The Republican.

PUBLISHED THURSDAYS BY

J. W. SIDERS & CO.,

PLYMOUTH, IND.

OFFICE:—Cor. Michigan & Laporte Sts.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy one year, in advance.....$2. 00
One copy six months, in advance.....$1. 00
One copy three months, in advance,... 50.

The Plymouth Republican.

VOLUME 23. PLYMOUTH, INDIANA, THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1879. NUMBER 4.

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T. A. BORTON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Office in Post Office Block. Dwelling on East Side South Michigan Street,
PLYMOUTH, INDIANA.

Dr. J. M. JENNINGS.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office with Dr. N. Sherman over Lauer's Store, on Michigan street, Plymouth, Ind. Residence on Center street, opposite Catholic church. [nov1-6m*

AMASA JOHNSON
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Prompt attention given to collections, settlement of decedents' estates and guardianships, deeds, mortgages, and other contracts drawn up and acknowledgments taken. Office over Beck & Toan's Hardware Store.

P. O. JONES,
Attorney at Law & Notary Public.
Prompt attention given to all claims and collections left in his care. Office in corner of Sear's brick block, Plymouth Ind.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW. Located in 1846. Collections and conveyancing a specialty. Buys and sells real estate on commission. Insures lives and property in A. 1 companies. Desirable real estate for sale in the city and adjoining. Nov1-75

DR I. BOWER.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, will be pleased to receive patients at his office, No. 61 Michigan street, where he may be found at all times, except when professionally absent, his residence being at the same place.
July 1st, 1876. 6m

Wm. N. BAILEY, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. Thirty years practice. Graduate of two Medical colleges, and six years Surgeon in the army of the U. S. (vol. serv.) Can compete successfully with any quack in the United States. Thankful for past favors, is still in regular practice, and only requires to be better known to have an extensive one. Office in Sears' new brick, cor. of Michigan and LaPorte streets.
Plymouth, In., July 1st, 1876. 1y

J. O., S. D. & J. W. PARKS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Notaries Public and Authorized War Claim Agents; Offices at Bourbon and Plymouth, Indiana. Especial attention given to the settlement of decedents Estates, Conveyancing, and the collection of Soldiers' Claims for Pensions; will attend promptly to all professional business entrusted to them, and practice in Marshall and adjoining counties. Plymouth office on Gano street between Michigan and Center streets. Bourbon office [illegible] office, 25tf

C. R. CHANEY
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Will practice in all the courts in the state. Office in Wheeler's block, over Becker & Wolf's dry goods store, Plymouth, Ind. aug1-1yr

MRS. E. W. DUNLAP,
HOMEOPATHIC Physician and Dentist, and Dr. J. A. Dunlap, regular physician and surgeon, respectfully offer their services to the public. Office in Corbin's block; residence on East Gano street.

WILLIAM NESS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Plymouth, Indiana. jan1y1

JOHN S. BENDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC,
BALCONY BLOCK. - - - - - PLYMOUTH, IND.
Especial attention given to the settlement of estates, and partition of lands also the collection of claims and foreclosure of mortgages. Remittances prompt. 1yn1

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Attorneys & Counselors
AT LAW.
REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
OFFICE—A. L. WHEELER'S BLOCK,
vs PLYOUTH, IND.

J. B. N. KLINGER,
Notary Public, Conveyancer, Examiner of Titles and Civil Engineer,
Will furnish a complete Abstract of Titles to lands in Marshall county, Ind. Office at his residence, on Madison street, north of Court House square.
PLYMOUTH, INDIANA.

W. H. MERSHON,
Teacher of
Vocal and Instrumental Music.
Will be in Plymouth every Monday and Tuesday. Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, voice culture and harmony. Leave orders at Chas. Whitmore's music room. [nov6-3m

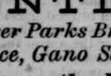
DENTISTS.

F. M. BURKET,

Dentist, Office over A. Becker's grocery, opposite Post Office. All work warranted to give entire satisfaction in every respects. Diseases of the mouth and teeth successfully treated. Teeth extracted without pain by the use of nitrous oxide gas. Consultation free. All work warranted. I am in
Bourbon Tuesday and Wednesday of Each Week.
DR. A. C. HUME,

DENTIST!
Office in Second story, Post Office Building
Teeth from one only, to a full set, so cheap that the rich and poor can all
GET THEM.
Preservation of the Natural Teeth
A SPECIALITY.

