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	1 mo.	3 mos.	6 mos	1 yr
One Square	1.50	1.75	3.50	6.50	12.00
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Professional Cards $1.00 per line per year.
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City Notices, 20 cents per line 1st insertion 15 cents per line each subsequent insertion.
Ten lines agate constitute a square.

ROBERT IREDELL, JR., PUBLISHER,
ALLENTOWN, PA.

The Lehigh Register.

VOL. XXVI. ALLENTOWN, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 31, 1872. NO. 5.

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ELEGANT PRINTING
NEW DESIGNS
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Stamped Checks, Cards, Circulars, Paper Books, Constitutions and By-Laws, School Catalogues, Bill Heads Envelopes, Letter Heads Bills of Lading, Way Bills, Tags and Shipping Cards, Posters of any size, etc., etc., Printed at Short Notice.

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Sash, Doors, Outside Blinds, Inside Blinds, Mouldings, Brackets Balusters, Pickets, Stair Railings, Window Frames, Door Frames, &c.
SCROLL SAWING, TURNING, PLANING, MATCHING, FLOORING and RIPPING.
DONE AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

ALSO, STAIR BUILDING done and HAND RAILING made to order.

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aug 3-1y] RITTER & ABBOTT.

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PILBERT, OTTO & MILLER,
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OFFICE AT THE MILL
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CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, &C.
S. C. FOULK.
NO. 19 S. SECOND ST., PHILA.,
(First Carpet Store below Market, East side,)
Invites attention to his splendid assortment of Imported and American CARPETS, which will be sold at a very small advance. Goods warranted as represented so that all can buy with confidence and satisfaction.
nov 23-tf

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SPECTACLES! SPECTACLES!!
EYE GLASSES, &c.
A large and complete assortment of all kinds of Spectacles, Eye Glasses, &c., at
CHAS. S. MASSEY'S,
NO. 23 EAST HAMILTON STREET,
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Having devoted a great deal of care and attention to the Spectacle business for these last few years, I find that my business in that line has increased so much that I have determined to make it a SPECIALTY. There is no article manufactured in which there is so much deception practiced as there is in Spectacle Glasses. Knowing that the public have been frequently humbugged, by parties pretending to have a superior article of Glasses, and charging exorbitant prices for them, thereby trafficing upon the necessities and infirmities of age, I have taken pains to select a large and complete assortment of the finest and best Glasses ever manufactured, thus affording all persons needing Spectacles an opportunity of purchasing at reasonable prices. Persons having any difficulty in being suited elsewhere will do well to give me a call, as I feel confident that no one will fail to be suited. Remember the old stand, No. 23 East Hamilton street, opposite the German Reformed Church, Allentown, Pa. jun 21 '68 tf

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GREAT ATTRACTION!
NEW FIRM! NEW GOODS!
CLOTHING! CLOTHING
GRAND SPRING AND SUMMER OPENING.
GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES!
T. OSMUN & CO.,
Successors to Metzgar & Osmun.
BARGAINS
AT THE
GREAT CLOTHING EMPORIUM
IN REIMER'S BUILDING,
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We would inform the citizens of Allentown and the surrounding country that we are prepared with a large stock of goods for

FALL AND WINTER WEAR,

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WHOLE SUITS MADE TO ORDER!
COATS, PANTS AND VESTS
Cut and made in the latest style, and by the best workmen.
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Great quantities and varieties of
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And everything in the line of
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MEN'S, YOUTHS', BOYS' and CHILDREN'S
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Don't forget the place, No. 605 Hamilton street, third door above Sixth street.
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North Side
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PARLOR, DINING-ROOM,
AND
CHAMBER FURNITURE.
Of the Latest Styles and Best Manufacture.
ALSO,
Feather Beds and Mattresses.
sep20-3m

