from their natural relations and places in life and shut away in the insane asylum, prisons, or reformatories, for their own cure and the safety of others, the ministrations of educated, high-minded, womanly women are almost a necessity.

To have men as physicians in a prison for women, or in an insane asylum in charge of women, is simply to throw away the strongest influence for good which can possibly be available for the reformation and cure of either prisoners or patients.

To an insane patient, peace and quiet of mind, a sense of safety and repose, are essential, and to many such rest and freedom from anxiety are not possible if under the charge of a man. There is a sensitive shrinking and dread of men, often amounting to positive fear, in nervous women which may become so intensified in insane patients as to make it impossible for a man to approach them without injury to them. Apart from such extreme cases, however, the daily and hourly oversight of a woman physician is of a far more searching and intimate character than that of a man can possibly be, and it is said that the unhappy patients should lose the comfort and advantage which the care of educated women would afford them. A woman can know a woman as a man can not.

But to the vicious woman or girl the blessing of the presence of a woman physician seems to be almost greater than to any other. To such a one, accustomed to regard men and women from a point of view incomprehensible to other women, the entrance into her life of an absolutely pure-minded woman, who is also strong, intelligent and kind is a revelation. She stands self-condemned in her presence, her life for the first time presents itself to her as revolting; for the first time she sees herself as she is, defiled, degraded and cast out; and when such a woman stoops to perform for her the most revolting offices, shows that she loves her, that she is full of tender pity for her, the elevating influence is wonderful. To a depraved woman no man dares to show tenderness or pity; he must feel and show to her only the moral repulsion which her degradation arouses in him. Should he long to help her, to lift and succor her, he is powerless, and he can not show her even the common pity of one human being for another who is suffering; she will not understand it, and she will pervert it in her mind, and it can do her no good, but only harm. The contact of pure men with such women can only be hardening and injurious to both, but the pure woman may give free vent to all the overpowering pity of her heart, and it serves only to soften and chasten the heart of the miserable outcast.

To one more class of the unfortunate

the woman physician may come as a savior. The young girl, beginning life, wayward, ignorant, unbalanced, needing help and guidance, will often conceive for a high-minded, steady-minded woman such devotion as will serve to keep her from wrong through life; and where is such a girl, beating her angry heart out against the walls of a reformatory, so likely to find her ideal as in the calm and noble woman who comes as physician and friend to cure and help her? Here, again, no man can take such a place, no man can stand in such a relation to the girl. It must be a woman who saves her, or she is lost. It is to be remembered that it is their very degradation which renders it necessary that vicious women should have the protection of good women. They can not be left to the care of brutal men, to be at once tempters and victims; they can not be left to the care of men of better feelings, forcing these to repress all that is best in them; they must be placed in the hands of women to whom impurity is horrible and revolting; of women who will protect them from themselves, and lead them with strong and gentle guidance out from darkness into light.—Josephine Lowell, in Century.

### Women as Inventors.

American women figure conspicuously in the list of modern inventors, and the patents taken out by them are continually increasing in number and importance. Among the more novel and surprising of the inventions is a barrel-hooping machine, which yields a general revenue of \$20,000 a year to the clever Philadelphia woman who designed and patented the model. The Eureka street-sweeper is the invention of a woman, and a horseshoe machine, which turns out 1,200 finished horseshoes in an hour, is the product of another woman's skill in mechanics. English women stand next in the list of women inventors, but their inspirations seem to partake of a more feminine nature, such as an improved feeding bottle for babies, a new furniture polish, or kitchen utensil of improved style.

### Home Economies.

There is nothing which goes so far toward placing young people beyond the reach of poverty as economy in the management of their domestic affairs. It matters not whether a man furnish little or much for his family, if there is a continual leakage in the kitchen or in the parlor. It is the husband's duty to bring into the house, and it is the duty of the wife to see that nothing goes wrongfully out of it—not the least article, however unimportant in itself, for it establishes a precedent—nor under any pretense, for it opens the door for ruin to stalk in, and he seldom leaves an opportunity unimproved. The husband's interest should be the wife's care, and her greatest ambition should carry her no farther than his welfare and happiness, together with that of her children. N. Y. Ledger.

### NOTES OF INTEREST.

MISS ANNIE R. OSGOOD, of Augusta, Me., has been appointed registrar of deeds, to succeed her dead father, whose assistant she was for a number of years.

A NEW industry for females has lately come into public notice. They go from house to house among the wealthy classes, supplied with spirits of ammonia, and other detergents, and solicit employment to remove stains from costly garments.

THE Progressive Woman's Club is the name to be given a new organization soon to be started in London. There is to be but a small entrance fee, women of every class will be admitted and discussions will be entered into on all progressive movements.

An interesting foreign appointment is that of Miss Xavier, formerly instructor of Spanish in Wellesley College, to the secretaryship of the French and Spanish consulate. Miss Xavier is mistress of the French, Spanish, Italian, German and English languages, and is the first of her sex to receive an official position of this sort.

An education union for working girls has recently been organized at Vienna. Literature, physiology, French, vocal music and other branches are taught, and one evening of each week is devoted to social pleasures. The new movement is attracting considerable attention, and there are already three hundred members.

LONDON has many apartment houses built for women alone. They consist of two rooms for \$2.50 or a suite of rooms for \$30, with intermediate prices, according to accommodations. Each woman has her latch key and there are no rules. Such a mode of living has never been successfully planned in this country, although the want has long been felt.

THE Waco, Texas, School Board is composed of progressive men. They believe in women as educators. This is clearly evinced by the fact that they elected Mrs. W. D. House as city superintendent of their public schools. Thereupon some of the gentlemen professors resigned. It is said, however, in the honor of Mrs. House, that she fills the position in a highly satisfactory manner, and reflects credit upon the action of the Board whose judgment placed her in this official position. All who have taught under her regime regard her as an efficient superintendent, kind and helpful to the teachers, and whom she is greatly beloved.—Women's Chronicle.

### HOUSEHOLD.

—To Truss Willows, very clean, twice a week, rest the breast, secure through the throat. Eggs in a Pin wall for dropped eggs, pour over them cream and serve. It is said to this name, and the name is certain to be correct. —Barns of Toasting. has recovered suffering, such things, little of the reliable. Remedy ordinary slice of lemon to strips half an inch wide, the oven to get the brown. Serve with tomato soup.—Ladies' Home Journal. —Orange Pudding, six oranges, place in a dish; make and pop, half of one quart of milk, two tablespoons of who yells of four eggs, as whites and one-half, spread over the top, high serve cold.—Christ. —If nuts are eaten they will rarely (even) On the contrary, figure wholesome article, a ripe and can be fresh by nuts are best left in a nut as almonds, should be by putting them in a hot oven for a short time. Work. —Spanish Buns, sugar, one-half cup of the cupful sour milk, melted butter, one (save the whites) 200 one teaspoon soda, the cups of flour, one is the same of clove, a brown sugar for a until quite white, a but —Pot. oyster pie, a with rich puff paste, a fill oyster season, a and plenty of but, a boiled eggs. Cove. ling of cracker crumens the liquor from the, whi with puff paste, sear, a and pricking with a minutes in a hot oven. —A nice way to their to soak over night is fan boil in the morning in the white bag kept for the place in a pot, and meat cabbage, be nothing with three hours, and the both butter and salt in thus they resemble, in taste and appears the same. —Gold tinsel received, assistance to those, the on their own fingerless sh of bonbonniere well friends. It is bright that used in ornament flower tubes cover plush, etc. The INT themum petal such for they save all the Osgood on each petal separat Impermeable for den Impermeable glue for in water until it so before it has lost for fe After this dissolve, a slow fire until it among assistance of a jelly, with used for joining mitering In addition to strete move has the advantage of water.—Christie's Wom

Comfortable in a Lo There is nothing in Lo ives than the grad extra pers that nowad be a every lady's wardrobe used for these gar. wools, in a variety foreign like colorings, aer, for clinging fronts of the Mesley ing in material or the Fre These gowns may be style, with square, I, trially draped fringes, after the Grecian have an they must always, fortable and not nion f There is one featur orga which is something ology they are made in branc their freedom from each ment. Their gracres. all Japanese or Eng cot their drapery and are alr ner in which they extraneous orname any a alone of \$2.50 or more, trmer modat the Renaissance. —key a

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# THE HERALD

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1891

W. H. BLAIR, Editor and Prop'r

PRICE \$1.25 PER ANNUM.

That 16 year-old boy who has been made professor of botany in Harvard is probably the flower of his father's family.

A man out West proposes to annihilate cyclones with dynamite. But the medicine seems to be about as fatal as the disease.

By what right do the dairymen of Northeastern Ohio call themselves "milk producers"? Isn't the poor cow entitled to any credit.

The Toledo Blade says: "Personal journalism has lost its grip in Columbus." It ought to lose its grip through-out the entire world.

The nation has 3,000,000 bacilli in its vitals. The other name for them is mortgagages. Would that somebody could degout a lymph to destroy them.

The Youngstown Telegram says that "Youngstown is right in the swim." But nowhere near so much as some of the towns along the Ohio river have been.

It is hard to find a man without some strong point or redeeming trait. Even Senator Wolcott, of Colorado, is credited with being an "excellent billiard and poker player."

Gen. Sherman was probably sensible in leaving no will. A law journal of Boston has counted 4,000 contested will cases in this country the past year in which 2,400 wills were broken.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown." Queen Lilioukalani of the Sandwich Islands has had her life threatened. Probably by some ardent advocate of orthographical reform.

Bewhiskered Puffer announces that during June he will make a tour of the New England States. He had better keep shy of Connecticut. An enraged populace there recently despoiled a postmaster of his flowing beard for no other reason than they were tired of seeing it.

No wonder the Portuguese King has suppressed the Republican newspapers. One of them conveyed to him, editorially and incidentally, the following choice information: "King, we are going to smash your sceptre. The point of our sword is over your heart, but ere we drive it in, listen!"

A bill has been introduced in the Oregon Legislature which seeks to prohibit the use of profane language. If passed, it will doubtless be a dead-letter law, as is the law in Ohio against profanity. Swearing and drunkenness are the favorite vices of the Anglo-Saxon, and they can only be checked—much less eradicated—by a long process of education.

Emperor William is trying to smooth matters over with France. He recently told a French general that the French army is the best in the world. But the remark had an ulterior meaning; for, as the German army overwhelmingly defeated the French army not long since, William indirectly said that his own army is better than the best.

