NO. 5.

#### VOL. I.

### RIDGWAY, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1871.

#### THE HAWK'S NEST.

BY BRET HARTE

We checked our pace—the road sharply round ing; We heard the troubled flow Of the dark olive depths of pines, resounding A thousand feet below.

Above the tumult of the canyon, lifted, The gray hawk breathless hung, Or on the hill a winged shadow drifted Where furze and thorn-bush clung;

Or where, half way, the mountain side w

furrowed
With many a seam and sear,
Or some abandoned tunnel dimly burrowed—
A mole hill seen so far,

Unfathomable reach, A silence broken by the guide's consistent And realistic speech:

"Walker of Murphy's blew a hole through Peters

Feters
For telling him he lied,
Then up and dusted out of South Hornitos
Across the long Divide.

"We ran him out of Strong's and up through

Eden,
And 'cross the ford below,
And up this mountain (Peter's brother leadin'),
And me and Clark and Joc.

"He fou't us game; somehow, I disremember Jest how the thing kem round; Some say 'twas wadding, some a scattered From fires on the ground

" But in one minute all the hill below him Was just one sheet of flame; Guardin' the crest, Sam Clark and I called And-well, the dog was game

"He made no sign—the fires of hell were round him, The pit of hell below. We sat and waited, but we never found him.

And then we turned to go. "And then-you see that rock that's grow

so bristly
With chapparel and tan—
Suthin' crept out—it might have been grizzly, It might hev been a man

"Suthin' that howled and gnashed its teeth and shouted In smoke and dust and flame; Suthin' that sprang into the depths about it, Grizzly or man-but game!

"That's all. Well, yes, it does look rather

risky, And kinder makes one queer And dizzy looking down. A drop of whiskey Aln't a bad thing right here!"
—Chicago Art Review for March.

#### TOO BASHFUL.

BY HARLAN E. WARD. " Hang it all, what can a poor fellow

presence of the gentler sex he never could have told whether he was standing on How mischievous her eyes in love with Clarice Wilmer, the sweet-

est, prettiest, most bewildering little beauty in all the region round about. "O dear, I wish I knew a way to tell my love, and not be there myself. Deuce take the girls! they bother you on purpose, I believe, and always manage so your courage oozes out of your fingers' ends before you are quite ready to ask the fatal question!"

"Why don't you write?" "Write! I shouldn't know a word to

say; and then I'd never dare to look her in the face again." "O, what a spoony! Simply say you love her, and ask her if she will make you happy. Then face the music like a

man, and meet her next time as if nothing had happened—unless she answers yes, and then, of course you'll act as if something had happened. Charley grouned despairingly. "Easy enough for you to talk," he muttered, dubiously. "You who have been married seven years—with me the case is different. I tell you, Tom, you

don't know anything about it.' "Yes I do. Didn't I have to do my courting just the way you've got to do yours? Didn't Nell act just as Clarice does, bewitching me at one moment, and driving me almost to suicide the next? You're a lunatic, you are, and I hope

Clarice will give you the mitten.'
"I'm afraid she will." " · Faint heart never won fair lady, quoted Tom Ridgely, indignantly, as he arose to take his leave. "Seriously, however, Charley, I advise you to put your heart on paper, and forward it to Clarice by post."

Charley thought about it after he was gone. The more he thought the better pleased with it he was.

"It's terrible, but I suppose I must!" he groaned, seating himself at his writ-ing desk, and clutching wildly at paper, pens and ink. An hour of torture. Charley began a

dozen billet-doux and tore them up, then wrote a dozen more, and tore them "It's utterly useless," he moaned,

last; and then the great booby laid his head upon the desk and fairly sobbed. "I'll write and ask her to go to the opera with me to-morrow night, any way, and then, perhaps—"he dared

to think no further. "My dear-no, that never'll doever a mortal so perlexed as I am? I wish the girls were all at the bottom of the ocean, and Eve had never been created. Well, I'll begin again."

