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## THE REVIEW.

—BY—  
LUSE & BERRY.

## OBSERVATIONS.

Let us all join in and say "long live the President!" just the same as if Grover Cleveland was to fill a second term. Gen. Harrison is now the people's President and we hope he will be the man to fill the office for their good.

It was only a short time ago that the republicans held on to the county post office like grim death, and they felt insulted if anyone dared to talk in their presence of their removal. Things have changed now, and they want the democrats thrown out bright and early Monday morning, some even going so far as to write the obituary of their opponents before the funeral.

It was one of Montgomery county's best physicians, an honored man, and not a democrat either, who said to a REVIEW man this week that he hoped of the arrests made for crooked work during the election, if any of them were guilty, they would have to suffer the full extent of the law. This should be the unanimous verdict of all irrespective of party affiliations. If they buy votes they should suffer for it, for if there is anything on this earth that a true citizen should pride it should be the purity of the ballot box, an honest election and an honest count.

There is no need to fear of Montgomery county not getting her share of office seekers. In fact from present indications she will not want the earth but one or two of the stars. To begin with there is Gen. Wallace who has flopped into such political popularity that he went from a presidential candidate to a defeated aspirant as delegate to the national convention. Wallace wants to be Minister to the Court of St. James; we give it to him. Frank Dice will take anything from the Gulf of Mexico to Sugar Creek. John Burford, who did it with his little schemes, is after something, but the Lord only knows what. Mike White should have the post office, is deserving, but we will bet our reputation (value two cents) that he will never get it. Fact is he is too honest as a politician. Billy Brush has a finger in the pie for either himself or friend Dickey. Each post office in the county has no less than ten applicants, and many of the spring chickens, who were just hatched in time for the last election, want positions for from \$600 to \$3,000 annually. Go it, boys, and God pity the man who gets left.

## Compulsory Education.

RECENTLY I saw in the REVIEW where the teachers of Clinton county ask for legislation to compel children from the age of six to sixteen years to attend school. Now I would be in favor of a compulsory school law, but it is to be hoped that all future legislators will know better what is good for children than to compel them to go to school at the age of six years. No child should go to school at that age unless it is going to play instead of learn. Many a child is destined to be a poor scholar by being confined in school to hang his head over a book when it ought to be at home playing. It is a sad fact that too many children have their health impaired in the school room when they ought to have plenty of fresh air and exercise. I have one child, and she is six years old, than to be informed that I had to load her with books and send her to school. I would look around for the shot-gun about that time. People who don't know any better than to compel a child of six years to be shut up in the school room and nurse books all day for six or eight months in the year ought not to figure in legislation at all. The first thing that is done with children in this country is to paralyze their minds and constitutions in the school room. If they had asked for legislation to compel children to go to school from nine to sixteen and not allow them to go before that it would have been better. To take ten years in giving a child a common school education is murderous on the child and a waste of time and money. I have always claimed that a compulsory attendance at school, beginning at ten and ending at fifteen, was long enough for law to control a child's education, and that is long enough to give any child a common school education. Not long since I heard of a man in a neighboring county who gave his children all a fair education. He began with some of them at six and some at ten years of age, and those he started at ten made the best scholars, and it is very probable that they would make the best success through life, with other advantages being equal. JAKE.

## A Thin Dodge

On the night of the 26th, about 8 o'clock, the republican pole at New Richmond was sawed down by parties as yet not known. Enough is known to say that republicans did the deed themselves, and it is a plain case, for the next morning a certain republican, bright and early had his petition out soliciting signers for the post office there. They thought by sawing the pole down they would cause hard feelings and make republicans mad at the democrats and by that nefarious scheme get signers to their petition. Your dodge is too thin and will not work. People know of your dirty schemes heretofore and will not bite. The post office has been conducted the last four years in a manner that has pleased all people, both democrats and republicans. Saw all the poles down you please but don't lay the dirty work on democrats.  
ONE WHO KNOWS.

## The Juries.

The following are the names of the men who will compose the next grand and petit juries.