A bill has been introduced in the Pennsylvania Legislature providing for physical culture in the public schools. Late years there is a tendency to take a broader view of education. The culture of the intellect is no longer considered the one important thing. Schools are beginning to see that it is their business to turn out excellent men rather than excellent minds.

Dave Harris of Galveston, Tex., has committed suicide. It was the fifteenth time he had made up his mind to kill himself. He was natural mathematician, and could solve any problem, however difficult. Perhaps he killed himself for no other purpose than to solve the problem of the future.

A bill has been introduced into the New Jersey Legislature which should become a law in every State in the Union. It direct that all public school teachers shall devote the Friday preceding the holidays of Washington's Birthday, Fourth of July and Thanksgiving to patriotic exercise. The bill would still be a better one if patriotism was given as important a place in the common school as reading and arithmetic, and a certain portion of everyday devoted to its inculcation.

The Fremont Daily News says: "There is one thing which the average undergraduate in college and the high school boy ought to have impressed upon their budding intellectuality—that the world has a population of 1,450,000,000, and that the aforesaid young men represent only one each of that vast aggregation of people." This is a truth which everybody, undergraduate or not, has to learn, if at all impressionable. Some however, are not so precocious as others in absorbing it.

Ingersoll says "Truth is the weakest thing in the world." William Gullen Bryant was not given to inconsiderate statements, and he positively stated that not only would truth rise again if "crushed to the earth," but that the "eternal years are hers." If this be so—and Bryant's word is good—truth is the strongest thing in the world. Men are so prone to get their information about the world out of their own experience that one's suspicions are aroused by a proposition like that made by Ingersoll.

Winodaghsis is the name of an association of women. This strange and uncouth word is derived from the first syllable of each of the four words—wife, mother, daughter, sister. It is somewhat of an innovation in etymology and can hardly meet with the unqualified approbation of the conservative philologist, but it answers. The word "news" is said to have been derived by a similar process, by taking the first letter of north, east, west and south and joining them together, but the rumor is not authenticated.

## WON BY AMERICANS.

The Leading Prizes Come to the United States.

In The Queen's last word contest, Dr. Edmund T. Stevens, of Buffalo, N. Y., won the first prize of a free trip to Europe and \$200 in cash, and Annie E. Turner, of Deposit, N. Y., secured the special prize of a handsome Shetland pony.

The publishers of this well-known Magazine have decided to offer one more competition, and to the persons sending them the largest lists of English words (of not less than four letters) constructed from letters contained in the three words, "Dominion of Canada" they offer many useful prizes, including \$750 in cash, Shetland ponies, China Dinner Sets, Gold Watches, French Music Boxes, Portiere Curtains, Silk Dresses, Mantle Clocks, etc., all to be awarded strictly in order of merit. An elegant Silver Tea Service (valued \$30) will be given each day to the persons from whom the largest list is received that day from the State in which they reside. The object of this Special Daily Prize for each State is to increase the interest in The Queen's competition in every locality in the United States. Those desiring to contest for one of these valuable prizes may start on their list at once, but send six U. S. 2c. stamps and receive last number of The Queen with full particulars before forwarding your list. Address The Canadian Queen, Toronto, Canada.

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SUCCESSOR TO DUNLAP & CO.

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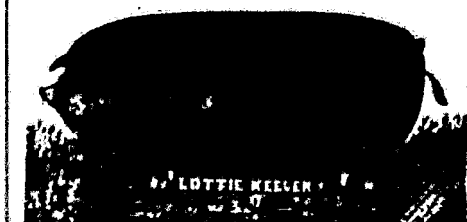
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Largest Assortment ever Received.

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XENIA, OHIO.

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# THE DUN,

AN INDEPENDENT

SATURDAY,

W. H. BLAIR

PRICE \$1

## CHURCH

Covenant pastor, 11:30 a. m. Sabbath school at 10:00 a. m. M. E. Church pastor, preaching school at 9:30 a. m. Young People's prayer meeting 7:30

U. P. Church pastor, service at 11:30 a. m. M. E. Church pastor, service at 7:30 p. m. Baptist Church pastor, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Tuesday night

## DANCE ETC.

A Ball With

The Singular of People's taste

A ball with events in this diaphanous

Everything in floral decorations, the all and grounds

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SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1891

W. H. BLAIR, Editor and Prop'r

PRICE \$1.25 PER ANNUM.

## CHURCH DIRECTORY.

**Covenant Church.**—Rev. T. C. Sprout, pastor. Regular services at 11:00 a. m.; Sabbath school at 10:00 a. m.; H. P. Church, pastor. Services at 11:00 a. m.; Sabbath school at 10:00 a. m.

**M. B. Church.**—Rev. G. L. Tuffa, pastor. Preaching at 10:45 a. m.; Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.; class, 3:00 p. m.; Young People's meeting at 7:00 p. m.; prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

**U. P. Church.**—Rev. J. C. Warnock, pastor. Services at 11:00 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sabbath school at 10:00 a. m.

**A. M. E. Church.**—Rev. J. D. Jackson, pastor. Services at 11:00 a. m. and 7:00 p. m.; Sabbath school at 10:00 a. m.; class, 7:00 p. m. each Friday.

**Baptist Church.**—Rev. D. M. Turner, pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:00 p. m.; Sabbath school at 2:00 o'clock p. m.; Prayer meeting Wednesday night.

## DANCING MUTES.

A Ball Without Prompter or Orchestra.

The Singular Sight Presented by a Throng of People Tripping the Light Fantastic Without the Aid of Music.

A ball without music was one of the events in this city recently, says the Indianapolis Journal. It occurred at the Institute for the Deaf and Dumb. Everything had been attended to—the floral decorations, the dainty refreshments, the illumination of the buildings and grounds, and the waxing of the dance hall. The guests were attired in full evening dress, and early in the evening many entered to the ball room proper, where already several couples were whirling around in the waltz. And yet the uninvited, stand'ng just outside the door, would hardly have been cognizant of what was going on, for there were no strains of measured music, no prompting from the "caller," no sounds except the occasional shuffle on the smooth floor as the dancers glided by. On first thought it might seem as if it were a dance through a telescope, as to get up a dance for a band of deaf mutes. But while the former is impossible, the latter is not.

Probably some of the most graceful dancers of which Indianapolis has heard are totally devoid of the sense of hearing. At the institution mentioned dances are not infrequently given, and a glimpse at the dancers as they whirl around the floor is sufficient to convince one that music is not absolutely necessary for the pleasures of the ballroom. "And how do these people learn the steps?" asked a reporter of one of the teachers at the institution.

"Ask them," was the reply.

"And ask them how they learn?" By means of an interpreter several personal experiences were related. "I first learned to dance," said one, "when I was twelve years of age, after I had been a mute for three years. My two sisters could both hear, and learned to dance early. Although my parents were opposed to public balls, they encouraged parlor dancing, and many times have I sat and watched my sisters glide over the floors at home. They danced then to piano music, all of which I could not hear, but I could grow monotonous. I asked myself why I, too, should not dance, and I could see no reason for answering the question in the negative. Finally I spoke of my desire to my sisters, and they took it up at once. It was a novelty to them, and a puzzling one, but they worked and worked, and finally came out victorious."

"But how did you catch the steps without the assistance of music?" the reporter asked, again calling upon his interpreter for aid.

"Oh, easily enough," came the reply. "I used my eyes instead of my ears. I saw that there was a certain regular movement in the waltz step that was similar to the beats in a measure of music, for when I was nine years old, before I lost my hearing, I was quite a musician for my age. My sisters showed me the step by beating time with a stick and waiting at the same time. I tried a long time before I could get over the floor with any degree of satisfaction, but finally I succeeded. It came to me in an instant, just as one learns the swimming stroke, but it came to stay. I don't know how to forget it. And do I miss the music? Not a bit. In fact I think if I could hear to-day I should prefer to waltz without music. There is a strange fascination in keeping time with one's feet by thought alone."

A young lady who next questioned, and her face grew even more perplexed when she heard a deaf-mute had learned to dance at the age of sixteen. "My first ball," she said, "was given to me by the aid of two sisters. My only music was a piano and a very small orchestra."

my own desire, insisted that I should learn. Turning two chairs back to back, I would rest a hand on each and throw all of my weight on my arms. In that way I got that little hop that is the secret of the waltz step, but which is hard to describe. I learned readily, and was soon able to go on the floor with gentlemen."

"And do you enjoy dancing now?" the reporter asked.

"Do I enjoy it now? Well, I should say I do. I have more fun out of dancing now than I ever did. There's nothing nicer, to my notion, than a quadrille or a waltz. It lightens the pathway of my life and makes me happy."

**Canals as Fish Traps.**

A petition is being circulated and largely signed by the people in this part of the valley, says the La Jara (Col.) Echo, and will be presented to the Eighth General Assembly praying for the enactment of a law to provide for the screening of the headgates of the irrigating canals for the protection of fish. The destruction of fish through this source is deplorable. Recently as the water was being turned on in the Del Norte irrigating canal a sealing party succeeded in catching two hundred pounds of trout, and only half a mile was gone over. As the canal is forty miles long it is estimated that it contained sixteen thousand pounds. And this is one of many canals in the valley, but the Del Norte ditch is thought to be the most destructive.

**A Spoon Luncheon.**

A spoon luncheon was the very novel entertainment given by a recent bride to the bridesmaids and ushers who were to attend the wedding, says Demorest's Magazine. The table cloth was white, linen with delicate drawn work, over pale blue satin, the china white and gold, crossed spoons made of forget-me-nots were in front of each plate, and the central decoration was a mound of white and pink rosebuds, supported by china cups, each holding a large spoon made of forget-me-nots. The spoons were, for each lady, a silver spoon with the combined monograms of the bride and groom, and the date; and for the gentlemen, scar-pins shaped like tiny spoons, with a turquoise in the bowl of each.

**A LIVELY CONGO TOWN.**

An African Burg That Is Sustaining Quite A Boom.

