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MAY-FLOWERS.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOUTON.

If you catch a breath of sweetness,
And follow the odor of the flowers,
Through woods where the dead leaves rustle,
And the golden sunbeams glint.

Along the golden moss-coast,
Over the desolate down,
You will find the dainty May-flowers
When you come to Plymouth town.

Where the eye Spring teases her darlings,
And hides them away from sight,
Pull off the covering leaf-sprays,
And gather them, pink and white.

Tinted by mystical moonlight,
Freshened by frosty dew,
Till the fair transparent blossoms
To their pure perfection grew.

Then carry them home to your lady,
For flowers of the Spring is she—
Pink and white, and dainty and slight,
And lovely as lovely can be.

Shall they die because she is fair,
Or live because she is true?
They will know for which they were born,
But you—must wait at her feet.

ROB AND FANNY.

A Railway Adventure.

"Perhaps this gentleman—I am almost sure it is he. Ask him, Bob—do." The words, earnest and excited, were uttered in a voice so sweet and musical, that, involuntarily, I turned my head to get a glimpse of the speaker.

She was behind me, upon the railway platform, at C—, where we had been temporarily detained, waiting to take our places in an incoming train. She was a neatly dressed, modest looking woman, quiet pretty, and evidently not more than twenty years of age. She leaned upon the arm of a man four or five years her senior, an open-countenance and prepossessing in appearance as herself. A newly-married couple, I set them down at once, on their bridal tour, perhaps. The gentleman held in his hand an open pocketbook, which he had apparently just picked up from the platform at his feet, and which I saw to contain, even with the cursory glance I cast upon it, a number of bills, some of a large denomination.

He glanced from it to me, as I turned at the young lady's words, seeming desirous, yet doubtful of the prudence of making known his discovery; and, comprehending his dilemma, I set his mind at ease.

"If you are seeking an owner for an article just found, you must look further, sir; I have lost nothing."

He looked around with an expression of vexed admiration.

"What shall I do with the thing? It evidently contains a large amount of money, though I have not as yet examined it thoroughly. I do not want to take it with me, and yet I cannot spare the time to hunt up an owner for it; besides, I am afraid if I were to proceed hurriedly or incautiously in the matter, some swindler might get it from me, in spite of myself. Stop! I know what I can do," he continued, briskly, after a momentary pause; "I will run back to the ticket office, and leave it in charge of the clerk. I can take his receipt for it, you know, and will surely be conducted the thing squarely. It is pretty sure to be inquired for there, or, if not, it will be advertised, and he can attend to the business, and pocket the reward for his trouble. Fanny, dear, would you mind my leaving you one moment?"

She looked as if she should mind it very much, as she glanced timidly around at the noisy crowd who surrounded her; and he, too, after he had spoken, seemed reluctant to leave her without a protector. Upon the strength of my grizzled beard and fifty years, I took the liberty of again addressing them.

"If you will trust the lady to my protection, I shall be happy to take charge of her until your return."

She looked up at first a little doubtfully, but her face brightened as she caught my eye, and the quickness of perception she seemed to have formed her estimate of my character at a single glance.

"Thank you, sir," she said, simply; "that will do nicely. Run, then, Bob, and hurry back as soon as you can."

She took my proffered arm with modest confidence, and the gentleman, seeming equally well satisfied with the arrangement, hurried away. I was left with a pretty charge, feeling not a little flattered at the confidence which my appearance had evidently inspired.

I addressed a few remarks upon general topics to the lady, who responded frankly, though timidly, to my attempts at sociability. One remark led to another, and soon we were chatting together quite freely and unreservedly. As I had surmised, she was a bride—had been married just a month, and was now returning from her wedding-tour to her home, in Baltimore.

Upon informing her that I had a daughter, about the same age as herself, also recently married, she seemed to consider the coincidence quite a remarkable one, and I could not but be amused at the eagerness with which she questioned me concerning the age, appearance, disposition—every detail of the bride. On my part, I was ready enough to discuss the subject. The wedding had been of such recent occurrence that it was still fresh in my mind, and I loved too well to talk about Hattie, and all belonging to her, not to enjoy the chat as much as my fair companion seemed to do.

