

Special Notice.

THE TERMS of subscription to the *REPUBLICAN* will be as follows: \$2.00 a year, in advance; \$1.00 if paid during first six months, and \$1.00 if paid after six months. The paper will be stopped at the end of the time paid for, when no order is received, and all arrears paid, according to law.

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Agricultural.

How Farmers can keep their Farms Productive.

This subject is one of special interest, and deserves the attention of every agriculturist. By what method is the richness of the soil to be preserved and continued in productive state? This question is based on the following assumptions, viz: that the amount of produce depends on the quantity of manure supplied as food for plants, of whatever kind they may be. Although nature has furnished man with a soil of virgin richness and fertility, it cannot continue so, while we draw from it yearly, and occasionally, our vast resources of food and clothing. The soil must be renovated, or it will cease to yield her increase for the supply of our wants. The farmers of Southern States, by neglecting to renew their exhausted lands, have become poor, and in many instances have abandoned them, as worn out and worthless. Whereas, had they, from time to time, renewed the fertility of their lands with suitable manure, there would not be seen those vast, deserted and worn out plantations that exist in that section of the Union. If we do not renew the fertility of our soil, it will cease to recompense us for our toil. We must expend money and our labor upon it, in order to provide for our wants, and those of our families. In order to develop the resources that nature has imparted to the soil, it must be well tilled.

Suppose a man should take a quantity of new land for the purpose of gaining a livelihood, and should yearly plant it with corn or sow it with wheat; if he should neglect to renew it, in a few years it would degenerate, and his crops would grow scanty and soon fail altogether. Now what is necessary to keep his land in good condition is thorough cultivation, by draining (if it be wet), and by careful and judicious manuring; deep plowing, also, and harrowing are necessary to pulverize the soil, and give free passage to the roots or plants, to descend. By thus conducting his farm, the owner may, for an indefinite time, reap a sure and plentiful reward for his labor, and at the same time keep his lands in prime condition.

It is not judicious management of a farm, to plant or sow one kind of grain from year to year, as this will soon exhaust the soil, unless highly manured. A rotation of crops is indispensable also to prevent the land from degenerating. As to the kind of fertilizers to be used, almost every farmer knows, or ought to know, what kinds are best adapted to his lands. Barn-yard, stable and hog manure, ashes, lime, guano, and all kinds of vegetation in a state of decay, are useful as manures, and should be carefully preserved for use. — *Rural American*.

Rules for Poor Farmers.

As a large portion of the farmers of this country do not appear to desire to lay up much money, judging from the manner in which they conduct their business, we propose occasionally to lay down a few rules to enable them to remain in "straightened" circumstances through life. We like to publish something to suit all tastes and interests, consequently what we have to say to the above class of farmers, will undoubtedly be read with profit by them.

1st. Keep as few farm animals as possible, and those of the poorest kind. You probably have obliging neighbors who will loan you the better kind of implements when needed; and then if broken in your hands, you can say they were so when received, or that there was some "flaw" in them, and that they would have broken away very soon. By a little sharp management in this way you can get rid of the expense of repairing borrowed tools, in nine cases out of ten. It is not necessary to return a borrowed implement when you agree to return it, nor should you take the same care of it that you would if it were your own. You may, perhaps, have some trouble after a while, in being able to borrow what you need; but you can send your hired man to as many places, and the time lost will be of little account.

2d. Do not rack your brains to provide work in advance for yourself and hands on rainy days; but rather follow the good old rule as laid down in the Bible, "Take no thought for the morrow," &c. It is also written that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;" consequently, take the world easy, and let it rain or shine, you will get your daily bread in some way. Some simple minded farmers will leave broken tools to be repaired on rainy days; and they even spend considerable money in preparing a work-shop, with planes, saws, files, drawing-knives, &c., &c., so as to be able to repair almost anything on the farm that gets out of order; but do these men live out half their days? To work when it is fair weather is bad enough; but to toil in rainy weather is intolerable.

3d. In buying time, your neighbors, probably, who read agricultural papers, will have mowing machines, toilers to spread their hay, horse-rakes to gather it; and patent pitching apparatus to unload it from the wagon. You, of course, will know better than to incur so great an expense. Go right on as your fathers before you did; and if your "stuck-up" neighbors laugh at you for not having them, you can laugh too when one of them falls off his machine, and gets out in two, or impedes on a line of his patient pitchfork! The new-fangled farm machine of the day will be "the death" probably, of half the farmers who use them.

