

The Corning Express.

118

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THE EXPRESS.

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TIME OF HOLDING COURT.

Circuit Court meets on the seventh Monday after the second Monday in March and September.

R. B. MAXEY,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,

Land & Collecting Ag't.,

Corning, Clayton County,

ARKANSAS.

REFERENCES: Joseph Lathrop, St. Louis.

E. F. BROWN, W. G. AKERS,

BROWN & AKERS,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

CORNING, ARKANSAS.

COLLECTING AGENTS.

TAXES PAID, TITLES INVESTIGATED.

By

F. H. ORENSHAW, T. F. M'GOVERN,

ORENSHAW & M'GOVERN,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

CORNING, ARKANSAS.

COLLECTING AGENTS.

TAXES PAID, TITLES INVESTIGATED.

By

Corning, Clayton County,

ARKANSAS.

SURRIDGE, FISHER & CO.,

Pocahontas and Corning

ARKANSAS.

Will give their attention to entries of Lands, both

United States and State.

—ALSO—

will attend to paying

TAXES ON LANDS

for non-residents and watch their timber interests

OUT OF MY HAND.

One by one, one by one
In the kindled light of the April sun,
While promise and snowdrop gem the ground
And the birds are making and building around,
While violets blossom and steps to greet,
With laughing voice and advancing feet,
With wakening fancy and budding hope,
Beyond my reach and beyond my scope
They pass, while in fear and doubt I stand,
Out of my hand, out of my hand.

Baby pleasure and baby care,
Not one of them but was mine to share;
Not a tear, but I dried it with a kiss;
Not a smile, but I joined in its eager bliss.
Now the young knight arms for the coming strife,
The sweet girl fancies start to life;
The nest and vision and hope of mine,
As the bright buds hide in their silken sheath,
By spring dews nourished, spring breezes
fanned,
Out of my hand, out of my hand.

I dare not touch on the realm, my boy,
Nor rob thy sway of one virgin joy;
Quitting the pleasure of parting youth,
The blooms where the light of sunrise lingers,
Nor drag to the garish light of day
What youth's proud pretence would delay,
I can but wait outside thy advancing feet,
Where the cold wind sigh and the thorn leaves
fall.

Oh! the castles I built! oh! the joys I planned,
Out of my hand, out of my hand.
Yet did I not bear them in peril and pain;
Did I not lavish and watch and refrain;
With my treasure spent and my Monday past,
Take you the guidance that I resign?
Take this hard, embittered heart of mine;
Take the baffled ambition, ungranted prayer,
Bases of crown, and hope of mine,
Guide each fairy bark to the heavenly strand,
Take my darlings, my darlings to thy hand.
—All the Year Round.

A PERILOUS VOYAGE.

BY CHARLES E. HURD.

Those familiar with the lumber regions, not only of the United States, but of Canada, know that the great streams which float the huge rafts of timber down to the various ports and mills along their course are often made serviceable for other purposes. Sometimes the lumberman or shingle-maker takes his family with him to the scene of his winter's labors; and in the spring, when the season's work is ended, places them—women and children, sometimes a round dozen—on a raft of logs or shingles, and, keeping close to the shore, floats down ten, twenty, or thirty miles, to his home. The hunter, who has for weeks hunted and trapped in the vast forests along these streams, binds his package of furs together, makes himself a conveyance by lashing half a dozen logs firmly to each other, and accomplishes his journey of a hundred or more miles in twenty-four hours.

As a general thing, there is little risk in such a journey. If the weather is fair and the river clear of floating lumber, there is hardly more danger than there would be in making the distance behind a pair of farm-horses in a country wagon. People, however, if they live in constant contact with danger, grow careless in time, and often risk their own lives and those of others where there is no apparent necessity.

And so it happened in the instance I am about to relate.
John Allen was a well-to-do farmer of Woodstock, on the St. John River, and, besides the income derived from his land and dairy, he owned, in connection with his son, a tract of wild timber, some dozen miles up the river. Beginning to turn its advantages to account in a small way, the two had erected a small shingle-mill near the shore and kept a half a dozen men at work during the winter. The result the first year was so satisfactory that it was resolved to increase the facilities of the manufacture, and, that it might be done understandingly, they determined to visit the mill for a personal examination.

They were to have one of the farm-hands drive them up as far as they could get with a team; and from that point it was hardly more than a mile to the mill. More than half the way the road was merely a rough cart-track through the woods, making the journey rather a tedious one; but by starting very early in the morning they calculated to make all the necessary investigations and get back early in the afternoon.

This was the plan agreed upon, and the time set was the following Saturday. As soon as it became known in the house the two youngest boys, Harry and Jack, were wild with excitement.

"Maya't we go, too?" they shouted in concert. "Please let us go. We never saw a shingle-mill."

"A shingle mill isn't much to see," answered their father. "And, besides, you'll be getting into all sorts of danger."

"Oh! no, we won't. We'll be so careful if you'll let us go. It would be such a nice ride!"

"Why don't you let them go, Father?" said Mrs. Allen. "They won't take up much room and they'll enjoy it so much."

"Well, well," said the farmer, good-naturedly, "let 'em go, then; let 'em go. I shall have to take the double wagon, if they do, though; and that's big enough for the whole family."

"Why not take the whole family, then?" asked Mrs. Allen, half in earnest. "I've hardly been out of doors the whole winter and spring, and I should enjoy the ride as well as the boys."

Farmer Allen laughed.
"Any more of you want to go? What would you do with the baby?"

"Take her, of course. You don't suppose weather like this would hurt her? She needs the air as much as any body."

can't make a pleasure-jant out of it as well as a business one. I haven't been so far away from home for five years, and I guess the house could get along without me for half a day. Becky can get dinner for the men at noon, and we should get home by two or three o'clock at the latest."

"Well, just as you say, then. I'm sure I've no objections. We'll have to start pretty early, and instead of having one of the men go with us, I shall have to drive."

So the matter was settled.
At seven o'clock the next Saturday morning the party set out, all in the highest possible spirits. Innumerable charges were left with Becky as to what to do about dinner and how to dispose of other household duties, if they should not return at the time expected. A huge basket of lunch was placed under the seat; much to the satisfaction of Harry and Jack, who had been too much excited in regard to the journey to care for breakfast.

It was a splendid April morning, and but for the brown looks of the fields and the thin leaves trees would have seemed like June. The sun shone and the birds sang and every thing seemed delightful. The two boys were constantly finding something new to admire in things about them, and their merry shouts often occasioned a sympathetic "coo" on the part of the baby, who stared with her big round eyes at the commonest objects as if they were the most wonderful things in the world.

It was after 11 o'clock when they reached the mill. The wagon had been left at the end of the road, a mile back, the horses taken out, and a bag of oats emptied upon the ground for them. They were both steady-going old veterans, used to the harrow and plow, and would stand just where they were left hours at a time. The farmer, however, had taken the precaution, after putting the bridles in the wagon, to tie the halter to one of the wheels.

The mill stood close down to the water's edge, and in front and all around it were heaps of blocks, refuse timber, logs, and shavings. It was not a very romantic-looking place, but the children were delighted with it.
The long ride had given them all a good appetite. A rough table was made out of some boards laid across a couple of stumps, and the contents of the big basket were soon placed upon it. Lunch finished, the farmer and his son began their investigations, while Mrs. Allen and the children wandered about looking for arbutus and gathering pine-cones.

There was more to be looked after about the mill than was expected, and it was two o'clock before the job was finished.

So busy had they all been that the gradual clouding up of the sky had not been noticed, and it was not until the sudden pattering of rain began upon the leaves that the little party began to look about them.

"It's nothing but an April shower," said Tom. "We shall have to get under the shelter of the mill till it passes over."

"Don't you believe it," returned the farmer. "We've had rain hanging round for a week past, and we've got it now, sure enough. Do the best we can, we shall be drenched. You run on ahead, Tom, and put the horses in, so as to be ready by the time we get there. We'll be right after you."

Obedient to his father's advice, Tom hurried rapidly along the path leading to the spot where the team had been left, while the remainder of the party followed after as fast as they could. The place was reached at last. The wagon was there, the two bridles lay just where they were, thrown, but the horses were gone.

For a moment the farmer stood dumb-founded. Then he began to examine their tracks.

"It's plain enough," at last he hurriedly said. "They've slipped the halter and have started back home. You'll have to see if you can overtake 'em. Tom, I'll take your mother and the children back to the mill. The wind is rising and it is setting in for a cold, raw storm."

The rain came faster and faster, and by the time they had regained the shelter of the mill they were thoroughly wet through. A fire was soon kindled in the little cracked stove used by the shingle-makers the winter before, and the time spent in waiting for Tom's return was employed in drying their clothes.

An hour passed away. The storm grew more and more furious. The rain poured down in torrents, and the great tops of the pine trees bent and writhed in the terrible gusts, which became more and more frequent. The river, always rapid and strong, was now a fierce, turbulent stream, whose middle current nothing could cross in safety.

At last Tom burst into the mill.
"It's of no use," he exclaimed. "We've got to stay here or swim home. I went clear to the main road, more than five miles from here, and found that the horses have turned the wrong way, instead of going home. If they had gone straight back, the men would have known that something had happened and come for us; but there's no chance for that now."

At this Harry and Jack began to cry, and even Mrs. Allen looked dismayed.

"Staying here to-night is out of the question," said Mr. Allen. "We must get home somehow. We haven't a morsel to eat and every hour we stay makes it worse. We're in for a long storm and the road half the way from here to the turnpike will be under water within twelve hours."

"What shall we do, then?" asked

Tom, who was holding his dripping coat before the blaze.
Mr. Allen shook his head.

"If it was fair weather I should know what to do quick enough; and I don't know but we shall be obliged to come to it any way."

"Why, what do you mean, Father?" inquired Mrs. Allen, anxiously.
He pointed to the river.

"I should take the shingle-raft lying there by the landing. It is staunch and strong and just as safe as any boat that ever floated on the St. John's River."

Mrs. Allen had all a woman's dread of the water and her heart sank at once. But the idea of being compelled to remain for two or three days in that desolate spot, without food or a chance to sleep, was more dreadful yet, and she felt almost like urging her husband to carry out the desperate idea he had announced.

"We've got to decide upon something very quick," continued the farmer. "It'll be dark in an hour and then we shall have no choice."

He went to the window and looked out for a moment at the river. Then he came back to the stove.

"It storms fearfully; but then we're pretty high as wet as we can be now. I believe we can keep in-shore without much trouble, and at the rate the stream is running now we should reach Woodstock in less than an hour. I've done it in worse weather than this."

"I shouldn't be afraid myself," said Tom; "but then there's Mother and the children to think of."

"I'm not afraid, Tom," said Mrs. Allen. "And even if I were, I believe it's the only thing we can do."

"We'll try it, then," said Mr. Allen, decidedly. "Come, Tom, we've no time to lose. See if there is rope enough in the corner there for a coil to throw ashore when we get to the landing at Woodstock, and put the paddles aboard. Let me take the baby, Mother. Now, boys, jump on. There's room enough for a regiment. You'll have to make up your minds to stand a good deal of water the next hour. Push her off!"

The raft swung slowly round from its fastenings, and in another minute struck the shore current, which, though less swift than that in the middle of the river, was yet so strong as to make safe navigation a difficult task. The rain came with such blinding force that it was almost impossible to see the shore, and the increasing dusk threatened to grow into total darkness before the end of their perilous journey was reached.

It was barely three-quarters of an hour from the time they left their starting-point when the raft touched the landing-place at Woodstock, and Tom, rope in hand, jumped on shore, to throw the loop over the post which had always stood there.

To his dismay, the post was gone, and as the raft swept along he felt the rope slip through his fingers, in spite of his endeavors to hold it. There was another point, lower down, where the raft might strike, if his father could keep it out of the current by his single arm. Beyond that the river made a sudden bend, and if the landing should be missed there no power could keep them from going down the river.

He hurried to the nearest houses of the village and gave the alarm, and then flew down the street, which ran parallel with the river, to the lower landing. He was just in time to see his father spring from the raft, holding the rope, and rushing in the water up to his waist, caught hold of it to assist.

Their united strength bade fair to bring the raft into the eddy, and the shouts of rapidly advancing men, who had been roused by Tom's brief warning, gave them additional energy. Two minutes later half a dozen strong arms were aiding them, and the raft was slowly drawing to the shore, when the rope suddenly parted.

With a wild scream, the mother rose, with her babe in her arms, as if to plunge in the river. Then, seeming to remember the children who clung to her garments, she sank down again, and the next moment the fierce current had swept them away in the darkness.

There was but one hope more. If the ferry, five miles lower down, could be reached in time, they might be saved; and the almost distracted father and son, mounted on horses provided by sympathizing friends, galloped there. Too late! The ferry-keeper had seen some black object rush by in the darkness, and heard cries for help, which he was unable to give. They were in the hands of God, and he only could help them.

All that night Farmer Allen paced the floor of his desolate home. The friends who came to comfort him found their endeavors vain. He wished to be alone with his sorrow. Tom had remained at the ferry, determined to take a boat at early daylight and follow down the river.

There was little sleep that night in Woodstock, and long before the usual time for the village to be astir little groups were abroad in the rain, discussing the sad event of the preceding evening. Suddenly there was a stir in the direction of the little telegraph office, and the operator, who slept there, came rushing out with a sealed envelope in his hand, in a state of great excitement.

"Who'll carry this over to Farmer Allen's?" he shouted.

"What is it? Any news? Is it about his folks?"

"He'll tell you. It's his news. I've no right to tell you. I wish I had! Who'll take it?"

"I will! I will!" exclaimed half a dozen, eager to be the bearer of the news.

The message was entrusted to one of

the fleetest-footed boys of the village, who sped over the mile which lay between the office and Farmer Allen's like a greyhound.

"Here's something for you," he panted, as he burst into the house, without knocking.

The farmer took it mechanically, without a thought that it concerned those whom he already looked upon as in Heaven. Breaking the seal, he opened the folded slip of paper and glanced at its contents. Then with a fervent "Thank God!" he fell upon his knees and the feelings so long pent up found vent in tears of thankfulness.

The message was a brief one. It ran: FREDRICKSON, N. B., April 19.
JOHN ALLEN: Your wife and children were picked up at light this morning, on a shingle-raft, three miles above this city. All safe. Answer.

Swift as were the feet of the messenger, they had hard work to keep pace with John Allen's on the return. The news spread like wildfire, and within half an hour every body in Woodstock knew the contents of the dispatch.

Little more need be said. Farmer Allen followed the message he sent without the loss of an hour. That was Sunday morning, and it was Thursday night before the parted household again met beneath the roof whose few hours' desolation made it yet the more sacred and precious to all.—The Independent.

Three Days Imprisoned in a Sewer.