Thus it chanced that we were in the midst of what was to both of us a very interesting conversation, when "Bob" returned; and "quite regretfully," as I laughingly assured her, I was obliged to relinquish my charge to her natural protector.

The acquaintance thus commenced, naturally did not terminate here; we were still detained some minutes longer upon the platform, and so long as we stood together, the conversation continued, becoming, of course, more general by the intervention of a third party.

When we at last entered the car, we were fortunate enough to obtain adjoining seats, and, as I occupied mine by myself, I offered to give room upon it for some of the bags and baskets pertaining to my companions. The offer was accepted, and, at the lady's invitation, I turned my seat so that I could sit facing them, and thus continue uninterrupted the conversation into which we had fallen.

This arrangement proved, to me at least, a very pleasant one, and the three hours' ride which followed was the least tiresome of any I ever spent upon a railway. I learned that the name of my acquaintance was Fry, and that the lady herself was the daughter of Henry Fitzmorton, of Baltimore, a gentleman well known to me by repute. I had spent several years in Baltimore at an earlier period of my life, and it was very pleasant to inquire after old acquaintances, many of whom I found Mr. Fry was also well acquainted with. Thus, enjoying alike the intelligent remarks of the gentleman, and the lively sallies of his wife, the morning slipped away, and I was obliged to glance at my watch to satisfy myself that noon had really arrived, when the train stopped at—Junction, and the conductor, passing through, announced:

"Twenty minutes for dinner!"

I kept near my young friends during the meal. This proved to be excellent, and was heartily enjoyed by all of us; so much so, indeed, that the warning whistle sounded just as we arose from the table, and we were obliged to join in the general scramble usual in such cases, to settle our bills, and resume our seats in the car, in about half the time that should have been appropriated to the purpose.

Mr. Fry and his wife were immediately in front of me, and as we came to the door, where the landlady stood collecting his money from the passengers as they passed out, Mr. Fry handed her a five dollar bill, for which the landlady made some trouble in making the right change.

While we were waiting, I drew forth my pocketbook, to have my money ready when my turn came; but, as is so often the case at such times, I found, to my great annoyance, that I, too, having nothing smaller, would be obliged to present a five dollar bill. Mr. Fry's quick glance, as his shoulder caught my annoyed look, and the warning whistle sounded just as we arose from the table, and we were obliged to join in the general scramble usual in such cases, to settle our bills, and resume our seats in the car, in about half the time that should have been appropriated to the purpose.

"Dinner for three, landlady, out of that bill," said he, quickly; and then, in an aside to me, "It's all right; let it go so. I don't want to wait for him to make change again."

I had no time to retrace, or, indeed, to do anything more but to bow my thanks, intending, of course, to discharge the debt at the first opportunity.

"A remarkably free-hearted fellow!" was my inward comment, recalling also the careless ease with which, in the case of the pocketbook he had found, he had passed over the probable reward to the ticket clerk. Such little incidents as these, trifling as they may seem when recorded, have a strong effect in determining character, and Mr. Fry's willingness to pay my hotel bill, though I had not the slightest intention of profiting by his liberality, increased very materially my good opinion of him.

Our seats resumed, the train, a moment later, moved slowly onward; and we had gone but a few rods when it stopped again. To the noisy cries of "What's wrong?" arising from various parts of the car, was at last elicited the reply that something had given way about the engine, and that we should probably be detained some time, waiting for the necessary repairs to be made.

Mr. Fry and I were endeavoring, by questioning those who seemed to know, to find out more particularly what was likely to be the extent of the detention, when a little cry of dismay from Fanny recalled our attention at once to her.

"My handkerchief! Oh, Bob, my handkerchief is gone!"

"Nothing very alarming in that, is there?" he replied, smiling.

"Indeed there is!" she cried, disconsolately; "not alarming—I don't mean that—but very, very vexatious. It was that fine hem-stitched one, with my monogram embroidered in the corner—don't you remember? It was my wedding-present from poor cousin Lou, who hem-stitched and embroidered it herself; there was hardly a present I received that I would not rather have parted with."

