

Digital Kenyon: Research, Scholarship, and Creative Exchange

The Mount Vernon Republican: 1883

5-17-1883

The Mount Vernon Republican: Vol. XXIX Supplement 2, May 17, 1883

Follow this and additional works at: https://digital.kenyon.edu/republican1883

Part of the United States History Commons

Recommended Citation

"The Mount Vernon Republican: Vol. XXIX Supplement 2, May 17, 1883" (1883). *The Mount Vernon Republican: 1883*. 6. https://digital.kenyon.edu/republican1883/6

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by Digital Kenyon: Research, Scholarship, and Creative Exchange. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Mount Vernon Republican: 1883 by an authorized administrator of Digital Kenyon: Research, Scholarship, and Creative Exchange. For more information, please contact noltj@kenyon.edu.



BANISHED.

More than two thousand miles away to the west, or rather south-west, of San Francisco, almost as far indeed as London is from Boston, lies the strangest, the most perfectly beautiful, yet saddest little kingdom in all the circuit of this earth.

Almost in the centre of the boundless Balboa Seas, eight little islands start up suddenly out of the vast world of waters, and reach in some cases above the clouds.

The mountains are covered in everlasting snow. The valleys are a para-dise of flowers, of fruit of beautiful birds, cool, sweet waters and tall, refreshing palms.

You can stand in the snow on the summit of Mauna Loa and see the bread-fruit grow far below, yet almost at your feet. As your ship glides over the peaceful waters far away at sea, you can sometimes read by the midnight fire of a great volcano. What a world of waters! How far

away from all the trouble and tumult of the busy world lies this little kingdom of less than one hundred thousand souls! It is more than two thousand miles to their nearest neighbor.

Yet at one time more than three hundred whalers touched here every year. Missionaries came from distant nations. and the islands were populous and full of promise. Now the whale-ships come no more. Monthly steamers touch here on their way further on around the globe, and the islands have become ' Christianized and cultured

These islands, called the Sandwich Islands, or more properly, the Hawaiian Islands, are to-day in some respects in advance of other civilized countries, and I wish to emphasize the fact. I 'assert that there is hardly among the natives, a man, woman, or child of sufficient age, in all these islands that cannot read and write, at least in the native tongue. In no other part of this globe can you find a people who are so universally educat-ed.

And yet this little kingdom in the sea, with all its beauty, its seeming pros-perity, its peace, and the gentleness of its patient people, is slowly, but cer-

tainly, passing away. The natives are very cleanly, and not at all indolent when compared to natives of their latitude in other lands. They are not a poor people by any means. This little Government of less than one hundred thousand people, pays its king almost as much money as we pay our President. Indeed, with the revenues from the royal lands, he receives almost twice as much.

And now I come to speak of the aw-ful blight that hovers shadow-like over this mildly beautiful little world in the sea. That is the leprosy, or as they call ness.

About the year 1868 leprosy began to be so prevalent that the authorities of Honolulu became alarmed, and steps were taken to prevent, if possible, the spread of the loathsome disease.

The west portion of the Island of Molokai was set apart for lepers, and all

who had the disease were ordered to surrender themselves to the authorities that they might be taken to this district, there to pass the remainder of their lives This portion of the island is cut off from the other portion by impassable mountains, and as it can only be reach-ed by the sea, it is impossible for any one to ever reach them or escape from them except by vessel. The Government ship touches there three times every week, and brings rations of beef, etc., for the dwellers there. There are now about two thousand of these hopeless and heart-broken people there, waiting slow, but certain, death. Some of them are mere babies taken from their mothers' arms; some are newly-married brides; some are brave and cultured young men, only last year full of heart and of hope. The first Governor of the leper settlement, Mr. William Ragsdale, was at one time reckoned the most brilliant young man in all these islands. He was a most accomplished scholar, a good lawyer and an eloquent debater. He stood very near the head of the Government, and was universally respected. One day he found a finger had grown numb. Then another finger lost the sense of feeling, and the awful truth burst upon him that he was a leper. His fingers began to decay. He wore gloves, and for a time tried to conceal the hideous truth. Rut at last, heart-broken and hopeless, he went to the authorities and confessed himself a leper. He was appointed Governor of the unhappy settlement, and sent forever from the scene of his achievements to die.

culture and capacity, and a graduate of one of our first medical institutions.

This brave man is giving up his life to an undertaking that seems impossi-ble of achievement. His mighty task is no less than an attempt to entirely cure leprosy. When we consider that lep-rosy has been considered incurable in all the ages past, we may conceive something of the utterly forlorn hope that must sometimes keep company with this brave man.

The separation of families here is sometimes heartrending indeed. The islanders are an affectionate people; and it is more than ordinarily hard for them to give up those they love. Mothers try to conceal their little ones who are diseased in their homes, up in the rocks, or out in the cattlefields by the cool running water. But sooner or later they must give them up and see them sail away forever to the dreaded island. There is no possibility of escaping detection sooner or later.

A little way back from the sea above Honolulu, lived two families in one house. They had a little banana plantation not far away, kept some cows and pigs, and were apparently the happiest people in the world. There were six children, four girls and two boys. The two youngest were cousins, though the whole half-dozen were like brothers and sisters. They were fond of dancing, and often gave little parties in their little thatched house under the trees, by the dusty roadside. It was at one of these parties that I first came to know the beautiful little girl, the pet of the house.

Not knowing how, or rather not caring to learn to dance their monotonous yet graceful evolutions. I sat back against the wall and looked on.

By-and-by this girl came with her brother, a few years older than herself, and stood near where I sat looking at the dancers.

I soon had them both between my knees. She was quiet and said but lit-tle, now and then stealing a glance at me from out of her great lustrous eyes. She had one of her hands in a sling,

and the boy proceeded to tell me that she had fallen from a horse and broken her wrist. The girl said nothing, but only lifted her sad eyes to mine and sighed and stole away. I asked the brother if he and his sis-

ter were fond of horses. He answered that they were very fond of riding, and that they had several ponies, besides two wonderful big black dogs that were

The boy soon disappeared also, and I saw neither of them for some months. They had left the neighborhood of Honolulu, and were living in seclusion with their father, who seemed to be a man of some means, in a remote part of the island, when I by accident ran across him.