4th. In regard to paying your debts, you need not trouble yourselves about that, if you are good; but then you had better pay up, if you can raise the money. You

can make every possible "shift" to get rid of paying a debt; till the lawyers get hold of it. Never pay for an article that you can get trusted for, because if your credit is good, you can manage to live in some way, and trust to Providence when pay day comes. If you owe borrowed money, it is a good way to pay it by borrowing the amount from somebody else; and if you can manage to owe a thousand or two dollars by borrowing sums of A, B, C, &c., it will be no much capital in your business, without costing any interest, provided you can borrow of D to pay A, and so keep the amount owing undiminished.

5th. Never be so unwise as to drive your work; but let your work drive you. This is the great secret that enables all the poor farmers of this country to live free of the cares of the rich. Depend upon it, the wretched hours that some men have in thinking how they shall invest their surplus funds, or imagine that the bonds they owe are going to depreciate, is truly awful; and you may thank your stars that you are exempt from these troubles. — *Rural American*.

Miscellaneous.

The Art of Using Money.

The art of getting a living being one learned, the majority of those who have been successful in mastering it proceed to devote themselves to the art of getting rich. Of this art I must own that I am wholly ignorant. I know pretty well how not to do it, but that knowledge is within the reach of most men. Somebody else, however, has lately been making this question a study, and I will give you the results of his investigation. Here are the rules which you must follow if you would be a millionaire:

"You must be a very able man, as near as all millionaires are."

"You must devote your life to the getting and keeping of other men's earnings."

"You must eat the bread of carelessness, and you must rise early and lie down late."

"You must care little or nothing about other men's wants, or sufferings, or disappointments."

"You must not mind it that your great wealth involves many others' poverty."

"You must not give away money except for a material equivalent."

"You must not be so much interested about nature, nor spend your time enjoying air, earth, sky, and water, for there is no money in it."

"You must not distract your thoughts from the great purpose of your life with the charms of art and literature."

"You must not let philosophy or religion engross you during the secular time."

"You must not allow your wife or children to occupy much of your valuable time or thoughts."

"You must not permit the fascinations of friendship to inveigle you into making loans, however small."

"You must abandon all other ambitions or purposes; and, finally,

"You must be prepared to sacrifice ease and all fanciful notions you may have about taste and luxuries and enjoyments, during most if not all of your natural life."

I take it for granted that catalogue of conditions is a pretty correct one. Certainly it is a very severe one. If one can not be rich without paying such toll as that, some of us, I think, will conclude to remain poor. But there is another art which should always be studied by the man who aims to be rich, and that is the art of using money. — Not only those who are laying up large gains, but all those who whose income exceeds, by ever so small a figure, the actual necessities of life, may profitably study this art. It is a branch of culture in which we Americans are astonishingly deficient. There are among us ten men who know how to "make" money, where there is one who knows how to use what he has made. The satirist finds an ample and legitimate field for his calling among the exploiters of those people who have suddenly grown rich, and who are puzzled to know what to do with their money now they have got it. That verse of the good old song which Henry Russell used to sing, given a fair account of the indefiniteness of the aspirations of most men who are long to be rich:

"I'd do— I can scarcely tell what, Gaffer Green; I'd go—faith, I hardly know where; But I'd scatter the chick, and leave there to think."

If I had but a thousand a year."

"Go and buy me a library," cried one of the new-made nobles of the capricious Catharine of Russia; "Go and buy me a library; big books at the bottom, little books at the top." Madame P. Troieum, and Madame de Shodulle, on their shopping tours are the laughing stock of the clerks at Tiffany's and Goupil's, because they desire to possess themselves of articles of taste and elegance, but know neither the names nor the uses of the things which they wish to buy.

In order that money may be of much use, some culture is necessary, and persons who have been cultivated only in the lower and grosser parts of their nature, will find that their pleasures have a narrow range, even though their means of gratification are luxuriant.