About the liveliest place in equatorial Africa just now is Matadi, the starting point on the lower Congo of the Congo railroad. A thousand men are working in Matadi and along the river within a few miles of that place. Missionaries write that it would surprise any one to see the number of good houses that are going up at Matadi, substantially built of stone, brick, iron and wood. The advent of the railroad laborers has made things exceedingly brisk for the few missionaries of Bishop Taylor's station in that neighborhood. These missionaries, it is well known, depend mostly upon their own exertions for support. They find that they have now a ready market for every thing that they can produce in their gardens. Mr. Teter writes to the African News that he has as good a market for his produce at Matadi as he would have in New York or London. The Congo State has given Mr. Teter a site upon which to build a church at Matadi and also a supply of lumber and other building material for the edifice. Some of the native laborers on the railroad are contributing money to support this church, which, it is expected, will be entirely self-supporting from the first. One native subscribed twenty dollars and others nearly equal amounts toward the building of an iron church which, as soon as possible, will take the place of the temporary structure. These natives were probably brought from mission stations farther north on the west coast, and they wish to have the same religious privileges as the Congo they have been accustomed to at home.

**The Society Not Machine.**

At an elegant private gathering given in a town near Boston the other night, says the Boston Traveller, the men went up to a slot machine, put in a nickel, supplied by the hostess, and received forthwith a dainty roll of chocolate with the name of his partner on the wrapper. Now that slot machines have made their debut into society we may expect to be introduced in one way or another to the various eccentric members of the family.

**A Pet Goose's Larceny.**

A family in Dover, N. J., who had long been missing valuables was amazed a day or two ago to find them in the secret nest of a pet goose. Among the articles which the bird had appropriated were two gold thumb-rings, a tortoise-shell comb, scarf-pins, spoons of silver silk, silver lace and a Waterbury watch. The goose had a trick of knocking at the door in quest of edibles dainties, and on being admitted and patted would seek a sunny corner of the room and doze. When left alone it began its pilfering operations. It was hiding the stolen time-piece with its other treasures when discovered.

**An Interesting Time-Piece.**

A new French clock contains a novel application of the magnet. The clock is shaped like a tambourine, with a circle of flowers painted on its face. Around the circle two bees crawl, the larger one regulating twelve hours to complete its circuit, while the smaller one makes it every hour. Different flowers represent the hours, and the bees, which are of iron, are moved by two magnets behind the face of the tambourine.

## The Pulpit and the Stage.

Rev. F. M. Shroff, Pastor United Brethren Church, Blue Mound, Kan., says: "I feel it my duty to tell what wonders Dr. King's New Discovery has done for me. My lungs were badly diseased, and my parishioners thought that I could live only a few weeks. I took five bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery and am sound and well, gaining 28 lbs. in weight."

Arthur Love, Manager Loves Funny Folks Combination, writes: "After a thorough trial and convincing evidence, I am confident Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, is a great blessing to all, and cures when everything fails. The greatest kindness I can do my many thousand friends is to urge them to try it. Free trial bottles at Ridgway's Drug Store, Regular sizes 50c. and \$1.00."

**OFFICE OF DITTO & GALLIN,**  
Dealers in fine horses, Columbus, O.,  
Cincinnati, Ohio. Early last spring one

of our horses was seriously injured by being kicked. Arabian Oil was recommended to us and we gave it a trial. The result was not only satisfactory, but surprising. The wound healed rapidly, and the animal was ready for use in a few days. Since that time we have by its use cured a number of cases of scratches and removed some bad cases of corns. Arabian Oil is undoubtedly the best general Stock Liniment that we ever used, and we advise Farmers and Horsemen to keep a supply of it in their stables at all times. Yours Respectfully,  
DITTO & GALLIN.

We offer \$100 for a case of Scratches Arabian Oil will not cure. For sale by B. G. Ridgway.

## Back to the Old Way.

After deliberate consideration on the part of physicians employed by the Jackson Manufacturing Co., to investigate the so-called advance, in medical science with reference to the treatment of lung troubles, they have decided that the old reliable medicinal properties of Wild Cherry Bark and a highly eliminated preparation of Tar, possesses the most reliable stimulant to the weak and distended lobes of the lungs. They are nature's own remedies, and as a consequence the manufacturer has decided to continue the sale of Jackson's Wild cherry and Tar Syrup under a positive guarantee that one dose will relieve the most obstinate cough and one bottle will generally cure a cold. Price 25 and 50 cents. For sale by B. G. Ridgway.

**Notice.**

The undersigned has been duly appointed executor of the last will and testament of Jeannette B. Orr, late of Greene county, Ohio, deceased. All persons indebted to the estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated, to the undersigned for allowance. JAMES E. ORR, Executor of Jeannette B. Orr, deceased. 20th day of February 1891.

## Freemason, No. 10, Yet Saved.

From a letter written by Mrs. Ada E. Hurd, of Groton, S. D., we quote: "What taken with a bad cold, which settled on my lungs, coughed in and finally terminated in consumption. Four doctors gave me up, saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Saviour, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth, I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I gave it a trial, took in all eight bottles; it has cured me and thank God I am now a well and hearty woman." Trial bottles free at B. G. Ridgway's Drugstore, regular size, 50 cents and \$1.00.

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Is the place for you to get a smooth shave or a stylish hair cut.

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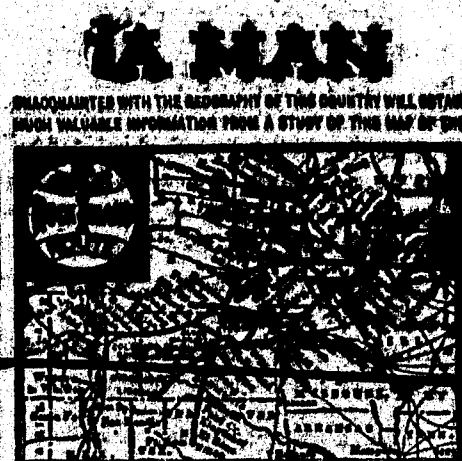
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## MAGNIFICENT VESTIBULE EXPRESS TRAINS

Leading all competitors in splendor of equipment between CHICAGO and DES MOINES, COUNCIL BLUFFS and OMAHA, and between CHICAGO and DENVER, COLORADO SPRINGS and PUEBLO, via KANSAS CITY and TOPEKA and via ST. JOSEPH. First-Class Day Coaches, FREE RECLINING CHAIR CARS, and Palace Sleepers, with Dining Car Service. Close connections at Denver and Colorado Springs with diverging railway lines, now forming the new and picturesque

## STANDARD GAUGE TRANS-ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROUTE

Over which superbly-equipped trains run daily THROUGHOUT WITHOUT CHANGE to and from Salt Lake City, Ogden and San Francisco. THE ROCK ISLAND is also the Direct and Favorite Line to and from Minneapolis, St. Paul and other points in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado and the Pacific Coast.

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From St. Joseph and Kansas City to and from all important towns, cities and sections in Nebraska, Kansas and the Indian Territory. Also via ALBERTA ROUTE from Kansas City and Chicago to Waterbury, Sioux Falls, MINNEAPOLIS and ST. PAUL, connecting for all points north and northwest between the Atlantic and the Pacific Coast.

For Tickets, Maps, Foldouts, or detailed information apply to any Company Ticket Office in the United States or Canada, or address

E. ST. JOHN, JOHN SEBASTIAN,  
Gen'l Manager, Gen'l Trk. & Pass. Agt.,  
CHICAGO, ILL.

## MONEY

For those who are in need of money, there is a sure way to get it. Apply to the undersigned for a loan of money on any security. The money is loaned at a low rate of interest, and is repaid in installments. The undersigned is a member of the National Loan Association, and is licensed to do business in all States.

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94 MILES SHORTER TO NEW ORLEANS

Quicker than any other line from Cincinnati to Jacksonville, FLORIDA. The only line running Pullman Round-trip and Palace Sleepers making quick time to Atlanta, Augusta, Macon, Savannah, Brunswick, Jacksonville, Tampa, St. Augustine and Cuba. Columbus, Mobile and points in Georgia and Alabama. 94 miles the shortest to

## NEW ORLEANS

Time, 27 hours. Solid trains with Pullman Round-trip Sleeping Cars making direct connection at New Orleans without transfer for Texas, Mexico and

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The only line to Jackson & Vicksburg, Mississippi, making direct connections without transfer at Riverport, Louisiana for Dallas, Fort Worth, Houston, Galveston, Texas, Mexico and California. The short line with through Pullman Round-trip Sleepers to Knoxville connecting with through car lines for Asheville, Raleigh and the Carolinas. Only line from Cincinnati to Chattanooga, Tenn., Fort Payne, Ala., Meridian, Miss., Vicksburg, Miss., Shreveport, La., 36 miles the shortest Cincinnati to Lexington, Ky., 4 hours quickest Cincinnati to Kentucky. Ten times as fast as the shortest Cincinnati to Atlanta and Augusta, Ga., 115 miles the shortest Cincinnati to Anniston Ala., 36 miles the shortest Cincinnati to Birmingham, Ala., 125 miles the shortest Cincinnati to Mobile, Ala. Trains leave Cincinnati Union Depot, 7:00 a. m., 1:00 p. m., and 7:00 p. m. For rates, time and full information apply to the undersigned.

Central Pass. Agt., Cincinnati, O.

## Pittsburgh, Cin'ci & St. Louis R'y

## PAN-HANDLE ROUTE.

Schedule in effect June 1, 1890.

Trains depart from Cedarville as follow

## GOING WEST.

11:46 a. m. flag stop.

10:14 a. m.

5:31 p. m. flag stop.

## GOING EAST.

8 a. m.

3:57 p. m.

## SUNDAY.

The following trains stop on Sunday only.

## EAST.

10:14 a. m.

10:17 p. m.

10:17 p. m.

Time given above is Central Time.

Flag stop daily. Daily except Sunday.



## JERSEY

GALVANIZED STEEL

## FARM AND LAWN

FENCING

13 JUST

## THE KING

where a STRONG, LASTING, SUPERIOR FENCE is desired.

Is ORNAMENTAL, does not conceal yet protects enclosure without injury to man or beast. Resists wind, time, and water.

Attending Purchasers should get our illustrated price list, showing the superior quality and variety, and other points of merit. Apply to your dealer, or directly to the manufacturer.

The New Jersey Wire Cloth Co., Jersey City, N. J.

## STOP THAT COUGH NOW

Before it reaches the lungs, with the most wonderful

MEDICINE IN THE WORLD.



NO CURE, NO PAY.

THE MOST STUBBORN COUGHS OR COLDS

will yield to the action of this medicine, when all other

REMEDIES HAVE FAILED.