Michael Gelgiman, a well known sneak-thief of Elizabeth, N. J., was discovered trying to rob a saloon, last Thursday, and, in trying to escape from the officer who pursued him, darted into the mouth of the large sewer which empties into the river. The officer procured a lantern and followed him for a short distance, but was finally so much overcome by the gases and offensive odors that he was compelled to retrace his steps. In the meantime Gelgiman, who had seen the gleam of light from the lantern in the hands of the officer, crawled into one of the branches connecting with the main sewer and made his way to the man-hole, through which he hoped to make his escape, but he found that he could not climb up its sides. After wasting his strength in desperate but ineffectual struggles to release himself, his agony became intensified on finding that the tide was rapidly rising. The water rose until it reached his breast, and he was nearly suffocated by the fetid atmosphere which he was compelled to breathe. He could hear only faintly the noise of the traffic on the street above, and he shouted while a particle of strength remained, but his voice could not be heard. When the water receded he renewed his struggles until he fell fainting and completely exhausted into the mud and filth with which the bottom of the sewer was covered. His face came in contact with some water flowing through, and this seemed to revive him. Then he began to crawl backward, and his utter despair produced a feeling of desperation, which imbued him with a new strength, and he continued his desperate struggles, until at 8 o'clock, Sunday morning, he was joyfully at finding himself again at the mouth of the main sewer. He fell unconscious on the sandy shore, where he was discovered by some passers-by, who rendered him assistance. He was in a horrible condition. The flesh was worn off his fingers, and the nails had almost entirely disappeared. His hands and knees were bleeding, and in some places the bones were exposed. His head was one mass of bruises where it had come in contact with the brick walls, and his clothing was torn into shreds. He was covered with dirt and filth from head to foot, so that he bore only a slight resemblance to a human being. He had been in the sewer three nights and nearly three days, but they seemed to him to be months. Gelgiman was taken to police headquarters, and thence removed to the almshouse for medical treatment. Being a man of unusually strong constitution, he may recover from the effects of his forced imprisonment, but it is considered very doubtful. As it is thought he has been sufficiently punished already, the charge of larceny will not be pressed against him in case he should recover.

A Costly Alms-Dish.

A magnificent alms-basin, weighing ten pounds, of solid gold and silver, inlaid with precious stones, was used for the first time in the morning service at St. Paul's Church yesterday. Two years ago the contribution plates were stolen from the church. The pastor, Rev. Dr. Hodges, suggested to his congregation the idea of forming an alms-basin from pieces of gold and silver to be offered by them, to take the place of the stolen plates. On St. Paul's day, 1874, the offerings were made, consisting of twenty-five pounds of silver and gold, comprising watches, chains, rings, spoons, jewels, etc. The pieces were generally relics and highly prized by the givers, who comprised a very large portion of the congregation. Besides the alms-basin there was enough material from which to make six collection plates and a magnificent silver service. The basin was wrought in New York, and was received Friday last. It is sixty-eight inches in circumference, with a depth of three and a half inches and a rim of three inches. The rim is mounted by eight gold medallions, each inlaid with five different kinds of stones—amethysts, topaz, garnets, bloodstone, crystal, etc. The bottom bears an engraving of the adoration of the wise men, with a diamond representing the Star of Bethlehem, and is surrounded with the inscription: "They opened their treasures and presented to him gold, frankincense and myrrh." There is another inscription: "All that is in the heavens and in the earth is thine."—Baltimore Sun.

An Enterprising Reporter.

A funny incident happened in Philadelphia the other day. During the examination of some witnesses by a sub-committee of the House of Representatives, in search of Navy-Yard frauds, several pieces of plaster from the ceiling of the room fell upon Chairman Whitthorne. An examination was made, and it was found that an enterprising reporter had secured the room in the hotel immediately above the committee room. He had bored a hole through the floor and ceiling, and had inserted a tube under the plaster center-piece around the chandelier, and was taking down in short-hand the testimony of the witnesses, when caught by the proprietor. He was taken before the committee, who laughed heartily over the affair, and considered it one of the best things of the season. The smart journalist, however, was sworn not to reveal what he had heard, and was allowed to depart.

Mr. and Mrs. Young.

The registering on the hotel books at the Arlington of plain Mr. and Mrs. Young would never excite very much comment, but when other guests found out that Mr. Young was a son of the prophet, and that Mrs. Young was wife No. 3, why! that put a new face upon the matter, and people felt much more interest in the lady than in the gentleman. About thirty, slender, graceful and lady-like, faultlessly dressed, and wearing a charming set of features, it was difficult to imagine her sharing her husband with any body else. She is a Philadelphian, respectably connected and well educated. Journeying across the Plains seven years ago she met her "John," third son of Brigham. It was an unmistakable case of affinity, both were desperately in love, but John had already two Mormon help-meets. In her creed they were no wives at all, and she wanted John; so, reaching Utah, the conditions were made. If John would put away the incompatibles, she would be Mrs. Young. John made provision for the females aforesaid; Miss — espoused the Mormon faith and John at the same time, but coming East again she was remarried in orthodox fashion in a Gentile church. John is perfectly devoted to her, and she is extremely happy.—Washington Letter to Cleveland Plaindealer.

Murre Eggs.

The murre is a queer bird. It is about the size of a small duck, and it sits on only one egg at a time. If her nest is robbed, the mother murre lays another egg and sits again. The strangest part of the story is that the eggs are not alike; in fact, it would be almost impossible, among thousands of them, to find a single pair that matched in color. They are brown, green, white, blue, or gray, as the case may be, with streaks or spots of blue, black, green, olive, or brown. But all these fancy styles are only shell deep. The little murre that come out of the eggs are all after the same pattern, and in time they take after their parents in a way that is beautiful to behold.

If you want to see them, go to the Farallone Islands in the Pacific Ocean. Call the first cliff you come to, and turn to the right.—St. Nicholas for May.

LEMUEL SPRAGUE, a sail-maker, of Boston, died the other day from the prick of a needle in his thumb. It is supposed that the needle was impregnated with poison.

A PROCESSION of Home-rulers at Limerick, Ireland, on the 18th, was set upon by several hundred Nationalists, armed with stones, bludgeons and knives, and a desperate fight ensued, in which over 100 persons were wounded, some fatally. The Nationalists got worsted in the encounter. The cause of the riot was the discontent of the Nationalists, who form a remnant of the Fenian party, at what they declare to be the utter neglect of the Home-rule question by so-called Home-rule leaders during the present session of Parliament.

THE Indiana Democratic State Convention was held at Indianapolis on the 19th. James D. Williams, of Knox County, was nominated for Governor, and Isaac P. Gray, of Randolph County, for Lieutenant-Governor. The resolutions declare "against the contraction of the volume of our paper currency, and in favor of the adoption of measures looking to the gradual retirement of the circulation of the National Banks, and the substitution thereof of circulating notes issued by the authority of the Government;" that "the legal-tender notes constitute a safe currency, and one especially valuable to the debtor classes because of its legal-tender quality," and demanding therefore the repeal of the Resumption act. Hon. Thomas A. Hendricks is recommended as the Democratic candidate for President.

THE Chicago Inter-Ocean of the 20th published crop reports from various points in Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, and Ohio, from which it is ascertained that in Illinois winter wheat generally promises well; peaches badly injured and in many cases totally destroyed by the cold weather; apples and small fruits promise an abundant yield. In Indiana and Ohio the wheat is in worse condition, but fruits about the same. Michigan promises a plentiful yield of every thing.

THE Kansas City Price-Current estimates the coming season's drive of Texas cattle at 335,000 head. Probably one-fourth of these cattle will stop in Northern Texas, some for shipment, but the larger part of them will go to stock near ranches. The remaining three-fourths will go to Wichita, Dodge City and Platte River.

THE progress of the revolution in Mexico, as detailed in dispatches up to the 22d, is briefly as follows: The Revolutionists, under Gen. Naranjo, occupied Mier on the 18th, without any resistance. Quintana, with a small force of Government troops, advanced upon New Laredo on the 19th, but was routed by the Revolutionists, who went out to meet him, and forced across the Rio Grande. Later advice states that he was again in position before the town, and as the Revolutionists had gotten Mier to join Naranjo, it is presumed the Government troops are again in possession of New Laredo. The merchants of this unfortunate town, both natives and foreigners, have been assessed heavily, first by the Revolutionist and then by the Government commander, but as the United States officer in command at Fort McIntosh has been instructed to protect American merchants against such lawless assessments, no collections have so far been made. Gen. Diaz was still at Matamoros, and Gen. Labarra at Galveston, awaiting the approach of the Government forces.

A FAMILY named Baker, from Pennsylvania, consisting of husband, wife and two children, were recently killed and scalped by Indians, about 100 miles northwest of Custer City. When found the bodies were lying near the remains of their camp fire, and they were apparently murdered while asleep and died without a struggle. Their wagon had been plundered of its entire contents. The revolutionists in Hayti are in the ascendant. Dominigue, the late President, has fled, and two other high officials have been shot. Baron Canal has returned from exile and will probably assume charge of the Government.

THE counsel for ex-Secretary Belknap on the 24th filed a rejoinder to the replication of the House in the matter of the impeachment. Besides a general demurrer to the replication on technical grounds, it alleges that, in order to suppress the scandal growing out of Marsh's testimony as to the payment of money to his (Belknap's) wife, he, Belknap, agreed with the committee to admit the receipt by him of all the money so paid (though contrary to the truth), with the understanding that the evidence in regard to his wife should be suppressed. It further alleges that the chairman of the committee, Clymer, made a tacit agreement with him, Belknap, that in case the latter immediately resigned his position no impeachment proceedings should be commenced against him.

INFANTS' FOOD.—Mix rice flour with cold milk and stir it into boiling milk until of the proper thickness; sweeten with loaf sugar.

PERSONAL AND POLITICAL.

A WITNESS before the House Committee on Expenditures in the Department of Justice having made a statement reflecting upon the official integrity of Mr. Bristow while United States District Attorney for Kentucky, Mr. Bristow has promptly made a demand upon the committee that the matter be thoroughly investigated and that he be afforded an opportunity to show the entire falsity of the charges made against him. The President has nominated Michael S. Hoover to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Utah Territory; Elisha P. Terry, Governor of Washington Territory; and Jos. C. Wilson, Collector of Internal Revenue for Colorado.

THE Nebraska Democratic State Convention, held on the 19th, adopted a resolution favoring a speedy return to specie payments. The delegates to the St. Louis Convention were recommended to cast their votes as a unit, but were otherwise unintrusted.

THE recent Chicago municipal election resulted in the election of most of the Reform candidates. REPRESENTATIVE CRAWFIELD, Chairman of the Committee on Expenses in the Department of Justice, has written a letter to Secretary Bristow, in reply to the latter's request for a hearing before that committee, in which he assures Mr. Bristow that no charges have been made against him that warranted an investigation, and that the Secretary "stands fully exonerated of every suspicion."

THE Montana delegates to the Cincinnati Convention are instructed to vote for Blaine. CALIFORNIA will send a delegation to the Indianapolis Greenback Convention. JOHN S. C. HARRISON, of Indianapolis, Government Director of the Union Pacific Railroad, who is authority for the statements regarding Mr. Blaine's transaction in Union Pacific bonds, has published a card in which he says that he endeavored to have an investigation made in 1873, but failed. He states his willingness to testify before any authorized tribunal as to the facts of the case.

THE Committee on Expenditures in the Department of Justice has received testimony showing that some \$30,000 of the Secret Service fund had been paid through Chief Whitley to Commissioner John I. Davenport, of New York City, by order of Attorney-General Akerman and Williams, for the purpose of preventing election frauds in that city. Attorney-General Williams told the committee that he ordered the money paid by explicit direction of President Grant.

COL. DON PIATT has testified before an investigating committee that Cowley & Brega's most preventive was adopted by Secretary Belknap through his influence, for which he (Piatt) was paid 5 per cent. of the gross receipts, amounting to some \$20,000 for his share.

C. B. WILKINSON, the defaulting Revenue Collector of St. Joseph, Mo., who recently returned from the antipodes, was formally arraigned on the 22d upon three indictments, to all of which he pleaded not guilty. His bail bond was fixed at \$20,000 and May 20 named as date of trial.

THE investigation into the charges against Secretary Bristow, in relation to the release of the bark Mary Merritt, was begun on the 24th by the Committee on Expenditures in the Treasury Department. Secretary Bristow appeared in his own behalf, and gave the committee a list of witnesses whom he wished summoned. Judge Cate, who introduced the resolution of investigation in the House, appeared as prosecutor. EX-GOV. ARCHIBALD DIXON, of Kentucky, died at Henderson on the 24th, aged 74.

TELEGRAPHIC NOTES.

A break in the Sny Levee occurred on the 17th, about eight miles above Hannibal, Mo., by which thousands of acres of farming lands were overflowed and fences and bridges swept away. The damage is very great, but its extent could not be accurately estimated until the water subsided. Another break in the levee occurred about nine miles above Louisiana, on the 18th, flooding the bottom lands and destroying much property.

The steamer D. A. McDonald was stove in and sunk while passing through the Keokuk bridge on the 18th. No loss of life.

The Mexican Revolutionists have captured Victoria, the capital of Tamaulipas. Gov. Canales has pronounced for Diaz. A forced loan was being exacted from merchants at New Laredo by order of Diaz.

A tornado in Wright County, Iowa, a few days ago, destroyed a number of houses and caused the death of three persons.

The Texas Legislature met and organized on the 18th. The Secretary of the Treasury, on the 18th, forwarded to the various disbursing officers throughout the country instructions for the redemption of fractional currency with silver coin, as provided by the law recently enacted.

A serious break in the levee at Col. Wade's plantation, above Bolivar, Miss., occurred on the 14th, causing the overflow of the entire bottom. Other breaks were reported at Ben Lomond and at Bass Levee, below Providence.

The United States Supreme Court has reversed the decision of the lower Courts in the Illinois railroad cases, holding that the railroads' remedy for alleged excessive or illegal taxation is not by injunction, but only by suits at law after paying taxes.

An immigrant train was attacked by the Indians in Rio Canyon, near Cheyenne River Ranch, on the 16th, and Mr. and Mrs. Metz, of Laramie City, and a man named Simpson, were killed, and three other men seriously wounded. A few of the party escaped. The unfortunate woman was ravished by the red devils before being put out of her misery.

There is much trouble in the Tuscarawas Valley coal regions in Ohio on account of a strike of miners, and Gov. Hayes has issued a proclamation threatening to send a military force there unless order is restored. Montenegro has formally declared war against Turkey.

A daring bank robbery occurred at Baxter Springs, Kas., on the 19th. About two o'clock a. m. two men entered the Baxter Bank, presented pistols at the head of the Cashier, Mr. Crowell, went through the

safe, and escaped into the Indian Territory with \$3,000. The officers and a number of citizens started in pursuit.

At Fort Smith, Ark., on the 21st, another wholesale execution took place, five men being swung off simultaneously from a single gallows. The names of the culprits and the nature of their crimes are as follows: Wm. Leach, a white man, aged 42, murdered John Watkins, in the Indian Nation, about eight miles from Clinton, Ark., in March, 1873. Aaron Wilson, a negro, aged about 25, murdered an old man named James Harris, and his young son, about 12 miles from Fort Smith. Isham Sealey and Gibson Ishantubee, both Choctaws, murdered an old Indian doctor and a colored woman in the Choctaw Nation, in the Red River, in the Choctaw Nation, in April, 1874.

John R. Dolan, the murderer of James H. Noe, was hanged in New York on the 21st.

Thomas W. Piper, condemned to be executed on May 28, for the murder of Abel Young, in the belfry of the Warren Avenue Church, Boston, has made a sworn statement that he received the injuries that caused his death from the trap-door falling upon his head; that he was frightened lest he should be accused of murdering her, and therefore denied all knowledge of the matter, trusting that his connection with it would not be discovered.

The Cook County Savings-bank of Chicago suspended on the 23d. Its managers claim that depositors will ultimately be paid in full.

\$33,000,000 is the amount of the Post-office appropriation agreed upon for this year, being \$3,500,000 less than last year.

The Methodist Camp-meeting grounds at Tarentum, Pa., upon which were some 150 frame cottages, many of them nicely furnished, were swept by fire on the night of the 21st. The loss is about \$50,000, partially insured.