Not long ago I heard a man say of one who had amassed a great fortune: "Well, he has money enough, no doubt, but precious little good it does him. He can't eat any thing but stale bread and roast beef!" If this speaker had meant that wealth without health was but a barren possession, that would have been true enough; but all he did mean, was that the rich man's wealth was of little use to him, merely because his digestion was so impaired that he could not digest himself the delicacies of the table. He thought that

the main use of money was to buy something good to eat; and that when it could not be expended for that purpose, it was of very little consequence. Not many persons have a standard of values so low as this; but concerning the uses to which money can be put there is in many minds a very limited knowledge. Not only do many persons fail to receive any high enjoyment from large expenditures, but they even continue to do so little harm by means of them. If they spend more than rightfully belongs to them, defrauding or looting their creditors by their extravagance, that, of course, is dishonesty. No time need be wasted in denouncing that. But others whose means are abundant, and who never anticipate their income, expend their resources in a way that is open to criticism.

"What?" asks my princely neighbor. "Shall I not do what I will with mine own? Is it not my business how I spend my money? If I can afford magnificence shall I not be magnificent? Who can call in question my right to dispose as I please me of that which honestly belongs to me?"

Nobody, good friend. You are not accountable to me nor to any other mortal for the use to which you put your money. If any body meddles with such affairs as these, let him emphatically state that they are none of his concern. I have neither the right nor the disposition to sit as supervisor of your accounts, and to indicate the particulars in which your expenditures are too large. — Neither am I disposed at this time to bring the case into the court of conscience, by insisting that every man is a steward of the infinite Proprietor, and that he is bound to use the means put into his hands in such a way as to satisfy and honor Him to whom all riches belong. But though you are not accountable to your neighbors in this matter, and though in this discussion the doctrine of a higher accountability is waived, yet there are certain great principles of economy to which you are accountable, and which you ought to study with care.

It is sometimes said that it is of no consequence how a rich man spends his money; if it gets into the hands of people who need it, no matter how. — But it is of great consequence to the general public how the money of the rich is expended. In some ways of using it, it will do great good and little harm; in other ways it will do great harm and little good.

Suppose, for instance, that a wealthy citizen provides a sumptuous feast, costing him five thousand dollars. This money is distributed through society and many people are benefited by it. Farmers, gardeners, grocers, dry-goods merchants, manufacturers, dressmakers, tailors, cooks, amusements living in the neighborhood get their share of it; and some of it goes to hunters in the forests; some to fish-men on the sea; some to fruiterers and vintagers in distant lands. I think it might be shown that his money works mischief in some cases at least, by encouraging branches of production that are useless if not pernicious. — But let that go. Suppose that the money has done no harm, what good has it done? For five thousand dollars this man has purchased of these individuals—what? A bright and magnificent nothing. The food and drink are consumed or wasted; the gay draperies are packed away in dark closets for the moth to feed upon; five thousand dollars have passed out of his hands into the hands of other people, and there is nothing to show for it.

Now suppose that man had employed his five thousand dollars in reclaiming ten acres of swamp land. It would have been distributed as before, perhaps not so widely; certainly not less judiciously; it would not have encouraged the production of any useless luxuries; it would have gone for wages to laboring men; and for tools and implements to microflants and manufacturers; and through those hands it would have passed by exchange into the hands of people employed in all branches of industry; but grant for the sake of the argument, that it would have been no more judiciously distributed than in the other case, there is something to show for it at any rate. Here are ten of the earth's unproductive acres made productive. The only crops gathered from them hitherto were malaria and ague; henceforth they shall bear abundant harvests of grain and grain. The earth is richer than it was before. There is less danger of famine—better promise of unflinching abundance.

Or, suppose, instead of expending this money in clearing and draining swamp lands, this man had bought a library and put it into circulation. In this way, too, his money would have been widely distributed. It would have given employment to bookellers, bookbinders, printers, and paper-makers; and would have gone through these channels into many others. And how much there is to show for it when it is done — and will be through all the generations! Minds will be reached; hearts will be comforted; better views of life will be opened to many; great inspirations will be given to some that shall come forth to the world in beautiful and beneficent deeds; all this harvest shall come from his sowing, and the harvest shall not all be gathered up by the angel reapers come. Is it of no consequence how a rich man spends his money? That is a shallow view of public economy which supposes that it only concerns society to have the money put into circulation. It may be so expended that the material wealth of the community shall be increased, and its immaterial riches multiplied; it may be expended so that there shall be no increase in the aggregate wealth of the community; for there is only a transfer of a certain number of dollars into other hands without any good effect upon the productive power of the community; and so that

the intelligence and culture of the neighborhood shall be injured rather than benefited. It seems to me that a knowledge of the uses of money is a very important part of the education of every man who has money.