CONSHOHOCKEN
BOILER AND COIL WORKS.
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TUBE, FLUE AND CYLINDER BOILERS, BATH AND STEAM CIRCULATING BOILERS.
All kinds of Wrought Iron Coils, Tuyers for Blast Furnace, Gasometers, Smoke Stacks, Blast Pipes, Iron Wheelbarrows, and everything in the Boiler and Sheet Iron line. Also, all kinds of Iron and Steel Forgings and Blacksmith work, Miners' Tools of all kinds, such as Whem Buckets, Picks, Drills, Mallets, Sledges, &c.
Having a Steam-Hammer and set of tools of all kinds and skilled workmen, I flatter myself that I can turn out work with promptness and dispatch, all of which will be warranted to be first-class.
Patching Boilers, and repairing generally, strictly attended to. apr 17

MORE Popular than any Other!
ALWAY ON THE LEAD.
The Glory of the Morning and Any Other Time.
The Celebrated Morning Glory Stoves are manufactured this year in greater quantities than ever before, to meet the great demand for a first class stove. They are sold by
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DEALER IN
STOVES & TIN WARE,
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Twelve hundred of these Stoves have been sold in this county during the past five years, every one of which has given unlimited satisfaction, which is the best recommendation they need have.
Always on hand all kinds of Stoves, Ranges, Furnaces, Grates, Tin and Sheet-Iron Ware.
A large variety of modern Cook Stoves, such as
THE REGULATOR, with Revolving Top,
HOT BLAST EXCELSIOR COOK,
SPEAR'S ANTI-DYSPEPTIC COOK
ALL RIGHT COOK,
GOLD MEDAL, ETC.
Also, a large variety of the most approved Heating Stoves. oct25-w

TO LET.—From first of April, the well-known, long-established and successful Queensware Store, No. 611 Hamilton street, now occupied by William Reimer, with or without the dwelling. Apply at
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Where you have the selection from the most extensive assortment of all descriptions at the lowest manufacturing prices.
Sets from $5.00 up to the most Costly Russian Crown Sable
HUDSON BAY and MINK SABE.
ERMINE, CHINCHILLA, SQUIRREL, and every variety of the latest styles
SACQUES of Seal Skin, Persians and Astrachan.
ALL KINDS OF FUR TRIMMING,
Also the finest assortment of FANCY ROBES, WHITE FOX, BEAVER, WHITE POLAR and BLACK BEAR, HUDSON BAY WOLF, &c.
ALL GOODS WARRANTED AS REPRESENTED.
CALL BEFORE PURCHASING ELSEWHERE
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No. 710 Arch Street, Philadelphia.
nov15-3m w

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Successors to
THAYER, ERDMAN, WILSON & CO.,
Manufacturers of
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N. B.—All work guaranteed and delivery prompt.
L. H. GROSS, Sup't.
august 9-3m w]

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We are offering the Second Mortgage bonds of this Company
AT 85 AND ACCRUED INTEREST,
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The Bonds are in
1000s, 500s, and 100s,
And can be REGISTERED free of expense.
The coal, miscellaneous, freights and passenger business are constantly increasing. The receipts for the year ending October 31, 1871, were $79,778 22 more than the year ending October 31 1870. The increase for November, 1871, over November, 1870, was $1400.74.
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No. 40 SOUTH THIRD STREET,
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dec20-1y w

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NOTICES OF THE PRESS

From a large number of notices from the press, we select the following:

[From the Chicago Journal of Commerce.]

THE IRON WORLD AND MANUFACTURER.—A Representative of American Metal Manufacturers, Workers and Dealers.—This is the title and descriptive character of a neatly printed and profusely illustrated folio of thirty-six columns, published by the IRON WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY, Pittsburgh. The issue before us is volume 2, No. 14. Its editorials, descriptions of manufactures, recent improvements, correspondence, market reports, etc., indicate industry and ability. It deserves the patronage of all interested in the prosperity of American manufactures in general. It will, however, be more particularly interesting to those engaged in the iron and hardware trade. Such will welcome its weekly returns as an essential aid to every department of their business.

From the Cincinnati Merchants' and Manufacturers' Bulletin.

