FREMONT WEEKLY JOURNAL
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BY A. H. BALSLEY.
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Six months, - - - - - - 1.00
Three months, - - - - - - 50

EVERY VARIETY OF
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NEATLY AND QUICKLY DONE.

Business Directory.

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LEMMON & FRENCH,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW AND GENERAL AGENTS, CLYDE, OHIO.
Mr. Lemmon will be in his office at Fremont, on Thursday of each week. Prompt attention given to all legal business. 7

JOSEPH R. BARTLETT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, White's Block, corner of Front and Croghan streets. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims and all business pertaining to the general law practice.
Fremont, March 1, 1872.

J. T. GARVER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Fremont, Ohio, offers his professional services to all requiring legal business done in any of the Courts of Sandusky County; will also attend to the collection of claims. Office in Tyler's Block, on Croghan street,

J. L. GREENE, Sen.
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, will attend to Legal Business in Sandusky and adjoining counties. Office, corner Room, upstairs, Tyler's Block.
FREMONT, O.

R. P. BUCKLAND. H. EVERETT. JAS. H. FOWLER.
BUCKLAND, EVERETT & FOWLER,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW and Solicitors in Chancery; will attend to professional business in Sandusky and adjoining counties. Office, second story, Buckland's New Block
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LINDSEY, Sandusky Co. Ohio, E. S. Bowersox, Proprietor. The proprietor takes pleasure in announcing that he is prepared to accommodate the traveling public. Every attention paid to the comfort of guests of the House. 1ly1

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BELLEVUE, O. John Ford, Proprietor. Recently refitted and furnished.

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CLEVELAND, O., 124 Water Street, near the Railroad Depot, and in the center of business.
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STORAGE, FORWARDING & COMMISSION Merchants, Dealers in Coarse Salt, Fine Salt, Dairy Salt, Land Plaster, Calcined Plaster, Water Lime, etc. Having purchased the entire property known as the Fremont Warehouse and Steam Elevators, at the head of navigation on the Sandusky River, we are prepared to receive, store and ship Grain, Lumber, Merchandize and other produce.
Office, at Fremont Elevators.
FREMONT. 1-1

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The undersigned would notify all persons who design traveling westward that he is prepared to sell
THROUGH TICKETS
TO ALL THE LEADING POINTS in Indiana, Illinois Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska and California.
W. H. ANDREWS,
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FREMONT, OHIO.
Does all kinds of Contract Building, and all manner of Jobbing Work. Shop on corner of Wayne and Boring streets. Moving and Raising of Buildings, and all kinds of Tackle work specially attended to. Orders solicited. 16y1

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ON STATE STREET.

A LUHRS takes pleasure in inviting the public to call at his stand on State Street, in Frentzel's Block, when they want FINE STEAKS or EXCELLENT ROASTS. The best quality of
BEEF, PORK MUTTON and VEAL
can be found on his counter, and the public will be served always at
REASONABLE PRICES.
CALL AND TRY ME.
46 A. LUHRS.

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CARRIAGE
Factory.
Corner Front and Market Streets.
CARRIAGES, OPEN AND TOP BUGGIES constantly on hand, or made to order in any style.
☞ Particular attention paid to repairing. All work done at my factory warranted.
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J. P. MOORE,
MANUFACTURER OF
CARRIAGES, BUGGIES & WAGONS
—OF—
I DESIRE to call the attention of all to the additions I have recently made to my
CARRIAGE FACTORY.
I have so enlarged and remodled my shop, as to give me unsurpassed facilities for executing, in a superior manner, every description of Carriages and Wagon work. My workmen are reliable and competent. All material is selected with special care, and thoroughly seasoned before it is manufactured. My aim is to furnish work which shall have a merited reputation for superior quality and style. I have fitted up a large store room and shall keep always on hand,
Every variety of Carriages, Buggies, Lumber, Spring and Market Wagons.
With these newly acquired facilities my prices will be low competition.
J. P. MOORE,
Carriage Factory, cor., Garrison and Water Sts
Fremont, Ohio. 50

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SOLICITORS AND ATTORNEYS FOR
U.S. AND FOREIGN PATENTS.
BURRIDGE & CO.,
127 Superior St., opposite American House, Cleveland, O.
With Associated Offices in Washington and Foreign Countries.
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PUTNAM MANUFACTURING CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF
PUTNAM'S PATENT CLOTHES WRINGERS,
Ironing Mangles, &c.
ALL KINDS WRINGERS REPAIRED.
H. H. HAMLEN, Agent, 65 Bank St.,
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The Fremont Weekly Journal.
Established 1829. Vol. XLIII. New Series Vol. XX, No. 22.
FREMONT, SANDUSKY COUNTY, OHIO; FRIDAY, MAY 31, 1872.