GRAND.—Jos. Grubb, Perry Sanders, John Remley, Union; J. W. Hanna, Brown; David Thewlis, Madison; J. G. Johnson, Walnut.  
PETIT.—R. E. Lafollett, Scott; Daniel Curtis and T. W. Foster, Coal Creek; J. W. Hall Madison; P. S. Gott and W. R. Fran, Brown; Jerre Harlow, Wayne; J. N. Davidson, Benj. Oliver, James Hutchison Brook Thomas and Aaron Nutt, Union.

## Declamation Contest.

The county contest in declamation to be held on the evening of the third Saturday in April, will be graded on the following points, on a scale of 100, viz.: pronunciation, articulation, gestulation and expression.

## FOLDED HANDS.

Pale, withered hands, that more than four score years Had wrought for others; soothed the hurt of tears, Rocked children's cradles, eased the fever's smart, Dropped balms of love in many an aching heart. Now, stricken, folded, like worn rose leaves pressed, Above the snow and silence of her breast; In mute appeal they told of labors done, And well earned rest that came at set of sun.

From the worn brow the lines of care had swept As if an angel's kiss, the while she slept. Had smoothed the creases wrinkles quite away, And given back the peace of childhood's day. And on the lips the faint smile almost said: "None knows life's secret but the happy dead." So gazing where she lay we knew that pain And parting could not cleave her soul again.

And we were sure that they who saw her last In that dim vista which we call the past, Who never knew her old and laid aside, Remembering best the maiden and the bride, Had sprung to greet her with the olden speech, The dear sweet names no later lore can teach, And Welcome Home they cried, and grasped her hands: So welled the mother in the bed of tears.  
—Margaret E. Songster in Christian Intelligencer.

## A MOORLAND MAID.

Louis De Mornay was the name of a young Cuban who had lately fallen heir to a large estate. A hunting lodge in Scotland was his favorite home, and he was going out on a hunting expedition alone and unattended. One night, while lost on the moors, he received shelter from a farmer named McGregor, and there saw for the first time the woman who was to sway his destiny.

Marion was just budding into perfect womanhood and beautiful as a dream. The young Cuban fell in love with her at once, and from that time he was a frequent visitor at the McGregor cottage.

De Mornay did not tell Marion of his love, but spoke first privately to her father, willing to abide by the old Scot's decision. McGregor might have felt proud of gaining such a son-in-law, but Marion was all he had in the world.

"My daughter must marry in her own station when the time comes," he said firmly. "You do us honor by your proposal, but the time will come when you will see the folly of such an unseemly union."

De Mornay, true to his word, departed without seeing Marion, and from that day she drooped like a flower in the sun.

"I hope you are not moping about that chap who went away," said McGregor, coming upon his daughter one day in tears; "put him out of your thoughts, Jakes, for he'll never come back. I sent him quick enough about his business."

A sudden joy kindled her pale face.

"Oh, father, did he ask for me? Then heaven be praised! I read his looks and acts aright. Oh," said she, sinking down upon her knees and catching her father's horny hand and kissing it, "I had lost my faith in human nature and you have given it back. Bless you for it. Oh, father, if that face could tell a false story, then the angels themselves would be untrue."

"Calm yourself, Marion," interrupted her father sternly. "Did you not hear me? It's all at an end. You cannot be his bride. It would be like the mating of a crow and a dove."

"I care not, so he loves me," murmured Marion, softly. "Hear my vow," she said, suddenly, and again she sank upon her knees, and raised her pure, childlike, but resolute face to his. "I will never marry Louis de Mornay without your consent, but I will love him my life long, and die a maid for his sake if I cannot be his wife."

It was too late to check her. The vow was taken and would be kept. The strict old father himself would not have dared to ask her to break it.

Matters went on about the same at the farm. Several years passed by, during which Louis was constantly changing his location, as, indeed, it was necessary for him to do to give personal supervision to his various estates.

During this period of unmitigated prosperity to the wealthy young land owner, Farmer McGregor had been gradually but surely going down in the world. A succession of bad crops, a disease among his fine Durhams, until scarcely a poor half dozen was left of his fine herd, and a murrain which proved fatal to the sheep left him at last in a very straitened condition.