A SUCCESSFUL NEWSPAPER.—We are pleased to note the evidences of success in the IRON WORLD, of Pittsburgh. It is young, healthy and vigorous, and has vastly improved in appearance and tone during the past three or four months. It is now one of the most attractive business organs in the country. It is edited with marked ability, and, as its name implies, is devoted to the iron and metal interests of the country. Its market reports of metals, hardware, manufactures, &c., are very full, complete and reliable. It is paying it back, but merited compliment, to say that it is the leading organ of the iron and metal interests of the United States. Manufacturers and metal dealers everywhere should subscribe for the IRON WORLD AND MANUFACTURER.

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IRON WORKS BUILDING, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Agents wanted on Salary or Commission.
nov22-3t d nov29-1t w

USELESS EXTRAVAGANCES.

BY JOHN BEHM.

Philip Marston has labored for the past ten or fifteen years to accumulate a little property that is yet insufficient to maintain himself and family without laborious industry and constant saving. He therefore toils early and late to increase his income, and above all, to give his children a creditable education; for he holds education to be of the first importance to those who would become useful citizens. He prizes it the more because he never had the advantages of early and careful school training; and he constantly urges his children to improve their opportunities while yet young. He is an excellent mechanic, but is wholly self taught. When he found that his business required a knowledge of the principles of mathematics he bought a second-hand Euclid, and after many months of close study at odd moments, became master of it. Then the theory of civil architecture attracted his notice, and he made himself so familiar with it that there was a constant wonder among his fellow workmen how "Marston had learned what he knew about "Architecture." Had they seen him toiling over his books there would not have been so much wonder at his progress. His book on Architecture was well worn from constant use, and his pockets were generally stuffed with scraps of paper containing propositions in Geometry, problems in Mechanics, and items concerning architectural improvements. But this extra and constant toil was regarded by Mr. Marston as the penalty of a lack of early training: and he often dwelt on the blessed time of ease he would have had, if these things could have been learned by him when he was young.

"Children," he would say, "If I had had the advantage of schooling that you now have I would not now have been obliged to devote so much of my time to remedying the defects of early training or rather no training at all."

One evening he had been lamenting his lack of opportunities, when Charley Marston, the eldest of four children, said:

"Father, I want money enough to purchase a ball and bat. All the boys are going to have them, and they are going to organize a company of 'Blue Stockings,' and are going to dress in uniform."

"I had not heard of that," said Mr. Marston.

"Yes, and I have been chosen pitcher."

"Indeed! Does it not require much time and practice to become a skillful base-baller after the new method?"

"Of course it does; but we are to meet every afternoon."

"I do not approve your course in this matter, for several reasons; but if all the other boys are going to have ball and bat, and new suits we must try and see what can be done."

"Bravo! thank you father; O, won't we wax 'em!"

Amelia spoke, rather impatiently: "I think it is too bad that Charley can have all sorts of things to play with and we girls cannot have anything."

"What do you want, Amelia?" asked her father.

"I want to join the gymnastic class just organized by Doctor Torturelle, who lectured to the school last week on the necessity of gymnastic for the health. The Doctor said there wasn't one of us girls that hadn't a crooked spine or that was not round-shouldered; and that we will all surely have the the consumption, if we do not expand our chests. He said the great evil of the present generation was too much brain-work, and too little exercise." Our teachers joined in with Doctor Torturelle, and said it was every word true, and that unless something was done immediately, the rising generation would all be in their graves in a very short time."

"And what did he propose as a remedy?" asked Mr. Marston.

"He said if we would join his class in gymnastics our chests would be expanded and long life would be the result."

"Do you think you need his treatment?"

"I am certain of it; I felt a pain in my chest this morning."

"It does not seem to me, daughter, that you need anything to expand your chest, for you are now almost as broad as you are long."

There was a laugh at Amelia's expense; for she was one of the plumpest, healthiest girls in the neighborhood.

"How much will it cost to join the class?"

"Only twelve dollars for the whole course."

"Is that all?"

"You have to pay a trifle for the use of the gymnastic implements, and then you are expected to buy his patent self-acting chest-expander; and—O yes, I forgot; all the girls have gymnastic dresses."

Here little Eadie bounded into the room crying "O papa, I forgot—"

"You want something, I suppose," said her father.

"Yes, I do; I want a set of croquet."

"Is that necessary for the health?"