"Perhaps it is still about you somewhere—shake out your dress and mantle—you may find it," he said, sympathizingly, for she was evidently seriously distressed at her loss.

She shook her head, the tears rising to her eyes as she spoke:

"It is of no use; I have not had it since we left the hotel. I remember having it in my hand during dinner, and of laying it beside my seat upon the table, and that is where I have left it. I am certain. Poor, poor Lou!"

"I turned away her head to hide her tears; and her husband, in an undertone, explained to me:

"Her cousin has died since we left home," then, aloud, he continued: "Come, come, Fanny! the loss is not irreparable. Banish those sober looks. We are but a few rods from the hotel, and the train is likely to wait here for half an hour or more; I will run back and see if I cannot regain your treasure."

Her face brightened up in an instant. "Oh, Bob! that is so good of you! But—a shadow of doubt suddenly crossing her face—"I am almost afraid to have you go. Suppose the cars should go off and leave you!"

"No danger," he replied, gaily; "though, if they did, it would be nothing worse than a temporary inconvenience; you would have to stop at the first station, and wait until I joined you by the next train. I leave you in good hands; I know Mr. Savage would not let you come to grief."

"She should be well taken care of, I guarantee that," I replied, as he glanced, laughingly at me; "but there is no likelihood of my being called upon to assume the responsibility. If I am any

judge of the matter, you will have time enough to go to the hotel and back again a dozen times before we leave—Junction."

"I left the handkerchief on the table by my plate, Bob, I think," she said, as he turned to leave us; "but I cannot be positive. I may have dropped it in that little room where I washed my face and hands; or it may have fallen while I was going from the hotel to the cars. As long as you are going back, please to look for it everywhere, for I do so hate to lose it."

"I'll do my best," he said; and bounding off the train, in a moment was gone.

"I know you must think me very silly," Mr. Savage said, turning to me, with a pretty little deprecating tone and glance; "and very selfish, too, perhaps, to give poor Bob so much trouble, just for a handkerchief; but, indeed, I do value it so highly! Your daughter, perhaps, would feel just as badly if she were to lose her most valued wedding present."

"I have no doubt of it," I said. "I assure you I shall draw no uncharitable conclusions from conduct and feelings so natural. I remember that Hattie seemed better pleased with some of her more trifling presents than she did with many that were of a far greater monetary value."

"That was just the way I felt," she continued, eagerly—"particularly about the handkerchief. Cousin Lou was poor, and in very delicate health; and the little gift, which she had spent many wearisome hours in preparing, seemed to me more truly a love-offering than anything else that was given me, except, of course, Bob's present," she added, quickly, a pretty blush suffusing her ingenuous face; "he gave me a cluster diamond pin. Wait! I will show it to you," and, after a momentary fumbling at the collar of her dress, beneath her mantle, she drew forth a small pin, set with very pretty brilliants, which she exhibited, eager as a child, for admiration of her treasure.

"I do like it very much," she said, "but I do like jewels so much, particularly diamonds. I noticed your ring almost as soon as I saw you. It is a real diamond, is it not?"

It was a diamond indeed—a solitary of first water—valued at seven hundred dollars; and of which, old as I was, I was almost as proud as little Fanny of her pin. I had bought it of a friend, who, by unlucky speculations, had been reduced from affluence to poverty; and, at the time, I had taken it rather to accommodate him than because I cared for the jewel; not having any immediate need for the money thus invested, however, I had been content to wear my diamond until now. I should really have disliked to part with it.

Amused by my companion's raptures, I held up my hand so that the light might fall upon the stone. She gave a little cry of ecstasy:

"I never—never saw anything so pretty! Would you mind letting me look at it in my own hands? But, perhaps," she added, coloring at her own audacity—"perhaps you don't take it off? I would not take my rings off for the world; one is my engagement-ring, and the other my wedding-ring; Bob gave me both."

I laughed outright.