Not only should those who are given to extravagance and profusion study this art, but those also, who are liable to err on the other side. Exactly where the true medium lies between these two extremes it would be difficult to tell; probably every man of property thinks he has found it, but I am afraid the great majority are at the one or the other of the extremes. If a man possesses abundance it is certainly reasonable that his style of living should be rather more liberal than if he were in necessity. He ought not to go meekly clad; he ought not to deny himself sufficient food; he ought not to sit in his house in darkness and cold to save expense of fire and light; he ought not, to deprive himself of books, pictures, travel, means and opportunities of culture, simply for the sake of saving a little more money. — If he were poor, those self-denials would be imperative; since he is not poor, they are forbidden by a true philosophy. If he were poor this rigid and resolute frugality would be a noble spirit; since he is rich it shows a sordid spirit rather. The virtues of one condition thus become the vices of another. Of course it is right and even sublime to deny one's self after this manner for the sake of doing good to others; it is only when the motive is mere ostentatious that it is worthy of condemnation. Some persons expend their money freely in providing themselves freely with an abundance of things that minister to beauty or comfort, but seldom or never use the things thus provided. They do with their elegant belongings exactly what the miser does with his money—lock them up and refuse to take any delight in them. The dresser is full of china, but only once or twice a year, on great occasions, does it shine upon their tables. The drawing rooms are resplendent with carpets and furniture, with pictures and ornaments; but into their gorgeous solitudes neither sunshine, nor fires, nor human beings are ever permitted to intrude. These things are kept not for service, but for show. The household is never permitted to use them. Now and then an exhibition is arranged, and the elegance is paraded before the admiring gaze of a company of invited guests, but that is all the use it appears to serve. One might question whether it pays to keep so much money invested in upholstery and art which brings in so little return. A true philosophy of human life would seem to teach that no man should stock his house with articles too costly or too elegant for him to use. If you cannot afford to use your beautiful things, you cannot afford to have them. If you can afford to use them, you ought not to deprive yourself of the delight and satisfaction they are able to give you. In other words, it seems bad policy for men to furnish their houses with reference to their neighbors rather than themselves. But if they do adopt that policy, it would certainly be proper to consult the neighbors concerned in a matter in which they are the persons interested; and every man about to furnish his house should allow the citizens to vote in town meeting, whether his parlor should be carpeted with ingrain or tapestry and whether his chairs should be rosewood or black walnut.

Opera Bouffe Forty Years Ago.

Forty years ago a Cincinnati named Curtis conceived the plan of a novel and grand concert, with which he hoped to find favor with the Ohio river boatmen.

Living near "Western Row," where cats abounded, Curtis did not lack the opportunity to study the musical capacity of the feline race. They had kept him awake many a warm midnight night when he preferred sleep to their informal serenades. — So he determined to get up a grand Philharmonic concert, in which cats should take a prominent part.

Taking a few cats to experiment on, he tried various modes of bringing out the notes they were addicted to, or excelled in. He pinched their ears, twisted their legs, he stuck them in their— their rotundities, and used other unpleasant devices to develop the music. But he found none was so certain to bring out the sound as the application of a case-knife across the tail. This never failed to elicit the note if there was any talent at all in the animal, the modulations, piano and forte being easily obtained by making the blow light or heavy.

Curtis employed an Englishman named Johnson, a drinking man, but musical withal, and who could build organs, to make one for cats as an accompaniment to the cat voices. Johnson informed him that one of six octaves would do, at least for the experiment. Curtis reckoned up the notes and found that four dozen cats would fill the bill. But he ordered two dozen more for fear that some might have defective voices, or prove obstinate or capricious, like the operatic tribe generally. Six dozen then were ordered, and accommodations were prepared for them in sundry boxes, barrels, kegs, etc., in the back yard.

Johnson went on with the building of the organ and the adaptation of the extra blades keys to the cat's tails. He arranged that the fingers should be confined in narrow boxes, which, while they allowed free play to the lungs, guarded against clawing, by having four holes in the bottom, through which the legs protruded. The tails were enclosed in tubes provided with longitudinal slots, across which the blade keys worked. These extra keys were concealed somewhat with those of the organ, so that the

keys and their appropriate voices should be in perfect union, and thus produce the expected concord of sweet sounds.