"Of course it is; Professor Beetler gave a lecture to the school a few days since, and said if there were more croquet playing, there would be less headache and lowness of spirits. And our minister, too, last Sunday evening spoke of croquet as a Christian game; and I know it is just splendid. I learned to play it of Cal. Wagner who has a beautiful twenty dollar set."

"Well," said Mr. Marston," we will talk over the getting of all these things when your mother gets through washing the dishes."

In a few moments Mrs. Marston came into the room weary with hard work, and flung herself on a chair with the exclamation "I am so tired."

"Amelia, you ought to help your mother with the house work."

Mrs. Marston said "she supposed that Amelia had been occupied with her lessons, and had not had time to assist her."

"No," said her father, "she had been teasing me to allow her to join the class in gymnastics. What do you think of such a proposition, and also of Charley's going into the base ball business, and of Eadie's having a set of croquet?"

Mrs. Marston,—indulgent mother that she was.—said, she "would be glad if the children could have the things if they would not cost too much."

"What would be the cost?"

Charley took the slate, and as near as they could estimate, the cost would be as follows:

Ball and Bat	$1 50
Uniform	15 00
Class in Gymnastics (not including uniform)	12 00
Mons. Torturelle's self-acting, chest-expander	4 00
Total	$32 00

A small amount to be sure, to people who have a large income; but to Mr. and Mrs. Marston, it was quite an item. Mr. Marston said: "I have of late been looking more carefully at what I consider the frivolities of education, and I find that they draw very heavily upon our slender income. In the matter of changes in text-books, for instance, it has taken no inconsiderable sum of money to meet that demand. In the single item of writing books there is a constant changing or desire to change. No sooner is one book or system of penmanship introduced than another and professedly better one is presented for our approval. When these changes are really necessary, I am willing to submit to them, but it looks as if the whole school-book business were run in the interest of school-book compilers and school-book publishers. And when we add to this the innumerable 'extras' which call for the constant expenditure of money, it makes our boasted free education really one of the heaviest burdens we have to bear. And the worst of it is, that all these expenditures are saddled on the people under the pretence that they are essential to what is considered the really sound curriculum of study. Your base ball, for instance, comes under the guise of a necessity for a better development of American muscle; your light and heavy gymnastics are for weak-chested people—like Amelia, and your croquet is for the promotion of Christianity at twenty dollars a set. Mind you, the parties who earnestly advise these things are those who are to be financially benefited, or those who are in the enjoyment of comfortable salaries. They have little idea of the mischief they are doing by the public endorsement of these extravagances. They generally have no appreciation of how hard it is to gain a competence by hand. Farmers, mechanics, laboring people of all classes, know that *earning* money is slow work. Now, my children, with your high notions, you do not understand the value of money, and I am going to try and give you a clear comprehension of it. I have two propositions to make, and if, upon careful consideration, you assent to them, I will get you the thirty dollars worth of muscle and chest developing and Christian-forming material which you desire."

"What is your proposition?" asked Charley.

"It is this: your dear grandmother who has been sitting there in the corner knitting all the evening, is now nearly eighty years old; and yet she knits almost constantly. You know she keeps us supplied in warm stockings. The stockings are worth from 50 to 75 cents per pair; and my proposition is to let her knit enough to pay for these promoters of Christian muscle that will cost about thirty dollars. It will not take her more than three months."

"For shame, Papa!" cried all the children.

"Then you don't approve of this proposition?"

"Its perfectly awful!" said Amelia.

"Well, then, I have another one: Your mother does her own housework—has always preferred to do so, that something might thereby be saved for your education. Now, the wages of a girl to do this work would be about two dollars per week, (we say nothing of the girl's board) which is saved in cash. I propose to put off the purchase of these muscle-forming materials until the amount at two dollars per week is realized from your mother's labor."

"Why, Papa, you're crazy!" cried Amelia.

"Only to think," said little Eadie, "of poor mama's washing dishes to pay for gymnastics and croquet!"

"Or for base ball uniforms," said Charley.

"I declare, papa," said Amelia, "I never before thought these things were extravagant; I supposed gymnastics and croquet really necessary."