The City National Bank of Chicago closed its doors on the 24th. The managers announce that it will pay depositors in full.

FORTY-FOURTH CONGRESS.

In the Senate, on the 18th, the Deficiency Appropriation bill was passed. Among the items embraced in it are \$25,000 for the Black Hills Commission and \$73,500 for expenses of the Government exhibit at the Centennial. The House took up the report of the committee on the Alabama contested election case of Bromberg against Haralson. The report was unanimous in declaring the sitting member (Haralson) entitled to the seat, and that the committee on the Alabama contested election case of Bromberg against Haralson. The report was unanimous in declaring the sitting member (Haralson) entitled to the seat, and that the committee on the Alabama contested election case of Bromberg against Haralson. The report was unanimous in declaring the sitting member (Haralson) entitled to the seat, and that the committee on the Alabama contested election case of Bromberg against Haralson.

In the Senate, on the 18th, the impeachment proceedings against Wm. W. Belknap were resumed, the galleries being crowded with spectators. The only steps taken in the case, however, was the reading of the answer adopted by the House to the plea of Belknap, that his resignation barred all impeachment proceedings. The House taking the ground that his resignation was not offered or accepted until after the charges against him had been reported to the committee of the House and proceedings for his impeachment were begun. In order to give time for the managers and Belknap to prepare a case, the proceedings were postponed until the 27th in the regular business of the Senate. The bill to amend the law relating to the salary of the President of the United States at \$25,000 per annum. The House bill to amend the law relating to the salary of the President of the United States at \$25,000 per annum. The House bill to amend the law relating to the salary of the President of the United States at \$25,000 per annum. The House bill to amend the law relating to the salary of the President of the United States at \$25,000 per annum.

In the Senate, on the 20th, Mr. Morrill (Vt.) introduced a bill to authorize the Secretary of the Treasury to allow Mrs. Minnie Sherman Fitch to receive, free of duty, a wedding present from the Khedive of Egypt. It was passed unanimously. After the expiration of the morning hour the bill to amend the law relating to the legal tender of silver coin was taken up, and Mr. Boggs spoke in favor of making silver a legal tender for all amounts and receivable in payment of duties at the Custom-house. The bill to amend the law relating to the legal tender of silver coin was taken up, and Mr. Boggs spoke in favor of making silver a legal tender for all amounts and receivable in payment of duties at the Custom-house. The bill to amend the law relating to the legal tender of silver coin was taken up, and Mr. Boggs spoke in favor of making silver a legal tender for all amounts and receivable in payment of duties at the Custom-house.

The Senate was not in session on the 21st. In the House, the bill for the transfer of the Indian Bureau to the War Department was passed. The bill to amend the law relating to the legal tender of silver coin was taken up, and Mr. Jones (Nevada) made a long argument in favor of a double standard of gold and silver money. He gave way to a motion to adjourn.

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Some young people do not understand the advantages of natural charms, and how much they would gain by trusting to them entirely. They weaken these gifts of Heaven, so rare and fragile, by affected manners and an awkward imitation. Their tones and their gait are borrowed; they study their attitudes before the glass until they have lost all trace of natural manner, and, with all their pains, please but little.

DR. GULICK says that it is the missionary's wife who does much of the work. In his own case he frankly confesses that, when they reached their field, his wife learned the language first, and held meetings, while he—held the baby.

Redemption of Fractional Currency with Silver.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 18.—Secretary Bristow has issued the following instructions concerning the issue of silver coin in place of fractional currency:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, Washington, D. C., April 18th, 1876.—By virtue of the authority vested in the Secretary of the Treasury, by the second section of the act, entitled "An act to provide for the deficiency in the Printing and Engraving Bureau of the Treasury Department, and for the issue of silver coin of the United States in place of fractional currency," approved April 17, 1876, the several officers below named are hereby authorized upon presentation at their respective offices, and for the redemption of fractional currency of the United States, in sums of 50, or multiples thereof, assorted by denominations and in an amount not to exceed \$100, to issue therefor a like amount of silver coin of the United States, of the denomination of ten, twenty, twenty-five and fifty cents; and furthermore upon presentation for redemption at the office of the Treasury of the United States in this city of any amount of such currency, properly assorted, and in sums of not less than \$100 dollars, the Treasurer is authorized to issue silver coin therefor to the amount of currency presented, or he may give his check therefor, payable in silver either at the office hereinafter named, at the option of the party presenting the currency. As far as may be practicable, from time to time, fractional currency redeemed in silver under these instructions by any of the Assistant Treasurers or designated depositaries of the United States, will be sent in sums of one thousand dollars or multiples thereof to the Treasurer of this city, the amount to be charged in the Treasurer's general coin account as a transfer of funds, and any amount of such currency for which silver has been paid remaining at any time in cash at the several offices will be treated as such, and in no case will such fractional currency be re-issued. Fractional currency sent by express or otherwise to the officers below named for redemption in silver under the provisions of this circular should be accompanied by a letter of advice stating full address of the party presenting the same, and in payment thereof is desired, and if by Treasurer's check the office at which the check should be made payable. The Government will not pay express charges on silver issued, or fractional currency presented for redemption, under the provisions of this circular.

The officers herein referred to are as follows: Treasurer United States, Washington; Assistant Treasurers at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Charleston (S. C.), New Orleans, Chicago, San Francisco and Baltimore; the United States Depositories at Buffalo and Pittsburgh. (Signed) B. H. Bristow, Sec'y.

Rocking the Cradle.

The mother that rocks and sings her child to sleep is unconsciously illustrating a scientific principle. The heart and the system of circulation are popularly thought never to rest. But science shows that under usual and fair conditions their rest is perpetual. In other words, by their rhythmic or measured motion in health, the organs of circulation rest between each pulse—that is to say, eight hours out of the twenty-four; as has been calculated by computing the pauses between the beats of the pulse. The monotonous rhythm of a simple cradle-song, and the gentle motion of the rocking-chair or cradle are in harmony with the rhythm of the heart, and the brain being disengaged, sleep follows. The brain may be said to be the part of the animal economy which sleeps entirely. During healthy sleep the brain is to a great degree bloodless, and this is shown indirectly by the greater circulation of the blood in the skin and extremities during sleep. Healthy digestion, after a fairly full but not excessive meal, promotes sleep, by the calling off of the blood from the brain to the stomach. A curious but familiar illustration of the accord between the heart movements and external measured sounds or motions, is shown when the nurse stops "humming" and the troublesome baby wakes straight up and provokingly opens its staring eyes. The "concert" is interrupted and the sleepy accord of the heart with the successive cadences of a cannonade have awakened when the noise suddenly ceased.

Bear Stories from Vermont.

They tell of a Senator Foster, who lived for many years at Brighton, Vt., and who, though not a large man, distinguished himself by great strength. Being in the woods one day, so the story runs, he saw two bear cubs lying on the ground with their noses turned toward each other. He had a gun, but wanted them alive. Placing his gun in a position where he could swing it under his arm after he had secured his prey, he crept softly to the sleeping animals, and suddenly grasped each by the nose. He expected in this manner to hold them so firmly that they could not squeal, but one of them slipped from his grasp. Nothing daunted, Jack caught him by the hind leg, secured his gun and started for home on the run. The cub whose nose was free set up a loud cry, and the old, mother soon made her appearance. Jack heard her crashing through the brush after him. It was but 50 rods to the clearing, and he had but 10 rods the start. It was a case of life and death, but he wouldn't give up the cubs. There was a high log fence just in the edge of the clearing, and fortunately a large log lay alongside. With one tremendous bound Jack leaped on the log. Another muscular bound carried him over the fence into the field. The bear was on the fence as soon as Jack struck the ground. But she hesitated a moment about following him in the open field, and he sped away so fast that she finally turned back into the woods, and Jack escaped. On another occasion this Nimrod was in the woods unarmed, one March day,

when the snow was six feet deep, and the surface so soft that no one could walk on it without snow-shoes, a pair of which Jack had on. A bear which had just awaked from his winter nap made a dive at him. He leaped away from the brute, but went deep into the snow, and bruin was upon him. The battle began, man and beast rolling over each other in the desperate struggle. As often as the bear tried to seize him with her teeth or overpower him with the fatal hug, Jack would always save himself by kicking her on the nose with his snow-shoes. Finally, with one fierce plunge of claws and teeth the brute fastened upon Jack, and, failing to hold him off almost all his clothing at a single swoop, but, fortunately, just at that moment, he hit the tip of her nose a most powerful kick. A blow on the end of the nose causes pain so acute as to disable a bear for a time, and it had that effect in this case. The brute gave back a little, and, while she was wincing under the pain, Jack regained his feet and got several steps away. His assailant started after him again, but the snow was too soft and she almost buried herself at every step, while Jack walked on the surface and escaped. So his snow-shoes, which rendered him a clumsy fighter, finally saved his life. If these stories are not true they ought to be.

\$75,000 for a Picture.

The story, incredible enough on the face of it, that Mr. Millais is to have \$75,000 for a single picture, I believe to be quite true. The fact that it is for a picture not yet painted, does not make it less remarkable. Mr. Millais's contract is with Mr. Marsden, a picture dealer of the highest order, who desires, it is said, to be reckoned above Mr. Agnew himself, who has long been known as the leviathan among English dealers. Mr. Marsden proposed to Mr. Millais to paint a picture for him at the price above named, and Mr. Millais, not unnaturally, accepted; for the sum is probably larger than has been paid to any living artist for a single work, or perhaps than any picture by an artist not dead has been sold for at auction, or otherwise. Turner's "Grand Canal" was thought to have touched high value mark at \$35,000, last year at Christie's. I will not ask, is Millais a greater painter than Turner?—that would be to touch on dangerous ground. He is, at any rate, the most fashionable of living English artists, and the cash value of fashion makes up a certain part—every body may determine for himself what part—of this extraordinary price. It is said, I know not whether truly, that Mr. Marsden made but a single condition, viz., that the picture should not be exhibited by Mr. Millais. Subject, size, and all the rest, seem, if this account be correct, to have been left to the painter's discretion, and about twenty per cent. of the purchase money was paid down to bind the bargain. Mr. Marsden, of course, intends to exhibit the picture himself. The number of people who will go to see it solely because of the amount paid for it is not small. Then the copyright is doubtless included, there will be an engraving which will also be fashionable and sell largely, and finally the picture itself will remain to be sold. Altogether, it may turn out a good speculation. Holman Hunt's "Shadow of the Cross" fetched \$50,000, and I never heard that the enterprising buyer and exhibitor of it repented of his bargain.—London Cor. New York Tribune.

A Sioux Warrior's Pictured Diary.

Among the interesting relics brought back by gentlemen connected with Gen. Crook's recent expedition against hostile Indians, and found in the village of Crazy Horse after it was abandoned by the band, and previous to its destruction by Gen. Crook's soldiers, was a book full of curious drawings, which appear to be the military record, expressed in picture form, of some one of the young warriors belonging to the Indian band. We have seen the book, which contains many sketches, remarkable for bold delineation and truthfulness to nature, bearing in mind, of course, that the same is the work of an untutored Indian artist. The pictures represent attacks on American wagon-trains, parties traveling along the highway. In a few instances female figures occur. The victims are pictured as being scalped, shot with rifles and arrows, and stabbed with lances. In some of the pictures the parties attacked are Indians of other tribes, Crows and Pawnees being especially noticeable. Nearly all the scenes are painted in bright colors; the blue uniforms of the murdered soldiers and the red trappings of the Sioux braves are especially vivid. It is quite certain that every scene so pictured was an actual occurrence. The warrior to whom this book belonged has a very sanguinary record, if that is true. The book itself appears to have been an account-book that was stolen from some post-trader. It bears date 1869.—Omaha Republican.

We've suspected for some time past that measures would have to be taken to check the alarmingly rapid growth of the Smith family. And here, now, sure enough, a Pennsylvania man proposes to exhibit at the Centennial a "Smith roller and crusher."—N. Y. Commercial.

WIT AND WISDOM.

A PENNSYLVANIA editor, in an appeal to his patrons, says: "The editor wants grain, pork, tallow, candles, whisky, linen, beeswax, wool, and any thing else he can eat."

A FAST youth asked at a "Frisco" restaurant: "What have you got?" "Almost every thing," was the reply. "Almost every thing?" Well, give me a plate of that." "Certainly. One-plate hash!" yelled the waiter.

A LADY had her dress trimmed with bugles before going to a ball. Her little daughter wanted to know if the bugles would blow when she danced. "Oh, no," said the mother, "papa will do that when he sees the bill."

POUND socialists are becoming very popular among the orthodox churches. They are also quite popular among married people of several years' standing, and the one which pounds the hardest feels the most seizable.—World.

A SCIENTIST says: "Eventually, as our globe contracts, there will only be thirteen days in the year." It will be jolly to have Christmas, Mardi Gras, and the Fourth of July in the same week, and be able to remind creditors who come nosing around that the legal holidays must be respected.

WHAT nonsense Tom Jefferson promulgated when he wrote "All men are created equal." He could not have believed himself, and no two men ever were half an hour together without each one becoming fully convinced that the other fellow was miserably below par.—Brooklyn Argus.

A Co-operative Experiment.

In Scribner for May, Charles Barnard has a paper on "Some Experiments in Co-operation," in which he speaks as follows of the Springfield (Vt.) Industrial Works, a successful co-operative enterprise:

At the benches are young men and women in about equal numbers, distributed according to the demands of the work or their own ability. Precisely as in any manufactory, there is a regular system of work and a perfect subdivision of labor. By the peculiar method of selection, each one has the work that the majority think he or she is best suited to perform consistently with the best interests of the establishment. On going through the various departments, one can not fail to notice the quiet and order that prevail. There is a rigid adherence to business that is positively refreshing. Persons familiar with working people in mills and shops can readily recall that calmness of manner, and ingenuity in doing nothing with apparent energy that characterize some of the workers. Not a trace of this can be seen in the Industrial Works.

The sun goes down, the lamps are lighted, and the work goes on without a pause. It is hammer, hammer, with all the regularity and twice the energy of a clock. The whirling shafts spin steadily, the shavings fly from the planers, the paint-brushes slip along quickly in nimble girl fingers. It is work, work, work with a jolly persistence. The six o'clock bell rings, and no one seems to discover it till the reluctant engineer turns off the water, and the clattering machinery runs slowly and finally stops, as if it also held shares in the company.

We may join them at their liberal table; forty or more young men and women in good health and the best of spirits. They are well-dressed, intelligent, with manners self-respectful and courteous. After supper some amuse themselves with books, music, and games, and some return to the shop for extra work. All are apparently contented and happy, and all, without exception, are making money at a rate seldom equaled by people in their position.

THE MARKETS.