C. C. DURR,



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Office over Parks Bros.' Law Office, Gano Street.
Plymouth, Ind.
ynov14

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Milwaukee
BOTTLED
LAGER BEER!
Having taken the agency of the above celebrated Bottled Lager Beer, I can furnish it for
$1.25 per Dozen Bottles
and deliver at any part of the city.
nov 7 3m MAX RUGE.

PATENT MEDICINES.

45 Years Before the Public.
THE CENUINE
DR. C. McLANE'S
CELEBRATED
LIVER PILLS,
FOR THE CURE OF
Hepatitis, or Liver Complaint,
DYSPEPSIA AND SICK HEADACHE.

Symptoms of a Diseased Liver.

PAIN in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increases on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder blade, and it frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness; the bowels in general are costive, sometimes alternative with lax; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight, dry cough is sometimes an attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled, his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low; and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred where few of them existed, yet examination of the body, after death, has shown the LIVER to have been extensively deranged.

AGUE AND FEVER.

DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, IN CASES OF AGUE AND FEVER, when taken with Quinine, are productive of the most happy results. No better cathartic can be used, preparatory to, or after taking Quinine. We would advise all who are afflicted with this disease to give them a FAIR TRIAL.

For all bilious derangements, and as a simple purgative, they are unequaled.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

The genuine are never sugar coated.

Every box has a red wax seal on the lid, with the impression DR. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS.

The genuine McLANE'S LIVER PILLS bear the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS. on the wrappers.

Insist upon having the genuine DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, prepared by Fleming Bros., of Pittsburgh, Pa., the market being full of imitations of the name *McLane*, spelled differently but same pronunciation.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE NEW YORK SUN FOR 1879.

THE SUN will be printed every day during the year to come. It is purpose and method will be the same as in the past: To present all the news in a readable shape, and to tell the truth though the heavens fall.

THE SUN has been is, and will continue to be independent of everybody and everything save the Truth and its own convictions of duty. That is the only policy which an honest newspaper need have. That is the policy which has won for this newspaper the confidence and friendship of a wider constituency than was ever enjoyed by any other American journal.

THE SUN is the newspaper of the people. It is not for the rich man against the poor man, or for the poor man against the rich man, but it seeks to do equal justice to all interests in the community. It is not the organ of any person, class, sect, or party. There need be no mystery about its loves and hates. It is for the honest man against the rogues everytime. It is for the honest Democrat as against the dishonest Republican, and for the honest Republican as against the dishonest Democrat. It does not take its cues from the utterances of any politician or political organization. It gives its support unreservedly when men or measures are in agreement with the Constitution and with the principles upon which this republic was founded for the people. Whenever the Constitution and constitutional principles are violated—as in the outrageous conspiracy of 1876, by which a man not elected was placed in the President's office, where he still remains—it speaks out for the right. That is THE SUN'S idea of independence. In this respect there will be no change in its programme for 1879.

THE SUN has fairly earned the hearty hatred of rascals, frauds, and humbugs of all sorts and sizes. It hopes to deserve that hatred not less in the year 1879 than in 1877-78, or any year gone by. THE SUN is printed for the men and women of to-day, whose concern is chiefly with the affairs of to-day. It has both the disposition and the ability to afford its readers the promptest, fullest and most accurate intelligence of whatever in the wide world is worth attention. To this end the resources belonging to well-established prosperity will be liberally employed.

The present disjointed condition of parties in this country, and the uncertainty of the future, lend an extraordinary significance to the events of the coming year. To present with accuracy and clearness the exact situation in each of its varying phases, and to expound, according to its well-known methods, the principles that should guide us through the labyrinth, will be an important part of THE SUN'S work for 1879.

We have the means of making THE SUN, as a political, a literary, and a general newspaper, more entertaining and more useful than ever before; and we mean to apply them freely.

Our rates of subscription remain unchanged. For the DAILY SUN, a four-page sheet of twenty-eight columns, the price by mail, postpaid, is 55 cents a month, or $6.50 a year; or including the Sunday paper, an 8½-page sheet of fifty-six columns, the price is 65 cents a month, or $7.70 a year, postage paid.

The Sunday edition of THE SUN is also furnished separately at $1.20 a year, postage paid. The SUNDAY SUN, in addition to the current news, presents a most entertaining and instructive body of literary and miscellaneous matter, in bulk twice as great and in value not inferior to that of the best monthly magazines of the day, at one tenth of their cost.