"That is because teachers, and too often ministers, are constantly endorsing every new-fangled extravagance that comes up. But since you do not approve either of my propositions, I must tell you why I cannot spare the money for these things. In the first place, there are yet three payments due on our little home; secondly, somebody must pay the grocer, the butcher, the tailor, and the merchant for our daily food and clothing; and, thirdly, in view of the uncertainty of my life and the certainty that you would need a better provision than I can make for you in case of my death, I am going to investigate the claims of life insurance. In the meantime, we can open a little school of our own and we can store our minds with useful knowledge, even if we are not in uniform. As to the muscle, a little sawing wood, and gardening, and some excursions that we will have in the fields will make the muscle and will not cost us a penny."

"O father," they all cried, "that will be splended!"

"And we will begin to collect a library, and to read it too. We'll have the books all in uniform——"

"O, bother the uniform!" said Charley.

"Well, then, we'll have the books in cheap editions, and thereby get a large amount of reading for a moderate investment of money."

From that evening there was a different state of affairs in the Marston household. There was more consideration on the part of the children towards their parents, although Mr. and Mrs. Marston have hard work to stem the popular current of extravagance which is now sweeping over the land. But, on the whole, there is sound progress in curbing the extravagant notions that have become leading elements in our educational system, and are really the "cut-worms" of material prosperity.

WIDOW SMITH'S RECEIPT.

Mrs. Smith is an old lady addicted to making "bulls," and is of a piece with the good woman who poured out the coffee to feast upon the grounds. It was a blunder something of this character she has just committed, for which she has come to answer at the police office.

The cause of the hubbub had occurred in the post office, New York, where the clerk, whose duty it was to attend to prepaid letters, was suddenly accosted by a woman who rushed in in great trepidation. This woman was the widow Smith.

"Sir," she exclaimed in a voice trembling with anger, "how does it happen, I should like to know, that when one has prepaid the postage on a letter, the person to whom it is sent is made to pay for it again?"

"How it happens, madam?" cried the clerk, "why it don't happen at all."

"Well, I say it does happen, and what's more, that it happened to-day—there!"

"And I tell you again that it is impossible that it should be so."

"But it is a person of my acquaintance to whom I wrote yesterday, and whose letter I prepaid, who says she had to pay for it too. She was furious about it, and I don't wonder she was; for I wrote to her concerning my own affairs, and she had to pay the postage. It's downright robbery, I say."

And thereupon the widow kicked up such a rumpus that it was found to be necessary to call in a policeman and take her before the magistrate. Instead of pacifying Mrs. Smith, this proceeding nearly threw her into the last degree of exasperation. Although the officer requested her to assume a proper line of conduct, the widow persisted in her fury, and stamped and screamed most uproariously.

"To be told, too, that I don't know what I have done with it!" she cried.

"Done with what?" inquired the magistrate.

"The receipt," answered the widow; "the receipt which proves that I prepaid the letter." So saying, she fumbled in all her pockets.

"There," she exclaimed, suddenly. "I've got it! Here it is!"

And she exhibited triumphantly to the magistrate—what can you imagine it was?—a postage stamp! The poor lady had taken it as a receipt for the money she had paid to the clerk, and had treasured it sacredly instead of pasting it upon the letter!

Weston, the walkist, is asking for a divorce in the District Court of Nashua county, Iowa. In his petition, he says that he is a "person of very sensitive nature," and that his wife talks saucy to him sometimes, which injures his feelings so as to endanger his life!"

Nasby's Latest.

Mr. Nasby Makes a Tour of the North to See How Many Disgusted Republicans Would be Willing to Join the Passive Democracy.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
(which is in the state of Kentucky,
December 29, 1871.

The hopelisness uv electin a Dimokratic President by Dimokrats alone, wuz apparent to all the gigantic intelleks uv the party, over a year ago. A conference wuz held in Noo York eighteen months ago; Tweed, Hall, Connolly and Sweeny representin Noo York, me and Garrett Davis representin Kentucky, the Blairs representin Missouri, and so on. We decided then that the Domocrisy shood appeal directly to the people to yoonite with us to beat Grant. Gen. John C. Breckinridge desired that the issue be made fairly between Grant and Despotism on the one hand, and the People and Yoonyun on the other.