ST. LOUIS, April 25, 1876. BEEVES—Choice, \$5.00@5.25; Good to Prime, \$4.45@4.95; Cows and Heifers, \$2.25@4.25. CORN—No. 2, \$1.10@1.15. HOGS—Shipping, \$3.50@4.50. SHEEP—Common to Choice, \$3.00@6.00. FLOUR—Choice Country, \$6.00@6.75; XXX, \$5.25@5.75. WHEAT—Red, No. 2, \$1.30@1.40; No. 3, \$1.20@1.30. CORN—No. 2 Mixed, 45% @ 46%. OATS—No. 2, \$1.10@1.15. RYE—No. 2, 65% @ 67%. TIMOTHY SEED—\$2.30 @ 2.35. TOBACCO—Planters' Lugs, \$4.00@6.00; Middling, \$3.00@4.00. HAY—Choice Timothy, \$19.00@19.50. BUTTER—Choice Packaged, 27@30c. EGGS—10 1/2 @ 11c. FRESH—Standard Meas, \$22.40@24.00. LARD—Steam, 12 @ 12 1/2c. WOOL—Tub-washed, Choice, 42@45c; Unwashed, 22@27c. COTTON—Middling, 12 1/2c. NEW YORK. BEEVES—Native, \$5.00@12.00; Texan, None. HOGS—Live, None. SHEEP—Unshorn, \$6.00@9.25; Shorn, \$5.00@6.00. FLOUR—Good to Choice, \$5.20@5.75. WHEAT—No. 2, \$1.10@1.15. CORN—Western Mixed, 42@47c. OATS—Western Mixed, 42@47c. PORK—Mess, \$22.40@23.75. COTTON—Middling, 12 1/2c. NEW ORLEANS. FLOUR—Choice to Family, \$4.25@7.75. CORN—No. 2, \$1.10@1.15. OATS—St. Louis, 41@45c. HAY—Choice, \$4.00@25.00. PORK—New Mess, \$22.00@23.00. SUGAR—Fair Winter, 7 1/2 @ 8c. COTTON—Low Middling, 11c.

Anecdotes of the Late A. T. Stewart.

A friend of Mr. Stewart relates an anecdote which shows the methods that the merchant adopted, when carrying on a small business, to increase the number of his customers. Mr. Stewart made inquiries among his friends, and learned the name and residence of the leader of fashionable society in the city and also the church that she attended. He then sought out the sexton of the church and leased a pew directly in front of that of the lady. Regularly Sunday after Sunday thereafter he sat in his seat and took part in the worship. A few months passed, and one Sunday as the congregation was about leaving the church it suddenly began to rain. The fashionable lady had a carriage, but the sidewalk between the church door and the roadway was wide, and she stopped irresolutely at the door upon receiving the drops of rain, dreading injury to her costly dress. The frequent mists and rain of Ireland had caused Mr. Stewart to form the habit of carrying an umbrella on all days of the year, and he had one on this day. Raising it, he told the lady he would shelter her beneath it until she could walk to her carriage, if she would accept the service. The proffer was accepted, he took her to the carriage, and was heartily thanked. The following Sunday, after the service, she addressed him and again thanked him for his kindness. A short conversation followed, and occasionally on Sundays that succeeded, as they were coming out of church, a few words passed between them. While talking with a member of the church one day the lady learned Mr. Stewart's occupation, and the next time she met him said:

"Mr. Stewart, have you any articles in your store that you think I would like to buy?"

"No," he replied, "I don't think I have any thing."

"I would like to aid you in your business in some way."

"You can in this way: I have noticed that your coachman exercises your horses every day, and you not caring always to take a ride, I presume the carriage is frequently empty. If on the days when you do not wish to use the carriage you will order your coachman to take it to my store and remain in front of the store for half an hour, you will do me a good turn."

The lady was amused by Mr. Stewart's suggestion, and cheerfully granted the request. The frequent appearance of the carriage in front of the store, and the presumptive presence of the fashionable owner of it within the store, was soon noticed by other women, and Mr. Stewart's scheme was speedily successful. Carriage after carriage stopped before the store, and the stream of fashion was started that has since run ceaselessly in and out its doors.

Personally Mr. Stewart was a very unassuming man. He dressed plainly and with good taste, and never wore rings or diamonds. The only costly article he carried about was a gold watch, and this was not fastened to a chain, but to a black silk cord. If he saw one of his clerks displaying much jewelry, this was considered sufficient cause by him to establish an inquiry into the habits of the man, the amount of his salary, and his mode of living. If his salary and circumstances did not warrant such outlay Mr. Stewart would have a watch set on his actions, and the result in many cases proved that the clerk was dishonest. Many instances could be recounted in which he discovered dishonesty in his clerks by too great a display of jewelry on their part. He was generally lenient with erring employees, and never prosecuted them if there were any extenuating circumstances. His observation was remarkably keen, and he was quick to observe the slightest irregularity in the arrangement of the different departments of the store, or any slovenliness in the dress of the clerks. If a clerk, on the other hand, was dressed too extravagantly, Mr. Stewart often took occasion to offer a gentle rebuke. As an instance of this distaste for outward display, it may be mentioned that he was walking through his retail store one day when a massive gold chain and locket in the button-hole of one of his clerks attracted his attention. He stepped up to him and said: "Young man, if I were you I'd button up my coat on that," and, pointing down to his own plain black silk watch cord, he added, "That is the best that I can afford to wear; take my advice, and keep that covered up!"

He had a constant watchfulness over all the details of his business, and more than one of his employees found himself watched when he least supposed it.

"He never spoke to me but twice," one of his old clerks relates. "Once I tore a piece of wrapping paper roughly across, and he came around and told me I should have folded it and made even edges. 'People,' he said, 'didn't like to get shiftless-looking bundles.' Again, I wound a bundle around with an extra turn of string, and before I could cut it he had the bundle out of my hand and unwound the unnecessary turn. 'Never waste even a piece of

string," he said, "waste is always wrong." Mr. Stewart, in the selection of his paintings, invariably chose those which united with a large and prominent figure-subject bright and striking colors. At one time a few artists and private friends met at his house to examine a new painting, by Meissonier, which had just arrived, having been painted by Mr. Stewart's order some time before. In the course of the conversation Mr. Stewart remarked that in his opinion the colors were too light. In reply, one of the gentlemen said that Meissonier painted for the future; that the colors would become brighter by age, and in fifty or one hundred years the picture would be much more pleasing than if bright colors had been used. Mr. Stewart's reply was characteristic: "But, confound it, I don't expect to live fifty or one hundred years, and I want to enjoy it now."

The Greatest Toothache Ever Known.

If ever any of you should have a toothache, my poor children, and it's very likely that you will, just look into the brook, or any other mirror, with your tear-dimmed eyes, and notice how small is the little white tormentor that is causing so much pain. Then, by way of comfort, I want you to reflect how much worse it would be if this tiny white thing were an elephant's great tusk, with toothache all through it.

Perhaps you will say that elephants can't have toothache? Then listen to the sad story of Chuneo, the elephant of Exeter, Change, N. H. At Exeter, Change, in the great city of London, there was, many years ago, a menagerie in the second story of a building. Here the elephant, Chuneo by name—a very quiet, well-trained beast—was confined in a cage, under which the floor had been strengthened to support his weight. Chuneo never came out, but seemed very happy, for all that. Suddenly he became raving mad, and screamed and trumpeted, and endeavored vigorously to tear away the iron bars of his cage.

Now, if he had succeeded in getting out upon the floor, Mr. Chuneo would have immediately dropped through into an apothecary shop below. If he had fallen into the scales, his exact weight might have been ascertained. After a fashion, but, in other respects, a mad elephant in a drug-store would have been far worse than a bull in a china-shop. If he had been sane, he might have had a nice time, eating the liquorice and cough-lozenges and sugar-coated pills and candy; but as he wasn't sane, the accident was not to be desired.

Well, Chuneo grew more and more wild and dangerous, until at last the "Beef-eaters," who are the keepers of the tower of London, were called upon to destroy the poor beast. They discharged many balls from their old-fashioned muskets into his body, but the loss of blood seemed to increase his fury, and not lessen his strength. There were no rifle teams in those days, to reach his brain with a single shot, so a piece of artillery was actually brought up, and poor Chuneo, obeying his keeper's voice, even in his rage, kneeled down, and was shot to death with a cannon-ball.

Then the surgeons discovered that the elephant had been suffering from the greatest toothache ever known. His tusk, preserved in the warehouse of the East India Company, shows this.

The Story of a Russian Princess.

A young Russian has for some years been prosecuting his chemical studies at the University of Leipsic with unusual zeal. The young man, of an aristocratic exterior, made friends of all who came in contact with him. Recently he passed a most brilliant examination, which was rewarded with the dignity of master of arts. Soon thereafter a young lady called on one of the most prominent professors of the university, addressing the celebrated savant in the following words: "I desire, professor, before I depart from Leipsic, to express to you my most hearty thanks." The professor, perfectly astonished, observed: "Thanks, but for what?" "Listen, sir, I was married to the old Prince—my husband died some years ago. He died insolvent, so that I was left even without the daily bread. I resolved to seek the necessary means of subsistence in science." The professor then interrupted her, saying: "Yes, most gracious lady, nevertheless I can not see why you should address any thanks to me." The lady continued: "Observe, then, it is now more than three years, that here, in Leipsic, I have been a student. The student who lately passed the examination, and whom you consider worthy of distinction, is none other than myself." St. Petersburg Gazette.

Mrs. Sara J. Spencer, of Washington, has sent a communication to the Commissioners of the District, praying that a "Reformatory for Fallen Men" be established, so that innocent young girls may be saved from their clutches.

Some Curious Illustrations of the Power of Ventriiloquism.

Perhaps the most familiar of mysterious sounds are those produced by the ventriiloquist; familiar, because almost every country fair is visited by one or other of these exhibitors, mysterious, because the real source of sound does not correspond with the apparent. It lies within the province of the anatomist or physiologist to explain how it is that some men can speak as if from the stomach instead of the throat, without any perceptible movement of the lips; but the person who can do this, the ventriiloquist, may make himself a most bewildering deceiver of those who listen to him. Our power of determining the exact direction whence a sound comes is less than we usually imagine. It is said that Saville Carey, who could well imitate the whistling of the wind, would sometimes amuse himself by exercising this art in a public coffee-house; some of the guests at once rose to see whether the windows were quite closed, while others would button up their coats as if cold. Sir David Brewster notices a ventriiloquist of exceptional skill, M. St. Gille, who one day entered a church where some monks were lamenting the death of a brother. Suddenly they heard a voice, as if from over their heads, bewailing the condition of the departed in purgatory, and reproaching them for their want of zeal. Not suspecting the trick, they fell on their faces and chanted the De Profundis.

A committee appointed by the Academie des Sciences, to report on the phenomena of ventriiloquism, went with M. St. Gille to the house of a lady, to whom they announced that they had come to investigate a case of aerial "spirits" somewhere in the neighborhood. During the interview she heard what she termed "spirit voices" above her head, underneath the floor, and in distant parts of the room, and was with difficulty convinced that the only spirit present was the ventriiloquistic voice of M. St. Gille. Brewster tells of another master of this art, Louis Brabant, valet de chambre to Francis I, whose suit was rejected by the parents of a beautiful and well-dowered girl with whom he was in love. He called on the mother, after the death of the father, again to urge his suit, and while he was present she heard a voice of a deceased husband, expressing remorse of having rejected Louis Brabant, and conjuring her to give her immediate consent to the betrothal. Frightened and alarmed, she consented. Brabant, deeming it desirable to behave liberally in the marriage arrangements, but having not much cash at command, resolved to try whether his ventriiloquism would be as efficacious with a money-lending banker as it had been with the widow. Calling on the old usurer at Lyons, he managed that the conversation should turn upon the subject of demons, spectres, and purgatory. Suddenly he heard the voice of the usurer's father, complaining of the horrible sufferings he was enduring in purgatory, and saying that there was no way of obtaining alleviation except by the usurer advancing money to the visitor for the sake of ransoming Christians from the hands of the Turks. The usurer was terrified, but too much in love with his gold to yield at once. Brabant went next day and resumed the conversation, when shortly he heard the voices of a host of dead relatives, all telling the same terrible story, and all pointing out the only way of obtaining relief. The usurer could resist no longer; he placed 10,000 crowns in the hands of the unsuspecting ventriiloquist, who, of course, forgot to pay it over for the ransom of Christians, either in Turkey or anywhere else. When the usurer learned afterward how he had been duped he died of vexation. Of all producers of so-called mysterious sounds, Dr. Tyndall's sensitive or vowel flame is the most curious. Out of a particular kind of gas, with a burner of peculiar construction, the learned Professor produces a lighted jet of flame, nearly two feet in height, extremely narrow, and so exquisitely sensitive to sounds that it dances up and down in response to every thing that is sung or said with different degrees of sensibility for different vowel sounds. "The slightest tap on a distant anvil reduces its height to seven inches. When a bunch of keys is shaken, the flame is violently agitated and emits a loud roar. The dropping of a sixpence into a hand already containing a coin, at a distance of twenty yards, knocks the flame down. It is not possible to walk across the floor without agitating the flame. The creaking of boots sets it in violent commotion. The prumping or tearing of paper, or the rustle of a silk dress, does the same. It is startled by the paster of a rain-drop. I hold a watch near the flame; nobody hears its ticks; but you all see their effect upon the flame; at every tick it falls and roars. The winding up of the watch also produces tumult. The twittering of a distant sparrow shrieks in the flame; the note of a cricket would do the same. A chirrup from a distance of thirty yards causes it to fall and roar." In reference to the power of the flame to respond to poetry, the Professor says: "The flame selects from the sounds those to which it can respond; it notices some by the slightest nod, to others it bows more distinctly, to some its obeisance is very profound, while to many sounds it turns an entirely deaf ear."

"Small Potatoes."

The following amusing account of the way in which an Eastern tourist was "taken in" by a California humorist, is from Bret Harte's "Gabriel Conroy," in Scribner's for May. Mr. Hamlin had not found the climate of San Antonio conducive to that strict repose that his physician had recommended, and left the next day with an accession of feverish energy that was new to him. He had idled away three days of excessive heat at Sacramento, and on the fourth had flown to the mountains, and found himself on the morning of the first cool day at Wing-dam.

"Any body here I know?" he demanded of his faithful henchman, as Pete brushed in his clothes, freshly brushed for the morning toilette. "No, sah!" "Not want to, eh?" continued the cynical Jack, leisurely getting out of bed. Pete reflected: "Dere is two o' dese year Yeaster tourists—dem folks as is goin' round inspectin' de country—down in de parlor. Jess come over from de Big Trees. I reckon dey's some o' de same party—dem Frisco chaps—Mas Dumphy and de oders has bin onloadin' to." Dey's mighty green, and de boys along de road has bin fillin' 'em up. It's jess so much water on de dried apples dat Pete Dumphy's ben shovin' into 'em." Jack smiled grimly.

"I reckon you needn't bring up my breakfast, Pete; I'll go down." The party thus obscurely referred to by Pete, were Mr. and Mrs. Raynor, who had been "bitting" the Big Trees, under the intelligent guidance of a San Francisco editor, who had been deputized by Mr. Dumphy to represent Californian hospitality. They were, exceedingly surprised, during breakfast, by the entrance of a pale, handsome, languid gentleman, accurately dressed, whose infinite neatness shamed their own bedraggled appearance, and who, accompanied by his servant, advanced, and quietly took a seat opposite the tourists and their guide. Mrs. Raynor at once became conscious of some negligence in her toilet, and after a moment's embarrassment excused herself and withdrew. Mr. Raynor, impressed with the appearance of the stranger, telegraphed his curiosity by elbowing the editor, who, however, for some reason best known to himself, failed to respond. Possibly he recognized the presence of the notorious Mr. Jack Hamlin in the dark-eyed stranger, and may have had ample reasons for refraining from voicing the popular reputation of that gentleman before his face, or possibly he may have been inattentive. However, after Mr. Hamlin's entrance he pre-termitted the hymn of California praise, and became reticent and absorbed in his morning paper. Mr. Hamlin waited for the lady to retire, and then, calmly ignoring the presence of any other individual languidly drew from his pocket a revolver and bowie-knife, and placing them in an easy, habitual manner on either side of his plate, glanced carelessly over the table, and then called Pete to his side.