It not only stops the Cough, but breaks the irritation of the Throat and Lungs, and at the same time builds up and restores the system against other diseases. Even Consumption in its early stage can be cured, and in the later stages of this terrible disease it will give comfort and prolong life, and in many cases has cured when Physicians have given up all hope.

Sold all over the World, 25 & 50c.

For sale by B. G. Ridgway



# The Cedarville Herald

W. H. BLAIR, Publisher.  
CEDARVILLE, OHIO

## BEDTIME

Our little Lucy was a tease,  
A curly-headed bother,  
And yet she couldn't help but please  
Kind-hearted old grandfather.  
He shared her sorrow and her play,  
And was her faithful slave all day,  
From early morn till bedtime.  
She had him up and dressed before  
The bubble bees were humming,  
And kept him wide awake till after  
The tea the cows were coming.  
Such walks they took! Such romps they had!  
That little rogue was never glad  
When darkness came and bedtime.  
But when the summer twilight fell  
On wood and fragrant meadow,  
And sleepily old blossom's bell  
Clanged in the purple shadow,  
Grandfather took his big arm chair,  
And called from 'neath the hop-vines there:  
"Come, Lucy, dear, it's bedtime."  
Lucy lay she'd scramble fast,  
And there with sleep would wrestle,  
Until the curly head as last  
Would on his bosom settle.  
How gently have I seen him rise  
And say, with love in voice and eyes:  
"Mamma, it's Lucy's bedtime."  
One night he called her not; but still  
And motionless was sitting,  
Though cried the plaintive wisp-will  
And bats were dimly flitting.  
And when the red moon drew the dew  
Across the lawn to him she flew:  
"What? Grandpa, why, it's bedtime!"  
Oh, Youth and Age, Oh, Death and Life,  
One stopped and one beginning,  
This side and that of all the strife,  
The praying and the singing,  
Mother, with startled cry, draws near,  
"Mamma, half is over, half fear!"  
"Ah, yes, my child, it's bedtime!"  
—George Horrocks, in *Journalist*.

## AVENGED AT LAST; Or, a World-Wide Chase.

A STORY OF RETRIBUTION.

BY "WABASH"  
(CONTINUED, 1924)

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.  
"Who claims our protection?" asked his friend and coadjutor.

"Armeda Delano," was the reply.

"Who has designs on that sweet creature?" asked the millionaire. Then Percy told all he had seen and heard that night.

"This mysterious man is undoubtedly beating down his attentions on Armda for a purpose of his own; and as it only distresses her we must stop it."

"You seem very much afraid that Armda is falling into danger in that man's presence, but don't you think that she is able to take care of herself?"

"That may be," said Percy, "but if I mistake not, that man is a designing old villain, and the less he sees of Armda the better. I do not like his looks and he reminds me too much of the man we are looking for."

At these words Mr. Wilcox sat bolt upright in his chair. He was full of interest now.

"How do you mean? Does this fellow resemble him in features?" he asked.

"As I never had much opportunity to see him, I cannot say. But if this fellow looks like him, he certainly does not walk like him, for Velasquez stopped a little and this man is upright almost to absurdity. No, what I mean is that his character and method of action is not such as I should imagine Velasquez to be. I only wish he had been Velasquez."

"Guess I'll have to take a good look at that gent in the morning and see what he looks like. It won't do to have any suspicious characters lurking around Armda, even if they are ship-owners."

"Armda says he has invited her and her mother to take a few days sail in his yacht."

"Did she accept?"

"No, she gave a quiet but very positive denial. He also told her some story about burying a wife years ago in Italy, and altogether has been quite communicative with her," said Percy, between the puffs at his cigar.

"Well, we can make it impossible for him to get another chance of annoying her during the remainder of our stay here, and when we get back to New York it is hardly possible that he will meet us."

"One good thing about it is that our address is not yet settled upon, so we can not give it to him," was Percy's last remark. Then the subject changed a little, although Armda was still the one discussed.

Mr. Wilcox leaned on the table, and with a pleasant smile on his face he looked across at the man seated opposite to him.

"Percy," he said, "you are a good deal older than Armda, but tell me now, like a man, don't you love her?"

The question was so sudden that Percy was non-plussed. He blushed, glanced at his feet, and then up at his employer, who should more properly be called his friend; then he answered frankly: "Yes, sir, I do."

"Just what I have imagined for some time," said the old man. Then he remarked inquiringly: "But you have never told her of it?"

"No, I never have, and for the present I do not intend to do so."

"For what reason?"

"First and foremost, I am too poor." "That is no reason at all. You have sacrificed your future to help me and I am responsible for your poverty, and in like manner I am morally responsible for your future well-being and shall make it my business to see that you get your share of the good things of this world. I have plenty and to spare and I guess when you want to marry Armda, you can get all the money you want for the asking."

This was a long speech for Mr. Wilcox to make, but it was in good faith. "Yet," Percy replied, "the probability is that if you had not taken me out of San Francisco, I should be still as poor as a rat."

"Nay, not so, Percy; you have ability and it would have been developed. Look at the way you have handled my affairs, for instance. Haven't I followed your advice in all my investments, and haven't they paid well in nine cases out of ten?"

"Still I was only doing my duty to you as your servant."

"Percy Beaufort Lovell," said the good-hearted millionaire, "I have often told you that I object to the word servant being used and applied to yourself. It may go over in England, but it doesn't go here, so please don't use it."

Now Percy knew that when Mr. Wilcox addressed him by his full name the old gentleman was annoyed, so he felt he must do something to please him and bring him back to his usual even temper.

"It is kind of you to place such entire confidence in me, Mr. Wilcox," he said, "but even if I did accept your assistance I could not ask Armda to marry me at present. I have sworn to myself to follow up every trail I find until that vile Velasquez meets his deserts and until we find him or proof of his death. I can not settle down. At any moment I might have to go off to a distant part of the country or abroad and under such circumstances a wife would be a burden. Moreover, my thoughts are so intent upon the work of running her father's murderer to earth, that in my abstractedness at times she might think that I did not love her. Then there is another matter quite worth consideration. Suppose she would not have me?"

"Hardly any fear that she would refuse you, my boy. I can't see through a brick wall, but I can see through a ladder, and if that girl is not in love with the secretary, I am very much mistaken," remarked Mr. Wilcox.

"You have never heard Armda talk about an Englishman's love, though," remarked Percy.

"Can't say I ever did," was the reply.

"Why, she says an Englishman's love is the most cold-blooded kind of love in the world. One night she became quite enthusiastic. She had been reading an Italian love story, about a young couple who committed suicide in each other's embrace because their parents would not let them wed. I said that I thought an Englishman's love was as true as it was not as demonstrative as any other man's; but she put her hands on my shoulders and looked me in the eyes and said with an intensely dramatic effect: 'You Englishmen do not know what love is. Love which is love is only known beneath the sunny skies of my father's native land.' Her words had quite an effect upon me for a time and I almost felt as though I really did not know how to love, but when I have accomplished, with your assistance, the desire of my heart, I will prove to her that I at least can love."

As Percy uttered his last words Mr. Wilcox looked at him with an admiring glance and said: "Percy, my boy, I believe you."

By this time each had finished his cigar and they parted for the night—Mr. Wilcox promising to take a good look at Mr. Emerick next morning.

But when the next morning came he was doomed to disappointment, for on inquiring for Mr. Emerick at the hotel office he and Percy were told that the gentleman of that name had left on the early morning train for New York.

Neither could have explained exactly why, but each felt a keen disappointment that they did not see the reputed wealthy ship-owner again. Besides they were puzzled to understand why he should have made such a hasty departure. They did not gain much satisfaction from the clerk, for that functionary said he did not know the reason, except that Mr. Emerick had told him he was called to New York on business.

In an hour the ship-owner had almost passed from their thought and they began to make preparations for their own departure on the following day.

CHAPTER VIII.

In one of the darkest parts of Pearl Street, New York, a section of the street made dark by the elevated railroad, not a great way from the Battery, there is an old-fashioned building which doubtless has a history of its own, but which was many years ago converted into mercantile offices. Not so very long since, on the glass door of a room on the second floor, the following lettering might have been read: "Emerick & Co., South American Merchants." On the left-hand corner was printed in smaller letters: "Julius Emerick," and on the right was the name "Honry Howe," indicating that these were the names of the two partners in the firm.

Inside this room, seated at his desk in a private office partitioned off with glass, sat Julius Emerick, the senior member of the firm. It was the afternoon of the day on which that gentleman had made a hurried departure from Long Branch. His sudden return had

upset the calculations of the clerks, and two out of the three whom the firm employed were away to a base-ball game at Staten Island. The discovery of this fact when he came down to the office after lunch had irritated Mr. Emerick beyond measure, and the solitary clerk who had been left in charge was having a rather unpleasant time of it with his employer. Emerick was naturally an irritable man, and to-day he acted in an excessively disagreeable manner.

"Gooch," he called out to the clerk. "Sir?" was the submissive response. "Has the Trinidad cleared?"

"Yes, sir, she cleared this morning, and every thing is ready. She sails this evening at sundown."

"Have we received any dispatches from Mr. Howe lately?"

"Only the one lying on your desk, sir, which has not yet been opened. It came in about one o'clock, after the other clerks had gone away."

Mr. Emerick walked to his desk, and at once called out in a sharp tone: "There is no dispatch here."

"It must be there, I placed it on your desk myself, sir."

Then the clerk began to look for it and found it almost immediately. It was covered up by a pile of papers

"Gooch!" he called out to the clerk.

which Mr. Emerick had placed on it himself. The clerk went back to his desk and Mr. Emerick sat down to read the dispatch. It was to the effect that Mr. Howe, his partner, who was down at Buenos Ayres, was sick and wished to return to New York. As Mr. Emerick read, something almost amounting to a smile beamed on his face, only that when he smiled his personal appearance was not at all improved, for it was such an unmeaning, ghastly smile compared with what smiles are generally understood to be, that there was nothing pleasant about it.

Again he called out: "Gooch," and another ready response.

"Go over to Staten Island and find Mr. Bellow. Tell him to come to the office without a moment's delay, no matter how interesting the game may be."

"All right, sir," replied the clerk.