Tweed liked that idea, but he desired to add to it. He wanted the issue to be Grant, Despotism and Corrupshen on the one hand, and the People, Yoonyun and Purity on the other. That wuz wat Tweed wantid. With sich a isboo ez that he felt that he cood go afore the people and make sich a fite ez he never made afore. Gen. Breckinridge accepted this amendment gladly. He felt that the corrupshen uv the present administrashen, ez well ez its attacks upon constitooshnel liberty hed bin a stench into the nostrils uv the people, in which opinion Mr. Tweed coincided. It was resolved there and then to make the fite in this way and upon this basis, and the meetin adjourned.

Some months after the conference, Mr. Tweed, for obvius reasons, dropped out uv the management uv affairs, and the Dimocrisy wuz left, reely, without a head. But I felt that the programme laid down wuz the proper one, and I determined to make a tour thro the Nothern States to ascertain how much strength we cood depend upon gittin from the Republikins. I jist got home from that trip yesterday, and the followin extrax from my diary will show how successful the raid wuz:

Smithville, N. Y.—Found one man, J. C., who was strongly in favor of reorganizin the parties on a new basis. He groaned over the corrupshen uv the Republican party for years. Hed bin a member uv the party from its organizashun, but owing to the prejoodisses uv the members thereof in his county hed alluz been debarred from holdin offis, up to the year 1866. In March uv that yeer President Johnson made him Collector uv Revenoo, which offis he held with profit to hisself till that ojus military tyrant, Grant, wuz elected. There wuz some trifling irregularities in his accounts, and he wuz dismissed and a supple tool uv tyranny appointed in his place. His bail wuz outrageously sood for his defalcashuns, and he bin croodly persecuted ever since. Wuz a ernest beleever in Civil Service Reform, and would jine heart and sole in this movement. Uv course he wood want his old place back agin, in the event uv success, and when he gets it shood favor a law making it perpetooal. She'l want money from the general committee to yoose among shaky Republikins.

Jonesboro, Ohio.—Found Mr. M. L. in a grocery, with his feet cocked up onto a counter. Wuz disgusted and heartsick at the profligacy uv the present Administrashen, and saw no hope uv any change for the better until present party lines wuz busted.—Hoped the neow organizzashen wood not overlook the claims uv men uv talent and genius ez completely es the party now in power hez done. His friends had urged him time and again to the tyranical Administrashen for various peosishens, from Minister to Venezuela to the Postoffice in his native village, all uv which the military tyrant now at the head uv the government hed persistently disregarded. Felt that there must be a change or that roin wuz inevitable; wuz in favor uv the new movement, stipulating, uv coarse, that he shood hev his choice uv the offices in that locality.

Brownstown, Illinois.—P. C. confest that the Post-Offis in his native village hed bin the heigth uv his ambishen for twelve years and ez he hed never bin able to get it under Republikin rool, ez wuz willin to jine the new movement of that wuz promist him. Hez a brother-in-law who did want to be collector and possibly he cood be indoost to go in also. He is doubtful, however, ez he hez lately experienced religion. Will try him any how, ez it isn't certain that he hez bin soundly converted. The promise uv the place may possibly fetch him. Ez for him the corruption uv the present Administrashen wuz too glarin to permit him to stay a minit in a party which supported it. He wanted it to be understood that he wuz to hev the post offis.

Nolesville, Indiana.—Got together a meetin uv the leading Democrisy and the dissatisfied Republikins—ten of the latter. One hed bin histed from the Post office, and the other nine had applied for it in vain. There wuz much enthooslasm at the beginning till the question happened to arise ez to the destribushen uv the offices in the event uv success. The ten disgusted Republikins insisted that they shood be given to them, ez without their assistance the Dimocrisy cooden't do nuthin, and the Dimocrisy insisted that ef Republikin renegades wuz to hev the offisis they didn't care a tinker's cuss whether they did anything or not. "Ef Republicans is to hev the places any-how," yelled the Democrisy all in korus, "we'd rather it should be the decent ones." Meetin broke up in a row. Paid my own expenses out uv that town.