"Excuse me, my dear young lady, but it seems laughable enough to a gray-bearded old fogey like myself, to hear you gravely imagining any idea of somethings that are attached to a ring I wore. Examine it, if it pleases you; I have not the least objection to take it off."

I handed her the ring, and she slipped it on her own tiny forefinger, holding her hand in various positions to view the effect. As she thus moved to and fro, in raising her arm quickly, there fell from beneath her mantle a small white article, which she caught up with an exclamation of mingled annoyance and delight. It was the missing handkerchief, which had been all the while clinging somewhere about her person, and had thus unexpectedly come to light.

"Oh! how glad I am to think it is not lost!" she cried, with a look of relief that would have made any man's heart melt. "What will he say when he finds what a fool's errand I have sent him on! Dear me, what a pity! I wonder whether I could see him anywhere! I will lower the window, and look out; if I wave my handkerchief, and he can see it, he will know that it means."

She made an attempt to lower the window as she spoke, but as it customary with car-windows, it proved refractory, and I leaned over her to assist her. The window was very obstinate, and it was some moments before I succeeded in lowering it. She leaned out when I had done so, but nothing could be seen of Bob.

"He has not been able to find it," she said, uneasily; "and he will look in every likely and unlikely place for it, question the servants and landlady, and give himself no end of trouble. I cannot forgive myself for being so heedless. Oh, dear! I wish I could get out and go after him. Do you think I could?" and she glanced with a look of childlike appeal at me.

"By no means," I said rising, "you are in my charge, you know, and I could not think of leaving you to take such a step. I will go myself, if you do not object to remaining here alone."

"Oh, I don't mind that at all," she answered; "but I cannot bear the idea of putting you to so much trouble."

I saw, however, that, in spite of her polite remonstrances, she was really very anxious for me to do as I had offered; so, with a nod and smile, I jumped out of the car, and started off briskly in search of Mr. Fry.

I did not meet him as I had hoped I should, nor could I find him at the hotel, though I looked through dining-rooms, wash-room, and even the kitchen in search of him; and after spending fifteen or twenty minutes in this fruitless search, I turned my steps again toward the car, and forced reluctantly to the conclusion that we had by some means passed each other on the road.

I reached the still waiting train, after a leisurely walk, in which I expected every moment to see him coming toward me. I entered the car, and, to my unbounded astonishment, found there not only no Bob, but no Fanny either.

For a moment I believed that I must have entered the wrong car and turned to leave it; but no, there was my umbrella—a huge cotton one, which I had bought a few days before when waiting in a shower—lying in the hat-rack overhead; that only of all that had occupied those two seats when I left, remained there now. In stupid bewilderment I turned to a passenger reading his newspaper in an adjoining seat.

"Can you tell what has become of the lady who occupied this seat a few moments since?" I asked.

He looked up, pausing for a moment before he spoke, as if to recall a past event, of which, at the time, he had taken very little notice.

"The young lady, with the blue veil and black silk travelling suit?" he asked. "Oh, yes, I remember. She got up just after you did; gathered up all her bags and parcels in a great hurry and went out at the north end of the car."

"Did she leave by herself?—did no gentleman join her either before or after?"

"Not that I saw," replied he, resuming his paper as if weary of the interruption.

"She went down to the carriage road off yonder," said an old woman who sat upon the opposite side of the car and heard my questions. "Somebody met her down there with a carriage, and she jumped in and was driven off."

I clasped my hand to my watch face; it was empty. To my trousers pocket; my wallet was gone. At last I understood the situation; I had been the dupe of a clever pair of swindlers as ever rode in a railway car. My watch, ring and diamond ring had all gone, the former, doubtless, cleverly picked from my pocket while I was leaning over the confiding Fanny lowering her obstreperous window.

Of course I telegraphed to all adjacent stations and set the police to work as soon as possible, but I accomplished nothing by my trouble; I never heard of either Bob and Fanny or my stolen property again.

I had the curiosity to telegraph also to the clerk of the ticket office at C— concerning the pocketbook consigned to his care by Mr. Fry; I learned, in return, that he had never seen or heard tell of any such article.

Cannot say the information much astonished me.