"Tell them," said Jack, quietly, "that I want some large potatoes; ask them what they mean, by putting those little things on the table. Tell them to be quick. Is your rifle loaded?" "Yes, sah," said Pete promptly, without relaxing a muscle of his serious ebony face.

"Well—take it along with you." But here the curiosity of Mr. Raynor, who had been just commenting on the really enormous size of the potatoes, got the best of his prudence. Failing to make his companion respond to his repeated elbowings, he leaned over the table toward the languid stranger.

"Excuse me, sir," he said politely, "but did I understand you to say that you thought these potatoes small—that there are really larger ones to be had?" "It's the first time," returned Jack, gravely, "that I ever was insulted by having a whole potato brought to me. I didn't know it was possible before. Perhaps in this part of the country the vegetables are poor. I'm a stranger to this section. I take it you are too. But because I am a stranger I don't see why I should be imposed upon."

"Ah, I see," said the mystified Raynor; "but if I might ask another question—you'll excuse me if I'm impertinent—I noticed that you just now advised your servant to take his gun into the kitchen with him—surely?" "Pete," interrupted Mr. Hamlin, languidly, "is a good nigger. I should not like to lose him. Perhaps you're right—maybe I am a little over-cautious. But when a man has lost two servants by gunshot wounds inside of three months, it makes him careful. The perfect unconcern of the speaker, the reticence of his companion, and the dead silence of the room in which this extraordinary speech was uttered, filled the measure of Mr. Raynor's astonishment.

The processes of boring an artesian oil well and pumping from a flowing well will be practically illustrated on Elm Avenue, near the main building.

Li Po Tai, the Chinese physician, is the richest Celestial in California, being the owner of real estate to the value of \$75,000.

Some Venerable Couples.

The Congregationalist has made a record of various cases of long life reported in its exchanges, particularly of husband and wife who have lived together for 50 years and over. Omitting those of only a half-century experience of married life, we note the following: There are eight Massachusetts couples on the list, the oldest of whom are Benjamin Davis and wife of New Ipswich, who celebrated their seventieth anniversary in March. James Streeter's fifty-fifth anniversary was celebrated at Rowe in December, four generations of the family being present; and in June at Nantucket, the sixty-sixth anniversary of James F. Chase, aged ninety-one, the oldest man of the island and probably the oldest Mason in New England, as he joined the fraternity Dec. 1, 1807. The other five cases were those of "pearl" or "diamond" weddings, as sixty-year anniversaries are called, and the list is as follows: Reed Mills's, at South Williamstown, in February; Salina Damon's, at Chesterfield, in August; Cyrus Houghton's, at West Lynn, Sept. 24; William Gordon's, at New Bedford, Oct. 11; and Azariah Huntington's, at Franklin, at the close of November. Mr. Mills was born on the same farm where he now lives, and is the oldest inhabitant of the village, being eighty-two in May. His wife is a year younger, and the memorable "cold Tuesday" of the winter of 1815 was their wedding day. His father purchased the present homestead 100 years ago, when it was almost a part of the wilderness, and soon after enlisted as a soldier in Capt. Danforth's company of Williamstown men, who served in Arnold's unfortunate campaign against Quebec. The only sixtieth anniversary reported outside of Massachusetts was that of Isaac Preston and wife, at Lockport, Ill., in October, which they called a "crimson wedding." They are both aged eighty-four, and were among the very first settlers of Chicago, where their son, J. W. Preston, afterwards became President of the Board of Trade. A Brooklyn couple, names not given, were said to have celebrated their sixty-seventh wedding anniversary on the 21st of December.

Of the miscellaneous cases of "conjugal longevity" that were brought to light last year, mostly in connection with obituary notices, perhaps the most notable was that of John Russell, of Barton, N. Y., who died in July, aged 97, leaving a wife two years his junior, to whom he had been married more than seventy-five years. At Davenport, Iowa, April 23, died Jonathan Parker, who was born at Clarendon, Vt., May 7, 1788, the same year with his wife, who died but a month before him, after a married life of nearly sixty-seven years. The sudden death, June 21, at West Warrick, Mass., of Mrs. Alpheus Crossman, ended a wedded life of more than sixty years, during which neither husband nor wife had been sick or separated from one another by so much as a week's interval. George B. Cornell and wife, of Ithaca, N. Y., died within a week of each other in November, aged 78 and 73, respectively, after having lived together fifty-seven years, and reared a family of nine children, all of whom survive. A. B. Cornell, of New York, being one of the number. The Rev. Alexander Dickson died at Middlefield, Mass., in April, aged 75, leaving a wife, with whom he had lived for fifty-three years.

Robert Esting, and Mary his wife, of Orchard Hill farm, near Biddeford, England, both aged about 90, had been married sixty-five years when the husband was taken ill. The wife nursed him till his death, and within five hours afterward died herself. A similar English case was that of John Babbage of Newton Ferrers, South Devon, who died in October, aged 85, and whose wife, aged 87, died the next day. He was a private in the Coldstream Guards, and for the last sixty years of his life he wore a silver plate in his skull on account of a wound received at Waterloo. The final place on this obituary list belongs of right to Deacon Ephraim Stow of Hubbardston, Mass., on account of his special local celebrity as a "poet at golden weddings." When his own fiftieth anniversary came round, some time ago, similar "poems" were showered upon him from all sources. His death occurred in March.

Richard Clark, of West Cheshirefield, Mass., celebrated his sixtieth birthday Dec. 4, and the similar anniversary of his wife occurred a few months earlier. Both were reported in good health, as were another aged pair, mentioned at the close of November as residents of Lowellville, N. H., Jethro Combs, aged 86, and his wife, aged 82, who have been married sixty-four years. That venerable pair of literary workers, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, aged respectively 74 and 79, whose golden wedding was celebrated so happily in September, 1874, were favored with a sort of supplementary celebration last July, at the house of a friend in Kensington Palace Gardens, London, when a company comprising the Earl of Shaftesbury, George Cruikshank, the veteran caricaturist, Justin McCarthy, and others assembled to present them with a purse of \$1,700 and a life annuity of some \$500, as a tangible token of appreciation for their

public services. Less authentic was the case of an old French soldier named Ballue, aged 110, who visited Paris in October with his wife of 105, in order to see the ruins of the Tuilleries and point out to her the exact spot where he mounted guard under the consulate of Bonaparte. Mitchell Swearingin, of Franklin County, gave his age as 101, and his wife's age as but four months less than a century, when questioned by the New York State census takers in June, and in December mention was made of a husband and wife in Winston, Ky., aged 103 and 104 respectively, with twelve living children.

But the most extreme example of the durability of wedded life is that supplied by a couple named Frantz, aged 113 and 114 years, who are said to be still living in Montgomery County, Ill., though they were married eighty-five years ago.

Legal Verbiage.

In a suit recently brought in the Supreme Court of Troy, N. Y., to recover damages for the bite of a dog the following answer has been served by a well known member of the legal fraternity of that city: "And the defendant further answers that at the time mentioned in the complaint the plaintiff, with sundry other unruly and boisterous youths, was throwing snowballs in the immediate vicinity of the defendant's house, and thereby endangering its safety and that of its inmates, and thereupon the defendant expostulated with said plaintiff, and requested him in a mild and gentlemanly manner to desist; but the plaintiff, refusing to observe the defendant's request, and moved and instigated by the devil, thereupon made an assault upon this defendant and upon his dog, which was providentially present, and threw and impelled a stone at the latter, whereupon the said dog, in self-defense, as he lawfully might for the cause aforesaid, instinctively resented the attack upon himself, and playfully and slightly inserted his teeth in and upon the person of the plaintiff, doing him no unnecessary damage, nor any damage beyond what was good for him; which are the same supposed trespasses mentioned in the complaint."

A Defense of Large Feet.

A Philadelphia lady writes to the New York Graphic: "I protest against all this talk about large feet, as if they were a personal disgrace or deformity, and small feet, as if they were a sign of beauty. In the first place, this is not true. No lady who is of average height and weighs one hundred and fifty ought to wear a smaller shoe than No. 8 B. A smaller foot than that—at any rate a shorter foot—becomes a personal blemish. Moreover, all this talk is demoralizing. When Gabriel blows his horn your newspaper men will have a heap of sins to answer for. Your descriptions of fashionable parties and your praise of Miss Soandso and Mme. Suchanoe, as 'the beautiful,' 'the bewitching,' and 'the peerless,' all tends in the wrong direction—all tends to make fools of sensible young women. The old-fashioned eulogies of 'wasp-waists' have passed away, and the 'waist of the period' is more natural than that of the preceding generation. Let us hope that all this silly talk about the necessity of having microscopic feet will soon also pass away."

About this time deformed persons, and other curiosities, are engaged for the side shows that will soon start out this season with the circuses. The Clipper has some strange advertisements in that line. "A horned man" offers himself, and mentions that he has a big painting to hang outside the tent, besides attractive engravings for handbills. "A spotted boy" can be hired at a low salary. "Madame Squires, the bewarded lady," simply advertises her address. J. W. Robinson offers his wife, who weighs 500 pounds, and he will go along as a "door blower," which means that he will stand by the tent and glibly solicit patronage. "A good-looking intelligent giant" is wanted, and he is promised a good salary for six months. Dwarfs are also in demand, but they must be personally attractive, and send photographs to prove it. An educated hog (four-legged, of course) can get an engagement; and one advertiser desires "any sort of monstrosity." Somebody thinks he has discerned profit in the way indicated by the following announcement: "I went to Kentucky, procured and have twenty genuine samples of the famous Kentucky meat shower, in alcohol, in twenty separate jars, which I will send C. O. D. for \$10 per sample."

A DAY or two since, says the Bedford (Mass.) Mercury, five dogs were shut up in a yard in that city by the gate swinging together after they passed through it. When they wished to go out they were unable to open the gate, as it swung inward. The animals had an apparent consultation for a few minutes, after which a big Newfoundland clambered over the fence. On reaching the street he at once pushed the gate open and released the prisoners. Two tribes of the west coast of Africa are fighting now, and have been fighting for three years past, for the possession of an African Helen. The woman wears the unromantic name of Mrs. Mebbo.

RANDOLPH COUNTY.

DELINQUENT TAX SALE 1876.

The hands and lots and parts of lots returned delinquent by the collector of Randolph County, together with the taxes, penalties and cost charged thereon, agreeably to law, are contained and described in the following list, viz:

Table with columns: Owners of Lands, Part of Section, No. of Section, No. of Acres, Years Taxable, Taxable Taxes, County Taxes, Cost Penalty, Total Taxes, and various township and range designations (e.g., Township 18 N. Range 1 East).

Table with columns: Owners of Lands, Part of Section, No. of Section, No. of Acres, Years Taxable, Taxable Taxes, County Taxes, Cost Penalty, Total Taxes, and various township and range designations (e.g., Township 19 N. Range 1 East).

Table with columns: Owners of Lands, Part of Section, No. of Section, No. of Acres, Years Taxable, Taxable Taxes, County Taxes, Cost Penalty, Total Taxes, and various township and range designations (e.g., Township 17 N. Range 1 West).

| | | | | | | |
|-----------|---------|-------|-------|-------|------|-------|
| Unk'n | nw nw | 24 40 | 20 | 20 | 1 00 | 1 40 |
| same | s hf | 28 30 | 4 00 | 4 00 | 2 90 | 10 90 |
| B Wafford | n hf ne | 29 80 | 5 55 | 5 55 | 2 75 | 13 85 |
| Unk'n | w hf ne | 33 80 | 11 10 | 11 10 | 8 25 | 15 45 |

Township 18 N., Range 2 W.

| | | | | | | | |
|----------------|--------------|-----------|------|------|------|------|------|
| Wash Wells | sw se | 3 40 | 74 5 | 2 15 | 2 15 | 1 40 | 5 70 |
| Unk'n | sw ne | 5 40 | 74 5 | 2 15 | 2 15 | 1 40 | 5 70 |
| G Bloodworth | sw nw | 6 40 | 74 5 | 2 15 | 2 15 | 1 40 | 5 70 |
| James West | nw sw | 7 40 | 74 5 | 2 15 | 2 15 | 1 40 | 5 70 |
| Wm Bridges | s hf pt nw | 9 52 60 | 74 5 | 2 15 | 2 15 | 1 40 | 5 70 |
| Unk'n | f rl n hf se | 14 34 89 | 74 5 | 2 15 | 2 15 | 1 40 | 5 70 |
| James Dodson | nw f rl | 16 155 84 | 74 5 | 2 15 | 2 15 | 1 40 | 5 70 |
| J A Griffith | pt ne ne | 18 06 | 74 5 | 2 15 | 2 15 | 1 40 | 5 70 |
| John Miller jr | se se | 24 40 | 74 5 | 2 15 | 2 15 | 1 40 | 5 70 |

Township 19 north, range 2 west.

| | | | | | | | |
|------------------|-----------|----------|------|------|------|------|------|
| Lucinda Wells | pt nw sw | 5 52 | 74 5 | 2 15 | 2 15 | 1 40 | 5 70 |
| same | e f rl hf | 6 102 30 | 74 5 | 2 15 | 2 15 | 1 40 | 5 70 |
| same | nw | 6 | 74 5 | 2 15 | 2 15 | 1 40 | 5 70 |
| J R Griffith | pt nw sw | 7 40 | 74 5 | 2 15 | 2 15 | 1 40 | 5 70 |
| James Hopper | s hf ne | 8 80 | 74 5 | 2 15 | 2 15 | 1 40 | 5 70 |
| John Griffith | sw sw | 8 40 | 74 5 | 2 15 | 2 15 | 1 40 | 5 70 |
| Catherine Martin | nw se | 11 40 | 74 5 | 2 15 | 2 15 | 1 40 | 5 70 |
| J J Simmons | se se | 11 40 | 74 5 | 2 15 | 2 15 | 1 40 | 5 70 |
| Fred Moore | se se | 13 40 | 74 5 | 2 15 | 2 15 | 1 40 | 5 70 |
| F Decker | pt sw ne | 15 80 | 74 5 | 2 15 | 2 15 | 1 40 | 5 70 |
| James Wells | e hf nw | 18 80 | 74 5 | 2 15 | 2 15 | 1 40 | 5 70 |
| Sam Hecht | pt nw nw | 18 05 | 74 5 | 2 15 | 2 15 | 1 40 | 5 70 |
| Thos Welch | pt nw nw | 18 18 | 74 5 | 2 15 | 2 15 | 1 40 | 5 70 |
| Hugh Wells jr | nw nw | 19 40 | 74 5 | 2 15 | 2 15 | 1 40 | 5 70 |
| A J Watley | w hf nw | 24 80 | 74 5 | 2 15 | 2 15 | 1 40 | 5 70 |
| R H Black | e hf sw | 30 80 | 74 5 | 2 15 | 2 15 | 1 40 | 5 70 |
| B H Sternberg | se se | 30 100 | 74 5 | 2 15 | 2 15 | 1 40 | 5 70 |
| Emily Childers | nw sw | 31 48 24 | 74 5 | 2 15 | 2 15 | 1 40 | 5 70 |
| same | s hf sw | 31 80 | 74 5 | 2 15 | 2 15 | 1 40 | 5 70 |

Township 20 north, range 2 west.

