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Ellison Cooke Means
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SOMEBODY'S HALF-GROWN GIRL.

The kettle was bright as a kettle could be,
Its sides, like a mirror, caught everything in,
And Pattie's bare feet beat her heart's jubilee.
Jim had been sent other titles to win,
And she carried father's dinner.

Plates were out in their summer array,
Children were buzzing like bees in the sun,
And the shops—little Pattie turned bravely away—
Shops stood still, but minutes would run,
And she carried father's dinner.

Day crept after day, some pleasant, some not,
Each rounded hour with its item small;
But the noon-nearing hour, cold or hot,
Stood head and shoulders above them all,
For Pattie carried the dinner.

The great bell brawled in the upper air;
How slow the workmen were getting out!
Coming at last, though, pair after pair;
But where was the merry song and shout,
Gladdening the way to dinner?

Pattie watched them filing adown
The short, black road to the foundry gate;
All but the face so tired and so brown;
What in the world made father late,
When here was the kettle and Pattie?

At sight of these—the child and the can—
Why did a white tide wash each face?
Why did they all, to the oldest man,
Seem to whisper a prayer or a grace?
So marvel'd little Pattie.

"His daughter," "His dinner," "Ten minutes 'fore quitting,
Into her ears the broken words leapt,
Whilst over the way a crowd interknitting,
And father not come—what horror had crept
Over our waiting Pattie?

"You'd better go home, child, father is there."
He seemed the roughest, grimest of all,
Yet light as a flower came his hand on her hair,
Pure as a star was the tear he let fall
Over the orphaned Pattie.

Father was there when Pattie went in;
Tired no longer, nor old, nor brown,
The dimple come back to his shaven chin,
His hands at rest, and folded down,
Labor and striving ended.

Pattie is somebody's "half-grown girl,"
With a full-grown woman's work to do;
Somebody's "by tugs at the curl
Father's used to wander through,
After the dinner was over.

Somebody's—yours my lady so fair!
Or yours, good madam with nerves of steel!
One lapped in languor, one cumbered with care,
Both forgetting a child can feel,
And who regardeth the poorest.

Somebody's half-grown girl—ah me!
These Patties are legion the wide world through
If her story moves your heart, then see
Is she not in your kitchen, toiling for you?
Are you not Pattie's keeper!

There is One who sees where'er she may be,
Notes every task she is set to do.
Deal with her, then, as tenderly
As you would Heaven should deal with you;
Make not the burden too grievous.

For some day the great noon-rest shall come,
And father and child sit together once more,
All eyes shall see in that searching sun
Who heaped offense against Pattie's door,
And God, who has seen, will remember.

"A branch of May we have brought you,
And at your door it stands;
It is but a sprout, but it's well budded out
By the work of our Lord's hands.

"The hedges and trees they are so green,
As green as any leek;
Our heavenly Father he watered them
With heavenly dew so sweet.

"The heavenly gates are open wide,
Our paths are beaten plain,
And if a man be not too far gone,
He may return again.

"The moon shines bright, and the stars give light,
A little before it is day;
So God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a joyful May!"

A STORY.

"Papa, will you tell me a story before I go to bed?" said little four-year-old Willie, climbing up into my lap and nestling close to me in his childlike way.

"Yes," I said, smoothing his golden curls and looking into his blue eyes; "but it must be very short, for it is past your bedtime."

In a far-off beautiful country there lives a great king. His city is paved with gold, and his gates are of lovely pearls. This king is good as he is great; so that his people call him *father*, and he calls them his children. Many of his children live in a country far away from his, and never see him. But though he is separated from them, he never forgets them, and is always thinking of them with love.

These children would never know anything about their loving, tender father, if he did not often send messengers with words of affection, and gifts to make their hearts happy.

Besides all this, the good king has promised that if his children are kind and gentle, doing to others as they would have others do to them, they shall come to live with him in that lovely land, and be always happy.

"I know," said little Willie, opening wide his blue eyes, "who that good King is; he is God; and that lovely land is heaven; and I shall go there if I love the Saviour, and I mean to; so good night, dear papa."

C. W. M.

BY A DISPLACED THREE-YEAR OLD.

Muzzer bought a baby,
'Tittle bitsey sing;
Sink I mos could put him
Frou my rubber ring.
An't he awful ugly?
An't he awful pink?
"Just come down from heaven."
Tat's a fib, I sink.

Doctor told anozzer
Great big awful lie;
Nose an't out of joint zen,
Tat an't why I cry.
Mama stays up bedroom—
Guess he makes her sick;
Frow him in ze gutter,
If I can, right quick.

Cuddle him and love him!
Call him "Bressed sing!"
Don't care if my kite an't
Got a bit of string!
Send me off with Biddy
Every single day.
"Be a good boy, Charlie;
Run away and play."

"Sink I ought to love him!"
No, I won't; so zero!
Nassy, crying baby,
Not got any hair,
Got all my nice kisses,
Got my place in bed;
Mean to take my drumstick,
And crack him on the head.

KATY'S KITTENS.

See these four little kittens! They are at breakfast. Katy has been feeding them, and now she has run off to play.

These little kittens are as white as the milk they are drinking, but two of them have gray spots under their necks, and Katy calls these little spots the kittens' breastpins.

Katy loves these kittens very much. I think it is because she has taken so much care of them. She found them under the barn one morning, and they were so unhappy that they were crying bitterly.

They were all alone, and Katy thought that their pussy-mamma must have wandered away and been killed, for she never came back again, so Katy said she would take care of the kittens. All her brothers and sisters call them Katy's babies.

They sleep all curled up together in a basket of hay in the wood-shed, and every morning, after Katy has had her breakfast, she puts a large soup-plate full of milk in her own chair, and then she puts the kittens around the plate, and says, "Now, be good kits, and don't put your paws in the dish; pigs put their paws in, but you are nice, clean, white kittens."

Sometimes Katy stays and watches them until they are done breakfast, and then she takes them down from the chair, and plays with them.

But sometimes Katy is in a hurry, and then she runs away, and when the kittens have finished breakfast they jump down and play by themselves.

One day, when they were all tumbling about together on the floor, one little kitten raised one little white paw, and boxed another kitten's ear! How Katy laughed! But the kitten was not angry. These kittens never were. How pleasant it would be if little boys and girls were never angry! These little kittens seem just as happy without any mother as they would be with one. Could little boys and girls feel so? Could you?

In Trust.

It's coming, boys,
It's almost here;
It's coming, girls,
The grand new year!
A year to be glad in,
Not to be bad in,
A year to live in,
To gain and give in;
A year for trying,
And not for sighing;
A year for striving,
And hearty thriving;
A bright new year.
Oh! hold it dear,
For God who sendeth,
He only lendeth.

THE GOOD HOUSE.

Lily came fresh and happy from her evening bath to say—

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take;
And this I ask for Jesus' sake."

All in one breath she called out, "O mamma, I went away in Frankie's room to-day and prayed all by myself."

"And what did you say, my darling?"

"I said, 'Dear God, please forgive me all my sins, and help me to be good, and everybody to be good; for Jesus' sake. Amen.'"

Mamma commended her, and then reminded her that it was not *always* necessary to go away, to speak aloud to the kind Father, who is ever near with ready help. Lily nodded her bright head. "I remembered that a little while ago," she said.

"When was it, pet?" "Did not you see at supper-time?" she asked; and mamma recalled that naughty Tom Temper did come to Lily, and just as she was about to burst into a passion of tears, she bowed her head quickly and lifted it again, with eyes smiling through their wet lashes, and the quivering lips put up for a forgiving kiss.

"I asked Jesus just *so easy*, and he helped me right away. Now, mamma, please sing,

"Take all my sins away."

"I have heard you sing it a good deal to-day, Lily." "Oh, yes; but I don't know the whole, and I want you to sing it over and over until I go to sleep."

"My faith looks up to Thee,

Thou Lamb of Calvary,

Saviour divine!

Now hear me while I pray,

Take all my sins away;

Oh may I from this day

Be wholly thine!"

Very distinctly these words were sung to the little girl, until she fell asleep with God's benediction upon her.

E. W. C.

"And all the angels
in heaven shall sing,
On Christmas day,
On Christmas day;
And all the angels
in heaven shall sing,
On Christmas day in the morning."

Ah, the sands are dropping, dropping, dropping;
the minutes are going, going, going; the
hours are passing, passing, passing; the days roll
by and bring us to the end of another of God's
beautiful years.

"And all the souls on earth shall sing,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
And all the souls on earth shall sing,
On Christmas day in the morning."

"Then let us all rejoice again,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
Then let us all rejoice again,
On Christmas day in the morning!"

LITTLE Walton F— was visiting in the country. There were many guests, and the children had a separate table. While waiting for a blessing to be asked, he found the meal was commenced. "Why, don't you pray?" he exclaimed, surprised out of his politeness. "Well, Wattie, suppose you pray."

It was an unexpected turn of affairs, but he was equal to the occasion. "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want: for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen," he said promptly and devoutly. Was it not beautiful? How direct and practical the application between the provision for his comfort and the watchful care of the heavenly Shepherd, who is ready to feed the soul as well as the body.

"To do to others as I would
That they should do to me,
Will make me honest, kind, and good,
As every child should be."

WHAT creature is this which looks pleasant up, as much as to say, "How do you do, sir?" is not found in our woods. No, it is not. It lives on the other side of the globe, in Asia, and is called the Zibeth. It is a gentle creature when tame, and lives in the house like a cat, behaving very much as our cats do. It is fond of birds and small game, and has no objection to fruit, if it be ripe and sweet.

The peculiarity of the animal is, that it has musk-bag, like the musk-deer and the civet. Must you know, is a strong perfume which some people like to scent themselves with. It is a liquid found in a small bag or pouch, which the hunters of the musk-deer cut off, tie up, and dry. When dry, it looks like a pod, so that in trade it is ticketed "pod;" and a single pod is worth from fifteen to eighteen dollars.

While the musk-deer furnishes most of it, a smaller creature, called the civet, and the zibeth before us, have musk-bags, which supply small quantities of it, of an inferior kind.

Ah, how dependent we are upon one another! Who would have thought it would have taken a great nation twelve thousand miles off to make tea for us, and not only so, but fill our scent-bottles, for it is China which trades in musk as well as tea. And now she is coming over to build our railroads, dig our mines, pick our cotton, and help us cook and wash. I am sure we ought to thank the industrious Chinaman for his enterprise, and in return give him the best gift of God to man, the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

A little six year old boy was asked by his teacher to write a composition on the subject of water, and the following is the production: "Water is good to drink, to swim in, and to skate on when frozen. When I was a little baby, the nurse used to bathe me every morning in water. I have been told that the Indians don't wash themselves but once in ten years. I wish I was an Indian!"

THE SNOW BATTLE.

THE snow has come of which we thought in those bleak days when Jack Frost caught Our finger in his vice,
And locked the waters hard and fast,
And o'er the land a dark spell cast,
And fringed the eaves with ice.

We often said, "Wait till the snow comes tumbling down, and then we'll show Old Jack some real good fun;" for his ideas of mirth and sport were somewhat limited—in short, His sport and spite are one.

But no more talk. Bring hats and cloaks,
And worsted wrappers for the throat's
Tramp out! the snow invites,
Crisp, bright, and reaching far away;
A battle royal we'll have this day
Shall shame the ancient knights.

But who may tell the deeds we did,
How heroes stumbled, ran, and slid,
And hurled the dazzling ball!
How each encouraged each with cries,
How screams of laughter shook the skies
At some bold champion's fall!

"MARY hath chosen the good part, which shall not be taken away from her."

What did Mary choose? Why was it good?

How cheeks grew red and eyes grew bright
With the excitement of the fight,
Till weary grew each hand?
Then peace was signed, and ceased the fray,
And for my share of that great day
Let this brief record stand:

The softest balls I tossed at May;
But somehow those which went Tom's way
Were hard—perhaps they hurt;
For human nature's still the same,
And why did he in that round game
Go partners, but to flirt?

Is it hypocrisy, or only thoughtlessness, when one sings,
"Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine,"
while yet he does not give the one heart that he has?

"My Beloved is mine," for he has given himself to me;
"and I am his," for he has bought me with his own blood:
—and we are "the Lord's."

THE WHOLE STORY

And he with wiles,
And she with smiles,
Drew near the sacred spot;
The parson blinked,
And slyly winked,
And tied the fatal knot.

A laugh! A cry!
A sob! A sigh!
And then a fond embrace.
"My love!" "My life!"
"Dear hubby!" "Wife!"
And smiles clothed either face.

PREACHERS and teachers of all degrees may know the way to heaven, yet never walk in it, just as a man may know every detail of the railway time-table, and yet never take a journey. Men who spend their lives in preparing other people for heaven, but never advance themselves toward it, may be likened to the inspectors, porters, and other railway servants, who are occupied in setting out travelers, but who themselves never see the ocean or the landscape.

WHEN we call old age the winter of life, we must beware lest we derogate from the bounty of our Maker, and disparage those blessings which he accounts precious, among which old age is none of the meanest.—Joseph Hall.

MAY.

BY S. M. W.

"HOW sweetly the birds sing!" cried charming Miss May,
As she lifted her pretty young head;
"Why, I really would never have thought it so late!
It is time I was out of my bed!"

So she took off her night-cap—for I must confess
Her head was well wrapped from the cold;
And then she began, with a blush and a smile,
Her freshest spring robes to unfold.

And such dresses she had! embroidered with flowers,
And brilliant with every bright hue;
And perfumed with odors most dainty and sweet,—
And made in the latest style, too!

First she put on a veil just as blue as the sky,
And a dress of the loveliest green;
And the jewels she wore! why, they sparkled like dew,
And gave her the air of a queen!

And then she wore garlands; you ought to have seen
The snow-drops and primroses, too;
And the tulips and daffodils—gorgeous and sweet,
And the hyacinths—"red, white, and blue!"

And the birds sang as loud and as clear as they could,—
No wonder they woke her from sleep!
But they knew—the bright rogues—it was time to begin
Her grand yearly frolic to keep.

So the trees waved their hands, and the brook laughed and
And the insects took up the low hum, [sang]
And the children's glad voices soon joined in the cry,
"Sweet May with her flowers has come!"

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

METHOUGHT I saw a little lamb,
That left the Shepherd's side,
And wandered on until it came
Close to a river side.

I saw the tempest gather round,
The waters rise amain,
The wand'rer thought upon the fold,
And wished him there again.

And now the night was closing in,
His heart was filled with fear,
He raised a feeble little moan
To reach the Shepherd's ear.

He scarcely thought he should be heard
Amidst the tempest's roar;
But quickly was the Shepherd seen
As gentle as before.

And when he raised the trembling lamb,
And laid it on his breast,
Just as a tender mother soothes
Her little one to rest.

But, ah! the Shepherd's feet are pierc'd,
And thorns his brow entwine;
Blest Jesus! was there ever love
Or pity like to thine?

A VERY smart boy on
from college attempted to
two were equal to three,
a roasted chicken on the table
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to another: "Is not that
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Whereupon his father
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A REAL

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A VERY smart boy on his return from college attempted to prove that two were equal to three. Pointing to a roasted chicken on the table, he said: "Is not that one?" and then pointing to another: "Is not that two?" and do not one and two make three?"—Whereupon his father said, "Wife, you take one and I'll take the other, and our smart boy can have the third for his dinner."

A REAL GENTLEMAN.

A few days ago I was passing through a pretty shaded street, where some boys were playing at base ball. Among their number was a little lame fellow, seemingly about twelve years old—a pale sickly looking child, supported on two crutches, and who evidently found much difficulty in walking, even with such assistance.

The lame boy wished to join the game; for he did not seem to see how much his infirmity would be in his own way, and how much it would hinder the progress of such an active sport as base ball.

His companions, good-naturedly enough, tried to persuade him to stand one side and let another take his place; and I was glad to notice that none of them hinted that he would be in the way, but they all objected for fear he would hurt himself.

"Why, Jimmy," said one at last, "you can't run, you know."

"O, hush!" said another—the tallest boy in the party—"Never mind, I'll run for him," and he took his place by Jimmy's side, prepared to act. "If you were like him," he said aside to the other boys, "you wouldn't want to be told of it all the time."

As I passed on, I thought to myself that there was a true little gentleman.

OUR FATHER.

A GOOD woman, searching out the children of want one cold day last winter, tried to open a door in the third story of a wretched house, when she heard a little voice say, "Pull the string up high!" She looked up and saw a string, which, on being pulled, lifted a latch; and she opened the door upon two little, half-naked children, all alone. Very cold and pitiful they looked.

"Do you take care of yourselves, little ones?" asked the good woman.

"God takes care of us," said the oldest.

"And are you not very cold? No fire on a day like this!"

"Oh! when we are very cold, we creep under the quilt, and I put my arms round Tommy, and Tommy puts his round me, and we say, 'Now I lay me; then we get warm,'" said the little girl.

"And what have you to eat, pray?"

"When granny comes home she fetches us something. Granny says God has got enough. Granny calls us God's sparrows; and we say 'Our father' and 'daily bread' every day. God is our Father."

Tears came in the good woman's eyes. She had a mistrusting spirit herself; but these two little "sparrows," perched in that cold upper chamber, taught her a sweet lesson of faith and trust she will never forget.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

HOE YOUR OWN ROW.

I think there are some maxims Under the sun Scarce worth preservation; But here, boys, is one So sound and so simple, 'Tis worth while to know; And all in the single line, "Hoe your own row!"

If you want to have riches, And want to have friends, Don't trample the means down, And look for the ends; But always remember, Whenever you go, The wisdom of practicing "Hoe your own row!"

Do n't just sit and pray For increase of your store, But work; who help himself Heaven helps more. The weeds, while you're sleeping, Will come up and grow; But if you would have the Full ear, you must hoe!

Nor will it do only To hoe out the weeds; You must make your ground mellow And put in the seeds. And when the young blade Pushes through, you must know There's nothing will strengthen Its growth like the hoe.

There's no use of saying, "What will be, will be." Once try it, my lack-brain, And see what you'll see! Why, just small potatoes, And few in a row; You'd better take hold, then, And honestly hoe!

A good many workers I've known in my time— Some builders of houses, Some builders of rhyme; And that they were prospered; Were prospered, I know, By the intent and meaning of "Hoe your own row!"

I've known, too, a good many Idlers who said, "I've a right to my living; The world owes me bread." A right lazy lubber! A thousand times, No! 'Tis his, and his only, Who hoes his own row!

BABY ARTHUR.

BY AUNT FANNY.

BABY is sitting on grandmamma's lap, Laughing and crowing, and pulling her cap; Will he? Oh no! he won't take a nice nap."

Mouth like a rosebud, and golden his hair, Eyes of the clear blue, so perfect and rare, All the rest dainty, and dimpled and fair.

Two little words the baby can say, But such a beautiful meaning have they, You would not tire to hear them all day.

When he says one,—he looks up with delight Laughing and crowing with all his wee might, Into the face of his mother so bright.

Presses his golden head close to her breast, Cooing his love, as he takes his sweet rest, Safe as a bird, in its soft downy nest.

Oh the wild joy, when on his high throne, Father's broad shoulder, sits baby alone; Music has sounds for it, words there are none!

Baby is listening—what does he hear? Sweet and ethereal sounds in the air; Angels are singing and whispering there.

Baby is looking,—what does he see? Far in the deep blue empyrean,—three Angels, invisible to you and to me.

Baby is smiling,—the angels above, Chanting their glorious anthems of love, Smile back, and whisper to my little dove.

See the white lids, closing over his eyes; Then they are raised in sweet drowsy surprise When in the cradle and rocking he lies.

Now Baby sleeps. On each beautiful limb, Dappled and flushed—is a warm pinky gleam. Tender and sweet is his lullaby hymn—

"Hush my dear, lie still and slumber, Holy angels guard thy bed; Heavenly blessings without number— Gently falling on thy head."

Soft kisses follow, and heart-prayers that we May by our child, be brought nearer to Thee— "Nearer our God to thee, nearer to thee."

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.—A small boy frequented a carpenter's shop where the workmen were in the habit of taking their grog. As they were ashamed to be seen going to the store for it, they often importuned the boy to go to the groggery and get it for them, but he always refused. When they found persuasion would not answer, they reproached him with being unkind and lazy. "Ask me," said the boy in a tone of noble indignation, "to go any other errand, and I will go; but I can't nor won't get you rum!"

"THROUGH THE PEARLY GATES."

"I am sweeping through the pearly gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb." The dying words of Alfred Cookman.

A BATTLE-WORN Christian lay dying; His warfare and conflicts all o'er; From his gaze earthly visions were flying, As he neared the eternal shore. While friends stood around his couch weeping, He said, in a voice sweet and calm, "Through the pearly gates I am sweeping, Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

Washed clean in that fountain of healing, Oh blest and enraptured soul, No tongue could express thy deep feeling, Thus nearing thy heavenly goal; When first on thy heaven-born vision Burst the glory, so dazzling bright, Of that beautiful land, Elysian, Whose day knows no shadow of night.

And when shining and white-robed angels Led thee along the golden street, Unto the great white throne eternal, To thy blessed Redeemer's feet; And a crown, all gleaming with jewels, And a golden harp were given, As he said, "Good and faithful servant, Now enter the joys of heaven."

And now thou art evermore singing That new and beautiful strain, All worthy of power and blessing Is the precious Lamb that was slain. Thou'rt praising him ever and ever, Whose blood for all sin can atone; Who sitteth and reigneth forever On heaven's eternal throne.

NORWALK, O., Nov. 15.

THE CHILDREN AND THE SNOW.

BY S. M. WAISH.

MERRILY down from the dreary gray clouds Dances the feathery snow, Triumphant with down the stiff green hedge, And the frozen ground below.

The evergreens catch on their bristling arms The snow-flakes soft and pure, And little brown birds come fluttering down Like leaves around the door.

But hark to the laughter and joyous shout That ring through the falling snow, As troops of merry-eyed boys and girls Goskipping to and fro!

How eager the fingers that gather up The treasures from the sky! No matter how stiff and red they grow— The snow-balls merrily fly!

And the very sleds, as they skim along, Seem to feel the rampant glee That brightens the eyes of my tiniest boy As he bounds away from me!

But I put down the ear-laps, soft and warm, And button the little coat, Press into their mittens the restless hands, And muffle the fair white throat.

And out goes my baby—a baby no more, But a "great big boy" is he! And the little red mittens scoop up the snow And toss it back to me!

And I think the snow not a whit more fair Than the brow on which it falls, Or the tiny hands that gather it up, And shape it into balls.

Oh, the dancing eyes! may they ever flash With as clear a light as now! And the eager hands! the treasures they grasp Be over as pure as snow!

Little foxes, spoiling
The beloved vine
Trusted to my tending
By the One Divine.
Little foxes, wherefore
Have ye entrance found
To the vine so precious
Growing in my ground?

"Have ye leaped the fences?
Have ye climbed the wall?
Were there tiny openings?
Ye are very small,
And ye can creep slyly
Through a tiny space;
But I thought I closed up
Every open place.

"And I watched by day time,
And I watched by night,
For the vine you're spoiling
Is my heart's delight!
I have kept the earth worm
From its precious root;
I have trimmed its branches,
But they bear no fruit.

"For the little foxes
Have assailed the vine,
Trusted to my tending
By the One Divine;
And though I've been faithful
Since its birthday morn,
They were in the garden
When the babe was born.

"For they are the fallings
That I would not see
When they were my fallings,
When they dwelt in me;
Little faults unneeded
That I now despise;
For my baby took them
With my hair and eyes.

"And I chide her often,
For I know I must.
But I do it always
Bowed down to the dust,
With a face all crimsoned
With a burning blush.
And an inward whisper
That I cannot hush.

"And sometimes it seemeth
Like the voice of God,
And it says, 'Poor coward,
Using now the rod
On a child's frail body,
Till I hear it moan,
And see its soft flesh quiver
For a sin thine own.'

"Oh! my Father, pity,
Pity and forgive;
Slay the little foxes
I allowed to live
Till they left the larger
For the smaller vine,
Till they touched the dear life
Dearer far than mine.

"Oh! my Father, hear me,
Make my darling thine,
Though I am so human,
Make her all divine!
Slay the little foxes,
That both vines may be
Laden with fruit worthy
To be offered thee!"

THE NEW SLATE.

See my slate! I dot it new,
Cos I 'boked the other,
Put my 'little foot right froo,
Runnin' after mother.

I tan make you lots o' sings,
Pass as you tan tell 'em,
T's and B's and big O rings,
Only I tan't spell 'em.

I tan make a funny pig
Wid a turl-y tail-y,
'Tis eyes and snout so big
Pokin' in a pail-y.

I tan make a elephant,
Wid his trunk a hangin';
An' a boy—who says I tan't?
Wid his dun a bangin'.

An' the smoke a tummin' out
(Wid my tumb I do it,
Rubbin' all the while about,
Sparks a-flyin' froo it).

I tan make a pretty house
Wid a tree behind it,
An' a 'little mousy-mouse
Runnin' round to find it.

I tan put my hand out flat
On the slate, and draw it
(Ticklin' is the worst of that!)
Did you ever saw it?

I tan draw me runnin' 'bout—
Mamma's 'little posset
(Slate's so dusty, rubbin' out
Dess o'd better wass it).

Now, then, s'all I make a tree
Wid a birdie in it?
All my pieurs you s'all see
If you'll wait a minute.

No, I dess I'd make a man
Juss like Uncle Rolly.
See it tummin', fass's it tan!
Bet my slate is jolly!

Something More about Tools.

A LETTER TO HARRY RUSTICS.

MY DEAR HARRY: I have just been reading the directions your grandfather sent you for the proper use of your new combination rule, and enjoyed them very much. I suppose you saw very soon that they were "writ sarcenic." Now I want to write to you something about the use of tools, but I am going to write in sober earnest, and if what I say is not funny, I hope it will at any rate be of some service.

The first thing is to have good tools, even if you do n't have so many of them. So far as I know, these "boys' tools," so-called, are poor things. Get one or two things at a time, and you will have quite a stock before long. If you can afford it, or your father can give it, have a good bench, suited to your height. A cabinet-maker's bench is most convenient for an amateur's work, but it is more expensive than a common bench.

Having your tools, take good care of them. If you do this, most of them will last you a lifetime. If you keep your tools in a box, be sure to put them away when done using them. If you have no box, have some place for each tool, and keep it in its place. Hang up your saws, put chisels and gouges and awls in their respective racks, and let your planes rest on a little ledge to keep the irons from touching.

Get into the good graces of some carpenter, and watch him at his work. If you manage it right most likely he will give you a good many hints, and even, perhaps, help you a little. He can tell you about the different kinds of wood best suited to various purposes. When your tools need grinding you had better hire him to do it for you—there is more in right grinding than perhaps you imagine.

But, after all, you will learn the most by practice. Remember to work slowly. You can not dash off good work. If you get in a hurry you will be almost sure to mar or even spoil what you are making. Many a time I have forgotten myself and sawed too wide, or cut too deep, and my work was injured or spoiled. And remember, too, to think what you are about. I used to have the run of a sash and blind factory once for any work I wanted to do. There was a man there whose business was to do the sawing; he would have sometimes hundreds of pieces of a given length to get out. If he had not taken care he would have wasted a great deal of material. But his rule was, "Measure twice before you cut once." This is a good rule for you.

I would advise you to attempt only simple things at first; in that way you can work up to more elaborate things afterward. But simple things do n't mean little things. You will find it much easier to work on things of fair size than on little, bothersome nothings. But whatever you begin, little or big, complete it. Do n't have half-a-dozen unfinished things about your shop. As a rule, do n't begin something new while you have another piece of work on your hands. And finish what you make in the other sense of the word, i. e., let it be smooth, the joints close, the corners true. A little pains, sand-paper, oil, shellac, and varnish, are great beautifiers.

Perhaps, now, you would like me to give you a list of necessary tools before I close my letter. You will want two planes, a jack and a smoothing plane; a cut-off, a rip, and a tenon saw; chisels and gouges of various sizes; a brace and a set of bits; a gimlet or two; two or three awls; a hammer and a mallet, a screw-driver, a square, a try square (you will need to use this constantly if you want to make good work), a foot-rule, a pair of pliers, a gauge, a file or two, a pair of compasses, an oil-stone. (Oh, I forgot your grand combination rule, but every boy is n't so fortunate as you, so I'll let my list stand.) It is well to have a jointing plane, too, but not absolutely necessary, except for large work. You can work with fewer tools than I have mentioned here, but not very conveniently. There are other things it will be handy to have as you can get them, but this will make a very fair working stock.

I hope you may have these tools, and find much enjoyment in using them. Perhaps you will become skillful enough in the use of them to merit a compliment similar to one given to

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I live for those who love me,
For those I know are true,
For the heaven that smiles above me
And awaits my spirit, too;
For all humankind that bid me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,
Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, martyrs, patriots, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages,
And time's great volume make.

I live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold—
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted,
As Eden was of old.

I live to hold communion,
With all that is divine,
To feel there is a union
Twixt nature's heart and mine.
To profit by affliction,
To reap truths from fields of fiction,
To grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfill each great design.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

Putting Out a Fire.

SOME little boys started out, two or three years ago, to spend a few days in the fields and woods. They had canvas for a tent and they were going to camp out in the open air and live soldier fashion. They expected to have a great many fine adventures and to have a good time.

Well one day a thoughtless little fellow among them set fire to a heap of dry leaves, which he gathered together, for the fun of seeing them burn. The wind was blowing and the leaves blazed up better than he expected. It was a grand bonfire. Perhaps he made believe it was a watch-fire.

But the wind blew right toward a fence and a barn. So the fire soon began to spread that way, and the boys, all of them, were frightened and tried to put it out. They stamped with their feet, but the fire thought it was fine fun, and on it ran toward the fence and the barn faster than ever. The boys threw their hats in the fire, but the fire dodged under them and scampered in. It was a sharp race. It was fun for the fire, but it was fright for the boys.

They took off their coats and laid them on the fire. They hoped their coats would smother the fire. But they did not. The fire was much too smart now for that. The wind blew and the fire flew. The boys did not know what to do next. Some of them cried, some of them ran off to call men that they saw passing. The men came, but before they got to the fire, the fire was out. How did it happen?

There were two little brothers among the boys who had learned to pray. Walter and Paul went off a little by themselves, and Walter said:

"Paul, let's pray."
"Yes," said Paul.

The two little boys then knelt right down there on the ground, and asked God to put out the fire. Just at that moment the wind turned square about, and blew straight back the other way. The grass and leaves and twigs were all burned up already, and so the fire found nothing more to burn in that direction. So, of course, it had nothing to do but to go out. And out it went. And that was the way the fence and barn were saved.

Who put the fire out? Was it the boys?

BY MRS. M.

A H. dainty, dainty,
How did you
The sweet and pure
That here to-day

Ah, sweet and pure
The secret now
I listen and I wait
Above thy fragrant

Ah, pure and perfect
Glowing and yet
I crave thy balance
What does the

A little tender
I heard as in a
We roses wait
However long

Where He hath
We grow as He
And show our love
By simply start

And so He giveth
Color and form
And sudden, un-
Wegloriously

DAILY

BY
MASTER.

Not to soothe
Not to bless
Now, I hunger
Give to-day my

Every moment
Without thee I
Show my foot
Step by step I

Go before me
Give me daily
If I look beyond
Heart and hand

sin and sorrow
Fill my soul with
Hope and help
must live by

Thine mine eyes
withing of mine
Thine thy strength
all things I can

lose beside me
me daily by
Then when day
When my need

When thy feeble
led to living strength
amb of God!
day I still by T

Ch

LITTLE
Passion
Just to
On H

Do you thi
Would h
Jesus' arm
Hold you

Let them
And to d
He has ma
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Sometimes
"Let th
f the litt
That is

He it is,
That wi
There are
That ar

Overcome
When s
If you giv
That w

BY MRS. M. T. BUTTS.

A H, dainty, dainty rose!
How did you come to be
The sweet and precious thing
That here to-day I see?
Ah, sweet and passionate rose,
The secret now impart:
I listen and I wait,
Above thy fragrant heart.
Ah, pure and perfect rose,
Glowing and yet serene;
I crave thy balanced joy,
What does thy beauty mean?
A little tender stir—
I heard as in a dream:—
We roses wait God's time,
However long it seem.
Where He hath planted us,
We grow as He doth will;
And show our love for him,
By simply standing still.
And so He giveth us
Color and form and grace:
And sudden, unaware,
We glorify the place."

DAILY BREAD.

BY ROSE TERRY.

MASTER, help! From hour to hour
Lord, I need thy saving power,
Not to soothe to-morrow's woes;
Not to bless to-night's repose;
Now, I hunger to be fed,
Give to-day my daily bread,
Every moment hold my hand,
Without Thee I cannot stand.
Show my foot the place to tread,
Step by step I must be led:
Go before me all the way,
Give me daily bread to-day.
If I look beyond the hour,
Heart and hand forget their power;
Sin and sorrow waiting near,
Fill my soul with mortal fear.
Hope and help alike are fled,
Must live by daily bread.
While mine eyes are fixed on Thee
Nothing of myself I see;
While thy strength is mine to wear,
All things I can do and bear,
Close beside me, Master, stay!
Give me daily bread to-day.
Then when days shall come no more,
When my need and want are o'er;
When thy feeblest child shall be
Led to living streams by Thee;
Lamb of God! with heavenly bread
Day I still by Thee be fed.

Christ and the Children.

LITTLE children! how He loved them!
Passing all the grown folks by,
Just to raise the little children,
On His breast to let them lie!
Do you think you would have loved Him,
Would have tried to win His smile?
Jesus' arm to-day will take you,
Hold you all the life-long while.
Let them "come," that means, to love Him
And to do His bidding sweet;
He has many little errands,
Fitted well for little feet.
Sometimes what he says is harder;
"Let the restless feet be still."
If the little heart is patient,
That is doing Jesus' will.
He it is," He says, "who loves me.
That will my commandments do."
There are many He has left us
That are plain enough for you.
Overcome with good the evil."
When some little playmate strikes,
If you give a gentle answer,
That will be what Jesus likes.

TWO YEARS OLD.

Little Rowdy Howdy,
Sitting on the floor,
Had his little breakfast,
Wants a little more.
Sits and shouts aloud he,
With his voice so bold;
Rowdy little Howdy,
Only two years old!
Two years old to-day, sir,
And with funny tricks
That would make you say, sir,
"Surely he is six."
Sweetest of the crowd he,
With his locks of gold;
Tiny Rowdy Howdy,
Only two years old.
Dimples in his chin, sir,
Roses on his cheeks,
Music does begin, sir,
Always when he speaks.
Papa's surely proud, he
Likes to hear it told—
"This is Rowdy Howdy,
Only two years old."

Hear his happy chatter,
See his little feet,
As they pitter-patter
Up and down the street.
It is, you must allow, de-
lightful to behold
Little Rowdy Howdy
Only two years old.
Roguish little Rowdy!
Looking grave and wise;
Happy little Howdy!
With his azure eyes.
Ne'er alarmed or cowed he,
By your glances cold,
Here comes Rowdy Howdy
Only two years old.
Give the boy a hammer!
Let him have a stick!
Never mind the clamor!
Isn't he a brick?
Be it clear or cloudy,
Weather warm or cold,
Hurrah for Rowdy Howdy!
Only two years old!

I'M NOT TOO YOUNG.

"I'm not too young for God to see:
He knows my name, and nature too;
And all day long he looks at me,
And sees my actions through and through.
He listens to the words I say;
He knows the thoughts I have within;
And, whether I'm at work or play,
He's sure to see it if I sin.
If some one great and good is near,
It makes us careful what we do;
And how much more ought we to fear
The Lord, who sees us through and through.
Thus when inclined to do amiss,
However pleasant it may be,
I'll always try to think of this—
I'm not too young for God to see."

OLD COPPERHEAD.

When I was a boy about eight years old, my father was a resident of Washington city. I think I was generally considered a good child by the neighbors; but, like all children in our large cities, I fell into some bad habits, one of which was making fun of old people.
One day my father was sitting at an open window reading the paper, and I was standing near him amusing myself by looking out at the passers-by. Presently an old copper-colored negro appeared before me, walking slowly down the street, and I said, "There goes Old Copperhead."
"What is that you said, my son?" asked my father, looking over his spectacles at me.
"Nothing," I stammered. "I only called an old negro Copperhead; all the boys call him so."
"And does my son call insulting a poor old creature nothing?" said my father sadly; and then he quoted several texts from the Bible to show me how wrong it was to mock at the old, and warned me never to repeat it.
I drew a long sigh of relief, for I thought my punishment was over; but what was my astonishment when my father put down his paper, got up coolly from his chair, and took down a hickory from the top of the bookcase, and began to flourish it right and left across my thinly clad shoulders. The pain was intense, and was continued till I thought in my heart that making sport of the old was one of the blackest crimes.
Children, be good to the old and the poor. They have walked a long way in this world, and have sorrows and burdens that you know nothing

CAROL FOR SPRING.

WINTER is done!
Daisies are lifting their heads to the sun;
Mayflowers, smiling, the soft winds to greet,
Burst into loveliness sudden and sweet;
Primroses, pale as with looking on snow,
Crocuses, violets, see how they grow!
Robins and bluebirds make nests in the sun;
Sister of Summer, your reign is begun!
Winter is done,
Out of its death all this glory is won!
Down at the roots where the fallen leaves cling,
Wrecks of the Autumn make blossom for Spring;
Dust of the rose-leaves gives bloom to the rose;
Life out of death eternally grows:
Winter is done!
Sister of Summer, your reign is begun!

—The Nursery.

CHRISTIAN COURAGE.

CHRYSOSTOM, before the Roman Emperor, furnishes us with a most impressive and beautiful example of Christian courage.

The Emperor threatened him with banishment if he would still remain a Christian.

Chrysostom replied, "Thou canst not, for the world is my Father's mansion—thou canst not banish me."

"But I will slay thee," said the Emperor.

"Nay, but thou canst not," said the noble champion of faith again; "for my life is hid with Christ in God."

"I will take away thy treasures."

"Nay, that thou canst not," was the retort; "for in the first place, I have none that thou knowest of, my treasure is in heaven, and my heart is there."

"But I will drive thee away from man, and thou shalt have no friend left."

"Nay, thou canst not," once more said the faithful witness; "for I have a Friend in heaven, from whom thou canst not separate me. I defy thee. There is nothing thou canst do can hurt me."

JESUS KNOWS!

Suz is standing on her watch—
Faith, the meek-eyed child of day;
With an ear attuned to catch
What the far-off echoes say—
O'er her feet the surges breaking
Of the restless sea of life,
Thrones and empires round her shaking
In a word's tumultuous strife.
Not one silver streak of morning
Lifts the somber rail of night—
Yet she watcheth for the dawning,
Yet she waiteth for the light.
Will it never come—the glory—
Stealing o'er that gloomy sky?
Will it never cease—the story
Of a world-wide misery?
On her lips the anger glows—
"Jesus knows!"

Art thou standing on thy tower,
Pilgrim-soldier of the King!
There to "watch one little hour,"
Till His advent-bell shall ring?
Faint not, though thy breast be heaving
With the sob of mortal woe;
He to whom thy soul is cleaving,
Told thee that it must be so,
Told thee that through tribulation,
Baptism of tears and blood,
Lay the path of consecration,
Lay the highway back to God.
Blessed be the foot that findeth
That ascending track of gold,
Brightening ever, as it wideth
Through the desert to the fold,
Whose beginning and whose close
Jesus knows!

