

[From the Edwardsville Republican.] My Experience with a Ventriloquist.

BY DELL HAWTHORNE.

I am an old bachelor. If you suppose I make this statement for the purpose of awakening your pity, you mistake. I don't want it. If you know any one who does, you have my permission to constitute yourself a committee of one to beset him with his own limit. But I don't. I deliberately chose a life of single blessedness, because I would rather live on raw cutlets, burnt coffee, and bread of a melancholy nature, than certain lectures and milliners' bills.

I once had a friend who wildly plunged into the quicksands of matrimony. In vain I urged, implored, entreated. The gods must have decided upon his destruction for he was mad beyond a doubt. His friends could do nothing but go with him to the sacrifice, and then with a farewell clasp of the hand and a tear in each eye, leave him to his sad fate.

I met him three weeks later. Poor fellow! In the halcyon days of our youth he was stout and ruddy—alas, what a change! Now he could only have weighed two hundred and seventy pounds and his complexion, which might once have successfully rivalled that of a boiled beef, had faded to the shade of a brick. In his hand he carried a bill for five hundred and sixty dollars, and on his classic brow the distinct impress of a fire shorn.

I led to my room, where I shed tears of sympathetic grief. From that moment my resolution was formed. I should never marry. Of course it was a great blow to the young ladies of our town, when my determination became known, but I could not sacrifice myself for the happiness of one of them.

I regret to say that they survived the shock. One of them should have gone into a decline and found peace in an early grave, so that a second Madame de Staël might have put us in a novel, a la Corneille.

But she didn't. I expected to sail calmly, serenely down the quiet stream of life, without one opposing ripple to mar my perfect peace. Was my experience a success? Not any.

And then to consign the despairing victim to the Arctic, with a gnat and water. But I would not do this. I resolved to display my christian fortitude, and, trusting to their good sense that all would come out right in the end.

Unphilosophical, wasn't it? To trust to the good sense of a pair of lovers. A week later, I was sitting alone in the library. The sun was setting, and as its last rays looked lovingly on the distant mountain-top, then sank into a sea of gold, my thoughts went back to my far-away childhood, when I really believed that his parting smile was the light that radiated from the Home of the Blest, where the gate of Heaven was opened to receive creation's lamp.

Then from my childhood through my youth, my busy manhood, memory led me on until I dwelt with a proud satisfaction on my present position. The shades of twilight were gathering around, and I was in that delicious dreamy state, half way between sleeping and waking, when I was aroused by hearing three ghostly sounding raps above me, and a sepulchral voice calling my name. I am not superstitious, but that voice, so different from any I ever heard before, frightened me. But after a moment's reflection, I concluded that it was only some one trying to amuse himself at my expense. I went into the parlor. No one was there excepting Erna.

"Is there any one but ourselves in the house?" "No, uncle," she replied, looking up in surprise. "Why do you ask?" "Oh! nothing, only I thought I heard some one up stairs, a little while ago." "There is no one but ourselves and the servants. But I have learned the song you brought me yesterday. Shall I sing it for you?" The spirit of music exorcised the spirit of evil, and by the close of the evening I had almost forgotten my singular adventure.

The next day Frank called to see me. We were the best friends yet. He did not chide me any resentment against me. We were in the library, when again that mysterious voice was heard. I started up, thoroughly alarmed. "What is that?" I asked Frank. "Did you hear anything?" "No, what kind of a thing? What is the matter?" "Nothing," I replied, not wishing to show the terror I felt. "I am a little morose to day. It will pass away directly."

But it did not pass away. The next morning, at the breakfast table, I heard the voice again; this time pronouncing the solemn warning: "Prepare for thine end." I looked at Erna. She had not heard it evidently. This continued for a week, but no one else ever heard it. I knew that my earthly course was nearly ended. Every day I felt life slipping away from me. At last there came a day I thought would be my last.

"Is there anything I can do for you, any provision I can make for your comfort?" I asked of Erna, after I had told her that I must leave her so soon. "Oh, dear uncle," she sobbed, behind the little, ebony she called a handkerchief. "Nothing can be of any value to me, when you are gone." I sent her away from me then, and sent a messenger for Frank. As he came to my side, I clasped his hand in mine and said: "Do you still love Erna?" "Better than my life," he replied in an earnest tone, that convinced me of his sincerity.