This time he was successful. His note was short enough, and some young ladies might take umbrage at such an invitation, but Clarice knew his bashfulness. It read as follows, and was not dated at

"Will you be kind enough to honor me by the acceptance of my escort to the opera to-morrow eve?"

And that was all besides the signature. "Well, there," said Charley, as he got it done, "I promised sister Minnie I would write to her this week, so I will do it now while my hand is in." And tossing the note one side, he soon began his letter.

the 17th came to hand, and I have meant to answer it before. The fact is, I am deep in love with a young lady—Clarice Wilmer, of whom you've heard me speak, and am afraid she don't return it. You know that I am so confounded bashful I daren't speak a word to her about it, and naither can I write. Some about it, and neither can I write. Sometimes I think I've got the necessary courage, but when I meet her it vanishes like dew before the sun, and I'm a big-ger fool than ever. I know she thinks that I'm a fool, but I can't help it—I'd

young lady I ever saw."

Here followed three whole pages of lover's rhapsody, interspersed with wail
"It seems the safety of the Empress

ings of despair, and then the letter

"Three o'clock-can it be possible?" which he backed in awful haste. mail goes out in half an hour. I shall be late, as sure as fate."

And paying no heed to the rhyme, and little to the letters, he grasped his

hat and started for the post-office.

Clarice smiled her brightest when Next day he got a letter from his

suppose, however, the invitation was in-

tended for another person, and it—"
"O Jove, I am undone!" said Charley,
dropping the missive to the floor, and sent the letters wrong, and now I have done it brown. What will Clarice think Driven to desperation at last, he

plucked up courage and hurried to Clarice's residence.
"Is Miss Wilmer in?" he asked the servant who answered the bell.

"Yes;" and he speedily found himself in the parlor, and face to face with his inamorata.

"I-I-did you receive-a note from me the other day, Miss Clarice?" he stammered, wishing the floor would give way and precipitate him into the cellar. "Ah! Yes—I ask your pardon, Miss Wilmer, for the inadvertency. I meant

How mischievous her eyes were spark-

the fact that he was over head and ears | slyly, thought he never saw her look so

"But the annoyance-"It wasn't an annovance. Charley's heart thrilled suddenly with

hope. He took one step forward. You say that it was no annoyance. Dare I believe you care for me ?"

The faint glow deepened suddenly. "You may," she said.
If Charley's friend, Tom Ridgely, had dropped in five minutes later, he would have thought Charley's bashfulness was all asham. It never troubled him again.

# Candy For Children.

It is ever a matter of wonderment how people seemingly possessed of a fair amount of judgment and information will persist, year after year, in committing faults so grave as to be, in fact, crimes. Parents and guardians who give doses of strichnia or arsenicum to children, and kill them outright, are sometimes brought to the bar of justice to answer for the murder. But what can be done with those criminal adults who tamper with the health and life of children in buying candies, in any one of the thousand forms for them to eat, and which they do est? Like many other divices of the devil, (which is a word signifying with us, evil, only the d before it gives it an emphasis we some times like), these bon-bons of poison are deadly dyed to give them an attractive look to the eyes of the innocent and ignorant, and delude the steps of the unwary into the stalls where they are If children were educated to regard confections as poisons just as they are taught to avoid poisonous plants and reptiles, do you think they would would ever plead with papa or mamma to buy them candy? Now and then one finds a father and mother intelligent enough to be intrusted with children who would hardly sooner give them candies than the berries of the deadly nightshade, and yet who are constantly annoyed by visitors and relations giving candy to their children. It is hardly necessary to remark that such proceedings on the part of friends or strangers is a matter meriting the most vigorous rebuke. If you cannot give your children all the good things of this life which you would wish, you can at least withhold a few evil ones, in the shape of abominable confections. Ah! if we were only a sovereign, what a day of emancipation we would We would emancipate, by issuevoke! ing such laws as never as yet have gird-ed the world like bands of sunlight freedom-laws forcing men to be men, in acts at least, if not in truth-and laws giving ringing Anglo-Saxon names to Anglo-Saxon things-such as, " Candya delectable poison—purchased only by fools and idiots."