Hast thou found Him, O my soul—
Him, the new, the living way?
Art thou speeding toward the goal,
Out of darkness into day?
Lord, thou knowest the poor measure
I have yielded back to thee,
In return for all the treasure
Thy rich love hath been to me;
Yet my heart-strings twine about thee,
Day by day, with closer cling;
All the world were I blank without thee,
Life itself a blighted thing.
Here am I—'tis love's surrender;
"To thy garden come, and reap,"
'Neath the wing of her Defender,
"Give thou thy beloved sleep."
Here, for aye, would she repose—
Jesus knows!

The Night Cometh.

Night cometh, and the smiling day
Grows sad and softly steals away;
From out the woods o'er yonder hill
The shadows wander black and still.

The shepherd's flock hath ceased to roam
And through the meadow windeth home
While reapers on the distant plain
Are gathering up the golden grain.

Night cometh, death's dark shadows fall
O'er lowly hut and stately hall,
When not a single cheering ray
Shall light the lonely wanderer's way.

A mission waits for every one,
Some needed work we should not shun;
Life's harvest ripens broad and fair,
Yet few are they who labor there.

Why stand ye idle all the day?
Night cometh, labor while ye may;
Nor be content with withered leaves,
When others gather golden sheaves.

The weary, lonely, plodding one,
Whose little work hath been well done;
The righteous, noble, good and just,
And faithful, too, whatever their trust.

To such (and only they are blest)
Night cometh, bringing peace and rest,
While angels o'er them watchcare keep
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

—LUCRETIA SMITH.

THE CRUSADE.

The citizens mass meeting held at the M. E. Church, South, on Thursday night was largely attended. E. B. Fletcher, Secretary, called the meeting to order, and Rev. W. A. Dotson was elected as President. Prayer by Rev. W. C. Condit. On behalf of the President of the Ladies' League, Mrs. Amanda L. Eba read the following.

MRS. JOHN MEANS.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

In honoring me with a request for a speech this evening, you call upon me as the President and therefore Leader of the Ladies' Temperance League of Ashland and in that capacity I reply. This meeting has been appointed in order that the citizens of Ashland may state their views on the Temperance question and in all the eloquent three minute speeches which we shall listen to not only on this but other evenings we ladies would earnestly request that only the law of kindness may prevail, for we find in our experience that mankind are much easier managed by kindness and compliments than by hard words. Of the ladies of my acquaintance I am proud to say, that every one is on the right side, and will use all their influence and their prayers to Almighty God who has the hearts of all men in his keeping, that on the first of June the Local Option Law may be carried by an overwhelming vote, from the noble men of Ashland, and then it and all other good temperance laws be well enforced until our beautiful town be freed from every saloon and shall yet stand as in former days with the proud title—"Ashland the great temperance town on the Ohio River."

And of your most noble temperance voters of the town of Ashland, we ladies would entreat that you cast your votes for the Local Option Law the first of June. Let nothing keep you away from the polls and we beg that you so manage your business that you will be sure to be at the polls on that day, let no rain or storm keep you away. And to you gentlemen who have told us that for the sake of having your beer and ale fresh every day you shall cast your vote for keeping these saloons in Ashland to curse our husbands, sons, and brothers, and drag them down to a drunkard's grave and eternal perdition—Of you we beg once more, Oh! spare our boys Oh! the bright brave boys of Ashland, dear are they to every mother's heart, yes dearer than our own lives, Oh! spare them from being tempted on every corner by the open doors of the saloons. Think of the hundreds who shall come now and in the future, to work in our furnaces and nail mills, many of them perhaps the only son and support of a widowed mother. On coming to Ashland, they find saloons on every corner ready to drag them in their nets, and take their hard earned wages from them, even should their widowed mothers starve, and they lead ruined lives. Oh voters of Ashland, if you have no pity for our men, yet spare, Oh! spare our boys from filling drunkards graves. God bless and save the boys and young men of Ashland.

An Unlucky Engineer.

[Cincinnati Commercial.]

Mr. Ed. Roberts, though quite a young man, has had thirteen years' experience as a railroad fireman and engineer, and has probably in that time had more hair-breadth escapes than the most of men of his age engaged in that dangerous employment. The other day he said to the writer, "I always was unlucky about getting hurt, even as a boy. See that scar. Well, when I was a small tad on my father's farm a cow kicked me. Her sharp hoof split my forehead open. The doctor sewed it up and I was soon all right again. I first went to railroading on the Big Sandy and Lexington road, and was in numerous little accidents that could not be avoided. I once ran over an old cow in the tunnel, turning the engine over and getting shut up in the cab. Yet, while in the employ of this company I was never severely injured. I have been working for the Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and St. Louis Company for some five years. I was driving the engine of the express that was thrown from the track by that negro who placed cross-ties on the road.—You remember he went up to the hotel at Columbus to learn a trade. That accident like to have cost me my life. I was terribly scalded. You see I only have half an ear on one side. My arms, chest and body were badly burned. That was the second time my engine was thrown from the track at the same place, near Xenia. Once I was driving an engine before Train No. 10, and just before getting up to the depot at Xenia I saw a flash of fire over the driving wheel, on the upper side. I had just succeeded in getting the train stopped when the driver dropped from the axle and let the engine down.

"I have also had bad accidents happen me while off duty. One day while resting at my boarding-house some of my chums, who roomed above my apartment, tried to tease me by swinging a big nail against my window.—After the noise had been discontinued a few minutes I stuck my head out of the window to see what the boys were up to, when some object hit me on the head, and knocked me back into the room insensible. That big scar on the back of my head was made then by the falling of two ale bottles those chaps had foolishly fastened to a twine string that broke just as I stuck my head out of the window."

Noticing that Mr. Roberts had his hand bound up he was asked what caused the late injury.—"Well, I went down," was the reply, "to the camp-grounds, below Loveland, to get a little religion, and some stupid fellow put a railroad torpedo on the track to show his smartness and frighten the girls on the platform, when it exploded; one of the fragments of the sheet-iron casing struck me in the hand, cutting a pretty deep gash. The chap that did the contemptible trick works for the railroad, and if the company knew of it he would more than likely get his discharge. As regards accidents to employees on railroads, I don't know that they are more numerous than in other vocations. Of course there are many railroad men killed, yet in an epidemic there are more valuable lives lost than on all the railroads in the world."

The Card Table.

Lydia Dearborn sat alone in her little sitting room, and her countenance was sad and desponding. She was not over six-and-twenty, and though her face was pale and wan, yet she was beautiful. A warm fire burned in the grate, for it was winter and the lamp upon the center table was lighted, for it was evening. She sat thus, trying to read, when the door was opened and a stranger entered. She started up with fear at thus seeing a strange man enter her apartment unbidden.

The woman started at the sound of the voice, and the blood rushed to her brow and temples. She took a step forward and gazed more sharply into the intruder's face.

"James?" she murmured, interrogatively.

"Yes, my sister. Didn't you know me?"

But, instead of answering in words, Lydia rushed forward and sank upon the man's bosom, and there she wept for joy. It was, in truth, her own brother.

"And you didn't know me," he said, with a smile, after he had taken a seat.

"Why, no, James. Five years have altered you wonderfully. But then that beard all over your face makes a good deal of difference."

"All the difference in the world, sister. Two years ago, while my ship lay at Canton, I had all my beard shaved off, and when I came aboard, some of my own men didn't know me at first."

"Then I wish you'd shave it off now, for you look more like a bear than you do like James Barrow."

The brother laughed, and then the conversation ran for a while upon various topics suggested by the return of the loved one. James Barrows was now thirty-two years of age, and had been absent from his native city for five years, during which time he had commanded a fine ship.

"By the way," said the brother, at the end of half an hour, I stopped in New York on my way here, and I saw Kate Waldron there. She told me she heard you say wished your husband had never known me. Did you ever say such a thing as that?"

Lydia's eyes filled with tears in a moment, and a deep sob broke from her lips. Her brother was startled. He moved to her side, and put his arms about her neck.

"What is it my sister?" he asked anxiously.

"Alas, James, I will tell you. But first let me assure you that I did not mean exactly what I said to Kate. You remember five years ago, when you used to tell such stories about gambling scenes on the Mississippi. Ambrose asked you to teach him how to play poker as you called it. You taught him the game, and one or two evenings you went with him to some social card parties."

"Yes, yes—I remember all that."

"Well, the spirit of gambling is now fastening itself upon him. I can see it plainly, though he tries to laugh away my fears. I know it is so, for I have been told by one who is my friend, and who told me out of pure friendship for Ambrose. But I have not dared to let him know how sure my information is, for he would be angry, did he know that any one had told this to me. Oh, I know his impetuous nature, and I fear he will be lost ere he is aware of it. Evil companions are leading him astray. He thinks them friends."

"And do you think he has gone to the card table to-night?"

"I am afraid so. And if he does—oh, I dare not think of it. He has much money with him. Before you came I was weeping over my fears. I have never let him know how much I knew concerning his course, for I feared 'twould only make him more excited."

Alas! I know not what to do. I do not think he has lost much, but I know he will never leave the fascinating habit until he is ruined, unless something can be done to move him."

"By my soul, Lydia," returned the captain, warmly, "I did teach Ambrose to play—though God knows I never meant to teach him to gamble—and I will cure him if I can. Do you think he is at it now?"

"I think he would have been home before this time, if he had not fallen in with his evil associates."

"Then you rest here while I go and find him. By my soul, I'll save him if I can."

"But you'll come back soon?"

James stopped and thought for a moment. "I don't know," he said. "But don't you be worried. No harm shall befall Ambrose to-night."

It was just nine o'clock as Ambrose Dearborn entered one of the gambling saloons of the city. His business had kept him later than usual, and having made some fifteen dollars in trade since dark, he had determined to stake that amount upon the altar of fortune.

His wife was right in her fears. The card-table had gained a fascinating power over him, and he had lost some heavy sums. But on the previous evening he had been cursed with a turn of winning luck, and had won back very nearly as much as he had lost, and he was now on his way to continue his luck! He meant only to play an hour or so, and then go home. He went up to the sideboard and took a glass of wine, and as he turned he met a stranger, who had seemingly come for the same purpose.

"Good evening," said the stranger, in a pleasant tone, as he poured out a tumbler full of water from the pitcher and drank it.

Ambrose returned the salutation. "I came in to take a few moments' recreation at cards," said the stranger, "but I find no friends here."

"So did I," answered Ambrose, "and my friends are missing."

"Then suppose we take a hand or two, just to pass the time until others come?"

"With pleasure," said Dearborn. And accordingly the two sat down and were soon on the most friendly terms. The cards were dealt and for a time the playing was on a small scale, and the luck about even. By-and-by Ambrose began to win, and he went on until he won over a hundred dollars. He would have felt ashamed, some what, had not his antagonist maintained such good humor, and smiled so kindly when he lost.

But anon the luck changed. Ambrose lost all he had won, and soon had lost over a hundred dollars beside. He had one hundred dollars more in his pocket-book, and this he took out. A new hand was dealt—he cut the cards carefully—and he held four jacks.

'Twas the best hand by far that had been out during the game, it being the first "four of a kind" he had seen during the evening. He got ten dollars.

His antagonist covered it and went to higher.

"I have an excellent hand," the stranger said, with a light laugh. "I have held better ones, but this good I shall bet high on it."

Ambrose did not speak. He was excited. He was afraid his antagonist would mistrust how good his hand was and stop betting. But the better went on until Ambrose had placed his last fraction of the hundred on the table.

"Shall I go higher?" asked the stranger.

"As you please," said Ambrose.

"Then I must say a hundred better. By the trump of trumps, you shall have a chance to make a pile of time."

Ambrose hesitated a moment, and then he placed his hand in his bosom and drew forth a package of bank notes. There were four thousand dollars of the whole. It was a sum he drew from the bank that very day. It was the accumulation of over four years' labor and economy, for the purpose of paying for his house and store. He drew out a hundred-dollar bill, and covered his antagonist's last stake. He hesitated a moment more, and then he drew another hundred and "went that" over. The stranger covered the hundred, and "went five hundred better." Ambrose covered the five hundred, but he dared bet no more and he called for his companion's hand. The stranger smiled as he showed it—four queens!

Ambrose uttered a deep groan as he folded his cards and placed them on the pack.

"By my soul, that's hard, my friend. But better luck next time. Come—I'll deal for you this time."

A new hand was dealt, and this time Ambrose won a hundred dollars. He began to revive. Next he won two hundred more. He went and got another glass of wine, and then returned in better spirits. But at the next hand he lost five hundred. His spirits sank again. But he now resolved to play carefully, and win what he had lost, and then stop!

There is no need of following the game step by step. The man who held those cards was not a professed gambler, nor did he now gamble at all for his own amusement. He had been among gamblers much, and he could handle cards as he pleased, and more still, he could handle a nervous, excitable man as he pleased.

He kept Ambrose in good humor—let him have occasional flashes of luck—and finally, just as the clock struck eleven, Ambrose Dearborn staggered up from the table, penniless!

All was gone! His four thousand dollars—the sum which was to have cleared him from debt—the sum which he had seen steadily growing beneath his efforts for the last four years—was now swept away. The young merchant staggered from the hall—he tried to borrow first—to borrow something to commence again to win back something—but no one would lend. He made his way to the street, and without noting his way, he staggered on. By-and-by he came to a narrow alley, which led down to the water, and he turned down to the water and sat down upon an old spar.

He had been there but a few moments when he felt a hand upon his shoulder. He looked up, and by the moonlight he could see the dark face of the man who had ruined him.

"Why do you sit here in the snow?" "Leave me!" cried Ambrose bitterly. "Oh! I never would see you more from this time."

"But perhaps I may help you," replied the other. "You are young enough to learn."

"Learn! Oh, great heavens! have I not learned this night what never—never—"

The young man burst into tears, and his sobs were deep and painful.

"Come, come," spoke the stranger. "Stand up and trust me, and I may help you and he rose to his feet."

"Ambrose Dearborn," spoke the strange man, "I have this evening taken from you over forty-two hundred dollars, and I do not think you can afford to lose it. Here we are before God. Now promise me, upon your honor as a man, that you will never stake any amount at hazard again—that never again will play at any game of chance for the value of anything—and I will restore to you every penny I have won from you to-night!"

The young man stood for a moment like a man in a dream. Then he caught his companion by the arm.

"You don't trifles," he said, in a hoarse whisper.

"Give me the promise, and see."

Ambrose clasped his hands and turning his eyes towards heaven, he made an oath embracing just the proposition which had been made to him; and when he had done, his eyes sank to the snow-covered earth, and burst into tears. The stranger took a roll from his pocket and handed it over.

"Here," said he, "is the full sum—every penny—just as I looked it from you. And now let us walk up into the city again. My way is toward Adams street."

"So is mine," whispered Ambrose as he clutched the money.

"Ah—then we'll walk together." "But tell me what this means," the young man uttered energetically. "Who are you?"

"Never mind now. I shall see you again, and then I will explain. But let us be on our way, its cold here."

On the way the stranger kept up such a rattle of conversation that Ambrose not only had no chance to mention the subject of the evening's transaction but by the time he had reached his own door his feelings had got back into their wonted channel.

"I would invite you in," he said, "but—"

"Never mind, just let me step into the entry, for I want a light moment. Of course Ambrose could not object to this, and as he opened his door the stranger followed him in. He walked through the hall, and as he opened the door into the sitting room, his companion was at his back.

Lydia was at her table, and her face was pale, but she had not been crying for the words her brother had spoken to her before he went out had inspired her with a strange hope. She arose to her feet and while her husband was wishing that his companion had remained in the hall he was not little startled to hear the said individual speak somewhat familiarly as follows.

"Well, sissy, you see I've brought him. And we are both of us all right I can assure you."

For a moment the young man was wonder-struck, but the truth quickly flashed upon him.

"Jim—Jim Barrows!" he gasped. "Captain Barrows, at your service, sir. Ha, ha, but you didn't know me. He's just found me out, Lydia."

Ambrose tried to laugh, but he could not. He struggled a moment with the feelings that welled up in his bosom, and then sinking down into a chair, he burst into tears. His wife uttered a quick cry, and started forward.

"Don't be afraid," gasped Ambrose, "I'm safe. But I can't help this. Tell her, Jim—tell her all. Tell her all now, for she's right to know."

The stout captain drew his sister up on his knee, and related to her all that had happened since he left her.

"Ah, Ambrose," he concluded, "the moment I saw you take the second hundred dollars from your pocket-book I knew gaming would soon ruin you; and when I saw you draw the package I knew that I should take them every one from you, and that as a disappointed card-player could have done the same. Now, I taught you your first lesson in poker—this is lesson number two. I hope it may work well."

And it did work well. Captain Barrows remained with his sister a month and then he went away. At the end of a year he came again, and this time he found Lydia happy as a princess.

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PUZZLE PICTURE.



THE CIGAR FACTORY—A PUZZLE.

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You are invited to attend a Social
Oyster Supper, for the benefit of the
Presbyterian Church, at the house of
Mrs. John Means, Tuesday Even-
ing, Feb. 24, 1874.

Admission 25 Cents.



You are invited to attend a
Social Oyster Supper and
Festival, given by the Floral
Club, for the benefit of the
Presbyterian Church, at the resi-
dence of Mr. John Means,
Thursday Eve. Nov. 15. 1877.

Admission, 15 cents.
Proceeds \$140.

Presbyterian Church,

ASHLAND, KY.,

TUESDAY, Sept. 4th,

Miss Adele Rankin,

Readings and Recitations.

PROGRAMME:

DUET—
Serenade. Mrs. Moulton and Mr. Neal. Schubert.

RECITATIONS—
Legends of Bregenz. Proctor.
Pyramus and Thisbe. Saxe.

SOLO—
O, Whistle and I'll come to you my Lad.
Mrs. J. C. Clarke. [Scotch Ballad]

READINGS—
The Relief of Lucknow. Lowell.
The New Church Organ. Will M. Carlton.

SOLO—
Won't you tell me why, Robin? Claribel.
Miss Mary Nigh.

READING—
Archie Dean, (by request.) Gail Hamilton.

TRIO—
The Violet. Curschmann.
Mrs. Moulton, Miss Hamilton, and Miss Ricker.

READING—
Love in a Balloon. Moseley.
No Half-way Doin's. Russell.

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PROMISE.
"Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not discouraged, for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

A GENTLE REPROOF.
A man was swearing angrily at the corner of the street, when a little girl came along. She stopped a moment, looked up to him, and said, "Please, sir, don't call God names, because he is my Father, and it hurts me to hear you."

It was now the man's turn to stop and look, and pretty soon he said, "Thank you, miss. My mother taught me that he is my Father too. I will not swear again—never!" and he walked quickly away with his head down.

PRAYER.
"Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

PROMISE.
"A new heart will I give you and a new spirit will I put within you."

THE CAT'S FUNERAL.

BY MRS. LEORA B. ROBINSON.

THERE was nothing remarkable about Tom Pinch. He was only a large, good-natured old cat; but somehow he had found his way to the hearts of the whole family, as only a cat can, and everybody humored his whims and moods as a matter of course.

Grandma was kind to everybody and everything, and always had room in her lap for Tom Pinch when he chose to lie there instead of on the rug. Mamma always felt a qualm of conscience when she rocked on Tom's tail, and Aunt Prue, who was a busy woman, would lay down her pen at any time to let Tom out of the room when he told her he wanted to go out, or let him in when he came and told her he wanted to come in. Even the cook, old Aunt Nancy, who despised cats, had a kind side for Tom, and petted him when nobody was looking. If then he could even make his way with such a vengeful foe to his tribe as old Aunt Nancy, how he must have been beloved by the children, and most of all by her whose own cat he was—his little mistress, Florence. Richard and Emma and Betty all together did not love Tom Pinch as Florence did, and Tom Pinch knew it.

Late one summer afternoon Richard rushed into the sitting-room where his sisters were, telling a tale of woe. "Tom Pinch is out there in the yard dead! A cart has run over him, or some boys have stoned him, and you'd hardly know him, he looks so dreadful!"

Then there was commotion. Florence cried outright, Emma sobbed to herself, and Betty hid her face in her apron. Even Richard, boy as he was, brushed his eye with his coat-sleeve. At last Florence cried, "Where is he, Dick? Let me see him," and Richard led the way, followed by the train of weeping sisters.

It was shocking indeed! There, sure enough, lay poor Tom Pinch stark dead, just like any ordinary cat, with his brains knocked out. It was heartrending! At sight of him the children set up such a howl as was distressing to hear, and Florence broke forth into lamentations: "How could boys be so bad! Oh, my poor, poor Tom Pinch! Boys are the meanest things! Oh, let's have a funeral!"

"Well, well!" cried all the others, and quickly dried their tears.

"Dick, run get us that nice box of yours. It's just the thing; and Betty, won't you run in and bring your doll's new light-gown?" said Florence.

Betty went, yet hardly liking the turn things had taken, and brought the gown, and saw it safe on the cat before she could consent to the sacrifice.

"Now, where shall we bury him?" asked the little undertaker.

"Wouldn't under the althea be a good place?" suggested Emma.

"Just the spot! Just the spot he would have chosen—in the sunshine, and so quiet," said Florence.

When they had their little pet shrouded and confined they bore him to his last resting-place under the althea bush, where they scooped out a grave and buried him with some genuine tears and a great show of grief—the tears, because they could not help crying, and the mockery, because they were ashamed of crying.

When they had shaped the grave—for they all wanted to be sextons—they stuck up some sticks to mark the head and foot, and slowly returned to the house, at a loss what to do next.

"I'm going to make a tombstone!" said Richard, taking out his jack-knife.

"How can you whittle stone with a knife, Dick?" asked Emma.

"I've seen plenty of tombstones made out of wood; haven't you, Florence?" retorted Dick.

"Of course," said Florence. "But we must have something on it, then. Let's all write an epitaph on poor Tom Pinch!"

"Well, oh well!" they all agreed.

"And then we will get mamma to decide which is best," added Florence.

"Oh, I thought you meant all write one together," exclaimed Emma.

"No, no; we should never do anything at that," said Florence. "Now, let's sit down and think by

ourselves, and out of our four heads we ought to get something worthy of Tom."

"I don't think I can write what I think, and I can't think of anything but 'My bird is dead,' said Nancy Ray," said little Betty.

"That's just the thing, Betty; write a parody," said Florence.

"A parody! What is a parody? It sounds as if it would be harder than an epitaph," said Betty.

"Why, no; just say 'cat' instead of 'bird,' that's all," said Florence.

"My cat is dead," said Nancy Ray!" said little Betty, and they all laughed.

"You must change it all the way through to suit, Betty. The cat was not Nancy Ray's. Do you see?"

"Yes, I believe so," said Betty.

"Now, let's all think!" said Florence, beginning to nibble at her pencil.

The ladies looked over at the thoughtful group occasionally, and wondered what kept them so still.

At last Betty, with a sigh, exclaimed: "This is the best I could parody:

"My cat is dead, said Florence to-day,
My cat is dead, I cannot play;
Go put his corpse far, far away,
My cat is dead, I cannot play."

This was greeted with such shouts of laughter that the grown folks looked up in wonder.

"Now, Dick, you," said Florence.

"I could not think of any poetry," said Richard.

"Besides you all had the rhyming dictionary all the time, and prose is more dignified and more apt to be true."

"Why, Dick, what could be truer than Betty's poetry? Alas, too true!" said Florence, laughing.

"Well," said Richard, "here it is: Departed this life, May 18th, Thomas Pinch, at the hands of some bad boys. He was a good cat, and well beloved."

This epitaph seemed to be quite as funny as the other, and they all laughed again.

"What is the matter, children?" asked their mother.

"They are laughing at me, mother!" said Dick. "We will tell you all about it soon. Now, Em, let's hear yours."

Emma said:

"Our precious, petted, honored cat,
We did not think to grieve for thee;
Thou never more wilt catch a rat,
For where thou'rt gone no rats will be.
And thou art now a stark dead cat.
What rat do you think afraid would be,
Now that thou canst not smell a rat,
Its plain a rat can now smell thee."

"Well, Em! I did not think you would treat poor Tom so," said Florence.

"And now Florence's," they all cry, and Florence was just about to begin, and had her lips open for that very purpose, when, instead, she gave one of the most unearthly screams that ever rang in that old house.

Every one started to his feet, and "What's the matter? What's the matter?" was the cry, but Florence only pointed to the door, where stalking in as large as life, was Tom Pinch.

The children seeing him joined in the outcry. Every one felt the contagion of fear. Miss Prue screamed, and rushing to Florence, fairly shook her, and demanded the meaning of the confusion, while thoughts of witchcraft rushed through her mind.

"The cat! the cat!" cried the children.

"Well, what of the cat?" screamed Miss Prue.

"There must be some mistake," said Dick, the first to collect himself.

"We buried that cat this evening a foot deep, and have just written four epitaphs upon him, and there he is. I'm glad I said nothing bad about his ghostship."

"Why, what on earth is the matter with ye all?" broke in old Aunt Nancy. "I thought the last one of you was a-dyin'!"

"These children have gone crazy, Aunt Nancy. Will you bring the lantern, and we will see what it means," replied Miss Prue.

"Oh!" squealed mamma, and drew her dress about her, as the cat came purring near. Every one there felt a little superstitious about that cat.

Aunt Nancy headed the procession, which, under Richard's direction, led the way to the althea bush, Tom Pinch bringing up the rear, going to visit his own grave.

"Sake's alive, honey," exclaimed Aunt Nancy, "and here's the grave as natural as life. He must 'a' been a mole, and scratched out under ground, if he ever got out of there."

"Quick, Richard; dig it out, and let's see what it means," said Miss Prue.

Richard threw up the dirt rapidly, and soon brought to light the box, and on opening it, there lay the dead in undisturbed repose.

They had buried the wrong cat.

The Indians encamped at Mount Desert, Me., own several canoes which are perfectly safe if you sit or kneel in the bottom of them; but inexperienced young men sometimes try to paddle by sitting on the crossbars on top, and are astonished by the suddenness with which they turn upside down. One of the canoes has painted on a quarter the legend: "Pas de lieu Rhone que nous." Its meaning puzzled many of the guests who are proficient in the French language, until a quick witted lady gave, as a free translation, "Paddle your own canoe."

A TERRIBLE panic, resulting in the death of seven or eight persons, and the maiming of several others, occurred at Robinson's Opera House, in Cincinnati, last Saturday afternoon, during a matinee of the "Great Republic." The hall and galleries were filled with about 2,500 persons, mostly women and children. During the show it was necessary to produce the calcium lights to give the scenery the desired beautiful appearance. A deep red light was thrown upon the drapery, accompanied with a hissing sound caused by the burning of the chemicals. This caused some one to scream "fire!" and in less time than it takes to tell it the audience was on a stampede. As in all such cases the crowd was completely uncontrollable. In their frenzy the hall-ways and vestibule were piled up in a conglomerate mass with women and children, and trampled over by two thousand panic-stricken people with the loss already stated. The scene was a terrible one and hundreds of fathers and mothers whose children were in the hall were struck dumb with terror when the news of the panic reached them, which spread over the city like an electric flash. There was about as much excitement outside the hall as inside. This we hope will have the effect of awakening an interest in the plans which have frequently been presented for a commodious City Hall, one which should be constructed with abundant egress.

Cleveland.

The Arrest of a Band of Car Robbers.

CLEVELAND, O., Feb. 2.—A successful raid upon a party of freight car thieves was made at New London, on the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati & Indianapolis R. R. a few days ago, which resulted in the arrest of Monroe Meisner, and David, Mary, and Emory Sheldon. The plans of the robbers were when trains were stopping for wood and water to emerge gently under cover of the darkness from an adjacent woods and force open the car doors by means of jimmyes, while part of the gang stood watch in order to apprise their confederates of danger, or rush to their assistance in case of attack. Once inside the cars they would wait until the train started, when the rumbling noise would conceal their movements and then toss out small boxes or such goods as they choose. The officers of the road, aided by special detectives from abroad, and some members of the Cleveland police force, carefully perfected their plans and laid in wait for the robbers. A general rush was made as they approached the train and promiscuous shots were fired by the detectives. The robbers, however, succeeded in making their temporary escape but were afterward pursued and the four named secured at a point nine miles South of New London. One of the gang named Reuben Sheldon is still at large. The parties were arraigned before Justice Adams, of Norfolk, and steps preliminary to trial taken.

CHARLIE ROSS has been four years in prison, and was again near Tiffin Ohio. He was left last fall, during the Westervelt trial at Philadelphia, at a farm house near Tiffin by two strange men who represented that they had business in the neighborhood and did not want to be bothered with the boy, but would call for him in a day or two. Three weeks passed and they did not return. The boy was then taken to the Infirmary where he remained some time until Mrs. Belle Gibson, a frequent visitor to the Infirmary, became interested in the lad and took him home. A photograph was taken of the boy and sent to Mr. Ross with a letter of particulars respecting the actions of the two men. Mr. Ross telegraphed back that the photograph bore a stronger resemblance to Charlie than any that had ever been sent him and ordered the boy concealed until further orders. The 'people of Tiffin are, as a matter of course, excited, and thus the good work goes on.

CHRISTMAS.

"CHRISTMAS is coming!" "Christmas is coming!" shouted two little girls, skipping round the room in a whirl of joyful anticipations. Their grandmother was to have a Christmas-tree on Christmas eve, and they were, of course, looking forward to a pleasant time. But this did not prevent my asking them *why* they were so glad in the prospect of it.

"Why," said Addie, breaking away from her cousin and running towards me, "I have worked my dear grandmother a pair of slippers my own, own self. She will find them on the tree, and *won't* they please her?"

"I am glad thinking grandma will give me a present, not I her," said Laura, Addie's cousin.

When the time comes, which of these two children will be the happier, do you

A little girl sat on a stone watching the other children play. She was crying, yet trying not to cry. Her feet were bare, and her dress torn. "Why don't that little girl play?" I asked the children. "Her father is an old drunkard, and we don't want her," they said. Poor little girl! Would Jesus treat her so, I wonder?

NEST EGG.

An Agent in Ohio, visiting some Sabbath schools in Piqua, and addressing the children in behalf of the Bible cause, spoke of a tradition and practice among the children in Maryland, on the subject of inducing hens to lay eggs on the approach of Easter. The boys and girls of his native place who were anxious to have plenty of eggs about Easter time, as is the case especially with all boys, were in the habit of making nice nests and depositing in them an egg; so that when the hens came along and saw the nest and the egg in it, they would be induced to lay an egg, and thus there would be plenty of eggs for the holiday. "Now, children," said the Agent, "we want a good many eggs in the shape of money for the Bible cause, at the next anniversary of the Piqua Female Bible Society; and as I have some eggs (five-cent pieces) to spare, I propose giving one to each boy and girl willing to receive it, provided you will make

THE BOYS.

BY S. M. W.

THERE come the boys! Oh dear, the noise! The whole house feels the racket; Behold the knee of Harry's pants, And weep o'er Bertie's jacket!

But never mind, if eyes keep bright, And limbs grow straight and limber; We'd rather lose the tree's whole bark Than find unsound the timber!

Now hear the tops and marbles roll! The floors—Oh wo betide them! And I must watch the banisters, For I know boys who ride them!

Look well as you descend the stairs, I often find them haunted By ghostly toys that make no noise Just when their noise is wanted.

The very chairs are tied in pairs, And made to prance and caper; What swords are whittled out of sticks! What brave hats made of paper!

The dinner-bell peals loud and well, To tell the milkman's coming; And then the rush of "steam-car trains" Sets all our ears a-humming.

How oft I say, "What shall I do To keep these children quiet?" If I could find a good receipt, I certainly should try it.

But what to do with these wild boys, And all their din and clatter, Is really quite a grave affair— No laughing, trifling matter.

"Boys will be boys"—but not for long; Ah could we hear about us This thought—how very soon our boys Will learn to do without us!

How soon but tall and deep-voiced men Will gravely call us "Mother;"— Or we be stretching empty hands From this world to the other.

More gently we should chide the noise, And when night quells the racket, Stitch in but loving thoughts and prayers While mending pants and jacket!

"I GLAD I got a grandma what lets me help er," said a dear little boy who had hands to do with, only nobody wanted his work. Dear grandpas are so kind and patient with little boys.

THE TWO DISCONTENTED NURSES MEN.

BY C. C. C.

THE REQUEST.

"COME, Sammy O'Rory, Now tell me a story, As bad, just as bad as you're able; Bridget won't let me out, 'Cause it rains, rains, without,— I can't even thwack that old table.

"Sure, I'm stroked the wrong way, For there's nothing to play, To make me keep still is so mean; When I grow a big man, Won't I yell all I can! Nurse! Stop that old sewing-machine!

"Don't you tell of nice boys That, like mice, made no noise, Or little girls ever so good— Though they every one die, Yet you can't make me cry, O'er Goodies and Babes of the Wood."

THE STORY.

"Twenty splendid white bears Trotted down the front stairs, Twelve lions our entry marched through; Two owls and a monkey On top of a donkey, Came parlor and kitchen to view.

"They ate Bridget, the nurse, And the cook, which was worse, Chopped Peter to mince-meat so fine— To their friend, the giraffe, Of their meal they gave half, Red Jerry they squeezed for port wine.

"All the spy kangaroos, Perched on zebras and gnus, With the crocodile waited out-doors, 'I would just like to see,' Said the grim chimpanzee, 'Our elephant bird tread those floors.'

"Then a blue-nosed baboon Sang a jolly old tune, And like a steam whistle he sneezed; Royal tigers lay still, Purring like a saw-mill, Each varmint did just as he pleased.

A boy with a fiddle Played Hi-diddle-diddle, The monsters pranced round with delight, Then they crunched every house, Munched man, woman and mouse, And gobbled the town up by night.

"But they spared the small boys, 'Cause they made lots of noise, On trumpet, drum, kettle and pan. Now here is my story," Said Sammy O'Rory, 'Tis as bad, just as bad, as I can."

"THE I
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"THE MISSIONARY MARK."

In the Child's Paper for November, 1868, is an article with the above title. No doubt some one who read it soon forgot it; others thought, "Oh, I wish I had something that I could put a missionary mark on, and have the proceeds to give to the missionary cause;" and some, I dare say, asked their parents for a chicken, or a pig, or a fruit-tree, or a corner of the garden or field, or something from which they could hope to obtain money for that purpose.

SWEEPING UNDER THE MATS.

A young girl, who was servant in a large family, was brought to Jesus. She was very ignorant, and knew almost nothing of the Bible; for she could not read herself, and the family where she lived never had reading or family prayer, such as Christian families delight to have. Mary, however, got leave to go out one evening, and away she went to chapel hand by; and there God's Holy Spirit spoke to her, so that she became anxious about her soul, and so continued until she learned to trust and love Jesus as her Saviour. Very happy indeed was Mary all the day long at her work, while she thought of her dear Saviour's love to her; and so she at once set about in her own way to do every thing to please him.

People soon noticed the change in the young girl. She was very quiet, and looked so happy and contented, that at last those in the house began to ask, "What has come over her?" and "What is the matter?" To this poor Mary could only answer that "she was so happy, that was all."

"And what makes you so happy, Mary?" asked one of the girls.

"Because I have become a Christian," said Mary.

"But how do you know that you are a Christian, Mary?" asked the other again.

"Because," said Mary—and she looked round to see if no one else was listening—"because I sweep under the mats."

This reason was well understood; for often in the hurry of their housework, or in a careless mood, both of the hired girls used to sweep the dust collected in a room or passage into some dark corner, or under the edge of a carpet or mat, where for a time it would escape the eye of their mistress.

But now that Mary had become a Christian and loved the Lord Jesus, she tried to please him; and knowing that his eye was constantly upon her, she swept under the mats, doing her work thoroughly, "as unto the Lord, and not as unto men." Mary's old heart would not have done this; but she had been "born again;" she had been made a child of God by "faith in Jesus Christ;" and she felt that "old things had passed away, and that all things had become new."

THE THIEF'S DEVICE.

There is a fable among the Hindoos that a thief having been detected and condemned to die, happily hit upon an expedient which gave him hope of life. He sent for his jailer, and told him that he had a secret of great importance which he desired to impart to the king, and when that had been done he would be prepared to die. Upon receiving this piece of intelligence the king at once ordered the culprit to be conducted to his presence, and demanded of him to know his secret. The thief replied that he knew the secret of causing trees to grow which would bear fruit of pure gold.—The experiment might be easily tried, and his majesty would not lose the opportunity; so accompanied by his prime minister, his courtiers, and his chief priest, he went with the thief to a spot selected near the city wall, where the latter performed a series of solemn incantations. This done the condemned man produced a piece of gold, and declared that if it should be planted it would produce a tree every branch of which would bear gold.

"But," he added, "this must be put into the ground by a hand that has never been stained by a dishonest act. My hand is not clean, therefore I pass it to your majesty."

The king took the piece of gold, but hesitated. Finally he said:

"I remember, in my younger days, that I often filched money from my father's treasury which was not mine. I have repented of the sin; but yet I hardly dare say my hand is clean. I pass it, therefore, to my prime minister."

The latter, after a brief consideration, answered,

"It were a pity to break the charm through a possible blunder. I receive taxes from the people, and as I am exposed to many temptations, how can I be sure that I have remained perfectly honest? I must give it to the governor of our citadel."

"No, no," cried the governor, drawing back. "Remember that I have the serving out of pay and provisions to the soldiers. Let the high priest plant it."

And the priest said—

"You forget: I have the collecting of tithes, and the disbursements for sacrifice."

At length the thief exclaimed—

"Your majesty, I think it were better for society that all five of us should be hanged, since it appears that not an honest man can be found among us."

In spite of the lamentable exposure, the king laughed; and so pleased was he with the thief's cunning expedient, that he granted him a pardon.

the situation, as we find that the first entry of land was by John Savage & Co., non-residents, as the record has it; and this included a strip of land running from what is now known as Catletts Creek up the Ohio and Big Sandy rivers to Round Bottom, thence south to intersect and recross Sandy river and up it with its meanders to a point about one mile above the mouth of Big Blaine creek so as to include ten thousand acres, which entry was made in 1791, eighteen years after the visit of the Jones party. Either John Savage & Co. did not have faith like a whole gallon of mustard seed or some cause beyond their control kept them from paying their taxes, for we find that in August 1803, Edmund Thomas as Register of the Land Office of Kentucky, in pursuance of two acts of the Assembly, the one passed Dec. 21, 1799, and the other Dec. 19, 1801— which said acts were for the purpose of creating a revenue—"did expose for sale at the door of the State House, in the town of Frankfort, a certain tract of land said to contain five thousand acres entered in the office of the Auditor of accounts as belonging to John Savage & Co.; said land lying in the county of Mason and on the waters of the Big Sandy river, which said land was sold and struck off to David White for the sum of \$67.50, current money of Kentucky, that being the amount of taxes then due upon it for the years 1792 to 1801, with interest, and 29 cents costs of advertising, which said tract is bounded as follows: beginning at a large black oak on a ridge one of the patent's corners, thence north 60 E 60 poles to a dead ash and maple on the bank of the Ohio river, up the same south 6 E 60 poles, S 23 E, 38 poles to a mulberry stump, also at the mouth of Big Sandy river, thence up Sandy with the meanders thereof the various courses 3324 poles, thence leaving Big Sandy river—by various courses and distances set out in the deed—"to the place of beginning so as to include 4060 acres" and from this deed comes the title to the land upon which the town of Catlettsburg is located, or rather that part of it lying above Catletts Creek. Here was a piece in real estate for you! A tract of 3324 rods long by 195 wide sold in 1803 for \$67.50, and in 1853 D. W. Eba paid \$1000 for twenty-two feet front on the Ohio river by one hundred feet deep, with no buildings on it except a little tumble down store house valued at \$100. In December 1803 David White sold the tract of 4060 acres to Col. George Shortridge who immediately took possession of it by moving to the place where John Ewing now lives, which is on the bank of Big Sandy river about three miles above town. About the year 1800 one John Salmon had settled upon the site now occupied in part by the Wholesale Drug Store of Patton Bros., but Col. Shortridge, upon coming into possession of the tract, sold something like 360 acres to Alexander Catlett who dispossessed Salmon, whereupon Salmon settled below Catletts Creek. Alexander Catlett had several sons, one of whom, Horatio, bought of his father 210 acres about the year '21, and after selling off various lots to Wm. Lampton, W. T. Nichols and others, in 1831 sold the remainder to James Wilson. From the family of Catletts came the name of the creek and the town as now called. Shortly after the purchase by James Wilson he deeded the same to a grandson, James V. Fry, of Kanawha county, Virginia, and after he became of age, in the year 1848, he laid off a town, sold lots at a public sale and this was the beginning of the town of Catlettsburg.