The Little Peddler. One rainy afternoon, in the earliest part of autumn, I heard a low knock at my back door, and opening it I found a peddler. Peddlers are a great vexation to me; they leave the gates open; they never have anything I want, and I don't like the faces that belong to the most of them, especially those of the strong men who go about with little packages of coarse goods; and I always close the door upon them, saying to myself, "Lazy."

This was a little boy, and he was pale and wet, and looked cold. I forgot he was a peddler. I thought he appeared as though he expected I was going to buy something, for he commenced opening his tin box, but I had no such intention. He looked up in my face very earnestly and sadly, when I told him to warm himself by the fire, and that I did not wish to purchase anything. He rose slowly from his seat, and there was something in his air which reproached me, and I detained him to inquire why he was out in the rain. He replied:

"I am out every day, and can't stay in for a little rain; besides, most peddlers stay at home then, and I can sell more on rainy days." "How much do you earn in a day?" "Sometimes two-billings, and sometimes one, and once in a while I get nothing all day, and then, ma'am, I am very tired." Here he gave a quick, dry cough, that startled me.

"How long have you had that cough?" "I don't know, ma'am." "Does it hurt you?" "Yes, ma'am." "Where does your mother live?" "In heaven, ma'am," said he, unmoved. "Have you a father?" "Yes, ma'am, he is with mother," he replied, in the same tone.

"Have you any brothers or sisters?" "I had a little sister, but she went to mother about a month ago." "She wanted to see mother, and so do I, and I guess that's why I cough so." "Where do you live?" "With Mrs. Brown, on N—street." "Does she give you any medicine for your cough?" "Not doctor's medicine; she is too poor; but she makes something for me to take."

"Will you take something, if I give it to you?" "No, ma'am I thank you; mother took medicine, and it didn't help her, though she wanted to stay, and you see I want to go; it would not stop my cough. Good-day, ma'am." "Wait a minute," I said, "I want to see what you carry." He opened his box, and for once I found what I wanted. Indeed, I don't think it would have mattered what he had. I should have wanted it, for the little peddler had changed in my eyes—he had a father and mother in heaven, and so had I. How strange, that peddlers had never seemed people—human souls—filled beings before! How thankful I am, now, that I know I don't wish to cut now, since my sister died.

"Did you feel very sad?" "I felt very big in my throat, and I was choked; but I didn't cry a bit, though I felt very lonely at night for a while; but I am glad she is up there now." "Who told you you were going to die?" "Nobody; but I know I am. Perhaps I'll go before Christmas." I could not endure that, and tried to tell Mrs. Brown what I had had, but she would not listen. He bade me good day again, cheerfully, and went out into the cold rain, while I could only say, "God be with you my child!"

Young America at the Wheel. A well known erglyman was crossing Lake Erie, some years ago, upon one of the Lake steamers, and seeing a small lad at the wheel steering the vessel, he accosted him as follows:

"My son, you appear to be a small boy to steer so large a boat?" "Yes sir," was the reply, "but you see I can do it, though." "Do you think you understand your business, my son?" "Yes sir, I think I do."

"Can you box the compass?" "Yes sir." "Let me hear you box it?" The boy did as he was requested, when the minister said: "Well really you can do it. Can you box it backwards?" "Yes sir." "Let me hear you?" The boy did as requested, when the minister remarked: "I declare, my son! You do seem to understand your business."

The boy then took his turn at question asking, beginning: "Pray sir, what might be your business?" "I am a minister of the gospel." "Do you understand your business?" "I think I do, my son." "Can you say the Lord's prayer?" "Yes." "Say it." The clergyman did so, repeating the words in a fervent manner, as though trying to make an impression on the lad.

"Well, really," said the boy upon its conclusion, "you do know it, don't you? Now say it backwards." "Oh, I can't do such a thing as that of course." "You can't do it, eh?" returned the boy. "Well, then, you see, I understand my business a great deal better than you do yours."

The clergyman acknowledged himself beaten and retired. NEW TEXTILE.—The farmers of Illinois have had great trouble with a weed called the Indian mallow, which grows in great abundance on the rich prairies and bottom lands, and which has been considered even a greater nuisance than the Canada thistle. If it once gets on a farm, it remains in spite of all efforts to exterminate it. The Springfield Register says that this obnoxious weed, which persists in springing in defiance of all attempts to exterminate it from the soil, is destined to become one of the most valuable productions of the State.