He came to our camp where I was stopping with some American friends. But he seemed to have forgotten his former hospitality, and did not invite me to visit him.

One day I met my two little friends riding down on the beach in the shadow of a steep mountain. How beautiful the little girl was now! I was certain I had never seen anything so lovely before, and threw out my hands to her with delight. The same sweet, sad smile, the sigh, and the far-away look. She slowly lift-ed her hand that was half-hidden in the thick mane of the pony, and I saw that it was bandaged; and I knew my little friend was doomed. Her father and brother were hiding away with her here, hoping to keep her a little while yet to themselves, even at the risk of their own lives. It had been whispered at Honolulu that this child was a leper, and the au-thorities were soon made aware of the fact. A leper cannot long remain con-cealed. The child's banishment was only a question of time, and her heartbroken father comprehended this very well,

more dreadful than death, that language. stands appalled in any attempt to picture it.

She told me she did not suffer a acute pain, only a numbress and dull-ness, —death in life. It is something to know that the same know that the senses also seem to grow dulled and benumbed as the body comes more and more diseased. At last the time came for her to be taken away. Her father and heart-broken brother could hold her back from that dreadful

place no longer. Who would be there to receive her? What ghostly pæans would be lifted up as she landed at the dreaded place, to see what new victim had been sent to the shores of the dead from the shores of the living? What would they say to his darling to comfort her? What could they do to console the poor, tenderly-loved little girl, going out alone to that colony of lepers? The father carried her in his arms on the ship and set her down in the cheir.

the ship and sat her down in the chair, which the little brother carried on his

which the little brother carried on his shoulder as he ran along at her side. The officers gently tried to take her away from him. He would not part with her for one moment till the plank was being drawn up from the shora. She said good-by mechanically. She seemed not to quite feel or to wholly understand how dreadful it was. She set grains out at sea as her father and sat gazing out at sea as her father and brother said farewell and tore them-

brother said farewell and tore them-selves away. Her eyes were quite dry. Let us hope for her heart's sake that the good God had made it numb and incapable of feeling all that her father and brother felt. And yet I had a halt suspicion, as she held her face still and steadily to the sea, that she was only as-suming not to feel, in order that they might not suffer so much. The ship turned around as it swung ont to see and she was hidden from

ont to sea, and she was hidden from view for a while as she sat in her little chair on deck. Then we saw her once more, and for the last time. Her little muffled hand came up, and she turned her face down and in against the back of the chair, and did not move any more

"Oh, if I could only have buried her in the ground! Oh, if I could only have kept her here till I died! I will not, I cannot stay here. I will go and die with my little girl," murmured the poor man, as he at last left the wharf and wandered on up toward his home. The little brother still clutched his coat and ran alongside of his father sob-

bing at every step. Soon after this the father, in the hope

of finding some relief, took service under the Government and went off on a mission somewhere, and I saw him no more for years.

But in a few days after the ship sail-ed away for the leper colony, I went up to see the boy. What was my horror to find that he, too, had a hand band-aged! He seemed disinclined to talk, and I went even here the seemed disinclined to talk, aged! He seemed disincilled to take, and I went away, leaving him trying to amuse himself with the two big black dogs in the back yard by a pond of wa-ter. I saw him. I think, only twice af-ter that. The first time very soon, but

the Government as a leper, and by some particularly when their being opened means he was enabled to leave on the caused an appreciable circulation of same ship on which his sister had gone. You can well imagine the meeting of brother and sister in that strange place. These gentle islanders are great letterwriters, and you may be sure she knew of his coming. I was up at the house the day before he was to sail for the colony. I had never seen him looking so well. He was I had in better spirits than he had been since. his sister had been taken from him, and for the first time he talked to me freely. He was going to take the two big dogs with him. This he told me with infinite, glee, and brought in the dogs from the back yard and showed me how he would couple them together, so that they would not leap from the ship and swim back to shore. And I admit that I al-most cried with delight with him thinking how happy she would be to see the great strong, panting, red-mouthed dogs once more, and ride on their backs with her brother.

dogs of this kind have been asked for," said a prominent dealer to a reporter for the *Mail and Express*, "but they are very scarce. Only people of means can very scarce. Only people of means can afford to own them, for they range in price—mind, I speak only of the genu-ine breed—from \$500 to \$3,000. Even puppies sell for \$200. Now, there is a fine 18-month-old fellow," he said, as a large, splendid-looking dog walked ma-jestically into the room. "That dog knows as much as a majority of men.— I have a regular bed for him, and at month he puts his head on a pillow I night he puts his head on a pillow, I cover him up with a blanket, and he sleeps just like a baby. Worth much? I ask \$2,000 for him; and I'll wager his equal cannot be found on this side of the Atlantic."

There are two varieties of the St. Ber nard—rough-coated and smooth-coated —both having the same characteristics except in the length of the hair. The points supposed to be the distinguishing marks of a genuine St. Bernard are: A tawny or brindle color; a clearly marked line up the face, and a similar one around the neck; and a full, square head. These animals are very intelligent, and seem to be endowed with the instincts of saving life. Their attachments are very strong. They require plenty of room for exercise; and fanciers assert that a dog of this species raised in the country, where he can have plenty of exercise, will grow to a much larger stature than one raised in the city.

Among the owners of St. Bernard dogs in this city is Samuel J. Tilden. whose Askhim, one of the rough-coated species, has carried away many prizes. Mrs. D. P. Foster, of South Fifth avenue, is the owner of Turco, a tawny-brindle rough-coafed St. Bernard, 5 years old, who was imported from the St. Bernard Pass, and who is considered one of the best specimens of his species in this country. Herman Flausen is the owner of Barry, a tawny rough-coat im-ported from Lucerne, who is valued at \$500; H. H. Baxter, of South Fifth avenue, owns a splendid fawn-colored, smooth-coat dog, 5 years old, named Turk; and H. M. Hoar, of East Fiftysixth street, is the possessor of a tawny rough coat, 3 years old, called Rover.— John P. Haines, of Tom's River, N. J., is a noted admirer of St. Bernard's.— His Don, an orange-tawny and white-smooth-coat, is a splendid animal and playful as a kitten. His owner values him at \$1,500.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

Frightened.

Stage-drivers among the Rockies and Sierras learn to be as peremptory as they are daring—and probably from the same necessity. They will have their orders obeyed. This is not saying that in the instance here told the Jehu might not have built his scarecrow story on some bit of fact.