"But before you go ring up a District Messenger boy. I want to send a note to Captain Dicke. I am going to sail for Buenos Ayres on the Trinidad to-night, and there is not a minute to be lost. Take a cab to the ferry and do not let any thing interrupt you. Use every effort to find Bellow at whatever expense. I will be here in the office to meet him at five o'clock."

Gooch went off to fulfill Emerick's bidding and the merchant sat down to write a note to send over to Captain Dicke, at the Brooklyn dock, telling him to prepare quarters for himself. In a few moments the note was on its way and Mr. Emerick busied himself for an hour straightening up various matters. Then he walked out to send a cablegram to his partner advising him that he could now leave Buenos Ayres at his pleasure, as he proposed to start immediately to take charge of their office there. After doing this he jumped into a cab and was driven to his apartments, where he soon had every thing packed and was ready to start on his voyage.

In the meantime Gooch was hunting all over the base-ball grounds to find Mr. Bellow, the managing clerk. He was all of a flutter with excitement and the minutes were flying past with aggravating rapidity. It was after four o'clock before he found his man, and then the two ran down to the landing and just managed to catch the ferry-boat. Another instant would have been too late; as it was, they had to jump aboard the boat at the imminent risk of falling into the water. The bystanders laughed at their actions and shouted after them, but they heeded not. They reached the office a few minutes before five o'clock and found their employer awaiting them. He did not waste any time upbraiding Mr. Bellow for leaving the office during his absence; time was too precious. He spoke sharply enough, however, when he said:

"Gooch, you stay and look up the office, and you, Mr. Bellow, jump into the cab with me, and I will give you your instructions as we ride."

The instructions which he had to give were brief but positive. No one was to know where he had gone and his reasons, he said, were purely personal. He would attend to the business of the house, in Buenos Ayres, but his name would not be used conspicuously. As they alighted from the cab at the dock, Mr. Emerick looked around for a news-boy to buy an evening paper. He did not see a boy but approached a middle-aged woman who was calling out "Evening Telegram," in a voice rendered hoarse by constant shouting. He had bought the paper and was walking away

when the woman dropped her papers and, running after him, shouted: "Alphonse! Alphonse!" in a wild yet almost joyful manner. She caught up with him and laid her hand on his coat sleeve, but he rudely shook her off and said: "Hands off, woman. What do you mean?"

"Alphonse, don't you know me?" she piteously cried.

But she did not have the opportunity to hear the reply, for the dock policeman supposing she was supplicating for alms laid rude hands on her and soon forced her outside the gates.

"Let me follow him; he is my husband," she said.

"A rather likely story. Why, that is Mr. Emerick, the wealthy merchant and owner of the cargo in the Trinidad, lying at the dock yonder," replied the policeman.

"He is not. He is Alphonse Bregy, my husband, who deserted me many years ago—it must be twenty—and I will follow him."

"You're crazy, woman," was the rough reply.

By this time quite a crowd had gathered and a lot of Italian newsboys were fighting over the newspapers which they had stolen from the poor woman when she dropped them.

The crowd only laughed and jeered at her, which so enraged the poor woman that she became almost frantic, and in wild, despairing accents cried out: "Oh, my God, I wish I was dead!"

With these wild words she rushed off towards the water's edge as though to jump in, but a man in the crowd intercepted her and in the end the policeman arrested her on a charge of disorderly conduct.

The woman who caused all this disturbance had sold newspapers in Brooklyn to gain a livelihood for the past six or seven years. No one knew and few cared to know where she came from or any thing of her history. The only name she was called by was "French Emille," though her speech only slightly indicated her nationality. She was, or rather had been, a good-looking woman, but her features showed signs of disipation which was sometimes so much intensified as to make her appearance horrible.

Once she had grown communicative and told some other woman who also sold papers near to Fulton Ferry that she was married in New York more than twenty years ago. Her husband, she said, had deserted her and her boy baby soon after the birth of the latter, and she had never heard of him since. The baby had grown into a fine fellow who had found employment in a New York office, but growing tired of city life had gone West to the mining districts of Colorado, since which time she had never heard a word from him. This was all that anybody knew about French Emille's history.

As the unfortunate creature was being locked up in the police cell, the "Trinidad" was steaming out into the East river and Mr. Emerick was fairly on the way to South America.

Mr. Bellow rode back to Pearl Street wrapped in contemplative thought. He had always thought his employer a strange man, but knew nothing of his history other than Mr. Emerick himself had related. Mr. Howe, the junior partner of the firm, had built up a reputation by working his way in an in-

credibly short space of time from the desk to the position of manager in a large shipping house, and having had a small legacy left him had resolved to go into business for himself. So he chose the South American trade, with which he was perfectly familiar.

His capital not being quite sufficient to purchase a vessel (upon which he had set his fancy) and still leave a sufficient amount to work with, he had advertised in the columns of a New York paper for a partner. The result was that he formed a business agreement with Mr. Emerick, a gentleman who had just returned from abroad where he said he had amassed quite a large amount of money in disposing of American mining stocks. Mr. Emerick had given as his reason for embarking in trade that, being tired of exciting speculation, he wished to settle down in some legitimate business.

The partnership appeared to be a pleasant one, for so far there had never been any trouble. The firm prospered, and a few years after it commenced operations Mr. Howe went to Buenos Ayres to open up a branch office and had remained there until the present time.

It is reported from China that during storms in the Chekiang province hail stones of such enormous size fall as to destroy houses and animals.



Taken away—lick headache, bilious headache, dizziness, constipation, indigestion, bilious attacks, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. It's a large contract, but the smallest things in the world do the business—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They're the smallest, but the most effective. They go to work in the right way. They cleanse and renovate the system thoroughly—but they do it mildly and gently. You feel the good they do—but you don't feel them doing it. As a Liver Pill, they're unequalled. Sugar-coated, easy to take, and put up in vials, and hermetically sealed, and thus always fresh and reliable. A perfect vent-pocket remedy, in small vials, and only one necessary for a laxative or three for a cathartic.

They're the cheapest pill you can buy, because they're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is returned.

You only pay for the good you get.

That's the peculiar plan all Dr. Pierce's medicines are sold on, through druggists.

## "German Syrup"

G. Gloger, Druggist, Watertown, Wis. This is the opinion of a man who keeps a drug store, sells all medicines, comes in direct contact with the patients and their families, and knows better than anyone else how remedies sell, and what true merit they have. He hears of all the failures and successes, and can therefore judge: "I know of no medicine for Coughs, Sore Throat, or Hoarseness that had done such effective work in my family as Boschee's German Syrup. Last winter a lady called at my store, who was suffering from a very severe cold. She could hardly talk, and I told her about German Syrup and that a few doses would give relief; but she had no confidence in patent medicines. I told her to take a bottle, and if the results were not satisfactory I would make no charge for it. A few days after she called and paid for it, saying that she would never be without it in future as a few doses had given her relief."

Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, at my store, who was suffering from a very severe cold. She could hardly talk, and I told her about German Syrup and that a few doses would give relief; but she had no confidence in patent medicines. I told her to take a bottle, and if the results were not satisfactory I would make no charge for it. A few days after she called and paid for it, saying that she would never be without it in future as a few doses had given her relief."

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A Very Large Increase  
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STAND ALONE

AS BILE MOVERS.

They dispel poisonous bile from the system, thereby curing biliousness, constipation, headache, neuralgia, dysentery, and all stomach and liver disorders.

Two sizes, one price.  
Bile Beans, 20 in each bottle.  
One a dose.  
Bile Beans Small, 10 in each bottle, 10 c a dose.

Keen's Beans  
Sold by Druggists.  
25 cents per bottle.

J. F. SMITH & CO.,  
225 & 227 Greenwich Street,  
New York City.

SALVATION OIL

Dr. Bell's Cough Syrup

KEECHAM'S PILLS  
Own SICK HEADACHE.  
25 Cents a Box.  
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

GOLDEN MEMORIES

Containing the names of the  
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## TEMPERANCE

THE LIPS THAT TOUCH  
You may smile at my subject  
quite strange.  
But if you'll be patient, I'll try  
In prose or in rhyme, though no  
A few simple thoughts as a plea  
And if they're too pointed to  
view.

I hope you will listen and try to  
For as you all know, "I'm a foe  
And the lips that touch liquor  
touch mine."

The tales of deep sorrow have  
read,  
Of a heart-broken woman awa  
Of him who promised to love a  
When, a few months before, s  
was depicted,  
But who now has damped all  
life.

By terrible blight—a drunkard  
Which she would not have be  
this in time,  
"The lips that touch liquor st  
mine."

There are hundreds of moth  
land  
who are pleading to help, wit  
For help to support the shi  
Whose fathers have left y  
love.

Although it seems hard to con  
Yet would have been better  
plain,  
Had they said this when you  
the wine  
And the lips that touch li  
touch mine!"

There is many a one who has  
well  
This terrible flood of intem  
But what can they do—youn  
Drunkards in spite of all the  
Then, if you would aid in th  
Say, "The lips that touch l  
touch mine!"

Oh, take this advice, young l  
No matter how wealthy a y  
No matter how handsome, n  
No matter how grand be his  
If he takes it at all, for you  
Say, when you are wooed:  
wine,  
And the lips that touch liqu  
mine!"

You may say it's all nonsen  
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—Ida W. Ballinger

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## TEMPERANCE NOTES.

### THE LIPS THAT TOUCH LIQUOR.

You may smile at my subject, and think it quite strange. But, if you'll be patient, I'll try to arrange in prose or in rhyme, though not over-also, a few simple thoughts as a piece of advice. And if they're too pointed to suit all your views.

I hope you will listen and try to excuse. For, as you all know, "I'm a foe to the wine, And the lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine."

The tales of deep sorrow how often we've read, Of a heart broken woman awaiting the tread Of him who promised to love and protect. When, a few months before, as his bride she was decked,

But who now has damped all the joys of her life. By terrible blight—a drunkard's wife—Which she would not have been had she said this in time, "The lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine."

There are hundreds of mothers all over the land Who are pleading to-day, with piteous hand, For help to support the children they love, Whose fathers have left home beggars to rove. Although it seems hard to censure or blame, Yet 'twould have been better to all this quite plain. Had they said this when young: "I'm a foe to the wine, And the lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine!"

There is many a one who has worked long and well, This terrible friend of intemperance to quell; But what can they do—young ladies will wed Drunkards in spite of all that is said. Then, if you would aid in this calling divine, Say: "The lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine!"