The WEEKLY SUN is especially adapted for those who do not take a New York daily paper. The news of the week is fully presented, its market reports are furnished to the latest moment, and its agricultural department, edited with great care and ability, is unsurpassed. The WEEKLY SUN is probably read to-day by more farmers than any other paper published. A choice story, with other carefully prepared miscellany, appears in each issue. The Weekly protects its readers by barring its advertising columns against frauds and humbugs, and furnishes more good matter for less money than can be obtained from any other source.

The price of the WEEKLY SUN, eight pages, fifty-six columns, is $1 a year, postage paid. For clubs of ten sending $10 we will send an extra copy free.

Address, I. W. ENGLAND,
Publisher of THE SUN, New York City.

STANLEY IN AFRICA
Best Edition for Ag'ts
A Most Exciting, fascinating and absorbing book of thrilling adventures. A complete record of the great explorations in the Dark Continent, and marvelous journey down the Congo, by HENRY M. STANLEY. No other edition can compare with it for attractiveness and cheapness.
AGENTS WANTED to send for full particulars and AGENTS WANTED be convinced; or to save time send 50 cents at once for canvassing book, and state choice of townships. Promptly Forwarded. Over 700 pages. Price, only $1.25. Address.
FORDHEE & McMAKIN,
188 West Fifth Street, Cincinnati, O.

Maxinkuckee.

[NOTE.—J. C. Burnett, in *Forest and Stream*, gives the following description of Marshall county's beautiful lake.]

Ah, here is a scene for a painter—
A gleaming and glorided lake,
With its framing of forest and prairie,
And its etchings of thicket and brake;
With its grandeur and boldness of headland,
Where the oaks and the tamaracs grow
A-leagne with the sunlight of heaven,
And the spirit-like shadows below.

Where the swallows skim over the surface,
And quaff as they touch the clear wave;
Where the robins seek out the cool waters,
And warily venture to lave;
Where the sandpiper toys with the splashes,
And whistles his passionate not,
And the water-bugs sail like a navy
Of fairies for battle afloat.

Where the blackbirds go noisily over,
And the mallards wings rapidly by;
And the heron that flies like a snowflake
Comes down from the clouds in the sky;
Where the bobolink lights on the flag-blade,
And so proudly and prettily sings,
Or watches askance the swift minnow
That out of its element springs.

Where the lilies a-bloom on the surface,
Held down by the cable-like stems,
And the tints of the of the bright cardinalis have the semblance of loveliest gems;
Were the mosses in festoons are hanging
In the richest of fashion and fold,
To decorate submarine dwellings
O'er pavements of amber and gold.

Where the soul of the mortal may worship
In the freedom of unwritten creeds,
Hearing many and joyous responses
In the music that comes from the reeds;
And where in my fancy I've pictured
A temple that's builded so high,
It reaches in grandest proportions
From the beautiful lake to the sky.

The First American Flag.