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the erection of large works for the manufacture of earthen table ware, but the death of a member of the family caused the enterprise to be abandoned before it was put in operation. From 1830 to 1848 the most important events in the history of this locality was the great freshets of 1832 and 1847, the former being fifteen inches higher than the latter. At this notable flood the water covered the present site of the corner of Division and Louisa streets to a depth of five feet, the flood extending from the foot hills in Ohio to those in Kentucky and Virginia, the like of which has never been equalled since and it probably never again will be. In 1836 the building of the Owensville and Big Sandy turnpike was commenced and by this means the site of the town was placed on a thoroughfare over which for many years poured a ceaseless tide of westward bound emigration and eastward bound droves of cattle, hogs, mules &c., destined for the then great eastern mart, Richmond, Va. In 1840 the hamlet consisted of one store, one hotel and one blacksmith shop. In 1850 it had increased to two stores, two hotels and several private dwellings. Among the permanent settlers of that time were John Culver, W. T. Nichols, D. D. Geiger, Marcus L. Kibbe, Robert M. Biggs, William Hampton, Levi Hampton, Addison McCulloch, Dr. H. Hampton, Capt. Wash Houshell, Dr. J. D. Kincaid, Joseph Gardner, Dr. Jonathan James, James McCoy, John Ricketts, James Killen, John McMahon, E. W. Walton, besides others previously mentioned and still others now forgotten. The oldest resident of the town proper now living is Dr. J. D. Kincaid and the oldest child born on the original town site is M. F. Hampton, the present efficient Clerk of the Circuit Court. Many of these names will be remembered as among our present older citizens and some of them as men of note in shaping the affairs and destiny of the country within ten miles of the mouth of Big Sandy river. To add to the names of the above we give those of D. W. Eba and G. W. and Nelson Andrews, who settled here about 1853. From 1850 to 1860 there were no events in the history of the town worthy of special mention. The growth was steady and healthy, and sprang from its commercial position with reference to the trade of the Big Sandy Valley and the development of the country in its immediate vicinity. The Lexington & Big Sandy railroad was chartered in 1852 with its terminus at the mouth of the Big Sandy, and shortly after the work of construction was begun in the vicinity of Chadwicks Creek about two miles above town. In 1854 the town of Ashland was laid out and the route of the railroad was diverted to that point which was a serious blow to the promising future of this place. To add to the rivalry occasioned by the building of Ashland, was the building of the town of Ironton, in Ohio, within ten miles distance, and the contest for supremacy between the three was soon decided unfavorable to Catlettsburg in the matter of manufacturing enterprises; but acts of Legislature could not change the location of the mouth of the Big Sandy river nor could competition altogether divert the commerce of its valley away from its natural entrepot and depot. In spite of the tremendous opposition of the rival towns, Catlettsburg continued and still continues to grow with a staid habit that promises well to those who are content with the steady accumulation of a sure, reliable growth. In 1860 the county of Boyd was formed and Catletts-

the destruction of the entire business portion of the town was complete, besides numerous private residences. Twenty-nine business houses comprising, dry goods, grocery, clothing, drug, boot and shoe, furniture and general merchandise stores with their stocks of goods were destroyed, seven hotels, two bakeries, besides a number tenements &c., were included in the ruins. In the short space of four hours the liquid fervent heat had entirely dissipated more than fifty buildings at a loss variously estimated from a quarter to a half million dollars with an insurance aggregating less than fifty thousand dollars. Undismayed by the disaster, unshaken in their confidence in the future of this commercial centre, the business men of Catlettsburg set about the task of retrieving their impaired fortunes and the beautiful temples devoted to the goddess of fortune—as represented by legitimate business venture—which greet the eye of the stranger and gives to our town its modern appearance is the result of the effort; the Phoenix risen from the flames. And this brings us to

THE CATLETTSBURG OF THE PRESENT.

That were a wise youth, wise even beyond his day and generation, whose father had sent him on a tour of travel for observation and note—who sagely wrote his paternal ancestor that the feature of the country which he most observed in his travels was "that Providence had wisely ordered it that all the principal rivers ran past, and the large lakes bordered upon the chief towns and cities of the country." Upon this theory Catlettsburg is doubly blessed by Providence, for, has not she the rolling tide of the La Belle Riviere of the early French settlers of the Ohio valley, and likewise the anon turbulent and then sluggish flood of the Indian Chattar-ah-wah to lave her shores? And can the art of man or wiles of woman, the edict of an autocrat or the act of an assembly beguile her of these; or either of them? Never! Railroads may come and railroads may go, but the tide of rivers roll on forever, furnishing to man routes of travel and traffic that regulate the tariff on transportation in most parts of the inhabitable globe. Midway, and on the outward arc of the half circle described by the Ohio river as it sweeps around in its majestic change of course, lies the town of Catlettsburg hugging close to the foot hills which here range near to its Kentucky shore, and built upon the two angles of the square formed by the intersection of the Chattar-ah-wah with the Ohio river. And right here we pause to say—in parenthesis—that the prosaic individual who bethought him to change the name of this river, the Chattar-ah-wah, to the undignified, mean sounding epithet of 'Big Sandy' ought to suffer the torments of one doomed for a season to stay with the damned. Various are the explanations given of the meaning of the Indian name "Chattar-ah-wah." Among them, Sandy Water, Muddy Water, Swift Water, Noisy Water, but of them all the most probable is the last, as the roar of its rushing waters during a "run out" can be heard for some distance, and especially so must this have been the case when the unbroken solitude of the wild forests were here to echo and magnify its sounds of turmoil.

The Catlettsburg of to-day is a town of about twenty-five hundred inhabitants, extends from a point about one mile above the mouth of Big Sandy river, including Hampton City, northward along that river and between its bank and the foot hills to the Ohio

country produce they gather upon the season of low water when steamers can not ply on Big S the trade of the country is carried by means of flat or push boats, are long narrow boats from six to seventy feet long by six to seven width, with a carrying capacity of five to ten tons. The freight is along the center of the boat so as to leave a narrow gangway at each where the men can walk as they their poles in the river bed and walking toward the stern of the cause it to glide forward, up or down the stream as the case may be.

RAILWAY COMMUNICATION.

Catlettsburg has long expected a way connection with the rest of world, yet she has done but little toward promoting that much desired. This is largely owing to the fact many of her prominent business men have labored under the apprehension, right or wrong, that a railroad that came here and did not stop would not benefit the town and that one that passed through would do the place more hurt than good. At any rate the people will soon learn from experience as the building of the Lexington and Big Sandy railroad through the town is rapidly approaching completion, so that within twelve months this place will have the advantage of being located upon a trunk line railway extending from tide water in the East, to the far West and South-west, and, on the completion of the Southern Pacific railway it will be on one of the great trans-continental lines between the Atlantic and Pacific seaboard. On the other hand the contemplated Chattaroi railway which is in process of construction between Ashland and Peach Orchard coal mines—forty miles up Sandy—if it should become a fact in the Chicago and South Atlantic Railway, it would render Catlettsburg an important business and railway point. The last named railway is contemplated from Chicago, via Columbus and Portsmouth to Ironton, the crossing the Ohio to Ashland, and via the Chattaroi railway up the Sandy valley and through to Pound Gap a connection with the system of railways centering at Charlotte, N.C. which would furnish a trunk line between Chicago and the South Atlantic cities of Wilmington, Charleston, Savannah &c., by the most practical and feasible route. Who is that is bold enough to say that it end will not be attained within the next five years?

THE CITY

Is laid out nearly as regular as the ture of the location will permit a the plan can be modified from time time as necessities require. The streets are of good width, running mostly right angles with each other so that there are no triangular plots, except such as may be created by the running of the railroads through the town. Both of these, however, will occupy single line so as to interfere with travel and traffic of the streets as far as possible. The town is divided by Catletts Creek which cuts off the north-western portion to the extent about one-third, but this is spanned by Center street by a substantial bridge of 185 feet span built in at a cost of about \$5000.

ITS PUBLIC BUILDINGS

consisting of the county buildings the churches will compare favorably with other towns of the same size. new building for the offices of Sheriff and Clerks of the County Circuit Courts is a fine affair, fire in its construction and very convenient for the business it was intended

The stairs which go down to the... you go up to a laboratory... are compounded the various... tinctures &c., known to the... From this you can ascend either... elevator or stairs to the second... third floors which are used... from compounding of their propri-... edicines and packing for ship-... to their wholesale trade. On the... side or the front room is provided... job press for printing labels, by... &c., a department of their... which requires the constant... of a practical printer. Taking... all this establishment is a... nument to the business... of this enterprising firm and a... of the town.

MORSE OPERA HOUSE
It is by A. F. Morse, who kept a... and notion store on the site... occupies, and which was de-... by the great fire. Here, too, was a... of the prudent fore-... ching in the accumulation of an... surplus for a stormy day. Temp-... quarters were obtained, new... ordered by telegraph, and the... of rebuilding began. In the... long y of business toil Mr. Morse... ably looked forward to the... of the results in a building... that supply a want and help to... make life the town in which he... had success, and how well he... has said we leave it for our read-... ers to... without attempting a de-... tailed opinion of it. That Mr. Morse... spared but a few short... months the fruits of his labor... we feel sure all the citizens of... the town in the regret.

CARPENTER,
of the "Manmoth Dry... tion House," is likewise... mention. By dili-... gence he had acquired a... rising business man, but... the respect of persons. A... ought in the matter of... mind him to begin again... in a hastily constructed... tening, and he, too, began... the a spacious building... why of the merchants of... neans. Here in this... movent can be found a... stonish older and larger... town of, and the whole... affix a credit to its prop-... erty of pardonable pride

M'DYER & CO.
...ing young firm were... lars in the great disaster, by... energy will soon win, and... them in better quar-... ure, with a larger stock... our friends and patrons... to them as of yore, and... that in a short time... ly realize that they were... out. The course pur-... in their dealings... as to retain all their... and win new ones to

EDWARDS & CO.
... with a new build-... new prospects and... ight future. The... town renders it... gentlemen will... their well-known... tion to business.

ANDREWS,
... many years the... Front and Division... e sufferers by the... and in '78. They had... roof since 1852, which... enabled them to re-... self a business house

C. W. Berger, manufacturer and dealer in boots and shoes;
Fred Bruns, dealer in boots and shoes;
Wm. Bruns, dealer in notions;
Robert Rigg, saddlery, leather, etc.;
Wellman & Prichard, groceries.

There are other firms of live, ener-
getic business men in town of which
we have only space to give a list with-
out farther comment:

Waits & Marrs, dealers and jobbers
in groceries;
D. S. Martin & Co., butchers and
packers;
D. A. Mims, dealer in leather and
findings;
R. H. Kilgore, undertaker;
W. N. Lanham & Son, foundry;
J. W. Dillon, machine shop;
John Berger, "the boss" boot and
shoe maker.

A. H. Clawson, jeweler;
THE CITY WHARF.
The wharfboat at the landing is
owned by a company of individuals
who pay a certain revenue to the city.
Some idea of the trade of the city and
country tributary thereto can be had
when we state the fact that over ten
thousand tons of merchandise and prod-
uce pass annually over this wharf-
boat besides the live stock which is
shipped from this point. Ten land-
ings are made daily by Ohio river
steamers besides those of the steamers
on the Sandy river.

MANUFACTURES.
The principal item of manufacture
is of timber material, the stave buck-
ing and cooperage establishment of H.
J. C. Moore, leading all others. Here
are employed sixty men, one million
and a half staves are bucked and ten
to twelve thousand pork and whiskey
barrels and lard tins are manufactured.
Next in importance is the saw and
mill manufacture annually about one
million feet, B. M., of lumber and tim-
ber. The other manufacturers men-
tioned elsewhere are of minor impor-
tance and such as may be found in al-
most any small town.

J. G. PATTON & CO.,
proprietors of the Big Sandy flouring
and grist mills, have built up one of
the largest establishments of the kind
along the Upper Ohio, and the busi-
ness done by this firm is a very large
item in the annual income of the town.

THE TIMBER BUSINESS.
Timber is, and has been the chief
item of export from the Sandy Valley
for many years. The earliest ship-
ment that we can trace was made by
Wm. Hampton, about the year 1828,
the timber shipped by him at that
time consisting mainly of poplar and
oak cut on the bottom lands along
Sandy, so convenient to the river as
to scarcely need hauling. For a long
time the market price of logs sixteen
to twenty feet long by two feet six
to three feet six inches in diameter was
fifty cents per log delivered at the
mouth of Sandy. The business con-
tinued to grow slowly for a long time
on account of the convenient supply
along the Ohio and Kanawha rivers
until about the year 1844, when a
marked increase was perceptible and
from that time the growth in this busi-
ness was rapid until it has reached its
present magnitude. Among the early
shippers of timber to Cincinnati and
Louisville we may note Dr. Cushing,
James Bartram and Wm. Ratcliffe of
the Tug river and the Messrs Borders
and Prestons of the Louisa river. The
business of buying and handling the
timber coming out of the Sandy
river at this place is of comparatively
recent date, the early shippers stop-

...the Hidgeways, of England.
...transferred to Wm. Stewart and

The Demo established Novem-
ber 5, 1879m. T. D. Marcum,
late Register Land Office with
J. N. Ba associate editor.
Mr. Banks from this position
on the 5th May last, and Mr.
Marcum a entire control. The
Democrat ing with a good degree
of success matter of advertising
support fr business men of the
town, and way of subscriptions
from the of the Sandy valley
and adjacntry. The Central
Methodist, name implies, is a re-
ligious paid is the organ of the
Methodist South for the states
of West Va, Kentucky, Ohio and
Indiana. as founded in 1866 by
Rev. Zeph Meek, the present
editor ander. During its exist-
ence it absorbed the Southern
Methodist, shed at Covington, Ky.,
and recene Southern Methodist
of Louisville is ably edited by the
Rev. Z. J. assisted by Rev. Dr.
Cottrell, owling Green, and the
Rev. S. Id, who is also a wealthy
banker oholasville, Ky., as asso-
ciate edit. It has a larger circula-
tion than other newspaper pub-
lished on Ohio river between Cin-
cinnati a Pittsburgh.

And thrings us to the considera-
tion of subject of

THE CAETTSBURG OF THE FUTURE.

That s town has "prospects" there
are managons to urge. First of all,
there is ore than half a million acres
of timbl and covered with virgin
forests: poplar, oak, walnut, locust,
lynn, nple, sycamore, beech &c.,
lying a the tributaries of the
Big Sady river, and all this
must find its way to market by this
route. True it is, that much of this
timber s not convenient to marketing
as the, phrase now goes, but
difficulties and so long as it
money, just so long will it
find its way to market, even if it does
at times pay scantily the necessary
labor of cutting, peeling, hauling,
splashing, rafting, running. At the
present rate of cutting the supply is
sufficient to last at least half a cen-
tury, and that is long enough to war-
rant men of capital and energy in
locating manufactories at this point
with a plant capable of turning this
wondrous tide of embryo wealth into
a flood of innumerable blessings. Saw
mills, capable of cutting 100,000 feet
b. m. every day, wagon factories, of
the capacity of a wagon every hour,
extensive car manufactories, are among
not only the possibilities but the prob-
abilities of our early future, for all this
supply of hard wood timbers available
for such uses must come into use at his
convenient place. When our railroads
are complete the facilities for shipping
manufactured lumber and all the vari-
ous articles which are manufactured
from timber will be second to none.
The competition of water rates will
keep the railway tariff within reason-
able bounds, so that a guarantee of
reasonable rates is here secured. All the
various kinds of timber which enter
into the manufacture of furniture,
wagons, carriages, cars, agricultural
implements, and for building purposes
come floating down Sandy past this
place seeking a market farther from the
center of its own consumption.

COAL.

For this useful article in the econ-
omy of civilization the area drained by
the waters of the Big Sandy and trib-
utaries has few equals and no superi-
ors. It consists of three varieties of
the bituminous character, viz: common
block, splint and cannel. The com-

...road up this valley... improvement of tl... of slackwater by th... ment (an appropri... ing just been made... gin this work) will... area of dormant, sh... and as its steady tide... portals of its depository... tions of even the fine... which the fair winds of... vouchsafe to us, will mal... able total in the genera... growth to the town of Ca...

IRON ORE

The ores of the Sandy
region immediately are
burg are the carbonates
of the carboniferous regi... blue block, hematite
The ores are generally
age yield of the best b... per cent of metallic
them running as low... but what they lack
fully made up in e... erally easy of red... made from them h... adaptation for gene... tities are mined in... ately about town... ported to the fu... where they find a... all the region of th... red and yellow... and in some loc... deposits. In s... seam of blue bl... but 33 to 38 p... but a special f... several analysis... 23 per cent of... point a seam... found ranging... inches in thick... it to be of sit... that ore covere... has bene to Pich... of it vanantly... are this nation... tion not the ces it... shippers fuel... hence t near... of this use native ore... eign id while qual... which imple qual... as wern peop... varying... the of the mixture, the... manirons ally adapted... for es and... the it of alloy will make... sound... Caettsburg may be... it p... the manufacture of... iron doubted.

CLAY.

Terinal is found in con-
siderable, of undoubted good
quality close proximity to the
coal to bring it to a state of
perfection. That this is
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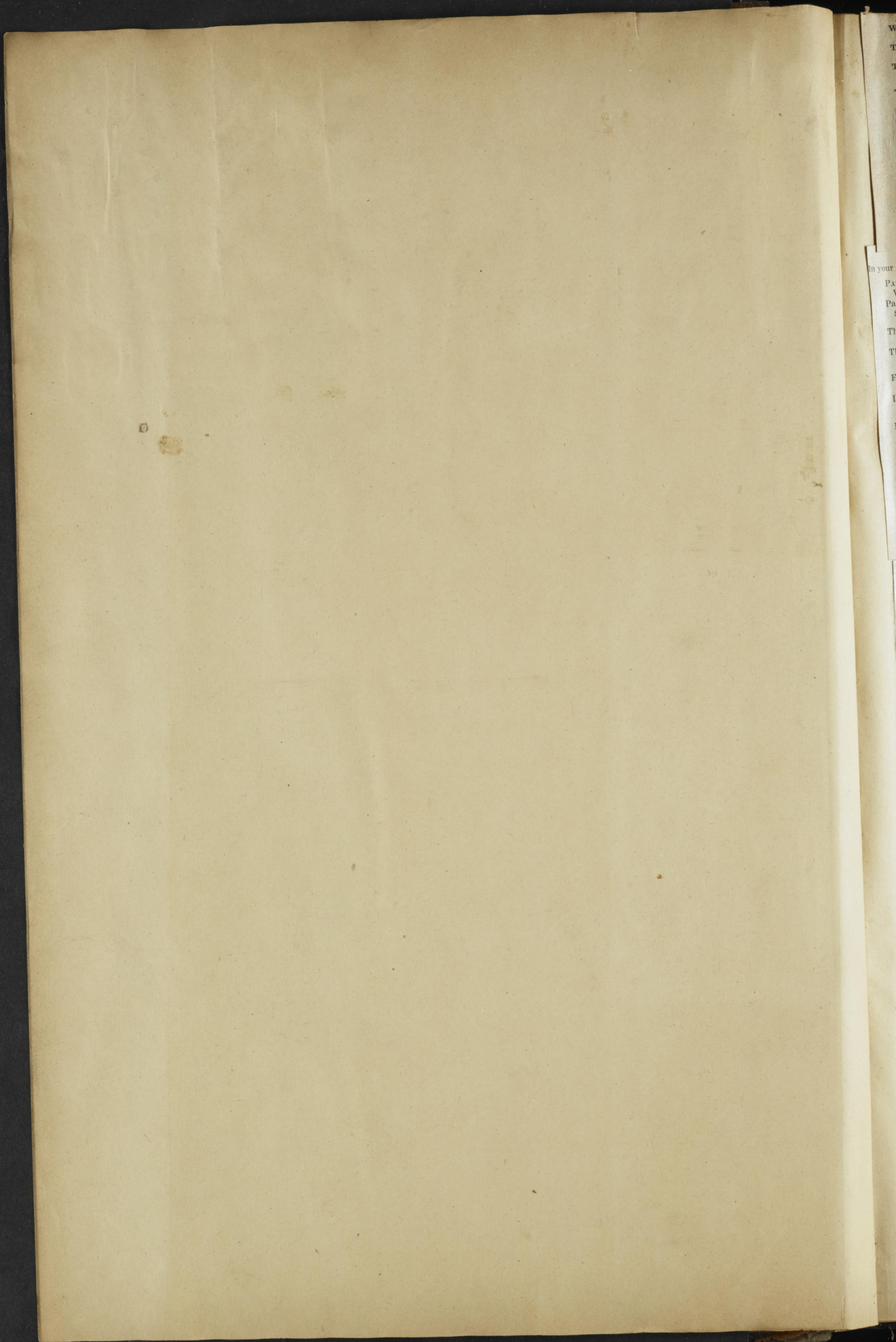
CONCLUSION.

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REPUBLICAN TICKET.
1876 FOR PRESIDENT, 1876
RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
WILLIAM A. WHEELER.

O. S. DEMING.



As quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is done
In everybody's house.
There's no one ever sees his face,
And yet we all agree
That every plate was cracked
By Mr. Nobody.

'Tis he who always tears our books.
Who leaves our doors ajar;
He pulls the buttons from our shirts,
And scatters pins afar.
That squeaking door will always squeak,
For, prithee, don't you see,
We leave the door open to be done
By Mr. Nobody?

The finger-marks upon the doors
By none of us are made;
We never leave the blinds unclosed,
To let the curtains fade;
The ink we never spill; the boots
That lying round you see
Are not our boots—they all belong
To Mr. Nobody!

Fullillee.

In your patience possess ye your souls.—LUKE 21:19.

PATIENCE! O thou child of sorrow,
Wherever thou mayst be,
Patience! and a bright to-morrow
Soon shall come and make thee free.

Though thy way seem dim and dreary,
Though a mist be o'er the plain,
Though thy strength be faint and weary,
Courage, soul, press on again!

Far away, past dreamy mountains,
Past the stream so dark and cold,
In the sunshine, silvery fountains
Drip for aye on streets of gold:—

Dropping peace, and joy, and gladness,
Where the angels make their home;
Who, in tones which know no sadness,
Cheer the pilgrims as they come.

Not for ever, not for ever,
Shalt thou half-despairing wait;
Bear a little while dark weather,
Soon the storms shall all abate:

Soon thy brow shall cease its burning,
Resting on a faithful breast;
Soon thy soul, to God returning,
Shall find perfect peace and rest!

Farm Music.

In the morning, dim and sweet,
Slanting glants the sun;
The milkmaid trips with hurrying feet,
The farmer's day's begun.
Hark! 'tis the mower blithe,
As he sharpens the trusty scythe—
Crink, crank—crink, crank!
In the dewy morning air.

In the summer, clear to noon,
Flaming climbs the sun,
The scythe blades sweep to the pleasant
tune.

And the task goes merrily on.
Hark! shrill and fine,
The locust's hot weather sign—
Cree-ee, cree-ee!

In the blazing morning air.

In the summer's day at noon,
Right over glares the sun!
The mowers sweep to slower tune,
And wish the task was done.
Hark! a chattering loud,
'Tis the noisy crows in a crowd,
Caw, caw, caw, caw,
Through all the hazy air.

The primrose wakes to bloom,
Downward rolls the sun;
The west is fire, the east is gloom,
The mowers' task is done.
And hark!—hark!
What wings through the fragment dark?
Whippoorwill, whippoorwill
Through all the morning air.

East and west are gloom,
But the moon is risen far,
And the night is warm, and the clover
bloom
Sweetens all the air.
And hark!—hark!
Who call through the dark?
Hoo, hoo, too whit, too hoo!
Through all the midnight air.

Master Cracko.

My aunt's brother, he was a midshipman then, but he has become a high officer in the navy since then, brought Cracko home from the coast of Africa, as a present to my aunt. He entered the house with Cracko seated on his shoulder, and presented him in due form as a gift which could not prove otherwise than acceptable to his sister. He was rather surprised that he should receive far more attention than his four-handed companion. Still his sister, for his sake, did her best to give a cordial welcome to Cracko, who chattered away and seemed highly delighted with his new quarters. He soon gave up the habit of looking out for ropes' ends in the hands of those who approached him. My uncle went to sea, and Cracko remained an honored member of his family. He soon, however, fell into an error committed frequently by two-handed beings—he became too familiar and took liberties. Some friend with children was staying in the house. One day a loud squalling was heard proceeding from the nursery. The mamma, and nurse, and my aunt, and several other people rushed in and found master Cracko, who had come in by the window, rocking the cradle in a manner which might have lulled to sleep one of his own offspring on the top of a cocoanut tree, but was calculated to dislocate the vertebrae of an infant of the human species.

Sometimes Cracko had tricks played on him. Our picture represents him in a strange fix. The dogs, Ronser and Touser, who guarded their master's carriage-house and stables, played a game that monkey did not relish. He had just finished an unusually elaborate toilette with a borrowed coat and hat, and was about to partake of his dinner, when he found a guest before him. He seized him by the tail and rather enjoyed the yelp that followed, when turning around to his utter horror and dismay he saw Touser, who hearing the noise had come out of his kennel, and without ceremony was helping himself to the dinner. Cracko could manage the one foe, but two at a time, with his dinner between them, were too much for him, so with all his fine fixings the poor ape had to retire supperless.

One day he was found attempting to feed one of the babies with the mustard-spoon out of the mustard-pot. He was decidedly of an inquisitive disposition, and the cook complained bitterly that if she went out of the kitchen he would pop into it, whip off the lids of the pots and saucepans and taste their contents. Now and then he burnt his fingers, but this did not cure him of his propensity. The butler and housemaid had also various charges to bring against poor Cracko, and the gardener declared that he stole his fruits; indeed, at length, whatever mischief was done he got the credit of doing it. Many a misdeed was placed on Cracko's shoulders of which he was entirely guiltless; but "Give a dog a bad name," and the usual consequences follow.

At length, one day while the tea-table was being set, Cracko leaped upon the table, nimbly moved from dish to dish, lifting the covers, and tasting the contents; and then he seized cups and plates and threw them upon the floor, breaking half the set. In vain my aunt pleaded that he was actuated by motives of hospitality, and simply wished to ascertain that the dishes were properly cooked. It was decided that he should be banished from the house. Where should he be sent? My aunt begged that he might be confided to the care of Molly Tanner, the washerwoman, where she might go occasionally to visit him. "Bless his innocent face, of course I'll take charge on him, Miss Marianne," answered Molly. "I've no fine dishes for him to look into, and he can't do me no harm, even if he does take a sup out of my pot now and then."

Molly reckoned without a knowledge of the character of her guest.

Accordingly Cracko was sent to Molly's cottage. He there behaved himself in the most exemplary manner, and would sit on the back of a chair, calmly contemplating Molly as she soaped and washed the articles of clothing, and wrung them out and hung them up to dry, and finally ironed them and put them away in her cupboard. Now washing, and its subsequent processes, cannot, as Molly had often affirmed, though she did not exactly thus express herself, be learned in a week or a month either, even by a human being; and intelligent as Master Cracko was, it could not be expected that he should learn so abstruse a science, notwithstanding all his observation, in a limited period. Indeed, Molly never dreamed of his doing any such thing.

Now it must be understood that the door of Molly's cottage had a latch to it, and that by drawing a string from the inside no one outside could lift it. She thus could at all times shut her door without fear of an intruder. When Molly went out, on the contrary, she drew the string outside that she might let herself in at her pleasure. It happened one day that she had to go out to fetch some dirty clothes, leaving a large quantity which she had just washed, some drying, and others already ironed in the cupboard, while the tubs stood ready with the water in them for the fresh supply. Seeing that Cracko was asleep in his snug corner by the fireplace she would not disturb him, but left him to the calm enjoyment of his slumbers, drawing the string of the latch outside as she closed the door.

While Molly was gone Cracko awoke. Looking round and seeing that she was out he felt suddenly ashamed of being idle. Seized with a desire to make himself useful, in gratitude to his kind mistress, he considered how he could best do so.

"There is a pile of clothes—suppose I wash them. There is the water all ready and the tubs, she'll be so pleased when she comes back. Perhaps she expected me to do it for her. She can't intend to keep me for nothing, a poor woman like her. It was all very well at the big house or on board ship. Here I ought to work and will work. Stop, I'll shut myself in as she does, so that I may not be interrupted."

Accordingly Cracko drew in the string of the latch, and commenced operations.

He had been washing away in this fashion for some time, when Molly returned and tried to open the door, but the string was drawn inside. Then she went to the window which was also carefully closed, and through it what do you think she saw? Cracko, with the poker in his hand, stirring away round and round in the tubs which were half full of the clothes she had just washed. He saw her and her anxiety to get in, but that only made him more eager to finish his work. Now he rushed to the lines and dragged off some more clothes; now he put the poker in the fire, and when he had got it freshly blackened, he stirred and stirred away again. Then he went under some of the garments, muslin dresses, and capes and ruffs, and spread them on the ironing table, and seizing the irons from the stove, away back he went and began ironing furiously. The irons were very hot, and made the clothes hiss and splutter. This seemed to afford Cracko infinite delight; the more they hissed and the more they smoked the more pleased he seemed, and when well browned he held them up

to the horrified gaze of poor Molly. The more efforts she made to get in the more he chattered and grinned, and the harder he worked, turning round ever and anon, and chattering as much as to say, "Do n't trouble yourself, I'm doing your work for you, am I not, beautifully?" Then he ran back to the tub and put in more clothes, and put in a bit of cheese Molly had got for her supper, instead of soap, and a pound of sugar instead of soda, and stirred and stirred away with the poker; then back he went to the ironing table, and back to the fire, on to which by mistake he threw some clothes in his hurry, and then again he went to the tub, till poor Molly became almost frantic with alarm lest all the clothes should be spoiled, and she should lose the custom of the families who employed her. In vain she tried to get in, Cracko shook his head and chattered, and worked away more vehemently than ever, as much as to say, "Do n't be in a hurry, I'll get it all done for you, and then I'll let you in and you shall thank me."

At length poor Molly finding she could not push open the door, made a desperate run at it, back first, with her head bent down the opposite way. Open it flew, and over she went in among her tubs and piles of spoiled clothes. This made her fairly lose her temper; even a sweeter-tempered washerwoman might have under the circumstances lost it, and seizing a broomstick, she made chase round and round the cottage after Cracko. He saw that his labors were not appreciated as they ought, he considered, to have been, and that something was wrong. He fled therefore as fast as he could with the aid of his four very active hands, upsetting tables and chairs, and throwing down crockery, till he finally, unseen by Molly, sprang into the case of the old clock and climbed up behind the works. There he lay hid, fully believing that his usually kind mistress had lost her senses, but not for a moment dreaming that he had done anything wrong. Poor Molly sat down at length thinking that he had gone out of the door, and wringing her hands, cried bitterly. Fortunately, Miss Marianne arrived, just then to see Cracko, and assured her that whatever punishment might be inflicted on the ape, she should be borne blameless.

Molly had, however, lost all confidence in her favorite, and petitioned that he might be removed. He was accordingly handed over to the coachman, and admonished to be more discreet. The coachman finding him troublesome in his cottage turned him over to the stable. He then became very familiar with the horses, and soon began to play off his pranks on them, pulling their ears and twitching out their hair, besides once running off into the hayloft with the boy's lantern. At last one day a fresh horse was put into a stall fronting the door. Cracko began his pranks on him as usual, and finally descending his hind leg, began to pull out the hair from his fetlocks. The coachman was going into the stable at the time, when he afterwards asserted that he saw poor Cracko screeching horribly, kicked out of the door right up into the sky. He looked and looked, but as he never came back again, he thought he must have been kicked up into the moon. However, as he was seen digging in a remote part of the garden that evening after dusk, it was shrewdly suspected that he knew more about the end of poor Cracko than he thought fit to confess.

The Little Hero.

CAN a boy be a hero? Of course he can, if he has courage, and a good opportunity to show it. The boy who will stand up for the right, stick to the truth, resist temptation, and suffer rather than do wrong, is a moral hero.

Here is an example of true heroism. A little drummer-boy, who had become a great favorite with the officers, was asked by the captain to drink a glass of rum. But he declined, saying, "I am a cadet of temperance, and do not taste strong drink."

"But you must take some now," said the captain. "You have been on duty all day, beating the drum and marching, and now you must not refuse. I insist upon it." But still the boy stood firm, and held fast to his integrity.

The captain then turned to the major and said, "Our little drummer-boy is afraid to drink. He will never make a soldier."

"How is this?" said the major in a playful manner. "Do you refuse to obey the orders of your captain?"

"Sir," said the boy, "I have never refused to obey the captain's orders, and have tried to do my duty as a soldier faithfully; but I must refuse to drink rum, because I know it will do me an injury."

"Then," said the major in a stern tone of voice, in order to test his sincerity, "I command you to take a drink, and you know it is death to disobey orders!"

The little hero, fixing his clear blue eye on the face of the officer, "Sir, my father died a drunkard; and when I entered the army, I promised my dear mother that I would not taste a drop of rum, and I mean to keep my promise. I am sorry to disobey orders, sir; but I would rather suffer anything than disgrace my mother, and break my temperance pledge." Was not that boy a hero?

The officers approved the conduct of that noble boy, and told him, that so long as he kept that pledge, and performed his duty faithfully as a soldier, he might expect from them regard and protection.

A GOOD ANSWER. A poor, wild Irish boy, taught in a mission-school in Ireland, was asked what was meant by saving faith. He replied, "Grasping Christ with the heart."

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Archie Montmollin brought into our office, last week, some bones which he had dug from the Indian mounds, in our neighborhood. They looked like they might have been mule bones or rotten wood, but we have Archie's word that they came straight from some ancient chief who was on the war path during the infancy of Adam and Archie goes to Sunday School.

The German Turners Society gave a Grand Masquerade Ball, in their new hall, at the corner of Carter Avenue and Fourth street, last night. It occurred too late for further notice this issue.

A couple of strange ladies were going along our quiet Park street, the other day, when one of them said: "I should die if I had to live in Ashland." We didn't say anything, but we wondered what town she *could* live in, where she wouldn't die.

"Johnny" called out a fond mother on Park street, the other morning, to her hope and joy, "don't you go down town, or I'll spank you, when you come back, 'till you'll see all the stars in the astronomy." "I will, and you dasn't touch me, it's unconstitutional, and in direct opposition to the expressed will of a free and enlightened people, for I read in the papers to-day, that the majority of the Justices was opposed to going *behind* on the return!

The German Turners.

In July, 1875, six German boys formed themselves into a Club, for Gymnastic purposes. They practiced during the summer, and adjourned for the winter months. They began the next spring with eight members, and during the summer increased the number to sixteen. In last November they bought a lot and began to build a hall for Gymnastic purposes, having about \$150.00 in the treasury. They pay \$100 each year on the lot. The lumber for the building cost \$520.00. The hall was built by the boys, Chas. Gosling superintending the erection and being the only one receiving pay for work. The hall is 60x35 and 25 feet to the eaves, one story high. The Club took occupancy January 1st, and chartered the institution, having twenty charter members. They have paid most all their small bills and \$400.00 on lumber bill and have given notes for the balance. Their financial outlook, at present, is very favorable. They are fitting up their hall into a first class Gymnasium, and have been performing steadily since January 1st. German is spoken exclusively upon turning evenings. The present officers of the institution are: E. V. Burke, President; G. Baurman, Secretary, J. F. Reimlinger, Treasurer.

Mardi Gras was not forgotten in Ashland, and, when Comus called, his devotees answered. We celebrated at Turner Hall, corner 4th street and Carter avenue, and the celebration was good. There were 120 masqueraders, some from Portsmouth, some from Ironton, but the great majority were home folks. Some of the suits were excellent, and the disguises were so complete in several cases as to defy detection until the unmasking at 11 P. M. The order was perfect, and the dance went on to the music of the German Turner String Band till the "Wee sma' hours." This masquerade has stirred up a desire in the breasts of others to have more, and we shouldn't be surprised to hear of another before the season is over. We know it is Lent, but our people generally are not observers of that season so the *bal masque* is in order.

The Rev. Mr. Levi, of Cincinnati, a convert from the Jewish faith, preached at the Presbyterian Church, Sunday morning. The reverend gentleman has been a missionary among his race since his conversion twenty-seven years ago. His sermon was full of interest, and he is hopeful that his people will one day live in the light of the New Testament.

There's such a funny man on Park street. We met him the other day, going home with a load of furniture. "What you going to do with that," says we. "I'm going to take it to my wife; you see, it is *funny* to her to think of me making presents." Then he laughed. Now will somebody tickle us so we can laugh.

A few of the young people met at the house of Mr. W. F. Gaylord on Bath avenue last Friday evening, and

Talked, and walked, and danced together, And then went home in the moonlight weather.

The body of Mr. Ned Duran, reached Ashland, by steamer Fleetwood, last Thursday, from Paint Creek, on Kanawha, where he had met his death on the 14th inst. Just two weeks since, he left here for Kanawha to dig coal. He was alone at the time of the accident, his partner having gone to dinner. He had fired a shot, and was filling his car, when a large piece of slate fell, crushing his head and killing him instantly. He was 37 years of age, single, and the sole support of his aged mother, who is inconsolable at his loss. He was buried from the Catholic Church on Friday. Ned was one of our hard working quiet Irish citizens and leaves a large circle of mourning relations and friends. Peace to his ashes.

Our young friends Cook and Charlie Means, sons of John and Hugh Means respectively, left on the steamer Hudson, last Thursday, to attend commencement exercises at Marietta, Ohio, College, on June 30.



"WELL CHILDREN," SAID GRANDMA.

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Grandma's First Valentine.

BY MRS. E. L. BEERS.

"TELL us 'bout lions and tigers, grandma," said Joe, leaning his two stout elbows on the edge of the piazza enclosure.

"No, no, don't! It scares Robby and me," said little Susie, with her two hands folded together on her grandmother's knee, "tell us about the ten—ten—ten cents and all, you know—that big show

that's to be next Fourth of July."

"There, that's just like a girl. Who wants to hear that old Centennial stuff? We're tired of that before it gets here," answered Joe.

Then Margie, the quiet elder sister, said softly:

"Oh, I know! Something that happened when you were young, grandma."

And then all the voices, Joe's included, chimed in, "Yes, yes! that will be best of all!"

"Something nice that happened when you were a girl!" from Susie.

"And something about a beau," said Margie.

"And something about a bear!" from Joe.

"Well, children," said grandma, with her bright old eyes twinkling, "Once upon a time, there was a little girl, and she had a beau, and a bear ate him up. There, will that story suit all 'round?"

Then there was a great outcry from all, after which grandma promised to tell them a story in earnest.