Oh, take this advice, young lady, from me, I No matter how wealthy a young man may be; No matter how handsome, how gay, or how nice; No matter how grand be his station in life; No matter how seldom a glass he may take—If he takes it at all, for your happiness' sake, Say when you are wooed: "I'm a foe to the wine, And the lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine!"

You may say it's all nonsense; my heart is a stone; And if I act thus, I will spend life alone; I care not for that; my mind is made up. To do what I can 'gainst the poisonous cup. And, if I must wed a drunkard or ne'er, Of the two great evils I'll choose the less one. Yes, I'll live an old maid to the end of my time. "Are the lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine!"

—Ida W. Ballinger, in Toledo Blade.

### TRAFFIC IN DRINK.

A Very Large Increase in Foreign Importations and Domestic Production.

General prosperity shows itself more quickly in the consumption of wine than in any other product, and according to the figures which have just been made up in the custom-house the last year has been one of unusual activity. The importations of expensive wines were greater than in any previous year. When times are dull and money is hard to get the average American does not drink so much champagne and compromises on beer, while even in the "400" "Chateau Lafite" is likely to give place to the excellent but cheaper products of California. Last year, however, was apparently one of high revel, and enough rare wine was consumed to float one of the new American war vessels.

As nine-tenths of the wine importations of the United States come to this port the figures of the New York custom-house represent the tastes of the country at large. There were 4,500,000 bottles of champagne imported into this country last year from the vineyards of France, being an increase of \$50,000 as compared with the importations of the previous year. The larger part of this wine was consumed in this city, and most of it was consumed within a radius of one mile from Madison square. It is not stated how many sore heads resulted from the imbibition.

The receipts of cherry for 1890 amounted to 335,000 gallons—more than in any previous year since 1863, and 300,000 gallons more than came in last year. It was also the biggest year for port that the country has ever had, showing a big jump over the importations of 1889, the total receipts being 111,787 gallons in wood and 379,950 bottles. Seven figures are required to denote the quantity of German and Hungarian wines which arrived in the United States last year, and was presumably consumed, being 1,131,000 gallons in wood and 787,192 bottles, or a larger amount of these wines than ever before came to this country in one year. A few years ago Italian wines were almost unknown in the United States, but the remotest corners of Europe are now giving up their choicest products for American consumption, and Italian wines have a large sale here which is growing steadily.

The importations of these wines last year were 100,000 gallons in wood and 512,400 bottles. Of red wines from Spain more came in last year than ever before, the aggregate being 247,700 gallons. Not since 1868 have the importations of brandy been as large as they were last year, for a great quantity was purposely brought in before the McKinley bill went into operation, in order to save the heavy duties imposed by that measure. The quantity of brandy imported was 265,000 gallons in wood and 688,756 bottles. The importations of British gin were larger than in any previous year, being 41,500 gallons in wood and 265,000 bottles. Holland gin showed a slight increase, the importations being 355,000 gallons in wood and 180,000 bottles.

St. Croix rum was imported to a larger extent than ever before, 20,000 gallons having come in, while of Jamaica rum there were imported 25,000 gal-

lons in wood and 12,000 bottles. Scotch and Irish whisky show a falling off of imports, the totals being 27,300 gallons in wood and 168,000 bottles. Of cordials there were 55,500 cases imported. British ale and beer came in to the amount of 12,300 packages in bulk and 60,700 bottled, and German ale and beer 53,308 packages in bulk and 2,000 bottled. Of ginger ale 26,700 packages arrived; of cherry juice 5,800 casks. Of mineral waters there were 2,600,000 gallons imported and of Cote wine 12,000 gallons. Madeira was the only wine received from abroad that showed a decrease of importations, only 3,100 gallons having arrived.

But it is in the native California wines that the most wonderful growth in consumption in the east is shown. The receipts last year by water were far in excess of what they ever were before. The demand for California wines, it is thought, will in a few years exceed the supply. The receipts at New York last year were 3,608,000 gallons by water, while the shipments by rail amounted to 4,000,000 gallons. The arrivals of California brandy showed a corresponding increase, being 230,000 gallons by ship and 400,000 gallons by rail. The receipts at New York of domestic whisky last year were 87,400 barrels and of alcohol 107,675 barrels.—N. Y. World.

### ALCOHOL AND CHILDHOOD.

An Interesting Investigation of the Effects of Alcoholism.

Prof. Demme, of Bern, at the recent International Alcohol Congress at Christiania, presented an interesting report of an investigation which he had made as to the influence of alcohol upon children. Having unusual opportunities for this study from his position as superintendent of a hospital for children, he selected two groups of ten families each, under similar external environment. One group of fifty-seven was manifestly affected more or less by alcohol; the other of sixty-one was unaffected, or at least very little affected. Of the fifty-seven who exhibited the effects of alcoholism, twenty had inebriate fathers, the mothers and grandmothers being moderate drinkers. Only forty-five per cent. of these (nine) had healthy constitutions; thirty-one had inebriate fathers and grandmothers, but temperate mothers and grandmothers. Only two of these, or a little over six per cent., were healthy. Six children had parents and grandparents intemperate; one of these survives, a sufferer from epileptic seizures. In remarkable contrast is the state of the sixty-one children belonging to temperate families, eighty-two per cent. of whom enjoy good health. Three have died and eight are in bad health. Prof. Demme also reported the results of an experiment on several children, from whom all intoxicants were kept during eight months, and to whom the usual allowance of wine and water was given during the remaining four months of the year. These children were reported to have slept more soundly and longer, and to have appeared in better spirits and more active, during the non-alcoholic eight months than during the alcoholic four months.—Journal of Inebriety.

### NOTES IN GENERAL.

SOUTH AMERICA has but one regularly organized W. C. T. U. It is in Concepcion, and does good work. Within a few months forty men have been induced to sign the total abstinence pledge. A Loyal Temperance Legion, numbering thirty-five, meets every two weeks.—W. C. T. U. Bulletin.

NO MATTER how partially inebriated a man may be when picked up by the St. Louis police, they always extract from him his name and address "by pinching the sleeve that runs on the inside of the knee." It is a better recipe than that of clubbing the soles of a prostrate citizen's shoes.—Albany Argus.

THE Austin limit of health was two ounces of alcohol a day. This quantity would increase the pulsations of the heart five thousand beats, and diminish the exhalation of carbonic acid from the lungs twelve per cent. The people of England, according to statistics, are using on an average over three ounces daily of alcohol.—Journal of Inebriety.

NOW it turns out that all the blame for the recent mine horror in Pennsylvania rests upon the shoulders of a drunken fire-boss who was too maudlin to look after his duties. Men in whose hands are intrusted the lives of others can not be allowed to get drunk, and fire-bosses will have to be added to railroad engineers on the teetotal list.—Inter Ocean.

### Medical Progress.

For a century or more physicians were accustomed to use alcohol in their treatment of all sorts of diseases, regarding it as a "sheet-anchor" in the medical agents. But after an obstinate contest that fond delusion has been shattered by the relentless hand of science. Whisky has long been regarded as of value in the treatment of pneumonia, but a comparison of the results attained in different hospitals by its use in this capacity show that its employment is not desirable. It is found that in the New York hospitals seventy-five per cent. of the pneumonia patients die under alcoholic treatment, while in London, at the Object Lesson Temperance Hospital, where alcohol in all forms is repudiated, only five per cent. of the pneumonia cases are fatal. After making due allowance for differences in severity the great advantage of the Temperance method is obvious.—Phrenological Journal.

## OF GENERAL INTEREST.

A burglar who stole two coats, an umbrella and other articles from a St. Louis residence the other night ate a hearty luncheon before his departure and left the following note: "Thankful for what I got, but wish you had more to give."

The orange was originally imported to this country years ago by the mission fathers, who brought the seeds from Spain. They were planted about the old mission, the fruit being used for domestic purposes, and the crop being simply suitable or large enough for these purposes.

M. L. Lovi, near Newtonville, Ind., had an apple tree which bore three crops in one season. This led to newspaper comment, and a paragraph fell under the eye of Mrs. Lou Clifford, of McCordville, his sister, whom he had not seen nor heard of for thirty years, and they were reunited.

Many a recent visitor has brought back from Europe a collection of quaint teaspoons, each recalling some city, by engraved name, historical emblem or motto. It is not surprising that the first American city to manufacture such a souvenir is Salem, Mass., and its emblematic figure is naturally a witch upon a broom.

A new flash-light fire alarm has recently appeared in Copenhagen. It consists of a small cartridge filled with Bengal light composition, and provided with a fuse which carries a small capsule of strong sulphuric acid. When the temperature of the room rises above the melting point of paraffine, the sulphuric acid is liberated and ignites the fuse, which, in turn, sets fire to the Bengal light. The device can be supplemented by a piece of fusible metal, which in melting will establish an electric current and ring a bell.

A curious story of "spontaneous hypnosis," as it is termed, comes from Hancock, Minn. The husband of Mrs. Edward Day left the house one day last October to go to the barn, and on his return his wife shrieked and bade him leave the room. He expostulated, but she denied ever having seen him, insisting that her name was Margaret Hill and that she lived in Philadelphia. All efforts of friends and physicians to convince her to the contrary were unavailing. Being asked her age she answered: "Fifty-six," though she is but twenty-four. She was sane on all other subjects. Three weeks later she was again in her normal mind. A week afterward she once more fancied herself Margaret Hill, spinster, of Philadelphia.

At precisely twelve o'clock every day, the Naval Observatory at Washington telegraphs the time all over the country. The instruments of the Western Union are in the room where the computations are made, and just three and a half minutes before noon, operating cables in telegraph offices all over the country, at great loss and inconvenience sometimes. The wires are then put in unbroken connection with Washington. A note of warning is sent a few seconds in advance, and at the second when the observer notes the passage of the sun over the 75th meridian, the electric current flashes the news all over the country, and thousands of clocks—seven thousand in New York City alone, it is said—are daily regulated by this record of solar time.

Love laughs at fate fathers. A devoted couple eloped from Plainville, Ind., in a hack. The couple were young, but the hack was old, and broke down after a few miles had been passed. This accident enabled the girl's angry father, who had pursued them on horseback, to overtake them. He drew a horse-pistol, and aiming it at the young man, threatened to bore a hole in him unless he relinquished all claim to his daughter. Mary shielded the form of her beloved James, and clung to him with frantic devotion. She whispered in his ear at the same time. Then this undutiful daughter hurriedly pulled off her boots, and started on a run. James followed and in a few moments both were scudding across a railroad bridge, over which a horse could not pass. A clergyman was found, and they were happily married.