Curtis on his part, proceeded with the musical education of the cats, aided occasionally by Johnson; and in a month or so had a complete choir, from the kitten of two months, his trebles and falsettos, and his pensive sopranos, up to the venerable toms, who groined out double-bass equal to Carl Formes. But at length the organ was completed, and the six octaves of cats arranged in due order. A few rehearsals were given. The second story of a warehouse near the landing was rented; a stage, drop-scene and tiers of seats provided—the whole intended to accommodate four or five hundred people.

The organ and cats were safely transported to the place of exhibition or performance without accident, save that the two principal basses, being accidentally put in the same box, had an awful fight all the way up from Western Row, and were obliged to appear before the public with very rueful faces and bloody noses, which, however, did not at all detract from their popularity.

Everything being in readiness, Curtis had flaming posters stuck up all along the levee, displaying in huge letters:

CURTIS' CAT HARMONICON!!!

Grand Vocal AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT.

FORTY EIGHT CATS!!!!

&c., &c., &c.

The house was crowded at an early hour by the jolly boatmen; the spaces not being big enough for men being filled, as usual by boys. After the usual delay the curtain rose, and the Grand Cat Harmonicon was disclosed to view. Two rows of cat heads, two dozen in each row, glared with their green and yellow eyes straight at the audience. Little ruffians were around their necks; miniature music-stands, with books and candles, were placed before them; the aforesaid two basses, whose beauty was spoiled by the fight, being provided with muslin bands, which added to the gravity of their countenances. The whole was indescribably comic, and was received with due applause. — Seated at the organ was Johnson, in a clean shirt, and as sober as he could afford to be on so grand an occasion. As soon as he could be heard, Curtis advanced and stated to the audience that the first song of the evening would be "Old Lang Syne" (or as he pronounced it, "Old Lang Zion") which would be followed by "Hail Columbia." "Clad in kitchen," an other patriotic and devotional song. — Johnson squared himself for the task, ran his fingers tenderly over the keys by way of prelude, and then dashed boldly and vigorously into "Old Lang Zion," producing such a burst of music as was never heard on this continent before, nor ever will again until another Curtis arises to carry into more successful execution his brilliant experiment. The cats were excited to fury in the new and unexplored sound, and still more under the severe pounding of their tails.

They forgot all the lessons they had been taught; they paid no attention to their parts, to either time or tune, rhyme or reason; but quailed, and mowed, and yelled, and apit and phizzed in the madness of pain and terror, drowning the sound of the organ, which could occasionally be heard groaning out its "Old Lang Syne" in the rear of the unearthly tornado of caterwauling. Never was an audience so completely enchanted—never was delight so unusual, so unbounded and so vigorously expressed. Shouts, roars, yells of laughter, such as Western men alone can give, burst from the crowd; shaking the building from roof to foundation. Curtis was delighted—the cats were furious—Johnson was beside himself with joy, and hampered away at the keys with all his might, making with the aid of the choir and the plaudits of audience, a concord of diabolical sounds never before heard this side of the infernal regions. Unfortunately in his delirium, he forgot the strength or weakness of the bellows which supplied the organ with wind, and which he worked with his feet. He had not reached the end of the song when the leather geyser way and brought the performance to a sudden close, the cats continuing the organ or noise till one after another they became silent and stood blinking and blinking at the spectators in mute fear of a recom-mencement of the torture.

The uproarious audience got up furious cheers and yells, stamping with all their might. In the midst of it the platform came down with the audience, and then there was laughter, swearing and blows, and the boys began to pelt the cats with sticks. Curtis fearing for the safety of his pets, and unable to remove them bodily from the scene of danger, lifted off the upper planks which confined their necks in their places, and set them at liberty. The terror-stricken creatures darted away in every direction, mostly among the feet of the spectators, adding to the confusion. Whoops, yells, hurrahs, and shouts were followed by a general smash-up of benches and windows. The boys raised the cry of "Fire." Citizens and watchmen crowded the streets to learn the cause of the uproar, and the engines found difficulty in getting near enough to perform their part of the work. There was no sign of fire, not even of smoke; but the old "Liberty No. 2," could not afford to come all the way down there for nothing; so she poured a deluge of fresh water through the front window, drenching the whole crowd inside to the skin in half a minute. Peace was instantly restored, and the late belligerents calmly rushing and tumbling pell-mell down the

stairs. Thus ended Curtis' Grand Cat Concert, an event that was talked of and laughed over for many years by jolly boatmen of the Ohio. — Its projector was ordered to appear before the mayor next morning and explain the cause of the riot, and was left off with the admonition to do so no more—and he didn't.