A correspondent of the San Francis-co Post relates the following incident of a stage ride through the mountains: We were going to say that on this parhe seemed to be nursing a grief too great for words; and I did not ventures to talk to him about his sister. It is said that he reported himself to the Gorge and the total stage doors be kept closed.

A Duellist Langhed At. A man whose character for courage is established can never suffer by refusing to conform to the silly "code of honor," and his challenger will gain nothing but the reputation of a quarrel-

some simpleton. The centennial celebration of the capture of Stony Point recalled an anecdote of one of the storming party, Col. Scott, afterward governor of Kentucky. He was a brave man, and acquired a reputation in his adopted State of a skillful Indian fighter.

While he was governor, some fellow sent him a challenge, on account of an offence which he imagined Scott had committed against his (the challenger's) honor. The old soldier did not notice it. The man make had since public notice

The man who had given public notice it. The man who had given public notice of his intention to "call out" the gover-nor was much annoyed at his silent contempt. After waiting several days he sought the governor for an explana-tion, and the following conversation took place.

"Your challenge was delivered, sir." "But I have received neither an ac-knowledgment nor an acceptance of it." "I presume not, sir, as I have sent

neither." "But of course you intend to accept?"

"Of course I do not." "What! Not accept my challenge? Is it possible that you, Governor Scott, brought up in the army, decline a com-

bat? "I do with you."

"Then I have no means of satisfaction, left but to post you a coward." "Post me a coward?" exclaimed the governor with a hearty laugh. "Post away, and you'll only post yourself a liar, and everybody will say so."

And that was the end of it.

Matrimonial Stories.

At a recent fashionable wedding. after the departure of the happy pair, a dear little girl, whose papa and mamma were among the guests, asked, with a child's innocent inquisitiveness: "Why do they throw things at the pretty lady in the carriage?" "For luck, dear," replied one of the bridesmaids. "And replied one of the bridesmaids. "And why," again asked the child, "doesn't she throw them back?" "Oh," said the young lady, "that would be rude." "No it wouldn't," persisted the dear little thing, to the delight of its doting parents who stood by, "ma does." "Do you pretend to have as good a judgment as I have?" said an enraged wife ther hurband "Well no." he

wife to her husband. "Well, no," replied, deliberatively, "our choice of partners for life shows that my judg-ment is not to be compared with yours." In matters of controversy, however, the woman usually has the best of it. A witty old author advises men to avoid arguments with ladies because in spinning yarns among silks and satins a man is sure to be worsted and twisted; and when a man is worsted and twisted he may consider himself wound up. The above retort might be matched by a dozen others culled from domestic controversy in which the woman has come off triumphant. "Really, my dear," said a friend of ours to his better half, "you have sadly disappointed me. I once considered you a jewel of a woman, but you've turned out to be only a bit of matrimonial paste." "Then, my love," was the reply, "console yourself with the idea that paste is very adhe-sive, and in this case will stick to you as long as you live." "See here," said a fault-finding husband, "we must have things arranged in this house so that we shall know where everything is kept." "With all "and let us begin with your late hours my love. I should dearly love to know where they are kept." He let things run on as usual. It is not often, however, that one comes across such a crushing retort as that which a Shef-field husband received from his wife the other day through the medium of the public press. He advertised in one of the local journals that he, Thomas A—, would no longer be answerable for the debts incurred by his wife, who seems to have been a truly amiable creature, if one ma, judge from the ad-vertisement which she published next day in reply: "This is to notify that I. Elizabeth A _____, am able to pay all my own debts now that I have got shut of Tommy." Some husbands would be obliged to confess, if they told the plain, unvar-nished truth, that when they led their wives to the altar their leadership came to an end. "Your future husband seems very exacting; he has been stip-ulating for all sorts of things." said a mother to her daughter who was on the point of being married. "Never mind mamma," said the affectionate girl, who was already dressed for the wed-ding, "these are his last wishes." This is a complete reversal of the rule laid Man, love thy wife; thy husband, wife, obey. Wives are our heart; we should be head alway. and poplar ranking next, respectively, In many instances the state of the case is rather something like the following: "If I'm not at home from the party to-night by 10 o'clock," says the husband to his better and bigger half, "don't wait for me." "That I won't," replied the lady, significantly, "I won't wait, but I'll come for you." He is home at 10 o'clock precisely. Sister Mar

He was of English descent, and I am told was loved and looked up in his melancholy little kingdom of exiles, as much as he was at home.

Two more names I will mention before proceeding with my story. The first is that of a Catholic priest, Father Damiens. This good man, seeing there was no priest or spiritual adviser of any kind among the two thousand lepers, chose to go there and live voluntarily and die with these poor, unfortunate outcasts.

He was in good health, cultured, and loved by those who knew him. But he saw a duty before him. He set his face for it, knowing that if his feet once touched this spot, there was no turning back for him any more this side of a leper's grave. Yet he calmly, bravely, his work. Oh, there are true went to and good men who can give themselves for others in this world!

The third and last man I shall mention before going on with my narrative, I went up there. But over all hung the is Dr. Emerson. He is a man of great dark shadow of something so much

After à time, some fishermen putting in at this remote part of the island saw the fugitives, and on returning home told where the missing party could be found.

It is complimentary to these honest people, and to human nature, too, to chronicle the fact that the health of ficers merely dropped the father a note, and that he, sadly though promptly, obeyed it, as if it had been a summons from the king, and returned to town with his fated and beautiful children.

I next saw her at church. The little girl was pale and thin, but, I think, if possible, more beautiful than ever. Her father and brother were still with her.-They sat close on either side of her.-Her hands were in her lap underneath her apron.

I am sure the Government officers, seemed loth to take this child. She was so resigned, so pitiful, so strangely beautiful. It was, perhaps, a month after they returned to Honolulu, before they finally came to take her away from all she loved on earth forever.

I had come to love her so and pity her so, that I often went up to the house from town to talk with her through the picket fence that ran along the dusty road, under the trees before her door She had never gone to church after her return but this once. And now she did not go out of the door-yard. No friends visited the family now. And, in fact, I hardly saw any of the family any more, except the father and brother. They, particularly the brother, were with her all the time. They seemed to take no interest in anything or any one but her. The father seemed utterly unconscious that he had any other, child than this

ine little girl. She was cheerful euough always when

I did not see him sail away. The de-parture of his little sister had been quite enough for me. And then I never ab-solutely loved him as I loved her.