| | | | | | | | |
|-------------|-----------|--------|------|------|------|------|------|
| W J Davis | nw sw | 5 40 | 74 5 | 1 08 | 1 07 | 1 15 | 3 90 |
| W A White | w hf se | 9 80 | 74 5 | 1 08 | 1 07 | 1 15 | 3 90 |
| same | se se | 9 40 | 74 5 | 1 08 | 1 07 | 1 15 | 3 90 |
| Unk'n | s hf | 22 320 | 74 5 | 1 08 | 1 07 | 1 15 | 3 90 |
| same | nw nw | 26 40 | 74 5 | 1 08 | 1 07 | 1 15 | 3 90 |
| B F Davis | w hf w hf | 30 68 | 74 5 | 1 08 | 1 07 | 1 15 | 3 90 |
| A J Slinger | se se | 33 100 | 74 5 | 1 08 | 1 07 | 1 15 | 3 90 |
| Unk'n | nw nw | 35 10 | 74 5 | 1 08 | 1 07 | 1 15 | 3 90 |
| S Mc Ilroy | n pt nw | 38 92 | 74 5 | 1 08 | 1 07 | 1 15 | 3 90 |

Township 21 north, range 2 west.

| | | | | | | | |
|-------------------|-----------|-----------|------|------|------|------|-------|
| Sarah Dalton | e f rl | 3 128 98 | 74 5 | 5 00 | 5 00 | 2 15 | 12 15 |
| Mike Looney | sw ne | 9 40 | 74 5 | 5 00 | 5 00 | 2 15 | 12 15 |
| James Dalton | sw se | 9 40 | 74 5 | 5 00 | 5 00 | 2 15 | 12 15 |
| Sarah Dalton | w hf nw | 11 80 | 74 5 | 5 00 | 5 00 | 2 15 | 12 15 |
| Sarridge & Fisher | s hf ne | 12 90 | 74 5 | 5 00 | 5 00 | 2 15 | 12 15 |
| W C Stubbfield | se sw | 14 40 | 74 5 | 5 00 | 5 00 | 2 15 | 12 15 |
| H Forrester | ne sw | 21 40 | 74 5 | 5 00 | 5 00 | 2 15 | 12 15 |
| Est D Mc Elroy | se se | 22 40 | 74 5 | 5 00 | 5 00 | 2 15 | 12 15 |
| same | s hf se | 22 77 40 | 74 5 | 5 00 | 5 00 | 2 15 | 12 15 |
| Wm Stubbfield | n f rl hf | 22 259 54 | 74 5 | 5 00 | 5 00 | 2 15 | 12 15 |
| John Sorrells | nw nw | 23 40 | 74 5 | 5 00 | 5 00 | 2 15 | 12 15 |
| Est D Mc Elroy | nw sw | 23 40 | 74 5 | 5 00 | 5 00 | 2 15 | 12 15 |
| G M Baker | ne se | 24 40 | 74 5 | 5 00 | 5 00 | 2 15 | 12 15 |
| Lucinda Baker | se sw | 24 40 | 74 5 | 5 00 | 5 00 | 2 15 | 12 15 |
| Unk'n | nw se | 24 40 | 74 5 | 5 00 | 5 00 | 2 15 | 12 15 |
| L Dalton undvd | ne f rl | 25 80 41 | 74 5 | 5 00 | 5 00 | 2 15 | 12 15 |
| Mary Dalton | ne nw | 25 40 | 74 5 | 5 00 | 5 00 | 2 15 | 12 15 |
| A M Chapman | nw ne | 25 45 | 74 5 | 5 00 | 5 00 | 2 15 | 12 15 |
| Unk'n | sw sw | 25 40 | 74 5 | 5 00 | 5 00 | 2 15 | 12 15 |
| same | nw | 25 150 30 | 74 5 | 5 00 | 5 00 | 2 15 | 12 15 |
| Est D Mc Elroy | ne f rl | 27 13 81 | 74 5 | 5 00 | 5 00 | 2 15 | 12 15 |
| W H Shannon | pt sw | 36 10 | 74 5 | 5 00 | 5 00 | 2 15 | 12 15 |

Township 19 north, range 3 west.

| | | | | | | | |
|---------------|---------|----------|------|------|------|------|------|
| Robt Mc Anny | nw se | 11 40 | 74 5 | 1 00 | 1 00 | 1 15 | 3 15 |
| same | ne sw | 11 40 | 74 5 | 1 00 | 1 00 | 1 15 | 3 15 |
| J J Simmons | e hf se | 11 80 | 74 5 | 1 00 | 1 00 | 1 15 | 3 15 |
| Patsy Bowser | nw | 13 100 | 74 5 | 1 00 | 1 00 | 1 15 | 3 15 |
| Arnon Jenkins | ne sw | 13 42 84 | 74 5 | 1 00 | 1 00 | 1 15 | 3 15 |
| Unk'n | se sw | 13 40 | 74 5 | 1 00 | 1 00 | 1 15 | 3 15 |
| same | s hf se | 15 80 | 74 5 | 1 00 | 1 00 | 1 15 | 3 15 |
| same | nw sw | 15 40 | 74 5 | 1 00 | 1 00 | 1 15 | 3 15 |

Township 20 north, range 3 west.

| | | | | | | | |
|----------------|-------------|----------|------|------|------|------|------|
| Unk'n | nw nw | 2 40 | 74 5 | 1 22 | 1 22 | 2 45 | 4 80 |
| same | pt nw ne | 3 20 | 74 5 | 1 22 | 1 22 | 2 45 | 4 80 |
| Cooper & Inman | sh lot 4 ne | 3 20 | 74 5 | 1 22 | 1 22 | 2 45 | 4 80 |
| T M Hogan | s hf ne | 10 80 | 74 5 | 1 22 | 1 22 | 2 45 | 4 80 |
| same | s hf nw | 10 80 | 74 5 | 1 22 | 1 22 | 2 45 | 4 80 |
| same | sh nw | 11 80 | 74 5 | 1 22 | 1 22 | 2 45 | 4 80 |
| F M Proctor | pt nw ne | 11 25 | 74 5 | 1 22 | 1 22 | 2 45 | 4 80 |
| John Bishop | pt w hf ne | 11 35 50 | 74 5 | 1 22 | 1 22 | 2 45 | 4 80 |
| W W Tanner | nw ne | 13 40 | 74 5 | 1 22 | 1 22 | 2 45 | 4 80 |
| John Cooper | sw nw | 35 40 | 74 5 | 1 22 | 1 22 | 2 45 | 4 80 |
| Jol Davis | ne | 36 160 | 74 5 | 1 22 | 1 22 | 2 45 | 4 80 |

Township 21 north, range 3 west.

| | | | | | | | |
|-------------|---------|-------|------|------|------|------|------|
| E J Kellert | se ne | 11 40 | 74 5 | 3 05 | 3 05 | 1 40 | 7 50 |
| L D Davis | e hf ne | 19 80 | 74 5 | 3 05 | 3 05 | 1 40 | 7 50 |
| same | se ne | 19 40 | 74 5 | 3 05 | 3 05 | 1 40 | 7 50 |
| A L Brewer | w hf nw | 29 80 | 74 5 | 3 05 | 3 05 | 1 40 | 7 50 |
| same | nw sw | 29 40 | 74 5 | 3 05 | 3 05 | 1 40 | 7 50 |
| Unk'n | sw se | 29 40 | 74 5 | 3 05 | 3 05 | 1 40 | 7 50 |
| M B Rose | se se | 30 | 74 5 | 3 05 | 3 05 | 1 40 | 7 50 |
| J K Brewer | se ne | 33 40 | 74 5 | 3 05 | 3 05 | 1 40 | 7 50 |

Township 21 north, range 4 west.

| | | | | | | | |
|-----------|---------|-------|------|----|----|------|------|
| G W Payne | n hf ne | 11 80 | 74 5 | 80 | 80 | 1 30 | 2 90 |
| same | sw ne | 11 40 | 74 5 | 80 | 80 | 1 30 | 2 90 |
| same | n hf se | 11 80 | 74 5 | 80 | 80 | 1 30 | 2 90 |

TOWN OF POCAHONTAS.

| Block | County Taxes | Penalty & Costs | Total Taxes |
|---------------------------------|------------------|-----------------|-------------|
| East of Broadway Street. | | | |
| L & J Hanauer lots 2 & 3 bl'k 2 | 74 5 | 4 30 | 4 30 |
| For helms lots 1 4 5 & 6 bl'k 2 | 74 5 | 4 00 | 4 00 |
| John Mc Coy | 3 4 17 | 15 00 | 15 00 |
| L Dorshelmer | bl'k 37 | 20 | 20 |
| John Phelps | bl'k 38 | 3 22 | 3 22 |
| L Dorshelmer | pt lot 4 48 | 3 22 | 3 22 |
| John Phelps | pt lot 4 48 | 4 30 | 4 30 |
| L Dorshelmer | bl'k 54 | 2 15 | 2 15 |
| West of Broadway Street. | | | |
| Est James Martin lot 4 bl'k 4 | 74 5 | 1 08 | 1 07 |
| Mary Morrison lots 1 & 4 bl'k 9 | 74 5 | 1 07 | 1 08 |
| same | lots 4 5 bl'k 12 | 1 08 | 1 07 |

And notice is hereby given that the whole of said several tracts, lots and parts of lots will be sold to pay the taxes and costs and penalties thereon, by the County Collector, at the Court House in said county, on the **THIRD MONDAY IN MAY** next, unless said taxes, penalty and costs be paid before that time, and that said sale will be continued from day to day until the said tracts, lots and parts of lots shall be sold.

JOS. T. ROBINSON, Clerk.
By Jos. T. Fisher, D. C.
Pocahontas, Ark, April 20th, 1875.

FINNEY & LACKEY.
Corner of Second and Locust.
CORNING, CLAY COUNTY, ARKANSAS.

BILLIARD SALOON.
Dealers in
WINES, LIQUORS, TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

FINNEY & LACKEY.
ns-ly]

THE EXPRESS.

OFFICE EAST OF PUBLIC SQUARE.

Rates of Subscription, Invariably in Advance
One copy One year \$2 00
One copy Six months 1 00
One copy Three months .75

All letters relating to office business should be addressed to the Express Office.

All foreign advertisements to be paid for in advance. Local advertisements payable quarterly in advance. Local Notices ten cents a line for each insertion.

All advertisements not paid when due, twenty-five per cent additional will be charged.

E. Foster Brown is our authorized agent to receive and receipt for all moneys due us for subscription of otherwise.

J. W. Rodgers, is hereby authorized to receive and receipt for subscription to the Express.

ST. L., L. M. & S. R. R., TIME TABLE.
GOING NORTH.
Passenger, 8.19 P. M.
Local Freight, 2.19 P. M.
Through Freight, 2.37 P. M.

ORIENT LODGE, No. 297. A. F. & A. M. holds its stated meetings on Saturday nights on or before each full moon at its hall in Corning. Visiting brethren fraternally invited.

TERMS OF CIRCUIT COURT IN THIS COUNTY.—Circuit Court will be held in this County on the second Mondays after the first Mondays in February and August, of each year.

T. P. McGOVERN, Local Editor.

The EXPRESS is now just a year and a week old, and the time is out for which many of our subscribers agreed to take the paper. Those who find their paper marked with a large X will please make a note of the fact that their subscription has expired, and take steps to renew the same, or be content to be dropped from our mailing book. We hope to keep all our old subscribers, and to secure many new ones, but we cannot afford to carry dead-heads on our books.

Circuit Court is in session at Poplar Bluff.

Our publisher has gone to house keeping.

Pulaski county has instructed for Hon. Thos. Fletcher for governor.

Jackson county has a Court of Common Pleas.

DIED:—On the 3th inst., Mr. Jeremiah P. Foust of this place.

L. D. Grande has built a neat and serviceable skiff, which he has launched on the lake.

R. N. Hamill, of Pocahontas, showed his smiling countenance in our office on Wednesday last.

About this time look out for fishing parties from St. Louis. As yet the water is too high for good fishing, but the St. Louisians don't know that.

Hon. T. J. Ratcliffe was in town on Sunday last, and left on the evening of that day for St. Louis.

Miss Ada B. Benson, of Peach Orchard is in our town visiting her friends. We are glad to welcome her to Corning, and hope her visit will be a lengthy one.

Read the Delinquent list of lands in Clay county, in our Supplement this week. The Sale will take place on Monday the 15th inst.

The Republican State Convention, held at Little Rock on the 27th inst., instructed for Morton as the choice of the convention for president.

Gov. Garland has offered a reward of \$300 for the arrest of Andrew Whittaker who murdered Geo. Weaver in Woodruff county on the 5th day of April, 1875.

Messrs Finney & Lackey are putting up a building on the lot adjoining Connolly's saloon. It is intended to accommodate their saloon and grocery business.

We hear that Henry Hathway is about to build a two story house, on a lot near Akers & Brown's store. He will occupy it as a hotel and boarding house.

Col. Smith is busy making out a list of taxable real property for the assessor. About a hundred thousand acres of land will be added to the list by Col. Smith.

Auditor Miller is out in a card denying the story that he is no longer a candidate for governor. Mr. Miller's name will be before the convention, unless we are much mistaken he will receive the nomination.

Miss Mary Winstone returned to Corning on Sunday last, after an absence of some weeks, visiting her friends at St. Louis and Ste Genevieve. She has many friends here, and all bid her a cordial welcome back.

Some of our newspaper friends are boasting of the new clothes they have procured to attend the press convention in. We haven't a new suit, but intend to go to Searcy unless our washerwoman refuses to credit us for a few additional patches on our breeches.

We understand that Mr. Crowley, road master I. M. & S. R., is about to make his home at this place. At present he stays at Walnut Ridge. We shall be glad to welcome him to our town.

Lager Beer on tap at Finneys & Lackey's. They will have a fresh supply twice each week. The thirsty wayfarer and weary laborer would do well to call at their saloon, and refresh themselves with a draught of the amber fluid. We have tried it ourself, and pronounce it good.

W. P. Homan, Division Superintendent of the I. M. & S. R. Co., has resigned, for the purpose of accepting the position of General Superintendent on the Little Rock, Pine Bluff & New Orleans railroad, now in course of construction. Mr. Homan is an energetic reliable and efficient railroad man. The company will find it difficult to fill his place.

John Hawthorne has removed his building from near the depot to a lot on the public square. The house was moved bodily, four wagons twenty-four oxen and half a dozen men being employed in the operation. With a great deal of tugging much shouting and some swearing it was safely landed on its new location. Mr. Brown will occupy it as a Law office.

The Ste. Genevieve Erie Press is the only one of our exchanges from which we never clip anything. The issue of the 27th is before us, but what it is all about passes our comprehension. We infer that there has been a storm in that office from the fact that there is a cut of a capsized ship on the fourth page. Can't you put in a little English for our benefit, Mr. Erie Press. Our German is rusty.

It is the duty of the public press to bring forward honest and capable men for all offices within the gift of the people, and the faithful discharge of this duty does much to keep out dishonest and incompetent men. This duty is very different from the business of puffing candidates, for which we have little stomach. We have heretofore mentioned the name of Judge W. F. Henderson, of Pocahontas in connection with the office of Attorney General. The democratic convention, which will meet, at Little Rock in June, could not nominate a better man for that important office.

"The Introductory Party for the 19th Century" is the way the Piedmont Times heads a local about a dance in that town. A queer designation for a party in the last half of said century. No wonder the writer's ideas were mixed, when he tells us that "vials of every description constituted the substantial."—Evidently the vial that hurt that localizer held a quart and was filled with benzine. After such refreshment he must have been in fine plight to take part in what he calls "the Light fantastic."

A large number of persons are on the delinquent list for personal property. Under the law the Sheriff is compelled to collect the amount of their taxes from delinquents, by distress and sale of their property, for which he is allowed the same fees, (mileage &c.) which are allowed him for levy and sale under execution. This duty will be faithfully discharged, and delinquents had better prepare themselves accordingly, and thus save at least a portion of the additional cost.