So "Titi" settled her doll for a nap on her arm, and put the kitten in the empty knitting-basket; Margie made Jack lie

down quietly by her side, while she took Robbie up on her lap, and Joe called out "Attention, company. Forward march!" Grandma took off her glasses and wiped them carefully, while she looked around with her kind smile on her happy grandchildren, who had come to spend a day with her.

"I can tell you a story about a little girl I once knew, who was just about my own age at the time it happened. Her name was Polly, and she lived in a little bit of a village where there were only a few houses. Her father and mother used to live not far from Albany, but they moved out West to try to clear up some lands for farming. Her mother used to feel pretty homesick, I can tell you, at first so far away from all her folks, and Polly and she had many a good cry, when they were left alone all day, while her father and brother were off in the wood-lot chopping down trees. Once a week a big red and yellow stage came through the town, stopping to leave the mail and such bundles as had been given to the driver's care. Such handboxes as they used to leave at Miss Bluetts' big enough to put six of these new-fashioned ones in! And the bonnets inside them! with great fronts like your grandfather's gig, and big bows held out with wire all over outside, and little bunches pinned inside right alongside the cheeks when they were put on."

"There now, grandma! You need not make believe that your story is about somebody else. It's you all the time; can't humbug us."

Grandma laughed a little, and nodded, and went on. "Ah! you've seen the old bonnet up-stairs, haven't you? Well, next to the handboxes, we used to watch for letters."

"The driver would wheel up in front of Squire Gray's and fling off a great leather bag with a rattling chain and padlock, and take away another one, that looked just like it, filled with letters and papers. Sometimes it took quite a long time to get the mail all sorted and distributed, at least it seemed to us a long time, and then with a crack of the long whip, and a great clatter and roar, off would go coach and horses, and driver and mail, up and down the long, yellow road as far as we could watch them on their way.

"The pleasant October after we first went 'Our West,' was n't so bad, but the winter was very doleful. I had no young friends to talk to. To tell the truth, there was a lad in the Albany Law-school whom I did miss very much. Our folks thought we were too young to write to and fro, but I did want to hear from him dreadfully. So you may be sure I was always hoping that sometime I should get one letter even if there never could be another.

"It was early in February, and I was wondering if Max (that was the lad's name) had forgotten me, and if he would go out with some other girl to look for trailing arbutus this year, and whether anybody ever sent valentines any more, when mother called to me from the kitchen to ask that I would go to the postoffice in the afternoon to see if Aunt Alice had written from her—off home in Boston.

"On my way I was very glad to go, and tied on my hood, put on my long merino cloak with a double cape, such as they wore then, a pair of carpet socks made of woollen stuff fastened to leather soles, and my best new mittens that mother had given me at Christmas time. I carried a little bead-purse, for one had to pay a quarter then for a letter before taking it out of the office. So mother kissed me and said, 'Good-by, my dear little daughter,' and I started off down the road and over the bridge. There was very little snow anywhere, but the ground was frozen hard and crisp, and I enjoyed a walk ever so much.

"The postoffice was just over the other side of the bridge, and then the road was crossed by another that followed the banks of the stream a little way, then turned off through the woods where I knew father's lots lay. So I thought, as I was going over, I would walk over that way and that I should soon hear the sound of the axes, and I might see some leaves of the arbutus through the dead leaves and bits of snow on the ground.

"There was no letter for mother, but oh! such a wonderful thing! a letter to me—pink paper, with 'I don't forget,' on the sealing-wax.

"When I opened it, there dropped out of it a little bit of a painting of a spray of trailing arbutus with a date, Feb. 14, in the corner, and Max, underneath. No other writing, but I walked on with a light step, I can tell you. I thought the sun had never shone so brightly before. I did not think where I was walking, in fact, but kept on, toward the wood-road, thinking I must be honest and show it to father sometime and had better not put it off. Dear mother I knew would not scold me, for I was not to blame, and could not help being glad that Max had not forgotten me, but I was not so sure about father.

"So I walked on, and on, and it seemed to me the sun shone brighter and the air clearer since I left the office. Sometimes a little squirrel flitted by and went up the tall trees like a flash. Sometimes a little shy snow-bird would come out of the evergreens that were thickly scattered through the wood and chipper softly.

"Here and there I did find the green leaves of the arbutus promising the blossoms very soon.

"I did not seem to find the path growing any wider and all at once began to look about me uneasily. It was growing late in the afternoon, and I thought I would start for home at once. So I turned sharply around and began to walk fast, my heart beating like a hammer all the while.

"I could not find a real path any more, and by-and-by, I wondered to find so many birch-trees, I had seen but one on my way in the woods, and now every path I followed seemed to come right up to a big birch. I began to get a little scared now and to think of mother and home.

"I recalled all the stories I had read about lost travellers, and in the midst remembered hearing brother Jim say that he and father had seen 'bear

tracks' the day before. Oh how I ran then, following a path that looked as though some one had been through lately, crushing the crisp snow and stirring up the masses of dead leaves.

"Another white birch-tree! I began to wonder if it could be possible I had been only following my own footsteps! Though I was shaking in every limb, I tried to be calm, and to mark the tree some way. I had no knife, no stray ribbon.

"All at once I remembered my pink letter. But I couldn't run the risk of losing that!

"So I tore off a little bit, about an inch square, and put a pin through it into the tree and walked on again in the path I had seen before.

"A little farther on I tore another bit, and marked an oak-tree, then an evergreen.

"Well, it was not many minutes before I came to a birch-tree as usual, and there to be sure, was the bit of paper and the pin just as I had left them!

"I had been walking round and round just as I had heard about lost travellers doing.

"I did not know what to do then. There would not be much more than an hour of daylight. I cried, I shouted, but nobody answered me.

"And then I remember I prayed out loud, the first time in my life. I had always said my prayers over softly. But I was terribly in earnest now and I cried right out:

"'Oh dear God, come help me! I'm lost, and all alone, and nobody but you knows where I am or how to help me.'

"Then some way I felt better, and did not cry any more for a long while. I took the pins and papers all off the trees up to the clump of evergreens and from there turned right about, putting all the pins I could possibly spare through more bits of paper as I went along. I did not tear the seal of my dear letter nor the picture I can tell you.

"I began to think God had not heard me after all, when an hour had gone by and I had not come to any opening in the woods, and darkness was closing down so fast. It was cold too, and I had taken so many pins out of my garments that it was hard to keep them on. I began to wonder if I should freeze before somebody came to find me. I did not dare to stay or go.

"In the midst of my distress I thought I saw something moving, far away through the distant shadow. Something low and black like a bear. What if the bear should come!

"It was coming; I could see a great beast not far away among the bushes!

"I cried out in perfect agony of fright, and then, I thought I died, for I did not see or know anything more until I heard mother's soft voice saying 'God bless her' while she kissed my hands and cheek and hair.

"There I was, in my own little bed at home, safe and sound!

"When I was quite able to bear it, mother told me how father coming home through the wood had followed the little bits of pink paper on the trees, before the big black Newfoundland dog had waked up the wood-echoes with a sharp bark.

"He knew somebody must be lost in the wood, but he was not quite prepared to find his own little Polly lying white and still as though she were dead, with the big dog looking from her up to him saying, as a dog could say,

"'Why it's our Polly, isn't it,' then wagging his tail in his old foolish way over me.

"I had not waked up through all the time of carrying me home and laying me on my bed; but oh, did ever our home look so beautiful before as it did that night?

"My little card of painted flowers, children, is the one that is in the small black frame on the bedroom shelf, and the seal is pinned on the back.

"That was n't the last letter if it was the first from the Albany lad."

"O grandma! I know. Maxwell Armstrong, was it?"

"Grandpa! hurra! think of grandpa sending a valentine on pink paper," shouted Joe.

"That's a lovely story, grandma," said Maggie softly.

"And a little bear in it, was n't there?" said Susie.

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THE FLORAL CLUB FESTIVAL.

The old JOURNAL office, in the Big Hotel, was crowded to overflowing on Tuesday night of last week, to attend the festival gotten up by the young ladies of the Presbyterian Church. The "Club" made ample preparations for a big crowd in the abundance of cakes, nuts, candies, oysters, fancy articles, &c., provided to tempt the palate or taste of their visitors and the receipts testify in unmistakable language of the appreciation of their friends in their laudable undertaking. In addition to the several tables of cakes and other articles, the young ladies had the enticing fish pond, and the beauty of it was that every time you put in your hook you was sure to catch a "bite" and secure something that was useful as well as ornamental. One of our leading citizens dropped in the hook and brought forth a bottle of "castor oil." The oyster table was superintended by Mrs. John Means, and Mrs. Mary Spiller, and the lucious bivalves were served in a palatable and savory manner. The stentorian voice of Judge Sayag, aided by the war-whoop of Winslow, induced the "nickels" to flow in quite freely on the sale of the cakes, and everybody apparently used their utmost endeavors to make the occasion one of pleasure to themselves and profit to the young ladies. The gross receipts footed up the nice little sum of \$175 16. The expenses being unusually small, the "Club" found on settling up that they had realized a net profit on their outlay of \$155.13. A very successful affair and much credit to those in charge.

A Leap-Year Tragedy.

From the Chicago Tribune.]

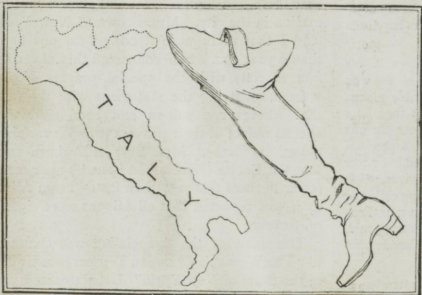
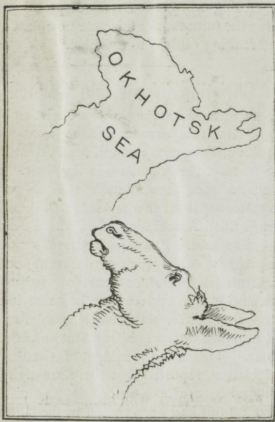
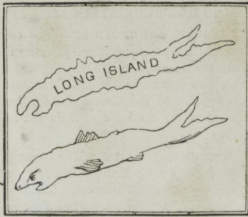
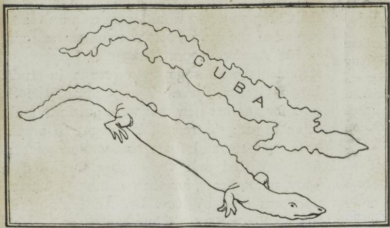
They stood together in the entry beneath the hall-lamp. "Then, Henry," she said, in a low voice, wherein were blended determination, melancholy and love, "you refuse my suit?" "Yes, Ella," he replied, in accents that were firm, though the speaker's voice trembled. "I admire you; I will be a brother to you, and watch with pride your course through life, and if ever trouble should befall you there will at least be one friend to whom you can come for succor; but I can never, never be your husband." "It is not because I am poor, Henry? For, oh, if that were all, I could toil gladly from morn till night for you, and strive and win a home for you, humble it might be, but our own." "It is useless to attempt to induce me to change my determination. Though I am but a poor, weak man, I can never, never change my mind." "Then, cruel young man, so fair and yet so false, farewell. To-morrow you will see my mangled remains on the lecture platform, and know that it has been your work. But it will be too late," and, clasping him to her bosom in a wild embrace, she fled into the outer darkness.

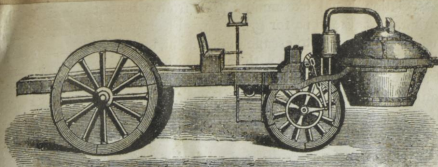
From the Amador (Cal.) Ledger.]

About four years ago an Austrian, whose name, we believe, is John Travis, bid a adieu to his native land, emigrated to America, and finally determined to court the fickle goddess of Fortune in the land of gold. He left a wife and family behind, intending to return to them as soon as circumstances would permit. He fixed upon Amador County as the scene of his toil. Being a man industrious and of steady habits, he experienced little difficulty in finding employment. He worked principally in the Oneida mine, and at the end of four years, by perseverance and frugality, he had amassed about \$1,800 in gold. Little writing had passed between the pair during these years of separation. Having accumulated this amount of money, he determined to return home for his family in Dalmatia, expecting to give them an agreeable surprise. With the greater portion of his gold sewed up in a belt which he wore around his waist, he went to New York where he took passage on board a steamer bound for Hamburg, thinking to make the remainder of the journey by land. At length vessel reached her destined port and visions of home and a reunion with his long-lost friend danced before him. But a cruel fate vetoed the realization of his dreams of bliss. On mooring alongside of the wharf planks were placed from the vessel to the shore to enable passengers to land. All eager to press the soil of the Fatherland again, some twenty or thirty stepped upon the treacherous plank, when it gave way, precipitating its living freight into the water. A scene ensued that beggars description. Five perished before assistance could be rendered. Travis happened to be one of the number on the plank when it broke, but being an expert swimmer he struck out manfully for the landing place; but the belt of gold around him dragged him like a millstone beneath the waves. He fought hard to save both his life and his gold. The conviction, however, soon forced itself upon his mind that he must part with one or the other. Taking his band of wealth from his body, he cast it into the sea and lived to tell his tale. The water was some four or five fathoms deep and the bottom muddy. He spent three days in a diligent search for the buried treasure, without success. Sixteen hundred dollars, representing years of toil and self-denial, were gone. Counting the slender stock of money which he had reserved for incidental expenses, he found that he had just enough to take him home or bring him back to California. Which should he do? To go home with his tale of disaster would be worse than useless. Turning his back upon the friends he had so nearly reached, and whom he longed to see, he took a steerage passage across the Atlantic, made his way back to the Pacific coast, and arrived in this State a few weeks ago. We understand he is now in Amador County undaunted by the sad reverses of the past, but determined, if possible, to build up his broken fortunes once more.

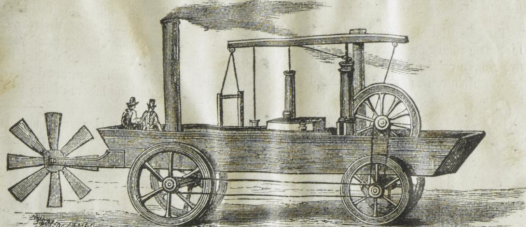
The Presbyterian church has received a new set of beautiful chandeliers which now ornament the room of their church building. They were presented by the young ladies of "The Floral Club" and cost some \$214.

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CUGNOT'S ENGINE, 1770.



EVANS' LOCOMOTIVE, 1804.



THE COG-WHEEL LOCOMOTIVE.



THE FIRST STEAM RAILROAD PASSENGER TRAIN IN AMERICA, 1831.



MODERN LOCOMOTIVE.

KENTUCKY

IRON

Monster

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Ashland, Ky.

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KENTUCKY COAL

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IRON ORES.

Monster Furnaces!

SEVENTY-FIVE TONS PIG METAL AND EIGHT HUNDRED KEGS OF NAILS A DAY

A SKETCH OF ASHLAND— KENTUCKY'S YOUNG MUNICIPAL GIANT!

Ashland, Ky., June 12th, 1880.

In the year 1865, Ashland was beyond dispute a most unpromising municipal bantling. Planned and designed in the years 1853, '54 in anticipation of the then seemingly speedy completion of the Lexington and Big Sandy Railroad, the collapse and extinction of his latter corporation threatened to blight and blast the fair prospects of the hitherto flourishing village. In 1860 the members of the Company, which had designed, rejected and laid off the town; the inhabitants of the brand-new village, and the owners of lands adjacent, despairingly admitted that the Lexington & Big Sandy Road was a forlorn hope. While in this state of dejection and despondency more tremendous calamity than any yet experienced came in the shape of civil war and overwhelmed the hopes and paralyzed the energies of the most sanguine. During the war the town simply existed. But the foundation laid by the designers was deep, broad and enduring. Erected on this foundation since the year 1865 is the present ample, beautiful and substantial superstructure. A scant synopsis of

ASHLAND'S HISTORY prior to the year 1865 must suffice for this article. In 1852 a charter was granted the Lexington and Big Sandy Rail Road Company.—As indicated by the name, the termini of the road were Lexington and the Big Sandy River. The charter further provided that the Big Sandy terminus must be located at the mouth of said river.—Forecasting events, a number of enterprising capitalists, then residents mainly of the county of Greenup, organized themselves into a company which was in 1854, chartered under the name of the Kentucky Iron, Coal and Manufacturing Company. This Company in the same year purchased a tract of 1,500 acres of land on the Ohio river four and one-half miles below the mouth of the Big Sandy. The

spot selected principally recommended itself on account of its splendid river harbor, and as being virtually at the head of low-water navigation. Assurances, superinduced by a subscription of \$210,000 on the part of the Company, (which was subsequently paid) was given by the Rail Road Company that the road should emerge from the interior on to the river at this point.

The Kentucky Coal and Iron Manufacturing Company then, in 1854, laid off the town of Ashland—so named in honor of Mr. Clay's homestead—and sold the first lots. The Ashland Bank, since so honorably conspicuous, was established in 1856 with an authorized capital of \$400,000. The Ashland Hotel was completed in 1858 at a cost of \$30,000. During the same year the town was incorporated. The hard times of '56 are well remembered. The Railroad scheme under its then management was a pronounced failure and in 1860 the property and franchises of said road were sold under a mortgage. Then the war.

ASHLAND SINCE 1865.

At the close of the war Ashland's population was not less than six nor more than eight hundred. A few mercantile firms, supported by a languid trade, a few substantial private residences and nine miles of railroad extending to Eastham's tunnel—built by the defunct railroad company—comprised all the possessions, apart from those above enumerated, of any municipal value, save only the real estate. To those pecuniarily interested, especially, was the outlook at this time most depressing and disheartening. Without a railroad, commercial growth or prosperity was not to be hoped for. The region around was sparsely settled, inaccessible and ill adapted to agricultural pursuits. The insignificant business done in the way of exchanging merchandise for farm products was controlled by Catlettsburg, five miles above, and Ironton, Ohio, five miles below the town of Ashland. Without a railroad, manufacturing enterprises were not to be thought of, for neither coal nor iron ore, so abundant in the surrounding country, was to be obtained. Prompt to realize the position of affairs, the residents and capitalists of the town recognized the necessity for compassing the possession of both

COAL AND IRON ORE,

through the medium of railroad transportation. Therefore the following named capitalists, Wm. Biggs, John Means, Samuel Coles, John G. Peebles, Joseph S. Peebles, Benj. B. Gaylord, A. S. Winslow, Joseph C. Butler and Lewis Worthington, purchased the rights, fixtures and franchises of that portion of Lexington and Big Sandy Rail Road extending from Ashland to Grayson, in Carter County. By an act of the Legislature, passed in 1865, this Company was thereafter known as the Lexington and Big Sandy R. R. Eastern Division.

The authorized capital was \$2,000,000, a portion of which was soon paid. The Company immedi-

ately organized and went vigorously to work. The road was pushed on to Coalton and thence to Rush, distant respectively 12 miles and 14½ miles from Ashland. At Coalton the Company purchased, then and since, 12,000 acres of excellent coal and iron ore lands and opened mines. Since 1867 this Company has mined and delivered sixty million bushels of coal and transported hundreds of thousands tons of iron ore—the products of this tract of land. So wisely and profitably has this Company been managed in the past fifteen years that its rights, franchises and possessions, both in and out of Ashland, are estimated in value at \$1,500,000. But the purport of this article is to point out what this Company has done for Ashland, both directly and indirectly, immediately and incidentally. Purposely omitting any detailed mention of its erection of commodious machine shops, officers' headquarters and coal tips; its outlay in rolling stock, steam tow-boats, barges, etc., etc., we come directly to the notable enterprises of Ashland—mighty enterprises called into existence mediately and incidentally by the Lexington and Big Sandy R. R. Eastern Division. These are the

IRON FURNACES, ROLLING-MILL AND NAIL WORKS.

And right here it is interesting to reflect on the origin of iron manufacture in this North-eastern end of Kentucky—a business which has given employment and support to thousands—a business out of which millions of dollars have been realized. A veracious local antiquarian tells the tale after this fashion: away back in 1816 or 1817, one Richard Deering, a resident of Carter County, while loafing around the Salt Works on Little Sandy, observed a great number of broken castings, pieces of salt kettles and other fragments of iron. It occurred to Richard that these, if melted and shaped into dog-irons, ovens and lids, plow points and other rude implements and utensils, would yield a profit withal. So he erected, about three miles from the village of Grayson, a Cupola driven by a common blacksmith bellows, and went to work. The venture was a success so long as the broken castings lasted. When they gave out, Richard's occupation was gone. It then occurred to Mr. Deering that something might be done with native iron ore, so abundant on every hand. The experiment was tested and worked like a charm. This discovery led to the establishment of divers furnaces constructed after a more elaborate fashion. And there are in operation to day in the counties adjoining Boyd (within the limit of which named County, established in 1860—to state a fact that should have been mentioned before—lies the city of Ashland) furnaces established prior to the year 1830; so instantaneous was the recognition of Deering's valuable discovery. As a rule from 1830 to 1868 the native ores in this end of the State were, by all the furnaces, smelted with charcoal. There may have been,

and doubtless was, an exceptional experiment with stone coal, but charcoal was the rule.

THE FURNACES OF TO-DAY.

In Boyd, Greenup and Carter are now seven furnaces in operation, namely: Norton Iron Works, Ashland Furnace—both located in the city of Ashland—Bellefonte, Hunnewell, Pennsylvania, Mt. Savage and Charlotte. The first two are stone coal furnaces; the last five charcoal furnaces. And right here; the aggregate daily capacity of these seven furnaces is 177 tons of pig metal. Of this amount 110 tons per day are turned out by the two Ashland stone coal furnaces, and 67 tons per day by the five charcoal furnaces. Now, a description of one charcoal furnace is a description of all, save only in so much as relates to real estate, which varies in extent. For various reasons we have selected

BELLEFONTE FURNACE.

As the average charcoal furnace for description, prompted thereto chiefly by the fact that this furnace is owned and controlled by citizens of Ashland. With a detailed history of this furnace, however interesting, this article has nothing to do. It was constructed in 1826-27 by the Poage family and was by a descendant of this family sold in 1852 to Thos. W. and Hugh Means. In 1853 Mr. John Russell became the Superintendent. A few years later Mr. Russell was admitted to co-partnership with the Means and the property is now owned and controlled by these three. True, Mr. Thos. Means's homestead is not in Ashland, but his large investments hereabouts require his presence so frequently that he is certainly regarded as a lobby member of this municipality. To begin with, Bellefonte is distant three and a half miles from Ashland and lies just within the county line of Greenup. Bellefonte has been regularly run to its full capacity since 1852, with the exception of the years '62 and '63. The absolute proprietorship extends over twenty-two thousand acres of land wherein are rich deposits of Red and Yellow Kidney, Blue block and Limestone iron ores as well as a wealth of Bituminous coal. The greater portion of the land is heavily timbered. The average yearly production of this furnace is 3,000 tons of pig metal. Now, consider for a moment the character and amount of raw ingredients used for the manufacture of this amount of iron, and bear in mind that none but native ore is used. Nine thousand tons of ore and the product of 12,000 cords of wood in charcoal are indispensable for this purpose. Four hundred acres of wood-land are annually cleared to furnish the 12,000 cords of wood required. On the lands dwell 250 families, the working members of which are in the service of the Company. Thirty-five men are employed daily in the running of the furnace, to say nothing of ore diggers, wood choppers, charcoal burners and teamsters engaged in hauling charcoal and ore. The sales from the Company's store amount to \$30,000 per annum. Twenty yoke of oxen and

Twenty yoke of oxen and forty headed mules are owned by the Company. Observing a pile of pig metal: "How much pig metal on hand?" inquired of Mr. Russell, "and what is its value?"

"Twenty-five or twenty-six hundred tons; worth, I suppose, \$50,000 or \$60,000." was the answer.

ASHLAND FURNACE.

Now we come to the immediate work for Ashland of the Lexington and Big Sandy R. R. Eastern Division. When the Company had pushed the road to Coalton, distant from Ashland 12 miles, it began, in 1865, to mine coal at that point. The vein of coal measures here from 4½ to 6 feet in thickness. Surrounding Coalton, as elsewhere stated, are rich deposits of Red and Yellow Kidney, Blue Block and Limestone Iron Ores. Both coal and ore could now be transported at a low rate to Ashland.— In 1868 Ashland Furnace was planned and designed, and in 1869 the first fruits were brought forth. The cost of this Furnace was over \$100,000. Since its completion the machinery of the Furnace has been further perfected by the addition of three Whitwell ovens, the cost of which, with attendant improvements, amounted to \$15,000 each.

In the place of charcoal, stone coal is used in smelting. Entering into the composition of the iron manufactured by this Furnace are Missouri ores, Kentucky ores, and Limestone and Mill Cinder in proportion of 50lb for the first, 30lb for the second, and 20lb of the last. The yield of pure iron from the Iron Mountain ore is about 66 per cent; Kentucky ores about 33 per cent. The mixture or burden adopted by this furnace yields about 50 per cent. of pure iron.

The average daily yield of this Furnace is 50 tons of pig metal, or, say in round numbers, 15,000 tons pig metal per year. Raw ore required annually, say 30,000 tons, one-half of which is furnished by Kentucky and Missouri respectively. The daily consumption of coal ranges from 3,000 to 3,500 bushels. The average annual inventory of stock, apart from real estate and fixtures, varies from \$150,000 to \$200,000. The Lexington and Big Sandy Rail Road Company, Eastern Division, furnishes employment to from 450 to 500 men, who are required to operate the road, run the coal mines, dig iron ore, and run Ashland Furnace. The pay roll of the Company ranges from \$15,000 to \$20,000 per month, aside from store supplies. The Lexington and Big Sandy Rail Road Company, Eastern Division, will hereafter be known as the "Ashland Coal and Iron Railway Company."

A fact of great public interest, however irrelevant it may appear in this connection, must here be recorded: the Company now known as the Ashland Coal and Iron Railway Company, have entered into a contract with C. P. Huntington, to

build eight additional miles of rail road beyond Rush over which, together with the 14 miles already built, the Lexington and Big Sandy Rail Road is to have the right of way for twenty years. Thus will this short, though potent, line become a link in a great highway to stretch in time from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean.

THE NORTON IRON WORKS.

This enterprise, one of the grandest and boldest ever ventured upon here or elsewhere by a private corporation, was unquestionably inspired, suggested, encouraged and undertaken by reason of the fact of the existence and success of Ashland Furnace and the facilities and advantages afforded by the Lexington and Big Sandy R. R. Co., Eastern Division. To Col. E. M. Norton, now a resident of Wheeling, W. Va., is due the chief honor of having originated these magnificent works. His brain compassed their conception and his judgment located them. In 1870, then in the 60th year of his age, he came to Ashland. For a long number of years he had been engaged in the iron business both at Wheeling, W. Va., and Ironton, Ohio, at which latter place, for several years prior to 1870, he had been the President and man-of-business of Belfonte Iron and Nail Works. Col. Norton's ambition was to build an iron manufactory of a scope and capacity surpassing any in existence.— The advantages offered by Ashland and its surroundings for an establishment of this character were patent and palpable to a man of Col. Norton's experience and sagacity. His scheme met with the approbation of some of Ashland's men of capital, notably Messrs. Hugh Means, John Russell and John Means, and from its earliest inception was aided and furthered by their hearty co-operation. A Company was speedily organized and the capital stock placed at

EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS,

Divided in shares of \$1,000 each. The shares were placed at this high figure in order to prevent or discourage people of moderate means from hazarding their money in a venture, the success of which depended on so many contingencies. Col. Norton subscribed \$50,000, the parties above named \$100,000, and others in this vicinity \$150,000. The remaining shares were placed in Cincinnati and in Louisville to the amount of \$250,000 each. The Kentucky Iron, Coal & Manufacturing Company and the citizens of Ashland donated 16 acres of land, lying in the corporate limits and on the river bank, to the enterprise, and labor was actually begun on the Norton Iron Works in the fall of 1872, and so vigorously was the work pushed, that ere the close of 1873 everything was ready for active operations.

CASTING around for Coal and Mineral lands the Star Furnace domain, attracted the attention of the Norton people. The Star furnace lands are situate in Carter

county, on the line of the Lexington and Big Sandy R. R. Eastern Division, 15 miles distant from Ashland, and embrace 9,000 acres of land. It is rich in red and yellow kidney, blue block and limestone iron ores. Running through it is a most excellent vein of Bituminous Coal, varying in thickness from 4½ to 6 feet. This strata of coal lies in the hills and is mined by driving horizontal entries, cross-entries and rooms. The Norton people paid one hundred thousand dollars for this princely property. Since the purchase the sum of \$50,000 has been expended in constructing railroad switches, driving entries, building dwelling houses, store rooms, etc., etc. From this property comes the coal used by the works. Since 1874 the aggregate consumption of coal has amounted to at least six and one-half millions of bushels. In the year '79 one million and a half bushels were used. Five cents per bushel is the estimated cost of mining and transportation.

The Steam and Caroline Furnace property lying in Greenup county, was next purchased for the Norton Iron Works. This property embraces 6,000 acres and is rich in coal and iron ores, lying ten miles below Ashland on the Ohio river. The ores are better but the coal not so good as on the Star Furnace property. The ores are hauled to the river and thence boated to Ashland. Forty thousand dollars were paid for the Steam and Caroline survey.

The two tracts of land above described are covered to the extent of several thousand acres with a variety of the most valuable timber.

Now bear in mind that all the coal, all the native ore and all the timber (necessary for the making of nail kegs, principally) demanded by Norton Iron Works came from these lands.

Although the Works were completed in 1873, operations did not begin until March 1874; were run through the remainder of that year and through 1875. The next three years the Works were idle half the time at least. Iron and Nails began to decline in 1873 and thence and thence on 'til '79 it simply looked as if the bottom had fallen out of the iron market. In the latter year nails had dropped to \$1.85 a keg, at which time it was costing the Company \$2.15 for every keg made. Still, under these and other disheartening circumstances, the managers preserved a stout heart and attested their faith in the ultimate success of the scheme by erecting 4 Whitwell ovens, which with attendant improvements cost \$15,000 each. In 1875 Col. E. M. Norton was succeeded in the presidency by M. R. Tewksbury, of Portsmouth, O. President Tewksberry served one year and was then succeeded by John Russell, now President.

THE OPERATIONS OF 1879.

The estimated average daily capacity of the Works is 60 tons of pig metal per day and the eighty nail machines are expected to turn

out 800 kegs of nails. A statement of the actual result achieved during the fiscal year of 1879 will serve to test the validity of this claim. The books show for one week in said year a yield of 458 tons and for seven months 8,100 tons pig metal; and this metal was converted in eleven months of said year, into 210,000 kegs nails. The mixture or burden of raw material used is identical with that used by Ashland Furnace, above described, and the result is a like yield. Twelve thousand tons of native and fifteen thousand tons of Missouri ore are required annually. The native iron ore cost the Company \$3.60 per ton. When everything is red hot and in full blast 5,000 bushels of coal are required every 24 hours.

ONE THOUSAND MEN AND BOYS.

When in full blast, the names of fully one thousand men and boys appear on the pay roll. Six hundred of these are required to run the furnace and the nail machines and in making nail kegs. The others are engaged in mining coal and ore and in cutting timber, hoop-poles and in teaming. At such a time the pay roll amounts to \$1,000 per day at this point, and about \$500 at the mines, to say nothing of supplies furnished from the stores.

THE STOCK OF THE COMPANY.

"What is the stock of the Company worth now?" we inquired of the President.

"It is quoted at par."

"Where is it held?"

"Three hundred thousand owned here in Ashland, principally by the Means and their associates, \$250,000 in Cincinnati and a like amount in Louisville."

INCIDENTAL MENTION.

The Norton Iron Works are valued at a Million of Dollars. The Company have erected 65 frame tenement houses here in Ashland, with an average of six rooms a piece.

One hundred Nailers, men and boys, are required to run the nail machines. Taking the books for February last as an average month it is ascertained that the average earnings of a Master Nailer (and there are twenty such) is \$45.00 a week; the Feeders (80 such) average \$11.25 each per week, and Puddlers and Helpers \$10.00 a week each. At the present card rates Nailers are paid 27c. a keg for cutting a keg of nails. Boys earn from 50c to \$1.50 per day.— The wages paid one Master Nailer for the year 1879 amounted to fully \$4,000. Twenty thousand kegs of nails are now in stock and on hand.

On the 1st day of April pig metal was quoted at \$35.00 per ton, quoted to-day at \$22.00. This decline was caused by the importation, during high prices, of 1,000,000 tons of foreign pig-metal and bar iron.

Let it not be over-looked that Ashland is in the celebrated Hanging Rock iron region—a region lying in Ohio and Kentucky, and embraced within a radius of forty miles, with Ironton, Ohio, as a center.

following facts; toss within reach of the Norton Iron Works a stick of wood and a chunk of iron ore and the result is a keg of nails.—The slicing, sawing, steaming and grooving the wood, the turning the heads for, and hooping and charring of kegs; the smelting, puddling, rolling and cutting of the nails is all done by the seemingly superhuman agency of these same necromantic Norton Iron Works.

A keg of nails a minute is a pat way of putting it—only the capacity is in reality something more than a keg per minute.

So much for the work of one Company. So much for what has been achieved through its instrumentality. Intimately interwoven with the existence and success of the Lexington and Big Sandy Railroad, Eastern Division, are many of the institutions named below.

THE ASHLAND NATIONAL BANK.

In 1873 the Mother Bank shook off the branches at Shelbyville and Mayfield and adopted the National Bank System, and has since been known as the Ashland National Bank. Its paid up Capital is now \$350,000, with surplus fund and undivided profits amounting to \$47,000. Individual Deposits subject to check \$344,902. Loans and Discounts \$597,159.

THE ASHLAND OF TO-DAY.

The town of Ashland was incorporated in 1858. In 1867 its population numbered 1,067. A city charter was obtained in 1876. Population in 1880 over 3,800 by actual count. From appearances she would be justified in claiming a population of six or seven thousand. Voters 616. School children between ages of six and twenty 925. Assessed value of property \$1,225,725. Rate of taxation, for general purposes 15 cents, and for school purposes 20 cents on the one hundred dollars of property. The municipal indebtedness is nothing or next to nothing—say \$5,000 in interest bearing bonds. There is a good paved wharf grade, a large and beautiful cemetery, six church buildings accommodating the following denominations, to-wit: Methodist, Southern Methodist, Presbyterian, Lutheran, Roman Catholic, Colored Methodist. One large and convenient Public Hall; two Newspapers, and ample Dry Docks for repairing barges and small steamboats; a successful Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company and two thriving Building and Loan Associations.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Ashland boasts of three school buildings erected at an aggregate cost of about \$10,000. The services of eight teachers and one Superintendent are required to look after 534 enrolled pupils. Prof. W. B. Wylie the capable Superintendent is paid a salary of \$900 per year.—As an evidence of the efficient manner in which the schools are managed it may be well enough to state that in 1876 the enrolled attendance was 330 as against 534 in 1880.

THE POPULATION

Thrift, frugality and industry are the chief characteristics of this

people. One great beauty about the place is that the occupants of the residences own them in nearly every instance. The Company have disposed of about 1200 lots on which have been erected homes, and these homes have been paid for principally in monthly installments. Hence every home is adorned with shrubbery, flowers, fruit, and shade trees. As a matter of course where there is so much wealth there are a number of costly modern residences. Twenty-five such may be pointed out, the cost of which amounts to from \$10,000 to \$30,000.

ASHLAND'S FUTURE.

Twelve months hence she will be in railroad communication with Lexington, Kentucky, and Richmond, Virginia. The Chattahoochee narrow gauge railroad will then be completed to Peach Orchard, fifty miles up the Sandy. Another road running from Petersburg, a town in Ohio, just across the river from Ashland, will be completed to Portsmouth, Ohio, within twelve months.

A glorious future has Ashland, Boyd County, Kentucky.





SONG OF THE BEE.

Buzz-z-z-z-z, buzz!
This is the song of the bee.
His legs are of yellow—
A jolly good fellow,
And yet a great worker is he.

In days that are sunny
He's getting his honey;
In days that are cloudy
He's making his wax.
On pinks and on lilies,
And gay daffodillies,
And columbine blossoms,
He levies a tax.

Buzz-z-z-z-z, buzz!
The sweet-smelling clover,
He, humming, hangs over;
The scent of the roses—
Makes fragrant his wings:
He never gets lazy;
From thistle and daisy,
And weeds of the meadow,
Some treasure he brings.

Buzz-z-z-z-z, buzz!
From morning's first gray light
Till fading of daylight,
He's singing and toiling
The summer day through.
Oh, we may get weary,
And think work is dreary;
'Tis harder by far
To have nothing to do.



TO WHOM SHALL WE GIVE THANKS?

A little boy had sought the pump
From whence the sparkling water burst,
And drank with eager joy the draught
That kindly quenched his raging thirst;
Then gracefully he touched his cap—
"I thank you, Mr. Pump," he said,
"For this nice drink you've given me!"
(This little boy had been well bred.)
Then said the Pump: "My little man,
You're welcome to what I have done;
But I am not the one to thank—
I only help the water run."
"Oh, then," the little fellow said,
(Polite he always meant to be,)
"Cold Water, please accept my thanks,
You have been very kind to me."
"Ah," said Cold Water, "don't thank me;
Far up the hillside lives the Spring
That sends me forth with generous hand
To gladden every living thing."
"I'll thank the Spring, then," said the boy
And gracefully he bowed his head.
"Oh, don't thank me, my little man,"
The Spring with silvery accents said,
"Oh, don't thank me—for what am I
Without the Dew and summer Rain?
Without their aid I ne'er could quench
Your thirst, my little boy, again."
"Oh, well, then," said the little boy,
"I'll gladly thank the Rain and Dew."
"Pray, don't thank us—without the Sun
We could not fill one cup for you."
"Then, Mr. Sun, ten thousand thanks
For all that you have done for me."
"Stop!" said the Sun, with blushing face,
"My little fellow, don't thank me;
'Twas from the Ocean's mighty stores
I drew the draught I gave to thee."
"O Ocean, thanks!" then said the boy.
It echoed back, "Not unto me—
Not unto me, but unto Him
Who formed the depths in which I lie;
Go, give thy thanks, my little boy,
To Him who will thy wants supply."
The boy took off his cap, and said,
In tones so gentle and subdued,
"O God, I thank thee for this gift;
Thou art the Giver of all good!"

For The Child's Paper.

DAVIE went out to play. He was a timid boy,
very gentle, very loving. The rough ways of
rude boys frightened him, and I am sorry to say,
they sometimes liked the fun of frightening him.
Oh, what mean fun that is! Joe often called him
a "girl-boy." But Davie did not mind that, even
if the other boys did laugh, for he liked the gen-
tle ways of his sisters very much.

One day, as I say, he went out to play, when
a bad boy said, "Here comes the scarecrow; let's
have some sport." Two boys were worrying a
big dog, whose temper was up, and who was not
sorry to have somebody or something to fly at.

"Tige! Tige!" cried the boys, "look there!"
pointing to poor Davie; "catch him! catch him,
Tige!" Tiger started, ears back, mouth open,
and tail flying. Poor Davie, he had no power
to run. But he gave one wild scream and fell to
the ground. It was now the boys' turn to be
frightened. The oldest ran to him. "Davie!"
he cried, "no fooling!" A man came along at
the moment, and they picked the child up. He
was in a fit and foaming at the mouth. "The
boy is dying!" cried the man. "Where is his
home?"

Davie was carried home; the doctor was sent
for; everything was done for him. It happened
many months ago, but poor Davie has never quite
recovered his mind, and perhaps never will. He
may be an idiot for life.