A young man named J. H. O'Connell has discovered that the fibrous formation of the stalk of the mallow is capable of being brought into use, and has taken out a patent covering the right to use this plant for manufacturing all kinds of cordage, textile fabrics, and paper, and has exhibited specimens of paper made therefrom. The fibre which is seven to ten, and sometimes even twelve feet in length, comes from the stock with less labor than is needed to dress hemp. When rotted, the fibre separates entirely from the glutinous and woolly matter, so that the tedious and expensive process of hatching is not required. It can be bleached to a snowy whiteness without losing any portion of its strength; and readily and firmly holds any color which flax will not do. It is said that the new fibre will yield twice as much hemp, say a ton to the acre. It will grow readily on medium soil, and after the first year will need no cultivation, as once established on the land there is no method known by which it can be killed out. If the merits of this fibre are not exaggerated, Mr. O'Connell has made a discovery of incalculable value.

We extract the following interesting incident from "Sketches of the Olden Time," contributed by Mr. J. A. Dacus to the St. Louis Republic: In the year 1858 the Autoer took on board at Vicksburg

FOUR PROFESSIONAL DESPERADOES as passengers bound to St. Louis. The boat had a large number of passengers aboard, and the "professionals" could not find an opportunity so promising of fruitful results to pass unimproved. Among the passengers was a young man, who had been entrusted with a large sum of money by friends in the East to invest in real estate in the West. Being of an unsuspecting disposition and wholly unacquainted with the state of society then prevailing in the Southwest, the courteous and specious rascals very soon obtained a knowledge of the fact that he had money.

"WORTH CULTIVATING" and immediately all their arts were brought into play to fleece their fellow passenger. Games were proposed. The young man did not play. They finally succeeded in getting him to drink with them. They then felt certain of their prey; but to their astonishment he was more cautious than ever, and rudely repelled every effort to engage him in a game of hazard. Days passed on yet they made nothing out of him, but a few drinks. Something must be done. The four confederates at last resolved upon a ruse as the best and only means of getting this obstinate young man's money. One night he was seen to enter his stateroom. The next morning the room was vacant; the out, or guard side door was open, a few drops of blood in the bed linen, and a pool of the same on the floor was all that gave any clue to his fate. The passengers, however, fixed suspicion upon the four Vicksburg accessions. There was no evidence, but

CIRCUMSTANCES POINT STRONGLY toward them. A deputation headed by a gentleman who was still alive two years ago and living in Louisville, Ky., waited upon the officers of the boat and demanded the speedy disembarkation of the four wretched. The Captain cheerfully complied. The boat was brought to anchor in the Mississippi, about seventy five miles above Memphis, and the passengers from Vicksburg were ordered ashore. The island at that time was supposed to be uninhabited since the departure of Fred. Frankenstein, the woodman, who had for some years before kept a wood yard to supply passing steamboats. For some months he had been away as he was the only known resident of the island, it was now supposed to be desolate of human inhabitants. But Frankenstein who had only journeyed for short time on the main land had returned the evening before from Randolph with a small boat load of supplies for his island cabin. He was well known to many of the people of Randolph and was known to possess a considerable sum of money. The cabin of the woodman had been generously tendered to the exiles from the Autoer. That night, in the still and shadowy hours when no sound broke the silence that brooded over the German's island home, his guests rose up

AND MURDERED HIM there as he lay asleep, perhaps dreaming peaceful dreams of the far off, vine clad hills by the Rhine. When his friends from town according to promise previously made came to visit him on the following day, they found his skull cloven asunder, and he lay weltering in his own blood, a ghastly corpse. Some years afterward, a felon under the gallows at Marshall, Texas, told how Frederick Frankenstein died on the island that night.

TAILS OUT.—During our travels in Oregon, says a tourist, we heard some funny stories, and this is one of them: A couple of travelers, who were looking for land, chanced to stay over at a farm house in a sparsely settled district. The house had only one room, and the accommodations were of the most primitive character. When bedtime approached a piece of blanket was hung across the room, the travelers took their moiety of the apartment, and darkness and silence reigned through the dwelling. It appeared that the chickens, for want of a better place, roosted on the floor barrel; and when it was supposed that "Nature's sweet restorer" had got hold of the guests, the good wife addressed her liege lord: "I say, John, if you're going to keep a hotel, you must make different arrangements."