HARDWARE!
—o:o—
C. M. Dillon & Co.
Offer the heartiest thanks to their numerous friends and patrons and assure them of ample arrangements to secure their favor in the future, having the largest store rooms, filled with the largest supply of First-class Hardware in this city.
The Best Agricultural Implements,
Including the Maumee and Victor Plows, with an abundant supply of Forks, Hoes, Rakes, Scythes, &c.
THE EAGLE CORN SHELLER,
Which we warrant to shell easier, cleaner and quicker than any in the market, with a general assortment of
BUILDERS HARDWARE,
WINDOW GLASS,
And the STEUBENVILLE NAIL, (the best made.)
We sincerely believe we have very much the largest and best stock of
STOVES AND TIN WARE,
And better facilities for putting up
EAVE TROUGH, ROOFING, JOB WORK,
Than any other house in this county.
Our stock is the LATEST and BEST, and we will sell as low as similar goods can be bought in Fremont or Toledo.
☞ Highest price in CASH paid for Rags, Copper, Iron, Brass and Zinc.
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GUARDIAN
MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., NEW YORK.
Dividends Paid Annually on Contribution Plan on All Cash Policies.

All Policies Non-Forfeitable. PURELY MUTUAL.
ANDREW W. GILL, President. EVERETT CLAPP, Secretary.
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HOOD, HAND & MUNGER, General Agents for Ohio,
Headquarters, 197 Superior Street, Cleveland, Ohio.
DRS. RICE, Medical Examiners. 51-51

I. M. KEELER'S
AGENCY,
2d Story Buckland's Old Block,
FREMONT, OHIO.
Fire and Life Insurance,
Real Estate,
Notary Public,
Collections Made,
Taxes Paid in Sandusky County,
Anchor Line of Trans-Atlantic Steam Packet Ships.
General Information Given by Letter.
Any person desiring Insurance on any description of property, or on their lives, will do well to call at this Agency. The companies represented by me are unsurpassed by any in America.

Home, New York,	$4,672,013.50
Phœnix, Hartford,	1,373,594.04
Phenix, New York,	1,862,660.22
International, New York,	1,065,111.72
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Merchants, Providence,	380,982.00
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Chicago Fire Losses all adjusted, and the amount of Available Assets to pay losses that may occur at this Agency amounts to over
THIRTY MILLION DOLLARS.
All descriptions of property Insured and Losses promptly paid.
Loss Paid E. H. Underhill, February 7th, 1872:

Phœnix, Hartford	$1,500 00
Home, New York	450 00
International, New York	150 00

BUSINESS SOLICITED.
ANCHOR LINE OCEAN STEAMERS,
Leaving New York every Wednesday and Saturday. Passage Tickets can be had on application.
GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.—Persons at a distance desiring information from this point, can address me. If the subject does not require much investigation a few postage stamps will be sufficient remuneration.
Resident of Fremont Since 1840.
REFERENCES:—F. S. White, Bank Fremont, A. H. Miller, First National Bank, R. P. Buckland.

THE
Fremont Weekly Journal
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
IN BUCKLAND'S OLD BLOCK,
(UP-STAIRS),
FREMONT, OHIO.
The Fremont Weekly Journal
Is Republican in Principle,
And will be devoted to Politics, Local Matters, Literature and General News.
The aim of the Publisher is to make the JOURNAL a first-class Family Newspaper.
AS AN ADVERTISING MEDIUM
THE FREMONT JOURNAL
Is the best in the County.
THE JOURNAL JOB OFFICE
Is well supplied with
NEW TYPE AND GOOD PRESSES,
AND
JOB WORK,
In all its branches, promptly done and neatly executed. Everything from a Triple Sheet Postor to the smallest Visiting Card, will be furnished in the shortest possible time, and
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
Persons wanting Job Work done, either
PLAIN OR ORNAMENTAL,
Are invited to call, or address
A. H. BALSLEY,
Publisher Journal, Fremont, Ohio.