After about five years of wandering through the world, I met the father of these children in San Francisco, whith-er he had now been sent in the service of his Government, and I eagerly asked about his children in the leper colony. "Dead!"

"Yes."

"They were drowned. You see he

per?"

"No, my friend. No more a leper than you or I. I did not know what he was doing, for I wasn't there. But I know now. It is supposed that he was trying to steal his sister away by some floating contrivance he had made, and hoth ward downed both were drowned, and their faith-ful dogs with them. Ah! but hey were good children, and may the Lord keep them, where disease can never come, with Him forever."—Joachim Miller in Youth's Commence Youth's Companion.

Thousand-Dollar Dogs.

Among the most notable of recent fashions in large dogs is the St. Bernard, which has almost suddenly pushed its way to the foreground. In England it is fast supplanting the collie, which has ruled as a prime favorite ever since the Newfoundland dog was dethroned, and perhaps as a result of this English fancy

Just as we were rounding a particu-larly narrow turn in the face of the cliff, Foss noticed that the inside door, so to speak, was again being held ajar. Promptly putting on the brakes and bringing his horses to a halt, he descended.

air.

"Do you see that rock?" he said, pointing to a huge bowlder ahead that barely left room for the stage to pass. "What of it?"

"Only this. Last season a stage wa passing that rock when somebody opened the door. The door caught on the rock, and as it opened further just pried the whole business over the cliff. That little speck way down there is one of the hind wheels caught on a tree. Now will you keep that door shut?" It took half an hour to get that door opened when we got to Calistoga, every individual on board having separately tied it shut with his handkerchief.

The Wood Pulp Industry.

Wood pulp which is made into paper and molded into barrels, casks, pails, and other wooden-ware boxes, cornices, picture frames, and a variety of small articles, can now be made from many other woods than poplar, which has long held the preference in such manu-facture. Buckeye has a white fiber, and can be used, while spruce, pine, chestnut, basswood, fir, hemlock, cedar, cottonwood, and other kinds of wood have been found suitable for making various kinds of paper. Only the nonresinous woods are adaptable for white paper, while the resinous woods serve well for color paper. Machines have been built which turn out pulp with equal facility from all kinds of wood, different stones being required for dif, down by the old couplet. ferent woods, however. The longest fiber is made from willow, basswood in that regard. Cedar, fir and hemlock are said to grind about alike, the latter grinding a little more freely. Maple has a fiber shorter than that of either sprace or pine, and is quite hard to grind. Birch is comparatively hard, and grinds very short. Poplar and buckeye pulp remain white for a considera-ble time; other woods changing color. Birch becomes pink, maple turns pur-ple, and basswood takes on a reddish hue. It is estimated that over two hundred tons of wood pulp are daily turned out in the United States.

Professor Virchow has in his Berlin the demand for St. Bernard's in this aboratory a collection of 6,000 skulls, city is growing. "It it but lately that representing all races and periods.

At a little gathering a few evenings since, a fair hand wrote this bon mot upon the dinner card of a limb of the law, briefless but hopeful: formation There was a young man who said, ab! I really have entered the bar, And I wait every day For clients and say: Where the deuce do you think people are?

Ask Somet!

Why is it the D every effort to pr curtail intemper competent public blow at their graph.

omote education, to ance, and to secure service, as a direct party?-Toledo Tele-

sifig Hard.

amocrats look upon

Time for the ,Slaughter to Begin.

It must b'e evident to hegin. Henri Watte rson that the butchering season is at, hand. He promised us the season is at hand. He promised us the shaughter of every Democrat who lack-ed the free-trade brand when the round-up was made. The round-up is nearly completed, and there is an im-mense harvest of hides and tallow to, be garnered for the Louisville usat market. Let the ceremonies begin. "He who dallies is a dastard, and he who doubts is channed." is the war song of "Old Kentucky.-Lincoln (Neb.) Journal.

Tariff Logic.

Samuel Peebles is a farmer in Iowa who thinks when he sows and reads when he rests. In his ruminations upon the tariff question he has settled down to the following conclusions:

A tariff for revenue only, if it means anything, implies the following effect: A general reduction of the existing

A general reduction of the existing duties on imports. To be followed by a larger impor-tation of foreign-made fabrics. To be followed by a falling off in the demand for those made at home. To be followed by the closing of American workshops. To be followed by a relatively greater number of men engaged in arriculture.

number of men engaged in agriculture. To be followed by an increase in the

supply of farm products, with no cor-responding increase in the demand. To be followed by a reduction of farmer's profits.

farmer's profits. I, for one, do not like it. Perhaps some robust philosopher who raises theories instead of corn will rise in his place, on the call of the States and prove that Samuel Peeples doesn't know what he is talk-ing about. Up to the present time, however, Mr. Peebles appears to have a clear majority in his favor.

WIT AND HUMOR.

"God bless our boarding-house" has never been worked in worsted.

The way to treat a man of doubtful credit is to take no note of him.

The use of iron can not increase the running of a dog, but tin can.

The only way to "win a heat" in cold weather is to drive your furnace.

Fritz has named his dog Non Sequi-tur, because he does not follow.

The reason why there are no female collectors, is that "woman's work is never dun."

Why are a, d, e the hottest letters in the alphabet? Because they're in the midst of Hades.

You have lovely teeth, Ethel." "Yes, George," she fondly lisped; "they were a Christmas present from Aunt Grade."

A member of the school board said: "Well, children, you spell well and you reads well, but you hain't sot still."

A machine for pressing hops has re-cently been invented. America is the home of the hop-pressed.

The man who travels under an alias may boast that he has made a name for himself.

Mahone wears no vest and no suspenders. This makes him a frequent readjuster.

If you want an example of thorough non-partnership, take the members of a brass band during the campaign.

"What is sweeter than taffee?" asked "My sweet Angeline of Augustus. heart," he replied, and she believed him.