Aside from the honor and glory which cluster about the American flag, associated as it is with unsurpassed heroism and noble deeds, it has another virtue. By unanimous voice of the world, it has been declared unexcelled in its beauty. "The banner of beauty and glory," "The star-spangled banner," "The broad stripes and bright stars," "The red, white, and blue," have been the themes of the poet, as well as the inspiration of the noble men who have carried them in the conflict against oppression and for the rights of man. We have no fears that there is any danger of Americans becoming vain or over-enthusiastic in their love and veneration for the flag. If it were possible we would excite in the minds of the young American a ten-fol greater love for this banner of beauty." We would infuse such a spirit of devotion to it as would hail its unfolding upon all national holidays with shouts of welcome, or inspire the populace to stand uncovered when, tattered and torn, it returns from the conflict. It is just what young America needs to-day, more love of country, a deeper devotion "for the flag." We have got to be such a nation of growlers and cynics that we are often in danger of forgetting that this emblem of our country floats over what, in spite of its imperfections, is yet the best and happiest land that the world affords. Not that it has no foul spots, but that it offers the opportunity for, and has under the protection of its banner, more happy homes and less sorrowing ones than any nation of the earth. "The History of the First flag," though often told more or less minutely, still possesses an interest, and especially to younger readers. Col. J. F. Reigart, of Harrisburg, Pa., has just written a concise little account of it, and from his sketch we gain many interesting facts. There is a certain romance connected with the emblem, from the fact that it was designed and first made by a patriotic woman. Miss Elizabeth Griscom was born in Philadelphia in 1742. In 1762 she married John Ross, a merchant of that city. She was known in Philadelphia as being the most ingenious and finest embroiderer in the city. She delighted in her art, and the most costly satins and velvets were imported to her orders, upon which she displayed her marvelous skill. She called to her aid her sisters, daughters, and nieces, so that at least a dozen were thus constantly engaged in this class of work, and many relics are yet preserved as souvenirs by the descendants of the old families. Among those upon her list of visitors were George Washington, General Hand, Thomas Mifflin and Governor Morris. She adorned the halls of the Continental Congress, and the Governor's reception room. She designed and made the streamers for Caleb and Thomas Cope's packet ships, of red, white and blue. At the request of Dr. Franklin, Robert Morris, and Colonel George Ross, she designed and made the first flag of the United States, consisting of thirteen red and white stripes, a blue field as a square on the left and upper corner. Upon the blue field was a spread eagle, with thirteen stars, in a circle of rays of glory surrounding its head. This design, and another of a shield of red, white and blue on the breast of an eagle, holding in its talons an olive branch and thirteen arrows, and in its beak a scroll, with the motto, "*E Pluribus Unum*," was approved by the committee, and adopted by Congress, before the words, "United States of America" were legally used.

The country was at that time called Columbia, and the Congress was called "The Continental Congress of the North American Colonies;" nevertheless Betsy Ross worked upon her flag, in words of prophetic vision—"The United States of America." In 1775 Dr. Franklin, John Adams, and Thomas Jefferson were appointed a secret committee of Congress to prepare a flag and a seal. Upon the fourth day of July, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was signed and read. The Rev. Dr. Duche, Chaplain of Congress, offered prayer, and Betsy Ross' "Star Spangled Banner" passed from her keeping to the hands of the truest and bravest men of the nation, to be forever, it is hoped, an emblem of liberty and union. The red stripes were emblematical of fervency and zeal; the white of integrity and purity; the blue field, with stars of unity, power and glory. The number, thirteen, was to symbolize the thirteen original colonial States. In 1818 Congress passed an act adding a star upon the admission of each new State.

Such is a very brief synopsis of the history of our flag. "Our girls," as well as "our boys," may well admire the part this noble Quaker lady took in the grand work. She was a modest, plain Friend, who talked "thee" or "thou," and often was found bearing her public testimony among the peaceful worshipers of the society. She was also a marked woman in her devotion to the sick and wounded and suffering. She was every day a visitor of the hospitals of the Revolution, and the celebrated Dr. Rush styled her "the magical Quakeress." Knowing this history, one can even more fervently pray that heaven will bless the stars and stripes, and fervently hope that the "flag of beauty" may ever be carried aloft by true men, whose arms have power to crush wrong and defend the weak and helpless, and that it may be reverenced by the children as fervently as by the fathers and mothers, while it continues to symbolize the national flag of a free and happy people.—*Inter-Ocean.*

Major Andre.

A monument is to be erected to the memory of Major Andre, on the spot where he was hanged and buried, at Tappan, Rockland county. The dean of Westminister wrote an inscription for the monument during his recent visit. Cyrus W. Field is to bear the expense and Mr. Barton, the owner of the land, has donated twenty feet square and a right of way. Major Andre was buried here in 1780, but the body was removed in 1821 and buried in Westminister Abbey. Six persons now living witnessed the disinterment. A hundred years ago this Christmas the genial Andre was enjoying himself at balls and private theatricals in New York. The proposed monument will no doubt lead many to refresh their memories as to the details of the eventful night which brought him to the gallows as a spy; General Washington refusing his earnest prayer that he might be shot like a soldier, and a brave one as he was. The episode of his capture is perhaps chiefly remarkable as an instance of the loss of presence of mind. He had Benedict Arnold's pass and yet when Paulding and the others stopped him, and asked him on which side he was, he foolishly answered that he was on the king's side—a tory. Now had he, ignorant as he was of the party to which Paulding and his fellow-rustics belonged, answered that he was on the revolutionary side he would have been safe if his captors had proved to be Royalists, while Arnold's pass would have secured him from the search which led to the finding of the traitor's dispatches in his boots. But his answer aroused suspicion, being the contradictory of the credentials he showed. It is pleasant to find an American doing justice to his memory, for of course, from his standpoint, the Americans were not belligerents, but rebels. Perhaps no figure stands out in pleasanter relief among the royal officers of the revolutionary war than that of the genial, the brave, the cultivated and handsome Andre, in spite of his dealing with the Judas of American history, for which he paid the penalty of an untimely and ignominious death.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Scrap Book.