P. DORR & SON
Have just received a large stock of
BOOTS AND SHOES

FOR THE
SPRING & SUMMER
TRADE!
FOR SALE AT THE
LOWEST CASH PRICES
AS FOLLOWS:

Ladies Gaiters,	$1,00 to $3,00
Men's shoes,	$1,50 to $2,75
Men's Kip Boots,	$3,25
Men's Calf Boots,	$4,50

We also keep the celebrated Buffalo Workon stantly on hand.
Repairing done in Neatest Style.
Our Custom Shop does the finest work at low prices satisfaction guaranteed in every case
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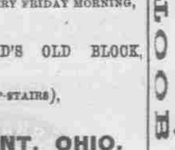
SIMMONS' LIVER Regulator

These symptoms of Liver Complaint are uneasiness and pain in the side. Sometimes the pain is in the shoulder, and is mistaken for rheumatism. The stomach is effected with loss of appetite and sickness, bowels sometimes alternating with last. The head is troubled with pain, and dull, heavy sensation, considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. Often complaining of weakness, debility and low spirits. Sometimes many of the above symptom attend the disease, and other times very few of them, but the liver is generally the organ most involved. Cure the Liver with
DR. SIMMONS'
Liver Regulator,
A preparation of roots and herbs, warranted to be strictly vegetable, and can do no injury to any one.
It has been used by hundreds, and known for the last 40 years as one of the most reliable, efficacious and harmless preparations ever offered to the suffering. It taken regularly and persistently, it is sure to cure dyspepsia, headache, jaundice, dysentery, sick headache, chronic diarrhœa, affections of the bladder, camp dysentery, affections of the kidney, fever nervousness, chills, diseases of the skin, impurity of the blood, melancholy, or depression of spirits, heartburn, colic, or pains in the bowels, pain in the head, fever and ague, dropsy, boils, pain in the back, &c.
Prepared only by J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Druggists, Macon, Ga., and 529 Archstreet, Philadelphia, Pa. 29
Price $1; by mail $1.25.
At wholesale by RENOESTUS & CO., Toledo
For sale by S. BUCKLAND & SON, Fremont.

MEDICAL AID.—Dr. C. A. Smith's Medical Institute, established in 1865, for the cure of all forms of private diseases and cases of secret disorders. When a lady is in trouble she should consult the Doctor about her troubles. Suppression of the Menses will receive the Doctor's most particular attention. Office 71 Michigan street, Cleveland, Ohio. 48l

FOR SALE.
60 FEET FRONT by 82 1 2 feet deep, on Croghan street, suitable for Stores or other business buildings, $75 per foot.
2½ STORY AND BASEMENT BRICK, 40 feet front, on corner of Croghan and Arch streets, now occupied as a boarding house.
2 STORY FRAME DWELLING on Birchard Avenue, lot 132 feet front, 82½ feet deep, plenty fine fruit, on the finest street in the city, only two minutes walk from post-office, $2,500
SEVERAL CITY LOTS, eligibly situated. One-fifth cash, balance in four annuments.
FOR SALE.—In the village of Norwalk, on Main Street, one mile east from the Court House. Seven (7) acres of land, in high state of cultivation. House, Barn, Sheds and Hennery, Well and Cistern. A fine Orchard with all kinds of Fruit, Berries, Grapes, &c. Sandy Soil. Just the place for a Gardener, with ready market for all one can raise. Price, $5,000. Terms to suit purchaser.
2 STORY BRICK, open front, dwelling above, tin roof, on State street; a first rate location for a family grocery. Price ——
Will give ample time for payments.
2 ACRES, beautiful sandy soil, lot No. 5 in Thad Ball's addition. Will be sold cheap. Possession given immediately.
A SPLENDID FARM of 117 acres in Madison township, belonging to the estate of Geo. Beck, deceased, 75 acres well improved, the balance the best of timber; fine orchard of choice fruit. It is but a short distance from the line of the new Railroad from Toledo to Tiffin. Possession given at once. Will be sold at a bargain. Call on
I. M. KEELER.

1,000 LOTS, more or less, in Oak Wood Cemetery, ranging in price from $6 to $100. Plat of Cemetery grounds can be seen at my office.
Call at ISAAC M. KEELER'S Agency.

TO COLONISTS.
IF YOU ARE GOING WEST,
Buy your tickets over the "old reliable" Missouri Pacific Railroad, the popular route from St. Louis to Sedalia, Ft. Scott, Lawrence, Kansas City, Atchison, St. Joseph, Omaha, Denver, and all points in Missouri Kansas, Nebraska and Colorado, to which people are moving. This line has an unexcelled equipment in fine day coaches, Pullman's palace sleepers, Millers *safety platforms* and the patent *steam brake*, and its reputation for prompt time and sure connections is proverbial. For valuable information and assistance, and to make *special arrangements* at lowest rates offered by any line, call upon or address S. H. THOMPSON Agent Missouri Pacific R. R., Columbus, Ohio; or E. A. FORD, General Passenger Agent, St. Louis, Mo.
No trouble to answer questions.