A friend of James Johnson, Quebec street, Kingston, Ont., brought him a swarm of California bees here. Hived in self-sealers and given a mixture of syrup, sugar and water, the colony manufactures about three quarts per day of beer, equal, it is said, to malt, and enough drunk will put a head on a fellow as big as any one could desire. James Johnson, Jr., Factory street, Odesa, came here and took a swarm home. They are in an eight-ounce bottle, and resemble a "baby's own" sponge. When placed in the sun or a warm place they shoot rapidly from their bed to the top of the fluid, then return languidly to the bottom again. When hundreds of them shoot at once they make things stale. About twenty-four hours completes the make and the beverage is then fit for use.

Neglected Muscles. "I want to see the professor," said a rather faded-looking woman as she went into the gymnasium.

"I am he."

"Could I offer a suggestion?"

"Certainly."

"Well, it seems to me that it might be a very good idea to fix upon some arrangement in the shape of coal-scuttles, load them up pretty heavy and offer a prize to the young man who can lift one the easiest. It does look as if the gymnasium didn't do much for the muscles you have to use in lifting a coal-scuttle."—Washington Post.

## THE FARMING WORLD.

### GRAPE-VINE CULTURE.

The Horizontal-Arm System Growing in Popular Favor.

This system of pruning grape-vines is used largely by growers and gives much satisfaction. When the vine is set it is cut back to three buds and only one sprout is allowed to grow.

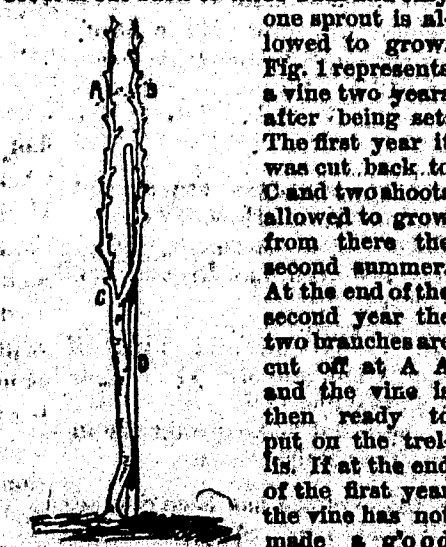


Fig. 1 represents a vine two years after being set. The first year it was cut back to C and two shoots allowed to grow from there the second summer. At the end of the second year the two branches are cut off at A and the vine is then ready to put on the trellis. If at the end of the first year the vine has not made a good growth, it is cut back to three buds instead of to C. Fig. 2 represents the vine at the end of the third season's growth. If it has grown strongly since first set out it will have borne a few clusters of grapes this season. When put on the trellis the two arms are spread apart and tied on the lower wire which is 2 1/2 or 3 ft. from the ground and the second wire is 9 or 10 ft. above it. At the end of the third year the branches are pruned at A and during the coming season a good crop of fruit may be expected.

By this system of pruning it requires at least one-third less vines to the acre than are usually planted, and a saving of labor is made in the spring in tying the vines to the wires. As the growing parts of the vines are above the first wire, there is a free circulation of air underneath, which is a great help in keeping the fruit and vines free from mildew.



As the fruit grows just above the lower wire, it is, as a rule, uniform in size and quality and also in ripening, and very convenient in picking. There is room for the vine to grow and develop its wood, fruit and foliage, and as the vines grow along the top wire they serve as a protection to the fruit from storms, sun and heavy dews, thus obviating the necessity of the use of paper bags to prevent rot and mildew.—Farm and Home.

### DAIRY SUGGESTIONS.

[Farm, Field and Stockman.]

A hole in the shelter of stock wastes feed just as truly as does a hole in the granary.

There are men who consider it cheaper to raise the barn every few years than to draw out manure. They raise less crops each year.

If the milk has a "cowy" odor it is because you have got manure in it; that always makes a very "cowy" odor. The remedy is to always keep the milk and the manure in separate receptacles, not by straining the manure out of the milk, though; that kind of odor doesn't strain out.

In your cow, after behaving like a lady for months, surprises you with a kick, don't kick back, but find out why she kicked; she had a good reason for it, else she wouldn't have done it. Perhaps one of her teats may be cracked or scratched and very sore, or her udder may be inflamed.

When cream is kept too long it undergoes a chemical change which may develop a cheesy taste, which may be putrefaction; or it may develop another form of putrefaction, as indicated by a bitter flavor. This is the case when cream is kept too long, even though it may be kept so cold that the ferment which develops the sour principle or lactic acid will not be apparent, or even exist at all.

Ex-GOVERNOR HOARD said that profitable dairying came from full recognition of the office of maternity, and any practice that ran contrary to the full performance of that function resulted in loss. Motherhood means warmth, comfort, laxative foods, and the most uniform care as regards sudden or violent changes, and the dairyman who comes nearest recognizing and administering to these wants, comes nearest being the successful farmer.

At the annual meeting of the New York State Dairy Association, J. R. Dodge, of the Agricultural Department at Washington, after reviewing the fluctuations of our dairy trade with Europe, gave it as his opinion that the most accessible and promising markets in the future extent of our export dairy trade were in South America. There must be increased skill in manufacture, in varieties, in meeting the changing tastes and exactions of the consumers abroad as well as at home.

## OF GREAT INTEREST.

An Australian Dealer's Way of Telling a Good Horse.

A correspondent of Town and Country, Australia, says: "I can't explain what a good horse is," says a well-known dealer. "They are as different as men.—In buying a horse you must look first at its head and eyes for signs of intelligence, temper, courage and honesty. Unless a horse has brains you can't teach him any thing any more than you can a half-witted child. See that tall bay there, a fine-looking animal, fifteen hands high. You can't teach that horse any thing. Why? Well, I'll show you a difference in heads, but have a care of his heels. Look at the brute's head, that broad, full place below the eyes. You can't trust him."

"That's an awful good mare," he added. "She's as true as the sun. You can see breadth and fullness between the ears and eyes. You couldn't hire that mare to act mean or hurt anybody. The eye should be full, and hazel is a good color. I like a small thin ear, and want a horse to throw ears forward. Look out for the brute that wants to listen to all the conversation going on behind him. The horse that turns back his ears till they almost meet at the points, take my word for it, is sure to do something wrong. See that straight elegant face. A horse with a dishing face is cowardly, and a cowardly brute is usually vicious. Then I like a square muzzle, with large nostrils, to let in plenty of air to the lungs. For the under side of the head, a good horse should be well under the jaw, with jawbones broad and wide apart under the throatle."

"So much for the head," he continued. "The next thing to consider is the building of the animal. Never buy a long-legged, stilty horse. Let him have a short, straight back, and a straight rump, and you've got a gentleman's horse. The withers should be high, and the shoulders well set back and broad; but don't get them too deep in the chest. The foreleg should be short. Give me a pretty straight hind leg, with the hook low down, short pastern joints, and a round, mullish foot. There are all kinds of horses; but the animal that has these points is almost sure to be slightly, graceful, good-natured and serviceable."

### SIMPLE SHEEP RACK.

Any Farmer Can Make It If He Follows Directions.

The practice of feeding hay and corn-fodder to sheep by scattering it on the ground is very wasteful, to say the least. The sheep is very particular about its food, refusing all solid particles, and I have found that by feeding on the ground we lose about one-half the feeding value. We have tried various kinds of racks, but have settled down to a simple slatted rack that any farmer can make, which I will describe for the benefit of your readers.

Four pieces of scantling three feet long for corner posts, two boards one foot wide and sixteen feet long for the bottom, and two six inches wide and sixteen feet long for top, with six-inch boards two and one-half feet long, placed eight inches apart, perpendicular; the space between the top and bottom boards on each side is eighteen inches; the width of rack should be two and one-half feet. When the hay is properly put in this rack the sheep



a corner post, three feet; b, bottom board, twelve inches; c, top board, six inches; d, eight-inch spaces; e, six inch uprights.

eats from the top of it, avoiding the falling of dirt into the wool on the neck. The upright strips keep the sheep from crowding, and knowing this a sheep takes her position and keeps it until through feeding. The following rude draft may aid the reader in getting a correct idea of this simple rack. It will answer for a partition fence and can be raised daily as the litter and manure accumulate.

We have been the best suited with separate grain troughs made with one



eight and one nine-inch board put together in a V shape, with legs sufficiently long to keep them a foot above ground. These can be turned over after feeding and thus kept clean.—George McKerrrow, in Breeder's Gazette.

### The Element of Beauty in Horses.

The element of beauty can not be dispensed with in our horses, but we should not try to apply the same ideas of beauty to all breeds. We must learn that those qualities which constitute a standard of beauty for a coach horse do not hold in case of drafters, and conversely. There are, or should be, as many ideals as there are purposes to be served, and when these are kept in view we shall have better horses. As long as there are "scrub" horses—in quality—in this country, so long is there room for any thing that is an improvement thereon. But we want our "improved" breeds to be improved in truth, and as there are plenty who answer this description there is no need of an inferior stallion doing service in any part of this country. Good stock horses were never so plenty and so reasonable in price as now.—National Stockman.



# THE HERALD

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1891

W. H. BLAIR, Editor and Prop'r

PRICE, \$1.25 PER ANNUM.

Mrs. Henry Owens is convalescing.

Mrs. Jennie Shrodes has the la gripe.

The W. G. T. U. will meet Thursday the 12th at 2 p. m.

Miss Susie Hensil has been wrestling with the la gripe this week.

Moss White returned home from Anderson, Indiana, Wednesday.

Bert Brotherton has gone back to Chicago. He will work in a seed store.

There will be a meeting of the "Ys" in their parlors Monday evening at 7 o'clock.

Will you be a candidate this spring? If so, announce the fact in the HERALD at once.

Found, a pocket book, last Monday. Owner can have it by calling at this office and proving property.

Miss Ola Lott's life was despaired of a few hours last Sabbath, but she is now out of immediate danger.

Dr. Baldrige went to Cincinnati Thursday to witness the graduating exercises at the Ohio medical college.