Everyone who takes a newspaper which he in the least degree appreciates will often regret to see any one number which contains some interesting and important articles, thrown aside for waste paper. A good way to preserve these is by the use of a scrap book. One who has never been accustomed thus to preserve short articles can hardly realize the pleasure it affords to sit down and turn over the pleasant, familiar pages. Here a piece of poetry meets the eye, which you would long since have lost had it not been for your scrap book; there is a witty anecdote—it does you good to laugh over it yet, although it may be for the twentieth time; next is a valuable recipe you had almost forgotten, and which you found just in time to save much perplexity; there is a sweet little story, the memory of which has cheered and encouraged you when almost ready to despair under the pressure of life's cares. Indeed, you can hardly take up a single paper without reperusing. Then hoard with care the precious gems, and see at the end of the year what a rich treasure you will have accumulated.

An engine has been built in Philadelphia for the A., T. & S. F. railroad that weighs 118,000 pounds—the heaviest locomotive ever constructed. Strangely enough, the wheels are made of paper, with steel tires.

KILLED BY HIS SISTER.

Romance Outrivaled in a Pennsylvania Farmer's Good and Ill-fortune.

[From the Johnstown Tribune.]

One of the saddest of tragedies was that on Friday evening, at the home of Mr. Richard Hothem, near Hillside, Westmoreland County, Pa. Mr. H. and his wife went away on a visit on Friday, leaving at home their son Joseph, aged 22, their daughter Mary, aged 19, and two other daughters, 9 and 11 years of age, respectively. In the evening Joseph attended a spelling "bee," cautioned his sister Mary, as he went away, to beware of tramps. At 9 o'clock he started for home, and, as he approached the house, the barking of the dogs alarmed his sisters, as Joseph was not expected back at so early an hour. It is probable the young man tried to test his sister Mary's courage, for he pulled his hat down over his face and otherwise disguised himself. When he was within a few rods of the house Mary appeared in the doorway and hailed him: "Is that you Joe?" But he did not answer, and continued to advance. The girl, now worked up to a high pitch of excitement, again hailed the advancing figure with, "Who are you?" Still no answer, and Mary shouted again, "Is that you, Joe?" and ran into the house and armed herself with a shotgun. Returning to the door she discovered, to her surprise, the strange man standing on the steps, and as soon as she appeared he advanced toward her. "Stop," she shouted, "stop, or I will shoot you!" He took another step, and at the same instant the girl raised the gun and fired, and he sank down on the porch, groaning, "Oh, my dear sister!" "Oh, my dear brother, I have killed you!" the poor girl screamed as she carried him into the house, where he soon died.

Richard Hothem, the father, is the man who, in 1861 or 1862, picked up a fortune on the railroad near his home. He was walking along the road and saw a folded newspaper, and on picking it up found inclosed $50,000 in bank notes. He took the package to an attorney and sought legal advice.

Advertisements were inserted in the newspapers throughout the country, in the hope of discovering the loser of the money, and for over a year a diligent search was made far and wide; but no one ever appeared to claim it, and Mr. Hothem eventually appropriated it to his own uses. A short time previous to the finding of the money a large express robbery had been prepetrated near Harper's Ferry, and it was the general belief that, being closely pressed by pursuers, the thieves had thrown the money from a car window, intending to return for it on the first opportunity of eluding the detectives.

A New England Romance.