Poetry

POETIC EXCERPTS.

"Do not, then, stand idly *waiting*
For some *greater work* to do;
Oh, improve each passing moment,
For the moments may be few.
Go and toil in *any vineyard*,
Do not fear to do or dare;
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it *anywhere*.
Cyrus W. Field.

If in one poor bleeding bosom
I a woe-swept chord have stilled;
If a dark and restless spirit
I with hope of heaven have filled;
If I've made, for life's hard battle,
One faint heart grow brave and strong;
Then, my God, o thank thee, bless thee,
For the precious gift of song.—*Chitwood.*

Let "Agitation" be the motto
Of every true Reform;
Inscribe it on each waving banner,
And fling it to the swelling storm.
Oh, let it float o'er every State,
And let the cry be "Agitate!"

When you meet with one suspected
Of some secret dede of shame,
And for this by all rejected
As a thing of evil fame,
Guard thy every look and action,
Speak no word of heartless blame,
For the slanderer's vile detraction
Yet may soil thy goodly name.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshipers.—*Bryant.*

Tell me I hate the bowl—
Hate is but a feeble word;
I loathe—abhor—my very soul
With strong disgust is stirred,
Where'er I see or hear or tell
Of that dark beverage of hell.

Miscellaneous Selections.

PARLOR ORNAMENTS.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

There were David, Syd, Bob, Mark, and Jimmy—five of them. "Half a dozen, lacking one," Mrs. Gurney used to say almost despairingly. They were real boys, too, with a genius for whittling, mending skate straps, owning dogs, and tearing their clothes; and, as if these accomplishments were not enough, David had lately attempted music. An old violin had been purchased by the sacrifice of some other valuable possessions, and now it groaned and squeaked incessantly, in season and out of season. "There's tunes in the thing somewhere, and I'm bound to get 'em out," remarked David with cheerful preserverence; but as nothing that resembled one had been coaxed out as yet, Mrs. Gurney's faith was weak.

Mrs. Gurney was tired that night, and heartily glad when the last of the five pairs of feet had disappeared up the stairway, and she was left with no music but the monotonous creaking of her low rocking-chair, that had learned its tone through the hushing to sleep of so many babies.

The old round table stood beside her, drawn up in front of the fire, with lamp, scissors, and the inevitable spool of black silk upon it. She had a jacket, to mend—always a jacket, or pants, or stockings—and she gave her thread a sharp twitch as she thought of it.

"What else can it ever be when there's so many of them?" she said.

Nancy Styres dropped her chopping knife into the mincemeat, and looked up brightly. Of course any remark made in hearing was addressed exclusively to her, and if she did not understand this one, she could guess what was meant by the "many of them," and that was a sufficient peg to hang an answer on.

"Hey? 'Pears like when there's so many of 'em, it's most a pity some on 'em wasn't girls, ain't it, now?"

"No," said Mrs. Gurney, shortly. But her eyes wandered off from her work to the opposite side of the room, where stood a long row of boots deposited carelessly in the easiest place. Five pairs! She found herself wondering just for a moment, how it would seem if some of them were shoes—not boy's shoes—instead.

"He, he!" giggled Nancy, following her glance. "Guess if any thieves broke in here at night they wouldn't go further'n the chamber door. They'd think we'd got a whole regiment stowed away upstairs.

Mrs. Gurney looked persistently down at her jacket again, a little vexed at such watchfulness. Then she discovered another button off, and after plunging through a mixture of snail-shells, steel pens, bits of rosin, string, and broken slate-pencils, found that the "rip in the pocket" which had been commended to her attention, was no rip at all, but a hole of respectable size, pinned shut with a nail to prevent the escape of the above mentioned treasures. There were other indirect damages not mentioned in the contract, and she cut out a patch grimly, and settled herself to an evening's task of it.

Always something of this sort to do! How could she have rooms as quiet, pretty, and orderly as those she had seen to-day, where there was no one to bring confusion, and so many to arrange and beautify? That neigboring house on the hillside was a very Mordecai at the king's gate to Mrs. Gurney sometimes, and because of it her own possessions availed her nothing to-night. Mrs. Davis and the girls had exhibited so many specimens of dainty handy-work during her afternoon call that she could scarcely remember them all—pretty cushions, delicate lamp-mats, elaborate tidies, tasteful little picture-frames. Maria had done this for a Christmas surprise, and Rose the other for a birthday gift, until the rooms were fairly overflowing with the graceful trifles that looked so prettily.