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY:—We understand that the present active and efficient, prosecuting attorney of the Second Judicial Circuit, R. H. Black, Esq., is not a candidate for re election, and having heard no one suggested to fill his place, we take the opportunity of naming a gentleman well qualified for the position, as our candidate for the office—P. H. Crenshaw Esq., of this place. Mr. Crenshaw is a young man, well known to all our readers; a sound lawyer, whose sterling integrity needs no puffing from us. The office of prosecuting attorney is an important one, often the peace and good order of the community depend upon his faithfulness, and the people should see that it is filled by a good lawyer and an honest man. In the event of his election Mr. Crenshaw will do his duty faithfully and fearlessly. There is no "sell out" in him; no compromise with wrong in his nature. In him the people will have a faithful and efficient servant.

LAW PASSED at STEPHEN'S STORE.

Sec. 1. Be it enacted from and after this date that Geo. W. Stephens takes the lead in selling boots, shoes and groceries for less money than any other house in Corning.

Sec. 2. Be it further enacted that this is the only place in town where you will find a full line of fine shoes for ladies and gentlemen, misses and children.

Sec. 3. From and after this date Stephens will keep a better stock of groceries, boots and shoes for the money than any other house.

Sec. 4. Be it enacted from and after this date that all proclamations of merchants proposing to sell goods for as little money as Stephens are hereby repealed and shall remain so forever.

Sec. 5. Being satisfied that the credit system will not pay, I sell for produce or cash in hand only.

G. W. STEPHENS.

DR. G. W. HARRIS,
OFFERS HIS
Professional Services to his Friends.

Thankful for past favors, and

Hail, Emperor-crowned Brazanzal!
Hail, Centennial big bonanza!
Royal taster of the tropics,
And most succulent of topics...

THE WIDOW IN THE L.

It had been Mrs. Butterkin's doings,
letting the L. Mr. Butterkin had ob-
jected to the proceeding, but mildly,
as was becoming in the good-humored
husband of a "whimpy" wife...

sessed herself of his fine mending. With
his wife's demise the old free-and-easy
life ended. They were two distinct
households, growing farther and
farther apart...

"What! setting again, Mrs. Ebbeson?"
The small lady, till then unconscious
of the gentleman's proximity, hastily
withdrew her head from the window
and looked down in some confusion...

as unapproachable as if seated aloft in
the chair of Cassiopea. In regard to a
written declaration of love, Mr. Butter-
kin would sooner have attempted an es-
say on protoplasm...

HERE AND THERE.
MANUFACTURERS of muslins, linens,
cambrics, etc., now paste on their goods
when ready for dealers very pretty
chromo-lithographed pictures as a fancy
ornament and inducement to purchasers...

Cheap Living in Japan.
A correspondent of the New York
Evening Post visited the Imperial School
at Nagasaki and records his observa-
tions as follows: The school consists
of two parts, besides a normal school...

MY SONG.

At my work I'm always singing,
Though the day be cold and long,
For my heart's so full of music
That I can not stop the song.
I am singing of the sunshine,
Though the sky is dull and gray;
I am singing of the flowers
All the chilly winter day.

I am singing of a forest
With a brooklet rippling through,
Where the tiny dew-drops glitter
On the violet's petals blue.
I am singing of a farmhouse
On whose walls the roses bloom;
Of the wreath that hangs in hand
Flitting through the evening's gloom.

And beneath the song there's running
One sweet fancy unexpressed,
One dear name I do not utter
Close is locked within my breast.
I remember, while I'm singing,
How we wandered hand in hand
In the forest where the brooklet
Ripples o'er the silver sand.

I remember while I'm singing
Of the roses on the wall,
How we stood among their fragrance
Listening to the cricket's call.
I remember, to the hillside,
Where beneath the maple's shade
We together sat and blithely
Watched the sunset glories fade.

I remember still the pressure
Of his lips upon my brow,
And the music of his love-song
Thrills my heart with rapture now.
Do you wonder then I'm singing
When the day is cold and long?
Why, my heart's so full of loving
That I can not help the song.

MILLY'S FALSEHOOD.

"I can't stand it any longer—I can't! I'd rather sweep the streets for a living. Oh, father! oh, mother! do you know your poor child is treated, or can't you feel any trouble in heaven?"

Milly sobbed violently for a few moments, then raised her head resolutely, and dried her tears.

"Crying does no good. I must think what I can do. I won't be dependent on these horrible people any longer. But how shall I earn my living? I can't teach—can't even sew decently. All they have taught me is to drudge at housework. I may thank myself for anything else I have learned."

She considered a moment; then said, in a determined voice. "I'll do it—I'll go out as housemaid! False pride shan't stop me. What am I now—only I don't earn anything, as I would in a place. Oh, mother—with a sudden revulsion of feeling—"if you had known I would come to this!"

Tears rolled down her cheeks again, poor girl. She was scarcely seventeen, a child in many ways as yet. But the little thing had a resolute spirit of her own, and in another moment she was on her knees before an old chest, looking hurriedly over a very scanty wardrobe.

"Poor and plain enough," she mused aloud. "I think, with all her wealth, Aunt Peters might have afforded to dress her orphan niece a little decently. But she wanted all the finery for her four lovely daughters."

Milly's lip curled as she spoke; her naturally sweet temper had become somewhat embittered during the last ten years. But her look softened again as she took from a secret corner a gold chain rather old-fashioned in style. It was her mother's gift. She pressed it passionately to her lips.

"How can I part with it!" she sobbed out. "Oh, mother, dear, forgive me! It's all I can do."

"Another girl to see me?—oh dear! Very well, Jane; I'll be down directly!"

Mrs. Young rose from her comfortable lounge with a gesture of weary impatience. She was a woman of about forty, plump and rosy-cheeked, with the look of one who would fain take the world easy if it would only let her. But a very unpleasant frown wrinkled her forehead just now.

"Dear, dear! now I must go down again to be questioned by one of those 'high-frown' mixers who want every thing 'first class' except their own work. Or maybe it's a creature like the last, in a dirty dress and a white lace bonnet. If it is, I'll send her packing very quick."

She went down stairs to the dining-room, looking as grim as you please. No wonder the timid young girl waiting there felt her heart sink within her.

"Kape up your heart, dear," whispered a kind though very common-looking young woman beside her. "Remember we've got me to back ye now."

But Mrs. Young's face had softened already. Such a fresh, sweet, modest girl! She looked trim as a daisy in her gingham dress and neat straw hat. Surely here was the treasure she had sought so long.

"You have seen my advertisement?" she asked, graciously.

"Yes, ma'am," said Milly's companion, answering to her. "This is my niece, ma'am, just come up from the country. I want to find a place for her."

And what comfort can I take in a person I suspect of being an impostor? All sorts of horrible suspicions come into my head. I think you might help me, Tom."

"How can I help you?" asked Tom, with a quizzical air. He was a tall, dark young fellow, with a face almost too sharp-featured for beauty, but the good natured gleam in his large black eyes softened their keenness. A smile crossed Mrs. Young's anxious face as she looked at him. He was evidently a favorite of hers.

"Why, you are a sharp boy—nobody knows that better than yourself—and if any thing is to be found out—"

Tom looked gratified; he was only twenty-three, and nothing flatters a young man of that age more than to be credited with an uncommon degree of penetration. Mrs. Young knew his weakness, and took advantage of it in a way scarcely creditable to herself.

"Come, my young detective, you must help me. I'm sure you'll clear matters up."

"It seems kind of mean, though, for a young fellow to play spy upon a nice, pretty girl like that," said Tom, in a tone that showed some disrelish of the task imposed upon him.

"It's a great deal meaner to allow your aunt to be imposed upon—to harbor a disreputable person in her house, perhaps," said Mrs. Young, vehemently. "There's no help to be got from your uncle—he won't hear a word of the matter. And I can't speak to the girl; I may be mistaken, and then—"

"There, there, aunt, I'll do my best for you; only—don't expect miracles from me."

"I don't! I only expect help. It's lucky you're boarding here—you've more chance for observation."

"Well, to business!" said Tom, leaning forward, and trying to look like his idea of a detective. "State your grounds of suspicion, madam."

"Well, the first time I saw her it struck me queerly, the difference between her and her aunt. Mrs. Kelly is a decent sort of body, but this girl is so genteel, so refined, numbers of people have asked me who that young lady was. She speaks excellent English, writes a very pretty hand, and I am sure has read a great deal. Then—"

"All this is very well, but hardly proves her an impostor. Don't judge the poor child too hastily, aunt."

"I don't intend to! But can you explain her being so confused and turning as red as fire when I questioned her about the place she came from? And see what Cousin Lu found in her room?"

"Lu be hanged!" said Tom, pushing the little pocket-book angrily aside. "What business has she poking over the poor girl's things that way? I tell you, aunt—"

"Tom, Tom, be quiet! we shall be overheard. This pocket-book is a sort of diary; that is, it has a few blank leaves to be written on. And on one of these leaves—"

"Don't!" said Tom, surprised and almost dismayed at his own agitation. "Poor little soul! It's too mean to haul over her diary and things!" He shoved back his chair violently, ready to beat himself for the almost agonized desire he felt to "know the worst."

"On one of these leaves," repeated Mrs. Young, resolutely, "is written a name, Milly Westermann, and right under it, Boston, April 17, 18—. That's just three months ago. The handwriting is Maggie's—there's no mistake about that. What am I to think of that, when her aunt told me this was the first city 'the poor child ever set foot in'?"

"It's queer, but may be explained. Perhaps she wrote a friend's name. I must think it over, aunt," said Tom, as he left the room.

Once in his own chamber, he bolted the door, and lighting a cigar, sat down to think. An unpleasant frown darkened his face.

"What got me into this scrape?" he soliloquized. "Partly my own vanity, partly a wish to quiet aunt, and make her let the girl alone. But it's dead earnest now—!" Here an ejaculation more emphatic than pious came hissing through his shut teeth. "Little serpent! to impose upon honest folks with your baby face and soft, innocent ways! But you've met your match now, miss. I'm on your track, and if I don't find you out before the week's over—"

Tom never stopped to asked himself the reason of his excessive agitation and wrath. He only shook his head grimly three or four times, in a manner very portentous to poor Maggie, and resumed his cigar.

"What is the matter? Have they found me out? Mrs. Young is so cold to me! and for all Mr. Tom's so polite and smiling, I feel he's watching me all the time. God help me! A falsehood always brings its own punishment; but if ever a girl was tempted—"

Poor Maggie thought all this to herself, dusting the parlor mantel-piece the while as if her life depended on it. A few hot tears would fall now and then.

"I've a great mind to confess and ease my heart of this load. If only—"

"Milly!"

"Sir!" said Maggie, turning, with a great start, in the direction of the voice. Then she recollected herself, turned scarlet and pale by turns, but braced herself as only a woman can when on her self-defense, and said, quietly, "Did you call, sir?"

"Yes, and you answered," said Tom, coming forward. His voice had a pleasant, half-humorous tone, but there was a gleam in his eye that was almost a threat. Not less defiant shone the light in the blue eyes looking back into his, though she dropped them immediately, with a simple,

"Did you wish any thing, sir?"

"On her guard," thought Tom. "What the deuce has made her suspect? She looked fit to murder me just now." Aloud he said, carelessly, "Oh, nothing. I run down to Westbrook to-day, and as your uncle lives there—"

Maggie's face grew deathly white. She turned away without a word.

"As your uncle lives there," Tom went on, pretending not to notice, "I thought you might like to send some word."

"Thank you; I won't trouble you, sir," said Maggie in a cold, haughty voice.

"Oh, no trouble," said Tom cheerfully. "Shall I tell him you are well and happy?"

"You needn't tell him any thing," said Maggie, some irritation mingling with her alarm.

"How! not a word to the old gentleman! What an undutiful niece you are, Maggie!"

Maggie struggled a moment with her tears, then took refuge in anger.

"I can manage my own affairs, sir, and send messages when I choose. Please leave me alone."

Tom stood silent a moment, then said, in a tone of cool surprise, "Oh, very well, if that's the way you feel. Excuse me for asking you." And with a brief good-morning he went out, very hot and angry inwardly, and more than ever determined to find the mystery out.

Maggie clasped her hands with a look of utter despair.

"How cruel he is! I wouldn't have thought it of him. Oh, that wicked lie, and stupid lie, too; for how could I think to pass for her niece? And I'm sure she hasn't told her brother. It's but two weeks since I came here. Oh, dear, oh dear! What shall I do?"

"Tom, how late you are! Make haste and dress yourself. Dinner will be ready directly, and we have company, you know."

"What company have you?" asked Tom, pausing. He looked pale and much disturbed, but his aunt scarcely noticed this in her haste.

"Oh, only the Shaws, and a friend of theirs from Boston, a Mrs. Peters. Run up and dress yourself. I will delay dinner a few moments." Then, in a whisper, "Maggie has done so beautifully all day, I do hope she's all right. And—"

"Humph!" muttered Tom, under his breath, as he turned away. Half-way up stairs he met Maggie, who had escaped from her work a few moments to change her dress. She was very pale. It was easy to see she had been crying a good deal, but somehow she had never looked prettier, Tom thought. Her dress of blue and white striped calico was becoming to her fair complexion. She wore a jaunty white apron, and bright blue ribbons at her throat and round her pretty brown head. She started with a half-frightened exclamation as she met Tom; but he only gave her a cool little nod, and passed on. The poor child felt her heart swell almost to breaking. Tom had always been so kind, so civil, to her. She had grown to like him so much; and now this young fellow, but six years her senior, seemed turned into her inexorable judge. She hurried on as fast as she could, pausing a moment on the kitchen stairs to wipe away her blinding tears.

As for Tom, he dressed himself in a half-savage mood, feeling the stern satisfaction common to us poor mortals when intent on "doing our duty" by some unfortunate fellow-creature who has offended us. How much boyish vanity and self-importance was mixed up with this feeling is difficult to tell. We only know Tom kept repeating to himself, in an excited manner, that "she"—Maggie presumably—should "hear of it" before the day was out. He would say nothing to his aunt—at least as yet—but that little jade should know her wickedness was discovered, and confess every thing to him, Tom Fox, or he'd know the reason why.

The dinner-bell rang in the midst of these meditations. Hastily concluding his toilette he went down stairs. Ere he reached the foot, he heard somebody rushing along the hall in frantic haste. It was Maggie. She shrank back, terrified, as she encountered Tom at the foot of the stairs.

"What's up now?" asked the young man, rather sternly.

"I was taken ill—a little faint," gasped Maggie; and indeed she was deadly pale, and looked frightened out of her wits. "Please let me pass, sir," she went on. "Jane has told Mrs. Young—she will wait on the table, and—!" Here the tears began to flow; she wiped them away, and made a motion to pass him.

"No; come into the parlor with me," said Tom, decidedly. "I want to speak to you."

"And I want to be let alone," said Maggie, firing up as she marked his determined look. "Let me pass, sir."

"Look here!" said Tom, taking her arm in his strong grasp, "either you come into the parlor with me, or I take you down stairs and say what I've got to say before my aunt. Take your choice now."

Poor Maggie hesitated a moment, then made a motion toward the parlor door. He understood her, and led her in.

"Dinner is all ready, sir," she murmured, faintly, as he released her arm.

"Dinner be hanged!" said Tom, vehemently. "Now, Miss Milly Westermann, in a tone of stern decision, 'tell me who and what you are.'"

Milly gave a frightened little gasp, and was silent.