"Those cruel, cruel boys!" cried his poor
mother. "I am very sure I should not like to be
in their place."

GOD KNOWS.

"But even the very hairs of your head are all numbered,"
Luke xii. 7.

The cross is so heavy, so far from the gate,
And dark and so lonely the day,
And no hope can come for relief from the weight,—
The poor soul will fall by the way.

God knows it.

Oh! the life blood is oozing at every pore,
The poor soul will fall—and there,
Though its pallid and pitiful hands are raised
In the wildest of cries of prayer.

God knows it.

O God! in the dust it has fallen at length,
And the white hands have ceased to implore;
The cross was so heavy for human strength—
Sure life could endure it no more.

God knows it.

But, O Father! we are all of us suffering thus,
Thou hast given us so much to bear;
And dost thou remember our feebleness, too?
And how far from the threshold we are?

God knows it.

God knows it! And does he not pity us some,
When He sees we are sinking so low?
For in all the wide world we discover no help,
To lighten the weight of this woe.

God knows it.

God knows it! O God! O our Father! O God!
Our tears are all turning to stone;
And there never has come down the highway from heaven
A response to our human moan.

God knows it.

But God, it will blast all our prospects for life;
We care not what we do now, nor how,
With futurity blasted, and the sweet past dead—
There is nothing worth living for now.

God knows it.

And all the to-morrows will be like to-day,
And down the long line of years,
Life never can take from our poor heart away,
The weight of these aching tears.

God knows it.

And nobody cares if we stagger and faint,
With the weight of dead hope on our breast;
If we carry our sorrow as far as we can,
And then let our bleeding feet rest.

God knows it.

Oh, poor human life! So thou has forgot
What makes thee so dear to thy God;
That the Calvary cross and "Elo" have bought,
The balm for thy pitiless rod.

Don't think that thy God remembers thee not,
When thou art mounting thy Calvary hill;
Nothing draws thee so close to arms of His love,
As the woe that cries out, "Not my will."

UNDER THE SNOW.

Beautiful things lie hidden
Under the snow,—
Tulips and daffodils sleeping,
And blue-eyed forget-me-nots peeping,
Under the snow.

Beautiful things lie hidden
Under the snow,—
The crocus and dear little daisies,
And arbutus, twining in mazes,
Its sweet-scented flowerets upraises
Under the snow.

Beautiful things lie hidden
Under the snow,
But they will awake in the morning;
When Spring, with warm sunshine, is dawning
They will peep out from under the awning
Under the snow.

Our dear little Alice lies hidden
Under the snow;
The angels their kind watch are keeping
O'er our beautiful treasure safe sleeping;
No pain and no sorrow or weeping
Under the snow.

Yes, beautiful Alice lies sleeping
Under the snow;
But she will awake in the morning,
At the bright resurrection-day dawning,
No more to lie down, midst our mourning,
Under the snow.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

The Splendors of the Past Re-produced

AT THE CONTINENTAL COSTUME RECEPTION.

The Brilliant French Court Dress Mingles With the American Continental Style.

AND THE STATELY MINUET DE-LIGHTS THE DESCENDANTS OF ITS VOTARIES.

Description of the Historic Social Event.

THE COSTUMES, THE MUSIC, THE DECORATIONS, Etc., Etc.

Introductory.

The Continental Costume Reception is over. Anticipation has been followed by realization, and success has crowned its projectors' efforts. As the last carriage rolls away from Pike's Hall, and the last lights are extinguished, and the tired, but happy, participants in the gay scenes of the night seek the rest they so much need, our record of the festivities is printed for the edification of those who could not be present. We photograph the salient features for the public gaze. When we say photograph, we aim not so much to convey the idea of fidelity, as to express our consciousness of the deadness and inadequacy of all verbal pictures of a scene full of historical associations and gorgeous scenic effect. As living nature, when transferred through the camera to paper or metal, is correct in outline, but dead in color, so must our words convey facts, but fail to reproduce the dazzling tints and the exhilarating spirit of the scene.

A more propitious night could not have been selected had the meteorological phenomena of the year been under the control of the Executive Committee. There was no rain or snow to make the passage to and from the hall disagreeable. The air was neither too hot nor too cold, and the atmosphere of all parts of the building was so pure that if any of the attendants have the headache to-day it will not be from any excess of carbonic acid.

The attendance of both costumed participants and mere lookers on was large enough to insure the complete success of the occasion, though all the eligible seats were not occupied.

The decorations of the hall were elegant in their simplicity. Shields of red, white, and blue silk, and clusters of evergreen, were hung around the balcony and gallery. Tubs of rare plants bordered either side of the stage, which was raised a step or two above the floor-cover parquette. At the opening, the drop-curtain concealed all but the front of the higher level, and the spectators who occupied seats in the balcony and dress-circle awaited eagerly the first notes from the band of forty pieces, in the upper gallery, that should signalize the opening of the exercises.

THE OPENING CEREMONY.

Pressure and punctuality both begin with P, but in other respects they have little affinity. The grand opening was set down for half-past 8, but it was a quarter past 9 when the music burst forth, the curtain rose, and the sight for which all were impatient was revealed to their view. On the dais were gathered the Vice-Regent, Mrs. Broadwell, and her colleagues of the Reception Committee. They stood around her in graceful attitudes, with the exception of the monogerman, Judge Este, the venerable Mrs. Peter, and Mrs. Grandin, and one or two other elderly persons. In the rear was a new drop-scene happily emblematic of the Nation's early dawn, its design being a rising sun.

At the same moment there marched across the stage, two and two, the ladies and gentlemen who were to take part in the opening minuet, the gentlemen holding their partners' hands as in the stately era represented. Moving up one side of the hall, each pair paused when in front of the Vice-Regent, the gentleman bowing almost to the floor, and the lady making a profound courtesy, to which a dignified yet cordial acknowledgement was returned by the Vice-Regent and her supporter, Dr. Dandridge, in the role of the Father of his Country.

The costumes were very brilliant, and the preponderance of bright colors gave a liveliness and a charm to the entire scene, which it is easier to imagine than to describe. Of the dresses we must not here write in detail, as some criticisms are ventured and minute accounts are given in another place.

THE MINUET.

The stately minuet was needed, however, to bring out the spirit of the past in its full power. When once the partners were formed in long lines, exchanged their ceremonious salutations, or decorously, yet gracefully, helped each other to an exchange of places, it was hard to resist the fancy that the days of yore had returned again. The costumes were those worn between 1769 and 1790, and the dance was one of those which all persons now living must assiduously practice if they would reach, not perfection, but needful ease in its evolutions. The participants of last evening had evidently been well drilled, for little or awkwardness or irresolution were noticeable.

After the minuet came a program of dances, which was evidently made out for 1876. We think the dances called "round" have come into general favor since the time of the Revolution; at any rate, the fact that our grandmothers delighted in the minuet, slow and solemn, is evidence prima facie that they

knew nothing of the waltz and galop. But as the dancers then separated in twos and twos, a fine opportunity was afforded to study the costumes. These we must reproduce largely from the descriptions elsewhere furnished.

There were four Princesses de Lamballe on the floor. It was pitiful to think they should all meet the tragic fate of Maria Antoinette's friend. Looking at their smiling faces we might imagine they had never heard of the 21 of September, or had gone beyond back on all earthly ills.

There were few historical characters. No doubt it is difficult to assume any individual character, and be faithful in all the details of age, and dress, and deportment. But this is the one criticism to be made upon the entertainment as a spectacle. Could we have seen John Hancock bobbing with Charles Carroll, or the Generals of the army in hasty conclave, while their dames talked of the cider they were making, or the high cost of New England rum or West India molasses, it would have given an air of verisimilitude to what is called a Continental costume reception. But aside from this desire to learn history by such a short and easy process, this reception gratified every hope and expectation.

The four ensemble, as seen from the dress-circle above, more resembled a French salon than a Republican court. Besides that, France has, time out of mind, given the fashions to the civilized world in dress, the friendly alliance of that country with our own at the Revolutionary period, and the number of Frenchmen of distinction then in our country, would make it necessary that there should be many of that nationality upon any scene which undertakes to reproduce that period. If we fancy that because our country was then new and struggling that there were no brilliant gatherings, we are quite out of the line of history, and untrue to universal experience.

Colonial life has its gay and extravagant side. Where does the Englishman give better dinners than in India or Australia, or the Provinces? What we call our own border life is one of privation, of fear of the Indians, of every discomfort—it has also its gay and unconventional doings—its officer's balls, when out come the silks and laces imported from New York, Paris, and Berlin.

Certainly the luxury of dress can be carried to points remote from old-time centers of polite life, more easily than some of the other refinements and amenities that wait upon courts and established reigns.

Washington could say, "I, the heir of all the ages," in courage, in capacity and true greatness, though he lost the "accidents" of Blenheim or Apsley House; though he knew nothing of steam travel and the telegraph, and hot and cold water-pipes, and the thousand things which go to make up the comfortable living and the delightful homes of our day. And, if we may infer from the invoices of his private purchases in Europe, was no whit behind the Generals of the Old World in the appointments of his dress or the accoutrements of his house, though he did go through the campaigns of Valley Forge and Yorktown.

Dancing Floor.

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Box—Kilgour.		Box—Broadwell.	

Mrs. Wm. Henry Davis—Black velvet court train trimmed with Venetian lace; petticoat of gray satin, with old point lace flounces and fichu of the same. Hair powdered, dressed with white feathers and diamonds. Slippers to match with buckles studded with gems.

Mrs. Col. Van Vleet represented a lady of the 18th-century court of 1776—White satin dress court train of rich white brocade trimmed with lace and white satin embroidery, festooned with blue and white ostrich feathers. Hair powdered; ornaments, diamonds and pearls. Slippers to match with silver buckles, studded with diamonds.

Mrs. L. M. Dayton—White satin train, salmon color brocade, front elaborately trimmed with lace. Hair powdered; three feathers, one white, two salmon color; ornaments, diamonds and pearls. White slippers.

Mrs. Murat Halstead—Blue and white brocade, trimmed with point lace; white satin petticoat, with flounces of the same finished with lace; white satin shoes; hair powdered; ornaments, diamonds.

Mrs. C. C. Pomeroy—Blue velvet corsage and train, trimmed with white satin and lace, over white satin petticoat; white satin shoes; hair powdered and dressed with blue feathers; ornaments, pearls and diamonds.

Mrs. Matthew Hoppie—White brocade satin under-dress; black velvet over-dress and train, lined with white satin; point lace, diamonds, and feathers.

Mrs. William Means, in consequence of her physician's interdiction, could not appear with the Committee of Reception in her Centennial costume, but appeared in the dress circle in a cream-colored silk, square neck, marquise sleeves, trimmed in antique lace. Hair, style of Martha Washington, powdered, with pink roses; ornaments, diamonds.

Seated by her was her sister, Miss Campbell, in dress of rarest lace over pink silk; garniture diamonds and pearls.

The Misses Gertrude and Pearl Means appeared in dresses of delicate blue and pink silk; Miss Pearl's hair Martha Washington style.

GENTLEMEN OF THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE.

Mr. T. D. Lincoln—Black velvet coat, knee-breeches, and white satin vest, white cravat, low shoes, black stockings.

Judge D. K. Este, Continental costume of black satin, with white wig and queue.

Mr. Albert H. Mitchell, black satin coat, richly embroidered in gold; white satin vest and knee breeches; tannery color, showing rich old lace, with bows of narrow color velvet confined by gold knee-buckles; white silk stockings, with lace trimmings; low shoes with gold buckles.

Dr. A. S. Dandridge, costume of a Continental gentleman, black velvet coat and knee breeches; white satin vest, white stockings, low shoes, silver buckles, white wig and queue.

Mr. James A. Frazer—Blue velvet coat and knee-breeches, white satin vest, white stockings, low shoes, silver buckles, white wig and queue.

Mr. Robert F. Leaman—Court dress, brown coat and knee-breeches, white silk and embroidered low shoes, silver buckles, white wig and queue; side arms.

Mr. Carl A. G. Adair appeared in full Continental dress uniform as Colonel of infantry; blue coat, buff breeches, white vest, buff breeches, top boots.

Mr. Wm. Means—Black velvet coat and knee breeches, trimmed with silver lace; lemon color vest, with silver braid; white silk stock; white stockings, low shoes, silver buckles; white wig and queue; short sword.

Mr. John W. Hartwell—Coat and knee breeches of narrow velvet, trimmed with gold lace; white satin vest; stock of Continental period, trimmed with lace; narrow stockings; low shoes, with silver buckles; white wig and queue.

Mr. Geo. P. Bowler—Dress of a French courtier of 1776; coat dark blue broadcloth, with heavy gold embroidery; white cassimere knee breeches, with gold braid; short sword; low shoes, with silver buckles.

Mrs. Geo. Wilshire—White satin petticoat, superb rose grain green silk court train, trimmed with black and white lace, cuirass waist; hair worn high and powdered; long gloves, and black thread lace fan; jewels, diamonds.

Mr. T. W. Yardley—Costume of an American gentleman of 1776; black broadcloth coat and knee breeches; white satin vest, white stock; shirt bosom and stock trimmed with old lace; white silk stockings; low shoes with silver buckles.

Mr. George W. Jones—Black velvet coat trimmed with white satin and silk cord; black satin knee breeches, with silver buttons at knee; lemon color vest, white silk stockings, low shoes with silver buckles; white wig and queue.

Mr. S. H. Drew—Blue velvet coat and knee breeches, buff vest, drab stockings, low shoes, silver knee buckles, wig and queue.

Mr. Henry Emerson—Maroon velvet coat and knee breeches; white satin vest, trimmed in gold; white stockings, low shoes, silver buckles, white wig and queue.

LADIES ON THE DANCING FLOOR.

Miss Ada Phillips wore a light green brocade over-skirt, with Valenciennes lace trimming, over white silk petticoat.

Mrs. Eva Keyr wore a pink satin court-train, over white satin petticoat; pearl ornaments.

Miss B. R. Lord, court-train of rich pink silk, white white swan's-down, over white brocade petticoat; corsage cut square in the neck, with bertha of old lace; necklace of Brazilian beetles. Lace cap, with feathers.

Miss Ella Corwin, amber-colored silk under-dress, white satin court-train, with stripes of colored embroidery; same trimmings on low corsage, fitted in with point lace; white satin shoes; amber ornaments, powdered hair, rolled over cushions, surmounted by plumes and flowers.

Miss Carrie C. Swasey—A court train of royal purple satin trimmed with old lace; white satin skirt trimmed with lace flowers; gold shoe buckles studded with gems; diamond ornaments; hair, a la Anglaise.

Miss Eva Stevenson—Costume of the period of Marie Antoinette; green brocade made polonaise, cut square in the neck; long train looped from the side, trimmed with point lace, apricot color silk petticoat; scarlet colored slippers.

Miss Nannie T. Jones—Turquoise blue satin petticoat, with a court train of blue and white brocade; waist of same, made square-necked, with elbow sleeves, trimmings of Valenciennes lace in front and on the sleeves and court train; hair worn puffed high and powdered; long gloves and point lace fan; jewels, pearls.

Miss Shoemaker—French Court dress of pale pink and blue satin, overdress of black thread lace, deep flounces of the same; waist a la Pompadour, with deep

trimmings of black thread and point lace; pearl ornaments. Made Antoinette slippers, with diamond buckles.

Mrs. Edward Lea—Rose color and white brocade satin, over a white silk petticoat trimmed with lace and roses; white topaz jewelry, ornaments genuine antiques; white slippers, silver buckles, with jewels; hair powdered.

Miss M. Therese Davis, dress of white and green brocade silk, trimmed in satin a la lace; petticoat, white satin; hair powdered, dress with feathers; malachite ornaments; white slippers with silver buckles studded with gems.

Miss Deming, of Terre Haute, Ind., a guest of Mrs. James A. Frazer, wore a beautiful buff, embroidered satin wattleau, trimmed with lace worn in the family 115 years ago; pink satin quilted petticoat; hair powdered, ornamented with diamonds and pearls; slippers buff, with gold buckles studded with diamonds.

Miss M. C. Schoenberger wore a pale blue and white brocade overdress, with white watered-silk embroidered petticoat, square neck, antique lace; hair a la Pompadour with pearl ornaments, white satin slippers, silver buckles studded with diamonds.

Mrs. A. Howard Finkle—White brocade satin trimmed in Duchesse point lace, blue satin petticoat with Duchesse point flounce, fichu fan, same pattern. Hair powdered, in style of the Princess de Lamballe, elaborately styled, and trimmed with a wreath of roses; ornaments, diamonds and pearls; white satin slippers with silver buckles and jewels.

Miss Florence Miller appeared in a girlish costume of one hundred years ago. Short white Swiss dress, with ruffles on the bottom of the skirt, square neck, sleeves in puffs to the elbow and ruffle; white satin slippers; gold jewels, and white bows; hair tied low behind with white ribbon.

Miss Hinkle, of Mt. Auburn—Costume of the time of Louis XV. Pink satin petticoat, with Valenciennes lace; court train of buff chene silk; wattleau back; powdered hair, with feathers; ornaments, diamonds and pearls; buff slippers, with gold buckles, studded with diamonds.

Miss Sallie Mitchell, of Avondale—Light blue satin petticoat, pink satin train, pink and satin corsage, cut square and finished with a fall of lace. Pink shoes, pointed. Hair a la Pompadour, crystal and gold ornaments.

Miss Louise Beckwith wore a lavender petticoat, trimmed with point lace, applique flounces, headed with pearls, court train rose color brocade satin, pointed, square neck; applique sleeves, trimmed with pearls; hair powdered, ornamented with pearls; slippers white, with silver buckles.

Miss Lizzie Gailther wore a white dress composed of silk and embroidered blond; white satin sash and slippers, with pearl ornaments. This costume is a reproduction of one worn by Miss Wilson at a reception given by Mrs. Washington.

Miss Nannie Foster—Train of blue moire, over a white satin quilted petticoat, worn by the grandmother of Mrs. John Kilgour at a Martha Washington reception; dress, square neck, demi-sleeves, trimmed with Valenciennes lace and flounce; Pearl ornaments and ear-rings, worn by Theodosia Burr. Hair powdered and dressed with flowers and pearls.

Miss Sallie E. Perin wore a white satin petticoat embroidered in gay colors, blue brocade silk, court train; hair powdered. Turquoise and pearl ornaments, white satin slippers with silver buckles studded with gems.

Miss Goodman wore a white moire petticoat, blue and silver brocade court train trimmed with Brussels lace; ornaments, pearls; hair puffed and powdered. The underdress was worn at one of Mrs. Washington's receptions.

Mrs. Chas. L. Howe wore a white satin train brocade with bright flounces and trimmed with Duchesse lace over a blue satin petticoat; hair powdered; ornaments, pearls; white satin slippers with gold buckles set with diamonds.

Miss Nellie Albert, of Newport, was costumed in a Marchese overdress of gold brocade with court train of the same, white satin petticoat trimmed with flounces of point lace; hair powdered, pearl ornaments in the hair and on the neck.

Mrs. Rufus King, Jr.—India muslin dress worn at the Court of George III., by Mrs. Rufus King, wife of the American ambassador—petticoat of pink satin with flounces of point lace, wattleau of white satin, bordered with ermine, and trimmed with point lace; powdered hair, and feathers, diamond necklace and ear-rings; white satin shoes, gold buckles with brilliants.

Mrs. Charles H. Fiske, of Covington, was attired in the style of Mrs. Alexander Hamilton—garnet moire-antique point-lace trimmings, with satin apron elaborately embroidered, worn 100 years ago. Hair powdered and puffed high, with silver comb set with diamonds, a relic of the olden time. Garnet loop earrings, pearl fan, white satin slippers.

Mrs. John F. Fiske, of Covington, Ky., was dressed as a lady of the Continental times; black silk velvet train, point-lace trimmings, pearl jewelry of the olden time; hair powdered, white satin slippers, silver buckles with brilliants.

Mrs. Clara Ketting, of Covington, appeared in a couleur de rose silk over a white moire-antique petticoat, a white lace tunic from the shoulders, point applique lace; ornaments, diamonds and pearls; hair powdered, white satin slippers.

Miss Baile H. Fisk, of Covington, wore a pink and gray striped brocade silk, dress full; short petticoat, with pointed waist, thread trimming, pearl jewelry, white slippers.

Miss Andrews, of Chicago, guest of Mrs. James A. Frazer, blue faille trimmed with apple-blossoms and snow-balls; white slippers.

Mrs. James P. Spence, of Avondale, black velvet on train with low waist and elbow sleeves; over this was worn an entire dress of rare old point d'Alencon lace, secured at the side with scarlet flowers; hair powdered, diamond and coral ornaments.

Miss Annie Laws—White satin petticoat; court train of white brocade silk; white slippers; hair powdered and dressed with roses and pearls.

Mrs. Tieman—White satin petticoat, embroidered in gold; white brocade overdress, trimmed with point lace; ornaments, diamonds; hair powdered.

Miss Tieman—Blue satin petticoat; blue brocade overdress, both embroidered in white; ornaments, pearls; hair powdered.

Mrs. Tom. Ambrose—Wore two shades of silk, a delicate French blue, trimmed with salmon; Pompadour waist and demi-train, with sprays of flowers; hair a la Greek; ornaments, point lace and diamonds.

Miss Smithson, of New York—White satin petticoat, elegant white satin court train; hair puffed high and powdered; Marie Antoinette sleeves, long gloves and point-lace fan; jewels, pearls.

Miss Alice Williamson—Elegant tea-colored petticoat; corded blue silk court train trimmed in blue brocade; powdered hair, worn high, with garniture of light blue feathers and pearls; long gloves and tea-colored satin fan; jewels, pearls.

Miss Clara Wilshire—Elegant petticoat of cardinal red brocade, overdress of buff silk covered with beaded Chantilly lace, waist cut square front and back, and filled with Valenciennes lace, elbow sleeves; hair worn high and powdered; long gloves, and point lace fan; jewels, coral.

GENTLEMEN ON THE DANCING FLOOR.

Major Wm. M. Este—Silver gray satin, trimmed with silver lace.

Mr. Otto M. Adair—White satin coat, vest, and knee-breeches, white stockings, shoes with gold buckles, small sword; decoration, order of St. Louis; White wig and queue.

Mr. Walter J. Jones—Costume of a French nobleman, short clothes, black satin coat, trimmed with silver lace; vest light blue silk brocade trimmed in white. White wig and queue.

Mr. Walter J. Mitchell—Blue satin coat, white satin vest and knee-breeches trimmed with white lace. White silk stockings, white wig and queue.

Mr. Peter Gibson, Jr.—Light blue satin coat, vest and knee-breeches trimmed with point lace, shoes with silver buckles, white silk stockings; ornaments, cross of the Order of St. John; white wig and queue.

Mr. Henry C. Higgs—Pink satin coat, white vest and pants trimmed with silver braid, gold shoes and knee-buckles studded with brilliants; ornaments, a number of handsome orders, including a diamond cross and Ancient Order of the Garter; old honiton lace.

Mr. M. M. Shoemaker—French court costume; coat, Cardinal velvet trimmed with silver lace; vest, pale blue satin, white satin knee-breeches, white stockings, low shoes with diamond buckles.

Col. Van Vleet, U. S. A.—Costume of an American gentleman of the Continental period; blue velvet coat and knee breeches, buff satin vest, white wig with queue, white stock trimmed with lace; shoes, silver buckles.

Mr. Sam Johnson, of Chicago—Blue coat and knee breeches, black brocade vest, white wig and queue, white cravat trimmed with lace, silk stockings, shoes with gold buckles.

Mr. Holden Davis—Young Quaker dress; drab velvet, dark blue stockings, Irish point lace ruffles and necktie; hair powdered and tied in a queue.

Mr. C. Howe—Wine color silk velvet coat and knee-breeches, trimmed with gold and point lace; white satin vest, brocade with flowers, white wig and queue, ruffled shirt, low shoes, buckles with brilliants.

Mr. Rufus King, Jr.—Entire suit of white satin, trimmed with gold lace; tie and cuffs of point lace, white silk stockings, which, with diamond pin, watch and chain, descended from his great-grandfather, Rufus King; white wig and queue.

Wm. Henry Davis—Coat, knee-breeches, and vest of royal purple; neck-tie and shirt ruffled as in Continental times; white stockings, low shoes, gold buckles, wig and queue.

Mr. Wm. F. Neff—Black satin coat, trimmed with gold and Valenciennes lace; blue satin vest, trimmed with same; pearl knee-buckles, low shoes, gold buckles, wig and queue.

Mr. Brent Arnold—French Court costume; red velvet coat, gold-lace trimmings; white satin vest and knee-breeches; white silk stockings, low shoes, white wig and queue.

Mr. F. D. Mussey—French Court dress; blue velvet coat, gold trimmings; buff satin vest, and knee-breeches, trimmed with black lace; white silk stockings, low shoes, white wig and queue.

Mr. Peter Shoemaker—Black satin coat and knee-breeches, white embroidery, pink satin vest, white stockings, low shoes with silver buckles, shirt bosom and cuffs of coat lace, white wig and queue.

Mr. P. F. Mohr, Jr.—French Court dress of the time of Louis XIV.; scarlet satin coat with white embroidery, white satin vest, satin knee-breeches, set with brilliants, white wig and queue.

Mr. T. Gay Pendleton—Olive color silk embroidered with wine color satin flowers, with bands of gilt braid; vest and knee-breeches wine color satin; white stockings, low shoes.

Mr. Frank Huntington—Court dress; sea green velvet coat; white satin vest and knee breeches; white stockings and low shoes; white wig and queue.

Mr. George T. Harrison—Crimson satin suit, with trimmings and point applique lace; white silk stockings, low shoes, gold buckles, white wig, and queue.

Mr. Fenton Lawson—Dress of a French nobleman, light dove color, satin trimmed, with honiton lace and gold embroidery; white stockings, low shoes.

Mr. Harry Hulbert—Costume of the Republican Court; blue velvet, pearl color vest and knee breeches, silk stockings; low shoes, with silver buckles.

A. H. Bugher—Blue velvet coat, white satin vest, white satin knee breeches, silk stockings, low shoes and buckles; white wig and queue.

Col. L. M. Dayton—Coat and knee breeches of blue silk velvet, trimmed with gold bullion and rare lace; white satin vest; white silk stockings, gold buckles.

Gen. B. D. Fearie—Costume of Les Cuirassiers du Roi, of the period of 1750.

The Spectators.

These comprised a goodly collection of people, who being nearly all closely gathered about the dancing floor, and being in rich dress, added greatly to the entire effect. We append the names of nearly all in the boxes and balcony stalls:

North Proscenium Box.—Mr. Charles Kilgour and guests, including John Kilgour and wife, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Cassidy, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Bullock, Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Wood.

South Box.—Mr. S. J. Broadwell and guests, including Mrs. Sarah Peter, Dr. and Mrs. N. Foster, Judge Hagans, Miss Dandridge.

Balcony Stall 14.—Edgar M. Johnson and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Colston.

Stall 13.—Miss Frazier, Mrs. James A. Frazier, and Miss Denning, of Terre Haute, and Miss Andrews.

Stall 12.—Mrs. J. W. Gaff, Mr. and Mrs. Will S. Ridgway, Mr. John Shillito, and Mrs. Gilmore.

Stall 11.—Mrs. Ben. Evans, Briggs Swift, F. W. Cunningham.

Stall No. 10.—Mr. J. L. Keck, wife, and three daughters.

Stall No. 9.—Mr. Larz. Anderson, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Will Urner, Mr. Ed. Urner, and Miss Schottenkirk, of New York.

Stall No. 8.—Mr. and Mr. Alexander Ferguson and friends.

Stall No. 7.—Mrs. Elliot Pendleton, Miss Elden, Hon. Geo. H. Pendleton, and Mr. Elliot Pendleton.

Stall No. 5.—Mrs. Col. L. Anderson, Mrs. Thomas Wright, Miss Alice Dandridge.

Stall No. 4.—Mrs. Dr. Williams, Mrs. Willie M. Estey and guest.

Stall No. 3.—Mrs. Geo. K. Schoenberger, her married daughter and guests.

Stall No. 2.—Mrs. M. D. Potter, Mrs. Pomeroy, Miss May Potter and Miss Teenie Potter.

Stall No. 1.—Miss Phipps, sister and guests.

The aspect of the boxes and dress circle was almost as brilliant as that upon the reception floor. There was more or less of an adaptation to the fashions prescribed to the active participants below. Many ladies were in full evening dress, while most made the concession of powdered hair and elegant jewels and laces to the occasion. We fear that this department of the Centennial Reception is hardly a fair field for the reporter; otherwise, there were many toilets which we should be glad to mention.

The Appointments.

There was no profuse decoration of any part of the building, since the agent has promulgated his flag against the custom of festooning so customary and beautiful. At the foot of the grand stairways, however, began the carpeting with muslin which extended all over the house, and gave to its every nook a cleanly, inviting aspect. In addition to this the corridor extending along the north side of the auditorium was canopied with the National colors, which hung in graceful folds, and depending from the center a row of bird cages with canaries aided in giving the place a cheerful appearance. All the coarseness of the floor and the bleak walls was dissipated most effectually, and the corridors became delightful promenades. Plants spread their foliage along the walls and at intervals fountains sent up jets of perfumed water, whose delicate odor filled the air. The corner room to the right, at the head of the stairs, was elegantly carpeted and fitted up for a ladies' dressing-room, and the rooms adjoining were the supper-rooms, presided over by waiters clad in costume; their walls were festooned with garlands of club-moss. Supper was served *a la carte*.

The Music.

The Cincinnati Orchestra perched in the center of the topmost gallery, flooded the hall with a sweet course of sounds. The location was not the best that might have been chosen for acoustic considerations, but it was the only possible place, and the effect was far better than we would have imagined. To the spectators in and under the balcony the effect of the opening bars of the Tannhauser march, which was the music accompanying the reception, was as though the band was off at a distance, but the ear soon became accustomed to the change, and the music from that time was enjoyed by the audience only a little less keenly than the dances. The programme showed that the committee were careful in their selection of music, and took nearly all the dances from the rich mines of the Strauss. The minuet, whose tuneful measures gave exquisite enjoyment, was composed of two movements: the first, the customary slow movement, the veritable minuet de la cour, an old melody having Vespri for its author, and the second, Ghy's transcription of *Ameryllis*, the air which has

been attributed, whether correctly or not we can not say, to Louis XIII. of France. The effect of the rapid movement was as pleasing to the ear as to the eye, affording a relief from the measured and stately strains of the minuet proper by breaking the tempo. This arrangement, which was one of Prof. Pinguely's, was worthy of commendation.

Object and History of the Reception.

Cincinnati may thank one of her women for the delightful event which has made last night a social epoch. It may be well, in connection with a record of the event, to recall its origin. The Mt. Vernon estate, containing the home and the tomb of Washington was transferred to an association of women twenty years ago. The owner at that time was Col. John Augustine Washington. He found the burden of entertaining visitors to this Mecca of American Liberty

too great, and announced his intention of disposing of the estate. This was an occasion for a display of National sentiment. If sold the grounds might fall into thoughtless hands, and all the associations connected with the home of the Father of his Country might be ruthlessly destroyed. Here a woman appeared with a plan to save it forever. Miss Anna Pamela Cunningham, of Tennessee, originated the plan of having an act passed by the General Assembly of Virginia, incorporating representatives of all the States, under the title of the "Mount Vernon Ladies' Association," to which association the grounds should be transferred. Previous to 1861 the transfer was made for the sum of \$200,000. One-fourth of this was raised from the proceeds of Edward Everett's lecture on Washington. The remainder was collected by the efforts of the Association. The Association is composed of one Regent—Miss Cunningham being the first, and holding the office until her death—and one Vice-Regent for each State. It is a beautiful and an appropriate idea to place in the care of the women of the country the home and tomb of Washington.

During this Centennial year, when hosts of visitors will throng Mt. Vernon, both from this country and from abroad, it has been deemed proper to put the place in order. It has no endowment except a fund of about \$4,000, and the Association depends upon the small fee charged visitors for a fund for its maintenance. At the last meeting of the Association it was determined that each Vice-Regent should suggest an entertainment of some kind in each State for the benefit of the Mt. Vernon fund. Mrs. Broadwell, for Ohio, issued an appeal to the women of the State to carry out this design. For herself she suggested for Cincinnati a Continental Costume Reception. The idea was at once appreciated by all to whom it was communicated. An organization was at once perfected. To secure a certainty that Continental costumes would be worn, it was determined that every member of a committee should appear in costume, and this was made a condition of acceptance of the appointment. In this way over one hundred costumed ladies and gentlemen were secured. This was a substantial basis. The next invention was to form a minuet class to dance the ancient majestic and courtly dance of long ago. This was filled up partly of ladies and gentlemen from the committees, but drawing largely from other sources, and thus a sufficient number of persons in costume was obtained to insure a successful reception. In order to realize a handsome fund, every person admitted to the house was required to pay \$5. As it would be a historical spectacle, the next step was to sell the seats from which views of the dancing platform could be had. Here was the first unmistakable evidence the managers had of the success of the enterprise. Mr. Charles H. Kilgour paid \$50 for one proscenium box, Mr. S. J. Broadwell paid \$200 for the other, and the balcony boxes were sold at prices ranging from \$60 to \$80, while the chairs in the first two rows of the balcony were sold at from \$4 to \$10 each. This first sale of seats at auction not only told of the deep interest the event had aroused, but it did the substantial work of furnishing nearly enough money to cover all expenses, leaving the remaining sale of seats and the entire sale of admission tickets as clear profits. This certainty of realizing a handsome fund, gave the managers good encouragement, and the remainder of their work was accomplished with no misgiving.

THE COMMITTEES.

The following are the committees as finally constituted. Some of the parties named were prevented from appearing on the floor from various unforeseen causes, the health, failure of costumes, and the like but nearly all named below were in costume or present:

COMMITTEE OF RECEPTION.—Ladies.—Mrs. S. J. Broadwell, Vice-Regent of Ohio; Mrs. D. K. Este, Mrs. Peter, Mrs. Philip Grandin, Mrs. Wm. S. Groesbeck, Mrs. Rufus King, Mrs. Aaron F. Perry, Mrs. Wm. Henry Davis, Mrs. John Shillito, Mrs. A. D. Bullock, Mrs. Jas. J. Egan, Mrs. Gardner Phipps, Mrs. Wm. Howard Neff, Mrs. Wm. A. Goodman, Mrs. Matthew Hopple, Mrs. T. D. Lincoln, Mrs. H. C. Whitman, Mrs. Wm. Means, Mrs. Murat Haislead, Mrs. Elizabeth S. Miller, Mrs. Jas. W. Avert, Mrs. Oliver Perin, Mrs. Geo. Wilschire, Mrs. John Kilgour, Mrs. A. H. Mitchell, Mrs. C. C. Pomeroy, Mrs. R. F. Leaman, Mrs. C. T. Dickson, Mrs. T. G. Gaylord, Mrs. Geo. P. Bowler, Mrs. C. W. Short, Mrs. J. Van Vleet, Mrs. L. M. Dayton, Mrs. H. Emerson.

Gentlemen.—Dr. A. S. Dandridge, Hon. D. K. Este, Mr. Jas. A. Frazer, Mr. Wm. Clifford Neff, Mr. T. G. Gaylord, Mr. W. H. Schoenberger, Mr. Chas. T. Dickson, Dr. A. S. Saunders, Mr. Edmund H. Pendleton, Mr. Albert H. Mitchell, Hon. C. D. Coffin, Mr. T. D. Lincoln, Mr. Theodore Stanwood, Hon. Julius F. Erieberg, Mr. G. H. Barbour, Mr. Carl A. G. Adae, Mr. Nicholas Longworth, Mr. A. Howard Hinkle, Mr. R. F. Leaman, Hon. Rufus King, Hon. H. C. Whitman, Mr. Louis Seasongood, Mr. David Gibson, Col. L. Markvett, Mr. Geo. P. Bowler, Mr. C. L. Howe, Mr. Isaac Mack, and Hon. G. W. C. Johnston.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—Messrs. Wm. Means, John W. Hartwell, L. M. Dayton, S. H. Derew, George W. Jones, T. W. Yardley, A. H. Bugher, Edmund Dexter, and Henry Emerson.

HALL AND DECORATIONS.—George W. Jones, A. H. Bugher, Will P. Noble, W. J. Arnel, Wm. S. Munson, John S. Woods, Wm. McAlpin.

COSTUMES.—T. W. Yardley, Charles T. Dickson, Samuel F. Hunt.

FINANCE.—L. M. Dayton, Wm. Means, Herman Goepfer.

PRINTING AND ADVERTISING.—Samuel H. Drew, William Means, W. H. Chamberlin, R. F. Leaman, O. Y. Cong.

INVITATIONS.—John W. Hartwell, Rufus King, Lewis Seasongood, G. H. Barbour, Henry Mack, Chas. E. Wiby, S. Lester Taylor, Thos. Sherlock, George K. Schoenberger, Carl A. G. Adae, Wm. Henry Davis.

MUSIC AND DANCING.—E. A. Mahan, Edmund H. Pendleton, George T. Harrison, B. D. Fearie, Gardner E. Phipps, W. S. Ridgway, F. D. Mussey, Louis O'Shaughnessy, and Brent Arnold.

USHERS.—Henry Emerson, Peter Schoenberger, T. Gaylord Pendleton, Burr Ware, Henry Hulbert, Walter T. Miller, Edward Goepfer, Charles Lehman, Walter St. John Jones, Casper Hopple, John D. Jones, John C. Sherlock, Holden G. Davis, Fenton Lawson, E. B. Donahue, Walker Hartwell, Hugh J. McBirney, Peter Gibson, Nat. H. Davis.

REFRESHMENTS AND ATTENDANTS.—A. H. Bugher, Geo. P. Bowler, E. C. Henderson, Gordon Shillito, John L. Boyer, Charles L. Howe.

POLICE AND CARRIAGES.—W. H. Schoenberger, T. W. Yardley, A. Howard Hinkle.

Notes.

A goodly crowd of boys and men gathered about the entrance to the hall last night, until it was almost impossible to enter. As the carriages discharged their loads, the boys looked eagerly to see the costumed people ascend the stairway, and cheered lustily when a particularly brilliant costume was displayed.

Among the visitors from abroad was Mr. M. D. Conway.

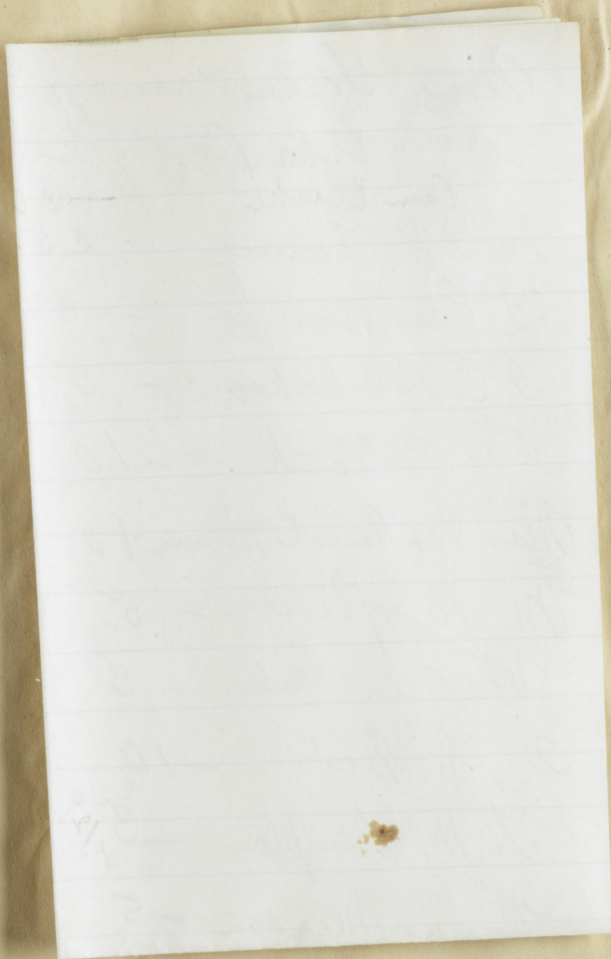
At about midnight, the Lytle Greys marched into the hall in uniform, went upon the stage and paid their respects to the Vice-Regent. They afterward occupied seats in the hall.