A Louisville policeman has been dis-

A young gentleman (it is his first visit) has broken the ice at last by in-duiring the hame of his adorable's little sister to which the child replied: "Eth-ch." "And why, Ethel, do you keep patting me on the arm?" "Because en." "And why, Etner, do 'Because patting me on the arm?" "Because Letitia says you're such an awful mufi" —awful pause, during which the child strokes him down—"but you don't feel like one, you know."

Augustus was told of an extravagant Roman knight who had wasted all his proparty. When his goods were all sold at auction Augustus commissioned a person to bid for his pillow. Being asked why he wished to have this arti-cle of furnities in periods of the second secon cle of furniture in particular he replied, "Such a pidlow must be very desirable upon which a man so deep in debt could sleep so soundly."

Said the father of the bank cashier: "My boy caught stealing! My boy de-tested in dishonesty! He, the light of my life, on whose education I have spent so much care. He has disgraced his family. We are ruined! And that my son should have done this! Why, old as I am, I'll bet I'd a worked it so they'd never have found me out! Too bad! 'Too bad!' And, overcome by emotion, the aged man wept.

"I wish I was the trapper and was tied to the stake, going to be burned alive by the Indians," said little Johnny Fizzletop, who was reading a dime novel on the sofa. "Why do you wish to be in such a horrible predicament?" asked his mother. Because, in the last chapter, the trapper scalps Jeewhilikins Jim, the Jumping Jackass of Juniper Jungle, and his Indian allies, and carries White Fawn, the lovely maiden, off to his mountain fastness." "I think there is too much fastness, anyhow, about the boys of Austin," remarked the mother, thoughtfully.-Texas Siftings

Bubb Doddington was very lethargie. Falling asleep one day after dinner with Sir Richard Temple and Lord Cobham, Sir Richard Temple and Lord Cobham, the latter reproached Doddington with drowsiness. Doddington denied hav-ing been asleep, and to prove he had not, offered to repeat all Lord Cobham had been saying. Cobham challenged him to do so. Doddington repeated a story, and Lord Cobham owned he had been telling it. "Well," said Dodding-ton, "and yet I did not hear a word of it; but I went to sleep because I knew that about this time of day you would tell that story." tell that story."

A customer, with wrath in his tones and fire in his eye, entered a ready-made clothing-establishment in this city the other day. Throwing down the bundle he had bought the day before, he ex-claimed, "Here, take back this suit, and give me my money. You swore it was all wool, when it is half cotton." "Well, I declare! Now, this is surprising. I guess the wool that cloth was made from came from a sheep raised in the South that had been allowed to run through the cotton-fields. That's the only way we could possibly get any cot-ton in the clothing we sell here. *— Phil-*adelphia Chronicle-Herald.

The agent of a minstrel-show who was traveling over the Pan-Handle Route the other day happened to take a seat opposite a Boston drummer. Each wore a pin with six diamonds in it and displayed two watch-chains. The coincidence happened to strike a solid, old-fashioned farmer as rather curious, and hitching along up to the pair, he asked: "Gentlemen, will you give me honest answers to a question or two?" They said they would; and he continued "What time is it by your four watches?" The agent replied that he only had one watch, and that didn't tick; while the other confessed that he had none at all. "One more question: Did you buy your diamond pins at the dollar store?" The two men looked at each other in a limit. "O; well, I didn't intend to be sassy," he remarked as he fell back. "I'm sparking a widder up in Wood County; and I was thinking that if I could buckle on a dollar diamond and harness two watch-chains · around me, she'll either kick or cave inside of a week. -- Wall Street News.

The Misery of Riches.

For years one of the familiar sights of Cincinnati streets has been an aged beggar by the name of Margaret Parker. No doubt of her utter poverty ex-isted, for scores of benevolent persons had visited her squalid room and found her shivering with cold or eating scraps of loathsome food. One day recently Margaret was told she must move out of her wretched apartment unless she could pay her rent, That was a man-ifest impossibility, and a man who had before befriended her hired a wagon and prepared to help her to move. In so doing he dropped a dilapidated trunk which burst and disclosed two heavy bags of money, amounting, it is supposed, to five or six thousand dol-lars. The old erone, who stood by, turned pale and exclaimed: "What shall I do! People know I've got money now, and I'll be murdered for it."2

Willing to Sell.

A Detroit commercial traveler finish-ed his supper at a hotel in the western part of the State the other night, and drew up to the stoye alongside of a stranger and said:

"Are you acquainted in the town?"

"Yes, somewhat." "Is this the best hotel?"

"They say so." "Then I wish I had bought some prackers and cheese and crawled into a haystack. Did you see how dirty the table-cloth was?"

"I didn't notice in particular." "And such biscuit and slop, and such napkins! I can imagine what the beds are ?? "Yes."

"The paper on the room will be mol-dy, the washstanti on three legs, the pitcher without a handle, and the bed full of bugs. It is a shame and a dis-grace to call such a hog-pen a hotel." There was a moment of silence for the traveler to light his pipe, and then he continued:

"Yes, it's a shame. I'd like to run a

hotel like this for a year." "Well, Pll sell out to you." "You? What have you got to do with

it?" "Oh, I'm owner and landlord!" was

the calm reply. The traveler didn't try to smooth it over or laugh 5t off. He knew that any-thing he could say would be adding in-sult to injury."—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Garfield's New House.

The widow of the late president has become fairly at home in her new residence on Prospect street, in this city, writes a Cleveland correspondent of the Louisville Courier-Journal. She moved into the house shortly after its purchase, about three months ago. It is a plain, unpretentious mansion in its exterior, but Mrs. Garfield has caused the interior to be furnished in an elegant and elaborate manner. The carpets, furni-ture and other furnishings are all new, and were purchased at great expense. Little or no furniture was brought into

the city residence from the country homestead at Mentor. Mrs. Garfield has many callers and not a few visitors. Grandma Garfield is here spending the winter, and among the guests at the house at the present writing is Mrs. Bornton, the present the guests at the nouse at the present writing is Mrs. Boynton, the wife of Dr. Boynton, one of the late president's physicians. Mrs. Boynton, by the way, is a very plain and exceedingly modest, but a fine talking woman. It is said that Mrs. Garfield and the doctor's wife: are more than mere friends or acquaintanc