Still he had managed to get his rent money together. The pay day was near and the farmer had put the hardly earned money in a leathern wallet preparatory to a start.

"Well, wife, he said, with a sigh, "here's pay for last year. It's main doubtful, though, where the next will come from."

"Keep up, Duncan," was her cheerful answer. "It's all for the best, though one cannot always ken why."

So he started away to the laird's country seat on his stout cob without weapon of defense, for it was a peaceful country and he had no fear of molestation.

But his journey was not half over, when in some lonely woods through which the road ran an escaped convict seized his opportunity and struck him senseless from his horse, rifled his pockets, and mounting, rode rapidly away with his plunder.

About half an hour later he was found by the gamekeeper of an adjoining estate and taken at once to the laird's house and cared for. The master was away, but the housekeeper was kind and efficient, and under her good offices he soon came to consciousness, but not to the ability to help himself. One blow had fallen upon his shoulder, and it proved to be dislocated. There was no alternative but to remain perhaps for weeks, so Marion was sent for. The day after the young proprietor arrived also. The housekeeper told him at once of his strange guests, and hastened to assure them of his cordial welcome.

As he entered the room Marion rose from beside her father's bedside, and after one surprised glance, held out her hand, her eyes shining like twin stars. It was Louis De Mornay.

His face brightened with a sudden light as he went forward. Taking her two tender hands within his own he turned to the old father.

"See," he said gravely, "it is the will

of God that you should give me Marion for my very own. Her steps have been led to my roof tree by the hand of fate. She is to me the most precious treasure in the world. Will you not give her to me?"

The old man looked up into the dark, earnest face. Its expression of sincerity and kindness could not be misunderstood, and in spite of himself he became for the first time conscious of his noble, manly beauty.

At last he reached out a trembling hand and placed it upon Marion's bright head.

"Take her," he said hoarsely. "It is God's will and the lass loves you. I'm not sure if I would give her up, but the poor bairn might soon be without a sheltering roof tree. The world's not gone well with me of late, young man."

"That is because you slighted love, and the little tyrant is angry," said Louis, playfully, as he turned, and looked questioningly into Marion's blushing face.

"Little one, is it true? Do you love me? Look up and tell me."

She tried to raise her blue eyes to meet his, but their radiance was too powerful. Her sweet lips trembled, but before the words came they were drowned in a shower of kisses.

Thus they were betrothed.—Nebraska State Journal.

## No Corsets for Girls.

I can point out many ladies of my acquaintance who have never worn corsets, and who neither look limp nor stoop; in fact, I have been particularly struck with the erectness of their carriage. My mother, who is near 60 years of age, is much straighter in the back and shoulders than most of the young ladies whom I know. She never leans back in a chair, and does not appear to need any artificial support whatever. She has never worn corsets for an hour. My opinion is that when a person commences to wear corsets, she is far more inclined to stoop than before, and as to the figure, the one without corsets is far more graceful and pleasing to the eye than the hard, bony looking structure we so often meet.

I am very glad the outcry against this article of dress is becoming so decided, and I hope much good will be the result. To put children and growing girls into corsets is simply outrageous. All the young muscles, so delicate and beautiful, should have full play to develop healthily as nature intends them, and not be crushed and confined as they must be even by the most innocent description of corsets. The more room these growing muscles have, the less deformity there will be, for nature in her healthy development never deforms. Let us allow natural growth, and we shall have healthy and vigorous bodies.—English Correspondent.

## Her Kind of Faith.

There, for instance, is that story of the German old maid who had petitioned the authorities to remove a great hill from in front of her house, in order that she might get an unobstructed view of the river Rhine. The authorities were disbelieving and pig headed, and wouldn't move the hill. The old maid pleaded, but quite in vain. But she was a pious, Bible reading woman, and a lineal descendant of Martin Luther into the bargain. She remembered the text about the faith that can move mountains, and she resolved to try it on the great, troublesome hill that cut off her view of the beautiful Rhine. She decided upon a night of prayer that the mountain might be removed, with implicit confidence that her prayer would be answered. All night long she wrestled, like Jacob of old. What ecstasies of devotion she passed through no one may know, and to speculate upon them would be profanation. In the morning she rose, with radiant countenance, confidently drew the curtain of her window that looked toward the mountain, staggered back with apparent surprise and exclaimed, "Oond dere it slands, shoost as I expected!"—Boston Transcript.