Taking Care of the Teeth.

A good authority in dental matters says that the various tooth-washes and tooth-powders do the teeth more harm than good, promoting their decay instead of preserving them. Poor teeth, like every other disease, arises from taking unnatural food into the mouth. If we would have our teeth good and sound, we must learn a lesson of the animals all around us. The cow, the horse, or the dog, never have decayed teeth, because they do not eat what nature did not intend them to. Tobacco, alcohol, hot drinks, and a thousand other hurtful things taken into our stomachs to keep up the fires of the system which we are continually wasting by our fretting, feeding of passions intended for use instead of abuse, and other means of exhausting vital, nervous force. And it is beginning to be more generally acknowledged that too much meat is eaten by us. If we had teeth like the wolf, the tiger, and the bear, there would be some excuse for every twentieth man keeping a slaughter-house to feed our carnivorous appetites; but, if we eat meat, why should not the cow, the horse, and the herbivorous animals whose teeth are formed like ours? When people follow nature more directly, they will have fewer ailments, and doctors and quack-medicine vendors will be compelled to turn their attention to some other method of getting a living. The teeth were never intended to be pearly white. Every intelligent dentist knows that the whiter the teeth are, the sooner and more certain they will decay; he also knows that those teeth are the soundest, last the longest, and are the most useful when they have a yellowish tint; then why provide powders to take off this yellowish surface? The teeth should be washed once a week with white soap, making the mouth as full as possible with "lather," so as to be close to every particle of every tooth for a few minutes; because the tartar on the teeth is the product of a living thing, which is instantly killed with soap suds. A few persons have another living thing about the teeth not affected with soap, but which is instantly killed with salt; hence each person is advised to wash the teeth with white soap once a week; and once a week also with salt. Every morning, on rising, the teeth should be washed with a stiff brush by dipping it in the water, and rubbing the teeth slowly from front and rear from side to side, and finally twisting the brush so that each bristle will act as a tooth-pick at the joinings of the teeth, so as the more thoroughly to dislodge anything which might remain in the hollows between the ridges. The water in the brush combines with the saliva of the mouth, and, by its great softness, makes one of the best solvents in nature for any extraneous substances about the teeth. The teeth should be brushed immediately after each meal with a soft, old brush, with plenty of water, twisting it up and down as before. After each washing, the brush should be placed far back on the tongue and turned from side to side, so as to clear off the tongue; this does much towards freeing the teeth from the odor of the last thing eaten. If persons would brush their teeth well immediately after the last meal of the day, instead of putting it off until bed time, the teeth would be clean for four or five hours more in the twenty-four, which is not a slight advantage.

Two tailors in Louisville had a fight, and one stabbed the other with a pair of shears. When he has killed eight more tailors they are going to try him for manslaughter.

Silver smelting furnaces will soon be added to the list of Pittsburg industries.

Narrow Gauge Railroads.

The subject of narrow gauge railroads of late years has attracted much attention in this country. In the mining regions of this State some experience has already been had on the narrow gauge. Grades and curves have been attained which a few years ago were deemed wholly impracticable. During the present session of the legislature a number of charters has been granted, and a strong necessity already exists for a liberal system of general legislation on the subject. While the rapidly advancing power of railroad monopolies has caused the deepest despondency in the minds of some, others, who are accustomed to look at the bright side of the picture, witness the organization of mighty enterprises, and successful resistance. Among these elements is an enlightened public sentiment, which while subduing unjust prejudice against railway corporations, at the same time is convincing their owners and operators of the necessity of pursuing a just and liberal policy towards the public.

Another mighty agency in the work of reform will be the narrow gauge. This is the angel that is coming to assist in the redemption of the people from the oppression of monopoly. Science is introducing a great competitor into the railroad field, which will compel selfishness to abandon the conflict. The whole railroad policy of the country will be revolutionized. Beginning with the vehicles, the rails will be reduced to the narrow gauge, and then competition will dissolve the power of monopoly. Narrow gauge roads will penetrate regions of country hitherto deemed inaccessible, and by their cheapness will be multiplied with marvellous rapidity. The pernicious policy of conferring vast grants of lands upon railway companies, and neutralized by a new system which, expanding year by year, will fill the West with a teeming population. The next generation will not witness, in all probability, the power of the great railway kings of the present. The Vanderbilts and Jay Goulds will not transmit their sceptres. But the consummation of liberal legislation will be enlightened and liberal legislation.