Prof. White, of Xenia, will lecture in the opera house, Thursday evening, March 19th, on "I Have Forgotten."

Mr. and Mrs. Will Blair entertained a number of friends at their home on Limestone street, Wednesday evening.

There will be a meeting of the business men's association in the Mayor's office Monday evening to receive several new members.

The ice men took advantage of the ice supply Thursday morning and succeeded in packing away several wagon loads for summer use.

The republican central committee last Saturday agreed to hold a primary April 6th. Stringent rules were adopted regarding the use of money by candidates.

Rev. G. L. Tufts' father celebrated his 81st birthday last week. He and his wife, who have lived together in married life for fifty-seven years, will soon return to their home in Warren county.

Joe Humphrey and Frank Smith, two young bloods from Jamestown, braved the biting cold weather of last Sunday evening that they might be able to pass a few hours in company with two of Cedarville's fair ladies.

Amos Ferguson has now every assurance that he will be permanently cured. A letter from him written Thursday states his appetite is enormous and he is improving in strength, while he is almost entirely free from coughing.

Among the pall bearers at the tomb of General Sherman, were Major General John Pope, chief representative of the military, and Ex-Senator Isaac H. Sturgeon of the citizens, both old residents, and personal friends of the dead General.

The Epworth League of the M. E. church having postponed the Wesley Centennial Anniversary on last Sabbath evening, will hold the celebration on to-morrow night at 7 p. m. Several interesting papers are being prepared by different members of the league.

The Cedarville alliance held an interesting meeting in the Mayor's office last Saturday afternoon. Tariff was the subject for discussion and was very entertaining. Oscar Bradfute championed free trade, while Messrs. Wolford and Hummel held to the popular idea of protection.

The Yellow Springs Dramatic Company who played the farcial drama, "Engaged" in the opera house here Friday evening of last week, were deserving of a much larger audience than they received. The play had only the merit to call forth what talent those who participated possessed, but the result was very flattering to Yellow Springs. We are only sorry more of our citizens were not present to enjoy the entertainment.

Mrs. Frank Jenkins has been suffering for two weeks with la gripe.

The "Ys" are still working for their library and yesterday they sent Mr. Kerr to Cincinnati to purchase their books.

Everybody will want to hear Prof. White at the opera house on the evening of the 19th. Secure your tickets at Stormont & Co's. Twenty-five cents.

Miss Jennie Bratton entertained very handsomely on Thursday evening, Misses Rosa Stormont, Daisy Gray, Lulu Morton, and Ida and Bernice Wolford.

Mr. J. W. Gibson and wife, of Hamilton, Ohio, and Mr. T. C. Gibson, of Marysville, Ohio, are visiting relatives here and looking after the interests of their father's estate.

Miss Ida Wolford has been requested by the ladies of Springfield and will take part in a Demorest contest in that city on the evening of the 24th. There will be ten contestants.

Attention is called to the announcement of Dr. J. J. Snider, who is a candidate for representative and of Joshua P. Oglesbee, who announces as a candidate for county treasurer.

Frank Barber is agent for two of the most popular weekly newspapers of the day, viz.: the Chicago Saturday Blade and the Columbus Dispatch. Call at the post office or see Frank on the street any Saturday.

Mrs. John Baker died at her home one mile west of Cedarville, last Sunday night, of consumption. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Warnock at the late residence of the deceased, Tuesday at 10 o'clock a. m. The burial was at Tarbox's cemetery.

Papyrus leaves on which advertisements were inscribed have been found among the ruins of ancient Thebes, and it is believed that they are three thousand years old. Thus it will be seen that the man who uses doggers to advertise his business instead of patronizing the newspapers is just three thousand years behind the times.—Albany Express.

Mrs. Margaret Archer died at her home one mile northwest of Cedarville, Thursday night at 11 o'clock, at the advanced age of 83 years. The immediate cause of her death was a cancer. The funeral services will be held at her late residence this afternoon at 2 o'clock and will be conducted by Rev. Warnock. The interment will take place at the Tarbox cemetery.

A delightful affair Thursday was the celebration of the forty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Stevenson, parents of Mrs. Robt Bird, at their pleasant home near Wilberforce. It was in the nature of a surprise, but that made it none the less enjoyable. About forty guests were in attendance. Dinner was served a short time after the noon hour and all enjoyed an elegant banquet.

Mr. E. L. Smith, of Cedarville, agent of the Southern Building and Loan Association, was in town this week and has organized a board here. Mr. Smith has combined Osborn and Fairfield, under the control of one board. This will give the people of this community an opportunity never before had to save small earnings and get a big per cent on their savings; also an opportunity to borrow money at low rates and easy payments.—Local.

The Shakespeare club last Tuesday evening gave another of their delightful open meetings at the hospitable home of Dr. and Mrs. Oglesbee, on Yellow Springs street. The program, though short, was interesting throughout. Misses Lulu Barber and Anna McMillan and Messrs. John McElroy and L. G. Bull opened the evening's entertainment by singing "Let us dream again," and were followed by Mrs. Will McMillan, who recited a poem entitled "Silver Lining." Miss Effie Barber read with good effect a selection from Will Carleton, after which Miss Anna McMillan favored the guests with an instrumental selection. Mrs. R. F. Kerr was warmly applauded in her rendition of a poem entitled "The Goblins 'Ill Get You." The quartette then sang "Good Night but not Good Bye," after which crokinole was indulged in at length. The evening's entertainment was highly appreciated by the invited guests who all hope to be permitted to soon again enjoy such another literary and musical treat.

Missouri is said to furnish the best cavalry horses, but Ohio is the state for the best dark horses.

Harry Hill, the famous pedestrian, passed through Cedarville, Monday afternoon en route for New York, to enter the six day "go as you please" race. He will travel the entire distance from Kansas to New York on foot so as to be hardened for his work when he arrives at his destination. He only stopped here long enough to inquire the name of the town and make a memorandum of it. He then started up the Columbus pike on a swinging trot which he kept up as long as he could be seen. He told a number of young men with whom he had a short conversation, it was his intention to be in Columbus in eight hours, and judging by the way he started out he did not miss his calculations a great deal.

A Kingston, N. Y., special says: Rev. Mr. Milligan, of Pennsylvania, who was recently disciplined by the Reformed Presbyterian (Covenanters) Conference at Pittsburgh as an advocate of Christians voting and exercising all the rights of citizenship, created a sensation from the Covenanter pulpit at Coldenham, where he recently preached as an applicant for the vacant pastorate by saying: "I regret to state that I am an exceedingly nervous man, and am annoyed by a young lady in the congregation who has been endeavoring to flirt with me this morning. I have neither the time nor inclination to return the compliment at this time, but may do so later on." He looked straight at the pretty and blushing belle of the town as he spoke. She may not like him the better for it; but the church bids fair to extend him a call.

TRANSFERS OF REAL ESTATE.  
J. L. Steinberger to D. G. Trent, lot 4, Yellow Springs, \$1,000.

John L. Spahr assignee of J. M. Peterson to John Turner, 143 a, Xenia, \$5,262.

J. F. Wright to Eavey & Co., part lot 8 L & M's add to Xenia, \$1,000.

Samuel Jupe to H. and J. Anderson, 1 a, New Jasper, \$1.

John Horsfall to Chas. S. Hupman, 15 a, Xenia, \$1,200.

Irvin Allen to Jno. Fichtorn, 97.64 a, Silvercreek, \$2,200.

Alex. Gibney to James Beatty, lots 6 and 7, Oldtown, \$1,200.

Julius T. Blake to G. W. Harper, 24 a, Ross, \$950.

H. H. Conklin to Mathias S. Smith, 28.64 sq. poles, New Jasper, \$1.

Geo. L. Huston to Mathias S. Smith, 200 a, New Jasper, \$5,000.

Executors of Daniel Smith to same, 5.28 a, New Jasper, \$236.

Newton Ledbetter adm't to Jas. H. Sanders, 4 1/2 a, \$950.

Timothy Dwyre to Bridget Dwyre, quit claim to 123 1/2 a, Silvercreek, \$800.

Mathias S. Smith to Geo. L. Huston, about 78 a, New Jasper, \$4,000.

Geo. W. Haddix to James Beatty, 24 sq. poles, Bath, \$380.

NOTICE.  
I have just received a consignment of new spring goods that I will sell at about fifty cents on the dollar. Call and examine prices, etc.  
J. E. LOWRY.

LIST OF LETTERS.  
Remaining uncalled for in the Cedarville Ohio post office for the month ending Feb. 28, 1891. List No. 2.  
Daniel Cooper, James Connell, Davis, LeBlond & Co., Miss Dallis Eather, William Hinkel, William Keeton, Miss Jennie E. Smith, Jessie Thomson.  
Persons calling for the above will please say advertised.  
Jno. W. McLEAN.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

REPRESENTATIVE.  
We are authorized to announce the name of J. J. SNIDER as a candidate for the nomination of representative in the State Legislature, subject to Republican primary election.

TREASURER.  
We are authorized to announce JOSEPH P. OGLESBEE as a candidate for Treasurer of Greene county, subject to the Republican primary election in April.

## NEW FIRM!

I have purchased R. F. Kerr's stock of merchandise and will continue to handle

GROCERIES,  
School Books,  
and GLASS

at his old stand in the Gaunce block. Please call and make a trial purchase.

J. M. BULL.

GREAT  
REAL ESTATE SALE!

THE  
BEAUTIFUL HOMESTEAD

of the late James Dunlap, deceased, of

CEDARVILLE, O.,

will be sold at

PUBLIC SALE

on the premises on

THURSDAY  
MARCH 19, 1891.

Also a number of desirable building and grazing or gardening lots, containing from 1 1/2 to 4 1/2 acres, contiguous to said residence premises will be sold at the same time. Also 382 acres of as good farming land as Greene county has in it, will be sold, offered in farms of from 36 to 123 acres, and then as a whole. The above farm is well located on a good turnpike road, about 2 miles north of Cedarville, between there and Clifton. Each tract will have a sufficient portion of timber land attached, all under good fences and well underdrained. A good frame dwelling, stable and out buildings are on the farm. All will be sold on the usual real estate terms. One third cash, the balance in equal payments one end two years, deferred payments bearing 6 per cent interest per annum, secured by mortgage on the premises.  
J. H. BROTHERTON,  
J. P. KILBRETH.  
Attorneys in fact of the Estate of J. Dunlap.