But hers—Mrs. Gurney furtively surveyed the boots once more—they were ornamented, to be sure. Even in her parlor she could barely find time to dust the two old-fashioned vases on the mantelpiece, and keep the flies off the solemn old pictures of General and Lady Washington; and for the rest of the house, there were hats lying about instead of lamp-mats. Mittens, tippets, school-books and slates were sure to decorate every available corner. Looking after such things would be the fancy work certain to greet to-morrow, her birth-day, as it did every other day.

"Boys must ha' gone to bed upstair," remarked Nancy, briskly; "anyhow the fiddle's stopped clatterin'."

Mrs. Gurney wished another instrument would follow the fiddle's example, but she refrained from saying so, and began to wonder a little herself at the unusually early hush that had fallen over the upper regions. Presently Mr. Gurney came in, and seated himself comfortably by the fire.

"Another day's work done, Susan."

"Mine isn't," she answered, rather shortly.

"Well, some folks can contrive to make a little work stretch a good ways, he suggested mischievously. "What are you busy with now?"

"Patches, of course. It's always mending.

"Yes, I expect so. It's wonderful how a boy can go through things, isn't it? Used to to be just so myself. Well, if they weren't tearing their clothes to pieces, they'd be doing something else, I suppose," he added, carelessly.

"And I might find a chance to do something else, too," she said, provoked at such a comfortable view of the case.

But Mr. Gurney had opened a little note-book, and was too intent upon it to heed the remark.

"What day of the month is it?" he asked, looking up.

"Twenty-fourth. To-morrow is my birth-day, Stephen."

"Eh! is it? We're both growing old, ain't we, wife?" And he plunged into his accounts again.

There was nothing very very consolatory in that. Mrs. Gurney made no further observation, only stitched on in a silence that had something of bitterness in it.

In the rooms above slumber had nothing to do with the quiet—only Jimmy, the youngest of the quintette, had discovered that his eyes would go shut, and generously yielding to their inclination had sought his pillow. David seemed to have been waiting for such an occurence, for at the first heavy breath from the inner room he unlocked a drawer, and began to fumble among its contents with the air of one having important business on hand.

"What are you after?" asked Syd, attracted by his manner.

David laid out a roll of wire, piece of sealing-wax, and a shingle.

"I'll show you directly," he responded at last, drawing forth a curious something, that, when fairly out and right side up, proved to be a small gray owl. "There!"

"Hello! reg'lar old owl! Where'd you get him?" demanded Bob.

"What are you going to do with him?" interposed Mark.

David surveyed the bird complacently.

"Nice, a'n't he?" Bought him of Bill Jones for a rabbit—only rabbit I ever caught in my trap, too; but I thought this would look nicer."

"Nicer for what? What'll you do with it?" persisted Mark.

"Fix him up and——I'll tell you what it is, boys," said David, leaning back against the chest of drawers, and deciding to begin at the beginning, "to-morrow's mother's birthday, and she's just as good a right to birthday presents as anybody, and I mean to give her this. Do you see?"

"What do you s'pose she'll do with it?" asked Bob, rather doubtfully.

"Do? Why, keep it," responded David. "Put it in the parlor to look at, of course."

"An owl, without any legs, and its eyes out!" began Syd, slowly surveying the purposed gift.

"Bother! can't you wait until a fellow can say what he means to do?" interrupted Dave, impatiently. "Nobody said it looked like much now; but it a'n't done yet. Bill Jones only got it half finished—stuffed you know—and then he got tired of it, and sold it to me. I don't know how the legs came off, but it'll have to be fixed up on something, so that won't show, and have some sealing wax eyes put in and then it'll be all right. Mother thinks lots of having things round to look at, such as other folks have. She's always telling how nice they are, and this'll be a sight prettier than any of the woolen worsted cats and dogs that the Davis girls make on cushions and things, for they a'n't natural, anyhow, and this is."

The three pairs of eyes began to scan David admiringly, and his purchase less critically. Pleasing mother was considerable, to say nothing of outdoing the "Davis girls." Besides the project had the charm of novelty. Dave saw that he had produced an impression, and gathered up his wire and wax for work.

"If you had a little tree to put it on now," suggested Syd, "it would look better."