The guards, in Continental costume, commanded by Col. Jerry Kiersted, consisted of the following firemen: Milton Campbell, Charles Hoon, Mart. Schuler, Joe Chuck, John Donovan, Edward R. Travis, Samuel Hall, Edward Spencer, and C. W. Coffin.

At half-past 1 o'clock an invitation to all, whether in costume or not, to come upon the reception floor, caused some dissatisfaction among the Continentalists, owing to the fact that so much stress had previously been laid upon the statement that none but those in costume should participate in the dances. The temper of some of the malcontents had perhaps previously been ruffled by the fact that the musicians went away for half an hour to get their supper.

The reception closed, at half-past 2 o'clock, with the minuet.

among the visitors who passed through
place last week on their return from
Carter Caves, I noticed Messrs. Thomas
Adams, Lou Putnam, John Russell, Jr.,
k Means, Harry Means, Mrs. John
ms, Misses Rose and Bessie Means, of
land; W. B. Seaton, manager of Mt.
age Furnace; Major K. B. Grahm, for-
ly the distinguished editor of the Inde-
dent; John B. Webb, of Cincinnati, and
is, Davis and Theron Hawk, of Marri-
t, Ohio. These ladies and gentlemen
e in high spirits and doubtless had en-
ed their visit hugely. Col. Al H. Savage,
out at the Cave a day or two and dis-
arged the duties of chaplain at the tent
portion of the above named gentlemen.



Mrs H. E. Means	180	Robert E. Jordan	-15
O. A. Bagby	-5	John C. Clarke	-20
Cam Clarke	-20	Saida Matudd	-10
Dr J. R. Torrey	-25	R. C. Poage	-50
L Cummings	-3	Frank Coles	-15
J. C. Bumbaker	-5	J. C. Coles	-5
J. H. Pollock	-10	D. Gupeth	-5
Mrs C. + Miss C. Wilson	-10	H. R. Mcherson	-10
M. B. Spiller	-5	E. Manning	-5
Victoria Gates	-3	G. Baumen	-10
D. K. Peis	-10	A. K. Tennessee	-20
H. M. Lampton	-3 1/2	Daird B. Lady	-25
Thomas Meason	-5	J. M. Thorpe	-5
L. E. Vespie	-20	C. Castner	-5
Thos Russell	-20	C. Castner	-5
M. C. Linn	-5	J. Y. Evans	-6
James Washell	-20	A. Biggs	-5
H. J. Lampton	-3	M. H. Gonyer	-5
M. B. Roberts	-5	Sophia Carter	-10
J. M. Montmolin	-10	Mrs H. C. Coles	-40
Lily + Rose Means	-10	John Means	-200
E. J. Gortrell	-20	E. C. Means	-5
H. S. Wilson	-5	S. Ward	-25
Hugh Means	-100	D. Putnam	75
Chas. Ranson	-10	H. Gayford	50
		C. McKensie	25
		J. Moore	-10

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KENTUCKY PRESS ASSOCIATION.

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A J Morey, Cynthiana News, D D Geiger.
H C & W J Kehoe, Carlisle Mercury, Al Mellor
R H Wildberger, Farmdale K M I News, Mrs E
N Cole.
W H Gardner, Louisville Argus, Mrs A E Biggs.
W H & G A Holland, Eminence Constitutionalist, C M Wilson.
Ed R Holland, Eminence Constitutionalist, Mrs Carter.
W H Polk, Lexington Transcript, Hugh Means.
T C H Vance, Carlisle Journal of Education, Hugh Means.
R H Adams, Marion, Crittenden Press, J M Huff.
H M McCarty, Elizabethtown News, Hugh Means.
Bruce Champ, Millersburg, Hotel Aldine.
A G Woods, Jessamine Journal, S. Ward.
Two representatives Courier-Journal, Hotel Aldine.
Thos Stewart, Clark Co Democrat, John Means.
Ben Harrison, Henderson News, Hotel Aldine.
A W Eaton, Vanceburg Courier, J H Emmons.
Z Meek, Central Methodist, Catlettsburg.
J B Cottrell, " Bowling Green, Rev W C Condit.
Representative Cin Commercial, John Russell.
Frank Carpenter, Cin Times, John Russell.
M T Carpenter, Shelby Sentinel, Mrs E N Coles.
J B Batle, Bowling Green Democrat, H M McCown.
G R Keller, Paris True Kentuckian, D Putnam.
J G Craddock, " Judge Ireland.
Zem F Young, Madisonville Times, D. Putnam.
F Tipton, Richmond Register, Hotel Aldine.
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F Matthews, G R Middleton, Henry Co Local, Hotel Aldine.
J R McChesney, Paris Citizen, H B Broddess.
J W Hopper, Lebanon Standard, Hugh Means.
Christian Feuchter, Ironton Wachter Am Ohio, George Burgraft.
S W Pitt, Cincinnati Gazette, John Means.
Rowlett & Russell, Oldham Era, John Russell.
W H Thompson, Columbus Times, Hotel Aldine.
Representative Paducah News, Hotel Aldine.
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B J Newton, Blue Grass Clipper, R C Poage.
G S Rosser, G W Symmonas, Maysville Bulletin, S A Forbes.
G A Lewis, Frankfort Roundabout, Hotel Aldine.
E T Order, Williamstown Courier, W W Hackworth.
R S Murrell, ex-Editor Mayfield Leader, W W Hackworth.
M F Beaumont, Mayfield Democrat, S Casebolt.

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F W Hussey, Ironton Irontonian, Hotel Aldine.
F H Bristow, Elkton Register, John Means.
J D Babbago, Breckinridge News, S Ward.
U Woodson, Muhlenburg Echo, Hotel Aldine.
J H Wilkinson, Trigg Co Democrat, Rev W C Condit.
E S Wilson, Ironton Register, Hotel Aldine.
C Meacham, South Kentuckian, Mrs A E Biggs.
E Polk Johnson, Bowling Green Intelligencer, Mrs Carter.
W J Broadness, Border Minstrel, S Casebolt.
T S Gardner, Fruit and Farm, Hotel Aldine.
C N Walker, Weekly Fultonian, Hotel Aldine.
C Barton, Anderson News, Dr J H Wade.
D E O Sullivan, Bowling Green Intelligencer, Hotel Aldine.
K B Grahm, Greenup Independent, Jno Means.
E M Hardin, Harrodsburg Observer, J H Wade.
W O Cunningham, Richmond Herald, H M McCown.
T D Marcum, Kentucky Democrat, Hotel Aldine.
D B Garrison, Mt Sterling Democrat, Hotel Aldine.
Jas B Rucker, Somerset Reporter, Dr. Martin.
Geo S Lee, Owenton News, Hotel Aldine.

NAMES OF EDITORS ACCOMPANIED BY LADIES.

A J Jones and wife, Columbia Spectator, D W Steele.
W M Beckner and wife, Clarke Co Democrat, M H Houston.
L E Casey and wife, Covington Commonwealth, L E Veyssie.
Dr G W Wroten and wife, Louisa, J W Hampton.
T L McChesney and wife, Paris Citizen, Capt Hy Davis.
W B Haldeman and wife, Courier-Journal, Mrs Gartrell.
J R Garrett and wife, Mt Sterling Sentinel, Hotel Aldine.
L G Faxon, wife, and little boy, Paducah News, Henry Schwalm.
J Stoddard Johnston, wife, and daughter, Kentucky Yeoman, Col D Putnam.
D C Barrett and wife, Kentucky Yeoman, A C Campbell.
H T Stanton and wife, Kentucky Yeoman, Capt D K Weis.
John A Bell and wife, Georgetown Times, Hotel Aldine.
J W Zimmerman and wife, Danville Tribune, Mrs Davidson.
D A Murphy and wife, Danville Tribune, W Foster.
Miss Bennie Harrison, Henderson, Hotel Aldine.
Miss Lida Ioms, Paducah, Hotel Aldine.
Miss Alice Tipton, Richmond, Hotel Aldine.
Miss Clark, Mt. Sterling, Hotel Aldine.
Mrs Eugenia Dunlap Potts, Lancaster Enterprise, Hotel Aldine.
Miss Dittoe, Newport, Ky., Hotel Aldine.
Miss Bell, Georgetown, Hotel Aldine.
Miss Woodson, Grantville, Ky., Hotel Aldine.
Mrs C T Allen, Princeton, Ky., Hotel Aldine.
Two ladies with O C Rhea, Russellville, Hotel Aldine.
E Y Kilgore and Misses Hattie and Nellie Rogers, Glasgow Times, Hotel Aldine.

Boyd County Express.

PRESS CONVENTION.

What the Visiting Editors Say of Us.

The Paris True Kentuckian says: The unbounded hospitality of the good people of Ashland was a theme of continual praise. We were a guest of Judge W. C. Ireland, of the Circuit Court. His wife and daughters became acquainted with some of our lady friends while Mrs. Ireland was an invalid in Cincinnati, and in this way we were so fortunate as to be the guest of such refined and agreeable people. At Mr. Jno. Means' fine residence a brilliant party was given, in which many of the most interesting ladies and gentlemen of the three neighboring cities of Ashland, Catlettsburg and Ironton, appeared in handsome attire. His extensive grounds were handsomely decorated and lighted for the occasion and a feast, worthy of his vast wealth, set in the beautiful grove. The points of interest visited at Ashland were the coal mines, through one of which our party were taken in small cars through the tunnels, making a most romantic trip. After coming out of the mine a feast was partaken of in the grove, and after dinner speeches indulged in till every one who desired had complimented our hosts. The extensive iron works at Ashland afforded much interest to our party, and the running and trotting races, gotten up for our amusement, were not in vain.

Dittoe, of the Kentucky State Journal Newport, says: The Ashland people are just as clever as can be except one; but as he's been dead for several years we'll count him out.

The banquet at the princely residence of Mr. John Means, in Ashland, was too grand and good for kings—only suitable to high-toned Kentucky ladies and gentlemen, the latter of whom appreciated fullest after it was over.

The banquet given by Mr. John Means being set in his beautiful and extensive yard, amid the evergreens and roses, and lighted by hundreds of Chinese lanterns, we couldn't help but sing "Come into the garden Maud" as we were entering therein. Just then a female voice answered "I'll come," which was the first time we knew Maud was a colored girl.

Mrs. Nellie Marshall McAfee, the poetess, is the daughter of the late Humphrey Marshall and she is very proud of it. She is a blue-eyed blonde of fine form, weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds, possesses fine talent and one of the best and most gentlemanly husbands in the world, also a pretty thirteen-months-old baby-boy named Julius.

Mr. Robert Richardson, of Ashland, and Mr. G. S. Rosser, of the Maysville Bulletin, composed the Committee on Mint Supply at Ashland, and they did their work to the satisfaction of the guests.

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An Ashland stuttering man said to one of our boys: "Are you a Kentucky As—" and he was knocked down before he got "sociation man" out.

The proprietor of the Hotel Aldine did his duty to his many guests, of whom the writer was a small portion.

The banquet and ball at Catlettsburg were of a superb nature, all strictly temperate, which pleased the author highly.

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PROGRAMME

—OF THE—

THIRTEENTH

KENTUCKY

Press Association

—AT—

ASHLAND, KY.,

9th, 10th and 11th of June, 1880.

THE INDEPENDENT PRINT, GREENUP, KY.

city was decorated with arches of evergreens, flags, etc., and presented the appearance of a general holiday.

We were the guests of Capt. Hy. Davis, a well-known steamboat captain, between St. Louis and New Orleans, who makes his residence in Ashland. Every possible hospitality was extended to us, and we were made to feel perfectly at home. The people of Ashland fairly surpassed themselves in their efforts to make our stay pleasant among them.

On Thursday night, several hundred attended the brilliant reception given to the Press by Mr. John Means. The tables were arranged in the spacious grounds around the residence, and lighted with swinging lamps. Everything was tastefully gotten up, and it was throughout a most elegant affair—equal to anything we have seen in any part of the country. Ashland, we regard as one of the future cities of Kentucky. Situated at the Western terminus of the Chesapeake and Ohio on the Ohio river, with coal and iron at its very doors; with enterprising citizens of large means, and wide-awake to its interests, it cannot fail in a few years to become the Pittsburgh of Eastern Kentucky.

The Ironton Register says: The reception given to the Ky. Press Association, at the residence of John Means, Ashland, last Thursday night, was a complete affair in every respect. Not only were the editors and their wives present, but also, the brain and beauty of Ashland were on hand. Mr. Mean's

the Kentucky Press Association, passed off most pleasantly.

The business meeting of the Association was held on the afternoon of the 9th., at Geiger, Powell & Ferguson's Hall.

We have already published the names of the newly elected officers for the ensuing year.

The Convention again assembled at night. The Hall was crowded with ladies and gentlemen, visitors and citizens, making an elegant and appreciative audience.

The Address of Welcome, delivered by Hon. W. C. Ireland, and the response by Col. Johnston, both of which we have published, were heartily applauded by the audience. The oration, by Judge Beckner, the conclusion of which will be found in to-day's paper, was full of great practical thoughts and was listened to with marked attention.

The crowning event of the evening was the Poem, read by Mrs. Nellie Marshall McAfee, one of Kentucky's gifted daughters. Mrs. M. held the attention of her audience during the time of the reading of her poem, entitled "Beyond the Alps Lies Italy," and when concluded, she was greeted with most rapturous applause. After the applause of the audience had ceased, G. Allison Holland stepped upon the stage, and after making a few pertinent remarks, gracefully placed a beautiful floral crown upon the head of the talented lady, crowning her as the Poetess of the Kentucky Press Association.

act, so handsomely performed, the house down in thunders of

association visited the Coalton Thursday morning, at which elegant lunch was spread for

afternoon the Ashland Furnace Iron Works were visited. The making of nails was a matter of interest to many of the visitors, who had never been in a nail mill before. A lady, from the interior of the State, as not satisfied by simply looking at the process of making nails, but desiring permission to try her hand at the business, and her request being granted with the assistance of our friend John Dever, she succeeded in making a perfect nail which she took home with her, and when she looks at it in afterthought her mind will be refreshed by recollections of her visit to

Thursday night a reception was given at the home of Mr. John Means, to fully two hundred and fifty persons present. Mr. Means being our host, we forbear to say anything but to the generous hospitality extended to his guests, we leave that task to be performed by the members of the Association, when they come to speak of their visit to Ashland in their respective papers.

Friday morning, as per invitation, the Association and others visited Ashland, first taking in Sarah, Grant, and Belfonte Furnaces, then to the rolling mills, Nail, and other factories, at the lower end of the river. After inspecting these, carriages were prepared for the Association in which they were driven through the principal streets of the city, first halting at the Public School, at the door of which the members of the Press were each given a button-hole by several of the young ladies of the school.

After passing through the school and witnessing the order prevailing in all its departments, the Association was conducted to the National Church, where a musical concert and instrumental was given by Vincent and Miss Clara Campbell. From the church the Association went to Union Hall, where a grand

reception was prepared by the ladies of Ironton who attended to the wants of their visitors with that elegant grace so characteristic of the ladies of that city. After lunch addresses of thanks and farewell were made, and the Association re-embarked on the Fleetwing for Ashland, at which place they arrived about two o'clock, p. m. in time to witness the races at the Park.

At 6 o'clock in the evening the Association again took water, and started for our sister city of Catlettsburg, by invitation of her citizens, who tendered the members a grand banquet at the Alger House. Shortly after their arrival at Catlettsburg the company repaired to Morse's Opera House, where an address of welcome was delivered by Col. L. T. More, which was responded to by Judge Beckner, of the Clark County Democrat. Both the addresses, of welcome and response were heartily applauded by the audience.

The banquet prepared by the noble hearted citizens of Catlettsburg was elegant in all its appointments, and elicited the praise and admiration of our stranger guests, many of whom were utterly bewildered at the profuse hospitality shown them.

On Saturday morning many members of the Association availed themselves of the invitation of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Co. to take a free ride to the White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia. Major Hotchkiss, the popular agent of the Company, was on hand to take charge of the excursionists as soon as they arrived at Huntington.

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F W Hussey, Ironton Iron
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NAMES OF EDITORS A

LADIES

A J Jones and wife, Colu
Steele.
W M Beckner and wife, Cl
H Houston.
L E Casey and wife, Covin
L E Veyssie.
Dr G W Wroten and wife,
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T L McChesney and wife
Hy Davis.
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J R Garrett and wife, J
Hotel Aldine.
L G Faxon, wife, and little
Henry Schwalm.
J Stoddard Johnston, wife
tucky Yeoman, Col D Putna
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Campbell.
H T Stanton and wife, Ken
D K Weis.
John A Bell and wife,
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J W Zimmerman and wife
Mrs Davidson.
D A Murphy and wife, D
Foster.
Miss Bennie Harrison, Henc
Miss Lida Ioms, Paducah, J
Miss Alice Tipton, Richmo
Miss Clark, Mt. Sterling, H
Mrs Eugenia Dunlap Pott
prise, Hotel Aldine.
Miss Dittoe, Newport, Ky.
Miss Bell, Georgetown, Ho
Miss Woodson, Grantville,
Mrs C T Allen, Princeton,
Two ladies with O C Rhea,
Aldine.
E Y Kilgore and Misses
Rogers, Glasgow Times, Hote

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

JOHN MEANS, Chairman.

JAS. N. BANKS,	JOHN W. HAMPTON,
H. B. BRODESS,	W. C. IRELAND,
FRANK COLES,	J. B. POWELL,
FRANK FRENCH,	DOUGLAS PUTNAM, JR.,
K. B. GRAHN,	JOHN RUSSELL,
JOHN HAGER,	B. W. SINGER,
	D. K. WEIS.

COMMITTEE ON ENTERTAINMENT.

JAS. N. BANKS,	AL. MELLOR,
GUS. BAURMANN,	JULIUS MILLER,
A. C. CAMPBELL,	ROBERT PEEBLES,
A. C. FENNACY,	A. POAGE,
JOE M. FERGUSON,	J. B. POWELL,
D. D. GEIGER,	DOUGLAS PUTNAM, JR.,
K. B. GRAHN,	ROBT. RICHARDSON,
JOHN HAMPTON,	JOHN RUSSELL,
W. C. IRELAND,	THOS. RUSSELL,
JOHN MEANS,	HY. SCHWALM.

BADGES.

Blue Badges designate members of the Press Association and Reporters.
Red Badges members of the Executive Committee, and
White Badges members of the Entertainment Committee as well as the
guests' entertainers.
Blue Badges entitle the wearers to participation in all the parts of the
programme.
Red Badges entitle the wearers to participation in all the parts of the
programme excepting the Races and the Excursions to Catlettsburg and
White Sulphur Springs.
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There was no end to the strawberries and raspberries at the Catlettsburg banquet, which, added to the mint we had at Ashland, fully filled out the stomachic programme.

Catlettsburg is a lively and very city-like town, except that it has no saloons. It has several drug-stores, however.

The girls of Catlettsburg—whoop la! yum, yum! All girl! Wonder why they are not all married.

The Farmer's Home Journal, Louisville, says: A year ago, when it was announced that the next meeting of the Kentucky Press Association would be at Ashland, many there were among the editors of Central and Southern Kentucky who did not know there was such a place in the State. In the next decade though, Ashland will be held in remembrance by the fraternity, not less for the cordial greeting and entertainment given us, than for her importance as a growing, thriving, manufacturing city. As our boat approached the wharf, hundreds of citizens formed on Front street, where an

ARCH OF WELCOME

had been erected. And, as if this demonstration of the citizens, together with the decorations of buildings everywhere, were not enough, the strains of music and the peals of artillery were added.

The party was escorted by a committee to the Hotel Aldine, a large and well-built four-story brick. Here, after a short rest, we were directed to our different places of abode during the stay. We are sure, from the expression freely given, that within-doors of Ashland will compare favorably in point of cultivation and true hospitality with any place in the world. It might be proper here to say that the writer of this found his every comfort looked to at the home of Mrs. Carter, to whom, together with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Fonnacy, we can scarcely shape words to suitably return thanks for so kind hospitality. Mrs. Carter is of the old Virginia stock, and settled in Kentucky many years ago.

The Paris Citizen says: At 11 o'clock on the 8th the party took passage at Maysville on the steamer Bostona, for Ashland, and after a delightful trip reached there at 9:30 o'clock Wednesday morning. Our arrival was greeted by the firing of cannon and other demonstrations of rejoicing. The whole city was decorated with arches of evergreens, flags, etc., and presented the appearance of a general holiday.

We were the guests of Capt. Hy. Davis, a well-known steamboat captain, between St. Louis and New Orleans, who makes his residence in Ashland. Every possible hospitality was extended to us, and we were made to feel perfectly at home. The people of Ashland fairly surpassed themselves in their efforts to make our stay pleasant among them.

On Thursday night, several hundred attended the brilliant reception given to the Press by Mr. John Means. The tables were arranged in the spacious grounds around the residence, and lighted with swinging lamps. Everything was tastefully gotten up, and it was throughout a most elegant affair—equal to anything we have seen in any part of the country. Ashland, we regard as one of the future cities of Kentucky. Situated at the Western terminus of the Chesapeake and Ohio on the Ohio river, with coal and iron at its very doors; with enterprising citizens of large means, and wide-awake to its interests, it cannot fail in a few years to become the Pittsburg of Eastern Kentucky.

The Ironton Register says: The reception given to the Ky. Press Association, at the residence of John Means, Ashland, last Thursday night, was a complete affair in every respect. Not only were the editors and their wives present, but also, the brain and beauty of Ashland were on hand. Mr. Means

handsome and commodious residence was full of light and gayety. The elegant grounds were illuminated with Chinese lanterns, which gave to the surroundings a beautiful and fairy-like appearance. The guests enjoyed themselves finely, and filled up the night with sparkling socialities. The feast for the occasion was spread under the trees. The tables with their bright furnishings and adornments, their white cloths and napkins, fairly dazzled in the flood of lights emptied by numerous Chinese lanterns. The supper was superintended by Damron & Honshell, of Catlettsburg, and every article on the bounteous bill of fare was the best.

The Paris Citizen says: The Junior during his stay in Ashland, attending the Kentucky Press Association, was the guest of Mayor Brodness at the Aldine House. He returns his sincere thanks for the kindly manner in which he was treated and assures Mr. B. that he shall ever be remembered for the generous hospitality extended by him. It is proper to add that the Aldine House is one of the best in the State and Capt. Parrill the proprietor won a host of friends by the excellent manner in which every thing was conducted.

BLUE GRASS SOLD.

In a neat little speech made by Mr. John Means to his guests at the conclusion of the elegant reception given to the Kentucky Press Association, he spoke of the great natural resources of this section of Kentucky and our sister State of Ohio, also of the wild and rugged scenery of the Hanging Rock region. Although not a public speaker, Mr. Means worked up our blue grass friends, who listened to him with excited interest when he spoke of the good people of Hanging Rock, and how well pleased they would be could the Association visit them. "Why," said the eloquent speaker, "there is one man down there who would give a hundred dollars to see you." The curiosity of our visitors was completely aroused, one of them, some say it was Craddock, others say it was Dittoe, quickly asked Mr. M. who that man was, "Oh," said Mr. M., "he's a blind man down there." Our friend from the blue grass subsided.

The late reunion of the members of the Kentucky Press Association, passed off most pleasantly.

The business meeting of the Association was held on the afternoon of the 9th., at Geiger, Powell & Ferguson's Hall.

We have already published the names of the newly elected officers for the ensuing year.

The Convention again assembled at night. The Hall was crowded with ladies and gentlemen, visitors and citizens, making an elegant and appreciative audience.

The Address of Welcome, delivered by Hon. W. C. Ireland, and the response by Col. Johnston, both of which we have published, were heartily applauded by the audience. The oration, by Judge Beckner, the conclusion of which will be found in to-day's paper, was full of great practical thoughts and was listened to with marked attention.

The crowning event of the evening was the Poem, read by Mrs. Nellie Marshall McAfee, one of Kentucky's gifted daughters. Mrs. M. held the attention of her audience during the time of the reading of her poem, entitled "Beyond the Alps Lies Italy," and when concluded, she was greeted with most rapturous applause. After the applause of the audience had ceased, G. Allison Holland stepped upon the stage, and after making a few pertinent remarks, gracefully placed a beautiful floral crown upon the head of the talented lady, crowning her as the Poetess of the Kentucky Press Association.

This last act, so handsomely performed, brought the house down in thunders of applause.

The Association visited the Coalton Mines on Thursday morning, at which place an elegant lunch was spread for the visitors.

In the afternoon the Ashland Furnace and Norton Iron Works were visited. The cutting of nails was a matter of wonder to many of the visitors, who had never been in a nail mill before. One fair lady, from the interior of the State, was not satisfied by simply looking at the process of making nails, but requested permission to try her hand at the business, and her request being granted, with the assistance of our gallant friend John Dever, she succeeded in cutting a perfect nail which she captured and took home with her, and doubtless when she looks at it in after years her mind will be refreshed by pleasant recollections of her visit to our city.

On Thursday night a reception was held at the home of Mr. John Means, at which fully two hundred and fifty persons were present. Mr. Means being our townsman we forbear to say anything in regard to the generous hospitality extended to his guests, we leave that task to be performed by the members of the Association, when they come to speak of their visit to Ashland in their respective papers.

On Friday morning, as per invitation, the Association and others visited Ironton, Ohio, first taking in Sarah, Etna, Grant, and Belfonte Furnaces, thence to the rolling mills, Nail, and Hoe Factories, at the lower end of the city. After inspecting these, carriages were prepared for the Association in which they were driven through the principal streets of the city, first halting at the Public School, at the door of which the members of the Press were presented each with a button-hole bouquet by several of the young ladies of the school.

After passing through the school building and witnessing the order which prevailed in all its departments, the Association was conducted to the Congregational Church, where a musical treat, vocal and instrumental was given by Prof. Vincent and Miss Clara Campbell. From the church the Association was driven to Union Hall, where a grand lunch was prepared by the ladies of Ironton who attended to the wants of their visitors with that elegant grace so characteristic of the ladies of that city. After lunch addresses of thanks and farewell were made, and the Association re-embarked on the Fleetwing for Ashland, at which place they arrived about two o'clock, p. m. in time to witness the races at the Park.

At 6 o'clock in the evening the Association again took water, and started for our sister city of Catlettsburg, by invitation of her citizens, who tendered the members a grand banquet at the Alger House. Shortly after their arrival at Catlettsburg the company repaired to Morse's Opera House, where an address of welcome was delivered by Col. L. T. More, which was responded to by Judge Beckner, of the Clark County Democrat. Both the addresses, of welcome and response were heartily applauded by the audience.

The banquet prepared by the noble hearted citizens of Catlettsburg was elegant in all its appointments, and elicited the praise and admiration of our stranger guests, many of whom were utterly bewildered at the profuse hospitality shown them.

On Saturday morning many members of the Association availed themselves of the invitation of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Co. to take a free ride to the White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia. Major Hotchkiss, the popular agent of the Company, was on hand to take charge of the excursionists as soon as they arrived at Hunting-

THIRTEENTH
KENTUCKY PRESS ASSOCIATION.

PROGRAMME.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9, 1880.

ASHLAND HALL.

2 O'CLOCK P. M.

BUSINESS MEETING.

8 O'CLOCK P. M.

CONCERT.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME, W. C. IRELAND.
RESPONSE, J. STODDARD JOHNSTON of Frankfort.
ANNUAL ADDRESS, . . . W. M. BECKNER of Winchester.
POEM, . . MRS. NELLIE MARSHALL MCAFEE of Louisville.

THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1880.

9 O'CLOCK A. M.

EXCURSION TO COALTON COAL MINES AND LUNCH
AT THE MINES.

3:40 O'CLOCK P. M.

RETURN TO ASHLAND AND INSPECTION OF ASHLAND
FURNACE AND NORTON IRON WORKS.

8 O'CLOCK P. M.

RECEPTION AT JOHN MEANS' RESIDENCE.

FRIDAY, JUNE 11, 1880.

8 O'CLOCK A. M.

EXCURSION BY BOAT TO IRONTON, OHIO; INSPEC-
TION OF IRON INDUSTRIES OF THAT CITY.

1 O'CLOCK P. M.

RETURN TO ASHLAND.

2 O'CLOCK P. M.

SPRING RACES OF THE BOYD COUNTY FAIR ASSO-
CIATION.

6:30 O'CLOCK P. M.

EXCURSION TO CATLETTSBURG.

SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1880.

EXCURSION TO WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS.

Cynthiana News.

Cynthiana Ky.

THURSDAY, JUNE 24, : : 1880.

The Press Meeting.

We publish on the first page of this week's News, a full and accurate history of the enterprising and thrifty city of Ashland, in the north-eastern portion of Kentucky.

The Press Association met there this month. The Association was received with the warmest welcome and feted in royal style with firing of cannon, banners flying and bands discoursing music. It was a Kentucky welcome, and worthy of the Ashlanders. Every member of the Association was immediately on arrival allotted elegant quarters. The editor of News was sent to

the home of the Hon. D. D. Geiger. He is a patriot and a democrat, and a man of energy and enterprise. If the leading men of Ashland were all like Mr. Geiger, the certain greatness of Ashland would already be guaranteed. As it is, Ashland will develop to a city of no ordinary size as soon as the Big Sandy Railroad is finished. Ashland is the first town of any size through which the road passes after it leaves Mt. Sterling. It is on the Ohio River—has all the advantages of immense coal and iron mines, and not more than one hundred miles from Lexington. When this Big Sandy road is finished, the people of this country will buy their groceries and dry goods in Richmond, Baltimore and the Atlantic coast. Freight will be reduced to meet the emergency. The Big Sandy road will be a God-send to Kentucky.

Next week the News will contain a full account of the trip to Ashland and of the Press Association.

WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER.

THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1880.

population and net wealth.

At 8 o'clock the crowds began to gather at Mr. John Means' residence, to be in attendance at the reception. A surging sea of beauty and chivalry filled every nook and corner of the stately building, and the brilliantly-lighted grounds were traversed by the visitors. Mr. and Mrs. Means warmly welcomed the callers to the hospitality of their home. Chinese-lanterns illuminated the trees, beneath which a number of tables invitingly spread were waiting for the inevitable. To recount the *menu* would be to exhaust the last good things known to mortals and borrow a few from the gods. The charmed callers lingered until near 12 o'clock, when the trip to Ironton next day suggested a recuperation, and so in twos and otherwise the participants wended their way home.

Two o'clock found us again at Ashland in attendance at the spring meeting of the Boyd county fair, where some very good racing was given. Hasty preparations were then made for the excursion to Catlettsburg, at 6 o'clock, and while we were waiting it is right that I should say something more about Ashland and its lavish hospitality. It is but a baby among the larger towns that flourish elsewhere in Kentucky, having just toddled into its twenty-seventh year. With 4,000 population of hard-working, enterprising people, Ashland must succeed. We hope to see the "Pittsburg of Kentucky" at the head of the list. Situated on the Ohio river, it has all the natural advantages, with millions of unearched wealth in the mountains around and about it, and its future is a bright one. The enterprise of John Means is a leading artery in this pushing community, and to his business tact and courage Ashland owes a large portion of its success.

The Hotel Aldine has been thoroughly repaired and refitted by John I. Parrill, and you will not find a more accommodating host on the Ohio river. The steamer is under way for Catlettsburg, and we must wave you, Ashland, a last, a long farewell, and may your shadow and your population never grow less.

On the arrival of the Fleetwing at the Catlettsburg wharf, at 7 o'clock, the visitors were met by a committee of reception and conducted to the Alger House. A short address of welcome by Colonel L. T. Moore, in Morris' Opera-house, was responded to by Judge Beckner in a few forcible remarks on the wave of prosperity that has broken over Eastern Kentucky, and of which Catlettsburg had received its share.

At 9 o'clock supper was announced at the Alger House, and the excursionists were prepared to pay their respects to it. Nothing was spared to make our visit memorable and pleasant. Some of the party returned to Ashland at 11:30, but the majority of the young folks remained over for the hop at the Opera-house.

The Elkton Register

FRANK H. BRISTOW,

ASHLAND.

The Executive Committee met the guests at the wharf-boat and conducted them through an arch of welcome to the Aldine House, where they were assigned to different homes. The arrangements had been so thoroughly made that this took but a few minutes. We were assigned quarters and found a welcome reception at the beautiful home of Hon. John Means. Very few cities can equal Ashland in hospitality and none can surpass it.

The business meeting of the Association was held in the afternoon. The following Officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President, J. Stoddard Johnson, of the Frankfort Yeoman.

Vice President, K. B. Grahn, of the Greenup Independent.

Secretary, Thos. G. Stewart, of the Clark County Democrat.

Treasurer, W. B. Halderman, of the Courier-Journal.

At 7 o'clock a large crowd assembled in Ashland Hall to hear the "orating" of the occasion. The eloquent address of welcome was delivered by Hon. W. C. Ireland, of Ashland, and very appropriately responded to by Col. Johnson.

The annual address was delivered by Judge W. M. Beckner, of the Clark County Democrat. His subject—"The connection of the Press with the Development of the State"—was well handled, and no better selection for this duty could have been made.

The poem, by Mrs. Nellie Marshall McAfee, was superb, and read in fine elocutionary style. The poem filled thirty-nine pages of closely written manuscript, yet the audience never tired during its delivery, and by their frequent and continued applause, showed their appreciation of the poem and its author.

The next morning the visitors took the train for the

COALTON COAL MINES,

about 12 miles from Ashland. Seated in a train of coal cars, we entered the mines. The rapidly moving cars in the bosom of the earth, the mysterious darkness, lit up with the star-like lights of the miners, was an interesting sight to all who were making their first trip through a coal mine. After emerging from the mine a tasteful and ample lunch, spread under the shade of immense trees, awaited the attack of hungry visitors. On returning to Ashland, two hours were spent in inspecting Ashland Furnace and Norton

Iron Works. (An account of these are given on the first page of this issue.) At 8 o'clock a reception was given at the palatial residence of Hon. John Means. About 300 guests assembled and were warmly welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Means to the hospitality of their home. To describe the beautifully lighted grounds, and the elegantly spread table at the reception, is beyond our powers.

The editor of this paper was the recipient of a very handsome bouquet from the young lady of Catlettsburg, for which he returns thanks. Dan. O'Sullivan, of the Intelligencer, didn't receive a bouquet, and through jealousy or envy gets off the following:

"Major Frank Bristow, of the Elkton Register, dreams sweet dreams with a dog fennel bouquet under his pillow that was presented to him by a one-eyed Ashland widow."

Cincinnati has a splendid Zoological Garden, but Ironton can beat her on Cammells.

Miserable Puns.

Kentucky editors make puns whether they will or not, as instance the following: A beautiful bouquet was sent to the boat at Catlettsburg, when the clerk announced that "Miss Moore requests that this bouquet be given to Major Bristow;" and Col. Johnston instantly replied: "She could not have Bristowed it upon a Moore worthy gentleman." And this from French Tipton: The party had drunk freely at the Sulphur Spring, and one of them was entreating the others to go to the Chalybeate, when Tip broke in, "Oh, give your sulphur rest."—Blue-Grass Clipper.

The Constitutionalist.

The following resolutions were passed by the Press Convention at its closing hour:

Resolved, That the Kentucky Press Association hereby tender their thanks to the Elizabethtown and Paducah, the Louisville and Nashville, the Louisville, Cincinnati and Lexington and the Kentucky Central Railroad Companies for their courtesy in the matter of transportation, our special acknowledgements being due to the last named and to Mr. James C. Ernst, its general ticket agent, for a special train from Lexington to Maysville and return, and accompanying civilities.

Resolved, That to the press and citizens of Maysville we are very grateful for their cordial and handsome reception and entertainment in passing through the beautiful city.

Resolved, That to the citizens of Ashland, individually and collectively, we desire to express our warmest thanks for the invitation which gave us the opportunity to become acquainted with them, for their cordial welcome, for the lavish hospitality with which they treated us during our stay in their midst, and for the instructive exhibitions given us of their mines, furnaces and manufactories. Where so many contributed to our enjoyment it would be invidious to particularize but we feel assured that all his fellow citizens will recognize the justice of our returning thanks to Mr. John Means for his effort to make our visit agreeable, and to put before us the merits and advantages of the growing, promising city of which he is so much the life.

Resolved, That to the press and citizens of Ironton, Ohio, we shall ever feel deeply grateful for their warm, brotherly welcome and for their generous entertainment, giving to us as it did the opportunity of inspecting their thriving industries, and the high standing of their public schools.

Resolved, That we thank the generous people of Catlettsburg for the excursion given us to their interesting town, for the cordial welcome and hospitable entertainment received at their hands, and only regret that our stay in their midst was necessarily so limited.

Resolved, That we shall always remember with pleasure the courtesy of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Company and of the proprietors of the White Sulphur Springs, the former in transporting us over their magnificent road, with its sublime scenery and the latter in entertaining us so delightfully at their far-famed watering place.

Resolved, That to Major N. H. Hotchkiss, the genial and accommodating agent of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad Company, who has so successfully conducted our excursion to Virginia, we desire in parting to return our most hearty thanks, with the expression of hope that he may live long to enjoy the gratitude and esteem in which he is so deservedly held by the press at large for his efforts to promote their pleasure, and to make them better acquainted with each other and with their country.

Resolved, That we return thanks to the citizens of P. A. for their courtesy shown as we passed through their city, and to the employees of the different railroad companies with whom we have come in contact for their politeness and attention.

Resolved, That we acknowledge, with full appreciation of the courtesy, the invitation of Capt. Dan Turner to visit the Blue Lick Springs and enjoy its hospitality, and regret that circumstances were such as to put it beyond our power to accept.

Resolved, That we feel due to Col. J. Stoddard Johnson, our president, and to Thomas G. Stuart, our Secretary, to return thanks to them for the efficient manner in which they have discharged the duties of their respective positions in connection with the present meeting of the Association, and the delightful excursion to which it led.

Respectively reported,
J. W. HOPPER,
FRENCH TIPPIN,
W. M. BECKNER.

By actual count, the present population of Ashland is 3,800, and it is confidently predicted that within five years there will be an accumulation of 10,000 souls within the borders of that thriving little city. The thrift, frugality and industry of the population is such that almost every resident is the owner of a nice home, and the more prosperous are peculiarly noted for their charity and readiness to come to the relief of the poor. A lady informed us that she was one of a committee appointed to collect funds for the relief of the poor, and last winter when they applied to Mr. John Means for aid, his answer was to hand them his well filled pocket-book, saying, "Ladies, go and supply their wants." Perhaps no man in any community is more beloved than Mr. Means, whose liberality and unostentatious manners have won for him the esteem of all, both high and low.