The action of the Ohio legislature in offering a prize of \$10,000 for the best bust of Garfield, to be designed by an Ohio artist, has resulted in the coming: troubled way, and then informed the to Cleveland of scores of artists, embryo-blunt questioner that he had reached the and otherwise, with busts under their arms, all anxiously seeking the approv-al of Mrs. Garfield. With her approval as to the correctness of the bust, the legislature would not hesitate any length of time as to who was worthy of the \$10,000 prize. The other day I accompanied a young Columbus artist to the Garfield residence, whither he went to show a re-cently-designed bust of the general to Mrs. Garfield, and if possible secure her approval of the work. We were ushered into the parlor—an exquisitelyfurnished room, by the way-where we were met by Mrs. Garfield, the late president's aged mother, and Mrs. Dr. Boynton. Mrs. Garfield looks much better than she did early in the summer. There is a better color in her face, and she is more fleshy. She looks older and is more careworn, and numerous wrinkles have appeared in the face since I last saw her. Her dress is wonderfully plain, as is also that of her husband's mother. Both ladies are frank and outspoken in the extreme. The young artist from Columbus un-covered his bust of Garfield, on which he had spent many long hours of tedious labor, and placing it upon a small card-table in the center of the room, quietly sat down and awaited the decis-ion of the ladies. Mrs. Garfield gave the bust a quick, sidelong glance, and then approaching it closer looked at it steadily and in a most critical manner for several moments. Then she spoke: "It looks more like Stanley Matthews."

Protecting His Character.

Entering the shop of his Sixth avenue tailor the other day, he said: "Sir, I owe you \$60." "Yes, sir, you do." "And I have owed it for a year."

"You have." "And this is the fifth postal card you

have sent me regarding the debt." "I think it is the fifth."

"Now, sir, while I cannot pay the debt for perhaps another year, I pro-pose to protect my character as far as possible. Here are twelve two-cent stamps. You can use them in sending me twelve monthly statements of ac count, and can thus save your postal cards and my feelings at the same time.

It is said that the tailor has credited the 24 cents on account and feels that he has secured more of the debt than he had any reason to hope, for. - Wall Street News.

Landlord Tim.

We possessed a landlord once in our pleasant little Canadian village, and the said landlord was witty and harmless, but an inveterate "exaggerator." Stranger or friend were pleasantly en-tertained of an evening by listening to his impossible, though truthfully told, yarns, and many a guest felt he receiv-ed his money's worth of combustible chin, besides his board thrown in. He chin, besides his board thrown in. He would tell about feeding bushels of corn to a wild goose that daily visited his father's "lower farm," and at last, shooting it with a rifle, found half of the bullet on either side, split by the breast bone. Beautifully would he relate his favorite, a pigeon yarn. Notic-ing hundreds of this game in a tree one day and having only a rifle he was sore-ly perplexed as to the best means of making a fruitful discharge. Brains brought into requisition so plentifully bis head ached, quickly set him clear. Choosing the fullest limb, he fired, splitting it, and as the bullet passed through the limb their toes dropped in and held them fast. While sawing off the limb it suddenly broke and let pigeons and all into the stream below. When he reached the shore again he had ninety-seven pigeons in his bands and a peck of small fish in his boots. "Tim," said Henderson, a new comer, one night after Tim had finish-ed his imaginative triumph

ed his imaginative triumph, "Tim, I shot at some pigeons years ago; I had as good a double-barreled gran as was ever made, and saw clouds of pigeons not more than twenty-five yards away. I let go both barrels at the same time and how many do you suppose I killed?

"Did you say you had 'a double-bar-reled shot-gun?" inquired Tim. "Yes, sir, double-barreled and a good

one." "Oh, I don't know," said Tim

thoughtfully; "say 200." "No, sir," said Henderson, with an air of satisfied expectancy, "no, sir, not a single one?"

An Examination in Geography. We present the following anthentic written examination in geography by a pupil in a second middle class in a New England city, which, it is nnnecessary to say, is not Lowell. Do what they may, our teachers will never equal this extraordinary exhibition:

1. Name and locate three large cities in New England. Answer. Boston, philadelphia and

baltimore. 2. · Locate Mt. Katahdin, Mt. Desert, Mt. Washington. (Teacher seems to think that Mt. Desert is a Mountain.

Ans. Mt. Desert is on the baltimore railroad. Erie canal is on the hunting-ton, Mt. Washington is on the parkis-

burg river. 3. What are the principal exports of Washington ...