"But it would all wither, you see, and I want something that'll stay. Guess I'll have to stick it on to this shingle and paint it green or some way, to look nice."

"Look here! I know something better'n that," announced Bob, making a sudden dash for a clumsy old trunk in one corner, that was his mother's abhorrence and his own especial delight—the receptacle of valuables unnumbered. "Hold on a minute." And with a vigorous poking and sifting, he brought to the surface an antiquated, tall bras candlestick.

"Rub this up bright and stick him on it; it's handsomer than an old shingle, anyhow."

"That's so," said Mark approvingly. "Wire him on."

The young taxidermist's eyes brightened. He saw no objection to his owl perching on a candlestick if it wanted to—or rather if he wanted it to—and considered in itself, the candlestick was certainly a more shapely object than the shingle.

"I'll give it to you—don't care much about it myself, anyway," said Bob magnanimously, beginning to polish it with the sleeve of his jacket. "Was goin' to make a brass cannon of it, that was all. I put in some powder t'other day to blow out that concern in the middle that shoves up and down, but I had to go to school and didn't have time to do it; glad of it now.

The small table was too narrow for so momentous an undertaking. David placed the lamp upon the carpet, and seated himself, *a la* Turk, beside it, while the others, interested spectators, gathered around in a circle—Mark on his knees, Syd reclining, and Bob striking a variety of attitudes, while he vigorously rubbed the intended pedestal, first on his jacket, and then on his pants, to "shine her up," as he said. Taken altogether, they looked not unlike a group of devotees engaged in some heathenish rite. But they had no thoughts to bestow on their own appearance; it was all for the owl, and various grave suggestions and bits of advice were volunteered.

"Fact is, I've only got some red and green sealing-wax," said Dave, turning the bird around upon his hand.

"Take the green," answered Mark serenely. "It wouldn't have red eyes unless it had a cold in its head."

Dave melted his wax over the lamp and attempted to drop it in the proper place, but it would have required more skillful fingers to accomplish the task quite readily and neatly, and he was obliged to try again and again.

"Here, let me hold him, and then you can take both hands to it," said Syd goodnaturedly, laying down the book he had been holding open, but not reading.

"Say!" exclaimed Bob, pausing for a moment in his labors, "when you get it all ready, let's slip down stairs in our stockin' feet and stick it upon the parlor mantel, where she'll see it the first thing in the morn— Hello!" elevating his nose in the air with a suspicious sniff, "I smell—O Syd! you're hair is all in a singein' !"

Syd drew back from the lamp in dismay, and this unexpected movement brough the drop of hot wax Dave had designed for the fowl full upon his hand.

"Oh! whew!" Syd dropped the bird and struck the lamp and overturned it so violently that the chimney was broken to fragments. Some of the oil escaped, and in an instant Syd's open book lying upon the carpet, was in a blaze.

The boys sprang to their feet. David caught up the lamp, and though the oil upon the outside of it had taken fire and the flame was running down upon his hand, held it firmly, while he and Syd blew furiously to put it out. Bob and Mark stood looking on in perfect bewilderment, not able to collect their scattered senses sufficiently to do anything for the moment, and the burning book was left unheeded upon the floor until the lamp was put out. Just then one of its fiery leaves fell upon the old candlestick and an explosion followed that seemed to shake the house.

"Oh!" it's the powder I put in for a cannon!" shouted Bob, in terrified explanation. And then, the mischief being done, Mark bethought him to dash a pitcher of water over the handful of flaming paper left.

The noise brought the frightened Jimmy from the next room, and the father, mother and Nancy, with alarmed and astonished faces, came hurrying up from below. An odd scene the room presented, the wet carpet strewn with bits of brass, burnt paper, and broken glass, while a mingled odor of kerosene, powder, and scorched feathers filled the air. The five boys were grouped together in silent amazement, and Mrs. Gurney's first glance assured her that they had neither murdered each other nor committed suicide.

"What on earth is the matter?" she ejaculated, tremulously.

Bob surveyed the wreck by the light the new comers had brought, and recovered his voice.

"Candlestick's gone to smash, and it's no go about keepin' a secret, an' slippin' down in our stockin's, and all that," he said. "Might as well tell all about it, 'cause I guess this thing's about as much of a surprise now as it ever will be."

"All about it" was accordingly told, though very confusedly, and in many different parts, as one speaker broke in upon another with explanations and amendments. Mr. Gurney interpolated grave admonitions against the careless use of powder, while Mrs. Gurney's grateful thought kept chiming in like a refrain: "What a mercy the lamp din't explode!"