I break off my diary thus abruptly, for these are specimens uv the whole. I found in each town I vizited Republikins willin to join us, but there wuz alluz two troubles in the way, viz:

1. They wuzn't the kind uv men we wanted and without which triumph iz yoos lis for us, viz: the offisis.

They are alluz men uv that pekoolyer caracter who hev to be carried, when wat we want is men capable uv carryin us. I am fearful that the experiment won't win, and that after all we will hev to settle back into our old party lines and be whialed again ez usual.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
(wich wuz Postmaster.)

A. Winona wedding degenerated into a pugilistic entertainment, and the bridegroom was escorted to jail to spend the honeymoon.

It is an awful thing for a man on his death-bed to consider that ere his corpse grows cold his widow may be hagging with the undertaker for the price of his coffin, and his family may hunger and thirst to provide him a decent sepulture.

"Go it, old fellow," said two idle scapegraces to an honest laborer at work. "Work away while we play; sow and we'll reap." "Very likely, my lads," replied the old man, coolly; "I'm towing hemp."

Massachusetts tobacco chewers don't appear to enjoy many privileges. A Taunton man was fined $6 for spitting on a church carpet.

It is a curious fact that sundry individuals are now claiming in Western journals the diabolical distinction of having set fire to Chicago.

A cry of horror went up from the crowd as the man was seen to stagger and swing around the end of the porch with his load; but his hand held its grip on the iron, and a moment afterwards he carried the boy through the window and turned him over to his mother who had only just realized that something was wrong.

[From Hearth and Home.]

THE TEST OF FIRE.

"See how my hair has grown! Look, Susie!" said Florence Spencer, as she held forth the soft, brown locks to their full extent.

"It is not nearly so long as Bessie King's. Did you see her to-day in church? She were it flowing, and beautifully crimped, too. I wonder how she does it. There must be some new way. She has been to New York, you know, and of course she would get the latest style," said Susie, turning for one glance at her sister's hair, and then busying herself as she talked in brushing her own for the night.

"Dear!" said Florence, "*don't* you wish we could go to New York now and then, as the other girls do? But we never can, not as long as we live in Chicago," and the words seemed to tangle in her hair, for she uttered them one by one, as she pulled the comb through with difficulty.

"I don't see why we cant," said Susy, "and I'm going to tease father to let us go. I'll begin to-morrow morning, the first thing, and just keep at it till he says Yes. Did you see Bessie's new suit, to-day? The loveliest shade! We've some oak leaves pressed just the color. I know it was made in New York. It has the very air, and our dresses all look so home-made. You can tell them three blocks off!"

"I think we want new things all over," said Florence, surveying the pleasant room in which they were. "I'm sure I don't see where we could begin, unless 'twas at the foundation. This house is old-fashioned. It's been built at least fifteen years, and it hasn't a single one of the new improvements about it. It is just one of a long, plain block, that *anybody* might live in."

A soft knock was heard. Susie, standing near the door opened it.

"Ready for bed, my children?" asked a pleasant voice, as a lady entered the room. She kissed them, and sat down upon the bed in a true motherly way, just for one minute, that she might watch her darlings as they moved to and fro, putting in place each article that they had worn at church that day.

"What a sweet Sunday we have had!" she said. "Do you ever think, girls, that the time will soon come when we cannot live together in one house, and occupy the same pew in the same church." Her eyes filled with tears as she spoke the words.

"Why, mamma, is anything the matter?" asked Susie, stopping and throwing down the dress she carried, to run to her mother.

"Nothing, my child. I didn't intend to frighten you; only, you know, this happiness cannot always last, but I mean to get as much of it as I can. Good night, children. I hope the wind won't keep you awake. It has been blowing pretty hard all the evening."

"Trust us for sleeping sound, mamma," said Florence. Mrs. Spencer closed the door. Presently Susie turned the key in the lock, and the two girls were shut in for the night.

"Mamma is as happy as though it was Thanksgiving day," said Florence, as she turned off the gas. Susie chanced to look up at the instant her sister's hand was upraised. "Stop a minute, Tuscanie," she said, "I want to look at you. There! that will do."