		-		al fixed
LEVELAND, N	At. VERN	IN &	DELAV	VARE
R	AILRO	AD.		
GEORGE	D. WALL	ER, R	eceiver	
		-		
To take effe	CHEDULE .	NO 6.	02.1 189	9
TO TAKE CH	set monua	y, 000.	200, 100	
SOUTI	I-BOUNI	TRA	INS.	
SOUTI Stations. Leave Cleveland Hudson. Cly, Falls Akron N. Portage Clinton Warwhellyille Orrville. Apple Creek Fredericksburg Holmesville. Millersburg Killbuck	Acc.	Acc.	Exp.	Mail
Leave		P. M.	P. M.	A. M.
Hudson	*******	5 40	2 00	9 40
Cuy. Falls		5 20	3 27	9 67
Akron		5 47	3 42	10 12
Clinton		6 19	4 14	10 42
Warwick		6 25	4 19	10 47
Orrville.	**********	6 51	4 45	11 14
Apple Creek		7 09	5 08	11 81
Fredericksburg	\$ A aa	7 28	5 17	11 45
Millersburg	5 35A	M 7 45	5 40	12 08
Killbuck Black Creek	5 49		5 45	12 22
Black Creek	6 03		05	12 30
Gann	6 490		6 53S	1 06
Danville	7 01		7 04	1 11
Gambier	7 21		7 24	1 31
Mt. Vernon	7. 34		7 38	1 45
Bangs	7 44		7 50	1 57
Ganville Howard Gambier Mt. VerBon Bangs Uenterbourg Condit Sunbury Galèna Westerville Arrive at	8 05		8 12	2 19
Condit	8 19		8 26	2 83
Sundury	8 29		8 31	2 43
Westerville	8 52		8 59	8 05
Columbus	9 20		9 25 P W	8 2)
NORTH	A. N. H-BOUNI	TRA	INS.	C
NORTI Statious, Arrive at Cleveland. Hudson Cuy, Falls Akron N. Portage Clinton Warwick Marshallville Orrville Fredericksburg Holmesvillej	Ex.	Mail.	Acc.	Acc.
Cleveland	P. M. 2 30	7 80	A. M. 10 10	A. M.
Hudson	1 20	6 20 .	8 53	and and
Cuy. Falls	1 62	6 01 5 47	8 33	1 1 1 1
N. Portage		5 32	8 03	Page St.
Clinton	1 19	5 10	7 46	
Marshallville	1 02	4 58	7 19	
Orrville		4 45	7 108	
Apple Creek		4 26	6 22	
Fredericksburg	511 15	4 12	6 08	1
Holmesvillej	10 51	4 03	5 58	Р М 8 45 ±
1 1 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0			A. M.	ALCONTRACTOR
Killbuck	10 21	3 35		8 22
Gann	9 57	2 57	******	7 60
Danville	9 44	2 45		7 44
Howard	9 24	2 35		7 94
Mt. Vernon	9 11	2 12		7 08
Bangs	8 55	1 57		6 53
Centerburg	8 33	1 35		6 31
Condit	8 19	1 21	*****	6 17
Galena -	8 08	1 06		6 00
Weste ville	7 45	12 50		6 4.4
Killbuck Milersburg Gann bar Howard Gambler Mt. Vernon Bangs Mt. Liberty Centerburg Condit Sunbury Galeua • Weste ville Leave Colum bus	7 90	19 95	1. 1. 1.	6 15
B Breakfast	S Suppe	1 20		1
N. MONSARR	AT, E.	T. A	FFLEC.	K.
B Breakfast. B Breakfast. N. MONSARR General S	ron, O.	Co	lumbus	. 0.
the second second second			- State on	AL AVEN
Baltimore	& Of	io	Railro	bad.
P A YEAR Y STAN	1000 0000		3 . 1.2. 3	The states
i de versalitier	EAST BO	UND. 1882	19- 68	
The said a	nuary 14. New York & Bal'm'e Express	Washi	ngt'n	N. Y.
	& Bal'm'e	and B	alti-	Fast
I PAVE-	A. A	i. I	Exp.	P. M.

RAILROAD CARDS.

Blue Grass Route of Ohio.

Time Table.

Contraction of the second second second		wasningtu	
	& Bal'm'e	and Balti-	Fast
and the second second	Express	more Exp.	Line,
LEAVE-	A. M.	P.M.	P. M.
Chicago			5.10
Cincago	P.M.	A. M.	1. S. 19 19 1. 1
Milford June			9.80
Millord June	CION		A.M.
A	5.30	7,85	6.00
Sandusky			and the second sec
Monroeville	010		
		A. M.	2.55
Chicago June	tion 7 10		
Shelby Juncti	ion 7 40		8.20
Mansfield			3 89
		P. M.	
Mt. Vernon	9 23	12.04	4.41
	P.	M. P.M.	2.05 - CARE . T. C.
Newark		1.00	5.25
ARRIVE	A		A. M.
Columbus			9.00
		P. M.	
LEAVE.			3.00
Columbus			0.00
	A. M		8.40
Wheeling	1.55		0.40
all	Р. М.		0.00
Washington .	2.25		9.25
Baltimore			10 40
	P. M.		A. M.
Philadelphia	7.45		8.05
New York		5 3.50	6.50.
	WEST BOI	UND.	医胆晶管 建成
	Chicago Fas		Chicago
	Line.	Expr ss.	Mail.
	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
			12.00
New York		Р. М.	A. M.
	10.00	4.00	8.50
Philadelphia			0.00
	A. M.	P.M.	d 0.3

3 00 4 05.

Wheeling

9.00

11.15

A. M. 4.05 5.03 6.87 7.05

9,15

P. M. 2.10

3.06 4.83 4.57

covered walking his beat at night, and The Courier-Journal says he must be a somnambulist.

It has now come out that Oscar Wilde has a brother, but you can make up your mind it wasn't the brother who told.

When it gets so cold that a man's breath is congealed while talking, then this country car. consistently claim to be "the land of freeze speech."

Mr. Younghusband, who has seven silver ladles among his wedding pres-ents, says he is in favor of "silver service reform.'

Says a correspondent, speaking of modern French furnishing, "I find innumerable instances of modern armchairs covered with two sorts of material." Isn't is about time that these flings at courtship were done with?

A lady engaged to be married and getting sick of her bargain, applied to a friend to help her untie the knot beford it was too late. "Oh, cer-tainly," she replied:---"it is very easy to untie it now, while it is only a beau knot."

"Oh, yes," said the engineer, "I had a chance to become a hero by sticking to my post when the collision came, but when I reflected that my name would be spelled five hundred different ways in the newspapers, I changed my mind and jumped."

"You write a beautiful hand. I wish that I had such a hand," said Mr. Flasher to a lady clerk at the hotel. "Am I to consider this as a proposal?" asked the bright young lady. "Well, -er-yes-if my wife is willing to let me off," replied the accomplished Flasher.

A lecturer was once in a dilemma which he will probably never forget. While talking about art he ventured the assertion: "Art can never improve And at that moment somenature." one in the audience cried out in a gruff voice: "Can't, eh? Well, how would you look without your wig?"

"Do you want to hire an editor?" in-"Do you want to hire an editor?" in-quired a dapple-face young man with a prominent nose, who had just kicked a strong oak button off from the door, and walked in on us with the gall of a map-peddler. "No, not to-day; we are quits sober, thank you." was the gra-cious reply. "Don't ? Well, can I shovel in that pile of coal down on the sidewalk, and whattle yer give?"-Chi-sidewalk, and whattle yer give?"-Chi-sidewalk and whattle yer give?"-Chi-side caag Cheek.

14

in the work of the backet and a work

Dr. Tanner's Strange Experiments.