To what stultification will not intem perance lead its victims. A poor devil at Hartford got an order from the selectmen for a coffin for his little girl, and then tried to pawn it to get money to buy rum with. Meantime the "deceased" was at play in the street.

"SISTER MINE:" (it read) "Yours of THE FLIGHT OF THE EMPRESS EU-

Bishop McIlvaine's Account.

The following account of the flight of the ex-Empress of France from Paris, when the population rose and threw off the yoke of her husband, was given lately by Bishop McIlvaine, at a meeting called by the students of Kenyon College, in Gambier, Ohio. It resembles in most particulars an account which has already been published, but the incidents related are given with such rather face a battery of mitrailleuses, or any other engine of destruction, than a pretty woman, any time, and Clarice is the fairest, sweetest, and most beautiful genie—that our readers will be inter-

"It seems the safety of the Empress had been assured to her by General Tro-"Two asked her to the opera to-morrow night, and if she goes, 'tis possible that I may learn my fate."

"Three asked her to the opera to-morform her of the approach of danger. For some unexplained reasons he failed to do so, and when an Sandar the chu, who had solemnly promised to into assemble about the Tuileries, three of cried Charley, glancing at the clock, and stuffing his letters into two envelopes, Spanish ambassador, and M. Lesseps formed a plan for her escape and went to her rescue. M. Lesseps stood outside and harangued the mob for the purpose of detaining them, while the two other gentlemen went in search of the Empress. They found her partaking of a very frugal lunch with one of her ladies, Charley called for her next night, but he fancied there was mischief in her eyes, which perhaps was not quite all a the two gentlemen used force to remove At the opera she talked and her. At this she consented to make a laughed between the scenes in such a way that he was quite bewildered. He did not learn his fate, and after he got home felt worse than ever.

slight preparation, and without at all from her woes. But this was not to be, and after a passage fraught with the most imminent danger, she was landed on the Isle of Wight, to find on English two pocket-handkerchiefs, and two books, the New Testament and a prayer book. On her head she put a riding-"I am very sorry," wrote she, "but I book. On her head she put a riding-could not well come on two hundred hat, and then by that time thoroughly miles, simply to attend an opera. I aroused, she fled through the palace; through long corridors, down, up flights of stairs, through chamber and salon, a long walk before they came down to the Rue Rivoli, on which side of the Palace breaking out in a cold perspiration. "I | the mob had not collected. Here a cab awaited her. She, with the lady in attendance, was put into it. 'Now,' said the friends, 'we must leave you; too well known, our attendance would but bring & estruction upon you! Make good speed! Yes, good speed, for she heard the cries of the furious mob, and as she was entering the cab, a little boy exclaimed, 'There is the Empress,' and she thought all was lost; but it proved that there was no one there to take notice, and so the two ladies drove of the called out her name, the most that called out her name, the most that they came into the midst of the excited crowd, and the lady accompanying her questioned on this side and the other the meaning of it all, and appeared to we remember those days of terror, can be greatly interested in the proceedings, | we wonder at this retribution?" A great, handsome, good-natured, honest-hearted fellow was Charley WinWinter. I rather like it, I assure you. while the Empress sank back out of sight in the carriage. They had a long ride out beyond the Champs Elysees to the ter, but so very bashful, that in the You did not try your fate at the opera, quieter parts of the city, when they alighted, dismissed the cab, to avoid have told whether he was standing on his feet or on his head. Just now his ling! A faint crimson dyed her cheek, walked some distance. Where should failing was immensely aggravated by and altogether, Charley looking at her she go? To whom flee? What friend trust? There was but one to whom she would venture, and that one an American gentleman of some note, who with his wife had long been a friend of both Emperor and Empress. So they took another cab for the house of this gentleman (whom we will call Mr. W--), arriving there to find him away from home, and his wife absent for the summer at a small seaport on the coast The servant, under these circumstances was extremely ungracious, and quite re-fused to admit these strange ladies, and when at last, upon their insisting, they were admitted to the house, she was unwilling to show them into an apartment suitable for them, and it was not without some difficulty that they were allowed to wait in the library for the owner's return. When at last he returned and entered the room, judge of his surprise at the sight of the Empress. France, this very night,' exclaimed the day of the week; the state of the weather, Empress the moment she saw him. Out and occurrences coming under McCartof France that very night? He told her ney's observation. In reply to an interit was impossible. He was expecting a party of friends to dinner, but would plead sudden business and excuse himself, and make preparations as quickly as possible for her flight; but, in the meantime, she must be quiet and rest. This she was prevailed upon to do, and supplying herself from Mrs. Wwardrobe, retired for the night.