The north shore of Massachusetts, from Boston to Newburyport, is pregnant with romances of the colonial days. Marblehead, at one time, was second only to Boston in commercial importance. Having occasion to visit this old town a few days since, I rode by St. Mary's church, which was built in 1741, and was pointed out the house on Front street which stands on the site of the house in which Agnes Surriage lived. When Sir William Shirley was Governor of Massachusetts, Sir Charles Henry Frankland, or Sir Harry, as he was called, was collector of the port of Boston. He was one of Cromwell's descendants, but that did not make him a very zealous puritan. He was a rich, handsome, gallant young fellow; and, to make a long story short, on one occasion he visited Marblehead, and there fell in love with a young girl, barefooted and clad as a servant, who was kneeling on the stairs, with a bucket of water by her, washing the staircase. Sir Harry was struck with the beauty of her form, and was still more astonished at the beauty of her face. She had no shoes, because she was too poor to buy shoes. Sir Harry gave her a silver crown-piece with which to buy her a pair, and went away. Agnes Surriage soon afterwards went to live with Sir Harry Frankland, as if he were her guardian and she his ward. He gave her the best education Boston had to offer. She became accomplished. Her father, meanwhile, had died. When Agnes became a woman Sir Harry loved her, but he did not marry her right away, because he was afraid to, as he was of a noble family in England, while his acquaintance here was aristocratic Boston. In 1754 Frankland was called home to England; he took his ward with him; his family and friends gave Agnes the cold shoulder. Sir Harry then made Lisbon, at that time the most luxurious capital in Europe, his home. In 1775 Lisbon was destroyed by an earthquake. Agnes Surriage was one of the living, and she found Sir Harry, who had gone out hunting, in the very peril of death. He regarded Agnes as his deliverer, and as soon as possible he sent her for a priest, having discarded his selfishness and weakness, and married Agnes. On arriving in England, they were married according to the form of the Church of England. Returning to America, Agnes Surriage, or rather Lord Frankland, lived in the handsomest house in Boston. In 1768 Sir Harry died in England, and Agnes returned to America, and died in 1783. There are servant girls still, but they are not like the Marblehead servant girl.—*Boston Letter to San Francisco Chronicle.*

Going to the City.

An aged correspodent gives the following "short history" of the family of one of his neighbors: "He had a family of three boys and three girls—all are now living and have families. One of the sons and one of the daughters went to Boston to seek their fortunes when they became of age, while the others remained and settled as farmers and farmers' wives within a few miles of the paternal roof. In their younger days the Boston couple would occasionally visit their old birth place, and by their fine clothes and a liberal display of jewelry, became almost the envy of us country boys—we inferring that Boston was a good place to get rich speedily. Twenty years have passed away—the boys and girls who settled down in Maine have fine, thrifty farms, well stocked, nice farm buildings, are out of debt, enjoy all the comforts of life, and, in fact, are what is known as 'well-to-do' families. Being in Boston a few months since, I called to see my old neighbors. They resided in hired tenement houses, in the fourth story, on a narrow and confined street, and complained of very dull times, with but little employment and small compensation for labor; and they informed me that were it not for the assistance received from their brothers and sisters in the country they could not make a living the present dull times."

There is no doubt that some persons from the country may prosper in the city. But they are not the class that waste their time in sight-seeing, their health in tight lacing, and their money in fine clothes and flash jewelry or in luxurious and expensive amusements.

The boy who is willing to perform as hard work and stick to it as many hours as he did on the farm, and who will dress as plainly as he did in the country, and who, in the midst of a thousand temptations can save his money as carefully as at home, may, under favorable circumstances, prosper in the city, and become influential and wealthy.

But if he goes to the city for easy work, short time, fine clothes and gay living, he will quite likely find himself at last where hundreds are today, without a home, a friend or a penny, and only anxious to get a place to work for bread to keep him from starving. "Blessed is the man who stays where he is."

Gems of Thought.

Trifles make perfection, but perfection itself is no trifle.

Men are like bugles—the more brass they contain, the farther you can hear them. Women are like flowers—the more modest and retiring they appear, the better you love them.

Evils in the journey of life are like the hills which alarm the traveler upon their road; they both appear great at a distance, but when we approach them we find that they are far less insurmountable than we had imagined.

Spare moments are like the gold-dust of time. Of all portions of our life, spare moments are the most fruitful in good or evil. They are the gaps through which temptations find the easiest access to the garden of the soul.

The best dowry to advance the marriage of your child with one who will render her happy, is that she have in her countenance sweetness and gentleness, in her speech wisdom, in her behavior modesty, and in her life virtue.

God has written on the flowers that sweeten the air—upon the breeze that rocks the flowers upon the stem—upon the rain drops that refresh the sprig of moss that lifts its head in the desert—upon its deep chambers—upon every penciled sheet that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun that warms and cheers millions of creatures which live in its light—upon all his works he has written: "None liveth for himself."

Doing the Thing to be Aimed at.