Twelve months hence Ashland will be in direct railroad communication with Louisville and Richmond, Va., while the Chattanooga Narrow-gauge Railroad will then be completed to Peach Orchard, fifty miles up the Big Sandy River; and with another road coming to Petersburg, O., just opposite to Ashland, a glorious future seems opening for the little city that has so lately attracted the attention of the K. P. A.

Miss Anna Garrell, of Ashland, the beautiful, blooming belle of that pretty little city, touched many a heart with her charming manners. The startling developments made by Mrs. Beckner and Mrs. Caldwell have awakened within the writer's bosom renewed zeal and energy.

Mitchell Alford made love to the girls in such a quiet manner that no one suspected it until his conversation was accidentally heard by a third party.

THE
CLARK COUNTY DEMOCRAT
BECKNER & STUART,

Thursday night we attended a delightful reception given by Mr. John Means at his elegant home, where a banquet was spread which would have done honor to any occasion.

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IN Mr. E. F. WILLIAMS speech at Ashland last Saturday evening he spoke of Mr. MEANS, the Candidate for Congress in that district, substantially as follows:

Not being identified with the Republican party I am better qualified to give an impartial view of the merits of the Republican candidate for Congress in this district. What does Congress want? It wants little tongue, much brains, few words, better deeds, less second rate lawyers and more first-class business men. The issues of the hour are divested of that moral and political character which distinguished them a few years ago and are those mainly which meet the business man in the social aspects of every day life. There never was an hour in the history of Congress when that body demanded more good, honest business men and less pot-house politicians and quack doctors. Congress wants loyal Democrats and loyal Republicans; not a disloyal man whose treasonable utterances in the darkest hour of our peril, when the nation's fate hung trembling in the balance, put him under arrest, which utterances can only breed riots and disorders in southern states, and encourage them to embark in another rebellion. Congress wants a loyal man who will stand up for his country and devote all his energies to rebuild the part of the temple shattered by the war, whose dome has sheltered nearly four generations of men, that the citron and the orange tree may blossom on the southern fields of carnage and blood. Republican or Democrat, Congress demands this from you. Said a prominent gifted Democrat the other day, "In these corrupt and extravagant times, when such a plain, honest, able man as JOHN MEANS is put up for Congress it is time for us Democrats to throw aside party prejudice and vote for such men." Every Democrat and Republican in Eastern Kentucky and especially this town owes Mr. MEANS a debt of gratitude, for he was among the first to discover wealth of your minerals; to solicit foreign capital and enterprise and to establish your commercial prosperity upon sure and certain foundations. When your town was receding in population and enterprise, he along with his co-workers arrested its downward career by the establishment of iron industries until Ashland rises in peerless beauty to rank as the most prosperous manufacturing town on the river. He built the first stone coal furnace, which was followed by the giant works above you, and you and I may live to see the day when this iron region will light the heavens with the fires of a hundred such active industries. The iron monarch has dethroned king cotton, who like a discrowned King, follows the car of the conqueror and by the genius and thrift of such men the iron sceptre crowns the banners of Eastern Kentucky. His name is a tower of strength and his career is a good example, for while men with less fortune than his were lolling on cushions of ease, squandering their money in gambling-hells of vice, living aimless, riotous lives, Mr. MEANS, in 1851, crossed your river, walked over your hills with map and compass in hand and after much anxiety, labor and risk of capital, introduced a coal for smelting iron, without being cooled, superior to Pittsburgh and second to none in the United States. Identified with all your interests and prosperity you could not find in either party in the state a better representative in Congress. Years of honest toil with a long life of purity has won him universal respect and confidence, and it is just, it is right, it is

honorable that the highest office in the district should be conferred on JOHN MEANS. He does not seek the office nor enter the canvass to chant his own praise and masquerade on the stump to beg for votes like a mouser for place and plunder, but leaves it to his deeds which prove him endowed with common sense and moral qualities. Democrats and Republicans, if you want a man in Congress who will study your welfare and promote your prosperity regardless of party, you will vote for JOHN MEANS.

But his personal qualifications are not all. He stands before you as an advocate of protection to the iron manufactures upon which your welfare now depends. This district, if properly developed, presents more facilities for the manufacture of iron than any west of the Alleghanies. No greater blow to your prosperity as a state or district could be given at this time than a reduction of the tariff on iron, which would compel you to compete with the cheap labor of foreign countries.

Manufactures cannot pay high wages if they must compete in the market with the cheap labor of England, Scotland and Germany. It is your duty therefore to choose one who properly represents your interests in this matter, for at this critical moment in this district it is a question paramount to all others.

BASE-BALL IN ENGLAND.

We take from the London *Sportsman* the following account of the base-ball match played at Lord's Cricket Grounds, London, on the 3d of August, between the Boston Red Stockings and the Philadelphia Athletics. Our illustration on page 733 is engraved from a sketch made on the spot for *Harper's Weekly* by Mr. ABNER CROSSMAN. The play, says the *Sportsman*, "was far from the best form of the American nines; in fact, the high scoring of the Bostonians was a sufficient proof that something was radically wrong and not in accordance with its usual associations. This fault, as was advanced by good judges of the game, was owing to the size of the ground, which is far in excess of those used for the same purpose in their own country. This, however, must have proved equally derogatory to each side, and there is not the slightest doubt that the Red Stockings, or Boston team, won fairly on their merits. Of the victorious side, BARNES, at second base, was remarkably agile and quick with the ball, as was also H. WRIGHT; but the credit of having retained the most difficult chance was allowed to GEORGE WRIGHT. With the bat SPAULDING and M'VEY were decidedly the most efficacious, the former making four runs for only one out, while the last-named achieved almost as great a success by attaining three for a single out. The Athletics, as compared with their opponents, were very loose in the field; in this department M'MULLEN at centre field and SUTTON at third base being by far the most expert. For batting ANSON deserves a word of praise; but BATTIN, of whom great things were anticipated, did not come off at all well. The nine innings were got through in two hours and ten minutes, resulting in an easy victory for the Boston club by 24 runs to 7." The full score is appended:

ATHLETICS.

	Outs.	Runs.
M'MULLEN, C.F.	3	1
M'GEARY, S.S.	3	1
ANSON, F.B.	2	1
M'BRIDE, P.	3	1
MURMAN, R.F.	3	1
BATTIN, S.B.	2	1
SUTTON, T.B.	4	1
CHAPP, C.	4	0
GEDNEY, L.F.	3	0

BOSTON.

G. WRIGHT, S.S.	3	4
BARNES, S.B.	3	4
SPAULDING, P.	1	4
M'VEY, C.	1	3
LEONARD, L.F.	4	2
O'ROURKE, F.B.	4	2
H. WRIGHT, C.F.	4	1
HALL, R.F.	4	1
SCHAEFFER, T.B.	3	3

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNING.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Athletics	3	0	0	1	1	1	0	1	7
Boston	3	7	4	0	5	0	5	0	24

Umpire.—Mr. THOMAS BRALLES, of the Boston Club.
Time of game.—2 hours 10 minutes.
Bases by errors.—Boston 9 times, Athletics 1 time.

Lawrence County Boy in Europe.

From Schaffhausen, Switzerland.

This has been our busiest week in Europe. We have been striving for the two conflicting ends. The one, to reach Switzerland as soon as possible; the other, to see everything of interest along our line of travel. Hard traveling and constant questioning have enabled us to do both with considerable satisfaction, and we are now reviewing

our weeks exploits and enjoying our Sunday rest in a quiet, lovely spot commanding a magnificent view of the falls of the Rhine. A tiresome ride of seven hours brought us, on Monday last, from Rotterdam to Cologne. The latter place although it dates back to the year 50 B. C. presents few points of interest. It has been accumulating filth ever since its foundation, and is now one of the dirtiest places on the earth. Cologne water can be used to the best advantage at the seat of its manufacture. From Cologne we went by a Rhine steamer to Bonn. Here we found them celebrating the capitulation of Sedan. Their celebrations seem to be much like our own with the addition perhaps of singing and displays of fireworks. Indeed the crowd seemed so natural that we fancied we could hear some one shouting "Hurrah for Jeff. Davis." "I can lick any man within ten counties", but it may have been a dream brought about by the association of ideas. The next day we made the trip up the Rhine from Bonn to Mayence, the most beautiful portion of the river. At first we began to experience a little disappointment, but as the journey progressed we actually grew ashamed of our previous discontent. The scenery surpassed our wildest dreams. I believe that if we had tried to imagine the loveliest, most pleasing river scenery earth could possibly contain, previous to our making the trip of the Rhine, our fancies could never have painted a picture equal to the real one. Far be it from me to attempt a description. No one to my knowledge, has been so rash. When we arrived at Bingen our enthusiasm reached its height. It was dusk. On the one side were the "vine clad hills of Bingen," on the other, the old town and its ancient castles illuminated at frequent intervals by the flashes of cannon, (for they were still celebrating the victory of Sedan), while at their base we could see the brilliant, hurried lights of a train winding along the curves of the river. At once our thoughts turned to that old, school-boy declamation entitled "Fair Bingen on the Rhine." We fell into a deep, dreaming reverie. Line after line came slowly back to our memories. But just as we were in the midst of our dreams, a confounded Yankee began to walk the deck and whistle that unromantic air of "Mother may I go out to swim?" We never felt so ready to grant a man a wish in our lives. But he was a big fellow and we did not wish to hurt his feelings. Big fellows you know, feel those sort of things more than little fellows. We spent the night at Mayence and then proceeded to Heidelberg famous for its university. We stayed there long enough to convince ourselves that it was not worth seeing and then went to the world renowned watering place, Baden-Baden. Much of its glory has faded since the abolition of gambling there. Nearly every house in the place is to let. However, it still has a fair number of visitors, attracted through a curiosity to see a place that was once so infamous. Next we visited Strasburg. It is a wonder how the Germans ever took that place. It is surrounded by two immense walls, each of which looks impregnable, and is further protected by additional fortifications outside of these walls. The cathedral and clock of Strasburg are the lions of the city. We were fortunate enough to see the latter strike at 12 o'clock. A figure representing death strikes the hours. The twelve apostles then march out in succession and bow, while, at the same time a cock perched on a position near them, crows thrice. The four quarters of the hour are struck in order by figures representing childhood, youth, manhood, and old age. It is truly a wonderful clock. After it had finished striking we expected to see it take a chew of tobacco and walk off on its ear. But it didn't. It was quite well behaved. It did not like to carry on before strangers. Not that it was not able to. Why! Bless me it can do anything but manufacture wooden nutmegs. From Strasburg we came here where we



SCOTCH HYMN.

There are blossoms that hae budded,
 Been blighted i' the cauld,
 An' lammies that hae perished,
 Because thes left the fauld;
 But cower ye in aneath His wings
 Wha died upon the tree,
 An' gathers in His bosom
 Helpless weans like you and me.
 In the world there's tribulation,
 In the world there is wae;
 But the world it is bonnie,
 For our Father made it sae.
 Then brichten up your armor,
 An' be happy as ye gang;
 Though your sky be aften clouded,
 It wina be for lang.

Falsehood seldom stands alone,—
 Always speak the truth;
 One begets another one,—
 Always speak the truth.
 Falsehood all the soul degrades;
 'Tis a sin which often breeds
 Greater sins and darker deeds:
 Always speak the truth.
 When you're strong, the folly own,—
 Always speak the truth.
 Here's a vict'ry won,—
 Always speak the truth.
 He who speaks with a lying tongue
 Adds to wrong a greater wrong;
 Then with a greater true and strong
 Always speak the truth.

GOD KNOWS.

God knows—O sweet assurance this,
 Bid doubt and fear remove;
 Accept, my soul, the thought of bliss,
 Eternal goodness prove.
 He knows what snares thy pathway throng,
 Thy conflicts daily new;
 And His almighty arm is strong,
 To bear the conquerer through.
 God knows—thy sins are not concealed
 From Him who reads the heart;
 But Jesus hath His love revealed
 And takes the sinner's part.
 He knows—that there is all my hope,
 No other plea I make—
 And justice hath withheld its stroke,
 And spares me for his sake.
 God knows—and here my soul shall rest
 Unburdened of its cares,
 He knows what thoughts control my breast,
 He hears unuttered prayers;
 And while the storm-winds wildly rave,
 From off the earth shore driven—
 My soul rides safe above the wave
 With anchor fixed in heaven.

Three O'Clock in the Morning.

What do the robins whisper about
 From their homes in the elms and birches?
 I've tried to study the riddle out,
 But still in my mind is many a doubt,
 In spite of deep researches.
 While in the world is silence deep,
 In the twilight of early dawning,
 They begin to chirp and twitter and peep,
 As if they were talking in their sleep,
 At three o'clock in the morning.
 Perhaps the little ones stir, and complain
 That it's time to be up and doing;
 And the mother-bird sings a drowsy strain
 To coax them back to their dreams again,
 Though distant cocks are crowing.
 Or do they tell secrets that should not be
 Heard
 By mortals listening and prying?
 Perhaps we might learn from some whispering word
 The best way to bring up a little bird—
 Or the wonderful art of flying.
 It may be that they speak of one autumn day
 When with many a feathered roamer,
 Under the clouds so cold and gray,
 Over the hills they take their way,
 In search of the vanished summer.
 It may be they gossip from nest to nest,
 Hidden and leaf-enfolded;
 For do we not often hear it confessed
 When a long-kept secret at last is guessed,
 That "a little bird has told it?"
 Perhaps—but the question is wrapped in
 Doubt;
 They give me no hint or warning;
 Listen, and tell me if you find out
 What do the robins whisper about
 At three o'clock in the morning?

TWO LITTLE HANDS.

Busy, busy,
 Busy as bird, and busy as bee,
 Gathering "funny things" for me,
 Weaving webs, and building a house
 Just the size of a wee, wee mouse:
 What shall we ask for these little hands?
 Lord, with wisdom fill'd,
 Teach these hands to build
 Thine own temple;
 Let them skilful be—
 Cunning to work for thee
 By thine example.
 Two little feet,
 Nimble, nimble,
 Trot-foot and Light-foot, what a pair!
 Now here, now there, now everywhere:
 Running of errands, dancing in glee,
 Skipping and jumping merrily:
 What shall we ask for these little feet?
 Lead them a blessed pilgrimage
 From childhood through to saintly age,
 Dear Lord, we pray:
 Hold them a light in the dim, dark night,
 And out of the narrow path of the right
 Ne'er let them stray.

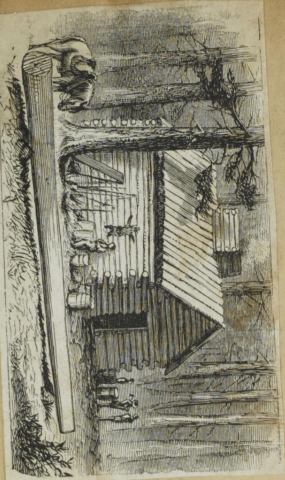
The Rope.

Two ragged boys, whose
 names were Guy and Jack, found an
 old rope lying in the road, over the
 possession of which they disputed long
 and loud. Guy snatched one end, and
 Jack the other, and both pulled with
 all their force to get it. Suddenly the
 rope broke, and both fell backward
 down into the mud, presenting a pitia-
 ble appearance.
 A passer-by said to them at this very
 moment, "Behold, what happens to the
 quarrelers! For the most worthless trifle
 they become angry at each other; and
 what then results? They cover them-
 selves with ridicule and shame before
 the eyes of everybody, just as you two
 now stand before me covered with mud
 and dirt."
 "Study to keep the peace; for dis-
 cord always brings evil in its train."

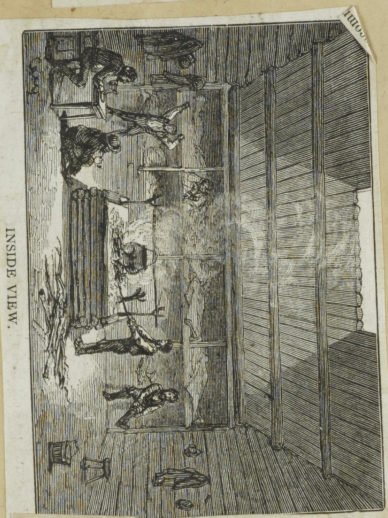
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RAFTING DOWN THE LAKE.



THE TRIO LEAVING THE TRAIN.



INSIDE VIEW.



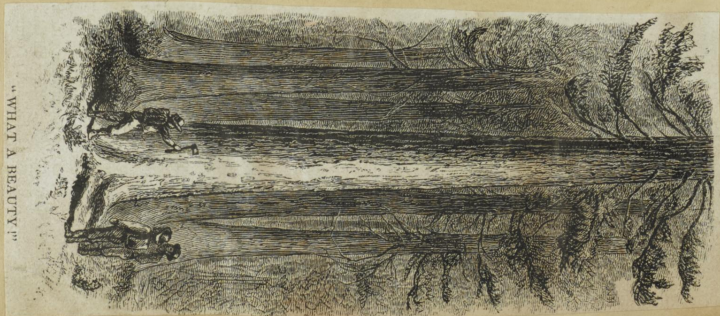
THE DENUDED PINE.



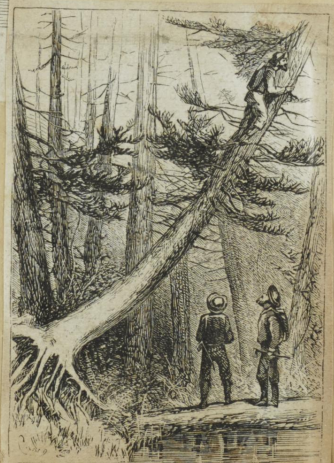
"ALL RIGHT, BOYS."



RUSHING DOWN HILL.



"WHAT A BEAUTY!"



THE LOOKOUT.



"SKIDDED."



BREAKING PATHS.

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THE MILITAR
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THE BLOODY WORK

OF GOVERNOR BLACKBURN'S
SOLDIERS WHILE GUARD-
ING THE SACRED LIVES
OF TWO CRIMINALS.

THE MILITARY REPEL THE AT-
TACK OF A MOB ON A FER-
RY-BOAT BY SHOOTING
DOWN SPECTATORS.

L. W. REPERT AMONG THE
SLAIN—36 PERSONS KILLED
AND WOUNDED—A TOWN
IN MOURNING.

INTENSE INDIGNATION OVER
THE OUTRAGE.

Sometime since, a terrible crime was committed in Geigersville, Boyd county, Kentucky. Three men were arrested; one, named Ellis, was lynched. He confessed, and implicated two others named Neal and Craft. Judge Brown, of Ashland, November 1st, granted a charge of venue to Carter county and delayed the trial till next February. The Judge's son is counsel for Neal. The indignant citizens resolved to prevent the removal of the prisoners from Catlettsburg to Lexington. Gov. Blackburn sent a military force under charge of Maj. John R. Allen, a young lawyer of Lexington, to preserve the lives of the criminals. About noon Wednesday, several hundred men took a locomotive and several cars at Ashland, and proceeded to Catlettsburg. The authorities were apprised of their approach and the prisoners were taken at once to the wharf-boat, where the artillery was planted to command the grade. When the train arrived a committee was sent to demand the prisoners of Maj. Allen, who, of course, refused to deliver them up. They were put on board the steamer Granite State. The mob then took the train and returned to Ashland. On the way the crowd on the train fired several shots which fell short of the boat but greatly enraged the soldiers who, with difficulty, were restrained from firing back. Arriving at Ashland the mob on the train alighted and dispersed. A large crowd of spectators, men, women and children, were on the shore to see the steamer go by. About this time a party of half-drunken men and boys took possession of the ferry-boat, numbering, as sworn to before the Coroner's jury, by actual count, just eighteen persons. They pushed out into the stream, a shot was fired, perhaps several of them, from the ferry-boat, as the Granite State came near. A boy on the wharf-boat also fired a pistol in the air. The soldiers returned by volleys from their Winchester rifles, disabling the ferry-boat and wounding several of the mob. But their most destructive work was among the innocent spectators on the banks. The soldiers continued firing for several minutes, or until the Granite State was out of reach. The banks of the river are very high at Ashland and some of the soldiers' bullets fell at a distance up in the town. The military fired from 700 to 1,000 rounds and exulted greatly over their work afterwards. At Greenup they broke out into ribald songs until the captain of the Granite State felt called upon to rebuke them. It is possible that some of them thought they must strengthen their courage by draughts of liquor, as the jailor at Catlettsburg

testifies that he saw Maj. Allen drink three times before he left that place.

The carnage at Ashland was terrible. One of the first to fall was a young man named Keener, who was one of the last to plead with the crowd that boarded the ferry-boat, not to risk their lives. He was shot through the heart. Mr. L. W. Reppert, well known in this place, was one of the spectators on the bank who had counseled forbearance and observance of the law. He was sitting on a pile of cross-ties on the river bank and rose to leave when he was shot through the heart. The total list of killed and wounded was thirty-six, including several boys and two women. Five of the soldiers were wounded, none seriously. Some of those shot were in the second stories of buildings, and how such could have been hit without the intention of the soldiers to make their work as bloody as possible, is beyond comprehension. The citizens of Ashland look upon it as one of the worst outrages ever known. Only five on the ferry-boat were wounded, three of them employees of the boat. To the remark that the soldiers were excited there is this answer, Maj. Allen, in his official report, says his troops acted with remarkable coolness.

It must have stirred every Ashlander's blood to have read the reports of the enthusiastic reception of the troops on their return home. They were loudly cheered at Frankfort, though the citizens there knew, at the time, of the loss of innocent lives at Ashland. At Lexington there was quite an ovation and Allen told his troops that nothing had been done that could be avoided. The Lexingtonians seemed very proud of their uniformed boys, but abated their exultation somewhat when they heard of the deep indignation in other places against the murderers.

The prisoners whose lives were so valuable to Gov. Blackburn are now safe in the jail at Lexington.

Concerning Gov. Blackburn, a word might be said in his defense. This work must not be charged to him, for, throughout his life, he has been the reverse of a bloodthirsty man. Even amid the terrible carnage of war he confined his efforts to clothing the poor in Northern cities, even taking the garments of yellow-fever patients, that the women and children of the North might not suffer while the men were fighting the battles of the Union. He is a humane man, and his friendship for Neal and Craft, who are accused of murder, arson and rape, in the face of strong public opinion against them, is an unparalleled specimen of moral courage.

Judge Brown, who gave the order for the removal of the case to Carter county, fled from Ashland, though no attempts were made to molest him.

The Coroner's inquests on those who were slain are not concluded, but the testimony taken thus far from the Captain and other officers of the Granite State, and from the citizens,

including some of the best men in town, goes to show, by almost every witness, that there was too much firing from the soldiers. The citizens of Ashland have been too much bowed by grief to think of but little else. They have raised liberal subscriptions for the needy whose relatives were killed or wounded.

The funerals of Keenan and Mr. Reppert were held, Friday, amid a large concourse of people, the former at the Methodist, the latter at the Presbyterian church. The Rev. Mr. Condit preached Mr. Reppert's funeral sermon, paying an eloquent tribute to the deceased. Mr. Reppert was born in Green county, Pa., in 1808, and was,

therefore, seventy-four years old. He lived there until his marriage with a Miss Jenkins, of the same county. Some years after his marriage he went to near Marietta on a farm, and there remained until some six years ago, when he came to Ashland to reside with his son-in-law, Mr. Douglas Putnam, Jr. whose wife was one of his five children, three sons and two daughters. Two of his sons and one daughter reside in California; the other son is in St. Louis. His wife, after nearly half a century of married life, survives him.

NOVEMBER 7, 1882.

The train reached Ashland at 6 o'clock, when the Granite State was just turning the point above, and it was given out then, and before, that all idea of an attack and rescue of the prisoners had been abandoned, and an immense crowd of men, women and children assembled on the bank of the river to see the boat go by. The men who had returned on the train dispersed among the crowd; but unfortunately a small crowd of half-drunken men

Major John R. Allen, who was on the hurricane-deck of the Granite State, discharged his pistol toward the ferry boat, which was answered by two shots from the ferry, and then the firing became general from the soldiers aboard the steamer. At the first volley every one aboard the ferry boat sought shelter aft, and ceased firing. The soldiers then turned their fire, recklessly, upon the unoffending people who were standing upon the shore. John Means, one of the most prominent men of Ashland and an eye-witness, testified before the Coroner's jury that "the firing from the Granite State continued after the entire disappearance of the men on the ferry, and after the men on her had ceased firing for three or four minutes. The firing continued while the boat was running about 700 yards, at a speed of about eight miles per hour. Mrs. Butler, standing on the balcony at the river front of the Union Depot by my side, was wounded by a gun-shot from the steamer when she had progressed 300 yards, after silencing the attacking party. The depot building, being below the ferry landing, the range of the bullet was as if directly fired from the boat at a point opposite. It could not have been a case of wild firing."

Two men were instantly killed and twenty-six persons were wounded by the bullets of the militia. Of these only two of the slightly wounded were on the ferry boat. The killed were Col. Reppert, an aged and venerable white haired man, who was shot through the heart while standing in front of the Hotel Aldine, and George Keener, a young man who was standing on the shore, unarmed and looking on. Alexander Harris died on Friday from the wound which he received. Willie Serey, aged 14 years, Martin Dunlap, aged 14 years, and Robert Laughrie, were each badly wounded and there was little hope on Saturday of their recovery. Mrs. B. Butler, who received a flesh wound

at the Union Depot, is doing well. Mrs. Jack Serey was shot through the left shoulder at an up-stairs window of a house on Front street. Thos. Demaro was slightly wounded in both feet. Chas. Bolinger sustained a fracture of the leg below the knee. James McDonald was shot in three places—right lung, through right leg and right foot—case serious. John Nicholson, aged 11 years, Martin Greer, colored, Graham Randall, colored, M. A. Ball, William Springer, J. W. Waugh, Robert Pritchard, John Galliger and an unknown child belonging to a family that was waiting for the ferry boat to cross the river were struck by balls. Some were dangerously and others only slightly wounded. A horse on which a man,

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VALENTINE TO LAURA.

BY T. M. C.

By fate unmoved, — far, far removed, —
From friends and beauteous sireland,
The dreams of youth, the dreams forsooth,
I dreamt in loved Ireland.
The deep blue main, the parting pain
Of friends the "Fates" will sever,
Forgot must be, remembered thee,
Within this heart forever.

Nor was it mine in bygone time,
When fancy was more fruitful,
To picture bliss like unto this,
Lest fancy proved untruthful.
But off afar shot out a star,
And, smiling, signed to follow,
To seek a home beyond the foam,
Far o'er the surging billow.

And when the cup of grief fill'd up
I drain'd when kindred parting,
Wore off with time in foreign clime,
~~And lost the remembrance of you, and the~~
Unloved, fond hope must aye clope
To sport with wanton breezes,
Till better fate, more envied state,
To send us heaven pleases.

Months roll'd along with cheerless song,
The car of time moved slowly;
Yet boyhood's day soon pass'd away,
And left a man more lowly.
My guiding star shone yet afar,
Still cheered my path thro' sorrow;
It brought, I knew, me near to you,
And pointed to the morrow.

With none to love save Him above,
The march of time grew lazy;
And spring's sun show'rs brought spring's sweet
flow'rs,

But all were misty, hazy.
The summer came, like spring the same,
Its beauties were as hollow;
Yet magic hand with magic wand
Still lured me on to follow.

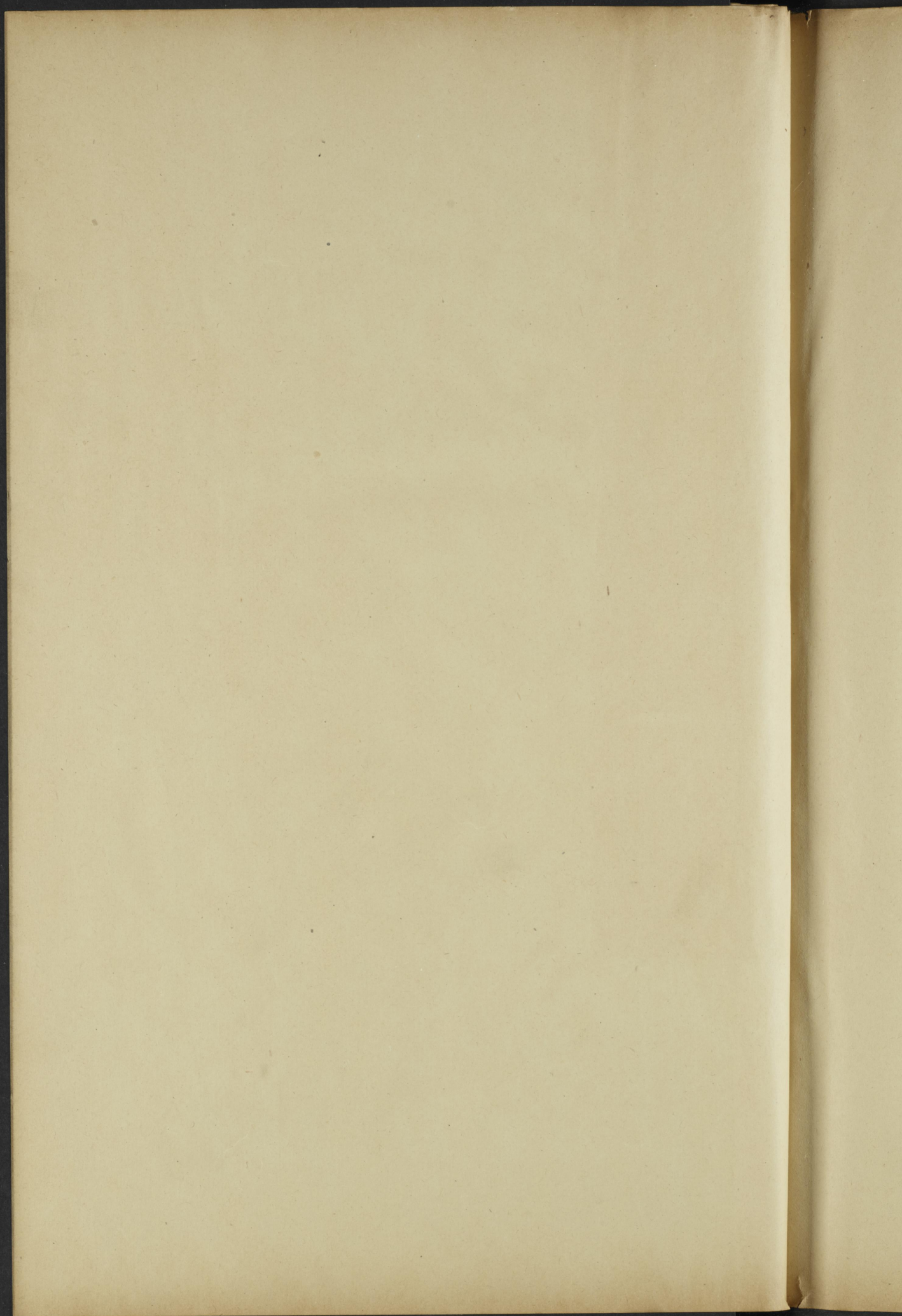
To self unknown when hope had flown,
Like memories of the past,
Were open'd my eyes, were bright the skies,
And my dreams were real at last.
At last she came, how strange the same,
I once saw in boyish dreaming;
Thro' mem'ry's glass I see her pass,
The past to pass 'gain seeming.

To-day once more my heart's deep core,
Replete with joy and gladness,
Bounds, leaps, as free as gulls on sea,
Forgetful of past sadness.
Here blooms the rose that daily grows —
Bloom on, let no one sever
E'en one bright leaf from golden sheaf,
That holds my heart forever.

Sweet rose, bloom on, midst nature's song,
Midst heaven's blessings smiling;
Bloom on, lov'd flow'r, in nature's bow'r,
Where all that's there's beguiling.
Bloom on, nor know whence sorrows grow,
Tho' griefs dull time be filing;
Mayhap for me, unloved by thee,
For thee the "Fates" are smiling.

The lyre touched to passion, couched
In accents fiery, burning,
The tale long old hath often told,
By beaten tracks returning.
To simply this there's no such bliss
As when love, truth combining,
Decline afar the gilded car
Where fashion rides repining.

But why go on with endless song,
Not e'en one chord awaking?
Not e'en one string has dared to sing
The love with which 'tis breaking.
The mystic spell can better tell
The love from fond hearts gushing;
The look a-kance, averted glance,
Speak more than poesy flushing.



A TRAPPER'S STORY.

"'Twas a moonlight night," the trapper began,

As we lay by the bright camp fire—

"Come, fill up your pipes, and pile on the brands,

And draw a little nigher—

'Twas a moonlight night when Bet and I—

Bet, she's the old mare, you know—

Started for camp on our lonely route

O'er the dreary waste of snow.

I had been to the clearing that afternoon,

For powder and ball, and whisky too,

For game was plenty, furs in demand,

And plenty of hunting and trapping to do.

I had no fear of the danger that lurked

In the region through which my journey lay,

Till Bet of a sudden plucked up her ear,

And sniffed the air in a curious way.

I knew at once what the danger was,

And Bet struck out a forty gait;

'Twas life or death for the mare and me,

And all I could do was to trust to fate.

Wolves on our track, ten miles from home

A pleasant prospect that—eh, boys?

I could see them skulking among the trees,

And the woods re-echoed their hideous noise.

At last their number began to swell,

They bolder grew and pressed us close;

So 'Old Pill driver' I brought to bear,

And gave the leader a leaden dose.

Now, you must know, if you draw the

blood

Of one of the sneaking, ravenous crew,

The rest will turn on the double quick,

And eat him up without more ado.

This gave me a chance to load my gun,

With just a chance to breathe and rest,

When on they came! a gaining fast,

Though Bet was doing her level best.

I began to think it was getting hot;

'Pill Driver,' says I, 'this will never do;

Talk to 'em again!' You bet she did,

And right in his track lay number two.

Well, boys, to make a long story short,

I picked them off till but one was left;

But he was a whopper, you'd better be-

lieve—

A reg'lar mammoth, in size and heft.

Yes, he was the last of the savage pack,

For, as they had followed the nat'ral law,

They had eaten each other as fast as they

fell,

Till all were condensed in his spacious

maw."

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Why I left our Club.

BY PROXY.

I KNOW it was wicked but you know I couldn't help it, and this is how it happened. I was a little chap then but I well remember how it was.

We, that is us big boys that went to our school, (if we were eight years old we thought we were big) formed what we called a secret society for our own protection in mischief. Or in other words, each one that belonged to our club was bound not to tell any thing on the rest, and woe be unto the boy that failed to comply with the rules of our club.

A week ago yesterday morn-

ing, two of us got a severe whipping, and then what we wanted was to know who it was, that told the teacher we gently whittled his ruler into shavings the day before at noon, when he was at dinner.

Before night we found out who it was; it was Joe Smith, and according to our rules, Joe Smith must take a thrashing that very night. And it was decided that I should do the job. So as soon as school was out I ran as fast as I could about a mile and a half to a lonely spot on a big hill, where I thought no one would see me, and waited for my victim. Joe Smith lived about two miles one way from the school-house, and I lived about the same distance the other way, so you see I was quite a distance from home where I was waiting for Joe Smith.

Well, he soon came whistling along the road. I waited until he was close to me, when I stepped out and introduced myself by rolling up my sleeves, and giving him a gentle hit on the side of the head with my fist.

But Joe Smith didn't take a thrashing from me worth a cent, and after rolling me in the dust to his hearts content, he told me I had better run home to my mother, which I was very glad to do.

I ran nearly all the way home where I arrived about 6 o'clock, with a bloody nose, a skinned ear, and clothes that looked like they had been used for moprags a week. My parents questioned and threatened until they got it all out of me, and then I got—ah! well—a thrashing as was a thrashing. The next morning when I went to school the teacher called me out on the floor, and

asked me why I did not go right home from school last night.

My answer not being satisfactory, he questioned me more, which resulted in my owning up the whole thing, when I received another thrashing, and since then I have concluded that our society is a humbug, and I for one will have nothing to do with it. —*Boys' Pride.*

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WHEREAS, We have enjoyed the profuse hospitalities of the officers and crew of the steamer Fleetwing, during a three days' excursion to the town of Picketon, and,

WHEREAS, They have done everything in their power to make the trip an enjoyable one, therefore, be it

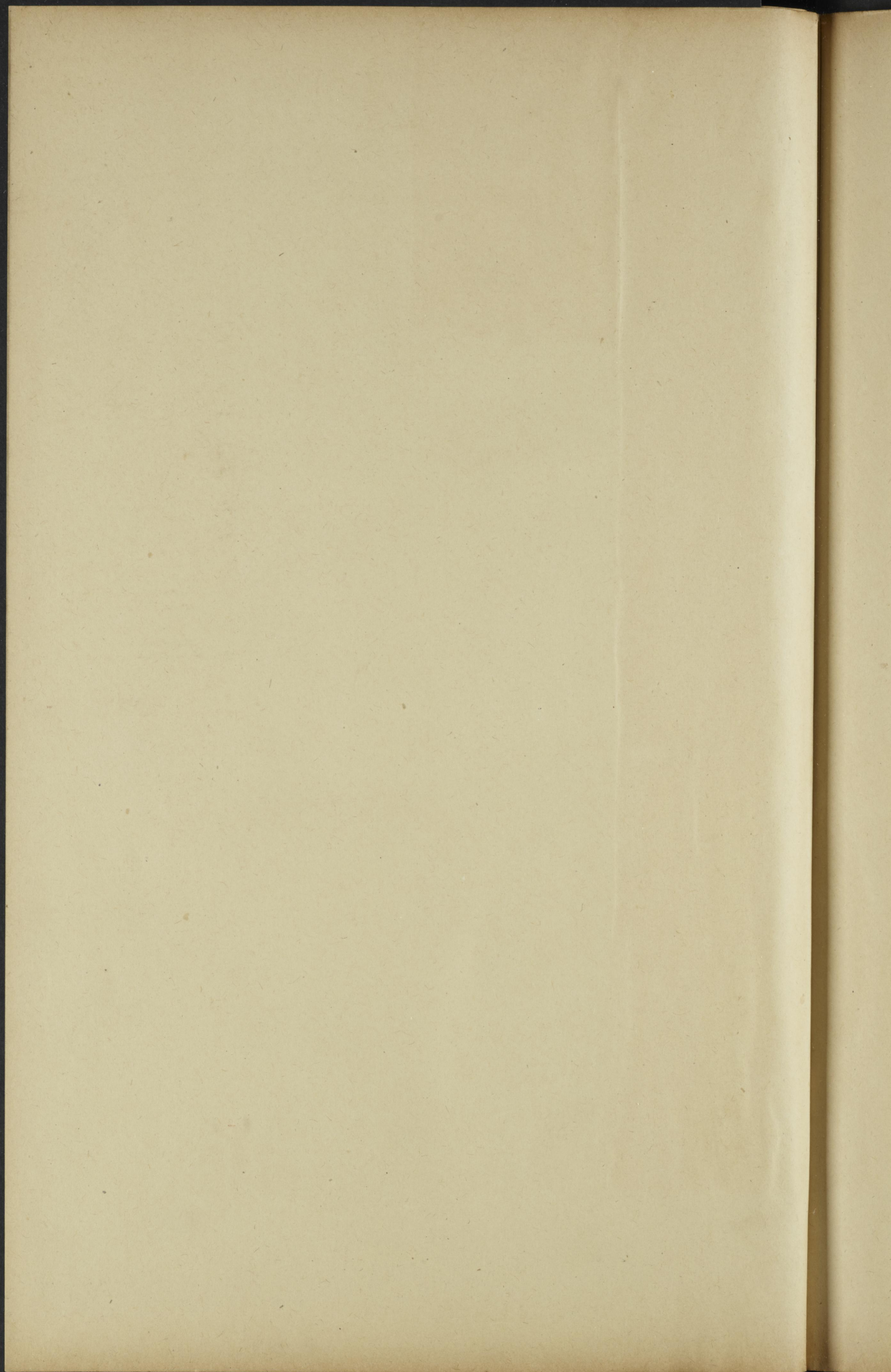
Resolved, 1st, That we extend unto them, our most earnest thanks for their united effort to that end.