A Guess for Life.

A volume could be filled with narrations of the strange delusions entertained by madmen, and the remarkable pertinacity and cunning they display in carrying out the whims of their disordered minds. In their wild freaks maniacs frequently evince a method in their planning, an adroitness and coolness that would do credit to the shrewdest sane person. We give below a thrilling incident which actually occurred as related, one of the parties to it having been a prominent army officer.

When my regiment was mustered out of service, I bade adieu to my old comrades and to the army, and opened an office in the flourishing town of J.

As I was starting for the supper table, on the evening of the third day after my arrival, the office bell was rung violently, and soon the boy came in, and said that a man wanted to see the doctor.

The visitor was standing by the fire when I entered. He was a tall, powerful man—a perfect giant compared with my "five feet six"; and his great head and bushy black hair were well fitted to the monstrous form.

"If you are at liberty, doctor, please come with me. It is but a few steps, and you will not need a carriage."

I put on my coat and hat, and followed him. It was my first call in J., and I fondly hoped it was the forerunner of many others.

The man strode on a pace ahead of me all the way, notwithstanding all my endeavors to keep at his side, and he spoke not a word, not even answering my questions.

Stopping before a substantial-looking residence on one of the principal streets, he applied the latch-key, and led me into a pleasant little room on the second floor. (A study, I thought it,) hung about with good paintings and elegant chromes, and lined with books of every name.

Take a seat, doctor; I will step out a moment. Take this chair by the fire. It is a bitter cold night."

The chair was a great unwieldy thing, but exceedingly comfortable. I threw my feet upon the fender, and leaned back on the cushion, very well satisfied to warm a little before seeing the patient.

I heard the man approach the door which was directly back of where I sat, and heard the door open and close again. I supposed he had gone out, but did not look around to see. Indeed, I had no time, for a stout cord was thrown over my wrists and across my breast, and a handkerchief bound over my mouth, so quickly that I could make no move to prevent it.

"When I was perfectly secured, my conductor stepped in front of me and looked with much interest at my vain attempts to free myself."

"Good stout cord, isn't it?" he asked. "It has never been broken, and many a stouter man than you has tried it. There, now, be quiet awhile, and I will tell you what I want."

He went to a cabinet that stood in one corner of the room, and taking a long wicked-looking knife from one of its drawers, ran his thumb over the edge, and felt of the point, all the while talking in the most commonplace manner imaginable.

"I have studied the art of guessing, for years," said he. "I can guess anything that is in my guessing chair that you are sitting in now; and I take great pleasure in imparting my knowledge to others. This is what I want of you to-night. I did intend to make you guess that, but I have thought of something better."

He had become satisfied with the edge and point of his knife, and was pacing up and down the room giving me a full history of the world, interspersed with facts relative to the art of guessing, at which times he always stepped in front of me.

"He always stepped in front of me? I know you haven't. I am the only one that ever reduced it to a science. Since I left my noble veterans, I have devoted my whole time to it; and now I am about to initiate you into its mysteries, if you are worthy."

He was standing before me so very calm that I did not really think he intended to harm me; but when I looked into his eyes, burning with the fire of insanity, I felt that my situation was desperate indeed.

"I must test you," said he. "I must know whether you are naturally gifted or not, before I waste much time with you. If I remove the handkerchief, will you answer my questions?"

I nodded an affirmative, and he removed it.

"Now, my dear doctor, you are an entire stranger to me. Without doubt you have often heard of me, but it will be a hard task to distinguish my name from all the other great men of the time. You must guess it, doctor; What is it?"

He had brought his face so near to mine that I could feel his hot breath, and I fancied that I could feel the heat of those terrible eyes. The long, keen blade he was holding over me—for what? To take my life if I failed.

"Guess! guess!" he screamed. "If you fail, it will be your last guess in the world!"

I dared not cry out; the knife was too near; I could not escape; for the strong cords bound me to the heavy chair that I

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— *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997

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