We have before us a very able report of a joint committee of the Massachusetts Legislature on the subject of narrow gauge, which shows that the period of doubt and experiment has already been passed. The first of these experiments was a tram road in the Festing Valley, in Wales. Its gauge was one foot eleven and a-half inches. It had curves of 132 feet radius, and grades of 70 feet to the mile. The engineer, Mr. Spooner, whose name deserves commemoration, determined to apply the locomotive to this line. The rail used weighed 30 pounds to the yard, and the engines weighed seven tons. The passenger cars were 10 feet long and five feet wide, and capable of seating twelve passengers. To-day trains over 1,000 feet long run over this little road at a speed of 15 or 20 miles an hour, with as much safety as upon any in England, and at a cost below that of roads much more favorably constituted of the ordinary gauge.

The freight cars on this road carry three tons. In one year its tonnage amounted to 136,137 tons, and its passenger business in the same year amounted to 6,807 passengers per mile.

Another railway of about eight miles in length has been made in Wales with a gauge of two feet six inches. It has a nearly uniform grade of about 70 feet rise to the mile. Two light engines have worked the traffic of this road for more than five years with three passenger cars as well as freight trains running each way daily. Each engine carries three cars with 70 to 90 passengers and twenty slate cars.

In Germany there is a small line connecting with the Cologne and Geissen railway which has a gauge of 2 feet 7 inches, curves of 121 feet radius and grades of seventy feet to the mile. The rails vary from 22 to 26 pounds to the yard. The engines weigh 12 tons and haul 36 cars each loaded with 5 tons. The cost of the line per mile including rolling stock, has been about \$8,000.

In 1864, Mr. Phil, an engineer in Norway, constructed the Thondgheim railway upon a gauge of 3 feet 6 inches. Their country was too sparse in population, too poor in resources and too rugged in its topography to justify the building of a road of the ordinary gauge. The engines were about 12 tons weight, and the other rolling stock in proportion. Mixed trains of passenger and freight cars were connected, and in six years of operation the road has proved a perfect success. Passengers receive every necessary accommodation, and are transported as safely and as speedily as upon any of the older roads having similar business.

Other narrow gauge roads have been built and are now being built in Russia, Norway, Australia and South America. The Uniao Valenciana railroad is 15 miles long, has grades of 100 feet rise to the mile, and curves of 255 feet radius. It has been some time in successful operation. It has a 40 pound rail, and its engines weigh 10 to 15 tons. Its passenger cars afford comfortable accommodation for 30 persons. Mixed trains traverse this road at a speed of 18 to 20 miles per hour, and passenger trains at 30 miles per hour with as much safety as upon first-class roads of ordinary gauge.

These are all short lines connecting with trunk roads, but they demonstrate the complete success of the experiment.

In Colorado the Denver and Rio Grande railroad is about to be commenced. It is destined to extend from Denver City, along the Rocky Mountain plateau, to El Paso, a distance of 850 miles. The gauge adopted is two feet nine inches, and the estimated cost per mile is \$8,000. Australian 250 miles are built, and 250 more are projected of the narrow gauge.

The report from which these statements are taken, contains much other valuable information on the subject of narrow gauge, to which we shall take a future occasion to revert. These relate to cost of construction and feasibility. The grade of two feet nine inches has been agreed upon by the majority of engineers. There are legal difficulties

in the way of the success of narrow gauge railroads, which are not so formidable in other countries. The struggle will be to procure the right of way from the legislature, and that issue must be met. This country cannot be kept in the rear of progress by legislative restriction on the right to construct railroads. Wherever competent parties with sufficient capital are willing to test this system, the legislature should give them liberal encouragement. Competition thus produced will relieve the public from the thralldom of monopoly. In the mining regions, for which the narrow gauge is peculiarly adapted, and where the oppression of capital is most severely experienced, competition in carrying would greatly benefit the miner and the consumer. Railroad combinations, such as that which exists at present, would be rendered difficult, if not wholly impossible by the construction of rival lines. The expense of construction is diminished by half. Regions of the State which have hitherto been considered inaccessible by engineers, and the benefits of the railroad system will be diffused all over its surface.—*Harrisburg (Pa.) Patriot.*

Murdered by Request.