"Why, Sarah Jane?" returned the sleepy husband. "Because I'm not going to get up in this fix to turn the tails of them chickens." BAGGAGE SMASHING.—A revengeful traveler on a certain railroad in this State packed a carpet-bag full of revolvers and gave it to a gentlemanly baggage smasher, who had ruined three or four trunks for him already. The smasher flung the bag up against the wall savagely, and then threw it on the floor and stamped upon and jumped up and down upon it as usual. At about the fourth jump firing began along the whole line. Forty-six revolvers went off in rapid succession, distributing bullets along the car with disgusting exactness, hitting the legs of the smasher, who was shot in six places before he could get out of the car. He rode upon the platform during the whole trip, and when he did enter the car he encased his legs in a stovepipe, and ran an iron-clad snow-plow in front of him to push the baggage out with. He smashes, perhaps, fewer carpet-bags now than he did in the past—much fewer and he is filled with horror. The only boon he craves is that he may be present when the carpet-bag owner calls with his check. He says there will be a conflict which will make the European war appear ridiculous.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. PATENT ARION PIANOS. SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS. THE ARION PIANO-FORTE has Greater Power than any other other Piano-Forte manufactured. IT WILL STAND IN TUNE LONGER and its mechanical construction it is more perfect, and more durable than any instrument constructed in the usual modern style. The arrangement of the Agraffe, the manner of stringing, the peculiar form and arrangement of the Iron Frame. Supersedes all Others. The use of a bar, (which is a part of the Iron Frame) on a line with the heavy steel stringing, gives Great Strength. Where most needed, and in this respect all other Pianos fail. The construction of the WREST PLANK, into which the Tuning Pins are inserted, is such that it is impossible for the pins to become loosened, or the WREST PLANK itself to split, as is too often the case in other Piano-Fortes. THE EXTRAORDINARY EVENNESS. Throughout the entire scale, the excellent Singing Quality, Length and Purity on Vibration, All go to prove what we claim, viz.: that the Arion Piano-Forte is the Best Instrument Manufactured. THE PATENT ARION PIANOS Are used Exclusively in the AMERICAN CONSERVATORIES OF MUSIC of New York City. The most severe test a piano can receive is constant use in a Conservatory. Read The Following: It affords me much pleasure to give you, in these few lines, a very accurate testimonial for the Piano-Fortes of our manufacture. We have now used the "Patent Arion Pianos" in our Conservatories for years, and have had a fair opportunity of testing their durability during that time. The Pianos have been played upon almost constantly, from morning till night, and a Piano most indeed be a good one when it will bear such constant use without showing signs of defection. As for sensitivity in tone, it rival's any Piano known to me. Their peculiar arrangement of tone in the treble, (as compared to other Pianos) with the ordinary metal agraffe arrangement) is so striking that I have had persons remark, while taking the lessons, that although they had at home what they supposed to be one of the best makes of Pianos, still the treble was very wily toned compared with the "Patent Arion." What makes them still more desirable is their uniform volume of tone, which enables an Artist to perform a composition in a true character. In total, I can conscientiously endorse all that is claimed by the Arion Piano-Forte Company for their superb instruments, as I consider them superior any other make. Congratulating you upon the great success you have obtained in the manufacture of so perfect an instrument, I remain yours, Very truly, HENRY SCHROEDER, Director. New York, September 3, 1870. AGENTS WANTED We want first-class and responsible Agents in every city and town where we have not already appointed them. We have just Published Our annual Illustrated Pamphlet, which contains a full description of the interior construction of the Patent Arion Piano-Forte, and all the other leading Pianos of the principal makers, illustrated with cuts, thus contrasting the Arion with all other first-class Pianos, and proving Why and Where Our Pianos are superior to any in the market. Our pamphlet contains engravings of all the different styles of instruments that we manufacture, giving a full description of each, so that a person can select the style they may desire to order, with the assurance that they will receive just as good a Piano as if they were in our warehouse to select it. We have sold over Five Thousand Pianos, many of them being shipped great distances, and we have never yet received the first complaint. As we give a written guarantee with every Piano we manufacture, for five years, the purchaser runs no risk. Don't fail to write for our pamphlet, which we will send free, and when you order state what paper you see this notice in. N. B.—We caution the public from purchasing a cheap Piano, which has recently been put in the market, bearing the name "Arion." All genuine Arion Pianos bear the name "Patent Arion," and can only be purchased from our New York Warehouse, or our authorized Agents throughout the United States. All kinds of Musical Instruments Supplied. ADDRESS THE ARION PIANO-FORTE COMPANY No. 554 Broadway, New York City.