"Yes; the candlestick's doin' it was bad enough," said Nancy, gathering up the fragments and hurrying away with them. Bob's eyes followed her, regretfully.

"It's most a pity it couldn't have been a cannon, though. Wouldn't it have been a roarer!" he murmured, when the household had dispersed once more, and his head sought its pillow.

"Most a wonder they don't blow us all up some time, seein' there's so many boys of 'em all together, an' into everything under the sun," commented Nancy, resignedly.

The mother shuddered.

"I was almost fretting because there's so many of them! What if some dreadful thing had happened?" she whispered to herself, and a train of woeful nightmare-beens kept her wakeful for hours. Treasures of fancy work were forgotton, and the old plain life seemed very fair as she awoke to it the next morning, and remembered that it was still her own, unchanged.

It is strange, sometimes, that which would only move us to laughter one hour, has grown suddenly pathetic the next. That poor owl was certainly a comical-looking object—legless, eyeless, a huge patch of green sealing wax on its back, its feathers scorched on one side and soaked with kerosene on the other—but Mrs. Gurney scanned it with tearful eyes and laid it away tenderly. She threw the old parlor open to the sunlight, and for that day, at least, it looked in her view no ornament while the five boys were there, though Syd's hair was singed into a curious style about the temples, David had one burned hand bandaged up, and Mark wore a strip of court-plaster on his forehead, where a fragment of the flying brass had struck him.

"Humph! an owl!" soliloquized Nancy. "What on earth would she want of another wild critter in there, when she's got so many of 'em now?

But Mrs. Gurney's heart was counting them, and she said stoutly, "Half a dozen, lacking one, and I wouldn't mind if it didn't lack any."
—*Hearth and Home.*

How is the Great West Peopled?

Few of the great movements of the present age are better illustrative of "the power of the Press" than the wonderful peopling of the Western portion of our great continent, especially those regions which lay beyond the Mississippi River.

Step by step the course of civilization and settlement advanced toward the Mississippi; but for a considerable time this seemed to be a barrier to further progress. A few, however, hardy adventurers, crossed from time to time; some to remain, others to return and tell their stories, too large almost for comprehension or belief.

The census returns of the United States show that there were never in the world such marvels of rise and progress as are exhibited in the plain facts there shown concerning some of the recent towns and cities of this region, which have grown up, as it were in a night, almost like that magic city of the Arabian story.

And how has this come to pass? Those wonderful men, editors, reporters, travelers and newspaper correspondents, who see and hear of everything, who make a note of things and print them, too, have filled the land with pleasing narratives of the West in all its natural greatness.

Shrewd business men, who read the papers, were quick to see the chances for business in all its variety and extent which were sure to arise from the peopling of such a region.

Railroads are projected and built, the great river is bridged, enterprise is ready and ever pressing on; towns, villages and cities spring up trade and traffic follow; a school-house, church and newspaper are among the first essentials; and so the tide sweeps on.

The lands offered for sale along the various lines of railroad have naturally proved most attractive to settlers, Government has wisely aided these enterprises by granting of her lands to Corporations who have had the pluck and energy to build Roads through her as yet undeveloped fields, and which have been held for generations at a mere nominal price, failing the while to find purchasers or development for lack of means of transportation. She has, in many instances, given alternate sections along the lines of these Roads, on either side, and by this seeming liberality has made the remaining portion quickly available, insuring for it also a greater than that of the whole before the generous gift.

Published reports state the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad Co., whose trunk line of 470 miles extends from Burlington on the Mississippi River, across the entire State of Iowa, and through that rich portion of Southern Nebraska bordering upon the Platte River, to Fort Kearney, where it makes a junction with the Union Pacific Railroad for through traffic to the Pacific Coast, have sold during the last two years 362,326 acres of land, for something over three and a half millions of dollars—nearly all of it to actual settlers, and if report be true, they have never asked a may to buy!

It is true that their lands are exceedingly beautiful and fertile, and present attractions and advantages of locality, soil and climate, which are essential in the estimation of farmers, probably unsurpassed by any region in the world; but it is mainly by the printer's art that the world has come to know it, and in addition to cultivated fields, trade, manufactures, arts, science, and all the attendants of refinement and luxury which enterprise can introduce and thrift maintain, are following rapidly the march of settlement.

Now call it advertising or what we will, this peopling of the West, and the great business traffic of the West, is simply a legitimate result of putting facts before the people.

T. H. L.

Greeley on Grant.