"The dinner party, receiving the excuses of the host, and overcome with a sense of mystery, soon withdrew, in spite of the cordial message and wishes of the gentleman, that they would make themselves merry in his absence. At four o'clock in the morning a carriage stood at the door, into which Mr. Wput the two ladies, and driving himself, set off on their way out of France, pur suing quiet streets, then unfrequented roads and lanes of the country, avoiding the more public highways of the kingdom; and so on, until the horses were worn out. They were near a little village, but then came the question how to get a carriage brought to them, and explain why they could not go to it. Mr. - went to the inn, and having found a private carriage, which was waiting over there, agreed with the servant to come out a mile or so, and carry his party, Mr. W---'s two sisters, one of whom was very lame indeed, and could not walk a step, some miles on. till they should come to a railway. This done, and the lame lady, with much difficulty, put into the carriage by her brother' and 'sister,' they proceeded for a distance, until they came to a railway, where they left the carriage to break up the clew, and rode a short distance in the rail car without attracting attention. Then they took another carriage, riding in roundabout ways, until at the end of two days they came to the little seaport where Mrs. Wwas spending the summer. How must cube root. His accuracy and powers of Mr. W—— conduct the ladies into the computation were as manifest as on presence of his wife without their being observed by every one? After some reconnoitering, this was successfully ac-complished, and throwing her arms around the neck of Mrs. W ... , Eugenie

world.' She, with the lady who accompanied her, remained in the room of Mrs. W——, lest some one should see and recognize her. No servant could be allowed to enter the room. Mrs. W-brought food to the two ladies and served the Empress in everything, who expostulated at the inconvenience she was causing her friend, and insisted upon waiting upon herself, her behavior being of such a sweet character as still more to endear her to her friends, who

were risking nearly all they possessed in Their plan was now to get her across the Channel to the Isle of Wight, and the Channel to the Isle of Wight, and thence to England. There were but two conveyances in the harbor—both private yachts—and only one able to go out to sea. The owner of that one flatly refused to take the two ladies over, but at last, after the identity of the ladies had been made known and much per-suasion used, he consented, and Mr. - and the two ladies, with the reticule containing two pocket-handker-chiefs, set out the day after their arrival in the little town on their voyage to England.

"This is a journey usually made in a few hours; but a terrible storm arising, it was prolonged to twenty-seven. The same night and in the same waters The Captain went down. But although the gentleman in command lost all control of himself and ship, they weathered the

"During this time Eugenie showed the most remarkable self-possession, and evidently looked upon death as a relief from her woes. But this was not to be, ground that asylum which had been sought by so many lugitives before her. And to add to her relief, her son, of whose whereabouts she knew nothing, was found to be in Hustings, not far

from her. "Such is the true story of Eugenie's escape from Paris and France. What a sad, sad tale of fallen greatness! How much must she have suffered in those few days; the fury of a Paris mob in herears; the fear of pursuit at her back; how often did she start and give herself up for lost? What threatening meaning did many an accidental phrase assume! No wonder her courage susder woman, and derided with the bit-terest insults the fond Marie Antoinette

### Power of Memory.

rtney, a laboring man, living at Salem, Columbia County, Ohio. From a long account of him in the St. Louis Journal of Speculative Philosophy. for January, 1871, we condense the fol-

land County, Pennsylvania, September 10, 1817, and is nearly blind. He can read the largest print only by holding it within two inches of his eyes. His memory is exceedingly retentive and minute, and he claims that he can recollect the events of every day since January 1, 1827, when he was about nine years and a half old. He never kept any record of occurrences, and has no

system of mnemonics.