Last night we were summoned to listen to one of the saddest stories ever told. But a few days since was announced the death of Daniel E. Hedden by his own hand. We had every reason to believe it was so. Last evening, however, came a startling disclosure—Hedden murdered!

Captain Dutcher was called to the Cedar Rapids House. He went. Cora Clinton wished to see him. When in her presence she says: "Captain, I have something to tell you. You would never think it, but I shot Hedden!"

This was indeed something to tell, it was a startling announcement. She said she had carefully thought over all the consequences; knew she had to go to jail, and probably to the gallows. Yet with all that staring her in the face, she wanted to make the confession—till the true story.

In the jail at 11 o'clock, the reporters met the unfortunate woman. "I make the confession that I killed Hedden!"

"Why did you do it?" "At his own request," was the reply. "I went up stairs and found him, as I thought, dying. He asked me to shoot him. He took the pistol from his pocket, cocked it and placed it in my hand. He held open his coat and I pulled the trigger. I thought there was more than one ball in the pistol, and intended with the other to kill myself. The prisoner in her confession, says there was no malice! She fired the pistol at his own request, and then intended self-murder. But an empty pistol prevented her. She was excited, and didn't think what she was doing. In brief, the above is the sad story. It is to be remembered that Hedden bought three bottles of laudanum the night of his death, and upon his own confession, through the testimony of Cora Clinton, drank the same.

Sunday evening Cora Clinton confessed that she took chloroform with intent to take her life; and it is feared that she will, by some means, yet succeed. There is scarcely a doubt that suicide has been determined upon, in her mind, at all hazards.—*Omaha Republican.*

Increase of Wealth in the United States in Ten Years.

The following table is compiled from the official report made to the Census Bureau, and represents the total valuation of real estate and personal property in the States and Territories named for the years 1860 and 1870:

States.	1860.	1870.
Alabama	1,000,000	1,500,000
Arkansas	500,000	750,000
California	1,500,000	2,500,000
Colorado	100,000	200,000
Delaware	1,000,000	1,200,000
District of Columbia	1,000,000	1,200,000
Florida	500,000	750,000
Georgia	1,000,000	1,500,000
Idaho	100,000	200,000
Illinois	1,500,000	2,500,000
Indiana	1,000,000	1,500,000
Iowa	1,000,000	1,500,000
Kentucky	1,000,000	1,500,000
Louisiana	1,000,000	1,500,000
Maine	1,000,000	1,500,000
Massachusetts	1,000,000	1,500,000
Michigan	1,000,000	1,500,000
Minnesota	1,000,000	1,500,000
Mississippi	1,000,000	1,500,000
Missouri	1,000,000	1,500,000
Montana	100,000	200,000
Nebraska	1,000,000	1,500,000
Nevada	100,000	200,000
New Hampshire	1,000,000	1,500,000
New Jersey	1,000,000	1,500,000
New Mexico	100,000	200,000
New York	1,500,000	2,500,000
North Carolina	1,000,000	1,500,000
Ohio	1,500,000	2,500,000
Oregon	100,000	200,000
Pennsylvania	1,500,000	2,500,000
Rhode Island	1,000,000	1,500,000
South Carolina	1,000,000	1,500,000
Texas	1,000,000	1,500,000
Vermont	1,000,000	1,500,000
Virginia	1,000,000	1,500,000
Washington	100,000	200,000
West Virginia	100,000	200,000
Wisconsin	1,000,000	1,500,000
Wyoming	100,000	200,000
Total	15,000,000	25,000,000

A Skunk on His Traps.