"Why, Sue, was there anything unusual about me?" asked Florence, as she crossed the room in the darkness and jumped into the bed.

"No—yes—I don't know, either; only, sometimes it just seems as if we wanted to call things back. I suppose 'twas what mamma said that made me feel kind of last-tiny just then. I've felt so before, but nothing came of it. I could not help wondering whether I should ever see you just there again, turning off the gas."

"Oh! you old forlorn!" said Florence, "you're enough to set one thinking of all the vessels out on the lake to-night, in this awful blow."

"Well! we ought to think about them," said Susie, "for I am sure they bring us our daily bread. I don't know what papa would do if his vessels got lost with all the grain on them."

"I hope they won't, for then we should never get to New York," said Florence, putting her arm around her sister, and soon all was still in the room.

Mrs. Spencer had gone down stairs; had stolen noiselessly into the room next her own; had kissed her brave little boys Willie and Joe in their sleep. She stood in the darkness of her own room a little later, leaning over the crib of the baby. All was well with baby. She returned to the bright little room where her husband sat reading still. As she stood by his side in silence, great tears formed, and and ran over her eyelids. Mr. Spencer looked up from his book.

"What is it wife?" he asked.

"Nothing, only I am just thankful and happy, darling," she said, "and my foolish heart had to tell of it to my eyes. We're so well, and so safe, and so everything that it is good and sweet to be, that I can not help it." She walked away to the window to hide her face.

Mr. Spencer followd. He looked out. His eyes were a little him, but he saw a strange light on the sky for ten of the clock on Sunday night in Chicago.

"Look Anna! Isn't that fire?" he said, and presently out rang an alarm.

They stood and watched the glow spread and glare into flame.

"It is far away; but it is a big fire. I guess I'll go out and look around, said Mr. Spencer.

"Don't stay too long, for I shall wait till you come," said his wife.

It was an hour before he returned.

"I think it is the biggest we have ever had, and they will have to fight it all night but it is in a good spot. We can afford that part of the city sooner than any other," he told his wife as he went in.

"Did you go near it?" asked Mrs. Spencer.

"Oh no it is two miles away." And soon the happy souls were asleep.

Later the mother heard through her sleep the little cry that ran finely under the hoarse voices that were shrieking along the street. She sprang up, and looking out, the flames seemed to be coming upon them like an inrushing tide.

"John! John!" and she shook her husband out of his sleep, shrieking, "Do get up. Fire! fire!"

Running up the stairway she beat at the door of her children's room, crying to them to get up and dress themselves, for there was an awful fire.

As she ran down she heard feet at her own door, loud raps, and voices calling, "Wake up! wake up! Be ready to move." Susie and Florence heard it all from the hall above.

"Quick, girls! Dress yourselves thoroughly Put on something warm, and then come to me," called their mother.

"I can't find anything!" said Florence, "I shake so. Oh! where did I put my boots? I guess they are in the closet." Susie was already tossing out the contents of the closet. While the two girls tried to dress up stairs, the fire grew and grew fiercer, stronger, every instant. It lit up their room.

"I've got on two dresses," cried Susie.

"Never mind, may be it's all you'll have in the morning," said poor Florence, trying in vain to get dressed at all, she was shivering so, while that great burning was going on outside. I can't do it. I can't find a button, or a hook, or a pin," she said at last, and Susie had to dress her sister.

"Hurry! hurry, my children!" called Mrs. Spencer. "Don't wait for a thing."

Susie caught the counterpane from the bed, tossed into it the first things that came to her hand, and, tying it up by the four corners, plunged the bundle down the stairs ahead, and that was the last that she ever saw of it, for the door had been burst open and men were in the hall below.

The baby was wrapped in a blanket. Willie and Joe were partially dressed. Willie held his first pair of boots triumphantly in his hand, as he shouted, "See! Sue, I ain't going to lose these, anyhow."

"Susie," said her mother, "I give Willie to your care. Don't get parted from him. Florence, take Joe and go. Get away as fast as you can."

"O mamma! you can't carry baby. Where is papa?" cried Susie, as she saw her mother,