An examination by D. W. Henkle,
Commissioner of Public Schools in Ohio, showed that McCartney's assertion was true. Mr. Henkle has a journal with him which recorded the events of fortyfive years past, and found that McCartney's answers tallied with the records of You must get me immediately out of the diary. His questions related to the rogatory in regard to October 8, 1828, McCartney in two seconds said : "Wednesday. It was cloudy, and drizzled rain. I carried dinner to my father where he was getting in coal."

Question: "February 21, 1829? Answer in two seconds: "Saturday. It was cloudy in the morning and clear in the afternoon; there was a little snow on the ground. An uncle, who lived near, sold a horse beast that day for \$35." Question: "October 13, 1851? Answer, after fifteen seconds: "Monday. It was kinder pleasant like weather. staid all night Sunday night at my brother's, and next day I went to the depot in Cardington to saw wood." Question: "May 8, 1846?" Answer, in two seconds: "Friday. It rained some. The Saturday before I attended quarterly meeting in Iberia." (He is Methodist.) Question: "July 16, 1866?" Answer, instantly: "Monday. A very hot day. I sawed wood that day, and the next day went out into the country to hoe potatoes." The same accuracy and facility was shown in respect to many other dates, some connected with important public events, and others having no such association.

McCartney likewise showed wonderful quickness in mathematics. Being asked to multiply 32 by 45, he returned a correct answer in two seconds, doing the sum "in his head," multiplying first by five and then by nine. In the same way he multiplied 93 by 97 in twelve seconds, 84 by 53 in eight seconds 456 by 123 in thirty-five seconds, and 182 by 3,756 in four and a half minutes, becoming confused, however, in the last attempt. He displayed a good knowledge of geography.

On subsequent occasions Mr. Henkle again examined him as to dates and in former trials His spelling was found to be rather faulty, but he knew something of German by hearing neighbors A GHOST AT COLLEGE.

proar in a Tennessee Female Educational Institute—A Speculative Apparition— Who Owns the Property?—Digging for Evidence—What was Found Underground.

From the Memphis Avalanche, March 5th.

South Memphis is in a furore of exitement over occurrences of a supernatnral nature recently made public, and which concern the Brinkley Female College and its inmates. The college is a spacious frame structure, with rather a sombre and dreary aspect, situated at or near the intersection of Georgia and De Soto streets. The school at present numbers between forty and fifty pupils of various ages, and of teachers, includ-ing the principal and his wife, there are some six or seven. Many of the pupils come from afar and are boarders at the institute, but not a few who reside in the city, and near the college, are but day attendants. Among the latter is a Miss Clara Robinson, daughter of Mr. Robinson, an attorney residing on De Soto street, between Vance and Linden streets. Her age is about 13 years, and her temperament is of the nervous kind, while her health is rather what might be called delicate. Her experiences with affairs claimed to be supernatural within the last two weeks are more wonderful and startling than the "Mysteries of Udolpho; or The Horrors of Kenilworth Castle.

One week ago last Tuesday while Miss Clara was alone in one of the rooms of the institute practising her music lesson, an apparition suddenly appeared before her in the shape of a girl of about eight years of age, with sunken, lustreless eyes and strikingly emaciated form and fea-tures. The object was virtually a skeleton in appearance, clad in a dingy and tattered dress of faded pink, which was partly covered with a greenish and slimy fold. It seemed also to be transparent. A sad expression rested upon the features of the strange visitor. Nat-urally frightened, Clara ran into an ada sick girl, at the same time motioning with her hand to

THE UNSIGHTLY OBJECT

to begone. The apparition advanced, however, with slow and noiseless steps to the bedside, and laid an emaciated hand on the pillow, while Clara, aghast and speechless with terror, was never thrown into spasms, but all the time motioned away the object, which finally disappeared through a side door, as noiselessly as it had entered. The apparition not appearing next day, Clara's tranquility of visitor of two days before. It was seen by all three, more distinctly by Clara instantly written on the paper, than the others, and the trio fled in terror from the presence of the fearful apmight be. The story was again told, and was ridiculed as nonsensical, as in the first instance, notwithstanding the testimony of the two young ladies who were in the room with Miss Clara, to whom, however, the figure appeared rather shadowy, though to their friend it was well defined and distinct.