Resolved, 2nd, That we recommend to all persons desiring an enjoyable trip, unsurpassed in its weird mountain scenery, to go to Pike—on the Fleetwing.

Respectfully submitted,

MRS. W. H. H. EBA, JOHN MEANS, J. O. A. VAUGHT,	}	Com.
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MRS. W. H. H. EBA,
JOHN MEANS,
J. O. A. VAUGHT, } Com.



SUBMISSION.

SINCE thy Father's arm sustains thee,
Peaceful be ;
When a chastening hand restrains thee,
It is he.
Know his love in full completeness,
Feel the measure of thy weakness ;
If he wound thy spirit sore,
Trust him more.

Without murmur, uncomplaining,
In his hand
Leave whatever things thou canst not
Understand.
Though the world thy folly spurneth,
From thy faith in pity turneth,
Peace thy inmost soul shall fill,
Living still.

Like an infant, if thou thinkest
Thou canst stand—
Childlike, proudly pushing back
The proffered hand—
Courage soon is changed to fear,
Strength doth feebleness appear ;
In his love if thou abide,
He will guide.

Fearest sometimes that thy Father
Hath forgot ?
Though the clouds around thee gather,
Doubt him not.
Always hath the daylight broken,
Always hath he comfort spoken,
Better hath he been for years
Than thy fears.

Therefore, whatsoe'er betideth,
Night or day,
Know his love for thee provideth
Good alway.
Crown of sorrows gladly take,
Grateful wear it for his sake,
Sweetly bending to his will,
Saying still—

To his own the Savior giveth
Daily strength ;
To each troubled soul that boweth,
Peace at length.
Weakest lambs have largest share
Of the tender Shepherd's care—
Ask him not then "When ?" or "How ?"
Only bow.

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A BLESSING.

A little child hath blessed me;
I wonder what it means?
It seems a brighter blessing
Than a bishop's or a queen's,
In her snowy nightgown drest,
Standing up to be carress'd,
Softly lisping in my ear
Pretty words: "God bless you, dear."

They fill my heart with wonder;
Of God what can she know?
She cannot tell the meaning
Of the words that please me so,
Like the church's silver bell,
Winning souls to heaven from hell,
Knowing not what glory lives
In the message that it gives.

It is so sweet to hear her—
Her rosy mouth to see
Form the pretty syllables
They give such joy to me.
Like a little mocking bird,
Softly she repeats each word;
But they sink into my breast,
And I know that I am blest.

God Words.

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A WORD FOR THE CHILDREN.

CHILDREN, make your mother happy,
Make her sing instead of sigh,
For the mournful hour of parting
May be very, very nigh.

Children, make your mother happy;
Many griefs she has to bear;
And she wearies 'neath her burdens—
Can you not these burdens share?

Children, make your mother happy;
Prompt obedience cheers the heart,
While a willful disobedience
Pierces like a poisoned dart.

Children, make your mother happy,
On her brow the lines of care
Deepen daily—don't you see them?—
While your own are smooth and fair.

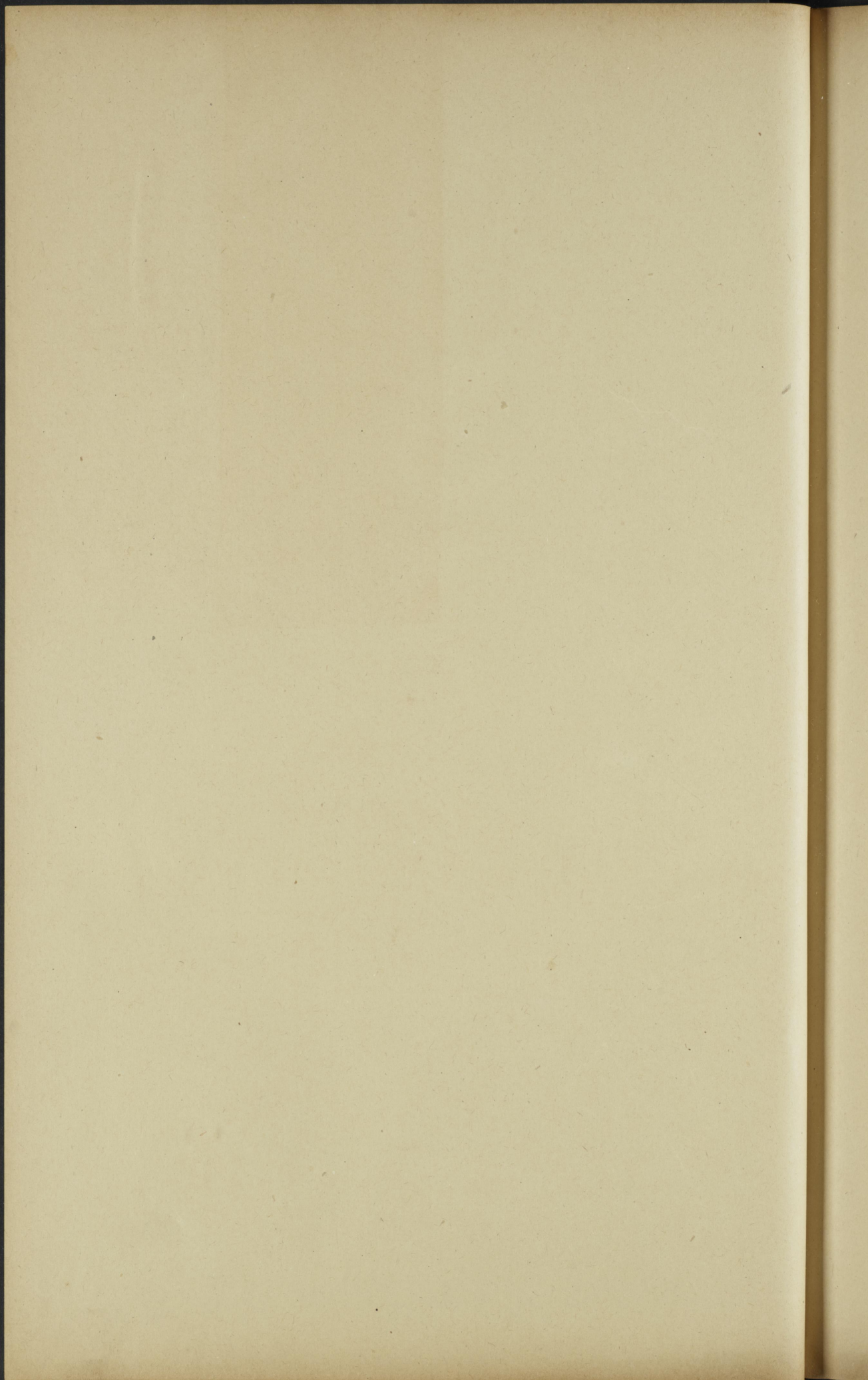
Children, make your mother happy;
For beneath the coffin lid,
All too soon her face, so saint-like,
Shall forevermore be hid.

Bitter tears and self-upbraidings
Can not bring her back again,
And remorseful memories
Are a legacy of pain.

Oh, begin to-day, dear children;
Listen when dear mother speaks,
Render quick and sweet obedience
For your highest good she seeks—

Loves you better than all others,
For your sake herself denies;
She is patient, prayerful, tender,
Gentle, thoughtful, true and wise.

Never, while you live, dear children,
Though you search the rounded earth
Will you find a friend more faithful
Than the one who gave you birth.



SANTA CLAUS IN TROUBLE.

BY MARY WILEY.

How very much I've wondered,
And o'er the problem pondered,
While busy with my toys—
If I should once grow sick or numb,
What ever could or would become
Of all the girls and boys!

Without a Christmas they can't live,
So Santa Claus must work and give,
But oh, my labor's ponderous!
My waves, to gratify and please,
To give youth joy, and parents ease,
Must be both good and wondrous.

Fishing flood and wildest panic,
Which startle banker and mechanic,
Dare never make me quail;
For not a girl nor any boys
Could hold esteem for Santa Claus,
If once his hands should fail.

But I am growing old, my dears,
And cares increasing with the years,
That multiply so fast,
When I was young I took my ease,
The children few nor hard to please,
How different was the past!

I'm busy now both day and night,
I plan and work with all my might,
From one year to another;
I've journey men and 'rentice, too,
A helpful and industrious crew,
Who work like bees together.

I've many shops in every land,
Where busy head and busy hand
Fashion toys and fabrics rare;
I've ships in sail on every sea,
That bring the precious goods to me,
Through all weather, foul and fair.

On Christmas Eve I'd ne'er get through,
But for the help of an extra crew,
Who work with heart and hand;
Some on teams with coal and with wood,
Others on foot with baskets of food,
Hurry along over the land.

They hunt up the needy and starving poor,
Whom I, in my haste from door to door,
By chance may overlook;
Making no noise for the world to hear,
They throw in a smile and word of cheer,
With here a toy and there a book.

And of such help I need much more,
A fact I've blated oft before
In sermon, prayer and book;
And here announce my need again,
As I, with worried thought and pain,
Survey the grim outlook.

Oh thousands with no laid up stores,
O cruel fate! as near their doors
The wolf of hunger draws.
Then help me, all ye wise and good,
And endless, boundless gratitude
Is yours, from Santa Claus.

STRIVE TO ENTER IN.

LUKE XIII. 24.

BY REV. J. SCOTTFORD.

Oh, *strive* to enter in, poor soul,
At Zion's narrow gate;
There Jesus waits to make you whole;
Strive, lest you be too late.

Be earnest *now* to enter in,
For Jesus calls to-day;
The crown of life you now may win;
Then why should you delay?

The Spirit and the bride say come;
Then flee from self and sin,
Without there waits a fearful doom;
Oh, *strive* to enter in.

Satan, the world and flesh oppose,
Oh, *agonize* and pray;
From these, thy most deceitful foes,
Then haste without delay.

Deny thyself and take thy cross,
And *strive* the crown to win;
Count every earthly good but dross,
If you would enter in.

No faint endeavors will avail,
In this unequal strife;
Then agonize till you prevail,
And enter into life.

Your all of human strength will fail;
'Tis Christ alone can save;
In his great strength you can prevail;
By faith that strength you have.

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"On a winter night
When the moon shone bright,
Two foxes went out for prey;
As they trotted along,
With frolic and song
They cheered their lonely way.

"Through the woods they went,
But they could not scent
A rabbit or goose astray;
Till at length they came
To some better game,
At a farmer's barn, by the way.

"On the roost there sat
Some chickens as fat
As foxes could wish for their dinners;
So the prowlers found
A sly hole by the ground,
And they both went in,—the sinners!

"They both went in
With a squeeze and grin,
And the chickens were quickly killed;
And one of them lunched,
And feasted, and munched,
Till his stomach was fairly filled.

"The other, more wise,
Looked about with both eyes,
And hardly could eat at all;
For, as he came in
With a squeeze and a grin,
He remarked that the hole was small.

"So this cunning elf
Said low to himself,
'If I eat too much, 'tis plain,
As the hole is small,
I shall stick in the wall,
And never get out again.'

"Thus matters went on
Till the night was gone,
And the farmer came out with a pole;
The foxes both flew,
The wise one went through,
But the greedy one stuck in the hole!

"In the hole he stuck,
So full was his pluck
Of the chickens he had been eating;
He could not get out
Nor turn about,
And there he was killed by beating."

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Additions to the Presbyterian Church
 of Ashland Ky. Jan 23rd 1876.

- (By profession of faith) Mr J. C. Condit & Mr. Hendricks
 the pastor, assisted by " " "
- 1 Robert M^r Kenzie
 - 2 Bessie Mcane
 - 3 Lillian Mcane
 - 4 Rosalve Mcane
 - 5 Archie Cummins
 - 6 Elbert Cooke Mcane
 - 7 Louisa J. Hughes
 - 8 Louis R. Putnam
 - 9 Harold Mcane
 - 10 Alexina M^r Kenzie
 - 11 Edith E. Gaver
 - 12 Rosa M. Johnson
 - 13 Nannie B. Gaver
 - 14 Lottie Easton
 - 15 Kirk Walden
 - 16 Sadie Budd.
 - 17 Esther Manning
 - 18 Ella Payne
 - 19 Richard Hamilton
 - 20 M^r Suddith
 - 21 Marion Manning
 - 22 Will Cummins
 - 23 Lizzie Schugh
 - 24 Anna Cole
 - 25 Charles Mcane
 - 26 Jennie Johnson
 - 27 Hester Schwartz
 - 28 Rebecca Hoffman
 - 29 Ota Gartrell
 - 30 Maria Keene
- (By letter)
- 1 Libbie Cole
 - 2 Miss Evans
 - 3 Mrs M^r Kenzie
 - 4 Charles M^r Kenzie

Pendricks
11

The Strength of the Horse.

We are so completely in the habit of regarding the horse as a docile slave, expected to minister to our necessities with uncomplaining compliance, unresisting generally under ill-treatment, often half-killing himself by struggling to drag loads beyond his powers, that we are apt to forget the tremendous strength which he can exert if he pleases to put it forth.

A curious proof of the courage and strength of the horse is to be found in a book some twenty years old, by a Mr. Knighton, an Englishman, who was in the service of the King of Oude in 1835. He tells the following story of what he himself once witnessed at Lucknow:

The king, whom he calls "a sensual, cruel savage," kept many wild beasts, which he sometimes set to fight with each other as in the Roman games.

One day, Mr. Knighton was driving from the river Goomtee to one of the palaces in a sort of little open gig. As they passed along the streets, there was not a creature to be seen; if any one came in sight, they were rushing hurriedly off. Presently he saw in the middle of the road a trampled bloody heap. He stopped, it was the corpse of a woman terribly lacerated and torn, the face crushed by teeth into a shapeless mass, the long matted hair clotted with blood.

Such was the capricious tyranny of the king, that Mr. Knighton was hardly surprised. "It was probably some execution," he whispered to his companion.

On they drove—there were still no signs of any inhabitants to be seen; the houses were everywhere closed, a sort of breathless terror seemed to reign in the city. Presently they came to the body of a lad similarly mangled, lying by the side of the road, and they stopped once more. On the top of an adjoining house they saw one of the king's troopers looking intently up the street.

"What is the matter?" said Mr. Knighton.

"The man-eater is loose, wallah! Look out, sahibs, he is quite wild to-day."

I had heard (continues Mr. Knighton) of a savage horse belonging to one of the troopers, who was called Kunewallah, because he had destroyed many men.

"He is coming, he is coming!" shouted the man suddenly from the house-top, "take care, take care!"

Far down the road we could see the wild brute, a large bay horse, savagely shaking a child which he had seized in his jaws, and evidently coming our way.

In another moment, he had seen the carriage, thrown the child on the road, dead no doubt, and rushed forward furiously to attack us. We turned, our horse almost unmanageable with terror, and drove on at a mad gallop towards a sort of yard which was closed in by strong gates. We could hear the iron hoofs of the man-eater clattering over the road in the silent street, as he pursued us at break-neck speed.

We gained the enclosure, and drove within the doors, which were luckily open. I jumped out and threw back the gate, which fortunately shut with a heavy iron bolt into a socket. As it fell in, the man-eater came thundering up, his head and cheeks covered with blood, his jaws steaming with the recent slaughter of his victims. He stood looking savagely through the rails, with cocked ears, distended nostrils, and glaring eyeballs, a ferocious-looking monster. Our horse trembled from head to foot as if he were shivering with cold; the man-eater glared at us through the bars, walked round to try and find an opening, but it was all hard iron railing. Satisfied that he was baffled, he turned round, rattled his iron heels against the bars, and with head and tail erect and cocked ears, galloped off down the road. Later in the day we heard that the trooper had contrived to let fall a noose over his head, he had been upset, muzzled, and taken back to his stable.

I mentioned what I had seen to the king when I came to him shortly after. "He is as savage a wild beast as a tiger," said I.

The king laughed, "Then he shall fight the tiger Burrhea," so called after the name of a village at the foot of the Himalaya, from which the animal had been brought.

There was a courtyard in the palace about sixty yards square, surrounded by thick bamboo railings on two sides. On the third was a gallery, in which the king sat surrounded by male and female slaves fanning him with peacock fans. The man-eater was lured on into the yard after a little mare of whom he was fond; and the tiger, who was without food or drink, was let loose into the enclosure.

The horse stood in an easy attitude, with one foot advanced, awaiting the attack, moving as Burrhea moved, with his eyes fixed on the eyes of his enemy. Suddenly, with a light bound, Burrhea was upon the mare, with one blow of his paw he threw her over, his teeth fastened on her neck, he drank her blood, enjoying his draught, but his eyes fixed meantime all the while on the man-eater, who, his neck protruded, cocked ears, glaring eyeballs, and twitching tail, watched his enemy intently in an easy attitude of attention.

At length the tiger began to move stealthily round the court-yard, like a cat, quite noiselessly, the soft balls of the large paws put slowly down, the long lithe back working as he went.

In the middle stood the horse, slowly turning as the tiger turned, the head, ears, and neck bent forward, while on stole the tiger; not a sound was heard, every one was in mute expectation; at last, the tiger bounded like lightning, intending to seize his enemy by the head, but the horse dived aside a little and received his antagonist on the haunches, the claws sank deep into the flesh, while the hind feet of the tiger made a grasp at the fore legs of the horse. Suddenly the man-eater lashed out with his iron heels, and in a moment Burrhea was sprawling on his back; he was up again, however, immediately, and stealing round once more, as if nothing were the matter. Noiselessly round and round he went, his broad head always turned to his wary foe, while the horse, though his haunches were bleeding and lacerated, with an indignant snort resumed his former position, his head and neck still lowered and protruding, one foot still out to admit of that rapid drive and thrust by which he turned his enemy's flank. This monotonous circling went on for eight or ten minutes, or even more, the man-eater ever facing him, and snorting angrily from time to time.

Once the tiger paused by the dead mare as if to eat it, then, suddenly, without the smallest growl or preparation he sprang again as if lifted by galvanism in the course of this monotonous gyration. Kunewallah was, however, not taken by surprise, his head ducked again, and again he received the tiger on his haunches. We could see the broad round head for an instant near the tail of the horse, while his hind claws reached to the breast; his body was quivering uneasily, with the belly nearly on the horse's back; it was only, however, for an instant. Again the ferocious beast lashed out with his hind legs, almost as if he would throw himself on his side, and his iron heels came against the tiger's jaws, as he fell sprawling on his back. He soon rose again, but now only to try and escape, his jaw was broken, and with his tail between his legs he cried out loudly with pain, like a whipped spaniel. The man-eater watched him narrowly, thinking it might be only a ruse. Now the king ordered the door of the cage to be opened, and Burrhea rushed into its shelter, evidently having had quite enough.

Proudly then the man-eater snorted and pawed, he scampered up to the mare, spurned her with his foot, then with head aloft and tail arched, he trotted round trying to get at the attendant servants; his blood was up, and tiger, or man, it was evident that he did not mind any of them.

"Let another tiger be set at him," cried the king, "I will have my revenge for Burrhea."

The keeper of the tigers was summoned and came in salaaming in fear. "May it please your majesty's greatness the tigers were fed two hours ago."

"And why were they fed two hours ago, you scoundrel?" shouted the king.

"May it please the royal greatness of your majesty, it was the usual time," said the poor man, salaaming again, and trembling in every limb.

"You shall go to the man-eater yourself, if the tiger won't attack him," cried the king furiously.

The court was oppressively hot, the king sat, fanned by the great peacock's tails, and surrounded by his female slaves watching. The second tiger's cage was brought up, he came leisurely out, and only when poked by spears, and then quietly surveyed his antagonist. He was larger than Burrhea, but not so high-bred, or so beautifully streaked; neither was he so light and graceful in his motions. He squatted himself down on the dead mare and tore it leisurely in pieces with a strength of claw and limb and jaw, very unpleasant, one would think to watch, for the man-eater, who remained on the defensive upon the other side of the court.

"Remove the carcass, you fools!" shouted the king, angry at the delay.

This could only be done by driving away the tiger with red hot bars. A noose was then flung over the dead mare, which was at length drawn out. The tiger, much annoyed, stretched himself at full length, and lay growling in the middle of the court, where he could not be reached. At last they contrived to strike him with a spear of immense length; he seized it in his mouth, ran along its length, and began to shake the bamboo rails, but nothing would induce him to assail the horse, who went on as before facing the tiger as he turned. He showed his glittering teeth at the men, but refused to move in the direction of Kunewallah.

We began to fear for the poor keeper of the wild beasts, but the king had now forgotten his threat, and shouted that the man-eater was a brave fellow, and he would see what he could do with three buffaloes. There is no animal so fierce when thoroughly roused; he will put a good-sized elephant to flight, goring him terribly with those tremendous weapons, his horns.

When the beasts came in, the man-eater seemed much disconcerted at the sight of the uncouth monsters, and he retreated snorting, almost with fear; but as they remained in the corner where they came in, huddled together and never dreaming of an attack, he took courage, pawed the ground, snuffed at them with distended nostrils, and came slowly nearer and nearer, step by step.

Still they paid no heed to him, but crowded stupidly on each other. At last the horse's head almost touched the side of one of the buffaloes, he sniffed and smelled at the hide, and, at last, seeing that the unwieldy brute took no notice whatever of him, he wheeled round, and lashed up furiously against the ribs of the meditating buffalo, who seemed stunned by so sudden and unlooked-for an attack, and then they all three shook their heads, but prudently abstained from any reply.

The king laughed outrageously. "The man-eater deserves his life," said he; "let him escape." The beast was then adroitly muzzled, and led forth to his stables a victor.

"By my father's head, he is a brave fellow; he shall have a cage to live in, and be taken care of for his life."

He had an iron cage made for him, twice as big as many London drawing-rooms, where he snapped his teeth, and lashed out with his legs, at admiring visitors; "and when I left Lucknow," says Mr. Knighton, "the man-eater was still one of its sights."

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The Maynard-Means Nuptials.

A fashionable and brilliant party assembled at the Presbyterian Church last Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock, to witness the marriage of Mr. W. E. Maynard, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Miss Lillian Means, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Means, of this city. The church was handsomely and tastefully decorated for the occasion. An arch of evergreens spanned the foot of either aisle, and a larger arch, decorated with lilies, stood in the center of the open space before the pulpit, from which hung a beautiful bell of flowers; the background of the pulpit was a profusion of beautiful ferns and flowers. Miss Libbie Coles presided at the organ, and played the wedding march. Miss Bessie and Miss Rose Means, Miss Lida McKenzie and Miss Lida Moore were the bridesmaids. Messrs Thomas Adams, Thomas Mack, Burt Warner, and F. J. F. DeRaimes, of Brooklyn, N. Y., were the groomsmen. The ushers were Messrs. W. C. Richardson, Prof. W. B. Wylie, Frank B. Moore and Charles McKenzie, assisted by Col. D. Putnam and M. H. Huston. The happy couple stood under the "Marriage Bell," and the ceremony was performed by Rev. W. C. Condit, in a neat and impressive manner. After the ceremony, the party returned to the bride's house, where they received the congratulations of their many friends. The spacious halls and rooms of the Means Mansion were peopled with guests from Cincinnati, Ironton, Portsmouth, Catlettsburg, Hanging Rock, Huntington, and other places. Among the guests we noticed Mayor Wm. Means, of Cincinnati, and daughters: Cpts. Campbell and Honshell, of the Fleetwood; Col. L. T. Moore, wife and daughters, Wm. Patton and wife, and Mr. and Mrs. McDyer, of Catlettsburg; Bayless Poage and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Garland and Mrs. Hawk, of Huntington; Mr. and Mrs. Miss Warner, of Covington; Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Mather, Mrs. P. Clarke, of Ironton; Mrs. Smith and son William, Mr. Rutzler, of New York; Mr. K. B. Grahm; Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Willard, of Hanging Rock, and others.

The toilets were elaborate. The bride was dressed in white brocaded satin, pattern lilies, en train, ornaments, diamonds. Misses Bessie and Rose Means wore white satin with Spanish lace over-dress. Miss Lida McKenzie wore white satin, and Miss Lida Moore had white nun's veiling, trimmed with lilies. Among some of the noticeable toilets were, Mrs. Smith, of New York, black moire, trimmed with jet lace, ornaments, diamonds; Miss Lizzie Means, coachman's drab satin, plain; Miss Maggie Means, pink satin skirt and pink brocaded satin over-dress, and diamonds; Miss Mollie Russell, pink nun's veiling; Miss Wheeler, of Michigan, white satin mull, trimmed in lace, and white moire over-dress; Mrs. Campbell, of Ironton, pink satin; Mrs. Ashland Poage, blue brocaded satin; Miss Lucy Coles, pink satin and nun's veiling; Miss Mallory, of Huntington, black gros grain, jet trimmings; Miss Warner, of Covington, white Swiss and pink satin; Miss Pearl and Miss Gertrude Means, of Cincinnati, plain white Swiss; Miss Hanna, of Cincinnati, crimson silk; Miss Reed, of Paris, white satin and white moire; Miss Minnie Hildreth, Dresden, O., blue silk; Miss Birdie Hildreth, Dresden, O., pink silk; Mrs. Bayless Poage, Huntington, heliotrope brocaded satin; Mrs. Hawk, Huntington, white satin with pink chrysanthemums.

After the congratulations were over, and all had time to take a peep at the elegant presents, the company were served with a splendid supper; the tables fairly groaned under their weight of delicacies. The steward of the Fleetwood brought out his force of experienced waiters, and the wants of the guests were handsomely attended to.

Mr. and Mrs. Maynard left on the steamer Fleetwood, which had laid at this port for them, at midnight, expecting to make Chicago their first stopping place, spending a few days, and planning for the rest of their tour. We regret exceedingly to lose the *Lily* from our cluster, but trust it will part with none of its sweetness and freshness in other hands. We are thankful we still keep the Rose.

ASHLAND, KY.

THURSDAY,.....JUNE 22, 1882.

Marriage Bells.

Mr. W. B. Seaton and Miss E. I. Means.

At 8 o'clock last Thursday evening, in the Presbyterian Church, Rev. W. C. Condit pronounced the words that united for life the hands and hearts of Mr. William Biggs Seaton, of Charleston, W. Va., and Miss Eliza Isabella Means, of this city. The contracting parties are well known in this community. The groom formerly lived in this community and in Greenup and Carter counties, and at present is connected with the Bank at Charleston. The bride is the daughter of Mr. John Means, of this city.

An arch and gates of evergreens adorned the church, a gate at each aisle, and the arch in front of the pulpit, from which swung a marriage bell constructed of roses. At an early hour the church was well filled with people waiting the appearance of the two who were to be joined by holy bands of matrimony. The music was an indication that they were coming and all eyes were turned in the direction of the door. The ushers passed up the aisle followed by the brides maids in couples, each taking their positions one upon the right and one upon the left until six young ladies had taken their positions. Then followed the intended bride and groom up the aisle and through the first gate and around under the arch, facing the audience, where they were made husband and wife, by an impressive and solemn ceremony by the pastor of the church, which lasted about five minutes. In connection with this the ring was used. The wedding march was rendered by Miss Lib Coles while the bride and groom with their attendants marched out, where carriages awaited to convey them to the residence of the bride's parents, on Bath avenue.

Bride's dress: White satin, brocade train, embroidered lace, diamonds, veil and orange blossoms.

Bride's maids: Misses Rose Means, Mollie Seaton, Minnie Hildreth, Rebecca Spalding, Minnie Moore, Lida McKenzie. Miss Katie Worrall and Master Artis Mead, were the attendants.

Ushers: Messrs. Edward Seaton, Cook Means, Charlie McKenzie, Purla Brubaker.

Bride's maids' dresses: Miss Means salmon pink; Miss Seaton, turquoise blue; Misses Hildreth, Spalding, Moore and McKenzie in white.

The ceremony being over at the church, over 200 invited guests made their way to the residence, where an hour was spent in congratulations and the heartiest good will and courteous merriment prevailed. The house was beautifully decorated with flowers.

From eleven to twelve o'clock an elegant supper was served, to which the guests did ample justice. Mr. and Mrs. Means and family understood the art of making all feel at home, and all enjoyed themselves until after midnight when the crowd began to disperse. The supper came from Keppler's, in Cincinnati, and from Ironton and Catlettsburg.

The gifts were numerous and elegant, both useful and ornamental. These tokens of friendship clearly indicated the esteem and favor in which they were held. In addition to the friends of Ashland, there were many from New York, N. Y., Charleston, W. Va., Ceredo, W. Va., Huntington, W. Va., Catlettsburg, Ky., Ironton, Ohio, Hanging Rock, Ohio, Manchester, Ohio, Maysville, Ky., Cincinnati, Ohio, Greenup, Ky., Zanesville, Ohio, Dresden, Ohio, Olive Hill, Ky., and Kanawha Falls, W. Va.

SEPTEMBER 19, 1885.

Ashland, Ky.

Thursday, the 17th inst., will long be remembered by many of the citizens of your town and ours as the happy day when two of the most highly esteemed families of Eastern Kentucky were more intimately united by the marriage of Miss Elizabeth Isabelle, the oldest daughter of our distinguished townsman, John Means, to Mr. William Biggs, the oldest son of your honored citizen, Judge John Seaton, an event of great joy and general congratulation among all the numerous friends of the newly married pair, both of whom fully deserve the joyous sympathy so spontaneously extended to them, for seldom were two truer, sincerer, kinder and more devoted hearts joined together than theirs.

The Presbyterian Church had been very profusely and tastefully decorated with flowers and evergreens, a large floral wedding bell being also suspended above a platform erected in front of the pulpit, and the edifice was crowded with the many friends of both families, when the wedding party—among the well known notes of the wedding march, skillfully rendered by the organist—made its appearance. The procession was headed by the four gentlemanly ushers, Cook Means, Ed. Seaton, C. D. McKenzie and P. Brubaker, followed by Master A. Mead and little Miss Worrell. Then came the bridesmaids, a bevy of beautiful Kentucky girls, to-wit: Misses Mollie Seaton, Rose Means, Minnie Moore, Rebecca Spalding, Lida McKenzie and Miss Hildreth, followed by the fair bride and handsome groom. Rev. Condit performed the ceremony in that impressive and earnest manner so peculiarly his own, and then the young couple and their attendants, together with the invited friends and kinsmen, repaired to the mansion of Mr. John Means on Bath avenue, whose ample apartments and halls were soon crowded with nearly two hundred merry, jovial and gayly arrayed guests from New York, Charleston, Cincinnati, Maysville, Ironton, Huntington, Greenup, Catlettsburg, Dresden and other towns. The young pair, after having received the many hearty congratulations, vied with Mr. and Mrs. Means to make the visitors enjoy the occasion to their utmost. And truly did all enjoy the evening thus spent together, the hours of which only flew by too rapidly among social chat, viewing the numerous and rich presents, partaking of an excellent supper and promenading about the grounds. And then finally about 3 o'clock in the morning the time came for separation, Miss Bessie Means Seaton bidding farewell to the home of her childhood and maidenhood, leaving her fond parents' for her young husband's home, amid the loving wishes of all.

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From the Marietta Register.

HILDRETH.—In this city, Sunday morning, 21st inst., of fever, Mrs. RHODA HILDRETH, widow of the late Dr. S. P. Hildreth, in her 83d year.

June 21, 1868.
Mrs. Hildreth was born in New Bedford, Mass., Aug. 23, 1785. She was the daughter of Capt. Pardon Cook, and came to Ohio with her mother, then a widow, who took up her residence in Belpre, in 1804. Aug. 19, 1807, she was married to Dr. Hildreth, then a young physician boarding in her mother's family, who came from Massachusetts, the year before. In March, 1808, they removed to Marietta, and ever after resided here. Dr. Hildreth died, July 24, 1863, in his 80th year. Their marriage relation lasted within a month of fifty-six years, and probably never was marred with a single unkind word, much less unkind word. Theirs was a useful and well-spent life, culminating in happy old age and peaceful death—both departing with the highest respect, carried through long years, of a large circle of friends. Mrs. Hildreth became a member of the Congregational Church, in 1816, and at her death was the oldest surviving member, except Mrs. Martha Robbins, who became a member, in 1816. She was a true lady, an intelligent woman, a perfect wife, a kind mother, a good neighbor, a sincere friend, and a consistent Christian.

Deaths.

Dec. 21, 1878.
MEANS.—In this city on the 15th inst., Willie W. Means, son of Hugh and Amanda Means, of consumption, in his 21st year.

Mother Earth has given rest in her bosom to all that was mortal of dear Willie Means, while his sainted spirit has ascended to his Heavenly home, to enjoy the fruits of his faith and love in the full fruition of an immortal life. The human mind, unable to solve the mysteries of Providence, is often filled with wonder that one so intelligent, so pure and lovely in his character, so kind and gentle in his demeanor, so full of promise for future good; with so much of Christ's grace and so fit to live, should become the victim of disease and death, while so many worthless characters are left to spend a long and useless life of sin and shame. But how reasonable that God should take to himself those best were better prepared by divine grace to appear "with the great multitude that stand before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed in white robes, and with palms in their hands." In all his social duties, as a child at home, a student at the Academy or College, or as a friend and companion, he was a model of Christian grace and true excellence. He was a constant reader, and young, he had become a highly intelligent Christian, and was well informed upon almost every important subject of national interest. But his frail tabernacle of earth has been dissolved, and his unfettered spirit, purified in the blood of the Lamb, has ascended to that glorious abode, "not far from the Lord." As his earthly vision became dim, and his loved friends around him faded from his sight, the dawn of the sun of righteousness seemed to brighten before him, and his abiding trust in his Savior's love sustained him as he passed "the dark valley and shadow of death," to enter the celestial City, in the Kingdom of God, and to join the Heavenly Choir in the rapturous song of redeeming love. Though so many tender cords are broken, and so many stricken hearts are bowed in anguish, yet remember, dear parents and sisters and brother and friends, that "earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal." Heaven is filling with the dear ones of earth; you, too, will soon pass up higher, and all together will be ever present with God and the Lamb. "Blessed are they who die in the Lord; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works to them."

W. W. R.

July 19 OBITUARY, 1879

Once more the Angel of Death has stretched his hand over our town and snatched from our midst one of our most promising young men. This time it was Henry Russell, who died July 19th, aged nearly twenty-two years. He went away from us in the morning of manhood. Scarcely had the sun of life risen to the horizon of time ere it set in the night of eternity. When the news of his death went forth men told it with bated breath to startled faces and sorrowful hearts. He was a young man possessed of many noble qualities both of head and heart. A bright future, full of promise and sanguine hope, was spread out before him. Alas! how fleeting are all earthly hopes. The pride of a father's heart and a mother's tender love, his untimely death has made a wound in that stricken household time will never heal.

No more will his manly form and cheerful face be seen around the family board. Their fond hearts will ever mourn for the beloved dead. Nor will they be alone in their grief; others who knew him well and loved him much will miss him too—many a circle of social friends will breathe his name with affection and drop a tear to his memory. He was ever generous and brave, kind and gentle in his ways. The ways of God are mysterious and to us unknown. Why he should be taken and many unworthy ones be left is all mystery. We only know that "He doth all things well." Sooner or later death comes to us all. The old, muddled aged, and young submit to the same imperious stroke.

"The boast of heraldry and the pomp of power,
All that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

If in this life only we had hope, death would be sad indeed. There is a life beyond, changeless and eternal, where the soul, untrammelled by clay, basks in the sunshine of immortality forever, free from all the pains and sorrows that perplex and annoy us here.

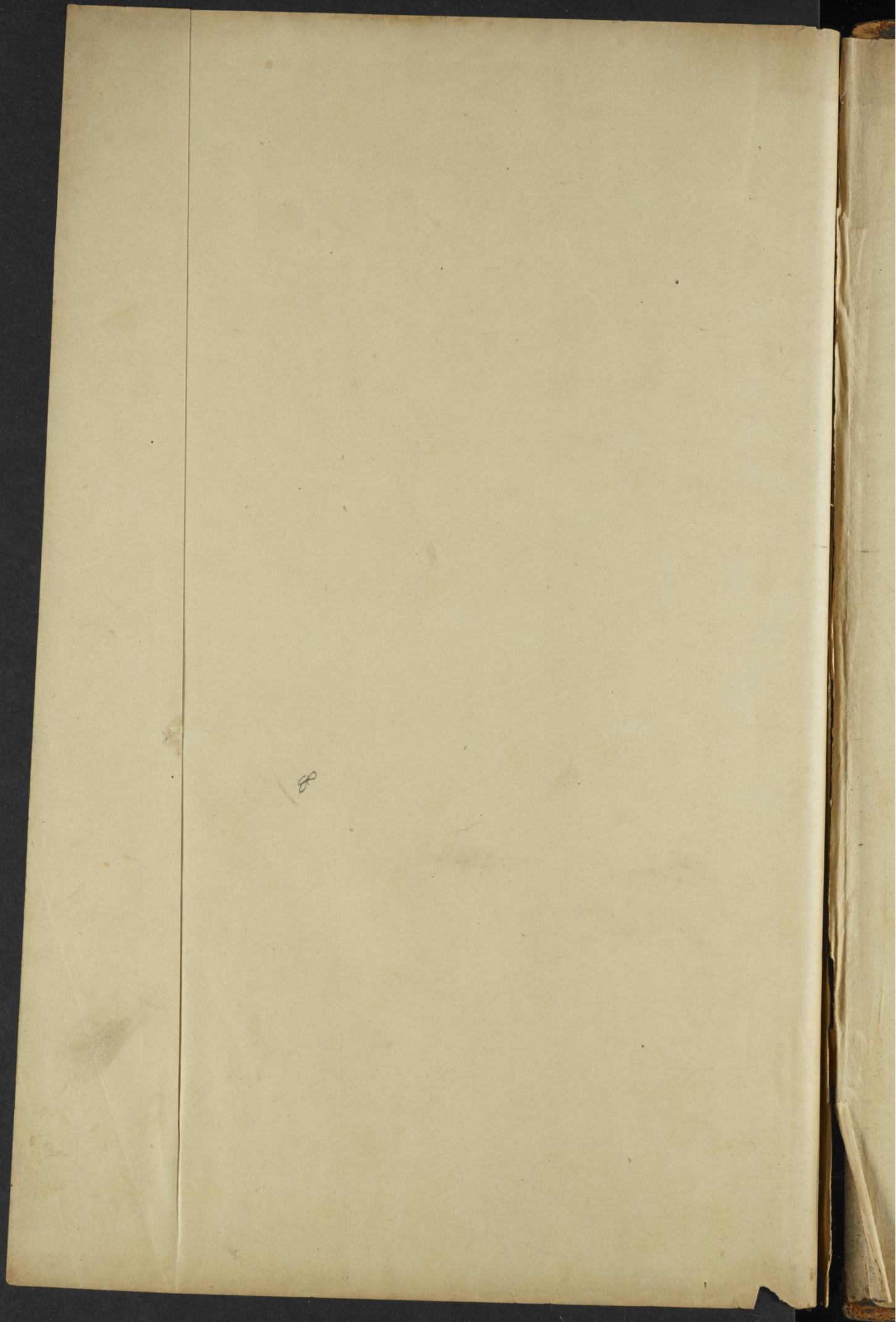
"The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The soul immortal as its sire,
Shall never die."

S.

WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER.

THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1880.





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Book

History

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