## A Warm Blooded Empress.

It is said that Queen Victoria is so fond of fresh air that she is in the habit of sleeping with open windows even in the dead of winter, and that during the day time her apartments at Windsor Castle are so cold that her attendants and visitors are almost frozen. The Empress Maria Theresa of Austria was more peculiar in this respect. Her apartments were very rarely heated. She exposed herself to draughts without falling a victim to rheumatism. Her writing table, even in winter, was close to the open window, and the falling snow often drifted into the apartment and fell on the paper on which she wrote. It frequently happened that the hands of the hairdresser were partly frozen while attending to her majesty's coiffure, and that the ladies surrounding her august person literally trembled with cold.—New York Graphic.

## To Save Time.

Anything to save time is New York's motto. The newest thing is a shop where men and women may have their shoes mended while they wait. Customers see the latest shoemaking machinery in the window, and behind the machines a row of lasts at which men prepare the work for the machines. A woman goes in, has her shoes taken off, put on the lasts, trimmed of all tatters and shreds, fitted with new heels and soles, put into a sewing or mending machine and made good as new almost half as quickly as it has taken to write these words. Patching is the only work that is done in the old fashioned way. Entire new shoes are made to order by the pair in two hours.—Detroit Free Press.

## Getting Things Fixed.

The general density of what are called our best society circles on points of American literature is illustrated by the personal experience of a lady recently, to whom a young "dude" spoke of "that fellow Stockbridge, you know, who writes those funny things." Repeating this tribute to another group, from whom she hoped to gain a smile, the hostess was met with, "Oh, yes; Stockton, he meant—the one that wrote 'The Tiger and the Lily'—didn't he?"—Critic.

## ZOA-PHORA.

## ZOA-PHORA,

—WOMAN'S FRIEND.

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## Nothing to Offer.

Managing Editor—You're pretty young, Mr. Dobler, but as our criminal reporter has just left us I'm willing to give you a trial in his place.

Applicant (haughtily)—Excuse me, but I'm not inclined to look favorably upon such an offer, sir. My line of writing has been quite above work of that kind.

Managing Editor—Indeed! What line of writing has yours been, Mr. Dobler?

Applicant (proudly)—I have edited our College of Journalism paper for the last two years, sir.

Managing Editor—Ah, I see; but I'm sorry that I've nothing at present to offer you commensurate with your ability and experience, Mr. Dobler, as both our janitor and his assistant are giving entire satisfaction.—Detroit Free Press.

## A Standing Query.

"How is it," asks Thackeray, on one of his most characteristic pages, "that the evil which men say spreads so widely and lasts so long, whilst our good, kind words don't seem somehow to take root and bear blossoms? Certain it is that scandal is good brisk talk, whereas praise of one's neighbor is by no means lively hearing. An acquaintance grilled, scorched, deviled and served with mustard and cayenne pepper, excites the appetite; whereas a slice of cold friend, with currant jelly, is but a sickly, unrelishing meat."

## A Duke's Orchids.

The facts about the Blenheim orchids are as follows: The duke has about 40,000 plants of one sort and another, but he manages his houses on business principles, and whenever a rare flower turns up among the imported specimens he sells it. He never gives 50 guineas or anything like that sum for a plant, but he sold one the other day for 100 guineas to Mr. Sanders, the famous dealer. It need hardly be said that the value of the collection is a trifle under £2,000,000—the preposterous estimate put upon it by some adulated scribblers.—London Truth.

Missouri is the only state in the Union that makes no provision for her militia. In 1886 there were seven regiments in the state, while now there are but two, numbering 1,800 men.

Clara Louise Wells, of Naples, Italy, has taken out a patent for improvements in the method of obtaining fresh from salt water, for supplying towns and other purposes.

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## HONEST

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We never go back on it. It has always been our standard. Do you want to come under its folds?

Doing otherwise, we will haul down our colors. Trade with us, cultivate our acquaintance and you will find that we can save you money upon your

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