APPARITION THE THIRD. Last Tuesday the ghost appeared at had long weighed upon her. the same place and under like circumstances. Miss Clara ran down stairs in great affright, and, trembling like an spen, related the occurrence to Miss Jockey Boone, one of the teachers, who induced the girl to return with her to the music room. As they opened the door the figure stood plainly in view to Clara, but only imperfectly in the eyes of Miss Boone. Induced to address her strange visitor, Clara asked what it was doing there and what it wanted. Pointing a thin, ghastly-looking finger in a cutherly direction,

THE GHOST REPLIED

that under a stump, some fifty yards from the house, were secreted some valuables which she would have Miss Clara take possession of, and use to her advantage. Miss Boone heard a rumbling but could not distinguish any words, but a pupil present at the tim relates that words similar to those heard by Miss Clara were distinct to her ears also. Having spoken as above, the object vanished through the garret door as on former occasions. Dismay now prevailed throughout the institute, and there were none to ridicule or to question. Clara Robinson related the full particulars to her father when she went home on Tuesday night, who next day visited the college and had a consulta-tion with Mr. and Mrs. Meredith about the matter. It was agreed that the affair should undergo a rigid investigation, as it was doing no good to the rep-utation of the college, while little Clara was much troubled and disturbed in

THE FOURTH VISITATION Mr. and Mrs. Meredith believing they were being duped by some practical oker, undertook to investigate the matter. With this object in view, they on Thursday last had every pupil of the college assembled in one of the halls. Miss Clara was sent into the yard while the remaining scholars were being questioned and examined. She walked quietly around the house, and while gaged pointing a pencil some fifty yards from the building, the apparition sud-denly appeared before her, not more

quickly, in a mild, pleasant tone, and said: "Don't be alarmed, Clara, I will not hurt you." Clara stood trans-

than half a dozen feet away. She at

tempted to scream, but the vision spoke

fixed with terror. The vision spoke again, and in a distinct tone related that complished, and throwing her arms around the neck of Mrs. W—, Eugenie exclaimed: 'You and your husband are the only friends left to me in the collateral sciences.—Cincinnati Gazette. having no shadow of a claim to it what-

ever; that there was no one else to claim it, as her people were all dead, and she berself was the last one that had died. She desired Clara to obtain the papers which she had previously mentioned to her, and with them in her possession, claim and retain the property in her own name and right. Unless she did so she never would do good to or for any one. Of course all this soon spread among the usually quiet people of South Memphis. Several young ladies went home frightened out of their wits, and several others were affected with illness, some it was feared seriously. Clara was naturally more excited over the singular event than others, and remained at home last Friday to compose her mind, but she was told by her father that on Mon-day (to-morrow) she must be prepared to return to school. She replied that she

WOULD RATHER DIE

than go there again. Of course her

father was interested in these strange and to him unaccountable fancies of his daughter. Having some legal business at his office with an old lady who was reported to be a spiritual medium, he related the story to her. She replied that she would, if permitted, visit the child and see if anything could be made out of it. Last evening, when Mr. Robinson went home from his business office, the spiritual medium accompanied him. Shortly after she entered the room where Clara was, a table was placed before her. Several neighbors dropped in to witness the expected developments. All seated themselves about the table, placing their hands on its surface. Mr. Robinson, always sceptical and doubting the truth of the story, watched with the eyes of a hawk to detect fraud or collusion His doubting mind with that of several others, who had during their natural existence ridiculed ghosts and spirits, was soon awe and wonder struck at the strange actions that followed. The little girl, in all appearances, swooned, falling back in her chair apparently lifeless, and certainly insensible. Her