NOTICE! I HAVE OPENED A LIVERY AND FEED STABLE! In the town of LEANON, where I will be constantly on hand to attend to the wants of the people. I will run a hack from Albany to Lebanon and Soda Springs, on Saturday of each week. All business entrusted to my care will be promptly attended to. W. B. DONACA. Lebanon, Sept. 16, 1870. \$2,000 BET ON THE ELECTION! Any one who can tell me what can do so by writing to me on a blank sheet of paper, I will give him \$2,000. R. C. HILLMAN, SON, 1110, Third St. For past services, will invite the attention of all who are interested in their unequalled stock of DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, PAINTS & VARNISH BRUSHES, ALCOHOL, KEROSENE, WINDOW GLASS, TRUSSES. FANCY AND TOILET ARTICLES, ETC. Agents for Dr. D. Jayne & Son's preparations, H. H. H. Horse Medicine, etc. Do you desire to get the better or nauseating taste? We have that description. Do you want the effect with an iron tonic? After taking our "Iron Tonic," you will be as very pleasant that your physician will be satisfied. Must surely turn away, and the preparation will be supplied. Physicians and customers from the country may rest assured that orders will be promptly attended to. Prescriptions carefully and correctly compounded. Have you the impotent guest called a cold? We will cure it, which is a very rare thing, without pain. Do you desire a book of any kind, a Gold Pen, an Album, Stationery, or such? We will give it to you for the name of one of our favorite kind with call. Do you want a fine Watch, a set of Jewelry, cheap or dear? J. D. Tilton sells the same, under the same form. Come and see us. Buy a Book. Buy a Watch. Buy a Pen. Buy something or nothing, but come and see us. A well sprinkled door and a cool drink of water in the summer, and a warm stove surrounded by comfortable chairs in winter constantly invited for the accommodation of all. Albany, May 15, 70-56 R. H. McDONALD & CO. DRUGGISTS, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. Call the attention of Dealers to our large stock of "Wine of Sarsaparilla," "Wine of Peppermint," "Wine of Quinine," "Wine of Iron," "Wine of Cod Liver Oil," "Wine of Scilla," "Wine of Nuxomaria," "Wine of Sassafras," "Wine of Licorice," "Wine of Marshmallows," "Wine of Raisins," "Wine of Currants," "Wine of Grapes," "Wine of Apples," "Wine of Peaches," "Wine of Plums," "Wine of Cherries," "Wine of Strawberries," "Wine of Raspberries," "Wine of Blackberries," "Wine of Elderberries," "Wine of Mulberries," "Wine of Huckleberries," "Wine of Loganberries," "Wine of Elderberries," "Wine of Mulberries," "Wine of Huckleberries," "Wine of Loganberries." The above are all of the highest quality, and are prepared by the most skillful chemists, and are sold at wholesale and retail prices. For sale, Our Drug Business, located in San Francisco, Cal. After our best wishes, and expressing our thanks for the liberal patronage we have received for the past several years, during which period we have been steadily engaged in the Drug Business in California, we have in consequence of the rapid growth and spread over the United States and countries far beyond, we are necessitated to devote our entire time to said business. We are the Oldest Drug firm on the Pacific Coast and the only one, continuous under the same proprietorship, and we have established a business on favorable terms. This is a rare opportunity for men with means, of entering into a business which is profitable and never before offered. For particulars enquire of R. H. McDONALD & CO., Wholesale Druggists, J. C. SPENCER, San Francisco, Cal. N. B. Our Pills are made of the finest and purest ingredients, and keep a large stock of fresh goods constantly on hand, and sell at prices to defy competition. The Great Medical Discovery! Dr. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS, Hundreds of Thousands of Sufferers cured. WHAT ARE THEY? THEY ARE NOT A VILE FANCY DRINK, Made of Pure Rum, Whiskery, French Sarsaparilla and Superior Liquors, distilled, aged and sweetened to please the taste, called "Tonic," "Appetizer," "Restorer," etc., and used by the millions of Sufferers from Indigestion, Liver, Kidneys, and Bladder, these Bitters are much more successful. Such Diseases are caused by Violated Blood, which is generally produced by derangement of the Digestive Organ. DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION, Headache, Pain in the Stomach, Coarseness of the Chest, Distention, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Flatulency, Belching, Dropsical Swellings, Puffiness of the Face, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the Regions of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offspring of Indigestion. They irritate the Stomach and stimulate the Liver and bowels, which render them of unequalled efficacy in cleansing the blood of impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system. WHOLESOME, PLEASANT, and EFFECTUAL. BOTTLED BY R. H. McDONALD & CO., Wholesale and Retail Druggists, San Francisco, Cal. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. THE ARION PIANO-FORTE COMPANY, No. 554 Broadway, New York City.