No matter how the problems of life may sometimes oppress us; no matter how inexplicable all this woe and agony in God's world may appear; no matter how impossible it may seem to justify God's ways to men—as if we puny folks could expect to do that!—one thing yet remains to us; to do the best we can. To be pure, to be helpful, to be just, to be righteous, is in any event the one thing to live for. As Charles Kingsley wrote to his young curate, just after "Essays and Reviews," appeared, "do what is right the best way you can, and wait to the end to know." No better prescription for doubt was ever written. Anyhow, everywhere, always; in the darkest hour, in the sorest distress, in the thickest mystery, this supreme duty and privilege is still ours—to do the best we know how.

Illinois Law in Early Days.

Judge Blodgett, of the United States Court, Chicago, tells of an occurrence, showing how the law was administered in the neighborhood where he lived in early days, in Illinois. It occured at Downer's Grove, in DuPage county. Pierce Downer was an early settler at this place. He was a man of considerable force of character, but of a some what turbulent disposition. In early days in this country, all kinds of farm produce were very cheap, and would scarcely pay for the raising.

One season Downer turned his attention pretty exclusively to corn and pork, alleging that the exclusive manufacture of lard oil that was likely to occur, would greatly advance the price of pork. This idea, in which many of his neighbors did not concur, was his constant hobby at all social gatherings. One day Downer's whole drove of hogs broke through the fence into his cornfield doing much damage to his corn. Downer pursued them, and after much difficulty and vexation, succeeded in getting them out.

Just as he was coming out of the field at the place where he made a gap in the fence for the escape of the hogs, he was accosted by an indolent and irritating neighbor, name Taylor, who stood leaning upon the fence with his chin resting on his folded arms, and who, it seems, had been all the time a witness to Downer's tribulation, which, being an opponent of the lard oil speculation, he had rather enjoyed, offering no assistance.

Viewing the dilapidated condition of the cornfield, said he, "There, Downer, what do you think now of your lard ile speculation!"

This exasperated Downer's already over vexed spirit to a point beyond endurance, he thereupon rushed upon Taylor with a stick he had used in chasing his hogs and gave him what in common speech is called a threshing. "There," says Downer, "that's what I think of it."

Taylor proceeded to John Walker, a neighboring justice of the peace, and had Downer arrested and brought up on a charge of assault and battery Walker heard the evidence of Taylor, after which he proceeded himself to cross-examine him, when the fact was disclosed that Taylor had been, during the whole time, an inactive spectator of Downer's tribulation. This gave Walker at a glance a pretty clear insight into the irritating circumstances. In summing up the case, says he, "I don't know what the law might be in other places, but the law of this court is, that if a man will stand by and see a drove of hogs in his neighbor's cornfield, and not offer to help him drive them out, he ought to be threshed."—*Haine's Legal Adviser.*

Spoiled his Piety.

Horace Greeley used to affirm that newspaper men were the most patient people, as a class, on earth; and he was not far from right, though there are times when patience ceases to be a virtue with the most enduring. Nearly everybody in Michigan knows Burr, who used to start a newspaper about once a month the year round, generally bringing them out in Grand Rapids, but sometimes making a flying trip to other points. Burr could stand to be told that he lied about circulation, was on the fence as a politician, and that he didn't know anything about publishing a paper; and when men threatened to sue or thrash him, he only smiled a sad smile and wished that mankind wouldn't get excited. During a religious revival in Grand Rapids, Burr was converted, and it frequently happened that religious people called at his office to talk with him. One day a minister came in, and, after talking awhile, he proposed prayer. He was in the act of kneeling, when his foot struck one of the outside forms, which was leaning gainst a leg of the stone, ready to be lifted up, and over it went, making half a bushel of pi. Burr looked at the ruin wrought, thought of the two weeks of overwork, and commenced taking off his coat, saying:

"I'm trying to be a Christian, and set a good example, but rat my buttons if I can't lick you in just two minutes!"

The clergyman backed down stairs in no time, dodging the lye brush on the way, and Burr backslid at once, and sent down for a pint of stimulant.

The Sad-Looking Lady.