eyes stood wide open, fixed on vacancy. Her hands began to move. Soon they joining room and sprang into bed with moved faster, and in a short time their violent action frightened the parent, who caught hold of his child's arm to prevent her doing herself harm. Those present (some dozen or more) were amazed at the child's behavior and appearance. In due time they became tranquil, as did also the hands of Miss Clara, though not in the latter case until all the skin had been barked from the

nowever, while again practising at the piano in the music room, two other young ladies being present, she was started by an unusual noise, as if by some water being dashed over the floor and on the following the started shape and form, and finally had been shaped as the following the started shape and form. ed by persons present and replies were parition, ghost, goblin, or whatever it as has been previously told was all written in words clear and distinct. The question was asked, under which stump the valuables were buried? The reply was, five feet under the one upon which the vision had stood. The question was asked, why it was desired that Clara should become the possessor of the property? The reply was: "Because by recognizing and speaking to the vision, she had become relieved of a trouble that

HER SPIRIT WAS NOW FREE,

and as all parties were then searching diligently for the secreted papers, unless they were resurrected without delay they would fall into improper hands, and become worthless to all except the illegal holders of the place." The question was asked, "Suppose those now in possession refuse to release their hold?" The answer was written,

"I WILL SEE THAT IT SHALL DO THEM NO GOOD IF YOU ONLY RECOVER THE

Other sentences were written which we think it imprudent to publish, but having the paper upon which the girl wrote n our possession, in the editorial rooms of the Advance, they can be produced as ocular proof of the correctness of that part of the story to which they relate. The medium wrote that the name of the spirit was Lizzie Davison, and closed by nditing the sentence. "GOOD NIGHT; KISS CLARA,

for I love her." Thereupon the female medium bestowed the kiss as requested. Miss Clara immediately raised up, rubbed her eyes, said she had been asleep and dreaming, and was utterly unconscious of the strange proceedings that had been enacted, or that she had so completely dumbfounded, bewildered. and astonished the persons present. The result of the affair, as far as we have heard, was, that about 9 o'clock last night a party of four or five gentlemen repaired to the college grounds, where they found every inmate a firm believer in the story of the vision. The gentlemen, after consultation, determined to excavate the stump, to see if the promised secret valuables could be found. As we go to press news come up from the ower end of De Soto street, that the ourrowers are working like Trojans, with shovel, pick, and spade. They have got the stump up, root and all and have escended some four feet or more beneath the surface. The work goes bravely on, and we expect to have a message before this meets the eyes of the reader, to the effect that untold heaps of valuable treasure that will fall into effectual nothingness as the wonders of Aladdin or the uncountable riches of the celebrated island where the Count of Monte Cristo kept his store to purchase corporations, cities, and nations.

LATER. At 2 o'clock this morning the diggers had struck a brick arch-work near the stump, and excitement ran high.

The cottage of Anne Hathaway, where Shakespeare wooed and won her, is offered for sale.

# MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

One of the papers contains an adverisement: "Lost, a large black silk umbrella, belong to a gentleman with a curiously carved head."

"Have you ever broken a horse?" inquired a horse jockey. "No, not exactly," replied Simons, "but I have broken three or four wagons."

A New York wife writes to a New York paper that the men of New York make poor husbands.

There is a hotel at Espyville Station, on the Erie and Pittsburgh Railroad,

called the "8x9" House. A Boston woman declares herself happy and contented, because she has thirteen cats, and loves them all.

A Quaker Indian agent has made the discovery that female Indians can be elevated and got into hoop-skirts. The cost of leeches sold in Europe ex-

ceeds \$10,000 per annum. The finest are said to come from the Murray River, Mr. Thillman has brought a suit for \$10,000 against the Woman's Medical

College, of Cleveland, for dissecting the body of his wife. The London Times for Dec. 1, 1870,

had for its leader an article ten columns in length, containing 13,000 words.