Extract from the speech of Horace Greeley, made Thursday night, Jan. 5, 1871, at the recognization of the Republican General Committee of the State and county, as published in the New York *Tribune*:

As to the administration of Gen. Grant, I recognize no one as a Republican who is not grateful for its judicious, energetic, and successful efforts to procure the ratification of the 15th amendment, that keystone of our political arch, whereby the fruits of our great triumph over rebellion and slavery are assured and perpetuated.

That the President has made some mistakes in appointments is obvious; it would be strange, indeed, if one so experienced in the conduct of political affairs had wholly escaped them. Whatever blame may justly attach to this falls justly on us, who took him from the head of the army and made him our civil Chief Magistrate, fully aware that he had never voted a Republican ticket, if, indeed, he had voted at all. *While asserting the right of every Republican to his untrammeled choice of a candidate for next President until a nomination is made, I venture to say that Gen. Grant will be far better qualified for that momentous trust in* 1872 *than he was in* 1868. Such, gentlemen, are the ideas and convictions which have impelled me to take my position among you, and accept the responsibility you have imposed upon me. Let us take care to act with substantial unanimity, and with such evident moderation and fairness that our friends throughout the State and the Union shall see and feel that we are doing our utmost to unite and strengthen the Republican party, and animate it with well-grounded and sanguine hopes of future triumph.

California papers say that within the past few months half a dozen men in California and Nevada have made an aggregate clean up of fifty or sixty million dollars, and they ask who lost?

For real business ingenuity commend us to California. The proprietor of a San Jose pleasure garden draws crowds by offering a prize to the person with the longest nose.

AN APOLOGY.

Stanley Mathews asks Pardon for the Part he took in the Cincinnati Convention—He is Ashamed of the Company.

CINCINNATI, May 16.—The Washington correspondent of the Gazette publishes a letter from Judge Stanley Mathews, temporary President of the National Liberal Republican Convention, written to a personal friend in Washington, who wrote to Judge calling his attention to the following extract from his speceech on taking the chair: "And so, gentlemen, in every department of the government, the slow poison of corruption, only not sufficiently slow, seems to have pervaded the whole civil and political administration of the country, from head to foot." The following is Judge Mathew's letter, which is published with his permission:

CINCINNATI, O., May 6, 1872.

MY DEAR SIR:—Nothing connected with the recent disgraced and disgraceful Convention at this place has given me so much pain as your note calling my attention to a statement taken from a speech of mine, printed with the interpretation you evidently put upon it. Allow me, in the first place, to say that I was put forward as temporary chairman of that Convention without an hour's notice, and that consequently what I said was totally unpremediated; and in the next place, that the extract you make, and which, if I had intended to be taken in its literal sense, would be justly a matter of regret that it had been uttered, does not represent the truth of my sentiments; on the contrary, I have no reason to believe, and never have believed, that personally the present administration were guilty of corrupt conduct or motives, and I ought to have expressed myself so as to have avoided any such charge. What I strived to say had reference to the general corruption of our political life, pervading it in every department, whereby personal and party ends seemed to be substituted for the public good, and the latest and best illustration of which I am free to say is now to be found in the action of the very convention in the presence of which this declaration was made. I am greatly chagrined at the whole matter, my own participation in it included, and have concluded, perhaps not sufficiently soon, that as a politician and President maker I am not a success. I greatly regret that I have given cause of offense to you and to many other personal friends whose integrity I may have seemed to have questioned, but which I can assure you was furthest from my thought. I hope you will be able to regard it as though it had never been said.

Very respectfully your friend,
STANLEY MATTHEWS.

The Decrease of Rain.

The fall of rain is increasing in ancient Egypt, and decreasing in this new country. Why? Because the Pacha of Egypt has planted great forests in his domains, and they have brought rain and fertility to a land that was once composed of barren sand-banks. William Cullen Bryant, the veteran editor and poet, says:

"It is a common observation that our summers are becoming dryer, and our streams smaller. Take the Cuyahoga as an illustration. Fifty years ago, large barges loaded with goods went up and down that river. Now, in the ordinary stage of the water, a canoe or skiff can hardly pass down the stream. Many a boat of fifty tons burden has been built and loaded in the Tuscarawas, at New Portage, and sailed to New Orleans without breaking bulk. Now, thd river hardly affords a supply of water at New Portage for the canal. The same may be said of other streams. They are drying up. And from the same cause—the destruction of our forests—our summers are growing dryer, and our winters colder.

A Suppositious Veto from H. G.

The Chicago *Post*