One evening, says the Virginia (Nev.) *Chronicle*, as the accommodation train was coming up from Carson, an ethereal-looking lady, who was sitting on the right side of the car, attracted the attention of the other passengers. It was a very cold night, yet, as the train neared Gold Hill, the sad-looking lady lifted the car-window to the highest notch. What possible object could a woman have, thought everybody, in opening the window on such a chilly night? She leaned her head far out into the gloaming, and it flashed across a young man just behind her that she contemplated suicide. Rushing up, he grasped her shoulders to draw her away from a horrible death, but suddenly he let go his hold and resumed his seat with a quiet smile. The sad lady was simply unloading an overburdened stomach of roast turkey, oysters, and cranberry sauce on the back of a switchman. The poor man was leaning over to lock up his switch when the deluge hit him in the back of the neck. Imagining for a moment that the steam-chest of the engine had burst, he rolled, terrified, down the bank. When he learned the real extent of the disaster, his remarks illuminated the night air like an electric light.

Items of Interest.

Bayard Taylor was city editor of the New York *Tribune* at one time, with a salary of twelve dollars a week and one assistant.

Mexico's foreign creditors are not very likely to become millionaires next year. Minister Foster says that there is not money enough to pay the office-holders, let alone bond-holders.

The Little Rock *Gazette* says that one railway has spent over $150,000 within the past three years to promote immigration into Arkansas, and that it is now just beginning to reap the fruit of its labors.

The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad company has made a sweeping reduction in passenger fare. The rate is reduced to four cents a mile on the main line and all branches in Kansas, Colorado and New Mexico—a reduction of two cents a mile.

A man in Malta, Ill., has a tumor on his head forty inches in circumference and about eight in diameter. It lays largely on the left side of his head, covering his left ear and eye entirely, extending as low as the extremeties of his neck and upward of four inches above the head, reaching considerably more than half way across the high forehead.

Michigan and Illinois rank as among the first of Western States having little or no State debt to pay. Illinois has for years been virtually out of debt, that remaining being only such as payment would not be accepted on until due, and for which there is ample provision. Michigan is nearly out of debt. All her bonds will be paid before they fall due.

A new industry is springing up in Iowa in the shape of muskrat farming. A man with a good marsh can seed it down to rats and make it yield him steadily after two years' breeding, about $50 an acre. The trapping is a winter industry where there is plenty of leisure, and is a source of amusement to the younger members of the family. The market for rat-skins is steady and reliable.

The long tunnel through solid rock to carry water to Baltimore is being cut in nineteen sections, the plan adopted being to sink shafts to the proper level, and then work in both directions. The calculations must be very exact in order to make the headings meet precisely. Thus far the engineers have been remarkably successful, five sections being joined without a foot's deviation from straightness.

A Mrs. Drake, of Muhlenburg county, Kentucky, has an apple which has been in existence since the Revolutionary war. A soldier received the apple from his betrothed just as he left to join the army of Washington, kept it during the whole war, returned after the surrender of Yorktown and married the fair giver. The apple is sacredly preserved in the family. It is dry and shriveled, nothing remaining but the woody fibre.

Beverly Douglas, who yielded to the effects of too long and too copious indulgence in whisky, a few days ago, and made a vacancy in the representation of the first Virginia district, was a very strong man and quick-tempered. During the late campaign he was stumping the State with a competitor. Becoming incensed at one of the latter's remarks, he seized and hurled him from the platform, breaking his arm.

Michigan's new $1,500,000 State-House, at Lansing, in progress of construction for the past six years, was formally dedicated New Year's day. It is a splendid structure, and was economically erected. It has a third more space than the Illinois unfinished Capitol, which has cost $4,000,000, and is a decided credit to the State. Six ex Governors participated in the ceremonies, which lasted two hours, and were very enthusiastic. The Legislature convened the same day.

Wells, Fargo & Co's. statement of the yield of precious metals in the United States for 1878 gives gold at $38,956,231; silver, $38,746,391; the total is less $17,627,132, than in 1877; California shows an increase of over $2,000,000 gold, and decreases of over $1,000,000 in silver; Nevada shows a falling off of over $16,000 in silver, most of which is in the failure of the Comstock lode; Colorado shows a falling off of $1,700,000. The yield of gold and silver for 1879 will not probably exceed $70,000,000.

The report of the Postmaster General of England for the year ending March 31, 1878, shows that there are now in the United Kingdom 13,763 postoffices. The total of letters, postal cards, book packets, newspapers, etc., which passed through the post during the year, was 1,447,898,200. In England and Wales the letters numbered 883,968,700; in Ireland, 74,248,200; in Scotland, 99,515,700.