The wife of fasting Dr. Tanner has lately taken up her abode in France, having obtained a divorce from her eccentric husband under the following circumstances: Dr. Tanner, it appears, is peculiarly addicted to extraordinary fancies, and some time since he thought he had found out that the human character becomes modified according to the food taken by the individual, and especially in relation to the vegetables consumed. Carrots, he avers, make people fidgety and sly; turnips produce extreme amiability, while a prolonged diet of French beans induces great irri-tability. The carrying out of this the-ory has brought great trouble into Dr. Tanner's home. He made a heavy wager on the question with some friends and experimented on Mrs. Tanner with French beans, giving her to eat about three pounds of the vegetable daily. It is not altogether to be wondered at if, after such a regime, Mrs. Tanner became rather more irritable than was perhaps contemplated, and threw a jug at Dr. Tanner's head. The doctor, however, gained his bet; and, more thoroughly convinced than ever of the truth of his theory, put his wife on the turnip diet, so as to make her as amiable as she was before the French bean regimen. This time, however, the result was not so strictly in accordance with the theory. Mrs. Tanner objected to being any longer a subject for these vegetarian experiments, sued for a di-vorce, and what is more singular, obtained it.

A lady who resides in Detroit recently visited Niagara Falls, accompanied

allounder from meders Unit

A. 5 16

Then looking again for a moment, she continued:

"No, I can't say that it resembles the general to any great extent." With this latter remark she sank into a seat, and Grandma Garfield remarked, after looking at the bust suspiciously for a moment:

"That ain't James' neck. Do you think it is, Lucretia?" and turning oward Mrs. Garfield, the conversation between them suddenly fell to quiet whisperings. My artist friend sadly and noiselessly picked up his bust, bowed politely to the ladies and withdrew. Just how many artists Mrs. Garfield is computed to entertain L do not insert compelled to entertain I do not know. but I am certainly aware of the fact that on the average a score or more of busts have passed before her critical eye every month since last spring when the state legislature offered its \$10,000 prize.

- at .

226 2 20 21

New England?

Ans. The principal exports of New England is the things you send out anywhere.

4. Name five large rivers of New England.

Ans. hudson river baltimore river and the James river and California

5. Which State ranks first in commerce? Mining? Fisheries? Manufac-turing? Shipbuilding? Ans. Massachusetts is the union in

commerce, mining ranks next in commerce, fisheries ranks next in commerce and ship-building ranks next in commerce. 6. Name two bays on the coast of

New England and three on the coast of the Middle Atlantic States.

Ans. atlantic bay and the hudson bay and the new jersey bay. New York and Philadelphia.

7. What two names are often given to New Hampshire?

Ans. Vermont and Massachuseus. 8. What city on the Conn. in the

scouthern yart of Mass.? Ans. Newhampshire. 9. Name the Middle Atlantic States, and give their capitals.

Alns. the middle states is situated on the merric river north eastern part of the state.

10. Locate Buffalo, Brooklyn, Wor-

cester, Philadelphia, New Bedford. Aus. Locate is situated on the hudson north western part of the state, brooklien is on the ohio railroad north part of the state, buffi lo is in the eastern part of the state, Worsester is on the northern part of the state philadelphia is on the east part (of the state and new bedford is on the eastern part of the state.-Lowell (Mas s.) Courier.

Cohembus *3 55 am †9 55 am *3 50 pm +11 00pm Arrive at Lordon ... 4 42 am 10 50 am 4 40 pm 12 15 am Xessia 5 25 am 12 00 pm 5 40 pm 1 25 am Mayton ... 8 115 am 1 00 pm 6 25 pm Clacin'ti ... 800 am 2 45 pm 800 pm 4 00 am Louisville 12 45 pm 7 30 pm 12 43 am12 45 pm Limited Excretes and Western Express will sma daily. Fast Line and Mail express intly except Sunday. Limited Express has no commercian for Dayton on Sunday. JAMES MCCKEA, E. A. FORD, General Manager. Gen. P. & T. A. Chicago, St. Louis, Pittsburgh R. R. In Scotland there : are ninety-nin e fac Limi'd East Western Ch'cago Exp'ss. Line Exp'ss. Exp'ss. In Scotland there ; are innety-nin e fac tories engaged in the jute industry, hav-ing 183,056 spindle 3; 5,856 dou bling spindles; 10,000 pow er looms, and em-ploying 8,920 males a nd 21,841 fem ales, jute pickers. Men receive \$4.15 per week for fifty-six h ours' work. Wo-Leave Columbus 6 10 am 10 00 am 3 50 pm 5 00pm men receive \$2.88; & arse spinners, female, receive \$2.62 per week; h om weavers, male, are pi tid \$3.75, and! fe-male \$2.50 respectively, for fifty-six hours' work.

In the eastern part of the town of Savannah, N. Y., and, about half a n tile west of Seneca river, 1 is a small lake of about an acre in exten it, the water of which is as salty as the ocean.

Newark 800 Mt. Vernon 8.54 Mansfield 1010 Bhelby Junction 1032 Chicago Junction 1110 Monroeville Sandusky 6.40 8.05 8.85 6.08 P. M. A. M. P. M. Milford Junction 1,55 3.04 A. M. A. M. Chicago...... 8,35 5.55 7 20 Trains run on Columbus time, west of the Ohio River. C. K. LORD, G. P. A., Baltimore, B. DUNHAM, Gen. Man Newark. Pittsburg, Cincinnati & St Louis Railroad. PAN-HANDLE ROUTE. Corrected to Arph 1, 1853. Trains leave Union Depot, Corumbus as fol-lows: GOING EAST. Pittsb'g Ex Fast Line Day Ex

 Iows:
 GOING EAST. Pittsb'g Ex Fast Line Day Ex

 Leave
 Pittsb'g Ex Fast Line Day Ex

 Columbus
 '8 30 am*12 20 pm*12 15 am

 Arrive at
 9 45 am 1 20 pm 1 20 am

 Beewark
 9 45 am 1 20 pm 4 00 am

 Steubenville
 2 50 pm 5 50 pm 4 00 am

 Steubenville
 2 50 pm 7 10 pm 8 30 am

 Wheeling
 5 25 pm 7 30 pm 7 40 am

 Marrisburg
 4 15 am 4 00 pm

 Ratington
 9 15 am 8 47 pm

 Patadelphia
 7 50 am 7 35 pm

 Messington
 9 15 am 8 47 pm

 Maria Idelphia
 7 50 am 7 35 pm

 GOING WEST.
 (Litric MfAMI DiVISION.)

 Lim'd
 Fast Western
 Mail

 Exp'ss
 Line, Exp'ss, Express

 Levive
 25 am 49 55 am 43 50 pm 41 00pm

Leave Cokumbus *3 55 am †9 55 am *3 50 pm +11 00pm