An anti-kissing society has been formed by the Galena, Ill., girls. "No kissing before marriage" is their motto. A young Boston woman, wife of an

army officer, became romantically interested in a noble red man on the frontier. He stole her jewelry and pawned it for fire-water, thus driving the ro-mance out of her soul.

The court house and jail, at Sepere, Wis, were burned on the 12th instant, and two young men, named Howard and Buckly, who had been locked up the night before for drunkenness and disorderly conduct, perished in the flames. It is supposed the jail was set on fire by Buckly, one of the prisoners.

The chaplain, on opening a session of the New York Legislature, at Albany, recently, very appropriately prayed that "the men who are in the habit of loiter-ing about the halls of the Legislature with bribery in their hands might be induced to see the error of their ways, and that their wicked designs, if they had any, might be thwarted."

At a recent meeting at Danbury, Ct., knuckles of her hands. She never spoke a word, but when the medium placed a pencil in her hand and paper on the table beneath it,

where a contribution was taken up, a wealthy member of the congregation dropped twenty-five cents in the contribution box. The amount realized being a little more than that required, the wealthy member quietly suggested to the deacon who passed the box, that his little amount might be returned. And it was.

This remarkable advertisement lately A singular, though not unprecedented, and on turning her head in the direction of the power of memory is that the sound, was dismayed at the upon which corroborated all she had "Instruction in Cooking. Ruth Russell appearance of the same spectral-looking | previously related. Questions were ask- is ready to receive scholars for instruction in cooking. Special attention to be the given to bread-making and pure, good writer never uttering a word, and all yeast. N. B.—Persons at service can re the time totally insensible. The same ceive instructions in one or all the vari yeast. N. B .- Persons at service can reous branches of cooking on favorable

> terms." Rochester is distracted, through the columns of its papers, over arithemetical problems. Here is the one propounded by the latest idiot: If one hundred yards of cord be wound in a single coil upon an upright post an inch in diameter, what time will it take a man to unwind it, he holding one end in his hand and travelling in a circle whose radius is the unwound cord, supposing he walks four miles an hour; ar what is the length of ground walked

over?

A Miami county (Ohio) settler objects to a proposed railroad in that region in these words: "The people is gone wild on this 'ere railroad queschine. Hosses that is now wuth \$40 wont be wuth \$5 a hed. Waggin makers will starve to Oats wont be wuth nuthin, and deth. we'll have to quit raisin on 'em. Coon skins wont be wuth a cent, and the bel lerin steam waggins will skeer all game out of the country. I'll sell my forty and git for Arkansaw if you don't stop this 'ere railroad."

In a recent lecture upon "The Rights and Wrongs of Children," Mrs. George Vandenhoff claims the right of a child to a good physical training, a good happy home, and kind, courteous, truthfu treatment in that home. While she did not believe children could always be governed without punishment, she nounced whipping, and looked for the time when some of the savans engaged in new translations of the Scriptures would find out that Solomon, so often quoted in favor of the "rod," would prove to have meant "Spare the rod, and save the child."

Among the dreaded results of the late European war, one of the most terrible has already appeared. The poison taken up by the atmosphere from the multitudes of the battle-fields where the thousands of dead, either unburied or very insufficiently so, has commenced to reach the air of the cities and villages of the blood-stained country. Recent telegrams announce that in many parts of France and Prussia typhoid fever, and even more fearful types of disease, have appeared in very aggravated forms; and there is much cause for the apprehension that, unless most vigorous measures are employed, the blast of pestilence will sweep the face of the continent.

Mrs. Van Cott lectured in Chicago as revivalist. Pausing in the middle of her discourse she turned abruptly to the reporters' table, and said she hope ntlemen would desist from taking notes. It always made her feel nervous. She knew her speeches would look funny if printed. She did not wish to say anything, however, against the repor-ters, God bless them. "So go along gentlemen, with your notes. I don't care. God bless the reporters." Several clergymen responded with a loud emphatic "Amen," whereupon the audience took up the burden, and there was a good deal of applause, the only expression of the kind indulged in during the proceedings.