"I've been to Westbrook," Tom went on, mercilessly. "I saw that worthy old Irishman you called your uncle—I saw his niece, Miss Maggie Reilly. Now I want to know who you are, and why you've been imposing on us all." Then, in a solemn voice, and with very little idea of what he was talking about, "Do you know what you've done? Do you know the penalty of taking another person's name that way?"

Milly was young—only seventeen. It never entered into her head that Tom might not be so hard as he seemed. Dim visions of chains and dungeon cells rose before her. She stretched out her hands to him with a little imploring cry.

"Oh, forgive me! I didn't know!" she sobbed out, and burst into an agony of tears.

"Darn it all!" thought Tom, "I might have foreseen she'd turn on the water-works." Aloud he said, in a considerably softened voice, "There, there! stop crying, Maggie—Milly, I mean. I won't be hard on you; only—a shade of sternness in his voice again—"you must tell me every thing. I'll stand your friend with my aunt, if you'll only be honest and own up."

"I will," said Milly, trying not to cry. "I wanted to tell Mrs. Young many a time, but my courage always

failed me. Mr. Tom, that woman down stairs is my aunt."

"What?"

"That woman—Mrs. Peters." Some- what composed by this time, Milly took breath, and with a simplicity that touched Tom and impressed him with her truth, told her pathetic little story from beginning to end.

"You have done very wrong, Milly, no doubt," said he, gravely, when she had finished; "but there's great excuse for you, after all. And if that old hag hadn't put it into your head—"

"Oh, don't!" cried Milly, piteously. "She isn't an old hag. She pitied me, a poor girl all alone in this great city. I was most to blame; I knew better. And I'll never forget her kindness as long as I live."

"You're a pretty good little soul, I think," said Tom, "after all that's come and gone. Dry up your eyes now—that's right!—and come down stairs with me."

"Down stairs! To my aunt! Oh, Mr. Tom!"

"Yes. What else?" responded our hero. And before poor Milly could gasp out another remonstrance, he had whirled her down stairs and into the dining-room with the speed of a young locomotive.

Dinner was nearly over, and poor Mrs. Young sat trying to entertain her company, while she fretted inwardly over the absence of Maggie and Tom. Suddenly that young gentleman burst into the room, and marching straight up to a handsome lady on Mrs. Young's right hand, said, in his blandest voice, "Pray look here, madam."

Such a scream as Mrs. Peters gave when she saw the pale young girl on his arm! Further explanations were rendered almost unnecessary.

Our story grows too long. Suffice it to say that Mrs. Young forgave Milly, and retained her in her family, the young lady declining absolutely to return with her aunt. Day by day she grew in the affections of her mistress, all she seemed more like a daughter than a servant of the house. "The dearest girl in the world," Mrs. Young calls her, and some say Tom Fox is of his aunt's opinion. But that is only conjecture as yet.—Harper's Bazar.

Life in a Coal-Hole.

Vonnie Parks, a New York school miss of 15, had a novel four-days' experience lately. She was a pupil in a grammar school, and took piano music lessons of her mother at home. She was beloved by her schoolmates and the pet of wealthy parents. One evening after she had returned from school her mother was giving her the usual music lesson, and scolded her for carelessness and inattention. In an hour after Vonnie was missing. She had taken her cloak and hat and other outer street garments, but her jewelry, of which she had plenty, and her other clothing remained in the room. Vonnie did not return that night, and the family alarm spread to all the police stations. The next day the father of Vonnie scattered round hundreds of photographs of his lost daughter, and they were very pretty pictures, too. In two days a detective obtained a clew, and that was all. Vonnie had been seen riding through Yorkville in a street-car, with a negro woman. Now, Vonnie had never known but one negro woman, Della Tobias, who was formerly in Parks' employ as a servant. Della was hunted up, and found in the kitchen of a Mrs. Cowe. Della said that she knew nothing of Vonnie Parks, so that clew of the detective failed. Four days after her disappearance Vonnie returned to her home of her own accord, looking crumpled and rumpled, and dragged generally. She told her little story, and it is quite interesting. She said that Della Tobias, who had visited Parks' house a couple of weeks before, had put it into her head that her mother was treating her too much as a child. Della advised her to run away, and come to her if she was again insulted by her mother. The scolding was her cue, and she went. She found Della in Mrs. Cowe's kitchen, and was welcomed. Della put Vonnie in a kitchen closet during the day, and found opportunities to feed her. She suffered only for light and air. After 9 o'clock at night Della and Vonnie stole to their bed in the attic, to talk over their plans and sleep. In the morning early they would steal down to the kitchen, and Vonnie returned to the closet. Della seemed to be much vexed that Vonnie had not brought some of her jewelry with her, upon which they could raise money and live in better style. Vonnie now began to realize that Della was a bad woman, and that she was her prisoner; then she became very unhappy and wanted to go home. Della proposed to kill Mr. and Mrs. Parks and rob their jewelry store; after their butchery and robbery they would go to some quiet place and live on the proceeds. Vonnie could not sympathize with this scheme to murder her own father and mother, and began to revolt at her situation in the kitchen closet and companionship with a savage woman. After two days and nights of such life, Vonnie began to pine for liberty, and expressed a desire to go home. Della threatened to do something terrible to her if she attempted to escape, and told her if she would be a good girl she would take her out riding for air. Accordingly, at 9 o'clock that night, instead of going to bed as usual, they stole out and took a ride in the street-cars. They returned late and went to bed unobserved. The next day Vonnie returned to the closet, but made a stern and desperate resolution there. That evening she put on her wrappings and boldly walked out. Della stormed behind her, threatening violence, but doing none; and so Vonnie Parks found herself a free girl in the open street, and made her way home. On the strength of Vonnie's story Della was arrested, and some charge or other preferred against her. Vonnie Parks had four days' life in a coal-hole, and has had enough of it.

"Hold me close, and don't take long steps, dear," the reporter overheard a sweet feminine voice address a tall young fellow, last night, as two forms came carefully down the steps on their way to the theater, and he wondered if that fellow would care if the weather never got any better.—Toledo Blade.

Boggs Confides his Business Affairs to his Wife.

Boggs read a paragraph in the newspaper, the other day, advising husbands to confide their business affairs to their wives. It said a great mistake was frequently made by not doing so, and that a man might have saved himself from ruin by adopting the plan suggested. "It is to your wife you must look for true sympathy when you are in the midst of business perplexity, and she is the one that you should confide in."

Boggs laid down the paper and pondered over the matter. He hadn't been in the habit of confiding his business to Mrs. Boggs to any great extent, but he began to think he had made a mistake. But it was a mistake he would rectify. He wasn't in the rectifying business, exactly, but he could rectify a mistake, he would go home at once and pour the story of his business troubles into Mrs. Boggs's sympathizing ear.

He went directly to his domestic abode and found Mrs. Boggs mopping the floor. It was wash day; she had got the clothes out on the line and was cleaning things up. She looked hot and tired, and was vexed, too, withal, because the hired girl had left that morning without warning, and she was obliged to do the work alone.

"There you go, Boggs, tracking the floor," cried Mrs. B., testily; "take that chair on the hearth there, and I'll fetch you your lunch. Precious little you'll get this day, and I all the work to do."

Boggs hastened to perch himself on the chair, with his feet on the round to keep them off the wet hearth, and with a plate on his knee he proceeded to partake of a frugal meal. He was thinking all the time how to begin the story of his business troubles. He gave two or three preliminary sighs which attracted Mrs. B's attention, causing her to ejaculate:

"What's the matter wid you? Don't cold mutton agree with ye? It's all you'll get this noon, I'll promise ye."

Boggs said the cold mutton was delicious. In fact, he liked his cold mutton better cold than hot—that is, too hot. It wasn't that that made him sigh; he had something on his mind.

Mrs. Boggs's curiosity was excited and she asked him to tell her all about it.

"Fact is," said Boggs, "I've been thinking that I haven't done quite right in not telling you more about my business. It is to the wife," cried Boggs, flourishing the mutton bone in a highly dramatic way, suggestive of deep feeling, "that a man must go for sympathy when the cares of the world are too many for him."

Mrs. Boggs, who had resumed her mopping, said he was right; that she had always told him so. She could sympathize with him in all his troubles if he would only let her know.

"I know it, dear," said Boggs tenderly, "and that is the reason I want to tell you about those bonds of your dear mother's that you gave me to put in the bank."

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Boggs, quickly, pausing in her labor, and leaning in an attitude of intense interest on the mop-handle.

"Well, you see, love," continued Mr. Boggs, "I was going to keep this from you, but I am satisfied that a man ought to tell his business to his wife, and—"

"Go on," said Mrs. Boggs, rather sharply, an eager light coming into her eye, "go on and tell about the bonds."

"Well," said Boggs, drumming on the empty plate with the mutton bone, "Tripem told me of a good speculation. He knew of it if he only had the money; said there was 'millions in it,' but he hadn't the cash to try it on. He offered to give any man two-thirds of the profits who would furnish the capital."

"Yes," said Mrs. Boggs, breathing harder through her set teeth (both upper and lower set, on rubber), and her fingers playing nervously around the mop-handle, "and you recollected the bonds."

"Recollected 'em? Had 'em in my pocket, going to the bank just that minute. Now, my dear, I never would have told you this, if I hadn't read an article in a newspaper about confiding—"

"Go on, Boggs," said Mrs. B. in a voice preternaturally calm, "Tripem told you what his scheme was and you—"

"Yes, Tripem told me all about it, and he wouldn't have told any one but me, neither. He said it was the Centennial year and every body would be just crazy for some relic or another of the Revolution. He knew where there was a lot of Continental money that could be bought cheap, and it would sell for almost any price we were a mind to ask for it. He would do all the business, buy the Continental money himself and go to the Centennial Exposition and sell it; and I thought it was a great chance—never happen again in a lifetime—at least, not in a hundred years. Such an opportunity, too, to invest your dear mother's bonds; for, as Tripem said, Continental money is good anytime. Bless me, what a relief it is to tell one's business to one's wife! What—"

"But, dear, you didn't trust all of mother's bonds to Tripem?" said Mrs. Boggs in low, soft tones, creeping a little closer to the old man, whose back was toward her, and softly spitting on her hands as she trailed the mop along on the floor, with the handle under her arm.

"Oh, yes I did," cried the unsuspecting Boggs. "Tripem's all right; he's off hunting up that Continental money, and when he sells it—"

"Boggs!"

There was a cry like the combined yell of a dozen infuriated wildcats, accompanied by the quick, damp whisk of a mop through the air, and Boggs caught it on the top of his bald head, sprawling him out on the domestic hearth. Thick and fast rained the blows delivered by that enraged female, mingled with such cries as: "Villain! wretch! defaulter! robber of the widder! embezzler! confide your rascality to me, will you? Oh, you vile confidence man! Continental money for mother's bonds; I'll pay you in another coin," etc., etc.

The uproar brought Boggs's mother-

in-law upon the scene, and when she was taken into confidence, too, as it were, she concluded the matinee by tipping a tub full of hot suds over on him, which nearly washed him into the back yard. Boggs hasn't been seen outside of the house since, but the doctor says he thinks he can get enough new skin on him so that he can go to Philadelphia about the Fourth of July, and see how Tripem is getting along with the sale of that Continental money.—*Fat Contributor*, in *Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

A Few Suggestions as to the Best Means of Preserving the Eyesight.

The eye, of all organs of the body, is the most delicate and wonderfully made; and if we remember that it is subject to over forty different diseases, any one of which may derange or even destroy it, it is surely a plain duty to do every thing we can to retain the blessing of good sight.

A large number of these diseases are of an inflammatory character, and these can generally be kept at bay by avoiding exposure to cold or wet or damp, attention to the general health and temperate living. Others are dependent upon malconstruction of the organ itself and for these the skillful optician must be one's physician.

A disease of the eye not by any means uncommon, and which when taken early can usually be cured, is *amaurosis*, or *gutta serena*. There is great weakness and some obscurity of vision in the earlier stages; the patient has an uncertain gait, and a strange look about the eyes, from the sluggishness with which the eye contracts in the light. There is also at the same time deterioration of the general health. If this disease comes on from overwork, anxiety of mind, or debility—from whatever cause—perfect rest, tonics, sea-air and cold bathing become imperative, if total blindness is to be averted.

Overwork and poring too long over books and papers, especially in the dusk or by gas-light, will, in process of time, weaken the strongest eyes in the world.

This is more especially to be avoided if you are at all near-sighted. A healthy, well-formed eye ought to be able to discern an object or line the 600th of an inch in diameter at a distance of six inches, and we should call a person near-sighted who could not read the ordinary small type at a distance of twelve inches.

Long or far sightedness is one of the earliest symptoms of advancing old age when it is not the result of poverty of blood, in which case it may be corrected by iron tonics and quinine; every thing that tends to strengthen the body and nerves generally keeps it at bay.

Many people complain of fatigue in the eyes, or weakness of sight; they can not read or write for any length of time without the page becoming indistinct and the letters running into each other. These are symptoms which can be removed by attention to the general health, rest, tonics, and frequently (three or four times a day) bathing the forehead and eyes with cold water. But never neglect them. Cold bathing to the whole body every day—making a habit of it, in fact—is a good conservation of sight. For this purpose, if the person can bear it, the shower-bath is the best. But in taking a plunge-bath, always dash a little water in the face first, then spring boldly in; don't take the water a toe at a time.

When your eyes are at all weak, never work or read in the twilight, and never go out in very bright sunshine, especially if the ground is covered with snow. Out in Greenland, after shooting for five or six hours on the ice, we used always to come on board as hungry as hawks, but blind as moles. We were all right while on the snow, but the steward had to lead us to the table and assist us in eating. In about two hours we came round again. This snow-blindness is caused in a great measure by extreme contraction of the pupil. Cold water to the eyes and a few whiffs of chloroform tend to dispel it.

Color-blindness is rather a strange affection, and any one so afflicted should never attempt to learn to be an artist, a signal-man or a sailor. However, I am convinced that this affection is often more apparent than real. I mean that it is not so much that the man does not know the difference in the colors as that he forgets to name them aright.

Surely it is unnecessary for me here to raise my voice against that silly and most pernicious habit that some young ladies have of dilating the pupil with belladonna or solution of atropine before going to a party or ball. That it is done, and pretty frequently, too, I have had ample means of ascertaining. A more certain way of spoiling the eyesight could hardly be devised; let those who doubt me try it for one season, and see, as the blind man said.

Regular living, temperance, a sufficient amount of both bodily and mental exertion, early hours and the bath are the chief preservatives to the eyesight.

A young man went home late last Thursday night to his faithful wife on Erie Street. He had made the acquaintance of several very friendly persons, and when he entered the room burst into tears simultaneously with his fall over a rocking-chair, and remarked, huskily: "Louisa, my dear, Professor Shwings great man; greatest man in country." "O, Montgomery," she said reproachfully, "you have got drunk again. O, whiskey, whiskey, what crimes are not committed in thy name." "It's lace! It's lace!" replied the indignant husband; "thax whax Professor Shwings said, says the lace has got more to do wix misfortunes of people than whiskey. Professor Shwings's right. Look if wouldn't have sold post-traderships, Louisa, if you love your husband, shwear off this debasing habit of lace, and you can have all the whiskey you want." Then he smiled, frowned, fell over the rocking-chair again, and fell into a sweet sleep.—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Go away! Leave me with my dead! Let me fling myself on his coffin and die there!" This was in Nebraska six months ago, and now the widow has won another trusting soul, and No. 1's portrait is in the attic, face to the wall.—*Alta California*.