A trap was set for a skunk in one of the suburban towns ten miles south of Boston last November. The trap was an ordinary steel muskrat trap, with a spring so powerful as to require both hands and feet to set it. This was tied to a neighboring tree-root, with a cord which had proved of sufficient strength effectively to detain a large woodchuck only a few nights previously at the same place.

At eleven o'clock that night the trap rattled violently on the stones in the bottom of the ditch, and the proximity of the aforesaid skunk was announced by him, in the peculiar fashion of his tribe, with great emphasis. This continued for several hours and then ceased. In the morning his enemies found, to their chagrin and disappointment, on approaching the ditch, pistol in hand, with great care and circumspection, not to any circumstantial evidence, that the visitor had cut the cord, packed up his traps, and departed in search of a more congenial locality. Nothing more was heard from him until this spring, when the same skunk got entangled in a fence in a town ten miles the other side of Boston. How he managed to survive four months with a trap on his leg, and he twenty miles from his starting-point, is an interesting question for students of natural history.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A green crozier—one who trusts.

A spoiled child—the one that played with the kerosene can.

A poultry raiser in California owns ten thousand hens.

A white hedge-hog twenty-two inches in length, has been shot in New Hampshire.

The drying of grapes for making raisins is becoming a large industry of California.

One of the most prolific of novel-writers is Louise Muhlbach, who has just laid before the reading public of Germany the one hundred and first volume of her novels.

A showman in the State of Maine wanted to exhibit an Egyptian mummy, and attended at the court-house to obtain permission. "What is it you want to show?" inquired the judge. "An Egyptian mummy more than three thousand years old," said the showman. "Three thousand years old!" exclaimed the judge, jumping to his feet; "and is the critter alive?"

A Wisconsin editor is published all around as in the biggest kind of luck, because he happened to be out by a train that was smashed up, had his leg broken, and draws nine dollars a week from a life insurance company.

Since two shots were fired through the windows of an editor's sanctum at Albany, the editors go around with iron breastplates in their pantaloons, and earthenworks of boiler iron are being thrown up outside the windows.

The party of Japanese, twelve in number, who recently arrived here, are all intelligent, young men, and form a portion of the corps sent out by the Japanese government to receive collegiate education abroad. Six of the number will enter English universities, three will proceed to Belgium, and one to Germany. Two of the party will probably enter some American college.

Black caterpillars have made their appearance in some portions of Tennessee in such droves as in one instance to stop a train of cars. This is almost equal to the ravages of locusts in the East, where it is not unusual to see vast regions swept utterly bare of vegetation, the destroying horde climbing hills and even surmounting high walls in their resistless march.

The following programme for the observance of wedding anniversaries seems to be generally adopted throughout the country; First anniversary, iron; fifth anniversary, wood; tenth anniversary, tin; fifteenth anniversary, crystal; twentieth anniversary, china; twenty-fifth anniversary, linen; fortieth anniversary, woolen; forty-fifth anniversary, silk; fiftieth anniversary, golden; sixtieth anniversary, diamond.

The following is a Western instance of the "ruling passion strong in death." Squire W— was very fastidious in his notions of propriety. At weddings and funerals he was quite officious, and very particular that everything should be done decently and in order. In due time he was taken ill—fatally so—and relatives and friends were gathered around his bed, sad and weeping. One of these, more thoughtful than the rest, asked the departing Squire if he would like to have a clergyman called in to pray with him, to which he replied: "Well, yes; I think it would be appropriate."

Professor Winchell, in a late magazine article upon the climate of Michigan, advances figures which show that the July climate of Michigan is cooler than that of Wisconsin and Minnesota, the growing season begins on the western side of the State thirteen days earlier in the spring than it does at Milwaukee, nearly opposite, and continues from five to eight days later in the autumn; a still greater contrast being appreciable if localities in the interior of Wisconsin be selected. The lowest temperature of Grand Haven, Michigan, is 14° higher than that of Milwaukee, the difference, according to Professor Winchell, being all that distinguishes between a fruit-bearing region and one in which fruits fail.

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